

THAT POLICE



NO EXPLOITATION WITHOUT TAXATION

In the fringes of deep space, there aren't enough Federation agents to round up and bring to justice all the female lifeforms who are sexually exploiting themselves for cold hard credits... **without paying their taxes!** To make up for the lack of personnel (this being space Christmas), a simple electronic waiver can be used to self-deputize oneself as an official member of the THOT Police... bounty hunters paid to bring in those sluts, whores, tramps, and floozies.

For whatever reason, the PCs have decided to join the THOT police and take full sleazy advantage of this once in a lifetime opportunity.

ASSIGNMENT AVAILABLE

One THOT assignment per team. That's the rule.

Unfortunately, the PCs are late arriving at the assignment meeting. Why are they late? Well, there's a random table for that...

D6 ROLL RESULT

1	You really wanted second helpings of that free continental breakfast – the green eggs and ham were on point!
2	The sexy lifeform in your bed was just too tempting – you had to taste her xeglobs one more time before never calling her again.
3	You stayed up late watching soft-core, kung-fu, monster movies on Skin-a-maxxx!
4	There's a droid who hates your guts for some reason. "Why? Why do you hate me?!?" He dismantled your alarm clock and you slept in.
5	You thought the assignment meeting was at the old THOT Police precinct. Oops.
6	You were busy training to be the best THOT police person in the force... by exercising your tongue. Unfortunately, you accidentally pulled a muscle and now your tongue's in traction for 1d4 standard days.

It seems that all the easy assignments – low danger, close by, several THOTs grouped together – have been taken. All that's left is a grandma clear across the known universe who occasionally takes her teeth out to blow a rubber dong and stream it online. She's only worth about 200 credits. That's not even enough to pay for the gas to get there!

Space Christmas? Yes, it's time for holiday cheer! Everything is decorated in red and green; there's mistletoe socially obligating strangers to have oral sex when standing underneath it; people drinking egg-yog, allowing them to see the places between reality and being driven to madness by it; and baby Seeta rides on the back of the Sa'anta as the crimson glow of reindeer lasers blast those on the naughty list.



Your THOT police captain, Harass, hands the PCs their assignment voucher and chuckles quietly to himself.

Everyone at THOT police headquarters seems to be congratulating Zammy Zathwell on his THOT draw... some sort of New Martian citadel full of young, horny, sexually rebellious exhibitionists. Most of them seem to be either noble blood or wealthy (relatives connected with one or more of the space guilds).

Zammy could earn as much as 10,000 credits bounty, as well as, being up to his hip in nubile flesh. Zammy Zathwell, a suit and tie wearing dweeb passed over for promotion because he informed on members of his Federation trooper squad, peaks over at the PCs' assignment, shakes his head, and says, "Tough luck, spacers."

At this point, it should be clear that the PCs are expected to hustle their way into Zammy's gig. Not only is it infinitely more valuable, but it's clear that Zammy isn't well liked. Hardly anyone, apart from Zammy himself, would hold it against the PCs for stealing his assignment.

The following are various approaches that could be taken.

- Blast him to pieces.
- Convince him to trade assignments.
- Exchange assignment vouchers.
- Ask if they can tag along.
- Get him kicked off the THOT Police force somehow.

THEIR SHIP GETS STOLEN

When the PCs go back out to the parking lot, they discover that their starship's been stolen. Who would do something like that?

D4 ROLL	RESULT
1	A good friend of Zammy Zathwell. He knows what the PCs did.
2	Dream-head junkies who want quick credits. They're going to sell the PCs' ship to the nearest junkyard for scrap metal and parts.
3	Random starship thieves.
4	A rival THOT Police officer is looking to jump the PCs' claim and thinks that boosting their ship is the easiest way to slow them down.

Once the PCs learn the bad news, they can either attempt to get their ship back right away or hightail it over to the Nakatomi Citadel on New Mars and get their bounty before it dries up.

If they go after their stolen ship immediately, scans pick it up near the nebula rings of Sa'afaris. However, they'll need to buy, borrow, or steal a starship to follow theirs into the Sa'afaris system.

Sa'afaris doesn't like unannounced foreigners, which is why the system is strewn with laser-mines. Auto-pilot (1d6) just won't do when it comes to navigating through a laser-mine field. The average spacer gets 2d6, and actual pilots roll a dice pool of 3d6.

(See next page for random table.)

NAVIGATING LASER-MINE FIELD

d6 Roll Result

1	You flew right into a cluster of laser-mines. Your ship is destroyed and so is everyone onboard. Hope you have a clone at the ready.
2	You took a corner too fast and set off a laser-mine. Your ship is disabled, but everyone onboard is still alive. Auto-repair will take 2d4 standard hours.
3	An asteroid collided with a nearby laser-mine; the explosion damaged your ship... 1) No hyperdrive, 2) No shields, 3) No scanner, or 4) No guidance system, and you're flying blind.
4	Laser-minefield avoided!
5	You're so good piloting the ship through laser-minefields that you always get a bonus d6 when rolling.
6	As result #5, but you also have the chance to lay a laser-mine trap for opponents you face within the Sa'afaris system.

NEBULA RINGS

There's a refueling station and lookout observatory on the edge of the nebula rings where vibrant patterns of scarlet quantum waves crash against the shimmering, translucent rings without a planet... circular paths of ice illuminated by orange sunburst fading into lemon-lime aquamarine.

The PCs' ship can easily be seen at gas pump #4. It'll take another twelve standard minutes before their ship is fueled up. Whoever stole the ship is waiting for their food inside the Shrimp Shack, a tiny to-go restaurant with 5 bar seats for those eating in.

If the PCs are spotted, the thief will stay in the Shrimp Shack, hoping the ship's true owners will take their vessel and go without confrontation. If attacked, the thief (or thieves) will return fire.

Of course, if the PCs wait until after their THOT police assignment, that ship will be halfway to Galaxy 5 by the time they get to the Nebula Rings.

Thief



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

Special: Last week, he stole a holographic scroll containing the spell FIREBALL. That does 6d6 damage to everyone within 30' radius of ground zero.

Treasure: Aside from the scroll (useable once per standard day), the thief has 1d20 zuleks, and the crumpled-up, off-white, silk panties from a female humanoid he met at the strip club last night.

NEW MARS BLOCKADE

There's an orbital blockade around New Mars. The only way of penetrating the planet's orbit is to pass through the checkpoint.

Trying to bypass the blockade would necessitate a cloaking device – those things are expensive! For a small ship, that's easily a 20,000 credit upgrade. Medium ships probably somewhere in the 40-50k range and the really big ones you're looking at 100k easy.

Even cloaked, there's a 1 in 6 chance of getting noticed – and atomized into a thousand space pieces!

Three Federation troopers are present at the checkpoint providing security for the checkpoint agent Karlsbad. All of them have to board each ship before it's allowed to enter New Mars.

What are they looking for? Anything in the neighborhood of drugs, weapons, prostitutes, wanted criminals, and New Martian relic smugglers. New Mars doesn't have any relics, artifacts, or antiquities of its own, but various lifeforms want to give the planet landmark-status in order to keep the Federation from tearing it down to build a new planetary parking lot. So, they smuggle relics onto New Mars.

The chances of the PCs being allowed through are remote, unless they're do-gooder angels.

THE CHECKPOINT

Yes, Federation checkpoint agent Karlsbad can be bribed with either 1,000 credits per ship or a decent amount of really hard to find pornography. The PCs can use their THOT police status to work the bribery terms down by 50%.

As it turns out, a flying corvette tries to get through the checkpoint just after the PCs. Because the corvette “ship” is so small and the Federation goons are focused on the PCs, the corvette is able to slip through unnoticed – unless the PCs draw attention to it.

If the corvette is spotted, the driver will haul ass, making a break for the planet – crash landing a couple of parsecs from the Nakatomi Citadel [see next section for details].

If the Federation troopers and agent are killed, warrants for the PCs arrest go out in about a standard hour. Bounty hunters and assassins may be dispatched.

Federation Troopers



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

Special: One of them is an insectoid who can squeeze the balls of his opponents using the power of his mind. The insectoid, named Wynt, can incapacitate one male per round.

Treasure: 1d100 credits, a star phoenix egg, and issue #39 of Humanoid Skanks Monthly.

Federation Agent



Health: 20 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6

Special: Karlsbad carries a disintegrator rifle. If he gets double-sixes, his target is totally disintegrated (no save).

Treasure: He’s got a paper-sack lunch consisting of a tuna sandwich, pickle, cranberry muffin, and thermos of blue milk. Aside from that, his access crystal has 5,000 on it – but it’s password protected and encrypted; which means it’ll take hacking into the Federation’s control-servers... a crime that carries the death penalty.

Nakatomi Citadel is located at the heart of New New New California province. The province’s name being so cumbersome that they shortened it to Triple-New California, then Tri-New California, and eventually just Tri-K.



THE CORVETTE

The driver is named Souda, a relic smuggler. He wears a retro spacesuit because his true form is pure energy. Souda was born on New Mars and doesn't want to see it turned into parking lot. That's why he's smuggling a relic onto the planet.

The relic in question is The Bad Luck Eye Of The Little Crimson God – an actual artifact, but from an entirely different planet. Souda stole the eye from the Crimson Da'awn crime syndicate three standard days ago. The Crimson Da'awn wants it back and their assassins are currently after him.

The Bad Luck Eye Of The Little Crimson God is a crimson-colored quartz (the size of a toddler's head) worth about 50,000 credits to a collector of antiquities. The Crimson Da'awn believe the eye has spiritual significance. Prophecy states the blood-red crystal can focus the righteous anger of Xaz'xel (mythical entity from Hell's Cluster in the Ta'andor galaxy) into a laser capable of destroying a whole planet.

If caught by the Federation, Souda will spend the rest of his life a prisoner on the penal planet Epsilon Sigma. However, if he can get The Bad Luck Eye Of The Little Crimson God to Nakatomi Citadel, he will find sanctuary and the New Martian relic might save the planet its parking lot fate.

Souda



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

Special: Being a lifeform made of energy, lasers will not harm him. By touching another lifeform, Souda is able to grant a temporary 1d6 bonus to their dice pool (useable once per scene).

Treasure: Aside from the relic, he carries a photonic funnel that's lethal to both energy and non-energy lifeforms.

CRIMSON DA'AWN

Little do the PCs know that a ruthless syndicate calling themselves Crimson Da'awn plans to take over the Nakatomi Citadel in approximately one standard hour.

Why take Nakatomi Citadel over? The top floor of the citadel houses a safe containing 1,000 bare-naked bonds. These are digital credits, each one accompanied by a virtual reality bare-naked lady. A single bare-naked bond is worth approximately 500 credits.

The Crimson Da'awn plans to use the bare-naked bonds money to open a chain of Alpha Blue themed restaurants. Of course, if The Bad Luck Eye Of The Little Crimson God is also contained within Nakatomi Citadel, recovering the eye is a bonus.

May I have your attention, ladies and gentlemen?

My name is Maddek Skwa. Nakatomi Citadel is now the property of the Crimson Da'awn crime syndicate. We may be scum but we're professional scum, so don't get in our fucking way, ka'apeesh?

Everyone is to report to the Stargazer Lounge on level 3. You have 15 standard minutes to comply. Failure means you'll be shot on sight.

Thank you, sorry for the interruption, and have a nice day.

Maddek Skwa and his six associates will start firing into the air – scaring everyone enough to get their asses to the Stargazer Lounge. After 15 standard minutes, four Crimson Da'awn cutthroats start roaming the halls, looking for people to shoot.

Meanwhile, Maddek Skwa and the two remaining cutthroats watch over everyone as impromptu karaoke performances start happening in the Stargazer Lounge.

After a couple of standard hours, Maddek Skwa and several of his men will make their way up to the vault.

Physically, Maddek looks mostly human... with strange facial markings that resemble diarrhea running down the left-side of his face. The brown stains are even more pronounced in full-blooded antillians.

Crimson Da'awn Cutthroats

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

Special: Each has his own profession that makes him ideally suited to a life of crime... 1) demolitions expert, 2) thief, 3) assassin, 4) bounty hunter, 5) pimp, and 6) lawyer.

Treasure: Each has 1d100 credits on his person, as well as, 2d4 pink and blue poker-chips (each worth 1,000 credits) that must be redeemed at the Alpha Blue casino, Transient Fortune.



Maddek Skwa

Health: 45 Armor: 1 Attack Dice Pool: 4d6

Special: Maddek Skwa is half-human and half-antillian, which means he can project his voice in such a way that lifeforms will be forced to bow down before him (2 in 6 chance of resisting). Feelings of admiration and fealty subside after 10 standard minutes. Remember, if someone can't hear Maddek speak, they won't be affected by the power of his voice.

Treasure: He wears a ring that produces a holographic woman capable of giving an excellent hand-job. His access crystal has 6,300 credits on it. Also, folded-up neatly in his back pocket is a portable gloryhole. This is a magic item connecting the user's penis to a potential bathroom stall somewhere else in the universe [see below].

GLORYHOLES

D6 ROLL	RESULT
1	This was a terrible idea: your penis is... 1) bitten off, 2) rubbed way too hard without any saliva, sex-juice, or lubricant, 3) frozen in carbonite, or 4) blasted to bits.
2	No one's there: you don't feel a thing, must not be anyone in that restroom stall.
3	You've got a nibble: yes, you definitely feel something... but it's not the right kind of stimulation to get you off.
4	Better than nothing: there's some stroking action and maybe a little sucking. It's going to take a little while, but you'll cum eventually.
5	She knows what she's doing: obviously, this girl has had a few dicks in her mouth before. A few standard minutes and your filthy klorians will be sweetly released.
6	It's your lucky day: your dick was transported to a girl's locker room. Multiple female humanoids sucking and fucking you to ecstasy and beyond! The next time you die, your life was miraculously saved by a metal cigarillo case inserted into your breast pocket only moments before.

NAKATOMI CITADEL

The citadel was built using stone from a nearby quarry. Much of the New Martian stone has some kind of rust-colored “cave painting” upon it. The native civilization of this planet died out long ago, but their artwork remains part of Nakatomi Citadel.

The citadel is comprised of curvy, blob-shaped rooms. Use the provided map as the PCs make their way through the citadel’s central tower (adjacent towers are being renovated at the moment).

1. THE LOBBY

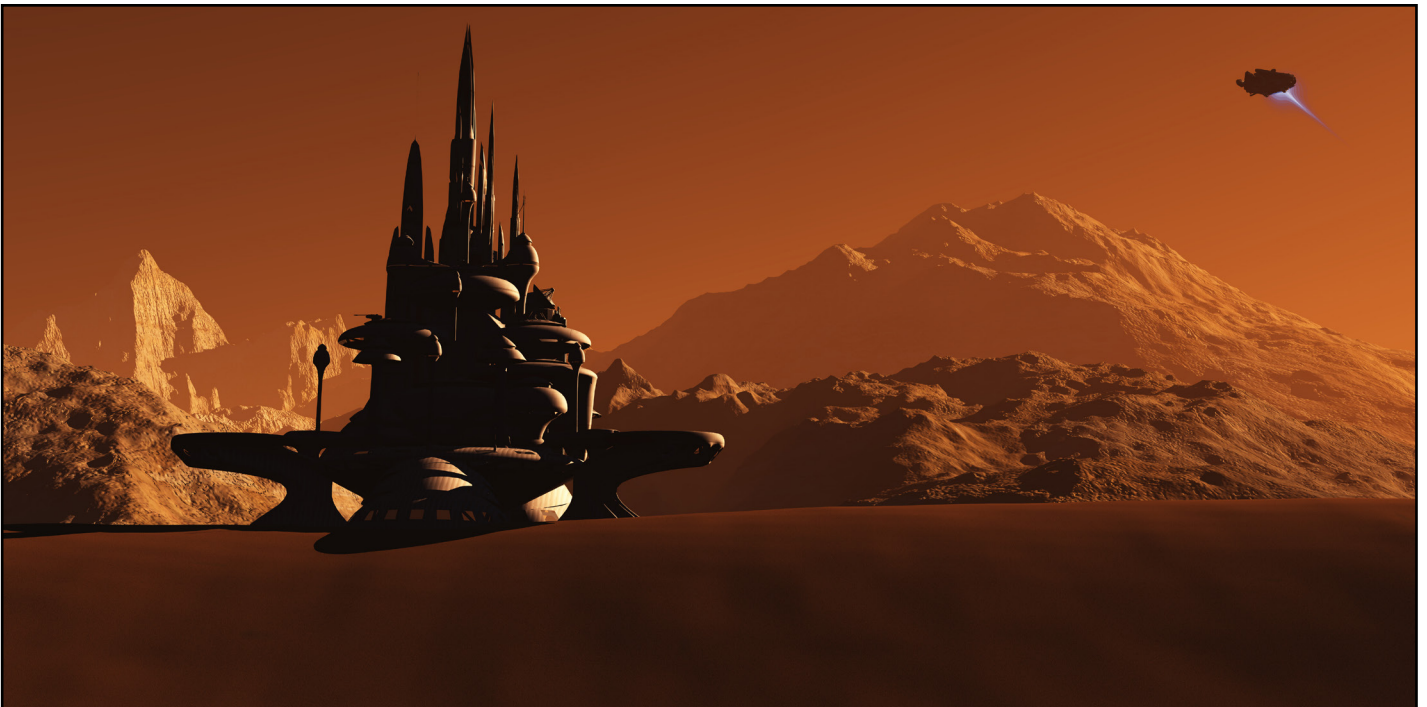
This is the main entrance to Nakatomi Citadel. It has swanky stone tile - orange-red with tan streaks. Between the entrance and elevator is the concierge desk.

The concierge is a humanoid named Kubota. He’s got aquamarine and sky-blue with yellow stripe skin pigment, five eyes, a pig snout, no mouth, and has three rather large space leeches attached to his body. He keeps them as pets.

Since he doesn’t have a mouth, Kubota speaks telepathically. When the PCs enter Nakatomi Citadel, Kubota will ask them if they have an appointment and with whom. If the PCs don’t know or seem like they aren’t the usual brothel clients, he’ll kindly ask them to leave.

Kubota tells the PCs that appointments cannot be made on the spot – such practices only invite the Federation to raid the citadel and arrest all their prostitutes. Of course, Kubota can be bribed. He’ll accept nothing less than 100 credits per individual (but will ask for 200 per person).

Now that the PCs know Nakatomi Citadel is an actual whorehouse, they can make whatever arrangements they see fit... get a freebie, extort money, solicit bribes, take THOTs into custody, or become their new pimp (once they’ve dealt with the old pimp).



Kubota



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

Special: Kubota's leeches can detach from him and leap onto someone else, doing 1d6 damage per leech per round until destroyed (it takes a full round to destroy a leech).

Treasure: Behind his desk he's got several vintage adult magazines... Tentacle Show #22, Screw #34, Score #18, Low Society #303, and Ra'azle #111.

2. CIRCULAR WALKWAY (LEVEL 1)

A security guard, Thwib, walks around the elevator... endlessly... for eternity! He looks like a humanoid turtle, except he's got a huge Nietzsche mustache and long giraffe's neck.

After hours, Thwib checks doors and occasionally lets himself into the female lifeform's lingerie shop to try sexy garments on.

Thwib



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

Special: He trained as a ninja one summer at Shadow Warrior Camp, so if he rolls double-sixes, Thwib incapacitates his target for 3d6 rounds.

Treasure: A can of Purple Prizm, 63 credits, and a travel-size rape-machine.

3. GIFT SHOP

Sexy saleswoman in tight and revealing red sweater and black miniskirt named Nicolette. She'll do practically anything to make a sale.

All kinds of quirky and pedestrian souvenirs are for sale in the gift shop... but mostly it's full of snow globes! Here's a small sample (1d4 x 100 credits each).

D12 ROLL RESULT

- | D12 ROLL | RESULT |
|----------|---|
| 1 | Beach with palm trees and topless girl laying out, getting a tan. |
| 2 | Winter wonderland with snowmen and an evergreen tree. |
| 3 | Christmas with Sa'anta, sleigh full of presents, elves, and reindeer. |
| 4 | Slimy green tentacles erupting out of the ground, squeezing tiny humanoids to death. |
| 5 | Dizney princesses drunkenly making-out and groping each other. |
| 6 | Under the sea... fish, coral, octopus, and treasure chest full of gold. |
| 7 | Some sort of alien bird of prey with glowing red eyes and serrated beak. |
| 8 | Nakatomi Citadel covered in red dust. |
| 9 | Strip club interior – one stripper working the pole while another waits offstage; one dude in front row watching. |
| 10 | Forest scene... a white-bearded wizard in blue robes and smoking a pipe stands next to a man, elf, dwarf, and several hobbits. |
| 11 | 20th century investigators trapped in a study, book cases, a mahogany desk, and teeny-tiny Necronomicon. |
| 12 | Ballerina Dentata: girl in pink tutu doing a pirouette – instead of a face, she has rows of sharp teeth like a lamprey. There's an inscription in Arcana (space Latin) on the bottom... Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Reading it makes her come to life (full-size), 1-3 hostile, 4-6 friendly. |

4. THE BAR

Various drifters, drunks, and down-on-their-luck degenerates frequent the Nakatomi Citadel bar.

One spacer or another might slur something about their glory days... “Fasht ship? I made the k’jzaxub run in thirty-nine parsecs. I remember a green-skinned, triple-breasted Orion slave girl was blowing me the whole time. Her left breast was named Dalla, her right breast...”

The only person worth mentioning by name is the sober and competent Federation officer Ja’an Maclem. He’s wearing a Sa’anta hat, nursing a strawberry daka’ari, and waiting for his ex-wife to finish her session of space Pilates so they can meet with their lawyers on level 2.

Ja’an Maclem



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

Special: Even if he’s disarmed, Ja’an always has a hidden weapon somewhere.

Treasure: He’s got a laser pistol, badge, pack of cigarettes, 1d100 credits, and alimony payments.

5. ANTIQUITIES MUSEUM

This place is nearly empty. Lots of good looking, albeit empty, walls, glass cases without artifacts, and platforms with spotlights shining down, devoid of attractions.

A bespeckled antiquarian named Gerald Lustflaps reads from a history book when not chatting about New Martian relics. He’s got a tentacle fetish, so at any opportunity Gerald will try to casually mention tentacles.

However, there is one noteworthy item within this vacant collection – the Shroud of Tura’an. It’s a frayed, orange-red blanket with some weird ink stain. The stain is actually deliberate... an ancient symbol for the destruction of those opposed to itself.

The Shroud of Tura’an strikes down those attacking its wearer. A 3d6 lightning bolt hits a random assailant of the shroud-wearer each combat.

“COME OUT TO NEW MARS!
WE’LL GET TOGETHER,
HAVE A FEW LAUGHS.”

6. THOT

Bald female humanoid wearing some skimpy blue-feathered costume. She’s masturbating on camera for dozens of voyeurs throughout the universe.

Her name is Kendae. She licks the palms of everyone she meets, it’s part of her alien culture.

She’s alluring and coquettish. You never know if she’s going to tear your clothes off or slap your face – either way, she wants something inside of her at all times.

Kendae has a couple hundred credits lying around, her cam equipment, and a thousand exotic outfits in her closet.

Kendae

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

Special: She can sing really well.

Treasure: Kendae has a small microchip embedded under her skin (right wrist). On the microchip are plans to a space station capable of destroying entire planets.





7. SUBWAY

This is one of two SUBWAY shops in the citadel. Customers can have their sandwiches made to order. Usually, some pimple-faced dweeb with six arms and two heads is behind the counter. He’s mild-mannered, mostly harmless, and fast at building subs.

8. THE LINGERIE SHOP

All kinds of frilly lacy things are on display – bras, panties, corsets, thigh-high boots, etc.

The woman working here is named Teesha and is happy to try various outfits on for anyone who asks. She’s a former stripper and exhibitionist who’s always fantasized about a disheveled crew of space bums running a train on her.

Teesha used to go out with the drug-dealer Wiganj, but he didn’t treat her right. Teesha is all too familiar with the Crimson Da’awn – they forced her brother to be the “fall guy” in a bank job that went bad. He’s now doing 5 years on a Federation prison planet. Teesha would love some pay-back!

Teesha

Health: 30 Armor: 0 Attack Dice Pool: 2d6

Special: Before combat begins, she can use her sex appeal to daze 1d4 opponents. If she’s near a stripper pole, Teesha gets advantage on her attacks.

Treasure: She’s got a lady’s laser tucked into her boot. Otherwise, she only has an access crystal worth 150 credits.



9. CIRCULAR WALKWAY (LEVEL 2)

Henrak scuffles the walkway in a circle. The guy looks human, except he's got a little dude shaped like a big, floppy penis coming out of his left eye. The penis-shaped creature is named Jermain, and he likes to rock the party.

He's very talkative, but only wants to chat about the lack of weather variation on New Mars – always sunny, no precipitation!

Henrak	
Health: 30 Armor: 0 Attack Dice Pool: 3d6	
Special: Every other round, Jermain gets an attack with 2d6 attack dice pool.	
Treasure: Hunk of rose-quartz with eerie magenta glow (doesn't do a damn thing, just looks cool), 45 gold pieces, and a tentacle-rape whistle (blow it and there's a 1 in 6 chance for everyone in a 30' radius of getting raped by a tentacle).	

10. STARBUCKS

Trendy coffeeshop full of hipsters, elitists, pseudo-artists, and the dregs of Federation high society. Everyone comes to Starbucks to talk about how disaffected and alienated they are.

Jshon Pol Sa'atra wears the most black and has the loudest voice – he drones on and on about the proletariat, the inherent meaninglessness of existence, and how the boujwa'zee won't let him hang his paintings of baby Seeta drowning in menstrual blood in the Federation Inter-Galactic Gallery.

Jshon Pol Sa'atra	
Health: 10 Armor: 0 Attack Dice Pool: 1d6	
Special: He's a total wuss, but has dozens of loyal, sycophantic followers.	
Treasure: Drawings of naked women walking around Paris Nouveau, a ticket for one free café-au-lait at Starbucks, and a small container of black-label lube that will turn a prudish virgin into a wild stallion.	

11. TANNING SALON

Sun-burnt, red-orange lifeforms congregate here to fry their flesh in the tanning beds of New Mars.

There's sure to be at least one woman masturbating in her tanning bed. How is she doing it? Here's a random table to help the BDSM make that determination...

Female Lifeform Masturbation (d4)

- 1 So discrete that no one will ever know.
- 2 You'd have to be watching her pretty close to notice any movement or hear any sound.
- 3 There's definitely some rhythmic motion accompanied by a soft squelching noise.
- 4 She's not even trying to hide it – you can clearly see her rubbing one or more of her clitori and inserting fingers, dildo, etc. into her pussy while she's moaning and talking dirty to herself.

12. LAWYER OFFICE

Lawyers in an office, wearing suits and ties, hungrily sniffing the air for billable hours.

One half-Asian space lawyer in particular, Fared, believes the Federation has no legal right to turn New Mars into a parking lot. He's eager to represent anyone fighting for New Mars sovereignty from the Federation's plans to demo the planet next Thursday.

Fared

Health: 25

Armor: 0

Attack Dice Pool: 1d6

Special:

Debating is Fared's specialty; he can out-manuever even the best arguers and arguments.

Treasure:

He's got a thousand-page book entitled Space Law For Space Lawyers. He recently spent a lot of credits on a new boat (it's not on New Mars).

13. ROBOT REPAIR

There's at least 25 bots in various forms... from just a circuit board to fully assembled and functional. A roboticist is busy working on a pleasure droid as the PCs enter.

Assuming the PCs look shifty, the roboticist has a few blue-market personality chips. "Make your sex-bot think she's a pious 18th century nun... or what about a shy lady scientist who's incredibly horny but has never seen a wiener before. Only 80 credits each!"

14. ACCOUNTANT OFFICE

Several desks where several white-shirted accountants are seated. This is one of the places where THOTs can pay their back taxes. It is customary for THOT police officers to get 10% of what's owed.

Of course, a few of these accountants take money under the table (and not just money!) to make Federation warrants for arrest go away.

If an accountant is threatened, he becomes a green slime and oozes down a hole in the seat of his chair.

15. THOT

She's part klyngon and part yuranza, which makes her skin all silvery. She's not currently exploiting herself sexually, but that's only because she's eating her Subway sandwich.

Her name is Chetara. She's introverted and mysterious. Chetara needs the money to pay for her boyfriend's drug habit. Her boyfriend Chaz is out looking for his next scam. He's humanoid but his skin is made out of obsidian.

Chetara

Health: 25

Armor: 1

Attack Dice Pool: 2d6

Special:

laser-based weapons simply bounce off her shiny black flesh.

Treasure:

Besides 50 credits, she has a Land of the Lost keychain and wall-poster (Cha-ka getting torn apart by three hungry velociraptors with a gold pylon and some skylons in the background). It's signed by Wesley Eure and worth approximately 5,000 credits to a super-fan.



16. NAKATOMI INDUSTRIES

The employees of this company are busy on the phone, dealing with Space Congress, the Higher Courts, and the Galactic Council. They're trying to get paid handsomely for turning New Mars over to the Federation so they can make it into a parking lot.

If these workers find out about The Bad Luck Eye Of The Little Crimson God, they'll attempt to kill anyone trying to save New Mars and destroy the relic.

There's other shady business going on here, as well. Rumor has it there's a lost world deep below the planet's surface. Nakatomi Industries plans to go in there, round up all the people, and sell them to the highest bidder at the next slave auction.

17. CIRCULAR WALKWAY (LEVEL 3)

This security guard is sleeping. He's a large spider with antennae and fuchsia-colored fur. Fun at parties and a good tipper. His name is Yooba. Oh yeah, and he's a devout worshiper of Dread Cthulhu.

Yooba



Health: 20 **A armor:** 1 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6

Special: Yoob is excellent at playing-dead. He fools almost everyone (1 in 6 chance of realizing he's not actually dead).

Treasure: His prized possession - an emerald-green papier-mâché octopoid demon-god named K'tulu.

18. STARGAZER LOUNGE

This is the real hotspot of Nakatomi Citadel. There's invariably a lounge singer crooning about Star Wars. The lounge singer is named Nick (think 70's Bill Murray)... silver scarf, black sleeveless jacket, and mustache. Nick knows the best places to hide in case there's trouble.

A dim orange light barely illuminates the other 30-40 lifeforms hanging out, talking, drinking, hooking up, and making deals.

This is where nightly slave auctions take place. The auctioneer talks up the wares and takes bids. The following slaves are up for auction. Bidding starts at 1,000 credits for each of them.



If the PCs place a bid (or even if they don't, but decide to watch) roll a d6 and multiply that number by 100 credits to determine NPC bids. When you roll two consecutive 1s, the bidders have reached their limit; no more bids.

- Blue-skinned, furry, insectoid with crab claws, male, goes by **Raymond**. He's got a pilot's license... and catch-phrase, "Everyone zoinks Raymond!"
- Human male, short, with brown hair and rotten disposition, supposed to be good with computers. His name is **Thune**.
- **Alez-a** is what she goes by, humanoid with fuchsia skin with green leopard spots, 12" tongue, and fiery gold eyes that sparkle in the darkness. She's wild when in-heat... and that's now!
- Pink gelatinous lifeform named **Sloob**. He used to work for Grabba the Butt, but displeased him when he fell asleep during his shift as a security guard and a shipment of anal beads got stolen.

Raymond	
Health: 30 Armor: 2 Attack Dice Pool: 1d6	
Special: His crab claws make it awkward for him to hold any kind of weapon. He can also fly short distances with his insect wings.	
Treasure: Raymond has a small survey-vessel hidden at the base of a nearby mountain. No hyper-drive, but it can get you where you need to go.	

Thune	
Health: 20 Armor: 0 Attack Dice Pool: 1d6	
Special: Thune gets a dice pool of 4d6 when he's working on computers. Also, if there's a party or social gathering, Thune will find a way to bring down the mood within five standard minutes.	
Treasure: He's extremely familiar with the Federation banking system.	

Alez-a	
Health: 25 Armor: 0 Attack Dice Pool: 2d6	
Special: She can use her mysterious eyes to mesmerize her humanoid target for 1d4 rounds.	
Treasure: There's a lot of spacers who would pay good money to enjoy her company for a standard hour.	

Sloob	
Health: 20 Armor: 0 Attack Dice Pool: 1d6	
Special: Other than mild narcolepsy, Sloob can make himself really hot or cold instantaneously.	
Treasure: He has vital information about Grabba the Butt's operation on P'oon.	

19. ART GALLERY

This is a quiet gallery containing about twenty paintings and half a dozen sculptures, all of varying quality and styles.

No one is watching the gallery. It is completely empty until the PCs arrive.

Most of the paintings are New Martian landscapes, the rest are abstract. One sculpture in particular is some kind of demonic insect, as well as, a burrowing worm. The thing is stained a purple-violet hue. It reminds those with a scholarly mind of the legendary Purple Demon-Worm... Kra'adumek?

Taking this rare artifact to the desert and spilling blood upon it will open a gateway to Cha'alt – there they will stand before Kra'adumek, City of the Purple Demon-Worm.

20. WHITE BOX – CRIMSON DA'AWN

This is an empty space waiting to be filled by some retail store or pet grooming franchise.

However, three Crimson Da'awn thugs are waiting here because Maddek Skwa plans to eventually drill up into the ceiling of this room... which is also the vault floor.

21. SUBWAY

You can't have too many Subway restaurants! This one sells subs, but is also where the citadel's drug dealer, Wiganj, hangs out and sells his stuff.

Wiganj is an insectoid bottom-feeder who wears a beige and avocado-green leisure suit. He's had run-ins with the Crimson Da'awn before, so he'll be wary of getting in their way. Wiganj has virtually any drug the PCs could want, and will sell them at introductory prices, if convinced that they're new locals who might be repeat business.

Wiganj



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

Special: When in combat, the insectoid can squirt a highly acidic digestive fluid from his mouth. If Wiganj rolls a double-six, one of his target's body parts dissolves.

Treasure: He carries a musical instrument in his back pocket. It's like a harmonica, but sounds like an early 80's synthesizer. Also, he's got 183 credits and a shit-load of drugs on his person (worth approximately 10,000 credits).

Crimson Da'awn Thugs



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

Special: These thugs don't have any special skills, they're the lowest rung on the crime syndicate ladder.

Treasure: 1d20 credits per thug.

22. MASSAGE PARLOR

The Happy Endings massage parlor is notorious as a vice-ridden sleaze hole of filth and depravity. The dim magenta illuminating the kind of lascivious free-for-all that occurs when Federation regulations have been lifted.

Anal sex on an anti-grav pad, girls sixty-nine-ing on a leaky waterbed, swarthy aliens jerking off onto a masseuse with gelatinous hands, and artificially intelligent medical equipment penetrating half a dozen women who get off on being used and abused by machines.

The receptionist is giving a blowjob while she’s answering phones and asking clients to sign-in.

This place used to be divided up into seven little rooms, but it has been recently remodeled. Now, it’s one big area full of strange scum and unsanitary perverts.

One such pervert, Byrog Zyn, is a green-skinned humanoid wearing a black sleeveless jacket with an ant-eater trunk snorting up nyborg from the cleavage of a three-breasted milf. Byrog Zyn is interested in acquiring a sample of jaq’ua for his home-planet. So, he plans on lurking around Happy Endings until he’s filled all five of his empty vials.

Byrog Zyn is also a damn good pilot with his own ship – Sexus Pluviam. If he can get in and get out without bureaucratic entanglements, all the better. He doesn’t exactly have a license for squirt-extraction, as it’s known by the Federation.

Jaq’ua is literally translated as vaginal fluid squirted during ecstasy. In many systems, humanoid females do not squirt – and so jaq’ua can be extremely valuable, as scientists attempt to alter the genetic code of non-squirters in order to make them squirt on command.

Byrog Zyn



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

Special: As an alien, he can tell how often individuals have sex and how good it was for everyone involved.

Treasure: Besides his starship, Sexus Pluviam, and 233 credits, Byrog Zyn also carries a pouch full of apricot-flavored space tobacco in his pocket.

Back on his ship, Byrog Zyn has issues 31 – 79 of Space Cherry magazine in near-mint condition, individually wrapped in clear plastic bags.



23. THQT

Beautiful humanoid female with weird eyes named Shnop. She's entertaining another female who's chatting with her. They are talking about their various turn-ons and turn-offs. Both of them like it rough. Neither of them like being tied up, though. Shnop loves being peed on.

She has 500 credits worth of jewelry lying around her room. Several Subway wrappers are in the trash can next to her bed.

Shnop

Health: 20

Armor: 0

Attack Dice Pool: 1d6

Special: Looking into her eyes can possibly reveal one's fate...

Treasure: She's got 76 blue bucks on her person, and a good luck trinket from Alpha Centauri – a shrunken head made out of vaginal skin (good for a re-roll on the following random table).





REFLECTED DESTINY (D12)

1	You're going to die broke and alone.
2	You'll be seeing the inside of a Federation medical facility very soon, either basted to smithereens in combat or too many venereal diseases.
3	You're going to meet an alien who will offer you a lot of money to go on a dangerous mission.
4	Sucking an alien girl's nipple, you realized too late that her lactation was poisonous to your species.
5	You invest in a beach planet resort, and will soon be sipping piña coladas as the waves crash on the sandy shore.
6	The primitive humanoids on some strange planet believe you to be their god... before throwing you into their angry volcano!
7	You inherit a small moon that's routinely plundered by space pirates.
8	Making-out with the female humanoid of your dreams, you suddenly realize her friend has just unzipped your fly and is sucking you off.
9	While coaching your team to a dodge ball tournament victory, you get crushed under a two-ton, flashing neon Luck of the Space Irish sign. Fortunately, the rainbow and pot of gold still light up!
10	You're whisked away in a blue police-box, but it now belongs to The Master – and he constantly rubs up against his companions, inappropriately.
11	You spark off a galactic war when uttering the phrase, "Neblux zanzo beba'ako ta."
12	After jihadist terrorists blew-up your favorite red hologram district on Zeta Minor, you take revenge by attempting to jump-start the second big bang right in the center of the Ilshamabad system.

24. TRAPPED ROOM!

There's a monitor and keyboard next to the locked door. A prompt asks if the PCs want to play a game. It's a text-based, computer roleplaying game called Cavern Of The Evil Wizard.

You are standing in an icy cavern in the presence of the Winter Wizard. All around you are the slain carcasses of frost dwarves and elves, who battled each other in hopes of winning the Winter Wizard's favor. The Wizard's blue robes are covered in eyes. You have a sword and a thermal detonator. What are you doing?

The following results are issued no matter what the PCs type on the keyboard...

CAVERN OF THE EVIL WIZARD (D4)

- 1 The Winter Wizard uses his ICE SCEPTER to freeze your heart. Person standing in front of the keyboard has a frozen heart – 2 in 6 chance of backstabbing friends and crew members if an opportunity presents itself.
- 2 The Winter Wizard casts LIQUID NITROGEN at you and freezes your body. Person standing in front of the keyboard is frozen in a block of ice.
- 3 The Winter Wizard LAUGHS MANIACALLY. He speaks a vile incantation and all the slain frost dwarves and elves shamble to their feet and try to eat you. Person standing in front of the keyboard is magically transported to the actual cavern of the evil wizard and is devoured by frost cannibal zombies!
- 4 You throw the THERMAL DETONATOR at the wizard and he melts away. Yay, you win! The door to the vault opens.

25. THE VAULT

1,000 bare-naked bonds sit in several piles upon a metal storage rack.



CREDITS

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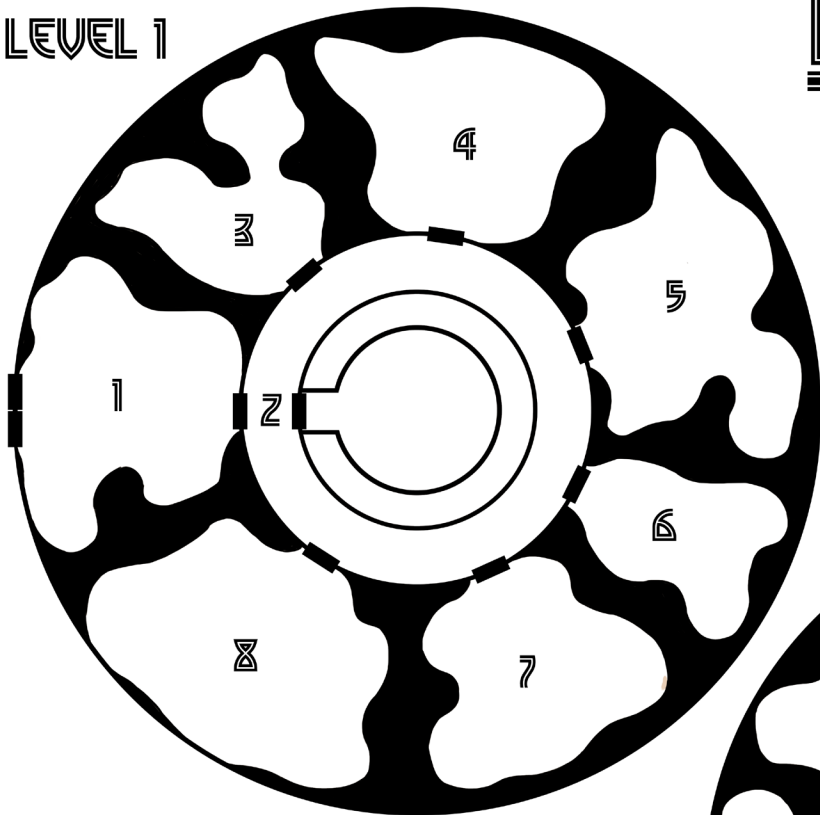
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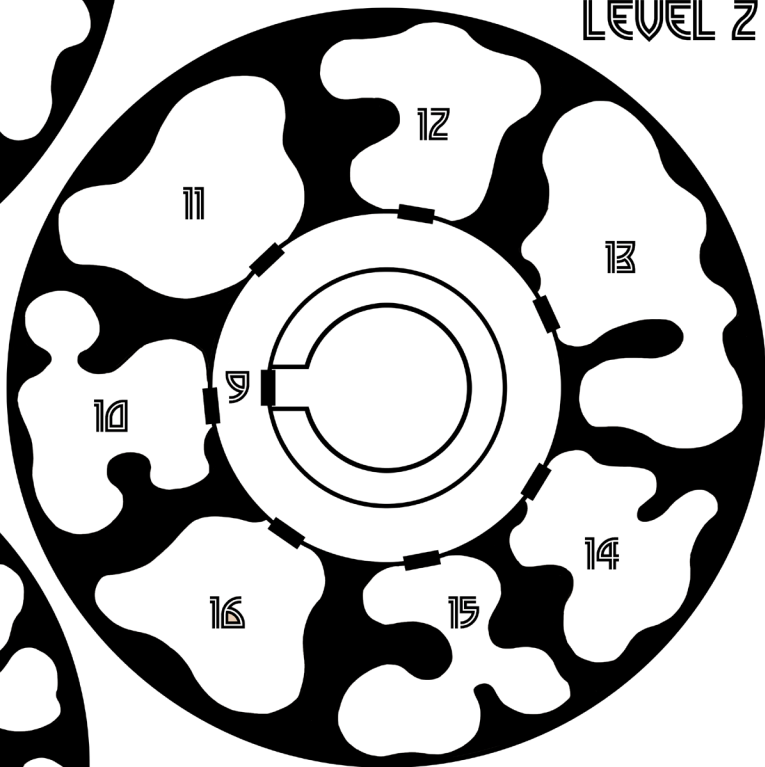
LEVEL 1



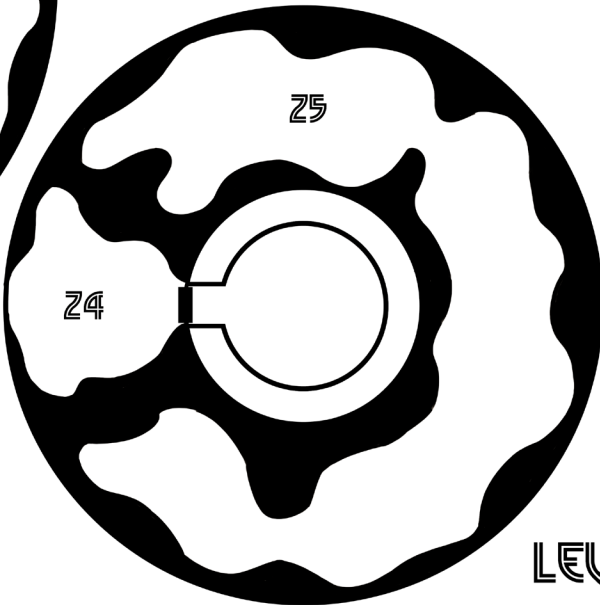
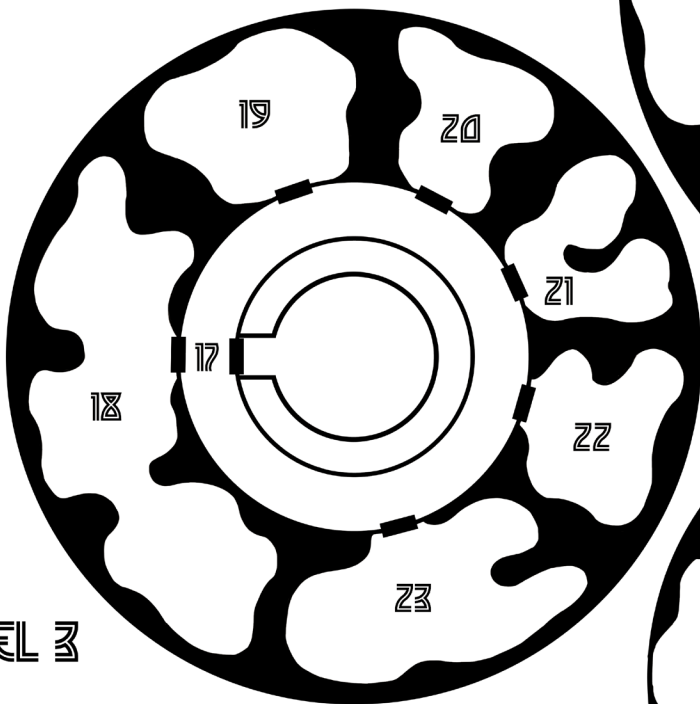
NAKATAMI

CITADEL

LEVEL 2



LEVEL 3



LEVEL 4