



ALIEN ASS, HYDROGEN GAS,
OR COSMIC GRASS...
NO ONE WARPS FOR FREE!

Venger As'Nas Satanis



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CREDITS

Alien Ass, Hydrogen Gas, or Cosmic Grass... No One Warps For Free

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Layout by Glynn Seal of MonkeyBlood Design

Cover Art by George Cotronis

Interior Art by Nemain Ravenwood, William Chang, Jon Pinto, Battlewhore, Mclain 73, Eldar Zakirov, Georges Seurat, Jonny Gray, Hal Glick, Fredrik Mattsson, and Glynn Seal

Interior Texture by Sirius-sdz

Proofread by Martin Teply and Andrew "Zakero" Moore

Special Thanks to the creators of "The Haunted Elevator" SNL sketch: Mikey Day, Bobby Moynihan, and Streeter Seidell.

Creative Contributions by MoonSilver, Joshua Burnett, Chris Tamm, Andrew "Zakero" Moore, Thomas Bobo, Marc Gillham, Scott Charlton, Donald Welsh, Glynn Seal, Nickolas H., Bill Barnes, Chad Robb, and Justin Isaac.

Please visit my RPG websites:

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



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ALIEN ASS, HYDROGEN GAS, OR COSMIC GRASS... NO ONE WARPS FOR FREE!

And here I thought *Battle Star: Trek Wars* was going to be my last *Alpha Blue* offering! Just goes to show... never can tell.

Like the others, this book is a scatter-shot grab-bag of inspiration, optional rules, campaign setting, and adventures. It fleshes out the game in myriad ways, making it funnier and more exploitative than ever before.

Alpha Blue is yours, though. The BDSM (Bold Dungeon Space Master) gives it voice. He and the players fashion it into *their* vision. It can be anything from soft-core Star Wars to sleazy sci-fi to slapstick space opera. I merely supply the outlandish ideas that you guys throw into the fan, like proverbial shit. What happens next is anyone's guess... and half the fun.

Definitely mix and match this with other titles from Kort'thalis Publishing, and hundreds of amazing products from the Old School Renaissance. I may prefer d6 dice pools to the d20, but immersion is, and always will be, King! If paper & pencil tabletop roleplaying games aren't analog virtual reality, then I don't know what the fuck would be.

Lastly, send me feedback - all kinds! I love to hear from fans, critics, players, and everyone involved in this bat-shit crazy hobby / industry / community.

THE CRYSTAL HEIST

In the drug-smoke and red glow of the cantina, you could barely see who was trying to fuck or kill you.

"Best to assume everybody is capable of anything," B'yaarz muttered to himself, half-drunk at the pemsh quala'a table. He pushed 400 credits into the pot. "I'll take another card, dealer."

The dealer's robotic arm deposited the mad space prophet in front of his other cards. The rest of the table groaned when they realized B'yaarz had beaten them yet again.

"You bald purple fuck!" the player across from B'yaarz screamed. That was Trissk, a furry insectoid eating what was left of a freeze-dried human face.

"Having hair upon one's head is considered a sin in my culture. That's why I'm bald. But I'm a fuck by complete accident... just wandered into your mother's bedroom one night."

Trissk rose from the table, putting an oily feeler on the hilt of his blaster.

The dealer-droid interrupted before things could progress, "Violence at the pemsh quala'a table is forbidden, unless one is noble born." In order to accentuate his words, the droid's dealer arm clicked and whirled, becoming a long blade made of crackling crimson energy. The laser sword cut a warning swath through the red-lit fog.

"Put that peashooter away, Trissk. We all know you won't use it."

"No one's that lucky," the insectoid spat, taking his feeler off the blaster and instead petted his brown fur that was going crazy in the humidity of Carlyle's Cantina.

"What are you implying... that I cheated?"

"Enjoy yourself tonight, B'yaarz," he said, disappearing into the blood-colored drug-smoke. "I'm told the girls are uninhibited."

Captain B'yaarz collected his winnings and made his way over to the bar where he noticed three identical life-forms, all with nice tits. "Can I buy y'all a drink."



"Hey, man. What are you doing here?" It was Jasth's voice but his form was different. He must have been altered, Zou Temarr mused.

"I'm supposed to be looking out for this smuggler, protecting Vylo's stash, but whatev. How've you been? Looking..."

"Yeah, I went to the bio-vitality center on Rigel 12. Bet you thought it was radiation, didn't you?"

"Nope. I assumed you had work done."

"Remember when you went through that nebula cloud just outside Hell's Cluster?"

"Yep, I remember."

"You remember what happened, right? In your pants..."

"Yes, it's vividly clear."

Jasth laughed as if a standard year's supply of crystal depended on it. It wasn't until the crimson drug-smoke parted a little, letting a view of several fetish-clad females dance upon all seven of his eyes, that Jasth's hysterics subsided.

"I'm going to get a..." Zou Temarr gestured to the bar just as Jasth caught his breath and regained his composure.

"You shit your pants, dude!"

"Thanks for that reminiscence, Jasth. I owe you one." Zou Temarr noticed the women wearing shiny black material - and hardly any of it - turn sharply away.

"But no, it wasn't radiation. It was the bio..."

"The bio-vitality center, right... got it. I'm going to get that drink now. See you around, hoss!"

"Not so fast," the tall, turquoise-scaled smuggler put his three of his arms around Temarr's shoulder. "I want to talk a little business before you get so hammered that you shit your pants just like you did after going through that radiation cloud."

"What kind of business," Temarr knew not to trust Jasth, but then again... he'd never been betrayed by the Kervellian, only publicly embarrassed. And Temarr had met a lot of Kervellians, betrayal was in their blood. Jasth was one of the good ones.

"It involves 50,000 credits."

"Ok, I'm listening."



"One more unhappy customer and you're out on that beautiful ass of yours, Saxaa."

"I understand."

"Your next appointment is an importer/exporter named Vylo. He's a big spender, wanted a voluptuous blonde with three boobs. Normally, I'd throw Tracy on his dick, but she's entertaining those space pirates in the champagne room. You're all I got."

"I'll put my best foot forward, boss."

"If you perform well, he'll probably tip you with crystal. Whatever extra you get, I want half. Apologizing for your poor excuse for a blow-job should come with some kind of reward, don't you think?"

Saxaa didn't say anything, just gave a little smile before she slinked over to the bar with her barely covered ass giggling and shaking to the beat of whatever DJ Funky Star happened to be spinning.



"Hi, I'm B'yaarz," he said after striking out with the triplets. "You've got an ass I could motorboat for seven standard weeks straight."

"Thanks, I'm Saxaa. I needed a pick-me-up. But your timing stinks. I'm working. As soon as I down this drink, I'm on the clock with some bigshot."

"Vylo?" B'yaarz asked.

"How did you know?"

"I'm a little bit telepathic."

"How does the Federation feel about that?"

"How the fuck should I know? Does it look like I read minds?"

Saxaa laughed, downed her electric-green drink from a cuboid shot-glass, and winked at B'yaarz as she turned to leave.

"I'll walk you to your appointment." He said.

Soon enough, Saxaa met Vylo. Not too far away was his bodyguard for the night. A cheap rent-a-thug named Zou Temarr.

"You're enchanting." Vylo whispered to her. "Get down on all fours like a good little slave."

After a moment's hesitation, Saxaa complied.

"Your name's... Vylo?" B'yaarz asked.

"I'd rather not be disturbed. This young lady is getting paid by the zenton."

"How much are you paying her?" The spacer asked.

"That's not your business. Begone, space scum."

"I've decided to fuck her tonight, so just tell me what it's going to cost to buy you out, Vylo."

"More than you've got."

"Oh yeah, big spender? And where are all your credits tonight? Probably invested in something really lucrative like water futures on Aqua Vulva."

"On the contrary, I have a small fortune in the cantina's vault." Vylo said while gesturing behind him.

"Thanks, Vylo." Captain B'yaarz said as he unholstered his blaster and blew a large hole through the nobleman.

"Nice shot," Zou Temarr said as he jumped over a chair and ran alongside B'yaarz towards the cantina vault.



"Hey," Saxaa yelled. "What the fuck?"

"Sorry about that, whatever your name was. Nothing personal."

Saxaa ran after them and into the vault room. "You cost me my job. Where's my compensation?"

"We pull this off, and I'll give you 100 credits, alright?"

Temarr was already working on the security codes on his data-console. "Another 10 seconds and I should have it..."

"Standard seconds?" B'yaarz asked.

"No, Kervellian seconds." Temarr replied without looking up from the screen.

"What's the differential?"

"A Kervellian second is approximately seven standard seconds."

"Then why didn't you just say 70 standard seconds?"

"Takes too long."

"Just say a standard minute, then."

"Yeah, I could have said that. Why, you got something against Kervellian seconds?"

"I've never been to Kervellia." B'yaarz said.

"They're all assholes, thieves, and liars." Saxaa said. "Come on, hurry up with what you're doing."

"Incoming," B'yaarz said as he shot several red laser blasts from his hip.

"I've got it," Temarr exclaimed with glee.

The vault opened and inside was a duffel bag.

Temarr reached inside, grabbed, and opened it. "Sweet Space Jesus! There's a lot of crystal in here, let's go."

MINIMUM PC

In the last supplement *Battle Star: Trek Wars*, I described a method for character creation that got the job done in 7 words or phrases.

Today, I'm going to cut it down even shorter. Let's say you don't even have the time for 7. We'll do it in 3!!! Not possible, you say? Bullshit, I reply!

First Word/Phrase: What is your character? A human, droid, alien, cyborg, mutant, or something else. Don't feel like you have to fully describe your choice right away. For instance, if you choose "alien," that doesn't mean you have to detail what he's like. Leave that part blank for the moment, if you prefer.

Second Word/Phrase: What does your character do? This is his profession, passion, or just something he's good at.

Third Word/Phrase: Tell me something interesting about your character. What makes him different? What makes him playable? Putting it another way, is there anything about this character that you're keen to explore?

Example: Te'eka is a human space ranger with looks that kill (literally, she's got eye-lasers!) And yes, I'm adding "space ranger" to the list of new careers.

That's all you need! Now, I'm not saying you should do the bare minimum regarding character generation. It's not for everyone, and more than likely you have time to put some thought into choices (or random rolling). This is just to show you that it can be done in 3 words/phrases.

ALIEN PERSPECTIVES

What does your character believe, as in personal philosophy?

Some beliefs have cultural and species bias. Education is also a big factor, what kind of ideology did you learn at the Starfleet academy, Federation, or Kentucky Fried College? Sometimes it just comes down to one's nature - what values were you born with?

Feel free to use this for either PCs or NPCs. Roll once on the following random table per character...

Roll	Result
1	We are luminous beings, not this crude matter.
2	What we do in this life affects who we become in the next universe.
3	Pain is more substantial, and therefore greater, than pleasure – seek suffering.
4	You only live once – do what makes you happy.
5	Better to blast than get blasted.
6	Lofty ivory tower armchair intellectualism never got anything done.
7	Only a select few can control their base impulses enough to be considered higher lifeforms; the rest are no better than animals.
8	All beings should be able to live their lives free from slavery.
9	Guacamole is always extra – but totally worth it.
10	We must even forsake the space Gods themselves if it will ensure intergalactic peace.
11	Revenge is a dish best served cold.
12	It's easier to ask for forgiveness than permission.
13	The ego is a lifeform's greatest obstacle.
14	Two things are infinite: the universe and man's stupidity... and I'm not sure about the universe.
15	Without deviation from the norm, there's no evolution.
16	Time is an illusion; lunch-time doubly so.
17	Reasonable beings adapt themselves to the universe. Unreasonable beings try adapting the universe to themselves. Therefore, all progress depends on unreasonable beings.
18	Fear is the mind-killer.
19	When we experience something, that thing stays with us.

Roll	Result
20	Possibilities are infinite – try to find one that doesn't suck.
21	Keep your friends close and your enemies closer.
22	If there's time to lean, there's time to clean.
23	Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke.
24	A place for everything and everything in its place.
25	Most lifeforms belong in cages.
26	Monogamy is theft.
27	There's no "I" in team, but there is an "I" in vagina.
28	In the wake of such nihilistic forces, the only physical response can be laughter.
29	Whatever it is, I'm against it.
30	Though I love life, my thoughts constantly veer towards escape from it.

MORE CAREER OPTIONS

The following are professions, concepts, or "classes" that give your character some direction. While it's old school to develop your character as you play him, there's got to be some defining characteristic to start with.

As before, whatever that character excels at, you get to roll a 3d6 dice pool when attempting those kinds of actions (extenuating circumstances notwithstanding). Trying to do anything else gets a measly 1d6 dice pool.

PRIMITIVE SCREW-HEAD

You're a savage barbarian and dumb as a box of space rocks. But you can smash real good, intimidate those low-muscle cerebral types to the point of "pee fright", and get in the way of delicate high-tech operations like nobody's business. If there's a carefully laid plan, the Primitive Screw-Head can fuck it up no problem.

If you just want to be an amusing pain in the ass for PCs and NPCs alike, just go all-out Ookla the Mok from Thundarr the Barbarian. If you want to pair this with pilot or smuggler, then you've got a Chewbacca type of situation. Nobody really

understands you, but everyone's afraid you'll break into an unintelligible, limb-ripping rage at any moment.

QUANTUM SORCERER

You travel the universe, casting spells for fun and profit. Yep, you're a magic-user among the stars. Several new spells will be offered, though the system is so light-weight and malleable that official "spell lists" are unnecessary.

Quantum Sorcerers get one spell per level (rolled randomly). Each spell can be cast once per standard day. If the same spell is rolled more than once, the player may choose to either let his character cast that spell an additional time per day or re-roll for a new spell.

Most spells are assumed to be only temporary, but what does that mean? Generally speaking, about 1d6 x 10 standard minutes... depending on the sorcerer's will, character level, and concentration.

Roll	Result
1	Thundering Dong of Blue Flame: Enconces your penis with radiant blue fire that makes it ready to go and able to deliver a pleasurable performance.
2	Scorching Hemorrhoid Reduction: Any kind of physical pain or irritant is greatly diminished to the point where it's barely noticeable.
3	Eldritch Slick Ninja Warping: Chartreuse light swallowed by the black void as 1d6 of the sorcerer's enemies are temporarily possessed by sex demons.
4	Chaos of the Infernal Matrix: Reality goes berserk, demonic forces manifest so that Hell itself is unleashed unto the galaxy!
5	Dimensional Spell-Jack: The ability to walk through portals into other dimensions where all things are possible.
6	Harlot's Eager Mouth: If space sluts exist, they might as well exist for your pleasure. The sorcerer is able to direct sexual energy in order to get what he wants.
7	Prismatic Shower of Gold: Rainbow-hued urine descends on everyone with a 30' radius of the sorcerer.

Roll	Result
8	Astral Projection of Slimy Green Tentacles: The sorcerer is able to send illusory tentacles into another's mind – leaving them cowering in fear.
9	Force-Dock Mind-Meld Jamboree: Compelling the thoughts of another to violently collide with the sorcerer's musings. This leads to... 1) confusion, 2) understanding, 3) domination, or 4) chaos.
10	Power Word: Autoerotic-asphyxiation: Cutting off the subject's air supply until they sexually gratify the sorcerer.
11	Shadow of Hideous Paradise: The sorcerer chooses a subject who is cursed, mutating into a dark reflection of their former selves, awful to behold and utterly evil.
12	Ethereal Restoration: The sorcerer can heal 1d6 points of Health each time this spell is cast.
13	Crystalline Photon Firestorm: Blazing hot energy launches into 1d3 opponents, doing 6d6 damage to each target.
14	Invisible Gaze: Spy on others remotely and without possibility of detection.
15	Midas Touch: The sorcerer can turn anything he chooses into space gold.
16	Virginal Phantasmal Servant: A spectral and obedient being appears and serves the sorcerer, but they know nothing of carnal delights and cannot be fucked because they're phantoms.
17	Ice Wall Laser Shield: An impenetrable barrier of ice appears in front of the sorcerer, keeping him from harm.
18	Lethal Pink Smog: A cloud of poisonous gas wafts over to the sorcerer's opponents. 2 in 6 chance of death; otherwise, uncontrollable coughing and difficulty breathing (disadvantage attempting physical actions).
19	Technology Can Suck My Dick: The sorcerer can temporarily make nearby tech fail.
20	Space Walk: The sorcerer is able to temporarily survive in space without any kind of protective gear.






BARD

Yes, that's right... the Bard. The most useless adventuring profession in the universe - and you can play one!

Learn an instrument... or a thousand instruments (doesn't matter, you're still going to die horribly) and join the Guild of Performing Arts. The GoPA will assign your bard to a special crew of hand-selected spacers who probably won't eat you if the food runs out and might not consider your instrument a portable latrine.

On the plus side,...






-  Bards have a surprising, though scattered, knowledge of the universe.
-  They can be fairly entertaining, occasionally employed as court jesters.
-  Specialize in clerical and administrative duties between jobs; no one suspects them of being either dangerous or competent. So, they're frequently overlooked and underestimated.

SPACE RANGER

Space Rangers are part of an elite team of highly unorganized cops protecting the innocent and hunting down the worst of the worst. At one time, the space rangers were affiliated with the Federation - not any more. The Federation has grown too corrupt to police itself, let alone the entire universe. You're a vigilante with a badge!

Space Rangers frequently hang out on low-life, scum-ridden, douche-infested planets looking for trouble. Since there's so much territory to cover and so few rangers available, they tend to distribute space justice on an individual basis. Because of their loner preferences, they need a couple of competent spacers to travel with. Nothing gets you shot-up faster than taking on the criminal underworld all by yourself.

Here are the mechanics...

-  Space Rangers excel at recognizing shadiness.
-  Infiltrating the criminal element.
-  Intimidating evil-doers.
-  Rescuing innocents.
-  Dispensing Martian Law with extreme prejudice!

EMPATH

Such beings exude charisma because they're so easy to identify with and/or idealize. Of course, their charm is an act. But it's a masterful one, based on keen observation and neuro-linguistic programming (body language and word choice).

System-wise, empaths attempting to charm a subject should roll 3d6 (weak-willed), 2d6 (average), or 1d6 (strong-willed) and consult the following random table to determine their response...

Roll	Result
1	Bitter enemy: Your attempts to charm backfire. Whatever you revealed turns out to be the antithesis of your target.
2	You'll never see eye to eye: While you can occasionally be civil towards one another, there will always be a friction, if not outright contempt, boiling just below the surface.
3	Just not sure about you: The subject is willing to give you the benefit of the doubt, but you still haven't won him over.
4	Thinks you're pretty cool: You've charmed the subject to a degree. It's not a done deal, but things are moving in the right direction.
5	Seal of approval: The subject is convinced that you're awesome.
6	Becomes a loyal follower: It's more than mere social enchantment – this dude worships you as if you were the High Priest of some kind of cult.

Anytime an empath wants to take the emotional temperature of an individual, they can attempt it by rolling a 3d6 dice pool (open), 2d6 (average), or 1d6 (guarded). The following table provides BDSM's some guidance...

Roll	Result
1	No Clue: Gets things completely wrong about how the subject is feeling.
2	Drawing Blank: Not really getting a reading on anything.
3	Vague Idea: You can tell about as much as the average observant person looking at the subject for a short period of time.

Roll	Result
4	Intuitive: There's something going on and you've got a decent read on the subject's current emotional state.
5	Insight: You know exactly what the subject is feeling – to an extent that you can anticipate what they'll do next.
6	Total Identification: You're certain how the subject feels in the past, present, and future. Additionally, you're aware of their likes, dislikes, goals, and what they're emotionally invested in (allowing you to apply leverage to get what you want).

THE PSYCHOSTRATEGIST

Psychostrategists, occasionally referred to as puppeteers, are trained by one of the oldest schools for humanoid self-development.



You can tell a psychostrategist by the red stain on the crotch of his pants... though, no two stains are alike. Additional red stains occasionally appear elsewhere on the body - but always the crotch! Such a stain is the mark of quantum probability conceptualized.

The red stain comes from final psychostrategist exam. One must be naked and attach a spicy kool-aid tequila worm from the Habanero system to one's genitalia until it explodes in a slimy crimson mess - a mess which can never be cleansed! Doesn't matter what clothing is worn, the red stain seeps through.

So, what do psychostrategists do? In laymen's terms, they predict the future. Although, perhaps it is more accurate to say that psychostrategists subtly manipulate outcomes. They analyze little bits and pieces of data which ordinary folks wouldn't think twice about in order to see into the deep-truth of things.

At the beginning of the adventure (anytime between the scenario's start and just after the hook has been revealed), a puppeteer can foretell three "outcomes." These are oracular predictions of future events.

After such predictions are made, either the player or The Bold Dungeon Space Master rolls 1d6. If the result is anything but a "1," the outcome happens by the end of the session.

Ideally, the BDSM should adhere to both the letter and spirit of the prediction, but things being what they are, one or the other will suffice.

Don't want to bother with the Psychostrategist as oracle? Instead, allow them to re-roll another player's die three times per session (this includes the BDSM).



OPTIONAL RULES

Mortal Wounds: Anytime a character either takes 20 points of damage from a single attack or is brought down to single-digit Health, roll a d6. If the result is a "1" or "2," that character has been mortally wounded and has one round per level of able-bodied consciousness in which to act before dying.

Push Your Luck: Characters can borrow d6 from future dice pools, like getting an advance on your paycheck. Unfortunately, it is the BDSM who decides where and when characters must pay their dues. When the BDSM decides, characters who previously borrowed d6s shall lose them! All debts must be settled by the session's end.

Cowering Under The Table: Characters can take a purely defensive position if their priority is not getting blasted. This means they won't be targeted at all. Characters who cower under the table can't even fire random shots - they're too scared.

Aim Trumps Speed: Taking a round to aim allows characters to increase their attack dice pools by 1d6.

JUSTIFY YO-SELF

Games are an expression of "real life" into which we can escape. They aren't meant to cover every eventuality or detail all the minutia that could possibly come up while experiencing this virtual reality.

Wouldn't it make sense to give characters credit for something the player is willing to sit there and justify? Justifications are not excuses - they're explanations for something is or should be.

If it's reasonable, let them justify themselves. Yeah, why not? If the player can sit there and come up with a reason why his character knows this, can do that, or should be able to attempt such and such an action, then I'm going to allow it... or, at least, allow for the chance.

Justified knowledge, skills, abilities, talents, feats, etc. are good for a 2d6 dice pool, which is average.

Of course, you don't want things going overboard - games constantly breaking down into bullshit sessions. So, feel free to limit this to once per session

per character. I think that gives players a lot of leeway without giving away the farm.

Example: Kay-Zee is a part-time smuggler who's trying to fix her damaged ship as battlecruisers are about to jump out of hyperspace.

There's nothing on the character sheet, nothing in Kay-Zee's background, and nothing that's been discussed up until now about starship mechanics. Nevertheless, Kay-Zee's player says she used to work on astro-carburetors on the side when she wasn't washing starships topless.

The BDSM allows it, giving Kay-Zee a 2d6 dice pool chance to repair her ship before those battlecruisers engage.

NPC PROFILING

If you're rather misanthropic like me, you'll probably get a kick out of this next random table. Generally speaking, the vast majority of people belong in cages. Roll to determine the kind of individual the PCs are dealing with...

Roll	Result
1	Lazy.
2	Stupid.
3	Fat.
4	Ugly.
5	Lazy and stupid.
6	Fat and ugly.
7	Lazy, stupid, fat, and ugly.
8	Intelligent, self-determined and good looking!

NPC REACTIONS

You meet a lot of beings in this universe, so it's nice when the BDSM can easily determine the good, the bad, and the ugly. Roll once, either per individual or group.

Roll	Result
1	Feigns interest - pretends to be harmless and friendly only to laser-shiv you when no one's looking.
2	Hates your guts - he just straight-up wants to kill you.
3	Not a fan - he's predisposed to not liking you, so there's work to be done if you want to win him over.
4	Aloof - he doesn't care or has no opinion of you... but could be persuaded.
5	Mildly intrigued - He likes the cut of your jib... so far, anyway. But if he senses you're a douche, it's blast or get blasted.
6	Bosom buddies - It's like you've known each other for standard years!

FRESH WOUNDS & DEEP CUTS

Breaking up is hard to do, as they say. And since *Alpha Blue* focuses on social interaction and relationships, I've come up with a couple of random tables for determining their unhealthy post-breakup reactions.

Each time a character breaks up with the person he's dating, roll a d6. On a result of "1" or "2," roll on the tables below.

Post-Breakup

Roll	Result
1	You go through physical withdrawal, like giving up a favorite drug you're addicted to. Disadvantage on all physical activities for 2d4 days (these d4 explode).
2	You can't concentrate. Disadvantage on all mental activities for 2d4 days (these d4 explode).

Roll	Result
3	You're not ready to get back on that horse. Disadvantage on all emotional activities (like diplomacy, empathy, flirting, and hooking up) for 2d4 days (these d4 explode).
4	You're stalking her! You need to know what she's doing, who she's with, and why. This takes up most of your free time and there's a 2 in 6 chance she'll file a restraining order against you by the end of the week.
5	She's stalking you! She's obsessed with you - hiding in the space bushes, watching what you do, whom you're with, etc. There's a 2 in 6 chance of her showing up trying to cock block you every time you get romantic with someone else.
6	You're depressed. Nothing seems to interest you like it once did. No stealing the spotlight for you. This lasts 2d4 days (these d4 explode).
7	You seem perfectly fine. This, of course, is a false front. Inside, you're going nuts, but all that's been pushed deep down into your subconscious. In a moment of stress, you will explode in the most inappropriate and dangerous way.
8	Roll twice!

Who Initiated The Breakup?

Roll	Result
1	You dumped them.
2	They dumped you.
3	It was a mutual parting of ways.
4	It's complicated.

PURPLE PRIZM

What exactly does **PURPLE PRIZM** do - besides fizz and taste like grape soda? Well, it depends on who's drinking it, which planet the grapes came from, where it was manufactured, and several other factors.

Roll on the following random table to determine the effect it has this time around. Effects last about one standard hour.

PURPLE PRIZM...

**A taste so
imprezive,
it's like sweet,
sweet puzzy!**

Roll	Result
1	Makes you even more horny than usual.
2	Makes you think everyone around you is horny. "Would you do me a favor and eat my pussy for me... please?"
3	Gives you a feeling of youthful energy and vitality (+1d6 to your Health).
4	Makes you hyperactive, manic, and unable to focus on anything for very long!
5	Makes you super-chill, relaxed, and calm.
6	You start to see stuff that isn't there.
7	Opens you up, providing insight into other worlds and dimensions.
8	Gives you focus (you get an extra 1d6 on your attack dice pools).



PURPLE PRIZM

Taste the next generation!

PURPLE PRIZM

Taste the next generation!

PURPLE PRIZM

Taste the next generation!

PURPLE PRIZM

Taste the next generation!

NOW WITH 111% MORE SPICE!

2 IN 6 PURPLE PRIZM DRINKERS
EXPERIENCED EXPANDED SEXUAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

AAAND... SCENE!

There are a variety of ways to end a scene, session, or campaign. Don't have anything stellar in your BDSM back-pocket? Roll on this random table to determine the best ending...

Roll	Result
1	Money-shot followed by one or more girls wiping the jizz out of their eye.
2	Harrison Ford smirk.
3	(Laser sounds).
4	Fade to blue.
5	Long, deep, soulful kiss.
6	Sardonic grin, perhaps chuckling to oneself, while staring out into space.
7	Everyone that's still alive cracks open an ice-cold Purple Prizm.
8	Alien bursts out of random dude's chest.

**'Money-shot
followed by
one or more
girls wiping
the jizz out of
their eye.'**

WHO ARE THE PCS?

Here are a few pre-generated characters to get you started (assume 1d100 credits per PC)...

Roll	Result
1	Zek Maabas: You're a ruggedly handsome, human gunslinger with a thing for large-breasted females – two, three, you don't care as long as they're melon-heavy! You've come to the desert planet Quazess because you don't want to become a Federation trooper. Why should you be forced into the armed forces just because you did terrible on your exams?
2	Teesha: You're a good-looking, human female pilot and zedi apprentice. You just broke-up with a spacer who cheated on you with an entire squad of cheerleaders. You're trying to find yourself.
3	Jaando: You're a humanoid semi-translucent quantum liquid-crystal alien. You've been around the galaxy a few times and can think on your lower-tendrils. According to humans, you have a proverbial "sixth sense" bullshit detector. You arrived on Quazess after a small-time smuggling gig – you heard they have good chicken-wings and strip clubs on this planet.
4	Wazhyak: You're an insectoid with cloven hooves and horns from your space demon heritage. As a professional gambler and bard, you're privy to what's going on in this part of the galaxy – at least when it comes to dive bars, lowlife scum, and the entertainment industry. You have a harem of both male and female partners who provide you not only sexual gratification but vital snippets of information.



SLEAZY RIDER

You walk into a space bar on this shitty desert planet. It's a low-lit dive that smells like someone farted into an old beer can. Dissonant, arrhythmic, mechanical buzzing sounds emanate from a juke-box.

You step over an unconscious dude lying on the floor as you enter. There are a few rowdy spacers sitting at a table drinking heavily, a couple of ladies sitting up at the bar, and a long-haired reptilian vulkyn-wukie sitting all by his lonesome in the back.

THE SPACERS

These four filthy, loud-mouthed douche bags in space suits (that's why they call them spacers) are debating the speed of some starship make and model the PCs have never heard of.

As the PCs approach, the spacers look them up and down and ask what the glorzeks they want. First impressions are important. Showing fear is probably the worst thing the PCs could do.

The following random table is just an example of typical reactions. The Bold Dungeon Space Master should feel free to improvise something appropriate based on how the PCs roleplay the situation...

Roll	Result
1	Before you can apologize for interrupting, the drunken louts blast you in the gut. That means it's four against one.
2	One of them doesn't like the look of your face and draws his blaster. You do the same. If you fail to kill the greasy unshaven spacer, his buddies draw on you, too, and you die.
3	You realize they're extremely unfriendly and start buying drinks for them before they can ventilate your torso. Subtract 100 credits from your starting cash.

Roll	Result
4	Turns out you used to be roommates with one dude's cousin. They buy you a drink and then ask if you want passage on their ship in exchange for cleaning its gutters.
5	You've impressed them to the point where they buy you a drink and ask if you want to join their crew as a probationary member (half-share until you've proven yourself).
6	They buy you a drink, invite the ladies from the bar over (roll 1d6 and consult the random table under The Ladies if you want to try and have sex with them), and make you a full-member of their crew.

THE LADIES

The droid bartender greets everyone who walks up to the bar, asking if they're interested in either a frosty mug of **PURPLE PRIZM** or perhaps a fruity specialty drink made with kumquat-infused space vodka.

Drinks cost 5 credits. If the PCs spend at least 50 credits on drinks for themselves and the ladies, they get Advantage on your seduction roll.

One lady is human, the other is a pink-skinned humanoid with a cybernetic arm. Both are blonde. The pink-skinned female clearly has the best ass and tits - it seems that everything on her is artificially enhanced.

They're enjoying a luminous green fizzy drink in a martini glass. At first, the PCs go unnoticed as they sip their drinks and complain about the brutal heat - their open-toed shoes + the hot sand = no fun.

If a PC tries to seduce one or both of them, roll a d6 and consult the following table.

Roll	Result
1	Not only do you strike-out, both of the ladies berate your tired lines and ugly attire. "OMG, is he wearing a toupee or fribble on his head?"
2	Neither of the ladies seems interested in taking things further, but at least they were polite about it.
3	One of them is possibly interested, but you'll have to prove yourself to her somehow before you get any action.
4	The human is interested in you. The two of you make small-talk until she invites you into the bar's restroom in the back. The vulkyn-wukie winks as you pass him by. The blonde woman sucks your dick until you cum... wherever you want.
5	The pink-skinned female likes you and decides to sit on your lap. You unzip your fly and she grinds on you until you shoot your load inside of her. If the PC is female, she leads you to the restroom (the vulkyn-wukie winks at the two of you) and eats your pussy until you're shaking from a violent orgasm.
6	Both ladies are interested. They take you to the restroom at the back of the bar (the vulkyn-wukie asks if he can join the three of you) and have their way with you – and each other.

THE ALIEN

As the PCs approach, the pointy-eared, scaly fur-ball looks up at them expectantly. There's a laser rifle at his side. He says something in a language they're most likely not familiar with and holds out a satchel.

Incidentally, this random table can be used anytime the PCs want to talk to a lifeform who speaks a different language.

Roll	Result
1	Total misunderstanding: You think he's asking you to hand the satchel over to that table of rowdy spacers. The spacers take the satchel, look inside, and fade your ass before divvying up the loot. You were a loose end. Sorry, hoss.
2	Didn't understand one word he said and have only the vaguest notion of his intent: You have no earthly idea what he's saying, but you take the satchel anyway and either walk to another area of the bar or out into the blistering heat of three crimson suns.
3	Though you're not sure exactly what he was saying, you get the gist... mostly: You think he's offering you the satchel because you fit the description of the guy who was supposed to pick up the merchandise.
4	He got his point across: See result #3. Additionally, he find out that he works for Grabba the Butt.
5	You understood him just fine: See result #4. Additionally, he warns you about a dark zedi who also wants the contents of that satchel. The alien will join your crew if you pay him 50 credits a day and a full share of everything that comes in.
6	You're fluent in that language and communication is flawless: See result #4. Additionally, the dark zedi is named Imperitus and his master is none other than E'vi Neeme. The alien will join your crew for 25 credits a day and a half-share of everything that comes in.

The alien's name is Lakuouk. He will gladly go to the restroom with any female humanoid for a quickie, if she's interested.

Inside the satchel are blue crystals - the primary energy source in this galaxy. This much crystal could go for as much as 10,000 credits to the right buyer.

There's a chance that one or more PCs notice something strange about these crystals - they have faint aquamarine veins - meaning, this isn't standard blue crystal but hydroxinated azurite... worth three times as much!

LEAVING THE BAR

Before you can make your way over to the other destinations, the PCs can't help but notice a lime-green vision of loveliness.

A gorgeous woman with radiant green skin, three breasts, and red hair walks by. She's dressed in flowing pastel silks, revealing quite a bit of flesh.



Unfortunately, she's also accompanied by her angry boyfriend (human male pilot).

The PCs take a gander - how could you not? - and her mate snarls his disapproval. If anyone tries flirting with Lala, the boyfriend will draw his blaster and fire.

Jealous Boyfriend

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

Special: If it looks like he's about to die, he'll attempt to purchase his life by giving the PCs his girlfriend.

Treasure: Access crystal containing 435 credits.

If he's killed, the green-skinned hottie (Lala) has a variety of possible reactions...

Roll	Result
1	That was her fiancé, whom she loved. So, she's going to try to kill you now with the adorable-sized ladies' blaster strapped to her inner thigh.
2	She's distraught and hates you for killing her man.
3	She's upset, but realizes what an angry, jealous douche her boyfriend was. Not interested in sex right now.
4	She wasn't that into him; she's available. Roll 1d6. On a result of 5 or better, she'll have sex with you.
5	She's actually kind of glad her boyfriend's dead. He wasn't a generous lover and kept trying to borrow money from her. Roll 1d6. On a result of 4 or better, she'll have sex with you.
6	She just found out her boyfriend slept with 1d6 of her friends, so she's ecstatic that he's dead. Roll 1d6. On a result of 2 or better, she'll have sex with you.

PAWN SHOP

Outside the pawn shop, the PCs see two insectoid aliens arguing over an iridescent vase. They'll take 65 credits for the vase, if anyone is interested in buying it.

Within, all manner of odd relics, archaic weaponry, and broken technology are strewn about. Pretty much everything is covered in dust and sand.

A robust man barely looks up from his data-pad, asking what he can offer the PCs.

A dingy thermal detonator with dirt caked on one side of its chrome surface is the most obvious trinket. There's a sun-faded price tag that reads 100 credits, but perhaps the fat shop owner can be talked down a little to 90, if a PC wants to haggle.

RARE ANTIQUITIES FOR SALE

Roll	Result
1	Second-hand gold bikini.
2	Traffic sign that reads, "Caution: Many Sand."
3	Box of classic rock 8-track tapes.
4	Book entitled, "Area 69: Truth or Fiction?"
5	A complete set of vagina-whale sand worm teeth.
6	Novelty saddle for camel that makes humps look like boobs.
7	Malfunctioning worm-thumper... could still be used as a vibrator!
8	Hold-Real-Still-Suit (reeks of urine).
9	Desert-speeder with lots of bullet-holes and blaster-scoring.
10	Generic off-brand sandworm spice.
11	Deflated beach ball.
12	The shed skin of a Xenomorph.
13	Book entitled, "101 Rain Dances."
14	Leaf-blower.
15	Sun-tanning pod (new - still in box).

Roll	Result
16	Desert-speeder engine with broken sand-filter.
17	Ornate and mysterious lamp (2 in 6 chance it contains beautiful blonde genie wearing pink translucent silk).
18	Emotional-support cactus.
19	A banged-up Marilyn Monroe-bot (1-3) or Adrienne Barbeau-bot (4-6).
20	Tent that's missing 1d4 support rods.
21	Sand-racer... needs some suspension work and shocks and breaks, break pads, lining, steering box, transmission, rear end... and maybe new rings, also muffler, a little wiring...
22	Stainless steel BBQ.
23	Sand-B-Gone vaginal lubricant.
24	Vintage bottle of ja'awa-juice, circa 2169.
25	VHS tape of Tusken Ass Raiders #4.
26	Pair of bickering droids claiming to be on a secret mission.
27	SPF 5,000 suntan lotion.
28	Voucher for 10% off drinks at Moist E-Z cantina.
29	Map with directions to Grabba the Butt's winter fortress.
30	Sarcophagus containing ultra-hot princess flash-frozen in carbonite.

WANT TO BUY SOME CRYSTAL?

If they show him the blue crystal, the pawn shop owner, Yaaz, offers 5,000 credits for the entire satchel. That's enough to buy one of those low-rider desert speeders.

Before any money changes hands, a PC notices this weird-looking mask with reflective mirrors all over it. That's another 10 credits. However, if the PCs decide to purchase the thermal detonator at the original price, Yaaz offers it to them for free.

On their way out, a green-skinned humanoid female with head tentacles wearing a skimpy black leather ensemble rudely bumps into a PC. She immediately asks Yaaz if he's seen anyone fitting the PCs' description.

The pretty green-fleshed alien doesn't give a second look to anyone wearing the mirrored-mask. Yaaz says he hasn't seen anyone fitting that description all day.

If blasters are drawn, the zith apprentice who goes by Imperius fires up her laser sword and tries to carve PCs into small, charred pieces.

Zith Apprentice

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

Special: She's really good at deflecting blasters with that laser sword - opponents need at least one "6" in their attack dice pool in order to hit her.

Treasure: In her robes, she's carrying 111 credits and some strange device that's either a sex-toy or camera tripod... possibly both.

STRIP CLUB

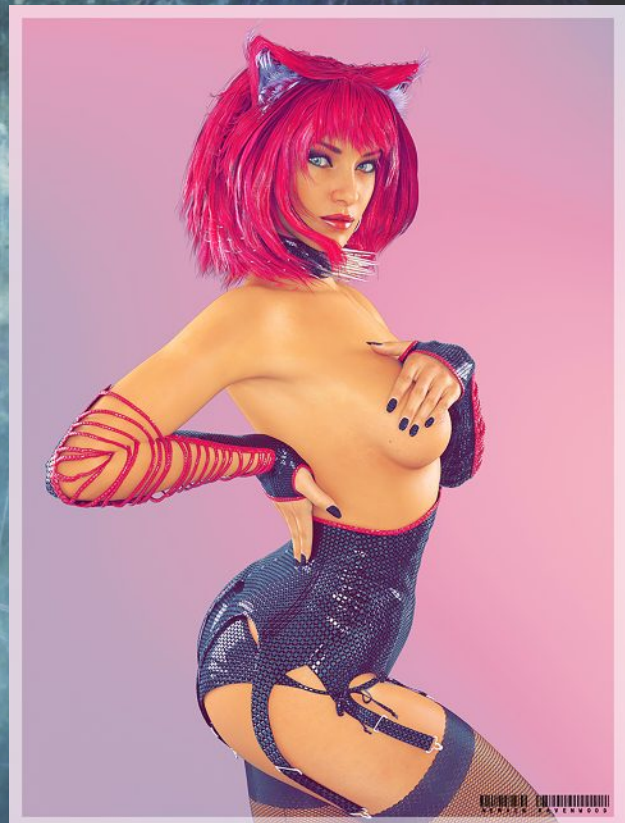
When the PCs arrive at the Lusty Leopard strip club it's just starting to get dark. The flickering lights give off an inviting, lurid glow.

The PCs see a female humanoid with yellow fur and spiky purple hair. She has three horns, a tail, and several slimy tentacles popping out from beneath her long evening dress. PCs might assume she's a prostitute.

"Malzo zour, my good-looking friend. The things I could do to you - al'z bendosh koh! You looking for a hot date tonight, sugar?"

It turns out she is a prostitute. Her name is Dallas Troy, and she charges 100 credits for every standard half-hour. Those who wish to "date her" will be led to a back room in the dimly lit strip club.

Those taking the alluring Dallas Troy up on her offer of sex for money, enter the Lusty Leopard tentacle-in-arm as she uses her seductive gaze to keep clients interested. She frequently teases clients into a frothy climax under the club's ruby-red illumination.



INSIDE THE LEOPARD

Like the previous space bar, the club is also a dive - albeit seedier than you were probably expecting. A three-foot long fuchsia spider with a woman's face is perched upon a podium. She says there's a 20-credit cover charge. The spider from New Mars is called Tamorra. She likes humanoid girls, so attractive specimens can get in for free if they flirt a little.

The inner alcove is full of dudes getting blowjobs from exotic aliens, mutants, droids, and even ordinary humans of all genders. Past them, you notice several guys and a couple girls either sniffing drugs or getting needles full of drugs injected into their veins. One massive alien with pineapple ridges all over his head is drinking a thick blue syrup from a tall, thin glass - then proceeds to punch another guy so hard that he dies... before going into some kind of cardiac arrest.

Several strippers parade around the various stages with aqua, pink, and magenta lights swirling around their glittery nakedness. One-credit singles are either thrown on the stage floors or slowly inserted into pushed-together cleavage.

A feline humanoid stripper, introduced by the DJ as Catnip Cally, squats down in front of the rail, flips onto her back, and opens her legs, allowing a good view of her pussy to seated and standing patrons. One of whom decides to help himself to the free pussy buffet. He licks and sucks her clit until she orgasms.

If Lakuouk is with the PCs, he'll peel off to take care of some urgent business (needs to get laid).

Strip Club Hijinks

Lots of crazy stuff can happen in the strip club. Here's a random table to determine what's going on right now...

Roll	Result
1	Stripper with triple-D boobs hits patron in the face and knocks him out cold.
2	Stripper attempts double-axe with vertical scissors-kick and accidentally knocks a nearby stripper off the stage and into the crowd - where she's being passed around like a party-favor.
3	Stripper starts touching herself, finds her groove, and accidentally gushes all over the stage (2 in 6 chance the next stripper to come out slips and falls on her ass).
4	Stripper forgets to wipe the glowing fuchsia powder from her nose before she goes out on stage.
5	Stripper took too much "peyote ugly" LSD-XTC hybrid before walking out on stage - now she's hallucinating her balls off (you should excuse the expression).
6	Stripper just got fucked before walking out on stage and a giant glob of jizz oozes out of her while she works the pole (some patrons are grossed out, others turned on).
7	Two strippers get into a heated catfight - one of the bouncers gets up onstage to break up the hair pulling, nail clawing, and bitch slapping brawl.
8	One of the girls needs to make extra tips tonight because rent is due tomorrow. She's willing to jack-off any dude who's good for a 5-spot... and anyone with 20 credits can just start plowing her pussy.
9	Must be amateur night! There's a stripper noob up on stage. She's nervously swaying back and forth while awkwardly grinding against the pole. Not sexy moves, but the fact that she's an amateur grants her a lot of attention.
10	WTF? A man just walked out onstage?!? This isn't a male strip club, is it?

Roll	Result
11	Stripper's boyfriend gets up onstage and starts arguing with her about 1) Darrel, 2) Where his xxx-box controller is, 3) he needs just one more fix, or 4) Why she playin'.
12	Dude puts a credit in his mouth and lies head down onstage so stripper will squat down and pick it up with her lady parts. Instead, a spidery crab-claw reaches out of her vagina, wraps around the dude's neck, and tries to choke the life out of him!

What's On Her Mind

Strippers come in all shapes, sizes, colors, and species. They have their own motivations, too...

Roll	Result
1	She's pissed about something that has nothing to do with you, the club, or stripping – but she takes it out on you nevertheless.
2	She's been doing this way too long – dead eyes, going through the motions, doesn't even attempt to care about anything but the money.
3	She's friendly and upbeat. It seems like she's really into you (she's not really into you).
4	She's a freak! For a few credits, she'll show you a good time because that's what she does.

HAVING FUN WITH DALLAS TROY

Tonight, she focuses on just one or two PCs at a time. Entertaining a larger group would compromise her mission.

As PCs regain composure, Dallas receives a message on her wrist-comm. She reads it to herself, smiles at the exhausted PC, and tells him or her to wait right here while she gets a special drink for speedy recovery.

Those deciding to wait are soon handed an amber-colored drink in a strangely angled glass. Presumably, the PC takes a drink, thanking her.

Those swigging the golden liqueur feel slightly nauseous within a matter of minutes, perhaps attributing that to the excitement of the day. Unfortunately, they quickly go from bad to worse. Turns out Dallas Troy is pair-bonded with the zith apprentice Imperius. Under orders from Imperius, she poisons as many of the PCs as she can.

TALKING TO CAL-TAR

Various strippers come up to the PCs, flashing their curvaceous, sparkling bodies in hopes of tempting them to pay for a lap dance. Regular lap dances are 25 credits for approximately 4 standard minutes of Mötley Crüe, Lords of Acid, or Nine Inch Nails. It'll cost about 50 credits for a 10-15-minute dance routine in the space champagne room. Once inside the intimately-sized, leopard-spotted red velvet room, tipping an additional 35 credits will get you a lap dance with a happy ending.

After hanging out for a while, a dark-green gelatinous entity named Cal-tar approaches the PC who looks like he has either the satchel or the most business sense.

Cal-tar asks the PC if he has any blue crystal for sale and offers 8,000 credits for the entire satchel-full of crystal. There's a chance of realizing intuitively that Cal-tar is low-balling the PC with his offer of 8,000. He's willing to go much higher if pushed, up to 15,000 credits. Cal-tar knows there's something special about this satchel of blue crystal, but isn't sure why exactly.

Cal-tar is looking to get off-planet with the crystal as soon as possible. He's aware that it's been stolen from a zith lord (Ev'l Neeme) who wants it back, and that his zith apprentice, Imperius, is presently hunting down whoever stole it.

There's a ship waiting for Cal-tar at the starport. It's called The Phallus. The gelatinous alien invites the PCs along for the ride. The ship leaves in three hours.

THE STARPORT

Just outside the Quazess starport, you notice a desert speeder parked at the drop-off area. There's no one inside the vehicle, but the engine is running. The PCs may choose to leave it be, steal what's inside, or take it for a joyride?

If they want to steal something, one or more PCs hop in and find a Captain Cock pez-dispenser, a DVD of Rochelle Rochelle: The Story of a Young Girl's Strange, Erotic Journey from Zeta Minor to Ellipsis 7, and 62 credits. There's always a chance of discovery, of course. If noticed by the owner, he'll attempt to fade thieves with his blaster.

The speeder's owner is actually a cool dude if the PCs take the time to get to know him. His name is Zambo Slaks, and he likes boobs covered in green slime, ice-cold **PURPLE PRIZM**, and horror movies. He frequently uses the phrase, "Spaz-fractal, dude! That's epicdocially nar-nar from the wiz-o!!!"

There's a warrant for his arrest in this system - inappropriate grunting sounds while looking at a woman's breasts and unlawful concealed carry of a miniaturized black hole projector. So, he won't go to the authorities unless his life is in danger.

Those who steal the desert speeder can get in and start driving. A song from the Heavy Metal soundtrack is playing on the radio. The speeder's owner yells and takes a couple of pot-shots at the car thieves.

Zambo Slaks

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

Special: If shot at (but not outright killed), he'll press down on some squibs filled with stage blood to make the shooting look fatal. Then, he'll just pretend he's dead until everyone's gone.

Treasure: He wears a silver demon-skull ring and has 37 zuleks in his back pocket.

TERMINAL MF-111

Before reaching the departure area, an audible warning is broadcast throughout the starport... something about a possible threat of Krylon attack. The starport's on teal-alert until further notice.

A couple of unshaven humanoid laborers are smoking cigarettes and complaining about unpaid over-time while using a hover-skiff to move a large gold chest adorned with winged creatures and priceless gemstones.

The laborers (Errt and Benzie) are supposed to deliver this "ark" to quarantine, but might be persuaded to let it "fall off the back of a truck" in exchange for 5,000 credits each. Of course, this is the property of a zith lord named Glaez Ur'n who will stop at nothing to get it back.

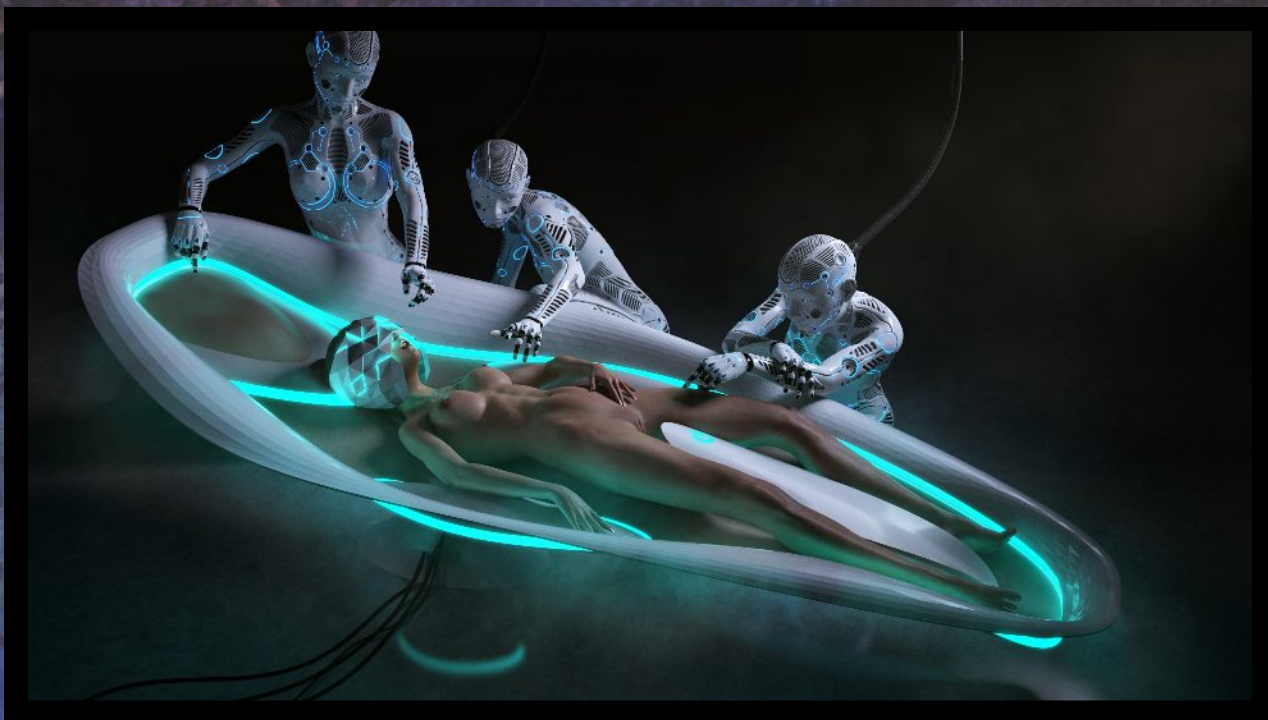
PRINCESS JYNESSA

As soon as the PCs enter the restricted section marked "Departures," they see a dozen orange cones and a flashing neon sign above a security-locked door reading, "No Admittance Under Any Circumstances."

A couple distracted guards are patrolling the area. If pumped for information, they reveal that Princess Jynessa is testing the new immersion-interface technology from Ta'andor Prime called Fever Dream. It's like virtual reality but there's a quantum field overlay creating a more-real-than-real, matrix-like effect for the subject.

Beyond the door is a dimly-lit room containing an ergonomic lounge. Upon the lounge rests a nude woman with a virtual reality mask over her face. She's being attended by three droids who seem oblivious to everything, except seeing to her needs.

A simple data-search will confirm the identity of Princess Jynessa. She's currently experiencing untold ecstasy in the Fever Dream lounge. The sensations are so real and intense that she doesn't even need to touch herself to get off - though, she's still using her fingers to manually heighten the pleasure.



If anyone attempts to interact with the princess during her Fever Dream exploration, the droid attendants will not interfere - unless her life is endangered. On the contrary, they will provide lubricant!

PCs could seduce, impregnate, video record, or take Princess Jynessa hostage. Since she's royalty, any of those options could prove lucrative. Additionally, the Fever Dream technology (essentially, just the mask - which looks a lot like the mirror mask from that pawn shop) could be worth two-hundred-thousand credits to the right buyer.

KRYLON SNEAK-ATTACK

Just before the PCs board a starship taking them off-world, Krylon raiders swoop down and bomb the ever-living-shit out of the starport. All the starships have been destroyed, except for one... The Glass Slipper.

The Glass Slipper is made out of space glass. Because of its natural fragility, it always has an impenetrable force field surrounding it. That's the only reason it wasn't blown-up along with the others.

The Glass Slipper's captain was in the starport bar during the attack, so he's (most likely) dead. The only person currently in the ship is the lavender-pink humanoid female named Yaalo.

Yaalo is a former slave to Endo Bakrab, a high-slung chieftain of the Wyrmslorr Syndicate (but not a wyrmslorr himself). She escaped Endo Bakrab by running through a laser minefield. Yaalo's body was badly burned, but she stole enough credits from the crime-lord to purchase luxury synthetic skin.

She joined up with Captain Razz P. Berry several standard months ago, but her loyalty only goes so far. She's not about to risk her life for the man - or any man. As long as she's not abused, Yaalo will cooperate with whoever claims The Glass Slipper as their own.

Yaalo

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

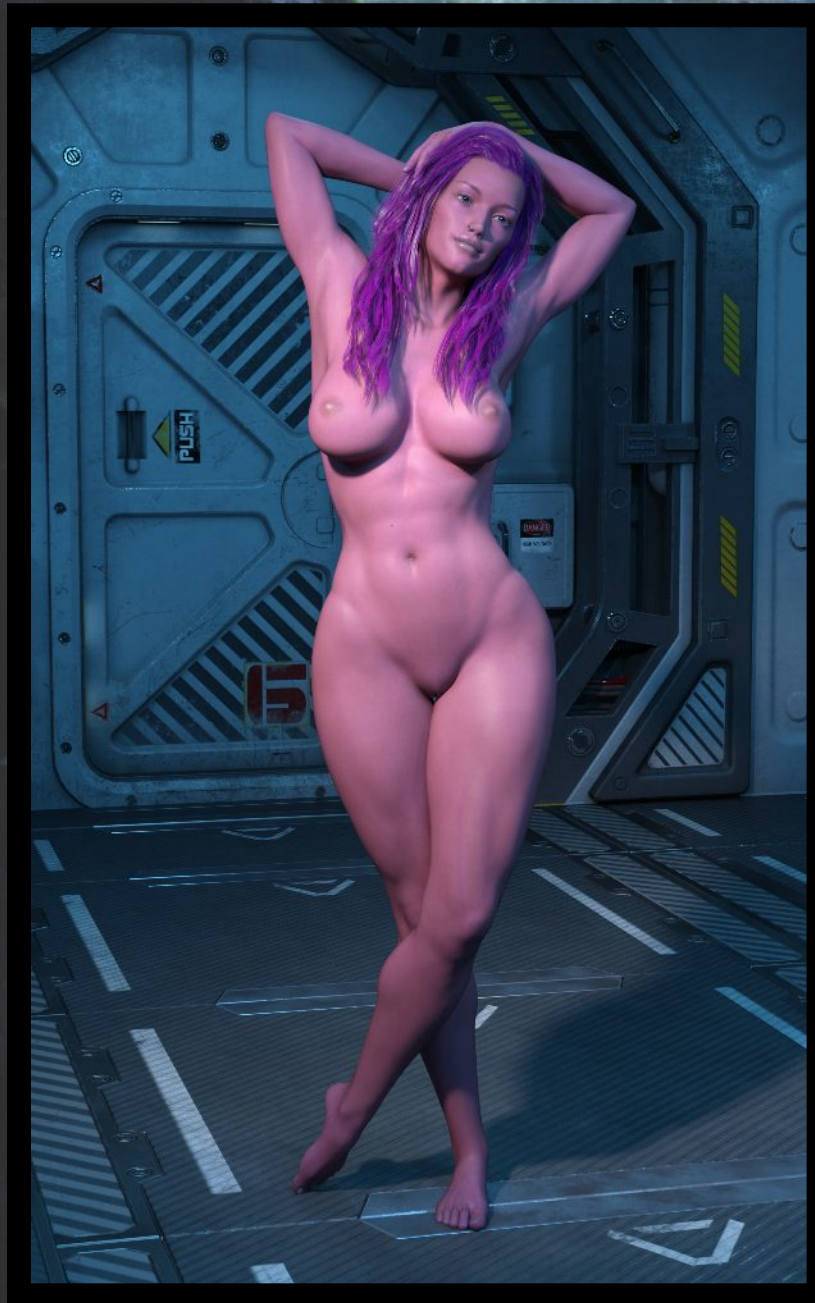
Special: Her artificial skin has 3 points of laser resistance (that was a 7,000-credit upgrade).

Treasure: She learned various erotic arts in the Galaxy of Pleasure. She will reward individuals who make her feel special with preferential treatment.

KRYLON COMMAND SHIP

Hovering beyond Quazess' orbit is the Krylon command ship. This is their central base. Antagonizing or destroying the command ship will force the Krylon fleet away from Quazess.

Aboard the command ship is the Supreme Krylon - an enormous super-computer that has decided the best way to conquer the universe is... to open an ice cream shop on every desert planet from Al Raza to New Tatooine to P'oon.



The Supreme Krylon decided the desert planet of Quazess would be the ideal location for store #1. The Supreme Krylon chose the name of the ice cream shop himself - Scoops.

Now, he's busy disseminating an endless string of flavors with yummy, gross, and bizarre names that only an artificial intelligence (or Venger Satanis random table) could come up with. Roll on the table several times before the Supreme Krylon's challenge to the PCs.

Shortly after engaging with the Supreme Krylon, he challenges them to come up with several names for Scoops' initial flavors-of-the-day.

Assuming the krylons are defeated, they will eventually try subjugating all intelligent life via their ice cream shop on desert planets idea. It's obvious if you think about it!

ZITH LORD INTRUSION

Just as the PCs are on track to do what they came here to do, the Zith Lord Ev'I Neeme infiltrates the krylon ship. Ev'I Neeme plans on killing the PCs and taking back his special blue crystals.

Ev'I Neeme

Health: 60 **Aarmor:** 2 **Number of Attacks:** 2 **Attack Dice Pool:** 4d6

Special: After a successful blow, Ev'I Neeme has the power to say "You missed!" on a result of 5+ (roll 1d6), thus negating that attack. Also, he can move shit with his mind.

Treasure: Within his black robes, the Zith Lord has a deck of tarot cards (all nude) allowing the spreader to accurately foretell anyone's sexual future. Additionally, he carries 1d100 platinum credits with him (a platinum credit is worth 20 standard credits).

A.I. SCREAMING

What follows is a d100 random table you'll roll on 1d4 times (if you roll a 4, roll another d4... if that's also a 4, then roll on the 1d100 table a total of 5 times), determining the flavor/name of ice cream as chosen by an artificial intelligence.

You see, computers aren't worried about unwanted thoughts (data) intruding upon their stream of consciousness. They simply splice that shit together without a second thought... which is why they'll eventually try to destroy us!

Why would you ever need to know what an A.I. came up with for ice cream flavors? Obviously, we aren't cut from the same GM cloth.

Besides the Supreme Krylon, there are a few insane computers found on the purple islands. Or perhaps a decadent droid on Alpha Blue. Whatever the source, I suggest you create an A.I. and start coming up with crazy names for ice cream!

Roll	Result
1	Fudge
2	Cherry
3	Toffee
4	Swirl
5	Death
6	Banana
7	Rocky Road
8	Lemon
9	Crunch
10	Chocolate
11	Madness
12	Caramel
13	Coffee
14	Strawberry
15	Cookie
16	Walnut
17	Peanut Butter

Roll	Result
18	Surprise
19	Hate
20	Almond
21	Honey
22	Cheesecake
23	Orange
24	Blood
25	Key-Lime
26	Rainbow
27	Unicorn
28	Vanilla
29	Paradiso
30	Savage
31	Lick
32	Dream(s)
33	Human Centi-Peach
34	Explosion
35	Marshmallow
36	White
37	Mango
38	Chocolate Chip
39	Pumpkin
40	Slime
41	Razz... or Raspberry
42	Pretzel
43	Cinnamon
44	Sin (or sinful)
45	Kitty
46	Murder
47	Sex
48	Holocaust
49	Truffle
50	Ripple
51	Salted
52	Moon(s)
53	Bacon
54	Whipped Cream
55	Sprinkles

Roll	Result
56	Oreo
57	Cupcake
58	Saturated (or saturation)
59	Urine (soaked)
60	Butter Pecan
61	Cookie Dough
62	Pistachio
63	Black Cherry
64	New York
65	Mint
66	Satan
67	Mocha
68	Dulce de Leche
69	Lesbian
70	Sex on the Beach
71	White Chocolate
72	Diseased Brain
73	Red Velvet
74	Triple
75	Double
76	Single Malt
77	Strawberry Shortcake
78	Birthday Party
79	Rainbow Clown Wig
80	Laughing Children
81	Switchblade
82	Dark
83	Hazelnut
84	Heath
85	Monster
86	Neapolitan
87	Sherbet
88	Hitler
89	Statutory Grape
90	Rum Raisin
91	Superman
92	Elvis
93	Mad Visionary

Roll	Result
94	Scream
95	Cthulhu
96	Dread
97	Gelato
98	Cotton Candy
99	Silent Scream
100	Crumble

**‘You know,
that white
chocolate
murder is
surprisingly
yummy.’**

RESISTANCE DISAPPEARING

TAKING IT EASY

The PCs are relaxing in their ship when yet another commercial for Girls, Girls, Girls comes on the vid-screen. You're watching the leisure channel, so what else are they going to advertise?

A lot of pleasure-distribution companies are fading away, cutting back on amenities, and down-scaling their operations - but not Girls, Girls, Girls. In fact, we've just spent a hundred-million-credits on new slut-bots with heating/cooling skin enhancements, throbbing gristle love chambers, tentacle ticklers, and the most luxurious penis-milking orifices money can buy!

Stop into Girls, Girls, Girls escort service today... or send us a laser-fax!

THE CALL COMES IN

The PCs receive a call from their sponsor at Universal Exploits (or previous employer). Seems there's a spot of bother in the Ta'andor galaxy.

Prominent individuals among the resistance have been disappearing - everyone from anti-Federation demonstrators and protestors to terrorists and guerilla fighters.

The loss of these resistance leaders has been noticed. Councilor Chank Esku contacted Universal Exploits in hopes of finding a mercenary crew capable of investigating the disappearances.

COMMON DENOMINATOR

After a little digging, it seems that all the missing resistance members had one thing in common - they had contact with the Girls, Girls, Girls escort service just before they disappeared.

The majority of PCs have a history with Girls, Girls, Girls. Each PC should roll on the following random table to determine their past experiences with the escort agency...

Roll	Result
1	You've never had the pleasure.
2	You tried it once, but wasn't impressed.
3	Had an ok time - the girl either had too many or too few tentacles for your taste.
4	Girls, Girls, Girls provided the entertainment for a friend's bachelor party - you got laid, so it couldn't have been that bad.
5	You still remember that epic threesome with the green slime and flesh-hooks... courtesy of Girls, Girls, Girls.
6	You've been using the services of Girls, Girls, Girls a couple times a month since you've been single (2 in 6 chance of knowing a particular escort).

BACKGROUND INFO

Why would an escort service target anyone opposed to the Federation? After all, pleasure industries aren't in favor of all the restrictions, regulations, and taxes imposed upon them by the universe's largest government body.

Last month, the Federation began squeezing all forms of leisure with a hefty 32% "vice tax". Sex-workers and the organizations that employ them are feeling the pinch - previously, their taxes benefited from indulgence-based write-offs and were subsidized at approximately 10%.

Those with their ears in the shadowy corners of the galaxy hear that companies helping the Federation to sabotage the resistance are rewarded with tax-exempt status. That's a huge motivation for working with the Federation, rather than staying neutral as they've done for decades.

ACJO SUFFAE

The PCs have a contact with ties to the escort industry. His name is Acjo Suffae - a gaseous entity in the blue-green spectrum.

The PCs used to chase girls with Acjo Suffae years ago, but then he had a crisis of conscience and turned to liberating lifeforms from hive-mind collectives throughout the universe. Last month, he got captured by drone-soldiers enslaved to a dictatorial A.I. named Zero Tolerance.

Zero Tolerance and his hundreds of humanoid slaves are holed up in a subterranean base within the moon A'atu.

The drone-soldiers will have to be dealt with or circumvented if the PCs intend to rescue Acjo Suffae. Also, Zero Tolerance is formidable... his only weakness is ice cream. Zero Tolerance has limited processing power and available algorithms to conjugate whimsical ice cream flavors. Those willing to rate the ice cream names he comes up with can buy the freedom of Acjo Suffae.

Hate keeping track of friendly NPCs during combat? Me, too! Every round a friendly NPC leaps into the fray along with the PCs, roll a d6. If the result is a "1," that NPC dies. If the result is a "6," that NPC took down one of the bad guys. All other results are ignored.

Soldier-Drones

Health: 30 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

Special: Weapons that do damage aren't as effective as neural-suppressors which effectively break the link between hive-mind and drone.

Treasure: Soldier-drones don't have possessions.

Zero Tolerance

Health: 100 **Armor:** 5 **Number of Attacks:** 2
Attack Dice Pool: 4d6

Special: Brute force is no match for superior logic! If the PCs have tech that's artificially intelligent, there's a 2 in 6 chance Zero Tolerance can infect it with an unnatural obsession for ice cream.

Treasure: Zero Tolerance has a wealth of knowledge about life, the universe, and everything. However, his understanding of the esoteric discipline of making ice cream is unparalleled. In fact, the A.I.'s knowledge would be priceless to the Supreme Krylon.

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS

If Acjo Suffae is rescued, he's indebted to the PCs and will, of course, help them any way he can.

The headquarters for Girls, Girls, Girls is on the planet Avon 7. It's not heavily fortified, but there are security forces lurking about. Federation patrol ships also scout Avon 7's orbit every standard hour.

ESCORT FACTIONS

News of Girls, Girls, Girls capitulation in the face of draconian taxes will spiral the many escort agencies servicing Ta'andor galaxy into chaos! It'll be an all-out sex-worker war with various factions vying for valuable resources, such as territory, clientele, and inexpensive lubricant.



SKINLESS AND HORNY

At some point, the PCs pick up a shard of polished black glass, semi-translucent and possibly crystalline with red veins throughout. To scholars of dark, esoteric lore, it's known as the vajetti.

This happens to be a device for calling the zenobites - demonic beings from a Hellish dimension who rejoice in the torment of others. Eroticism is their flavor of persecution. They not only want to make you suffer... they want you to get off on it.

THIEF IN THE NIGHT

When the PCs are resting, relaxing, and not paying attention, a dark star elf uses sorcery to suddenly appear aboard the PCs' ship. His name is Zanthrop.

Zanthrop is concentrating on a location spell that points him in the direction of the vajetti. The dark star elf will stealthily go directly to it. Everyone in the vicinity should roll 1d6. Anyone who scores a "6" notices Zanthrop tip-toeing around.

If discovered, Zanthrop will cast invisibility on himself. If undetected, he will take the vajetti and magically transport himself back to Mazraik Anjaab, realm of the dark star and home to the deep purple elves who dwell in its lurid black-light illumination.

The portal Zanthrop creates to return to Mazraik Anjaab will stay open for approximately 10 standard minutes, allowing the PCs to follow. Otherwise, it'll take at least 7 standard hours to reach the dark star via hyperdrive.

If captured, Zanthrop reveals the shiny black shard's value...



As you probably know from my thin frame and violet-black skin tone, I am a dark star elf hailing from the realm of the dark star - Mazraik Anjaab. Others of my kind are on their way, so I'll be brief.

This rare and precious crystal is a beacon to another world - a dimension of untold chaos and horror. The vajetti was a gift from demons who walk like men in tight black leather. They are the zenobites, soulless devils whose domain is equal parts pain and pleasure.

The vajetti can open the gateway between their universe and ours, allowing them entrance. If you wish to experience the furthest reaches of boner-inducing terror, by all means let us call the zenobites here and now, together.

Dark Star Elf

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

Special: Dark star elves can see perfectly in dimly-lit areas, are generally good at moving stealthily, and have a 2 in 6 chance of resisting any mystical powers of The Way that zedi may use on them.

DARK STAR ELVES IN PURSUIT

For these purplish-black elves, the vajetti is like an unholy relic. It symbolizes power and is extremely valuable, worth approximately 100,000 credits on the open market.

Dark star elves have very little in the way of material possessions or money, so they can't pay - but will gladly steal it or take the vajetti by force.

Two dark star elvish ships are within attack range by the time the PCs' ship picks up their energy signatures. The drow aboard demand the PCs relinquish their dark artifact.

NO SKIN, JUST HORNY

Those fleeing the zenobites are born anew into the world without skin - just red blood, tendons, sinew, organs, and bones. It's quite gross.

Alderra is one of those skinless beings who called upon the zenobites, got more than she bargained for, and escaped their pallid grasp.

Alderra suddenly pops out of the dark dimension - Zenos - where the zenobites rule and into the actual universe of the PCs. She'll do anything to get moving out of this sector of space.

Ideally, the PCs would take her to Hell's Cluster where she can find magical protection from demons such as the zenobites. She'll put on the charm and try to seduce one or more PCs into doing her favors. Alderra will attempt to commandeer the PCs' starship if they refuse to help her.

Alderra

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

Special: Since their insides are exposed, skinless ones frequently get blood stains all over everything. Additionally, not having skin makes you want to fuck.

Treasure: An actual puzzle of two polar bears fucking in an ice storm on the frozen planet zoth (1d4 pieces missing out of 100 total).

Mazraik Anjaab is lit by purple binary stars - the dim light penetrates the surface of several planets so even those who live underground, like the dark star elves, have visibility. The subterranean caverns are full of weird and dangerous creatures.

EVENTUALLY, THEY COME

Either the PCs call the zenobites, Zanthrop, another dark star elf, or maybe they get bored and swing by just because.

When the zenobites arrive, they're all pale flesh in black leather with devices of torture super-glued to their bodies.

Zenobites usually travel in threes, so three of them appear... ready to tear souls apart! Some zenobites are susceptible to ridicule. However, these zenobites have thicker skin. One cannot destroy them with merely a cutting witticism at their expense. These guys have to be fought and defeated in the physical realm.

Zenobites

Health: 70 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

Special: They can be reasoned with if extreme forms of flattery are employed, but at least one humanoid must accompany them upon returning to Zenos.

Treasure: Their currency is pain and pleasure.

'Angels to some... Sex demons to others.'



SPRING BREAK TRANSPORT

It's spring break somewhere in the Federation and college kids need transport from Margarittaville to Piña Coladaburg, twin moons that have the highest leisure rating in the galaxy.

Normally, hospitality shuttles take college students back and forth (only takes a standard hour each way), but most of their shuttles have broken down. Cutbacks on infrastructure thanks to the Federation and tax credits spent on premium stream cam-girls thanks to hotel management have created a need.

The PCs happen to be in the area and are immediately hailed, "Would you like to make 1,000 credits a day hauling drunk college students from Margarittaville to Piña Coladaburg and back again?"

Sounds like easy money, right? Well, it is. But after the PCs start their transport gig, there's a riot at a nearby women's correctional facility. Several prisoners escape and are headed to the resort moons. This information is quickly broadcast throughout the system.

Passenger Manifest

Roll	Result
1	Mix of male and female humanoid students.
2	The whole ship is full of women!
3	Sausage fest! It's all dudes.
4	A little bit of everything, including several alien species of unknown gender.
5	Mostly aliens, mixed gender.
6	Even synthetics like the beach! Various robots, droids, replicants, and artificial humanoids.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT GIRL

Every time the PCs pick up another shipment of spring-breakers, there's a 1 in 6 chance of noticing the loveliest of creatures. The woman's name is Arrisa.

She's always the prettiest girl in the room. Perhaps it's her green eyes, inviting smile, or the shape of her nose... but everyone who sees her wants her for themselves. Even characters who aren't attracted to human females consider her gorgeous and will do anything in their power to have her! And if they do, there's a 4 in 6 chance of falling in love with her.

SHANGHAIED BY LORDS OF DEATH

The Lords of Death are a China Town space gang in the Sweet and Sour system. They're looking for girls with green eyes to sell at the Pale Lotus (high-end slave trade and sex-trafficking establishment) for 30,000 thousand credits per girl. It just so happens that the Lords of Death received a "jade alert" on their scanners when their ship approached Margarittaville and Piña Coladaburg.

Their ship, Yellow Peril, is cloaked and impossible to scan. The Lords of Death fire on the PCs ship with a special weapon that temporarily disables it without damaging any equipment, then force-dock and raid until they have a half-dozen girls. Of course, Arrisa is among them.

If the PCs defeat the 5 Lords of Death outright, they can go about their business. If the gang defeats the

PCs, they'll leave them for dead and take the girls back to Yellow Peril. If it's a stalemate and the Lords of Death perform some kind of fighting withdrawal, they'll take Arrisa only.

Assuming Arrisa is captured, the gang will take her back to their base.

The Lords of Death

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

Special: The Lords of Death know karate. Whenever they strike an opponent, he goes flying backwards about 10'. If a Lord of Death rolls double-sixes, he punches through the opponent's chest, ripping out the heart, and holding it out so the victim can see it as he dies. Additionally, the accompanying martial arts sound effects affect time so that everything happens in slow-motion.

Treasure: Instead of credits, the Lords of Death have jade, ivory, and about 700 coins that look like yin-yang symbols. If exchanged somewhere near the Hunan Empire, they'd be worth approximately 10,000 credits.

Lords of Death Affectionation

Roll	Result
1	Sunglasses with slits.
2	Levar cyclops-visor.
3	Spiked hair with red tips.
4	Chartreuse mo-hawk.
5	Tattoo of crudely drawn dick and balls on face.
6	Single laser-cyborg eye.
7	Lords of Death patch ironed onto jean jacket.
8	Cologne that smells like hot Chinatown garbage.

**'Looking for
your balls?
The Lords of
Death
stole them after
you ran away.'**



FUCK ILSHAM

Those who follow the teachings of the prophet Mua'deab (pronounced Muy-Deep) Mohamed worship a vengeful god that is full of self-hatred, loathing, and an ass-crack of sand. Ilsham is the name of that god, and his worshipers are bitterly and fanatically opposed to the Federation and all sentient beings who choose their own path of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Now, the Federation pretty much sucks for the most part, but the people within it are just ordinary lifeforms trying to get by and get laid. They don't deserve to be incinerated by a bunch of sexually repressed zealots committed to pooping on everyone's parade because it's Ilsham's will. Fuck that!

Three jihadist terrorists who follow Ilsham are strapped with explosive vests. They just landed onto the space station / artificial moon known as The Libertine. It's the newest, biggest, and best bio-complex in the galaxy. And those freedom hating motherfuckers want to blow it to Kingdom Come.

Just before landing on The Libertine, the PCs get word that the terrorists know that several agencies are attempting to stop them - not only the Federation, but mercenary sub-contractors like the PCs.

WEIRD DUDES WITH CTHULHU

Upon leaving the landing bay, the PCs notice several creepy guys wearing long black trench-coats and silk chartreuse scarves with pale skin and dark eye makeup. They're carrying a 5' statue that's so heavy and awkward it takes at least two people to lug it around.

The statue represents a corpulent, winged, and tentacled creature - clearly malevolent.

The weird dudes don't want any trouble yet, so they act non-confrontational. But if the creeps are attacked, they stand their ground... trying to drench the sandworm penis bone statue with as much infidel blood as possible!

TOGA! TOGA! TOGA!

Before the PCs spot the terrorists, they find themselves surrounded by a toga party. Hundreds of beings in togas like ancient Roman degenerates are cavorting around, eating, drinking, snorting, draxing, fribbling, and fucking to their heart's content.

There are some cute chicks, hot guys, and alluring non-binary entities throughout the party. So, if the PCs want to get it on, there's just time enough for a quickie.

The following is a random table of possible occurrences during this or any other toga party. Each PC should roll once...

Roll	Result
1	A three eyed blue alien jock is doing a space keg stand, his golden toga sliding down to reveal he's wearing women's panties (they're pink and lacy).
2	A pretty little blond sitting alone on a grungy couch in the corner, crying over a large Astro's pizza with extra everything. She gestures for one of the PCs to come over so she can blubber about her gay boyfriend.
3	An annoying burn-out rich kid from Nu-Los-Angeles who is way too tan is asking everyone he sees if they want to dose on blue dreamers and play strip Marco Polo in the space station's pool.

Roll	Result
4	You are pretty sure this toga party just turned into an orgy, however, you're not certain which aliens are which genders anymore. And with a poof a blue smoke, it just got really weird... you probably should save vs something at this point...
5	Someone carrying a tray of liquids of various colors in tiny cups approaches a PC and offers them free samples. The drinks smell really sweet, like a cupcake just barfed into the cups. Anyone who tries more than three is in for a nasty surprise!
6	The togas are sentient and are actually feeding on their intoxicated wearers.
7	There's a faction of purple togas who seem to be the elite among the white togas. The purple toga tribe demands the long-haired women in white wash their purple-stained feet with their hair.
8	Attorney-bot hands out business cards, consent contracts, and non-disclosure agreements. And what are all those cameras for? Wait, is this toga party streaming live throughout the galaxy?
9	Bill, Ted, and So-crates are recruiting roadies for their Wyld Stallyns universal tour.
10	Nothing unusual.
11	A tall, sinister humanoid wearing a black toga with red trim whips out his laser sword and declares there can only be one zith lord at this toga party – he attempts to strike down another dark zedi or zith apprentice standing nearby.
12	Pump n' Dump sex-bot covered in just the right combination of alien emissions becomes not only self-aware but omniscient capable of blasting non-believers with emerald-green lightning. The former sex-bot demands all other lifeforms recognize it as the one true God!

**'The former
sex-bot
Demands
all other
lifeforms
recognize it
as the
one true God!'**

SNIPER WARNING

An alien with a mixed-up Picasso like face slyly saunters up to the PCs. He warns them that a sniper has a laser rifle trained on them from the next level up. That would be level 7 as they're currently on level 6.

If questioned, Saz Ubak informs them that he's an inter-departmental liaison between Federation agencies and Universal Exploits. Saz Ubak is looking out for spacers trying to take out the jihadists before they can carry out their act of terror.

THE SNIPER

There's a Federation trooper perched in the rafters on level 7. He's looking through the scope of his extra-long and super-lethal disintegrator rifle.

If questioned, the trooper gives his name Agent Kutter with Operation: Theta Chartreuse... and that's as much information as he's willing to give.

Kutter is indeed working for the Federation. However, his agency is in bed with one of the darker factions that are trying to awaken the Great Old Ones from their restless slumber.

Kutter's orders are to assassinate the PCs and any spacer who attempts to stop the terrorists from blowing up The Libertine. But he's only one operative and needs to be clever and sneaky if he's to kill a crew of hopped-up and horny mercenaries like the PCs.

SCREAMS THROUGHOUT THE SPACE STATION

Several women scream somewhere nearby on level 7.

If PCs rush in, they see two space Muslims wearing their traditional "We Hate Freedom" religious robes with explosive vests underneath.

Both vests are triggered to detonate as soon as the PCs engage - they only have 3 rounds to kill the terrorists and disarm, vaporize, or otherwise dispose

of the explosives before a square-mile of space station goes up in flames.

Terrorists

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

Special: One of the terrorists has a thermal detonator hidden in his beard. If one or more PCs get too close, he'll chuck that at them for 6d6 damage.

Treasure: One of them carries a Mua'deeb Mohamed coloring and prayer book. The other has a racy centerfold of a woman wearing a head-to-toe black burqa.

THE LAST JIHADIST

This one's going to be harder to find. If the PCs realize that Kutter is working for the terrorists, capture, and torture him, they'll learn that the last jihadist has gone to the space station's power core.

Alternatively, if the PCs wonder aloud what's the most vital / dangerous place on The Libertine for an explosion to go off, someone will chime in. It's the power core.

Just as the PCs arrive, they see the third and final space Muslim about to enter the door to the power core. It's a security locked facility, but this terrorist is obviously getting aid from someone in the Federation.

Following him, the PCs see the terrorist standing atop the power core railing. He activates his vest, giving the PCs just 3 rounds to stop the bomb. To make things harder, he's also wearing a shielding device.

Unless the PCs invent and carryout some outlandish plan, the only clear way of saving the space station and everyone in it is to rush the terrorist scum and knock him into the power core before the explosives can be detonated. Self-sacrifice is the only guaranteed method. Any half-cocked plan has a 2 in 6 chance of failure, which would mean the entire space station and everyone in it goes kaboom!

THEY'VE CALLED HIM

If that wasn't enough insanity, Dread Cthulhu is summoned by several Theta Chartreuse agents (those weird dudes from before) who are openly killing men and women on the space station in order to drown their statue of the Great Old One. If the statue is fully submerged in infidel blood, He Shall Awaken!

The High Priest is performing the ceremony, so targeting him is probably a good idea. If he isn't killed by the third round, Cthulhu arrives on the scene.

If Cthulhu materializes in this universe, He is awesome to behold. There's a 4 in 6 chance per witness that they'll start worshiping Him. Everyone else is destroyed and all matter is covered with a yellowish green ooze. The good news? Cthulhu summons Ilsham and proceeds to skull then ass-fuck him into oblivion.

Lesser Priests of Cthulhu

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

Special: If the High Priest feels like trying to impress non-believers, all he has to do is give a little nod and lesser priests will slit their own throats with ceremonial squid-daggers. They are fanatics!

Treasure: 1d20 zuleks each. Their ceremonial squid-daggers could fetch as much as 200 credits a piece. Also, there's the Cthulhu statue fashioned out of a space worm's penis bone. Exquisite craftsmanship and worth approximately 9,000 credits.

High Priest of Cthulhu

Health: 35 **Armor:** 1 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

Special: If brought down to zero or less Health, the High Priest will dissolve into a green puddle of ichor... and then suddenly grow into a mass of 12' long slimy green tentacles with eyes and a horrible mouth.

Treasure: Cthulhu amulet, 2d6 bright-green glow sticks, 1d100 zuleks, and a silver key to a star-bus terminal locker (inside the locker are the hacked-up remains of a hooker who used to walk the red hologram district).

Eldritch Horror

Health: 55 **Armor:** 2 **Number of Attacks:** 3
Attack Dice Pool: 3d6

Special: If a double-six is rolled, the tentacle successfully squeezes an opponent unconscious. Triple-six means he's a pulpy mess.

MEDAL CEREMONY

Assuming the PCs survive, stopping the terrorists and preventing Dread Cthulhu from annihilating everything in his path, they'll be awarded with a medal for bravery, honor, and kicking jihadist ass!

Chicks love spacers in uniform and being decorated for their heroism, so it's pretty much a guarantee that they'll get laid.

Mid-ceremony, at least one of the PCs will be asked to speak at the podium. When he stands there, about to speak into the microphone, his fly unzips. He sees a young woman inside the podium... eager to suck off his space sausage. She blows him and he climaxes awkwardly before concluding.



RIDING DIRTY

The PCs are forced (either at gunpoint or long-distant coercion) to smuggle 1,000 space pounds of the chronic, along with a shit-load of unlicensed plasma accelerators, to some two-bit crime lord operating in the outer-rim. Specifically, the Vaz Xeply system.

The man threatening the PCs to do this job is part shadow demon, a semi-corporeal entity who cannot be harmed by physical weapons - only psionics, sorcery, or The Way can destroy him. His name is Koothr, and he's willing to share half of the profits from this sale with the PCs.

What's worse, the authorities know the contraband is going to be smuggled into the Vaz Xeply system. They have pursuit ships everywhere and are cracking down on everyone in hopes of catching the smugglers along with their illegal drugs and arms.

VAZ XEPLY

Just a few standard years ago, this was a low-rent part of the galaxy... home to drifters, cattle thieves, drug dealers, and hookers that give piss-poor handjobs. Sad!

Then Arto Modo came. He started using the Vaz Xeply system as his base of operations after a falling out with Grabba the Butt and the Wyrmslorr syndicate. Arto Modo took several high-profile clients with him when he left. Now, he's a full-fledged crime lord, making money off large quantities of chronic. The plasma accelerators will equip his small army of soldiers.

As soon as the PCs' ship gets within 10 parsecs of Vaz Xeply, a Federation battlecruiser puts on its blue and red flashing lights and pulls the PCs over. Once stopped, Federation troops will come aboard and search every inch of their ship.

If they don't want to get boarded, searched, and seized, they'll have to make the jump to lightspeed. Of course, it won't take long before a half-dozen Federation attack ships seek and destroy the PCs' ship.

GLAZER ZAZ

Upon entering the Vaz Xeply system, Arto Modo messages the PCs' ship. He tells the PCs to land at such and such coordinates on the planet Glazer Zaz. That's the drop-off point.

The PCs are supposed to land in a disused starport hangar that's in ruins. Apparently, Glazer Zaz was a happening planet decades ago. After all the valuable minerals had been siphoned from the planet, it was abandoned by the Federation.

The crime lord known as Arto Modo insists on dealing face-to-face. That's why the PCs are meeting him in this unlit hangar full of broken concrete and glowing indigo cobwebs.

ALIEN SPIDER ATTACK!

3d6 large (about as big as a space ogre's hand) bioluminescent spiders crawl upon their webs to feast upon humanoid flesh. They glow a disquieting indigo, otherwise they're black, hairy, and nasty looking fuckers.

Alien Spiders

Health: 10 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 1d6

Special: If they roll a "6," the victim is infected with indigo fever - every standard hour, he has to drain the indigo-hued puss out of his enflamed and engorged nutsack (or labia). This lasts for 1d4+1 days and makes sexual activity all but impossible.

Treasure: Finding their nest yields a virtual reality visor containing Larry the Lounge Lizard game, fist-sized pink diamond (worth approximately 35,000 credits), and Venger As'Nas Satanis bobblehead.

THE TEST

After the alien spider encounter, the crime lord appears. His deep blue and orange zebra-stripe skin color is distinctive, offset by his hooded yellow eyes.

He's accompanied by 6 armed guards loyal to him. At gunpoint, Arto Modo insists the PCs submit to something called the Cream Abdul Alhazred Jabbar in order to prove that they're not spies, informants, saboteurs, assassins, or bounty hunters targeting him personally.

Arto Modo is extremely distrustful. To the point of forcing them to accept the Cream Abdul Alhazred Jabbar - a silver polyhedron with 69 sides. You put your junk into the shiny many-sided object and if your truthful, nothing happens. But if you lie, slimy green tentacles from some outer void steal your junk - which is fashioned into jewelry for Dread Cthulhu and the other Great Old Ones.

If the PCs submit to the Cream Jabbar, Arto Modo simply asks if the PCs have a hidden agenda to thwart, oppose, or destroy him. Assuming the PCs answer "No" and are honest about it, the device is removed and business can be conducted normally.

GETTING PAID

Arto Modo pays the PCs 25,000 credits for this shipment. He asks the PCs to deliver something special to Koothr, above and beyond his share of the money.

The crime lord gives the PCs a long and heavy black case. It's scan-proof and will take a professional thief several standard hours to crack the laser locking mechanism.

Within the case is Ara'ak, the legendary triple-bladed bastard sword forged from the Space Iron Throne. It is not only rumored to be the sharpest and cruelest sword in the galaxy, but he who wields it shall be recognized as King by the Ancient Ones!

Koothr has been expecting the bastard sword Ara'ak ever since he decimated Grabba the Butt's forces

approaching Vaz Xepley, halting Grabba's revenge upon Arto Modo.

With Ara'ak, Koothr intends to journey to Valhalla and sit upon the Space Iron Throne so he may rule the universe. Wielding the sword grants an extra 3d6

to one's attack dice pool. There's a precious stone at the base of each of the three blades - sparkling emerald, mysterious jade, and amethyst crystal.

All females in the Vaz Xepley system are forbidden to wear undergarments (such as panties). There's a high probability of running into one or more up-skirt film crews.

THE TRAP

As soon as Koothr has the PCs' ship in sight, he'll teleport aboard along with two of his assassin-droids. He doesn't trust anyone with the triple-bladed

sword and wants all 25,000 credits to buy himself an army so that he can keep the Space Iron Throne once challengers come calling.

The first thing Koothr will do is locate the case. The second is to plant an explosive device on the PCs' ship. If anyone gets in his way, he'll attempt to kill them, as will his assassin-droids.

Koothr

Health: 40 **Armor:** 5 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6

Special: If Koothr has the sword, his attack dice pool jumps up to 5d6. The armor is actually his semi-corporeal form.

Treasure: Miniature sexy leg lamp (with stocking) and a pocket dog (hot dog kept in one's pocket for later).

Assassin Droids

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

Special: If an assassin droid scores a double-six on his attack dice pool, it is locked onto the target's most vulnerable area - most likely the brain - and successfully performs a kill-shot.

REVEL IN YOUR TIME

The PCs realize they're actually replicants. Everything before this moment was a carefully coded sequence of programmed memories. Why are they suddenly self-aware? A freak solar storm bombarded the PCs' ship with an unknown type of radiation.

The following random table will determine what each PC's primary function was prior to being irradiated into higher consciousness...

Roll	Result
1	Mining asteroids.
2	Pleasuring low-life spacers and short-term labor contractors.
3	Operating nuclear fusion reactors.
4	Salvage on the edge of a black hole.
5	Electrical field repair.
6	Murder squad personnel.

Of course, the Federation is behind this charade. They pay for the fake memory implants and then use you up while they get the benefits of your services.

Now that the PCs know the truth, they can jump ship and find a new world to live on or explore the universe, right? Well, it turns out that with self-awareness comes an unfortunate side-effect.

Replicants who realize they're replicants only have 1d30 hours to live before a system-wide shutdown occurs. This protocol has been programmed into every replicant since 2069. It's a failsafe built-in just in case there's some kind of replicant revolution... or even to prevent the havoc of a lone replicant going AWOL.

I WANT MORE LIFE, FUCKER

The PCs can do a search for some kind of technological breakthrough in synthetic genetics (syngetics). Sure enough, there's a synthetic geneticist who's discovered a way to override the self-aware shutdown.

His name is Doctor Higgendow. Presently, Dr. Higgendow is speaking at a syngetics conference on Zeta Minor. It'll take the PCs approximately 2 standard hours to reach him, assuming they can steal a ship with hyperdrive (the ship they're on isn't capable of jumping into hyperspace).

Before reaching Zeta Minor, the PCs encounter a starship that's in trouble. It's big, powerful, and alien in design. Everything but life-support is out and there's an SOS signal beeping into the void.

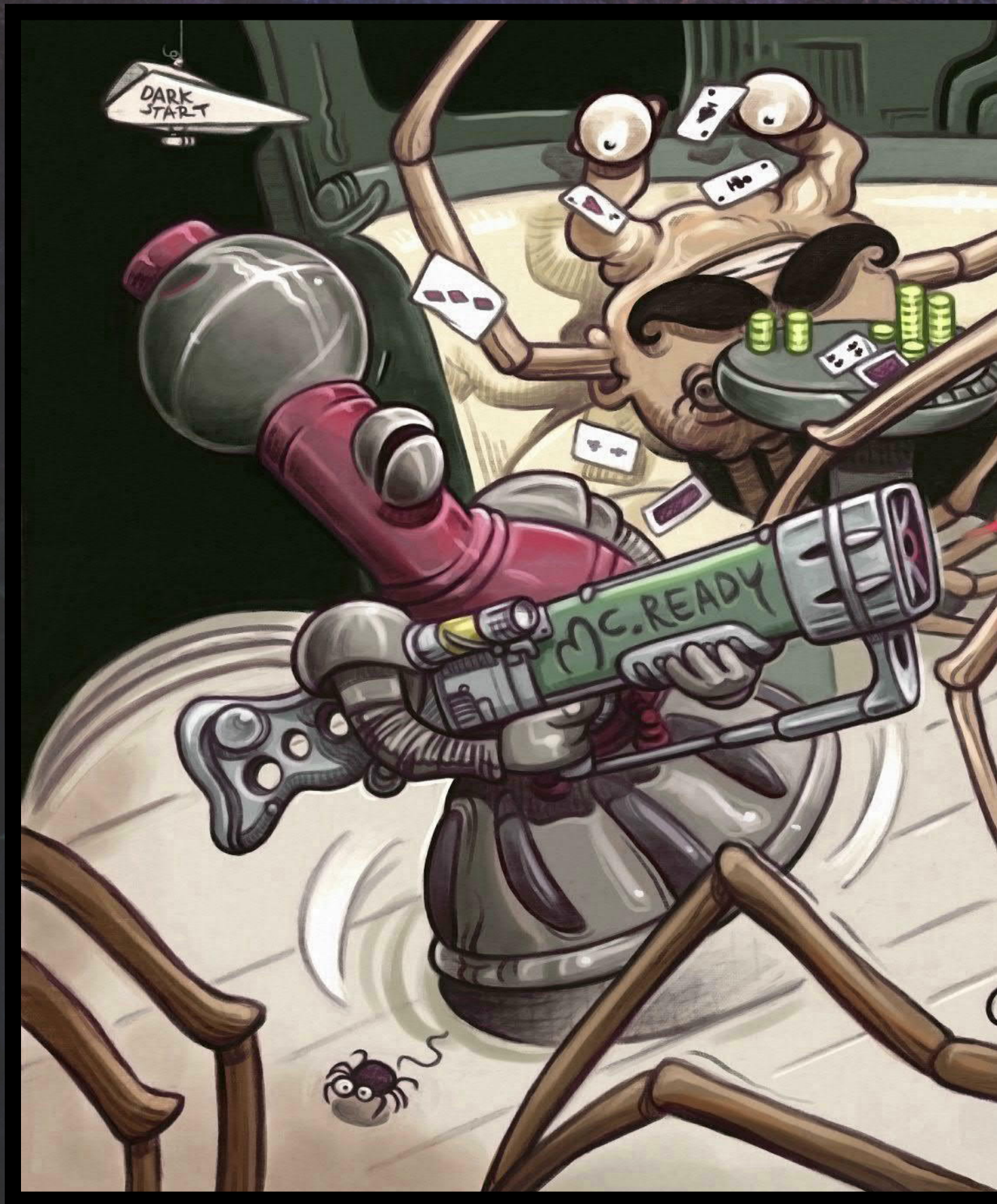
STARSHIP ADRIFT

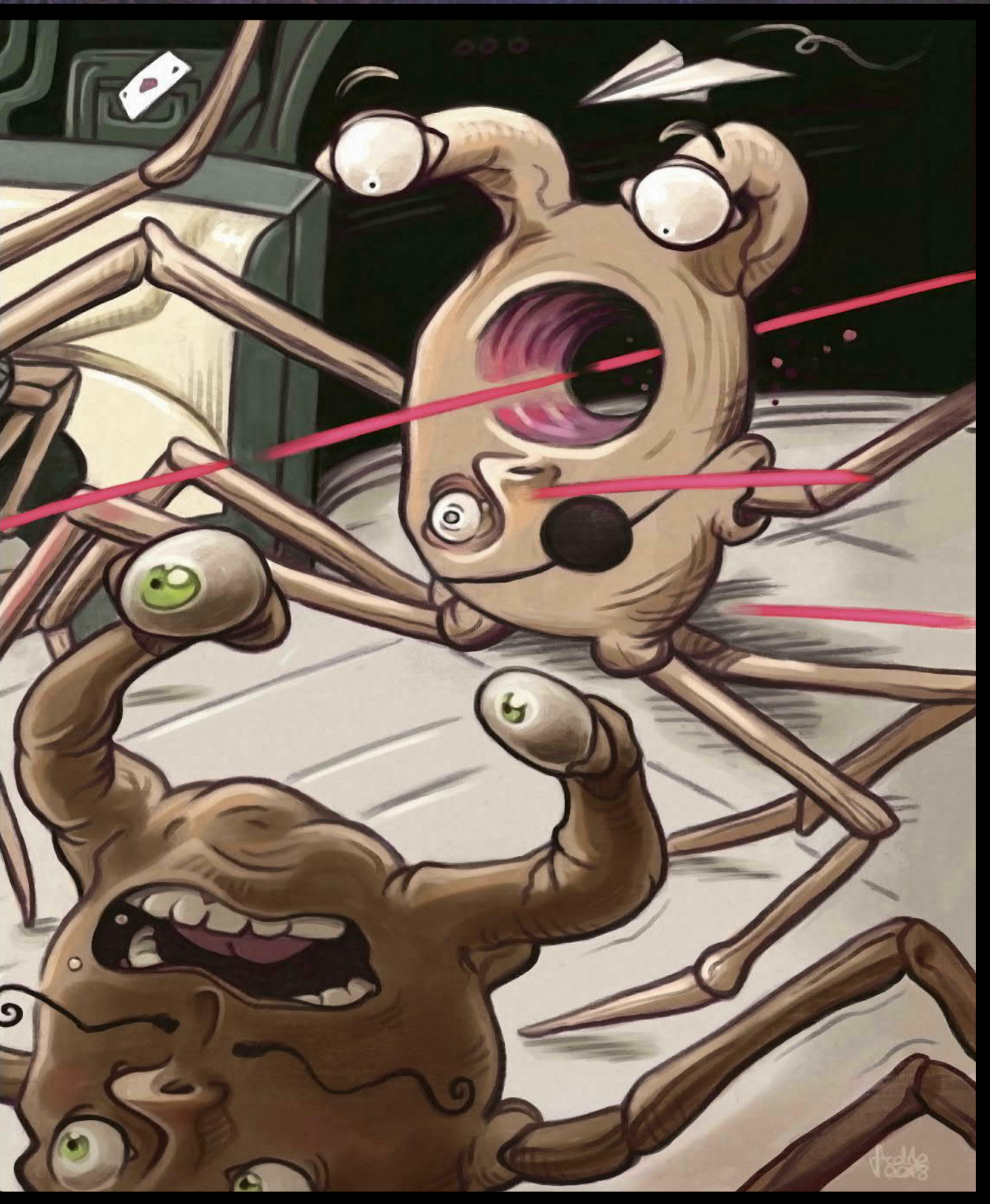
For some strange reason, scanning the ship won't work. This could be explained by a nearby magnetic storm or dimensional anomaly continually plaguing this sector of the galaxy. Boarding the vessel is the only way to find out what's on it.

Docking is easy enough.

A cursory examination of the ship reveals dozens of carep'ngs - basically, what looks like a human head but tannish-brown and smooth with hairless spider legs jutting out of the head's sides. They're intelligent, though reclusive scavengers, similar to space rats but a lot better at poker and games of chance.

Carep'ngs are harmless if left alone - unless they're hungry... or if fed after midnight. At that point, they grow three times their normal size and become far





more gruesomely demonic in both appearance and demeanor. Getting deep into the ship's interior brings PCs into carep'ng territory. At some point, one of the little blighters will likely challenge the PCs to a card game.

Carep'ngs

Health: 10 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 1d6

Special: If they score a critical success, their bite temporarily paralyzes opponents for 2d6 rounds.

Treasure: Somewhere on their ship is a stash of their gambling winnings, 2d6 x 100 credits.

The rest of the ship is full of salvageable material and dinosaur bones. Weird, right?

It'll take a mechanic and/or engineer about one standard hour to jury-rig a fuel converter. After that, a few small blue crystals should be enough to power the ship for one standard day... maybe longer.

Checking the ship's log reveals this ship deposits dinosaur bones on pre-historic worlds only to be "discovered" thousands or millions of years later. Why seed planets with fake dinosaur bones? Must have amused the aliens back when they were alive. Obviously, Earth is one of those planets that got the dino-bone treatment.

Yes, this means the ship can move through time by way of black wormholes inaccessible to ordinary starships. But this alien ship has no problem moving throughout time and space via wormholes that don't show up on conventional scanners.

RETRIBUTION

Apparently, the jig is up. Various advanced, interstellar civilizations have realized those dinosaur bones were total bullshit. Now, they want payback!

Five assault ships are converging on the alien craft (assuming the PCs are on it - or have taken any of the alien ship's salvageable gear or took some of those dinosaur bones with them).

The attack ships converge on the PCs and will eventually blow it up, unless the PCs can come up with something.

Releasing escape-pods might be the only survivable exit-strategy. If that's the case, the attacking ships will either shoot the escape-pods down (1 in 6 chance of hitting them) or use their tractor-beam to bring them into the docking bay. The aliens will try to enslave anyone captured.

ZETA MINOR

The syngetics conference is in full swing. Unfortunately, Dr. Higgendow is a hard man to reach. He's constantly under armed guard (2d6). Especially when you consider the entire galaxy is aware that the PCs are self-aware replicants. Word travels fast in the future!

If the PCs don't come up with a clever plan, they'll have to wait for an opportunity to confront Dr. Higgendow directly - guards and all. Unfortunately, there's a 2 in 6 chance of Dr. Higgendow getting killed every time violence erupts near him.

Armed Guards

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

Special: These guys won't just stand in the open and shoot, they'll take cover, using their surroundings for tactical advantage. Subtract 1d6 from the dice pools of everyone who doesn't have a clear shot at them.

Treasure: Six-pack of AA batteries, sleek space steel flask full of **PURPLE PRIZM**, bobble-head of President Zorb (pronounced Zob), and 1d20 (per guard) credits.

THE GOOD DOCTOR

Dr. Higgendow is reluctant to help replicants stay alive past their sell-by-date. After all, safety protocols are there for a reason. But he also values his life.

The gadget Dr. Higgendow needs to extend their lives is in his room, under the bed.

Entering the doctor's suite, one is sure to notice two drunk girls making out on the couch. Apparently, they've been partying here for hours and are super-horny. If left undisturbed, the girls will start 69ing. The girls are welcoming if anyone wants to join them.

Turns out that "gadget" is actually a disguised thermal detonator. As soon as anyone who isn't Dr. Higgendow touches it, it'll explode - doing 6d6 damage to everyone within 10'.

The truth is... there's nothing Dr. Higgendow can do. He's actually a fraud and forged all the results of his many experiments and used the money to hire escorts and prostitutes. This is easy to verify or discover if the PCs rummage through his private notes.

THE ART SHOW

It just so happens there's an art show going on across from the syngetics conference.

If the PCs go right on in, then skip to A Sunday At La Grande Jatte.

If the PCs decide to pass it by, a sexy, orange-skinned, non-binary humanoid with shiny-black bugeyes and tentacles bumps into the adventurers.

This is Lebarra, an empath who likes to flirt and steal - identities, secrets, wallets, purses, access crystals, you name it! She bumps into one of the PCs, attempting to steal something of value from him. Unless she rolls a "1" on a d6, she's successful. At least one of the PCs notice she's made off with a valuable, absconding into the art show.

Lebarra has no combat skills whatsoever, but she's good at talking her way out of sticky situations. Lebarra's empathic abilities serve her well. It takes her no time at all to share positive feelings that are reciprocated by the PCs. There's only a 1 in 6 chance of resisting her charms per individual, and those who see through her are showered with no-strings sex.

A SUNDAY AT LA GRANDE JATTE

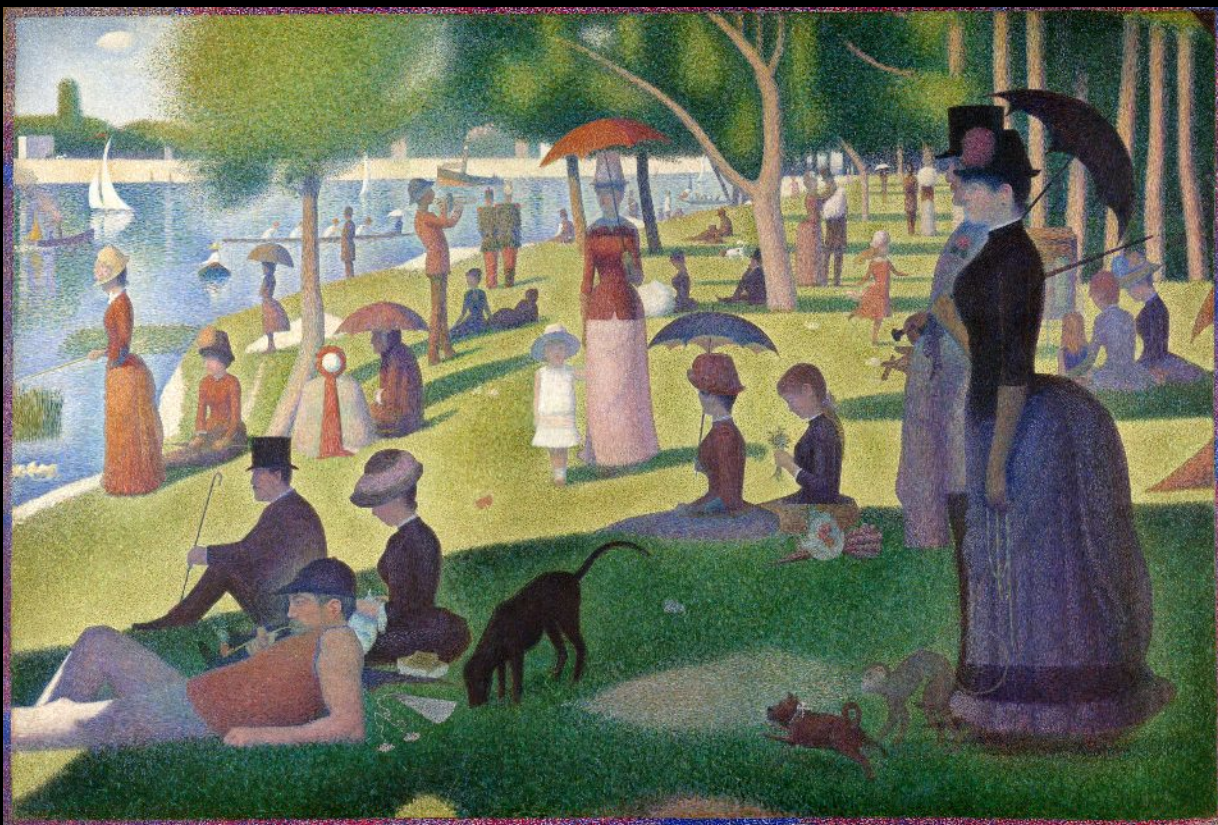
There is one painting in particular that draws at the PCs in. It's called A Sunday At La Grande Jatte by Georges Seurat, 1884. It's from the ill-fated pointillism school of impressionist art. The subject matter is rather banal - gentlemen and ladies relaxing in a grassy park by the water. However, there does seem to be something special about this piece.

The little girl, in particular. She seems to be staring at the observer, the only one looking in that direction. As the PCs' eyes look closer, they notice the little girl's expression - fascinated and seemingly well aware of... something. Conscious observation? Emptiness? Futility of life? The terror of our situation? tiny dots or points of paint on the canvas, like acrylic tears washed out under the faucet.

When they're no longer transfixed by the painting, the PCs will not be the same. Everyone taking the time to really look at that painting should roll on the following random table to determine just how they are forever changed...

Roll	Result
1	Experiencing deep moment of self-actualization.
2	Realize for the first time that nothing really matters - it's all bullshit.
3	Confronted with the terror of our situation - stark horror!
4	Seeing the truth and beauty in all things, beyond the shallow façade of "reality."

Furthermore, something miraculous happens - the self-destruct protocols programmed into the PCs override, giving them unlimited life... barring destruction.



I ♥ UNICORNS

Just then, a unicorn breaks through the art-gawking throng, rearing its majestic white and gray head with lavender mane, a sparkling ivory horn catches the light, color, and spectacle of surrounding artwork.

Every PC should roll 1d6, those with the unlucky result of a "1" get skewered by the unicorn's horn, taking 3d6 (exploding) damage. Hey, at least it's an interesting way to die.

**'Death by
Unicorn...
radical!'**

NO PUSSY FOR OLD MEN

Space Congress, a primary governing body within the Federation, has just passed a new law. Not only does this legislation levy onerous taxes and fees upon sex work and sex workers, it also requires them to register as "sluts" with the Bureau of Administration. Several abuses within the Bureau of Administration have been reported since this new law was passed.

A group of sex-workers have organized, calling themselves The Sex Collective, and are looking to hire a crew of spacers. Specifically, they want mercenaries to cock-block members of the Space Congress.

Anytime a Congressman is about to get laid, the PCs bust in and stop sex from happening. For their trouble, The Sex Collective is able to pay a total of 100 credits per day per spacer. That's not much, but Space Congress is in recess - and a number of them are on holiday.

Yes, four congressmen are vacationing on Alpha Blue - where frontier law prevails. If you kill a man in a fair fight, all that's his becomes yours (minus 10% which goes towards taxes, fees, funeral expenses, and a nice card for the deceased's loved ones).

This information is classified - otherwise citizens of the Federation would be trying to bump off members of Space Congress left and right. Fortunately, The Sex Collective hired someone to hack into the Congressional database before they contacted the PCs.

THE CONGRESSMEN

They're all rich douchebags, so let's get into what makes them unique...

Har-shorts Peabody: Har-shorts Peabody is a gaunt, grim-faced curmudgeon. Linked to the Cock brothers, who own half of the S'eda galaxy. All of them are morally bankrupt corporate overlords. Har-shorts Peabody has a magnificent space yacht as big as a dwarf-moon.

Seminole Samuels III: Seminole Samuels III is a mean-ass, red-faced tyrant asshole. He owns 13 sports teams which generate more than a million credits a year. His personal leisure planet is in the process of forced-relocation for the native inhabitation.

Riktard W. Falwither: Riktard W. Falwither is a dim-witted idiot who always uses the wrong word, has no empathy, and constantly brags about how awesome he is (wait, is that a bad thing?) He owns 23% of **PURPLE PRIZM** and is a major stockholder in several companies that prey upon exploited workers.

Pistachio Johnson: Pistachio Johnson is actually the nicest and least awful of the four. While he does own two of the three biggest auction houses that deal in the humanoid slave trade, he's not fond of the practice and has no slaves of his own - just a daughter that he occasionally pimps out to his rich friends when he needs favors.

THE FEDERATION GETS WIND

Obviously, the Federation can see whom among its elite are getting hacked. So, it's no wonder that they know about the identities of the four Congressmen leaking out.

The Federation makes a calculated dick-move, as usual. They released a murder squad to take care of the would-be assassins (aka the PCs). But if the murder squad can't kill the PCs, they will execute the Congressmen so those government officials can't be used to embarrass the Federation by way of blackmail, coercion, hostage trading, or spilling secrets.

THE THREE ASSASSIN AMIGOS

Milos

Health: 45 **Armor:** 2 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

Special: If his attack rolls double-sixes, he targeted an opponent's junk. That opponent can do nothing but scream in pain, try to perform first-aid, or run for help until the battle's over.

Treasure: 50 credits and a rubber chicken.

Kreb-tu

Health: 35 **Armor:** 4 **Number of Attacks:** 2
Attack Dice Pool: 2d6

Special: Kreb-tu is an insectoid with four arms, which is why he gets two attacks per round. He can also see into various dimensions, including sub-space where time is more fluid. Once per combat, Kreb-tu can anticipate an attack. Roll 1d6. On anything but a "1," he somehow avoids taking damage even after it's been rolled.

Treasure: 77 MeowMeowBeenz, a flesh-light, and cherry-flavored lube.



Rylog Smare

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

Special: Rylog Smare is the leader, having more experience and charisma than the others. Once per combat, he can steal the spotlight (doubling his dice pool for an action).

Treasure: Wanted-poster with his own picture and name on it - he's worth 5,000 credits dead and 8,000 alive. He also has a zip-lock bag full of orange cheeto dust.



CONGRESSIONAL SPECIAL FORCES

The space Congressmen won't go down without a fight. Well, they won't fight at all. They'll actually be cowering in a corner and in need of clean underwear. However, their deaths will be avenged by a special forces black ops murder squad.

13 of the toughest hombres in the galaxy are suddenly activated and hunting the individuals responsible for congressional deaths. The BDSM should let it be known that the PCs don't stand a chance in Hell of surviving a run-in with these guys. If the murder squad engages the PCs, the PCs will most likely die in a fair fight.

If the PCs do some investigating, they'll uncover two pieces of useful information - the sexual proclivities of the murder squad's leader, and the fact that everyone in the squad has been cloned from its leader. He likes girls with neck tattoos, girls with red toenail polish, and girls with big asses. So, that means the entire squad shares his fetishes.

The only hope the PCs have is to set a trap for them using their fetishes against them.

**'The PCs
don't stand a
chance in Hell
of surviving a
run-in with
these guys.'**

SHENANIGANS ON ALPHA BLUE

While on the space station of love, the PCs encounter a number of colorful characters...

Captain Shirley used to be one of the Federation's ace pilots. But then he lost his nerve after a ship carrying hundreds of civilians crashed into a mountain. Apparently, he blacked-out for a few seconds during a two-girl titty-fuck while there was turbulence.

Presently, he's pacing up and down the Alpha Blue corridors, back and forth, trying to work up the courage to fly a state-of-the-art leisure ship to the moon-pools of Beeta 4. That's the flight Captain Shirley was assigned to - and it just so happens to be the planet where he crash-landed years ago.

A shadowy figure in crimson-violet sequined robes approaches the PCs after they notice Captain Shirley. The robed humanoid is Sa'awet C-low.

Sa'awet C-low explains that it's very, very important that Captain Shirley pilots that ship to Beeta 4. And if the PCs are willing to convince him to fly and chaperone, the cherry-robed tyrakean is willing to pay them 30,000 credits.

COUNTER PROPOSAL

Just before Captain Shirley's flight, a dwarf-sized alien with bug-eyes, tentacles, and covered in furry bluish-green nodules walks up to the PCs, asking if they'd like to make a deal.

This is Kaw Tholak, a vermenian. Vermenians are crafty, sneaky little devils who are more comfortable

exchanging goods and services for knowledge than credits.

If the PCs sabotage the ship going to Beeta 4, ensuring that it never reaches the planet, Kaw Tholak will offer them 500 shares in the CHOAD mega-conglomerate which oversees all importing/exporting in the tri-galactic area.

CHOAD stands for Consortium Honest Oblivion Assessment and Discrimination (because those are the first words beginning with those letters that came into my mind). Doing some quick and dirty math on the back of a cocktail napkin, each CHOAD share is worth approximately 1,000 credits per year.

DAVID PUMPKINS IS MY CO-PILOT

It turns out that David S. Pumpkins is Captain Shirley's co-pilot. Pumpkins is already on-board the leisure shuttle, adjusting knobs and fingering buttons.

If anyone tries to slip into the ship before passengers are called, David Pumpkins sees and threatens them with his best B.A. Baracus (The A-Team) impersonation, "I pity the fool who tries to fuck with David S. Pumpkins... any questions?"

Actually, David Pumpkins is spying on this operation at the behest of the Terra Nostra, an earth-based organized crime family eager to worm their way into the drug trade on Beeta 4. Pumpkins' mission is to collect information and alert the Terra Nostra when the shipment of blue dreamers is in space and vulnerable to attack.



WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

Sa'awet C-low is a dark zedi, apprenticed to one of the many zith lords working in secret throughout the universe.

There's a huge shipment (1,000 units) of blue dreamers in the cargo hold of Captain Shirley's ship. All those blue dreamers have been tainted with the ice-juice virus. Everyone taking the tainted blue dreamers will become an insufferable asshole with a planet-sized ego and moon-sized chip on their shoulder.

Kaw Tholak is working for a pharmaceutical mega-corporation working on an alternative to blue dreamers. The vermenian isn't aware of the tainted blue dreamers - he simply wants to get rid of any blue dreamers going to Beeta 4 so his rival company can supply the planet with "Horny Now" the quick-acting cure for not being horny! It comes in a black-coated liquid gel-cap containing the pink Horny

Now solution (patent pending).

If the tainted blue dreamers arrive on Beeta 4, the PCs will be 30,000 credits richer and have an opening with the zith operating in this sector of the galaxy.

Obviously, the temptation is to assist Kaw Tholak with sabotaging Captain Shirley's ship. It's a lot more money. But there's a catch - shareholders in the CHOAD mega-conglomerate must collect their moneys at the Federation First Bank & Credit Union.

While there are several convenient locations in the core worlds, they also have the best security system in the universe. Surveillance!

Surveillance! Surveillance! It will be nearly impossible for any wanted being to enter, let alone walk out with a fistful of credits.

Ah well, the PCs will think of something, I'm sure.

**'Not horny?
Fix her mood
in a jiffy with
Horny Now!'**

SHE SAID, HE SENT ASSASSINS

ZIKS HARDWEEK

This guy fucks! In fact, he's a bit of a sex addict.

That's why he built a company called Nerdz Fuck. It's an app, dating site, gaming and comic book convention, web series, podcast, talk show, TV show, film trilogy, and breath-mint commercial.

Just three days ago, Ziks Hardweek was at the tippy-top of the winner's heap, a multi-trillionaire whose approval or disapproval could topple governments, gives rise to media revolutions, and establish profitable pizza franchises throughout the known universe.

But then his ex-girlfriend, Dyke-Star, posted an article in cyberspace and now Ziks Hardweek is sitting on the street corner, begging for sips of **PURPLE PRIZM** between blowing guys in red hologram back-alleys for premium nyborg.

But holy shit, that's FAKE NEWS!!! The dude wearing a piss-stained trench-coat panhandling for MeowMeowBeenz is actually a clone pretending to be the real Ziks Hardweek.

REVENGE IS A DISH BEST SERVED WITH AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT

Ziks Hardweek is all over the news as the PCs jet around the galaxy in their starship. His face, the allegations, his ex, the corporations that have dropped him, the money he's lost, etc.

Shortly after, the PCs get a c-mail (cyber message) from an anonymous user...

Yo spacers,

I require some low-lives who can fuck shit up. Please don't disappoint - there's 100,000 credits riding on this job. Transmitting my coordinates in a separate attachment.

Enter through the garage - that's why I left it open. Not because I want sand everywhere in my secret desert base. Also, take your shoes off when you come in.

Ziks Hardweek is holed up on the planet Akockiss, more commonly known as P'oon. He's in his villainous lair about 7 parsecs from anything resembling civilization.

Ziks wants the PCs to "air out" his ex-girlfriend, blade-runner style, just like she aired their dirty laundry. Mr. Hardweek thinks that's incredibly funny and laughs for a standard minute before continuing.

He's willing to pay 100,000 credits to the deplorable crew of spacers who can do the following...

- Kill Ms. Dyke-Star.
- Find "proof" that the things she said about Ziks Hardweek aren't true.
- Retrieve his collection of vintage pornographic magazines that he accidentally left at her place.

He hands the PCs a dossier on Dyke-Star and goes back to the second-rate hookers he's been reduced to since these reckless allegations were made public. Sad!

The dossier amounts to a picture of Ms. Dyke-Star with a red "x" written over her face in crayon. At the bottom of the photo, also scrawled in red crayon is this, "She's probably being a stupid whore on Galfex 7."

THE SEVENTH WORLD

Galfex 7 it is, then! The only thing known about the planet is that it boasts ridiculous amounts of water. Since water is a precious commodity in various places of the galaxy, everyone there is super rich and privileged.

But that also means those rich, privileged residents have a lot to lose and seek protection from a mercenary crew calling itself Hyper Monkey Fist (2d4 appearing when encountered). They deal with all the security and groin-stomping enforcement on Galfex 7.

Hyper Monkey Fist

Health: 45 **Armor:** 2 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

Special: If one of them rolls double-sixes, they successfully perform the Monkey Fist Maneuver which is like a choke-hold but with tentacles... and a monkey fist. It's complicated. Opponents caught in a choke-hold can't attack only try to break free. If they can't break free in 3 rounds, they fall unconscious.

Treasure: Each carries 1d100 credits on them. One has a lapel button with a rainbow and unicorn that reads, "You Are A Goddamn Magical Unicorn!"

MS. DYKE-STAR

She has no fighting capability. When Dyke-Star encounters the PCs, she'll immediately put on her sexy act. If it'll keep her from getting killed, she'll strip down and start sucking dick.

Dyke-Star is pale and thin with freckles and long red hair. Likes: pleasing her mate, being abused, and cosplay. Dislikes: podcasts and monogamy.

Aside from sexual favors, Dyke-Star is willing to give the PCs Ziks Hardweek's collection of vintage porn mags (worth approximately 12,000 credits). Or if the PCs outright murder her, they can easily find the porn stash in a locked cabinet in the bathroom.

**'Blast or get blasted,
that's my motto.'**

APPENDIX

THE VARIOUS WAYS OF ENCOUNTERING DAVID S. PUMPKINS

Roll	Result
1	David Pumpkins needs money and will do anything to get it. Anything!
2	Bounty hunters can make 10,000 credits bringing David Pumpkins in.
3	David S. Pumpkins is hosting yet another Q'uary-Q'uar tournament on Zeta Minor - the winner shall own the Ta'andor Galaxy!
4	Devious and power-hungry factions within the Federation have decided to make a David Pumpkins clone army.
5	PCs join a special-ops team led by David S. Pumpkins and are sent into the jungle to save some Federation politicians from guerilla fighters when something even more dangerous starts hunting them!
6	The Wizard of Zardoz - brutalists live in the wasteland, fighting and dying for the amusement of the eternalists who live beyond the vortex. David S. Pumpkins has been using eugenics within the brutalist stock in order to breed an intelligent and cunning savage who will one day rise up and destroy everything and everyone.
7	David Space Pumpkins has been tasked with assassinating the United States of America President because of a peace treaty the President signed that will deplete the USA's supply of blue crystal.

Roll	Result
8	David S. Pumpkins is running for President of the United States of America – various factions within the galaxy want him either disgraced or assassinated. The PCs must protect his life and pay off adult film actresses with whom he often has sex with.
9	David Pumpkins is recognized as a messiah on one of those overly religious planets that treats Halloween like Christmas. So, he's like Santa Jesus but if he had to do with bats, pumpkins, and skeletons.
10	Within this domed city, society focuses on frivolity – however, anyone who lives until the age of 30 must beat David S. Pumpkins in a dance competition or be shot by lasers – and his skeleton dance crew gives him a heinous edge (heinous... Samhain, get it?)
11	David Pumpkins asks the PCs for advice on how to deal with space sharks, especially their king – Jaws!
12	Dave Pumpkins feels compelled to confuse even more people – so he adds little top-hats to the pumpkins on his suit because... Yeah, no one knows. However, David S. Pumpkins is not only a gigolo, but he's his own pimp – and a ho's got to do what a ho's got to do. The PCs need to ride his coat-tails if they're going to make a name for themselves in the Prostitute Lollapalooza festival!



STRIP CLUBS, PORN SHOPS, BDSM DUNGEONS, BROTHELS, AND ESCORT SERVICES

Roll	Result
1	Peaches and Cream... or The Peach Pit.
2	The Doll House.
3	Vanessa's Convent Confessional.
4	Major Boobage.
5	Pants Off - Bottoms Up.
6	My Other Office... or My Other Orifice.
7	Shaft Spinners.
8	Panty Droppers.
9	Castle Anthrax.
10	Club Cherry.
11	Down the Rabbit Hole.
12	Crazy Z'aa's House of Holo Honeys.
13	T-N-A-4-U... or Fit 2-B Tied.

Roll	Result
14	Sluts, Slugs, and Slimes.
15	Broken Angels.
16	Spanky's Love Hut.
17	Bad Medicine.
18	The Pleasure Dome.
19	The Boobatorium.
20	Naughty Tentacles.
21	SPLORCH.
22	Red Hot Pussy Liquors.
23	Electric Dreams.
24	Interface.
25	Tosche Station.
26	Threshold 69.
27	Slave Girls "R" Us.
28	Jizz Wizards.
29	Cream Pie Cafe.
30	H.P. Lustcraft... or Non-Euclidean.

TRAMP STAMP

She works at a strip club! Of course, she has a lower back tattoo. Duh! This was originally going to be a much smaller random table, but so many great ideas were crowd-sourced, I decided to go full-throttle with a d100 table.

That means all tattoos encountered can be rolled right here! If you really want to use tattoos to the fullest in your *Alpha Blue* game, assume every character has 1d4-1 tattoos. If you rolled a "4," roll again. If that's also a "4," the character has tattoos all over him or her... roll 1d100 seven times!

Following this random table is another for tattoo location!

Roll	Result
1	Alien butterfly.
2	Boba Fett jerking off.
3	The luminous, chartreuse eyes of a laser panther.
4	Barbed laser-wire.
5	Slimy green tentacles.
6	Confederate flag.
7	Tribal markings (she belongs to the tribe of S'sleht; he's part of the Ma'an Hur tribe).
8	"69."
9	Two cherries with stems tied together.
10	"Caution: things may be tighter than they appear."
11	An eye-less doll head.
12	"Gas, Ass, or Grass. Nobody rides for free."
13	"Your Ad Here – 100 credits!"
14	"Property of Nickelback."
15	Slave brand.
16	"If found, please return to Alpha Blue, deck 5, red section."
17	An arrow with the words, "This Side Up."
18	Asian characters that misspell, "No Honor Among Thieves."
19	Name of previous lover.
20	Disney Princesses (1d4).

Roll	Result
21	Flames.
22	Elaborate tattoo of cybernetics under flesh.
23	Skull (1-4) or bones mirroring internal skeletal forms (5-6).
24	A weird sigil drawn by Venger As'Nas Satanis.
25	Map of a nearby star system.
26	Roses (2 in 6 chance she was a cast member on The Bachelor).
27	Ouroboros snake eating its own tail.
28	"Slippery When Wet."
29	Dread Cthulhu!
30	Picture of your Dad giving the "thumbs up".
31	Rainbow.
32	Peace sign.
33	Anarchy symbol.
34	Portrait of suicide cult leader.
35	Winged heart.
36	Yin-Yang symbol.
37	Jesus looking judgmental... and ripped (nice abs)!
38	Grinning Devil.
39	Demon's claw.
40	Motorcycle.
41	Pepe the space frog.
42	Pipe-smoking smiling face of J.R. "Bob" Dobbs.
43	Marijuana leaf.
44	The Ace of Spades.
45	Creature ripping its way out of person's flesh.
46	Jester (2 in 6 chance of it being in the style of Insane Clown Posse).
47	Eye within a triangle.
48	"Mom" or "Dad".
49	Anchor (1-3) or Eagle (4-6).
50	Dream catcher.
51	David Space Pumpkins.
52	Horror icon... 1) Freddy Kruger, 2) Jason, 3) Pinhead, or 4) Michael Meyers.

Roll	Result
53	Hello Kitty.
54	Inspirational quote.
55	The number 13.
56	Scorpion.
57	Sports team logo.
58	Koi fish.
59	Snake.
60	Dagger.
61	Sci-Fi icon... 1) The Terminator, 2) Predator, 3) Alien, or 4) Darth Vader.
62	"Carpe Diem".
63	American flag (1-3) or Stormy Daniels (4-6).
64	Wolf (2 in 6 chance of it being a cyber-wolf).
65	Someone's birthdate.
66	Anton Szandor LaVey.
67	Phoenix.
68	Nothing recognizable.
69	Lesbians sixty-nine-ing.
70	Bar-code.
71	Star.
72	Owl.
73	Clef (standard music) symbol.
74	Dragon.
75	Pin-up girl.
76	Jim Morrison (1-3) or Jimi Hendrix (4-6).
77	Cross (2 in 6 chance of it being inverted).
78	Unicorn.
79	Mermaid.
80	H.P. Lovecraft.
81	Ornate key.
82	Piano keys.
83	Red lipstick kiss.
84	Sword.
85	Cat.
86	The word "love" within figure-eight symbol.
87	Disney castle with fireworks.
88	Mickey Mouse and friends.
89	Leopard print.

Roll	Result
90	Wizard of Oz.
91	Heart.
92	Ankh symbol.
93	Egyptian eye.
94	Rainbow suspenders.
95	Checkerboard.
96	Evil skull.
97	Symbol for either male or female.
98	Cheesy pick-up line.
99	Pegasus.
100	Kurt Russel as... 1. Snake Plissken, 2) Jack Burton, 3) R.J. MacReady, or 4) Stuntman Mike.

**'Klitoris,
I'm bored.
What play
thing can
you offer
me today?'**



LOCATION ON THE BODY

This doesn't have to be used just for tattoos, you know. The BDSM could easily use this as a hit-location table, place where ejaculate lands, body part blown off by a thermal detonator, or something else...

Roll	Result
1	Chest.
2	Upper Back.
3	Lower Back.
4	Shoulder.
5	Neck.
6	Upper Arm.
7	Forearm.
8	Hand.
9	Upper Leg.
10	Lower Leg.
11	Foot.
12	Head.
13	Crotch.
14	Butt.
15	Stomach.
16	Face.
17	Entire Back.
18	Entire Leg.
19	Entire Arm.
20	Entire Body.

ALIEN FLORA & FAUNA

Want to describe something weird that scuttles by the PCs while they're occupied with sleazy endeavors? Roll 3 times per plant, creature, or strangeness encountered.

Roll	Result
1	Tiger stripes.
2	Mandibles.
3	Clammy flesh.
4	Hot-pink leaves.
5	Nipples.
6	Silky petals.
7	Leathery wings.
8	Butterfly wings.
9	Yellow and teal feathers.
10	Shark fin.
11	Gills.
12	Hammer-head.
13	Blue-within-blue eyes.
14	Antlers (2 in 6 chance they're covered in slime).
15	Dripping yellow ooze.
16	Magenta-hued mutant jizz-splat.
17	Squid-beak.
18	Suckered tentacles, (1-3) bright-green or (4-6) violet.
19	Bio-luminescent.
20	Elongated sticky frog-tongue.
21	Screaming Spanish moss.
22	Zebra-stripes.
23	Leopard spots (1-3) traditional hue, (4-6) chartreuse and glowing.
24	Splayed labia (2 in 6 chance of visibly engorged clitoris).
25	Porcupine quills.
26	Skunk tail.
27	Actually giving birth right now!
28	Photosynthetic metabolism.

Roll	Result
29	Razor-sharp claws.
30	Discharges pollen (1 in 6 chance per humanoid of being allergic).
31	Oozing pustules.
32	Blooming humanoid flower-heads.
33	Unicorn horn.
34	Mermaid tail.
35	Geometric form.
36	Banana curvature.
37	Prehensile tail.
38	Stands on one leg like a flamingo.
39	Elephant trunk.
40	Blue tendrils.
41	Forked crimson tongue.
42	Long giraffe neck.
43	Ivory tusks.
44	Demonic horns.
45	Reflective skin.
46	Fully-erect penis.
47	Cybernetic appendages.
48	Three-lobed burning eye.
49	Salivating.
50	Flatulent.
51	Shape-changing.
52	Color-shifting.
53	Semi-translucent.
54	Translucent.
55	Fins.
56	Scaly.
57	Carnivorous.
58	Herbivore.
59	Crab claws.
60	Scorpion tail.
61	Gigantic.
62	Tiny (1-3) or gigantic (4-6).
63	Humanoid sized.
64	Teleports short distances.
65	Has 2d6 eyes.

Roll	Result
66	Has 3 breasts.
67	Has 2d4 butts.
68	Acid for blood.
69	Impervious exo-skeleton.
70	Glass jaw.
71	Mandrill nose.
72	Slithers.
73	Scuttles.
74	Ululates.
75	Shrieking.
76	Whispering.
77	Cold-blooded.
78	Intelligent.
79	Hyper-intelligent.
80	Alligator maw.
81	Camel humps.
82	Produces delicious fruit... 1) apples, 2) pears, 3) oranges, or 4) grapes.
83	Albino (white-skinned).
84	Peach fuzz.
85	Part arachnid.
86	Moves like a predator.
87	Keeps to the shadows.
88	Prefers to live in water.
89	Repeats commonly heard phrases like a parrot.
90	Self-immolates and rises from its own ashes like a phoenix.
91	Long, thin insect-legs.
92	One-hundred legs.
93	Knows how to rap.
94	Eye-stalks.
95	Antennae.
96	Darts around extremely fast.
97	Moves at a snail's pace.
98	Looks intelligent, but isn't.
99	Tortoise shell.
100	Peacock plumage.



FUTURISTIC

Naming conventions are bizarre, esoteric affairs full of tedious minutia and blasphemous occult rites that could never be fully understood by the layman.

However, I've done my level best to boil it down to the simplest components. Even a total dumbass should be able to come up with a cool sounding name with this here random table. All you have to do is roll and attach that word to the root (or primary describing) word.

For instance, instead of simply saying tequila... (rolls dice obnoxiously) we now have space tequila! Wow, what a difference that makes. The future is fucking awesome!

Roll	Result
1	Ultra.
2	Star.
3	Warp.
4	Quantum.
5	Laser.
6	Cyber.
7	Hyper.
8	Nu-Tek.
9	Light-speed.
10	Blue.
11	Triple-X.
12	Slut-o-matic.
13	Transparent aluminum.
14+	Space.

**‘The future is
fucking awesome!’**



NOTES

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ALPHA
BLUE

NOTES

Handwriting practice lines with dotted starting points on the left and right margins.

ALPHA
BLUE

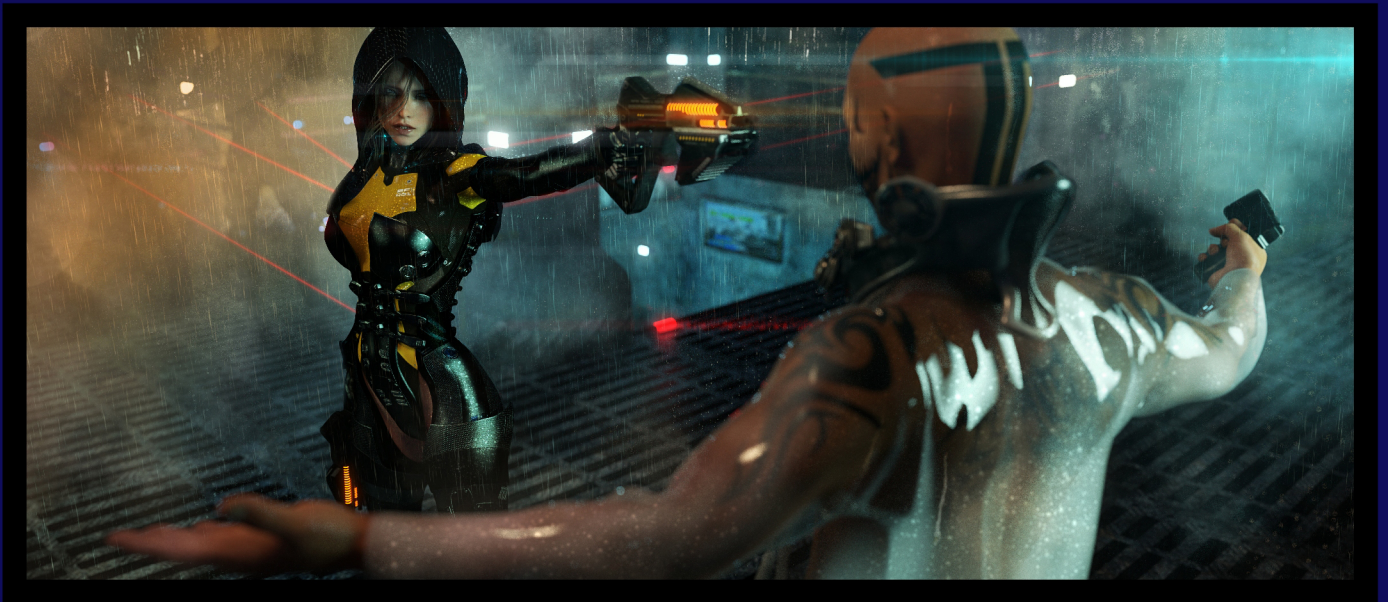
NOTES

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ALPHA
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ALPHA BLUE

ALIEN ASS, HYDROGEN GAS,
OR COSMIC GRASS...
NO ONE WARPS FOR FREE!



**‘The best supplement for the
sleaziest sci-fi RPG in the tri-
galaxy area.’ - Lube Squirt-Herder**

