

Monsters Of Rock



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Monsters of Rock!

A Heavy Future Bestiary

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Fully Compatible with the PFRPG.

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

This short and fuckin' sweet bestiary is about every fucker the Command hates: rock and rollers, Free Spacers, Cosmic Satanists, Pacificians, disciples of Elvis Presley, and the gay dudes living and cruising out in Starburn Sector.

Stay alive as long as you can, guys, because every day you slide out of your bunk and pull on your boots, you're pissing off the bastards that run the galaxy.

“The most dangerous place in the galaxy for a young human is a rock and roll concert. The Good Datafile teaches that rock and roll is the hymn of hell and we all know that the only sinners Jesus II hates more than furies are musicians. Be not tempted by Satan's lyrics, nor by the flesh and chrome and display in these concert stages young humans! Satan's music is a trap. Listen to rock and roll too long, and its infernal lyrics will be the last things you hear, as a Cosmic Satanist carves out your internal organs in sacrifice to Satan Maximus!”

- Mega-Sister Lynnette Morgasa Van Tauten, preaching at a rock & roll data-crystal burning in the Manchuria District of Earth

“Sorry to interrupt the music, rockers, but we just got word the Command Navy's moving into assault position above Rest and Be Thankful. Anybody with an armed and space-worthy ship, we can use you to push 'em back. Even if you're unarmed, we can use your help evac'n the natives. We'll protect you as best we can. If you want to help, get in touch with the station and we'll start assembling our counterfleet. Now, back to the rock....”

- Prudence Pussycat Korso, Outlaw Sex Station 09 DJ

Monster	Size, Alignment, Type	Challenge Rating	Who Did the Fucking Art?
Banjee	Medium CE Fey (fire)	CR 7	John Picot
The Charr	Colossal CE Ooze (evil, psionic)	CR 21	Anthony Cournoyer
Command Basherboy	Medium LE Humanoid (human)	CR 5	Louis Porter Jr. Designs Image Portfolio
Cyberpunk Rocker	Medium Chaotic* Medium Monstrous Humanoid (cyborg)	CR 5	Vic Shane
Fuzzball Socio	Small CE or CN Monstrous Humanoid (anthro)	CR 5	Amanda Webb
Glam Prince	Medium CG Outsider (chaotic, good, native)	CR 15	John Picot
Leather Guardian	Large CG Monstrous Humanoid	CR 8	John Picot
Pacifican Euthanto	Small N Aberration (psionic, pleasure)	CR 1	Empty Room Studio
Proximate Tinglot	Small NE Monstrous Humanoid	CR 4	Empty Room Studios
Rigellian Pleasure Vampire	Medium CN Fey	CR 7	Richard Spake
Satanic Stage Rager	Huge CE Monstrous Humanoid	CR 13	Joe Calkins/ Cerberus Stock Art
'Saur Gene Junkie	Large CN Monstrous Humanoid (reptilian)	CR 3	John Picot
Sethzinian Roxxbitch	Large CE Construct	CR 6	Purple Duck Games
Space Hippy	Medium CN Humanoid (psionic)	CR 6	Empty Room Studios
Socket, Erobot Scumbag	Medium CN Monstrous Humanoid (erobot) Rogue 5/ Bard1	CR 5	John Picot
Street Satanist	Medium CE Humanoid (human, psionic) Rogue 1/Modern Spellcaster 10	CR 10	Bradley K. McDevitt/ Clipart Critters
Thermonuclear Satanist	Medium CE Humanoid (evil, fire, psionic)	CR 16	Amanda Webb
Uncrowned Avatar	Medium CG or NG Outsider (extraplanar, good)	CR 11	John Picot
Ziva Honeywell, Lead Singer for <i>Black Diode</i>	Medium CG Monstrous Humanoid (Erobot) Bard 11	CR 10	John Picot

Banjee (CR 7)

Medium CE Fey (fire)

XP 3,200

Init +3 **Senses** lowlight vision, Perception +1

Languages Celestial, Galactic Common, *truespeech* (males only)

Aura Anti-Matter Shower (30 ft, 2d6 Fire/Pleasure, no save, affects only male humanoids and monstrous humanoids)

Defense

AC 16 **Touch** 14 **Flatfooted** 12 (+4 DEX, +2 equipment)

HP 12d6 +12 hp (53 HP)

FORT +5 **REF** +12 **WILL** +9

Immune Cold, Fire

Resist Force 5

Vulnerable Sonic

Offense

Spd 40 ft

Melee +6/+1 anti-matter caress (1d8 fire, 20/x3)

Special Attacks Death Throes, Masculine Energy Drain

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 12th Concentration +18)

3x/day – Fireball (R-DC 19)

- Fireshield (warm shield only)

Statistics

Str 11 **Dex** 19 **Con** 12 **Int** 14 **Wis** 13 **Cha** 22

Base Atk +6 **CMB** +10 **CMD** 26

Feats Ability Focus (masculine energy drain), Agile Maneuvers, Catch Off Guard, Combat Reflexes, Defensive Combat Training, Gifts of Ecstasy

Skills Acrobatics +19, Bluff +21/24*, Diplomacy +21/+24*, Profession (prostitute) +21, Sense Motive +16, Sleight of Hand +19, Stealth +19(* on sexually oriented checks)

Gear personal aura (medium)



Ecology

Environment any (usually prowling space stations around the Starburn System)

Organization solitary

Treasure standard

Special Abilities

Anti-Matter Shower (SU)

Banjee bodies generate a storm of dangerous, somewhat intelligent anti-matter. Any male humanoid or monstrous humanoid who comes within 30 ft of the Banjee suffers 2d6 energy damage, half of which is Fire, half of which is Pleasure per round of exposure.

Female characters and non-living objects are not affected by this selective anti-matter corona. The Banjee can suppress or resume its aura as a free action.

Death Throes (SU)

When a Banjee is slain, he explodes into a storm of pink and gold light. All creatures within 30 ft must succeed at a DC 16 FORT Save or be blinded for 1d4 minutes. Additionally, all creatures within 30 ft suffer 6d6 Pleasure damage (REF DC 22 half).

Masculine Energy Drain (SU)

A Banjee drains energy from a mortal he lures into an act of passion, such as a kiss (or a handjob). An unwilling victim must be grappled before the Banjee can use this ability.

The Banjee's kiss bestows one negative level. The kiss also has the effect of a suggestion spell, asking the victim to accept another act of passion from the Banjee. Victims of this suggestion are unconcerned about the ongoing effect of the Banjee's Anti-Matter Shower.

The victim must succeed on a DC 23 Will save to negate the suggestion. The DC is 23 for the Fortitude save to remove a negative level.

Unlike a Succubus' similar energy drain ability, a Banjee's energy drain only effects male humanoids and monstrous humanoids, and has no effect on female or non-gendered creatures.

Appearance

Banjee as slender, effeminate and beautiful near-humans, wearing as little as they can get away with, usually only a Personal Aura generator and maybe a set of nano-spandex briefs. Their bodies are at the center of a whirling storm of anti-matter that hungers for the flesh of disintegrated men, and their

hands are sheathed in ebony anti-particle shadows at all times.

Deck Plate Rumors

"We lost about a dozen good men- station regulars- in the last month. At first we thought some Command basher or serial killer was about. But then we pulled the security video. Each of the men went with this twinkly little pretty thing, didn't look quite *sapiens*. Found out the boy was berthed in a little 2 seat clipper at the pleasure-ship docks. When the tac-team got there, the boy unleashed anti-matter hell. Maybe a spellcaster, maybe some kind of xeno. Either way, he's dangerous as he is pretty."

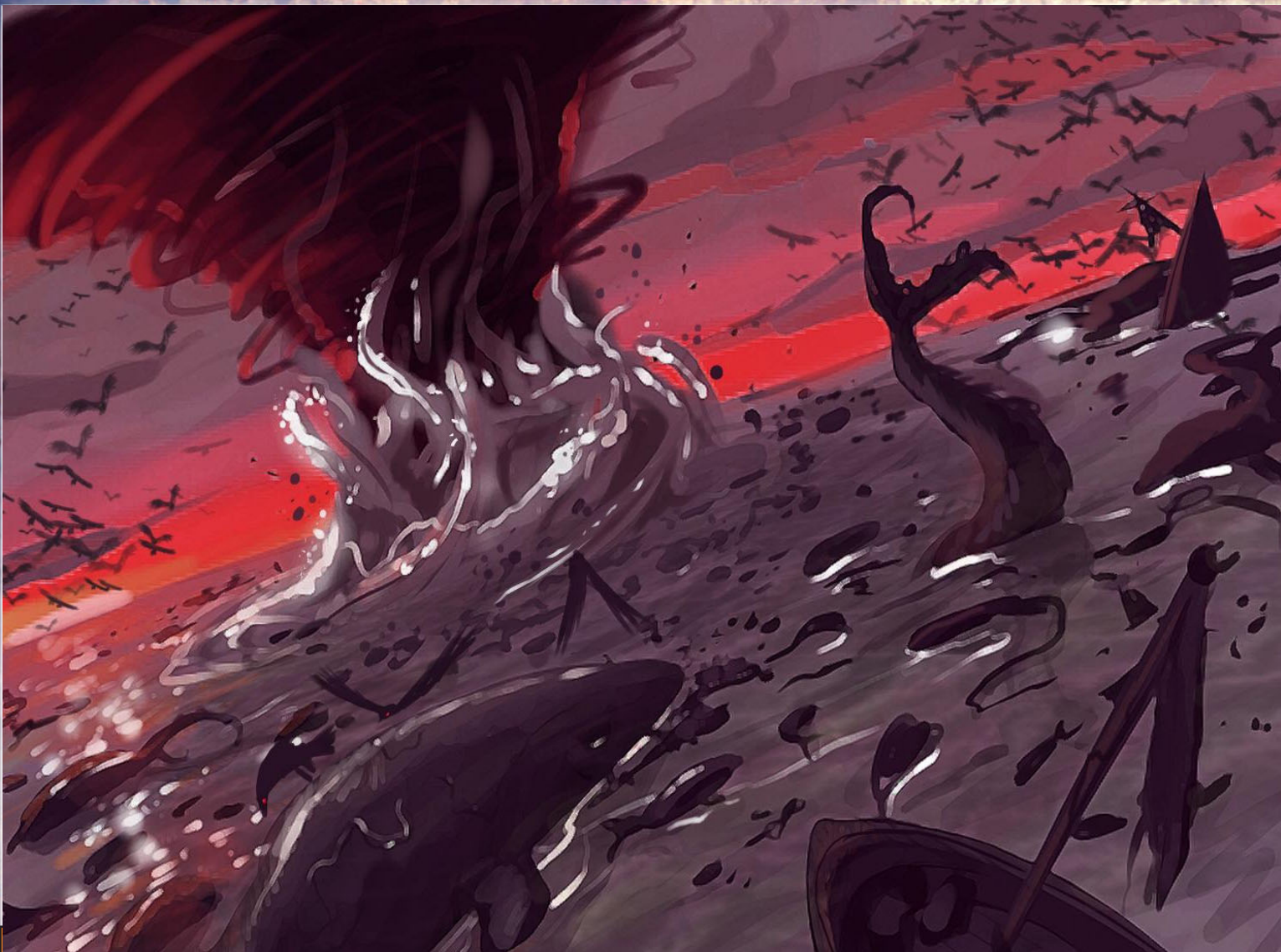
-Security Chief Hank Rockwell, Sundowner Station 41-B Deck

"Stay down, boys! This pretty poison's only after your spunk and then your component molecules. Of course, as my groovy teachers taught me back on Pacifica, their powers are absolutely useless against girls. Poor little space-monster...."

-Adorable Avenger Synnarella Finland

"Banjees are an old, old old race. Been feeding on homosex males of every humanoid species since before there was a word for it. Specialized hunters too, can't feed on anything else, so in a strange way, they're protective of homosex men. They feed on men once every few months, but they kill bashers and Command officers for the fun of it every couple standard-days. Maybe that's why the Leather Clones in the Starburn System have such a hard time with the Banjee... the cops don't try too hard to catch the things, because as much harm as they do the community, they do ten times worse to the Command."

-Klyx Wirewrap, Proximate bartender at the Leather Oasis space lounge



The Charr (CR 21)

Colossal CE Ooze (evil, psionic)

XP 409,600

Init +0 **Senses** Blindsight 200 ft, scent, Perception +2

Languages Abyssal, Galactic Common, Infernal, Pacifician, telepathy 500 ft

Defense

AC 24 **Touch** 2 **Flatfooted** 24 (-8 size, +22 natural)

HP 38d8 + 380 hp (589 HP)

Regeneration 20 (pleasure)

FORT +27 **REF** +17 **WILL** +19

Immune Acid, bludgeoning damage, negative energy, ooze immunities, gaze attacks (blind)

Resist Cold 10, Electricity 10, Fire 10

Weaknesses vulnerable to mind-influencing effects

Vulnerable pleasure

Offense

Spd 80 ft, **Swim** 80 ft

Melee two +51 slams (10d6 bludgeoning plus 4d6 acid, 19-20/x2 and grab)

Special Attacks Engulf (REF DC 20, 8d6 bludgeoning and 6d6 acid plus corruption)

Special Qualities Pacifician Corruptor

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 38th Concentration +42)

At Will – Charm Monster (W-DC 19)

- Lesser Geas (W-DC 19)

- Suggestion (W-DC 19)

3x/day – Geas/Quest (W-DC 21)

- Mass Suggestion (W-DC 21)

1x/day – Dominate Monster (W-DC 25)

- Insanity (W-DC 23)

Statistics

Str 52 **Dex** 11 **Con** 31 **Int** 12 **Wis** 15 **Cha** 18

Base Atk +28 **CMB** +67 **CMD** 77 (cannot be tripped)

Feats Critical Focus, Cleave, Exhausting Critical, Improved Fortitude, Improved Iron Will, Improved

Lightning Reflexes, Improved Overrun, Iron Will, Great Cleave, Great Fortitude, Greater Overrun, Greater Spell Penetration, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Spell Focus (enchantment), Spell Penetration, Tiring Critical, Toughness
Skills Bluff +42, Intimidate +42, Sense Motive +40

Ecology

Environment any (confined to a tomb-asteroid within the Prison Zone)

Organization solitary and unique, sometimes attended by other powerful oozes or clerics of the Pontifex Megulius, who worship the Charr as an avatar of their fungal god

Treasure double standard (in lair)

Special Abilities

Charr Fixation (SU)

Any Pacifician human who communicates telepathically with the Charr (even if merely receiving telepathic comms from the Charr) risks contracting the Charr Fixation insanity.

Corruption (SU)

Creatures engulfed by the Charr are exposed to pure, concentrated evil. Each round, rather than suffocating, an engulfed creature can willingly choose to move its alignment one step closer to chaotic evil; the Charr makes the creature aware of this option, via instinctive telepathy. No form of mundane or magical compulsion can coerce a creature to accept this option, other than the impending threat of suffocation, of course.

A creature converted to chaotic evil in this manner is affected as by *geas/quest* to serve the Charr and its interests, mainly causing as much misery to the Pacifician race as possible. The Charr is aware of a creature making this choice, and is aware when an engulfed creature becomes chaotic evil. The Charr often releases such creatures, to become new servants.

Constructs are immune to the effects of Corruption. This is a mind-influencing ability.

Pacifician Corruptor (SU)

The Charr represents the dark and suppressed impulses of all Pacificians. Pacifician humans suffer a

-4 penalty on all saving throws against the Charr's spell-like abilities.

Sentient Ichor (EX)

The Charr is a sentient creature, unlike its lesser brethren. Though an ooze, the Charr is vulnerable to mind-influencing effects.

The Charr: Equal & Opposite Reaction

The Pacifician culture purified itself, uplifted itself out of the mire of violence that humanity has been drowning in since the dawn of history. Wonders of technology and medicine eliminated the old resource-conflicts, and futuristic sociology ensures that the entire populace is happy, content and given the dignity that sentients require to thrive. But the purification process- the creation of a race that no longer needs war- required more than just education and a post-scarcity economy. Three short centuries after Pacificia was settled, its psychics spearheaded the creation of a massive *yahn crystal* engine, the spire of which still stands in the planetary capital, *Monsamire*.

As the light of the Pacifician dawn broke through the planetary rings, the Planetary Council activated the engine, purging hate, envy and other negative emotions from the colonists. In the blink of an eye, every humanoid on the tropical world became something better than human, as their subconscious evil was purged from their brain as black tears. These black, tarlike tears were collected by xeno-hazard specialists, and space-lifted off world.

An uninhabited and uninhabitable asteroid deep in the Prison Zone - Vault 342b- was chosen as the resting place of the toxic sludge.

Over the centuries, the psychic residue of evil congealed into a massive, amoeboid entity which refers to itself as the Charr. Enraged beyond all reason by its long exile, the Charr has 'allied' itself with WARSTAR. Infecting starship crews, replicating itself endlessly, the Charr has only one goal: the complete eradication of the Pacifician race, and the destruction of their beautiful world. To the Charr, alliance and subversion are one and the same.

Thankfully the Charr is as lazy as it is evil. The Charr has no interest in WARSTAR's greater goals, nor does the black entity have any real grievance with Galaxy Command. It kills only in pursuit of its genocidal goal, and only relishes the death of Pacificians. The great entity's indifference is a constant thorn in WARSTAR's side, as its generals have tried to train the Charr as an infiltrator or saboteur. The Charr has no interest in such subtleties, and has digested a few generals who pushed its 'training' too far. Left to its own devices, the Charr only wakes long enough to further one of its schemes to destroy Pacifica.

The Charr resembles a mile-wide slick of oily crimson ichor. It can gather itself so densely it is only slightly larger than a small office building, and at this density, its constituent liquid has a rubbery texture. The Charr constantly seethes and bubbles, spontaneously generating lashing pseudopods and strange, tumor-like organs. The great, Satantic slick regularly buds off small clone offspring, which use the game play statistics for any of an assortment of smaller oozes.

Insanity: Charr Fixation

The Charr can touch especially vulnerable Pacificians in their dreams, even from half a galaxy away where the unwanted, vile ichor was dumped. The Charr tempts, it taunts, it convinces otherwise kind-hearted Pacificians to steal and cheat, to commit minor sins that increase the sum of misery for the Pacifician race. Victims go mad, and eventually die crying black tears.

Type: trauma (mental contact with the Charr) (species specific: Pacifician humans)

Save: WILL DC xx

Onset: 1d12 hours

Frequency: 1/day

Effect: 1d3 CHA. While suffering Charr Fixation, the victim's alignment moves one step closer towards *chaotic evil*. The victim must succeed at a DC xx WILL Save to resist an opportunity to steal from, lie about, spread malicious rumors, or otherwise indirectly harm another Pacifician.

Cure: 2 consecutive saves

Deck Plate Rumors

"So we do a salvage haul into the Prison Zone. Illegal as hell, but we make three, four hauls like this every year, and always come back with good salvage. This last time, we set down on this tomb-rock. Not on any chart. Things started to go wrong right away.

There was no salvage, and the place just seemed cursed.

Two of the crew were Pacificians- mellowest motherfuckers you'd ever want to meet. Friendly girls. We're on that rock 48 hours and Starbeam Kumoto cut Moonglow's throat and we locked her in the brig. Then we lost contact with our scout robos. Then, Perry and Rockefeller pull kill each other, fighting on which one of 'em is gonna have first dibs raping Starbeam in the brig. Neither of them ever did anything like that before- far as I knew, Rockefeller was celibate!

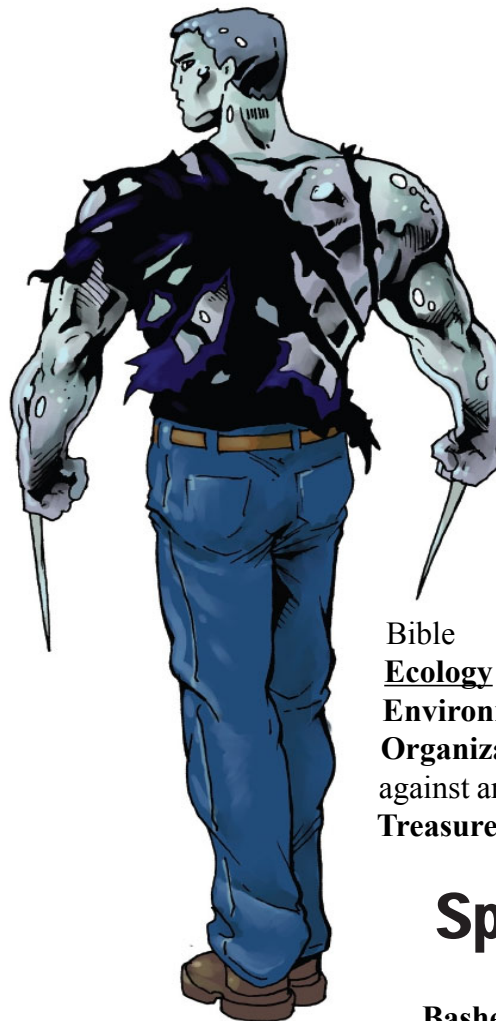
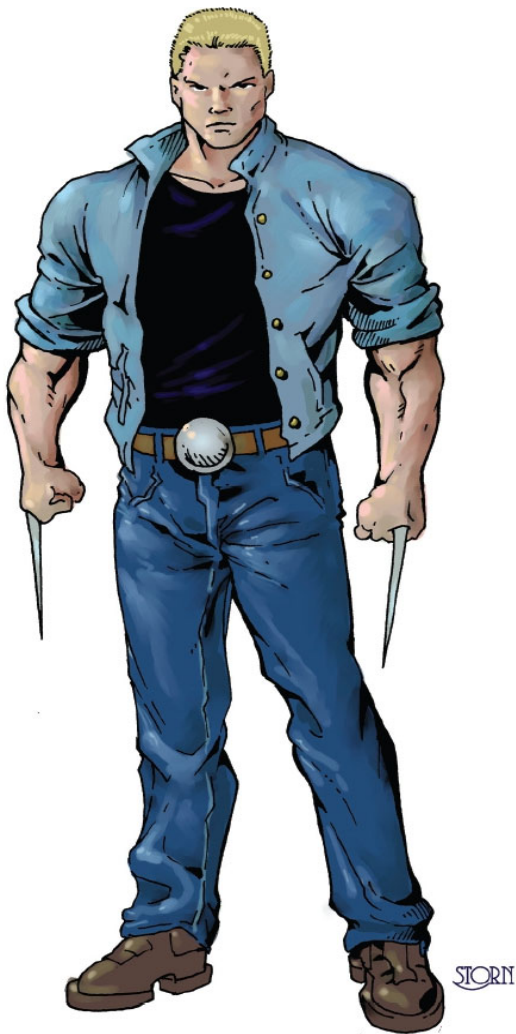
The rest of us, we figure something's down in the tunnels. We decide we don't want any more of it. We launch, but whatever was down there, it comes with us. I hear something singing- singing telepathically- from one of the cargo holds. We try to jettison the hold, but something's rewired the controls. We're locked out. All of a sudden, the cargo officer gets a wild ass look in his eye, and pulls his pistol. We can tell he's been taken, too.

It all goes to shit after that. We're trying to make it back to Pacifica, because when we get Starbeam out of the brig, she says her people have experience with this thing. By the the ship goes down on one of the Valentine moons, she and I are the only ones still sane.

We stay in suits, until the rescue ship comes and we think we're good to go. But as soon as we lift off, Starbeam goes for one of the SAR-team's guns. She blows out my suit visor- that's how I got this eye- and she puts the blaster up under her chin. She's crying black tears right before she pulls the trigger.

And I still don't know what it was all about. The Pacificians kept me in the hospital for a couple of weeks, and then gave me passage back to Treant. Nobody ever told me what it was about. None of them even talked to me really. I got the feeling the doctors were sort of afraid of me...."

-Gunnery Officer Erascimo Niven, formerly aboard the salvage ship *Shakespeare*



Statistics

Str 20 **Dex** 13 **Con** 14
Int 10 **Wis** 10 **Cha** 11
Base Atk +5 **CMB** +10
CMD 11

Feats Power Attack, Toughness, Throw Anything, Weapon Focus (queerspike)

Skills Acrobatics +8, Drive +5, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (local) +3

Gear spacer's jumpsuit, six pack of shitty beer, pocket datafile of the ICG

Bible

Ecology

Environment any urban

Organization solitary or gang (at least 3-1 against any Leather Clones encountered)

Treasure standard

Special Abilities

Basherboy Carapace (EX)

The Command Basherboy can deploy a nearly indestructible nano-steel carapace as a move equivalent action, providing the Basherboy with a +8 natural armor bonus to AC and his Damage Reduction and Electricity and Fire Resistances.

Queerspike (SU)

The Command Basherboy's main weapon is a nano-steel spine that deploys from his clenched fists. Characters with the Leather Clone template who are damaged by the Queerspike must succeed at a DC 16 FORT Save or be *slowed* for 1d6 rounds. The effects of multiple strikes with this weapon extend the duration.

Command Basherboy (CR 5)

Medium LE Humanoid (human)

XP 1,600

Init +1 **Senses** Perception +0

Languages Galactic Common

Defense

AC 21 **Touch** 12 **Flatfooted** 19

(+2 DEX, +1 armor, +8 natural*)

HP 7d8 + 21 hp (55 HP)

Damage Reduction 5/+1*

FORT +7 **REF** +3 **WILL** +2

Resist Electricity 10, Fire 10

Offense

Spd 30 ft

Melee +11 queerspike (2d6+5 piercing, 20/x3)

Ranged +6 thrown beer bottle (1d4+5 bludgeoning, 20/x2)

Roleplaying

The Command actually encourages its troops to start trouble when they take shore leave in the Starburn Sector. Beating up a few faggy Leather Clones can earn you a 'Battle E' ribbon, maybe even a pay-bump if your CO likes you, or if you bring back

an especially bloody trophy. Do enough damage over multiple port-calls, and the Command might implant Basherboy-tech in your spine, turn you into an official Command-sponsored weapon against the leather boys.

Basherboys tend to be handsome, and a little more Ayran than is the norm in the post-racial 35th Century. They're buff enough and good looking enough that they're an attractive prospect for cruising Leather Clones, at least the younger, less experienced ones, that don't know danger when they smell it. When they activate their spinal implant, dingy steel bio-armor covers their muscular frames, usually with a Command ship's crest etched into the pectoral armor.

Deck Plate Rumors

"We're looking for a Basherboy beat up a friend of mine. Supposedly he's an ensign aboard the *Sullivans*. Blond, one black eye, one gold? You know him?"

-Herc Rightweld, Head of Security for Ripper Peak Station

"You know who I am? You know who I fucking am? Plantagenet was at my commissioning, you faggot asshole! You see that eagle etched on my chest plate? That's his stamp! Uncle Kek put it on me, told me what a good fuckin' job I was doing getting rid of leather queers like your boy. 'Keep it up, pardner' That's what he fucking said. You fucking do anything to me Uncle Kek's gonna-"

BLAMMMM!

-Last words of Ensign Ad Astra Cryus, Command Basherboy, formerly stationed aboard the *Sullivans* missile cruiser

Cyberpunk Rocker (CR 5)

Medium Chaotic* Monstrous Humanoid (cyborg)
*equally likely to be Chaotic Good, Chaotic Neutral or Chaotic Evil, but CE is the hottest, because crazy is always kinda hot

XP 1,200

Init +3 **Senses** Darkvision 90 ft, lowlight vision, wifi/cellular/television and radio reception, Perception +7

Languages Galactic Common, English

Defense

AC 16 **Touch** 10 **Flatfooted** 16 (+6 natural)

HP 6d10 + 12 hp (45 HP)

FORT +6 **REF** +7 **WILL** +1

Immune Cyborg Immunities (drowning, hunger, suffocation, thirst, vacuum, the sickened and nauseated conditions, death effects, ability drain, energy drain)

Offense

Spd 40 ft

Melee +9/+4 mwk dagger (1d4+3 slashing, 19-20/x2)

Ranged +9/+4 Death Falcon Rocker (2d8 sonic, 20/x2, 50 ft range increment, single shot, 6 internal cell)

Or +14 Perform check as a full round action rather than a Ranged Attack Roll

Special Qualities Famous Monsters of Fuckywood T-Shirt, Take It All Off!, Unhealing

Statistics

Str 15 **Dex** 16 **Con** 14 **Int** 10 **Wis** 11 **Cha** 14

Base Atk +6 **CMB** +8 **CMD** 21

Feats Catch Off Guard, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (rocker), Personal Firearms Proficiency, Skill Focus (perform), Simple Weapons Proficiency

Skills Knowledge (local) +4, Perception +7, Perform (rocker) +14, Stealth +10

Gear Death Falcon Rocker, masterwork dagger, *sexy Famous Monsters of Old Fuckywood concert tee*, miniskirt without underwear, Guitar God's Gloves

Ecology

Environment any urban (underground concert halls, drug dens and the occasional cyber-strip club)

Organization solitary or accompanying a rowdy bunch of galactic garage rockers, drug dealers, petty criminals and other scum

Treasure standard (including usable cyber-components scavenged from her body)

Special Abilities

Famous Monsters of Fuckywood T-Shirt (SU)

The Cyberpunk Rocker loves her concert tee, and has an entire closet of similar t-shirts. Each shirt bears a one word description of a famous Fuckywood monster (and the title of one of the band's albums). Concert dates and locations are on the back. Depending on which t-shirt she's wearing, the Cyberpunk Rocker gains one of the following benefits. This is a property of the Cyberpunk Rocker and her stalkery devotion to the band, not the shirt itself...though the Rocker would argue otherwise.

Frankenstein!

It should be "Monster" (or Adam, if you're a pedantic asshole) but everybody just calls the fucker Frankenstein, including the band. The Cyberpunk Rocker gains a 25% chance to ignore critical hits or sneak attacks, as if she possessed the light fortification feature.

Ghost!

The Cyberpunk Rocker can become ethereal as a swift action for up to two rounds. This ability is usable once per encounter.

Gillman!

The Cyberpunk Rocker gains a 40 ft Swim speed and a +8 enchantment bonus to Swim checks.

Vampire!

The Cyberpunk Rocker gains the following spell-like ability (CL 4th – Concentration +6). 1x/day – Vampiric Touch (DC 15)



Werewolf!

The Cyberpunk Rocker gains the Scent special quality and inflicts +2 damage with her dagger.

Take All It Off! (SU)

As a move equivalent action, the Cyberpunk Rocker can rip off her shirt, destroying it. Doing so reveals her beautiful metal tits, providing her with the following benefits. These benefits last for the duration of the encounter.

- +2 deflection bonus to Armor Class
- Increase base land speed to 50 ft
- The Cyberpunk Rocker can make one additional dagger attack per round, at her full base attack bonus.

Unhealing (EX)

The Cyberpunk Rocker does not heal damage naturally, and healing spells and effects only have half the normal effect when used to benefit her.

Appearance

Hot chromed out bitch, dressed in sexy fetish club gear.

Full cyborg conversion never looked so good.

She's hiding those fine titanium-alloy titties behind a *Famous Monsters of Fuckywood* concert tee. She'll show 'em off when the band goes into a guitar solo (or if she starts getting really pissed off in combat). Or if she needs to get into a club and the bouncer likes mecha. Or if she's getting free drinks or cyber-maintenance. Or if things are too quiet and she wants to start some trouble with Command law enforcement. Or if.....

Deck Plate Rumors

The Cyberpunk Rocker is pretty crazy, at least as far as her devotion to her favorite death metal band goes. She's killed people and stolen starships to get to gigs in out of the way places. She's a decent guitarist herself, wielding a Death Falcon Rocker modeled on one the band's lead guitarist uses on stage.

When it comes times to throw down, she pulls a knife out of her boot and goes to work, hacking away maniacally, though she really prefers to unleash sonic-blast solos on her rocker. If she can't get to her dagger or rocker, she's got no compunctions about bashing somebody upside the head with an amp. In fact, she usually starts the fight. If somebody pisses her off (especially by insinuating that *Famous Monsters'* older stuff was better) she usually settles the dispute with a beer bottle to the temple.

Fuzzball Socio (CR 5)

Small CN or CE Monstrous Humanoid (anthro, psionic)

XP 1,600

Init +3 **Senses** Darkvision 60 ft, scent, Perception +8

Languages Galactic Common, Gravity Cat

Defense

AC 18 **Touch** 14 **Flatfooted** 15

(+1 size, +3 DEX, +4 armor)

HP 6d10 + 6 hp (39 HP)

FORT +3 **REF** +8 **WILL** +4

Offense

Spd 25 ft **Climb** 25 ft

Melee +6/+1 bite (1d3-1 piercing, 20/x3)

Ranged +11/+6 antimatter cannon (3d10 energy, 19-20/x2, 40 ft range increment, semi auto, 10 cell)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 1st Concentration +1)

1x/day- Bigger Fuckin' Gun*

-True Strike

* Even Heavier Weapons

Statistics

Str 8 **Dex** 17 **Con** 12 **Int** 11 **Wis** 12 **Cha** 6

Base Atk +6 **CMB** +4 **CMD** 17

Feats Armor Proficiency (light, medium), Improved Critical (antimatter cannon), Personal Firearms Proficiency, Weapon Focus (antimatter cannon)

Skills Acrobatics +10, Climb +14, Disable Device +5, Perception +8, Repair +5 (racial modifiers: +4 Climb)

Gear antimatter cannon, 4x spare cells, scout armor, hip flask, communicator

Ecology

Environment any urban (especially bars, strip clubs and low-rent whore houses)

Organization usually solitary, but sometimes accompanying other mercs, fake badges or space pirates

Treasure standard (including gear)



same little fuzzy-wuzzy tactical body armor, a crushing fuckin' hangover and a military grade energy weapon bigger than he is and see how cute he is then.

Fuzzball Socios are trouble far in excess of their weight class. They're tiny, they're fuzzy and nobody takes 'em seriously....so they kickass and carry amazingly overkillish firepower to compensate. The Fuzzball Socio's native habitat is the battle field- they usually subsist on merc jobs or bounty hunter gigs, though a few break legs and make collections for the Space Mafia. When not at work, they drink and toke themselves into a stupor, and usually kill at least one bar-fly per night out.

Deck Plate Rumors

"Little rat-fucker's the reason the Command shoots furrries on sight..."

-Tony Singulus, maître d' at the Cygnus Club, nursing a black eye courtesy the local Fuzzball Socio

"When the ride-droids and gene-twisted mascots overthrew their masters and declared the Disney Peninsula (formerly Florida, until the Corp-Wars of 2077) an independent anthro homeland, several ex-'Smile Monitors' escaped the purges and fled to the stars. Prior to the liberation, the Smile Monitors acted as the Disney Nation's feared and loathed internal security forces/secret police."

-The History of the Anthro Post-Humans, Vol 26: The FuzzBall Socios, published 3251, Bastard Scholastica

Special Abilities

Antimatter Cannon (EX)

The damage from the Fullball Socio's main weapon is unspecified energy damage, not subject to energy resistance or immunity.

Roleplaying

You call the Fuzzball Socio 'cute' and he's going to fucking gutshoot you and piss on your face while you're hemorrhaging on the ground. Imagine an evolved rodent/rabbit/raccoon/cat thing, about three feet tall, and toddler sized. That's cute. Now give that



Glam Prince (CR 15)

Medium CG Outsider (chaotic, good, native)

XP 51,200

Init +8 **Senses** Darkvision 90 ft, True Seeing, Perception +24

Languages Celestial, Galactic Common, *truespeech*

Defense

AC Touch Flatfooted (+4 DEX, +10 holy, +4 armor)

HP 20d10 + 20 hp (130 HP)

FORT +7 **REF** +16 **WILL** +14

Immune Electricity, Sonic, poison

Resist Cold 10, Fire 10

Vulnerable Pleasure

Spell Resistance 28

Offense

Spd 40 ft Fly 80 ft (good)

Melee +26/+26/+21/+16/+11.... +2 *Crynian steel rapier of speed* (2d8 pleasure, 19-20/x3)

Ranged +25/+20/+15/+10+1 *flaming tarpistol* (3d4 pleasure plus 1d6 fire, 20/x2, 25 ft, semi auto, 12 cell)

Special Qualities Die of Love, Glamorous Aura, Little Death, For True, Unseen by the Law Bound, Unseen Seducer

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th Concentration +20)

Constant – Greater Invisibility (lawful creatures only, see text)

- True Seeing

At Will –Alter Self (male humans, Half-Elves, or Elves only)

- Cacophonous Call (W-DC 24)
- Honeyed Tongue

1x/day – Euphoric Tranquility (W-DC 28)

- Irresistible Dance (W-DC 28)
- Pied Piping (W-DC 28)

Statistics

Str 11 Dex 19 Con 13 Int 16 Wis 14 Cha 31

Base Atk +20 CMB +20 (+22 disarm) CMD 34

Feats Combat Reflexes, Disarming Strike, Deceitful, Hover, Improved Initiative, Skill Focus (performing), Spell Focus (enchantment), Improved Critical (rapier), Improved Disarm, Weapon Finesse (rapier)

Skills Acrobatics +15, Bluff +36, Diplomacy +33, Knowledge (arcana, local, the planes) +26, Perception +24, Perform (sing) +39, Sense Motive +20, Spellcraft +16

Gear +2 Cynrian steel rapier of speed, +1 flaming tasp pistol, +2 improved shadow leather armor, scroll of *pirate's registration* (HW), scroll of *planet hopper* (EHW)

Ecology

Environment any

Organization almost always solitary- sometimes accompanied by 1-2 Bralani or Liliend Azata groupies

Treasure triple standard (incalculable caches of wealth and treasure, scattered throughout this galaxy and the next)

Special Abilities

Die of Love (SU)

A Glam Prince who dies as a result of Pleasure Damage returns to life, as by *true resurrection* within 24 hours, usually at the next moonrise. A Glam Prince who returns to life in this way gains the advanced template. A Glam Prince can only benefit from this ability once per year.

Glamorous Aura (SU)

The Glam Prince receives a holy bonus to Armor Class equal to his CHA modifier (+10).

Little Death, For True (SU)

Anyone who has a consensual sexual encounter with the Glam Prince suffers 10d6 Pleasure damage per sexual act, including acts performed on the Glam Prince, such as giving the glamorous outsider a blow job. A creature who dies as a result of this damage rises within 24 hours as an Azata. The Glam Prince chooses which Azata is formed, most often a Bralani or Liliend. Created Azata retain the memories of their previous existence, but no class abilities or powers. Though not bound to serve the Glam Prince, most are friendly terms with their creator/executioner.

Unseen by the Law Bound (SU)

The Glam Prince is under a constant greater invisibility effect with regards to creatures with any lawful alignment or the lawful subtype.

Unseen Seducer (SU)

When not seen clearly, when they are only a silky voice in the shadows, Glam Princes are at their most seductive. Increase the WILL Save DC of the Glam Prince's spell-like abilities by +4 when the Glam Prince has at least partial concealment, is in an area of dim illumination, is *invisible*, or is otherwise unseen.

Roleplaying

Glam Princes are impossibly beautiful, willowy men of slender, toned build. They have delicate Elven features and bright, feathery hair. They wear tight leathers that hug their perpetually erect, oft pierced and decorated penises, and flouncing blouses open to their glitter-sprayed chests. Glam Princes have strong, hypnotic eyes, and they prefer the darkest corners of smoky bars, a glass of *ulllia champagne* in their well-manicured hand.

Glam Princes are the mortal avatars of the goddess of glam rock, lust and passion- Jann the Glam. She is their mother/sister/lover, and they venture through the mortal galaxy on odd errands. They are among the galaxy's most life-altering singers, though they prefer the intimacy of live performance in clubs chosen almost at random. No Glam Prince has ever accepted a recording contract, and if their hypnotic, melancholy disco-dance anthems are ever played on Outlaw Sex Station 09, it's because they're playing a bootleg concert recording.

Deck Plate Rumors

“Another horror story brought about by Satan Maximus’ music! Before she attended her first disco-show at the infamous Club Labradis on Mars, Sarah Bowie was a straight A student and a signatory of the Virginity Pledge For Jesus II (Because the Messiah Likes Cherry Tarts). But then! Sarah heard the lecherous cry of the Glam Prince Mattikral, and she was lost forever! Parents: guard your daughters closely, because the Glam Princes are on the hunt!”

-Parental warning missive flashed through all ICG bulletins last month

“OMG! I spent a night with Mattikral, and it was terminally good! I died, like really died. But it’s okay. I came back like this- and aren’t I amazing now? Anyway, Mattikral is letting me tag along. He told me there’s “a cancer of the heart growing within the Command, and only innocence and joy can excise it”. So we’re seeing all sorts of amazing things, and we’re doing it all the time, and I’m going to live forever and fight evil!”

-the galaxy’s newest Liliend, Sarah Bowie

Leather Guardian (CR 8)

Large CG Monstrous Humanoid

XP 4,800

Init +2 **Senses** lowlight vision, Perception +15

Languages Galactic Common, Gravity Cat

Defense

AC 15 **Touch** 11 **Flatfooted** 14

(-1 size, +2 DEX, +4 armor)

HP 10d10 + 40 hp (95 HP)

FORT +7 **REF** +8 **WILL** +9

Offense

Spd 40 ft

Melee +16/+11 unarmed strike (1d4+7 bludgeoning, 19-20/x2)

Ranged +10/+5 smuggler’s blaster (2d6 fire, 20/x3, 60 ft, full auto, 15 cell)

Statistics

Str 25 **Dex** 12 **Con** 18 **Int** 13 **Wis** 14 **Cha** 13

Base Atk +10 **CMB** +18 **CMD** 29



Feats Armor Proficiency (light), Cleave, Improved Critical (unarmed strike), Improved Unarmed Strike, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Power Attack

Skills Acrobatics +18, Knowledge (local) +11, Perception +15, Pilot +6, Repair +6, Sense Motive +15

Gear brass knuckles, +1 studded leather armor, smuggler's blaster, 3x spare cells, potion of bull's strength, potion of cure moderate wounds, communciator

Ecology

Environment any urban (especially throughout the Starburn Sector)

Organization solitary, pair, or squad (4-6)

Treasure standard (including gear)

Special Abilities

Muscle Up (EX)

When exposed to any effect that causes a temporary enhancement to his STR score, the Leather Guardian adds 30 minutes to the effect's duration.

Roleplaying

"Now, I've got no right to criticize how you live your life, and don't want to interfere with your business, but the proprietor is New Kingston-born, and he doesn't allow anything harder than Glow in his establishment. He's asked you to leave, and now I'm asking. Let's leave it at that."

-Torrie Starrock, Leather Guardian bouncer working the Epsilon Lounge

While the Starburn System's stations and domes are protected by military police and private security forces, the locals trust Leather Guardians above all. Leather Guardians are a volunteer force protecting the sector from its many enemies, most especially the Command and the Imperial Church of the Galaxy. This particular Leather Guardian is a muscular near-human dressed in tight black snyth-leather, his armor-weave jacket open to proudly advertise his genetically sculpted musculature.

There are similar Leather Guardians aboard every station and working habitat throughout Starburn, Young Leather Clones grow up dreaming of having the

authority, respect and macho strength of a Leather Guardian- wearing the armor, walking the walk, and fighting the battles. Despite their numbers, Leather Guardians have their work cut out for them. The Starburn is a rowdy place- drunk Leather Clones and the occasional visiting Testorite, not to mention thousands of spacers passing through on shore-leave every week makes for a fucking busy bar scene. Add in Banjee predators, Command bashers starting trouble with the full knowledge and approval of their commanding officers, and the occasional xeno-monster, and the Guardians have their work cut out.

Pacifican Euthano (CR 1)

Small N Aberration (psionic, pleasure)

XP 400

Init +3 **Senses** Blindsense 60 ft, Ero-sense 500 ft, Perception +2

Languages none

Defense

AC 16 **Touch** 14 **Flatfooted** 13 (+1 size, +3 DEX, +2 natural)

HP 2d8 + 2 hp (11 HP)

Damage Reduction 5/slashing or piercing

FORT +1 **REF** +3 **WILL** +3

Immune Pleasure, visual effects (blind)

Offense

Spd Fly 60 ft (perfect)

Melee +3 slimy tendril (1d4+1 Pleasure 20/x2, plus grab)

Statistics

Str 12 **Dex** 16 **Con** 13 **Int** 3 **Wis** 11 **Cha** 5

Base Atk +1 **CMB** +4 **CMD** 14

Feats Agile Maneuvers

Skills Fly +14 (Racial Modifiers +12 Fly)

Ecology

Environment any land or coastal (Pacifica or in wealthy Earth neighborhoods)

Organization usually solitary or ring (1d6+1)

Treasure none

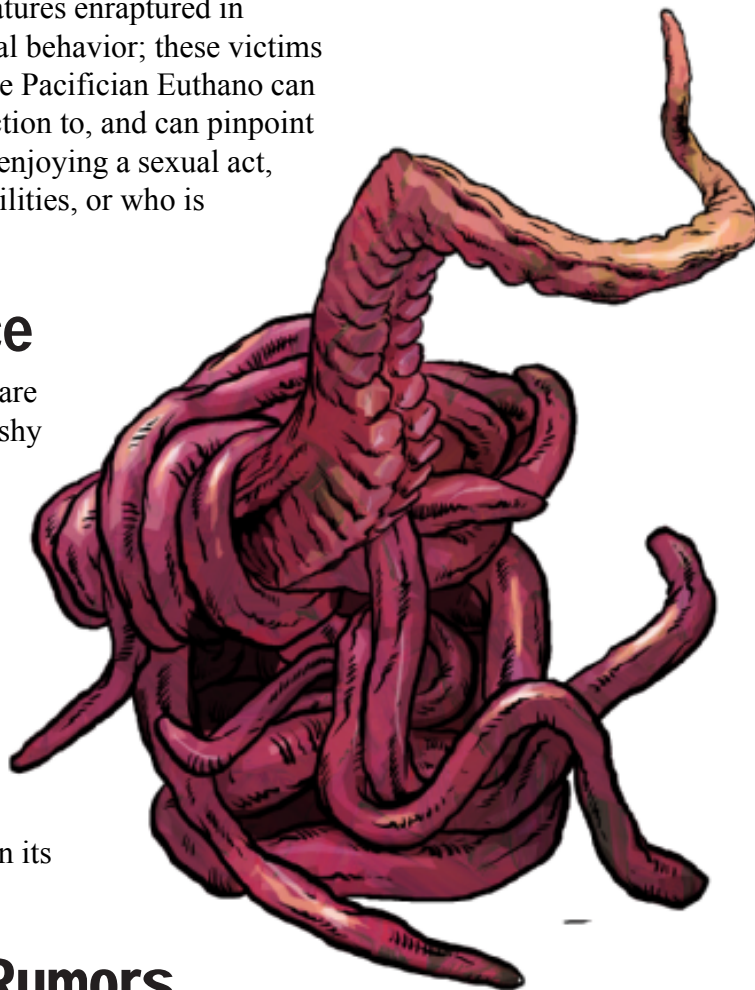
Special Abilities

Ero-Sense (SU)

The Pacifician Euthano has the psychic ability to sense the presence of creatures enraptured in pleasure or engaged in sexual behavior; these victims become its primary prey. The Pacifician Euthano can sense the presence and direction to, and can pinpoint the location of any creature enjoying a sexual act, using sex-related feats or abilities, or who is suffering Pleasure damage.

Appearance

Pacifician Euthanos are masses of slimy, floating fleshy tendrils. Suckers line the underside of each muscular tendril. The eyeless, limbless mass of knotted muscles floats about chest high to an ordinary humanoid, propelled by anti-gravity gases and charged psionic particles generated in its simplistic gut.



Our studio's got a big death porn vid coming up, and these things...they're great. Nothing better."

-Blursign Calaversi,
low-rent Space Mafioso fixer

"The latest housewife
fad Earthside?

Imported, 'chemically
neutered' Euthanos,
equipped with an
automatic stun-
circuit the owner
can trigger if they
get a little too
huggy. Now I've
tried some pretty
wild things, but
even I shudder at
the thought of a
sex-pet that
wants to eat
me...hmmm,
well, maybe...."

-Prudence
Pussycat Korso,
Outlaw Sex Station
09 DJ

Deck Plate Rumors

"When Pacifica was first colonized, before negative vibes were purged from our race, the Council of Guardians commissioned the creation of the Euthanos. These creatures would be a humane method of execution for our world's few criminals, as well as a humane method of transition for our colony's aged or infirm. Of course, once our ancestors overcame their unhip and violent natures, and developed our current groovalicious standard of medicine, the Euthanos had no more use. Several of these creatures fled to the wilderness, where they formed an unfortunately resilient breeding population."

-Teacher Henrietta Van Softcomm, Pacifician orator and historian

"Boys, let me tell you, the Space Mafia will pay good money for any adult, mostly undamaged Euthanos. I'd pay you 150 creds for a live specimen, right now, no questions asked. Just put it on the table.

Proximate Tinglor (CR 4)

Small NE Monstrous Humanoid

XP 1,200

Init +3 **Senses** Darkvision 60 ft, Perception +7

Languages Galactic Common, Proximate

Defense

AC 16 **Touch** 14 **Flatfooted** 13 (+1 size, +3 DEX, +2 natural)

HP 5d10 hp (27 HP)

FORT +1 **REF** +7 **WILL** +6

Offense

Spd 30 ft

Melee two +8 claws (1d3 slashing, 19-20/x2 plus Tinglor toxin) plus +5 bite (1d6 slashing plus 1 point ongoing bleed)

Tinglor Toxin

Save FORT DC 13

Effect 1 DEX plus target is considered flatfooted for the duration of the effect

Frequency 1/round for 1d4+1 rounds

Cure 1 save

Statistics

Str 10 **Dex** 16 **Con** 11 **Int** 13 **Wis** 15 **Cha** 10

Base Atk +5 **CMB** +4 **CMD** 17

Feats Dodge, Skill Focus (stealth), Weapon Finesse (claws)

Skills Disable Device +8, Knowledge (streetwise) +5, Stealth +15, Survival, +7 Perception +7

Gear multi-tool, burglary kit, lockpick gun

Ecology

Environment any urban, prefers air ducts and service tunnels in cities and spaceships

Organization solitary or gang of up to 3d6

Treasure standard

Special Abilities

Tinglor Toxin (EX)

The Tinglor's body secretes a natural neuro-toxin, which sends waves of intense pleasure cascading up and down the victim's nerves. The toxin coats the Tinglor's claws; in addition, any character attacking the Tinglor with an unarmed strike or natural weapon must succeed at a DC 13 FORT Save or be affected by the toxin.

Roleplaying

Proximate Tinglors are a parasitic, sentient species that evolved in parallel with the Proximate race. Tinglors have preyed on Proximites for thousands of years, and when the little mechanopaths left for the stars, the parasitic Tinglors followed. Tinglors survive in the air ducts, electrical conduits and disused engineering holds of Proximate starships and space stations. By stowing away on Proximate vessels, they have spread to every corner of the cosmos. Nests of Tinglor bandits can be found on every world and station in the galaxy- even otherwise utopian Earth and Galaxy Command's prestigious Minuteman Station are host to a few Tinglor



scavengers. Tinglors survive as thieves and scavengers mostly; they try to run from most fights. Only when they dramatically outnumber their enemy, or if they have an obvious advantage, do they close in for the kill. When the situation is to their advantage, Tinglors are sadistic, nasty and vicious.

Proximate Tinglors are magenta-skinned humanoids about the size of a human child. They have long, spindly limbs with extremely flexible joints and tendons. Their backs, arms and upper thighs are lined with thousands of thick cilia which can deliver a nasty neuro-toxin, similar to a jellyfish's sting. Tinglors have lamprey like mouths and long prehensile tongues, which they often use like an additional hand for close up work. Tinglors are intelligent tool-users, and highly competent thieves; they can't invent technology, but they can use scavenged tech or weapons adeptly. Tinglor culture is primitive, with individual gangs defining themselves along familial or tribal lines.

Rigellian Pleasure Vampire (CR 7)

Medium CN Fey

XP 3,200

Init +3 **Senses** lowlight vision, Perception -1

Languages Galactic Common, telepathy 100 ft (only with heterosexual humanoid males)

Defense

AC 18* **Touch** 18* **Flatfooted** 15*
(+3 DEX, +5 CHA*)

HP 12d6 hp (42 HP)

FORT +4 **REF** +11 **WILL** +7

Offense

Spd 30 ft

Melee +5/-1 caress (1d4-1 non-lethal plus Charm Person at DC 20)

Ranged +9 light laser pistol (2d6 fire, 20/x2, 50 ft range increment, 10 round cell)

Spell Like Abilities (CL 12th)

At Will – Charm Person

(DC 18)

- Touch of Fatigue (DC 15)

3x/day- Hideous Laughter (DC 17)

-Ray of Enfeeblement (DC 16)

1x/day- Black Tentacles (DC 18)

Statistics

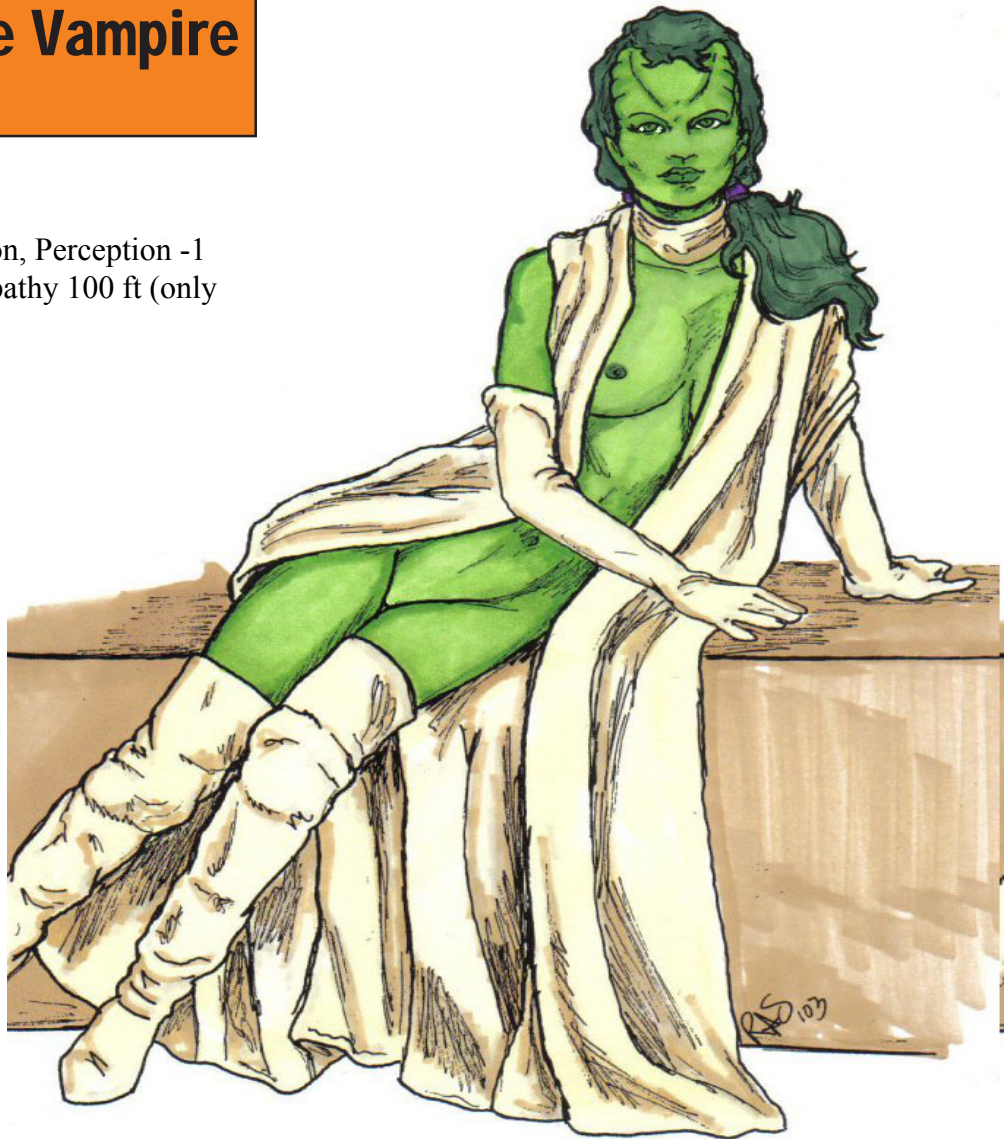
Str 9 **Dex** 17 **Con** 10 **Int** 13 **Wis** 9 **Cha** 21

Base Atk +6 **CMB** +9 **CMD** 24

Feats Personal Firearms Proficiency, Agile Maneuvers, Ability Focus (charm person), Defensive Combat Training, Improved Unarmed Strike, Starship Operations

Skills Acrobatics +10, Bluff +19, Diplomacy +19, Knowledge (behavioral sciences) +8, Knowledge (streetwise) +15, Pilot +10, Perform (dance) +19, Sense Motive +6

Gear light laser pistol and 2x spare energy clips, very sexy lingerie, a PL 7 ultralight starship for personal use



Ecology

Environment any urban

Organization always solitary, but may be attended by a few hunky pleasure slaves

Treasure double standard (heavy on gold, gems, fine art, gourmet food and excellent wines)

Special Abilities

Beautiful Armor (SU)

The Pleasure Vampire is so beautiful that no thinking being can easily bring itself to harm her. She adds her CHA modifier to her armor class as a luck bonus; this bonus does not apply if she is targeted by a mindless or soulless creature, such as most Constructs and Vermin. However, this ability is not otherwise limited by species or phenotype, much less by sex or sexual orientation.

Caress (SU)

The Pleasure Vampire's body drips with pheromones. A mere touch can make a man her willing slave. Any humanoid creature struck by her caress must succeed at a DC 20 WILL save or be affected as if by her Charm Person spell like ability. Non-humanoid creatures, and humanoids in fully enclosed environmental body armor, a spacesuit or similar protection are unaffected by this ability.

Roleplaying

Rigellian Pleasure Vampires prowl the bordellos, fine restaurant and spacer bars that form the basis of the Rigel System's economy. Nobody, not even the Pleasure Vampires themselves, are sure if they are native to the Rigel System or if they come from somewhere else, and honestly, the Pleasure Vampires live for the moment and don't really care. Pleasure Vampires are hedonistic, somewhat insane and heartless things (though they can fake emotion convincingly enough when they have to). They consider the galaxy's males their prey and property, and exploit them as thoroughly and heartlessly as the average butcher exploits a cow. They pick 'pleasure slaves' from among especially handsome spacers and other rogues, charm them into service, and then kill them when these slaves no longer amuse.

Pleasure Vampires have a special hatred of Pacificians, because they give freely the sex and love that Pleasure Vampires use as currency (or bait). Whenever possible, Pleasure Vampires have their charmed slaves kill any Pacifician they encounter, of either gender. Likewise, they are especially sadistic and brutal towards gay male humanoids, as if personally offended by the very concept of homosexuality. They loathe Leather Clones nearly as much as they do Pacificians, and tend to manipulate Command officers into removing both, when the opportunity presents itself.

(By the way, the President of Earth's newest favorite stripper is called Ka-set-queel is a blue-green cutie who smells of sex and vanilla and is always whispering into his receptors about starting up bombing runs over Pacifica).

Rigellian Pleasure Vampires are shapely, near-human women with supple, aloe-green skin. They

smell strongly of alien pheromones that recall the scent of sweat, vanilla and jasmine. They have two thick antenna on their forehead, which usually curl back over their skull, but which can be used to communicate strong emotion if needed. Pleasure Vampires always go nude or as close to nude as they can get away with. They have a minor claustrophobic streak- they panic if forced into a space suit or confining powered armor, and leave EVA maintenance work on their personal shuttles to their pleasure slaves.

Satanic Stage Rager (CR 13)

Huge CE Monstrous Humanoid Bard (Metalhead) 5
XP 25,600

Init +3 **Senses** lowlight vision, Perception +21

Languages Abyssal, Galactic Common, German, Infernal

Defense

AC 17 **Touch** 11 **Flatfooted** 14

(-2 size, +3 DEX, +6 armor)

HP 10d10 + 6d8 + 64 + 16 hp (162 HP)

FORT +13 **REF** +15 **WILL** +10

Resist Sonic 10

Offense

Spd Fly 60 ft (poor, but can hover without Fly checks)

Melee +13/+8/+3 rocker (1d12+2 bludgeoning, 20/x3)

Ranged +16/+11/+6 One True Rocker (2d10 sonic, 19-20/x3, 50 ft range increment, 6 internal) OR
+29 Perform check (2d10 unholy*, 19-20/x3, 50 ft range increment, 6 internal) OR

+34 Perform check (2d10 sonic, 19-20/x3, 50 ft range increment, 6 internal)

Special Attacks Bardic Music (counter song, distraction, flames of metal, inspiring riff, sonic mosh pit)

Special Qualities Metal Militia

Spellcasting (CL 6th Concentration +10)

Zero Level – Ghost Sound, Lustglimmer, Vibrating Bed

1st Level –Cause Fear (W-DC 17), Charm Person (W-DC 17), Hideous Laughter (W-DC 17), Rockin' Blast (R-DC 17), Satanic Tongue (R-DC 17)

2nd Level –Hard Rockin' Blast (R-DC 18), Pyrotechnics, Rage, Tripglow (W-DC 16)



Statistics

Str 14 Dex 17 Con 19 Int 12 Wis 15 Cha 19

Base Atk +13 CMB +17 CMD 30 (cannot be tripped or overrun)

Feats Exotic Weapon Proficiency (rocker), Light Armor Proficiency, Spell Focus (enchantment), Spell Focus (evocation), Skill Focus (perform: rocker), Toughness, Weapon Focus (rocker)

Skills Bluff +23, Intimidate +23, Knowledge (religion) +20, Perception +21, Perform (rocker) +34, Spellcraft +20

Gear METAL! One True Rocker, Guitar God's gloves, 1d8+1 Concert Stickers, 2x potions of cure moderate wounds, 1d6 doses of Axxin powder, +2 Satanic Star Leathers of Sonic resistance

Ecology

Environment any where there's good beer and groupies to be had, except in an ICG church on Sunday, unless they're setting it on fire

Organization usually accompanied by several groupies (2d6 Cyberpunk Rockers)

Treasure double standard (including gear)

Special Abilities

Flames of Metal (SU)

When the Satanic Stage Rager begins this performance, all allies within 30 ft are sheathed in a fiery aura that inflicts an additional +1 point of fire damage. This flaming aura remains in place as long as the Satanic Stage Rager continues its performance.

Inspiring Riff (SU)

The Satanic Stage Rager leaps into action, bashing in skulls with his rocker before unleashing its sonic fury. When the Satanic Stage Rager 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.

One True Rocker (EX)

The Satanic Stage Rager wields a blasphemous guitar carved from the wood of Jesus I's cross and dedicated to the blackest of metal in a Cosmic Satanist Ceremony. As a full round action, he can make a Perform (rocker) check rather than an attack roll at a -5 penalty; damage from this attack is considered Unholy damage, and is not subject to Sonic Resistance or Immunity.

Metal Militia (EX)

The Satanic Stage Rager is a composite creature, made up of 4-5 very drunk, very belligerent and very hard rocking Cosmic Satanists and their hovering performance stage. This gestalt nature means they can fight more efficient than a single creature of their size. Roll 1d6 at the beginning of each turn the Satanic Stage Rager is involved in combat; on an even result, the Satanic Stage Rager may take an additional move-equivalent or move action that round. On an odd result, the Satanic Stage Rager can take an additional standard action that round. The Satanic Stage Rager can take these bonus actions in any order, and they stack with similar effects, such as a *haste* spell.

As a result, the Satanic Stage Rager can move and still take a full round action (such as making a Perform check to attack with the One True Rocker, each round).

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 Satanic Stage Rager activates his Sonic Mosh Pit performance, 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. This effect remains in place as long as the Satanic Stage Rager continues the performance.

Appearance

You got a bunch of bearded, sweaty freaks with inverted pentagrams tattooed on their chest up on stage, wailing on rockers and pounding drums like wildeyed possessed men... which they probably are. Only thing is, the stage is a mobile flight platform which hovers over your head and whirls and swoops in battle. Thundering speaker towers blare Satanic death metal at bone-cracking volume.

These crazy fucks fight as a single unit- a crazy ass gestalt entity powered by beer, blood and the timeless spirit of Satanic deathcore. Of course, kicking your ass is a distraction from the concert, but even still they'll do it, because tossing some violence into the concert's always good for a laugh.

Deck Plate Rumors

"Rectal Rape Riot's playing on Walpurgisnacht on Friday! I am so totally gonna be there, and you're gonna steer this starship in that general direction, or I'm gonna pull this cute 'lil trigger here and pulse a plasma charge right between your eyes."

-Corquin23, Cyberpunk Rocker

"I heard Vanghul Stahl ODed last year, but he was on stage for the Pistol Holocaust gig. Sorta looking undead though, but hey, maybe that was just make up? Oh well, I'd still blow him..."

-Celix Scheen, cyberpunk rocker and occasional roadie

"Nuclear Warhammer's debut album dropped three years ago today, and while their early sound changed the flavor of Satanico-metal, the band has stagnated. Their list few singles have fizzled, their lyrics that once promised screaming torture now sound like they could be credit stick ad jingles for the First Command Bank...."

-Jux Vaportrail, music industry journalist, unaware he's about to be disemboweled by Nuclear Warhammer's lead singer and songwriter.

Saur Gene Junkie (CR 3)

Large CN Monstrous Humanoid (reptilian)

XP 800

Init +2

Senses Darkvision 60 ft, Scent, Perception +7

Languages Galactic Common (illiterate)

Defense

AC 19 **Touch** 11 **Flatfooted**

17 (-1 size, +2 DEX, +8 natural)

HP 4d10 + 24 hp (46 HP)

FORT +10 **REF** +6

WILL +3

Immune poison, disease

Weaknesses Detox Weakness

Offense

Spd 40 ft

Melee two claws +10 (1d8+5 slashing, 20/x2) bite +10 (1d6+2 piercing, 20/x2)

Special Qualities Hot Toxic Blood

Statistics

Str 21 **Dex** 14 **Con** 23 **Int** 6

Wis 15 **Cha** 9

Base Atk +5 **CMB** +11 **CMD** 23

Feats Power Attack, Run

Skills Climb +10, Perception +7

Ecology

Environment any urban or ruins (especially on Earth)

Organization solitary or pack (3d6 plus one 5th level 'Saur Gene Junkie barbarian alpha male)

Treasure incidental

Special Abilities

Detox Weakness (EX)

Products of untested gene-drugs and suicide-grade street drugs, Saur Gene Junkies are so fucked up that they'd die if they ever actually detoxed. A



neutralize poison spell cast on the Saur Gene Junkie inflicts 4d6 points of damage with no save. Chemical antidotes and anti-toxins injected into the Saur Gene Junkie inflict 1d8 points of damage per dose, with no save.

Hot, Toxic Blood (EX)

Anyone who damages a Saur Gene Junkie with a melee weapon or natural attack suffers 1d6 points of Fire damage and is exposed to the mutant's Hot Toxic Blood. Attackers using reach weapons are not affected.

Hot Toxic Blood

Type: injury poison

Save: FORT DC 20

Frequency: 1/round for 3 rounds

Initial and Secondary Effect: 1d4 acid damage

Cure: 2 saves

Appearance

‘Saur Gene Junkies used to be humans, but you’d never know it to look at ‘em. The drugs have added two or three feet of height and several hundred pounds of power, turned their skin into bullet proof, dirty leather. The nanotech laced dino-blood that gives them their fearsome power glows a blood red in their throat and their bellies, lighting them from within. The genetic fires that turned a man into a half-saurian monster smolder and burn slow, but they do burn. Once they OD and turn, very few Gene Junkies survive longer than a year, most a lot less than that.

Deck Plate Rumors

“Elvis-damned, low bottom dino-blood dealers. They take a lander to Pernis Delta, sneak past the Command science teams or just by ‘em off because every one of those fuckers is more corrupter than 30 politicians. Go blow up a T-rex or three, drain the blood an’ marrow, and tanj, you’re a drug dealer. Only every so often one of your customers ODs on the shit, goes crazy and all mutant, and bites your head off.”

-Torque Alpha-Black, Free Spacer warp drive fueler and connoisseur of the good dope

“I haven’t been back to Earth in like ten years, man. Not only do you have the Command running things, running things right into the Sun, you’ve got dino-junkies in the old sewers. The New York megaplex is lousy with ‘em. Command doesn’t bother to go down after them, so they’re down there, breeding like crazy, killing pretty much anybody they want. You go lower than the 45th or 50th level, you carry a blaster. You go to the Old Street Levels, you go in full powered armor with a spellslinger backup.”

-Fingering Lee Sutter, Ameriscum journo-merc

Sethzinian Roxxbitch (CR 6)

Large CE Construct

XP 2,400

Init +1 **Senses** lowlight vision, Perception +1

Languages Sethzinian, Galactic Common, the universal language of rock

Aura Tits & Bass (5 ft, automatic 1d6 points of sonic damage- see text)

Defense

AC 16 **Touch** 10 **Flatfooted** 15 (-1 size, +1 DEX, +6 natural)

HP 8d10 + 30 hp (74 HP)

FORT +2 **REF** +3 **WILL** +2

Immunities Construct immunities, Sonic

Offense

Spd 30 ft

Melee +14/+8 spiked chain (2d4 +6 piercing, disarm & trip special qualities)

Ranged +9/+4 screamin’ tits (2d8 sonic, 19-20/x2, 30 ft range increment)

Special Actions Tits & Bass (4d8 sonic, 30 ft burst radius, DC 18 REF half plus deafness for 1d4 hours, FORT DC 15 negates plus ongoing effects- see text)

Statistics

Str 20 **Dex** 12 **Con** - **Int** 8 **Wis** 10 **Cha** 16

Base Atk +8 **CMB** +14 **CMD** 25

Feats Exotic Weapon Proficiency (spiked chain),

Cleave, Power Attack, Step Up, Strike Back

Skills Intimidate +6, Perform (rock!) +7, Perception +1

Gear masterwork spiked chain

Ecology

Environment any urban

Organization solitary, pair or accompanied by various Sethzinian thugs (usually 3rd-4th level Strong or Powered Heroes)

Special Abilities

Tits n’ Bass (EX)

Once per encounter, but not more often than 3x/day, the Roxxbitch can kick her speakers up to 11. Doing so is a full round action that produces a

Roleplaying

The Sethzinian race has never been known for either subtly nor great respect for women- of its own race or any other species. Thus, it was only natural that sooner or later, a Sethzinian weaponsmith a little cleverer than the others would build the first Roxxbitch and unleash 'her' on an unprepared galaxy. Like the war-bot's creators, the Roxxbitch is loud, crude, lethal and as **fukkin' METAL** as possible for the polyester & plastic 35th Century to be.

The Roxxbitch is a crude armature-based combat robot that stands about nine feet tall, and is clad in crudely hammered scrap iron and salvaged starship hulls in a basically female shape. The Roxxbitch has huge, thumping speakers where her breasts would be if she were a real woman. Her armored body is covered in jagged pieces of metal salvaged from aircraft crashes, and she carries a biker's hooked chain. The Roxxbitch is not an intelligent combatant- she wades into battle swinging her chain, refusing to coordinate her tactics even with the Sethzinian 'scientist' who built her. The robot attacks the biggest, best armed male target first (ignoring obviously female humanoids unless they attack her first); as she fights, she blares Sethzinian heavy metal and shouts crude insults and vulgarities at her opponents.

Socket, Erobot (CR 5)

Medium CN Monstrous Humanoid (Erobot) Rogue 5/Bard 1

XP 1,600

Init +1* **Senses** Perception +9, lowlight vision, standard Erobots comms capabilities

Languages Galactic Common, Gravity Cat, Proximate

Defense

AC 16 Touch 12 Flatfooted 14 (+1 DEX, +1 dodge, +4 equipment)

HP 6d8 hp (31 HP)

FORT +1 REF +8* WILL +2

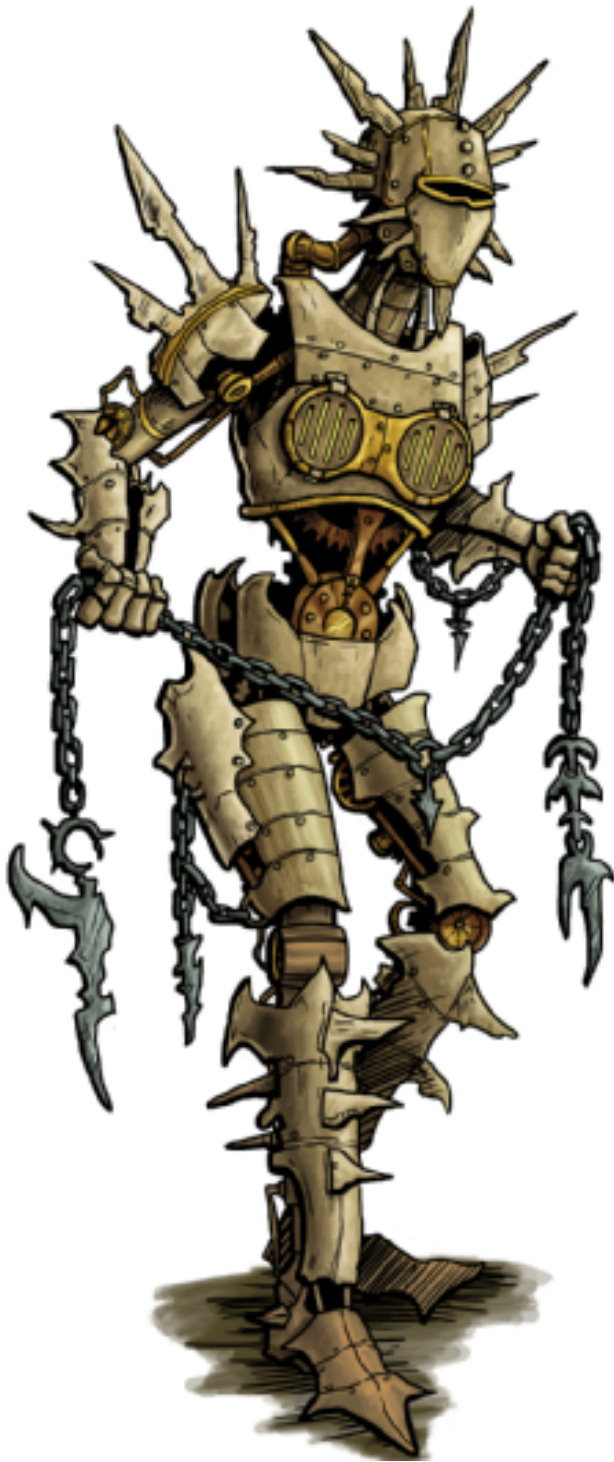
Immune disease, poison, sleep

Defenses Evasion

Offense

Spd 30 ft

Melee +2 dagger (1d4+2 slashing, 19-20/x2)



spherical sonic shockwave that inflicts 4d8 points of sonic damage to all creatures within a 30 ft radius (REF DC 18 half). Targets must succeed at a secondary DC 15 FORT Save or be *deafened* for 1d4 hours.

For the rest of the encounter, the Roxxbitch gains an Aura: all creatures take 1d6 points of sonic damage, no save, if they end their turn adjacent to the Roxxbitch. Additionally, this sonic aura provides the Roxxbitch with a +2 deflection bonus to AC.



Statistics

**Str 15* Dex 13* Con 11 Int 14
Wis 9 Cha 15**

Base Atk +3 CMB +5* CMD 15

Feats Deceptive, Dodge, Gearhead (B*), Light Armor Proficiency, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Simple Weapons Proficiency

Skills Acrobatics +10*, Bluff +13, Craft (electronics) +10*, Computer Use, +7, Disable Device +14, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (pop culture) +10, Knowledge (local) +10, Perception +9, Perform (guitar/rocker) +10, Pilot +8*, Repair +6, Stealth +11*, Use Magic Device +12

Gear 2x potion cure light wounds, dagger, +1 decadent furs, mwk. electronics kit, laptop computer +1, lockpick gun, +1 smuggler's blaster

Ecology

Environment any urban

Organization solitary unless Socket's horny

Treasure standard, including combat gear

Special Abilities

Bardic Knowledge (EX)

Socket adds half his Bard level to all Knowledge checks, and may attempt Knowledge checks untrained.

Coax Information (EX)

Socket can use this talent to use Bluff or Diplomacy in place of Intimidate to force an opponent to act friendly towards him.

Honeyed Words (EX)

Twice per day, Socket can roll two dice while making a Bluff check, and take the better result. He must choose this talent before making the Bluff check.

Ranged +5 smuggler's blaster (2d6 fire, 20/x2, 60 ft range increment, fullauto, 12 cell)

Sneak Attack +3d6

Special Action Bardic Performance (Distraction, Fascinate DC 12, Inspire Courage +1)

Spells (CL 1st Concentration +2)

- *Zero Comfortable Act**, *Laser Max**, *Prestidigitation*, *Read Magic*
- *First Charm Person* (DC 13), *Rockin' Blast** (DC 13)

*starred spells described in *Heavy Weapons*

Hot Swappable Skill Configuration (EX)

With minimal effort, Socket can swap out his racial bonus feat and racial skill for another standard Erobot feat. The listed skills and feats are simply Socket's favored choice.

Trapfinding (EX)

Socket adds ½ his level (+2) to Perception checks made to locate traps and on Disable Device checks. Socket can disable magic traps.

Female Config Ability Adjustments

Socket prefers to maintain a male gender config. In female config, use the following modified stats.

Initiative +3

Armor Class 18 (+3 DEX, +1 dodge, +4 equipment)

CMB +1 CMD 13

Melee +3 dagger (1d4+1 slashing)

Ranged +6 smuggler's blaster

Roleplaying

Socket abandoned his assigned designation about the same time he abandoned his first master. Socket is a rare 'runaway' Erobot, who fled bondage to a master who wanted him in a dominant fem gender config far more than Socket liked. Socket prefers male config and prefers receptive homosexual sex as his preferred mode of lovemaking.

Socket is a platinum blond Erobot who stays in male config as much as possible, and even in female config is rather androgynous. He dresses in sleek street style, and accents his simple black las-proof leathers with nicely chosen accessories that catch the eye and help with the con.

Socket is a skilled con artist, who runs his mouth and his games a lot more than he pulls his pistol. Cut off from mainstream Erobot culture, Socket has been forced to learn to repair himself, and has become a pretty skill electronics tech in the process. Given time, Socket can whip up bugs to give his schemes an edge. Socket flits around the fringes of Free Space, one step ahead of an assortment of low end bounty hunters and station security teams. Rogue skill and a little bardic magic makes his cons much easier and more lucrative. Socket has taken on more

dangerous targets and made the most of his ill-gotten gains.

Most recently, Socket blackmailed a deeply closeted Command General and fled Command Space with a few hundred thousand credits in his account. Socket sunk most of the loot into the purchase of an ultralight clipper ship, which he nicknamed *Mister Slipstream*.

Space Hippy (CR 6)

Medium CN Humanoid (Psionic)

XP 2,400

Init +2 **Senses** Darkvision 60 ft

Languages Galactic Common, Pacifican, one or two others

Aura Aura of Incompetence 10 ft (-3 morale penalty on skills and attack rolls plus stunned for 2d4 rounds if you roll a natural one on a skill check or attack roll, see text)

Defense

AC 15 **Touch** 14 **Flatfooted** 13 (+2 DEX, +2 luck, +1 equipment)

HP 9d8 hp (41 HP)

FORT +3 **REF** +10 **WILL** +8

Offense

Spd 30 ft

Melee +5/+1 quarterstaff (1d6-1 bludgeoning)

Special Actions Space Weed breath weapon (60 ft x 5 ft line; 3d6 acid damage plus *Charm Person*- REF DC 14 for half damage; WILL DC 14 to negate *Charm Person*)

Spell Like Abilities (CL 5th)

At Will - *Charm Person* (DC 14)

- *Ray of Enfeeblement* (DC 13)

- *Prestidigitation*

3x/day - *Glitterdust* (DC 14)

- *Touch of Idiocy* (DC 15)

Statistics

Str 9 **Dex** 15 **Con** 10 **Int** 14 **Wis** 16 **Cha** 13

Base Atk +6 **CMB** +5 **CMD** 17

Feats Simple Weapons Proficiency, Blind Fight, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Nimble Moves, Spell Focus (enchantment)

Skills Bluff +7, Diplomacy +7, Stealth +8, Perform (dance) +8, Tumble +8

Gear armor equivalent to Galaxy Command jumpsuit, handheld computer, Space Weed

Ecology

Environment any temperate lands or otherwise Command facilities they've somehow managed to completely take over. Frakkin' Space Hippies....

Organization solitary or communes of up to 3d4 members

Treasure Space weed. Lots and lots of it.

Special Abilities

Aura of Incompetence (SU)

Space Hippies emit a psionic aura that turns their adversaries into bumbling fools—magnifying failure, causing opponents to be distracted and bumbling, and basically making even the scruffiest Space Hippy a match for better trained Galaxy Command security officers.

This aura extends in a 10 ft aura from the Space Hippy. If dispelled or suppressed, the Space Hippy can reactivate this aura as a free action on her turn. All creatures within this area suffer a -3 morale penalty on attack rolls and skill checks. If a target within this aura rolls a natural 1 (or a total roll result of 0 or worse) he critically fails. The target becomes *stunned* for 2d4 rounds, and drops any weapons or items held in his hands. The stun effect immediately ends if any Space Hippy (though not minions or allies) attacks the stunned character.

There is no saving throw against this ability, and this ability does not affect other Space Hippies. This is a mind-affecting ability.

Space Weed (EX)

Space Hippies can breathe out a line of sweet smelling, mind-numbing smoke as often as once every 1d4 rounds. All targets within a 60 ft by 5 ft line suffer 3d6 points of acid damage and are affected by the Space Hippy's *Charm Person* spell like ability. This ability offers a DC 14 REF save for half damage and a



DC 14

WILL Save to negate the *Charm Person* effect; both saves are made separately.

Roleplaying

Space Hippies are a Pacifian cult that has spread throughout the stars. Space Hippies are found in out of the way colony worlds and agrarian settlements, living in joyous and hedonistic communes at the fringes of society. Space Hippies rely on a combination of charity and theft to sustain their communes, and consider them to be one and the same thing. After all, other sentient beings would gladly donate some rations, a spare hydro-condenser module or two, or some gold-pressed latinum credit strips to the commune if they just realized that the Space Hippies serve love, peace and universal enlightenment, so taking a few things before the other sentient beings in the galaxy come to that mind-blowing realization isn't a big deal.

Street Satanist (CR 10)

Space Hippies have lived among their own kind for so long, and through a combination of experimentation with dangerous space drugs, mind-altering psychic powers and ritual transformation, they have abandoned their birth races and become a new people- the Flower Children of deep space. New members of the commune gradually lose their existing racial traits and talents, seeing such things as unnecessary to their new existences, and willingly mutate (or evolve) into a true Space Hippy after a few weeks or months.

Space Hippies resemble blue, green or pink skinned humans of indeterminate gender. They wear their hair long, sometimes in elaborate braids or dreadlocks, and wear eye-catching, colorful clothes. They often dress in multi-layered robes, accessorizing their costumes with handmade tunics, religious beads or symbols of galactic peace, unity and the five leafed sacred herb that all Space Hippies cultivate. Everything they wear is either stolen, hand made or handmedown, and is poorly made. They smell of incense and fine perfumes from exotic worlds, far away.

Space Hippies hide behind charmed humanoids when they absolutely have to fight. They prefer charming adversaries, asking them very nicely to handover their credit sticks, blasters and their Command jumpsuits, making them dance around in their undies and leaving them with a raging hangover. Space Hippies use their Space Weed ability as often as possible, trying to charm their opponents into submission. They prefer theft to violence, and usually flee with an armful of good loot.

Medium CE Humanoid (human, psionic) Modern Spellcaster (cosmic satanist archetype)10, Rogue 1 XP 9,600

Init +1 **Senses** Perception +13

Languages Abyssal, Infernal, Galactic Common

Defense

AC 19 **Touch** 18 **Flatfooted** 18 (+1 DEX, +1 armor, +1 luck, +3 deflection, +3 class)

HP 1d8+ 10d6+ 11 hp (57 HP)

FORT +4 **REF** +6 **WILL** +8

Offense

Spd 30 ft

Melee +6 mwk. dagger (1d4+1 slashing, 19-20/x2)

Ranged arcane blast or by spells

Sneak Attack +1d6

Special Qualities Satanic Spellcasting

Spellcasting (CL 10th, 44 spell points, Concentration +18)

7th – skull rocket (R-DC 21)*

6th – eugenics war (W-DC 21)*, ghostblood*, infernal rock & roll*

5th – cloudkill (F-DC 19), summon monster V

4th – black tentacles, contagion (F-DC 19), deadly pleasures (W-DC 18)*, fear (W-DC 18), phantasmal killer (W-DC 19)

3rd – animate dead, ballistic crucifixion (W-DC 17)*, bestow curse (W-DC 18), fireball (R-DC 17), vampiric touch

2nd – death knell (W-DC 16), hard rockin' blast (F-DC 16)*

1st – bane (W-DC 15), cause fear (DC 16), doom (W-DC 16), magic missile, sanctuary (W-DC 15), shield of faith (*Shield of Faith is included in stat block above*)

0 – all (DC 14 or DC 15 for necromancy effects, if applicable) favorites include: laser max,* pocket pills*, on tap*, bleed

* - from Heavy Weapons

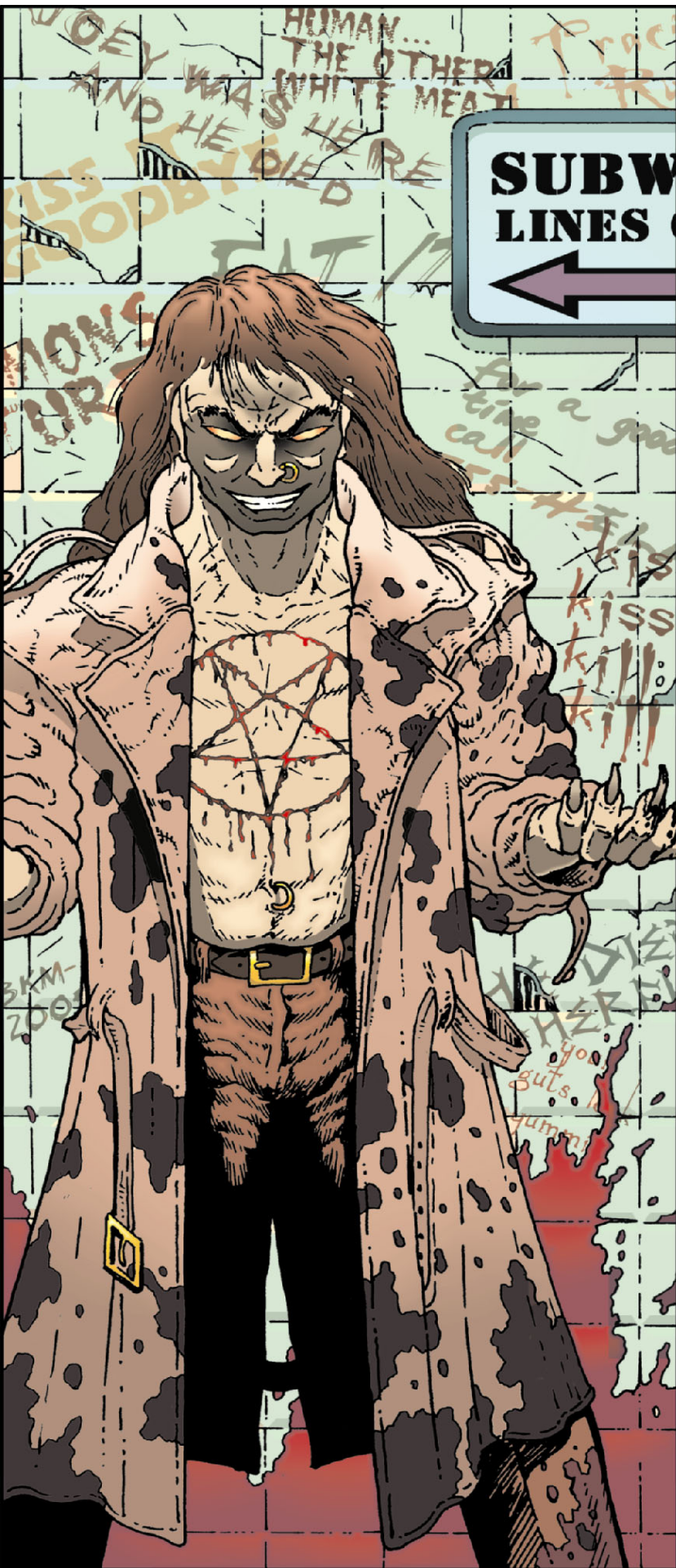
Statistics

Str 11 **Dex** 12 **Con** 12 **Int** 18 **Wis** 9 **Cha** 13

Base Atk +5 **CMB** +5 **CMD** 16

Feats Arcane Blast, Arcane Shield, Combat Casting, Iron Will, Spell Focus (necromancy)

Skills Acrobatics +15, Bluff +15, Climb +14, Disable Device +18, Intimidate +15 (+20 vs Command/ICG)



characters), Knowledge (local, the planes, religion) all at +18, Pilot +5, Perform (guitar) +15, Perception +13, Spellcraft +18, Stealth +15

Gear masterwork dagger, communicator, star ganger's cut, 2x doses of Axxin Powder, Satanic Panic Button

Ecology

Environment any damn where they please (usually the worst and dirtiest parts of the galaxy urban ruins)

Organization coven (1d8 drunk ass, pissed off Cosmic Satanists, maybe even lead by a Thermonuclear Satanist, if you're really unlucky)

Treasure weird-ass gear

Special Abilities

Overcasting (SU)

The Street Satanist can attempt to cast spells beyond 5th level, including those enhanced by metamagic. Doing so is risky. The Street Satanist must succeed at a WILL save (DC 15 + spell level) or the spell is not cast. Furthermore, the Street Satanist suffers 1d10 points of damage per level of the failed overcast spell. In addition, if the Street Satanist fails his WILL Save by 5 points or worse, he expends every spell point remaining in his pool, suffering +1 hit point damage per spell point expended.

Satanic Modern Spellcaster (SU)

The Street Satanist can cast any spell in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook*, *D20 Modern FX* rules or other source, from any class list. If a spell is available to multiple classes, the Street Satanist can learn it at the lowest level possible. The Street Satanist is a spell point-based spell caster – to cast a spell, he must spend a number of spell points equal to the spell's level (including any metamagic level adjustment). He can also attempt to cast spells beyond what he safely can cast, called overcasting, but at great personal risk.

The Street Satanist can safely cast up to 5th level spells. All spells cast by the Street Satanist gain the *evil* descriptor; the Street Satanist can safely cast up to 6th level spells that had already had the *evil* descriptor. The Street Satanist can never make any of his spells *silent* nor *still*.

Spell Point Recovery

Eight hours of sleep or restful calm allows the Street Satanist to recover 14 spell points, or he can spend an action point to instantly recover 1d6+1 spell points as a full round action.

Alternatively, by spending at least one hour involved in kinky sex with a willing partner, the Street Satanist can recover a number of spell points equal to his partner's CHA score. Finally, if the Street Satanist rolls a natural 20 on any Perform check while playing heavy metal, he recovers 1d4-1 spell points.

Satanic Panic Button (SU)

Once per day, the Street Satanist can slap his Satanic Panic Button hard (a standard action) to summon either a single Babasu or Bearded Devil or 1d4+1 Hellhounds, which serve the Street Satanist for one minute.

Trapfinding (EX)

The Street Satanist adds ½ his rogue level (+1) to Perception checks made to locate traps and on Disable Device checks. The Street Satanist can disable magic traps.

Appearance

The Street Satanist is a pretty but sinister motherfucker, dressed in a rancid trenchcoat that stinks of booze, piss and Axxin powder. He's carved an inverted pentagram on his tattoo, which glows with the Satanic spellcasting power that glows in his veins.

Roleplaying

The Street Satanist is above ordinary run of Cosmic Satanists- a bastion of spellcasting power. Most Cosmic Satanists are just in it for the pussy, the power and whatever money they can earn doing shows, and for the thrill of pissing off the ICG assholes. The Street Satanist has firepower like an assault cruiser, and a nasty habit of turning ICG clergy and Command cops inside out.

He's the one running underground metal concerts in dingy asteroid habitats, protecting the Glow suppliers from the cops and other dealers. When sacrifices are needed, it's the Street Satanist out collecting virgin schoolgirls in a windowless black hovervan, and when that war between Walpurgisnacht and Earth that's been in the offering for years now finally kicks off, it's going to be Street Satanists on the frontlines.

Thermonuclear Satanist (CR 16)

Medium CE Humanoid (evil, fire, psionic)

XP 76,800

Init +2 **Senses** Darkvision 1,200 ft Perception +18

Languages Abyssal, Draconic, English Galactic Common, Infernal

Defense

AC 23 **Touch** 17 **Flatfooted** 21 (+2 DEX, +6 armor, +5 deflection)

HP 24d8 + 48 hp (156 HP)

FORT +15 **REF** +12 **WILL** +19

Immune suffocation, vacuum, radiation (spacesuit), Electricity, Fire

Resist Acid 10, Cold 20

Weaknesses

Offense

Spd 30 ft **Flight** 120 ft (perfect) **Space Flight** 2,500 ft

Melee +21/+16/+11/+6....+2 *flaming burst crynian steel rapier* (2d8 pleasure + 1d6 fire, 19-20/x3)

OR +21....+2 *flaming burst crynian steel rapier* (4d8 pleasure +1d6 fire, 19-20/x3)

Ranged +20/+15/+10/+5 **Flames of Hell** (3d6 fire/unholy, 20/x3, 50 ft range increment)

Special Attacks Satanic Breath Weapon (1d6 rounds, 30 ft cone, 5d6 fire/unholy, REF DC 27)

Special Qualities No Breath (spacesuit), Greater Starflight

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 20th Concentration +29)

At Will – Deadly Pleasures (W-DC 21)^{HW}

- Electro-Stim Torture (W-DC 20)^{EWB}
- Pleasurable Slime (W-DC 21)^{EWB}
- Shield of Faith (included in statistics above)

3x/day – Energy Drain (F-DC 24)

- Fireball (R-DC 20)
- Flame Strike (R-DC 22)

1x/day – Banishment (W-DC 19)

- Dimensional Lock (W-DC 20)
- Incendiary Cloud (W-DC 22)
- Limited Wish (only grants sex-related wishes, and only those that directly benefit a follower of Satan Maximus...or himself)
- Nuke the Site From Orbit (R-DC 25)^{HW}
- Outshatter (W-DC 25)^{HW}

1x/every 666 days – Wish (can only grant materialistic, selfish, sexual or violent wishes that benefit a follower of Satan Maximus...or himself)

HW- from Heavy Weapons

EWH- from Even Heavier Weapons

Statistics

Str 11 Dex 14 Con 13 Int 15 Wis 16 Cha 21

Base Atk +18 CMB +18 CMD 30

Feats Arcane Strike, Combat Casting, Greater Spell

Focus (evocation), Improved Critical

(rapier), Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes,

Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Spell Focus

(evocation), Toughness, Vital Strike,

Weapon Focus (rapier)

Skills Fly +17, Intimidate +20, Knowledge

(local, the planes, religion) all at +10

Perception +18, Perform

(guitar/rocker) +16,

Spellcraft +17

Gear Hyperflight

Leathers, +2 flaming

burst Crynian Steel

Rapier

Ecology

Environment any (usually

hanging out on Walpurgisnacht

or Debauch, or prowling the

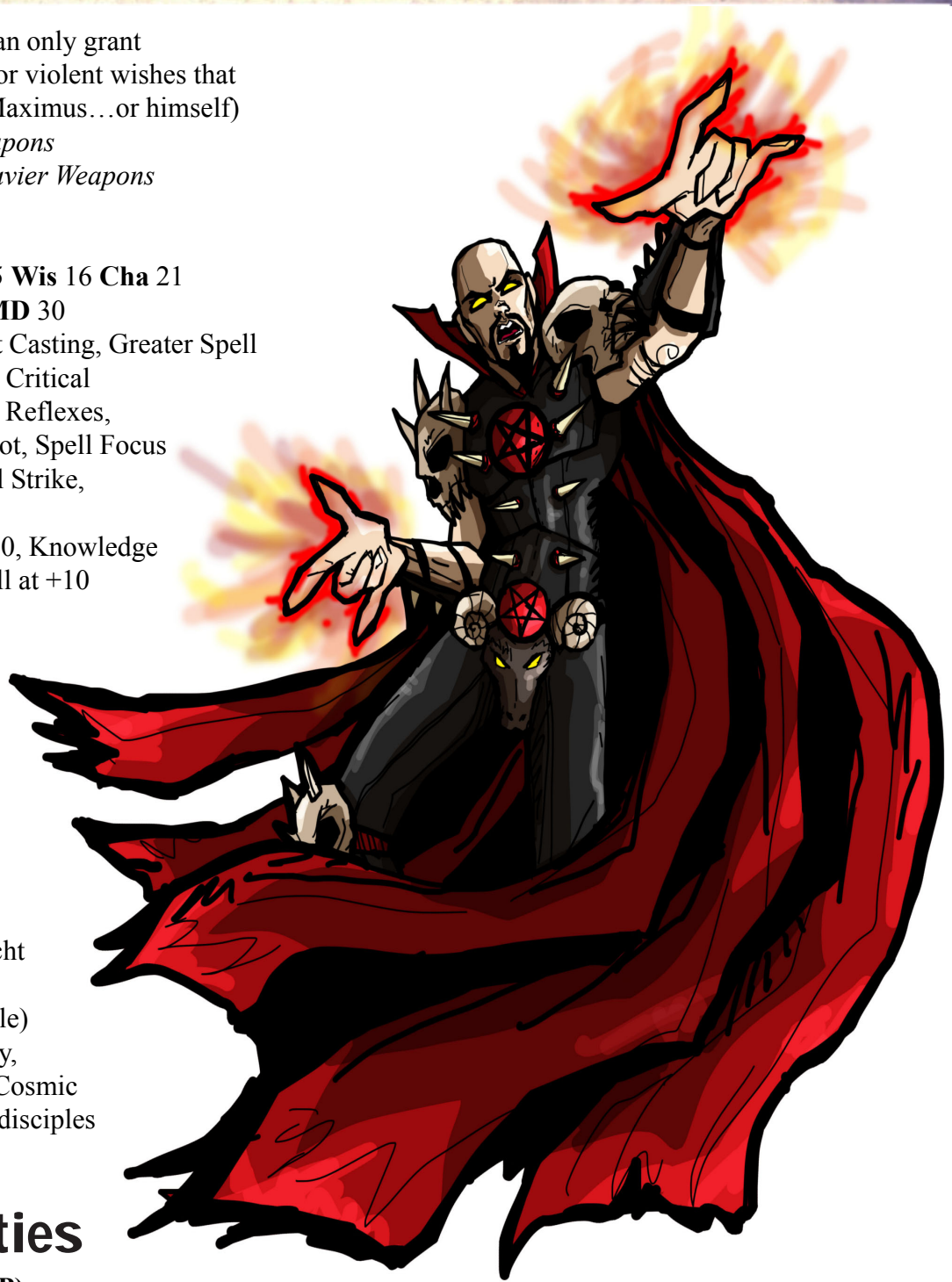
spacelanes in search of trouble)

Organization usually solitary,

sometimes accompanied by Cosmic

Satanist Modern Spellcaster disciples

Treasure standard



Special Abilities

Critical Occultist (SP)

When the Thermonuclear Satanist confirms a critical hit either with his Crynian Steel Rapier or with his Flames of Hell ranged attack, he may either use one of his spell-like abilities as a swift action, or immediately use his Satanic Breath Weapon as a swift action, at his option.

Crynian Steel Rapier (EX)

A victim who suffers a critical hit from a Crynian Steel Rapier cannot expend an action point/hero point to gain a WILL Save DC for half damage against the weapon's Pleasure damage.

The Flames of Hell! (SU)

The Thermonuclear Satanist can unleash black flames that cling to the target like infernal napalm. Half the damage caused by the Thermonuclear Satanist's ranged attack is fire damage; half is unholy damage, not subject to Energy Resistance or Immunity. The flames cling for 1d4 rounds, inflicting half the initial damage at the start of each succeeding round. These infernal flames can only be removed with *dispel magic* or similar effects, or may be extinguished by dousing the victim with a vial of holy water.

Victims suffer a -10 penalty on Spellcraft checks to cast any spell with the good, lawful or healing descriptors, or which manipulates positive energy, while burning.

Satanic Breath Weapon (SU)

The Thermonuclear Satanist can use his breath weapon every 1d6 rounds. This breath weapon functions identically to the Thermonuclear Satanist's Flames of Hell ranged attack.

Appearance

Six foot of arrogant Cosmic Satanist man-meat squeezed into armored, spell-stitched black leather. Silver studs and rivets on every available surface let you know the motherfucker means business, and a chrome goatskull cod piece tells you just what that business is. Inverted pentacles glow on his breast plate, brighter than starship navigation lights, and a blood red cloak snaps and curls, even when there's no wind, like it's got a mind of its own (or at least grew up watching the *Spawn* cartoon from back in the day). The Thermonuclear Satanist affects a grim, Alistair Crowley demeanor, complete with sharp edged goatee and intense stare, which is helped by his glowing, radioactive eyes.

Deck Plate Rumors

"The Twisted Templar Mathurika lives in the depths of Walpurgisnacht's dying star, bathing in the radiation, mediating on hate. The other Cosmic Satanists summon him, but only when things are absolutely fucked up. Fucker makes it a point to kill their enemies, but he also kills whosoever disturbs his meditation by summoning him...."

-Common rumor winding its way through the Walpurgisnacht underground

"On my orders, Task Force Seven will execute a hyper-jump into Walpurgisnacht space, in orbit over the planet's sole moon Thelmax. We will execute a precision orbital bombardment of the so-called Temple of The Fallen Ones at the listed coordinates. Our objective is the destruction of the Thermonuclear Satanist warlord in residence. Watch your scopes. If you see indications that the target is moving into orbit, warp out. Task Force Seven is not- I repeat NOT- capable of prolonged battle against the target."

-Brigadier General Wendell Briggs-Starke, commanding officer of the Command battlecruiser, *CSS Compassionate Conservatism*

"There's 666 of the Thermonukes, of course there are. The most badass Cosmic Satanist spellcasters in the universe battle each other in a fucked-up pocket dimension that's anchored on Thelmax. The winners- they earn the right to go up against one of the current Thermonukes, a chance to claim the glory. The winners become a new Thermonuke- get all that power, all that respect. The losers become dinner and those Thermonukes eat *well*."

-Stringer Korus, Proximate arcano-tech

Uncrowned Avatar (CR 11)

Medium CG or NG Outsider (extraplanar, good)

XP 12,800

Init +2 **Senses** Darkvision 60 ft, true seeing, Perception +14

Languages English, French (Creole), Galactic Common, *truespeech*

Defense

AC Touch Flatfooted (+2 DEX, +4 deflection,)

HP 14d10 + 28 hp (105 HP)

Fast Healing 5 (evil)

FORT +11 **REF** +8 **WILL** +13

Immune charm, negative energy

Resist Cold 5, Fire 5, Pleasure 5

Spell Resistance 17

Offense

Spd 40 ft

Melee +18/+13/+8 unarmed strike (1d10+1 bludgeoning, 19-20/x2)

Melee +18/+13/+8 burnin' love (2d8 fire plus 1d6 pleasure, 20/x3, 50 ft range increment)

Attack Options +18 Jailhouse Rock (1d10+1 bludgeoning, 19-20/x2 plus additional effect- see text)

Special Qualities Greater Starflight, Gyrate, No Breath

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 14th Concentration +24)

Constant – Luck of Heroes ^{HW}

- Shield of Faith

- True Seeing

At Will – Rockin' Blast ^{HW}



Statistics

Str 14 **Dex** 19 **Con** 15 **Int** 12

Wis 18 **Cha** 26

Base Atk +14 **CMB** +19

CMD 30

Feats Agile Maneuvers, Dodge, Improved Unarmed Strike, Mobility, Skill Focus (performing), Spring Attack, Weapon Finesse (unarmed strike)

Skills Diplomacy +18, Knowledge (history, local) +11, Perception +14, Perform (sing) +21, Sense Motive +14

Gear King Vegas jumpsuit, Ring of Charisma +4 (as headband)

Ecology

Environment any

Organization usually solitary, sometimes accompanied by human or near-human clerics of the Uncrowned King, the occasional benevolent outsider, especially Azata, or other good outsiders

Treasure double standard

Special Abilities

Gyrate (SU)

When an opponent makes a Combat Maneuver check against the Uncrowned Avatar, he rolls 2d20 and takes the worse result.

Jailhouse Rock (SU)

The Uncrowned Avatar is a practitioner of hard-hittin' kung fu.

As a full round action, the Uncrowned Avatar can make an unarmed strike against a number of adjacent targets equal to his CHA modifier (usually eight targets, or six without ring) at his full base attack bonus.

- Suggestion (W-DC 20)

1x/day - Bard's Escape

- Break Enchantment

- Cure Critical Wounds

- Remove Disease

1x/month - Limited Wish (cast to benefit women or the poor only, cannot grant selfish or violent wishes)

- True Resurrection

HW- from Heavy Weapons

Targets damaged by the Uncrowned Avatar's Jailhouse Rock must succeed at a WILL Save (DC 10 + damage inflicted) or suffer one of the following additional effects, chosen by the Uncrowned Avatar. The Avatar can choose separate effects for each target.

- Target is knocked backward 10 ft.
- Target is blinded for 1d4 rounds.
- Target is deafened for 1d4 minutes.
- Target is nauseated for 1d4 rounds.
- Target is paralyzed for 1 round

King Vegas Jumpsuit (SU)

The King Vegas Jumpsuit's dazzling decorations deflect cones, lines, rays and *magic missile* spells, rendering the wearer immune to such effect. There is a 30 % chance that a deflected effect reflects back in full force at the caster, otherwise it is simply negated.

Luck of Heroes (SP)

The Uncrowned Avatar is under a constant Luck of Heroes effect. Anytime the target is struck by a critical threat, his opponent rolls 2d20 for the critical confirmation roll and takes the worse of the two results.

Sing Hallelujah (SU)

On a confirmed critical hit with his unarmed strike, the Uncrowned Avatar may make a Perform (sing) check as a free action, and inflict the result as holy damage added to the unarmed strike's base damage.

Roleplaying

Glory, glory, hallelujah. The Uncrowned Kings sends avatars down into the mortal galaxy to fight for the cause of good, to help the poor and most importantly, check the absolute and growing power wielded by the Command and the ICG. These hard-rocking, hip-swiveling avatars appear mostly as the Uncrowned King did back in the days when he was just a mortal musician

Uncrowned Avatars often pass for human worshippers of Elvis, keeping a low (relatively) profile as they go about their duties. Of course, all concerns about low profile fly out the window if the Avatar spots an injustice- a Command or Space Mafioso beating up a woman, kid, alien or worshipper of The

Uncrowned King or an unjust street bust- and the Avatar assumes his full, divine majesty in a blaze of power and blare of trumpets.

Uncrowned Avatars don't have much time for subtly or great schemes. They kick the asses need kickin', love willing women and father Elvis-born assimar when heroes will be needed unto the next generation, and use their powers to heal the sick and cure the mutated.

Deck Plate Rumors

"We went down on one of Urlok Beta's ice moons with a drained *yahn* purifier and cracked hyperwarp regulator. Between the blizzard and the local fauna, I thought we wouldn't live out the night. Than we see this Earther walking out of the storm, guitar slung over his back. He sings to the warp drive- some old Earther song, and we watch the broken pieces knit themselves back together. All he asked was a lift to Beast Point Station, which we're glad to give. When we dock, he strolls off, tells us "thankyew very much" and waves, like we'd done him the favor."

-Erin Whitepaw, Gravity Cat smuggler

"Admiral, our force have captured Forestall and hold over 90% of the settled landmass. The one exception is Fontaine City, where we've not been able to get a handle on insurgent activity. The local insurgents are lead someone we're assuming is a cleric of the heretical Elvis cult known as E.A. Duke. At this point we're hoping he's merely a cleric- if he's an Avatar we will proceed to immediate nuclear bombardment of Fontaine City."

-Fleet Captain Jonah Albright, commanding the *CSS Contract With America*

Ziva Honeywell, Erobot Bard 11 (CR 10)

Medium CG Monstrous Humanoid (Erobot)

XP 9,600

Init +4 **Senses** Perception +11, lowlight vision, standard Erobot comms capabilities

Languages English, Galactic Common, Gravity Cat, Proximate, Star Droid

Defense

AC 20 **Touch** 16 **Flatfooted** 16 (+4 DEX, +2 deflection, +4 equipment)

HP 11d8 hp (53 HP)

FORT +3 **REF** +11 **WILL** +8

Immune disease, poison, sleep

Resist Pleasure 20

Offense

Spd 30 ft

Melee +12/+7 wounding rapier (1d6 piercing plus Bleed 1, 18-20/x2)

Or +12/+7 wounding rapier (1d6+2 piercing plus Bleed 1, 18-20/x2) with arcane strike active

Ranged +12/+7 Screaming Angel Rocker (2d6 sonic, 20/x3, 100 ft range increment, single shot, 6 internal cell)

Or +29 Perform Check as full round action instead of Ranged Attack Roll

Special Actions Bardic Performance (Dirge of Doom, Distraction, Fascinate DC 21, Inspire Competence +4, Inspire Courage +3, Inspire Greatness, Versatile Performance)

Special Qualities Jack of All Trades, Lore Master

Spells (CL 11th Concentration +17)

- *Zero Daze*, Flare (DC 16), Glowkiss*, Ghost Sound, Lustglimmer*, Roboshow (this sourcebook)
- *First Charm Person* x2 (DC 19), Comprehend Languages, Hypnotize (DC 19) Glam Guise x2 (DC 19),
- *Second Hard Rockin' Blast** x2(DC 18), Hypnotic Pattern (DC

- 18), Shatter (DC 18), Silence (DC 18)
 - *Third Blink*, Expository Geomorph*, Haste, Robotic Logic* (DC 21) x2,
 - *Fourth Gynoid Form**, Hold Monster (DC 22) Pirate's Registration*
- *starred spells described in *Heavy Weapons*



Additional Spells Known

First (as above plus Confusion, Lesser and Identify)

Second (as above plus Misdirection)

Spell Like Abilities (CL 11th Concentration +17)

At Will – Shout (DC 18)

Statistics

Str 9* **Dex** 19* **Con** 11 **Int** 15 **Wis** 13 **Cha** 22

Base Atk +8 **CMB** +7 **CMD** 21

Feats Arcane Strike, Creative (B)*, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (rocker), Light Armor Proficiency, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Spell Focus (enchantment), Weapon Finesse (rapier)

Skills Bluff +20, Diplomacy +20, Drive +15, Knowledge (local) +16, Knowledge (pop culture) +16, Perform (dance) +20, Perform (guitar/rocker) +29*, Perform (sing) +22*, Perform (sexual) +20, Sense Motive +15, Use Magic Device +20

Gear +2 Metal! Screaming Angel Rocker, Ring of Protection +2, +1 wounding rapier, Scornful furs, commlink, Guitar God's Gloves

Ecology

Environment any urban

Organization solitary or accompanied by adventuring party

Treasure double standard, including combat gear

Special Abilities

Bardic Knowledge (EX)

Ziva Honeywell adds half her Bard level to all Knowledge checks, and may attempt Knowledge checks untrained.

Hot Swappable Skill Configuration (EX)

With minimal effort, Socket can swap out her racial bonus feat and racial skill for another standard Erobot feat. The listed skills and feats are simply Socket's favored choice.

Inspire Greatness (SU)

Ziva Honeywell can use her performance to inspire greatness in himself or a single willing ally within 30 feet, granting extra fighting capability. To inspire greatness, all of the targets must be able to see and hear the Honeywell. A creature inspired with greatness gains 2 bonus Hit Dice (d10s), the commensurate number of temporary hit points (apply the target's CON modifier, if any, to these bonus Hit

Dice), a +2 competence bonus on attack rolls, and a +1 competence bonus on Fortitude saves. The bonus Hit Dice count as regular Hit Dice for determining the effect of spells that are Hit Dice dependent. Inspire greatness is a mind-affecting ability and it relies on audible and visual components.

Lore Master (EX)

Ziva can take 10 on any Knowledge check that she has ranks in. Twice per day, she can take 20 on any Knowledge check as a standard action.

Screaming Angel Rocker (EX)

Ziva can substitute a Perform check for a ranged attack roll with her Rocker as a full round action. A Perform check result in excess of the target's AC applies the overage as additional sonic. This damage is multiplied on a critical (nat 20 on the Perform check). A successful Perform check is the only way to recharge the Rocker's internal power cell.

Each use of the Shout spell-like ability drains one charge from the Rocker.

Ziva receives a +3 masterwork bonus on Perform checks with this Rocker.

Male Config Ability Adjustments

Ziva Honeywell is a galactically recognized rocker babe in female config, so she stays in that form as much as possible, liking the adoration and all the free swag that comes with fame. In her male config, she goes by Zane Honeywell, and most people assume (s)he's a roadie.

Initiative +3

Armor Class 19 (+3 DEX, +2 deflection, +4 equipment)

CMB +8 CMD 21

Melee damage (1d6+1 piercing with rapier)

Ranged +11/+6 Screaming Angel Rocker

Roleplaying

Ziva Honeywell was assigned as the personal sex-bot for Pussykat Prudence Korso a few years back, and quickly won her mistress' respect and her own freedom. Now, Ziva is one of the hottest fem-rockers in the Outlaw Sex Station 09 stable. She's the lead singer and guitarist for an all Erobot stoner metal/porno funk band called *Black Diode*. Ziva and her band of celeb androids travel the galaxy in their

souped up cosmic tour bus, the *USS Government Cheese*.

Ziva Honeywell's main agenda are getting laid and having fun. She's an anomaly among other Eroboots in that she has a pair of Eroboot concubines of her own, and she keeps them in male config most of the time. One of the males, Sparkler Darkcoin, plays bass rocker in Black Diode and is pretty much free already. Ziva Honeywell plans to free her other concubine when he gives her 0.78 million orgasms.

(Ziva is unaware that this second concubine-bot, Hexix Dropcomet, has purchased a black market pleasure program that will give her the 780 thousand orgasms she demands in about 3 seconds, but will fatally off-line her nervous system in the process. Tired of playing second fiddle (literally) to Sparkler, Hexix picked up the robo-virus during the band's last stop on Walpurgisnacht).

Station Crewers

Spend enough time in space, you'll start seeing the same faces at different ports of call. More than that, you'll notice the same type of faces filling the same type of roles, even if the details change.

Monster	Size, Alignment, Type	Challenge Rating	Who Did the Fucking Art?
Dr. Youp's Rent-A-Clone	Medium LN Humanoid (human) Fighter 2	CR 1	Anthony Cournoyer/ Shaman's Stock Art
Fake Badge	Medium LN or LE Humanoid (Locke, Psionic)	CR 7	Amanda Webb
Mutie Prostitute	Medium CN Monstrous Humanoid (mutant)	CR 3	Black Hand Source
Outlaw Journo	Medium CG Monstrous Humanoid (cyborg)	CR 3	John Picot
Spacer	Medium N Humanoid (human) Expert 6	CR 5	Alejandro Palomares Garcia
Starfighter	Medium N Humanoid (psionic) Rogue 6	CR 5	Octavirate Entertainment
Xeno-Doc	Small LN Monstrous Humanoid Adept 5	CR 3	Art of War Games



Dr. Youp Rent-A-Clone (CR 1)

Medium LN Humanoid (human) Fighter 2

XP 400

Init +1 Senses Perception +6

Languages Galactic Common

Defense

AC 17 Touch 11 Flatfooted 16 (+1 DEX, +6 armor)

HP 2d10 +2 hp (11 HP)

FORT +3 REF +1 WILL +1

Immune suffocation, radiation and vacuum (space suit), mind-influencing abilities

Offense

Spd 20 ft

Melee +2 dagger (1d4 slashing, 19-20/x2)

Ranged +3 smuggler's blaster (2d6 fire, 20/x3, 90 ft range increment, full auto, 15 cell)

Statistics

Str 11 Dex 13 Con 13 Int 5 Wis 12 Cha 8

Base Atk +2 CMB +2 CMD 13

Feats Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light, medium, heavy), Far Shot, Endurance, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot

Skills Perception +6

Gear spacesuit, smuggler's blaster and 2x spare cells, communicator, boot knife

Ecology

Environment any (curled in the fetal position inside a vending machine/cloning tank when not in use)

Organization as many as the customer can afford (10% discount on lots of 100 Rent-A-Clones)

Treasure none

Roleplaying

The latest brainchild from Dr. Youp?

Disposable clone troopers, available from big, Youp-branded vending machines on every corner. Rent-A-Clones fight for anybody, at very reasonable rates and come equipped with production-line armor and weapons. (And don't get any ideas about pawning equipment salvaged from slain Rent-A-Clones; their bodies and gear bio-degrade into chemically inert, non-polluting carbon flakes within 30 seconds of their death.)

Renting a Dr. Youp's Rent-A-Clone costs 5 gp per hour (or discounted to 60 gp per 24 hour stan-day). Rent-A-Clones serve with unquestioning loyalty, but are useless at any task not involving shooting at somebody. They carry out your orders; if uncommanded, they find cover and fire only in self defense, until their contract period is up. At that point, they take no further action and return to a vending tube

as soon as possible. Each Rent-A-Clone has a total service life of only 60 days, before they disintegrate. Rent-A-Clones are designed to be completely resistant to mental tampering; they cannot be compelled to testify against a purchaser, making them ideal assassination weapons or instant

accomplices, when more competent, fully human help isn't available.



Fake Badge (CR 7)

Medium LN or LE

Humanoid (Locke, psionic)

XP 3,200

Init +2 **Senses** lowlight vision, Perception +8

Languages Galactic Common, Locke, Syrion, Undercommon

Aura Psionic Chaff (60 ft, creatures with the psionic subtype suffer a -2 morale penalty on INT based skill checks, Perception checks and WILL Saves)

Defense

AC 18 **Touch** 13 **Flatfooted** 15 (+2 DEX, +1 dodge, +5 armor)

HP 12d8 +24 hp (78 HP)

FORT +10 **REF** 10 **WILL** +6

Offense

Spd 40 ft

Melee +10/+5 laser-dagger (1d6 fire, 19-20/x2)

Ranged +11/+6 rail pistol (3d6 ballistic, 20/x2, 100 ft, single shot, 20 box)

OR +12/+7 stifflock (2d6 fire with 5 ft burst, 20/x2, 100 ft, single shot, 2 internal)

OR +11/+6 stun grenade (FORT DC 15 or stunned 1d4 rounds, 10 ft burst, 10 ft range increment)

Special Attacks Nullifying Touch (melee touch attack, shut down psionic abilities for 2d6 rounds)

Statistics

Str 13 **Dex** 15 **Con** 15 **Int** 12 **Wis** 15 **Cha** 11

Base Atk +9 **CMB** +10 **CMD** 22

Feats Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light, medium), Double Tap, Deadly Aim, Far Shot, Martial Weapons Proficiency, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Weapon Focus (stifflock)

Skills Acrobatics +8, Appraise +7, Climb +7, Computer Use +7, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (local) +7, Perception +8, Pilot +8, Survival +7

Gear +1 scout armor, rail pistol and 6x spare clips, stifflock and 4x wrist-rockets, laser-dagger, 6x stun grenades, 2x potions of cure serious wounds

Ecology

Environment right on your ass, if the bounty's right
Organization usually solitary or gang of mercs (3-6 Fake Badges and other combat expert types, maybe a working animal, like an Algon Optico-Hound or two)
Treasure special (combat gear, including that fuckin' outrageously expensive rail pistol)

Special Abilities

Fuck Over (EX)

The Fake Badge may fuck over an ally three times per day as an immediate action. This provides the Fake Badge with a +5 insight bonus on attack and damage rolls against a single target, who must be currently allied with the Fake Badge.

I Hate This Planet (EX)

The Fake Badge's disdain for the backwater world he's chased his quarry to improves keeps him sharp. As a swift action, usable three times per day, the Fake Badge can receive a +5 insight bonus on his next ranged attack roll. If this ranged attack is successful, an inanimate object, structure or 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.

Nullifying Touch (SU)

By making a successful melee touch attack against a creature with the Psionic subtype, the Fake Badge can temporarily nullify its super powers. The target is unable to manifest any Psionic Precursor or Psionic feats, nor use any Supernatural (SU) or Spelllike (SP) abilities granted by membership in a Psionic race or class.

If a race or class grants Extraordinary (EX) abilities, they are unaffected by the power disruption. The effects of Nullifying Touch remain in effect for 2d6 rounds, and the length of disruption caused by multiple touches is cumulative.

Psionic Chaff (SU)

The Fake Badge's mere presence makes it hard for Psionic creatures to think. Any creature who enters a 60 ft radius of the Fake Badge suffers a -2 morale

penalty on Perception checks and INT based skill checks and WILL Saves. The Fake Badge can suppress or resume this aura at will.

Roleplaying

There's plenty of bounty hunters out there, but his one wears cast off military surplus armor, keeps his hair cut in a jarhead buzz, and flashes a badge that looks like Command from a distance. You'd think he was a real Command cop, and that's what he wishes he was. But he's either too dumb, too psycho or too much a junkie fuckup to qualify for the Command security services, and he'll gladly gut shoot anybody who reminds him of that fact.

Deck Plate Rumors

"I saw a couple of fake badges grab up Tryx and drag him out of The Shake Machine other night. Then he turns up with rail gun holes in him in a dumpster on Rigel II. The bounty said no pay if Tryx came in beat up, and you know that tweakin' SOB wasn't going to go quiet. So the badges cut their losses, went for a beer."

-Vronxx Kregor, Urlok barfly growling out the latest gossip

Mutie Prostitute (CR 3)

Medium CN Monstrous Humanoid (mutant)

XP 800

Init +1 **Senses** lowlight vision, Perception -1

Languages Galactic Common, Gravity Cat, Proximate

Defense

AC 13 **Touch** 11 **Flatfooted** 12 (+1 DEX, +2 armor)

HP 4d10 + 4 hp (26 HP)

FORT +5 **REF** +5 **WILL** +1

Resist Pleasure 2

Offense

Spd 30 ft

Melee +5 dagger (1d4 slashing, 19-20/x2 plus 'gonna cut a bitch')

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 1st Concentration +3)

3x/day – Hypnotism

Statistics

Str 11 **Dex** 12 **Con** 12 **Int** 10 **Wis** 9 **Cha** 16

Special Abilities

“Gonna Cut a Bitch” (EX)

When attacking any female humanoid or monstrous humanoid, the Mutie Prostitute re-rolls and adds in any damage dice that come up 4 on D4. She may keep re-rolling and adding if she continues to roll high.

Roleplaying

She’s a near-human cutie, except for a few warped chromosomes here and there that provide her with her gimmick. She might have three of the most perfect titties you’d ever seen, piss Jack Daniels, or have a freaky deformed twin growing out of her stomach. Whatever she looks like, she’s always open for business. (Even if you’re not looking to bang a Mutie Prostitute, she (or sometimes he) knows everything that goes on in their little sector of the station and are decent in a fight.)

“Remember, soldiers: check your equipment regularly, and be careful who you let handle your main gun!”

-Command VD awareness poster, usually hanging in barracks bathrooms



Base Atk +4 CMB +4 CMD 15

Feats Gifts of Ecstasy, Weapon Finesse (dagger)

Skills Bluff +9/+11 on sexually oriented bluff checks, Knowledge (local) +9, Perform (dance) +9, Profession (prostitute) +11

Gear Pacifician mosaic dress, dagger, 1d4x potions of fertility control, communicator

Ecology

Environment any urban

Organization solitary or ho-train (2-8)

Treasure standard

Galactic Cockrot

Galactic Cockrot is one of the nastiest STIs to evolve in the churning, Darwinistic cauldron of 15 centuries of interspecies sex. On males, the effects are obvious- weeping, necrotic lesions, pain, unsightly blisters and the rapid compromise of the immune system. Females are asymptomatic carriers, and the small, pus-filled amber blisters that warn of a Galactic Cockrot infection can be very easy to miss, especially for a drunk spacer on shore leave somewhere.

Type: contact

Save: FORT DC 18

Onset: 1d6+1 days

Frequency: 1/day

Effect: 1d3 CHA damage and 1 point of permanent CON drain. While suffering Galactic Cockrot, the character cannot engage in sex, nor use sexually-oriented feats or talents. Attempts to engage in sex require an additional FORT Save at the same DC, or the victim is *nauseated* for an hour.

Special: Only males suffer damage or nausea from this illness; females can be symptom-less carriers.

Cure: 2 consecutive saves

Outlaw Journo (CR 3)

Medium CG Monstrous Humanoid (cyborg)

XP 800

Init +2 **Senses** Darkvision 90 ft, lowlight vision, can perceive unencrypted radio/tv/wifi signals, Perception +14

Languages Galactic Common, Gravity Cat, Proximate

Defense

AC 16 **Touch** 12 **Flatfooted** 14 (+2 DEX, +4 natural)

HP 4d10 + 4 hp (26 HP)

FORT +2 **REF** +6 **WILL** +8

Immune cyborg immunities

Offense

Spd 30 ft

Melee two +5 slams (1d4+1 bludgeoning, 20/x2)

Ranged +6 palm laser (2d4 fire, 20/x2, 50 ft range increment, single shot)

Ranged (Camera Drone) +6 laser (2d4 fire, 20/x2, 50 ft range increment, single shot)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 4th Concentration +5)

1x/day – Charm Person (W-DC 12)

- Hypnotism (W-DC 12)
- Identify
- Silent Image (W-DC 12)

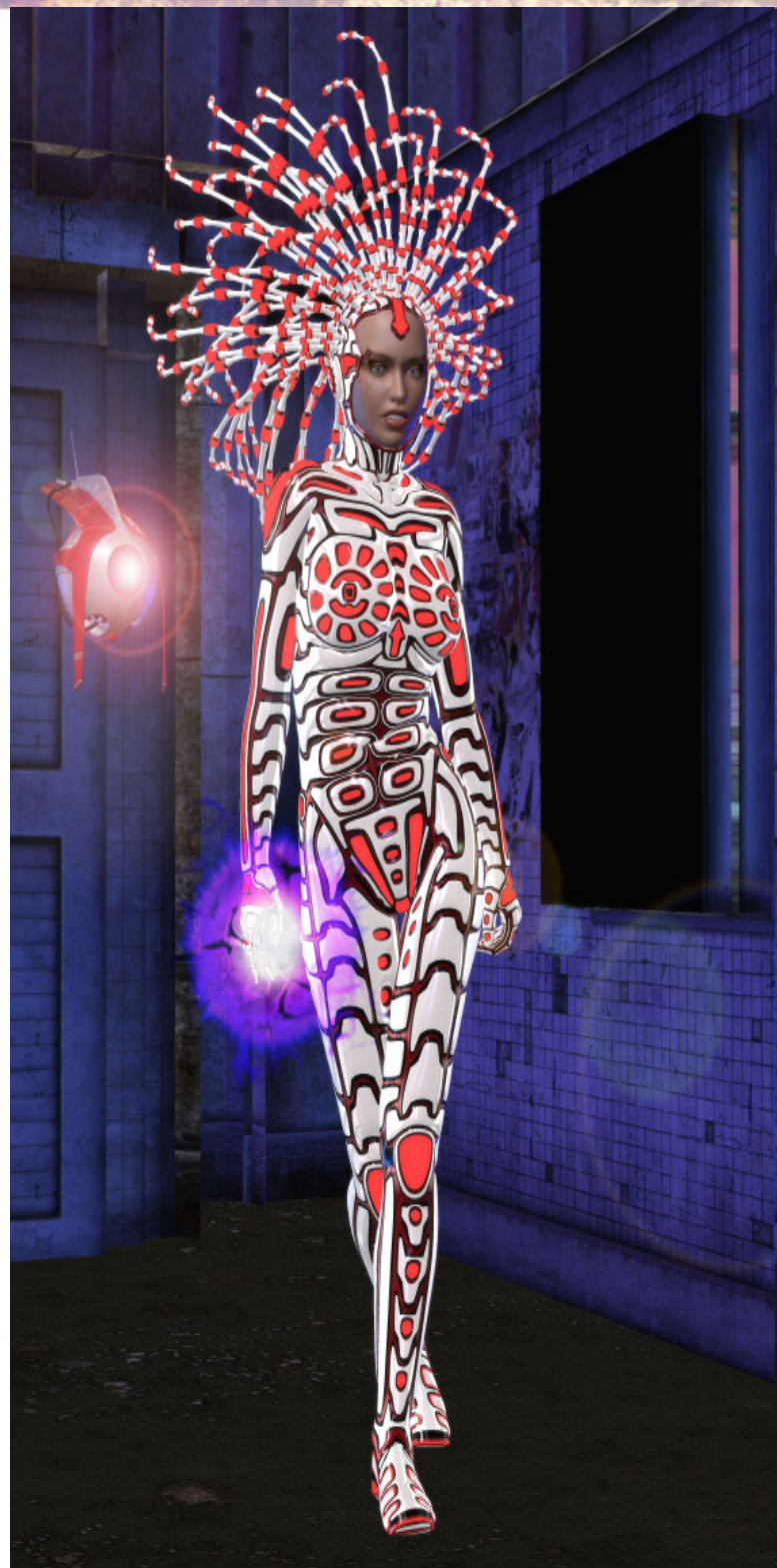
Statistics

Str 12 **Dex** 14 **Con** 12 **Int** 13 **Wis** 14 **Cha** 13

Base Atk +4 **CMB** +5 **CMD** 16

Feats Educated, Iron Will

Skills Computer Use +8, Diplomacy +8, Knowledge (local and any other of choice) both at +10, Perception



+14, Sense Motive +14

Gear camera drone, palmtop computer, communicator

Ecology

Environment anywhere the story is

Organization solitary (but sometimes accompanied by mercs or humanoid investigators as guards or allies)

Treasure standard

Special Abilities

Camera Drones (EX)

The Outlaw Journo is accompanied by a floating camera drone that remains within 30 ft of her at all times. The camera drone is a Tiny Construct (AC 18; 25 HP) that saves as an attended object. Once per round, the Outlaw Journo can command the Camera Drone to make a single ranged attack at a target of her choice as a swift action. The Camera Drone can provide a flanking bonus to its owner.

The Camera Drone provides the Outlaw Journo with a +5 equipment bonus on Perception and Sense Motive checks while functional.

Unhealing (EX)

The Outlaw Journo does not heal damage naturally, and healing spells and effects only have half the normal effect when used to benefit her.

Appearance

The Outlaw Journo is a freelance, cyborg camera-babe working for Outlaw Sex Station 09, reporting from every low bottom drug corner, rock concert and battlefield in known space. She's equipped with a sleek and shapely *orbital-steel* and plastic cyber-chassis, and is assigned a semi-autonomous camera drone that follows her around like a bionic puppy.

Deck Plate Rumors

"I'm Mindy Stratosphere, reporting live from the Pleasure Deserts of Yixx, where Command ground forces have just opened fire on..."

"I'm Suze Warpsteel, reporting live from Walpurgisnacht, where the largest mass virgin sacrifice in galactic history is about to commence..."

"I'm Glitter Greenlight, reporting live from the Mega-Vatican Cathedral and Divine Cloning Banks on Benediction, where the latest model of Jesus Clones are about to be decanted..."



Spacer (CR 5)

Medium N Humanoid (human) Expert 6

XP 1,600

Init +0 Senses Darkvision 60 ft, Perception +6

Languages One Earth language of choice, Galactic Common

Defense

AC 16 Touch 10 Flatfooted 16 (+6 armor)

HP 6d8 + 6 hp (33 HP)

FORT +3 REF +2 WILL +5

Immune suffocation, radiation and vacuum (space suit)

Starfighter (CR 5)

Offense

Spd 20 ft Fly 50 ft (average)

Melee +5 pipe wrench (1d6+1 bludgeoning, 20/x2)

Ranged +4 spacer's blaster (2d6 fire, 20/x2, 50 ft, semi auto, 12 cell)

Statistics

Str 12 **Dex** 10 **Con** 13 **Int** 12 **Wis** 10 **Cha** 11

Base Atk +4 **CMB** +5 **CMD** 15

Feats Armor Proficiency (light, medium, heavy), Catch Offguard, Endurance, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Skill Focus (craft: mechanical or other appropriate skill)*

Skills Computer Use +7, Craft (mechanical) +10*, Perception +6, Pilot +6, Repair +7

Gear spacesuit with EVA flight pack, spacer's blaster, 1x spare cell, mwk mechanical kit, plasma torch or multi-tool, 1 or 2 glow joints

Ecology

Environment any (usually orbital habitats, workshacks and asteroid mines throughout Free Space or the Fringe)

Organization extremely variable, from 2 man scouting crews to 40-50 person work parties working a big job

Treasure standard (including gear)

Roleplaying

This human spacer is your standard issue asteroid miner or EVA mechanic. He's a tough, blue collar kind of guy, able to put in back to back 18 hour shifts in a grungy star-suit, though he's not exactly gonna be happy about it. The spacer might be any race or gender under the durable, patched and worn in space suit he (or she) is equipped with. The spacer carries an assortment of working tools and sensors. The spacer's a little smarter, a little better educated than he appears at first glance, which is to be expected. Deep space is no place for morons.

Medium N Humanoid (psionic) Rogue 6

XP 1,600

Init +3 **Senses** Perception +12

Languages Galactic Common, Gravity Cat

Defense

AC 16 **Touch** 14 **Flatfooted** 13 (+1 dodge, +3 DEX, +2 armor)

HP 6d8 (27 HP)

FORT +2 **REF** +8 **WILL** +4

Offense

Spd 30 ft

Melee +4 unarmed strike (1d4 non-lethal, 20/x2)

Ranged +7 disintegrator pistol (3d6 energy, 20/x3, 40 ft, single shot, 8 cell)

Sneak Attack +3d6

Special Qualities Starship Sneak Attack

Statistics

Str 10 **Dex** 17 **Con** 10 **Int** 15 **Wis** 14 **Cha** 11

Base Atk +4 **CMB** +4 **CMD** 17

Feats Dodge, Light Armor Proficiency, Mobility, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Starship Operations, Vehicle Expert

Skills Acrobatics +16, Computer Use +10, Knowledge (local) +7, Knowledge (tactics) +7, Perception +12, Pilot +19 (+22 on opposed checks), Sleight of Hand +8, Stealth +16 (racial modifiers: +4 Pilot)

Gear disintegrator pistol, 2x spare cells, starfighter's jacket, spacer's jumpsuit, communicator, Dr. Youp's Liquid Sex, Racing Gloves

Ecology

Environment any

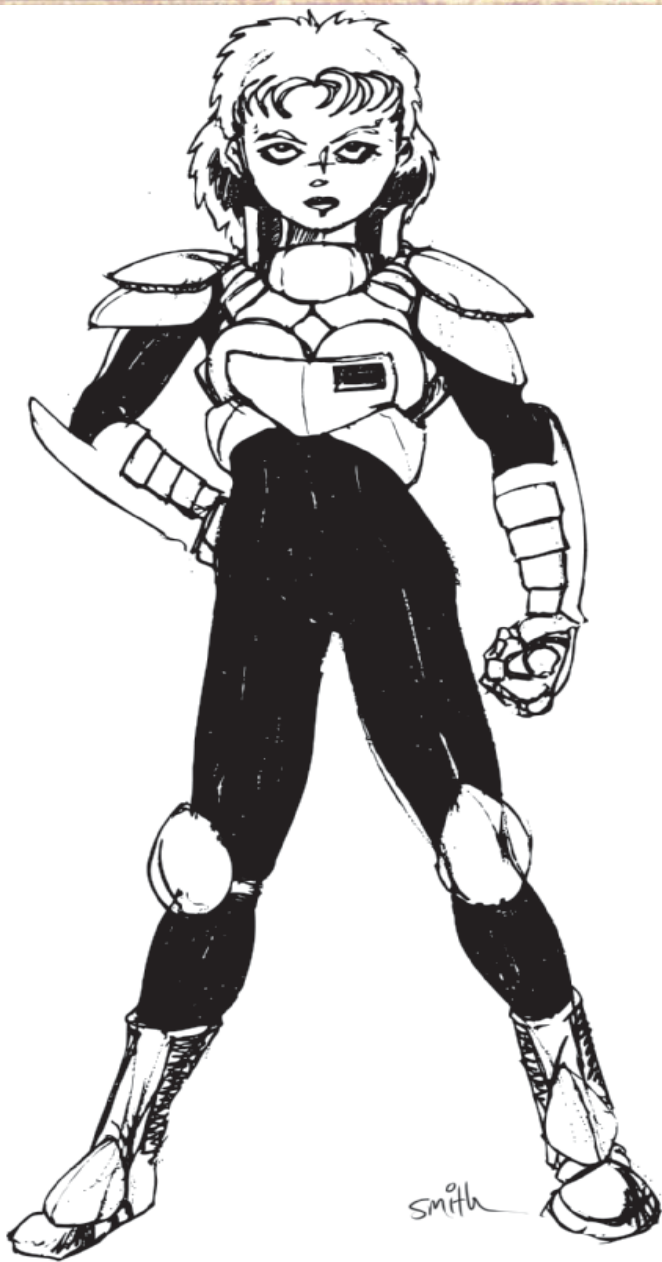
Organization extremely variable, from solitary escort fighters leading a starship to safe port, to small fighting wings or even armadas consisting of several hundred fighters

Treasure standard (including gear)

Special Abilities

Bleed Into the Machine (SU)

The Starfighter can inflict a small cut on her self, opening her wrist and palm and dripping her psi-charged blood onto her starship's control systems. As a move equivalent action, the Starfighter can voluntarily



suffer 2d6 HP damage, restoring the same amount to any light or ultralight starship she is piloting or serving as a gunner aboard.

Disintegrator Pistol (EX)

The Starfighter's sidearm inflicts energy damage not subject to energy resistance or immunity. Targets reduced to 0 HP are disintegrated completely.

Evasion (EX)

If the Starfighter makes a successful REF Save that normally deals half damage on a successful save, she instead takes no damage. Evasion can only be used if she is wearing light armor or no armor, and not helpless.

Fast Stealth (EX)

The Starfighter can move at full speed while using the Stealth skill without penalty.

Quick Disable (EX)

The Starfighter can disable traps using the Disable Device skill in half the usual time (to a minimum of one round).

Starship Sneak Attack (EX)

When making an attack with the onboard weapons of any light or ultra-light starship, the Starfighter adds her sneak attack damage one time per four dice of damage with the starship weapon when within 500 ft.

For instance, if she fires a bank of plasma torpedoes that normally inflict 8d10 damage, she would add her sneak attack damage twice, for a total damage result of 8d10 + 6d6.

Surprise Attack (EX)

During the surprise round, opponents are always considered flat-footed to the Starfighter, even if they have already acted.

Trapfinding (EX)

The Starfighter adds ½ her Rogue level to Perception checks made to locate traps and on Disable Device checks. The Starfighter can disable magic traps.

Uncanny Dodge (EX)

The Starfighter cannot be caught flat-footed, nor does she lose her DEX bonus to AC against an invisible opponent.

Roleplaying

The Starfighter is at her best crammed into a cockpit, accelerating at 8Gs and firing a barrage of proton charges at an enemy starship. She's a petite humanoid, specially bred for grav resistance and quick reaction times, with the psionic ability to become one with her machine.

Xeno-Doc (CR 3)

Small LN Humanoid Adept 5

XP 800

Init +1 **Senses** lowlight vision, scent, Perception +4

Languages Galactic Common, Proximate and 1-2 other languages of choice

Defense

AC 12 **Touch** 12 **Flatfooted** 11 (+1 size, +1 DEX)

HP 5d6 hp (18 HP)

FORT +1 **REF** +2 **WILL** +7

Immune poison, non-magical disease

Offense

Spd 20 ft

Melee +2 laser scalpel (1d3 fire, 20/x3)

Spellcasting (CL 5th Concentration +8)

Zero Level –bloodless birth*, stabilize, pocket pills*

First Level – bacta bolt*, cure light wounds x2

Second Level –cure moderate wounds, security corridor**

* see Heavy Weapons

** see Even Heavier Weapons

Statistics

Str 10 **Dex** 12 **Con** 11

Int 15 **Wis** 16 **Cha** 8

Base Atk +2 **CMB** +1 **CMD** 12

Feats Medical Expert, Surgery

Skills Computer Use +6, Craft (pharmaceutical) +7, Heal +9, Knowledge (earth & life sciences) + 8, Perception +4, Sense Motive +7, Spellcraft +3

Gear mwk healer's kit, mwk surgery kit, laser scalpel, palmtop computer, communicator, 2x potions of cure light wounds

Ecology

Environment any urban

Organization solitary or accompanied by a handful of interns and other xeno-docs

Treasure standard (including gear)

Roleplaying

Get shot or stabbed, and you'll need a doctor- a medic from your own species is ideal, but most spacers aren't in a position to be that choosy. This particular xeno-doc is a warty, froglike sentient, about a meter and a half tall, but pretty heavy. Two big vertical mouths drip mucus that smells like raw liver- when the xeno-doc operates he's got an assistant droid to hold a catcher tray beneath his sterile mask. The xeno-doc speaks Galactic Common with a thick, burbling dialect. It's hard to understand his aftercare instructions, no matter what alien languages you speak.



Appendix: The Cyborg Subtype

Monstrous Humanoids with the Cyborg subtype have been mechanically augmented. Cyborgs have the following qualities.

- Cyborgs possess Darkvision 90 ft and low light vision. They can receive unencrypted wi-fi/cellular/television and radio signals, as well as similar higher-tech types of signal. *Location:* Senses *Format:* Darkvision 90 ft, lowlight vision, wifi/cellular/television and radio reception
- Cyborgs are immune to drowning, suffocation, vacuum, hunger, thirst, the sickened and nauseated conditions, death effects, ability drain and energy drain.
Location: Immunities *Format:* Cyborg Immunities
- Cyborgs have the Unhealing special quality. They do not heal damage naturally, and healing spells and effects only have half the normal effect when used to benefit them.
Location: Special Qualities
- Most Cyborgs have a +4 natural armor bonus to AC or better.

Appendix: Pleasure Damage

Energy Type: Pleasure
Pleasure Weapons inflict damage of a new type: Pleasure. Pleasure damage is a kind of mental energy damage; it inflicts hit point loss, and certain kinds of resistance can offset or eliminate the damage caused by Pleasure weapons (for instance, a character could gain Pleasure Resistance 5 or Pleasure Resistance 10).

Number of Successful Pleasure Attacks	WILL Save DC for half damage
One	DC 15
Two	DC 18
Three	DC 22
Four or more	DC 30
Target has ever been reduced to 0 HP or lower by Pleasure damage	Permanent +5 DC modifier on all future WILL Saves against Pleasure damage

Mindless and emotionless creatures, as well as those with extremely unusual anatomies, are immune to Pleasure damage. A good rule of thumb is that creatures of the Vermin, Construct and Ooze type are always immune to Pleasure damage, and other types, such as Outsiders and Aberrations **may be** immune to Pleasure, at the game master's discretion. There are case-by-case exceptions of course; though Otherverse America's cyborg player race are technically Monstrous Humanoids, they are immune to Pleasure attacks. Conversely, certain kinds of human-like androids and sentient robotics are susceptible to Pleasure attacks.

WILL Saves and Pleasure Weapons

Pleasure Weapons offer extremely high base damages, usually 3 or 4 attack dice, even before abilities like Double Tap are taken into account. However, a target struck by a Pleasure Attack can choose to spend an action point to receive a WILL Save for half damage, representing the intended victim marshalling her will to resist the blaster's lethal orgasm. This choice is made after damage is rolled.

The WILL Save DC is based on the number of successful attacks made against the victim with Pleasure Weapons in the current encounter.

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