

BATTLE STAR: TREK WARS



VENGER AS'NAS SATANIS

Credits

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Apologies to Dan Harmon, Community, and anyone connected with MeowMeowBeenz. For anyone who doesn't already know, everything in the Alpha Blue line is a raunchy and/or silly parody of pop-culture and cult sci-fi.

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<http://draconicmagazine.com/>



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BATTLE STAR: TREK WARS

I wanted to provide even more weird, disgusting, sleazy, and TMI-infused random tables. Did that. I wanted to offer some optional rules for running the game. That content made it into the book, as well. Awesome looking artwork? You tell me! The focus was going to be the adventures. I hope those don't disappoint. I tried to make them both interesting and enjoyable. Oh yeah, the next thing you read is a piece of short, sleazy, sci-fi prose to really get you in the mood. It's called "Cold As Ice."

This may well be the last supplement for *Alpha Blue*, so spread her legs and enjoy!

COLD AS ICE

"Get to your battle stations!" Durg'a screamed as he force-fed the coordinates into the navigation system and leaned on all three of the joysticks in front of him. "Kornrr, you son of a gelthax, that means you, too! Where the fuck are those laser cannons?"

"What's a gelthax?" Kornrr asked.

"It's not important. Just shoot those ships shooting at us."

"Is it some sort of gross creature?"

"Do you see flashing red lights and the proximity alarm or is it just me?"

"Yeah, I see and hear them." Kornrr said while punching up the weaponry display. "Is it gross?"

"What?"

"I'm imagining a gelthax as a big, slimy, bug-like thing that smells bad."

"So, you do know what a gelthax is?"

"Just a guess." Kornrr pushed an assortment of colorful buttons on the ship's display. "They're all dead, Durg'a."

"Better late than never, asshole."

"I've noticed, you don't give Slave or Agzo the hard time you give me."



"Why should I? Slave is beautiful, obedient, and best of all... quiet."

"That's because she's a droid," Kornrr reasoned. "I'm not a droid. That makes me better than her."

"Let me set you straight about something, just in case I haven't made it crystal. You're my least favorite member of this crew, Kornrr. That makes you worse. Check the computer to see if there are any other Thaargon ships in this sector."

"There aren't," Kornrr said, showing as little emotion in his voice as possible.

"What about me?" Agzo asked. The floppy, ape-like, rabbitoid entity had indigo gelatinous skin, nine yellow eyes, and tentacles.

"What about you?" Durg'a responded.

"How come you're easier on me than Kornrr? Is it because I'm such a talented thief?"

"No. I like you better because you barely have a personality to complain about, Agzo."

Agzo sulked for a moment, burying the harsh criticism deep down where it probably belonged.

"Didn't get a rise out of you that time," Durg'a said, looking at Kornrr expectantly.

"This time you didn't punctuate your insult by murdering the girl I was fucking."

"When did that happen?" Agzo asked.

"Back on Zeta Minor. You were in the casino, Agzo. Durg'a and I were visiting the red hologram district. He said my stroke needed a lot of fucking work - pun intended, I assume - and put a laser beam right through her skull. I was still inside her." Kornrr remembered the incident, remembered his outburst, how he yelled, his face contorting with confusion and anger... loss of control.

"She was working for Slimshot, and Slimshot was working for the Thaargons. It had to be done," Durg'a said.

"You could have waited until I was finished," Kornrr said evenly, never forgetting his meditation, his

breathing and the inward gestures taught to him by the Templars of P'oon.

Durg'a didn't say anything, just gave Kornrr that look - his trademark half-smile, half-sneer - that almost produced another outburst in the tall, furry, reptoid weapons specialist. Almost.

"Cold as ice, Durg'a." Agzo said while glancing at the screen showing how the engine, life-support, and other starship vitals were doing. "You should have let him finish."



The void of space surrounded their Q'rellian freighter. They called the starship "Ship It" because Durg'a loved to play smuggler's quarry and when he won a big pot, he'd tell the loser to ship it over to his towering stack of chips.

Durg'a made the final payment just a few standard months ago - paid for by his winnings. Ship It was his, though he had no ownership over the crew. They stayed with him because he knew a thing or two about running crystal between warring systems.

Agzo and Kornrr had been working salvage before they joined up with Durg'a. The two aliens made a decent living until the Federation started taxing the hell out of every piece of debris found in deep space. There wasn't any money in it anymore. Maybe enough to eek by, but Agzo wanted to keep his family living comfortably on one of those leisure moons. Kornrr was determined to become a legend among the space lanes.

When Durg'a's last crew were killed, he accepted any and all applicants - Agzo and Kornrr were the only ones who applied. Slave had been his for years. Durg'a made sporadic modifications when he found the time, but the pleasure droid was originally designed to take a lot of punishment.

It had been several standard hours since the red alert. Durg'a had a little time to kill. Time he could spend with Slave.

"Slave, I want you to serve me some of that stuff we picked up on Nicto. The green drink - whatever it's called." Durg'a said.

"I think you mean althanez, Master."

"Yes, that's the stuff. Bring it to me... on your knees."

The beautiful android with dark-red metallic skin knelt down to pour some althanez into a glass. Durg'a unzipped the fly in his orange and tan corduroy trousers. Slave opened her mouth, knowing what would follow.

"I've heard that urine brings out the drink's tannin flavor." Durg'a took out his penis and urinated, taking turns between pissing in the glass of althanez and Slave's pretty face. Some went in her mouth, which she dutifully swallowed. The rest soaked into her shiny skin, making her hair and clothes wet, too.

Handing the glass of green liquid to her Master, the pleasure droid opened her eyes and asked for permission to stand. Her request was refused.

"I want you down on all fours." Durg'a said as he stroked himself to readiness. "Show me that exquisite cyber-ass, Slave."



"You know what we need?" Agzo said to Kornrr.

"Another job after this one?" Kornrr replied.

"No, a vacation."

"Rest is for the incapable. I prefer to keep working."

"Put away your ambition for a few standard. Wouldn't it be nice to just... do nothing for a while?"

"We're doing nothing right now." Kornrr explained.
"We're literally sitting in Ship It's lounge not doing anything. There's not even anything decent on TV."

"But if we took a vacation, we could be doing nothing in style, someplace warm and wonderful. One of those beaches where the sand sucks your toes. There's that planet we passed a few thousand parsecs with five suns."

"Five suns? Fuck that, it'd be too hot to enjoy," Kornrr complained.

"All of them are so far away that it produces a constant temperature of 77 degrees all year round."

"I suppose it wouldn't be that bad. But we just took time off. It's going to be awhile before I get over what happened on Zeta Minor. Besides, I'm only 900 credits away from purchasing one of those serving girls from Kando IV."

"What do you want with one of those? Just use Slave."

"Durg'a always has her doing something, plus I like the real thing - not artificial."

"You know what they say, artificial is better than the real thing."

"That's part of an advertisement, Azgo. They want you to buy their product."

"And the slavers on Kando IV want you to buy their luxury serving wenches. It's all the same."

"Perhaps." Kornrr said in order to avoid an argument. They'd known each other a long time - since The Clone Rebellion on Ursa Prime. Even though Azgo was one of his best friends, they didn't have much in common. According to Kornrr's calculations, there was only an 11% chance that Azgo would betray him. In this universe, those were damn good odds. You find

an advantage like that, you bet it all. Then smile when they ship it!



"Nearing the space station Alpha Blue." The ship's computer stated.

"We're going to have one drink with your friend while Ship It refuels, and then back we go into space." Durg'a said.

"Sounds good." Kornrr replied.

"How close were you?" Durg'a fished for more information, as he'd lost touch with Sesyanna years ago.

"We were lovers."

"Long term?"

"Less than a standard year."

"Then I'll try not to kill her."

"That would be appreciated, Durg'a."

The crew jumped out of the ship and walked to a shuttle that asked them if they wanted to rest, eat, drink, gamble, party, or have sex.

"Drink." Durg'a told the shuttle's computer. Off they went to a seedy dive called The Blue Oyster. At least a hundred patrons, over half of them alien, mingled throughout the bar.

"I'll go find her." Kornrr said.

"You're not really going to kill her, right?" Azgo asked Durg'a.

"Depends on if she's working for the Thaargons. If she is, she'll have orders to kill us. If she isn't, we find out where the space station keeps its blue crystal."

Kornrr walked into the throng of creeps, spacers, weirdoes, and whores until he found the one he



was looking for. He stood in front of her. She was only 6' tall, short compared to him.

"Kor!" She said excitedly upon seeing his face.

"You look pinker."

"Yeah, I had my skin done the other day. You like?"

"Love it. How's business?"

"I had three dicks in my ass a little while ago. So, you know... it's going."

"Nice." Kornrr said, holding back his curiosity, revulsion, and - most of all - desire for his old flame, Sesyanna.

"It was one dude," Sesyanna volunteered, seeing her former flame's confusion, she elaborated. "It wasn't three dicks from three separate guys, it was an alien with three dicks. He put them all inside -."

"Yeah, I got it." He politely smiled. "Let's go find my friends."

Durg'a kept a hand on the edge of his blaster. "Hello, Sesyanna."

"Durg'a... I should have known."

"Wait, what? Uh, how do you...?" Kornrr stammered.

"Are you on the Thaargon's payroll, Sesyanna?" Durg'a stood perfectly still, readying himself, but without making it look like he was ready to fade some two-bit hooker working a third-rate dive like The Blue Oyster. "I need to know if we can do business together."

"Yes, but I'm using them to get to Slimshot."

"Why?" Durg'a snarled, his blaster hand unmoving.

"That no good pimp killed my sister," she held out her six fingers, three and three spread apart so there was only a small space in-between. "I'm this

close to meeting him face to face. If I have to do the odd favor for some Thaargon thug in order to look Slimshot in the eye before I fade his sorry ass, then so be it."

"That's not a problem for us," Durg'a relaxed, but only a little. "I don't care about any of that. Just so long as you don't sell us out when we steal Alpha Blue's crystal."

"Buy me a drink," Sesyanna said. "A tall one, something fruity. I have to go to the lady's room."

"Another three-dick ride?" Kornrr asked.

She smiled, made an obscene gesture with all six of her fingers, and walked to the back of the bar.

"You don't trust me?" Kornrr asked Durg'a.

"I didn't think you'd lure her out into the open if you knew there was a chance she'd fade."

"You're fucked in the head, Durg'a. I know you've got this vendetta with the Thaargons, but it can't go on like this. Let's just go back to running crystal between the Alliance and the rebels."

Durg'a grabbed the tall reptilian's fur as he looked up into Kornrr's eyes. "I can't walk away from it. The only way they don't fade me is if I fade them first. They're not an army. They're not an empire. Just a handful of losers who've got nothing to live for except paying back the guy who cut them out of three hundred-thousand credits."

Red laser fire echoed through The Blue Oyster. It nearly hit Durg'a in the shoulder, but tagged an insectoid swigging space tequila next to him, instead. They dove in different directions. Durg'a jumped over the bar. Kornrr somersaulted and crouched down, using intoxicated patrons as cover.

"He's over there!" Durg'a shouted, pointing to a diminutive robed humanoid with an oversized brain. The shooter aimed his blaster at Durg'a and

fired again. The laser beam connected. A spray of blood erupted from Durg'a's side.

"Fuck!" Durg'a said as he shot a well-placed beam of red light at the creature's head. It exploded wet chunks of brain and oversized fragments of skull all over the place.

"You alright?" Kornrr asked.

"I'll live," He said while rummaging around the dead alien's pockets. "Go find Sesyanna and let's get out of here before they ask us to clean up."



The Federation had doubled security. Alpha Blue was crawling with black-clad troopers with itchy trigger fingers.

"I hope you're not thinking frontal assault." Kornrr said.

"No, I'm thinking our thief plies his trade. Subterfuge, Azgo. Go get that crystal."

"You don't think they're going to notice a random rabbitoid wandering around the vault?"

"Throw them off the scent. Use your personality or something." Durg'a advised.

"Thanks." Azgo said with little enthusiasm.

The indigo jelly of Azgo's skin was beginning to sweat. He tried to hop as inconspicuously as possible. Just as he was rounding the first corner, a Federation trooper told him to halt.

"Damn." Durg'a said as he came to Azgo's rescue blasting any and all Federation troops he could see.

They kept going, shooting, killing, and catching the occasional laser in the leg, arm, or lightly armored torso.

Finally, they had reached the vault. Azgo worked on the security lock while the rest waited impatiently, knowing that at least a million credits in blue crystal was just on the other side of the trapezoidal door.

"Slimshot!" Sesyanna cried out as he and half a dozen spacers stood in front of Ship It's crew, beamed down from his starship, no doubt.

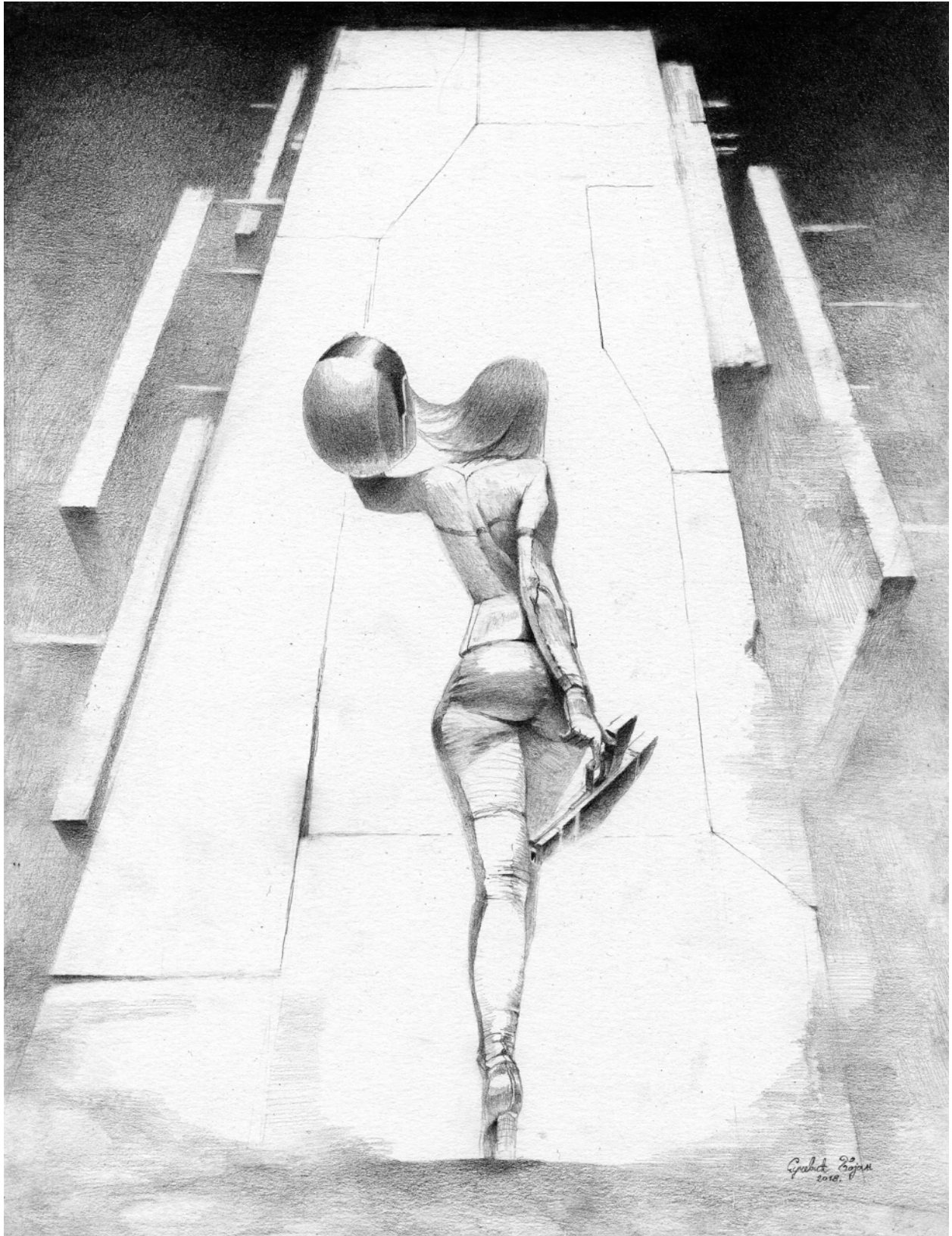
Without saying a word, Slimshot blasted Sesyanna in the chest at point-blank range. Slimshot's entourage followed suit as Durg'a, Kornrr, and Azgo returned fire.

Azgo took out one of the spacers before getting shot between all nine of his eyes. Kornrr took out three before several blasts rendered him unconscious. Durg'a shot Slimshot and whoever was left.

"I'm coming back for that crystal." Durg'a said to himself as he limped out of the security zone.

"Slave, get Ship It ready for takeoff. We're leaving. Empty handed this time."

'She smiled, made an obscene gesture with all six of her fingers, and walked to the back of the bar.'



BDSM

For the last few months, I've been using Bold Dungeon Space Master instead of Space Dungeon Master or GM. So, if you weren't aware of the change, you are now. It's official.

With the original name, I was using "Dungeon" as a joke. *Alpha Blue* is pretty far removed from other RPGs with Dungeon in the title. This game doesn't really use the dungeon paradigm. However, if you imagine a sex dungeon, the word is accurate.

Alpha Blue is a place for experimentation, for trying stuff out. You can move around in the space given, testing boundaries, applying pressure, and dispensing pain... or pleasure until something interesting happens. When that interesting thing happens, that should be your focus. Follow it, see where it goes. Odds are, it will lead you to the real adventure - not another space battle or bug hunt or exploration of a deserted lunar colony - but the social dynamic between individuals.

7 WORDS AND PHRASES

This is an alternative method of character creation. It doesn't supersede what's come before, it's simply another way to do things.

Personally, I'd recommend the 7 words and phrases version over rolling on random tables when you're running a demo, convention, or one-shot game.

Basically, if an attempted action has to do with something a character chose, he gets to roll 3d6. For everything else, he rolls 1d6. Both of these values can be modified by either advantage or

Word/Phrase	Description
First: What does your character do professionally?	For instance, you could say he's a pilot or bounty hunter. That's what the character is best at or their primary passion, what they get paid to do.
Second: What is your character's appearance?	Gelatinous? Covered in black fur? Spidery with 4 arms? Does he have one-hundred and eleven eyes? Is she made of green crystal? Does it look like a young Burt Reynolds but with gnarly facial scars, an eye-patch, and amazing tits?
Third: Who is your character as a person?	Is he ambitious, charismatic, an asshole, a loveable loser, thoughtful, a ladies man, or a horn dog?
Fourth: What's something that your character is particularly good at?	Not like a profession, but some random talent or unusual skill. Sharp-shooter, navigator, singer/songwriter, knows tech stuff, etc.
Fifth: What's something your character especially likes (or dislikes)?	Since this is <i>Alpha Blue</i> , make it sexual, humorous, a sci-fi cliché, or all three. For instance, perhaps she loves women with three breasts, he's into golden showers, or that non-binary life form hates enclosed spaces - like a trash compactor.
Sixth: Does your character have a special weapon, starship, gadget, piece of technology, etc.?	Maybe a laser-sword he inherited from his mentor, tricked-out krylon raider recovered after a space battle, or teleport bracelet.
Seventh: What is it about your character that makes him or her stand out?	Does he have an alien animal companion, an outrageous pimp hat made out of tanned nah'vee flesh, or maybe he's the last of his kind because his species was wiped out by the merciless Hunan Empire?

disadvantage based on the prevailing circumstances.

Most people will want some kind of categorization for their 7 words and phrases. Too much choice (bordering on the infinite) can lead to paralysis or the fear of choosing poorly. So, for those who prefer it, here's some order to bind their chaos...

BDSMs feel free to exact some kind of penalty or fee for choices that strain credulity. For instance, if a character chooses to own a planet or armada of battle cruisers or clone army, then there's also a drawback. Maybe he owes a substantial amount of money to one or more dangerous life forms? Perhaps military forces (such as the Federation) are poised to take that shit away from the PC? Use your imagination.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO ROLL FOR DAMAGE

Not if you don't want to... There's a handy system that removes the need for rolling and adding-up individual damage dice. Simply roll the attacker's Attack Dice Pool and consult the table below.

Roll	Damage
One	You do 5 points of damage to either yourself or one of your companions nearby.
Two	You missed entirely.
Three	You made contact, but did no real damage.
Four	You do 5 points of damage to your opponent.
Five	You do 10 points of damage to your opponent.
Six	You do 15 points of damage to your opponent.
Double Six	You do 20 points of damage to your opponent.
Triple Six	Whatever it was... you just destroyed it.

SOCIAL LUBRICANT

Alpha Blue focuses on social interaction more than combat or exploration (surprise!) If you didn't know that, you do now.

This means the BDSM shouldn't prepare for sessions where the PCs take the entire session to investigate the ins and outs of a derelict starship. Similarly, don't plan for a half-dozen battles in a single 4-hour session.

First and foremost, the BDSM is going to be roleplaying NPCs and describing scenes where future social interactions will likely take place.

Where the BDSM needs to come up with unusual places, just dig deep into your collective sci-fi unconscious and rip-off whatever you can, combining several TV shows, movies, and books in a pleasing manner. Use random tables to add depth!

Not every spacer the PCs run into has proper statistics. If an NPC doesn't have any stats, assume they're a zero-level nobody and have
Health: 20 **Armor: 0**
Attack Dice Pool: 1d6



REMEMBER THE CANTINA!

You know that epic scene in the original Star Wars movie? The one in Mos Eisley Cantina? Where Obi-wan shuts that belligerent ass-wad down? It was awesome for a number of reasons, and one of them is because it was short. That whole exchange took place in a single round.

You know what scene goes on for too long in the same movie? Yeah, the blaster shoot-out in that Death Star corridor.

My advice: emulate the former, rather than the latter.

When it comes to combat, minor battles shouldn't extend past 3 rounds. After all, *Alpha Blue* is not a tactical warfare type game. There are no complicated mechanics for special maneuvers and the system does not reward players attempting to min/max their way into becoming an unstoppable juggernaut of laser punishment.

If 3 rounds have passed, and this rather insignificant battle hasn't concluded, I recommend the BDSM take stock of what's happened and narrate a satisfactory end. There are any number of eventualities that might come up. The point is, we'd rather the game not devolve into endless rounds of whittling damage that takes an hour to resolve when the whole point is to sleaze it up!

If nothing else, shutting lengthy combats down may result in PC sneakiness. Instead of a straight-up fight between roughly equal sides, the PCs should eventually find ways to win quickly - like waiting for their prey in a dark alley of the red hologram district, coming up behind them, and blowing a hole in the back of their skull.

If this is an end of the session boss battle, then it's acceptable to let the battle wage for up to 7 rounds. At that point, cue the get-off-the-stage music and roll on the following random table...

Roll	Result
1	The guys shooting at the PCs decide to live to fight another day when they'll have a better chance.
2	A starship swoops down, hovers above the bad guys and beams them up.
3	An escape-hatch suddenly opens up - a delicate pink hand with long blue fingernails gestures for the PCs to follow her.
4	One side or the other runs out of ammo (energy cells run dry), and is forced to abandon the fight.
5	An overwhelming number of reinforcements (for one side or the other) has just arrived. The opposing side is forced to run or surrender.
6	A ridiculously huge slimy green tentacle erupts from out of nowhere and starts crushing those around it (starting with one of the NPCs).
7	Multiple combatants really have to use the bathroom... right fucking now!
8	The area has just been invaded by giant, ill-tempered star-slugs. Run!
9	The opposing side is forced to take their mandatory standard hour lunchbreak - otherwise their union will literally have them disintegrated.
10	Approximately 30 standard feet away, a casting-call for a new lesbian space porno is attracting dozens of talented actresses. It would be a shame to keep the battle going and miss out on this rare opportunity.
11	Someone threw a smoke grenade into the combat zone, making it impossible to see what's going on... or whom to shoot at.
12	Some kind of portal, wormhole, or dimensional rift has just opened up between opposing forces. Is it a way out for those fighting (and losing) this battle or a way in for whatever's on the other side?

If you don't want to arbitrarily choose which side gets the upper hand, roll a die. If the result is 1-3, the NPCs have the worst of it. If the result is 4-6, the PCs benefit.

ORGASMIC SURPRISE

So, you're jacking-off, finger-banging, or straight-up fucking an alien and what happens when they orgasm? Let's find out!

Roll	Result
1	Translucent, viscous yellowish-green slime sprays out (2 in 6 chance it burns to the touch, resulting in 1d6 damage... also, the Old Ones and their servants know you are near via eldritch telepathy).
2	Magenta mist wafts from the genitals (4 in 6 chance of putting those nearby in a euphoric daze).
3	Dark purple mucus oozes out (2 in 6 chance of causing a mutation, and 1 in 4 chance of temporarily granting psionic abilities).
4	Literal fireworks (everyone in the immediate area takes 1d6 damage).
5	Orange slime shoots all over the place (1 in 6 chance of actually melting you the fuck away).
6	Emerald-green fluid spurts (nothing bad or weird happens, but 2 in 6 chance of it going into either the eyes or mouth... tastes like mint gum).
7	Yellow typhoon of gelatinous effluvium (2 in 6 chance of having a mystical or cosmic experience).
8	Squirting black water (opening lover's mind up to the void with 2 in 6 chance of being possessed by an inter-dimensional demon).

Roll	Result
9	Sand! Sand? Yes, sand! Where is all this sand coming from, and why is it getting absolutely EVERYWHERE?!? (2 in 6 chance per piece of nearby technology that it malfunctions because of all the sand and has to be repaired).
10	Blue flame wreathes around the genitals (3 in 6 chance of vitality infusion, providing a 1d6 boost to Health).
11	Colorless and semi-corporeal ichor spatters upon all participants (2 in 6 chance of falling in love with current sexual partner).
12	The water of life (2 in 6 chance of being able to temporarily access a higher plane of consciousness, yielding both increased knowledge and power).



WHAT KIND OF UNDERPANTS IS SHE WEARING?

The initial inspiration for these tables came from one of my favorite Will Ferrell comedies - Old School. Remember when Will Ferrell's character and his wife were in couple's therapy and he wondered aloud what the Olive Garden waitress' underwear might have been?

Remember to keep it highly inappropriate, y'all. See you in the trust tree!

Roll	Result
1	Ordinary white cotton panties.
2	Thong.
3	Boy shorts.
4	French cut panties.
5	G-string.
6	Open-crotch panties.
7	Garter (with fishnet stockings) panties.
8	Nothing (she's going commando).
9	Outré alien panties.
10	Granny panties.
11	Vibrating panties.
12	Ordinary cotton panties, but color other than white.

THE CONDITION OF HER UNDERWEAR

Roll	Result
1	Visibly soiled.
2	They smell dirty.
3	Clean as a whistle.
4	Evidence of a healthy sex life.

VAGINAL AREA

Roll	Result
1	Full bush (1970's).
2	Barely trimmed (1980's).
3	Landing strip (1990's).
4	Totally shaved (2000's).
5	Inverted landing strip (2020's and 30's).
6	Weird alien pattern (2040's and 50's).

CHEETO FINGERS

"Go shove your fingers in all five nasty orange holes of a Cheetosian slut-bot!" - Common insult in the old violet sector.

A slut-bot is a sex robot found throughout the seven galaxies. The Cheetosians -- known for their depravity and masochism -- decided to modify the code and engineer some additions to the standard model. Five slut-bot orifices coated in sticky orange dust-flakes; a vicious narcotic and poisonous for those with weaker immune systems.

Having sex with, or inserting any body part into, a Cheetosian slut-bot orifice invites a tasty sex-trip of such magnitude that death could be one's Final Orgasm (2 in 6 chance).

Bounty hunters in the Cheetosian sector often gamble in high stakes Q'uay-Q'uar games with the loser having to take the "Cheeto Fingers forfeit," occasionally referred to as the "Nasty Orange Challenge." Basically, they have to insert each of their five fingers (or some part of their genitalia) into all five holes of a Cheetosian slut-bot.

Those who survive are permanently left with a cheese-flavored orange dust stuck to their fingers, hence the term "cheeto fingers."



WAYS TO BEGIN AN ALPHA BLUE ADVENTURE

Roll	Result
1	You all meet in a space tavern and decide to form a mercenary crew called Blue Company, in order to fund your exploration of the universe and various degenerate pastimes.
2	Someone comes up to you in a space bar and wants to hire a crew of mercenaries.
3	A licensed agent and representative of Universal Exploits (temp agency for disposable spacers who enjoy ultra-violence) is looking for available sub-contractors.
4	A beautiful woman (2 in 6 chance she's an alien) lures you into the nearest restroom; as you fill her up, she fills you in on the details of a low-risk / high-reward mission.
5	Your communicator flashes and vibrates, an old friend or former lover has sent you a message.
6	You discover a holographic message stuck inside an old droid.
7	Your ship picks up a distress beacon.
8	Red Alert!!! (2 in 6 chance that it's actually a Blue Alert! - that's a sex-related emergency)
9	You wake up to the hum of red laser-bars that imprison you within a holding cell!
10	You hear a scream or cry for help.
11	A woman (2 in 6 chance she's an alien) is fleeing from alien thugs with blasters; she runs up to you, breasts heaving, begging for your help.
12	Federation patrol gets a little too close for comfort.

WHAT DO THEY WANT IN RETURN?

Sometimes it becomes necessary to bargain with NPCs who know something, have something, or can do something the PCs need. Currency or intimidation might be enough to get what you want most of the time, but there's a 2 in 6 chance that money and/or coercion won't cut it.

Roll	Result
1	Blue crystal.
2	For the PCs to personally send a message to someone.
3	Buy them a drink or maybe even get them stinking drunk.
4	Score them some drugs.
5	Protect them from someone or something.
6	Oral sex.
7	Full-on intercourse.
8	Arrange for them to get sex with someone else.
9	For you to have sex with someone else.
10	Transport to a nearby planet... or maybe not so nearby.
11	A piece of equipment.
12	A percentage of the action.
13	Use of your starship.
14	For you to smuggle something into a restricted zone.
15	An assassination.
16	Information.
17	Help with a particular job.
18	Your droid.
19	For you to give your star-oath (pledge of loyalty) to them.
20	To play you in a game of chance... 1) three-dimensional chess, 2) smuggler's quarry, 3) q'uay-q'uar, 4) zor'xa & artryx.

EXOTIC WEAPONS FOR ALPHA BLUE

Sure, all weapons basically do the same thing - "x" amount of damage, depending on the results of your attack dice pool. But that doesn't mean there shouldn't be cool-sounding options.

Plus, there's no reason why the BDSM can't improvise some weirdly appropriate effect on a critical hit. That's why BDSMs get paid the big blue bucks, right? Wait, we're not getting paid for this?!?

I present a crowd-sourced plethora of exotic weapons for *Alpha Blue*...

THE RIGHT TOOL FOR THE JOB

Roll	Result
1	Double-bladed laser sword
2	Hyper-spatial void-saber
3	Tri-bladed battle yo-yo
4	Forearm-mounted "blue" flamethrower
5	Telekinetic throwing knives with psi-control diadem
6	Vintage six-shot slug thrower "Peace Keeper"
7	Buzz-saw arbalest
8	Stun gauntlets
9	Retractable crysteel wrist razors
10	Ancient zith shadow saber
11	Kat-0-9 laser-whip
12	Entropic beam scythe
13	Collapsible unobtainium alloy bo-staff
14	Rub'xxx cube of kaleidoscopic chaos
15	Crotch cannon
16	Bowel disruptor

Roll	Result
17	Atredies Inc. sonic disruptor; voice modulator now included with each purchase! (Best setting is the Donald Duck voice)
18	Haute couture metallic bustier with built-in mini mammary missiles
19	A black-bladed greatsword that glows with eerie chartreuse hellfire and hungers for humanoid souls
20	Occam's lazer-razor of fewest assumptions
21	Azrullian neuropathic detachable mind-powered synthsteel war tentacle
22	Bigby's ethereal pimp-slapping force hand
23	Trident of deadly fish-slapping
24	Killer space clown hidden blade assassin shoes
25	Sharpened strap-on scimitar
26	Multi-headed gravity flail
27	Miniaturized Black Hole Projector
28	Ultra-concealable high velocity wrist crossbow
29	The Gromm Jakkar; a poison laced fingertip blade
30	Aether Corp transdimensional phase knife; Stabs your foe in at least 5 different alternate dimensions with just one thrust!

And then there were 6 weapons left over... I guess, you could roll on the table above and if that doesn't trip your trigger, roll on the much shorter table below (unless you carry a 36-sided die in your pocket).

Roll	Result
1	Thunder Fury: the anti-matter equalizer single-shot artillery implanted heirloom chaos plasma rifle crowd control turbo-executioner pistol
2	Spectral man-blaster, a haunted ray-gun that fires ghost cocks instead of lasers.
3	Laser chop-sticks
4	Triple-bladed plasma axe and bug-zapper
5	Quantum collider of probable demise
6	The plague launcher

SNADQ'UA

This is a demented "game" that certain individuals in the Ta'andor galaxy enjoy playing. Throughout their travels, the PCs will meet up with those attempting to show them their cock and balls (or vagina, if females decide to play).

There's approximately a 1 in 20 chance that each male NPC plays snadq'ua and a 1 in 30 chance for female NPCs.

Snadq'ua: *meat-gazer; one who gazes at meat; one who stares at male genitalia; possibly, but not necessarily, a homosexual.*

The object of the game is to get someone, preferably another male, to inadvertently look directly at your dick and balls. If they do, you get to call them a snadq'ua and the meat-gazer has to forfeit a certain number of MeowMeowBeenz (depending on the difficulty of the penis/testicle maneuver).

For instance, just pulling down your pants and showing your dick and balls will only get you 20 MeowMeowBeenz. Moves like the space bat or

star goat will earn you 50 or 100 MeowMeowBeenz, respectively.

If, instead, you want to get all meta-game-y about it, those who are tricked into seeing another's genitals will have their "stealing the spotlight" awesomeness stolen by the flasher. Thus, points for doubling one's dice pool can be accumulated - but no more than one point per character level.



TA'ANDOR PICK-UP

Signals! Signals everywhere!!! You never know what kind of transmissions you're going to pick-up on... especially, in the Ta'andor galaxy.

Here's a table including 30 randomly generated possibilities for your *Alpha Blue* or sleazy, humorous sci-fi RPG of choice.

TA'ANDOR GALAXY TRANSMISSIONS

Roll	Result
1	Starship damaged beyond repair, drifting in space - they're requesting rescue.
2	Advertisement for PURPLE PRIZM - now with a penis-hardening and erotic violence-inducing secret ingredient, "Drink that grape before you... take part in sexual assault."
3	Advertisement for penile growth pills called "Flesh Dreamers."
4	Coded message from the Hunan Empire (something about cloaked troop carriers).
5	Space Muslim prayer to Allah from the Caliphate. Their god is not pleased that women are shaking their unclothed money makers all around the galaxy.
6	Advertisement for Galactic Glide lubricant that contains performance enhancing body glitter made from quasar crystals, "Make her cream gleam with Galactic Glide!"
7	A hooker just a few parsecs away asks if anybody is looking to party.
8	Starship (neutral) under attack by the Krylon fleet.
9	The Assassin's Guild is proudly claiming their 110th kill this year. They're looking for just one more before the quarter ends (in just a few standard hours). (The PCs make an ideal target - I'm sure there's someone out there willing to pay to have them killed)

Roll	Result
10	Some Federation Governor has just arrived on the planet Muluta.
11	Advertisement for escort service on Planet 54.
12	Advertisement for something called "the crotch hugger" - only three easy payments of \$19.95!
13	Pink alert - an attractive female humanoid just turned 18 somewhere in the Ta'andor galaxy.
14	Drunk transmission from a green-skinned, three-breasted slut. She's DTF and not too picky about who it is.
15	Transmission from blonde woman wearing space sweater with glasses - she's looking for someone to "Netflix and Chill." (2 in 6 chance she doesn't look like her photo)
16	Contagion outbreak on the moon Shada - virus makes your skin evaporate.
17	Tech company looking for test subject to try out their new weapon system.
18	The Robot Development Cartel is showcasing their latest kill-bot.
19	Wet T-shirt competition on New Alderaan 2 is looking for guest judges. Apparently, a few of last year's judges were incinerated by Krylons.
20	The hull of a nearby starship has space herpes and is requesting other ships take on some of their VIP passengers. Including the princess Daltori.
21	The penile ship Long John... uh, sorry, that's penal ship Long John is carrying several maximum security prisoners to the penal colony on Cygnus Alpha. Unfortunately, the Templars of Dread Cthulhu are refusing permission for Long John to land.

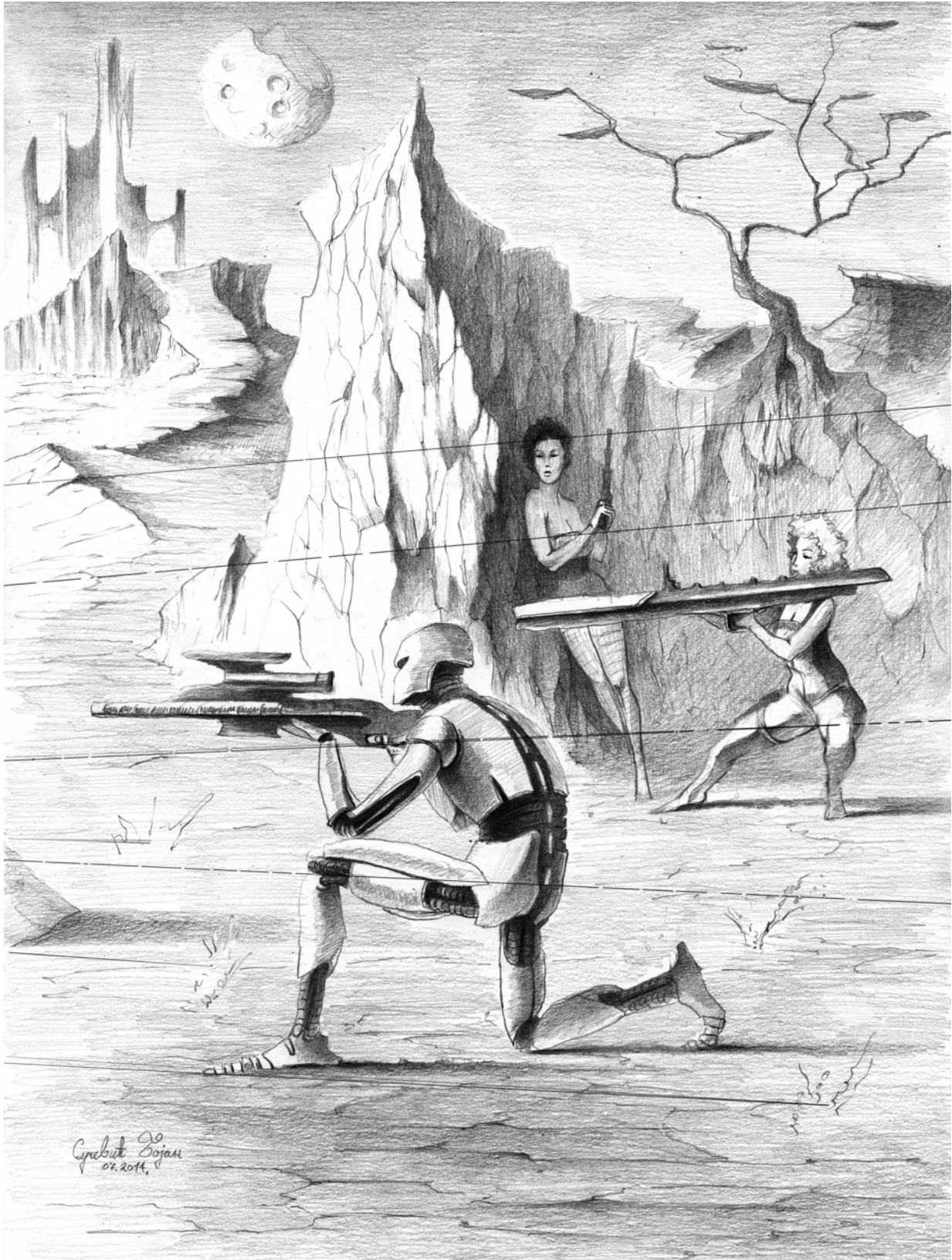
Roll	Result
22	A survey team is in this sector of the galaxy. They say they're from a neutral planet and just looking for interesting cultures to study, but their ship is a battle cruiser armed to the teeth.
23	A starship full of Verrada diplomats is being threatened by the Federation because of their refusal to allow the Federation to mine their planet, Verrada, until all its natural resources have been drained.
24	The colony ship Life Force is entering the Ta'andor galaxy, intending to colonize one of the already inhabited planets. The humanoids aboard Life Force believe that all living things should be subservient to their needs.
25	There's a bikini competition on Klaatu and an experimental pheromone drug has been released into the atmosphere on the entire planet. The drug is called PX-111, and it's supposed to make chicks super horny and if they don't have sex, their internal organs will soon liquefy!
26	Social Justice Warriors are demanding that Derej Minor pay diversified lifeforms more than everyone else in order to make up for any "lack of privilege."
27	A notable plastic surgeon has a sudden opening in his schedule and he's willing to perform breast augmentation surgery at half-price. Are you happy with Bs when you could have Ds? Want three breasts instead of two? Need extra nipples? Lactate 24/7! Scales, fur, iridescent "skin job" latex...?

Roll	Result
28	A ship full of bounty hunters is circling the area, looking for their prey. They're an uncouth, bloodthirsty lot... and willing to cut anyone who helps them locate Asron Modeen in for a sweet, sweet 20% of the 10,000 credit payday.
29	Zero-G escorts are looking for clients in this part of the galaxy. Half-price for the next standard hour - even the weird, kinky stuff that most working girls won't do!
30	Jihadists in Federation space are threatening to detonate a space nuke if their demands aren't met (several million in credits, recognizing the Caliphate's authority, subjugation of non-space Muslims, criminalization of libertine values, etc.)

DIE-DROP TA'ANDOR

Throw a bunch of d6s onto the Ta'andor map (or any space map), then consult the following table to determine possible conflicts in those regions.

Roll	Result
1	War is currently raging in that sector of the galaxy.
2	Unless diplomacy is immediately employed or forces intervene, war seems imminent.
3	There's an uneasy truce between factions.
4	Things appear stable... for now (1 in 4 chance of a sneak-attack planned tomorrow).
5	Relations are good, the galaxy is at peace, and trade routes are open.
6	Two or more factions have decided to join forces for mutual protection and conquest.



UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

Here's a crowd-sourced d100 random table of beings currently living within the Ta'andor galaxy. If you need a lightly-detailed NPC on the go, roll away!

Roll	Result
1	Burnt: tall pink humanoid hermaphrodite without facial features. He/she's looking for love in all the wrong places. Likes biting... but where exactly are his/her teeth?
2	Denzees: female; emaciated waif with white, jeweled skin and extra-large eyes. She's in the middle of her horny cycle and desperate to fuck. She's hoping some big strong life form will shame her into peeing her pants publicly.
3	Garal: lovable, yellow-furred lion-oid with scar along left eye. He's persistent and self-deprecating. He's looking for a long-term relationship with a long-legged female.
4	Zubed: short, brown scaly humanoid with cybernetic forearm. Laconic; keeps to himself unless there's something or someone he really wants. Loves non-humanoid species. Rarely takes no for an answer.
5	Glorth: enormously fat green-scaled humanoid, dresses like Travolta in Saturday Night Fever. Utterly convinced of his charm and suaveness, he has no sense of personal space. He's looking for a humanoid female with strong legs to stomp on some fruit while he watches and jerks both his penises. He believes every woman has a price - if she refuses his requests, throwing enough credits at her will change her mind.

Roll	Result
6	Happy: Blue skinned goat humanoid, medium length white spikey hair. Genderqueer, Asexual, gets by through life by working as a cuddlebuddy and tickle dom. Bubbly by nature, but known to get rough if pressed. Doesn't help they have a masochistic side which usually involves headbutting or kicking with hooves.
7	Schmurr: a humanoid in an environmental suit; all that's visible through the tinted faceplate is a single giant eye. Takes offense at any comments about him being a voyeur on account of his eye, but he totally is, getting his kicks watching unsuspecting women using the toilet. Frequents cheap Mexican restaurants for exactly that reason.
8	Zade: Smarmy draconian male with a wiry build and forked tongue. Rocks a blue mohawk and mirrored visor shades even at night. He's a pimp but not a very good one. Will bang anyone but really looking for a female with luscious lips who'll let him go down on her for hours. It will start off fun but she'll end up bored because he uses the draconian alphabet for his tongue-strokes... and it only has 7 letters.
9	Rukke: Near-human male with orange skin and milky white eyes. Fallen Zedi in exile with major self-esteem issues; needy. He's a submissive bisexual power bottom that likes to be choked with The Way. Tonight, he's looking for a Master/Mistress who'll peg him and fist his brains out.

Roll	Result
10	Flatchu Magnus: a smarmy near-human with lavender colored skin and a solid plastic pompadour containing some black market cybernetic brain enhancements. Always seems to know exactly what a woman wants to hear. Tonight, he's hoping to score a chick that's on her third or fourth conquest of the night - to Magnus, if sloppy seconds are good, sloppy twelfths are that much better!
11	Princess Luxa: Barely legal space princess with a bouncy blonde bob cut. She dresses to look even younger than she is. She's looking for the nastiest, slimiest alien(s) she can find to fuck on live-stream to piss off her father, King Lumen. She acts bubbly but she's really dead inside and she'll ruin your life.
12	Tlorrvan: purple and orange mottled crustacean with iridescent pulsating facial and pubic tentacles. Other than preferring soft humanoid females, he's not picky. He claims his ejaculate is addictive to humanoid females, but in truth he has such a severe nyborg habit that even his spunk has enough to get high - especially taken vaginally or anally. He will steal your stuff to pay for his nyborg habit.
13	Bliff: Everything about Bliff is fake. Bleach blonde hair, gross orange spray tan, neon white porcelain veneers, and knock-off designer space pajamas. He is the epitome of space frat fuckboi trash from Nu-New Los Angeles. He's going to try to score with every female-looking person in the room, starting with the hottest and working his way down from there. He's down for anything, gives too many high-fives, and won't shut up about his dad's space yacht.

Roll	Result
14	Flatularr: This sentient violet methane-based life form communicates telepathically and is psychoactive if inhaled (2 in 6 chance of tripping balls, otherwise causes the giggle-fits). It wants your smelliest farts and will pay for them if it has to.
15	Guz Felth: A 3' tall humanoid covered in thick, curly black hair. Guz Felth speaks in short, broken sentences and refers to himself in the third person. All he wants is to be hot-dogging his junk between a pair of big, jiggling ass cheeks. Of noble birth, Felth is actually stupidly wealthy and lavishes gifts on women who let him grind against their asses.
16	Carol: Middle-aged human women who spent the last 30 years of her life as a receptionist for a nuclear mining company. As a result, she has incurable brain space cancer and will die in 1d4 days. She's left her emotionally distant husband Bob to check every possible sexual escapade off her very long Fucket list. The PC and whatever they're into is always the next on her list. She's surprisingly hot once she takes off her glasses and let's down her hair. Also, she makes the best meatloaf on this side of the galaxy.
17	Glorm: A purple, prune-faced alien with beady black eyes and a large black pompadour. He wears a holographic zoot suit and gold chains. He likes girls with a strong grip to massage lotion into his folds, and handjobs. He yells loudly "ZOOP! THERE IT IS!!!" when he cums.
18	Tobo Fisto: A scrawny Zeta-Ritculan (aka grey alien) Elvis impersonator. He likes big butts, and he cannot lie. He has a nasty, cruel sense of humor if he feels rejected.

Roll	Result
19	Captain Manly Handsome: Captain of the Cargo Ship "Manly's Pride", a pink, penis-shaped freighter. Handsome is a hairy chested, square jawed, human in his 30's. He looks like the tennis pro at the country club who bangs all the bored, rich housewives. He is an intergalactic scoundrel and ladies' man. He is also a buffoon of unsurpassed stupidity who constantly misunderstands his surroundings.
20	The Bro'stache Brothers: Got some privates you need eyed? Buff and Biff Bro'stache are your guys. They're a pair of human males in their 30's, ruggedly handsome, with thick, manly moustaches. No one is sure which is Biff & which is Buff. They prowl the galaxy in their sleek fire-engine-red, space hot rod "the Shaggin' Wagon" making a living as private dicks (and sometimes as public dicks as well), while looking for their missing father, The Space Cowboy (this is not an alias; his name is The Space Cowboy).
21	Tombert Humpherthick: Human adventurer, ladies' man, and lounge singer extraordinaire who performs regularly at The Purple Pussycat Lounge on Alpha Blue when he's not off rescuing damsels in distress. Handsome, suave, macho, and hairy, Tombert favors leisure suits and shirts open to the navel to display his thick, dark chest hair. Whether it's his amazing voice (one of the most powerful in the galaxy), his raw animal magnetism, or (as rumored) a secret use of the zedi mind trick, Tombert has an uncanny ability to get ladies throwing their panties at him while onstage.

Roll	Result
22	Fip F'arvo: A tiny orange humanoid with big eyes, a wide smile, no nose, and large pointy mouse-like ears and a squeaky voice. Fip likes to be motorboated physically between a huge pair of jugs. He would be very happy to ride around in the front of a dress peering out from the cleavage if given a chance.
23	Darth Latex: A female Zith Lord and Knight in Black Satin, she wears a zith helmet and various revealing latex or leather zith outfits. She's looking for a real man, strong in The Way to corrupt and conquer the Galaxy with... and also hold hands, take long walks on the beach, and cuddle with at night. Anyone who yields to her seductive charms will have to worry about getting the shit kicked out of them by her innumerable overprotective brothers (Darth Humongous, Darth Butch, Darth Pimp, and Darth Squiggy).
24	Climaxia: A gorgeous and statuesque Glamazon in a glittering platinum-hued space-armor gown sent to collect the DNA of bad ass, sexy females throughout the galaxy for the Glamazonian clone matrix to strengthen the genetic code of her people. The DNA collection process is an incredible finger-banging session that causes the recipient to have a mind blowing out-of-body experience. Any female who submits her DNA also earns a boon from the Glamazonian Sisterhood of Asteria and a bedazzled T-shirt that says "Finger-blasting for Lady Power."

Roll	Result
25	Old Walt: It's rare to see an old spacer, and Walt might be the oldest out there. A slouching, grizzled old human male, with a permanent three-day gray beard and flight suit two generations out of date. His mind wanders and he'll occasionally start an anecdote (usually a truly bizarre one) somewhere in the middle of the story without ever telling the beginning. Exposure to cosmic rays in an unshielded ship has resulted in him having six testicles and the sexual appetite of a Venusian Hyper-rabbit. Barely-legal girls with daddy issues are his preferred partners. Quote: "Hey there girl...ever have a man take his teeth out before goin' down on ya?"
26	Klazym: An obese humanoid covered in thick, wrinkled brick-red skin; his large, dark eyes and short, trunk-like snout are the only things that move quickly about him. He claims to be over 10,000 years old and the last surviving member of his race. Whether this is true or not, he definitely plays the sympathy card for as much cosmic poontang as he can plow his chode into. He'll do anything to get a girl to eat his ass. His orgasms last for over 30 minutes.
27	Sh'ck'tk: A human-size insect race that resembles a giant cockroach. He's very charming, eloquent & polite, has good manners, great tastes, makes a very comfortable living & knows how to treat a lady. But...he's a giant fucking cockroach. Likes doing it doggie style with human females and getting his antenna gently groomed.

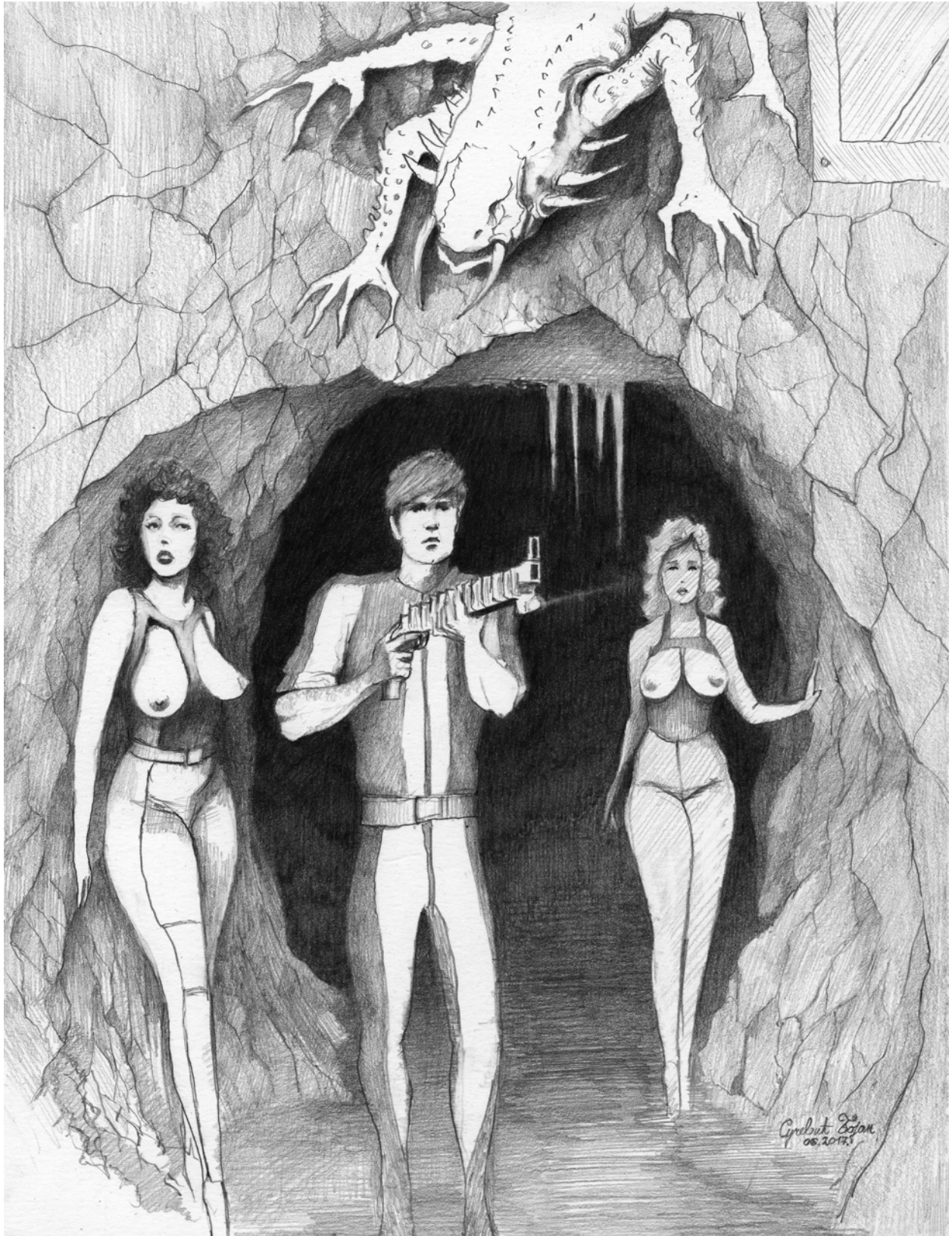
Roll	Result
28	Ploxor the Fredo: A salmon-skinned near-human with frosted tips in his silvery hair, Ploxor is a procurer (or "Fredo") for the Wyrmslorr Crime Syndicate. He's a smooth operator, casually talking himself up to young, still-innocent girls as a casting director for holo-vids, or a talent scout for modeling agencies, and in his iridescent-chrome suit, he certainly looks the part. He coolly convinces girls to fuck him for "the privilege" of meeting his employers, keeping their panties as trophies.
29	Oh'bor Dor'bin: A humanoid two-headed alien. He enjoys getting blowjobs while one head murmurs and coos romantic sweet nothings and the other calls her names like "dirty slut" and "filthy little whore".
30	Gurgarr: An eight-foot tall reptilian humanoid with a bodybuilder's physique, purple scales and two long, electric-blue forked tongues. He also has an enormous double-barreled schlong, barely contained in his silver spandex posing pouch. He considers sex with mammalian humanoids to be bestiality - and he's into that. He is not a gentle or giving lover with mammals, hate-fucking both males and females alike with surprising brutality.
31	Bel'gar'res: He is actually three space dwarves in a snazzy space trench coat. They're searching the galaxy for an attractive female who will let them triple-fuck her.
32	Akkourah: A male, avian humanoid with shiny black feathers and a 10-foot wingspan. He is a mystic assassin and accomplished martial artist from a matriarchal society. He's looking for an attractive humanoid female who will let him call all the shots in the sack for once. Wings preferred but not mandatory.

Roll	Result
33	Z-3000: A mysterious cyborg bounty hunter in midnight blue and crimson power armor, carrying a seemingly endless personal arsenal of weaponry. He never removes his visor and says very little. He lost his cock in the upgrade wars of binary minutia, so he's not actually looking for sex. He just likes to have pretty ladies polish his hot, armored robo-bod and spoon his combat-chassis while he shuts down for nightly maintenance.
34	A clone of Jim Morrison: If the PC buys Jim Morrison a drink, he will ply them with his moody, mysterious, poetic charisma. If they take him back to their room he will drink all their booze, do all their drugs, trash the place, and pass out. Likes to ride the snake and prefers women who remind him of his mother.
35	Saphira: A stacked blonde human beauty. She will secretly try to slip a space-roofie into a PC's drink, as her job is to shanghai slave labor for a pirate cruiser!
36	Captain James T. Kurtz: The famous captain of a Federation starship! Is actually an out-of-work actor and cosplayer at conventions who uses his resemblance to the legendary captain to get laid. Can be exposed if pressed for details of "his" exploits, as he really doesn't know much about Kurtz.
37	D1L-D0: An outdated, decommissioned pleasure droid who is still functional for some reason. His gender-recognition software is on the fritz, so even though he is fashioned as a man, for sex with women, he will pester males with lines such as "Would Madame care for some pleasure?" or "I am programmed with a variety of pleasuring techniques for a female of your obvious beauty."

Roll	Result
38	S'lith'hishh: A long, lean humanoid snake-woman with long brown hair, gold eyes, and iridescent green scales. She enjoys sex with mammals because they're so warm. She insists on being on top and flicking her forked tongue in her partner's ear.
39	Allura Eccentrica: The far-famed, red-headed, triple-breasted whore of Eroticon Six!!! What is SHE doing here? Slumming? On the lamb? There has to be more to this...
40	Galixina SS: Slut series pleasure droid. She will go by the name "Dorothy;" a tall, shapely, blonde-haired, blue-eyed Scandinavian human female with Juggernaut class boobs. She'll fall in love with any spacer who compliments her eyes.
41	Arullah: A stunning humanoid with pure white skin and hair and ice blue eyes. She is secretly on the run from her insanely possessive ex-boyfriend Gaxx Blastarr, a deadly hitman who works the Wyrmslorr Syndicate. She sleeps with anyone she thinks might be tough enough to protect her. This PC is the thirteenth one she's mated with since running away... Gaxx disposed of the previous twelve.
42	Galactica Nuveau: A fairly well known holo-porn star. She is in mega-debt to Grabba the Butt and is desperate to pay him back. Thus, she has turned to sleeping with, and robbing, those with money to burn. If caught, she will tell her story and beg for protection or help raising the money. She will do ANYTHING if the PCs are willing to help her.
43	Guido Guadalupe: Low-rent human hood with greasy slicked-back hair, squinty eyes, toothpick jutting out of his mouth, polychromatic silver jumpsuit, and wingtip shoes. Obsessed with having sex in public and keeps insisting "We could do it right here and no one would know!"

Roll	Result
44	Flowbo Blorph: A fat, greasy, wheezing male of indeterminate species who sweats profusely and smacks his thick lips together while blotting his forehead with a handkerchief. He gets off on being ridden cowgirl style while given purple nurlples.
45	Valgloria: A fierce, muscular Valkorvik warrior-woman with flowing blonde hair in traditional battle armor. Right before the PC gets intimate with her, she mutters "Are you ready to endure the Seven Trials of Korvik?".
46	Pffflippit: A short, warty toad dude who always seems to be smoking a cigar. If rejected, he blinks his large, bulbous eyes and whines piteously "I'm really a nice guy if you just give me a chance!".
47	Sean "Sully" O'Sullivan: An unremarkable-looking human wearing a Federation "red-shirt." The official liaison to Alpha Blue. Banished to this posting after a transporter incident with a Klyngon ambassador that almost caused an interstellar incident. The transporter incident left him with a gigantic Klyngon cock in place of his own.
48	Sarah Kocknor: Appears to be a hot human mercenary type, she is actually a T-669 Model Terminator dispatched back in time by Skynet to prevent the PC from procreating, as their offspring in the future will conquer the galaxy or become a huge douche-nozzle or some shit.
49	Jersey Tony from Nu-New Jersey: A typical Space Goombah. If a PC gets it on with him, he's a two-pump chump. If rejected, he calls the PC "a fookin hoor."

Roll	Result
50	Suzi Creamcheese, the Dairy Queen: A human BBW with purple hair, black lipstick and the biggest pair of pleasure zeppelins the PCs have ever seen. She's looking for a younger guy who'll call her "Mommy" and allow her to breastfeed them while she strokes them off. She's feeling very full and pent-up, so she's hoping for an extra-thirsty boy tonight. Anyone wanting more than a one-night fling with her has to be able to eat six whole cans of whipped cream faster than she can - she doesn't keep guys who can't win an eating contest.
51	Glimph: A 4' tall humanoid dolphin in a bright orange latex bodysuit. He's a shy, stuttering virgin, which some find endearing. He's hoping to find someone who will indulge his desire for erotic asphyxiation - which in his case means someone who'll stuff their cock (or a dildo) into his blowhole while fucking him.
52	Bianca Ballsdeep: At first glance, an attractive human woman with bubblegum-pink hair and a silver-and-purple flight suit...and then you realize that that's not a roll of space quarters in her pocket, and she is extremely happy to see you. Hailing from the Hermaphros Cluster, Bianca is probably on one designer party-drug or another when you meet her, and she doesn't remember the last time she wasn't DTF. She doesn't care what she's putting her cock into. A talented pilot, she can get you where you want to go - but gas grass, or ass... nobody rides for free.



Roll	Result
53	Oliver Deezenutts: A greasy human with a fussy little mustache and way too much product in his hair, Officer Oliver Deezenutts is the archetypal corrupt spaceport official. He shows up whenever a spaceship lands to "welcome" off-worlders, inquire about the nature and length of their visit, etc., and would they like to buy parking insurance for a mere 100 credits? When off-duty, he can be found in the nearest cantina, attempting to impress women with his encyclopedic knowledge of space-gin-based mixed drinks. He can't achieve orgasm without a pair of worn panties over his face.
54	Zorbor: A typical big brained humanoid in a shiny silver robe, Zorbor is looking for intellectual conversation and telepathic mind sex. He also likes having his cranium massaged and his frontal lobes licked.
55	Gloop'ta'bloob'pa'blup: A magenta gelatinous amoeboid. His friends call him Gloopy. Gloopy isn't talkative, nor is he shy. He completely envelops partners with his warm slimy flesh, extracting nutrition from dead skin cells, sweat, and other emissions/secretions. His species keeps sexual partners alive by oxygen transfer.
56	Eddie Torres the Extra Testicle: A short, wrinkly alien with a long extendable neck ending in a big head with big eyes. He has no legs, just feet and a torso, and long arms ending in luminous fingers. He likes to "probe" women's orifices with his glowing digits.
57	Grun'a'chuck: A 7' tall, fur covered woofie. If the PC understands the growling, barking woofie language, he will be asking her "Wanna see what's under my pelt?"

Roll	Result
58	Philo Phylum: A large plant that resembles mobile broccoli with long, philodendron-like vines with heart-shaped leaves. He will ask female PCs "Can I show you my root system?" Enjoys being lightly misted with a spray bottle, warm sunshine, and nutrient-rich soil.
59	A Gorgeous/Handsome Woman/Man of the PC's Dreams: This is actually a powerful illusion. The creature resembles a cross between a lamprey and a shag carpet, with long, sucker-lined tendrils that it uses to suck all the salt out of a victim's body when alone with them.
60	Oonis: A tall, skinny fish-headed humanoid without eyes and two sets of pursed lips. She smells like rancid sushi. Wants to be spanked and called a "bad fishy".
61	Flumbartha: A rotund, bald, bulldog-jawed alien with two upward curving tusks and a bushy mustache. She says she'll let you fuck her in the ass if you want. But first, she wants 100 credits.
62	An Elder Horror Straight Out of Lovecraft: A thing that is all tentacles and wings and eyes and pseudopods from another universe. It finds all lifeforms in our universe as equally disgusting as we find it. However, as the only one of its kind stranded here, it is very lonely for companionship. After a few drinks and if the mood is right, it wouldn't be opposed to inserting its tentacles in some orifices and having its pseudopods manipulated. The entity's eldritch orgasm is a cry of "Tekki-tekki-ki-ki-ay-yi-yi!!!" PCs might go insane if they have sex with it. The Elder Horror will refuse to talk about it the next morning.

Roll	Result
63	Zipff Flynn: An innocent looking, 40 year old, human space pilot. He's a virgin, but has a thing for MILF types. Zipff's hoping to find the "perfect woman" to take his man-cherry.
64	I'kin'ar'a: An alien that resembles a giant starfish. She's never had sex with a humanoid, but is very curious. She doesn't realize the electric shocks her genitals produce upon orgasm, which is pleasurable to her species, is NOT to others.
65	Tony Bologna: Looks like he just strolled off the set of "Saturday Night Fever." Tony was frozen back in the 70's because he contracted an incurable (at the time) STD. Now, baby, he's ready to party like it's 1979!
66	Shug Chlorr: An extrusion of a 5th dimensional entity into our limited 3-dimensional space, Shug Chlorr appears as a pulsating, day-glo collection of geometric shapes, shifting and wheeling like the view through a kaleidoscope. The 5th dimension has no concept of love, a concept Chlorr wished to explore. Shug Chlorr has confused it with lust, however, and has become an insatiable fuck-addict in our universe, unconcerned with gender or species of partner. Chlorr's favorite thing appears to be pounding buttoholes with a flexible line of linked spheres extending from his central mass.
67	El Magnifico: A masked luchador in Galactic League Wrestling, he is muy macho and looking for the right seniorita. Enjoys having baby oil rubbed on his muscles while flexing. Finishing move is the Flying Penis Thrust from the top rope.

Roll	Result
68	Vorraks: A male mantis-like insectile humanoid with neon-green exoskeleton and four arms, two of which are wicked scythe-like appendages. He is wearing bright orange space pajamas with a cerulean-blue half-cape. Vorraks was exiled from his home planet because of his preference for females of the fleshier humanoid species. He is looking for a busty life-mate who will fuck, kill, then hopefully eat him so he can die a proper honorable death for a male of his species.
69	Silosh Faas: A muscular, ebony-skinned humanoid with indigo "tattoo" markings, white hair and crimson eyes. These indigo markings on his arms and torso are eldritch runes that move depending on space-time anomalies in the area. The runes spell-out incantations and prayers to the chaos gods of murder, hate, torture, and vengeance.
70	Luna DuValDavenThorne: A bored, rich, socialite, middle age human female with plutonium blonde hair, a sparkly red evening gown, a white ape-fur stole, sparkly jewels around her throat, long white opera gloves, and a long cigarette holder, who enjoys slumming. She cocks an eyebrow and asks in a bored tone "Wanna go down to the observation deck, take some Thunderfuck Uranus, and look at the stars?"
71	T'puss: A grey furred tabby felinoid with bright-green eyes rubs up against a PC, purring. Unfortunately, if you show any sign of affection towards T'puss, she yowls just like an earth cat in heat, and uses her claws on your back, the furniture, carpet, etc.

Roll	Result
72	M'lor'Glunk: A large fungoid that resembles a sentient mushroom. It is hesitant and shy. If a PC strokes it gently, it will tremble all over and release a cloud of spores. In 1d4 days that PC will sprout mushrooms all over for 1d4 days, which will then drop off and turn into miniature fungoids who then set off on their own.
73	Ivan Avankoff (m) and Tinka Vuckyernutz (f): Two Russian Cosmonauts and fashion models launched in a secret test in 1969 whose capsule was sucked through a wormhole in time and space. They just recently arrived at Alpha Blue. They are very confused, but very horny (they've been in space a LONG time). While willing to work together, they both hate each other, so they're both looking for someone else to get it on with. He has bushy eyebrows and looks like Vladimir Putin, a bold fox and unrepentant asshole. She is tall, thin with blonde hair and is politely condescending to everyone she meets.
74	XTC-812: A repair droid built roughly like a tank, but with the softest, prettiest hand-manipulators you've ever seen, pretty red nails and all. "She" says in the throatiest, sexiest voice you've ever heard "Mmmm, can I adjust the shaft of your pleasure unit? You can push my buttons and mess around with my software if you like..."
75	Vos: Vos is an escaped prisoner from Rrura Penthor, the Death World Prison of the Federation. Vos is carrying a small device that blocks detection and recognition scans. He likes to strangle his sexual partner and beat them bloody with his fists while he is violating them. He may or may not kill them depending on how well they pleasure him.



Roll	Result
76	Two-Gun Bob: A middle-age, handsome guy in a battered brown leather jacket and fedora. He introduces himself as "Two-Gun Bob Howard". You only see one pistol on his hip. On the other is a bullwhip. He says it's for "all kinds of adventures" with a grin.
77	Mesohyl: A human-sized, ambulatory sponge-like alien with sea-foam hue. He cannot speak Galactic Standard, only his species language, which sounds like a didgeridoo. He enjoys "water sports," which he absorbs directly into his body.
78	Queen Cadmi Ah'littlehard: A royal Space Queen on the run from her jerk ass ex-husband, a fallen zedi who turned to Knights in Black Satin. Now, she works as a stripper and Satisfier, cultivating as many low-life contacts as possible, hoping to find someone to stand up against him if he ever catches up to her. Goes by the name "Candi."

Roll	Result
79	Phlutz: An older, orange-skinned alien, past his prime and overweight, jowly, with a tired, sad face and eyes. He is dressed in the universal uniform of the greasy spoon fry cook: a stained white t-shirt, apron, and pants, with a little white hat. He smells of Harvanger Burgers. He says "Darlin', I ain't gonna lie. I ain't much to look at. I ain't rich. But I got a 10" dick and the stamina of a T-Rex. I can fuck all night. I also got a 10" tongue, can unhinge my jaw, and hold my breath for hours. Wanna get outta here?"
80	Fitz Tophorr: A short human (?) with greasy black hair, parted down the middle in a razor part. He is hunch-backed, has bulgy, crazy looking eyes, and a gap in his front teeth. He breathes quickly and wheezes as if he has asthma. He giggles nervously and breathlessly...a lot, and lisps in a nasal murmur "You have been a very bad girl...so very, very naughty..."
81	Metazorlor: An 8ft tall golden glowing alien Space God in majestic silver robes, with a mustache and goatee, white eyes, and an impossibly tall hairless cranium. He floats over, levitates a drink to his lips, and thought projects with a sigh "Look, I lost a bet. The other Space Gods have banished me to this dimension unless I submit to some of your filthy animal coupling. Can we get this over with please?"
82	Borgo Khan: A human male wearing nothing but a pair of leather pants and with big silver rings pierced through his septum and nipples (he has chains running between them on formal occasions) and a blue Mohawk. He's looking to get his dick wet and he doesn't care how or whom - however, he's also currently too drunk to do anything except push rope. That won't stop him from futilely grinding against a partner though.

Roll	Result
83	Numpy Garrot: A 6ft tall chartreuse pod-like alien who ambulates on a single, sucker like foot. It has no visible eyes or facial features save a beak. It has multiple appendages, each ending in many multiple digits, which it writhes, flexes, and undulates before the PC's eyes. "Wanna see what I can do with these?" It asks smoothly.
84	Procius "Porky" Galfank: Leader of the Space Biker Gang "The Cosmic Hoggs" he is, literally, a human sized anthropomorphic swine. He wears knee high engineer boots, oil stained space jeans, a studded belt, and is shirtless save a denim vest, with the gang name on the back, a picture of a naked woman being ravished lustfully by a member of his porcine species, and the slogan below it "Makin' Bacon". He runs a hand along the razorback bristles atop his head, cocks an enquiring eyebrow and smiles a crooked smile, exposing one of his large boar tusks.
85	K't'r'd'ie'yi'i: A large pink earthworm-like creature who rears upright while the lower half of its body is conveyed by hundreds of small, centipede-like legs. It pipes and trills in its strange alien language as it rubs up against the PC with its cold, rubbery length, leaving a trail of slime.
86	Shibbi Bomph: An average looking, bald humanoid alien, with a large penis and testicles right on top of his head. He smiles at the PC as the flaccid member begins to grow erect.

Roll	Result
87	Mumph Mumph and Tikki Lee: He is a large biped that resembles a cross between a bear and a mole. She is a tiny, pink furred, mouse-like alien that sits on his shoulder. He vocalizes something in his rumbling language. "He wants to know if you'll toss his salad while he jerks off." she translates. "Me? I'd settle for getting my clit licked." she adds with a sigh.
88	Flim'shhish: A 4' tall hideous pink wrinkly alien with buck teeth who resembles a walking scrotum or a naked mole rat. He wrings his hands nervously as he glances around and says "Pardon, me, but Mother says I should get out more..."
89	Devoren Noxo: A handsome near human with pale skin and an almost perfect physique. He'll say all the right things and smile at the right times to get the PC alone. In reality Devoren is a colony of hyper intelligent psionic biomechanical wasp aliens in a humanoid hive-suit and they're simply looking for a fleshy host to lay their carnivorous broodlings in. The act of humanoid intercourse, which they use their psionic powers and pheromones to enhance to mind blowing levels, is the perfect act to hide the discreet yet slightly painful egg depositing process.
90	Voork Vega: A beaked, purple-shelled crustacean-like alien with three walking legs and 10 arms/genitals, five on either side of his body. Eight of those arms have dick-fingers, and the remaining two have pussy-palms, making him "male" by his species' reckoning; other members have different combinations that influence their gender identity and personalities. Voork, having mostly cocks, is pretty butch. He likes bukkake and older human women.

Roll	Result
91	Glemph: A 5' tall alien with two eye-stalks (and very expressive eyebrows), four walking tentacles and two longer, more dextrous tentacles serving as arms. All six tentacles can double as penises. He's a smooth-talking charmer who'll flash his pearly whites and try and convince any human woman he sees to "go hentai" with him. He loves the idea of vigorously pounding out all of a human woman's orifices, but he suffers terrible performance anxiety and "tentacular dysfunction" when he actually does get one in bed.
92	Slow-Hands McGurk: A 3' tall, green-skinned humanoid with six long arms ending in huge, seven-fingered hands, dressed in a shirt and tie and wearing a pair of platinum-plated Hater Blockers. He plays jazz piano for the chicks and won't go the bed with a woman who doesn't smoke cigars.
93	Xanderiel Lafareon: Androgynous, ethereal, and devastatingly beautiful; Xanderiel is the physical embodiment of a Star Elf deity. Xanderiel has pale opalescent skin, silvery blonde hair, and eyes the color of star sapphires. He is often wearing flowing gossamer robes crafted from moonbeams, or sometimes ancient Star Elf platemail that shines like justice. We all know that humans like to fuck almost anything but they learned this from the Star Elves, who are notoriously lusty. Xanderiel is no exception though he covers it up with flowery proclamations of undying love. He's totally pansexual and he's always DTF. With women he is a passionate and attentive lover who always takes care of their needs before his. With men he is a voracious power bottom who likes to ride it Starboy style. He loves golden showers with all genders.

Roll	Result
94	Basalt Grimstone: This space dwarf asteroid miner is looking for thick, feminine humanoids with copious amounts of body hairy that remind him of home. He loves natural bush and furry assholes. He also loves to get his big red beard just sopping wet with any and all sexual fluids.
95	Algeronon Smithing-Smythington: A proper Space Aristocrat, replete with bowler hat, iron grey handlebar mustache, monocle, and star-umbrella to protect from meteor showers and such. He will enquire "Eh, fancy a spot of the old slap and tickle, eh wot?"
96	Zp-Zp'zp'zp: A large dragonfly-like alien with a long, curved tail that ends in his egg-depositing member. He hovers in front of the PC and drones in a buzzing monotone "Hey baby, whazzup?"
97	Durrthir Jmni: A older near-human alien, wrinkly and bald, with the biggest nose the PC has ever seen. He says in a gravelly voice "Hello dere! Ya evah been schnozzed?"
98	Ulgillugh: An alien that resembles a large gray slug with two small humanoid arms, a humanoid face, and long eye stalks slithers over. It bobs its eye stalks up and down at the PC as it gurgles "Mmmm, uh-huh, oh yeah..."
99	J'fizi'bum: A tall, regal looking near-human alien with purple skin and white hair. He intones in bombastic, dignified tone "His royal majesty, The Emperor Spudkik the XXIII of Felacitor Prime hereby decrees that YOU have been chosen for his sexual gratification!"

Roll	Result
100	Clavell Mandanglo: A Dark-skinned humanoid with glowing purple eyes and a fin running from the top of his head to the small of his back. He's built like a factory that produces brick shithouses. Talks like Schwarzenegger and carries a warp hammer. Mandanglo is an aggressive eater of asshole, and not shy about vocalizing this: "BEBEH LET ME TONGUE-PUNCH YOU IN ZE CHOCOLATE STARFISH!"



ALPHA BLUE LOOT

Let's say the PCs blasted a small squadron of Federation troopers or insectoid mercenaries from the black flag nebula... and now they're searching the bodies. What do these corpses have on them? Roll on this random table once per body...

Roll	Result
1	Laser binoculars for spying on girls, terrorists, Federation agents, etc.
2	"Boob loofah" - a pair of autonomous shower breasts get soapy and sudsy, cleaning you off in the softest, most erotic way possible.
3	Fist-sized, luminous green shamrocks, part of St. Patrick's Day festivities.
4	Royal Delux, a V8 motorized fist as used by a famous queen.
5	Memory plastic sex toy with over 5000 configurations for various species, try not to change inside you/when inside.
6	Gender-change ray gun.
7	Sex robot that has babies.
8	Penis pump (gently used).
9	Deck of Smuggler's Quarry cards, marked (marks visible with ultraviolet vision).
10	Ace Doubles paperback (battered), containing the novels "Dominatrix of Lemuria" and "Fisting Queen of the Asteroid Belt."
11	Pocket bomb that has been activated by the death of the spacer. Will detonate in 2d6 "time units"...
12	Crumpled envelope that has been stamped "Do Not Bend." What's inside? Space fruit roll-ups, of course.
13	"Break-up letter" accusing the spacer of sleeping with the lover's 1) brother, 2) sister, 3) mother, 4) clone.

Roll	Result
14	Alpha Blue Personal Deposit Box access card. 2 in 6 chance that the access code is written on the card.
15	Small, robotic, chrome spider.
16	Space crab cream and electro-comb.
17	Datapad, last message: "10,000 credits; half up front, half on delivery. Cargo bay 7, 3,200 time-units. Come alone. Don't be late.
18	Half a tube of Nebula Dream Testicle Polish: "Make your balls gleam with Nebula Dream!"
19	Hot, naked, holo-snap of your mother.
20	Severed hand, tentacle, claw or other extremity. Who does it belong to? Why are they carrying it?
21	Cocktail napkin with a luscious lipstick smooch and a scrawled com-number that reads "867-5309 - Jenny."
22	Small folding laser-pen knife.
23	Large, translucent-purple, rubber dong.
24	All-access security pass to current locale. (2 in 6 chance it's forged and will trigger a security alert).
25	His electronic diary, in which he recorded all of his hopes, dreams, desires, and fears, along with beautiful poetry. You realize what a sensitive, talented, caring individual this being was, and you feel like a real space-douche for wasting him, before you chuck the diary in the nearest trash receptacle.
26	Holo-Wanted poster of one of the players, with a video of the players recent activity. 2 in 6 chance the bounty is doubled for the player's death.
27	Small plastic ziplock baggie containing Wizard Weed.
28	Pair of soiled panties, neatly folded and sealed in a ziploc bag to preserve their freshness.

Roll	Result
29	Collection of nude holo-snaps containing... 1) Bea Arthur, 2) Kristin Bell dressed up as Anna cosplay, 3) David Bowie, or 4) Lysa Thatcher.
30	Scrap of paper with a toll-free com number; calling it reveals it to be a self-help hotline for obsessive collectors of Hush Little Baby Dolls. Some of those things are worth money; time to find out where this guy kept his stash!
31	Virtual beer goggles, make your lover look like someone hotter.
32	Nostril implants allowing one to smell fresh-cut roses or other appealing fragrance rather than the noxious odors one's surrounded by.
33	Bio-squid condoms in long life pod.
34	Anal-bleaching cream.
35	Photo album of everyone they screwed with ratings; no contact details or names.
36	Little black book of famous playboy and assassin with hundreds of contacts and ratings (but nothing to differentiate between his two hobbies).
37	Glory-hole drill that cuts through most substances.
38	Glory-wormhole kit; two small portals allow glory-hole to work over any distance.
39	Erection-beam, engorges erectile tissue, effect lasts 12 hours, might cause heart attack or unconsciousness if too many shots are used.
40	Box of d100 disposable panties flavored... 1) cherry, 2) lime, 3) blue raspberry, 4) strawberry-salmon.
41	De-arousal ray, victim imagines wrinkly old nuns, crippled puppies and other sad things only the most hardcore pervert can resist.
42	Holographic-book, "Pick-up Artist's Guide to the Galaxy."

Roll	Result
43	Feldspa'ar quartzite, living alien crystals that glow when happy and content – excellent for tasteful, ambient lighting.
44	A ball of fluff... or is it?
45	Fuzzy dice to hang over cockpit mirror.
46	A key. Yup, that's it, just a key.
47	Note from a disgruntled follower, claiming that the owner 'sold out' and 'should give it up', citing unintelligible evidence from something you don't understand.
48	Tube of volumizing shampoo and conditioner specially formulated for pubic hair.
49	50% off coupon for funeral strippers.
50	Set of brass laser-knuckles.
51	Filmgoer's guide to what's playing this week at the porno theater, "Cum-Starved Succubi of Saturn 3" is circled.
52	Two spare power packs to fit a standard blaster pistol.
53	Virtual Reality helmet loaded up with scenes of kittens playing with unicorns on a grassy field under a rainbow.
54	Skinsuit that covers whole body and allows all feeling of touch but stops biological contact. Only a bit of slime inside and washable.
55	Empathy bracelets, wear with your loved one and feel the intense feelings they do, like pleasure, pain, embarrassment, or laughter. 2 in 6 chance there's only one - who knows who has other one? Made with shards of blue crystal.
56	Fossilized jizz-amber from one of the ancients, could be used to reconstruct one of them.
57	"Sexy-time" device that dilates time during orgasm, making it last up to 7 times longer.

Roll	Result
58	Regression slug dust, snort it and see visions of your parents conceiving you, with overdose continues through generations going back to single cell organism.
59	Copy of either "Sam Fox Strip Poker" or "Larry the Lounge Lizard" on floppy-disk for Commodore 64 computer.
60	Tiny and easily concealable hold-out blaster. Can only fire 3 shots per power-pack, but is completely undetectable by security scans, metal detectors, etc.
61	Keys to a ship, parked nearby. If investigated it's a custom built Trans-Am starship.
62	The crown jewels of Aroth'rar! Worth a fortune to the right buyer. (Unbeknownst to the character, the royal family can sense them anywhere in the universe. 2 in 6 chance each scene the character is in that royal assassins attack him until the PCs manage to find a buyer or ditch the jewels).
63	Swedish penis pump, and a book: "The Swedish Penis Pump IS My Bag, Baby!" by Austin "Danger" Powers.
64	Pack of "Blarf-O-Mint" chewing gum.
65	Lucky, four-leafed, star-hopper foot. Didn't do this jackass any good, but it will be lucky for you! Reroll any die result once per game.
66	Shrunken reptilian head with eyes sewn shut.
67	Pocket pussy. It's been well and enthusiastically used and needs to be cleaned (and possibly disinfected) unless you're into that kind of thing.
68	10% off coupon for "Electric Larry's Ladybots", a well-known robot emporium on Alpha Blue.
69	Klyngon butt-plug (1-3) or Romulyn cock-ring (4-6).

Roll	Result
70	Streaming sex-bot that broadcasts everything live across galaxy.
71	8-track of Heavy Metal soundtrack.
72	Cassette tape single of Booty Jam by the Tone-Deaf Two.
73	Blue bottle of Old Spice Mélange cologne.
74	Half empty vial of "Blue Bottle" Space Poppers (amyl nitrites)! Gay dudes love 'em and straight folks are mystified. Watch out! The vial is suspiciously sticky.
75	Set of chained nipple-clamps designed for a humanoid lifeform with at least three nipples.
76	Handheld sonic douching machine. You can never be too clean down there.
77	Space mite symbiote egg, hatches on skin and eats lots of sexual parasites like space crabs and eats your excess body hair. Some salt in your hair will keep them away from hair you want to keep. The slime it leaves on you is a delicious mild aphrodisiac. It hides, sleeping on the back of your neck but won't leave your skin. Needs to be surgically removed which kills it.
78	1d100 MeowMeowBeenz.
79	1d100 credits.
80	1d100 Blue Bucks.
81	Cache of blue crystal.
82	1d4 vials of LS3-D.
83	Chrome lighter with the words, "Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke!" engraved on the side.
84	Data-pad with translation of the Necronomicon uploaded.
85	Pink and blue "new wave" mirror-shades.
86	Deck of cards with space Hooter girls on the back.

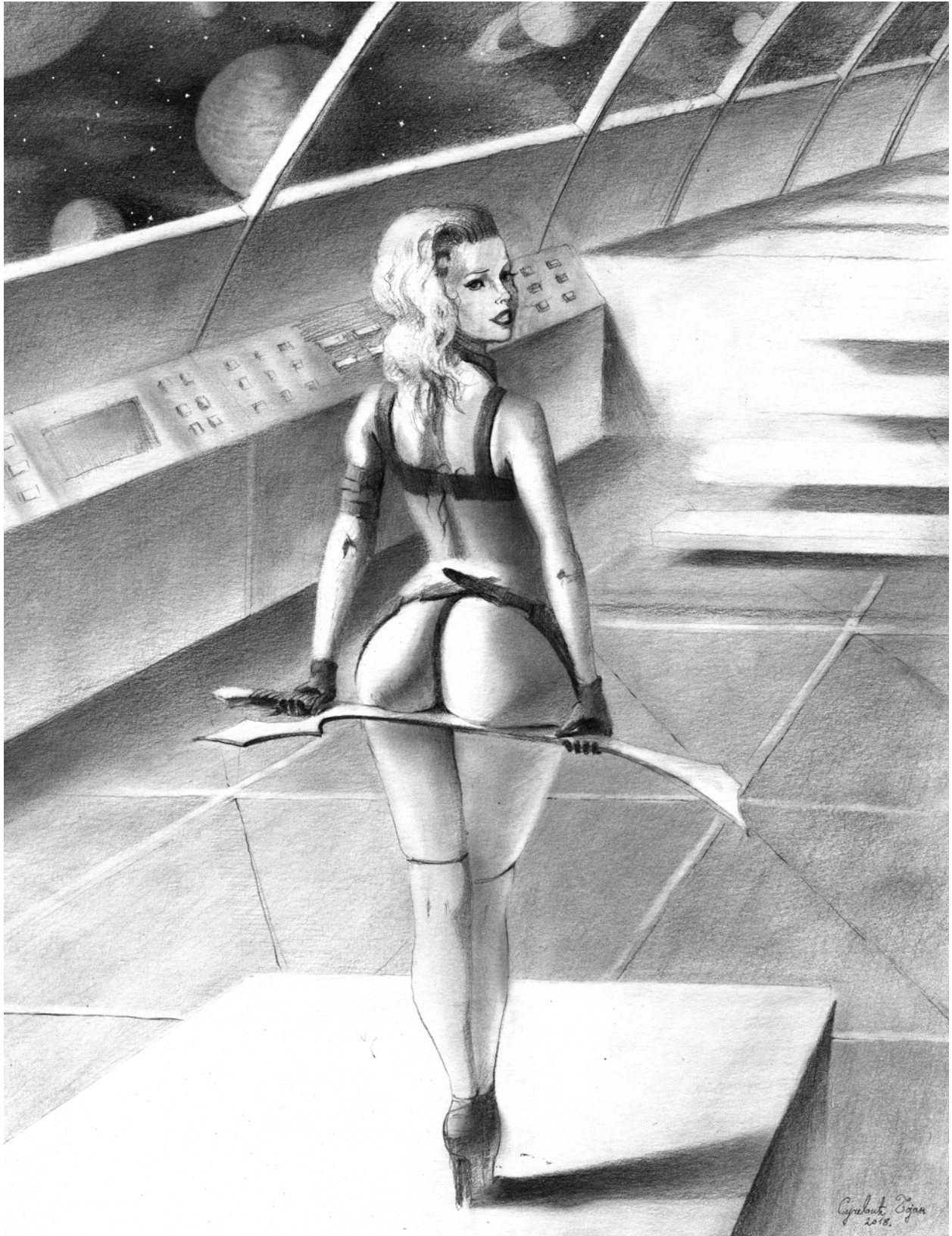
Roll	Result
87	Full set of translucent-blue polyhedron dice.
88	Fake mustache.
89	Canteen of water.
90	Black eyepatch.
91	Clown makeup and rainbow wig.
92	Laser bomb.
93	Pet space lizard with black top hat and star-shaped sideburns (star-burns) that squawks like a parrot, saying "I have a special plan for this world," among other things.
94	To-go container of space Chinese food.
95	Business card for bounty hunter, Keezin Ricketts, who works for Grabba the Butt.
96	Astronaut pen capable of writing upside-down.
97	1d4 kilos of premium nyborg.
98	Detachable penis.
99	He was wearing a wire!
100	2d6 parking tickets.

REASONS WHY SHE SAYS NO

Pick-up artists know that women throw up resistance all the time - they resist dating, intimacy, the idea of a threesome with her hot roommate - it's crazy!

But just what are her reservations, specifically? Maybe if you know why she doesn't want to hook-up, you'll find a way around her sexy-time obstacles...

Roll	Result
1	She's putting up token resistance so you don't think she's "easy."
2	She's just not that into you.
3	She's involved with someone else.
4	She's still getting over a breakup.
5	She's afraid you might be a creep or maybe even a serial-killer.
6	She has low self-esteem.
7	She'll either get in trouble or be embarrassed if she gets caught.
8	You're not rich or famous enough for her.
9	Doesn't actually want you to take "no" for an answer - she's into the whole "play-rape" fantasy.
10	She doesn't feel well.



PUSSY WHIPPED

We don't want to admit it, but sometimes men are powerless when it comes to the almighty vagina.

Roll on the following table after a PC has just had particularly good sex with someone he's never had sex with before, assuming it's been over a standard week since he's gotten any. The more sex you have, the less chance of getting hung-up on a particular female.

Roll	Result
1	Pussy whipped: you'll do pretty much anything she says.
2	Under her spell: you'll go out of your way to please her and will avoid saying or doing anything to upset her.
3	Feelings for her: you're still your own man, but she's in your thoughts and you'd prefer to keep her happy.
4	She's nice: you like her, but she's not going to keep you from doing what you do.
5	Couldn't care less: you really don't give a shit. She'll be interested in pursuing you, rather than you pursuing her.
6	Under your thumb: your obvious disregard for everything about her only makes her want you more! She's the equivalent of "dick whipped."

RECOVERY TIME

Females don't have this problem, but male lifeforms usually can't just perform again moments after their last performance. Their reproductive systems need a little (or a lot, in some cases) time to recuperate and revitalize from the ball-draining act of sex.

The following random table will let you know how much time you need between maneuvers.

Remember, if you don't blow your wad, no mechanical benefits shall be forthcoming. Cuddling doesn't heal blaster wounds!

Roll	Result
1	"I'll give you a call tomorrow, baby."
2	You need about 12 standard hours before you're ready to go.
3	You're going to need a few hours.
4	You'll need about an hour of recovery time.
5	You'll be ready to go again in just a few minutes.
6	You'll be ready to go again in just a few minutes.

ALL ABOUT THE BEENZ

The currency aboard the space station brothel known as Alpha Blue has just been devalued by reckless commodity speculation. What do you expect when the financial markets are run by assholes?

Shortly after the bottom dropped out of the blue buck, MeowMeowBeenz became the space coin of the realm. MeowMeowBeenz was a fashionable crypto-currency to come out of the Jammy-Pow system less than a standard year ago. It was invented by a "not that old" economist named Koogler because he "just wanted to get laid."

On Alpha Blue, MeowMeowBeenz are a totally digital resource - the value of MeowMeowBeenz is decided by how awesome you are and transactions are all completed via personal access crystal. No physical representation of MeowMeowBeenz actually changes hands.

In fact, it's probably more accurate to say that MeowMeowBeenz is not a currency per se, but a currency facilitator and determination of an

individual's credit worthiness. The higher one's MeowMeowBeenz rating, the more he is "owed" by the universe and so either gets things for free or at a drastically reduced price.

Currency users themselves are objectively rated between 1 and 5. Because of an individual's MeowMeowBeenz rating, a "5" could purchase a handjob for merely a dozen credits, whereas a "1" would have to pay hundreds of credits for the same handjob!

Of course, things get even trickier when that sought-after handjob has its own rating. Obviously, an out-of-this-world handjob is going to be superior and will cost more than a sub-par handjob. Maybe, if you're a 1, you can't even get a stellar handjob?!?

Word to the wise: befriend a 5, it's worth it.

Also: beware of anyone whose rating is lower than yours.

And one more thing: if you've only just arrived on the space station of lust, then you're considered "new beenz" and every interaction counts! Be nice, but not too nice. I mean, you should be really nice to someone, but don't make it look like you're trying to be nice just to receive a higher rating - cause that shit will get you down-rated in a hurry.

Besides sheer awesomeness, your rating determines credit-worthiness, moral flexibility, knowing the right people, and overall resourcefulness. Since ratings come from other MeowMeowBeenz users you interact with, the higher a person's number, the more weight their rating holds.

Now, go out there and course-correct Alpha Blue's economy! And remember... Fives have lives, fours have chores, threes have fleas, twos have the blues, and ones don't get a rhyme because they're fucking garbage.

- Every character will determine their MeowMeowBeenz rating by rolling 1d4. If you roll a "4" result, roll the die again. If you get another "4," then congratulations! You're actually a 5 (it's really difficult to reach 5 status).
- However, if you'd rather roleplay the initial interactions that will lead to your eventual rating, that's fine, too.
- Ratings are also color-coordinated and individuals are encouraged to wear the same color as their current MeowMeowBeenz rating (though it is not mandatory... yet). There are as many outfit color options as the rating represented: 1's are gray, 2's are yellow and pink, 3's are orange, red, and purple, 4's are green, egg-shell blue, cream, and silver, 5's are dark blue, black, white, lavender, and gold.
- Not only is paying for sex more costly, a lot of potential partners (i.e. women) won't have sex with a dude of a lesser rating than themselves. There's a 2 in 6 chance that a female will overlook a hypothetical mate's MeowMeowBeenz number when it comes to sex.
- The opposite is also true. Women will attach themselves to a sexual partner who has a higher rating than themselves. There's only a 2 in 6 chance that a female will refuse the advances of someone with a better MeowMeowBeenz rating than their own.

THE MEOWMEOWBEENZ ECONOMY

Purchase Example	Costs	What To Roll
A 5 wants to purchase a milkshake	FREE	If it would be under 10 credits, don't roll anything.
A 4 wants to buy some premium nyborg	Cheap	2d12 credits.
A 5 wants to book passage to New Alderaan 2	Fairly inexpensive	1d3 x 10 credits.
A 1 wants to purchase a lap dance	Not cheap	2d20 credits.
A 2 wants to buy some premium nyborg	Moderately expensive	1d3 x 100 credits.
A 3 wants to hire an assassin	Expensive	2d6 x 100 credits.
A 1 wants to hire a bounty hunter	Horribly expensive	1d3 x 1,000 credits!
A 2 wants to buy his own starship	Fuck off!	1d4+1 x 10,000 credits!

FLUCTUATING VALUE

Does MeowMeowBeenz currency fluctuate? The Setting for Alpha Blue is comedic, sleazy, retro-future 70's gonzo. So, yeah... it fluctuates quite a bit.

Roll once each time a major event occurs in your Alpha Blue campaign. Is galaxy 5 in danger? Did Zeta Minor just get blown up? Has President Zob just been assassinated? Are the Great Old Ones suddenly entering this universe? If the answer to any of these (or similar) questions is "yes," roll on the random table opposite...

Roll	Result
1	The MeowMeowBeenz currency has been devalued - everything is worth about half of what it should be. Good for buyers, bad for sellers.
2	There's been a socio-political and cultural-economic revolution of sorts. The ratings are reversed. 1's are now the best, 5's are the worst.
3	Values re-set and go back to normal (no change if the value was normal moments ago).
4	As a currency, MeowMeowBeenz is pure chaos. Everything is random. If you want to know what something currently costs, roll 1d100 and then multiply your result by 1d12. Whatever it is, the price will change in 1d6 standard hours.
5	The value of MeowMeowBeenz now only represent the value of PURPLE PRIZM proofs of purchase. Those with actual cans of PURPLE PRIZM are truly wealthy.
6	The MeowMeowBeenz currency has been overvalued - everything is worth approximately double of what it should be. Good for sellers, bad for buyers.



I WEAR MY HEART ON MY SLEAZE

The PCs are hanging out in one of their favorite dive bars. There's hardly anyone in here because it's a Tuesday morning. The PCs just finished a mission and have earned some much-needed rest and relaxation.

There's a petite, blonde cheerleader for the Dallas Space Cowboys waiting outside the ladies' room. She's wearing skin-hugging blue and white hot-pants with a matching bikini top, fringe vest, and white cowboy hat.

She's got her legs clamped tightly together and is bouncing up and down like she really has to pee. Apparently, the cheerleader (named Jaze) has been waiting to use the bathroom for 20 standard minutes. Knocking on the door to the ladies' room produces a muffled voice saying it's occupied (a lady and dude are fucking). The door is locked, and the men's room is out of order.

After a few more minutes, the Dallas Space Cowboys cheerleader tells the PCs she can't hold it any longer and is going to have to pee her pants. As Jaze lets loose, she blushes, confessing what a bad girl this makes her feel like, and will gladly have sex with anyone turned-on by watching her wet herself in public.

Meanwhile, one of the PCs (not currently fucking the cheerleader) notices a libertarian pamphlet being used as a coaster on a nearby table. Opening it up, the pamphlet describes the current political climate and a call to arms for those unwilling to lay down as the Federation runs them over...

For centuries, the Federation tolerated the excessive indulgences and filthy degeneracy of the known universe. It allowed the core and outer worlds to dwell in sex, drugs, and new wave-disco-rock. Well, not any more. The Federation is tightening restrictions, increasing taxes, and curtailing liberties in an effort to control all things and all species.

Alpha Blue is a haven for sleazy spacers struggling against the Federation and the totalitarian repression for which it stands. Do your part, take up arms against the Federation. Fight for freedom, glory, and all the credits you can fit into a stripper's g-string!

A friend of a friend mentioned this wild anti-Federation party that's happening... uh, right now, actually! It's going to be a good night - easy going, no pressure, chill, laid back, and... hang on, what's this?

A little blue alert glows on the PCs' communicator swatches. Apparently, anyone without Ta'andorian citizenship must have sex with a stranger sometime within the next three hours or the vital fluids in their bodies will implode. Apparently, this is just one of the many strange customs of this galaxy.

The PCs do not have Ta'andorian citizenship - though, it may be possible for them to forge some kind of bio-passport identity in the three-hour window.

So, the PCs need to get laid at this party or die trying. That's the adventure. Hey, it's *Alpha Blue*.

THE PARTY

Luminous electric foam shuthenates (yeah, I just made that shit up) around the blue and pink checkerboard dance floor as the reptilian DJ "Slam Sham" bounces his hypnotic hyper-beats through the sound system. The bar is stocked with every conceivable shape, size, and color bottle imaginable - any kind of alcohol is available with every variation of taste. Holographic strippers entertain, a shower of blue shimmers from above, and hundreds of celebrities congregate behind velvet ropes in their isolated VIP sections, gossiping about the other celebrities in attendance.

As soon as the PCs walk in, they're overwhelmed by the sheer grandiosity of this party. However, it's obvious there's royalty in the house tonight - a space princess is in the velvet rope VIP section. At least a dozen guards surround her at all times, protecting the princess from losers, pick-up artists, pick-pockets, and assassins.

JELLY SHEATHS (CONDOMS OF THE SEA)

Upon entering the party, a humanoid carrot stops the PCs. He's the rep for a condom supplier who's just come out with a new, fashionable prophylactic. The carrot-oid hands out one jelly sheath to everybody entering the party.

Sex scientists have been working tirelessly to develop a safer version of the "schlong sheath" jellyfish, as it's known in the wild.

In their natural state, a fully-grown jelly sheath is between 6 and 9 inches long, resembling an earthly jellyfish with translucent pinkish-white hues. You put your dick in a tank with one of these critters swimming around, and it swims up, opens its mouth wide, and engulf you... stretching or compressing itself to form a sheath around your penis. Once the jellyfish is comfortably in place, you go right ahead and slide on into your lady friend. The jellyfish secretes an enzyme in both its saliva and the slippery lubricant that coats its body that heightens sexual pleasure for both participants. It's also known to form bumps, knobs, or ridges on its external surface to increase the recipient's pleasure, as well as, use its inner-tentacles to further gratify the male user.

Once its wearer has climaxed, the jellyfish gradually releases its hold, using a series of quivering vibrations to convey its desire to be returned to the aquarium. Studies have determined that these lifeforms are self-fertilizing, with exposure to humanoid female sexual fluids triggering the jellyfish's own ovulation, while the proteins in semen are used to nourish the creature while it produces 3d6 eggs. Scientists remain unsure why this creature's reproductive cycle relies so heavily on that of humanoids (no doubt in large part due to being unable to keep their own dicks out of the aquarium long enough to get any work done).

Unfortunately, there's a 2 in 6 chance per use that natural "schlong sheath" jellyfish suck-off too hard during orgasm, leaving the penis too blood-depleted and exhausted to have sex for 48 standard hours.

However, those industrious sex scientists have developed the jelly sheath condom of the sea which provides all the convenience and pleasure of "schlong sheath" jellyfish without the embarrassing hassle that occasionally comes with it.

CHANCE ENCOUNTER

No more than a few standard minutes pass before a small group of glamorous bi-sexual nymphomaniacs enter the PCs' orbit. They're hot, drunk, and ready to party!

The only problem is that four mercenaries have stumbled upon these girls at the exact same time. The mercs are dressed in black space leather with laser-studs, so the PCs will have to bring their A-game if they want to impress the ladies.

Saleeta, Zuri, and Tawny all want to play strip-sabacc. They pull out a deck of cards and start dealing to whoever wants to play. The winners get to have sex, while the game's biggest loser has to be anally violated with a pineapple (it's tradition - 2d6 exploding damage).

Have each participant roll 1d6 (3d6 if they're a professional gambler). That result will determine how well they did playing strip-sabacc.

In the meantime, a scrawny, nervous-looking, three-fingered weasel-oid with deep-purple skin accidentally bumps into one of the PCs. His name is Three-Finger Frankie. Roll on the random table below to determine if the PCs noticed anything...

VICTIM OF PICK-POCKETS

Roll	Result
1	The victim notices and stops the pick-pocket before anything is taken.
2	The victim notices, but only after the pick-pocket swiped the item.
3	The victim doesn't notice, but a bystander does (2 in 6 chance it's one of the PC's companions).
4	Nobody sees anything, but the victim realizes he was pick-pocketed within 1d6 standard minutes.

Roll	Result
5	Nobody sees anything; victim doesn't realize his pocket was picked for 1d6 standard hours.
6	The victim is so oblivious the pick-pocket is able to steal two items!

COMPLICATION

Turns out that some dude wants the PCs killed. Just before you focus your attention on a specific PC, roll 1d6. On a result of "1," that PC is being targeted for extermination.

Roll randomly on the table of partygoers to see who wants to kill a PC or two. There's a list of reasons on the random table below...

WHY ARE THEY TRYING TO KILL YOU?

Roll	Result
1	You owe them a lot of money and it's way past due.
2	You had sex with the being they were... 1) dating, 2) fucking, 3) engaged to, or 4) married to.
3	They are a professional assassin – this is what they do.
4	They were paid a large sum of money to do the dirty deed.
5	You wronged them in some way.
6	Some kind of honor or ritual killing... nothing personal.
7	Case of mistaken identity.
8	They went temporarily insane – homicidal maniac!
9	Something about the way you look bothers them... a lot.
10	You said something highly offensive (either accidentally or on purpose).
11	Why not?
12	They want something that you have and are going to take it after you're dead.



TECH CRUNCH

A humanoid with three brains is at the bar, trying to impress a girl with his latest invention. It's a matter transporter that allows the wearer and friends to beam themselves anywhere within his line of sight.

The girl is unimpressed, but there's a donut-oid in a silver cape who's willing to buy the invention outright for 25,000 credits. The three-brained humanoid is reluctant to sell his transporter gadget for that much cash - however, the girl he was trying to impress is whispering something in his ear. She'd like him to get the credits and take her on a shopping spree with a happy ending (for him). The inventor is extremely tempted as it's been awhile since he's gotten laid.

ZONGA!

A zonga-line weaves in and out of the thousand or so party-goers. This particular zonga-line has male and female lifeforms close as possible without actually inserting anything. Basically, it's a hundred or so beings dry humping each other while they dance in a confused, winding line of sorts.

One female humanoid with golden skin tries to leave the zonga-line, but is held back by the energy arms of a creature made of strange-colored lights. Her struggles are no use and she's looking around for assistance.

The female is named Toyaka and the strange light dude doesn't have a name in the sense we know (but to the rest of his kind, he's referred to as a short flash of indigo, a long flash of yellow, and a short flash of magenta).

Just because the dude made up of strange lights (species is called t'n plesa'vu) bought Toyaka a lobster dinner, he believes he's entitled to sex with her. If no one comes to the gold-skinned girl's rescue, her date is going to force himself on her in

the zonga-line. In the legal history of this galaxy, no one has ever been prosecuted for rape or sexual assault in a zonga-line. Culturally speaking, zonga means "anything goes."

If the strange lights dude has pacified one or more PCs, this may prompt an NPC to try and kill his target.

Indigo/Yellow/Magenta

Health: 30 **Armor:** 0

Attack Dice Pool: 2d6

Special: This dude cannot be harmed by non-magical weapons. Additionally, t'n plesa'vu don't do regular damage, but use their weird illumination to pacify aggressors (see below).

-  1-5 points of damage: disadvantage on all attacks for the next 1d3 hours.
-  6-10 points of damage: totally disinterested in fighting that dude for the next 1d3 hours.
-  11+ points of damage: does nothing but lays there for 1d6 hours.

Treasure: There's an entire medieval fantasy village of people trapped within this guy. Killing him releases them, but no one has any idea how to get back to Shadizar... except for a devious sorcerer with a long black beard dressed in crimson silk.

Toyaka is extremely grateful to anyone who helps her get away from that t'n plesa'vu creep. After she buys a round of drinks, she'll most likely give oral sex to those who fought or foiled the strange light dude.

RESCUE THE PRINCESS

Just as the party's in full-swing, blaster fire is heard somewhere between the bar and the main stage. That humanoid space princess from earlier is grabbed roughly by a couple of fungoid spacers wearing black sleeveless jackets. One of them holds a thermal detonator.

The fungoids shout that everybody stand back or Princess Altura is going to get an extra hole. The princess' guards back up, as do the party-goers, as fungoid dudes teleport back to their ship.

Everyone can see the ship leave from the window. The head guard who was watching Princess Altura shouts that there's a 10,000 credit reward for rescuing her. Meanwhile, the royal guards are marching off towards their own ship.



EMERGENCY ESCAPE SEQUENCE DELTA CREAM

While in hyperspace, one of the PCs steps on a receipt for that Emergency Escape Sequence Delta Cream system just purchased for the ship. The receipt brings about distant memories...

FLASHBACK

Roll	Result
1	That lost weekend with the Duchess of Zamee'oan... you spent the entire trip to Zeta Minor in room. Just you, her, that minstrel from Delphine 5, your Sherpa, a space midget, the Cthulhu cult leader with all the tentacles, and some dark zedi whose name escapes you at the moment.
2	That time you bought all that melted ice cream and the flash freeze near the ice planet ruined your entire summer's dessert plans.
3	When you put a sizeable down-payment on those moisture converters and two standard weeks later they stopped working – yadda, yadda, yadda your quarters looked like the desert planet A'kockiss.
4	You were about to get down and dirty with two luscious ladies when an overlord from the Glatticon system entered, took out a rusty steak knife, and cut off your fully-engorged manhood. Ouch! Luckily, the surgeons on Alpha Blue were able to reattach it. Gotta love Federation health insurance.
5	You were playing three-dimensional chess with some spacer scum who just escaped from Cygnus Alpha. During a short break, you ordered a drink from the bar – it was poisoned! You excused yourself from the game, went to the restroom, and paid some girl 500 credits to suck the poison out of your dick. You let it be known that the bill for her services and dry-cleaning the cum stains out of her dress would be forwarded to your 3-D chess opponent.
6	You were this close to stealing the legendary idol of Amru Ket'ackun from the ancient tomb below the Domed City on Mok Vantu. Unfortunately, one of your competitors convinced the natives of that planet he was sent by their god and you were a filthy infidel graverobber. He took the idol right out of your hand before you narrowly escaped with your life.

The PCs are coming up on the moon A'atu. It's got reasonably priced blue crystal, as well as, a fabulous array of leisure amenities - like indoor orgy fishing, amateur blue ball leagues, and ancient canals where long-dead alien gondoliers used to propel themselves to a variety of sex and cheese shops along the Venetian quarter.

Just as they come out of lightspeed near A'atu's orbit, the PCs pick up a Romulyn battle cruiser on their scanners. It's communicating on a known Krylon frequency, is carrying Federation weaponry, and has a Dark Star Elf muffler. This looks like a mystery... and probably trouble!

A dark figure appears on the main viewscreen. It looks more or less humanoid, but no distinguishing features can be seen. In a sinister, raspy voice, the lifeform speaks...

"This is the fubar class battle cruiser Shasta, we have declared this sector of the galaxy ours. Leave this area of space immediately or we will destroy you. We will give you 30 parsecs to comply."

Ship scanners detect that Shasta is charging up their weapon systems.

The battle cruiser is protecting a nearby moon, A'atu, who has just come out against the Federation. The new tax code has just come out and the law now states that any moon with more than 5% of that system's blue crystal must relinquish half of their crystal to the Federation. Since this would decimate A'atu's economy, making it ripe for venture capitalists to swoop in and buy the entire moon for a fraction of the fair market value.

Some within the Federation have already branded them traitors and there's talk of making an example out of them. They can't destroy the entire moon without also destroying the blue crystal. However, they could use a seeding ship full of poisonous material to exterminate the population.

SHASTA

While the primary crew members are interested in preserving the moon's sovereignty, there are individuals aboard the battle cruiser who'd rather plunder A'atu while it's busy defending itself from the Federation.

Shasta's captain, Pecker, is happy to have the PCs' assistance in protecting A'atu from the Federation. But, if they threaten the moon, Pecker will be forced to destroy the PCs' ship.

If you aren't using the ship-to-ship combat table in *Girls Gone Rogue* or your own version, then have each side roll 1d6. Highest roll wins. The ship who loses gets their ship destroyed. Ties go to the aggressor.

PROTECTING A'ATU

If the PCs become part of the blockade, they are instructed to wait for Federation ships to arrive and only engage if force becomes necessary.

If the PCs blow Shasta up, another battlecruiser takes off from A'atu and engages the PCs' ship - but this time they communicate their desire to protect the moon from both marauders and the Federation.

Meanwhile, Pecker is transmitting distress signals throughout the quadrant, hoping that other starships will come to A'atu's rescue. Roll 1d6 and that's how many ships Pecker is able to enlist by the time the Federation ships arrive.

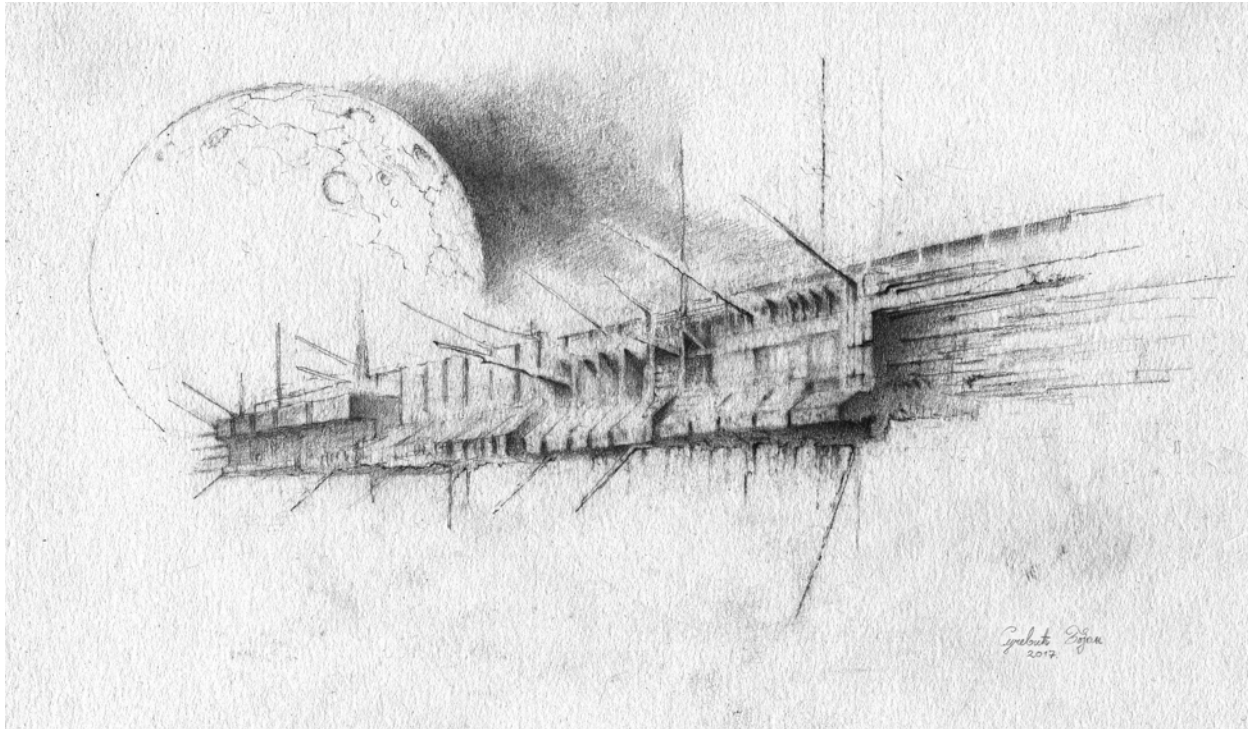
Before the Federation's arrival, PCs can accept hospitality shuttles from A'atu carrying fine wine, women, weapons, and a small sample of blue crystal in order to restore the energy reserves of the PCs' ship and any tech that's depleted of power.

BETRAYAL

There's a 2 in 6 chance that Shasta is taken over by the crew members who want to plunder A'atu's resources and leave it for dead.

If this occurs, Shasta will send down a small shuttle to the moon's surface before opening fire with a sneak attack on the PCs' ship.

If the Shasta is destroyed as soon as the PCs encounter her, an escape pod of 3 crew members will land on the moon's surface. These guys steal a starship loaded with blue crystal and



attempt to escape to the edge of the Ta'andor galaxy if the PCs aren't paying attention.

HERE COMES THE FEDERATION

The Federation isn't fucking around. They've brought 7 ships and will destroy any ship between them and A'atu. If the Federation ships get past the blockade, they will let loose biological weapons (such as poison gas pellets) into the moon's atmosphere. This will kill 99% of all organic life on A'atu. The poisoned atmosphere only remains deadly for approximately 48 standard hours.

The Federation will not be merciful; however, the PCs can try to reason with them, such as negotiating for more time. The PCs can also mess with them, antagonizing them, perhaps fooling them or even destroying their battle cruisers before having a chance to fire.

If the PCs are doing most of the talking for the blockade (which they should), they'll be one of the first ships targeted for destruction.

The Federation ships are led by Admiral Bin Gorath, a no-nonsense half-human, half-blancmange son of a bitch with a black eyepatch and permanent sneer on his face.

ESCAPE!

It's extremely likely that Federation battle cruisers will, sooner or later, destroy the PCs' ship.

That's ok, because the PCs' ship has just been outfitted with the latest starship gear - Emergency Escape Sequence Delta Cream. This allows the crew to get off the ship just before it's destroyed. Not only that, escape pods (no more than 4 human-sized individuals per pod) are pre-programmed to fly to the nearest Federation ship (as a safety precaution). That means the PCs will escape from the burning rubble onto the battle cruiser that just destroyed their ship.

There's a 1% chance per combat scene (cumulative) that a PC's weapon runs out of juice/ammo. The BDSM is free to roll every time PCs fire their weapons. Assuming a fresh power supply and/or ammunition are readily available, it takes a full round to juice-up/reload.

The escape pods cruise into the hangar bay - there are sensors within the escape pods that deactivate Federation shields in order to dock safely.

Once the escape pods land in the hangar, there will have about 10 minutes unmolested

by Federation security patrols. After that, security officers will attempt to board and search the escape pods every 15 minutes until they've been investigated and secured.

WAYS TO DESTROY A BATTLE CRUISER

If the PCs want to stick it to the Federation and save A'atu, they'll need to find a way to disable or destroy the battle cruiser they're currently on. Perceptive PCs may realize that the escape pods can be used to flee a battle cruiser that's lost life-support or is about to self-destruct.

The PCs could hit the flight deck, engine room, or shield generator. Each of those areas contain sensitive mechanisms that could destroy the battle cruiser.

Of course, there will be Federation troopers guarding those areas, as well as, technicians on duty. The technicians are easily dispatched. The trooper stats are below, along with Admiral Bin Gorath...

Federation Troopers

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

Special: There's literally billions of Federation troopers; nothing's special about them.

Treasure: Each one has 1d100 credits in their pockets.

Admiral Bin Gorath

Health: 40 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

Special: Because of his unique heritage, Bin Gorath is able to camouflage himself in stressful situations (after he's taken damage). This camouflage gives opponents disadvantage when attacking him.

Treasure: Two tickets to the Federation's Navy Ball next week. 500 credits. The keys to a black and gray 1959 Corvette outfitted for space travel (seats maximum of 4 passengers).

WELCOMING COMMITTEE

Dozens of light-blue skinned humanoid beauties are oiling up their tentacles for the spacers who helped save A'atu. But what are these native girls expecting after the celebration orgy...?

Roll	Result
1	Dinner and a show.
2	Meet her parents.
3	Lifelong commitment (2 in 6 chance that she's ok with polygamy).
4	You'll need to wibble her frazik pouch after copulation.
5	The men become pregnant on A'atu!?!
6	Take hallucinogenic drugs and trip balls for several days.



OUTER RIM JOBS OF TTA'AMDOOR

BACK TO SQUARE ZERO

A mysterious employer is requesting a meeting on Avon 7. According to the data file sent over to the PCs' ship, it's a rather easy and extremely lucrative job. All they have to do is rendezvous at the coordinates given in one standard hour. The PCs will have to land or teleport onto Avon 7 in order to accept the gig.

Since the PCs have been having money troubles lately, this might just be the ticket. Yeah, the PCs are flat busted (they're broke). The random table below will determine what the space adventurers spent most of their credits on. Most likely, some of these were joint ventures shared by PCs.

AVON 7

Avon 7 is a rather inhospitable planet. It reminds one of a stone quarry in Great Britain, circa the 1970's. It's also terribly windy. Anyone holding anything or trying to move has a 1 in 6 chance each round of being blown over by the ferocious air currents.

Roll	Result
1	Massive amounts of cheese made from raw, unpasteurized cow's milk. It's called Le Putain Francais des Fromages (The French Whore of Cheeses). It's so good that you'll want to eat it while fucking (doing so yields an additional 1d4 Health).
2	You bet everything you've ever had on black... turns out this particular roulette wheel had a third color you didn't even know about – blue!
3	A PURPLE PRIZM franchise near the core worlds. Would have been a gold mine if the Federation hadn't shut you down for illicit behavior going on in your restrooms. To be fair, you were the one perpetrating the sex and drug offenses most of the time.
4	You thought it a wise investment to purchase 1,000 mega-blocks of ice. It all melted when you set the controls for the heart of the sun.
5	The most expensive orgy in the galaxy's history. You even made the papers!
6	You had all your wealth transferred into a single block of the rarest substance in the known universe – quantum azurite. Unfortunately, while you were celebrating the rising price of quantum azurite, your block accidentally fell into a miniature black hole – lost forever in the blink of an eye.

As soon as the PCs arrive at the predetermined coordinates, they notice a bald Tibetan monk, Sojen, who lives as a hermit up in the mountains. Sojen travels with a space monkey named Pishgam.

When the Tibetan monk sees the PCs, he ever so slightly bows his head and keeps walking. Sojen is only in the low-lands because his friend is moving and the monk agreed to hold onto a box of porn for him.

Shortly thereafter, the PCs run into a rival crew of spacers who also received that mysterious message. PCs who lie in wait nearby, instead of standing at the given coordinates will see those spacers arrive

and will get a round of surprise attack if fighting breaks out.

There's a blue box on the ground, too. Inside are 7 teleportation bracelets decorated with polished turquoise stones. Putting a bracelet on will transport the wearer to the employer's underground lair in 1d4 rounds after it on. These bracelets will disrupt the ion waves of the PCs' communicator swatches.

RIVALS

Another crew of spacers is vying for this outer rim job. There's 4 of them, a bounty hunter (armored, scarred, remorseless killer), an assassin droid (tall, burgundy, menacing), an escaped war criminal (sly, unshaved sociopath), and the 111th drummer from the vintage glam-core band Spinal Slap (long dark hair, space Guido, musician).

Bounty Hunter - Slade

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

Special: Slade has a bounty on his head. Anyone bringing him in alive or dead gets 8,000 credits. There's a 2 in 6 chance that a bounty hunter is already on Slade's tail, watching as the PCs confront him and his crew.

Treasure: Besides the possible reward if he's brought in, Slade has a handful of blue crystal on him.

Assassin Droid - Ko-ba

Health: 30 **Armor:** 4 **Number of Attacks:** 2
Attack Dice Pool: 2d6

Special: If Ko-ba scores a critical hit, he has a retractable rotary blade that comes out of his chest and cuts a mean swath of flesh off his victim (an additional 3d6 exploding damage).

Treasure: The retractable blade is something that could be removed from Ko-ba and integrated into another droid's circuitry.

Escaped War Criminal - Jeejo Makez

Health: 50 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 4d6

Special: Jeejo is extremely personable and charismatic, which is why he's the leader. Before any fighting takes place (or if his crew is dead and he's cornered or about to die), Jeejo Makez will sweet talk his way out of trouble (3d6 dice pool). He makes people feel at ease and then guts them like a fish when they've let their guard down.

Treasure: Half-dozen issues of *Sloppy Slime Sluts* magazine. Including #35 which alone is worth about 300 credits (it features a naked Felicity Jance covered in oozing green stuff). Also, 74 blue bucks.

111th Drummer of Spinal Slap - Cal Zone

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

Special: If Cal Zone is the last one killed, he will detonate his Stix of Destruction just before he dies - hoping to take out the PCs in the blast.

Treasure: He wields the Stix of Destruction which, when hitting each other, does 8d6 to everything within a 30' radius. He also has an issue of Space Tiger Beat featuring an article on Spinal Slap.

TELEPORTING TO ORANGE LEADER

Those wearing the turquoise teleportation bracelets are transported to a subterranean bunker full of computers beeping, blinking, and

spouting information to several humanoid
scurrying in the shadows.

The spotlight shines on a pedestal containing a
single orange (as in the fruit). A voice enters the
PCs' minds as they assess their surroundings...

Greetings, my humanoid friends!

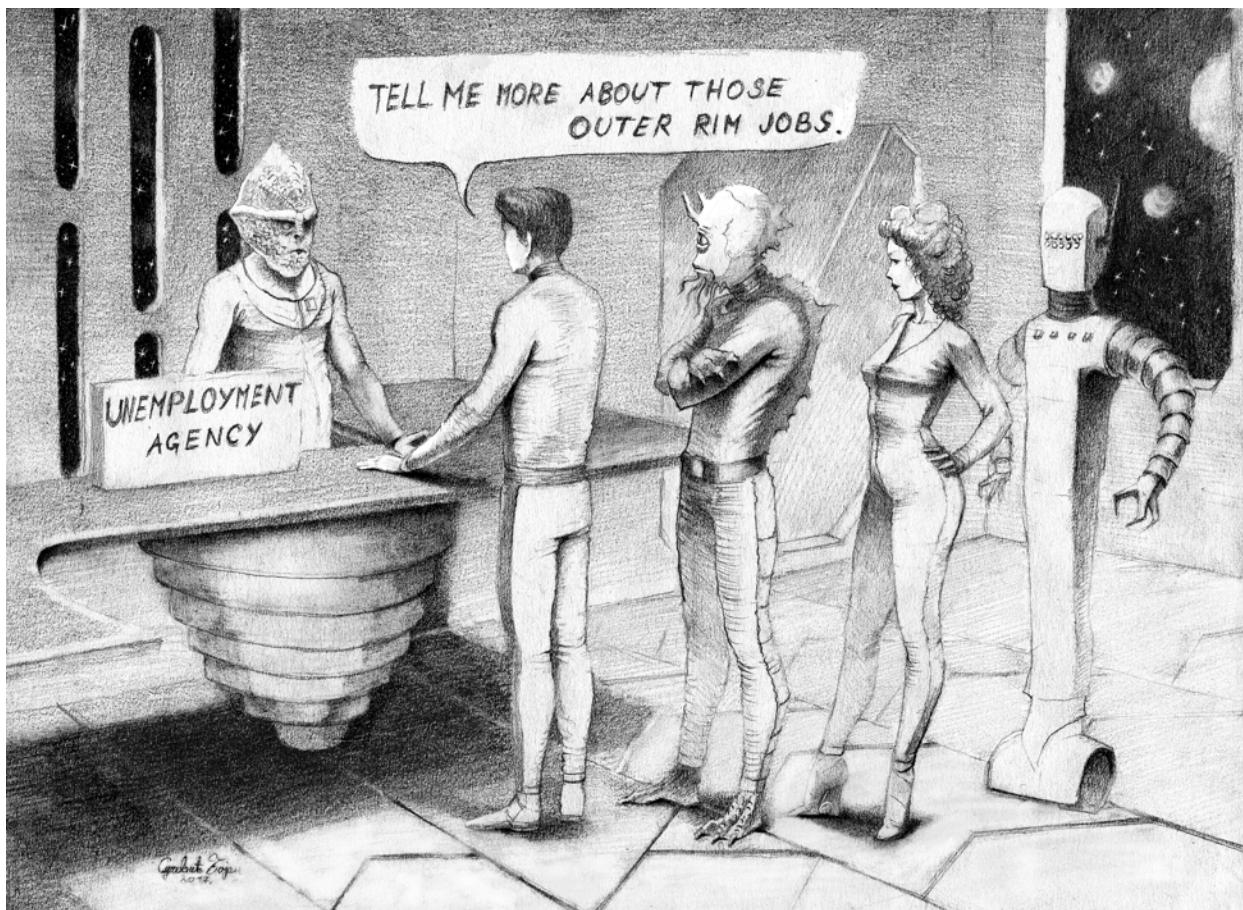
I am known throughout Galaxy 5 as Xa'ax, the
mind-raping orange, but outside these walls you
will refer to me as Orange Leader in order to keep
my anonymity. Pleased to meet your
acquaintance, spacers. Forgive me for not
siluting your delicate fribb-ables, but you see... I
am a humble orange - blessed with the power to
peel one's mind just as my enemies would love to
peel the beautiful orange texture of my skin.

I'm sure you're all wondering why I asked you to
join me in my underground lair. The mission I have

for you is a simple one - one standard day from
now there is a singing competition on the planet
Fuschal. All the major factions in the Ta'andor
galaxy will have a representative. I want you to
represent me. Sing your little humanoid hearts
out! Win for me the glory, prestige, and little
golden statue of a person singing!

My henchman will provide you with the necessary
funds to get started. Here's 2,000 credits now with
the promise of 48,000 more credits when you win
in my name! Until you have the golden statue in
your tentacles, I am Orange Leader. But after
your victory, tell the galaxy that Xa'ax, the mind-
raping orange is the new God of Ta'andor!

Well, what do you say? A'akmor, bring out the
black case!



One of Xa'ax's short, twitchy, pig-faced humanoid slaves brings out a sleek black case and opens it. The case contains 2,000 credits, neatly stacked.

There are 5 humanoid slaves. None of them have any fighting capabilities. However, Xa'ax is more than ready to deal with violence, should the PCs prove obstreperous.

Xa'ax, the Mind-Raping Orange

Health: 20 **Armor:** 5 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

Special: Xa'ax has a continual psionic force shield around himself. He can also target up to three individuals with a single mental energy blasts. Furthermore, Xa'ax has telekinesis, telepathy, and can tell when people around him are uncomfortable. Oh yeah, he can also rape the ever-living shit out of a person's mind - leaving them emotionally broken and constantly at a disadvantage for 2d4 weeks after the psionic violation.

Treasure: Xa'ax isn't stupid enough to leave 48,000 credits in his lair. All his money is contained within his orange-hued access crystal located in a bank vault on Alpha Blue.

If Xa'ax is destroyed, applying his peeled orange-skin to the top of one's head will provide a humanoid with Xa'ax's powers for approximately 2d6 standard minutes. The orange-skin will remain potent for up to a standard week, at which point it becomes rotten and useless.

SING IT LOUD

The tri-annual singing competition on Fuschal is called *Ululate!* It's a fierce battle for survival as amateur and semi-professional singers vie for the championship title of Best Ta'andorian Singer.

As expected, there are several contestants, each competing in the name of their faction trying to

possess Ta'andor Prime at the center of the galaxy. All kinds of wild looking aliens are frantically walking around, shouting, singing, and occasionally fucking (all part of the warmup, dear). It's a blur of blue fur, chrome, black leather, strawberry scented sweat, horns, tentacles, pink arms, eyelashes, red lips, eye shadow, and glittery sequined dresses.

The PCs will have to sign up for *Ululate!* If they wish to win the ultimate prize for Orange Leader. The shimmering light manning the administration booth backstage will be inquisitive, condescending, and demanding the 500 credit entrance fee from everyone competing.

The little gold statue of a person singing sits under a glass case off to the side of the stage, behind the red velvet curtain. The glass case is alarmed, of course, and lasers shoot out in all directions if the statue is removed from where it currently stands (4 in 6 chance of getting hit and 3d6 exploding damage).

THE RESTROOM

At some point, one or more PCs will have to use the restroom. If not for the usual reason, then because it's the most convenient location for sex, drugs, or business negotiations.

Upon entering, they'll notice three urinals, three stalls, and three holes in the wall, approximately 3' up from the floor. Shiny black tape covers the outside edges of the holes to prevent chafing. Yes, these are obviously glory holes!

Sticking your dick in the first hole (going from left to right) feels wet and squishy - not especially tight, but not loose, either. Sticking your dick in the second hole feels like a suction with tongue intermittently running up and down the shaft. Sticking your dick in the third hole gets it blasted off by a carbine laser (2d6 damage)! Does it explode? Your dick just got blown off, what do you think?

THE COMPETITION

I've had dreams where I'm expected to sing or give some kind of performance in front of a large audience... and I haven't a clue what I'm doing. Ill prepared and without the necessary skills/training, the PCs (much like my dream-self) are sent out into the fray.

Any PC who has something left over from character creation that they hardly ever use, they can swap it out for the ability to sing.

Singers get a dice pool of 3d6 when attempting to impress the following judges. Those who can't sing only get a dice pool of 1d6. Unlike standard VSd6 dice pools, add up all the individual numbers - plus 6's explode - to determine the winner's score.

THE JUDGES

Alb Teeno: A purple hip-hop-opatumus from the streets of New Detroit. He's a no-nonsense motherfucker, but will take a bribe to the tune of 20,000 credits. Bribing Alb Teeno is good for a bonus 2d6 in the competition.

Vespa Kortex: A green-skinned beauty, humanoid with 3-D breasts and a hard-light, holographic vagina. She's sweet and smart with a weakness for scruffy nerf-herders. Seducing her is good for a bonus 2d6.

David Hasselhoff: Yes, that David Hasselhoff. Well, it's a clone, actually. When he's not riding the space lanes in his all-black with red-laser-windshield-wiper trans-am starship, saving princesses and thwarting criminals who operate above the law, David spends his time judging all manner of amateur and reality show competitions - bikinis, wet t-shirts, car shows, boat shows, battle of the bands, etc. Impressing Mr. Hasselhoff with one's admiration for his colorful career is good for a bonus 2d6.

CLOSING CEREMONY

After the competition is over and the winner has been declared, the clock starts. The PCs will have 5 standard minutes before the entire planet of Fuschal is destroyed. There's a miniature nuclear device embedded within the sleek black case the PCs took with them.

All along, Xa'ax's plan was to kill everyone associated with the singing competition - including the faction representatives, faction leaders, and the mind-raping orange's arch nemesis: David Hasselhoff! Hasselhoff spoiled one too many of Xa'ax's schemes back when he briefly teamed up with Special Agents Tango and Cash.

Once the nuclear device's timer starts, the PCs will be able to hear (it's ticking), see (there's a little red light shining from the inside of the case), and detect (the explosive device will be detected by scanners) it quite easily. But how do they get rid of something that's going to blow up an entire planet in under 5 minutes?

KILLING XA'AX

The PCs will presumably take their revenge upon Orange Leader.

If they escaped destruction, Xa'ax will send them a shadowy coded message yet again. He taunts them, even while applauding their luck and ingenuity. Xa'ax also shows Special Agents Tango and Cash imprisoned somewhere near his lair's control room. Tango and Cash are wrapped up in laser chains and will soon be dropped into a giant vat of acid swimming with electric eel sharks with thermal detonators attached to their heads.

The PCs have heard of Tango and Cash by reputation. Unlike the majority of Federation agents, Tango and Cash are not corrupt assholes looking to screw over the little people that get in the way of Elites' social climbing power grab.



If someone "owes you for life," they are compelled to help you out (only a 1 in 6 chance per favor they turn their back on you). In lieu of money, a person may offer their life-long obligation to another. Just be careful this debt doesn't end up biting you in the ass!

Tango and Cash are good space cops trying to get the worst of the worst off the streets. Saving them is a win for the good guys. Also, Tango and Cash will owe the PCs for life.

Crimson Chaos

Health: 75 **Armor:** 2 **Number of Attacks:** 2
Attack Dice Pool: 4d6

Special: When the zith lord scores a critical hit, he's able to either push an opponent 10' away and knock them on their ass or give commands to an opponent that he should bark like a dog (maybe bawk like a chicken?) for his action on the next round, instead of fighting.

Treasure: Inside his black clothing is a crimson-hued leather wallet. Opening it up, there's a small message like a fortune cookie. It reads, "Go fuck yourself!"

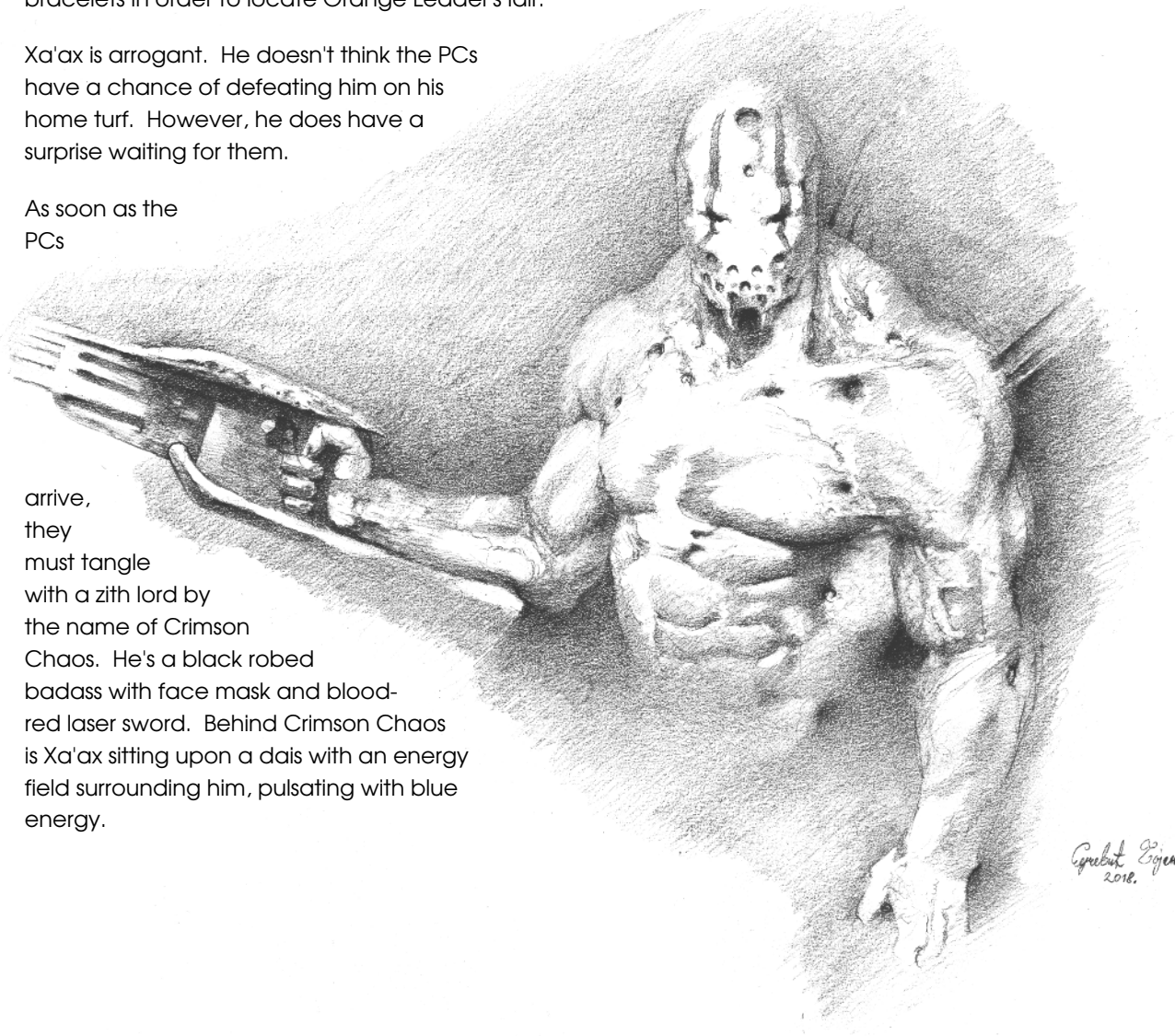
SUBTERRANEAN SHOWDOWN

The PCs can use the turquoise teleportation bracelets in order to locate Orange Leader's lair.

Xa'ax is arrogant. He doesn't think the PCs have a chance of defeating him on his home turf. However, he does have a surprise waiting for them.

As soon as the PCs

arrive, they must tangle with a zith lord by the name of Crimson Chaos. He's a black robed badass with face mask and blood-red laser sword. Behind Crimson Chaos is Xa'ax sitting upon a dais with an energy field surrounding him, pulsating with blue energy.



The blue energy shield was designed to get stronger the more force was used to knock it down. So, beating on it and blasting it with energy weapons will only strengthen the shielding. The shield can only be destroyed by using the minimum amount of force. Any scoundrel with thief, rogue, or lock-picking expertise can try opening it on a critical hit at 3d6 dice pool. Everyone else trying has a 1d6 chance.

Meanwhile, Xa'ax will attempt to wail on the PCs before they can bring the energy shield down.

Killing Orange Leader will allow the PCs to search the control room's computer network. Access to Tango and Cash will be easy to find - they're being held directly below the control room.

The PCs can modify and use this lair as their own personal base, if they choose.

SOJEN

The bald Tibetan monk from earlier is back and just hanging around - almost as if he were waiting for the PCs to find him.

If any of the PCs are dead or dying, Sojen takes a look at them, grunts something unintelligible, rubs his hands together, and lays hands upon the PC. Roll 1d6. On a result of "1," Sojen can do nothing for the victim. Otherwise, the monk can work a miracle, healing his grievous wounds.

"I heal your friend. You take me to topless carwash," Sojen says to the other PCs. He holds up a hot-pink flyer for a topless carwash on Ta'andor Prime. The monk is quite insistent.

Every time the PCs go out of their way to do something nice for the monk (like get him laid), he promises to train them in the secret martial art of Sojen-Fu, an unarmed style of combat which Sojen himself developed by watching space monkeys eat bananas, masturbate, and throw their poop at potential enemies.

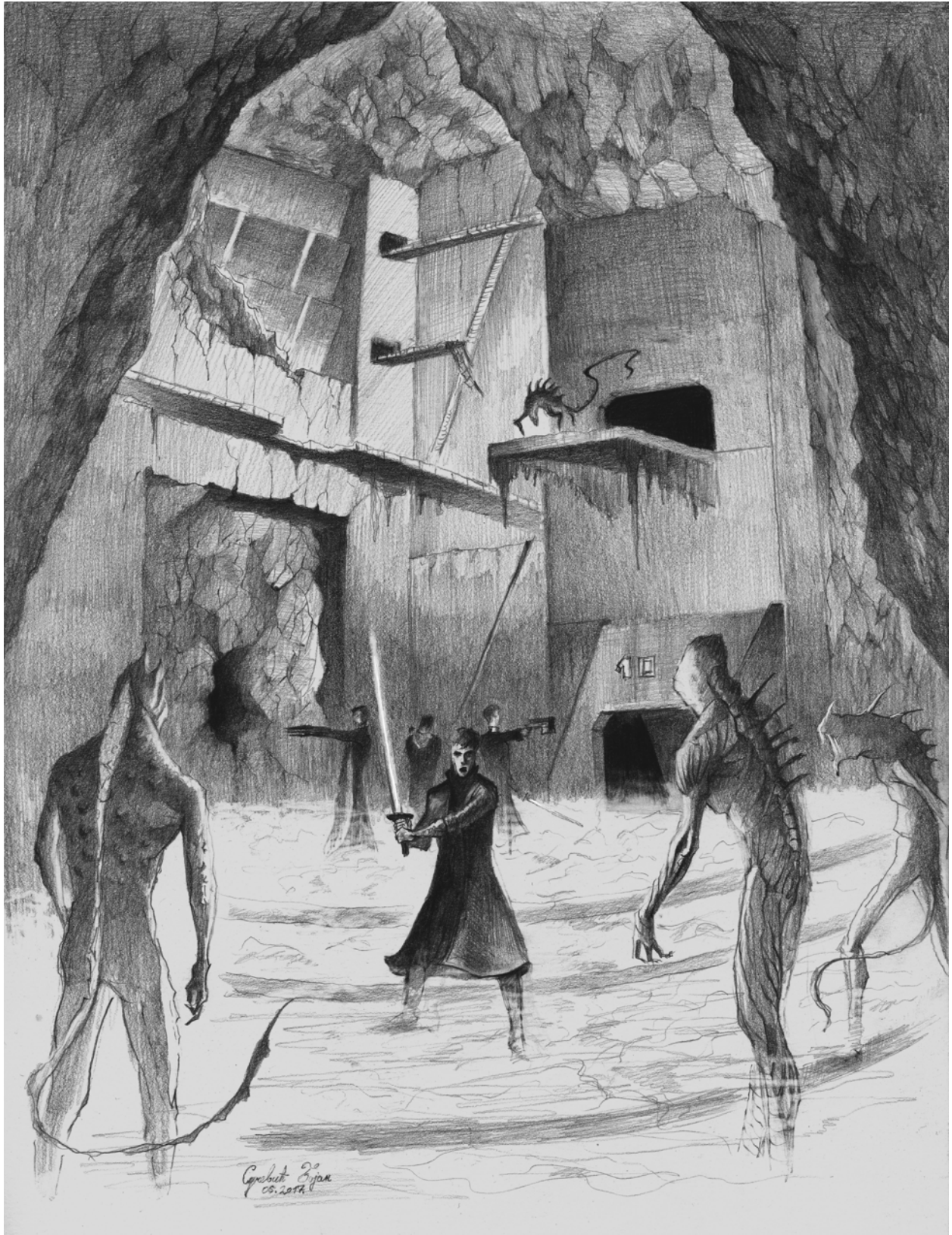
Sojen

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

Special: If Sojen ever gets a double-six result, his Sojen-Fu kicks into overdrive and the victim of his attack is covered in mashed banana and monkey poop - in addition, the monk's opponent breaks every bone in his body! Such extensive injuries require approximately 3 standard months to fully heal.

Treasure: Within the folds of his yellow and orange robes, the monk carries a space monkey's paw. The owner attracts disaster, assuming massive amounts of bad luck. However, the possessor of the paw never actually dies. This strange form of invulnerability only lasts 13 years (Sojen has owned the space monkey's paw for 15 years).

**'I heal your friend.
You take me to
Topless carwash,'**



PANTY RAID ON PALYRUS 5

What many lifeforms don't know is that all the planets in the Palyrus system are devoted to higher learning. Each of the 5 "University Planets" is devoted to a particular discipline...

- Palyrus 1 focuses on medicine and natural science.
- Palyrus 2 focuses on operating and maintaining a starship.
- Palyrus 3 focuses on history, philosophy, and political science.
- Palyrus 4 focuses on business, math, and accounting.
- Palyrus 5 focuses on language, creative expression, cultural exploration, women's studies, and "liberal arts."

It's little wonder why Palyrus 5 has the highest concentration of female students. And where there are co-eds, there are panties to raid. In fact, panty raids are a frequent menace on Palyrus 5 - to the point where security measures have been taken to hinder raiders.

The panties from a female lifeform on Palyrus 5 can fetch anywhere from one to six hundred credits on the open market, blue market, or open galactic auctions that specialize in racy commodities like Sleaze-Bay.

Whether the PCs want to engage in panty raiding on their own as independent contractors or on the behalf of one or more employers depends on the PCs' initiative. Self-determined go-getters will most likely choose the former while co-dependent slackers with motivation issues are prone to the latter.

RAIDING PROCEDURES

Conventional panty raids happen late at night in all-girl dormitories. Most of the time, a raider will sneak into the dorm, charge into any open or unlocked rooms, and grab whatever panties there are. Depending on how bold a raider is, he might take the panties off a female who's still wearing them.

Since women don't actually want their panties stolen or to be seen naked or in various states of undress by the opposite sex, there's usually a lot of running, screaming, and wrestling - some of these women are fighters and will pin you to the ground until the authorities arrive.

Once the raid is over, the acquired panties are placed into clear, vacuum-sealed bags until they're ready for sale.

STEALING HER PANTIES

Here's what she'll do if you attempt stealing her panties. Each time the PCs attempt to steal a pair of panties (unless they're incredibly stealthy) roll 1d6 and consult the random table below...

Roll	Result
1	Gets violent and starts beating you with her fists and scratching you with her nails.
2	Stands there and screams.
3	Runs away screaming.
4	Calls campus security.
5	Lets you take them but cusses you out the whole time.
6	She tries to make out with you.

PATROL SHIPS

Patrol ships aren't particularly stealthy, fast, heavily armored, or armed to the teeth. And they're not adept at hauling cargo from one place to another. All they do is patrol space, like middle-aged night watchman walking up and down the corridors with their trusty flashlights.

There are 11 patrol ships near Palyrus 5's orbit, all of them perform hourly scans of the area. Each ship scans at its own hour-mark and so the PCs have only a 1 in 6 chance of getting through the patrol ship blockade undetected.

Ships trying to bluff their way through automatically have disadvantage on trying to smooth talk their way into Palyrus 5. It would take either high level document forgery or a zedi master in order to convince the patrol ships that the PCs belong on the planet.

Fighting them will be extremely difficult - the odds of the PC's ship defeating 11 patrol ships is about the same as successfully navigating an asteroid field. The PCs will have to think outside the box-oid in order to land on Palyrus 5.

PRIZE PANTIES

The PCs accidentally intercept a beamed communication intended for a rival raiding party. The communication comes through as a hologram. A disgusting bug creature slurps on a **PURPLE PRIZM** through a pink and blue-striped straw while a buxom blonde sits impatiently on his knee, playing with an interdimensional fidget spinner.

Good mortock, Blue Company Raiders. I expect you're landing on Palyrus 5 as you receive this message. My associates and I are especially interested in the panties of Treena Ashkovella. She's a senior, majoring in mood rocks and plant healing.

Obtaining her panties will be worth more than the standard 300 credits offered. There's a bounty of 5,000 credits on miss Treena Ashkovella's panties - but she must be wearing them, otherwise no deal. I think you'll find it worth your while to track her down and steal the panties off her sweet, sweet behind.

That is all. May the one-hundred and eleven narkoosh b'loch officiate your neblusion in the time of Spring.

CAMPUS SECURITY

Hawk-men eunuchs keep a watchful eye on all the female students on Palyrus 5. When there's trouble, they swoop down with their medieval-futurist laser morning stars and bash interfering parties. A cast of hawk-men usually contain 2d4 individuals.

Hawk-Men Eunuchs

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

Special: Non-range weapons have disadvantage since the hawk-men can fly. Also, nothing sexual will affect them since they're, you know... eunuchs.

Treasure: One access card with security clearance throughout campus will be found in every cast of hawk-men.

RIVAL PANTY RAIDERS

Blue Company is a mercenary group of spacers that work for Federation elites who can pay for their services. They've been hired by Kwelb (the disgusting bug-oid) to steal panties from the co-eds of Palyrus 5.

There's a 4 in 6 chance that Blue Company has just landed on the planet. If the result is a "5", they haven't gotten passed the patrol ships. If the result is a "6", they're already sneaking into dormitories and grabbing panties. When the holographic transmission comes through, Blue Company will see it just like the PCs.

When confronted, Blue Company will try to blast the crap out of the PCs and any rival panty raiders.

Blue Company

Health: 40 **Armor:** 2

Attack Dice Pool: 3d6



TREENA ASHKOVELLA

Not only is Treena Ashkovella the prettiest girl on Palyrus 5, she's also one of the best female humanoids in the entire galaxy - which means she's the kinkiest, dirtiest, sluttiest, and most free with her body. Among perverts, Treena is considered the Princess of Palyrus 5.

Treena lives at Education Dormitory, in the North wing, Floor 9, sub-level red, room 69. There's a 4 in 6 chance that she'll be in her room. If a "5" is rolled, she'll be somewhere in Education Dormitory. If a "6" is rolled, she'll be in class. Either Plant Healing 301 or Mood Rocks 405.

If some random spacer asks for her panties, she'll want something in return - or will need to hear a compelling story why she should give him her underwear.

DEALING WITH BUYERS

After all the trouble they've gone through, PCs will want to find the best price for all the panties they've acquired on Palyrus 5.

There are various factors that go into panty sales and acquisitions - the higher the quality, the more valuable the panties. But what determines panty quality? I'm glad you asked! Color, fabric, overall sexiness, smell, how much they've been worn, etc.

NO SLEEP 'TILL CAPPO

As it happens, there's a planet in the Ta'andor galaxy whose entire economy runs on women's underwear. This is the ideal place for PCs to stock up on gear, supplies, and recreational activities.

While walking around the capitol city, taking in the sights, the PCs are approached by a cloaked humanoid entity who motions for them to follow him.

The humanoid goes into a dark alley and pulls back his hood to reveal a purple, asymmetrical face with seven eyes. "I have something for you..." he says while putting a crystal into one of the PC's hands.

The crystal explodes! Rather than doing any harm, a bright light disorients the PCs momentarily as new memories come flooding back to them.

Suddenly, they remember their old lives - and

they're quite different than their lives

now. Who they were (or

thought they were)

these last few

standard months

was apparently a

sham. Not

fulfilling their

"new"

agenda will

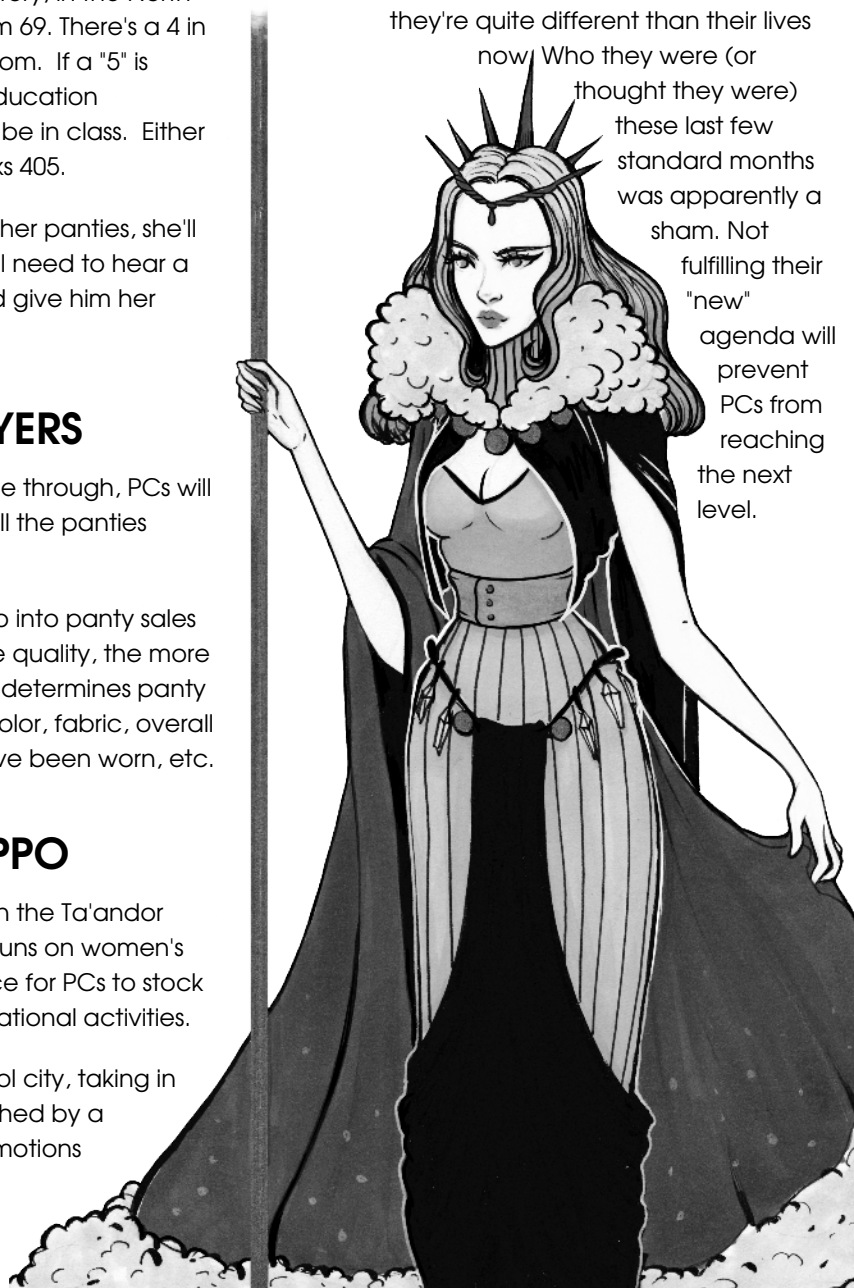
prevent

PCs from

reaching

the next

level.





TOTAL RECALL

The following random table will reveal each PC's actual memory; the next table determines why they were implanted with new memories and mission objectives.

WHO WAS I?

Roll	Result
1	You're a secret agent working for a clandestine organization known only as Prestige Worldwide.
2	You're an undercover Federation officer.
3	You were the galaxy's most wanted criminal still at-large.
4	You were the galaxy's highest paid video gamer.
5	You know more than anyone else in the galaxy about non-Euclidean geometry.
6	High Priest of some weird religion that worships a monstrous, alien, tentacled god.
7	A drugged-out prostitute without family or close friends.
8	20th century race car driver named Emilio Estevez whose consciousness was jacked into your brain a second before his vehicle exploded.

WHY MEMORY IMPLANTS?

Roll	Result
1	You had a new personality constructed in order to infiltrate a sinister cult's inner circle.
2	You were given new memories in order to get close to the heads of organized crime in the galaxy.
3	Witness protection – to help you assimilate into society under an assumed identity.

Roll	Result
4	So that Federation telepaths wouldn't sense your plan to take down the system from within.
5	To get acquainted with the slave trade in this sector of the galaxy, revealing the unsavory underbelly of buying and selling humanoid slaves.
6	To avoid being scanned by the androids of Antares 5 during the machine uprising called "Die, Organic! Die!!!"

COMPLETE THE MISSION

Now that the PCs know who they really are, a big part of them will never rest until they complete their mission.

The purple-skinned alien is named Haeb Tra'an. He was sent to recover the PCs' memories because something went wrong - the new personality overlay rejected the compulsory commands they were given. Instead of being someone new with a particular goal, the new people forgot about their goals, went off, and did their own thing.

Somehow, the PCs all found each other and became a specialized crew of mercenaries doing odd jobs throughout the universe. Was it merely coincidence or did something happen at the memory induction lab? Perhaps Universal Exploits knew what happened and lumped everyone with wiped memories into one crew... or the space Illuminati?

Regardless, Haeb Tra'an is eager to assist the PCs in doing what they need to do. Haeb Tra'an will be their faithful servant - no matter how abusive the PCs are. The purple alien intends to work off the sizable karmic debt of his cruel and degenerate ancestors; conscious suffering is the way his people pay down their spiritual mortgage.

Notes

A series of horizontal lines for writing notes. The lines are arranged in pairs, with small circles at the ends of some lines. The circles are located at the left and right ends of the lines, and are connected by a small horizontal line segment. The lines are evenly spaced and cover the majority of the page below the title.



Battle Star: Trek Wars

For centuries, the Federation tolerated the excessive indulges and filthy degeneracy of the known universe. It allowed the core and outer worlds to dwell in sex, drugs, and new wave-disco-rock. Well, not anymore. The Federation is tightening restrictions, increasing taxes, and curtailing liberties in an effort to control all things and all species.

Alpha Blue is home to all manner of sleazy spacers struggling against the Federation and the totalitarian repression for which it stands.

Do your part, take up arms against the Federation. Fight for freedom, glory, and all the credits you can fit in a stripper's g-string!