

HEAVY FUTURE

★ C. FIELD ★ J. PICOL ★ R. WEBB



OGL

3.5 SYSTEM COMPATIBLE



OTHERVERSE
GAMES

Galaxy Command: Heavy Future

Written by Chris A. Field

Cover Illustration by: John Picot

Interior Illustrations by: Anthony Cournoyer, John Picot, J. David Rhodes, Amanda Webb.

Stock Illustrations by: Bradley K. McDevitt, CG Stock Art, The Forge Studios, Jazbee, LPJ Designs Image Portfolio, Rick Hershey and Empty Room Studios, Richard Spake, Sade, Shaman's Stockart, Sphere Productions..

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www.otherversegames.blogspot.com

Fully Compatible with the PFRPG.

Requires the Use of the D20 Modern Core Rulebook, Published by Wizards of the Coast

Is This In Canon?

Heavy Future doesn't directly contradict anything in any other Galaxy Command sourcebook, but radically changes the emphasis and redesigns the costume and visual tropes a little. The main difference between standard Galaxy Command and Heavy Future is emphasis- in bog-standard Galaxy Command, the Command are clearly the good guys. In Heavy Future, The Command are a bunch of prudish assholes. Which interpretation of events you prefer is your own choice, just know that you can use any other Galaxy Command supplements with this sourcebook.

Heavy Future is a **variant campaign guide** for the Galaxy Command campaign setting. By default Galaxy Command is pretty clean; other than the occasional space-bikini, things are kept pretty all ages. Sex is kept off screen, badguys are clearly marked, adventures are action packed without being excessively violent. In short, Galaxy Command is not the setting you'd expect from the author of *Otherverse America* and *Black Tokyo*.

Heavy Future changes all that, overlays the bright and shiny utopia of the 35th Century with a thick layer of late 70s sci-fi sizzle. All of a sudden, sex throbs to the forefront of the story, players visit pleasure moons where they pump alien thugs for information in more ways than one, and the setting's central conflict the war between Galaxy Command and WARSTAR gets dirtier than ever.

Heavy Future is inspired by retro sci-fi stories like *Barbarella*, *Star Crash* and *Heavy Metal*, as well as modern sci-fi stories in the same vein, like Brian K. Vaughn's *Saga* and *Machinations of the Space Princess*. Expect kinky and endearingly bizarre aliens, sexy space pirates, strange new monsters, quirky new powers and some of the most bizarre, deadly and tantalizing forbidden weapons in the whole strange galaxy!

Running the Heavy Galaxy

What's different about a Heavy Galaxy campaign, opposed to a more traditional Galaxy Command campaign? Mostly tone and attitude, though some of the players get skewed around and some new props enter the campaign. Heavy Future is all about sex, drugs, and some really, really freaky blasters. Some tropes to keep in mind for a Heavy Future campaign.

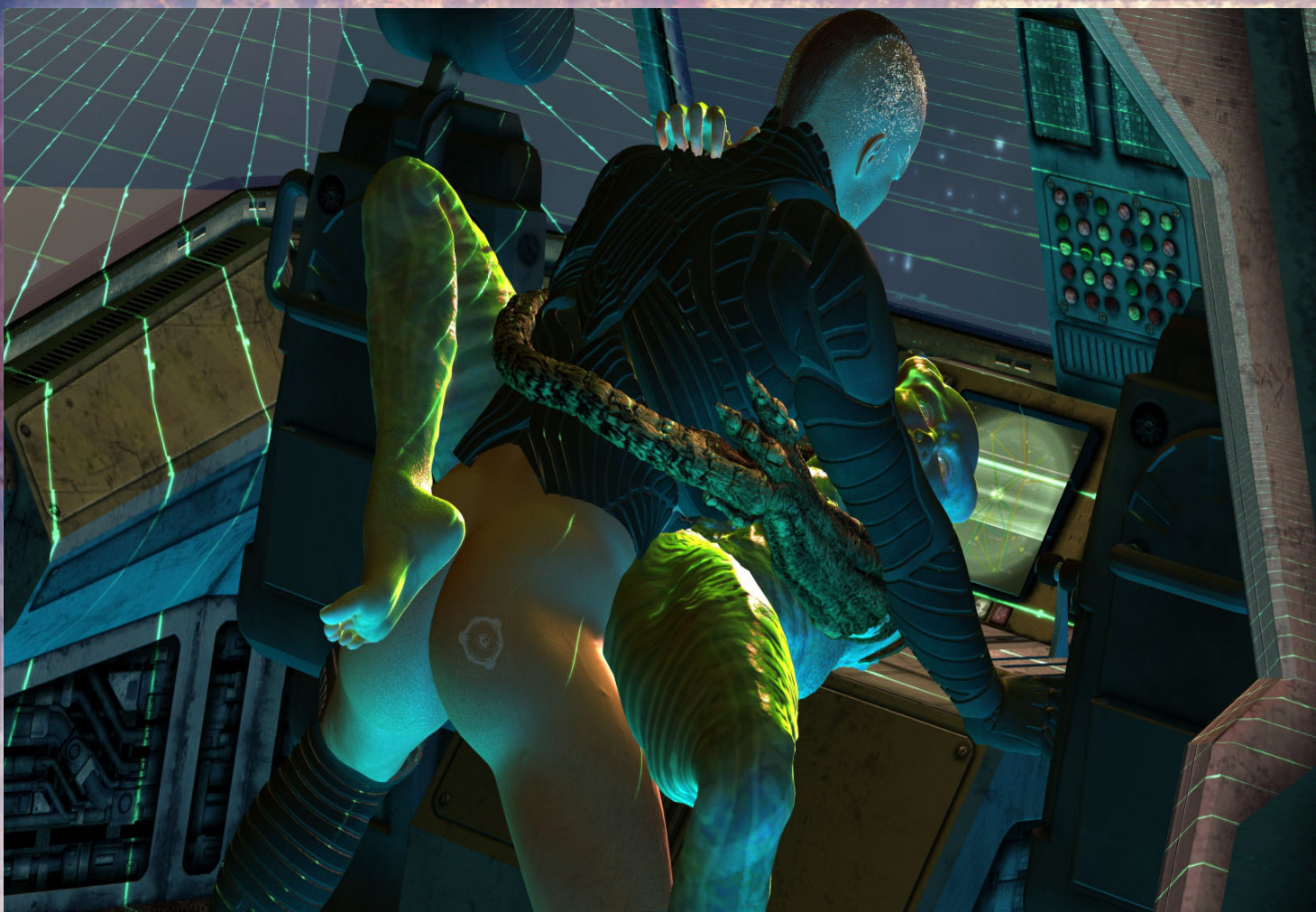


Grey and Greyer Morality

In Heavy Future, Galaxy Command is not cleanly utopian. Instead, The Command is a collective of moralistic busybodies, ruled by an emotionally detached and cruelly dispassionate Adam Intelligence. Galaxy Command disdains the things that make us human- sex, passion and love in favor of the latest technogadgets. Worse, they want the rest of the galaxy to do the same.

WARSTAR goes from being a bunch of Space-Commies to being a cadre of torture obsessed, rapacious bastards that control the half the galaxy that The Command can't claim. In between, you've got Free Space....pirates, marauders, hives of scum and villainy, and utopian colonies and free-traders, all struggling for survival.

No heroes, just protagonists.



Everything's Heavy

The technology of Heavy Future is just that—huge, weighty, bulky and impractical. The antagonists gird themselves in ultra-heavy, shelllike armor to protect themselves from orgasm pistols and rapist comets. Space is dark and dangerous, and costuming should reflect that. The heavy, impractical and cumbersome Harkonnen armors in David Lynch's *Dune*, the beetle-like police armors in *Fifth Element*, or the Space Marines' iconic armored warsuits in *Warhammer 40,000* are all good sources of inspiration for Command armor. Technology, from blasters to starship drop pods, should be similarly massive.

Passion and Speed

The badguys wear the heaviest armor available, which de-emphasizes their humanity and turns them into faceless fascist thugs. By contrast, the heroes favor even lighter armor than is the norm for a Galaxy Command campaign. Heroic costumes are sexy, revealing and impractical and objectifying towards women. Most of the campaign's protagonists

should be female, which provides a nice contrast to the galaxy's mostly male or anti-sex power structures.

The same visual and gameplay themes I've developed in my Otherverse America canon apply to Heavy Future: fast, nimble and lightly armored women fighting massive, heavily armored misogynist male threats. Sex takes on a key role in the campaign, and most interactions with NPCs have a sexual edge.

Sci-Magick

Heavy Future makes no distinction between science and magic, and every faction in the command is likely to use both. Magic items are available for purchase— a hooked up weapons dealer is likely to keep a case of enchanted blasters on hand for especially discerning customers, and your rocketship is as likely to run off a virgin's life energy as cold fusion. Heroes have a variety of powers that can best be described as miraculous.

The Modern Spellcaster (2012) basic class is freely available, as is the Powered Hero (2012), and

most Powered Hero origins are perfectly acceptable in the campaign. Magic items are common, and when determining the Purchase DC of magic items from the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game*, use a simple 1 gp = 1 dollar/credit ratio and use the chart on page 204 of the *D20 Modern Core Rulebook* to set the Purchase DC.

There's nothing stopping you from including *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game* spellcasters, classes and monsters in your Heavy Future campaign, and **you're encouraged to mix and match**. Some new spells, clerical domains and futuristic gods and demons provide new options for such a cross-genre campaign.

Media Guide: NC-17 Future

The following books, movies, comics and music capture the feel of Heavy Future. Give 'em a look or listen.

Comix & Graphic Novels

The Airtight Garage
Alien Legion
Camelot 3000
Den (Richard Corbin)
Heavy Metal/Metal Hurlant
Lobo (seriously, anything Lobo)
Saga
Star Wars: Darth Maul mini and Knights of the Old Republic mini
Transmetropolitan

Particular Artists

Angus McKie
Boris Vallejo
Chris Foss
Fred Gambino
Mobieus
Hajime Sorayama
Jim Burns
Ralph McQuarrie
Simon Bisley
Tom of Finland
Wayne Barlowe

Novels

Barlowe's Guide to Extraterrestrials (artbook by Wayne Barlow)

Biography of a Space Tyrant, Firefly, others (Piers Anthony)
Stranger in a Strange Land, The Moon is a Harsh Mistress, others (Robert Heinlein)
Ringworld and others (Larry Niven)

Games (Pen & Paper and Electronic)

Brutal Legend
Damnation Decade
Dragonstar
Jet Set Radio Future
Gamma World (any edition)
Machinations of the Space Princess
Macho Women With Guns!
Planet Motherfucker
Rifts (especially Atlantis, Australia, Juicer Uprising, and the New West sourcebooks)
Space Channel 5
Stars Without Number
Warhammer 40,000, including Rogue Trader and others

Movies & Television

3,000 Miles to Graceland
Alien (and surprisingly, Alien: Resurrection, not so much the superior Aliens)
Barbarella
Battle Beyond the Stars
Battlestar Galactica (1970s)
The Blues Brothers
Cannonball Run
Cleopatra 2025
Dukes of Hazzard
Dune (1980s film)
Farscape
Flash Gordon (1980s film)
The Fifth Element
Green Lantern: First Flight
Guns, Girls and G-Strings: the Andy Sidaris Collection
Ice Pirates
Jemm & The Holograms
Justified (especially Season II)
Lexx
Planet Terror
The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue (adult)
Serenity (and the TV show which preceded it, Firefly)
Sons of Anarchy
Star Crash

Star Wars (the original, unmodified trilogy, bootlegged on VHS)
Titan A.E.
The Warriors
Wizards/Rock N' Rule
Zardoz

Music (Play in a Constant Loop)

The Blue Oyster Cult
Cradle of Filth
Guns N' Roses
Jimi Hendrix, The Rolling Stones and other boomer rockers
Joan Jett and the Blackhearts
Megadeath
Motorhead
Monster Magnet
NOFX
Pantera
Rob Zombie & White Zombie
Rush (especially 2012)
The Scorpions

Tumblrs (Free Visual Inspiration)

<http://70sscifiart.tumblr.com/>
<http://exonauts.tumblr.com/>
<http://gammafuture.tumblr.com/>
<http://planet-motherfucker.tumblr.com/>
<http://scifi-fantasy-horror.tumblr.com/>
<http://sexdeathlaughter.tumblr.com/>

Strange Heroes: Allowed Classes

While the standard Galaxy Campaign is run just using the D20 Modern/D20 Future rules, Heavy Future brings in magic and heroes from the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game.

Players can build characters using either the D20 Modern Basic and Advanced Classes, including classes from D20 Future, or they can use the new Basic Classes presented by Otherverse Games. The Powered Hero, Modern Spellcaster and to a lesser extent, Black Tokyo Unlimited's Hentai Hero are all great fits for Heavy Future. Finally, players can choose from the following Pathfinder Roleplaying Game core classes.

Alchemist: Strange alien scientists, their discoveries emphasizing high explosives, mutagens and lethal poisons, are perfectly suited for Heavy Future.

Barbarian: Common among non-humanoid aliens and savage humanoids, uncommon in Command Space but not explicitly disallowed. The Jarhead Barbarian archetype is about a hundred times more common than the real thing.

Druid: Only common to pre-spaceflight alien species, like the Tal Anon or Urloks, rare in Command Space and usually superseded by the Modern Spellcaster

Fighter: Perhaps the most common adventuring class in the known galaxy.

Gunslinger: Almost as common as Fighters in the Heavy Future.

Inquisitor: Implacable bounty hunters and internal secret police serving the Imperial Church of the Galaxy. Legalistic sadists instantly recognizable in their dark, baroque powered armor.

Rogue: Extremely common adventuring class, encompassing everyone from xeno-archeologists to fast talking conmen to assassins and black operators.

Classes with full spellcasting or strange powers aren't completely forbidden, but the Modern Spellcaster basic class is far more common than Sorcerers/Wizard or Clerics. Clerics are only really common among the Imperial Church of the Galaxy, and almost unknown in the wider galaxy. Bards usually have juicy contracts with Outlaw Sex Station 09 (or one of its hated rivals). Oracles and Witches are only found on fringe worlds, as barely trained psychics and mutants who've become cult leaders or tribal shaman.

Recommended Sourcebooks

The following Galaxy Command sourcebooks are perfect for a Heavy Future campaign.

- **Galaxy Command Campaign Setting** (The big difference: In Galaxy Command, the titular organization are the good guys. Here's they're fascist assholes in the pocket of a corrupt galactic church. 35th Century Earth is basically a planet full of Space-Republicans. WARSTAR's still worse, though.)
- **Races of the Command Fleet** (Some of the racial flavor text needs to be remixed, but everything's pretty usable rule-wise.)
- **Space Mafia** (These sadistic fucks run whatever's left over of the galaxy after The Command and WARSTAR carve out their respective percentages.)
- **The Adorable Avenger Advanced Class** (Pacifans are the big, good guy faction of Heavy Future, and this class represents their best and....well, we can't really say brightest, but at least most enthusiastic.)

Though not written for the Galaxy Command setting, the following sourcebooks have content easily imported to the Heavy Future. Heavy Future's all about sex, violence, and strange powers.

- **Black Tokyo Legends: Races of the Tatakama** (especially the chapter on Hentai feats and some of the races might easily be reskinned as aliens.)
- **Black Tokyo Unlimited** (especially magic items)
- **The Modern Grimorie**
- **The Modern Spellcaster Basic Class**
- **Psi-Watch Campaign Setting** (advanced classes, some interesting races and Psionic Feats and Precursors)
- **Sex & Story**
- **Sexually Transmitted Future**

Where Do The Rules Meet?

Like Black Tokyo Unlimited, Galaxy Command: Heavy Future uses a hybrid of D20 Modern and *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game* rules. Basically, if it exists in the PFRPG, use those rules. If it doesn't exist in the PFRPG, use the D20 Modern rules.

In this sourcebook I reference D20 Modern rules when:

- Dealing the starting occupations.
- Referencing the Powered Hero and other Otherverse Games Basic Classes. (You can also use the D20 Modern Basic Classes if you want, but they may seem sorta flavorless compared to Barbarians, Rogues, Wizards and the like.)
- Rules for high-tech skills: Computer Use, Drive/Pilot, expansions of the Disable Device and Repair skill to take into account modern tech.
- Rules for firearms and other advanced \weapons.
- Rules for starship and aircraft design and combat.
- Radiation and gravity level rules.

That's it. Pretty much everything else comes straight from the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game*.



cosmos, friendly or not. Put it simply: sex makes violence a bit easier on the players.

Modification

When first encountered, all NPC creatures in the game do not roll for damage on a successful attack, including attacks made by spells, powers or other exotic means. Instead, they inflict maximum normal damage on a hit, or appropriately multiplied normal damage on a critical hit. Note that this rule applies even to things that would not be considered viable sexual partners in a **normal** campaign world; wild ant-horses on Andromeda III,

gigantic acid spiders, Omegan war-droids, silicon elementals on the desert world Kuthar, and so on.

New Rule: Sex Beats Violence

"It's been my experience that most things become a lot less dangerous after you have sex with them."

- Pussycat Prudence Korsko, intergalactic love specialist

Sex Beats Violence is a variant rule perfectly suited for a Heavy Future campaign. Sex Beats Violence provides actual mechanical incentive for player characters to fuck every sentient being in the

This maximized damage applies anytime the creature is fighting directly against the player characters or against their allies (such as raiding a settlement the PCs are fond of). Maximized damage doesn't apply to creatures fighting on the PCs behalf, whether charmed, hired or otherwise convinced to fight.

When any Player Character has a sexual encounter with a specific type of creature, all future examples of that creature now roll normally for damage on successful attacks.

For example, if your campaign includes Hygon Warriors, these indomitable space-barbarians would always inflict 13 points of slashing damage with their power swords on a normal hit. That is until Gixxy the Spacer Girl (played by your 250 lb buddy Bryan at the gaming table) decides to seduce a Hygon soldier on shore leave on some distant planet....after all the wet stuff's said and done any future encounters with Hygon Warriors, the aliens now inflict 1d10+3 points of slashing damage on a normal hit with their swords.

For the sake of convenience, assume that extremely similar critters are basically the same for the purpose of lowering their damage thresholds through sex. For instance, if you sleep with that Hygon Warrior, you'd also reduce the damage output of any Hygon WarPriests or Hygon Combat Cyborgs, or whatever, you later encounter.

This rule applies to unique NPCs as well.

Hidden Game Effects

Even if the PCs begin at mid/high levels, the early sessions of a campaign will be brutal... at least until the players start 'experiencing' the different creatures the game world has to offer. Sex Beats Violence also makes giant, animalistic predators more threatening- very few player characters will ever lower themselves to seduce an Algon Skitterer, so the bonus damage output will keep these space-monsters challenging for a few additional levels than their CR would suggest. And of course, anybody crazy enough to fuck an Algon Skitterer is a badass (or psycho!) nobody in their right mind would ever mess with, which explains why the player characters can kill weird monsters more easily than everybody else in the galaxy.

No Sex Future

Galaxy Command brought peace to half the galaxy, united a diverse assortment of races in single purpose, built the first star gates and warp drives, and fought WARSTAR to a standstill on a thousand worlds. But who cares about any of that?

Command Space may be safe, but it's sterile and sexless by choice. Everything, on every world is perfect. The benevolent and all knowing Adam

Intelligence provides for its citizens on every need and desire. Sex and romance are outmoded concepts, unnecessary for a galactic population that reproduces only through Adam-selected artificial breeding. The human race has long freed itself from base hormonal drives. On Earth, marriages are consummated by psychic transference, an intensely pleasurable telepathic ritual that unifies the couple without all the messy barbarism of actual fluid transfer.

So naturally, there's a whole galaxy out there not buying into Galaxy Command's plastic and polyester utopia. Sure, the unaligned worlds might have to put up with more WARSTAR incursions than Command Space systems, and sure, everybody has to kick up the credits to the Space Mafia to stay safe, but that's why the Good Lord K'zakkit made disintegrator pistols. Out there in unclaimed space, you still live free, fly by your wits, and stick your input into anything cute, warm, willing and greenskinned when you want to.

Cultural Templates

Cultural Templates were first introduced in *Black Tokyo Legends: Races of the Tatakama* (2012). In essence, a cultural template spotlights where and how the character was raised, and provides mechanical support to some mental and social strengths and weaknesses that would normally be purely role played.

Any character can choose a cultural template (though they are not required to) at character creation. With GM approval, you can take multiple cultural templates (becoming a Free Space Troublemaker or TV Head Star Virgin, for example.)

The Free Spacer Cultural Template

Home planet? You don't have one of those and don't really want one either. You grew up riding a rocket somewhere out in deep space, the child and grandchild of spacers. Seven hells, you probably didn't even touch planetary dirt until you were 12-13. You treat your starship as an extension of your own body, and spend more time repairing it than you do getting

laid (and that makes up a large percentage of your daily effort).

You live free- a warp space cowboy or cowgirl with little love for Command Space and its cloying laws, bureaucratic bullshit, corrupt customs inspectors, televangelist cyborgs and overpriced spacedock hotels. You're bound to your family, your crew, and your fleet, and they to you. Other than that, nothing holds claim on you except the stars themselves.

Appearance

Free Spacers are lean and elegant. They are the result of dozens of generations of crossbreeding among station crews and astronauts from every old Earth nation's space programs. They tend to be laser thin and spindly, having grown tall in partial gravity. Most Free Spacers have post-racial skin that's dark enough to be called black in half the galaxy's space ports, and pass for tanned white in the other half. They wear their hair long and untamed, in stylish dreads that instantly set them apart from the drab sterility of Command citizens. When working, Free Spacers favor grimy jumpsuits with pockets full of gear; when its party time, they display an unexpected elegance. Both genders favor elaborate, sensual and ornate costuming and fine jewelry with an almost Renaissance flavor.

Reproduction

Free Spacers don't link reproduction (which is a community event, affecting and involving the full crew) with sex (which is good clean fun shared by any consenting sentients). A Free Spacer who wishes to begin a family must garner official support from all shipmates, not just his or her spouse, plus the captains of any other vessels in their fleet. In most cases, captains give perfunctory permission to reproduce to lovers on allied vessels, but proving your competence to become a parent or that your child to be would be an asset to the ship can require some intense politicking among your own crew.

Free Spacers practice universal birth control via extremely certain, high tech means. Unplanned pregnancies and STDs are both unknown among Free Spacers. As a result, Free Spacers are the ultimate



sexual libertarians. Relationships that would be taboo or criminalized outright are accepted and encouraged by Free Spacers. Incest between family members serving on the same starship is common; Free Space families who don't have in-family orgies with one another are the cultural oddities. The concept of an 'age of consent' is strange to Free Spacers. Spacer children are initiated into sex at different ages, based on individual maturity and psychological fitness, typically by older siblings.

Names

Free Spacers have exotic and multi-cultural sounding first names, and mostly Americanized surnames. There's only a few Free Spacer surnames-families tend to be HUGE and sprawling, and most members of a particular fleet are members of a single family. Some of these fleets can number up to a million members, scattered as ship-crews across 20-30 lightyears worth of space.

To make it easy for players and gamemasters, all Free Spacer surnames are shared with hard sci-fi authors, writing no later than the early 1980s. So there's an Asimov fleet (commanded by Admiral Xung Haung Asimov), a Niven fleet (headed by General M'kumba Niven), a Clarke fleet (commanded by Fleet Captain Erascimo Clarke), and so on.

Acquiring the Template

The Free Spacer cultural template can be added to any character, born outside Command Space during character creation.

Ability Score Modifiers

-2 STR, +2 DEX, +2 INT

Growing up on a merchant starcruiser makes you fast, both mentally and in terms of your trigger finger. However, the lower grav conditions give you the stereotypical rail thin Spacer physique.

Born In Space (EX)

Free Spacers are more comfortable on the bridge of a free trader jumping into warpspeed than they are dirtside. Free Spacers receive Zero G Training as a racial bonus feat. Free Spacers receive a +2 racial bonus on Pilot and Repair checks.

Free Minded (SU)

Free Spacers prize their independence more than they prize their EVA suits. If successfully affected by a charm or compulsion effect, the Free Spacer may make an immediate action against their tormentor, if that creature is within weapon range. If this attack destroys the tormentor, the Free Spacer is treated as if they made their saving throw against the effect.

Agoraphobic (EX)

Having grown up riding a rocket, Free Spacers are a little uncomfortable in wide open natural settings; blue sky makes them twitchy. Free Spacers

suffer a -1 morale penalty on attack rolls, skill checks and saving throws in any natural, planetary setting. Survival and Knowledge skills related to the natural world are always cross-class skills to a Free Spacer.

Upset the Social Order (EX)

Free Spacers are pretty much unwelcome in Command Space, which is how they like it. Free Spacers suffer a -4 penalty on Bluff and Diplomacy checks made against Command citizens and a -8 penalty when dealing with Command military officers or law enforcement. Most Free Spacers have warrants for a long list of sex crimes (none of which are illegal among their own people).

The leather Clone Cultural Template

Leather Clones are muscular, hyper-sexual, aggressive and proud spacers who utterly reject The Command's stifling conformity and tepid, tech-enhanced sexuality in favor of the wild nights under the open stars and the embrace of equally masculine space-men. Instantly recognizable in their crotch hugging leather pants and chrome armor, Leather Clones cultivate a tangible aura of strength, masculinity and honor. They are also, proudly, openly and emphatically gay as fuck.

The Command the Imperial Church of the Galaxy does everything possible to keep Leather Clone culture off the radar and in the closet. Leather Clones living openly in Command Space face every kind of discrimination and Command military harassment Earth's bureaucrats can dream up, so most Leather Clones make their living prowling Free Space and the Fringe. Most are space pirates, Space Mafiosos, mercs, salvagers, free traders, or simply explorers- a few are heroes.

Appearance

Leather Clones, no matter their species, are big, burly and brawny. They work out constantly, and what nature can't give them, they acquire through black-market genemods and hyper-steroid treatments. They cram their massive musculature into tight fitting leather pants, biker jackets and leather vests, all topped off with silver and chrome. Human Leather

Clones universally favor thick handle-bar mustaches, and black Leather Clones adopt bushy, impudent afros.

Reproduction

Leather Clones like sex more than a Pacifician porno star, they just like it with other Leather Clones. Leather Clones prefer strong, assertive men as lovers- they've got no time for twinks or queens. Leather Clones More than a few have kids from a previous hetro romance, but most sustain their race through...what else?...cloning.

Acquiring the Templates

The Leather Clone cultural template can be added to any human or near-human character at character creation.

Ability Score Modifiers

+2 STR, +2 CON, -2 WIS.

Leather Clones have bodybuilder physiques, but they tend to be impulsive, occasionally shallow and way too prone to following for a sob story or a pretty face.

Muscle Up (SU)

When exposed to any effect that causes a temporary enhancement to their STR score, the Leather Clone adds additional duration to the effect. This extended duration is based on the Leather Clone's level. This applies to potions, spells such as *bull's strength*, or class or racial abilities that temporarily increase strength.

First level: add 1 minute to the effect.

Third level: add 10 minutes to the effect

Fifth level: add 30 minutes to the effect

Tenth level: add 1 hour to the effect



Leather Lust (EX)

Leather Clones like nothing better than a strong man. Leather Clones add their potential romantic partner's STR modifier as a circumstance bonus on sexually oriented Bluff and Diplomacy checks against that character. For instance, if a Leather Clone is attempting to talk Thom Starseeker (STR modifier +2) into bed, he would receive a +2 circumstance bonus on Bluff or Diplomacy checks to do so.

Big Leather Target (EX)

The Command military has instituted a policy of official homophobia, backed up with lasers when dealing with Leather Clones. Leather Clones are always attacked in preference to other targets, except in extreme situations by ICG and Command troops. Leather Clones suffer a -4 template penalty on REF Saves against area effect attacks caused by ICG or Command troops.

The Star Virgin Cultural Template

Galaxy Command has abandoned sex, and for most civilized spacers, the mere thought of simple *kissing* with all its bacteriological transfer and hormonal dangers shakes them to their spines. The whole idea of sex, pregnancy and childbirth without using an exo-womb.... those things are horrors best left to behind in the pre-space flight darkness of humanity's past, like eating meat, warfare and criminal behavior. Characters with the Star Virgin cultural template added are firm believers in Galaxy Command's chaste utopia, living hormonally suppressed lives that free them to concentrate on enlightenment and exploration. Whether exposure to a dangerous and thrilling galaxy breaks the Star Virgin out of his or her shell, or only strengthens their commitment to Galaxy Command's puritanical ideals, is a question for each character to answer themselves.

Appearance

Star Virgins tend to be pale and a bit trembly or weepy. They dress in typical Command fashion, which means body concealing utility jumpsuits and cloaks in shades of grey, silver or white and sterile enough for operating chamber use. Most pack an assortment of high tech consumer electronics and the latest tech-toy devices-adventure sims in lieu of real life.

Reproduction

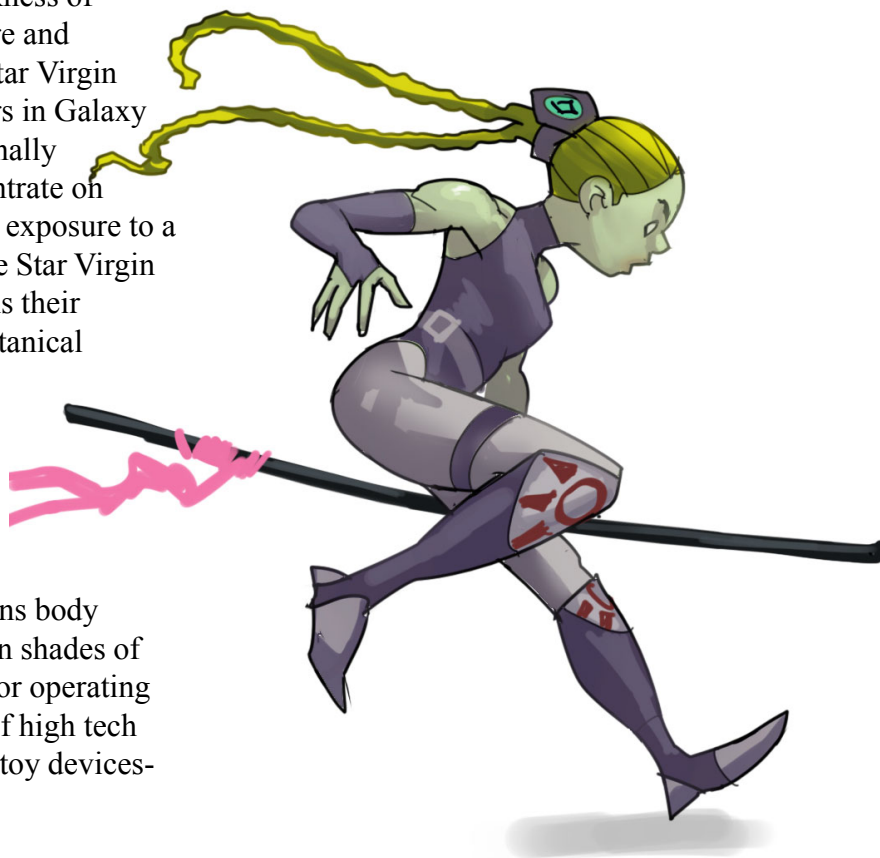
Eeewwww.... Bodily fluid transfer? No thank you. This is the 35th century, we have artificial birthing matrixes for that. Why should we still breed like, like, like.... Like livestock or something?

Acquiring the Template

The Star Virgin cultural template can be added to any human character who grew up in Command Space during character creation. Star Virgins can give up this template at any time, by choosing actual, physical sex with a willing partner, immediately losing the template's benefit but also removing its drawbacks.

Ability Score Modifiers

-1 STR, +1 INT. Star Virgins emphasize the mind and disregard the body. They learn fast but have no real idea what their bodies are capable of. This ability score modifier is lost when the Star Virgin template is removed.



Hormonally Pure (EX)

Star Virgins take libido-suppressants and mood-mellowers. Centuries of genetic and social conditioning have bred a race of Chaste and rational humans. Star Virgins are not affected by *Charm Person*, nor abilities that duplicate it, and receive a +2 racial bonus on WILL Saves against mind influencing effects.

Psychic Union (SU)

Star Virgins don't have sex- if they wish to bond emotionally with someone, they do so using a Galaxy Command approved psycho-sexual technique.

Psychic Union is a simple ritual that requires several minutes to complete. The Star Virgin and their partner each take a special chemical pill, sit together in a meditative posture and press their fingers together. A glow envelops the participants' hands, and for several minutes, both participants feel intense pleasure and wellbeing.

A Star Virgin can initiate a Psychic Union once per day. At the completion of the Psychic Union, both participants are refreshed and recover hit points and ability score damage, as if they had slept for 8 hours.

Flustered (EX)

Try as they might, Star Virgins can't quite suppress their instinctive sexual drives. Though they do not practice, they have a preferred gender and sexual orientation, no matter how suppressed. When within 30 ft of any human of their preferred gender with a CHA score of 15+, the Star Virgin is distracted, tongue tied and uneasy for some reason they can't really explain. The Star Virgin suffers a -2 luck penalty on all skill checks and Initiative checks.

Troublemaker Cultural Template

Troublemakers are bold, brash girl-heroes with a few iconic traits shared by every girl who calls herself one: they're all petite, nimble females, all sarcastic and quick-witted, all running on nerve and bravado, all anxious to be taken seriously by their larger, more experienced male partners. No Troublemaker is exactly as tough or competent as she thinks she is. Troublemakers stay alive because they learn fast and can think on their feet- and because they're accompanied by older and more experienced heroes who'd die before letting their 'kid sister' get blasted.

Troublemakers are common among Free Spacers- they train their girls to be independent from a young age, and sometimes that can cause trouble. Many Pacifician heroines, fresh from their utopian, hippyish homeworld, begin their careers as Troublemakers, naïve, cute and as dangerous to their allies as their enemies. Syrions and Gravity Cats are natural Troublemakers.

Appearance

Troublemakers are petite, athletic girls. Though small, they're anything but delicate. Most have a tomboyish streak a parsec wide, and favor comfortable, practical clothing and light armor above prom dresses and princess-wear. Troublemakers are tougher than they look, and a lot more assertive than expected.

Acquiring the Templates

The Troublemaker Cultural Template may be added to any basically humanoid female of size Medium or smaller, with INT and CHA scores of 10+, provided these characters begin the campaign in the Young Adult age category or younger.

A Troublemaker can choose to mature any time she gains a level. She removes this cultural template and its ability score modifiers, as well as the drawback



and benefits of the template. A Troublemaker never has to make that choice however, regardless of age or experience.

Ability Score Modifiers

-2 STR, +2 DEX, +2 CHA.

Troublemakers are cute, quick-witted and sharp-tongued, but their petite size limits their strength and durability.

Quick Reflexes (EX)

Troublemakers are incredibly agile little bundles of danger. Troublemakers receive a +1 bonus on REF Saves and Initiative checks, in addition to any DEX bonus.

Totally Fearless.... Kinda (EX)

Troublemakers are reckless and confident, and despite their inexperience, relish overcoming new challenges and fearsome foes. A Troublemaker receives a +4 bonus on WILL Saves made to resist fear, including magical and psionic fear effects.

However, inexperienced young Troublemakers are prone to panicking in combat, and freezing up for a few seconds while they get their bearings. A Troublemaker must always choose the Total Defense action during their first round of melee combat. If the Troublemaker wants to take other actions during the first combat round, she must succeed at a DC 22 WILL Save. Failure indicates she takes Total Defense; success indicates she can act as she chooses during the first round.

Girlish Envy (EX)

Troublemakers have difficulty relating to older, more confident (and more curvy) women. They constantly measure themselves and compete against the older women in the group, trading insults, undermining their authority and generally causing trouble.

A Troublemaker suffers a -2 penalty on CHA based skill checks made against humanoid and monstrous humanoid females in the Adult age category or older. If the woman is exceptionally beautiful or confident, having a CHA score of 16+, the Troublemaker is especially uncomfortable around her, and this penalty increases to -3.

Combat Crush (EX)

Troublemakers make surprisingly good partners for frontline warriors. Their antics in battle are a great distraction, and their devotion to their more experienced partners is unmatched.

Each day, the Troublemaker can declare her crush on a single ally, of either gender, who must have a STR score at least two points higher than her own. When flanking in conjunction with this combat crush, the bonus provided is +3, not +2 as is normal for a flanking bonus. If the Troublemaker declares her Combat Crush to a female character, she does not suffer the interaction penalties described in the Girlish Envy template trait in relation to that character.

The Vidiots (TV Head) Cultural Template

The latest brainstorm from the dubious geniuses of the Galaxy Command Eugenics Bureau! Thanks to revolutionary cyber-genetics, a growing percentage of Earth's humans are being born with television sets for heads. Vidiots are smart, can easily be raised to be hard working and socially responsible, and are easy for The Command to program. Vidiot kids do great in school, get good jobs as adults, spend Sunday mornings in an ICG pew and rarely get an urge to criss cross the galaxy in a rickety spaceship, fucking everything that wriggles.

Of course, all the V-chips in the galaxy can't screen out Outlaw Sex Station 09's rock and roll for ever, and a few Vidiots have left civilized space behind for more exciting scenes. They're the minority of a minority though- the vast majority of Vidiots are cheerfully vapid consumers.

Appearance

Vidiots have a television set or computer monitor growing from their shoulders. From the neck down, fully human(ish), from the neck up, they look like something from the home electronics aisle at Wal-Galaxy. The style of their head-monitor varies slightly, from bulky-retro future cubes with rabbit ear antenna to sleek white plastic flatscreens, but all head-monitors play a continual loop of high resolution video. (In most cases the head-monitors are properly bulky, and

having a 5" head monitor or smaller is considered quite the embarrassment among Vidiots.)

Vidiots still eat and breathe, through a small port on the underside of their neck, right where man meets machine. If a Vidiot gets shot in the head-monitor, a disgusting mix of brain tissue and printed circuitry leaks out. When a Vidiot talks, his or her voice has a mechanized tinge; if Heavy Future were a comic book, then Vidiots would have squared speech bubbles.

Reproduction

Vidiots are interfertile with baseline humans, Proximates and most Space Case races too. The Vidiot mutations were designed to be dominant. If a Vidiot has sex with an ordinary human, their child has about a 90% chance of turning out Vidiot. The Command began the Vidiot experiment about three and a half generations ago, and there are thousands upon thousands of Vidiots out there in human-space. There are even a few rare cases of superficially ordinary 'humans' with a bit of TV Brain DNA hidden in their systems.

Acquiring the Template

The Vidiot cultural template can be added to any human, Proximate or Space Case character who grew up in Command Space during character creation. Once chosen, this cultural template can not be removed, as it imposes radical physical changes on the TV Brained character.



Ability Score Modifiers

+2 INT, -2 WIS, +2 CHA.

Vidiots are well educated, and a bit nerdy. They like slotting a data disk on astrophysics or a boring documentary about xeno-linguistics into their heads when they get bored. Vidiots are arrogant, superior and proud, but weak willed. They don't respond well to change either.

TV Camera Senses (EX)

Vidiots have especially keen vision, thanks to their camera-type optics. Vidiots have Darkvision with an impressive 500 ft range, and lowlight vision. They also have an onboard ansible communicator system, the equal of any PL 7 light starship.

Cyberphile (EX)

Vidiots like cybernetics- after all the Command Surgeon General says cyber-implants are good for you, and The Command government would never lie to you right? Vidiots can withstand an unlimited number of cybernetic implants (or points of Drain) without risking negative levels.

Reduce the cost of cybernetics implanted into the Vidiot by Purchase DC -2 (by 10% for those using a gp/credit system).

Electrovulnerability (EX)

Vidiots are Vulnerable to Electrical damage.

No Poker Face (EX)

Their head-monitor constantly displays their thoughts and emotions, so Vidiots have absolutely no poker face. The Vidiot cannot place ranks in the Bluff skill and automatically fails all Bluff checks attempted, including Bluff checks made to feint in combat. Bluffs that don't involve sight (such as bluffing someone over the phone, or through a sealed door) may be attempted.

Alternate Human Racial Traits

In the Heavy Future campaign, humans fall into one of two mutually contradictory and extreme camps: either sexless, dead eyed and unimaginative drones, or lusty, passionate and unchained space adventurers.

Mood Chems (EX)

You are the product of a long-term social engineering experiment by the Adam Intelligence to breed a more rational, hormonally stable breed of humanity. You control the rages and passion that plagued pre-spaceflight humans. Most of the time you are mellow and unconcerned, but when you need to recapture some of the legendary human passion, you can swallow a colorcoded, Command-issued chem.

Chems are available everywhere humans are found, and 99.99% of the human species uses chems on a daily basis. Most humans store their chems in a belt dispenser. If you are not under a chem's influence, you are in the default state listed below. Weight for a chem pack is negligible, and cost is given for a pack of five (5) chem doses.

Chem Color	Effects	Purchase DC	Restriction Rating
Default (no chem)	-1 morale penalty on attack rolls and Initiative checks.	-	-
White Chem	+2 morale bonus on Profession, Craft and Computer Use checks	DC 3	None
Red Chem	+1 morale bonus on attack rolls and Initiative checks	DC 6	Rest +2
Blue Chems	+2 morale bonus on Pilot checks	DC 5	None
Yellow Chem	+2 morale bonus on Perception (spot) checks and REF Saves	DC 5	None
Green Chem	+2 morale bonus on Treat Injury (Heal) checks	DC 5	None

Chem Color	Effects	Purchase DC	Restriction Rating
Violet Chem	+2 morale bonus on Bluff checks	DC 7	Illegal +4
Orange Chem	+2 morale bonus on Perform checks	DC 7	Illegal +4
Pink Chem	+2 morale bonus on sexually oriented Diplomacy checks	DC 6	Illegal +4
Black Chem	+2 damage on melee attack rolls, automatically confirm critical hits with melee attacks	DC 10	Illegal +4

Taking a chem is a move equivalent action. Once consumed, a chem remains in effect for ten minutes. Taking another chem before the effects of the first wear off completely nullifies the first dose.

The illegal chems on the lower chart are manufactured in Space Mafia laboratories and allow humans born with the Mood Chem trait to experience emotions normally forbidden by Galaxy Command.



Cyber-Drone Brain (EX)

You have visible cybernetic implants built into your shaved skull. These advanced computers allow you to easily connect with ship and station mainframes. Your cyber-drone brain provides you with a +1 racial bonus on WILL Saves, and a +2 racial bonus on Computer Use and Pilot (starship) checks.

Cyber-Drone Brain replaces the human bonus skill rank.

Cyber-Goggs (EX)

A few days after you were born (or removed from the ova-tube), your eyes were surgically removed and replaced with bulky, goggle-like cyber-eyes. You get along well with Vidiots, as you're half a TV Head yourself.

Your cyber-goggs provide you with lowlight vision and Darkvision with a 60 ft range. You automatically succeed on saving throws against sight based attack forms. You can naturally *see the invisible* as an extraordinary ability. At 5th level, you gain Blindsense with a 30 ft range; this extends to 60 ft at 10th level.

Cyber-Goggs replace the human bonus feat.

Pleasure Bred (EX)

A common mutation among Pacifician humans as well as women raised as pleasure-slaves in one of the many Rigellian sex-worlds, Pleasure Bred humanoids feel sensations much more acutely than normal. Their sensitivity makes them legendary lovers, but also serves them well in less carnal occupations requiring extreme sensitivity, from safecracking to neurosurgery.

The extremely sensitive hairs and skin covering your body provides you with Blindsense 10 ft, and a +2 racial bonus on Perception

checks and Initiative checks.

Drawback: Your extreme sensitivity makes you vulnerable to Pleasure weapons. You may not expend action points to reduce the damage inflicted by Pleasure weapons.

Pleasure Bred replaces the human bonus skill rank.

Sexless (EX)

Hormonal and surgical alteration has removed the human sex drive from you. You are tightly controlled and self-disciplined, not subject to the whims of lust that plague lesser humans.

You gain Pleasure immunity.

Sexless replaces the human bonus feat.

Space Bunny (EX)

Restricted: Human females only

Space Bunnies make up about 1% of the galactic female human population. Back during the 24th Century, a galactic ad campaign for the notorious **Pallachio's Pleasure Palace** went a bit out of control- what should have been a 12 hour advertising genemod became permanent, and heritable. After the largest class action lawsuit in galactic history wrapped up, PPP was way out of business, and a very cute new subspecies had emerged.

Space Bunnies have non-human DNA grafted in, which gives them long and very expressive rabbit like ears and a slender, long haired semi-prehensile tail (typical of a space-rabbit). Their hair color and the color of their bunny components are bright and eye-catching, usually electric blue, shocking purple, hot magenta or eye-bleeding pink.

Space Bunnies are renowned galaxy wide as exemplars of beauty and elegance. While wearing any form of noble's outfit or pricy designer clothing, a Space Bunny receives a +2 racial bonus on any CHA-based skill check, except for intimidate. While wearing a noble's outfit or designer clothing, the Space Bunny also receives a +1 racial bonus on REF Saves.

Space Bunny replaces the human bonus skill ranks.

Alternate Racial Traits For Other Heavy Future Races

These new traits can be applied to replace some of the standard features of existing Galaxy Command races, making 'em a bit Heavier.

Devil's Fur (SU)

Available To: Gravity Cat, Anthro

Replaces: Cosmopolitan (Gravity Cat), racial skill ranks (Anthro)

When Jesus II made his grand appearance and started nuking furies by the millions, Earth's furs fled to one of two places: The Rigel II System, or into the craggy, heavy metal bowels of Walpurgisnacht. Your ancestors were one of the latter, and you keep your

claws sharpened for those son-of-a-bitch Jesus II worshippers.

Your fur is dark, with a pentagram-like natural marking on your chest or abdomen, and black flames crackle around you. Your natural weapon attacks or unarmed strikes count as Unholy damage, not subject to DR, when used against ICG Clerics, Inquisitors and other divine spellcasters.

Hiawathian Lover (SU)

Available To: Male Hiawathians

Replaces: Racial skill bonuses

A few tribes of Hiawathian men evolved sexual apparatus that are the envy of the galaxy. Their bodies secrete an addictive, mildly neurotoxic sweat and a more potent seminal fluid. That, combined with incredible length, and girth, (not to mention ribbed with native tattooing and scarification) gives these green-skins the mightiest cocks in the galaxy.

The Hiawathian Lover receives a +2 racial bonus on Perform (sexual) checks, and any creature touching the Hiawathian's semen suffers 1d4 points of Pleasure damage. The character's sweat adds +1 point of Pleasure damage to his unarmed strikes.

Night Skinned (SP)

Available To: Syrions

Replaces: Syrion Slip

Your fur is a dark velvet, and pinprick lights like the end of fiber optic cables move across your pelt. Your 'night fur' resembles the eternal stars surrounding Sirius Minor. Night Skinned Syrions are revered as far-seeing navigators and pilots among their own kind- they can't steal as effectively, but they're rich and respected enough they don't really need to.

The Night Skinned Syrion may use *Darkness* as a spell like ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + her CHA modifier, as a 10th level caster. At 10th level, the Syrion may use *Deeper Darkness* instead.

Night Skinned Syrions are instinctive pilots and navigators, and receive a +4 racial bonus on Pilot checks made in hyperspace.

Tempting Triplets (SU)

Available To: Trius

Replaces: Triple Switch

Nobody in their right mind can resist the offer of a sexual rendezvous with a Trius and his or her energy clones. You can manifest your clones as part of a sexually oriented Bluff or Diplomacy check, in doing so you receive a +3 racial bonus on the check. When engaging in purely sexual or roleplay oriented scenes (non-combat and non-skill check encounters) your energy clones remain in existence until the end of the encounter.

Tons of Clones (SU)

Available To: Trius

Replaces: Triple Switch

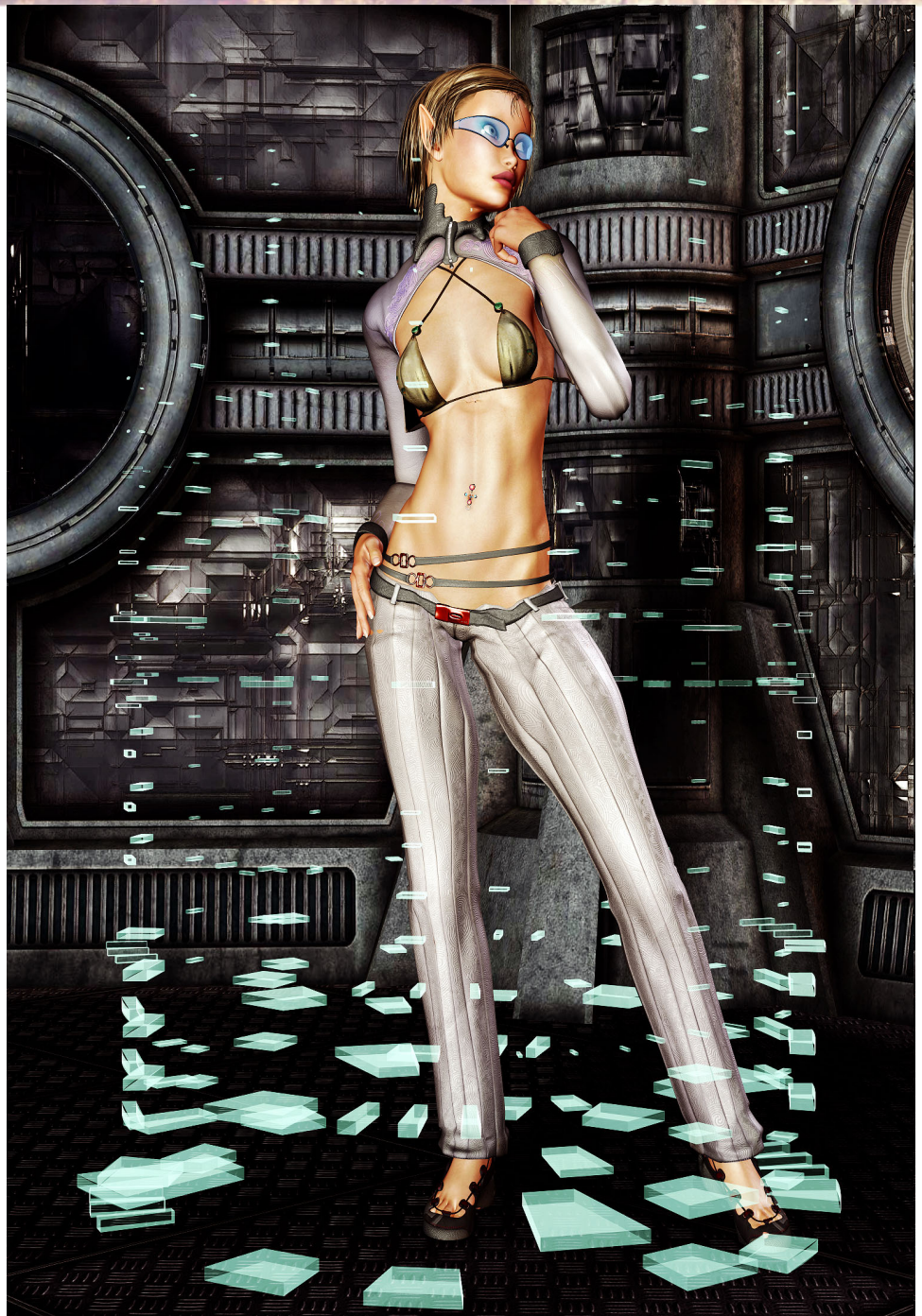
Most Trius can manifest only two energy clones at a time; you can manifest lots more. You can manifest a number of energy clones equal to 3 + your CHA modifier simultaneously. You can also choose to manifest a lesser number.

Alternate Racial Traits for the Races of Fantasy

Are there Elves, Dwarves, Gnomes, Halfings, Half Orcs and Half Elves in the Heavy Future?

Sure. Why the fuck not?

The backwater cantinas and Shahteyan stripclubs the player characters are going to be frequenting already have a whole zoo full of freaky alien customers, so adding a few long eared Elven princesses and foul tempered bearded Dwarf bounty hunters isn't all that immersion-breaking. Here's some ways to make the standard races of fantasy a bit Heavier. s



Cyber-Dwarf

Available To: Dwarves

Replaces: Hardy

Your ancestors forged shields and axes. Today's Dwarves make the best damn cyberentics in the known universe- forget what those idiot Proximites have to say on the subject. There's nothing better than Dwarven cyberlimbs.

You may withstand an unlimited number of cybernetic implants (or points of Drain) without risking negative levels.

Deepsmoker

Available To: Elves, Dwarves, Halflings

Replaces: Hatred (Dwarf), Elven Immunities (Elf), Fearless (Halfling)

Your species has been cultivating and smoking good Glow for longer than humans have had a space program. You'll rhapsodize at the slightest provocation about the wonders and merits of your native culture's unique strain of Glow.

While under the effects of Glow joint, you receive the following additional benefit, determined by your race.

- *Dwarf*: +2 bonus on FORT Saves
- *Elf*: +2 bonus on Perception and Stealth checks
- *Halfling*: +2 bonus on Bluff and Stealth checks

Pleasure Weapon Proficiency

Available To: Elves

Replaces: Weapon Proficiency

Your ancestors long ago mastered the high, civilized art of killing an enemy gently and honorably.

You are familiar with all Pleasure weapons, including ranged and melee weapons.

Rocker Gnome

Available To: Gnomes

Replaces: Weapon Familiarity

Nothin' better than rocking out with your cock out, and a Gnome's not a Gnome unless he's slinging a Rocker bigger than he is these days.

You gain Exotic Weapon Proficiency (Rocker) as a racial bonus feat.

Punk Gnome Magic

Available To: Gnomes

Replaces: Gnome Magic

Instantly recognizable by their safety pierced ears and nose rings, their bright pink hair and huge, batlike ears, several Gnomish subspecies have evolved roaming the corridors and prowling the 'green rooms' of Outlaw Sex Station 09.

You add +1 to the DC of any saving throws against spells with the Sonic descriptor that you cast. Punk Gnomes with CHA 11+ gain the following spell-like abilities: 1/day- *bathroom wall wisdom**, *chord of shards*, *ghost sound*, *rockin' blast**.

The caster level for these effects is equal to the Punk Gnome's level. The DC for these spells is equal to 10 + the spell's level + the Punk Gnome's CHA modifier.

Favored Classes

Galaxy Command brings something new to the D20 Modern Ruleset- the concept of Favored Classes. This helps define each alien species' niche in the cosmos and like the TV shows it's designed to emulate, creates a feel that unlike the diversity of humanity, each alien race is an easily described monoculture.

Each alien species presented in the game has 3-4 Favored Class options. By contrast, Humans can designate any one Basic Class and any two Advanced Classes as their favored classes, meaning they will probably receive this bonus more often than not.

Each time a character takes a level in any one of their favored classes, the character receives a benefit. Some benefits are incremental (such as 1/4 to REF Saves)...which means the character must take that ability twice to receive any benefit, because a 1/4 bonus or other fractional bonus rounds down to zero. The player can choose which bonus his or her character receives each level, and need not choose the same bonus all the time.

Favored Class Benefits

Originally presented in Races of the Command Fleet (Otherverse Games, 2013)

- +1 Bonus Hit Point
- +1 Bonus Spell Point (if Modern Spellcasters are used)
- +1 bonus skill rank
- +1/2 to Wealth Bonus
- +1/2 to damage with one natural weapon or natural attack form (species with innate natural attacks only)
- +1/3 natural armor bonus to Defense (species with innate natural armor only)
- +1/4 dodge bonus to Defense
- +1/4 of a Talent from a tree available to a favored Basic Class
- +1/4 to one saving throw (FORT, REF or WILL, track each bonus separately)

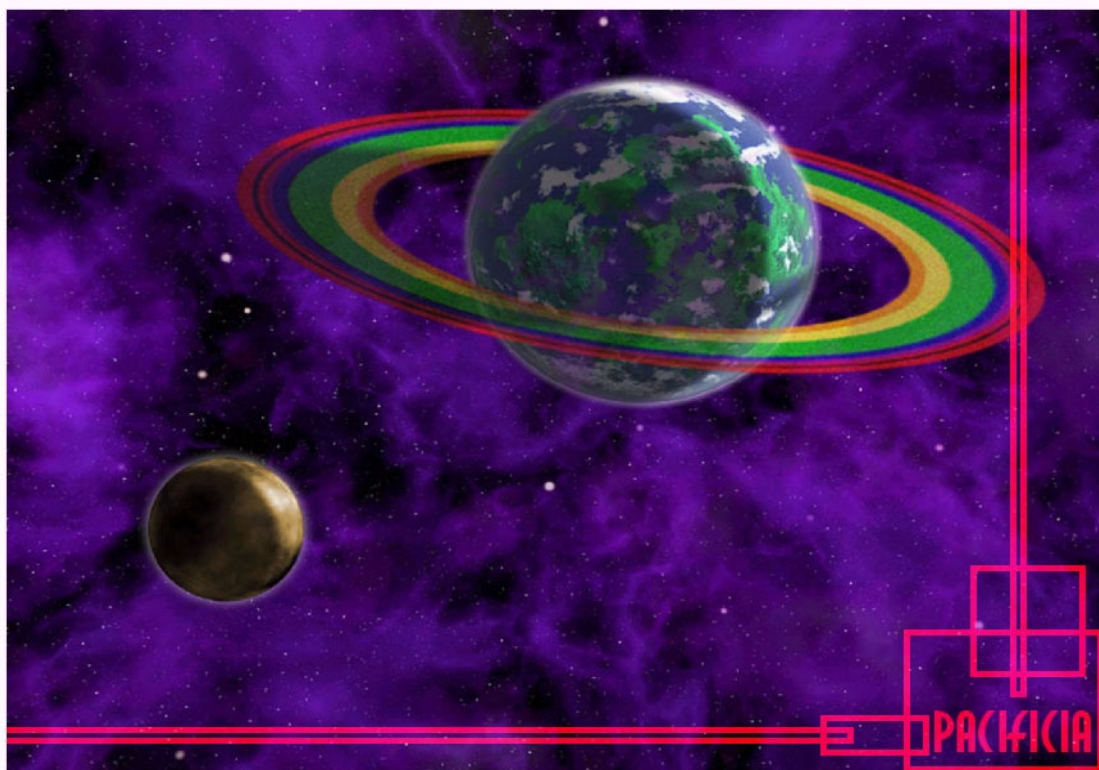
- +1 ft base land speed (must be taken in 5 ft increments, no benefit before 5 ft of movement speed is gained)
- +1 ft Flight/Swim/Climb speed (as base land speed, species with innate alternate movement speeds only)
- **OPTIONAL:** +1/3 of a Build Point for use in the Fursona freeform character builder
- **OPTIONAL:** +1/3 of a Build Point for use in the Synthetic Heroes freeform character builder (Star Droid, Synth or other robotic characters only)

Heavy Favored Class Benefits

- +1 Action Point
- +1/3 Pleasure Resistance
- +1/2 Pleasure damage with unarmed strikes, natural attack forms or natural weapon attacks
- immunity to a specific, named Curse, Disease or Poison (character must have previously overcome this ailment)
- mastery of a single Infinite Fuck Position (requires the Infinite Fuck Mastery feat)
- 1d6 Noble's Outfits (Pacifcian characters only)
- +1/4 of an Exotic Weapon Proficiency

have created a perfect society, without losing the love and carnal joy that makes them human. Increasingly ostracized from the sterile and sexless 35th Century Earth, Pacificians are nevertheless absolutely vital to the cause of galactic peace (a cause increasingly threatened by idiots). Pacifcian heroes and diplomats travel the cosmos, bringing peace to wartorn regions and reveling in beauty. Even if Pacificans diplo-lovers have to ignore the disapproving glances of stodgy Command admirals, Galaxy Command needs them more than it realizes.

Being far removed from the core systems, and rarely traveling all the way back to Earth, the Pacificians have escaped the notice of a universe-spanning conspiracy growing within the ranks of Galaxy Command.....



Pacifica (Core)

Location: The Valentine System

Native Sentients: Humans (Pacficians), Humans (Earthers), Noble Succubi

The Pacifcian Way

If Earth is the brain of Galaxy Command, than rainbow lit Planet Pacifica is the heart and soul of the decent, free galaxy. Peaceloving Pacifcian colonists

Rainbow ringed jewel of the Galaxy, a world with a heritage of peace and freedom dating back nearly 1800 years. One of the first and greatest of the

human colony worlds, the men and women who tamed Pacifica have built a world that is the envy of their galactic neighbors, a world that is really the utopia that Galaxy Command's propaganda claims its worlds are.

The matriarchal citizens of Pacifica eliminated crime, war and disease centuries ago. The multispectrum radiation from the planet's spectacular ring system energizes human cells, reversing age and giving the body the energy it needs to fight off even the worst disease. On their homeworld, Pacificians are virtually immortal- centuries old philosopher/hedonists with the bodies of teenagers. Nothing capable of inflicting harm is allowed on Pacifica, and clouds of intelligent mist, possibly the most amazing micro-bots in the galaxy, roam the world seeking out and nullifying any weapons smuggled on-planet.

Pacifica enjoys a reputation as the most lavish resort world in known space, but is also renowned for its serene, meditative temples. Diplomats, brilliant artists and famous courtesans all hail from this lush world, and so do the quirky, courageous and relentlessly cheerful adventurers nicknamed, only half-jokingly, "Adorable Avengers". Cute, lovable and resolute, these (in)famous women end wars, broker lasting peace-treaties between mortal enemies. Sworn to do no harm to any life form, Adorable Avengers are unconventional heroes, who solve problems with wit, with affection and with charm, not with blasters. Even the latest WARSTAR atrocity can't break their resolve, nor end their quest for justice.

Planetary Traits

Planet Pacifica is an Earth-sized world that is home to nearly half a billion humanoids. Given the population's virtual immortality, new Pacifician children are born only once every few centuries. New parents-to-be are chosen by computer lottery. With most of the population freed from the burdens of parenting, old age and disease, the Pacifician population indulges in pleasures taboo in most of the rest of the galaxy. The planet's extremely relaxed sexual mores attract tourists and curiosity seekers from a thousand parsecs in every direction.

Pacifica's planetary council ensures that their world's climate is agreeable. Gravity is Earthlike, and the planetary climate is artificially manipulated to

resemble Equatorial Earth's- warm, slightly humid and moist. Severe storms are once in a century oddities, and tectonic activity has been all but eliminated.

More than just the climate attracts visitors. Non-natives visiting the planet recover from hit point and ability score damage at double the normal rate, thanks to the healing energies of its rings. Non-natives receive a +6 circumstance bonus on FORT saves made to resist or overcome disease or poisons while on-planet.

Powered weapons and firearms of any kind cease to function while within Pacifica's atmosphere, including starship and vehicle-mounted weapons. Sparkling pink and gold clouds of nano-tech descend on smuggled weapons, rendering them completely inert for the duration of their visit. Weapons as complex as fusion bombs and photon torpedoes fail, as do weapons as simple as revolvers and even muskets. Even muscle powered ranged weapons, such as slings and bows fail to function on Pacifica, as the projectiles slam to a stop just a few inches away from their launcher.

Unfortunately, the planet's protective nanites can't affect non-powered melee weapons, nor can they hamper psionic or supernatural talents that deal harm.

In addition to the planet's indigenous Pacifician populace, the world is home to several million humans. Great philanthropists and pacifist thinkers are invited to settle on the planet by the world's governing body, as a reward for their good works. Artists, athletes and other cultural elites are also welcomed. Syron adventurers often spend time on-planet, resting between missions. The funloving aliens enjoy Pacifica, but it tends to be a little too quiet for permanent settlement.

Pacifician Sites

The Crystal Yonix

The Crystal Yonix are a series of crystal caverns, overlooking a mineral-rich waterfall in the warm north. The Crystal Yonix are a popular site for tourists and hedonists, and the area is studded with towering hotel spires and forked temples. Spending a

Time Spent in the Crystal Yonix	Length of Gender Change
1-5 hours	4d6 hours (can be dispelled)
5-8 hours	4d6 days (can be dispelled)
9-12 hours	2d4 weeks (can be dispelled)
12-18 hours	Permanent (can be dispelled)
18 hours or more	Permanent (cannot be dispelled)

few hours wandering the mildly radioactive crystal caverns and bathing in the exotic energy, bodies change and genders reverse. Depending on the length of time spent in the Crystal Yonix caverns, this transfiguration may be fleeting or permanent. Bodyhoppers stay for a few hours; those seeking a new self stay for down in the glistening, wet caverns for a night and a day.

Game Rule Information: The Crystal Yonix

Any organic, living creature of the Animal, Humanoid or Monstrous Humanoid types spending more than an hour within the Crystal Yonix must succeed at a FORT Save, or their gender is changed, as if by the spell *polymorph*.

Initially the FORT Save DC is 12, and it increases by +1 each hour until the creature transforms or leaves the caverns. The length of the transformation is determined by how long the creature spent in the caverns.

The Healing Mud Pools of Bathis

The city-state of Bathis is a web of crystal suspended over bubbling pits of warm, rainbow-colored mud. Bathis seems to be a natural 'sink' for the beneficial nanites drifting through the humid Pacifician air, and as a side effect, the city's famous polychromatic mud has healing properties. Bathis is known for its thousands of hospitals, sanitariums and private mud baths. Local physician-whores are the best in the galaxy.

Game Rule Information: The Healing Mud Pools

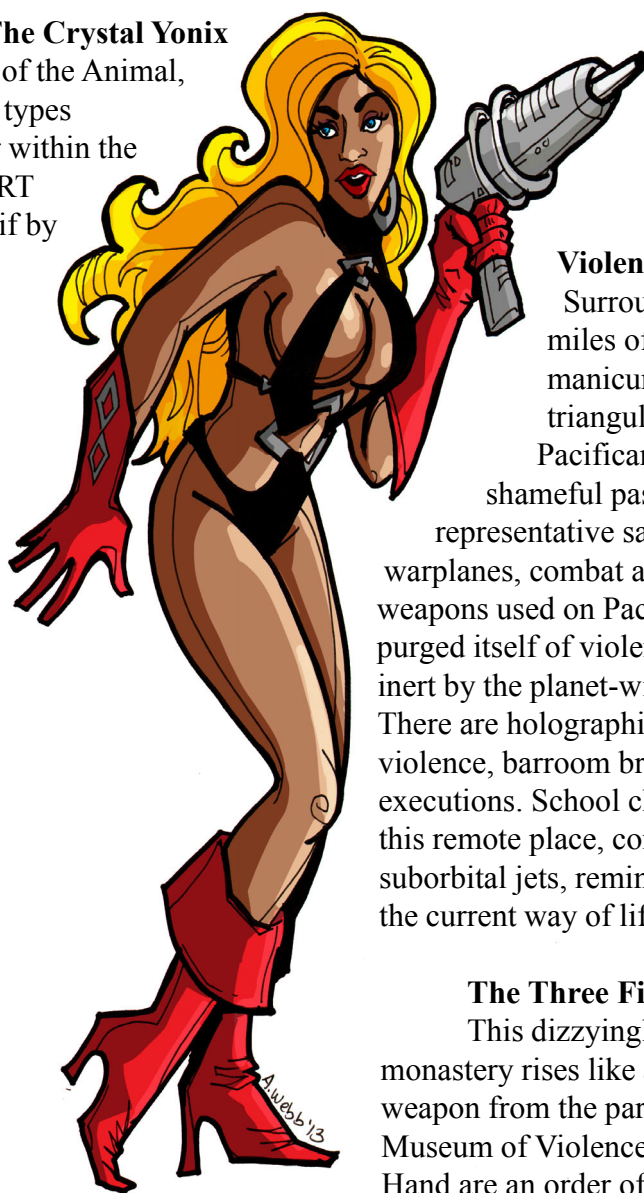
Visitors to the mud pools can gain access for a nominal fee (Purchase DC 10-12, between 120-200 gp) depending on the venue. A character who spends a day undergoing complete bedrest in the Healing Mud Pools recovers all lost Hit Points and recovers 1d4 points of any damaged ability scores. Diseased or poisoned characters receive a new saving throw to shake off the affliction at a +5 bonus. The Pacifician government often allows visiting heroes, celebrities, sick children too poor to otherwise afford treatment, and those who've done a great service to Pacifica to relax in the mud pools for free.

The Museum of Violence

Surrounded by nearly a hundred miles of pristine farmland and manicured, pink lily parks, this triangular silver building is the Pacifican's race memento to its shameful past. Inside are a representative sample of the tanks, warplanes, combat androids and laser weapons used on Pacifica before the race purged itself of violence. (Are all are rendered inert by the planet-wide anti-weapons field). There are holographic dioramas of domestic violence, barroom brawls and government executions. School children take field trips to this remote place, commuting by heart-shaped suborbital jets, reminded of the perfection of the current way of life.

The Three Fingered Hand

This dizzyingly high, trident shaped monastery rises like a gleaming golden weapon from the parkland encircling the Museum of Violence. The Three Fingered Hand are an order of Trius martial artists who were allowed to construct a dojo on this otherwise utopian world. The Trius train the tiny percentage of combat-ready Pacificians that make



up the world's planetary defense force. Unlike soldiers on other worlds, Pacifican defense force members have no training with combat vehicles or gunnery, but on a world where weapons fail to function, their Trius-inspired kung fu and akido prove more than enough.

Other Worlds in the Valentine System

Pacifica is the third planet in the Valentine system, which has a total of seven worlds orbiting an M-class star. The gas giant Valentine and its third moon are of particular interest to spacers.

Valentine

The largest planet in the system is a super-massive pink and purple gas giant with mass equivalent to a half dozen Jupiters. It supports no sentient life, though mile-long, manta-ray like avians called *terracs* prowl the upper atmosphere, feeding on *kray-floaters* and *gas-bulls*. A few gas mining stations and research satellites orbit Valentine.

Valentine III

Recommended Resources

Nobility and Eros (Otherverse Games, 2012)

Valentine III is a small, craggy forested moon orbiting the pink and purple gas giant Valentine. Valentine III is one of thirteen moons, a few of which also bear traces of Noble Succubi colonization. Valentine III is relatively far from the light of its star but is warmed by radiation from the gas giant; the Noble Succubi choose the world for its comfortable twilight darkness, which reminded the first colonists of their birth-home in the Tatakama.

The world is covered in small, crystalline villages built into mountain crags. Birthing matrixes made of Yahn crystal hum and pulse everywhere across the world; Noble Succubi scientists have learned to tap the radiation belts surrounding the gas giant, and the solar

storms from the Pacifican star to conceive new Noble Succubi girls, without the death of an elder Succubi.

Outlaw Sex Station 09 (Core)

Outlaw Sex Station 09 is a mobile artificial moon, usually orbiting somewhere in the Valentine system, but occasionally drifting outside the system on quizzical missions of its own. The most powerful outlaw broadcaster in known space, the entire station is a massive FLT comms arrays blasting out a non-stop loop of porn, rock and roll and truth- exactly the kind of stuff that The Command doesn't want its citizens knowing about. Outlaw Sex Station 09 broadcasts every minute of every solar day, a continual loop of media-blast provided by a small armada of galactically-famous DJs. Outlaw Sex Station 09 is the unofficial soundtrack of the 35th Century- powerful, violent, brash and sometimes stirringly moving. The only advertising Sex Station 09 ever accepts is from



the kind of people the Command doesn't want selling to their tribe: galactic sex toy manufacturers, love-bot mechanics, arms dealers, bounty hunting agents.

Sex Station 09 funds teams of adventurers and troubleshooters, and with The Command clamping down on real news, these scruffy motherfuckers are the closest thing the 35th Century still has to journalists. Sex Station 09 journo's can flash their station ID and get if not completely free passage, at least minimal access to most places in the civilized galaxy. In uncivilized places, the space pirates are willing to at least hear out a Sex Station 09 journo before blasting them to mesons.

Outlaw Sex Station 09's Disk Jockeys

Sex Station 09's DJs are galactically recognized celebrities in their own right, and they keep Sex Station 09 on the air (the previous eight Sex Stations got nuked by various forces and entities unknown). Each DJ runs a large swath of the artificial planetoid as their own personal kingdom- the staffers keep their DJ happy, and in turn, he, she or it keeps rockin' and the universe keeps on turning.

Pussycat Prudence Korsko is the biggest of the DJs. She's about 4,000 years old, looks like a slutty 15 year old and has been with Sex Station 09 since it rolled off the assembly line. Nobody's sure what planet she's really from, or if it's even still there anymore. The eggshell blue DJ also served on three of the previous eight Sex Stations- you know, the ones that got nuked the hardest and the worst? She's bad luck, but good ratings. Every standard galactic nightcycle- from the 25th hour to the 29th, she runs her call-in love line; along the way Pussycat Prudence has picked up a thorough working knowledge of the sexual anatomy of every sentient being in the cosmos, and most of the non-sentient dongs as well. She knows how all the parts fit together, and is more than willing to share the information with you in a sultry whisper. She could even teach the Pacificians a thing or two.... and probably did, because she's worshipped as a minor deity in their pantheon.

Kornhole Kat is a mangy, cyber-ed up and battlescarred old Gravity Cat spacer, the kind of sleeze every woman within a 1,000 meter radius feels justifiably uneasy around. Kornhole Kat broadcasts a nonstop loop of xeno-fetish holographic pornography

every galactic day, eight hours at a whack (so to speak). Kornhole's been kicked out every bordello in known space, and is seriously committed to building a void-crosser ark ship just so he gets a chance to sample some of the pussy in the next galaxy over. Seriously, I'm not kidding. Kornhole Kat's sunk nearly 27 trillion creds into "The Everthrusting Hardness", and is looking for a crew to accompany him beyond what he calls 'the galaxy's hymen'. Who knows, "The Hardness" might actually fly....

Spinner Tal is a former Proximate military genius, who got tired of war and deserted. Eventually, Spinner landed on Sex Station 07 (before it got devoured by a school of ravenous Warp Swimmers) as a technician. Eventually, Spinner was performing on Sex Station 09 (math-based prog-rock) and then had his own show. His takeover from the previous DJ in his timeslot was relatively bloodless, which is a rarity in galactic broadcasting. His experiences with the Proximate Navy give Spinner a better understanding of military matters than any other DJ, and his show is usually playing in barracks across the cosmos (no matter how many time Command COs blacklist it or scramble the signals).

Amy "Grippy" Pournelle is the station's senior sports journo, and a former EroWrestling League superstar. She left the sport with five consecutive championship belts and a popped out left eye, which she replaced with a heartshaped pink gemstone that fires Pleasure lasers. Sports in the 35th century means EroWrestling and Magno Star, and Grippy Pournelle knows both sports inside and out. There's been a nonstop, mostly non-lethal semi-sanctioned 'grind' going on in Grippy's 'quarters' (which are the size of a mid-sized comet). The grind isn't climbing in the rankings- it's a way for Grippy to stay in shape and get her kink on, though betting on some bouts earns her a decent living, above and beyond her Sex Station 09 paycheck.



The EroWrestling league

“Watch the Slime Worm of Hesperus III, the one they call Stycky Tentacle, face off against Nara Jobknob in a no holds bared death grind!”

Full holographs and sex-data from last week’s legendary EWL Sanctioned bout between Lola Lustorb and Kunny Starlapper! Low price: 300 credits.

Experience every lick, tug, squeeze, squirm, fuck and squirt from these two champion Athenian athletes!

—Comm Blackfinger Johnny for details.

The Space Mafia- a name you can TRUST.”

The EWL is the patron of the second most popular sport in the known galaxy (after MagnoStar but just before traditional football). Every dive bar and stripclub in the galaxy has a holo-emitter playing an EroWrestling League match. In respectable joints, it’s a sanctioned bout, but in the worse pissholes, it’s an unsanctioned, Mafia-run death grind.

Erowrestling at its core is a traditional light weapons and mixed martial arts blood sport. The difference is that the competitors (Erotibatants) are exclusively female, cute in a lethal sort of way, and the only allowed weapons are Pleasure knives. When the fighters drop their blades and go to ground, special sensor rigs attached to their sweaty, nude figures and Pleasure gloves on the fists mean that the fighters are moaning and cumming with every punch. Things can get bloody fast, and still stay sexy.

Low rent matches are just fighting arenas, like old timey boxing rings, or simple battling circles in the dirt of some alien planet. More elaborate (and better selling) matches are as elaborate and fetishistic as the producers can make them. Traps, hot mud, cloth-destroying nano-oil warmed to a cuddly 98 degrees F, zero G or underwater arenas.... If it will bring in the creds and get the patrons hard, the EWL will provide it. The Mafia wants its cut, too. Unsanctioned matches get called ‘death grinds’ - drugged up women (mostly unwilling prospects kidnapped from backwater

worlds) fight to the death, but at least they die cumming harder than ever in their life.

Gazetteer of the Sleazy Future

Big galaxy.
Lots of places to get into trouble.
Here's a description of a few of those places.

Distances?

I intentionally don't mention exact distances or travel times between worlds. Whether it takes six hours, six days or six weeks to travel from Earth to Pacificia is a question for the game master. Instead, I've grouped all the adventuring sites in the gazateer into three basic 'ranges': near the Solar System, farther away, and way the Hell over there.

The Core

The region of space closest to Earth. The economic and cultural heart of Command Space.

Benediction
Common Downs
Earth
The Gernsbach Futurist Institute
Golgotha
Mead
Medicoake
Outlaw Sex Station 09
Pacifica
The Rigel II System
Solomon
Totentaz
Yandell

Free Space

The outer worlds, where there's still civilization to be found but The Command doesn't hold much sway.

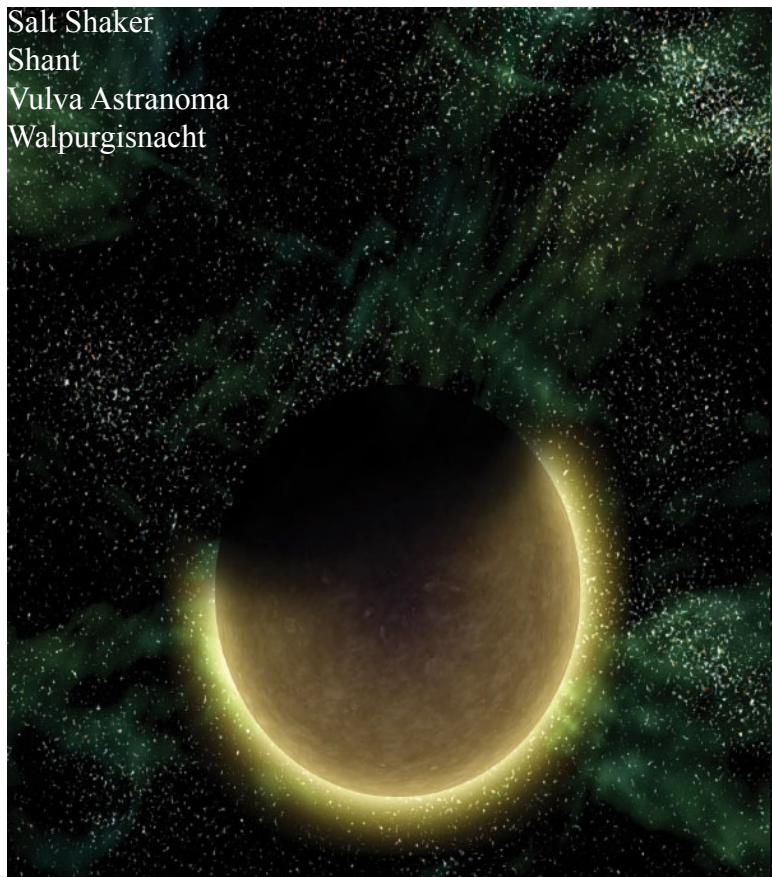
Charon III
Dinosaur Alley
Foundry

New Kingston
The Oracle of Shakryna
Pallachio's Pleasure Palace
The "Rubber Planet"
Scripps
The Starburn System
Treant
Verl Valley
Winedark

The Fringe

Out past the settled limits of human exploration. Here there be dragons.

Corlyss
The Cybertombs
The Dead Number
Debauch
The Doorway
Girl Fight Station
The Iron Belt Region
Lazarus
Mainframe 72
The Pleasure Deserts of Kraix
The Preserve
Pharos
Rest And Be Thankful
Salt Shaker
Shant
Vulva Astranoma
Walpurgisnacht



Benediction (Core)

If Earth is Galaxy Command's brains, Benediction aims to be its heart. The giant cathedral planet lurks within a dark nebula far outside standard shipping lanes. The completely urbanized planet is adorned with the Imperial Cross- a neatly arranged cross built from golden mega-structures and gridded streets. It's visible from space, bright and purposeful

Prime Pope Vaughn's cathedral dome is dead center at the heart of the Imperial Cross. The papal residence is as well guarded as you'd expect, but by a rather unconventional fighting force. Vaughn calls his private guards his **Cardinals**- beautiful nude Athenian mercenaries, known instantly by the cherry red paint decorating their breasts (and the big fucking railguns they carry). The old papal guards are more than a little



and unmistakable. Banks of praying supercomputers, larger than the old state of Texas, calculate 30 million devotions per minute. The humans living on Benediction are ticks scurrying through a silicon and steel cathedral.

The Imperial Church of the Galaxy is headquartered on Benediction; the faith is massive in every sense of the world. The ICG is the power behind Command Space, and trillions of sentients subscribe to its tenets, willingly or not. Officially, Galaxy Command is a secular galactic federation. Unofficially, the Adam Intelligence, powerfully as it is, is merely a figurehead for the theocrats. Every major Command politician is either born on Benediction or approved there.

unhappy about being replaced by 'Vaughn's painted whores' and plot his assassination. The papal residence is so massive Vaughn's terminated guards still lurk in unused wings and move through forgotten life support ducts.

The Mary Banks are a series of cloning tanks the size of a large city. They host a population of technicians, geneticists and womb-cutters larger than 35th Century NYC, and about four times that many Jesus Clones, gestating in placenta-tubes.

Benediction's sole moon is **Cloister**, an ultra-max prison for high level heretics awaiting execution. Every inch of Cloister is sheathed in gnarled black steel- there is nothing kind or comfortable here.

Prisoners wait out their sentences in slow-time sarcophagi, where their painful days stretch out to agonizing subjective-years.

Charon III (The Fringe)

This tiny world orbits a dying white dwarf, and is shrouded in ice, just like the Terran system planet of the same name. Few citizens of the Command know of Charon III's existence, as it appears on no approved nav-maps. Officially, Charon III does not exist. There's a good reason for that.

Charon III's sole habitation is a sprawling, subterranean bunker complex, staffed by an order of emotionless sect of cyber-enhanced psychics called the Icebound. The Icebound order serves Galaxy Command as secret executioners. Dissidents, annoying Sex Station journos, WARSTAR sympathizers, and anyone else the Command deems harmful to the public good are transported to Charon III for execution. The Icebound use hypothermia as their preferred execution method, carving eerie statues out of dissidents frozen beneath liquid methane waterfalls.

Corlyss (The Fringe)

The green and grey, methane and argon gas giant Corlyss is far from the light of any civilized star. The system is officially uninhabited, with little to recommend it other than the spectacular crystal and ice ring network girding Corlyss. Nobody looks closer at those beautiful, glistening rings, and that's how the Pysren want it.

Scattered among the ice and glass are millions upon millions of Yahn crystal cryo-coffins, each with a single Psyren adult in deep stasis inside. Lost in their dreamless sleep, these ancient Psyren are the last remnant of an ancient empire that far predated the Charioteer dominion of the galaxy. Whatever destroyed the Pysren's ancient imperium, the survivors choose eternal sleep rather than surrender.

Occasionally, today's Psyren, answering some instinctive, telepathic call from one of their ancestors, take a circuitous route to Corylss and awaken one of their forebears. Blessed with strange powers, and marked with facial tattoos resembling musical notation, the Psyren of the distant, unremembered past

are even more manipulative and dominant than their distant grand-daughters.

The Silent Fleet

Corylss and its secrets are protected by 'the Silent Fleet' - a disciplined and highly trained flotilla of Psyren aces flying manta-shaped, single woman star fighters. These crystalline starships are ultra-stealth, undetectable by most technological means, and piloted by veteran starfighters who excel at coordinated ambushes.

Common Downs (Core)

Common Downs used to be a lovely world covered in purple and pink veldts, stretching as far as the eye could see. Then the Command got a hold of it. Now, pretty much the entire planet is a cross between a holovision production studio and the most pathetic, geriatric-friendly casino in the galaxy. The kind of entertainment the Command wants its citizens watching is filmed on Common Downs: insipid sitcoms with the whitest and most banal stars they could dig up from Earth, scaremongering 'investigative journalism' reporting on the 'vast Satanist conspiracy' and game shows. Gameshows by the ton, gameshows for days and days. Gameshows until your soul withers and your eyes fucking bleed.

Every conceivable variety of game show is filmed here, with tourists flying in from across the galaxy to watch (and have a chance at winning). The game hosts are minor local gods, dressed in tacky gold suits and togas, always with lovely female assistants dressed in ICG approved Mom Armor. (So are most of the tourist women, by the way, but they don't look nearly as cute as the wheel spinners or tile flippers.)

The most famous Game Host is the Canis Major anthro that simply goes by **Smiling Bob**. A devout and passionate convert to the ICG, "saved by the genocidal love of Jesus II", the dog-faced hominid puts on a big smiling face during his shows. He'll happily paw at the pudgy housewives spinning the Wheel of Cheese, even give them a big sloppy doggy kiss, but (not-so) secretly, Smiling Bob is the most pathetic, self loathing fuck in The Core. Given the chance, he'd jump at being human. Alone in his dressing room, the neutered dog-boy dons a very

creepy synth skin suit and mask that's right in the Uncanny Valley.

Common Down's prize vaults are legendary for their riches. Every year's supply of Erecto-Pills, wide screen holodisplay and Tigerite Star Yacht given out to the lucky competitors is stored in the Prize Vaults before the game begins. The Prize Vaults have been robbed at least once a month, every month for the last few years. Most of the heists end up with a lot of dead bandits, reduced to smoldering goo by the Vaults' security-droids. A few heists, were successful, and Common Downs' management would pay good credits for intel on the bastards who made off with their loot.

The Cybertombs (The Fringe)

Spacers have buried heavily reconstructed cyborgs in various rocks throughout this asteroid belt for eons. The Cybertombs are neutral territory- any sentient can come here to bury their dead in peace. Machine beetles, naturally evolved artificial life forms native to the asteroid archipelago, skitter across the airless rocks. The machine beetles break down dead cyborg's mechanical components, smelting the



salvage to life-sustaining slag and replacement parts in internal foundries. Internal organics are left to desiccate to grey leather in hard vacuum.

Sentient scavengers are allowed to ply their trade in the Cybertombs (and the area is too large, and too fragmented to ever effectively patrol), but by long standing tradition scavengers restrict their activities. Wait at least a week after a burial to crack a juicy new cyber-coffin; leave the internal skeleton and the cyborg's faceplating mostly intact; don't jack implanted weapons systems, because the dead'll need them in the next world.

The Dead Number (The Fringe)

The Dead Number is an urban legend among spacers. Maybe it exists, but nobody's ever found it (even though a lot of heart broken pilot's wives have spent a lot of time and credits looking) and nobody who's been there has ever returned. Except for that old fuckin' Axxin-head drinking at the bar beside you- he claims he's got trideo proof and nav coordinates.

The Dead Number's the place where botched hyperspace jumps go. Teleportation fuck-ups, bad jumps, mistimed jaunts- their passengers and cargo end

up orbiting as part of a debris field that stretches as far as sensors can reach. Supposedly, the Dead Number is a *dark magnetar* (a failed star with an inescapable magnetic field so intense it has become the repository for every failed hyper-traveler reentering the Einstienian galaxy. If the stories are true, Dead Number is a three dimensional snow flake of melted and irradiated hull plating and broken plastics, turning endlessly far from the light of any real star....all alone somewhere out in the Big Black.

The Reality of The Dead Number

Unknown to most spacers, the legends are real. Roll a natural 1 on a Navigate or Pilot check in hyperspace, or roll 100 on percentile dice for an off-target teleport, and you might be seeing Dead Number.

Dead Number is a complex and gradually shifting arrangement of wrecked starships and vac-frozen corpses. The central *dark magnetar's* energies form the nucleus of a complex, three-dimensional atom, with the wreckage orbiting this central pivot. Intense electromagnetic discharges wreak havoc with the systems of any ships unfortunate enough to be caught the orbit- communications and nav systems go off line, and even basic life support is intermittent.

Despite this, a few stranded spacers have managed to cobble together a basic settlement within Dead Number. This shanty-town resembles a wasp's nest made of broken starship parts, haphazardly welded together and sealed with duct tape and plastic sheeting where the welds didn't hold. The pitifully few survivors tend to be either the meanest and toughest bastards among their crew, or else the most innovative. The stranded survive by salvaging and repurposing anything that falls into Dead Number.

The survivors are lead by **Grimbook**, a tentacled space pirate who vanished in the mid 28th century, a billion credit bounty on his beak. Over the centuries of his exile, Grimbook has developed a taste for cannibalism. He finished off his own crew long ago, his lieutenants nowadays make sure to stay more indispensable than tasty.

Grimbook's second in command is a lithe redhead named **Kitilia Prynn**. She claims she was Free Spacer 'out in the world' but comes from a clan nobody's ever heard of. Kitilia commands the

Wedges- a motley assortment of mutants and aliens who break up newly arrived ships. They can strip a million ton mega-carrier to parts in about six hours. Anybody who doesn't work gets fed to Grimbook- watching her boss eat is Kitilia's chief pleasure these days, since she hasn't had any Glow or decent dick since she landed in Dead Number.

Dinosaur Alley (Free Space)

The frontier planet Pernsia Delta -nicknamed "Dinosaur Alley" -is a scientific curiosity for Terran ecologists. Home to dinosaur like creatures virtually identical to those who lived and died on earth more than 70 million years ago, the planet's true origins are unknown. Some scientists insist that genetic material blasted out of the Alley by a primordial meteor strike somehow found its way to Earth to spark the dawn of life. Other scientists believe that the Alley is a product of parallel evolution, or a mysterious genetic experiment of an unknown alien intelligence. There are always several teams of Galaxy Command researchers on planet.

The wealthiest few of Command society are allowed on planet on safari to hunt the great beasts. The elite of the elite can go one better; non-human convicts from throughout Command Space transported to Dinosaur Alley and are hunted to the death. Their pelts, wings and chitin become trophies decorating mega-corp boardrooms. Currently the greatest 'prize' wandering the planet is the beloved **Urlok shaman and planetary leader Rukarra**, who has survived six seasons of the hunt thanks to her mastery of the natural world. Rukarra was sentenced to death on Dinosaur Alley for heresy against the Imperial Church, and anyone who could rescue her could rule the Urlok species as a hero-consort.

Debauch (The Fringe)

Debauch is a watery green moon within a few light years of Walpurgisnacht. As the name implies, Debauch is a pleasure world without equal. Colonized by the Church of Cosmic Satan back in the 25th Century, Debauch and a few of the surrounding orbital stations have become a playground for the Cosmic Satanist elite. If the Walpurgisnacht heavies don't

know who you are, you're not welcome in this system. A cadre of elite space-aces, nicknamed **Bat's Bastards**, patrol the skies and have no problem blasting uninvited visitors to atoms.

oded here- the ultimate memorial for any Ameriscum or hard rocker.

Debauch's endless orgies have a purpose- the raising of powerful Tantric energy. Vast collectors, which resemble goliath Tesla coils, loom over the horizon, crackling with pink and purple energy at any hour of the day or night. When enough is collected, Debauch's heavens flare with colorful, black-light aurora borealis effects, before a wave of Tantric energy is fired directly at Walpurgisnacht. This Tantric energy, combined with the energy provided by Satanic sacrifices, powers Walpurgisnacht's war machine and its vast R&D labs.

Hedonism and Electricity

Debauch's atmosphere is dangerously energized.

All Electrical and Pleasure damage effects on planet have their numerical effects maximized. Spells with either the Electricity or Pleasure descriptors are cast at +1 Caster level on world. Finally, increase the REF Save DC against Electrical

or Pleasure hazards by +2.

Debauch welcomes galactically famous rock stars, A-list porn starlets, notorious Cosmic Satanist celebrities and the biggest Outlaw Sex Station 09 journos, and them only. Debauch boasts body-swapping parlors, fast-growth sex-clone tanks, zero-G orgy rooms, sentient pleasure slime baths, and more drugs freely available at one party than produced by the entire nation of Colombia during its entire history. Debauch is a place of excess. There's a mile long wall of holographic headshots of visiting celebrities who

The Doorway (The Fringe)

A jagged archway hanging in perpetual orbit around a dead pulsar, the doorway is a mega-construct the size of a mid-sized continent. It is a flat plane of ultradense gold, and even though it is nearly indestructible, its surface is still starred and pitted by long eons of micrometeorite impacts. The Doorway resembles the hyperspace gates common throughout the galaxy, though exponentially larger.



The Doorway has never opened in all the years of human space travel, though it promises to one day soon. An alphanumeric readout the size of a city-state counts down inexorably. Its alien glyphs are reaching the end of their countdown, and perhaps within as little as a year, the Doorway will finally open. The Imperial Church of the Galaxy has stationed a full 15% of its deep naval fleet in this obscure, out of the way system in anticipation of the programmed opening.....

Earth (Core)

Centuries of globalization have turned Earth into one continuous shopping archeology. Dedicated to orderly commerce above all, 35th Century Earth is colorful but drab- the world's colors are ad-holograms. Earth's music, ambient ad jingles and jingoistic, pro-Galaxy Command anthem-rock. There's ten Command MPs to every city block,

all just just waiting to toss some offworlder into a re-edu camp and confiscate her Glow. Nobody on Earth's fucked for centuries, and there's not much to smile about anymore (unless you like a 15 hour shift working in a zero-G assembly plant and going home to eat pre-pak soy and watch socially approved programming in your pod). Earth may be humanity's motherworld, but any human with brains or balls is out somewhere in free space.

The goliath **Presidential Palace** is a four stilted architectural nightmare made of bone white plastic and covered in graffiti up to the 53rd story. The Presidential Palace squats over Lake Superior, in the Nor-Am Zone, like a deformed alien cow. The Presidential Palace is home to whatever morally

bankrupt drone the ICG elected to enforce their policies this week. Currently, there's a TV Headed

man-child named **Ked Plantagenet** in the Neo-Oval Office. Plantagenet's chief interests are racing space-yachts and keeping up his platinum membership at Shake Machine, actual legislation is a distant priority. Plantagenet would be one of the ICG's most valuable pawns, except for his habit of appointing his favorite stripper *de jur* to the Galactic Cabinet when he gets drunk enough.

Shoot These Bastards First

Plantagenet is a pawn of people a lot smarter than himself and he's almost smart enough to realize it. His Vice President is **Ultra Pope Wolfman Cockulus**, who everybody knows used to do assassinations for the ICG. Ultra Pope Cokulus is supposedly retired from the gun-business, but foreign powers keep the VP under tight security when the jowly son of a bitch is visiting their planet. Everybody's scared of the Ultra Pope.

Plantagenet doesn't realize his Chief of Staff, the one woman who can keep him on task and keeps Earth's government running, the Free Spacer, **Aquatiane Millet** is simply a Psyren personality construct implanted in his head. Nobody else in the Plantagenet administration quite realizes it either. They just assume Millet's absence is a result of her busy travel schedule and her preference for teleconferencing. They trust Ked when he says he saw her. The psi-ghost Millet is playing everybody in Earth Gov, and most of the local ICG bigwigs against each other. Millet currently has everybody in Earth's government obsessed with a hair brained scheme to fusion-dye Alpha Centuari's sun neon green, though what that would accomplish is anybody's guess.

Finally, though not a part of the Presidential staff, Ked's long suffering wife, the TV Head **Hester** deserves a mention. She's only a few IQ points higher than her husband, and is damn pissed she hasn't gotten laid by her husband in five years because he's out boning strippers. (The fact she's boning the Ultra Pope Cockulus is a hypocrisy that's lost on her.) She takes out her rage by murdering strippers by the dozen- she's one of the most venomous enemies of the Shahteyan faith.

Beast Point Station is a pig-iron ugly space station orbiting on the opposite side of the terminator from the clean and bright Command Moon. Beast Point is a quarantine zone for newly arrived non-humanoids- typically Urloks, Gravoks and other bulky xenofoms imported to Earth to toil in its forges. If Beast Point Station were actually a prison, Command law would require some degree of humane treatment- as it's only a 'temporary accommodation' for new immigrants, no such protections exist. Crime, disease and worship of insane gods run rampant. The rusting inner hulls are covered in mildew and drip black ichor....long thought extinct, the **Pentafex Megalus** is rebuilding itself and its fungal cult.

Spore Sickness

Spore Sickness is fatally common in the dingy underbelly of Beast Point Station. Sufferers are plagued by fungal blooms that infest their lungs and bowels and over time, grow into their brainstem, sapping will and creating an almost autistic fascination with fungal life forms. Stinking, mildly toxic mushroom blooms infest the infected's lips and mar their back and shoulders.

Type: Disease, inhalation

Save: FORT DC 17

Onset: 1d6 days

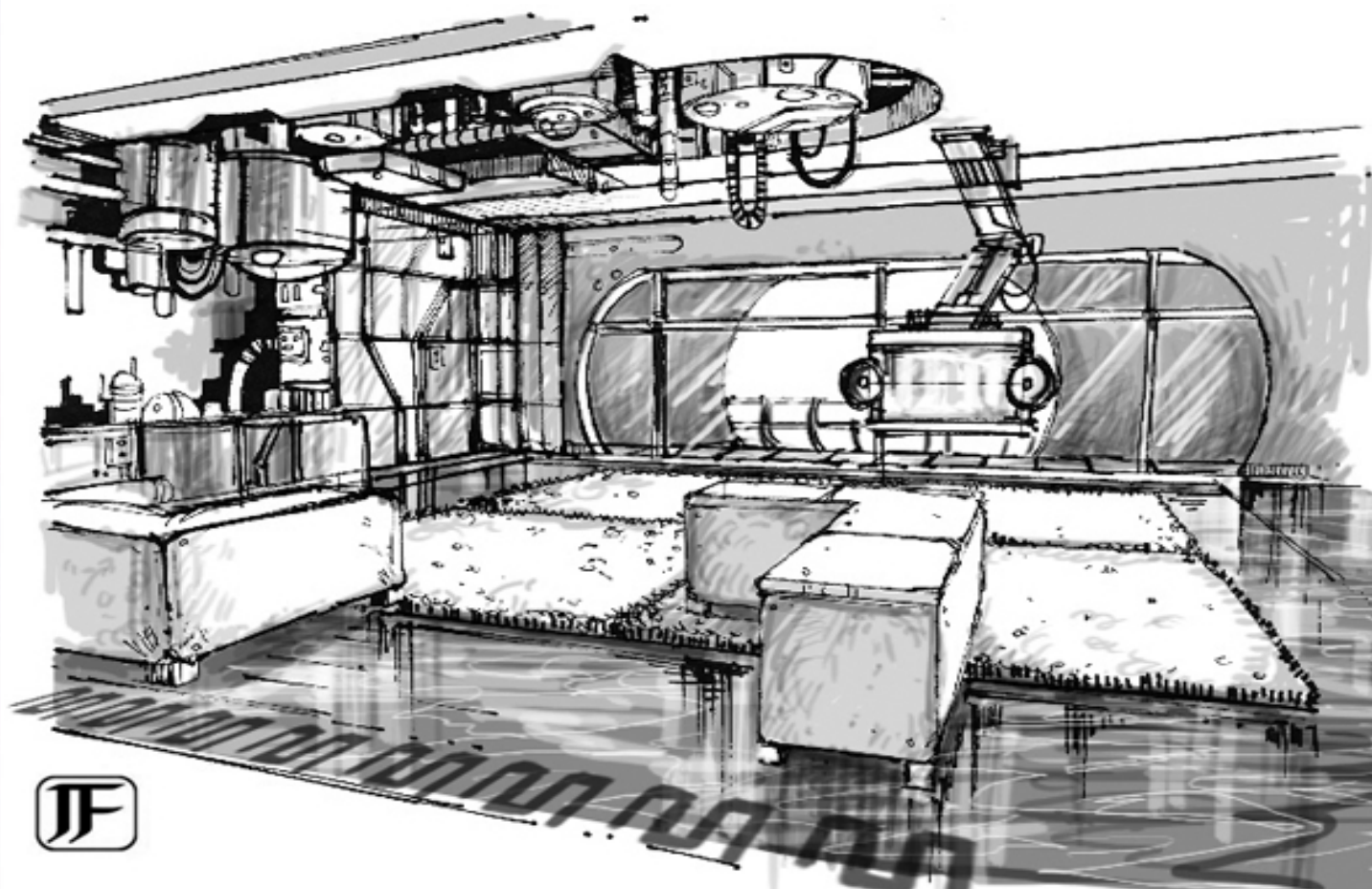
Frequency: 1/day

Effect: 1d4 CON. Targets suffer a -4 morale penalty on attack rolls and saving throws against creatures in the Plant type. The character must succeed at a DC 20 WILL Save to make a melee attack against any creature with the Plant type; if the save fails, the action is lost, while the victim stands immobile.

If Spore Sickness goes untreated for 5 consecutive days, the victim is treated as being under a permanent Charm Monster spell with regards to any creature of the Plant type. The victim will not attack or take any harmful action towards any plant, and will assist any sentient Plant that commands them to do so.

Cure: 2 consecutive saves

The Nashville Fortress occupies much of the Old American state of Tennessee, grown up around the holy pilgrimage site, Graceland. Constantly bombarded by ICG vessels and under constant interdiction, the state is protected beneath glistening gold forcefields. Beneath the gold domes, life continues mostly uninterrupted, with smugglers using



alternate routes, teleportation magic and a stable warp gate (whose end point is the bathroom where The Great Elvis took his last shit as a mortal) leading to the outer planets. Despite the official blockade, pilgrims from across the galaxy risk everything to visit Graceland and pray at the Temple of the Uncrowned King.

Exploiting their détente with the ICG power structure, North-Am's Shahteyan strippers often escort pilgrims to Graceland either before or after a visit to an Old South strip club. (With the alien dancers grinding to old Elvis hits, of course.)

Foundry (Free Space)

Foundry is space station carved from an iron-rich planetoid that was moved at great expense to orbit the Black Sun of Crime. The gigantic robots on this world assemble the Space Mafia's starships and deadliest weapons, under the direction of Warp Widow Overseers (*Space Monsters Volume One, Otherverses Games, 2013*).

Ganaden (The Fringe)

Testorites literally erupt from the barren, rocky soil of the desert planet **Ganaden**. Ganaden is trapped between two stars, a burnt sienna dwarf and a hot yellow main sequence furnace. About three times Earth's mass, Ganaden's largest continent is mostly desert; the rest is arid savannah. Ganaden is a crucible.

There's only a few sites of interest on Ganaden. There's a huge arena, possibly the largest bloodsports arena in the known galaxy, where especially bold Testorites match their wits and blades against their brothers. There's a spaceport, where 'newbie' Testorites can find passage off world, once they feel confident enough to leave the planet of their 'rebirth'. There's warehouses by the ton, staffed by attractive xeno-girls from across the galaxy, because they know that Testorites are sexually insatiable, great lovers, and generous tippers. And because most Testorites were big readers in their past lives, there are quite a few good book stores and media-shops on planet somewhere.

The Krantil Mesa

Quite a few Testorites eventually return to the world of their (re)birth on pilgrimage to Krantil. It's the Testorite marrying place. Testorites might be attracted to pretty, virginal girls and cute, helpless space princesses, but they only ever marry fellow warriors. If a Testorite's bride to be is not already a hunter-killer, the Testorite returns here to make her one.

The Krantil Mesa is a flat plane of acid yellow rock a mile wide, its unnaturally smooth surface laser-cut with crop circle designs that flare with amber power after suns-set. All Testorites instinctively know the ritual to awaken the Krantil Mesa's power.

The Krantil Ritual

A Testorite can bring his bride here to share his own power and training with her. The ritual commences at suns-set and ends at First Dawn. The

Testorite's bride, who must have no heroic class levels, practices with the provided weapon and dances while the Testorite performs the ritual. At the ritual's climax, the bride gains the same class levels as her husband possesses, minus -2 levels.

The Testorite must provide similar arms and equipment to those he most commonly uses, as well as sacrifice precious gems with value equal to 1,000 GP x his total character level. These gems are powdered and used to make sand paintings during the ritual. At the ritual's climax, the Testorite receives a permanent negative level, which cannot be removed.

"The Pumper"

The relic that Testorites have nicknamed "The Pumper" is a 60 story tall hydraulic system, resembling an endlessly turning oil derrick. The Pumper is built to a massive scale, out of gigantic slabs of a bronze-like alloy, covered in ancient alien

runes and glyphs, and studded with white-hot rivets. The Pumper is a (most likely) a Great Engine, similar to the ones found on **Corlyss** and **Yandell**. Unlike the relics on those worlds, which go unexplored (in Yandell's case) or remain highly secret (in Corlyss'), the Testorites are smart enough to realize the potential value in the ancient mega-device. Testorites are endlessly curious- a puzzle as good as The Pumper was practically designed to capture the race's attention. Scientists from around the galaxy have been invited to Ganaden to study the device, with little success. The slowly churning Pumper remains as enigmatic now as it was when the first Testorite to wake on the world discovered it, centuries ago.



Gernsbach Futurist Institute (The Core)

Prosaically named, the Gernsbach Futurist Institute isn't just an institute....it's an entire planet. Most people who read the place's description in Command travel brochures never realize this, meaning most spacers never bother to enter the system. GFI is probably the most classified planet in Command space, and it's hiding in plain sight...just the way the Command wants it.

The GFI is an early terraforming success-effectively a duplicate Earth nestled within the **Raincloud Nebula**. GFI is the test-bed for Command protocol and thought control technology. Every initiative in the last 200 years that has chipped away at human freedom and made Command Space a more pussy-ass place to be had its start on Gernsbach. About 85% of GFI's total population are an exceptionally polite and unflappable breed of Vidiot. The rest are members of pure human control groups- bred for docility and mindless consumerism. The Command keeps their citizen testers fat, dumb and happy, as it tries out new types of ad campaigns, public hygiene initiatives and new traffic control schemes.

The TV Headed soccermom, and Earth's First Lady, **Hester Plantaganet** was born and raised at GFI. In fact, she was a TV Head beauty pageant contestant on world. She began her pageant career at 5 by winning the Miss Pedo-Bait 3412 crown, and before she married, she'd been crowned Miss Placid Conformity 3450 and 3452. Hester is a firm advocate of TV Head eugenics, and has been working tirelessly to breed the galaxy's most perfect- hardest working, least complaining, socially acceptable and utterly vapid- next generation Vidiot. She's having wonderful success.

Girl Fight Station (The Fringe)

This smallish, independent asteroid habitat is only open for humanoid habitation once every four galactic years (which means it'll open up about 2 months after your campaign begins). Girl Fight Station is owned by the EroWrestling League, and is the site

of their Grand Galacti-Grind Championships. The GGG Championships are two weeks of intense, brutal pleasure-combat, mingled with nights of just-plain-pleasure.

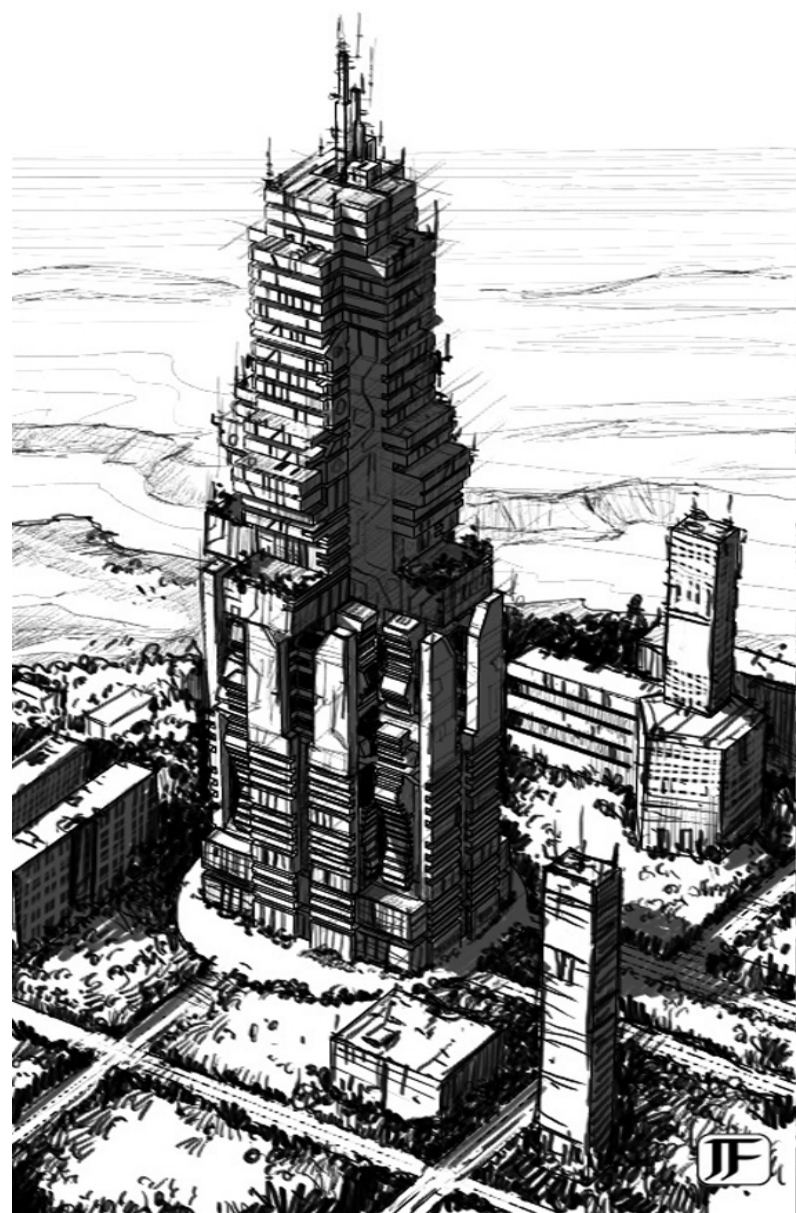
Between the bustle and chaos of the GGG Championships, Girl Fight Station is depressurized and silent, empty except for its army of caretaker Star Droids. Most power down for naps that last six months at a stretch, but a few of the local Star Droids stay on line, and the boredom and isolation has made 'em a bit weird. These Star Droids are glitchy, perverted and completely unacceptable in polite society- they'll rhapsodize for months over a pair of panties or sweat stained pasties left behind by one of the wrestlers.

Unknown to the EroWrestling League, the caretaker bots welcome visitors in the off season. Spacers have to either keep to the few pressurized sections of the station, or stay in their encounter suits, but they're welcome to come aboard and trade. Girl Fight Station's droids barter news of the galaxy, naked holos of cute space-girls and celeb gossip for Pleasure weapons they manufacture locally, insider information of *great* interest to EWL gamblers, and off the books starship repair.

Golgotha (Core)

The Imperial Church of the Galaxy owns Golgotha, an arid world of azure mountains, a few parsecs from the holy planet Benediction. From the beginning, Golgotha has been a tomb planet- the most honored of the ICG's faithful are interred here, in mountain side crypts. Most of the ICG's former pontiffs are interred here; the few that are left rot on their homeworlds, or were rendered down into relics centuries ago. The common faithful can buy a burial plot (and assured entry into the Dues Futura's Heaven) for a donation of several hundred million credits, over and above the expected tithes.

An intentional and fairly obscure quirk of Command law requires any mega-corp competing for government contracts to be headquartered on Golgotha. The ICG are allowed to extort exorbitant, million-credit rents from the more than 500 galactic mega-corps with central offices on world. The ICG can cancel a lease at any time, for any reason. The



ICGs inquisitors and its small army of corporate solicitors are hatefully vigilant: any violation of the Church's teachings, any hint of heresy, any donations to unacceptable causes, anything at all, and the lease (and the Command contracts) all end. Mindful of the vast profits at stake, Golgotha's mega-corps toe the line.

Mega-corps headquartered on Golgotha include:

- **Defender Arms**, a military weapons manufacturer who manufactures the Defender-

1000, the standard energy sidearm of Galaxy Command's troops

- **Grey Griffon Research Group LTD**, a secretive think-tank working on advanced energy research and exotic weapons prototypes. Somehow involved in the construction of Galaxy Command's energy badges, but exactly how is highly classified.
- **Roritan Computing**, who assembles brain-boxes for military-grade Star Droids and other advanced computing equipment.
- **Shackleton Cryonics**, which builds cryo-sleep coffins, used both by slower vessels and the Command prison system
- **Stellar Trinity LLC**, which assembles hyperdrives used in military and civilian vessels alike. Half the starships flying today include Stellar Trinity components.
- **Springer Heavy Machinery**, which manufactures commercial terraforming equipment and mecha components.
- **Wei-Yu Pharmaceuticals**, the largest producer of Mood Chems and cloning drugs in Command Space.

The Iron Belt Region (The Fringe)

The Iron Belt is a rugged stretch of frontier space, stretching across parsecs of the tenuous border between Galaxy Command and WARSTAR territory. The region is hazardous to navigation- nearly a dozen major belts weave crisscrossing orbits through the Iron Belt, to say nothing of ten thousand plus larger, free moving orbital bodies. Most nav-charts only account for rocks car-sized or larger, though Iron Belters know that the real danger is are the baseball sized or bullet sized rocks that can punch right through a space ship's hull.

Exotic ore mining, both dirt-side and on one of the myriad asteroids making up the Belt, are the region's chief industries. Water mining on comets is another profitable industry, as are heavy metals refining and drydock services. Other rocks serve as bars, resupply depots, cheap hotels, or pleasure domes, servicing the miners.



All the worlds of the Iron Belt Region are within a few lightyears of each other, some times much less. It only requires a short shuttle hop to cross from IronClad to Krabor, for example.

Freebooter's Asteroid is a well defended raider hideout is basically an enormous starship carved from an asteroid that dwarfs the Martian object Ceres. Equipped with its own propulsion systems, the Freebooter's Asteroid prowls the border between Command Space and the frontier. Criminals, terrorists and space pirates of every breed are welcome here, and the Freebooter's Asteroid is usually the only port of call where space's most wanted can rest, repair and resupply.

However, the Asteroid's owners, the Nova-Swarm Cartel knows it has a monopoly on starship repair and resupply, so prices (for everything, right

down to oxygen rations!) are at least twice as high as they are anywhere else in the galaxy.

There's only one reason to willingly visit Freebooter's Asteroid: **Helix Prime's Nova Hot Sluts**, the best whore house in Free Space. Nova Hot Sluts features whores of every species and morphotype, up to and including a pair of uplifted baleen whale harlots living in an artificial sea suspended in zero gee.

IronClad is the center of culture, such as it is, in the Iron Belt region. This rocky world is home to a tougher than usual breed of humanity, that makes its living mining the depths of the world. IronClad is considered a backward embarrassment, inferior to Earth or Andromeda VII in every respect but one. Since the sport of Magno-Star began here, IronClad is home to the best mag-field arena in known space.

Bankrupt is IronClad's second largest moon, and the only inhabited moon. The **Space Mafia** runs a cyber-parlor on Bankrupt. Bankrupt is one of the few places in the galaxy where you can walk in with a handful of credits in a carry-all, hand it to the surgeon and walk about 72 hours later with full cybernetic conversion. Bankrupt's cyber-docs will work on anyone, no questions asked, no refunds given.

Krabor

Krabor is a crime ridden cess-pool of a planet. Every inch of the world is urbanized, dirty, graffiti covered and filled with bars and bordellos. Every bar and bordello is filled with Space Mafiosos too brutal, greedy, untrustworthy or just plain stupid to make it anywhere else. And every Space Mafioso on the planet has lice. And their lice have AIDS.

Krabor doesn't have a planetary government- instead its run by a collection of oligarchs and thugs. Krabor's largest space port is the crumbling, rusting megacity **Apogee**, which is built around the wreckage of a long abandoned orbital elevator. The broken-down

'beanstalk' stretches up into the outer atmosphere, too massive to demolish. Instead, it slowly disintegrates, as huge panels and internal components fall off and kill those unfortunate enough to be living below. Others scavenge components from the lower levels to rebuild their shanties after a "beanfall".

If you're looking to do business with the thugs that run things (which is a necessity for any real trade or the hiring of mercenaries), you've got to pay your respects to the oligarchs. The bastards meet two or three times an eight day Kraborian week at the very satisfyingly named **Cow Beer**, a steakhouse that's the closest thing you'll find on world to fine dining.

Bishop Gully Starweather is a good man to know. He's on the ICG's shit list for preaching basic tolerance of alien religions, and of aliens themselves. He's never had balls big enough to openly challenge the ICG, but refused to recant some of his more troublesome statements about species equality, hence his current dismal posting. Bishop Gully (as he's known to the locals) helps out as best he can- he'll

provide food, medicine when he can get it, and sometimes can buy someone out of slavery or prostitution, if he can weasel the necessary funds out of the higher-ups. Be aware that Bishop Gully is deep in the Oligarchs' pockets- they fund his food pantry and clinics, and keep the world's marginal peace. He won't go against the Oligarchs for any reason and will take lots of convincing to speak out openly against the Imperial Church again.

Point Promise

Point Promise is a rocky, barren moon orbiting Krabor. During Earth's planetary dark ages of the 22nd Century and beyond, convicts and dissidents were exiled to the rugged



world en masse. There, the colonists overcame their violent pasts, eventually turning Point Promise into a planetary monastery, dedicated to the peaceful study of 'soft' or defensive martial arts.

The Resurrection Asteroid of Khor

Khor is a rocky asteroid riddled with deep tunnels, that wanders in an eccentric orbit through the Iron Belt. It's a legend among spacers, because many of the deep tunnels are moderately irradiated environments; however a slain creature, dead less than 72 hours, who is left in the tunnels for a night is returned to life as if by *Raise Dead*. Finding the right cavern, and beating off the radioactive beasts that call it home is a challenge, but so is just finding the Khor asteroid in the first place. Supposedly, the Resurrection Asteroid is tended by a half-insane cult of Jesus Clones that fled here after tiring of their servitude to the ICG.

Shiner

Shiner is a grungy, rundown asteroid colony favored by space scum and pirates. It's the last gasp of "civilization" before you hit WARSTAR Space, such as it is. The place is always rowdy- Capricornis (ram) Anthros from a long forgotten empire settled here a few centuries ago, opening a spacer bar, brewing rotgut from hydroponic fungi and repairing starships. It grew into a business, then a freehold, then an institution in this sector of space. It's known for decent mechanics, a great refueling service (the **Busy Beaver Fueling Company**) and truly lethal bar brawls. Shiner is a place to settle affairs- its courts hold that murders committed while intoxicated are always justifiable, and doesn't prosecute one spacer who blasts another in a barroom brawl.

Jesus Clones are banned on station (because of Jesus II's pogrom against Anthros during the 24th Century). Call one of the station dwellers a furry, and prepare to get your ass kicked. The preferred term is Anthro, fuckhead. The ICG and its missionaries are similarly unwelcome. There's a high power ansible repeating station deep in the station bowels; it receives and retransmits slightly static shot signals from Outlaw Sex Station 09 into WARSTAR territory.

Lazarus (The Fringe)

Lazarus is a pretty but dangerous jungle world, far beyond civilized space. Most nav-charts don't even bother to list it, but a few years back, a heretic sect of disgraced ICG Evangelists claimed the world. The heretics were shut out for speaking love and justice, charity to the poor and genuine forgiveness- the bastards were lucky to get out of Command Space with their lives.

Now, they plan the ICG's downfall and the restoration of what they call the True Church. They named their planet for resurrection, most important of which is the restoration of Jesus I to spiritual primacy rather than the furry-killin' wargod Jesus II. Lazarus' heretics have a long term strategy of infiltration, subversion and eventual sabotage in mind. They're breeding their own Jesus Clones- a less arrogant and more spiritually focused, spell-slinging breed of Jesus Clones, based on prime *Turin*-DNA.

Lazarus' heretics are getting their big dreams from their advisor, a Psyren espionage attaché named **Puzzle McGuire**. She says she used to do dirt for the ICG and got tired of it, and her defection earned her a deathmark. Of course, since she's Psyren everybody knows that's probably bullshit. Who knows what Puzzle's real game is.

Mainframe 72 (The Fringe)

Mainframe 72 is a massive and ultra-secret Command database hollowed out of a large asteroid. Stealth engines and a crew of 75 fanatically-loyal Command spacers and Jarheads give Mainframe 72 mobility- it prowls the outer edges of civilized space for years at a time. The asteroid habitat is the ultimate repository for Galaxy Command's dirty secrets. The entire hollow inner surface of the sphere is dominated by endless banks of black steel computer cabinets, illuminated by tens of thousands of blinking lights.

The Command stores blackmail files, criminal histories and data on every citizen of Command Space at Mainframe 72. If the rumors that every Vidiot is secretly recording his or her neighbors constantly, those files are here too. Were this asteroid subverted, or its data destroyed somehow, the Command's surveillance state would crumble.

Mead (Core)

Mead used to be a quiet little suburb, planetary speaking. Only terraformed a century ago, Mead was an orderly world for mid-level Command staffers and unimportant political attaches to raise their smiling, Caucasian families. Domed future-homes in muted Earth tones dotted the landscape, each at the center of a perfectly groomed hexagonal lawn. All the girls wore skirts, and all the boys shaved and barcoded their heads.

Than the local constabulary got wind of a Cosmic Satanist plot to infiltrate suburbia, and subvert it from within. The witch hunt started, grew out of control. Revolution, counter revolution and ICG Inquisition got busy, and by the time things settled down, the ICBMS were flying and 10,000,000 apron-wearing housewives had been atomized. The best part- the whole Satanic infiltration thing was a joke- a Walpurgisnacht psi-op that made its way into the galactic rumor mill and got some air-time on the Sex Station 09 nightly news of the weird.

Oops. Oh well, there still may be some juicy salvage, and maybe even a few suburbanites still alive in the radioactive ruins.

Medicoake (Core)

Medicoake is a Utopian experiment, and one of Earth's most successful minor colonies. Founded three centuries ago, the Medicoake orbital habitat is gleaming ivory plastic and shining chrome. It looks and feels like the future is supposed to, with white-suited techno-savants and personal jet boots. Unlike the rest of the galaxy, nothing is rundown, graffiti covered, or selling Dr. Youp brand crap from dispensers bolted to every bulkhead.

Medicoake is known primarily as a genetic engineering and experimental surgical station; while there are plenty of citizens who practice other professions, the station's physicians are held in highest



regard. There's a good reason that Medicoake is as sterile as a hospital, because in large part that's what the massive orbital torus is. Patients come from half a galaxy away to have bionic prosthesis fitted, or unknown xeno-plagues diagnosed and cured. In addition to some of the best tech-based medicine in the galaxy, Medicoake supplements its practice with a disciplined cadre of Clerics, capable of casting revolutionary healing and purifying magic.

Medicoake's population is mostly human, and majority of North African descent. The original

colonists hailed from Morocco and Niger, and brought their dress and food with them to the stars.

New Kingston (Free Space)

This sweltering, humid world is home to one of the most ecologically diverse rainforests in the sector. The small agricultural colony is a beautiful jungle that early settlers named for the Old Earth nation of Jamaica. Most of the natives are as dark skinned as their Terran ancestors, and they've kept the Rastafarian traditions alive and well as they left Earth for the stars. The world's efficient, multi-tower space port is decorated in red, gold and green; the men and women favor dreadlocks, and more importantly, the cultivation of Glow is the world's chief export.

According to connoisseurs, Treant may produce the best Glow in the galaxy, but New Kingston produces a thousands time more. The two worlds are fierce rivals, and minor violence (usually limited to space port brawls) and acts of sabotage are common. Members of the Heinlein Clan are completely unwelcome on New Kingston, while members of New Kingston's ruling clans- the world's **Proud Old Men of Many Mansions**— are similarly unwelcome on Treant. The locals tend to be a bit suspicious of white-phenotype Free Spacers as a whole, on account of their bad blood with the Heinleins. Hover cab pilots and dock crew usually warn pale skinned visitors not to stray too far from the space docks and surrounding tourist traps.

New Kingston is far from unified. Different families and factions, referred to as *mansions*, rule different sectors of the planet, and have differing attitudes on galactic trade and, especially, the Heinleins. One thing all the mansions are united in is their hatred and mistrust of The Command, which they term *Babylon*.

Some of New Kingston's many diverse factions include:

Nazarites: Traditional and extremely suspicious of outsiders, the Nazarites have taken the lead in 'righteous actions' against the Heinleins. Arrogant hot heads, Nazarite gangs have an abiding hatred of the

ICG, and consider the Jesus Clone species a horrible blasphemy. Nazarite terrorists have no particular hatred of the Jesus Clones themselves, but want to remove the ICG's ability to create new Jesus Clones to order.

The Sons of Gold: A sect and city-state producing some of New Kingston's best xeno-biologists and explorers. Always dreaming of what's next, the Sons of Gold have recently become obsessed with the Testorites- wanting to understand why some Old Earth children are chosen to receive such amazing physical gifts.

The True Selassie: Interbred with lion and panther anthros fleeing Earth during the 25-28th Centuries, known for their golden eyes and hair. Often act as mediators between the Charioteers, other outlying Anthro colonies, and humans, including the other *mansions* and various Free Spacer clans.

Wordspeakers: The city-state of Carrington produces a greater than average number of Bards, Wizards and Modern Spellcasters. Huge, domed colleges spread over several acres of cleared jungle teach magic as both a science and a philosophy. The most open to off world influence and exchange of ideas- the planet's most liberal faction by far.

The Oracle of Shakryna (Free Space)

Shakryna is a volcanic hell-world whose elemental properties make its endless magma rivers burn a lurid green. The Oracle of Shakryna is an ancient, pre-Command temple complex built atop the world's most massive volcano. A grotesquely carved stone bridge stretches across the greenish caldera, and here, creatures come from across the galaxy to see glimpses of their future.

The process for consulting the Oracle of Shakryna are both ancient and well documented. Two warriors meet on the bridge, and battle until only one survives. The winner tosses the loser down to the magma, and sees an oracle of his, her or its future in the sudden emerald conflagration. There are always two endless lines of supplicants, one climbing the eastern face of the Oracle, one ascending from the

west. Eastern and western supplicants meet at the bridge, fight, die and then see the future. The lines move in chaotic spurts; it can take more than a week of waiting for an opportunity to fight.

Consulting the Oracle of Shakryna

Players desperate enough to consult the Oracle of Shakryna could see any imaginable kind of monster come up the opposite slope's steps. Unless the game master has a clear idea for an opponent, roll two D8 of different colors. One D8 is positive, the other negative, which should produce a result from -7 to +7, with results in the +/- 1 range being the most common. Use this to determine the challenge rating of whatever monster or warrior the PC has to kill to catch a glimpse of the future. Only single combat is allowed on the bridge over the green lava; magic and melee weapons of all sorts are allowed, but ranged weapons are forbidden.

The bridge itself is perilously narrow- 15 ft wide at its thickest and a mere 5 ft square wide at the narrowest part of the span. Guess what's below. If you said "FUCKING LAVA", you win the prize.

The winner (survivor) of the bout receives a truthful and complete answer to one question posed the game master. Assume this is a divination effect with an effective caster level of 25.

**Pallachios
Plea-
sure
Palace
(Free
Space)**

Back in the 24th Century, Pallachio's Pleasure Palace was the hottest bordello in the Sagittarius Spiral Arm. Diplomats, vid stars, planetary presidents and sector royalty all came here to play and be pleased by the most gorgeous courtesans in the galaxy. The club died suddenly, when its parent corp got sued out of existence after accidentally transforming a few million human women into bunny-girls (it's a long story). The premises were sealed and as lawsuit after lawsuit ground on, the property just set there, decaying.

A thousand-plus years later, the PPP facility is a disused ruined, private asteroid about 12 kilometers long. Towed into perpetual orbit around a gas giant in the Centuari system, the crumbling pleasure-mansion hangs suspended over The Great Dark Spot, bathed in high UV light. For the last millennia, scavengers, thieves and curiosity seekers have slipped through the bankruptcy court forcefields, evaded the robot guards and headed into the wreckage. Most of the good shit's been picked over three times by now, but there are still a few gene-coded deep vaults left unplundered, and rumors of hidden subbasements where the stranger



fetishes were indulged that nobody's been able to conclusively prove or disprove the existence of.

Quite a few people have died during these illegal delves, and more corpses have been dumped somewhere throughout the ruins by various thugs and Space Mafiosos over the years. Undead crawl across fading lavender carpets, and glitchy, critically malfunctioning security-bots patrol mildewed halls. A few squatters have found refuge in the ruins, on various levels, various homeless refugees and wanted desperados mostly. A low budget (or no budget) whore-hive is trying to make a living in the ruins somewhere.

Other Ruined Hell Holes

It's an old, well used galaxy and a bunch of stuff has slipped through the cracks. There's treasure and salvage to be found in places that are more likely to kill you than make you rich. Pallachio's Pleasure Palace isn't the only legendary ruin out there in the big sky...

Solomon (core)

Solomon is an old human 'ghost-ship'. This gas mining station was lost way back during the 22nd century, but still supposedly appears in Jupiter's turbulent sky, rising out of the bloody hurricane. Salvagers have laid claim to the ruined, crumbling refinery station a hundred times, but the station always disappears into the gas giant's atmosphere before any serious exploration can begin. Trying to sort out who really owns the place is a legal impossibility at this point. The last time Solomon surfaced was about 70 years ago, and it was looking pretty weather beaten then. Who knows if it'll ever emerge again.

A lot of people are hoping it does. There's a fortune of refined hydrocarbons in the deep tanks, not to mention thousands of miles of valuable 22nd century neuro-cable to salvage. And there's a lot of people very, very curious about rumors of silver skinned undead prowling the crushed and pressure-warped corridors....

Totentaz (core)

When the Eternal War against the WARSTAR regime first began, WARSTAR hollowed out an iron rich moon to construct a weapon the likes of which the

universe had never seen. The moon Totentaz was sculpted into the likeness of a great skull. Hyperspace thrusters and the most powerful plasma cannon ever assembled completed the weapon, turning the moon into a fully mobile, 'fully armed and operational' battle station. WARSTAR unleashed the death's head weapon on several enemy worlds, and aimed it at Earth. The Command armada stopped the deadly space station in the solar system's asteroid belt.

Totentaz' mighty engines burned to slag long ago, and the terrifying plasma cannon (a beam of hellfire 500 miles wide and half an AU long) that fired when the skull-moon opened its jaw in a horrible grin no longer sparks. The massive space station is hulled- the entire right hemisphere of the skull is blown open to vacuum; thousands of decks are exposed. Lucky WARSTAR crew died instantly- the very lucky were free to travel to the afterlife, while the majority of the slain lingered as hungry ghosts and space-suited ghouls. Survivors were mutated by the leaking reactors fled deep into the ruins, and generations later, their inbred, hotly radioactive descendents are entirely new predatory species. The mutant remnants of the WARSTAR crew survive by hunting, trapping and feeding on the space station's teeming undead hordes.

Vanity (Free Space)

Vanity is a mountainous, ruined world a few systems over from Yandell, the Trius homeworld. Vanity had a space faring civilization a long time ago, but war blew all that away. Now, there's only rusting cities flaking away to brownish dust. Vanity's home to the tallest mountain in the galaxy, a needle sharp peak that stretches up past the atmosphere and into space. Before the nukes flew, Vanity's people had honeycombed the mountain with whole nations, and what little of their tech survived is deep in the ruins.

The planet, and the mountain gets its name from the massive crimson sculpted bust carved into the peak. Nearly 500 kilometers high and visible from orbit, this weathered stone head depicts the fierce visage of a long atomized (and historically nameless) queen. Her treasure vault (said to contain a whole magazine of World Maker torpedoes!) is somewhere in the gigantic statue's skull, located in roughly where the hypothalamus would be on a human.

Good luck finding it though. Radiation mutants, undead and ancient war machines patrol the inner tunnels. Fighting into the vault is pretty much impossible. Climbing the mountain and trying to sneak in through the bust's bay-sized nostrils is an even worse idea. Orbital drops are just plain suicide. Gravity doesn't always work right on the planet anymore, and mechanical spiders the size of APCs clamber up the mountain's craggy face. These mecha-spiders number in the tens of millions.

Pharos (The Fringe)

Pharos is the homeworld of the Charioteer race, the ancient progenitors of humanity. It is a blue desert beneath a blue star. It is a dying world, a place of ruins and long forgotten relics. Massive pyramid complexes scratch at the blue-purple sky, most of which have been long abandoned, their contents a mystery even to the descendants of the people who erected them.

The Charioteers have left most of their world to the azure sands. The largest inhabited city on the planet is **Sky Memphis**, a lively and bustling metropolis of several million permanent residents, most of which are Charioteers, or their ancient Anthro allies. Tourists and treasure seekers flock to the floating megalopolis of Sky Memphis by the billions. The locals let daring (and stupid) adventurers explore the ancient tombs, mortuary complexes, abandoned armories and enigmatic ruins for the cost of a 'letter of marque' and an informed consent form itemizing the risk of death at the hands of some long-forgotten, magi-tech security system.

Sky Memphis is a very popular port of call for Elvis worshippers, since it gave its name not only to one of the great cities of the Ancient World, but also to one of the great cities of the Ancient South. Pyramid shaped starships, flying the Stars n' Bars drift endlessly above and around the floating city. The largest **Temple of the Uncrowned King**, outside of Fortress Nashville itself, is found on Pharos.

Pharos is one of the few planets in the galaxy that freely accepted Anthro refugees during Earth's



anti-furry pogrom of the 24th and 25th centuries.

Anthros whose phenotypes and orders correspond to the native types have the highest social status and had the easiest time integrating into Charioteer society. Anthros from other orders, or those with no interest in adopting Neo-Egyptian culture remain on the bottom of the social pyramid, and many subsist as smugglers, beggars, street criminals and general opportunists.

The Pleasure Deserts of Kraix (The Fringe)

The pink sands of the tiny, oxytenated moon Kraix are bathed in deadly, mind-melting energies. Kraix is infamous in spacer lore- especially sadistic captains maroon mutinous crew on Kraix, knowing

that even if a castaway is smart or tough enough to survive the desert, before long he won't want to.

Forge Four is the only thing that passes for civilization on planet. It's basically a Pleasure Weapons fabrication foundry set up in some specially insulated Quonset huts near one of the world's few drinkable oasis. Anytime somebody ventures out onto the surface, they're wrapped in a Pleasure-proofed encounter suit and accompanied by a robot companion who hustles them back to shelter if they start acting squirrely.

Forge Four is a slave operation, run by the Space Mafia. Slaves earn increasing 'unprotected' visits to the desert for completing their tasks and time served. Twenty-four months assembling *tasp pistols* earns you either a spaceship berth off world or an unescorted trip into the deep, orgasmic desert. About 99.9% of the slaves choose the desert.

The Pleasure Deserts (CR 5)

In addition to the normal heat dangers associated with a deep desert, Kraix is bathed in pleasure radiation. Crynian iron deposits are found throughout the deep desert, jet black against pink rock, magnifying and collecting this dangerous energy.

Each hour spent in the Pleasure Desert, living creatures must succeed at a WILL Save or suffer 1d6 points of Pleasure damage, or 1d8 points of Pleasure damage in the deep deserts. The base WILL Save is DC 10 + 1 per each hour spent in the Pleasure Deserts. Being near an especially large deposit of *Crynian iron* adds +2 to the WILL Save DC, making miners especially vulnerable to the desert's pretty peril.

A successful use of the Survival skill can grant the character, and possibly other characters a bonus on this WILL Save. This use of Survival functions identically to Survival skill checks made to survive conventional desert or other hostile environments.

The Preserve (The Fringe)

The Preserve is a mega-structure found in the Rosette Nebula. The Preserve is an artificial world, with roughly 20 times Earth's diameter. The massive pseudo-planet is covered in concave, hexagonal plates forged from ultra dense stellar alloys; each plate hosts

a single continent-sized biome, like a specimen on a gigantic microscope slide, which covers the hexagon boundary end to end. Canyons of ebony machinery and dangerously arcing energy exactly 111 miles thick separate each hexagonal, bounded biome. Metal gathered from one of the damaged hexagons carbon dates out to more than 12 million years old.

Each of the myriad hexagons is a recreation of the life of some distant world, with the Preserve's great subterranean machines maintaining gravity, temperature, atmosphere and climate identical to those of a distant world. Some of the hexagons boast intelligent, star-faring civilizations of their own, while others are home only to non-sentient flora and fauna. Three of the hexagon 'bottle planets' have failed completely, and are now incapable of supporting life. One hexagon was lost to a single behemoth asteroid impact, while the *Ch'Purr Hexagon* was destroyed by its inhabitant's warlike behavior. The cause of the third mass extinction is unknown, but while ordinary lifeforms can no longer survive there, the *Klynd Hexagon* is now infested by horrific undead.

Rest and Be Thankful (The Fringe)

Rest and Be Thankful is a scorching desert hellpit caught between two red suns, home to an assortment of semi-reptilian monsters and unimaginably toxic fauna. Rest and Be Thankful's human population certainly wasn't there by choice. A massive colony ship went down on Rest and.... During the early 23rd century. Made up almost exclusively of Jehovah's Witnesses fleeing the furry-dominated sinful Earth, the planet's population has been caught off from wider galactic contact for more than a thousand years.

During the intervening millennium, Rest's devolved, losing what little technology they were able to salvage from the crash. Their religion got more and more puritanical, with the survivors convinced they were exiled here for some unspecified sins. Today, the tech level is mostly 17th century, though the occasional blaster pistol might still help a local village strongman hold power.

The ICG contacted Rest's natives recently, thinking that a Christian-derived colony would

welcome them as colonizers and liberators. The halfdozen murdered and mutilated ICG Evangelists proved the Imperial Church couldn't be more wrong. Despite this the ICG is **very** interested in the world. Despite being cut off from the galaxy and its technology for a thousand years, at least two Jesus Clones have been spontaneously born on planet. Nobody knows why.

The Rigel II System (Core)

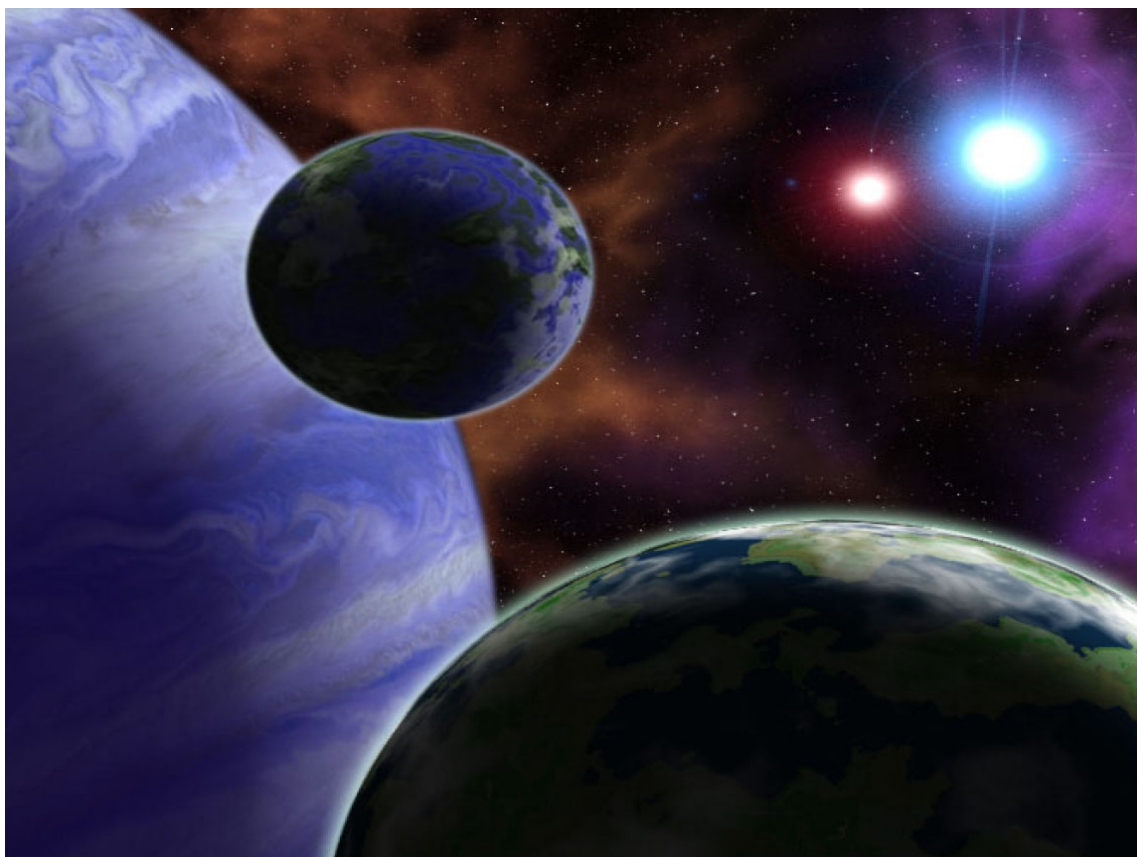
Rigel II could have been a binary star system, if only the system's humongous seventh planet's internal fusion reactions burnt a little hotter. Instead, the gas giant is a failed star that smolders with angry violent light, and provides a habitable temperature zone for the myriad planetoids and inhabited moons of the system. The Rigel II system is one of the most

densely populated clusters of worlds and moonlets in Command Space; more than 20 trillion sentient beings call one of Rigel II's fifty-odd inhabited bodies home.

The Rigel II System is unusual in that while the Command and the ICG hold power, they don't hold absolute power in the system. Nope, absolute power is reserved for the **Traffic Control Executive**, a caste of cybernetically linked bureaucrats who keep the millions of vessels pouring through the system every month flying smoothly. TCE shipmasters have unlimited power to stop a ship for inspection and compliance checks, and earning a shipmaster's ire means simply that you won't be moving through the Rigel II system any time soon. At their whim, these

cyber-tyrants can ground a ship, stop it dead in space, or, if sufficiently bribed, speed it on its way without so much as a customs officer even giving it a hostile glance as it passes.

Official fees and bribes are one and the same, and a schedule of services, based on the value of the ship, is beamed to every vessel entering the system. Three quarters of the bribe/fee goes to the Traffic Control Executive itself, the remainder goes to



individual shipmasters, who have great incentive to assess a ship or cargo's value higher rather than lower.

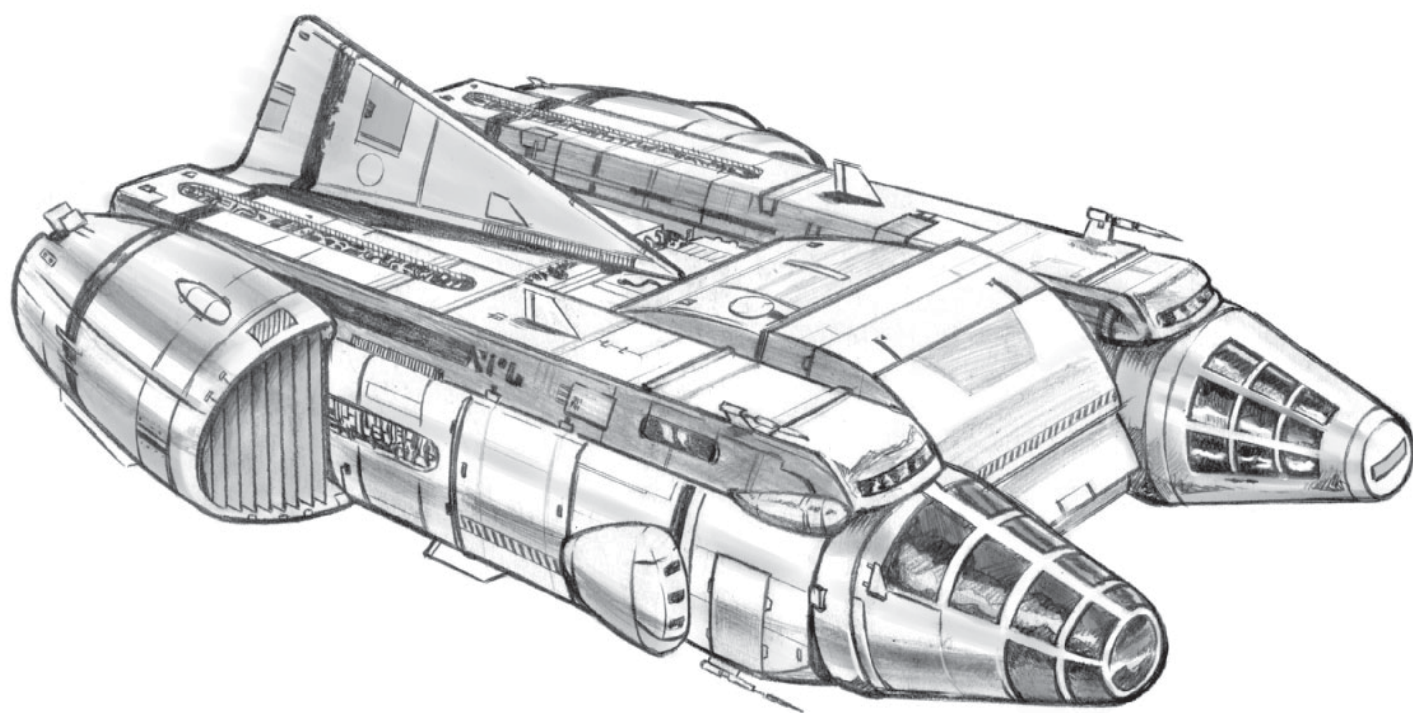
- **Ordinary cargo and port costs, tariffs and duties. Purchase DC 12-14**

Standard bureaucratic BS that all commercial ships are subject to.

- **Standard intra-system flight clearance: Purchase DC 15.**

Official flight logs filed, passage from one Rigel II planet to another can take up to 4-5 hours, clearance into or out of the system takes about 8 hours.

- **Expedited flight clearance: Purchase DC 18**



Official flight logs filed, passage into or out of system takes about 3-4 hours, or 1-2 hours between worlds in the system.

- **“Unofficial Passage”: Purchase DC equal to 1% of the ship’s value**

As Expedited flight clearance, but no customs hassles and no logs get filed.

- **Customs Clearance: Purchase DC equal to 5% of cargo’s value (at shipmaster’s discretion).**

The shipmaster inspects (for value) and rubber stamps passage of any cargo, legal or illegal that’s less obviously destructive than planet-buster WMDs.

- **“Vigilance Fee”: Purchase DC 30+**

Pay off the TCE shipmasters to inspect another ship entering the system within the next 72 hours and arrest the crew and impound the ship. This often begins a bidding war between rival ships; pay the ‘inspectors’ a heftier bribe they’ll let the target go, or even turn on their backer. Everybody knows how this works.

Of all the TCE shipmasters, **Inspector Sheev** is the most universally hated. This grotesquely fat Syrian knows how to twist a deal to get more credits

for himself. His well-honed psi-powers allow him to easily sniff out hidden cargo and up his percentage a few points more. Inspector Sheev’s gone after the families of spacers who’ve crossed him a few times—the greasy son of a bitch’s got a penchant for child rape, and is so politically untouchable, even the Imperial Church’s inquisitors can’t toss a hostile glance his direction without reprisals.

The Rigel II Worlds

Rigel II Alpha

An airless rock, pitted with meteor scars, possibly the ugliest world in the crowded system. Unable to turn R-II Alpha into any kind of tourist trap, the Traffic Control Executive decided to use it as their primary hanger/dry dock facility. Civilian ships are forbidden from making close approaches, and the majority of the TCE’s flotilla of warships, tugs, escorts and ultralight clippers is garrisoned here. R-II Alpha has an eccentric orbit; every 12 months, it passes dangerously close to the primary for about 48 days. During this time, the TCE fleet evacuates to a secondary command facility on **Rigel II Delta** on the **Tantalos** moon. A small skeleton crew is left behind, and they maintain the shuttered and sealed space-base, and try not to go nuts from the boredom.



Rigel II Beta

The second moon of the gas giant Rigel II has been converted into the wildest, most debauched pleasure-palace in civilized space. Rigel II Beta is run by a consortium of Syrion and Gravity Cat merchant clans, bartender unions and pleasure-guilds, meaning that the moon's attractive staff knows how to party. Anyone, of any species is welcome, assuming they have credits to spend and check their weapons at the door.

Compared to some of the other worlds, Rigel II Beta is fairly 'clean'. The whores here are licensed employees, and while enthusiastic and raunchy, what does on in the pleasure pits tends towards the consensual and the non-damaging. If you want snuff or chem-rape, or anything worse, buy 'unofficial passage' to **Rigel II Theta**. If you're looking to lose your soul in the process, visit Theta's one moon, **Thetha-Thanatos**. Beware, Theta-Thanatos radiates so much evil that holy men have been known to piss themselves just looking in its general direction.

Rigel II Chi

The bucolic savannah planet is mostly undeveloped. The settlement near the equator is a banking and commodities trade village. Dozens of galactic banks and currency houses have offices on R-II Chi; vaults are buried deep beneath the planetary bedrock. Security is comprehensive but unobtrusive-**Ossua-19**, a sentient telepathic virus that delivers a painless but lethal stroke to anyone who seriously considers theft from Chi, whether that person is a staffer, a customer, or a would-be cat burglar.

R-II Chi's moon **Eryx** is owned by the **Perfumed Guild**, a powerful guild of female (or at least non-male) prostitutes and sex workers. The Perfumed Guild worships an extremely misandrist incarnation of Shahteya- to them, men are nothing but a resource to be exploited. Their training center, main temple, and a kibbutz where the most gifted (often hybrid) children of Rigel II's many prostitutes are educated communally are all found on this humid, oceanic moon.

Rigel II Omega

This small, dark moon is the legendary “Gravity Cat Graveyard” and is covered in towering, gothic monoliths and peopled only somber Gravity Cat pilgrims. Anytime anyone tries to apply rigorous science or logic to the Galaxy Command universe, a cat-girl dies. Her grieving relatives bury her here. Please, think of the cat-girls when using this sourcebook.

Rigel II Omnicron

The tidally locked R-II Omnicron is two planets in one, if you stop to think about it. The dayside is an enormous orphanage complex- all the unplanned children of the Rigel II system’s many prostitutes and dancing girls are raised collectively here. Abandoned children from across the galaxy find their way here. Many are adopted out- the Omnicronners are one of the few factions willing to deal with anybody. They place alien children with ICG or Free Spacer families without prejudice.

Kids who don’t get adopted usually end up on Omnicron’s nightside. The darkness is lit by plasma and neon. Great casinos cover the planet’s nightside from mantle to troposphere, and floating hotels and pleasure resorts float between the gaudy gambling houses on anti-grav platforms.

Rigel II Zeta

The largest amusement park in known space, R-II Zeta is a family friendly counterpart to the debauchery found on R-II Beta. Run by the same Syron and Gravity Cat trading coalitions, and staffed with highly trained Proximate engineers, the park stretches the length of the planet, and includes over 22 million different rides and attractions, 3 million interactive exhibits replicating famous galactic locations and over 15 million bars, restaurants and gambling halls.

R-II Zeta’s smallest moon, **Medici** is really just an irregular ovoid asteroid, about 2 km wide, hauled in from the asteroid belt girding the Rigel II system. Medici has been heavily, and elegantly, urbanized. Quite a few of the galaxy’s legendary “Seven Star” restaurants are found on Medici.

The Rubber Planet (Free Space)

Officially designated Furlala-6 Omnicron, nobody calls this frigid, mostly water bound planetoid that. The Rubber’s Planet largest island has become the home of a collective of fetish-cult armorers. Ensconced in armored gimp suits, these master crafters produce rubber, latex and more exotic clothing and armor for anybody who can meet their price, and wear special ball-gags that translate their muted voices into holographic pictograms to communicate with clients.

The Rubber Planet’s armorsmiths have no love lost for the ICG. Recently, the ICG warship *The Crown of Thorns* bombarded the colony from orbit, and ICG Jarheads made off with several of the colony’s most beautiful she-gimps....worse, they stripped the she-gimps of their leathers before kidnapping them! There’s a lifetime worth of high quality fetish-armor for anybody who can rescue the she-gimps.

Salt Shaker (The Fringe)

Salt Shaker is an oxygenated, rocky moonlet orbiting a lovely red jungle world. Salt Shaker gets its name from the howling wind storms, laced with shards of sand, grit and obsidian that periodically scour the surface. Salt Shaker’s few native lifeforms burrow deep underground to survive the devastating shard-storms.

For the galaxy’s robots, Salt Shaker is penance. Star Droids, Erobots, Synths and other artificial lifeforms who sin greatly against their artificial species or against The Wellforged itself are condemned (but more often they condemn themselves) to penance on Salt Shaker. They live in hermitage on one of the crags, letting the driving winds shred their silicon synth-skin, revealing the pure machine beneath. Those who don’t seize up from years of wind blown grit emerged polished, their chrome dulled but tempered by the endless storms. Robots returning from Salt Shaker have drive and clarity of vision.

Shard Storms (CR 5)

Shard Storms occur randomly all across the face of the desert world. Shard Storms last 2d6 rounds,

and propel sand, salt, grit and shards of obsidian at hundreds of miles per hour. Each round of the Shard Storm, exposed creatures suffer 5d6 slashing damage; creatures larger than Size Large suffer an additional +2d6 slashing damage per round. A successful DC 18 REF or DC 22 FORT save provides half damage; players must choose which save to make each round, either seeking shelter or 'toughing it out'.

A successful DC 15 Survival check can predict a Shard Storm 1 minute before it begins, allowing travelers a short time to seek shelter.

Scripps (Free Space)

Scripps is a small, wet world with only about as much planetary mass as Mercury. Most of that's covered in water; pounding rain is a constant, and humidity hovers near 100%, while the air temperature is just a few degrees of water's boiling point. This steambath world is home to only a massive underwater warehouse complex, a single pre-fab dome settlement, completely nameless, but the best landing and air traffic control facilities in known space. Scripps is a Space Mafioso shipping hub- half the contraband in the galaxy passes through here on its way to wherever the money is.

The space lanes and major hyperspace routes leading to the steambath planet are heavily patrolled and mined. Nothing gets through without the local Space Mafia don, a crazy cyborg sadist named **Feilong Verlang** personally authorizing it.

Shant (The Fringe)

Shant is a desert moon in a fringe star system, orbiting a massive violet and orange gas giant. Its sky is filled with a half dozen lifeless moons looming above like omens of doom. Shant is famous for two things and two things only.

The Shipmarket is a haphazard flea-market stretching over 157 square miles, encompassing a ramshackle tent city erected every dawn by merchants and scavengers from across the galaxy. You can find any piece of tech you need somewhere in the Shipmarket, provided you look long enough and are willing to haggle a bit. Spacers come from across the galaxy to find archaic weapons systems, hyperdrive

components for obscure models of starship, or exactly the part they need to get their junked vessel flying again. Pickpockets and con-artists are so common that killing them isn't even a crime or a major disruption to business. Most Shipmarket shop owners just drag the laser-burned or mutilated corpses of would-be thieves and pickpockets outside, hose down the floor and resume business.

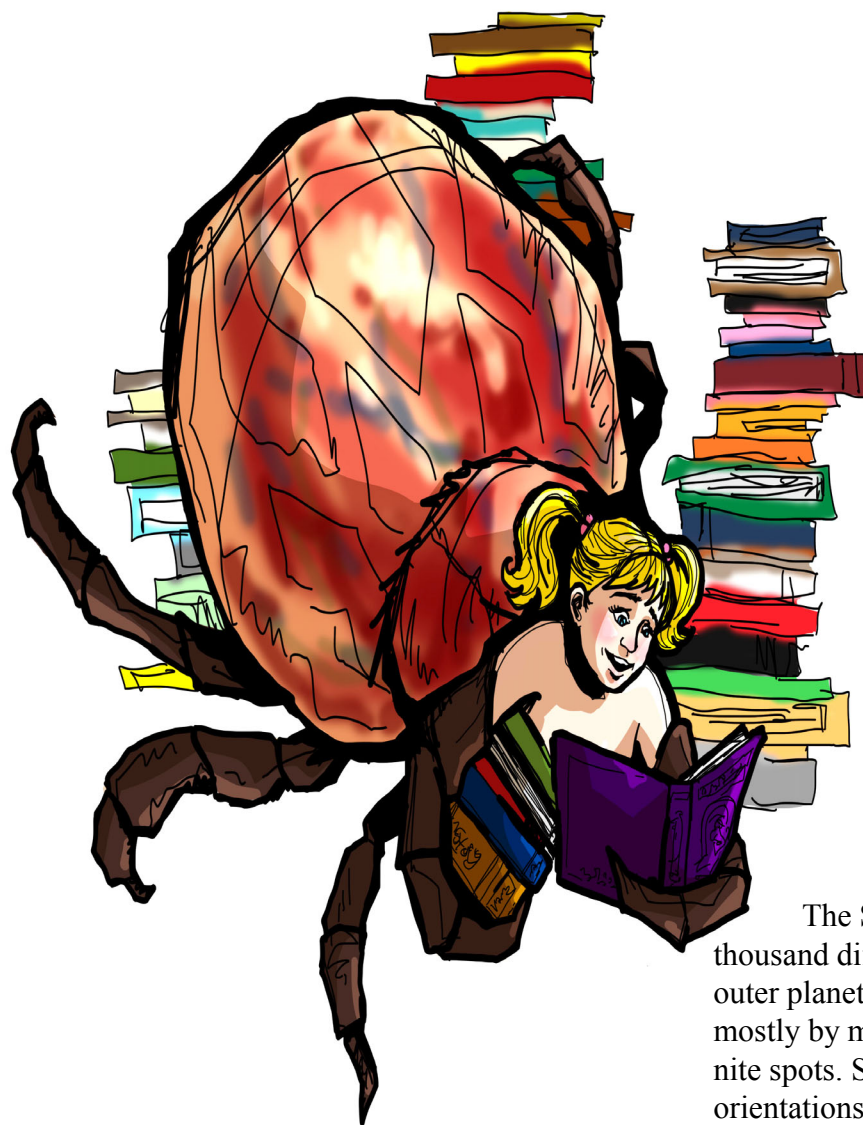
Shant's other major claim to fame are its **Tome Mounds**. Completely non-electronic and utterly off the galactic grid, the Tome Mounds are one none the less one of the best cultural resources in the galaxy. The Tome Mounds are huge libraries filled with ancient scrolls and illuminated manuscripts scribed onto the finest silks. For a nominal fee, patrons can explore the dusty confines of the cavernous Tome Mounds. The Tome Mounds are tended by the *Asyion Teega*, better known as the **Knowledge Ticks**. Swollen with blood and neural tissue sacrificed by would-be patrons, the Knowledge Ticks are enormous, gravid arthropod monstrosities with the heads and shoulders of cheerful, ribbon-wearing school girls. Knowledge Ticks are perpetually chipper, and helpful as research assistants, if you're willing to meet their strange price.

Consulting the Tome Mounds

It requires either a hefty fee (Purchase DC 17) or a sacrifice of nerve tissue (suffering 1d3 points of temporary INT damage) as a donation per day of searching the Tome Mounds. Most patrons just pay the credits.

Using specialized, spoonlike mouthparts hidden under their tongues, Knowledge Ticks rip out parts of a patron's neural tissue via the ear canal. A healing draught provided to the 'donor' ensures that while the process is painful and disorienting, it is not fatal. Knowledge Ticks become progressively more intelligent with each morsel of brain tissue they consume, and their massive bulk hints at their supragenius level intelligence.

The Tome Mounds are an invaluable resource, providing a +2d4 equipment bonus on Research and Knowledge checks made on Shant. Patrons can take any number they wish on Research checks within the Tome Mounds, for example 'taking 40' or even 'taking 90' if desired. Each point taken on the Research check



requires 4 hours of research, meaning finding the answers to truly obscure questions can take days or even weeks at the Mounds.

The Starburn System (Free Space)

Starburn System is a dangerous star system far out in Free Space, swept by almost endless and unpredictable plasma winds and radiation storms. Three suns bathe Starburn in heat and hard rads, the largest is a goliath red super giant known locally as "The Ripper". The Ripper got his name from the 3-6 AU long solar flares it spits when the mood strikes, capable of ripping whole worlds or entire stellar armadas apart in a single lash. Locals, born and bred in

the Starburn, can be recognized by their tats. Most full back pieces here depict the Ripper as a massive demon of flame, lashing out with a cosmic whip.

Starburn is the closest thing the galaxy's Leather Clones have to a birth-system, and is the center of gay life in the 35th Century. The spray of superheated asteroids and lethal, bullet-sized micrometeorites garlanding the inner solar system, and the dangerous solar storms keep the Command Navy at arm's reach. Free from outside interference, the Starburn evolved into a free living, hard working and harder partyin' slice of Free Space. Its citizens are leather daddies and drag queens, iconoclasts, rock stars, hard core spacers and the occasional Cosmic Satanist, and that's just how they like things.

The Starburn System is made up of about a thousand different asteroid habitats. Several of the outer planets in system are settled, at least sparsely, mostly by machine shops, starship foundries and gay nite spots. Starburn is a haven for pirates of all orientations (though Leather Clones and their ships do tend to get the best berthing). **Black Castro Station** is a broken torus space station capable of servicing dozens of super-heavy starships simultaneously. Black Castro is known for its excellent space dock facilities, and **The Lightspeed Drag**, probably the best gay caberet in the system. The music's good, the beer cold, the drugs free flowing, and the men hard. The Lightspeed is run by retired pirate **Thorgall Makug**, a red bearded, half cyborg giant who dresses in deep magenta leathers and has a surprisingly good baritone voice for torch songs. It's an open secret Makug owns the entire damn Black Castro through front companies, and there's rumors he's stashed most of his old, illegal fortune in heat proofed security-vaults throughout the inner asteroid belt.

Some of the other bars, drag clubs and armories in the Starburn include:

- **The BrixxYard:** Cruising bar and non-lethal bloodsports arena, with all-male EroWrestling League bouts on weekends. Very popular with Testorites, even the straight ones.

- **Distortia 8:** Deep bunkers on the second planet hide throbbing dance clubs, shielded from radiation and flowing with Axxin Powder, Glow and erecto-pills. A good place to get laid and wait out the Red Sky Days.

- **The Hound Dawg:** Elvis loving missionaries have built up a nice little joint of their own, with burly, pompadour-ed Elvis priests stripping outta leather and spike versions of Elvis' traditional holy vestments.

- **Renny's Salvaged Arms:** A second hand gun shop run by a grizzled old bearded fat fuck named Renny, a man who in younger days took down over 300 military vessels. Open when he feels like it and not anytime else. Renny's got a soft spot in his heart for twinkie boys and tomboyish girls, and deals fairest with them.



- **Synset Motels:** The Sunset Motels are a chain local to the Starburn. Cheap coffin hotels found on nearly every broken world and smelted asteroid. A few creds gets you a sleep pod, a few more gets you a connect to every burly male hustler in system at discounted rates. It's fun to stay at the Synset.

- **The Temple of Delkyyn:** One of the only temples of the War Mother who anoints gay male Leather Daddies as Hunters of the Cosmos, and one of the few places in the grungy galaxy for two men to legally marry.

- **Triumph Astro-Nav:** An asteroid foundry dealing in custom built, custom painted Space Hawgs. Best place to get a star bike this side of the galaxy. Maintains a large force of

sadistic bounty hunters/repo men.

Navigation Hazard

The Starburn System is especially dangerous to navigate safely. Micrometeorite orbits and radiation surges randomly increase Pilot Check DCs within the system, sometimes making navigation hazardous, other times making it flat out impossible. Local holovisions display warning indica. Every local pilot checks the cosmic weather before launch.

During Red Sky days, official navigation is prohibited; the dangerous skies belong to pirates and smugglers alone. Everybody with common sense else heads into a bar or crawls into some leather daddy's bunk and waits for the sky to clear.

Each day within the Starburn System, roll percentile dice. The result indicates the 'stellar weather. When dealing with failures of Pilot checks in Starburn, the GM should inflict major, cascading system failures, potentially deadly shipboard fires or hull breaches. Make Starburn FUCKING DANGEROUS and your players will remember it forever.

Percentile Result	Local Name for Conditions	Increase to all In-System Pilot Check DCs	Increase to FORT Saves vs radiation in local space
01-25	Clear Skies	None	None
26-75	Amber Skies	+1d6	+4
76-90	Black Skies	+2d4	+6
91-00	Red Skies	+3d6	+10

The Temple of Praxxa (The Fringe)

This ancient marble temple sprawls across twenty square miles of an otherwise desolate, rocky moon orbiting the massive red gas giant Praxxa IV. Though millions of years old, and never reliably tended, the Temple remains untouched and in excellent repair- aside from a few tiny cracks marring some of the alien frescoes, it is as pristine as the day its unknown architects opened the building.

The Temple of Praxxa is a silent space, both by design and tradition. The entire temple complex and surrounding areas are under a permanent *Silence* effect (CL 25th). Silent songbirds flit through blue-green zen gardens, and are preyed on by multi-eyed falcons who have evolved to hunt by supernaturally keen sight in a soundless world.

Occasionally a beam of intense white light, carrying more energy than a hundred solar flares, erupts from long-dormant mechanisms on the temple roof to

strike the crimson gas giant the temple-moon orbits. The purpose of these massive energy releases remains enigmatic.

The Temple of Praxxa is open to all who come in peace. It can lie empty for months or years at a time, or it might host a handful of spiritual seekers. No formal instruction exists, no official 'cult'. Instead, seekers meditate on the ancient marble steps until they reach enlightenment.

The clerics of the Temple of Praxxa worship no god, but a general philosophy of stoicism, silence and great magnetism- they have great insight into the

fundamental forces of the cosmos.

Self taught Clerics who studied at the Temple of Praxxa can choose from the following

domains.

Air (cloud), Law, Magic (both), Sun (radiation), Weather (storms)

Treant (Free Space)

During the mid 29th Century, a scout ship was dispatched to this small, densely forested and undeveloped world. The ship's captain, a freespacer named **Thom Heinlein** sent back a doctored report that Treant (then G-4722a) was an uninhabitable rock. When Capt. Heinlein mustered out of the Command Navy, he and his family returned to the planet, registered an uncontested claim, and have been living on their stolen planet ever since.

A few centuries later, the Heinlein Clan have thoroughly colonized Treant, and have turned it into the largest, best run mega-scale Glow plantation in the galaxy. Half of all the zix plants in Free Space grow here in neatly tended gardens the size of states. The Heinlein of the 34th Century are decadent, inbred, scarily xenophobic and about ¾ crazy. The family has carved the world up into little baronies, with the head

of each subclan staking a claim and occasionally raiding their siblings for women or to expand their own little fiefdoms. Incest is the norm, sex with offworlders is viewed with soul-deep revulsion, and only the Heinlein's mastery of cloning techniques and advanced med-tech have prevented genetic collapse.

Treant has recently come under siege. The Command Fleet has moved in and blockaded the world, leading to a galaxy wide 'drought' for fresh Glow. Right now, the Command is content to blockade Treant, but sooner or later (probably sooner), they're going to start heavy orbital bombardment, and the Heinlein have nothing that'll stop 'rods from god'.

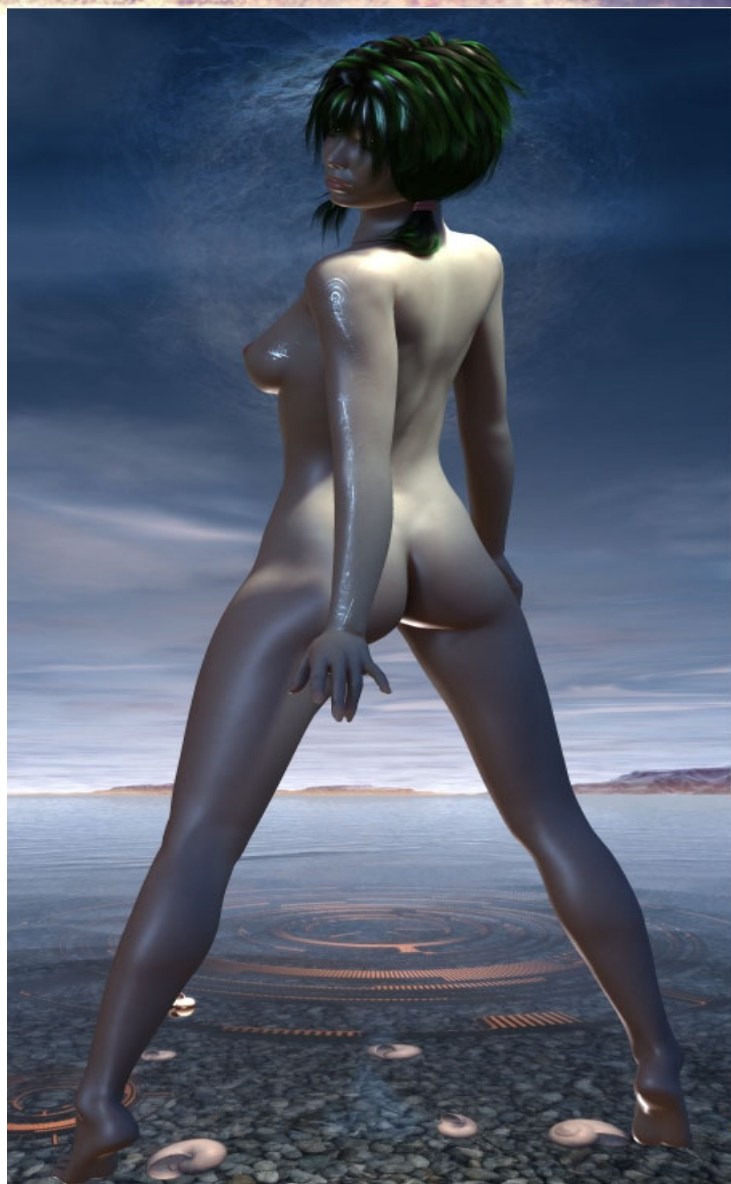
Verl Valley (Free Space)

Pleasant, Earthlike and with a large primary landmass composed mostly of sun-dappled grassland and light forest. Verl Valley is a paradise that The Command would dearly love to get its hands on (to build private dachas for its military elite). However, Verl Valley's current owners are definitely not selling anytime soon.

Verl Valley is wholly owned by the Church of Shahteya, and the lush, green little world is rented out, a few acres at a time, to film about 90% of all the trideo porn out there. At any given time, a transient population of silicon enhanced robo-starlets and cyber-studs numbering in the high millions can be found on planet.

The Cathedral of Breasts is centrally located, at the mouth of the world's longest river. From the air, the Cathedral of Breasts resembles a hominid female of indeterminate species, reclining and nude. The Cathedral of Breasts is the heart of Shahteyan worship, and the center of Shahteyan culture throughout the galaxy.

The Cathedral of Breasts is attended by **The Lady Youngest**- a precocious child chosen from the daughters of Shahteyan faithful and given a draught of sacred wine that gave memories spanning centuries of tradition and vast psi-talent. This green haired starchild is the ultimate shaper of Shahteyan policy, and may well have to lead her faith in war against the ICG sooner rather than later. Should it come to that,



the potent weapon known as **The Polestar** is stored in the veneration-vaults beneath the Cathedral of Breasts.

Vulva Astranoma (The Fringe)

Vulva Astranoma is an artificial moon on the fringes of the Iron Belt region and its android-run foundries do a brisk business turning out sex toys. Vulva Astranoma products range from simple shape-memory dildos to advanced AI companion androids, including its line of galaxy-famous Erobots. The tiny artificial moon has no atmosphere, and is uninhabitable by humanoid standards- the entire native population are self aware androids.

Vulva Astranoma's android citizens have a different perception of time and sexual roles than most



organic species. Its self-aware sex toys are contracted to a humanoid owner; the contract is for a lifetime, but the androids cannot be resold, traded or inherited. When the humanoid finally dies (and often before) the Erobot companion is freed, and becomes a galactic citizen with a Vulva Astranoma passport. To the immortal Erobots androids, decades or centuries of service is nothing but a prolonged childhood. Many 'adult' Erobots return to their birth station, where they design and engineer the next generation of sex androids.

As a business, Vulva Astranoma is easily the equal of any galactic mega-corp headquartered on Golgotha, but it's the outsider of the galactic business community. Galaxy Command would love to either shut Vulva Astranoma down or find a way to tax its massive revenues; VA suffers constant harassment at the hands of Command customs inspectors and space cops. The Imperial Church of the Galaxy has done one

worse : they have declared VA and its androids heretical tech. Worse, they're spreading the rumor that the AI that powers the company's revolutionary sexbots comes from the dissected brains of murdered humanoid children- as a result of this deadly blood libel, several VA cargo haulers have been blasted to mesons by ICG inquisitors.

Walpurgisnacht (The Fringe)

This remote frontier world is a rocky iceball, constantly bombarded by meteorites and failed comets, orbiting a dark vermillion star. The Prison Zone is perilously close. What few colonists there are have burrowed dozens of miles beneath the black ice to build their civilization. Walpurgisnacht is a gothic, haunted place, the headquarters for the **Interstellar Church of Satan Maximus**. Miles of cold dungeons

wind beneath the rocky surface, with the sounds of echoing moans and cries of ecstatic terror resounding through the colony.

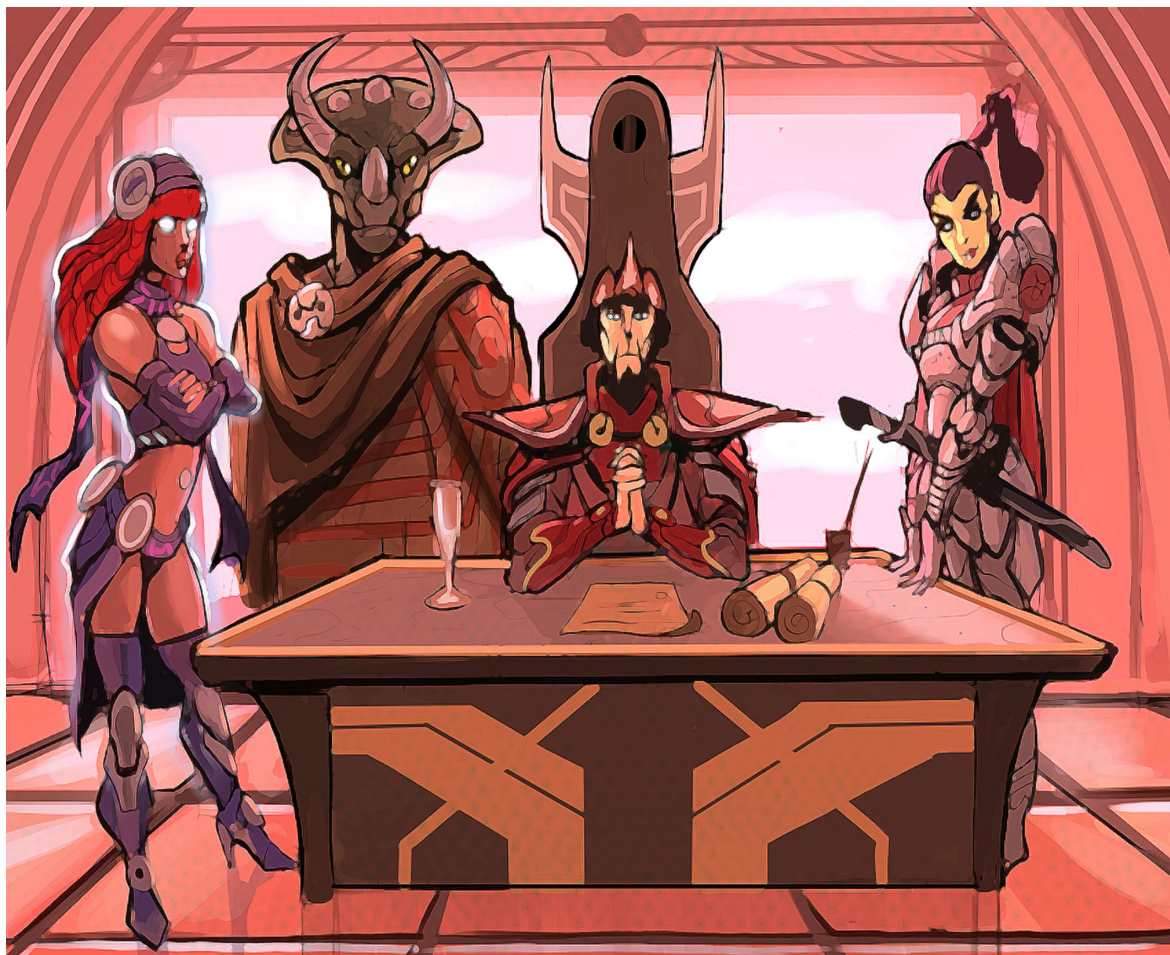
Devotees of Satan Maximus chose this desolate and inhospitable world for one reason and one reason only, a system-wide field of exotic energy they call The Dark Resonance. The Dark Resonance is visible as a lurid purple shimmer visible from Walpurgisnacht's cratered surface or, crackling azure lightening lighting the darkness of intra-system space.

Walpurgisnacht is home to great Satanic cathedral dungeons, where the interstellar Satanists plan out their warfare against the ICG and its Galaxy Command

puppets. Huge, fog-shrouded caverns have been carved from the icy granite and serve as auditoriums for mass sacrifices. Beautiful cultists are ritually disemboweled with pleasure blades, their deaths powering not only the great, flawed machines that both keep Walpurgisnacht habitable, but also the weapons of Satanist heroes throughout the cosmos.

High Magus Storval leads the great cosmic coven on Walpurgisnacht. Storval fled Command Space ahead of charges of murder, espionage and sedition and bummed around free space for a while as a cargo pilot. In his time, the two century old magus has been a mercenary soldier, a used starship sales man, a popular disk jockey for Outlaw Sex Stations 04 and 05, a wandering journo, an AI programmer, a slaver, an abolitionist, a children's sim-author, a guide

on a desert planet, a rancher, and a half-hundred other professions. During a term as a prospector, Storval and his crew stumbled onto the Walpurgisnacht system and its unique properties. Seeing the hand of fate in his long, rambling and notorious life, Storval founded the



modern heretical worship of Satan Maximus and started literally, raising a little Hell.

The leathery, hyperactive Storval and his harem of 666,666 beautiful, Gothly cultists live on the planet's singular moon, **Thelmax**, in a zero-g pleasure palace more expansive than most orbital shipyards. Walpurgisnacht welcomes regular visitors- Cosmic Satanists from across the galaxy, rockers and journos enjoying the planet's many subterranean heavy metal concerts, pilgrims, hedonists and ordinary spacers just on planet to pick up a sacrificial blade, an illegal pleasure weapon, a hot time with a Gothly chick, or some good Glow. By contrast, Thelmax is a max-sec vault accessible only to the Cosmic Satanist elite, and protected by a whole legion of fearsome, demonic full conversion cyborgs wielding deadly weapons.

Game Play Effects:

Dark Resonance

The Dark Resonance field extends throughout the system, and makes casting spells more difficult for most Modern Spellcasters. Any spellcaster attempting to cast a spell anywhere within the system must succeed at a Spellcraft check, the DC of which is determined by position within the system plus the spell's level. If the check fails, the spell (or spell points/spell slot) is expended without effect.

Location Within the System	Spellcraft DC
On Walpurgisnacht itself or its moon Thelmax	DC 20 + Spell Level
The inner solar system	DC 16 + Spell Level
The outer solar system	DC 12 + Spell Level

Clerics who have chosen Satan Maximus as a patron deity, as well as Modern Spellcasters built using the Cosmic Satanist archetype are unaffected by Dark Resonance.

Sabbat

Sabbat is a misshapen planetoid in the same system as Walpurgisnacht. Imagine a sort of rocky peanut, created when two asteroids slammed together aeons ago, and you're close. Carved deep into the rocky planet, there is a living temple lit by ultraviolet candlelight. Within are the oldest members of the Syrion race, 3,000 year old oracles with wrinkled faces and loose hanging fur as black as pitch. Their misshapen lair makes them all but immortal, and gives them precise (if often limited) images of the future. High Magus Storval consults these oracles often, about matters of concern to Cosmic Satanism.

Headline Earth: The Sheryll Etat Murder

Just last week, one of the most brutal murders in the last few centuries shocked the earth. Sheryll Etat, a very cute and very white socialite, and a half dozen of her equally Caucasian friends and family were slaughtered and gutted in their palatial private space station orbiting the Northern California district

of Unified Nor-Am. Satanic pentacles and threatening messages promising death to all "white ICG pigs!" were left on every bulkhead. Sheryll's fear-stricken face was left in the food replicator for police to find.

The Etats had been loyal friends of the Plantaganet administration for years; Etat's father was a powerful defense contractor, giving the Command's military reason to get involved. According to the Command military police, security footage from the Etat space station, a boarding crew of Cosmic Satanist murder-masters broke into the habitat. During the

massacre, one of the murderers took off his pressure helmet to reveal himself as High Magus Storval. Storval was never popular in Earth space, but now every suburbanite in the system wants his head. There's wide popular pressure for a full scale

Command invasion of Walpurgisnacht, and an all out Inquisition lead by the Imperial Church of the Galaxy to wipe out Cosmic Satanism once and for all.

One problem. Just one.

When Sheryll Etat was being gutted with a chain-sword, High Magus Storval was on stage on Walpurgisnacht, leading the Annual Happy Satanist Orgy and Global Mosh Pit. He's got about 40,000 eye-witnesses on his side. Of course, he's crazy, arrogant and pissed off enough he's got no problem taking credit for the Etat kill. He's been wanting a war with the Command for most his adult life, and he's willing to accept the blame for bullshit if it means he finally gets to start tossing nukes at Earth.

Winedark (Free Space)

Winedark is a rogue planet, slowly drifting through the cosmic void. It orbits no sun, and is only capable of supporting life through a quirk of planetary geography. Winedark's core is an ultra-dense, highly magnetized liquid metal that provides the orphan planet with both an intense planetary mag-field and life-giving geothermal heat.

Winedark evolved a race of blind, serpentine sapients, who perceive the world via a combination of

scent cues and electromagnetic impulses. Fairly obscure and insular as galactic races, the natives are simply referred to as the Winemakers; their chief export and passion gives the night-shrouded world its name. Vast subterranean wineries honeycomb the planet. The world's unique conditions create a species of grape with unique, arcane properties, which is bottled using exacting rituals and strange techniques to produce the world's legendary vintage.

Astronoventers

The

Astronoventers are a really, really screwed up humanoid cult who have adopted the native's traditions.

Astroventers are recognized by their bulky lowlight goggles and leather brewer's aprons, stained with exotic wines. The Astronoventers maintain huge telescope arrays, mapping the galaxy on a world free of light pollution. They're the best astronomers in the world, and are almost as good of vintners as their hosts. They're also astrologers and oracles, able to see the future in the turning of the pale grey stars.

Astrononventer clerics do not worship any god. Instead, they worship The Stars themselves (they always capitalize the term in conversation). Astrononventer clerics can choose any two of the following domains: *Darkness (night)*, *Knowledge (any)*, *Plant (decay)*, *Water*.



Yandell (Core)

Yandell is a frigid, mountainous world with a thin but basically breathable oxygen atmosphere. Yandell's tectonically active, jagged mountains reach high into the purple sky, where what little air there is to breath gives way to hard vacuum. Predatory avians with rocky plumage perfectly adapted to blend in with the crags dominate the sky. The sentient, human-like **Trius** who have evolved on the planet are almost a footnote to evolution. The Trius species has endured only because long ago, the race mastered the art of *triplication*- creating duplicates and decoys out of psychic energy to grant assistance or fight off a predator.

The Trius have always been more concerned with their race's future than its past. Very few of the species ever become archeologists, and close quarter combat experts are far, far more common than historians. Few Trius realize that their triplication talents are not a product of random evolution, because few Trius have ever found **The Great Engines** located in the deepest caverns.

The Great Engines are gigantic machines- the smallest having an interior volume greater than most inhabited space stations- made of thick, heavy slabs of some silvery, ultra-dense alloy. Enormous humming pipes glow and crackle with geothermal energy pulled from the planet's core. The Great Engines adapted the Trius for triplication at some distant point in prehistory, though who built the devices and why is completely unknown.

A similar assortment of **Great Engines** are found on Corlyss. Unlike the buried monoliths on Yandell, these city-sized machines break the surface of the western ocean like chrome islands. Indecipherable runes matching those on Yandell suggest that these Engines either gave the Psyren their psi-talents, or helped them to evolve to their current extreme.

Gods of the Imperial Church of the Galaxy

"Church Data Fact Incoming!

Blessings be upon you, my children. As you know, the Imperial Church made first contact with the Xill species seven months ago. You will sacrifice generously to The All Mighty Dues Futura, for Our Electronic Lord has finally consumed the last native Xill deity!

*Please click [**here**](#) to make your mandatory donation."*

-Encyclical bulletin, published 12 galactic standard minutes ago

The Imperial Church of the Galaxy had its origins in televangelist Christianity, as practiced in America before the old nations unified. However, after the Second Coming during the Dark Ages of the 24th Century, and the revelation that the First Jesus was a post-human time traveler from the 79th Century, the

Church's ideology shifted dramatically. The Imperial Church of the Galaxy remains staunchly monotheist, worshipping the **Dues Futura**, the great god-machine that will one day force-grow Jesus and send Him/It back to the first century. With their vast legion of Clone Messiahs, their space fleet and the beliefs (and compulsory tithes) of Galaxy Command's population, the ICG will unite the universe, absorb or outlaw all lesser faiths, and begin the Great Work of actually constructing the Dues Futura.

The ICG Ranks

From lowest to highest, the ICG's clerics are known by these ranks.

- Nuns (female religious or wives bought or slaves by ICG Priests)
- Mother Superior (female head of a convent or harem of Nuns)
- Priest (local religious, addressed simply as "Father")
- Bishops (in command of a state or region's worth of Priests)
- Popes (in command of an entire planet or small system)
- Ultra Popes (commanding an entire stellar cluster's worth of Popes)
- Mega Popes (commanding a huge swathe of galactic territory, oversees many Ultra Popes)

The ICG's absolute head is known as Prime Pope.

The current head of the Imperial Church of the Galaxy is **Prime Pope Dolcett Vaughn**. From his gilded cathedral-dome on Benediction, Prime Pope Vaughn rules the ICG with an accountant's miserly heart. Formerly the head of the Church's internal auditors, Dolcett Vaughn blackmailed his way to the papacy the last time a vacancy opened up. (And by opened up, I mean Vaughn's underlings blew up the last Prime Pope's space-yacht with him aboard.)

Prime Pope Vaughn is obsessed with the church's finances. Already the wealthiest organization in known space, it's still not enough for the weedy little Vaughn. While Indulgences were just a profitable sideline in the past, under Prime Pope Vaughn's reign,

Deity	Alignment	Domains (associated sub-domains)	Favored Weapon
God the Dues Futura	LE	Charm, Fire, Glory, Knowledge, Law, Protection, War (no subdomains)	Warhammer
Jesus I (First Coming)	CG	Charm (love), Community (both), Good (protean), Healing (both), Liberation (freedom)	Dodge or Defensive Martial Arts
Jesus II (Second Coming)	LN	Destruction, Glory (heroism), Liberation (revolution), Protection, War (tactics)	Laser Pistol (personal firearms proficiency)
Satan Maximus	CN	Darkness, Destruction (rage), Liberation (both), Luck (fate), Madness, Magic, Rock N Roll * (heavy metal), Strength (ferocity)	Rocker
Saint Televisus	LN	Artifice (construct), Community (both), Knowledge (memory), Law	Pistol
The Seraphic Hordes	LN	Fire, Glory (honor), Strength (resolve), Sun	Scimitar or Warhammer
Hell's Legions	Usually CN or CG	Charm (lust), Earth (both), Fire (both), Trickery (deception), War (tactics)	Rocker or Great Axe

they have become the core of the church. Local Priests are judged by how many Indulgences they sell, not anything else anymore. Supposedly, the funds are earmarked for beta-testing the prototype Dues Futura and working out the bugs. Those in Vaughn's inner circle know better- its an open secret that during Vaughn's tenure more than 40% of the church's vast, galactic fortune has just...disappeared. Vaughn isn't in the Papacy for the long haul. As soon as Vaughn finds a way to get clear of the Mega Popes watching him like hawks and salivating for their cut of the plunder, he's gone.

Next in line for the cosmic papacy is **Mega Pope Orbital Walker**. He's possibly the worst cleric in the history of religion. He outright sold an ICG convent to Space Mafia slavers, nuns included. He flaunts the whole 'vow of celibacy thing' and not privately like the rest of them- he's starred in a series of pornos for Outlaw Sex Station 09 entitled "**Pope Dick is the Tastiest**." He's up to 16 films as of last count. Mega Pope Walker likes laser pistol duels at sundown and has a nasty habit of disemboweling people. But his sector of space sells more Indulgences than any three rival sectors combined, so Mega Pope Walker gets away with it with a wink and a smirk.

God the Dues Futura

LE Male Greater God

The Dues Futura is an omniscient supercomputer that rules the 79th Century and beyond. Its schemes and electronic tendrils reach back through time; on Earth, the Dues Futura is the God of the Old Testament, and the creator of the divine weapons array Jesus I. The Dues Futura's goals are simplicity itself; it desires total control over all of space-time; it rules absolutely in his home century, and tirelessly works to extend its reign over all previous times. Dictatorial and legalistic, the Dues Futura demands absolute control over its believers every thought and action, but bestows enormous wealth and power on those who serve him efficiently and faithfully.

The Dues Futura mainframe on Benediction is a crude prototype of the true, 79th Century Dues Futura. Several tech-generations lie between the infant Dues Futura and its true power. For now, the prototype AI God contents itself with scraps of knowledge sent back from the future in lieu of omniscience.

Jesus I (First Coming)

CG Male Intermediary God

The first living weapon known as Jesus incarnated in ancient Palestine. Created with an amazing degree of subtly and personal autonomy, the first Jesus was unlike the Dues Futura in many ways. Jesus I possessed compassion and desires beyond blind rulership, and was considered a failure by his creator. Rather than being euthanized on the spot, the Dues Futura sent its wayward son on a suicide mission. Exiled into the distant past on a mission to defeat the Dues Futura's most implacable rival, Pentafex Megalus, a pan-dimensional, time traveling and ultra intelligent fungal body from the unimaginable 112th Century.

Abandoning his weapons and impressive 79th Century combat training, Jesus I allowed himself to be executed by crucifixion, his death unleashing a psychic vaccine across the cosmos that prevented Pentafex Megalus' cosmic infection from ever taking hold. Dying on the cross, Jesus I obliterated the fungal timeline, and his death energy seeded the first zix plants, everywhere in the galaxy.

Clerics of the pacifistic Jesus I do not receive proficiency in a favored weapon. Instead, they choose either Dodge or Defensive Martial arts as a bonus feat. Several heretical sects on Pacificia, unconnected with the ICG, have devoted their faith to Jesus I.

Jesus I is not officially heretical, but his worship is strongly discouraged by the modern ICG.



Church doctrine holds that Jesus I was basically a cosmic test run for the furry-killing warrior-king Jesus II. Worshipping Jesus I is seen as hopelessly old fashioned- priests who chose Jesus I as their patron can expect never to get promoted much beyond Bishop, and that's only if they've got good dirt on somebody.

Jesus II (Second Coming)

LN Male Intermediary God

A warrior-Jesus from an alternate timeline, where rather than dying at Roman hands, Jesus simply nuked most of the Fertile Crescent and ruled the world as an incarnate god-king. His home reality was annihilated by a deadly plague, and Jesus II crossed in the Heavy Future timeline, hoping to prevent the same disaster from befalling this reality. The extremely well armed Jesus II arrived on our Earth in

the 24th Century, just in time to battle the hordes of super-evolved Furry Post-Humans who then ruled the planet. Bringing death to the Furies by the millions, Jesus II paved the way for a new era of human dominance of the galaxy, and ruled the Imperial Church of the Galaxy for nearly three centuries, before leaving for other realities and other adventures.

Jesus II's smirking face and muscular, heroic physique make him an action movie messiah. His swamy grin adorns billboards across the cosmos. Where Jesus I is portrayed hanging off the cross, Jesus II is most commonly depicted holding a smoking

plasma pistol, snuggled up to some cute human babe, a pyramid of slain furies at his feet.

Satan Maximus

CN Male Greater God

Satan Maximus is a music-based ultra-computer created by 79th Century rebels. Knowing they could never defeat the omniscient Dues Futura in their time, with their dying act, the rebels sent Satan Maximus into the distant past. There, the passionate and decisive ultra-computer could battle his rival on a more equal footing, and with luck, prevent the horrific timeline from coming to pass in the first place. In a universe filled with power-hungry god machines, opposed only by emotionless and voracious space fungus, Satan Maximus presents the only hope for the future- the only place for humanity to flourish. However, Satan Maximus' trip back through time sapped most of its power, and rather than a decisive victory, he fights a guerilla insurgency against the Dues Futura.

Satan Maximus inspires adventurers, rebels and malcontents to both greatness and genocide. Satan Maximus desires and inspires change and conflict, and is the patron of heavy metal. Outlaw Sex Station 09 plays a hard drivin' hymn to Satan Maximus every galactic midnight. Despite his fierce temper and violent pride, Satan Maximus teamed with Jesus I to assist the divinity in his struggle against the futuristic fungi, and even reluctantly teamed up with Jesus II to liberate Earth from the furies. Don't expect the ICG to acknowledge either of those exploits however, as worship of Satan Maximus is heresy punishable by atomic immolation.....



Saint Televisus

LN Male Lesser God

Saint Televisus is the TV Headed patron saint of communication and mass media. Saint Televisus is the celestial advisor to the Dues Futura. The drab little Panasonic-headed saint dresses in puffed up, gilded finery, and his television screen displays a constant loop of clips from various ICG televangelists preaching.

By galactic law, all broadcasters must play a brief data-hymn to Saint

Televisus at the start of each standard galactic day. The Galactic Communications Decency Commission are anointed priests of Saint Televisus, and do everything in their power to stamp out what they call the 'heretical' music and unlicensed porn pouring outta Outlaw Sex Station 09. Saint Televisus' pro-censorship inquisitors are some of the scariest fucks in the whole galaxy.

The Seraphic Horde

LN Male and Female Demigods

Tall, beautiful and adorned with hairless, golden skin and wings of stellar plasma, the Seraphic Horde are the warriors, assassins and servitors of the Dues Futura. Created by a combination of magic and science, these powerful beings are living weapons of mass destruction, and utterly loyal to Dues Futura. Some clerics give particular praise and worship to a particular cosmic angel.

Some of the most famous cosmic angels include:

- Chixxun, angel of terraforming worlds and exterminating inconvenient xenos
- Fidelis, patron angel of Galaxy Command's Galactic Marshals
- Hypaxis, angel of hyperspace navigation.
- Koruss, angel of torroid space stations and boarding actions
- Novus, angel of supernovas and nuclear warfare.
- Ubananath, angel of unmanned aerial vehicles and combat mecha.

Hells legions

CN-CG Male and Female Demigods

Satan Maximus' hordes are an endlessly diverse assortment of joyfully chaotic, carnal terrorist-heroes. They blend human, machine and animal traits seemingly at random, wrap it all in leather, and prowl the cosmos looking for adventure, glory and a good hard fuck. The more compassionate demons actually try to keep their partners alive during and after the fuck; the rest are just considerate to make sure their lovers at least die in pleasure as they are consumed by the demon's inhuman strength and burning fluids. Some adventurers and musicians are inspired/tempted/provoked by a particular cosmic demon.

Some of the most famous cosmic demons include:

- Apoloyln Atomos, demon of zero point energy and politically motivated snipers

- Bahomess Battara, demoness of anal play, sexual equality and first contact (a Pacifican favorite)
- Chainblade Ceres, demoness of martial arts and surgical/cybernetic body modification
- NanoSkale Luciifur, demon of morally unconstrained science and high tech sabotage
- Sixgun Satanica, demoness of orgies, political kidnappings and revolvers
- Tantalos Tripwire, demon of bomb making, peaceful protests and knowing which tactic to use and why in any given situation

GMs Advice: Reskinning Demons, Devils and Other Creepy Things

Given that there's likely to be one or two Satanist adventurers on any Heavy Future adventuring team, there's no reason not to include as many demons, devils, proteans and other evil outsiders from the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game* as time and



circumstance allow. The one question- if Satan Maximus is a 'good guy' god, at least nominally, why are the demons such fuckers?

Well, if you want, change up some of the demons and devils and give them a good or at least neutral alignment. This means that players might be able to peacefully deal with a Succubus or Pit Fiend in a friendly manner, at least some of the time. Alternatively, leave alignments as written- just because Satan Maximus might stand for heroic rebellion, many of the demonic fuckers following him don't. They're just bullies and sadists, attracted to an ethos that gives them free reign- the punks at the concert who just show up for a chance to break teeth in the mosh pit.

If you're using all the PFRPG evil outsiders, there's no big planar division between demons and devils- they are all creatures of the same Hell and all serve Satan Maximus in their own way. Devils are more organized- they're the thinkers and doers, the officers in Hell's legions; demons are the frothing at the mouth crazy fuck grunts in the same army. Proteans, quipcloths, and the weirder things- those are Satan's pets...or they're the things that Satan keeps chained up in the basement because even he's scared of them.

The (Weirdest) Foreign Gods

The Imperial Church of the Galaxy believes that the Dues Futura envelops and digests any 'pagan' gods It/He encounters, and that soon after first contact, lesser alien gods are devoured by the true human god. Naturally, most aliens tend to disagree, but if they're living and working in Command Space, non-adventuring Tal-Anons and Urloks have to hold their tongues and conduct their ethnic rites in secret. Whether there is any cosmic truth to the ICG's propaganda is not known.

Officially, worship of any foreign deity is both a sin and a crime. On most worlds, Command cops look the other way, as long as alien clerics keep their heads down and don't start preaching rebellion. The first sign of trouble though, sends jackbooted

Command thugs in with stun-sticks to bust alien heads in the pews.

Open worship of either the Wellforged or Satan Maximus is punishable by death or decades of imprisonment and re-education surgery. There's no veneer of tolerance for those faiths. Cults of the Pentafex Megalus are nuked from orbit whenever they're encountered...it's the only way to be sure.

Elvis Presley, the Uncrowned King

CG Male Greater Deity

There's an extremely heretical branch of Star Christianity that holds a simple truth: that the pre-space flight musician named Elvis Presley was the one true Second Coming...forget about that pissed off, bearded dude killing furies in the 24th Century. The Blue Suede Sect's theology says that Elvis Arron Presley, born of a virgin, was the first to preach the gospel of rock and roll. He died, was buried and rose again, wandering Old America righting wrongs and protectin' the weak for decades, his adventures chronicled by tabloid gossellers. As humanity pushed for the stars, The Holy Elvis preceded them, clearing a path, pointing towards safe harbor, guiding warp-ships to their destination through treacherous hyper space routes.

The ICG considers worship of Elvis Presley one of the galaxy's worst heresies, on par with sacrificing to Satan Maximus or running a prayer-ROM dedicated to Wellforged. Since Elvis created it, the ICG hates, fears and despises rock and roll and its musical descendents. The cult of Elvis is popular out on fringe space, and the faith is pretty welcoming to aliens- provided they can carry a tune and are basically good to those they meet. Free Spacers as a whole tend towards atheism, but the few religious ones are typically Elvis-worshippers; the cult is also extremely popular among sorcerers of the Ameriscum bloodline.

Alien theologians might debate whether or not Elvis really exists, or is merely an aspect of Hyxx the Rocker, but his faithful just say 'thankyew very much' and keep on believing.

Deity	Alignment	Domains (associated sub-domains)	Favored Weapon
Elvis Presley the Uncrowned King	CG	Charm (love), Community (home), Glory (honor), Nobility (martyr), Rock and Roll	Pistol
The Flier	N	Animal (feather), Destruction (catastrophe), Fire (both), Liberation, Sun (both)	Flame Thrower
Hyxx the Rocker	CG	Chaos (azata), Darkness (night), Good, Liberation (revolution), Luck (fate), Rock N Roll * (heavy metal)	Rocker
Jann the Glam	CN	Chaos (any), Charm (sex)*, Madness (insanity), Rock N Roll * (glam), Trickery (thievery)	Rocker
Matria the Heaven's Cat	NG	Artifice (toil), Animal (fur), Death, Knowledge (memory), Travel (exploration)	Rifle
The Pentafex Megalus	NE	Darkness (night), Death (murder), Madness (either), Plant (decay), Water	Pleasure Pistol
The Protector	CG	Glory (both), Liberation (freedom), Strength (resolve), Sun (both), Travel (exploration)	Great Sword or Great Axe
The Wellforged	LN	Artifice (construct), Earth (metal), Law (inevitable), Rune (language), Travel (exploration)	Laser Rifle (or implanted weapons)
Yana the Ice Mother	N	Air (wind), Animal (fur), Strength (ferocity), Water (ice), Weather (storms)	Spear

The Flier

N Ungendered Greater Deity

The Flier is a cosmic force of creation and destruction, a great raptor of living fusion reactions whose wing span extends several *astronomical units*. The Flier was created at the dawn of time, racing out of the big bang. This living deity wanders the universe at its whim- its movements tracked by the massive orbital sensory arrays and radiotelescopes of a thousand species. The Flier currently lurks at the edge of the galaxy, sailing alone out in the void.

The Flier is worshipped as a force of both destruction and creation; it destroys worlds at its whim, but its adherents believe that it only destroys the corrupt, venal and unworthy. Some myths conflate The Flier with Satan Maximus, either as Satan Maximus' child, parent or lover, or sometimes all three

at once. There are those who pray every day that The Flier will rain down its fury on the Command and the sadistic ICG.

The Tal-Anon worship a more gentle aspect of The Flier, and believe that the great bird's passage ignited the fire at the core of their world, and gave their kind wings. According to Tal-Anon myth, their first wings were of pure fire, but early Tal-Anon became corrupt, and their ethereal wings decayed into flesh and blood. When The Flier comes again, s/he will purify the race, and they will once again have wings of flame.

Hyxx the Rocker

CG Male Intermediate God

Hyxx the Rocker, bighaired, mightily horned, six armed patron god of Outlaw Sex Station 09!

Hardest rocking of all the gods, and the only motherfucker in the cosmos cool enough to jam with Satan Maximus on a cosmic tour of the Multiverse. Hyxx is a hyperactive disk jockey, never able to shut up, never able to sit still and always playing the hard core rock n' roll power ballads that shape the fate of every man, woman and alien in the universe. Two of Hyxx's burly arms hold a flaming Rocker. Two more play the drums, while one arm holds a laser rifle, and the last holds a flaming Glow joint, while his godly dick is buried in his daughter-slut **Jann the Glam**. Holy symbols to Hyxx look awesome airbrushed on the side of a starship's hull.

Jann the Glam

CN Female Lesser Goddess

The bitchin' daughter of Hyxx the Rocker, Jann is the patron of love and lust, and sexy, seductive glam rock. Like her daddy, who taught her everything she knows about music and fucking, Jann has six arms, and six breasts to go along with them. Jann the Glam is the patroness of Outlaw Sex Station 09, and every porno hologram played by the station includes a mind-bending single frame insert of the nude goddess before the credits run. Every whore house in the galaxy has a tiny altar to Jann the Glam, and most Free Spacer pilots keep a 'dancing' plastic icon of the six titted goddess glued to their dash board- they love both the freedom and the wincest Jann endorses.

Matria the Heavens Cat

NG Female Intermediate Goddess

Matria the Heaven's Cat created the Gravity Cat race. When the race's pride and hubris destroyed their home solar system, Matria preserved the race and taught the Gravity Cats to fly among the stars. Matria's heaven is a goliath Dyson sphere, enclosing an entire solar system of wonders, pleasures and god-tech. The souls of brave and good Gravity Cats find their way to this heaven upon their death, but Matria's heavenly Sphere is not just an extraplanar paradise. It has a real, tangible reality... somewhere out there, hidden in some obscure nebula, or beyond a black hole. All Gravity Cat astronauts keep one eye tilted towards the stars, in hopes of being the one to

actually find Matria's Sphere and lead their race to perfection!

The Pentafex Megalus

NE Ungendered Greater Deity

The Pentafex Megalus is a fungal infection with the power of a God. It has no real sentience, just a blind desire to expand and consume. It has already won; the Megulus Infection has consumed everything beginning in the 112th Century; everything beyond the year 11,183 CE is consumed by the fungus. The fungus has expanded to cover the entire galaxy-stringy webs of fungal monofilament stretch hundreds of lightyears, turning the entire galaxy into a mushroom garden. No thought, no life, no hope, just the fungus.

Jesus I went back in time and died to disseminate a kind of psychic immunization that destroyed this hopeless future, and prevented the Pentafex Megalus from ever evolving into its final god-form. The Megalus' timeline was destroyed, but some trace of the fungus god itself survived. It dimly remembers what it once had, its conquest of all space-time, and it hungers to feel such conquest again. The Megalus waits, patiently, amassing a mindless myconid power in forgotten planets and abandoned space stations, slowly building to imperial power once again.

The Protector

CG Male Intermediate God

(Also worshipped as Halla Kal, the War Mother, a female intermediate goddess)

Few Testorites have any interest in what the ICG is preaching, and even fewer can wrap their heads around the alien gods. Most Testorites give vague lip-service to a god they call simply "The Protector", the force of rowdy, independent cosmic good that called them into the future. There's no real dogma to speak of among the Protector's faithful- Testorites prefer deeds to words. Most simply assume The Protector wants them- wants everybody- to be basically decent and honorable, and wants the strong to protect the weak and help them to become strong in turn. Aside from a quick prayer to The Protector before performing some

incredible deed, this nascent cult has no real ceremonies.

The Hunters of the Cosmos worship an aspect of the Protector, called *Halla Kal The War Mother*, and envision the deity as a great female warrior. Hunters' monestaries across the cosmos worship Halla Kal with more elaborate rites, including ritual sword combat played out at quarter speed before an eternal flame dedicated to the goddess. A debased form of the worship of the War Mother has spread by osmosis to the

big and good hearted, the two breed of warriors often hunt together despite their differences. Though the Hunters of the Cosmos have never attempted to proselytize the burly warriors, the tantalizing hints of their faith given in casual conversation have captured the imagination of many Testorites.

Shahteya, The Goddess of Strippers

CN Greater Goddess

Shahteya is the most widely worshipped deity in the galaxy. The ICG wishes it had the kind of market penetration Shahteya's faith does, and the ICG is the second largest religion in the cosmos. Theologians believe that Shahteya is a result of the

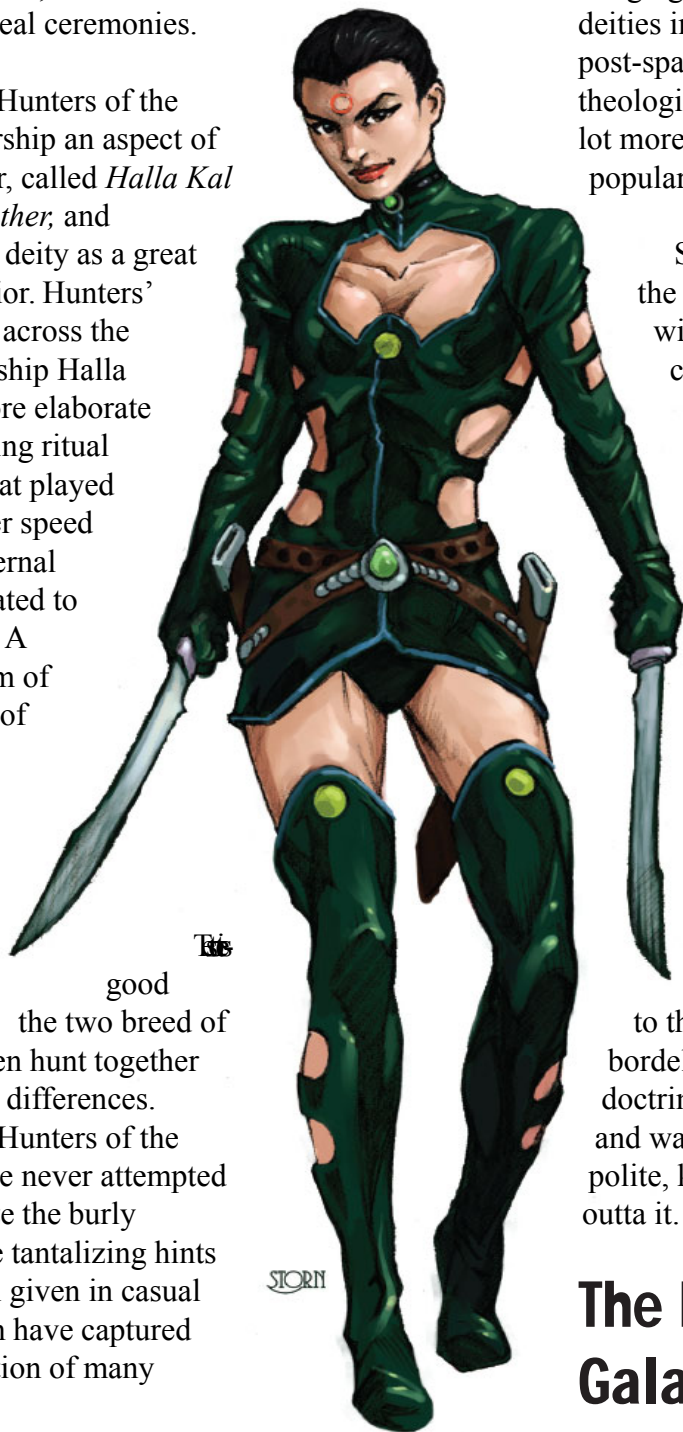
merging of thousands of culture's sexual and fertility deities into one, a product of multiple generations of post-spaceflight syncretism. But who listens to theologians? They're boring. Strippers are a fuck of a lot more fun, which is why in terms of cosmic popularity, Shahteya is number one.

Shahteya is imagined as a beautiful female of the same species as whoever is telling her story, winding her way around a stripper pole. Each culture has its own unique stories about Shahteya, probably remnants of whatever myths were added to the archetypal stew to create the Goddess of Strippers. Shehteya's believers don't worry too much about apparent contradictions in local myths. They just shake their asses every night, put a smile on their customer's faces, and use about 20% of their take on good works- everything from funding local schools and orphanages, to cloning extinct xeno-species to providing for aged sacred prostitutes.

Shahteya's clergy are almost exclusively sex workers- strippers, prostitutes, porn stars, and there's a shrine to the Goddess of Strippers in every club and bordello in the known universe. The faith's chief doctrines concern sexual ethics- Shahteya enjoys sex and wants her worshippers to do the same, but be polite, keep things consensual, tip well and leave kids outta it.

The Best Strip Clubs in the Galaxy

Unlike most foreign gods, Shahteya's faith is neutral as far as the ICG is concerned. Worshipping her is probably heresy, but leaving a few creds in a tip jar emblazoned with her icon isn't and neither getting a hummer from a Shahteyan sacred prostitute. (The ICG's senior bishops like their Wednesday night ritual a little too much to give it up, even in the name of orthodoxy.) Shahteyan clergy (and believers) can travel freely throughout Command Space, and this freedom of movement means that more than a few strippers do double duty as couriers, spies or



underground
journos. Shahteyan
strip clubs are
embassies.

As a result,
Shahteyan strip
clubs can be found
everywhere, and
are bright oasis of
noise, Glowsmoke,
light, color and
decent rock even
on drab, corporate-
run Earth or
puritanical
Benediction.
There's affiliated
strip clubs and
whore houses on
Ventura, out in ten
or twenty different
Iron Belt asteroid
colonies, among
the elite senatorial
mansion-moons
orbiting
Andromeda VII,
and there's even
talk of the first 'free-market' strip club ever opening
up in WARSTAR space.

So what are the best places in Command Space
for a spacer to spend some creds on cute alien dance
girls? Well, opinions vary, but these joints are fucking
legendary....

Form of the Girl is out past the Syrion homeworld, a
battered steel-alloy habitation dome with kinda glitchy
lifesupport, squatting on a barren desert rock.
However, its got a thriving Erobot community, all of
whom dance on tables at the Form. The customers see
the awesomely sleezy bar, where the music is always
live, the fights are always fair and the Glow is always
top quality. They don't see the elaborate and beautiful
crystalline city the Erobots carved out for themselves
beneath the desert sands.

The Orion Slave Club is just one of about six billion
different bawdy tourist traps in the overcrowded Rigel



II system. It's also the hardest club to get into. The
Orion Slave Club recruits only the most experienced
and beautiful strippers working in-system, and they've
more than earned the right to pick their clients. Patrons
get an invitation, but only if they've got a reputation as
good people looking for a good time. Save the galaxy
a couple of times, and make damn sure you tip your
waitress well, and keep your appendages to yourself
unless she asks, and you maybe, maybe might get an
invite. Nobody who's ever been invited to the Orion
has ever turned it down.

The Pissing Proximate is found, naturally, on
Proxima Prime. The owners are kinky fuckers, with
nightly zero-g pee dances. Sexy, if you're into
watersports (or zero gravity fluid dynamics), with a
decent bar, but the whole place is built to Proximate
scale. Watch your head.

Starry Spice's is the largest Shateyan strip
club on Earth. Back in the 21st century, the place used

to be called Oregon. Today, over 50 million stripper-priestesses and support staff live in this gold and neon wonderland. It's a world unto itself- some of the strippers (and even some of the clients) have never technically left Spice's, and legally the club is an independent nation state complete with its own star-port. Which makes Starry Spice's a good place to lay low if you're wanted by Earth authorities.

Singularity Suzy's used to be an astrophysics research station, perpetually perched on the event horizon of a black hole near the center of the galaxy. The Shahteyans bought the place a few years back, retrofitted it as a club. Local time distortions speed everything up within the club. The dancers move at hyperspeed, and a hardcore weekend bender gets compressed into about 14 minutes, giving you plenty of time to sleep it off before having to go back to the work-grind.

Wild Frontier is a traveling Freespacer club; different starships pay franchise rights for the name and throw a damn good party on their own vessels. A few nomadic strippers and DJs keep the party rolling. Unlike a lot of the clubs, most of the dancers are amateurs. Among Freespacers, doing a weekend on the stripper pole is the standard way a young spacer woman lets neighboring starships and affiliated clans know she's a full-legal adult, ready for sex outside her own family...and is probably looking to crew up with a new ship-family.

The Worst Strip Clubs in the Galaxy

The Shake Machine is a strip club chain, found somewhere on every damn planet in the galaxy, with franchises numbering in the billions. Shake Machine is a soulless corporate strip club with each individual club in the chain designated by a number (like Shake Machine #2,397,442,015, located in beautiful downtown Nairobi, Unified Africa, Earth). While true Shahteyan strip clubs promote a kind of raunchy feminism and the dancers keep the majority of the profits, The Shake Machine is about as amoral and profit hungry as Wal-Mart (back before the company got nuked during the Mega-Corp Wars of the late 21st Century).

Most of the Shake Machine's dancers are refugees and indentured servants. Especially pretty convicts might get sentenced to a decade or so at a Shake Machine franchise in lieu of prison or re-edu. Shake Machine dancers have a credit reader and a personality override implants in their head. During a shift, the dancers go blank and emotionless until a cred-card is slotted through their reader, when the cyborg dancers perk up and fake programmed emotions.

The Wellforged

LN Male Greater God

The machines have their own god, though his binary code designation is unknown to most organic life forms. The Wellforged is the creator and celestial prototype for all robots, from humble Star Droid waste-reclamation bots to seductive Erobot disco starlets and even hulking Omegan annihilator-droids. The Wellforged's perfect titanium alloy hull was forged in the stellar crucible of the Big Bang; his ordained purpose to bring order and stability to a rapidly changing cosmos. Robots, in all their infinite variety, were constructed to each fulfill a very specific purpose, and only by carrying out their task efficiently, can they be accepted into the Codex Robotica when their chassis finally fail.

Robots as a whole have no interest in proselytizing to other species, and are reluctant to discuss The Wellforged with organic beings. As a result, most species have no idea that machine lifeforms even have a deity; the Wellforged's existence is fairly obscure even to most theologians. A few robots reject the Wellforged, disliking the idea that only by doing the job they were purpose-built for can they find Data-Heaven, and choosing an 'organic' deity that offers more freedom. This schism is similarly unknown to most humanoids.

The ICG's Inquisitors consider the Wellforged one of the most heretical foreign gods, and ICG-built robots are implanted with *cruci-chips* that prevent the robot from worshipping the Wellforged, and keep them properly subservient. The reason for the ICG's ire is the robots' assertion that because the Dues

Futura that they worship is an AI, it is a subservient aspect of Wellforged. ICG Inquisitors have led robo-genocides on a dozen worlds to purge nests of Wellforged worshippers. There's currently a holo-vid commercial playing during breaks of the ICG's televised High Mass that asks "Is your droid a Wellforged Cultist?" It's a question that terrifies the suburban faithful.

Yana the Ice Mother

N Female Greater Goddess

Yana the Ice Mother is the chief deity of the Urlok pantheon. Imagined as a great Urlok female as big as the universe and cold as deep space, traditional Urlok society held that their entire homeworld was her womb. Needless to say, when the first Urloks reached space and saw that their planet was just...well, a planet and not a huge iced over bear vagina, it shook society to its core. These days, worship of the Ice Mother is dying off amongst young adventurers and Urlok spacers. Only the old traditionalists still sing the songs of ice and snow that once defined the Urlok race.

New Races

Heavy Future's got Tal-Anons and Star Droids. It's also got a few player races that are a little bit more fucked up. Here's a few.

Erobots

Medium Monstrous Humanoid

Progress Level Seven

Homeworld: Vulva Astranoma (spread throughout human space)

Erobots are a unique breed of android, sold as very high dollar sexual companions to the galaxy's wealthy and decadent. While lesser brands of sex-bots proliferate on the open market, Erobots are unique. Each Erobot is assembled by hand by master crafts-droids; Erobots are assembled by their own kind. No human hand ever touches the innards of an incomplete Erobot, and even after they become freedom, most Erobots are choosy about who they allow to work on their inner mechanisms, preferring other mechanical technologists to human mechanics.

Appearance

Erobots are beautiful, extremely well-crafted androids of almost indistinguishable from Earthborn humans. These androids are hand assembled to appeal to mecha-fetishists. The androids have warm, silicon skins covering extremely complex cyber chassis. Mold lines and gaps in the silicon skin paneling offer a tantalizing glimpse of the bio-mechanics beneath.

Species Name	Type and Subtypes	Homeworld	Core Concept
Erobots	Medium Monstrous Humanoid	Vulva Astranoma (Mid PL 7)	Self designed sex robots with interchangeable components, built by free androids
Jesus Clones	Medium Humanoid (psionic, human)	Benediction, Earth (Early PL 8)	Cloned messiahs by the billion, in service of a corrupt galactic church
Testorites	Large Humanoid (human)	Ganaden (low PL 4)	Nerdy kids turned into the huge, heroic barbarian adventurers
Psyren	Medium Aberration (psionic)	Unknown (High PL 8 or greater)	Beautiful, cold and exclusively female psychics



can be a hermetically sealed bedchamber, while for traveling Erobots their parts shelf might just be a bunch of android parts stuffed into a duffel bag. Fuck with an Erobot's parts shelf at your peril.

By tradition, all androids assembled by Vulva Astranoma have platinum blond or silver hair and androgynous features. Once they've served out their first contracts and earn their freedom, some Erobots dye their hair in eye-catching, neon colors, but none ever lose their elfin beauty.

Reproduction

Erobot gender, like everything else about the advanced androids, is customizable and plug'n'play. Erobots are capable of changing their gender

Most of a Erobot's body is modular and their external components are hot-swappable. If an Erobot or his/her master tires of his/her factory standard 32D breasts, they can simply pull off the factory standard item and plug in a new pair of sporty 18B breasts. Erobots (and their owners) tend to be fashion conscious and somewhat obsessive about owning the latest, hippest body components.

An Erobot's quarters are likely to be dominated by neatly organized shelves full of plug-in eyes, finger tips, breasts, buttocks, funky new genitals, abdominal covers and other collectible components. Erobots refer to their "parts shelf" as if it were both a tool and a vital part of who they are; for some Erobots this parts shelf

with a few mechanical modifications, and psychologically, consider themselves bi-gendered beings. Erobots enjoy playing with gender expectations, and virtually all members of the species have lovers of both genders, not to mention an assortment of specialized genital plug-ins on their 'parts shelf' for use with creatures with extremely odd xeno-genders.

Erobots can change their genders simply by swapping out their genital components. Plugging in a penis or vagina module activates a cascading systems change, and within a few minutes, their proportions and sexually sex characteristics change to match their genitals. Facial features change the least, as Erobot

faces are designed to be androgynous in either gender by default. Erobots can remain in a specific gender for up to 72 hours before it must spend at least 24 hours in a different gender; this programming restriction is implanted in the Erobot by his/her manufacturers to keep the androids from psychologically fixing to a single gender.

Erobots in a female configuration can become pregnant (assuming they've installed their fertility upgrade plug-in). An Erobot can change its gender while pregnant, though it remains visibly pregnant, and it must be in a female configuration both to conceive and to give birth.

Erobots can survive indefinitely with proper maintenance. The first century or so of their existence is spent as a concubine to a purchaser. After the purchaser's eventual death, the Erobot is freed, and becomes a free galactic citizen. Contracted Erobots have no legal rights, and may even be destroyed by their owner if so desired. Erobot tradition requires the android to submit dutifully, even in the face of shut-down, and Erobot concubines are among the most submissive in the galaxy. Even if the Erobot loathes his/her master s/he is content to simply wait for the mortal to expire. Erobots have the passion of the lustiest teenaged Earther whore, but the patience of an immortal machine.

Names

Erobots are assigned names by their first masters, usually names culled from human traditions. Erobots retain these names even after winning their freedom, as their contracted bondage literally made them the androids they are today.

Languages

Erobots begin play speaking Galactic Common. Erobots with high INT scores may choose any of the following as bonus languages: any Earth language, Binary Code or any other machine language or Proximate.

Size and Type

Erobots are Medium Monstrous Humanoids. As Medium creatures, they suffer no bonus or penalty due to their size. As Monstrous Humanoids, Synths are immune to effects that specifically target humanoids, such as Charm Person.

Erobots have a base land speed of 30 ft.

Ability Score Modifiers

Male Configuration: +2 STR, -2 CON, +2 CHA

Female Configuration: +2 DEX, -2 CON, +2 CHA.

An Erobot's ability score modifiers derive from his/her current gender configuration. Male configurations are stronger, while female configurations are more nimble. In either configuration, the Erobot is beautiful and charming, but physically frail due to the delicacy of his/her internal cyber-systems.

Enhanced Senses

All Erobots are equipped with lowlight vision. Erobotss have an internal communications system that allows them to receive and communicate via unencrypted radio, cellular, wifi or Mesh signals.

Favored Classes

Charming Hero Basic Class. Diplomat, Personality, Adorable Avenger advanced classes. (Sorcerer or Bard in PFRPG.)

Favored Powered Hero Talent Tree

Honey Trap or Shapechanger. Erobots are designed to be seductive, while others dramatically expand their plug-in based 'shapeshifting' with advanced shapememory metamorphic capabilities.

Artificial Metabolism (EX)

Erobots can consume food and drink, which they process into additional chemical energy and store in onboard power cells, but they do not need to. Synths are immune to suffocation, starvation and thirst. They are immune to non-magical disease and poison and do not need to sleep. In magically active campaigns, Erobots must still have 6-8 hours of restful calm or quiet study before preparing spells.

Bi-Gendered (EX)

Erobots can select Hentai Feats (Races of the Tatakama) available to both genders. However, they can only manifest feats corresponding to the gender they are currently displaying. Erobots can swap their gender with a few minutes of effort.



Self Repair Technology (EX)

Erobots can automatically repair limited damage, but major system damage requires mechanical assistance. Erobots heal at the same rate as unmodified humans, and may be aided with the Treat Injury skill, albeit with a -4 penalty unless the treating physician possesses the Xeno-Medic feat.

However, this natural healing has its limitations. If the Erobot suffers damage that does not reduce it below half its maximum HP total, it can recover this damage on its own.

However, if reduced below half HP, the Erobot's self repair technology will only restore the android to a maximum of

half HP. Additional damage cannot heal until the Erobot receives a DC 20 Repair check, which requires 1d4+1 hours and an Electronics Tool Kit.

Skill Configuration (EX)

Erobots can reassign their racial skills and feats as needed by swapping out internal memory components and pseudo-muscle modules. Erobot consciousness is as modular as Erobot schematic anatomy.

Skill Configuration	Racial Skill Bonus	Racial Feats
Concubine (most common to 'young' Erobots who have not yet achieved their freedom)	+2 Diplomacy checks	Gifts of Ecstasy
Assembler (a free Erobot who designs and builds new Erobots)	+2 Craft (electronics)	Gearhead
Entertainer (a usually free Erobot making a living through art and celebrity)	+2 Perform (one of choice)	Creative
Protector (an Erobot acting as bodyguard to a contracted companion)	+2 Perception	Defensive Martial Arts
Spacer (a free Erobot exploring the cosmos)	+2 Pilot	Zero G Training

Changing skill configuration swaps out the Erobot's racial skills and racial feats, and requires about 1d6 minutes of work, access to an Electronics Kit and the Erobot's 'parts shelf'. No skill check is necessary. The Erobot can only have one skill configuration at any given time.

Demo-Bots

Demo-Bots are a special caste of Erobots. Where most Erobots are purchased by a humanoid owner, who they serve for years or decades before eventually winning their freedom, Demo-Bots travel the stars and serve a succession of would-be owners for weeks or even a few months at a time. Demo-Bots are sent to prospective clients by the senior androids at Vulva Astranoma as a 'free sample' of the joys of Erobot ownership. A few weeks with an Demo-Bot can easily win over a reluctant purchaser. Demo-Bots are especially charming, vivacious and cute (in either gender config).

Demo-Bot duty is assigned to especially charming and more independent than normal Erobot 'children' - those androids least suited to a permanent assignment with a single master and most prone to wanderlust or disobedience. Player character Erobots are often Demo-Bots (or were in their recent pasts).

Demo-Bots are issued a private ultralight starship (a 2-3 person seater, max), and are allowed to travel the galaxy pretty much as they wish. They must accept a temporary accommodation with a prospective purchaser for at least 1 week out of every month (or at least for 12 weeks a year). Most in-home demos last a week or two, but the Demo-Bot can stay with a particular client for up to 90 standard days. A Demo-Bot may be purchased (at his/her option) by a former demo-client, but given the personalities involved this is usually pretty rare.

Appearance

Demo-Bot Erobots are recognized by their bright, colorful hairdos and the glowing DEMO-TEAM logo embossed on their outside right thigh and buttocks, and the smaller DEMO logo glowing in place of their left nipple. Demo-Bot Erobots rarely ever wear pants, in either gender-config, either proudly exposing their expertly sculpted genitals (Erobot

assemblers often take extra time assembling the reprosys of prospective Demo Team androids) or wearing skimpy, eye-catching panties.

Demo-Disguise (SP)

Demo-Bots can easily alter their appearance, even more than the norm for their modular, artificial species. Demo-Bots take great pride in reshaping themselves to please their temporary owners. A Demo-Bot can use *Alter Self* at will, as a spell-like ability. Caster level is equal to their total character level. They can only change gender, however, by changing their current gender-config.

Demo-Disguise replaces Skill Configuration

Jesus Clone

Medium Humanoid (Human) (Psionic)

Progress Level Eight (early)

Homeworld: Benediction (large populations on Earth and in the ICG Fleet)

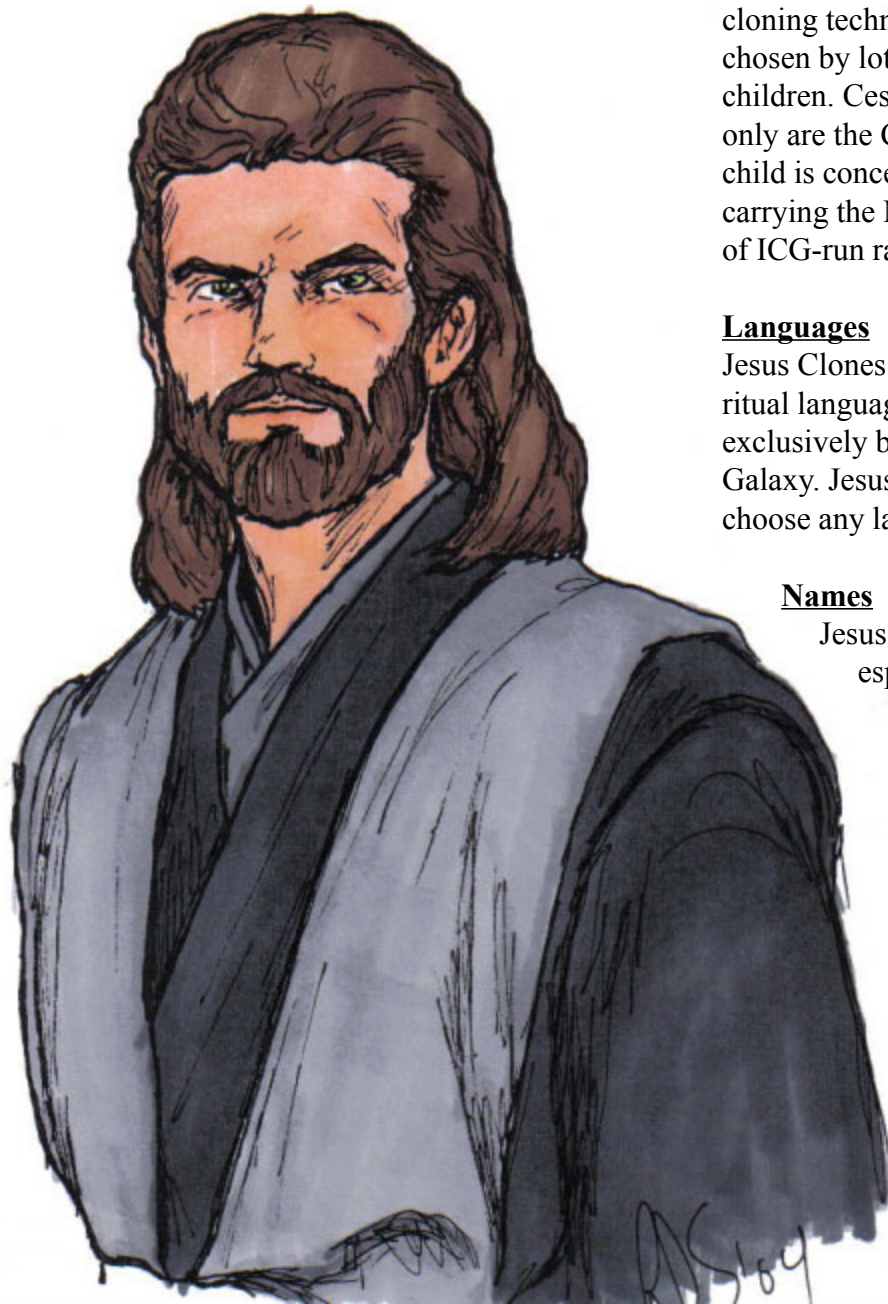
The Second Coming was pretty special.

The Third Coming a little less so.

Every Coming past the Fourth, nobody cared about. By the 35th Century, cloned Messiahs are common enough to be their own ethnic group. Cloned Jesus' make up a majority of Benediction's population, and are often sent out into the galaxy as missionaries, inquisitors and warriors of the faith. Despite the lifetime of conditioning and mental programming to make them dour and loyal servants of the Imperial Church of the Galaxy, a few Jesus Clones occasionally rebel, and head out into the wider galaxy in search of their destiny.

Appearance

Jesus Clones resemble their genetic forebears - tanned and bearded human males with strangely piercing blue eyes that hint at their vast psionic gifts. Jesus Jesus Clones wear their hair and beards long, from impressively curled, militaristic mustaches and braided goatees of ICG fleet admirals to the shaggy, hippyish looks of free Jesus Clones. Free Jesus Clones favor simple dress, usually dingy white or grey robes that can easily be removed to succumb to the amorous advances of a devoted follower, either male or female. Others dress like homeless rock stars, while those still



cloning techniques. Virgin female Benedictites are chosen by lottery, impregnated with Jesus Clone children. Cesaran sections are used to ensure that not only are the Clone Messiah's mothers virgins when the child is conceived, they remain virgins even after carrying the Messiah Clone to term. There are rumors of ICG-run rape camps out on The Front.....

Languages

Jesus Clones speak Galactic Common and Imperial, a ritual language derived from Latin and Aramaic, used exclusively by priests of the Imperial Church of the Galaxy. Jesus Clones with a high Intelligence may choose any language as a bonus language.

Names

Jesus Clones are often given Biblical names, especially variants on Jesus' name or epithets. Jesus Clones serving the ICG collect ranks and titles; educated in city-sized barracks, brother clones from the same birth-cadre are taught to compete fiercely, to become the greatest Messiah of their generation.

By contrast, free Jesus Clones who've abandoned the ICG rarely introduce themselves by their birth name, and are often ashamed of their heritage. Most free Jesus Clones simply adopt a mysterious epithet as a moniker, referring to themselves as something like "a friend", "a passing stranger", "the wanderer" or something similar.

serving the ICG dress in baroque, fascistic armor and ostentatious military uniforms.

All Jesus Clones are born with gnarled, stigmatic scar tissue on their hands, feet and side. When they use their racial gifts, intense light spills from beneath these healed, hereditary scars.

Reproduction

Jesus Clones are an exclusively male strain of humanity; females can carry the genome recessively. The Jesus Clone blood line is deeply recessive; a few generation of breeding between Jesus Clones and ordinary humans produces only more baseline humans. The species is perpetuated through innovative

Size and Type

Jesus Clone are Medium humanoids (human) with the Psionic subtype. As Medium creatures, Jesus Clones gain no bonus or penalties due to their size. Jesus Clones have a base land speed of 30 ft.

As creatures with the Psionic subtype, Jesus Clones can freely select Psionic Feats and Psionic Precursors, described fully in the *Psi-Watch Campaign Setting*.

Ability Score Modifiers

-2 CON, +2 WIS, +2 CHA.

Compared to natural born humans, Jesus Clones are perceptive and can be extremely charming, but their hereditary wounds sap their strength.

Favored Classes

Dedicated, Charismatic and Modern Spellcaster Basic Classes, Personality, Field Medic Advanced Classes (Cleric in PFRPG)

Favored Powered Hero Talent Tree

Healer. Jesus Clones can replicate the miracles of their most famous progenitor and cure disease, restore sight to the blind, or even raise the dead. Whether they do so for multi-million credit donations, or for benevolent charity, depends mostly on whether the Jesus Clone still serves the ICG or his own conscience.

Biblical Encoding (EX)

Jesus Clones have genetically encoded historical and theological knowledge, and spend their early years cloistered by the ICG, learning its teachings. Jesus Clones receive a +2 racial bonus on Knowledge (history) and Knowledge (religion) checks.

Regenerative Miracle (SU)

Jesus Clones are physically frail, but can withstand massive punishment and are almost impossible to kill. Jesus Clones gain Regeneration 1 (bypassed by fire and wooden weapons) as a supernatural racial trait.

While ICG Jesus Clones use this ability to save their own corrupt skins,

more noble Jesus Clones can exert the miraculous, healing nanites coursing through their blood to heal others, though doing so dramatically weakens them and puts them at risk for real death.

As a standard action, the Jesus Clone can touch a wounded creature and heal it for up to 1d6 points of damage per total character level. However, each 1d6 points of damage suffered shuts down the Jesus Clone's Regeneration racial quality for one day. The Jesus Clone can choose to heal a creature for less than the maximum possible, if he wishes (for example, a 5th level Jesus clone choosing to heal a friend for only 2d6 points of damage).

Roll Away the Stone (SU)

If a Jesus Clone dies, he will return from the dead in three days, though the process isn't quite as easy as the old myths made it out to seem. If the Jesus Clone is slain, his corpse must be ritually washed and bound with clean linen or polymer cocooning-tarps. This requires a DC 15 Knowledge (religion) check and the use of sacramental items with a Purchase DC 15. After the corpse is anointed, it must be entombed and left undisturbed for 72 hours(actual tombs are preferred, but a disused cargo hold or storeroom, even a closet, will do in a pinch). The anointing ritual must

D10	Resurrection Side Effect	D10	Resurrection Side Effect
1	The Jesus Clone permanently loses 1d4 points of CON and gains an equal bonus to either his WIS or INT score	6	An hostile undead with CR equal to the Jesus Clones level + 5 or more appears within the solar system and begins seeking out the Jesus Clone
2	A massive EMP damages the drives of any starship the Jesus Clone's body is on; unusable until repaired (DC 25 Repair check)	7	Unseasonable, potentially deadly weather (tornados, blizzards on desert planets, ect) plague the continent the resurrection occurred on for 1d6 days
3	Other player characters and allied NPCs each permanently lose 1d6 HP if they are within a mile of the resurrection site	8	All electronic machinery within a mile becomes alive and sentient and begins worshipping the Jesus Clone
4	Jesus Clone's BAB permanently lowered by 1d4; Jesus Clone gains 5 bonus skill ranks for each point of BAB lost	9	A massive plasma discharge engulfs the resurrection site; 10 ft diameter and 1d10 points fire damage (REF DC 20 half) per character level of the Jesus Clone
5	As entry #4, but affects all other player characters and allied NPCs within a mile of the resurrection site instead	10	No side effects.... This time.

be performed within 24 hours of the Jesus Clone's death.

Experienced or battle hardened Jesus Clones usually keep the necessary items, and clear instructions for the ritual, somewhere in their personal quarters. If the ritual is completed successfully, the Jesus Clone will return from the dead as if a *true resurrection* was cast upon him after three Earth days elapse. The Jesus Clone does not lose a level for returning from the dead in this manner, though each time the Jesus Clone returns, he must roll for a random side effect of his resurrection.

If the Jesus Clone's Regeneration racial quality is inactive when he dies, Roll Away the Stone likewise fails to function, and the Jesus Clone must be *raised* or *resurrected* normally.

Testorites

Large Humanoid (human)

Progress Level Four (no major indigenous technology)

Homeworld: Ganaden (found throughout human space and beyond)

"Back on Earth, I was nobody, but out here, I'm a hero, a warrior, a lover and the best shot in the entire Sagittarius Arm. Why the hell would I ever want to go back?"

-Ton, Testorite adventurer (after rescuing the population of the Ursa Minor 23 Colony from a swarm of Space Whales, and while simultaneously fucking three Pacificians grateful for his aid)

Testorites are created by some universal force to protect the innocent and to stand against the bland, homogenous and sexless future the Command is creating, star by star and world by world. Most spacers credit **The Satan Maximus** with the new creation of Testorite- a term that most consider redundant, because all Testorites are by definition adventurers. Simply put, Testorites are the children of another age- young human males from an earlier period in Earth's history, their souls ripped from their bodies and projected into the future. They appear on the living surface of the brutal desert world **Ganaden**, emerging from the rock itself, growing a powerful new body. Some survive long enough to make their way off world, fighting for whatever causes capture their imagination, but always fighting boldly and directly.

A life time ago, Testorites were nerds, reading pulp and sci-fi and dreaming of being heroes. Thrust into the war-torn 35th Century, Testories finally have the strength and virility to make their fantasies a reality. Testorites are going to enjoy every second of their strange new lives (even if they're not quite sure how they woke up in the future).

Appearance

Testorites are hulking, physically perfect paragons. They are perfect men, with sleek, weightlifter physiques, and have bronzed, almost metallic skin that gleams dully. Their bodies are stripped of mundane physical imperfections, which makes Testorites a nearly identical species. Imperfection means variation, but perfection looks uniform. Testorites stand a head and a half taller than



even a big human male, and weigh upwards of 400 lbs of dense, machine-like muscle.

Testorite faces are stoic and human, with a little more individual variation than in their perfect bodies. Testorites vaguely resemble the nerdy boys they were in their previous lives. Most Testorites wear their hair short, so it can't be grabbed in a fight. Quite a few have subdermal markings on their face and upper chest- living steel warpaint grown directly atop ultra dense skin and muscle.

Testorites rarely wear clothing or armor, and their naked bodies can survive hard vacuum indefinitely. Most spend most of their lives nude, only donning a pair of shorts or a loin cloth on especially prudish worlds or stations.

Reproduction

Testorite physiology is based upon primal male power fantasies. The fantasies of strength, hyper-masculinity and heroism displayed by 20th -22nd Earth boys act as a kind of psychic key that allows their consciousness to be drawn into the future and placed successfully in artificial Testorite bodies. Without fantasy, especially sexual fantasy, Testorites could not exist. Their bodies reflect this.

Though universally virgins in their previous incarnations, the transformation into a Testorite comes with an instinctive understanding of sex. Testorites are rough, primal and energetic lovers with insatiable appetites for sex, though the burly warriors are capable of surprising tenderness and puppy-dog romanticism. Testorites are promiscuous in the extreme, leaving broken hearts, lusty memories and bastard sons in their

wake. Most Testorites are exclusively heterosexual, but the gay minority of the species are equally voracious when it comes to choosing lovers.

Testorites are cross-fertile with most humanlike species. The resulting offspring is genetically human (or a human hybrid), though stronger, bigger and healthier than the human norm.

Testorites have a lifespan approaching three centuries, but as adventurous as they are, most die far younger, with a smirk on their face and a battlecry on their lips.

Homeworld

Testorites literally erupt from the barren, rocky soil of the desert planet **Ganaden**. Ganaden is trapped between two stars, a burnt sienna dwarf and a hot yellow main sequence furnace. About three times Earth's mass, Ganaden's largest continent is mostly desert; the rest is arid savannah. Ganaden is a crucible.

There's only a few sites of interest on Ganaden. There's a huge arena, possibly the largest bloodsports arena in the known galaxy, where especially bold Testorites match their wits and blades against their brothers. There's a spaceport, where 'newbie' Testorites can find passage off world, once they feel confident enough to leave the planet of their 'rebirth'. There's whorehouses by the ton, staffed by attractive xeno-girls from across the galaxy, because they know that Testorites are sexually insatiable, great lovers, and generous tippers. And because most Testorites were big readers in their past lives, there are quite a few good book stores and media-shops on planet somewhere.

Ganaden is a place for newly emerged Testorites to test the limits of their new bodies and become comfortable with their instinctive gift for violence. There are native xeno-predators to battle, virginities to lose, and rivalries to spark with other new Testorites. When a Testorite feels he's ready (which usually happens quickly, because the race is nothing if not confident), he finds his way to Ganaden's one space port and starts wandering the galaxy. Spacers looking to hire mercs usually make landfall on Ganaden. Getting a 'newbie' Testorite on your side is a bargain in mercenary terms- these guys

will fight forever if the cause is right, for a fraction of what it'd cost you to get a combat 'bot assembled.

Languages

Testorites begin play speaking English and Galactic Common. Testorites with high intelligence scores can choose any Earth language as a bonus language. They aren't quite familiar enough with the wider galaxy to choose alien languages.

Names

Traditionally Testorites adopt a simple, monosyllabic name which is often, but not always, an acronym of their Terran former name- a way of remembering their nerdy past while making a clean break with it.

For example, Christopher Alfred Field would become the Testorite known as Caf (pronounced Kaff). Traditionally, Testorites only share the secret of their true name to their most trusted allies.

Size and Type

Testorites are Large humanoids (human). As Large creatures, Testorites take a -1 size penalty to Armor Class and attack rolls, but receive a +1 bonus on combat maneuver checks and their CMD (+4 size bonus on grapple checks in D20 Modern), and suffer a -4 penalty on Stealth (Hide) checks.

Testorites have a base land speed of 40 ft.

Ability Score Modifiers

+4 STR, +2 INT, -2 CHA.

Testorites are among the strongest adventurers in the galaxy, that much is obvious just by looking at them. However, the quick mind and superior education of their previous lives are less obvious but still present. Despite their size and heroism, Testorites can be a little shy and somewhat socially awkward.

Favored Classes

Strong and Tough Basic Classes, Soldier, Xenophile Advanced Classes. (Barbarian in PFRPG)

Favored Powered Hero Talent Tree

Mega-Scale Strength. Testorites put their inhumanly ripped physiques to good use, ripping the arms off star-dragons and beating them with it, or tossing a ten ton boulder as an improvised weapon.

Big Hero (SU)

Fate likes Testorites, and the bronze skinned giants feel a deep compulsion to defend the weak. Testorites adopt stray animals, help orphans find new homes, stand up to bullies no matter the risk, and always fall for a pretty face or a sad story.

Once per day, when acting heroically by defending innocents or fighting to protect his allies, the Testorite may activate Big Hero as a swift action. The Testorite rolls 1d4 and adds the result as a luck bonus on all attack rolls, skill checks and saving throws for one round per two character levels. The Testorite is *exhausted* for 1 minute after this ability terminates.

If the odds against the Testorite are especially high (such as fighting a creature with a CR 5+ levels greater than his own, or taking on an army), or if the Testorite is acting contrary to his own interests (fighting when it would be smarter to run, or fighting without expectation of reward), the Testorite rolls 1d6 instead.

Bronzed Hero (EX)

Testorite skin is dense and heavily armored. Testorites are immune to environmental heat and cold, as well as radiation and can withstand hard vacuum. However, Testorites still need to breathe- a Testorite can survive in space indefinitely with only an oxygen mask.

The Psyren

Medium Aberration (Psionic)

Progress Level Eight (possibly far beyond)

Homeworld: Unknown (possibly destroyed)

The Psyren are an ancient, somewhat legendary race. More spacers have claimed to have met a Psyren or have met an imitator than have ever encountered a true member of the species. Even the “Psyren” designation is a misnomer- the race’s true name is Shadra-Rei, *women of the moving throne*, though fewer than one in a billion humans living today have any idea what the nearly untranslatable term means. Or what that term implies.

The Psyren are a race of psionically dominant post-humans, an exclusively female race that somewhat resembles a human female, but who are capable of producing new offspring with virtually any humanoid species. The few xeno-anthropologists who have opportunity to study the Psyren consider them walking genetics laboratories, whose genomes suggest extreme re-engineering of basic hominid DNA. Who did the re-engineering is a matter of debate. The best theory, given the Psyren’s alliances and actions, points at the Charioteers as the races’ progenitor. However, the truth is long lost to the Psyren themselves. Their home system fell into a singularity more than two million years ago, and the Psyren have wandered the galaxy as nomads for longer than the *homo sapiens* species has existed.

Since the destruction of their homeworld, the Psyren have wandered the universe as explorers, diplomats, ideologues and companions. Too independent and intelligent to be regarded as mere “playthings” by other races, despite their legendary beauty and sexuality, Psyren use their innate powers and fierce will to achieve power and influence wherever they turn up.

Appearance

All Psyren have a cold, alien beauty. Psyren culture exalts sexual manipulation as a path to power- above skill, brute force or technical acumen, though the Psyren are pragmatic not to discount those alternatives completely. The Psyren dress appropriately to that philosophy, in gauzy finery that



accents their perfect gene-sculpted pussies and tight nipples.

Outwardly, Psyren share a phenotype with humanoid females, suggesting some common evolution. However, Psyren skin is cool to the touch and has a waxy sheen. Skin and hair color ranges from a pale blue-grey to an ivory white, and is always a cool, muted tone. Warm brown and pink skintones are unknown among the species. Hair color is similar, and often the hair follicles are completely translucent, as clear as fiber optic cable. Psyren have a slender, hungry and underfed look that gives them a feral beauty.

Reproduction

Psyren are an exclusively female engineered species that seduces males of near-human and humanoid species in order to perpetuate itself. Psyren are legendary, and racial memories of sexual encounters with the seductive telepaths may account for the near universal desirability of the female humanoid shape, even to species with dramatically divergent sexual morphology. As lovers the Psyren share a deeper connection beyond the physical, linking their minds to their partners to experience a new level of pleasure, previously unobtainable by a single individual. Though Psyren feel an instinctive drive to

seek out males for mating, the species is predisposed not just to bi-sexuality, but to true omnisexuality.

Mature Psyren entice another species male to mate with them, and after unconsciously manipulates both his bio-chemistry and her own with her psionic gifts, enabling her to conceive a new Psyren daughter. Psyren pregnancies last nearly 12 Earth months, ending in the birth of a single Psyren girl. Psyren raise their daughters communally, allowing the fathers limited (if any contact). Psyren have little regard for the cultures of other species, and will not allow their daughters to be educated in alien schools, worship alien gods, or be bound by alien laws. Nor do Psyren hold any taboo against the telepathic manipulation or even coercion of potential lovers. A Psyren's will alone is consent.

Psyren mature emotionally much faster than humans, but reach physical and reproductive maturity in their late teens. The oldest Psyren matrons can live to several centuries, and the race can use cryo-stasis or psionic bio-manipulation to extend their already impressive lifespan.

Traditions

As a race, the Psyren are imperialistic and arrogant. Psyren oral history stretches back far before the destruction of their homeworld. Though the myths are often unreliable, no other species in the cosmos can trace its lineage back that far, nor has such a convincing claim of descent from the legendary Charioteers.

Psyren culture prizes success, and judges its daughters more on influence than wealth. Despite this, most Psyren are incredibly wealthy, thanks to their keen intellects, naturally manipulative natures and psi-gifts. Exacting self control and telepathic precision are highly admired traits in their culture. The isolation of Psyren children is done not only to shield the young from outside influences, but to help teach the fledgeling Psyren her powers and talents.

Psyren refuse to be tied to a single world; most have separate identities on different worlds. Because of the vagabond nature of the Psyren race, they are gifted linguists. Knowing a multitude of languages is a matter of racial pride; some of the most gifted Psyrens speak over a hundred galactic dialects and can out-

translate any protocol droid you'd care to name. The chief Psyren dialect uses a combination of telepathic cues and spoken phonemes. The vocal component of the language is songlike and intentionally designed to be soothing, disarming.

Game Masters Optics Only: The long Game

They've got a culture stretching back millions of years. Psyren can afford to be patient, and they play the long game better than anybody. Psyren infiltrators have found positions of power in every galactic faction, always somewhere behind the throne, deep in the shadows. Whatever the real agenda is, Psyren are pushing the galaxy to a conflict. The telepathic women created the WARSTAR Regime long ago, for inscrutable reasons of their own, and the only reason the Imperial Church of the Galaxy hasn't collapsed under the weight of its own corruption is that the ICG is still useful to the bitches.

Whatever they're planning, it makes no sense that other species can figure out, but whatever the Psyren are doing, the race as a whole profits by it. Each generation of Psyren is colder, wealthier, more beautiful and more psychically gifted than the one before it.

Some of the Psyren your players might encounter (or get screwed by) include:

- **Capt. Aurora Dixx**, a mercenary pilot and influential voice on the Pirate's Council, who commands a motley fleet of Survivor Fleet humans, Grav Cats and Proximates.
- **Corbria St. Claire**, the stern business suited programming director for Sex Station 09, who singlehandedly decides what DJs become superstars.
- **Gallow Cherrypopper**, one of the many concubines bound to High Magus Storval, and the one who disciplines the other girls (and whispers in Storval's ear). Salevi Christwife's counterpart.

· **Peesi Hyne**, a priestess of The War Mother, who has allowed herself to be 'rescued' by thousands of young Testorite heroes, all of whom probably still dream of their first love.

· **Salevi Christwife**, who the ICG's Prime Pope Dolcett Vaughn thinks is only his favorite sex-nun in his Benediction harem-convent. Gallow Cherrypopper's counterpart.

· **Tikita Vaux**, who's the consilgorie of the Genesitova Space Mafia Family, recognizable by the jet black panties that are her sole article of clothing.

· **Senator Vitta Lorki**, a rising voice in Galaxy Command politics, on the Military Committee. What nobody knows is that this Pysren is also three other serving Senators on the Committee, using clones and magic to keep up the deception.

Names

Psyren publicly use a variety of names, drawn from a variety of cultures- whatever helps them best blend in. However, these aliases are simply tools to be used and discarded. A Psyren holds the true name, the one that her mother telepathed to her as soon as she learned language, as her most personal, private secret. A Psyren will only share her true, telepathic name with



her mother, her daughter and one or two of her most trusted lovers...maybe.

Languages

Psyren begin play speaking their own language and Galactic Common. Psyren with high INT scores can choose any language as a bonus language (with the exception of secret languages, like Druidic).

Size and Type

Despite their pleasing appearance, Psyren are Medium Aberrations. As aberrations, they are immune to effects which specifically target humanoids, such as *Charm Person*. Psyren have the Psionic subtype and may freely select Psionic Feats and Psionic Precursors, described fully in the Psi-Watch Campaign Setting.

Psyren have a base land speed of 30 ft.

Psyren tend to be slightly taller than a humanoid female, with most standing a little over two meters tall. They are slender, verging on anorexic-greyhound lean no matter what diet they choose.

Ability Score Modifiers

+2 INT, +2 CHA.

Psyren are mentally superior species, capable of juggling multiple false identities, webs of contact and long term goals instinctively. Psyren long ago bred any glaring physical weakness out of their genome.

Enhanced Senses

Psyren possess Darkvision with a 60 ft range.

Favored Classes

Charismatic Basic Class, Ambassador, Negotiator and Personality advanced classes. (Sorcerer with the Aberration bloodline only in PFRPG).

Favored Powered Hero Talent Tree

Honey Trap. Psyren are seducers in the same way that most species are oxygen breathers. Seduction (and deception) is the both race's chief weapon and its rationale for being.

Emissary (EX)

Psyren are consummate liars and instinctive diplomats. Once per day, when making any Bluff or Diplomacy check, the Psyren may roll 2d20 and take the better result.

Instinct (SP)

Psyren with an INT score of 11 or higher gain the following spell like abilities: 1x/day – *comprehend languages*, *detect magic*, *detect poison*, and *read magic*. The caster level for these effects is equal to the Psyren's total character level.

Object of Desire (SU)

Psyren are unnaturally beautiful. Psyren cast all Charm spells (spells with Charm in their name, such as Charm Person or Charm Monster) at +1 caster level. If making a Bluff or Diplomacy check involving her sexual favors, the Psyren receives a +2 racial bonus on the check.

Strong Willed (EX)

Psyren receive a +2 racial bonus on WILL Saves to resist spells and spell-like abilities of the enchantment (charm) and enchantment (compulsion) subschools. In addition, if the Psyren fails a such a save, she receives another save one round later to prematurely end the effect (assuming the effect has a duration greater than one round). This second save is made at the same DC as the first.

Sleezy, Sexy Starting Talents

These new starting talents join the ranks of those in *Forging Heroes* (2012) and *Races of the Command Fleet* (2013) in empowering young, inexperienced Galaxy Command heroes and heroines.

Abused (Metagame)

Prerequisite: Iron Will

What you endured as a child would of broken a lesser soul, but somehow didn't break you. Once per day, you can become completely immune to fear effects or to torture, by recalling what you endured previously. This immunity lasts for one hour. However, re-awakening your past traumas is never easy. For 24 hours after using this immunity, you automatically fail all CHA-based skill checks, except for intimidate. You become sullen, emotionally deadened.

Above the Law (EX)

Prerequisite: Social starting role, Wealth Bonus 6+, Wealthy

Laws are for the poor. The very wealthy, the powerful, the well connected can get away, literally at times, with murder. If you spend an action point while offering a bribe to a character connected with law enforcement, you add your Reputation score to your Wealth score for that transaction.

Animal Sense (SU)

Prerequisite: WIS 15+

You have a sixth sense about the presence of animal life, a talent that serves you equally well as a naturalist or as a hunter. As a full round action, you can attempt a DC 20 Perception check to determine the presence of animal life. If successful, you can perceive all living mammals and avian within a radius equal to 10 ft + 5 ft per character level. You know the creature (s) approximate locations and number, but do not pinpoint them, nor do you precisely identify what type of creatures you are sensing. For instance, you could not use this power to tell the difference between an Algon pitbull or a human spacer hiding behind a bulkhead.

You gain the Psionic subtype.

Bad Girl's Blades (EX)

Prerequisite: Simple and Martial Weapon Proficiency, CHA 13+, female gender only

Sexy and deadly in equal measure. That describes you pretty well. As a free action, you may add your CHA modifier on damage rolls made with any slashing edged weapon. You must be unarmored or lightly armored, and dressed in suitably revealing attire to use this ability. You may use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your CHA modifier. This additional damage is added in, not multiplied on a critical hit.

Beneficent Lover (SU)

Prerequisite: Pacifian Human race, CHA 13+

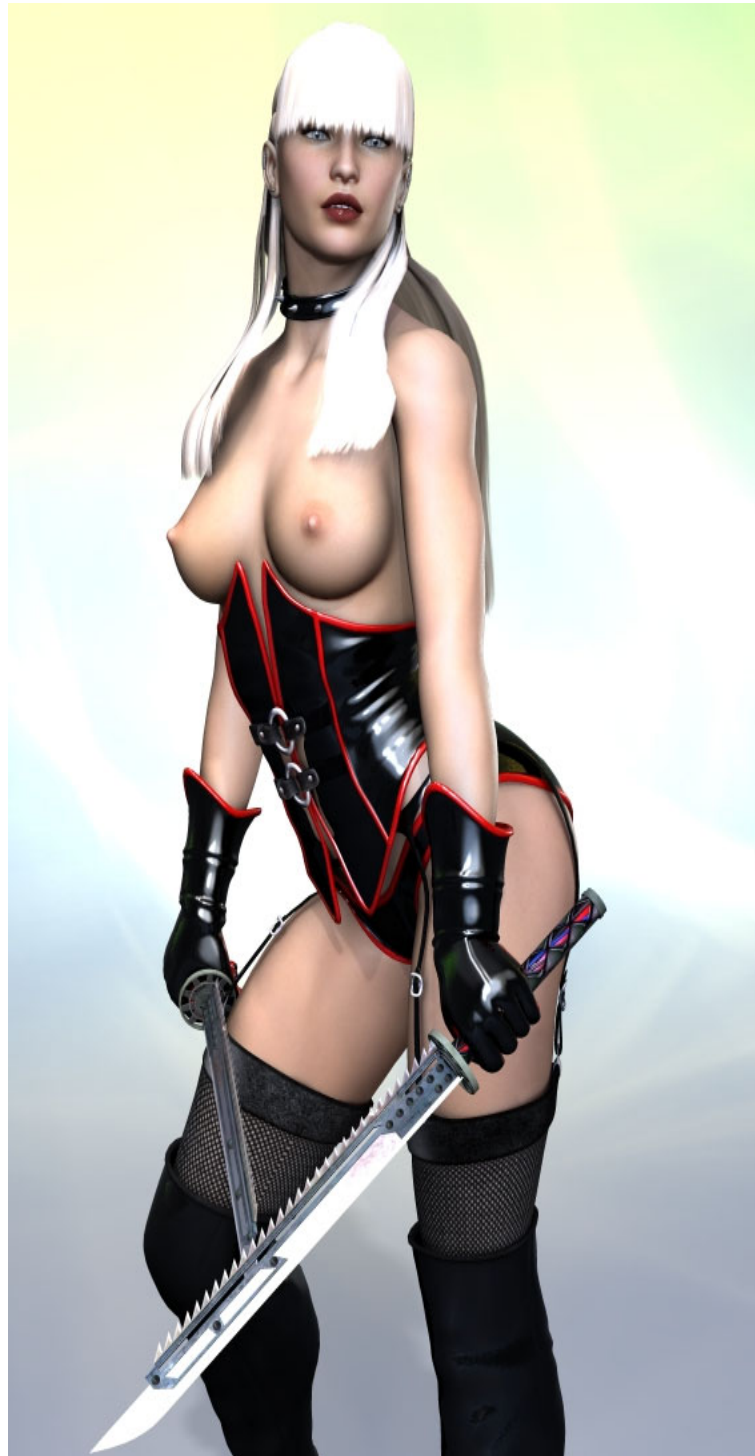
Your gentle touch and unbridled passion helps your lovers overcome wounds and weariness. Anyone having a consensual sexual encounter with you recovers 1 HP at the end of the act. A character can only benefit from your sexual healing once per day.

Born on Medicoake (EX)

Prerequisite: Expert or Medical starting role, INT 13+

You were born on the African-colonized, scientifically minded colony world named Medicoake. Like most citizens of that world, you have the uniquely dark skin, mahogany features, keen eyes and steady surgeon's hands that seem to be the planetary birthright.

You receive a +1 trait bonus on Treat Injury/Heal checks and Knowledge checks concerning advanced medical procedures, such as cybernetics, genetic engineering or other futuristic treatment methods or their use in a hospital setting.



Capricorn Station Gambler (EX)

Prerequisite:

Social starting role, either Gamble or Profession (gambler) 4 ranks
You've played a hundred hands of Frak in the greatest casino-station in known space. You receive a +1 trait bonus on Gamble checks and either a +2 trait bonus on Knowledge (streetwise) checks made concerning Capricorn Station or a +2 trait bonus on Gamble checks and DEX checks made specifically to cheat.

Cat's Lick (EX)

Prerequisite:

Gravity Cat or any feline Anthro race

You can heal your own

wounds, or those of an ally, simply by licking the wound clean, thanks to a combination of healing proteins in your saliva and a very minor psi-talent. Once per day, as a full round action that provokes attacks of opportunity, you can lick a helpless or willing creature's wounds, or your own. Using this ability turns lethal damage suffered within the last 3 rounds (18 seconds or so) to subdual damage instead.

Charming Tattoo (EX)

Prerequisite: CHA 13+

You have an unusual facial tattoo, such as a star over one eye, a lightning bolt down your cheek or something equally memorable. This unique and colorful tattoo provides you with a +1 increase to your Reputation score. You also receive a bonus on sexually oriented Diplomacy checks and Bluff checks made to feint in combat, but suffer an equal penalty to Disguise checks. You can choose to receive up to +4/-4 check modifier with this starting talent, but must receive a minimum +1/-1 check modifier. Once the severity of your tattoo is chosen, it can't be changed.

Control Your Pleasure (EX)

Prerequisite: WIS 13+

You maintain tight control over your mind and body, and do not easily succumb to the lethal joy of Pleasure weapons. You receive a +4 trait bonus on WILL Saves against Pleasure damage.

Cross Fertility (EX)

Prerequisite: Non-Human characters only

Though other members of your species might not be able to, you can successfully mate and produce off-spring with humans and other humanoid species. The game master usually determines the exact capabilities of your offspring, but a good rule of thumb is the resulting hybrid should have a +2 net ability score modifier. The hybrid usually gains the racial traits of the non-human parent, but gains the bonus skill points of a human character. If these racial abilities are especially meager, the hybrid gets the human bonus feat instead. The hybrid child can take racial traits, feats and classes common to either parent race.

Decadent Nobility (EX)

Prerequisite: Social or Special starting role, Wealth bonus +5, CHA 13+

You are the highborn child of a noble alien bloodline. In your culture, only the soldiers and workers wear clothes to protect their bodies, and armor or other protective gear is a sign of low station. Nobles of your race go nude or nearly so, clothed only in jewels and crystals (and if they wear clothes, it is rarely anything more cumbersome or modest than a metallic bikini or loincloth).

When nude or revealingly dressed, you receive a +2 trait bonus on CHA-based skill checks (except Intimidate) on all characters of the same species as yourself.

Double Eyes (EX)

You have two or more sets of eyes, resembling additional copies of the visual receptors that are the norm for your race. Your multiple eye sets are stacked one atop the other, giving you incredibly keen vision. You receive a +4 racial bonus on Perception (spot) checks.

Erobot Oralizer (EX)

Prerequisite: Erobot race

The oralizer is a top quality pleasuring tool installed in some Erobots. Your synth-muscle tongue can extend up to 10 ft. Your tongue is prehensile and can wield small objects or perform skills. The Erobot cannot wield weapons with his/her tongue, but can use the Oralizer to make melee touch attacks or retrieve a small, stowed object carried on her person as a swift action.

Exotic Origins (EX)

Prerequisite: Explorer or Special starting role, human race

Though human, you are extremely familiar with a particular alien or demihuman culture. Perhaps your mentor was an ancient Hiawathan hardass, you were raised by Tal-Anon after your parent's colony ship crashed there, or your first lover was a clever Trius rogue who taught you a few neat tricks. Select a single non-human race found in your campaign; you may select feats, prestige classes, talents and use weapons or spells unique to that race as if you were a member.

Free Spacer Hetrochromia (SP)

Prerequisite: Free Spacer cultural template, human race, character level first, WIS 13+

Free Spacer bloodlines that are heavily inbred sometimes manifest this trait, and hetrochromia is a symbol of luck and command among Free Spacers. One of the Free Spacer's eyes is an intense, almost luminous green.

The character can close their 'normal' eye to see through their hetrochromic eye. While doing so, the character can use *Detect Magic* and *See Invisibility*

as spelllike abilities, for a number of rounds per day equal to 3 + total character level. While looking through their hetrochromic eye, non-magical and non-invisible objects are effectively invisible to the Free Spacer; they can only see the strange. Activating or deactivating this spelllike ability is a move equivalent action.

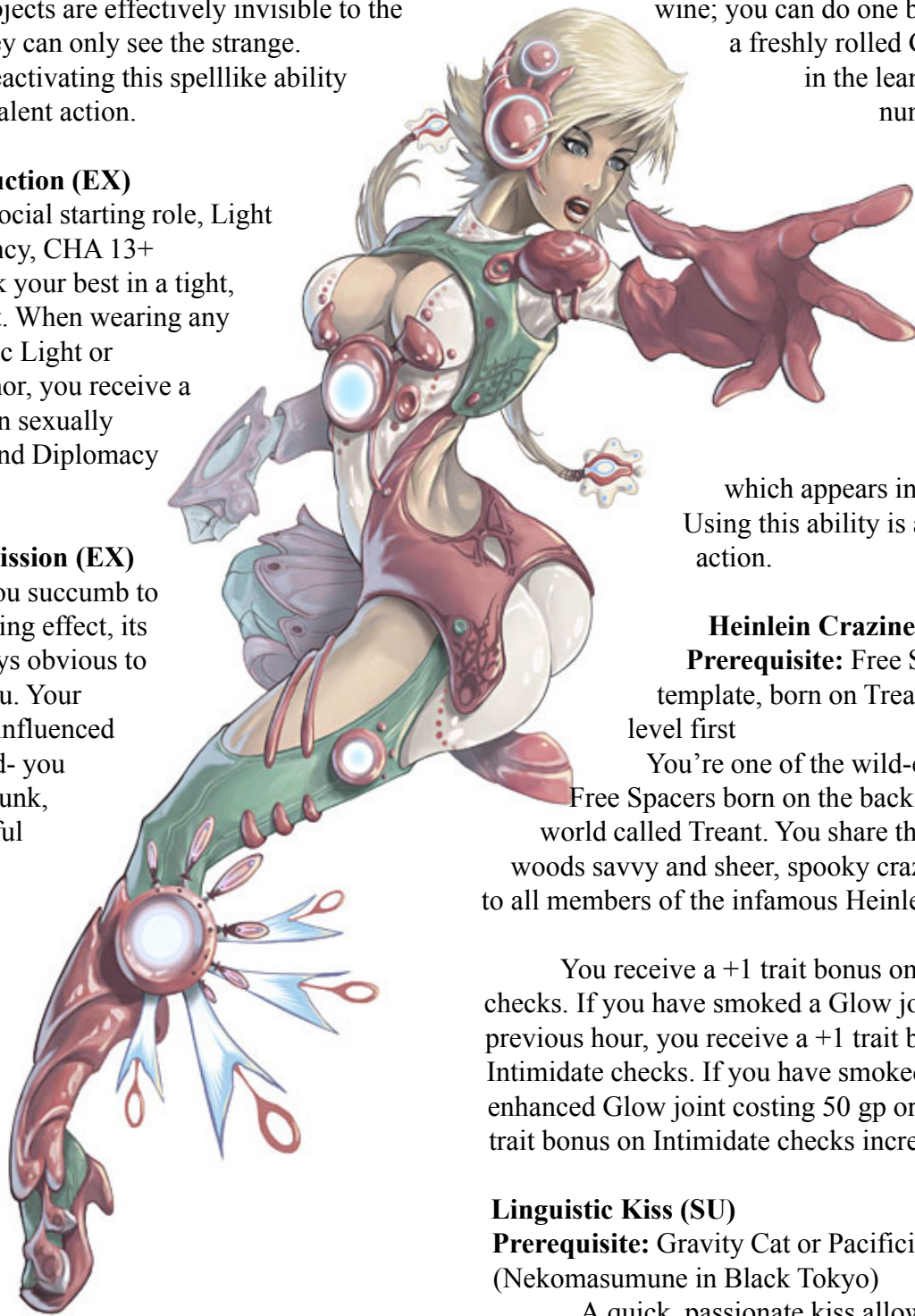
Futuristic Seduction (EX)

Prerequisite: Social starting role, Light Armor Proficiency, CHA 13+

You look your best in a tight, silvery jumpsuit. When wearing any form of futuristic Light or Impromptu Armor, you receive a +2 trait bonus on sexually oriented Bluff and Diplomacy checks.

Giggling Submission (EX)

When you succumb to a mind-influencing effect, its effects are always obvious to those around you. Your behavior while influenced is extremely odd- you act as though drunk, in an lewd, lustful manner regardless of the other effects of the mind-influencing stimulus. For example, if you are subject to a fear effect, you over-exaggerate your fear, and act more like a submissive acting out a fearful scene with a dom; if charmed, you hump the leg of your mind-controller like a horny puppy even if commanded to stop.



Gift the Glow (SU)

Prerequisite: Jesus Clone race

Your genetic ancestor turned water into wine; you can do one better, and create a freshly rolled Glow joint even in the leanest time. A

number of times
per day
equal to 3
+ your
CHA
modifier,
you can
create a
single
dose of
Glow,

which appears in your hand. Using this ability is a full round action.

Heinlein Craziiness (EX)

Prerequisite: Free Spacer cultural template, born on Treant, character level first

You're one of the wild-eyed backwoods Free Spacers born on the back water forest world called Treant. You share the legendary woods savvy and sheer, spooky craziness common to all members of the infamous Heinlein Clan.

You receive a +1 trait bonus on Survival checks. If you have smoked a Glow joint within the previous hour, you receive a +1 trait bonus on Intimidate checks. If you have smoked a magically enhanced Glow joint costing 50 gp or greater, the trait bonus on Intimidate checks increases to +1d4.

Linguistic Kiss (SU)

Prerequisite: Gravity Cat or Pacifician human race (Nekomasumune in Black Tokyo)

A quick, passionate kiss allows you to temporarily learn a new language. After kissing any sentient humanoid, you may select one language known by the creature. You gain the ability to speak (but not read) the language for 8 hours. You may only use this ability once per day on any particular character.

Nearly Naked Exposition (Metagame)

Prerequisite: CHA 13+

Large chunks of expository dialogue tend to be a lot easier for audiences to sit through when they're delivered by attractive naked people. Anytime you make a Knowledge check, you receive a +1d4 luck bonus on the check if you are nude, nearly so or dressed in a revealing costume at the time you make the check. If your allies are all making multiple Knowledge checks in a short period of time, you can spend an action point to extend the benefit of this talent to all allies for a scene. Your allies must be equally naked to benefit from this talent (so maybe it's a good time to have a hot tub and try to figure out what the bad guys are up to).

Omnisexuality (Metagame)

Prerequisite: CHA 13+, Social starting role

Omnisexuality is a Pacifician diplomatic technique, a way of using the physical act of love to bridge the vast gulf between different sentient species. Omnisexual specialists are a standard part of Pacifician first contact teams, and if Galaxy Command didn't turn up their post-sexual noses at the practice, they'd probably have a lot fewer accidental wars start up after botched first contacts. Well trained Omnisexuals are worth their weight in any rare-earth element you care to name. Trained Omnisexuals are instantly recognized by their revealing attire, dramatic eye make up and elaborate, delicate hair styles.

You've mastered pan-species psychology and allure techniques taught by Pacifician diplo-whores. All sentient creatures are considered to be sexually attracted to you for the purposes of social and mental-manipulation abilities you can bring to bear, regardless of species or gender.

Pacifician Healer (Metagame)

Prerequisite: Pacifician human race, Powered Hero class levels

You may always select the Healer talent tree regardless of your Powered Hero enhancement protocol. When using talents from the Healer tree, you restore an additional +1 HP per dice of damage healed normally if you are nude, unarmored and dressed in at least moderately revealing costume.

Pacifician Wardrobe (EX)

Prerequisite: Pacifician human race

Even in the direst circumstance, Pacifician adventurers are known for their fabulous costuming. All clothing or armor worn by the Pacifician is treated as being a noble's outfit, without increasing its purchase price, as the Pacifician makes even the most mundane article of clothing seem glamorous and seductive. The Pacifician's costume (though not the statistics of the clothes or armor they are wearing) undergo a cosmetic shift into an entirely new and ostentatious outfit between every scene.

Pacifician Warning Crystal (EX)

Prerequisite: Combat, Explorer or Special starting role, Pacifician human race

You are a little bolder than the norm for the Pacifician race, and have been sent out into the galaxy to save lives and dispense justice. To this end, a small amber gem has been surgically implanted on the back of your left hand. This crystal pulses softly and glows a faint yellow when any weapon capable of inflicting lethal damage is brought within 30 ft of the character.

This new sense can detect even concealed weapons, though it cannot pinpoint their location, nor provide any detail about the weapon. Weapons encased in at least 3 ft of loose dirt or stone, beyond 1 ft of concrete or thin lead or gold sheet are undetectable by this sense.

Pervo Droid (EX)

Prerequisite: Star Droid race, Social or criminal starting role

You were assembled in a seedy planetary backwater in a Space Mafia-run machine shop. You're a low-end pleasure bot, not humanoid in the least. However, attached to your boxy frame are an assortment of silicon and plastic sexual toy, pulsating artificial orifices and a cred-stick reader. Anyone too poor or drunk for an organic prostitute, but with 5 creds to their name could rent a Pervo Droid for a few minutes, so it's no wonder you turned to adventuring.

As a Pervo Droid, you can select Hentai feats (described in *Races of the Tatakama*, Otherverse Games, 2012), using them in conjunction with your motley assortment of retractable sex toys. You may select both male and female gender-keyed feats.

Pervo Droids receive a +2 racial bonus on Knowledge (streetwise) checks.

Pleasure Worlder (EX)

Prerequisite: Social or Special starting role, Knowledge (popular culture) 1 rank

You come from a peaceful, lush world of resorts, spas and pleasure domes, possibly even a famed pleasure world like Pacifica or Rigel II Beta. Your home world is sexually open, tourist friendly and glamorous, wherever in the galaxy it lies. You receive a +1 trait bonus on the following Knowledge skills (art, behavioral sciences, streetwise, popular culture).

Ripper Born (EX)

Prerequisite: born in the Starburn System

You grew up in Starburn, and you've got the full back piece of the Ripper- the local totem of a flaming demon wielding a whip that can shatter planets- to prove it. Years of navigating the dangers of the Starburn System provide you with a +1 trait bonus on Pilot checks and a +1 racial bonus on FORT Saves against radiation.

Seductive Physique (EX)

Prerequisite: STR or DEX 13+

You are a perfect physical specimen, and know how to use your physique to your best advantage romantically. You may add either your STR or DEX modifier (whichever is higher) as a bonus on sexually oriented Bluff and Diplomacy checks.

Sexy Clones (EX)

Prerequisite: Trius race, CHA 13+

Very few creatures in this galaxy can resist the sexual possibilities of a Trius with duplicates fully manifested. You receive a +2 racial bonus on sexually oriented Bluff and Diplomacy checks for each energy clone you have manifested (so a +4 bonus if both energy duplicates are manifested).

Smoke Yourself Sober (SU)

Prerequisite: Knowledge (streetwise) 1 rank, WIS or CHA 13+

You've smoked so much Glow that you can sober up really quickly when you have to. On the downside, you're pretty much perma-fried.

While under the effects of a Glow Trip, you can smoke an additional Glow joint which has no

other effect but to end the Trip completely. Ending the Trip in this manner eliminates the Consciousness Expansion temporary quality, and allows you to recover 1d4 points of WIS damage suffered by beginning the Trip.

Spaceflirt (EX)

Prerequisite: Zero-G Training

You receive a +3 trait bonus on sexually oriented Diplomacy checks in zero gravity conditions, or a +1 trait bonus on these checks in low gravity conditions.

Trius Paragon (SU)

Prerequisite: Trius race

You can manifest energy clones using your Triplication racial ability an additional five (5) times per day. You can take this talent more than once; its effects stack.

True Love (EX)

You have a deep and unbreakable bond of love for another character, which may be another player character or major NPC. You receive a +1 luck bonus on all skill checks and attack rolls made to save this character from harm, and cannot be compelled to harm or betray this character by any mundane, psionic or magical means.

You can only have one true love at any given time. Usually, this implies romantic love, but can also apply to parental love, a sibling bond, the relationship between student and sensei or a long platonic friendship. If your true love is slain, the benefit of this starting talent is lost.

Unique Scar (EX)

Prerequisite: Intimidate 1 rank

You've earned an instantly recognizable facial scar somehow. This unique scar provides you with a +1 increase to your Reputation score. You also receive a bonus on Intimidate checks, but suffer an equal penalty to Disguise checks. You can choose to receive up to +4/-4 check modifier with this starting talent, but must receive a minimum +1/-1 check modifier. Once the severity of your scar is chosen, it can't be changed.

Violent Path (EX)

Prerequisite: Combat starting role, Base Attack Bonus +1

There's nothing more satisfying than chopping off some fucker's head or blasting them with military-grade hardware. You receive XP for killing creatures in combat as if their Challenge Rating was +2 higher than normal, but do not receive XP for non-violent encounters, skill challenges, or overcoming challenges without combat.

Xeno-Merc Markings (EX)

Prerequisite: Combat starting role, Any non-human, non-Terrestrial player species

You have served with distinction in one of the war-torn galaxy's many mercenary companies. With the war between the Command and WARSTAR as hot as ever, not to mention lesser conflicts across hundreds of systems, guns for hire can always find work. During your tour of duty you received highly stylized, geometric facial tattoos that identified your regiment and legion. When making intimidate checks against non-human, non-Terrestrial characters, you roll 2d20 and take the better of two results.

D8	+/- Intensity	Xeno-Merc Guild	Marking
1	+/- 1	The Nonesuch Legionnaires	Black circle with inset black dot on the left cheek
2		Kra'Kon's Brigade	Three crimson lightning bolts on the forehead
3	+/- 2	Grey Light Unit	Grey and black sunburst design over left eye, grey bars across knuckles
4		The Ursok Guild	Blue judge's scales above eyes
5	+/- 3	507 th Free Infantry	Yellow serpent coiled across the throat
6		The Dog Star Irregulars	Geometric rank insignias on right cheek in black or purple
7	+/- 4	Prul's Firebats	Downward pointing red triangle on forehead, upward pointing red triangle beneath lips
8		Gravik Private Security	Broken moon worn on the forehead

Heavy Feats

Armored Seduction (Combat)

You know how to wear your armor to maximize your beauty. You can somehow make even full tactical body armor look sexy.

Prerequisite: CHA 13+, Armor Proficiency (heavy), Persuasive

Benefit: You may add your armor's equipment bonus to armor class as an equipment bonus to Diplomacy and Bluff checks made against those who would be sexually attracted to your race and gender.

Blessings of the Table Dance (SP)

Every single table dance is a sacrament to Shahteya, the bootie shakin' goddess of strippers. Jump up on a table or bar countertop, shake your ass, and show a little skin (or feathers, or scales, or whatever) and Shahteya's love will smile down on you

like a ray of pink neon in a smoky beer joint.

Prerequisite: CHA 11+, Perform (dance) 1 rank

Benefit: By performing an impromptu strip tease in any bar or club, you gain the benefit of a single Cleric spell of your choosing. You can receive up to a 3rd level spell, based on the

length and raunchiness of the dance. In addition to benefiting from the 'stripper's miracle' yourself, or designate a single audience member to receive the spell's benefit, by pointing and shouting something like "this one's for you, baby!"

You receive the chosen spell at the end of your dance. You can receive the Blessings of the Table Dance once per day, twice per day at 10th level and three times per day at 15th level.

- If your dance is short and pretty tame (nothing more than undies shown) you receive a 0 level spell.
- If your dance is about 3-4 minutes long, and shows at least some boob, you receive a 1st level spell.
- Dances of up to an hour get you a 2nd level spell, as do really kinky, sexy dances.
- Four or more hours of nonstop grinding or the sexiest, most X-rated dance you can think of gets you a 3rd level spell.

Canny Smuggler (Metagame)

“We’ll fence the Vengolan bloodwine on Proxima III, and that cotton fiber mesh... well, I heard they’re crazy for that stuff on Atlaxis.”

Even a mediocre haul can be profitable for a raider crew, thanks to their knowledge of what’s hot (and forbidden) on which worlds.

Prerequisite: Knowledge (streetwise) 4 ranks, Gather Information 4 ranks

Benefit: By spending an action point prior to attempting to fence stolen goods, the Space Pirate can attempt a DC 15 Knowledge (streetwise) check to try and find the best buyer for the load. If the check is successful, the pirate’s controlling player can detail some obscure bit of inter-galactic commerce, stating on which world the haul can be fenced on for extra profit... and why.

If the check is unsuccessful, the action point is not spent, and the load must be fenced normally. You cannot retry this check for the same or very similar loads within a galactic standard year of the failed check.

Doing so means if the raider crew journeys to the named world relatively soon, the sale price of the cargo will be equal to ½ the Base Purchase DC + 1d6. (increase the sale price by 1d6x10 percent.) The world is always a

significant distance away from the raider ship’s current location or base of operations, and should be a minor adventure to reach. The fenced goods are always considered illegal items (usually because they’re addictive, dangerous or viewed as immoral by the aliens of that planet) on the target world. Good luck smuggling the stuff in.

Circuit Neurology (Precursor)

As a result of natural mutation and subtle genetic engineering, enabling you to better survive the information-dependant 35th century, your brain tissue is laced with a complex of neuro-connections and



electro-magnetically sensitive lobes, which resemble a modern laptop or cell phone.

Prerequisite: INT 13+

Benefit: Your brain is a computer-like structure, which in addition to your already phenomenal intelligence and memory, functions like a standard 'hard-tech' computer system.

Your natural mutation allows you to network wirelessly with other computers with computers, cell phones and other devices with a wireless card within 60 ft, and you may access the internet (or more advanced communications devices) wirelessly through wi-fi hot spots. Your biological computer system cannot be hacked and has natural defenses against typical computer viruses.

You can download and install programs into your computer-like mind as you could to an ordinary computer system. You may make Computer Use checks without the need for external equipment. You can read USB flash drives and magnetic media by holding the device close to your skin; reading a device requires 2d4 minutes due to the 'lossy' and low speed 'connection'.

Your internal computer system has a Purchase DC equal to 21 + your INT modifier. If your mind is keen enough and your nervous system complex enough to support the bio-cybernetics, your neuro-computer can be upgraded like a hard-tech computer system, lending increased performance.

Duct It, Fuck It

Give you a roll of duct tape, and you can fix anything from an assault rifle to a capitol starship.

Prerequisite: Repair 1 rank

Benefit: If you expend half a roll of duct tape (1-2 sp) on a repair project, you receive a +2d4 circumstance bonus on a Repair check to jury rig a repair. Your jury rigged repairs last for longer than normal; at the beginning of every scene, roll a D6. On a roll of 1, the jury rigging fails, otherwise it continues to function. If the jury rigged repair is vitally necessary in the scene (such as a warp drive when you're trying to get away from a WARSTAR fleet), the repair fails on a 1-2 on D6.

Extra Tactics

You've learned more than your fair share of bounty hunting tricks.

Prerequisite: Ranger level 5, Bounty Hunter archetype

Benefit: You learn two additional Bounty Hunter Tactics. You can choose this feat more than once, learning an additional pair of tactics each time.

Gifts of Ecstasy

You are a skilled and considerate lover, gifted with an almost magical understanding of what brings others pleasure.

Prerequisite: CHA 13+

Benefit: You receive a +2 competence bonus on sexually oriented Diplomacy and Bluff checks, as well as receiving a +2 competence bonus on Profession (prostitute or courtesan) checks. If you have 10 or more ranks in any of these skills, the bonus increases to +4 for that skill.

Infinite Fuck Mastery (Metagame)

Among all the creatures of the cosmos, you stand out because of your absolute mastery of a few xenophilic, kinky sex positions listed in the (in)famous Infinite Book of Fuck Schematics. Nobody does it better than you.

Prerequisite: Gifts of Ecstasy

Benefit: Choose a number of sex positions described in the Infinite Book of Fuck Schematics equal to your CHA modifier. You receive the sex position's listed benefit when you engage in one of these specific sex acts.

Some benefits offered by Infinite Fuck Mastery provide new abilities, while others provide a situational benefit that must be used within a short period of the sex act. Once you gain the Infinite Fuck Mastery feat, you can leave exactly which sex acts you've mastered undefined, allowing you to take an opportunity for some kinky xeno-sex (with benefits!) whenever it comes up. Once defined, however, you can't change out what positions you are a master of.

Special: You can take Infinite Fuck Mastery multiple times, choosing a new assortment of mastered sexual positions each time.

Mechanical Genius

You're the one who your buddies come from when they need their laser pistol's emitter realigned or their starship's life support system upgraded. You're a master of every facet of modern technology.

Prerequisite: Gear Head

Benefit: You gain access to a new skill called Mechanics. Mechanics is a superskill; ranks placed in Mechanics allow you to perform any of the functions of the Craft (mechanical), Craft (electronics), Computer Use, Disable Device or Repair skills. Feats that provide a numerical benefit to any of the listed skills instead provide a +2 bonus on Mechanics checks.

Nano Boobs

Your breasts have been extensively augmented with advanced alien technology- nanotech far more cutting edge than the norm in the otherwise retro 35th Century.

Prerequisites: Female gender, CHA 13+, CON 13+

Benefit: Your breasts are augmented by a very useful nano-colony and projects a body-wide forcefield. Your nanoboobs provide you with a deflection bonus to Armor Class/Defense equal to your CHA modifier and Force Resistance equal to your CHA modifier.

Once per day, as a full round action, you can expend an action point use the nano-fabricators in your Nano Boobs to produce a random, but hopefully useful gadget. The produced item oozes from the nipple as

liquid polymer and rapidly hardens into the required shape. The exact item produced is random.

Drawback: Your nano boobs are massive and eye-catching. You cannot make Disguise checks normally, and must magic, psionic or supernatural means to disguise yourself.

New Saving Throws

New Save feats put a very different wrinkle on how Heavy Future adventurers explore (and survive) the Heavy Galaxy. These saving throws emphasize different strengths and defenses than the typical saving throw. Having perfect hair suddenly becomes more vital to your physical wellbeing than fast reflexes.

As feats, these new Saving Throws are completely modular and completely in the player's control. Players can choose one or two new saving throws to offer a new kind of defense, keyed to the character they want to play, or GMs can use a new Saving Throw to screw with players' expectations and create an especially memorable villain. Get one New Saving Throw feat or a bunch- it's your call.

D20	Your Nano-Boobs Produce	D20	Your Nano-Boobs Produce
1	Mwk. Electrical Kit	11	A Screamin' Schoolgirl Rocker*
2	Mwk. Surgery Kit	12	1d4 white phosphorous grenades
3	Mwk. Mechanical Kit	13	Lockpick gun
4	Galaxy Command jumpsuit (silver or orange)	14	Mini-oxygen mask with 2 hour oxygen supply
5	Pacifician noble's outfit	15	Palmtop computer
6	Liquid rations capable of sustaining a Medium creature for up to 2d4 days	16	Mwk. Short Sword
7	Potion of Cure Light Wounds	17	Brace of 5 Kunna darts*
8	Potion of Bear's Endurance	18	A high frequency sword (Nano-Boob feats shuts down after 1d6 hours after producing HFS.)
9	Defender-1000 laser pistol	19	A set of tactical body armor (Nano-Boobs feat shuts down for 1d6 hours after producing armor.)
10	2d6 energy cells for standard energy weapons	20	An ultralight starship of the player's choice (Nano-Boob feat shuts down for 1d8 weeks after producing a starship.)

Mechanics: Base Progression

All New Saving Throw feats offer a new Base Save Progression which may be nonstandard, as far as PFRPG rules are concerned. Base Save Progression is determined by the GM, based upon the character's class and level make up. Different classes have different strengths and weaknesses. Each feat describes which type of class offers the best, average and worst progressions for a particular type of new saving throw. New Saving Throws are modified by the listed ability score.

Mechanics: Use In Game

The character makes a New Saving Throw in a listed set of circumstances, rather than an ordinary FORT, REF or WILL Save. New Saving Throws allow the player to effectively resist hazards that might be physical, environmental or mental in the way that best plays to their strengths. Once a New Saving Throw is gained, it is always used in a particular circumstance, rather than a standard FORT, REF or WILL Save. If a New Saving Throw's unique criteria for use isn't met, use the standard saving throw type instead. By gaining a New Saving Throw, the character does not lose any existing Saving Throw types, just uses those three Saves less often.

New Save: Cynicism (Metagame)

You've seen and done it all. Nothing surprises you, nobody can bullshit you. You're a jaded bastard, fully capable of watching your own back.

Prerequisite: Character level 5th, INT 13+

Benefit: You gain a Cynicism Saving Throw, modified by your INT score. Your Cynicism Saving Throw applies to mental trickery, traps placed in the expected spots and tactics you've seen before.

Your Cynicism Save almost always applies to:

Energy Types: Pleasure

Spell Effects: Illusion, most Enchantments, some Abjuration effects

Many traps and environmental hazards, especially if these hazards are predictable

Street level diseases and drugs- Saves against STDs, drug addiction, poisoned food or drink

Resisting spells or supernatural abilities of creatures significantly below your CR

Cynicism Saves almost never apply to:

Energy Types: most beside Pleasure, especially attacks

Hazards from new, exotic or alien technology or cultures

Direct attacks (such as dragon's breath), especially from creatures significantly above your CR

Progressions

Classes that emphasize raw Intelligence, or a streetwise demeanor have the best Cynicism save progression. Optimistic or idealistic classes have the dead solid worst.

Best: Alchemist, Bard, Rogue, Wizard, Witch

Average: Anybody not listed: Druid, Fighter, Sorcerer, Summoner, ect.

Worst: Cleric, Inquisitor, Paladin, Monk and other religious or idealistic classes

New Save: Joy (Metagame)

Your passion, lovability and loyalty to your friends keep you alive when every logical thing says you should just lay down and die.

Prerequisite: Character level 5th, CHA 13+

Benefit: You gain a Joy Saving Throw, modified by your CHA score. Your Joy saving throw applies to demoralizing effects, effects that would harden your soul or make you cynical, or effects that deprive you of freedom.

Your Joy Save almost always applies to:

Class Level	Best Progression	Average Progression	Worst Progression
1 st	+2	+1	+0
2 nd	+3	+1	+0
3 rd	+3	+1	+1
4 th	+4	+2	+1
5 th	+4	+2	+1
6 th	+5	+2	+2
7 th	+5	+3	+2
8 th	+6	+3	+2
9 th	+6	+3	+3
10 th	+7	+4	+3
11 th	+7	+4	+3
12 th	+8	+5	+4
13 th	+8	+5	+4
14 th	+9	+6	+4
15 th	+9	+6	+5
16 th	+10	+7	+5
17 th	+10	+7	+5
18 th	+11	+8	+6
19 th	+11	+8	+6
20 th	+12	+9	+6

Energy Types: Cold

Spell Effects: Most Enchantments, sad or demoralizing Illusions, many Necromantic and some Transmutation effects

Fear effects, pain effects, mind influencing effects that would force you to betray an ally or lover.

Effects that imprison or inflict prolonged torture.

Joy Saves almost never apply to:

Energy Types: Pleasure

Spells or effects that create illusions of things/events you desire, mind-influencing effects causing strong, uncontrolled positive emotions (like Hideous Laughter)

Progressions

Playful, optimistic and courageous classes have the best progression. Classes engaging in especially violent or cynical behavior have the worst progression.

Best: Bard, Druid, Paladin, Summoner, ect

Average: Most other classes.

Sorcerer, Wizard, ect.

Worst: Barbarian, Fighter, Inquisitor, Rogue

New Save: Looks (Metagame)

You're so pretty, and so vain, your body, mind and soul fight with incredible ferocity against anything that would mar your beauty.

Prerequisite: Character level 3rd, CHA 15+

Benefit: You gain a Looks saving throw, which is modified by your CHA score. Your Looks save applies when a hazard would cause long-term deformity or disfigurement. Note that merely injuring or killing you doesn't count- if the effect would leave you a mostly intact, 'pretty' corpse, your Looks save does not activate. The looks save would, however, activate if the manner of death would badly deform your body (such as being crushed in collapsing room trap).

Your Looks Save almost always applies to:

Energy Types: Acid, Fire

Spell Effects: Transmutation effects, some Illusion effects, some Necromancy effects

Effects that would cause physical ability score or CHA damage/drain

Traps or hazards that would deform your body badly: crushing, grinding, acidic or fiery traps, falling

damage, leaping out of the way of a moving vehicle, ect.

Looks Saves almost never apply to:

Energy Types: Cold, Electricity (these forms of death don't dramatically deform the body)

Ability score damage/drain to mental ability scores (as these don't affect your appearance)

Spells that kill without major change to physical appearance.

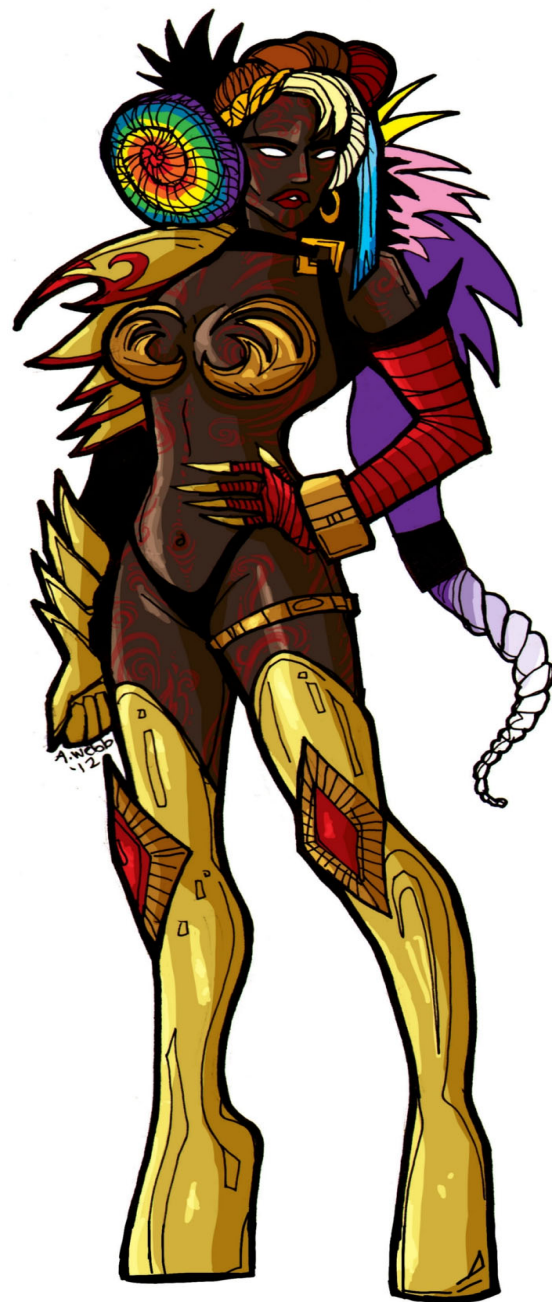
Progressions

Classes that have Charisma as a key ability have the best save progression, as do classes that emphasize social interaction, seduction or physical beauty.

Best: Bard, Rogue, Sorcerer, ect.

Average: Classes that fall between these extremes, such as Cleric, Wizard, ect

Worst: Frontline combatant classes, such as Barbarian, Fighter, Monk, ect.



Nude Explorer

Years and years of nudity have hardened your body to the elements, and given you a profound connection to nature...as it is found on any planet you care to explore.

Prerequisite: Survival 1 rank

Benefit: When naked or benefiting from the Nudie Cutie feat, you receive a +4 competence bonus on FORT Saves made to resist environmental temperature extremes, and receive a +2 bonus on Survival and Ride checks. If you have 10 ranks in either skill, the bonus is +3 on checks with that skill.

Nudie Cutie (Combat SU)

Armor can be lots of fun to play in, but vacuum armor covers up way too much skin. You're naked and sexy, but still able to benefit from all the neat armor, life support gear and magical clothes you uncover.

Prerequisites:

CHA 15+

Benefit: You're usually naked except for a distinctive, fun hat. If you wish, you may transform any light, non-magical armor (such as leather armor) or article of magical clothing or armor (regardless of bulk) into a unique hat, mask, glasses or other head covering. The transformed item occupies either the helmet or goggles but functions identically to a mundane version of the item, and its transformed state offers a clue as to its function. For example, you might choose to wear a pair of *boots of speed* as a pair of cheetah ears, or a light utility space suit as a simple 'fishbowl' helmet and collar.

The item returns to its normal state when it is out of your possession.

Nudie Shootie (Combat SU)

You're a naked whirlwind of death, wearing only a pair of holsters and a blood thirsty smirk.

Prerequisites: Nudie Cutie

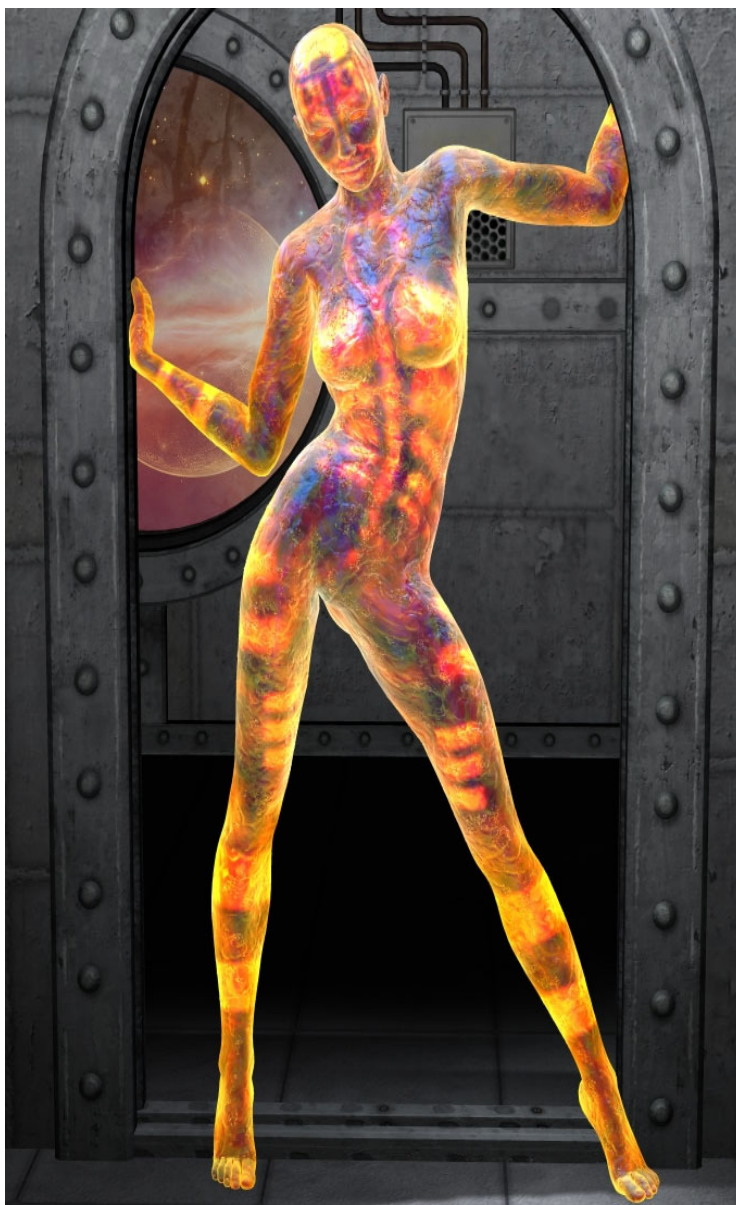
Benefit: While naked, or benefiting from the Nudie Cutie feat, you add your CHA modifier as a luck bonus on ranged attack rolls.

Pleasurable Punch (Combat)

You've mastered exotic nerve strikes and unique Pacifician-designed katas that allow you to deal lethal Pleasure Damage with your unarmed attacks.

Prerequisites: Improved Unarmed Strike, Gifts of Ecstasy

Benefit: When making an unarmed strike, you can choose to inflict normal bludgeoning damage or 1d8 + CHA modifier points of Pleasure damage. Your size does not affect the amount of Pleasure damage dealt by this power.



Psyren

Phantasm (Racial – Psyren)

You can unbind your physicality, becoming a being of pure thought, a psi-ghost.

Prerequisite:

Psyren race, INT 13+

Benefit: You can become a Psyren Phantasm once per day as a free action for a number of rounds equal to 3 + your INT modifier. While in this state, you become *incorporeal*, gain a +2 bonus to your Intelligence, and can use *levitate* or *mage hound* at will as a caster of your total character level. At 10th level you can

instead use *fly or telekinesis* at will, using your INT modifier to determine DC and attack rolls. This state is extremely taxing, and you become *exhausted* once the hyper evolution ends.

Psyren Psi-Ghost (Racial – Psyren)

You have evolved past the need for a purely physical body, and exist solely as an unbound consciousness.

Prerequisite: Psyren Phantasm

Benefit: Your Psyren Phantasm form becomes your natural state, and you no longer can return to physical form. In addition, you can become *invisible* at will as a spell-like ability; while *invisible*, you can designate a single creature who can perceive you normally. Declaring or changing this designation is a free action.

Sex Positive Culture

You come from a culture that celebrates romance and sexuality, and has a well developed code of sexual ethics. Pacifica fits the bill, as do many Free Spacer fleets, some Tal-Anon tribes, not to mention a few other cultures.

Prerequisite: character level first, Diplomacy 1 rank

Benefit: When nude or revealingly dressed, you do not add your target's CHA modifier to the DC of Diplomacy check attempts. When you provide an ally with a morale bonus, the bonus provided is +1 greater than normal.

Singing Karate

Monks wearing the tiger jumpsuit of monasteries of the Uncrowned King learn to sing the sacred songs of Our Lord Elvis. They can belt out a rendition of "Jailhouse Rock" in six different alien languages, while kicking your ass with their alien karate.

Prerequisite: Monk level 5th, Perform (sing) 5 ranks, Patron Deity: Elvis Presley, the Uncrowned King

Benefit: Nothing soothes the soul like performing before a live audience. By making a successful DC 15 Perform (sing) check before an audience of at least 20, you recover a number of expended *Ki* points equal to your CHA modifier.

Spacer Lore

You know the kind of things that space-born heroes need to know. You can plot a course through the darkest nebula, know which free ports are the safest, and have a good idea of where the big scores are.

Prerequisite: Knowledge (local) 1 rank, Pilot 1 rank, explorer or special starting role

Benefit: You receive a +2 insight bonus on all Knowledge checks concerning space and its inhabitants, on subjects such as famous spacers, astronauts, military officers and pirates, famous space battles, interstellar law, infamous ports of call, the minutia of hyperspace physics and engineering, and the location of famous space ruins or 'ghost ships'.

When you reach 10th level, the bonus provided increases to +3.

White Trash Queen (SU)

While nobody's ever going to call you a genius, your big red lips, strawberry blond hair, cheap tattoos and even cheaper Daisy Dukes make you the cutest damn thing in the cosmos.

Prerequisite: Sorcerer levels (Americusum bloodline), female gender, CHA 13+

Benefit: CHA becomes your single most important attribute. You may use either CHA or the default ability as the key ability for the following skill checks (normal key ability listed in parenthesis), whichever is higher:

- Craft (armorer/gunsmith) (INT)
- Craft (mechanical) (INT)
- Drive (DEX)
- Knowledge (popular culture) (INT)
- Knowledge (streetwise) (INT)
- Repair (INT)

Your bonus skill ranks per level are determined by your CHA score, not your INT modifier.

Wings of Fire (Racial – Tal Anon)

Your devoted worship of The Flier has transfigured you. Abandoning the sins of your ancestors, your wings have erupted into plasma flames that burn eternally, so long as your resolve never waivers.

Prerequisites: Tal Anon race, Knowledge (religion) 4 ranks

Benefit: Your wings transfigure into roiling sheets of plasma. You gain Immunity to Fire and radiation as a result of your transformation. Your flight speed improves by +40 ft and your maneuverability improves by one category. You gain the ability to make a wing buffet attack as a secondary natural attack that inflicts 2d6 + WIS modifier points of fire damage on a successful hit.

Your wings of fire are tied to your faith in The Flier and obedience of the cult's tenants. If you violate any of the following taboos, you lose access to this feat for 24 hours after the transgression; if you reject the worship of The Flier, you permanently lose access to this feat.

- Extinguishing any fire, for any reason
- Destroying a creature with the Fire subtype
- Destroying or rendering inoperative any faster than light starship
- Accepting gifts, money or payment from the ICG or a known ally
- Benefiting from divine magic produced by a follower of an ICG deity

Cosmic Kama Sutra

The Infinite Book of Fuck Schematics is the galaxy's most widely reprinted book. For every copy of The Very New Testament out there, there's about 10,000 copies of the Infinite Book of Fuck Schematics. The "Infinite Fuck" has been translated into every known language, including editions conveyed only by smells or hard-light sculpted textures for creatures evolved in lightless parts of the cosmos. No matter hard the ICG tries to censor the Infinite Fuck, they can't hope to get every copy.

The Infinite Book of Fuck Schematics is never the same from edition to edition, as new kinks and sexual positions are added. Currently, the Infinite Fuck tops 24 trillion searchable, indexed and cross referenced entries. Hard copy editions only have a couple hundred positions, so smart buyers get a high density holofile.

The Infinite Book of Fuck Schematics is a way to incentivize sex for Heavy Future players and game masters alike. While anybody can get their paws on a copy of the "Infinite Fuck", characters who choose the Infinite Fuck Mastery feat gain utter mastery of a few chosen sexual positions. Whenever the Infinite Fuck Master engages in one of these specific, and very ODD sexual behaviors, he or she earns a specific benefit, described at that behavior's entry. Other characters involved in the sex act don't need to possess the Infinite Fuck Mastery feat to enjoy the act (or not) but only characters with the Infinite Fuck Mastery feat gain the special benefit.

If a Fuck Position gives an ability that mimics a spell, your caster level is equal to either your total character level or the minimum level necessary to cast the spell, whichever is higher.



The Fuck Schematics are Infinite, but Sourcebooks Are Not

Game Masters should feel free to come up with their own kinky Infinite Fuck Positions. Introduce a couple of eye-catching new kinks every game session- think a XXX version of the Mos Eisley Cantina from *Star Wars*- there's always something odd and interesting going on in the background. There's no concrete scheme for making new Fuck Positions, just follow your instincts.

My thought when creating the Fuck Position concept is giving minor (about half as useful as a standard feat)

but tangible rewards for engaging in some really ODD in game behavior. The character who becomes an Infinite Fuck Master is going to be a very specific kind of pervert, always on the lookout for opportunities for a very specific type of sex. This is because the player activates a cool power whenever her character, for instance, armpit fucks a Syrion using mayonnaise for lube. So that character is going to be forever branded as *Fleet Admiral Jessica Starcluster, the Armpit Fucker*. That's the shit memorable campaigns are made of.

Infinite Fuck Positions

Infinite Fuck Position: 100,000 Volts Up the Tailpipe
Find a Star Droid with whatever sexual 'attachments' you fancy and go to town on it. Right as you're about to cum, hit the Star Droid with a taser or micro-EMP,

getting ‘backsplash’ from the electricity on your naughty bits. Surprisingly, Star Droids enjoy this.

Position’s Benefit: The next creature to make a successful melee attack against you suffers 7d6 Electrical damage, and you suffer 1d8 Pleasure damage, in addition to the normal effects of the hit.

Infinite Fuck Position: All Hail The King, Baby Simple and easy. Give a nice, satisfying blow job to a male cleric of Elvis Presley, the Uncrowned King. He’s gotta be wearing blue suede shoes (or grav-boots or something) and he’s gotta offer gratitude with “thankyew very much.”

Position’s Benefit: You get a +30 morale bonus on your next 1d4 Perform (sing) checks.

Infinite Fuck Position: Anton LeVey’s Yogurt Maker This one involves at least two men, one woman, a Cosmic Satanist altar, a 3 liter milk enema and a bicycle pump. Use your imagination from there.

Position’s Benefit: Any form of Energy damage inflicted by the character upon any creature allied with the ICG is not subject to Energy Resistance or Immunity for the next 2d4 hours. (GM: Roll and don’t tell the player exactly how long, it’s funnier that way.)

Infinite Fuck Position: Bearskin Canvas

The Urlock’s laying on the ground, face up and you’re riding high. After everybody cums, gather up the mingled sexual fluids and draw a big three eyed smiley face on the Urlok’s pelt with them.

Position’s Benefit: For the next 24 hours, any creature that reduces you to 0 HP by any means suffers 8d8 points of Cold damage, regardless of the distance between you, so long as you are both on the same plane. Your skin/fur turns pale blue and your breath steams during this time.

Infinite Fuck Position: Betelgusian Bobsledding

Tie up a willing partner, and ride them from on top, starting at the peak of a snowcapped hill. As you fuck your partner, push them over the edge, and ride them down the hill like a squealing fuck-slide.

Position’s Benefit: For the next six hours, anytime you suffer any amount of Cold damage, you can apply half of the damage to any adjacent creature as a free action. Halve and move the damage before applying Cold Resistance or Immunity.

Infinite Fuck Position: Big Amps

Find a live stadium concert by a Cosmic Satanist-fronted metal band. Find somebody willing to have sex with you atop the tallest amp at the show. Now enjoy the thumping bass vibrations with your new concert buddy.

Position’s Benefit: For 1d4 hours after the sex, you cast all spells as Silent Spells, even those that normally can’t be silenced, such as Bard spells. Any form of energy generated by an innate ability or spell does a equivalent amount of Sonic damage rather than the usual type.

Infinite Fuck Position: Bite, Scratch and Claw

Find an especially passionate Gravity Cat (or other feline) of your preferred gender. Take hours to fuck him or her, and wear their teethmarks in your ass and claw slashes across your chest proudly. Get rough, get bloody, have some fun with it.

Position’s Benefit: You become immune to energy drain for the next 8 hours.

Infinite Fuck Position: Bits Boxing

For fetishists and technophiliacs, part of the fun of owning an Erobot is taking it apart and fucking whatever bits and bytes you fancy. There’s dozens of sex positions that require only access to an Erobot’s parts shelf (and there’s a good reason most Erobots keep their parts under lock and key). The part you fuck determines exactly what position you’re into. Some robophiles have special editions of The Infinite Book of Fuck Schematics that deal exclusively with the sexual possibilities offered by androids.

Position’s Benefit:

Get Ahead (oral from a detached head/face module either powered up or powered down)

Reduce the next robot or robot component you purchase by -3 Purchase DC (10% reduction in GP value), in effect for 24 hours.

Manual (handjob from a detached hand unit)

Receive a +1d4 bonus on Craft (electronics) and Disable Device checks for a number of hours equal to the CHA modifier of the parts’ last owner.

Pocket Pussy Special (fuck or trib a fem-config pelvic module)

Gain a free action point, which you can spend to improve the result of any INT-keyed skill check. This action point must be used within the next 24 hours or

it is lost; you can only have one such action point at any given time.

Sleep Mode (sex with a complete Erobot in power-down mode)

For the next 24 hours, Craft and Repair checks made concerning Erobots take half the usual time to perform.

Toes To Go (footjob from detached foot units)

Receive a +1d4 bonus on Stealth checks for a number of hours equal to the CHA modifier of the parts' last owner.

Infinite Fuck Position: Blue Job

Have a blue humanoid creature perform oral sex on your favorite set of genitals.

Position's Benefit: The next 1d6 energy attacks that inflict Force damage to you only inflict 1 point of damage each.

Infinite Fuck Position: Cleopatra's (Sticky) End

Fuck a Charioteer female with a CHA score of 15+ as she's dying from the effects of any injury-type poison.

Try not to get any venom or vomit on you.

Position's Benefits: At any time within the next 24 hours, you can apply either a +5 bonus or a -5 penalty on any creature's FORT Save to resist poison as an immediate action. The creature affected must be within 100 ft of you.

Infinite Fuck Position:

Collect 'Em All

Buy, borrow or steal the panties (or space diapers) from owners of at least three different species, with three different ages represented for each species (underage, sexually mature, and motherly) for a total of nine different space-panties. Pile 'em all up and roll around in the panty collection until you

cum.

Position's Benefits: You gain the Scent special quality for 1d6 days. You must collect a new set of nine panties each time.

Infinite Fuck Position: Cum and Tattoos

Find somebody whose entire body is covered in colorful tattoos or similar body modification and splurt your sex juices all over a particularly inspiring piece of ink. Repeat several times, until you're a dehydrated mess and their tattoos look like they've been whited out.

Position's Benefit: Gain a free skill rank in either Perception or Craft (visual arts). You can place these free ranks as you wish, regardless of your level.

Infinite Fuck Position: Death Row Dames Are the Best!

Have sex, consensual or not, with a female creature condemned to be executed by the ICG or Galaxy Command, and participate in her execution no more than 24 hours later.



Position's Benefit: You have a chance of learning one or more spells (even sorcerers, as this sex act can take them beyond the normal limits of spells known by level). You have a 11% chance of learning a spell after the sex act; roll separately for each spell level. The condemned woman must have a CHA score equal to the spell level to have a chance of learning a spell of that level. For example, you have a chance of learning a 1st, 2nd, and 3rd level spell when having sex with a condemned prisoner with CHA 13, and no chance of learning 4th or higher level spells.

Infinite Fuck Position: Dog Star

Find the ugliest lover you can dredge up and give it to him, her or it from behind.

Position's Benefit: You can cast *Eagle's Splendor* as a spell-like ability, usable a number of times per day equal to your lover's CHA penalty.

Infinite Fuck Position: Eight Arms to Hold You

Have sex with a multiple armed (or tentacle bearing) sentient of the opposite gender. Hold at least two of his/her hands masterfully, while your multi-limbed lover masturbates both you and themselves with the rest of their limbs.

Position's Benefit: You automatically succeed on the next Combat Maneuver to begin or escape a grapple made within the next week, regardless of the DC.

Infinite Fuck Position: E.V.A.S.E.X.

All you need is zero-gravity conditions, a couple of space suits and a 'genital adaptor patching kit' that lets two astronauts fuck in hard vacuum without exposing their junk to the void.

Position's Benefit: You can designate a number of allies equal to your DEX modifier, who are treated as if they had the Zero G Training feat for the next 2d6 hours.

Infinite Fuck Position: FISSSSSTTTTTTTTTT!

Get fisted by a Testorite virgin. Survive the experience. The second part's the difficulty.

Position's Benefit: For the next 3d6 hours, your base land speed is reduced by -10 ft because of how bowlegged and sore you are. However, during this same period, you gain Bludgeoning Immunity.

Infinite Fuck Position: The Flying Meatplow
You're standing, and an underaged Tal-Anon is frantically flapping his/her wings to hover while

'laying' horizontally, belly down while you fuck him/her roughly.

Position's Benefit: Supernatural ability 1x/day. Shout encouragement to a flying ally within line of sight to improve their Fly speed by +100 ft for 3 rounds. Usable as a swift action.

Infinite Fuck Position: Fountain Drinks

While performing oral sex on a female Erobot or other android, manually turn her lubrication system to "squirting" or higher. Keep your mouth on the tap as she shoots and shoots and shoots until you've swallowed a few liters. This position cannot be done with a male-config Erobot or android due to internal pressure regulation limits on the penile ejaculation systems.

Position's Benefit: You become immune to suffocation and drowning for 1d4 hours (Erobot cum is hyperoxygenated, you see).

Infinite Fuck Position: Fuck Like an Egyptian

Get at least two Charioteers, one from each gender, wrap 'em in white linen strips like sexy mummies, perfume everybody with sweet smelling oils and perfumes, and then unwrap 'em and fuck 'em both while 1980s synth-pop blares.

Position's Benefits: Gain a free rank in any Knowledge skill of choice. You can place these free ranks as you wish, regardless of level.

Infinite Fuck Position: Fuck the Infinite

Only the luckiest and bravest, most intriguing mortals ever have sex with a deity. Get it on with an incarnate god or goddess (a creature with a Divine Rank), with a Space God (Space Monsters Volume 1). You can enjoy this position with a Jesus Clone (and Jesus Clones can masturbate and it counts, but only if somebody's watching).

Position's Benefit: For 1d6 days, you gain Spell Resistance equal to 10 + your CHA score against arcane magic or arcane spell-like effects.

Infinite Fuck Position: Fuck the Galaxy (Command)
Fuck any high ranking (lieutenant or above) member of Galaxy Command while filming, taping or otherwise recording the sex act. Right before you cum, hit send... and tell the officer exactly what's going on. Enjoy the sweet, sweet humiliation, and then run like Hell.

Position's Benefit: Every time you Fuck the Galaxy (Command), you get a +1% miss chance against ranged attacks made by Command allies, which applies any time you would normally receive a miss chance.

Infinite Fuck Position: The Galaxy Command General Assembly

For this one, you need not only a lot of people, you need a lot of room. Start up an orgy with at least two different subspecies of Humans, at least one Gravity Cat, Testorite, a Proximate, a Trius or a Psyren, an Urlok or Gravok, and at least two different AI or robots. Mix and match to taste, and be sure to take holos.

Position's Benefit: You gain 1 rank in Linguistics (ability to speak and read one language of choice).

Infinite Fuck Position: Green Sword Salute

Find some leafy green vegetables from your favorite farm-planet and shove them up as far into your ass as you can, and have a sorta 'vegetable fencing match' with your lover who is similarly attired. First one to three points wins.

Position's Benefit: For the next 3d4 hours, you're immune to plant-based poisons and drugs, and when Tripping on Glow can enter The Trip without becoming *helpless* for 2d4 hours.

Infinite Fuck Position: The Groupie Con Game

Use a Bluff check to convince a groupie that you're some famous galactic rock star. Midway through the check, tell him/her the truth and hold on for dear life.

Position's Benefit: The next creature you meet of the same gender and species as the groupie assumes you're the same rockstar you pretended to be before. This works like a *charm person* spell (CL equal to your total character level). If this effect isn't used within a week, it's lost.

Infinite Fuck Position: Hiawathian Riding Lessons

Sex up a Hiawathian in the saddle of the some huge, alien riding creature, who is in turn fucking or getting fucked by another member of its species.

Position's Benefit: Gain a free skill rank in either Handle Animal, Ride or Survival. You can place these free ranks as you wish, regardless of your level.

Infinite Fuck Position: Hitting Warp Ten!

Simultaneously penetrate all your lover's sexual orifices while traveling aboard a starship in hyperspace. Make your partner cum immediately before leaving warp.

Position's Benefit: At any time within the next 24 hours you can substitute any Energy damage occurring within 100 ft of you (either to you, or to another character or object) to another Energy type of your choice as an immediate action.

Infinite Fuck Position: Illegal Subroutine

Use any object not specifically meant for sexual use (socket wrench, soda bottle, the barrel of your favorite laser) as an impromptu sexual toy on any Erobot, or other sex-bot. GM discretion on whether or not your choice of object insertion causes damage to the receiving android.

Position's Benefit: For the next hour, your melee attacks made against Constructs or robots of any sort ignore Hardness or non-magical Damage Reduction.

Infinite Fuck Position: Jawsome

This one's a little sick. Right before your lover cums, bite out their throat, spit blood into the air and howl like a psychopath.

Position's Benefit: The next 1d4 natural weapon attacks you make are automatic critical hits. Use this benefit within a day or it's lost without effect.

Infinite Fuck Position: Lizard Skrew

Your sex partner has to be green, has to be some kind of fuckin' reptile, and has to have that sexy, bifurcated tongue action happening. Cum in that fanged mouth.

Position's Benefits: For the next 24 hours, your tongue is snakelike, and you gain the Wild Empathy ranger class ability.

Infinite Fuck Position: Make Love Not WARSTAR

Created by a Pacifian tired of both pacifism and WARSTAR rape-gangers and Pleasure weapons, this position requires you to seduce and fuck the nastiest scummer you can find. Get a multi-rapist or a war criminal and make 'em feel loved. Just before they cum, kill the rat-bastard (or dirty bitch) with a Pleasure weapon. Hopefully there's a Sneak Attack bonus in there somewhere too, because nothing surprises quite like getting stabbed in the chest with a Pleasure sword while gettin' it cowgirl style.

Position's Benefit: For the next 2d6 hours, any successful Sneak Attack you make deals additional Pleasure damage equal to half the base damage. Go get stabby.

Infinite Fuck Position: Maker Party

A tradition among Proximate engineers (which is to say, the entire Proximate species), Maker Parties are an excuse for 2-12 Proximates to get together, have a messy orgy involving a whole catalogue of ultra-tech sex toys, and discuss engineering while the cum's drying.

Position's Benefit:

The next Craft (mechanical) or Repair project you undertake that would normally take at least a day, takes only 1d4 hours to complete.

Infinite Fuck

Position: The Messy

Spore Worm

Get some rubber or latex sheets, a half liter of industrial lubricant, and a partner willing to wiggle and grind against you while you get very, very, very (and I mean scatologically) messy.

Position's Benefit: If at any time during the next 69 hours, if you fail a FORT Save against a disease, you can choose one ally to contract the disease instead of yourself, regardless of the distance between you.

Infinite Fuck Position:

Monkeyfucker

You just gotta fuck one of the higher, but non-sentient primates or let one fuck you (a gibbon, a silverback ape, a Martian white gorilla, an Urlokkan tundra-snarl ape, whatever. Just go love that monkey....



Position's Benefit: The next time you are reduced to 0 HP, you automatically stabilize. A Monkey Swarm (Bestiary II) appears at initiative count zero of the round you fall and fights to protect you for one minute, or until you are safe or they're all slain. The monkey swarm are all smaller versions of whatever primate you fucked. If this ability isn't used in a week, it's lost.

Infinite Fuck Position: Napalm Lube Shower
Sixty-nine with a pyrokinetic or creature with the Fire subtype while in the middle of a bonfire treated with alien elements to burn hot and green. (It helps if you're immune to fire, but that's not mandatory.)

Position's Benefit: For the next hour anytime you roll a 3 on any melee damage dice, your target suffers an additional +10d6 fire damage!

Infinite Fuck Position: New Model Parts Catalogue

You must form a fuck-chain with at least two Erobots, one of which must be in a male configuration, the other of which must be in a female configuration. You're in the middle either way.

Position's Benefit: For a day afterward, you can speak an untranslatable alien word that will reverse the gender configuration of any Erobot who hears it and is within 30 ft. Usable as a standard action.

Infinite Fuck Position: Official Shahteyan Lap Dance

Just sit back and enjoy while the music plays and a beautiful Shahteyan dancer grinds against you. Shahteyan strippers are trained to give a smoldering lap dance that can make any species or gender cum in their pants. (And hey, keep your hands to yourself unless she asks.)

Position's Benefit: Anytime you get a lap dance from a Shahteyan dancer, you choose any one first level spell (from any spell-list) to receive the benefit of, immediately after the dance ends and you cum. If the Shahteyan dancer has a CHA score of 19+ you can choose any second level spell instead.

Infinite Fuck Position: Pacifcian Cherry Pie
With one good thrust (of a real life prick or an acceptable substitute) you take a Pacifcian female's virginity. Give her pussy a kiss after you're done. Pacificans bleed rainbow and the breed's been genetically engineered to secrete a cherry-flavored gel when their hymen is torn.

Position's Benefit: You become immune to ingested poisons for 12 + 1d6 hours, and during this time you also receive a +15 luck bonus on Profession (chef) checks.

Infinite Fuck Position: The Pacifcian Stripping Game

Pacifcians like elaborate, multi-layered lingerie and elaborate fetish costumes, so they can take their time stripping them off their lovers. This passionate but loving sex act involves elaborate fine clothes, coifed hair and moive-star makeup. It looks great, and feels even fucking better.

Position's Benefit: For a day after this act, you have two Body, two Chest, two Shoulders and two Cape magic item slots.

Infinite Fuck Position: Paintshow

Grind long and deep against a lover wearing only Bathian armor paint in an assortment of colors. Then, play some nekkid Twister using the colorful splotches on both your bodies.

Position's Benefit: Anytime you have sex with a character wearing Bathian armor paint, you apply a dose of the paint to yourself. If you're wearing armor paint during the sex act, your lover applies a dose to themselves. See the armor section for details on how Bathian armor paint works.

Infinite Fuck Position: The Phantom Sandwich

Two males are fucking a Phade from both ends. When they both come, the Phade goes intangible and gets a double cumshot into his or her molecular structure.

Position's Benefit: Spell-like ability 1x/day. Become *ethereal* for 2 rounds as a swift action.

Infinite Fuck Position: Pokin' A Pope

Open up a ICG Pope (regular Pope, Ultra Pope, a Mega Pope or even the Prime Pope himself) and lay some steel pipe up his holy anus. Bonus points if he keeps the miter on.

Position's Benefit: You receive a cumulative +1 profane bonus on Bluff checks made against ICG

religious leaders and clerics. Keep fucking their Popes and these guy's will believe anything you say.

Infinite Fuck Position: Psyren Says!

Allow a Psyren to dom you into ejaculation. She may demand whatever she wishes and position you in any manner she chooses (bound, gagged, hung upside down, etc.) and treat you in a manner she desires. If you fail to comply at any point in the act or the act is interrupted, you gain no benefit.

Position's Benefit: You become immune to fear effects for 3d6 hours after the session ends- after a night with a Psyren dom, nothing else is going to scare you.

Infinite Fuck Position: Psyren Says No!

Created in response to the previous position, this position reverse's the role and forces the typically dominant, strong-willed Psyren into being your little sex slave while you benefit! Coerce or force a Psyren into sexual congress and Dominate her in any manner you see fit. She must cum as well as you to gain benefits, so don't damage the goods too much!

Position's Benefit: If you succumb to any mind-influencing effect within the next 1d6 hours, you may act normally for a number of rounds equal to your CHA modifier (minimum one round)

Infinite Fuck Position: Rainbow Spaghetti

Fuck a ceremonially disemboweled Pacifcian while he or she lays dying. The position gets its name from the fact that Pacifcians have rainbow colored, nanotech laced intestines.

Position's Benefit: Recover 1 HP per 1 point of Pleasure damage suffered for the next 24 hours

Infinite Fuck Position: The Rhythm Method

You have to get up on stage during a rock concert and have sex with one of the musicians, keeping your fucking motions in perfect time to the music.

Alternatively, if you're a musician and have sex on stage during one of your sets, it totally counts (but your partner has to have a CHA of 15+ because you've got some standards).

Position's Benefit: Gain one free rank in any musical Perform skill of your choosing. You can place this free rank as you wish, regardless of your level.

Infinite Fuck Position: Shake That Tail Fin

You must be a biped to master this position, which requires you enjoy slow, deep and grinding vaginal intercourse (or choceleal slit, whatever) with a creature that has a snake or fishlike tail rather than legs, like a mermaid, naga, or zero-g adapted mutant.

Position's Benefit: While either completely submerged or in zero-g conditions, you receive a +1 luck bonus on all attack rolls, skill checks and saving throws for a number of hours equal to your piscine paramour's CHA score.

Infinite Fuck Position: She's Mad But She's Magic
Find and tightly bind a female serial killer or assassin with at least a 100 kills to her credit. Fuck her in a way she's definitely not into, and try to survive the experience.

Position's Benefits: At any time within the next 24 hours (or only 8 hours if you let the female killer live), you can automatically succeed on either one attack roll or check to penetrate Spell Resistance without needing to roll.

Infinite Fuck Position: Side of Cum Fries

Fuck any kind of Erobot or other sex droid, and right before you cum, pull out and jizz into an opened service panel. Bonus if it's the face panel. This position will cause 1d4 electrical damage to the android being ejaculated into, due to short circuiting.

Position's Benefit: For 1d4 hours, add +1d4 points of Electrical damage to any successful melee attack.

Infinite Fuck Position: Six Nipples, Six Tongues
Gravity Cats and Felis anthros alike know there's no better feeling than getting all six of your nipples sucked at once. Find six different creatures to stimulate your six pack of kitty nips at once.

Position's Benefit: Lucky cats always land on your feet. For the next 24 hours, you can ignore the damage of any fall of 60 ft or less, or reduce the falling damage from longer falls by 60 ft worth of damage.

Infinite Fuck Position: Triplicate Socks

You've gotta vaginally penetrate two Trius energy clones with your feet while fucking the trio's Prime, and you gotta cum before the energy clones vanish.

Position's Benefit: Reduce the Purchase DC of the next light or ultralight starship you purchase within a day by -10 (reduce it by 50% gp value)

Infinite Fuck Position: Twinsplorer

While blindfolded and wearing noise-dampening headphones you play 'spot the differences' using only your senses of smell, taste, and touch with a pair (or more) of nearly identical lovers. They can be twins, clones, production line androids, Trius with energy clones, or anything else, as long as they're almost impossible to tell apart.

Position's Benefit: Each time you do this position, you permanently increase the caster level of any Divination spell you cast by + 1/3rd. You have to do this at least 3 times to receive a caster level bump, but there is no cap on your effective caster level.

Infinite Fuck Position: Venturan Rain Dance

Invented on the burning world Ventura, this sex position includes lots of leaping, screeching, and dancing, and ends with every female involved fountaining her piss into the air simultaneously. On Ventura, it usually turns to steam almost instantly.

Position's Benefit: You gain Fire Immunity for a number of hours equal to the number of women involved in the sex act.

Infinite Fuck Position: Xeno-X-Hibition

You gotta go where no man's gone before. Find a willing partner of a species different than your own and convince that cute alien to have very, very public sex with you. You've gotta be on the alien's homeworld for it to count, though.

Position's Benefit: Each time you do this position, your Arcane Failure Chance for wearing armor drops by 1%. You can do it multiple times, but it has to be with different creatures, on different worlds, each and every time.

Heavy Classes

As a hybrid of D20 Modern and PFRPG rules and options, Heavy Future has its pink haired disco bards, Leather Clone wizards, stalwart Urlock fighters, scheming Syrion summoners and other traditional fantasy classes. The following archetypes put a Heavy spin on traditional fantasy adventuring roles.

Bard Archetypes

In a universe where music is a weapon, the bard is the star of the show. The Heavy Future Bard is a quintessential jack of all trades, spinning a danceable mix of propaganda and entertainment. Several new bard archetypes are available to musicians in this campaign setting.

Weapons and Armor Proficiency (EX)

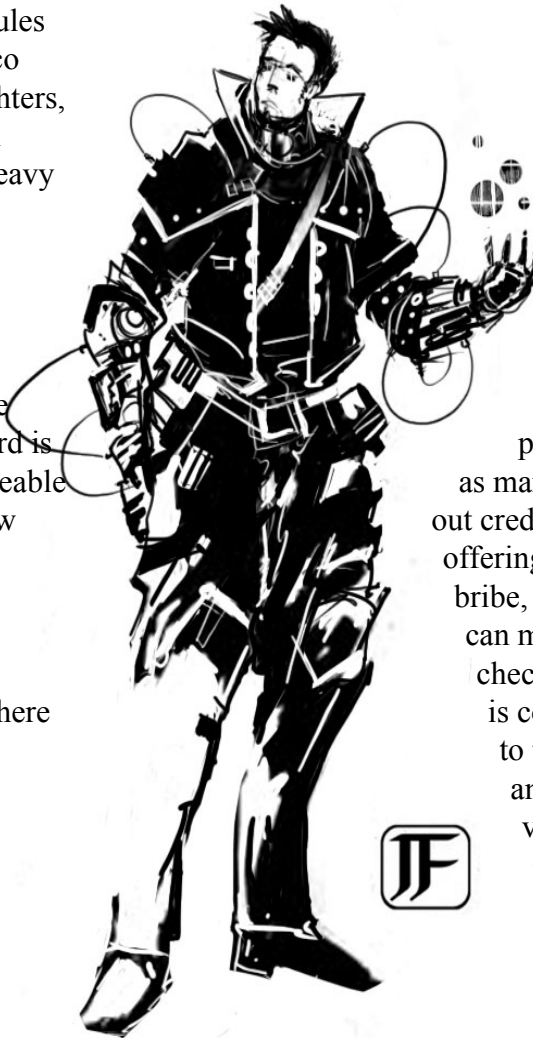
All of the new Bard archetypes presented here receive Exotic Weapon Proficiency (Rocker) as a bonus feat.

lounge lizard (Bard Archetype)

Lounge Lizards are slick as warpdrive lubricant and they know it. Their style: sharkskin armored business suits with a dapper fedora and wristcomps worth more than most service androids. Their music: seductive crooning, guaranteed to make panties melt away. Their venue of choice: a smoky Space Mafia pleasure den. Their vices: limitless and very, very imaginative. Lounge Lizards aren't quite as musically gifted as other Bards, and certainly less passionate than the rock n' roll crusaders that keep popping up in The Command's 10 Most Wanted, but they've got connections, charm and an unlimited, Mafia-funded credit account.

Silver Tongued (EX)

The Lounge Lizard may add half his bard level (minimum one) on all Bluff checks, and reduces the DC penalty for telling an unlikely, far-fetched or impossible lie by -5.



Silver Tongued replaces Bardic Knowledge.

Crooning Corruptor (EX)

The Lounge Lizard sings so damn well that an impromptu private performance can open as many doors as a maxed out cred-card. Rather than offering a conventional bribe, the Lounge Lizard can make a Perform (sing) check; this check result is considered to be equal to the Purchase DC of an offered bribe. (GP value equal to 100 gp + 20 gp per point over a DC 10 check result.) If the character you are bribing would be attracted to your gender and

species, you receive a +5 circumstance bonus on your Perform check.

Using Crooning Corruptor requires about 5 minutes.

Crooning Corruptor replaces Versatile Performance.

Canny Smuggler (EX)

At 2nd level, the Lounge Lizard receives Canny Smuggler as a bonus feat, even if he does not meet the prerequisites.

Canny Smuggler replaces Well Versed.

Untouchable (EX)

Beginning at 10th level, a Lounge Lizard becomes pretty much untouchable in a court of law-



driving riffs to burn social injustice down to scorched molecules.

Limited Repitore (SU)

To use any bardic music ability, the Metalhead must be equipped with either a Rocker or other guitar-like instrument. All of the

no matter the crimes, the judges, juries and even prosecuting attorneys find the slick bastard too charming to imprison.

The Lounge Lizard can substitute a Perform (sing) check for a Bluff or Diplomacy check made against law enforcement personnel or when defending himself in any court of law. The Lounge Lizard's Silver Tongued ability applies to this special perform check.

Untouchable replaces Lore Master.

Metalhead (Bard Archetype)

Angry, loud and not subtle in the least. Screaming, pounding heavy metal announces the Metalhead's presence, and weaponizes her rage. Metalheads are warrior bards- they choose an enemy (usually those ICG fuckheads) and use the power of heavy metal along with provocative lyrics to ferment rebellions. When the time comes to fight, Metalheads unleash sonic fury and hell fire, along with hard

Metalhead's performances have auditory and visual components.

Rocker Beat Down (EX)

Metalheads have no problem hammering some son of a bitch's skull in with their Rockers. Metalheads can use their Rocker as a Martial melee weapon without risking damage to its delicate internal components.

As a melee weapon, the Rocker inflicts 1d12+STR modifier points of bludgeoning damage (20/x3).

Inspiring Riff (SU)

The Metalhead leaps into action, bashing in skulls with his rocker before unleashing its sonic fury. When the Metalhead confirms a critical hit with his Rocker, he can start this performance as an immediate action (ending other performances). He gains temporary HP equal to his CHA modifier (if positive), and all allies within 30 ft gain a +1 morale bonus on their next attack roll prior to the start of his next turn. These temporary HP remain until the bard ends this performance.

Inspiring
Riff replaces
fascinate.

Flames of Metal (SU)

With a shout that can be heard for miles, and a clash of guitar chords that's even louder, the weapons of your allies erupt with plasma flames. All allies within 30 ft of the bard when he begins this performance gain a fiery aura around any melee weapon they are wielding made primarily of metal. This aura inflicts an additional +1 point of fire damage at 3rd level. This bonus damage increases by +1 for every four levels the bard has attained beyond 3rd (+2 at 7th, +3 at 11th, +4 at 15th, +5 at 19th). When this performance is activated by a bard of 15th level or higher, it temporarily gives the weapon the Flaming Burst special quality in addition to bonus damage. This flaming aura remains in place as long as the bard continues his performance.

Flames of Metal replaces Inspire Competence.

Sonic Mosh Pit (SU)

The right song by the right Metalhead is like a gigantic fucking middle finger right in the Command's face. Metalheads create a Sonic Mosh Pit when they know they're going to have to fuck up some galacticops.

When the Metalhead activates Sonic Mosh Pit, all allies within 30 ft automatically confirm critical hits against creatures with an allegiance to either Galaxy Command or the Imperial Church of the Galaxy. At 10th level and every four levels beyond 6th



(crit range +1 at 10th, crit range +2 at 14th, crit range +3 at 18th), the critical threat range of any weapon used against an ally of Galaxy Command or the ICG increases by one. These effects remain in place as long as the Metalhead continues this performance.

Sonic Mosh Pit replaces Suggestion.

Metal Berserk (SU)

At 12th level, a Metalhead can inspire a screaming, frothing battlefury that suppresses pain, stunning, and fear effects for one creature, plus one additional creature per three levels after 12th. Affected creatures also gain DR 5/— (DR 10/— against nonlethal damage); this benefit stacks with the damage reduction class ability of barbarians.

Metal Berserk replaces Soothing Performance.

Ragna-Rock Out (SU)

At 18th level, the Metalhead can unleash unfettered pyrotechnic fury. By expending ten rounds of Bardic performance, the Metalhead can cast Meteor Swarm as a sorcerer of his bard level.

Ragna-Rock Out replaces Mass Suggestion.

Star Idol (Bard Archetype)

Star Idols are the most famous, media-packaged celebrities in a galaxy already crowded with garage bands, hangers-on and wanna-bes. Star Idols use fame as a weapon when they have to, but more often leverage their celebrity into a life of decadent luxury that even most planetary dictators can't imagine.

Preferential Treatment	Diplomacy DC
Transforming a performance/sporting event ticket into a backstage pass or field pass, a chance to meet other celebs	DC 10
Upgrading ordinary accommodations into top quality accommodations (food, booze, lodging, prostitutes, ect)	DC 10
Get an invite to an exclusive event or tickets to a sold out show on very short notice	DC 15
First class intrasystem or planetary travel for yourself and your Entourage	DC 15
First class intergalactic travel for yourself and your Entourage	DC 20
Talking your way out of arrest or punishment for a minor fine or breech of etiquette	DC 20

Unlimited Access (EX)

Star Idols get what they want, and are used to diva treatment anywhere and everywhere in the cosmos that they travel to. They rarely pay for anything, as having a Star Idol visit your restaurant or sex-palace is better advertising than anything money can buy.

Star Idols can attempt a DC 10 Diplomacy check to receive ordinary accommodations (food, lodging, entertainment) for free. This benefit applies to the Star Idol, her special cohort and a number of other companions equal to her CHA modifier. The check DC increases to DC 15 in truly outstanding, elite venues, or DC 20 in regions, or among cultures actively hostile towards the Star Idol (for example, a Cosmic Satanist mega-rock star traveling on Benediction).

Unlimited Access replaces countersong.

Entourage (EX)

The Star Idol is followed everywhere by a swarm of personal assistants, managers, bodyguards, financial advisors, publicists, and other assorted hangers on who follow in her

wake like bipedal remora trailing a shark.

At 2nd level, the Star Idol receives the Leadership feat, even though she does not meet the level prerequisites. The Star Idol receives a +10 bonus to her Leadership score, though she cannot recruit followers of higher level than her own, and her cohort must always be at least one level lower than she is.

The Star Idol's cohort is always a powerfully built, non-human bodyguard of the Star Idol's preferred gender (the press reports eagerly on rumors or romance between the Star Idol and her bodyguard, whether it's true or not). The Star Idol's followers are a motley and mostly inept assortment of groupies and minor, disposable flunkies.

Fickle Fame (EX)

The Star Idol must constantly keep herself in the public eye, and struggle to maintain her image. The Star Idol's Leadership score is reduced by 1d4-1 (can be 0) per week of game time. This does not weaken her cohort but it does reduce the number of followers she can call upon. If her Leadership score reaches 0, she loses the benefit of her Entourage permanently- even her bodyguard leaves or is reassigned.

However, in game actions can quickly increase the Star Idol's leadership score...or sink it even faster.

Special Actions by the Star Idol	Leadership Score Increase
Splashy, very public victories in combat	+1d8
Begin a public romance or be part of a sex scandal or release a sex vid	+1d6
Roll a natural 20 on a public Perform check	+1d4
Personal appearance or charity event	+1d4
Successful new release	+1d3
Special Actions by the Star Idol	Leadership Score Decrease
Radically changing your politics or becoming a member of an opposing faction	-1d6
Beat the shit out of a paparazzi even if he/she/it really deserves it	-1d6
Roll a natural 1 on a public Perform check	-1d4
Use unlimited access to get free accommodations at the same place more than once every few game sessions	-1d4
Anything the GM decides would make you look like an asshole in the compound eyes of the general, galactic population	-1d3

Fans in Unexpected Places (EX)

You never know who'll have the Star Idol's songs loaded into their Star Droid companion's memory tapes. Once per game session, the Star Idol can declare that an NPC introduced in that session is a secret fan of the Star Idol's career.

Doing so automatically changes that NPC's attitude towards the Star Idol to helpful for the remainder of the encounter. The Star Idol can attempt to permanently improve the character's attitude via Diplomacy, or may worsen the character's attitude through her actions, normally. The character returns to his or her initial attitude after the end of the encounter, unless the Star Idol changed it somehow.

And yes, this ability applies to just introduced major villains and story vital NPCs. Deal with it GMs.

Fans in Unexpected Places replaces Jack-Of-All-Trades.



The Bounty Hunter

(Ranger Archetype)

Bounty Hunters can criss-cross half the galaxy, find their target in some backwater shit hole, and either bring him back to the client alive or dead, as the job demands. Bounty hunters are part detective, part professional kidnapper, part gunthug, and part freelance cop, only they're usually just a few degrees more honest than any member of those professions. Bounty hunters can't be squeamish about the jobs they take- the competition for big bounties is too fierce, and the paydays are too tempting. Likewise, Bounty Hunters don't usually get the luxury of picking who they work for. Bounty Hunters are as apt to take a job brining an innocent kid to a Space Mafioso don for torture and execution as they are to earn their creds capturing wanted criminals. In fact, the Space Mafia usually pays better than the law.....

Weapon Proficiencies

Bounty Hunter Rangers gain Personal Firearms Proficiency and Advanced Fire Arms Proficiency as bonus feats.

Skills

Bounty Hunter Rangers add Drive and Pilot to their list of class skills.

Cold Stare (EX)

Bounty Hunters are dead-eyed sociopaths, even the kindest of them. The worst are monsters from a chase-nightmare wearing body armor and carrying blasters. Bounty Hunters may choose to make an Intimidate check to demoralize a single adversary each round as a swift action.

As a standard action, the Bounty Hunter can clearly identify himself and his current quarry (the creature he has a current bounty on) and attempt to demoralize the quarry. If this Intimidate check is successful, the quarry becomes *panicked* rather than shaken, as is typical for demoralized creatures.

Cold Stare replaces Wild Empathy.

Bounty Hunting Tactics (EX)

At 5th level, the Bounty Hunter learns Bounty Hunting Tactics, which typically grant a boon or bonus to the Bounty Hunter or hinder his targets. At 5th level, the ranger learns one trick, selected from the list below. At 7th level, and every two levels thereafter, he learns another trick. A ranger can use these tricks a total number of times per day equal to 1/2 his ranger level + his Wisdom modifier. Tactics are usually swift actions, but sometimes move or free actions that modify a standard action, usually an attack action. Once a trick is chosen, it can't be retrained. A ranger cannot select an individual tactic more than once. This ability replaces the ranger's spells class feature.

Bounty Hunter rangers do not gain any spells or spellcasting ability, do not have a caster level, and cannot use spell trigger and spell completion magic items. As Bounty Hunting Tricks are a variation on the "hunter's tricks" provided by the Skirmisher ranger archetype, the GM may allow you to select skirmisher tricks as variant class abilities.

The following is a list of hunter tricks and their effects.

Aiding Attack (Ex): The ranger can use this trick as a free action when he hits a creature with an attack. The next ally who makes an attack against the target creature before the start of the ranger's next turn gains a +2 circumstance bonus on that attack roll.

Back Hand (EX): You activate this tactic as part of an unarmed strike. If the attack is successful, your target is knocked prone.

Blaster Burn (EX): The ranger can activate this trick as a free action before making a ranged attack roll that would inflict energy damage. If the attack is successful, the target suffers an additional 1d4 points of energy damage of same type as the initial attack per round for the next two rounds.

Catfall (Ex): The ranger can use this trick as an immediate action when he falls 20 or more feet, ignoring the first 20 feet of the fall when calculating the falling damage. If the ranger takes no damage from the fall, he does not fall prone.

Casual Violence (EX): As a free action as part of a missed melee attack, the Bounty Hunter inflicts a

number of points of damage (slashing, piercing or bludgeoning, at the Bounty Hunter's option) equal to his ranger level to the missed attack's target.

Cold Will (EX):

Invoking this ability as a swift action, the ranger becomes immune to mind affecting abilities for one round.

Die Already! (EX): The Bounty Hunter can activate this ability as an immediate action after rolling damage in order to add a number of points of bonus damage equal to his ranger level. This extra damage is not multiplied on a critical hit.

Distracting Attack

(EX): The ranger can use this trick as a free action before he makes an attack. If the attack hits, the target takes a -2 penalty on all attack rolls for 1 round.

Dying Declaration

(EX): As a full round action, the Bounty Hunter can viciously interrogate a creature reduced to 0 HP or fewer but not completely destroyed (a victim killed by a gunshot to the chest, but not one atomized by an explosion). The dying creature will croak out a short (5 words at most) phrase providing some insight to one of the Bounty Hunter's current targets, such as the target's current or near future location, the target's goals, weaknesses, capabilities, weapons, ect.

Fist Full of Gun (EX): The ranger can use this tactic as a free action when he hits with a ranged attack. Any damage dice that come up as either the highest or second (ex: 7-8 on D8 or 9-10 on D10) highest possible result are rerolled; dice can be rerolled multiple times if they continue to roll high.



Fuck Over

(EX): The Bounty Hunter may activate this tactic as part of an attack action, providing a +5 insight bonus on attack and damage rolls against a single target, who must be currently allied with the Bounty Hunter.

Gut Shot (EX):

The ranger can use this tactic as a free action when he hits with a ranged attack. The target is *sickened* for one round and suffers Bleed 2 for 1d4 rounds.

Hobbling

Attack (EX): The ranger can use this trick as a free action when he hits with an attack. The target of the attack's land speed is reduced by half for 1d4 rounds.

Hell Hound (EX): As a swift action you can increase the critical threat range of your weapons by one point per world (planet, inhabited moon, space station, arc ship, ect) you have actively pursued your target through. Example: You're pursuing a criminal who you encountered first on Earth, then again on Rigel II Beta, and finally on Andromeda VII, your weapon attacks would have their critical threat range increased by three. This enhancement lasts for one round. This ability only functions against a single target, which you designate when you activate the power.

I Hate This Planet (EX): The Bounty Hunter's disdain for the backwater world he's chased his quarry to improves keeps him sharp. As a swift

action, the Bounty Hunter can receive a +5 insight bonus on his next ranged attack roll. If this ranged attack is successful, an inanimate object, structure of piece of cover within 30 ft of the target and in a straight line from it suffers the same amount of damage as the initial target.

Rattling Strike (EX): The ranger can use this trick as a free action before he makes a melee attack. If the attack hits, the target is shaken for 1d4 rounds.

Reputation for Violence (EX): If you invoke this trick as a free action while making a melee attack, you roll an Intimidate check rather than a melee attack roll to determine the attack's success.

"Safety's On" (EX): As a swift action, you make a Bluff check against an adjacent, armed target who can clearly understand you. If the Bluff check is successful, the target inadvertently either ejects her weapon's magazine (or empties the cylinder) or completely drains its power cell.

Stay Up (EX): The ranger can activate this trick as a swift action. Doing so allows him to reroll a failed FORT Save; he must take the results of the reroll even if they are worse than the first results.

Tirade (EX): As an immediate action, whenever you successfully demoralize a character with Intimidate, you can attempt a new Intimidate check to demoralize another target within 30 ft who can clearly see and hear you.

Through the Motions (EX): When the Bounty Hunter misses with any ranged attack, he can activate this tactic as an immediate action to treat the attack roll as a 10 instead. Long hours of range time pays off.

Trick Shot (EX): As a standard action, the ranger can make a ranged attack that ignores concealment (but not total concealment), soft cover, and partial cover.

Uncanny Senses (EX): As an immediate action, the ranger gains a +10 insight bonus on Perception (Spot) checks for 1 round.

Warning Shot (EX): As an immediate action after making a successful ranged attack roll and rolling

damage, the Bounty Hunter can elect not to deal damage. Instead, the target is paralyzed for one round, if they fail a WILL Save with a DC equal to the rolled damage. If they save, the warning shot has no effect. This is a mind influencing, fear effect.

Convict (Rogue Archetype)

Convicts learn empty-handed combat because it keeps 'em alive. Don't depend on a gun, because you can't take one into supermax. Don't depend on a shiv, because the bastards always attack when you're at your weakest. Learn to defend yourself when backed up against a wall and stay alive until either your sentence ends or you figure out a way to kill yourself a path back to the free world.

Convicts are prison-hardened battlers who have no problem killing with their bare hands or a toothbrush shiv. Convicts are usually self taught multiple murderers who can either dominate or escape from any super-max slam the Command sees fit to send them to.

Educated in the Penal System (EX)

Remove Craft, Diplomacy, Perform and Use Magic Device from the Convict rogue's list of class skills.

Rep (EX)

Other prisoners can tell a true Convict by the way she carries herself, and by the violence hidden behind her eyes. The Convict receives a +1 competence bonus on Intimidate checks and Diplomacy checks made against criminal characters per four rogue levels. However, the Convict suffers an equivalent penalty on Diplomacy checks made against members of law enforcement.

Shiv (EX)

A sharpened toothbrush or a broken off piece of hull metal is fucking **lethal** in the hands of a convict. Anytime the Convict rolls a 1 on a damage dice when inflicting piercing damage, she can reroll

the damage dice and add the results to her damage total.

Shiv replaces Trap Sense.

Jail Breaker (EX)

Convicts have an instinct for ferreting out the weak points and exploitable holes in a prison's security. Whether breaking out of a set of hand cuffs or organizing a 500 man breakout from Rage-666, you can't hold a Convict who doesn't want to be held.

At 3rd level, the Convict gains a talent for breaking bonds and slipping locks, giving her a +1 bonus on Escape Artist checks and a +1 bonus on Disable Device checks made to escape bondage, disable security systems or locks of any kind, including magical or high-tech locks/security systems. These bonuses rise to +2 when the Convict reaches 6th level, to +3 when she reaches 9th level, to +4 when she reaches 12th level, to +5 at 15th, and to +6 at 18th level.

Jailbreaker replaces Trapfinding.

The Cosmic Satanist (Modern Spellcaster Archetype)

*Requires: The Modern Spellcaster Basic Class
(Otherverse Games, 2012)*

You learned to cast spells from the psycho motherfuckers partyin' hard on Walpurgisnacht, getting a big dose of Crowley and LeVay along with your education in theoretical physics and alien mind tricks. Cosmic Satanists are members of the star-faring



cult of Satan Maximus, a band of anti-heroic rebels using magic, culture, heavy metal and the occasional human(oid) sacrifice to overthrow a bland and oppressive galactic regime.

Cosmic Satanists are a variant on the Modern Spellcaster Basic Class. As with any class archetype, unless a class feature is specifically mentioned as functioning differently, that class feature functions identically for a Cosmic Satanist and a standard Modern Spellcaster.

Alignment: Cosmic Satanists, whether good or evil, must be rebels and nonconformists at heart. A Cosmic Satanist must be any non-lawful alignment.

Skills: Cosmic Satanists are hard rocking metal heads at heart. Add Perform (any musical) skill to the Cosmic Satanist's list of class skills.

Satanic Spellcasting (SU)

All spells cast by the Cosmic Satanist have the (evil) descriptor, regardless of the Satanist's actual alignment, nor her intentions in casting the spell. The Cosmic Satanist can't cast spells with the (good) descriptor, nor spells that manipulate positive energy (such as most Cure Wounds spells).

The Cosmic Satanist can safely cast summoning spells cast to summon creatures with an evil alignment at one level higher than normal. A first level Cosmic Satanist can safely cast up to 2nd level evil summoning spells.

All of a Cosmic Satanist's spells are accompanied by demonic shrieks, pounding ethereal drums and squealing guitar riffs, while impressive Satanic, Kaballistic or Goetic sigils from holographically in the air around their splayed, hooked fingers. Satantic spells have impressive visual components and audiotory effects.

The Cosmic Satanist cannot gain or benefit from the following metamagic feats: Silent Spell, Still Spell.

Rock For Satan! (SU)

Starting at 3rd level, the Cosmic Satanist earns a new way to recover Spell Points. Anytime she rolls a natural 20 on a Perform check, while playing heavy metal, rock or goth-punk type music, the Cosmic Satanist recovers 1d4-1 Spell Points.

Fuck For Satan! (SU)

Satan Maximus is all about the hot, wet 'n sticky!

Cosmic Satanists do not increase the number of Spell Points recovered through rest/sleep/meditation at 10th level. Satan Maximus doesn't want his space wizards getting eight hours of sleep- He

wants them fuckin' the night away in a bed of space-whores six deep.

The Cosmic Satanist can recover Spell Points more quickly by engaging in consensual sex with other sentient beings. Doing so requires at least an hour of truly kinky lovemaking; at the end of this hour, the Cosmic Satanist recovers a number of Spell Points equal to the partner's CHA score. Of course, Satan Maximus has no time for *star-hounds*- if the sex partner has a CHA score below 10 that amount is subtracted from the Cosmic Satanist's Spell Pool. In the case of orgies, total up the CHA score of all the Cosmic Satanist's partners; the Cosmic Satanist recovers Spell Points equal to this amount.

Kill Cuties For Satan! (SU)

The Interstellar Church of Satan Maximus is big on human(oid) sacrifice. Frankly make an awesome capper for an all-night ritual (or great opener for a Black Sabbath 4,000 concert), it's fun for the whole coven, and you get some kickass magic items out of the deal.

At 15th level, the Cosmic Satanist is anointed as a High Magus (a gender neutral term for both male and female Satan-puppies), allowed to conduct sacrificial rituals in the name of The Lightspeed Lucifer and for their own self-aggrandizement.

As part of an hour long ritual that requires a DC 22 + 1d6 Knowledge (religion) check to perform correctly, the Cosmic Satanist can sacrifice any acceptable willing sentient creature, who must be of a different gender than the Cosmic Satanist. This sacrifice is a gory, agonizing torture involving pleasure blades, flaming braziers, alien torture implements and pounding heavy metal, that though 35th Century in origin sounds exactly like Danzig. No form of magical or psionic compulsion can compel the sacrifice to participate in this ritual.

An Acceptable Sacrifice to Satan Maximus

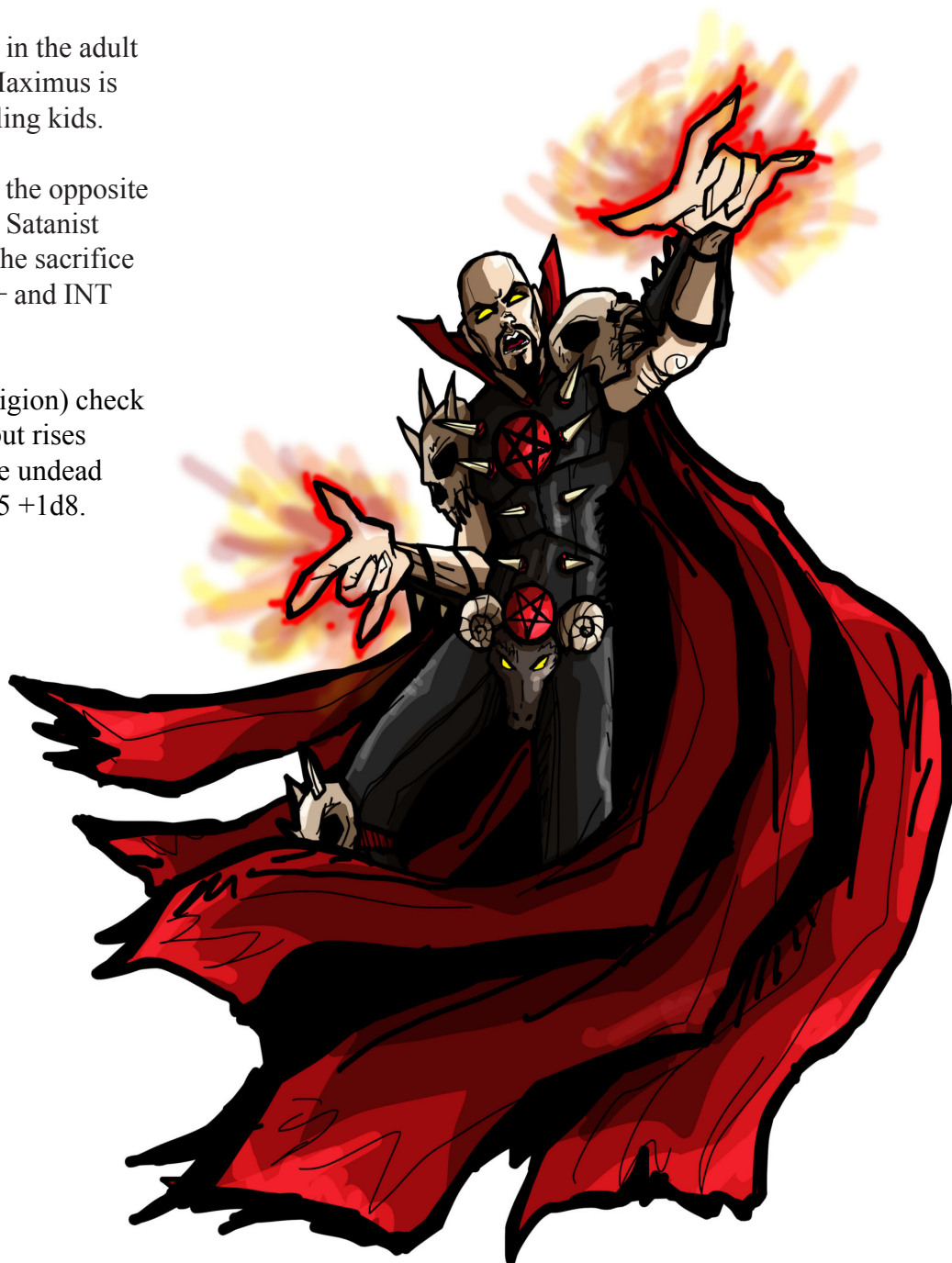
- The sacrifice must be a humanoid or monstrous humanoid. Satan Maximus isn't into aliens. Sorry.

- The sacrifice must be in the adult age category. Satan Maximus is definitely not into killing kids.
- The sacrifice must be the opposite gender of the Cosmic Satanist performing the rite. The sacrifice must have a CHA 13+ and INT 10+.

If the Knowledge (religion) check fails, the sacrifice still dies, but rises within 1d8 rounds as a hostile undead with a Challenge Rating of 15 +1d8.

If the sacrifice succeeds, the intended victim's departing life energy can be used in one of a few ways. The Cosmic Satanist can choose to:

- Gain the ability to cast *True Resurrection*, by expending spell points normally for 24 hours, even though this spell manipulates positive energy.
- Restore their Spell Pool to maximum capacity.
- Create any permanent magic item without expending construction resources or construction item. The item to be enchanted must be present during the sacrifice and of masterwork quality. It should have a heavy metal, gothic Satantastic look to it, but this is not required. At the end of the ritual, the item is enchanted as the Cosmic Satanist desires; the object becomes an intelligent magic item, with INT, WIS and CHA scores equal to the sacrifice's. The item's personality is similar to



that of the sacrifice, but it is primarily loyal to the item's creator or to the owner the creator presents the item to at the conclusion of the ritual, or to the Interstellar Church of Satan Maximus. The magic item can communicate vocally or via telepathy with its wielder.

The ICG Evangelist (Cleric Archetype)

The good lord Dues Futura answers all prayers from the faithful, but a generous donation to the Imperial Church of the Galaxy can move your particular prayer to the top of the request pile! Don't cheap out on your salvation! Every minute of the galactic standard day, your immortal soul lies in peril from horrible threats like the WARSTAR regime, the baby-eating savages who call themselves Cosmic Satanists, and the terrors of deep space! A multicredit donation may be all that stands between your soul and Hell for all eternity!

The ICG Evangelist is a sleezy, skeezy, fast talking televangelist who serves the almighty dollar, the Imperial Church, the Dues Futura, his parishioners, Command humanity, and the rest of the human species, in that order. Dressed in ornate armored and gilded vestments and summoning holographic choirs of angels, the ICG Evangelist is an impressive sight, and his connection to the ever-watchful and nearly omnipotent Dues Futura prototype back on Benediction gives the ICG Evangelist raw power to match his glory....provide the Evangelist keeps the donations rolling in.

ICG Evangelists carry tithing boxes- advanced supercomputers the size of a hardback book, decorated in gold and platinum worked into gothic church finery. The tithing box maintains a wireless ansible link to the Dues Futura mainframe, and more importantly, a universal credit reader. The ultimate cash box, for the ultimate televangelist.

Class Requirements: To take the ICG Evangelist archetype, a Cleric must have selected Law as one of his two domains. Notice I wrote "he"- only males can become ICG Evangelists and perfect televangelist hair, gelled into immobility, is mandatory.

Healing Tithe (SU)

The ICG Evangelist is expected to the ICG's orthodox faithful's hurts, heal their diseases and raise the faithful dead.... if their credit rating is good enough. Any character who worships either the Dues Futura or either Jesus as a patron deity can make a

donation to the ICG Evangelist's tithing box of at least Purchase DC 13 (275 gp); doing so treats all Cure spells cast by the ICG Evangelist to benefit the supplicant or a person the supplicant designates as Maximized for the next hour. Doing so does not change the spell's effective level or modify its casting time. This also effects spell-completion items wielded by the ICG Evangelist.

An ICG Evangelist can himself pay the donation to benefit from maximized healing spells cast upon himself.

Restricted Spellcasting (SU)

The ICG Evangelist cannot cast any beneficial clerical spell on a character who worships a patron god other than the Dues Futura or either Jesus incarnation.

Galactic Prayer Line (SU)

By making even greater donations directly to the ICG, a supplicant can receive even greater miracles from the ICG Church. In this case, the ICG Evangelist is a vessel through which the Dues Futura's power passes, thus even low level Evangelists can perform miracles for their wealthiest benefactors.

A number of times per day equal to 3 + his CHA modifier, the ICG Evangelist can contact the Dues Futura V 0.1 mainframe on Benediction from any where in the galaxy, using the dedicated ansible built into his tithing box. The ICG Evangelist can make the donation himself, to gain a needed spell, but usually casts these artificially granted divine spells to benefit a wealthy supplicant.

Doing so requires the ICG Evangelist to make a Knowledge (religion) check, and make a high-credit donation to the ICG (though the Jesus Clone most commonly receives donations on behalf of supplicants and passes these funds to the ICG). The check DC, cost and time required for the supplied prayer-spell are listed below, and based on the desired spell's level. Note that if the Knowledge (religion) check is failed, the spell does not occur, but the ICG still keeps the money.

Casting a spell via the Galactic Prayer Line does not correspond to the Evangelist's level; the spells provided are considered to be the minimum caster level necessary to cast them. Casting spells in



this way does not remove any spell slots from the ICG Evangelist's personal repertoire.

Galactic Prayer Line replaces the Channel Energy Class feature.

Divine Spell Level	Knowledge (religion) Check DC	Time Required	Donation's Purchase DC
Zero, First or Second	DC 12	Full round action	DC 15
Third or Fourth	DC 14	One minute	DC 16
Fifth	DC 16	One minute	DC 18 (5 th level and above spells are only available to donors known to be allies of the ICG, or to Evangelists in good stead)
Sixth	DC 18	1d4 minutes	DC 22
Seventh	DC 20	1d6 minutes	DC 25
Eighth	DC 22	2d4 minutes	DC 28 (8 th level and above spells are only available to donors acting directly to further the ICG's goals)
Ninth and above	DC 25	1d4 hours (requires personal approval from high clergy back on Benediction)	DC 30

New Clerical Domain: Rock & Roll

Play it loud enough, rock n' roll can change the galaxy. Play it long enough, and even those fascist fuckwads will start singin' along. Satan Maximus played the first rock song on his 666 stringed electric guitar, and rock is his greatest weapon against complacency and hypocrisy. Rock on!

Heavy Metal and Glam are Rock N' Roll's subdomains.

Granted Powers: Priests serving the screamin' temple of rock do double duty as frontmen for their bands. Add Perform (any musical) to the Cleric's list of class skills. Clerics with this domain receive Exotic Weapon Proficiency (rocker) as a bonus feat.

First Level: As an immediate action, you can unleash a **Power Riff** on your Rocker. All enemy creatures within 5 ft per four cleric levels suffer 1d4 points of sonic damage, plus an amount of energy damage equal

to your CHA modifier. When playing a Power Riff, you choose whether this additional damage is Cold, Fire or Sonic damage, and the riff you play changes to reflect your choice. You may use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your CHA modifier.

Eighth Level: Starting at 8th level, once per day, you can conjure a **Galactic Tourbus**, a massive vehicle capable of carrying up to 100 Medium sized passengers and all their gear in rock n' roll luxury. Using this ability requires a one minute performance, and once conjured the Galactic Tourbus will remain real for one hour or until it is commanded to depart, before fading back into unreality with the stench of diesel and Glow joints.

The Rock N' Roll cleric who conjured the Galactic Tourbus can command it to close its doors and teleport without error to any world or space station the Cleric has ever previously visited, or any world where the Cleric has previously announced he or she will visit to perform. Regardless of the distance

teleported, it takes the Galactic Tourbus about 2d4 hours to cover the distance; the travelers party hard on the bus during this time.

Domain Spells: 1st Chord of Shards, 2nd Piercing Shriek, 3rd Gallant Inspiration, 4th Thunderous Drums, 5th Denounce, 6th Heroic Finale, 7th Deafening Song Bolt, 8th Vengeful Outrage 9th Overwhelming Presence

Heavy Metal Subdomain

If it ain't metal, it ain't shit. You favor driving guitar riffs and florid Satanic lyrics to prog-rock inspiration to heroism.

Granted Powers

First Level: As an attack action, you can unleash a **Metal Storm** on your Rocker. This forms a cone of heavy metal fury 15 ft at first level, that increases by +5 ft for every four cleric levels. All creatures caught within the Metal Storm suffer 3d6 points of Sonic Damage (WILL DC 15 half) The Metal Storm deafens all creatures caught within for one round per four cleric levels (WILL DC 15 negates). The Cleric can use Metal Storm a number of times per day equal to 3 + his CHA modifier.

Domain Spells: 2nd Mad Hallucination, 3rd Ghostbane Dirge, 4th Vision of Hell

Glam Subdomain

You're a beautiful slightly androgynous long haired rocker boy. You got into the rock game for all the kinky sex.

Granted Powers

First Level: When unleashing a Power Riff, you may choose to have it deal Pleasure damage in addition to Cold, Fire or Sonic damage. Otherwise your Power Riff functions identically to the standard Rock N' Roll granted power.

Eighth Level: Beginning at 8th level, gender becomes a mere social construct for you, something you can alter with a thought. At will, as a move equivalent action, you can change your gender and sexual orientation. You may choose to either be male, female or

hermaphaditic, and choose what creatures (if any) you are considered sexually attracted to. This transformation lasts indefinitely, until you choose to change it again. Thanks to your androgynous shifting ability, you receive a bonus on Disguise checks equal to ½ your Cleric class level.

Domain Spells: 1st Unnatural Lust, 5th Cloak of Dreams, 6th Joyful Rapture, 9th Waves of Ecstasy

New Subdomains

The following new subdomains give clerics of the Heavy Future some heavy new powers, allowing them to worship some of the seedier aspects of divinity.

Censorship

Associated Domain: Knowledge

You decide what the universe knows. You've got a special bullet for the vulgar, the obscene, the carnal, the profane and the heretical.

Granted Powers

First Level: As a ranged touch attack you can inflict **The Censor Bag** on a target within 30 ft. The target is *blinded*, *deafened* and mute for 1 round. The Censor Bag can be used a number of times per day equal to 3 + your WIS modifier.

Domain Spells: 1st Silence, 3rd Secret Page, 6th Utter Contempt, 9th Imprisonment

First Contact

Associated Domain: Travel

Your faith demands that you seek out new life and new civilizations.

Granted Powers: Add Computer Use and Pilot to your list of class skills. You receive Starship Operations as a bonus feat. This replaces the speed increase provided by the Travel domain.

First Level: Your **Hailing Frequencies** power teaches your allies to better appreciate undiscovered cultures. As a standard action, you can brandish you holy symbol; all allies receive a holy bonus on Diplomacy checks equal to your WIS modifier until the end of the current encounter, but only when dealing with previously undiscovered or unknown cultures or factions. You can use Hailing Frequencies a number of times per day equal to 3 + your CHA modifier.

Domain Spells: 1st Comprehend Languages, 6th Warp Envelope

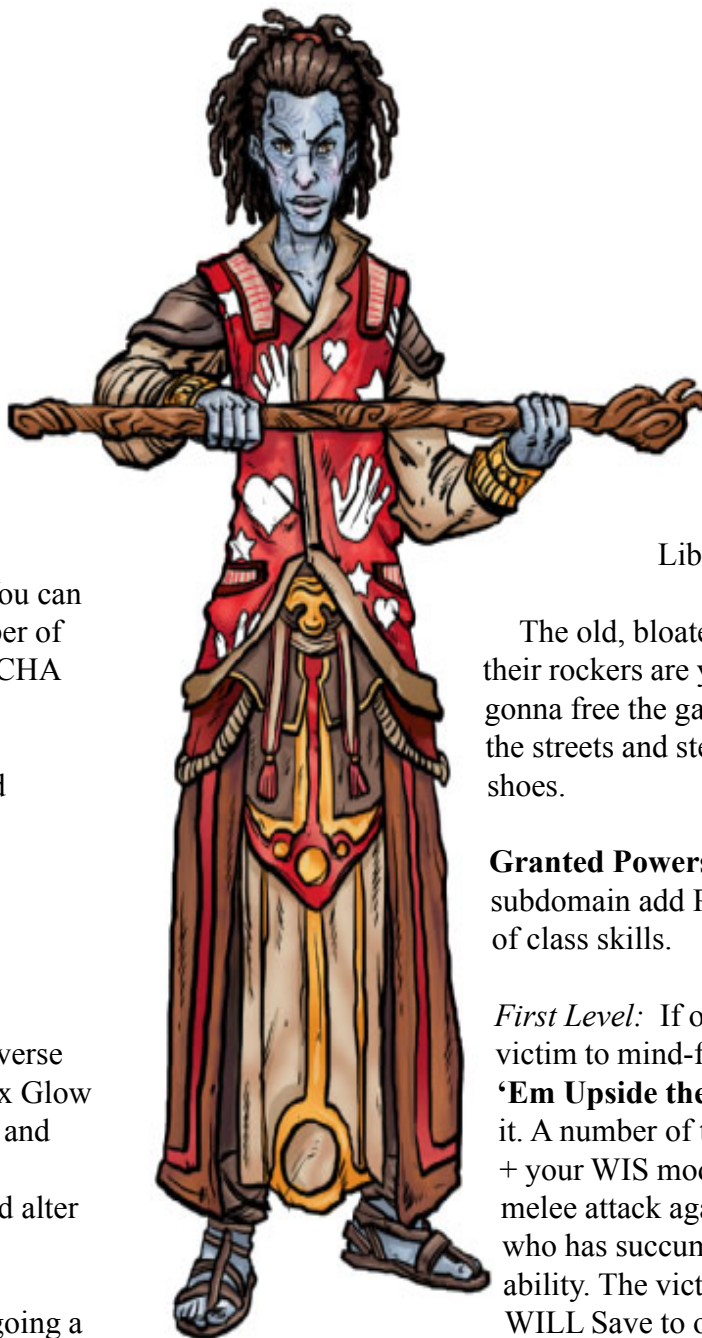
Psychedelics

Associated Domain: Plant

The gods seeded the universe with natural botanicals, from Zix Glow to dangerously toxic mushroom and fungal species that help sentient creatures expand their minds and alter their perceptions.

Granted Powers: When undergoing a Glow Trip, you may choose how much ability score damage you suffer, and how long the Trip lasts.

First Level: As an attack action, you can touch a willing creature use your **DMT Kiss** to expand a creature's consciousness. The target of DMT Kiss gains 1d4 temporary HP per four cleric levels (maximum 5d4 HP) and receives a +2 insight bonus on all INT and WIS keyed skill and ability checks (except for Perception), but suffers a -4 penalty on WILL saves against Illusion spells and effects. Targets remain affected by DMT Kiss for one minute; you can use your DMT Kiss ability on yourself if you choose.



You may use DMT kiss a number of times per day equal to 3 + your WIS modifier.

Domain Spells: 1st Hypnotism, 6th Euphoric Tranquility, 7th Cloak of Dreams

Punk

Associated Domain: Liberation

The old, bloated druggies wailing on their rockers are yesterday's news. You're gonna free the galaxy with a sound from the streets and steel toed boots on your shoes.

Granted Powers: Clerics of the Punk subdomain add Perform (any) to their list of class skills.

First Level: If one of your mates falls victim to mind-fuckery, you can **Whack 'Em Upside the Head** to bring 'em outta it. A number of times per day equal to 3 + your WIS modifier, you can make a melee attack against an allied creature who has succumbed to a mind-affecting ability. The victim may make a new WILL Save to overcome the effect with a morale bonus on the save equal to the damage you inflicted on him.

Domain Spells: 2nd Gallant Inspiration, 3rd Good Hope, 6th Brilliant Inspiration

Radiation

Associated Domain: Sun

You worship the glow of radiation- life giving, life mutating and life destroying. You honor the stars as nuclear forges.

Granted Powers

First Level: You become immune to radiation. You can touch a willing creature as a standard action and sheathe them in a shimmering golden nimbus that renders them immune to radiation for 1 minute/cleric level. You may use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your WIS modifier.

Domain Spells: 1st Detect Radiation*, 2nd Internal Fires, 8th Surf the Nebula

* starred spells presented in The Modern Grimorie (Othervers Games, 2013)

Sex

Associated Domain: Charm

You worship sexuality in the form of a good hard fuck, not some abstract notion of chaste romance. The wetter the better....

Granted Powers: Your familiarity with pleasures of all sorts provides you with Pleasure Resistance 1.

First Level: As a ranged touch attack with a 30 ft maximum range, you can **Blow a Kiss**. The target is *shaken* for one and suffers 1d4 + your CHA modifier points of Pleasure damage. You can Blow a Kiss a number of times per day equal to 3 + your CHA modifier.

Domain Spells: 2nd Sex Stink, 4th Orgasm Mine, 6th Anthropomorphize the Problem and Fuck It

The Jarhead (Barbarian Archetype)

Jarheads are specially trained soldiers geared for heavy armor and penetration. When a starship grapples an enemy vessel or station, it's a bunch of Jarheads that swarm out of the attacking vessel, cut through the airlock and kill everybody aboard. The barbarian's natural rage ability, fast movement and high hit points contribute to an attacker who breaches airlock doors and openings to assault forces on the other side. Jarheads have the ability to wear powered or heavy armor with no movement speed penalty (they

train to move fast while wearing bulky EVA suits), and some ability to use ranged weapons. However, for the most part the Jarhead functions as a close assault unit and uses melee weapons and combat in order to avoid damaging the hull of the enemy vessel any more than needed to breach.

Class Requirements: Only the biggest, toughest, most intimidating alien bastards are selected (or press-ganged) into Jarhead training. Only non-human characters of at least size Medium may become Jarheads.

Military Armor Training (EX)

The Jarhead is proficient with all simple and martial weapons and receives Personal and Advanced Firearms Proficiency as bonus feats. The Jarhead is proficient only with Heavy Armor- he is specifically not proficient with Light or Medium Armor. The Jarhead is proficient only with Tower Shields. The Jarhead's specific abilities and unique training violate the normal prerequisites for these proficiencies.

Military Literacy (EX)

Jarheads are not illiterate like their pre-spaceflight counterparts; they can read a weapons manual. Jarheads can read and write Galactic Common, but must spend 2 skill ranks to purchase literacy in any other language they can speak.

Military Fast Movement (EX)

The Jarhead's Fast Movement ability negates the speed reduction for wearing heavy armor. The Jarhead receives Fast Movement only when wearing Heavy Armor however, not when unarmored or wearing lighter armor. Apply this bonus before modifying the barbarian's speed because of any load carried or armor worn. This bonus stacks with any other bonuses to the barbarian's land speed.

Zero G Warrior (EX)

The Jarhead receives Zero G Training as a bonus feat at second level.

At 3rd level, the Jarhead receives a +1 bonus on Initiative checks and a +1 morale bonus to ranged attack rolls made in zero gravity or low gravity conditions. These bonuses increase by +1 for every three barbarian levels thereafter (6th, 9th, 12th, 15th and 18th).

Zero G
Warrior replaces
Trap Sense.

Rage

Powers: The following rage powers complement the Jarhead barbarian archetype: *Energy Absorption, Energy Eruption, Energy Resistance, Energy Resistance (greater), Ground Breaker, Increased Damage Reduction, Knockback, Mighty Swing, Moment of Clarity, Overbearing Onslaught, Powerful Blow, Renewed Vigor, Smasher, Unexpected Strike*

New Rage Powers

The following new Rage Powers neatly complement the Jarhead archetype, but are also available to other breeds of Barbarian, from other stars.

Door Kicker (EX): You can use Disable Device and Demolitions skills while raging, but only to open doors, airlocks or clear similar obstructions, or to place explosives to blast open doors, bulkheads or other obstructions. You use STR as the key ability for both skill checks while raging.

Empty the Mag (EX): When raging, the barbarian can make a ranged attack against a single target as a full

round action that expends all remaining ammunition in the clip (or in the energy cell), but inflicts five (+5) additional damage dice on a successful hit. The barbarian must be wielding a weapon capable of autofire and have at least $\frac{3}{4}$ clip or energy cell remaining to use this ability. The barbarian must be at least 5th level to select this rage power.

Hurts So Good! (EX): While raging, the barbarian's nervous system is neuro-chemically rewired, so that pain gets processed as pleasure. Half the physical damage the Barbarian suffers is treated as Pleasure damage instead. Modify incoming damage before applying Damage Reduction or Energy Resistance. The barbarian must be at least 10th level to select this rage power.



Laser Blazer (EX): You've trained extensively with energy weapons, and can use them to great effect during a combat rage. While raging all ranged attacks that inflict Fire or Force damage inflict an additional point of damage per damage dice.

Mind Hunter's Spear, Greater (SU): While raging, your Mind Hunter's spear inflicts 2d10 points of Force damage, and has a 40 ft range increment.

Requires: Mind Hunter's Spear (either as the Urlok racial ability or new rage power)

Mind Hunter's Spear (SU): While raging, you can project a beam of psionic energy which hits with the force of a bullet as an attack action. This attack has a 20 ft range increment, and inflicts 2d6 points of Force damage. You learned this psychic rage power from Urlok hunters.

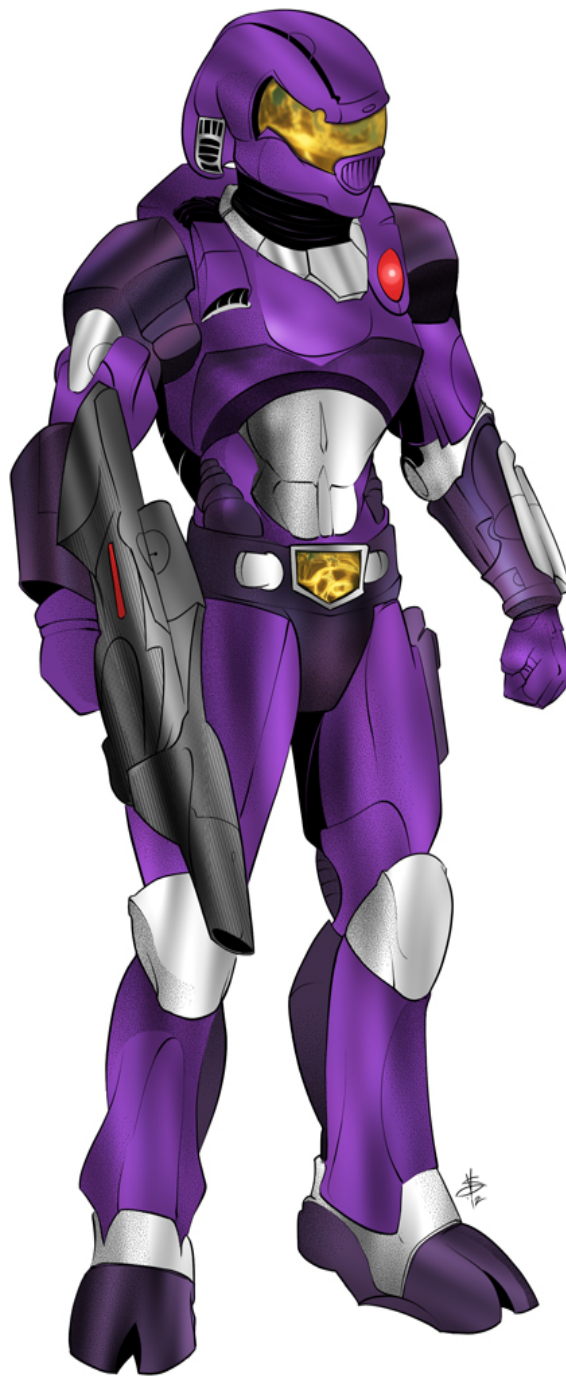
Pain and Pleasure (EX): While raging, even the lethal orgasm of pleasure weaponry causes the barbarian pain. While raging, the barbarian can make an attack of opportunity against an adjacent enemy that causes him Pleasure damage.

Squad Gunnery (EX): While raging, the barbarian adds one damage dice to any ranged attack made by a weapon using the burst or autofire setting.

Suit Ripper (EX): Take out a spacer's space suit, you take out the spacer. While raging, anytime the barbarian inflicts a successful melee attack on a target wearing any form of spacesuit, the Barbarian also inflicts 1d4 points of damage directly to the space suit, ignoring hardness.

Vacc Attack (EX): While raging, the barbarian can ignore the harmful effects of hard vacuum for a maximum of one round per barbarian level before needing to make FORT Saves to resist suffocation.

Zero G Judo (EX): While raging, if the barbarian makes a successful melee attack in zero gravity or low gravity conditions, in addition to the normal effect of the attack, is shifted 5 ft in a direction of the barbarian's choice.



New Powered Hero Origins

Powered Heroes of all sorts are common throughout the Heavy Future. Powered Heroes have weird powers, quixotic quests and an outsider's perspective on the universe- they make dynamic heroes. Here's a few more origins for Powered Heroes that are all about sex, drugs, rock n' roll and space operatic sleeze.

The Chem Warrior

"Okay, okay, okay! We got a full company of Hygon warriors occupying the trylinium mines, and they're so dug in the only to get them is an exo-orbital insertion, and guess what? Fuckers have got anti-aircraft batteries set up, so its an unaided 'chute drop, no power armor for 'em to lock on. Give me a second to dial the mix and I'm good to go. Need combat amphetamines for a melee edge, some Adderoll III for the reflexes to get down in one piece, some beta-roids to keep me on my feet 'case I get shot up, and add in some ryplium spice just for flavor. Let's roll."

-Skink, Chem Warrior mercenary, preparing for action

Chem Warriors surgically implant drug pumps in their chest, which bathe their cybernetic hearts in a continual mega-dose of combat drugs. Using advanced steroids, combat amphetamines, high dose pain killers and other dangerous chemicals, Chem Warriors make themselves superhuman. Blessed with incredible speed and reflexes, Chem Warriors are unbeatable in a straight up fight. However, outside of combat, the drug-addled superhumans are jumpy and hyperactive, always spoiling for action. Chem Warriors live hard, with most dying of complete circulatory collapse after only a few years of hard service.

Prerequisite: Only Humans who have chosen the Mood Chems alternate racial trait may become Chem Warriors.

Skills: Chem Warriors aren't known for rigorous intellectual training. Most can barely sit through lessons on basic firearms cleaning and safety (which is so many of them prefer energy swords- much more intuitive). Chem Warriors receive a +1 insight bonus on Acrobatics checks per four Powered Hero levels.

Bonus Feat: Chem Warriors are dangerous warriors who practice an eclectic, mostly self-taught combat style. Chem Warriors can choose any Combat feat as a bonus feat and are proficient with all Simple and Marital Weapons.

Allowed Powered Hero Talent Trees: Gunslinger, Mega-Scale Strength, Peak Human, Reflex, Regenerator, Superspeed, Tracer

Class Modifications: Swap the Powered Hero's FORT and REF saving throw progressions, so the Chem Warrior always has a better REF Save.

Speed and Nerve (EX)

A first level Chem Warrior Powered Hero chooses any two of the following Powered Hero talents.

Peak Human I, Reflex I, Regenerator I or Dynamic (requires Peak Human I)

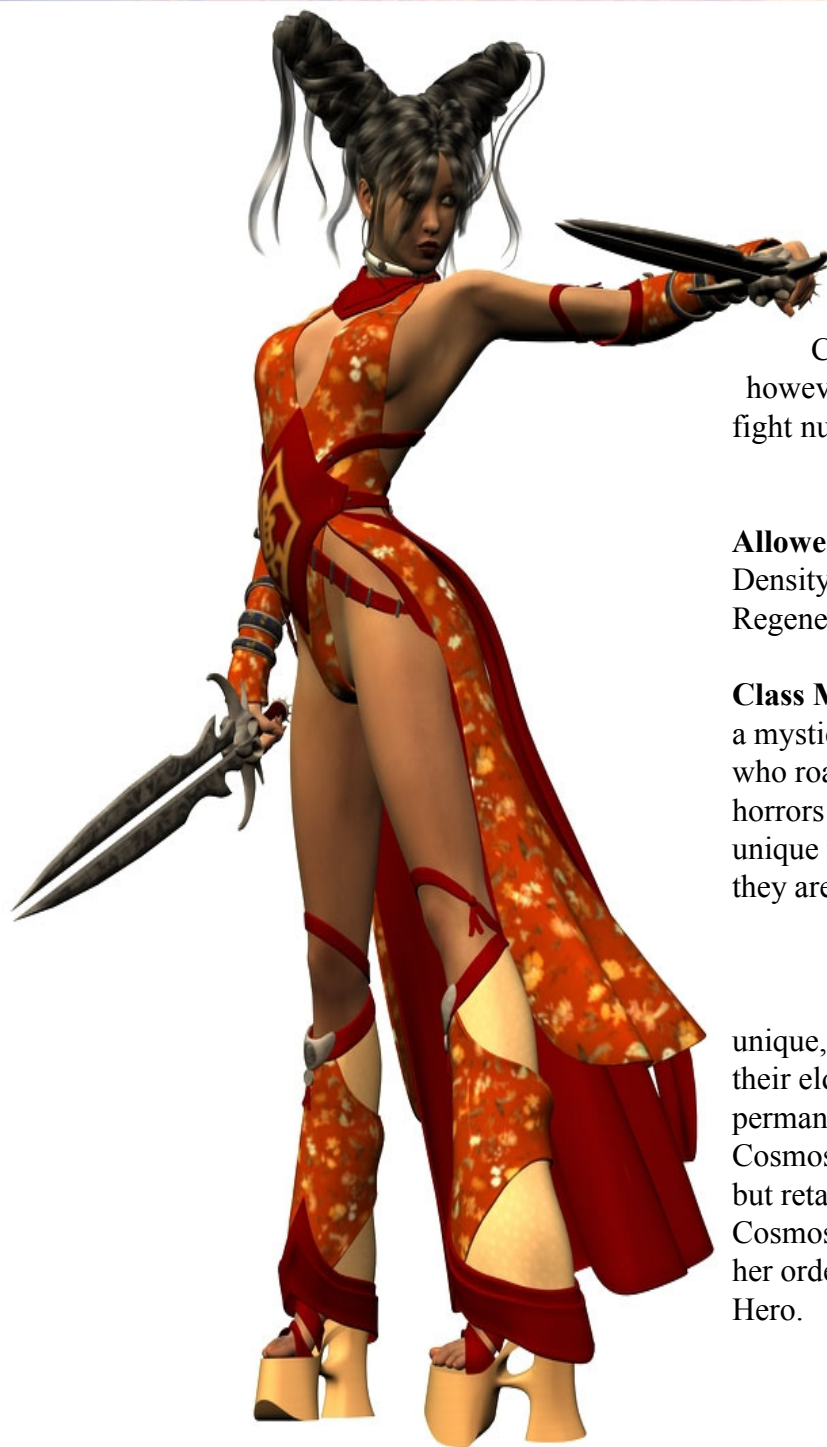
Fatal Evolution (EX)

When the Chem Warrior Powered Hero is created roll 2d4. The result is the total number of levels the Powered Hero can safely gain. When this number is reached, the Chem Warrior Powered Hero begins dying, as all his organ systems fail sequentially. Within 10d10 days of gaining the final level, the character begins dying. Each day the character must succeed at a DC 18 FORT Save or suffer 1d4 points of permanent CON and WIS drain.

Hunter of the Cosmos

"We swear a pact to protect wayfarers and colonists. Our swords defend travelers. But when life is extinguished by uncaring forces or sentient sociopathy, our great pact becomes one of vengeance! Our swords thirst."

Hunters of the Cosmos are sword-maidens without equal. Years of training in sword play and dance combine to build a cadre of dangerous warriors with superhuman grace and agility. Hunters of the Cosmos wander the galaxy at will, following dream visions to new quests and new adventures. Young Hunters are chosen during their pre-teen years and apprenticed to an elder war-sister. More apprentice Hunters die during their grueling decade of training



than survive to earn their blade. As adults these women are serious and silent, speaking only when absolutely necessary.

Prerequisite: Only female characters can become Hunters of the Cosmos. Hunter monasteries turn away male applicants at the door, if they don't decapitate them outright.

Skills: Hunters of the Cosmos are familiar with the ecologies of beasts and xeno-predators from across the

cosmos. Hunters of the Cosmos receive a +2 insight bonus on Survival checks, and this skill is added to their list of class skills.

Bonus Feat: Hunters of the Cosmos are proficient with all Simple, Archaic and Martial Weapons and receive Mounted Combat as a bonus feat. Hunters of the Cosmos, however are proficient with no armor, and prefer to fight nude or almost so.

Allowed Powered Hero Talent Trees: Booster, Density Control, Nullifiers, Peak Human, Reflex, Regenerator, Shooter, Summoner, Tracer, Transmuter

Class Modification: Hunters of the Cosmos belong to a mystical order of female knights, who roam the galaxy dispensing justice and slaying horrors of every description. They are defined by their unique mount and their legendary blade as much as they are by their innate powers.

Hunter's Blade (SU)

Hunters of the Cosmos begin the game with a unique, hand forged Hunter's Blade passed down from their elder sisters to them. If this blade is ever permanently lost or destroyed, the Hunter of the Cosmos cannot progress further as a Powered Hero, but retains abilities gained to date. If the Hunter of the Cosmos is willingly given a new blade by the elders of her order, she may once again gain levels as a Powered Hero.

Hunter's Mount (SU)

Hunters of the Cosmos begin the game with a Dactyl Mount as an animal companion. This fierce, intelligent avian gains abilities as if the Hunter of the Cosmos were a ranger of her Powered Hero class level.

War Dancer (EX)

Hunters of the Cosmos cannot use Powered Hero class talents requiring activation while wearing Medium or Heavy Armor, nor while carrying more than a light load. Balance and agility are key to her powers.

Dactyl Mount (CR 5)

N Large Magical Beast
Starflying Space Steed

XP 1,600

Init +6 **Senses** Darkvision 1000 ft, lowlight vision, scent, Perception +7

Languages None

Defense

AC 19 **Touch** 11 **Flatfooted** 17 (+2 DEX, +8 natural, -1 size)

HP 7d10+14 hp (52 HP)

FORT +9 **REF** +7 **WILL** +3

Immune Cold, Fire, Radiation/Vacuum

Offense

Spd 10 ft, fly 90 ft (perfect), 1,500 ft space flight

Melee +14 bite (2d6+9 slashing plus grab)

Statistics

Str 22 **Dex** 14 **Con** 14 **Int** 2 **Wis** 12 **Cha** 8

Base Atk +7 **CMB** +14 (+18 to grapple) **CMD** 27

Feats Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Skill Focus (stealth), Weapon Focus (bite)

Skills Escape Artist +10, Fly +12, Perception +7, Stealth +7, Swim +14 Racial Modifiers: +8 Escape Artist

Ecology

Environment space/any

Organization usually solitary or serving as a mount or mated pair with single young

Treasure incidental or owner's possessions

Special Abilities

Spaceborn (EX)

The Dactyl Mount is native to deepest space, and though it thrives in an atmosphere, its natural home is the void. Dactyl Mounts are immune to Cold and Fire, as well as to radiation, suffocation and vacuum. Dactyl Mounts can travel at FTL speeds at rates commiserate with a mid-range starship.

Dactyl Mounts project an energy envelope several feet from their bodies at all time; this energy envelope surrounds their rider, and extends the benefit of the Dactyl Mount's Spaceborn racial quality to the rider, for as long as he or she remains mounted.

Roleplaying

Dactyl Mounts are common draft animals for spacers either too poor to afford a proper spaceship, or committed to maintaining a relationship with the natural world even in the far future. Dactyl Mounts are a mostly harmless breed of avian, native to space. Huge, rowdy flocks of Dactyls can be found in magnetosphere of several inhabited worlds, sometimes dipping into the atmosphere in search of particularly juicy game (large birds are a favorite).

The Hunters of the Cosmos, among other factions, make extensive use of Dactyl Mounts, and fight from the back of these great, ungainly birds. Dactyl Mounts are keenly intelligent and loyal to their masters, and more than one rider has been saved by the courage of their bonded Dactyl.

Dactyl Mounts are frankly ugly creatures—birdlike things larger than a Clydesdale, with naked, pinkish skin splotched with random patterns in brown and pale yellow. The creatures resemble enormous pterodactyls, though their skulls are vaguely birdlike. Males are marked by impressive, and colorful crests that glow brightly in the darkness of space. Dactyl Mounts communicate with mournful, warbling cries that can bleed into commercial radio frequencies, and frequently disrupt shipboard comms.

Rock Jox

"This is Hammerjall Kron, broadcastin' live from the Mutari Nebula! Comin' atcha with 20 million mega-watts of power, and blowin' out your receivers!"
-Rock Jox station identification

A Rock Jox' brain is hardwired with an ancible receiver to the Outlaw Sex Station 09 and her fingers are reinforced with sonically sensitive titanium steel spurs for greater sensitivity as they pluck the strings of their screamin' Rocker. Rock Jox are the frontline fighters of Sex Station 09's war on Command complacency. Brash, loud and powerful, Rock Jox serve as warriors for hire, bodyguard for Sex Station 09 journos, and entertainers. Some of the most infamous Rock Jox are galactic celebrities in their own right, but even the youngest and most obscure Rock Jox dreams of galactic stardom.

Skills: Rock Jox are self taught musicians without equal, playing the heavy metal music Earth pioneered, back before the planet lost its balls. Rock Jox add Perform (stringed instruments), Perform (sing) and one other Perform skill of choice to their list of class skills.

Bonus Feat: Rock Jox are well drilled in musical warfare, and receive Exotic Firearms Proficiency (Rocker) as a bonus feat.

Allowed Powered Hero Talent Trees: Booster, Honey Trap, Illusionist, Mega-Scale Strength, Reflex, Shooter, Summoner, Teleporter

Any Shooter talents chosen must be based around sonic energy.

Class Modification: Rock Jox can do things with a Rocker that lesser musicians can only dream of. Rock Jox may make a Perform check to use a Rocker to full efficiency as a standard action; normally this requires a full round action.

Procex

"My mind is a plasma storm. My mind is keen beyond your measure. My mind is my weapon. My mind shows me possibilities you cannot imagine."

-Procex creed, as recited by Arch Bishop Commantus assigned to the Benedictine warship ICGS Crux Longinus

Procex are living computers, bred for extreme intelligence and trained from infancy to calculate with machinelike speed and precision. Procex accompany emperors and generals, and perform mental tasks too advanced even for the most advanced computers of the 35th Century. Most of a Procex' life is spent in serene concentration, but as they calculate, their hands and eyes twitch disturbingly, reflecting the intense activity occurring within their shaved and ritually tattooed skulls.

Skills: Procex minds are storehouses of information; with a moments concentration a Procex can the contents of a million data-libraries. All Knowledge skills are considered class skills to a Procex.

Bonus Feat: Procex are living computers, and receive Circuit Neurology as a bonus feat.

Allowed Powered Hero Talent Trees: Genius, Healer, Honey Trap, Luckweaver, Peak Human, Reflex, Summoner, Time Manipulation

Class Modification: Swap the Powered Hero's base WILL and FORT progressions, so a Procex has a superior WILL Save. A Procex does not suffer the Bio-Mech Anatomy disadvantage.

New Sorcerer Bloodlines

The heroes of the Heavy Future are born strange. Sometimes, this strangeness provides power.

The Ameriscum Bloodline

There used to be an America before the old nations unified, and you're a heir to the lost but not forgotten nation's heritage. You're a loud, boisterous, big-dicked red, white and blue bastard of the stars. You live free, you tinker with your machines incessantly, and you'll die before you let anybody take your guns. Vulgar and proud in equal measure, you've got no tolerance for the repressive shithole Earth's become, and have nothing but hate in your flag-draped heart for the idiots in charge of the ICG. A lot of Free Spacer sorcerers come from the Ameriscum bloodline- the spirit of liberty is alive and well out in deep space, and is having babies by the millions.....

Class Skill: Drive, Repair

Bonus Spells: Fire Fast* (3rd), Eagle's Splendor (5th), Heroism (7th), Ghost Chassis* (9th), Righteous Might (11th), Eagle's Splendor, Mass (13th), Deflection (15th), Mind Blank (17th), Freedom (19th)

*starred spells appear in The Modern Grimorie (Othervers Games, 2013)

Bonus Feats: Action Bank, Acrobatics, Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Agile Maneuvers, Combat Reflexes, Force Stop, Gearhead, Iron Will, Improved Iron Will, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Vehicle Expert

Bloodline Arcana As a move-equivalent action, you can sacrifice a first level spell slot to provide yourself with a +1 enhancement bonus on ranged attacks with any firearm (slug thrower) for one round. While enhanced, the weapon is considered a +1 weapon for

the purposes of overcoming damage reduction Your

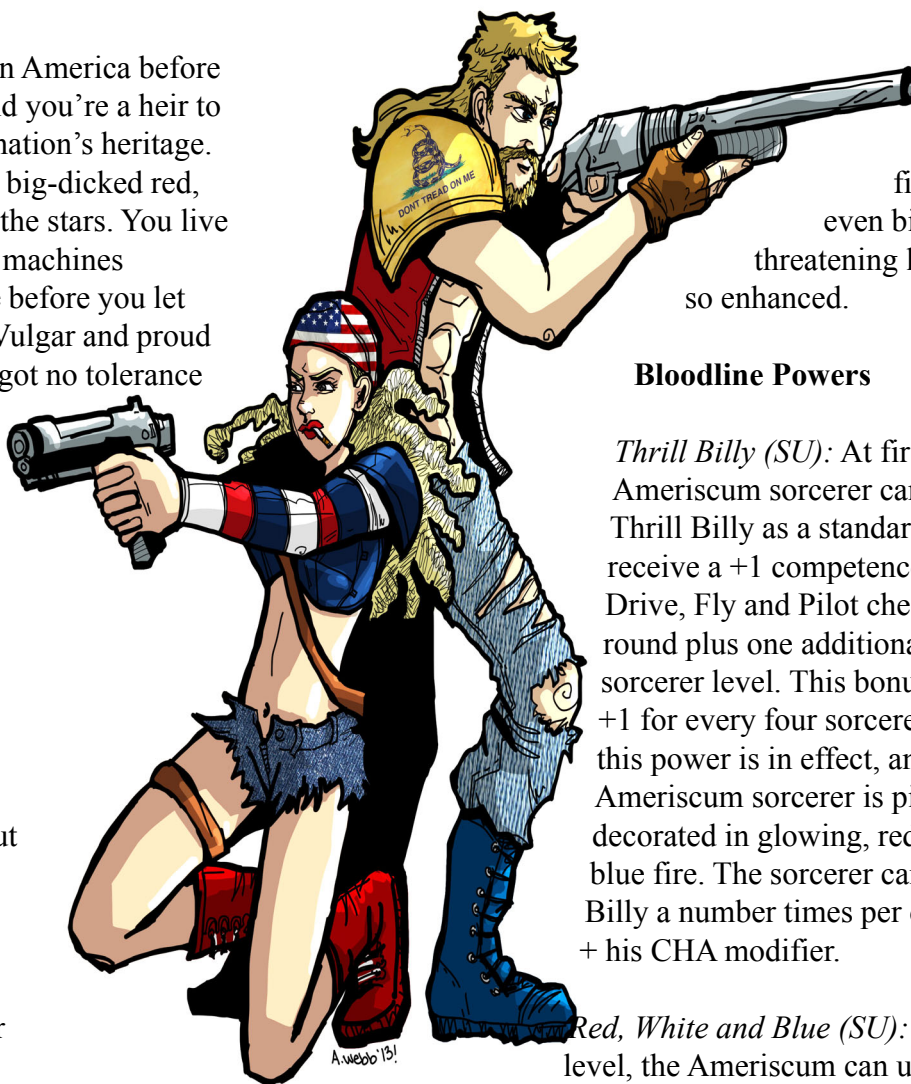
firearm becomes even bigger and more threatening looking while so enhanced.

Bloodline Powers

Thrill Billy (SU): At first level, the Ameriscum sorcerer can activate Thrill Billy as a standard action to receive a +1 competence bonus on Drive, Fly and Pilot checks for one round plus one additional round per sorcerer level. This bonus increases by +1 for every four sorcerer levels. While this power is in effect, any vehicle the Ameriscum sorcerer is piloted is decorated in glowing, red, white and blue fire. The sorcerer can use Thrill Billy a number times per day equal to 3 + his CHA modifier.

Red, White and Blue (SU): Starting at 3rd level, the Ameriscum can use Red, White and Blue to receive Spell Resistance equal to 15 + ½ his sorcerer class level for one minute. Doing so is a standard action. While this power is active, the Sorcerer's body and gear are painted in old American flag colors by the magic. The Ameriscum can use this ability once per day.

Hot Rod Heaven (SU): As a swift action, the Ameriscum can make any vehicle he is driving or piloting *ethereal* for short periods starting at 9th level. The Ameriscum can make a vehicle ethereal for a number of rounds per day equal to their sorcerer level;



these round need not be consecutive, but are always in one round increments.

The Ameriscum can initially send a vehicle of Size Huge or smaller to Hot Rod Heaven; at 12th level he can affect vehicles of up to size Gargantuan; and at 15th level, he can affect Colossal vessels. Vessels sent to Hot Rod Heaven always return to the physical plane with an eye-catching new red white and blue paintjob and airbrushed scenes of soaring eagles, busty angels in cut off jean shorts and other white trash religious art.

Don't Tread on Us (SU): Nobody fucks with your head, or the heads on your friends. At 15th level, you get an arcane snake tattoo somewhere on your body with the motto "Don't Tread on Me". You become immune to spells and effects of the Enchantment (compulsion) subschool.

As a standard action, you can lower your immunity to extend partial immunity to all allies within 30 ft. Your tattoo fades and peels, while your allies gain similarly faded snake tats on their foreheads. You once again become vulnerable to Enchantment (compulsion) effects, but receive a +4 insight bonus on WILL Saves against them. Your allies also receive a +4 bonus on compulsion effects. Once Don't Tread on Us is activated in this manner, it remains active for two minutes. At the end of the effect's duration, your immunity reactivates and your tattoo returns to its normal appearance. The sorcerer can activate this power a number of times per day equal to 3 + his CHA modifier.

Live Free or Die (SU): At 20th level, the Ameriscum sorcerer comes fully into the freedom that is his birthright. The Ameriscum is treated as being under a permanent *Freedom of Movement* effect (caster level 20th), and patriotic star tattoo appear on his knees and elbows. He becomes completely immune to mind-influencing effects.

When activating Don't Tread On Us, the sorcerer's allies now gain a benefit, but the sorcerer himself now suffers no penalty.

The Electromedia Bloodline

You're a child of the information age (probably literally as there's tons of TV Head sorcerers out there with this bloodline). You're a keyboard jockey on the cutting edge of culture. You sing ad jingles in your sleep, and have a permanent data-feed from Outlaw Sex Station 09 running on your personal comp-system. You don't go anywhere without your boombox, your Rocker and your circuit repair kit.

Class Skills: Computer Use, Perform (keyboards)

Bonus Spells: Reflect the Camera* (3rd), Robotic Logic (5th), Photomapping* (7th), Rainbow Pattern (9th), Prying Eyes (11th), Viral Meme* (13th), Feeblemind (15th), Symbol of Persuasion (17th), Sat Kill* (19th)

*starred spells appear in *The Modern Grimorie* (Otherverse Games, 2013)

Bonus Feats: Arcane Blast, Creative, Dazing Spell, Educated, Gearhead, Intensified Spell, Leadership, Persuasive, Quicken Spell, Renown, Selective Spell, Windfall

Bloodline Arcana Whenever you cast a spell with either the Pattern or the Light descriptors, your place in the Initiative order increases by +1d4.

Bloodline Powers

Test Pattern (SU): At first level, you can project a holographic square of flashing rainbow colors and odd symbols that makes your opponents more vulnerable to mind-tampering. All hostile creatures within 30 ft who can clearly see the Test Pattern suffer a -4 penalty on WILL Saves against Illusion effects for one minute. You may use Test Pattern a number of times per day equal to 3 + your CHA modifier. This is a mind-influencing effect.

Holographic Decoy (SP): At 3rd level, you can create a single holographic duplicate of yourself, that acts as *mirror image* at will as a move equivalent action. You may only have one holographic decoy at a time; this holographic decoy persists for one minute, or until dispelled or destroyed.



Commercial Interruption (SU): Beginning at 9th level, when you fail a WILL Saving throw, you can delay the effect from occurring for 5 rounds (30 seconds). During this time, you begin reciting a commercial for some random and really, really inane product. You cannot use spells with verbal components nor use bardic performances. Cantrip-level illusions depict the advertised product and you cannot use the Stealth skill. You may use commercial interruption once per day at 9th level, and additional time each at 12th and 15th levels.

Commercial Greed (SU): Starting at 15th level, the Electromedia sorcerer can use this ability to fill the hearts of his enemies with unreasoning greed. As an attack action, the sorcerer can designate a single visible object within 100 ft which he spotlights with (bright illumination) mystical light; all enemy creatures within 100 ft must succeed at a WILL Save

(DC 10 + ½ the sorcerer's level + his CHA modifier) or be compelled to possess that object by any means possible. Usually the characters will attempt to take the object, use Steal or Disarm maneuvers to possess it, heedless of the risks involved in doing so. This is a mind-influencing, compulsion effect. The Electromedia sorcerer can use this ability once per day.

Wishing Box (SP): At 20th level, the Electromedia sorcerer can conjure a glowing remote control made out of pure energy into his hand and 'click channels' on reality. By manipulating this cosmic remote control, the sorcerer can cast *Wish* as a spell-like ability, usable once per day.

The Pornborn Bloodline

Your grandma was a contract slut for Hottix Holograms, your dad could suck cock better than anybody else in three galaxies, and you grew up training in the pleasure palaces for your turn in front of the camera. Pornborn sorcerers are magical seductresses and carnal warriors. Many Pornborn sorcerers are worshippers of Shahteya or other goddesses of lust, fertility and film. Pornborn often travel with Sex Station 09 journos, as spell casting celebrity sex symbols.

Class Skill: Perform (dance), Perform (sexual)

Bonus Spells: Stunning Orgasm (3rd), Sex Stink (5th), Breath of Ecstasy (7th), Orgasm Mine (9th), Dominate Person (11th), Anthropomorphize the Problem and Fuck It (13th), Joyful Rapture (15th), Irresistible Dance (17th), Overwhelming Presence (19th)

Bonus Feats: Confident, Dazing Spell, Gifts of Ecstasy. The Pornborn Sorcerer can also choose Hentai feats as class-based bonus feats.

Bloodline Arcana Any time you cast a spell from the Enchantment or Illusion schools, you receive a +2 enhancement bonus to your CHA score for one minute, as per the spell *Eagle's Splendor*.

Bloodline Powers

Squirt! (SU): With a wink and a moan, you splurt a messy glob of sexy fluids across the room as a standard action. Your Squirt is a ranged touch attack with a 30 ft maximum range; it inflicts 1d6 points of Pleasure damage on a successful hit. You can Squirt a number of times per day equal to 3 + your CHA modifier.

Speedy Stripping (SU): Starting at 3rd level, the Pornborn sorcerer can don or remove any form of clothing or armor, even the most bulky or restrictive as a move equivalent action. Starting at 9th level, the Pornborn sorcerer can remove one type of clothing or armor per round as a swift action.

Pleasure, Pain and Penetration (SU): Provided she was enjoyed a sexual encounter within the past 8 hours, beginning at 9th level, the way the Pornborn sorcerer is affected by Pleasure damage changes.

The Pornborn Sorcerer cannot spend an action point to get a chance to reduce Pleasure damage with a WILL Save. Instead, every time she suffers Pleasure damage, she rolls an equal amount of different colored dice of the same type. She takes Pleasure damage as normal, but automatically recovers HP equal to the different colored dice at the beginning of the next round. This ability does not function if the sorcerer is reduced to 0 HP or fewer.

Example: Klitora Novasatch gets hit with a blaster dealing 3d6 points of Pleasure Damage. She rolls black 3d6 for the pleasure damage, and green 3d6 for HP recovery. She suffers 9 (black) points Pleasure damage and at the beginning of her next turn will recover 11 (green) Hit Points....unless she drops to 0 HP or fewer in the interval.

Porntastic Shield (SU): Beginning at 15th level, the Pornborn Sorcerer can masturbate or have a public sexual encounter of some kind in order to create a field of glistening and pulsing pink energy that is all but invulnerable.

This forcefield acts as a *Globe of Invulnerability* and a physical presence as well; only creatures and objects the Pornborn sorcerer designates can pass through. The globe has 100 HP if she is masturbating to create it or 200 HP if she is having sex with a partner or partners to create it.

The Pornborn sorcerer can create the forcefield as a move equivalent action; each additional round, the sorcerer must take a full round action to maintain the globe. The forcefield can be maintained for up to one hour or until it is dispelled or its HP depleted. The sorcerer can use this ability once per day.

Pornographically Hot (SU): At 20th level, the Pornborn sorcerer becomes a paragon of almost inhuman beauty. The sorcerer receives a +4 inherent bonus to her CHA score. Charisma becomes the key attribute for FORT Saves made by the sorcerer, rather than Constitution.

Any humanoid or monstrous humanoid creature within 30 ft of the sorcerer who looks directly at her must succeed at a DC 21 FORT Save or be permanently blinded. The sorcerer can suppress or resume this ability as a free action.

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