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MAGIC CODPIECES



by
Mike Ring
and
The Evil French



WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY 'THE LE'.



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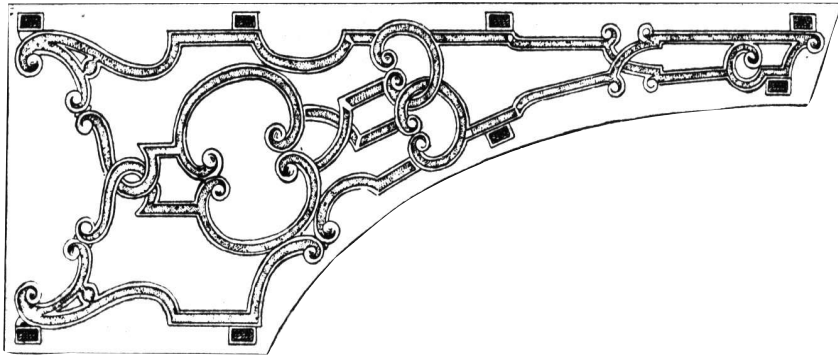
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www.dogsoul.net

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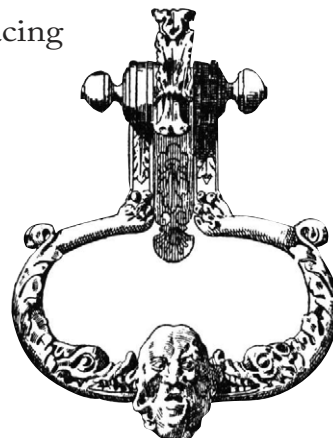
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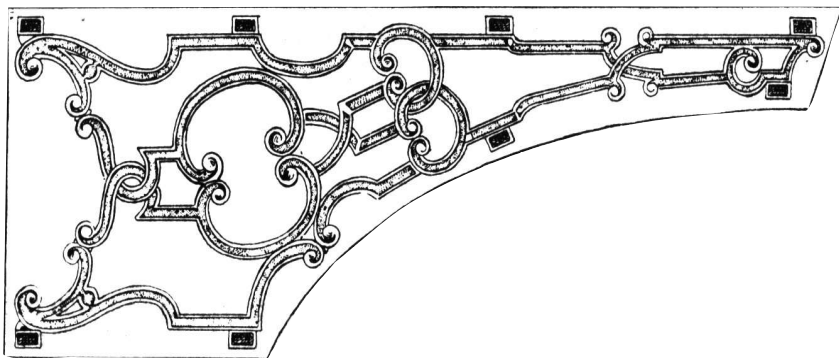
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Introduction



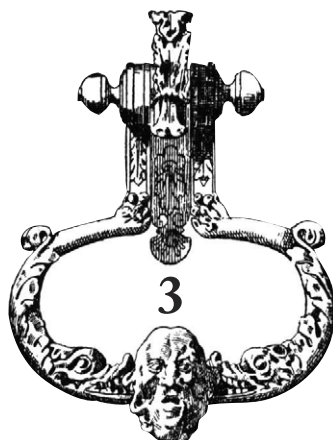
Of all the role-playing game books I have read, the only one I have truly enjoyed is **16-and-a-Half Magical Codpieces**. Seriously. Most books are written very badly, have terrible balance issues, or are simply published by idiots who claim to be “veterans” of the industry when in fact they are simply referring to the fact that they have been kicked out of every gaming group in a 100 mile radius. Never the less, this is not about them – this is really about me. I’m The’ Le (pronounced Tay Lee), and I am here to talk about **16-and-a-Half Magical Codpieces**, not idiot publishers who are jealous of my talents (and good looks). No no, this is about Dog Soul Publishing and their fantastic book, **16-and-a-Half Magical Codpieces**.

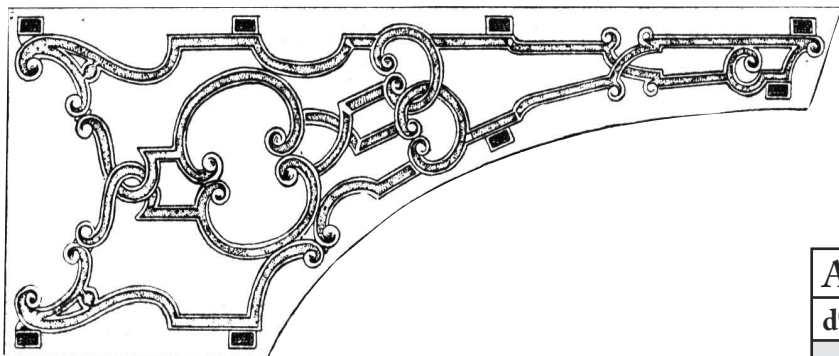
Actually, I haven’t read this book yet. I don’t think I’ve read any role-playing game books for more than a few minute (unless you count looking at the pretty pictures), so I won’t be starting now. Dog Soul paid me a lot of money

to write this intro, so I am inclined to sing the praises of this book (my singing -- another talent other publishers are jealous of). Then there’s my hair -- *damn I’m hot*. In any case, enjoy **16-and-a-Half Magical Codpieces** -- it is truly a campaign shattering book (in a good way). It’s not as good as my own book, <ShamelessPlug>Unorthodox Paladins</ShamelessPlug>, but it’s still pretty damn good.

If you get the chance, please take the time to view Dog Soul’s fantastic books on the web at <http://www.dogsoul.net> <http://www.TheLeGames.com>; you won’t regret it.

--The Le





MAGIC ITEM SLOTS

The items in this book with names beginning with “*cod*—” occupy the belt slot on a character’s body. The others occupy slots as follows:

Balthazar’s bizarre bag

belt or hat

Grimblethingy Thadpunk’s interfacing parsing distributor

none/slotless

Staifym’s scabbard

none/slotless

Balthazar’s Bizarre Bag

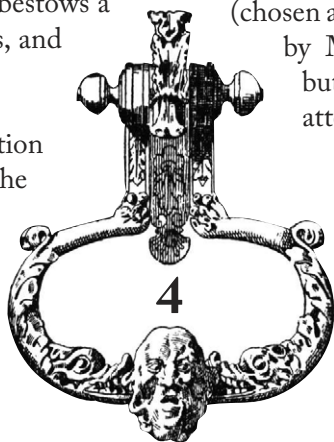
When the magic merchant Balthazar first experienced marital trouble, he turned to his arcane contacts to resolve the issue between him and his wife. The fruit of their labor, *Balthazar’s bizarre bag* is a cloth sack designed to inspire bliss in its wearer, who can be of either gender. Calling it the first unisex codpiece, Balthazar described its use to his wife: A man wears the bag over his loins, while a woman actually reverses the stretchy fabric and slips it over her head. Though somewhat put off, his wife agreed that because the garment affects the mind, it should be worn in the area that has the greatest control over its wearer’s actions. When a man or woman wears a *bizarre bag* correctly, it bestows a +1 morale bonus on skill checks, ability checks, and saves.

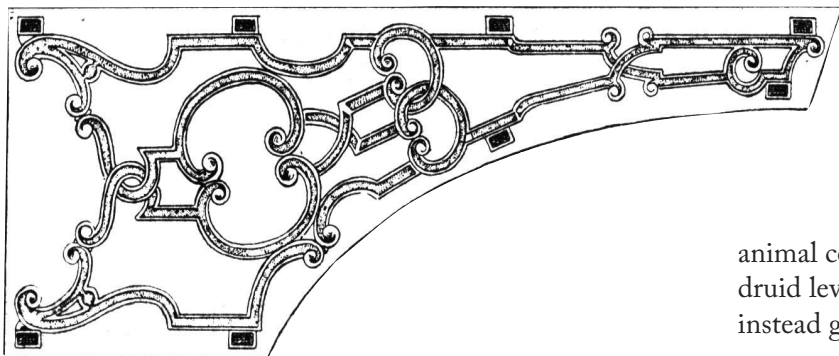
Through an accident of the item’s creation (probably a result of flipping it inside-out), the *bizarre bag* has enhanced effects when coupled with a *rod of wonder*. When holding a *rod of*

ALTERNATE WONDROUS EFFECTS	
d%	Wondrous Effect
01-10	Clothing and armor falls off all creatures within 60 ft. and piles near the target.
11-20	An object or body part becomes flaccid and useless.
21-30	An object or body part grows rigid.
31-40	An object extends or swells to double its length or girth.
41-50	Age reverses 1d4 years; an object grows newer or a creature younger.
51-60	Wearer’s undergarments erupt in a 30-ft. cone aimed toward the target, entangling creatures for 1d3 rounds unless they succeed on a DC 15 Reflex save.
61-70	Emotions swell, casting <i>rage</i> on the creature.
71-80	Emotions swell, casting <i>heroism</i> on the creature.
81-90	Love blossoms as though the creature drank an <i>elixir of love</i> .
91-00	Gender-specific features form on the object or creature.

wonder, the wearer can activate both items as a standard action, producing alternate effects (see sidebar). Most effects work on an object or a creature within 60 ft. of the wearer. Against targeted creatures, the *bag* has an equal chance of affecting either a random limb or an attended object (chosen according to the *PHB* table 10-1: Items Affected by Magical Attacks). The effects are permanent, but after 1 minute a creature or magic item can attempt a Will save (DC 15) to reverse the effect.

Moderate enchantment; CL 10th; Craft Wondrous Item, *confusion*, *heroism*, creator must be chaotic; Price 15,000 gp.

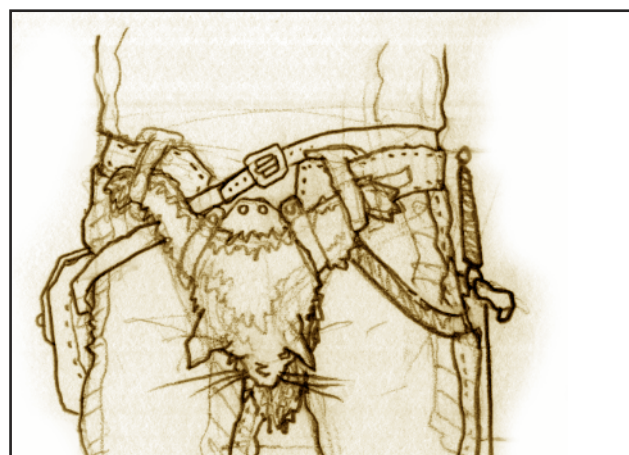




animal companion class feature, instead treat his effective druid level as 3 higher. If he can already wild shape, he instead gains an additional use per day.

A pouch sewn inside the codpiece's waistband appears at first glance to be intended for storing keys or coins, but its contents feel more like an angry ball of fur. The pouch functions as a special *bag of tricks* that allows the wearer to summon an animal at random from the following list once per day:

Moderate varied; CL 9th; Craft Wondrous Item, *calm animals*, *charm animal*, *speak with animals*, *summon nature's ally IV*, *polymorph* or wild shape ability; Price 32,000 gp.



Codpiece of the Godger's Godger

The only record of the creation of this article of crimson velvet was sealed in its creator's tomb, in accordance with the contract the wizard signed with the item's buyer, an aristocrat named Raynald Geremie. With no knowledge of the item's age-defying powers, townsfolk often speculate as to what exactly keeps Gray so youthful. Though the temple elders who recorded his birth avow that his age

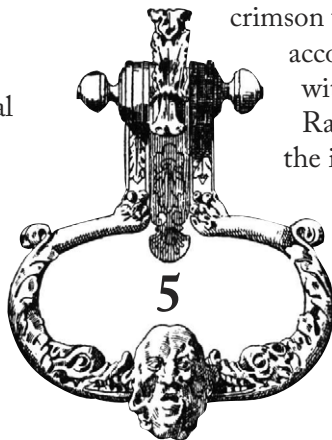
Codpiece of the Beast

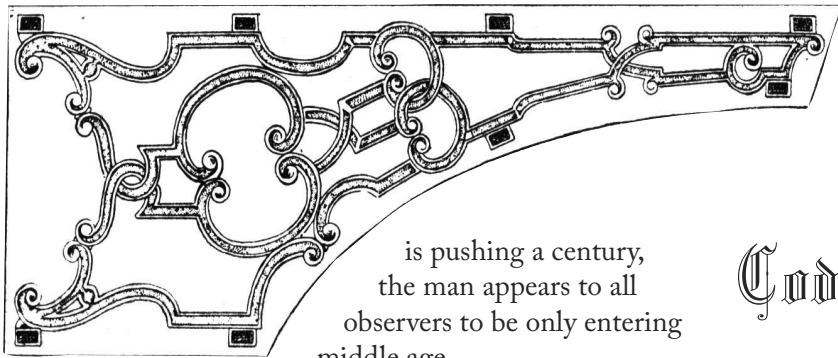
Prized by druids, the *codpiece of the beast* is a furred garment sewn from the hide of a long-haired hunting cat. The great cat's vigor and savagery stirs the wearer and causes him to form a deep bond with nature including powerful friendships with creatures of the wild.

The codpiece grants the ability to commune with animals through a variety of ways. First, the wearer may use *calm animals* (DC 11), *charm animal* (DC 11), or *speak with animals* once per day. He can attempt to make wild empathy checks untrained, gaining a +5 bonus to his check if he possesses the wild empathy class feature. The wearer's strange affinity to animals also gives him a +5 competence bonus on Handle Animal and Ride checks. He grows distant from people, however, and tends to bumble during conversations, taking a -4 penalty on Charisma-based checks to interact with humanoid and those of humanoid shape.

d%	Animal
01-30	Lizard
31-60	Weasel
61-75	Riding dog
76-90	Constrictor snake
91-00	Lion

Druidic circles do not speak of whether the codpiece's more potent abilities permit deeper communion with beasts, yet rumors of its bestial influence abound. The wearer may attract an animal companion and may wild shape once per week, using both abilities as a druid of half his character level. If he already has the





is pushing a century,
the man appears to all
observers to be only entering
middle age.

Just as apparently, the noble's romantic drive remains strong as ever. Despite his good looks, however, his many conquests report that he prefers to put out the light before going to bed. Some villagers claim he is a vampire, but his nocturnal activities do not leave his girlfriends *that* drained. The women themselves only describe his captivating presence; they cannot guess what thoughts run behind his entrancing eyes. Most simply accept him as an eccentric and private man.

The secret beyond everyone's conjecture is the codpiece of Raynald Geremie, a magic garment that preserves his youthful appearance and functions. Under the codpiece, the codger grows wrinkled and liver-spotted with age, but to the outside world he remains handsome and dashing, and age does not stop him from gratifying his appetites. With the candles out, none can see the secret mark of his elderliness.

The *codpiece of the codger's todger* rewinds the physical effects of age, reversing the sand running through its wearer's hourglass by a year for every day worn, until just before the wearer experiences middle age. He remains perpetually in this middle adulthood, never suffering penalties for aging. The wearer still dies when his time runs out, but until then he enjoys a body free of the debilitation of age, and bonuses to his mental scores still accrue.

The codpiece's owner may freely remove the velvet garment, but his body begins aging back to its normal state when unprotected for too long. The same rate applies: one year for every day without the codpiece.

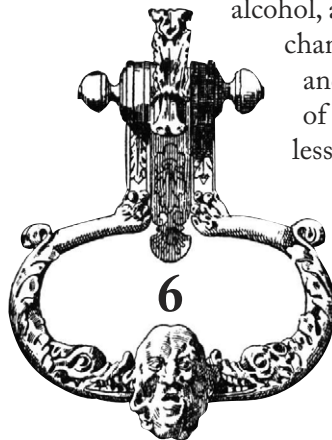
Moderate transmutation; CL 8th; Craft Wondrous Item, *gentle repose*; Price 36,000 gp.

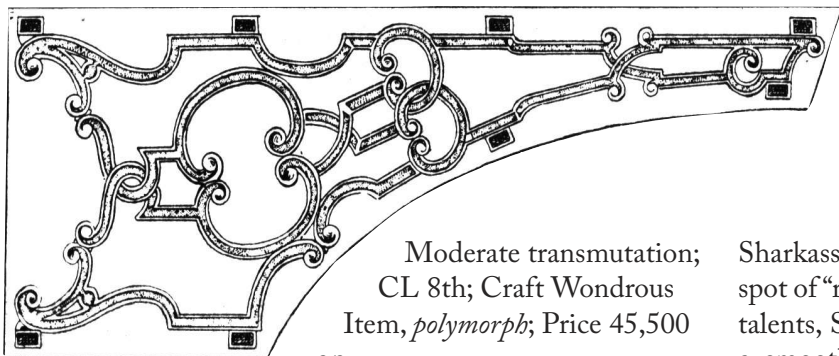
Codpiece of Dildrea

As the king lay dying, the princess Dildrea believed herself more than prepared to ascend to her father's throne, but the royal advisors doubted her ability to rule. To assure the kingdom would have a strong monarch, right before he died they persuaded the old king to arrange a marriage between the princess and a nobleman of distant royal blood. The outraged Dildrea set out to prove her betrothed unworthy of the throne. She enlisted the aid of the court wizard and asked how to observe the noble's true nature, his behavior away from the niceties of the palace.

The wizard's answer was the *codpiece of Dildrea*. The magical properties of this codpiece function only for a female wearer, who gains enough physical enhancements to become manlier than the typical man. Upon donning the codpiece, she sprouts thick body hair and her voice deepens, and she can grow facial hair and augment her frame with additional muscle or flab as she chooses. While wearing it, the woman has a +10 competence bonus on Disguise checks to impersonate a male and a +4 competence bonus on Charisma-based checks when interacting with a female. She also benefits from a +2 enhancement bonus to Strength and Constitution and a +2 competence bonus on attack rolls with melee weapons. These modifications fade once the codpiece is removed.

In her codpiece, Dildrea moved freely among the taverns frequented by her husband-to-be. She became a man's man, worthy of the admiration and respect of her city's young lords. The pull of Dildrea's artificial personality inspired her betrothed to attempt to live up to her vigor. As they bounced around the city in his carriage, she successfully tempted him with prostitutes, copious alcohol, and illegal drugs. In back-room games of chance, the lord gambled away half his estates and the fine clothes off his back. With proof of his weak will, Dildrea sought a mate with less ambition and more heart. She did not look far—she was already smitten with Andro the carriage driver.





Moderate transmutation;
CL 8th; Craft Wondrous
Item, *polymorph*; Price 45,500
gp.

Sharkassandra to his lab one evening to assist him with a spot of “research.” As retribution for this misuse of her ample talents, Sharkassandra sent Gohnn to pound the mage into a smooth, creamy pudding. Unfortunately, before Gohnn finished making mage pudding, the wizard caught him in a *magic jar*. Upon possessing the half-ogre’s body, the mage immediately discovered the magical properties of the gem-studded dingle-hopper. He grew fascinated with the device and would not rest until he could reproduce the item for the mass adventurer market.

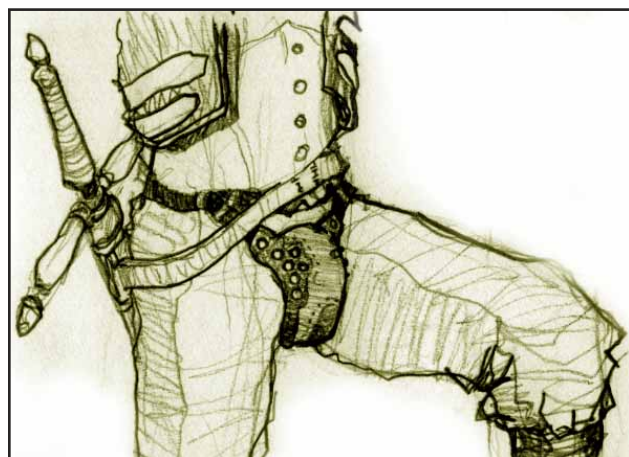
Codpiece of Fiery Retribution, Gohnn’s

This tally-whacker sack appears rather understated upon first glance. The codpiece is an unpadded, flexible, black leather pouch secured to a plain black leather belt. Its only adornments are a half-dozen small gold studs set with rubies, which secure the leather pieces together.

Originally gifted by the succubus Sharkassandra to her favorite “pet,” a half-ogre barbarian named Gohnn Rayhassa, this crotch-harness allows the wearer to eject a magical wad of flame once per day. (Succubi like it kinky.) The wearer evokes this fiery ejaculation by clapping his hands together three times, and the blast functions as the *lesser fireball* spell (see sidebar). Sharkassandra added resistance to fire 10 to the codpiece to protect Gohnn from the backlash his fiery balls sometimes caused. The codpiece also grants a +2 competence bonus on Charisma-based checks when interacting with demons, devils, and creatures from the Plane of Fire. Like most magic items, the codpiece alters itself to comfortably fit the wearer and can be taken on and off much like a pair of pants. (Easy access was important to Sharkassandra.)

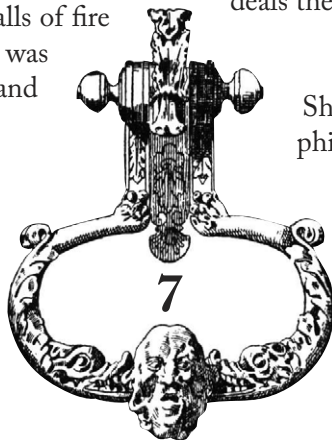
Proud of her work, Sharkassandra paraded Gohnn and his trophy-piece around to all of her girlfriends on various planes of existence. The notoriously gossipy succubi spread word of Gohnn and his great balls of fire across all the lower planes, and the half-ogre was viewed favorably by many demons, devils, and beings from the Plane of Fire.

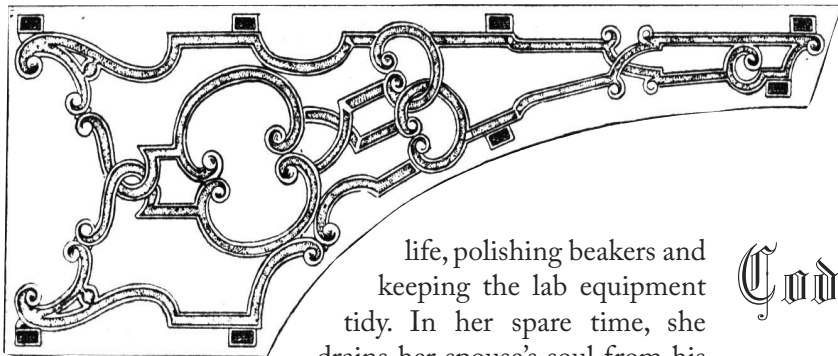
Gohnn’s original *codpiece of fiery retribution* has been lost to the ages. Legends report that a powerful human wizard conjured



Unfortunately for Sharkassandra, he forced the succubus to spend many more evenings in his lab helping him recreate the item. Sharkassandra hated the wizard; succubi would rather spend their nights doing the four-legged frolic than taking notes, measuring out spell components, and researching arcane processes. Taking the only available measure of revenge, she incorporated a minor curse into the core formula of the codpiece, a curse passed down to all subsequent incarnations: Any time the wearer relieves his bladder, he experiences an excruciatingly painful burning sensation, and for the next 24 hours, activating the codpiece deals the wearer 2d4 points of nonlethal damage.

After a great deal of counseling, Sharkassandra and the wizard resolved their innate philosophical differences and eventually married. (The wizard’s decision to keep Gohnn on a shelf while he “borrowed” his body on occasion no doubt helped.) The succubus now leads a quiet





life, polishing beakers and keeping the lab equipment tidy. In her spare time, she drains her spouse's soul from his body in the slow and methodical

way common to wives on all planes of existence. Together they have three lovely tieflings and a vacation home deep in some abyssal pit.

Moderate evocation; CL 10th; Craft Wondrous Item, *lesser fireball*, codpiece must be fondled by a succubus for one hour; Price 23,000 gp.

NEW SPELL

Fireball, Lesser

Evocation [Fire]

Level: Sor/Wiz 2

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 standard action

Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft./2 levels)

Area: 10-ft.-radius spread; see text

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None or Reflex half; see text

Spell Resistance: Yes

Known primarily for its use in the *codpiece of fiery retribution*, this spell requires a greater degree of control than *fireball*—it is harder to aim with your crotch than your finger. You cast *lesser fireball* by clapping three times and pointing your crotch, firing a sphere of flame at a specific creature by attempting a ranged touch attack. A creature struck by the blast receives no saving throw against the sphere's fire damage. If the sphere misses its target, it simply explodes at the nearest corner of the target's space. Once the sphere reaches its destination, it explodes in a 10-foot-radius spread, dealing 1d6 points of fire damage per two caster levels (maximum 5d6) to each creature in the area. A successful Reflex save halves the damage.

Codpiece, Half-

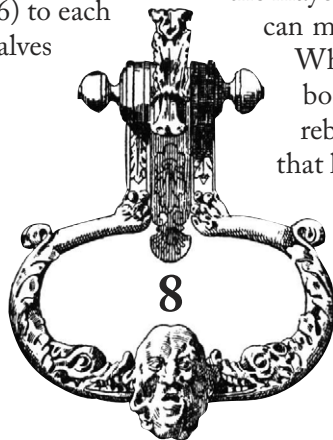
An odd piece of clothing, the *half-codpiece* originates in Yunibal, where a fishing accident became a blessing for local vendors of male garments. The mayor had grown up a fisherman and, for the sake of publicity, continued to work with the fishing crews that brought Yunibal prosperity. Several hundred people watched the mayor's shark hunt from the city docks, each of them witness to the fateful attack. A careless sailor cast his fishing line past the mayor, the hook sliding up his trousers to draw blood upon his silken codpiece. That very moment, the three-foot shark he was baiting leapt from the water and tore free the hook... and more.

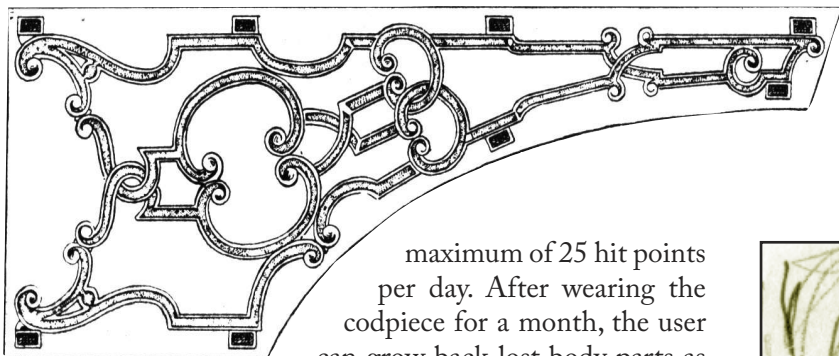
Publicly maimed, the mayor was honor-bound to slay the shark and vowed to kill it. After the sailors chummed the waters for days, they found the shark with a hook through its gums. The mayor bludgeoned it to death and made its head into a sharkskin codpiece. Fittingly, only half of the crushed skull remained intact.

Divided down the middle, a *half-codpiece* covers only half the nether region, but it need not cover the rest. The codpiece allows the wearer to fade half his body out of existence, functioning as a one-sided figure with half a body, half a face—half of everything. The wearer can assume half-form as a standard action, dissolving half his body and halving his width and weight. He gains a +5 competence bonus on Escape Artist checks and can fit through smaller areas, though his size category does not change. He also loses the use of his missing limbs, becoming unable to wield a two-handed weapon and taking a -4 penalty on Climb, Craft, Disable Device, Open Lock, Swim and Use Rope checks.

The ability to return to normal, however, is the reason the mayor of Yunibal commissioned the item. The wearer can materialize his normal form with a move action.

When the *half-codpiece* reconstitutes the wearer's body, it draws partly upon the existing half to rebuild the old half; thus, injuries sustained before that half dissolved can be repaired, and asymmetrical features (such as moles or scars) vanish after extended use of the codpiece. Each use of the item heals as much damage as it can, to a





maximum of 25 hit points per day. After wearing the codpiece for a month, the user can grow back lost body parts as though he were the recipient of a

regenerate spell, but he must wait one month between each regeneration.

Moderate conjuration and transmutation; CL 10th; Craft Wondrous Item, *regenerate*; Price 15,000 gp.

Codpiece of the Hedge Wizard

Stitched together from the hide of a cockatrice, the *codpiece of the hedge wizard* originates with the hags of the Nuud Morass, who sew the monstrous garments for their half-human male offspring. These hag-blooded men move among rural towns as hedge wizards, and though villagers whisper in fear of the hexes they cast, few realize that the hexes draw their power from below the belt.

A male half-hag is born blind, so the covey must locate new eyes if the hags desire any use from him. During his young adulthood, the hags replace the man's eyes with other... "orbs" of great significance to him, imbuing the man with sight in a secretive process similar to the making of a *bag's eye*. They then sew each gouged-out eye into a tiny pocket on either side of the codpiece, and these now glassy spheres fuel its power.

The hedge wizard (or another wearer) gains abilities based on the position of the eyeballs in his codpiece. In the "weal" position, he gains a +4 competence bonus on Diplomacy checks and can use *lullaby* on command once per day. In the "woe" position, he gains a +4 competence bonus on Intimidate checks and can duplicate the spell *crotch stirge* on command once per day (see sidebar). Switching positions simply requires swapping the two eyes (a standard action).



Faint enchantment and necromancy; CL 1st; Craft Wondrous Item, *crotch stirge*, *lullaby*; Price 3,740 gp.

NEW SPELL

Crotch Stirge

Necromancy

Level: Sor/Wiz 0

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: 1 standard action

Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft./ 2 levels)

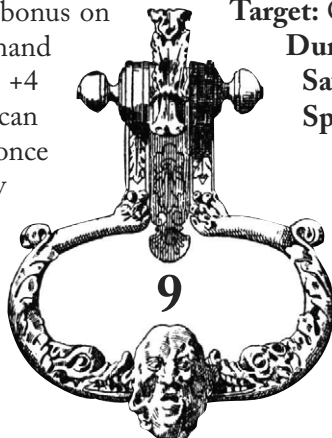
Target: One living creature

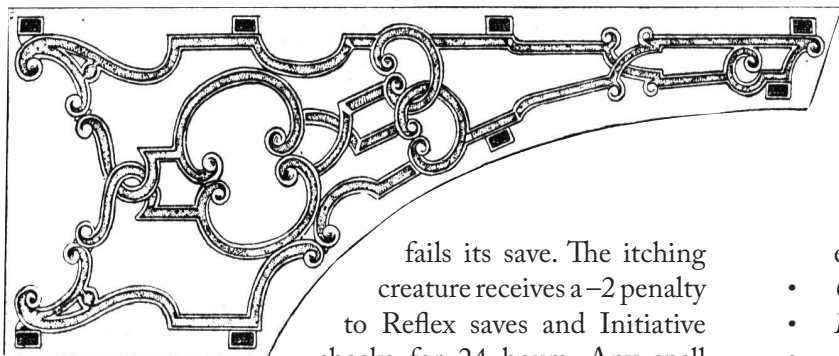
Duration: 24 hours

Saving Throw: Fortitude negates

Spell Resistance: Yes

You curse the subject's crotch with a sensation equivalent to a stirge bite, causing intense and long-lasting itching if the victim





fails its save. The itching creature receives a -2 penalty to Reflex saves and Initiative checks for 24 hours. Any spell that heals damage dispels *crotch*

stirge. This spell does not affect creatures that are immune to critical hits or nonlethal damage.

Material Component: A pair of stirge eggs or burrs.

Godpiece of Holy Righteousness, Nordbert's

To celebrate its hundredth year of rule, the high church of Decorumnus, the god known as the Healing Doldrum, commissioned the artist Nordbert to fashion a holy relic of tremendous power. With a host of acolytes at his disposal, Nordbert worked for months in secrecy before finally revealing his handiwork before the clergy—venerable clerics aghast that the church's wealth (and dignity) had been melted into the shape of a holy codpiece.

Nordbert's codpiece of holy righteousness reflects the gleam of all that is holy in its mirrored silver surface. Yet the day of its unveiling, the artist saw only the reflected gazes of the priests' anger and confusion over the codpiece's ornamentation, an enlarged but accurate representation of that which it covered up. Nordbert, who claimed he himself was model for the codpiece, was halfway through his explanation of its powers before the clerics dragged him from the church to be drawn and quartered.

The wearer of the codpiece gains a +2 deflection bonus to his armor class. He may also duplicate each of the following spells once per day by grasping the codpiece's ornamental extension and uttering a command word:

- *Bless* all creatures grasping the extension (CL 1st)
- *Bless water* by submerging the

extension in one pint of water (CL 1st)

- *Create water* up to 2 gallons (CL 1st)
- *Daylight* (CL 5th)
- *Righteous might* (CL 9th)

The codpiece grants further abilities to a wearer with divine ability. If he can turn undead, the codpiece allows him to turn undead as though he were two levels higher in the class that grants him that ability. He must simply display the codpiece in all its glory and shout the command phrase "Suck my righteousness!"

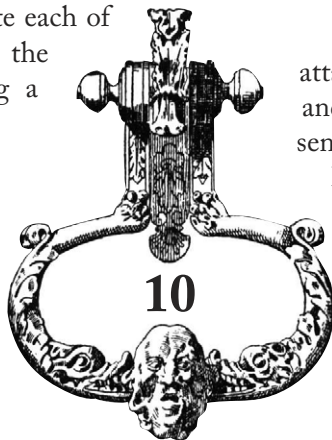
In addition, not only can an enlightened wearer create and bless water, he can exude a restorative fluid once per week. Depending on the result of the wearer's Knowledge (religion) check, this pearly liquid functions as a *potion of cure light wounds* (DC 15), *cure moderate wounds* (DC 20), *cure serious wounds* (DC 25), *cure critical wounds* (DC 30), or *heal* (DC 40).

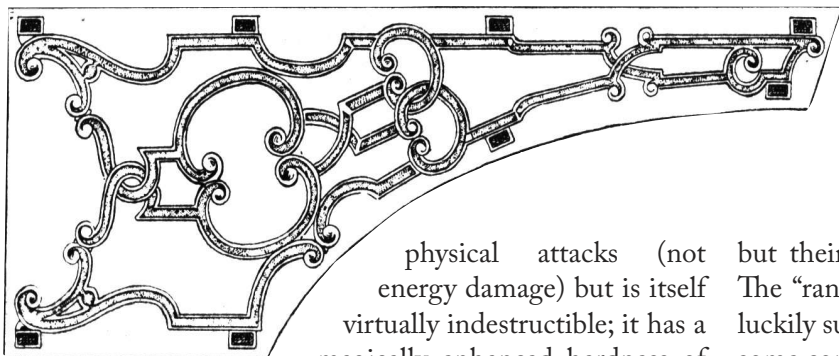
Moderate varied; CL 9th; Craft Wondrous Item, *bless, bless water, create water, daylight, righteous might, shield of faith*, creator must be a good cleric; Price 80,000 gp.

Godpiece of Norys

A supple pouch of woven mithral that once swaddled the loins of the great Norys, this codpiece conveys a great boon to the manliest of men—for Norys was such a man, a strapping warrior of dense muscle and thick beard whose veins ran with troll blood, according to legend. Bards scoff at the suggestion that the man had a single weakness, but in truth the *codpiece of Norys* saved his life during more than one battle.

The garment's chief property is to redirect attacks that would strike its wearer. Cudgels, arrows, and knives all stray toward the wearer's groin, a sensitive area but one where Norys could easily handle the pain. The wearer converts 5 points of damage from each attack into nonlethal damage. The codpiece protects only against

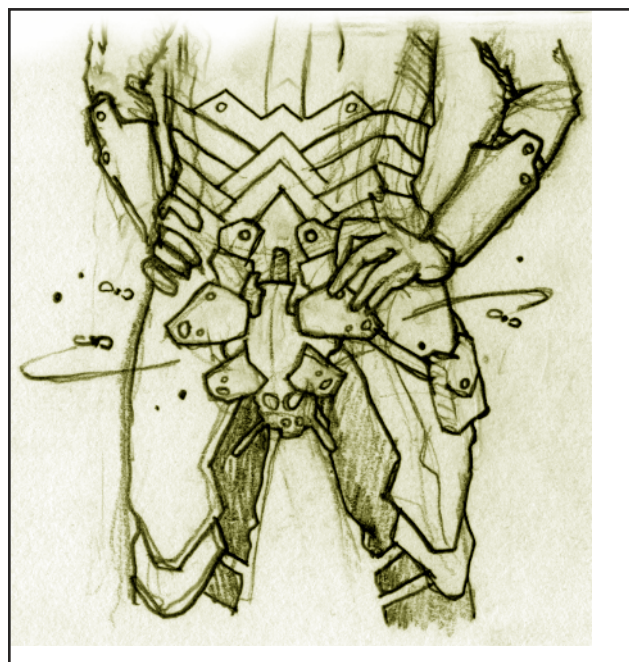




physical attacks (not energy damage) but is itself virtually indestructible; it has a magically enhanced hardness of 35 and 100 hit points.

but their limited understanding of pheromones backfired. The “rank” codpiece positively reeks. The alchemists’ intent luckily survived the twists in their formula, giving the wearer some control over his potent stench. By temporarily altering the scent, he can reproduce *charm monster* (DC 14) and *sinking cloud* (DC 14) each once per day.

A decade of hugging the skin of Norys has imbued another magical property into the codpiece’s lining, a padding of yak’s fleece. The legendary fighter’s bodily fluids were said to radiate with a strength approaching the divine: his tears could heal the most grievous of wounds (if he ever cried), and according to ancient lore, the mighty tarrasque was created as a mere homunculus, except the alchemist built it from another of Norys’s bodily fluids to grant it unparalleled savagery. The *codpiece of Norys* contains a third fluid—his sweat, soaked deep into the fleece. By sucking on the sweaty lining, a creature receives the benefit of a *cure serious wounds* spell. Removing the codpiece or putting it on again takes a move action, and having a suck requires a standard action. The codpiece holds enough moisture for one drink per 24 hours; it must be worn until the next day before replenishing its nectar.



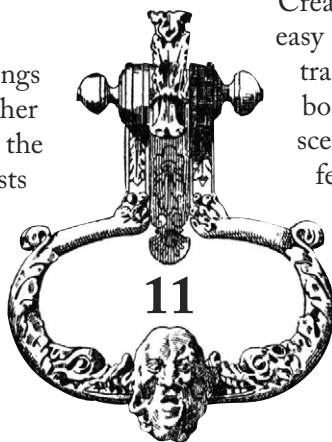
Unlike other magic codpieces, the *codpiece of Norys* was created to blunt its wearer’s attractiveness, for before it came into service, Norys incited blind adulation and unchecked passion wherever he walked. Few men match the original owner’s raw appeal, however, and the codpiece carries no ill effects for them.

Moderate abjuration and conjuration; CL 7th; Craft Wondrous Item, *cure serious wounds*, *stoneskin*; Price 33,400 gp.

A *codpiece of rank* also grants the wearer powers of attraction over those who tolerate the stink. This ability allows him to augment his animal companion, cohort, familiar, or special mount; he counts as two levels higher for the purpose of determining that creature’s abilities. The creature should ideally possess a potent smell, but it can be any creature that does not have the scent ability.

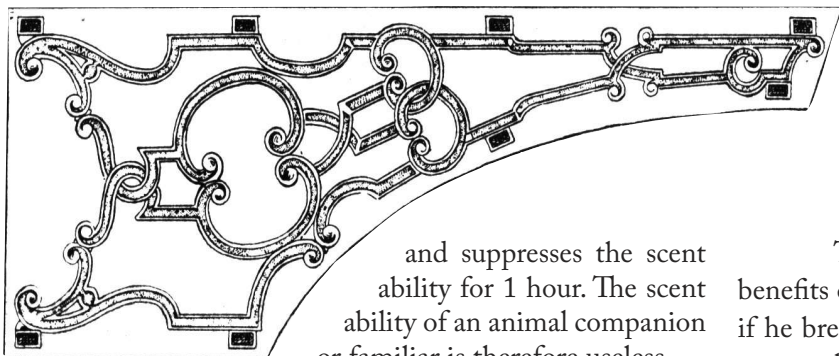
Codpiece of Rank

Beautifully detailed to imitate the markings of a monarch butterfly, formian myrmarch, or other insect-like creature, a *codpiece of rank* bestows the power to command others. Dwarven alchemists built the first such codpiece in the aim of capturing the natural essence of the hive leader,



Creatures with a strong olfactory sense have an easy time locating the codpiece’s wearer. A creature tracking him by scent gains a +10 circumstance bonus on the survival check, and creatures with scent can detect his presence and direction from 100 feet away (200 feet upwind, 50 feet downwind).

Approaching within 30 feet of the *codpiece of rank*, however, overwhelms the sense of smell



and suppresses the scent ability for 1 hour. The scent ability of an animal companion or familiar is therefore useless.

The *codpiece of rank* has long been an heirloom of the Mephus noble family, many of whose male members were born without a sense of smell. Few come calling to the Mephus townhouse, for the current heir has hired a troglodyte butler—his taste in companion only slightly worse than that of his grandfather, who rode a zombie mule at least as old as he was.

Faint conjuration and enchantment; CL 5th; Craft Wondrous Item, *charm monster, stinking cloud*; Price 17,750 gp.

Codpiece of Solitude

The *codpiece of solitude* grants its wearer the use of many feats, but unfortunately it carries a curse of the highest magnitude. Upon donning it, the wearer becomes aware that his sex life is inexorably bound to the codpiece: For the rest of his life, he cannot safely engage in coital relations.

A fully charged *codpiece of solitude* grants the following feats regardless of whether the wearer meets the prerequisites: Deft Hands, Iron Will, Nimble Fingers, Point Blank Shot, Quick Draw, Precise Shot, Rapid Reload, Rapid Shot, Self-Sufficient, and Shot on the Run.

Each time the cursed owner engages in sex of any kind with another creature, the *codpiece of solitude* permanently loses the ability to grant one of its feats (chosen at random), and the owner suffers 1 point of permanent drain to a random ability score. When the last charge is used, the cursed creature dies. Furthermore, the great strain of abstinence under the curse forces the owner to make a Will save (DC 10 + 1 per previous save) each year on the anniversary of first donning the codpiece. On failing a save, a cursed creature takes 1 point of permanent Wisdom drain.

The wearer can remove the codpiece (losing the benefits of the stored feats) but remains subject to the curse; if he breaks his abstinence, the codpiece loses a charge and causes ability drain. Multiple creatures could be cursed by the same *codpiece of solitude*, in which case the item loses a charge if any of them has sex, but only the offending creature experiences ability drain. Abilities drained by the codpiece cannot be healed as long as the creature remains cursed. Breaking the curse requires exceptionally powerful magic: either *miracle* or *wish*, or a *break enchantment* or *remove curse* spell cast at caster level 15th or higher. A creature killed by the curse cannot be resurrected except by a *miracle* or *wish* spell.

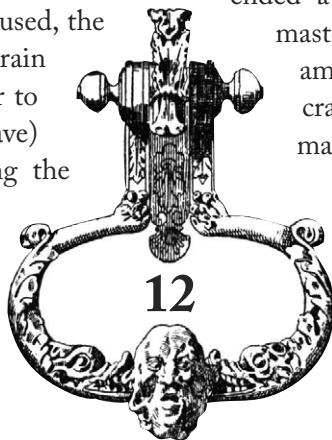
Reduce the price of a *codpiece of solitude* that has lost one or more feats by the following amounts: Deft Hands, Iron Will, Nimble Fingers, Point Blank Shot, Quick Draw, Rapid Reload, or Self-Sufficient –7,500 gp; or Precise Shot, Rapid Shot, or Shot on the Run –15,000 gp.

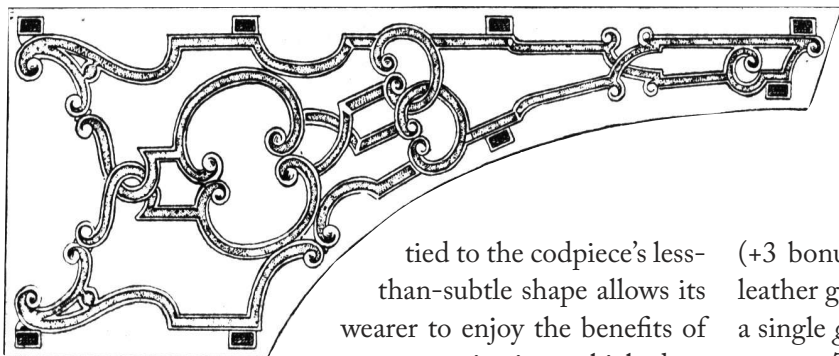
Strong transmutation; CL 15th; Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Craft Wondrous Item, *cat's grace, haste, owl's wisdom*; Price 87,750 gp (fully charged).

Codpiece of Suggestive Sorcery

Part magic rod, part fashionable garment, the *codpiece of suggestive sorcery* represents the sorcerer Poek's instinctive talent for magic as well as his whimsical nature. Before mastering sorcery on his own, Poek had begun and ended a half-dozen unsuccessful apprenticeships, his masters unwilling to put up with him finding puerile amusement in simple arcane terms. He eventually crafted the codpiece to showcase a number of magic techniques he found delightfully suggestive.

The codpiece comprises a sack of black silk attached to a short darkwood rod. Magic





...tied to the codpiece's less-than-subtle shape allows its wearer to enjoy the benefits of an extra magic ring, which does not count against his two-ring limit. Whether ornamented with a ring or not, the codpiece increases the wearer's sense of self-confidence, influence over women, and respect of other men, giving him a +3 competence bonus on Charisma-based checks. His focus on sex, however, imposes a -2 penalty on Concentration checks.

The wearer of the *codpiece of suggestive sorcery* also gains access to a variety of magical abilities, including each of the following spells once per day on command: *charm person* (DC 11), *color spray* (DC 11), *enlarge person* (DC 11), and *reduce person* (DC 11). He also gains the Spell Penetration feat as long as he wears the codpiece, and can use the feats *Enlarge Spell* and *Extend Spell* each once per day as though wielding a *greater metamagic rod*.

Moderate transmutation; CL 12th; Craft Rod, Craft Wondrous Item, *Enlarge Spell*, *Extend Spell*, *charm person*, *color spray*, *eagle's splendor*, *enlarge person*, *reduce person*; Price 60,000 gp.

Codpiece, Thruster's

The sometimes bizarre shape of a codpiece lends itself to a variety of ornamentation. Though the metal blade sheathed on the outside of this codpiece seems just another artistic statement, its purpose is as a deadly weapon. Known sometimes as a "codblade," this dagger-and-codpiece combination functions like a sword-cane, except with less length and more girth.

A *thruster's codpiece* consists of two separate items, a magic codpiece designed for sheathing a punching dagger, and the magic blade itself. The magic of the *sheath* will enhance any weapon, as long as at least its tip fits within the codpiece. On command, it casts *greater magic weapon*

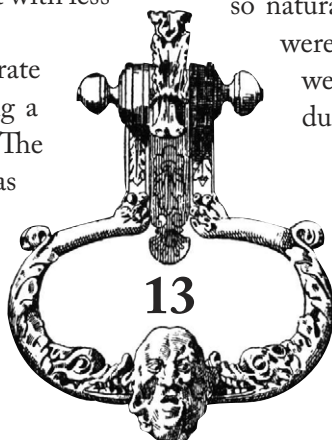
(+3 bonus) up to twice per day. As a strange quirk of the leather garment, the wearer may instead trade both spells for a single *greater magic fang* (also a +3 bonus).

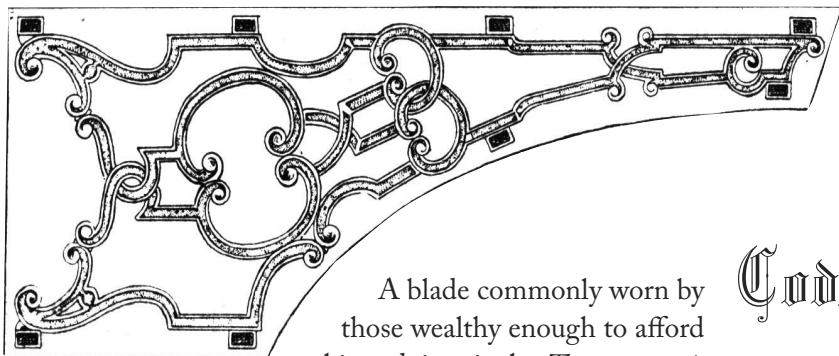
The design of this codpiece has experienced several evolutions, but the most important involved altering its magical properties. Two traits of the swordsman Dongfourt factored into the change: First, he was excellent with a longsword but lacked finesse with small weapons; and second, he considered his doublet long enough that he need not wear a codpiece. Dongfourt loved a young maiden but was hated by her ruthless father. One night at a ball at his estate, the father decided to act on his hatred. He pointed out every misstep in the warrior's clumsy dancing, declaring the display shameful enough to warrant a night in his dungeon.

The guards who cast Dongfourt into the mazelike dungeon joked that he would never again see the light of day. The young man determined to prove them wrong. In the darkness, he tied a thread from his doublet to a heavy stone, and then felt about for an escape route while letting the thread unravel. By the time he reached the maze's exit, his doublet had unraveled to above his waist. Dongfourt had no time for embarrassment, however, for a minotaur lay waiting to ambush him. The swordsman dodged awkwardly about, barely keeping ahead of the minotaur. Once he slipped, and the brute gored him in the buttocks. Luckily, his screams drew the attention of city guards, who forced the minotaur back into the maze.

Dongfourt had learned valuable lessons. He would wear a codpiece from now on, and the concealed weaponry of the *thruster's codpiece* seemed a good fit. He also bought an enhancement granting him a +5 competence bonus on Perform (dance) and Tumble checks. The ability seemed so natural an addition that all future *thruster's codpieces* were built identically, and Dongfourt grew so agile wearing the item that he became an accomplished duelist.

Strong transmutation; CL 12th; Craft Wondrous Item, *greater magic fang*, *greater magic weapon*; Price 39,900 gp.





A blade commonly worn by those wealthy enough to afford this codpiece is the *Thruster*, a +1 dancing defending punching dagger.

Codstrap of Thesticles

A combination of jockstrap and codpiece, the *codstrap of Thesticles* was molded from hide plied from an old black dragon named Bullockullos—plied from, specifically, the coital sack. The inventor, an elven wizard by the name of Iafbik Thesticles, came upon his idea while examining the carcass of Bullockullos. Impressed by the composition and texture of the large sack, and given that it was essentially the only remaining part of the dragon that had not been stripped by the dragonslayers for armor, Thesticles procured the coital hide for experimentation. Long obsessed with dragons, he felt that the skin, when placed in direct contact with his own, could endow him with draconic abilities—and perhaps proportions.

An assembly of five intersecting fixation belts with an ovoid hemisphere positioned in front, the *codstrap* requires the help of seven lithe-handed assistants over the course of an hour just to don. No less than three must stabilize the wearer in a tripod formation, for even the smallest movement causes excruciating pain from the adhesiveness of the material, which chafes at the legs or bonds to the genitalia. The other four must tighten the various straps in a coordinated pattern outlined in the accompanying 177-page manual and first-aid kit. Once adorned, the wearer must apply a special oil (resembling *salve of slipperiness*) to prevent further discomfort. Applying the oil before the *codstrap* is affixed is impossible; it is so slick that the assistants would be unable to tighten the straps.

Once equipped, the wearer immediately feels an overwhelming sense of security and support, giving him a +4 enhancement bonus to Charisma and a +4 morale bonus on Will saves. In addition, the wearer is impervious to certain types of pain and disorientation, and cannot be dazed, dazzled, nauseated, or sickened. Finally, on command once per day, the *codstrap* may emit a tremendous display of colors for one minute. The flashing colors illuminate the area as a *daylight* spell. Accompanying this glow is an heroic chorus of elven males, whose singing begins as a subdued hum and grows stronger each round,

Strong transmutation; CL 16th; Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *continual flame*, *gaseous form*, *shield* or *shield of faith*; Price 72,302 gp; Cost 36,302 gp + 2,880 XP; Weight 1 lb.

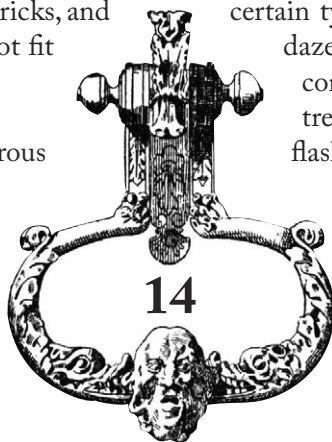
Codpiece of Waxing and Waning

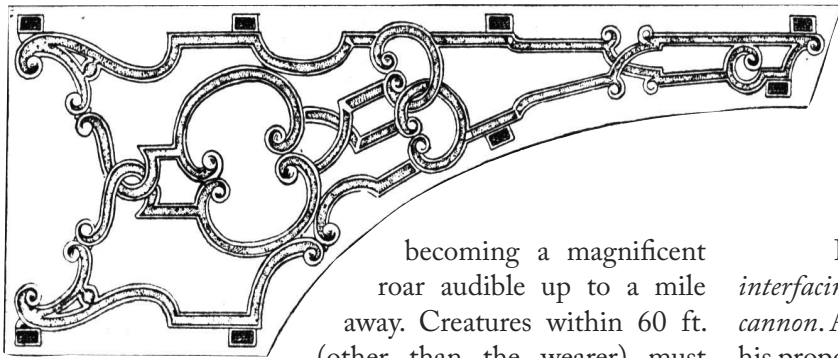
The codpiece provides its wearer with instinctual knowledge of where his attacker will strike, allowing him to sidestep blows. Because the wearer can react sooner, his movements appear lightning-fast to observers, even though he does not actually move faster.

The *codpiece of waxing and waning* provides a +3 insight bonus to armor class, but its magic fluctuates: If an enemy attacks the wearer and misses, the insight bonus increases to +5 and remains that way until an attack hits the wearer. If a foe hits, the bonus decreases to +2 until an attack misses. The wearer can reset the codpiece's bonus to +3 by taking the total defense action.

One owner of a *codpiece of waxing and waning* claims that the improved instincts aid his love life as well as in combat, for he often seems to know exactly what his female sparring partners desire. Yet for every zenith of ecstasy, this bachelor experiences a nadir of rejection. His favorite tale to tell at taverns recounts his experience in the Faerie Wood, where one moment he is teaching a dryad new tricks, and the next moment he finds himself cast aside, not fit for fertilizing her tree.

Moderate abjuration; CL 12th; Craft Wondrous Item, *freedom of movement*; Price 30,500 gp.





becoming a magnificent roar audible up to a mile away. Creatures within 60 ft. (other than the wearer) must succeed on a Will save (DC 17) or be dazed for the duration. This is a sonic, mind-affecting effect.

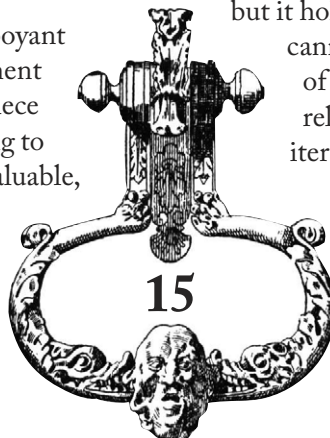
The *codstrap* is also partly cursed (beyond the simple difficulty in donning it). Because of its snugness, moving more than 5 feet in a round causes the wearer's voice to raise several octaves in register for one round. During this time, the wearer receives no bonus to Charisma and must make a DC 20 Concentration check to cast a spell, read a scroll, or utter an item's command word.

Removing the *codstrap* requires the wearer to succeed on a Will save (DC 20) in order to relinquish the item. If successful, the seven attendants may spend an hour undoing the straps and applying the special oil. Each of the five straps requires 10 minutes and a Disable Device check (DC 20) to detach without pain; a failed check inflicts 1d4 points of nonlethal damage. Finally, the wearer is fatigued on removing the *codstrap*.

Moderate enchantment; CL 7th; Craft Wondrous Item, *daylight*, *eagle's splendor*, *ghost sound*, *hypnotic pattern*; Price 60,000 gp.

Grimblethingy Thadpunk's Interfacing Parsing Distributor

A weapon cleverly disguised as a flamboyant codpiece, this device bears brass embellishment depicting a weasel with open jaws. The codpiece seems fit for a child, a young man perhaps seeking to imitate his rather proud father. Though clearly valuable, neither its offensive capability nor its magical properties register to most inspections.



Built by and for a gnome, *Grimblethingy Thadpunk's interfacing parsing distributor* is a Small +1 *speed gnome crotch cannon*. A Medium creature could refit the crotch cannon for his proportions, but it would deal damage as a Small weapon, and the considerable discomfort would impose the typical -2 penalty for using the wrong sized weapon.

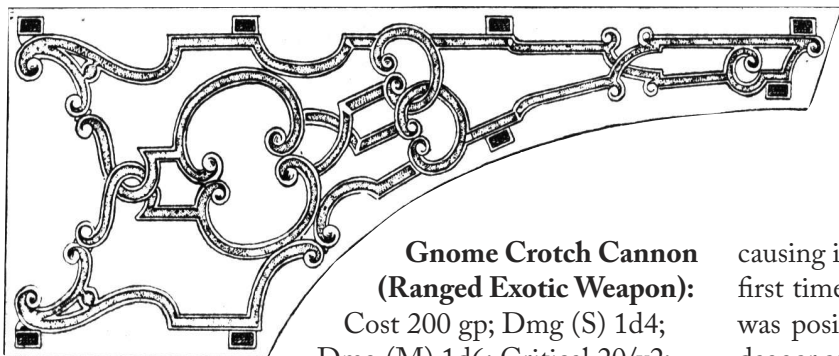
The wearer of the *interfacing parsing distributor* needs superb skill with crotch cannons to make full use of the weapon, as it fires faster than most wielders can reload it. Grimblethingy kept a sack of iron balls at his belt, often claiming they were marbles. Famously, the gnome's hand moved so quickly between his ball sack and his cannon that observers saw only a blur.

No magical aura; CL 7th; Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *haste*, *magic aura*; Price 34,000 gp; Cost 17,250 gp + 1,340 XP; Weight 1 lb.

NEW EXOTIC WEAPON

A gnome crotch cannon is a projectile weapon disguised as a codpiece and worn over the crotch. While typically constructed with a spring-loaded mechanism, crotch cannons based on gunpowder exist in more advanced societies. While it packs a small punch, a gnome crotch cannon is less obvious than a crossbow or other bulky weapon. When hiding the crotch cannon's true nature, you gain a +4 bonus on Sleight of Hand checks to avoid its detection as a weapon.

You can use a gnome crotch cannon as a regular weapon and leave your hands free. When using the full-attack action, you can make one additional attack with the crotch cannon, though you suffer a -5 penalty on the attack roll. A crotch cannon uses sling bullets as ammunition, but it holds only one shot at a time. Reloading the crotch cannon requires a move action that provokes attacks of opportunity. If you have the Rapid Reload feat, reloading is a free action; thus, you may make iterative attacks when using the crotch cannon alone, though combining it with another weapon still allows only one additional attack.



**Gnome Crotch Cannon
(Ranged Exotic Weapon):**
Cost 200 gp; Dmg (S) 1d4;
Dmg (M) 1d6; Critical 20/x2;
Range Increment 30 ft.; Weight 2
lb.; Type Piercing.
((End Sidebar))

causing it to sporadically contract and eject stored items. The first time this happened, it proved fatal to the assassin, who was posing as a royal guardsman until a black, envenomed dagger erupted from his pants. With this premature ejection, his career was cut short, and the codpiece's location once again fell to speculation.

Moderate conjuration; CL 9th; Craft Wondrous Item, *secret chest*; Price 1,000 gp, or 2,800 gp undamaged.

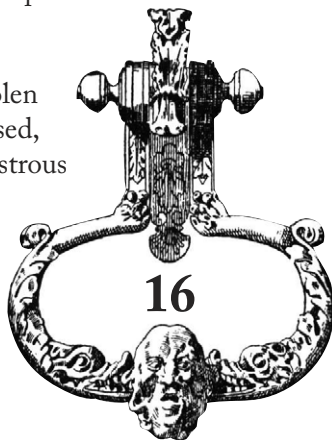
Scabbard, Staifym's

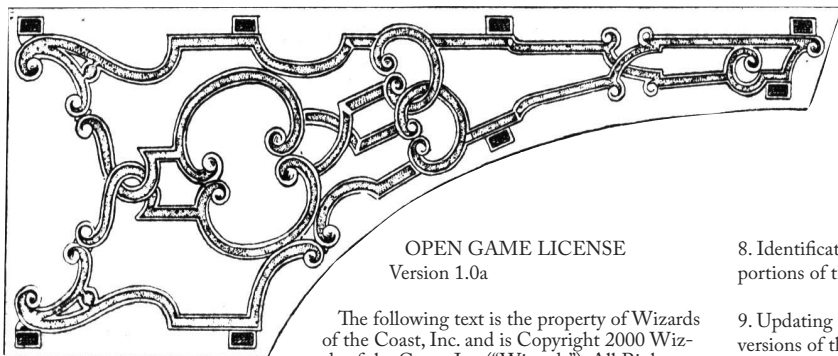
This device appears as a heavily padded codpiece made of bright red leather. A pocket leading to an extradimensional space within the codpiece has the capacity to store up to three weapons, though it rejects other kinds of equipment. Additionally, the items must be no larger than the wearer's... manhood. The codpiece weighs the same regardless of the items inside it.

The wearer can draw a stored weapon or sheathe it again as though the codpiece were a normal sheath. If filled to capacity, the *scabbard* has a 5% chance of malfunctioning when its wearer enters combat; the codpiece shudders and randomly ejects one of the stored weapons, dropping it to the ground.

The bard Staifym Bandlegs commissioned this codpiece as a means of discreetly concealing weaponry. As the minstrel for the court of King Corigan IV, he could not openly wear weapons, but the bitter intrigues of the court mandated something more lethal than traditional male enhancement. In addition, the bard crafted the codpiece to augment his performances, and he became quite popular in Court. In its original incarnation, *Staifym's scabbard* bestowed a +2 competence bonus on Bluff, Diplomacy, and Perform checks, but this power has been lost to time—the price of age and overuse it would seem.

After several years, the *scabbard* was stolen and disappeared into the criminal world. Disguised, it served well as an assassin's tool bag until a disastrous mishap damaged the item. A powerful dispelling ward negated the skill bonuses and scarred the extradimensional space,





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