

VENGER ΔS'NAS SATANIS

GUARDING
GALAXY



Guarding Galaxy XXX

"Once upon a time there was a galaxy full of assholes."

"It's this one, isn't it?"

"What?"

"This is the asshole galaxy. I can sense it with my zedi powers."

"You don't have any zedi powers."

"OK, that may be true... but I do know when I'm about to be shit on. And that time is now."

This money shot... uh, I mean one-shot scenario was deliberately crafted for the sleazy scifi RPG *Alpha Blue*. Wherein, the PCs must guard galaxy XXX from its current "guardians" - a colorful collection of thieves, assassins, and mercenaries... loveable losers in space.

WHAT IS ALPHA BLUE?

It's a rules-lite RPG that uses d6 dice pools and specializes in gonzo referential humor parodying a plethora of beloved science-fiction franchises. It's a combination of mashup homage to existing scifi and raunchy exploitation film.

HOW THE GAME WORKS

Imagine a character concept. Usually, this is as easy as naming your character's profession. What does he do for a living? Does he have a hobby? Maybe he's passionate about something on the side?

What about personality? Is he a fun-loving guy? Brooding sociopath? Curiosity seeker with a yen for golden showers?

Is there anything particularly special, interesting, or significant about him? For instance, is he an alien,

mutant, droid, or zedi knight? Try to come up with a few specifics.

When attempting an action in the game, the Space Dungeon Master simply decides if the attempted action would be relatively easy, moderate, or hard for that character to accomplish. If it's easy, roll 3d6. Moderate, roll 2d6 (the default difficulty if you're not sure). Hard? Roll only 1d6. Only pay attention to the highest number rolled in the dice pool. Higher results mean greater chances of success.

Before I forget, sexual activity boosts vitality! It's important to incentivize something you want to happen in the game. I wanted sex to happen frequently because hardly any games do that and it's something I want to explore.

OK, now you have the basics of *Alpha Blue* and the rough outline of a character within the game. That's all you really need. However, additional rules, setting material, scenarios, and player/GM resources can be found in the following products: *Alpha Blue*, *Girls Gone Rogue*, *Universal Exploits*, *Slippery When Wet*, and *High Stakes Q'uary-Q'uar*.

WHAT IS GALAXY XXX?

You mean, besides the location for this adventure? It's a retro-future circa 2269; where the carpeting is shag, fuzzy dice hang from the rearview mirror, and characters in the game are just as desperate and horny as those in the real world... if not more so.

If the entire universe was a strip club - galaxy XXX would be the Champagne Room! Welcome to the interstellar jungle, baby. You're probably going to die.

WAKE UP... TIME TO DIE

All the PCs know is that they're suddenly awake - lethargic, groggy, and slightly nauseous, but awake. They were in extended hibernation aboard The Idyllic - a colony ship headed for some habitable planet several light-years away.

Specifically, a young, strong, handsome human male named Rory was awakened. There's some kind of decorated soldier, a sergeant, debriefing the bearded Rory as he stretches his arms and yawns.



It just so happens that the PCs' cryo-pods were in the same row as Rory's. It's a design flaw in the Weyland-Yutani model 6KL freeze-units. When one is activated, all the others plugged into the same outlet also activate.

The PCs gradually come to in their underwear. One of the first things they notice is a clunky, plastic, red rotary phone on the right side of the cryogenic pod, just a couple standard inches from the ergonomic hand-rest.

The soldier tells the leading man type that the galaxy is in grave danger - Thargons have pissed off the Romulyns who had a truce with the foul Myrmidons who never really saw the point in befriending the Zandarians and had just recently pinky-swore to uphold the freedom of the Azhanti Cresh. In a nutshell, this small corner of the universe is about to blink out of existence unless someone takes out the team who's supposed to defend it - the guardians of the galaxy!

Rory blinks a few times at the impatient sergeant waiting for an answer to the question - will you help us

- and proceeds to lay back down in the cryo-pod. The sleep shield slowly lowers over his body and back he goes to snooze town.

At that point, sergeant Kaufman realizes the PCs are also awake and that they've been at least sort of listening to his spiel. "Well, what about you fuckers... want to come with me and save the galaxy or go back to bed?"

If the PCs need any more convincing, the sergeant informs them they've racked up quite a debt in back taxes and freezer fees since entering hibernation. 1,843 credits... each, and that's in addition to what the PCs owed before entering their cryo-pods (1d6 x 1,000 credits in the red). Saving everyone's bacon would go a long way towards erasing those debts.

Before leaving the cryogenic facilities, there's a ringing sound. The ringing is coming from inside one of the opened pods. One of the PCs is getting a phone call. Lifting the red phone from the receiver is enough to answer the call.

A woman's voice asks if Dick is there. If someone responds in the affirmative, she'll ask if he can come out to play. Then she'll proceed to tell the listener what a hard day she's had - she's exhausted from her stressful job and needs to unwind. "I'm so horny, I'll do anything," the woman continues, and so on...

The woman's name is Cherry and she'll stay on the line until both parties orgasm or until someone hangs up on her.

DECONTAMINATION

Before getting kitted up and heading over to the viewing deck where the briefing will take place, the PCs need to be disinfected with the orange spray.

Sergeant Kaufman takes the PCs to a white tiled room with a large floor drain at its center. After ordering them to get naked, he stands back while the automated hoses shoot a slimy orange liquid all over their bodies. Those refusing to strip get basted with orange, anyway. Their undergarments become the equivalent of napalm, causing severe and disfiguring burns.

It gets into every crevice, nook, cranny, and orifice possible. The orange spray is scalding. Not enough to do any actual damage, but there's a noticeable discomfort just below the surface of everyone's skin.

There's also a 1 in 6 chance that each PC will have an allergic reaction to the orange spray, and by "allergic reaction," I mean all their flesh instantly melts off their bones and then their bones melt away. Fortunately, that drain in the floor is there to minimize the mess.

After the screaming subsides, attentive PCs will hear the sound of running water and muffled, echoing voices. On the other side of the decontamination room are two locker rooms. On the right is the men's locker room and on the left is the women's. Each has a small peep-hole drilled into the tiles.

Nearly a dozen humanoids of each gender are busy showering, changing, and engaging in idle chit-chat. However, the women's locker room also includes two girls fighting over some dude they both like. The women - a redhead and blonde - are trading juicy insults, calling the other "slut," and that sort of thing. A minute later, they are slapping faces, pulling hair, and finally making out. Eventually, one thing leads to

another and it goes from heavy petting to eating pussy.

Given enough motivation, the locker rooms can easily be found upon exiting the decontamination room.

SUIT UP

At first, everyone was walking around in either boxer briefs and wife-beater or thong and midriff baring undershirt. Now, the sergeant allows the PCs access to the preparedness section on level "H" of the space station, also known as Preparation H.

The PCs are provided with clothing, armor, weapons, access crystals programmed with a meager 100 credits per individual, and anything else they might need as field agents of the Federation.

There's a vending machine from the Szechuan Corporation in the corner of the room. Besides a whole bunch of Asian characters, there's a neon silhouette of a naked woman putting something into her mouth. The only thing the PCs can understand is that if you deposit 5 credits and pull the lever on the vending machine's side, something will pop into the tray at the bottom.

Below is a random table to determine what is released each time the vending machine gets its 5 credits.

VENDING MACHINE GOODIES

Roll	Result
1	Raw fish
2	Woman's panties (used)
3	Prosthetic tentacle (so it feels like an actual tentacle is getting you off)
4	Space Hustler magazine (issue #111)
5	Teriyaki flavored beef jerky
6	Diet Tab

**'I'm so horny,
I'll do anything.'**

SCHIZOID EMBOLISM

Sergeant Kaufman walks the PCs to a viewing deck in The Idyllic. There's a console with various buttons, levers, dials, switches, and flashing lights. An open can of Purple Prizm sits near the monitor.

A scientist in a white lab coat greets the PCs. His name is professor Savek. He seems a bit nervous as this is his first official briefing. Professor Savek asks if the Purple Prizm belongs to sergeant Kaufman or one of the PCs.

Kaufman says no and the PCs just got there, so it seems unlikely but nevertheless, the professor is convinced that someone has been drinking Purple Prizm in this area of the space station and just irresponsibly left their open can on the console. He lifts it up and notices it's only half-drunk. Professor Savek demands someone own up and claim the can of grape soda before things go too far. Assuming no one does, he pounds the Purple Prizm himself with a flourish of exasperation.

Professor Savek starts informing the PCs that a Thargon spy has beamed onto an outer rim planet just outside the neutral zone. Just as he's getting to the good part, describing the weapon of mass destruction in play... whoever it was that drank the last half of that Purple Prizm (probably Savek, but not necessarily) has a seizure.

"By the great trouser-worm of Paul Atreides, I think it's a schizoid embolism! Should have had that diet Tab, instead." Savek says. If he's the one who drank the Purple Prizm, he undergoes a violent paradigm-shift. Whatever grape-flavored consciousness altering carbonated beverage resided in that can - it's turned the imbibor into an agent of chaos, utterly opposed to the Federation and all it represents. This is probably where the shooting starts.

Seconds later, a violet-hued horror of tentacles, eyes, and jagged teeth rips out of the man as if he were a cheap plastic suit of flesh. The creature attempts to latch onto someone nearby - if anyone resembles the creature's ex-wife, that's going to be his first victim.

Purple Tentacled Horror

Health: 35 **Armor:** 0 **Number of Attacks:** 3

Attack Dice Pool: 2d6

Special: If the creature rolls double-sixes, its tentacle enters the victim's mouth and keeps right on going - through the back of the skull. He's dead, Jim.

THREE HIPSTER SPACE WIZARDS

The survivors of that last encounter hear humanoid footsteps walking down the corridor. It appears to be three individuals wearing strange garments - gold, orange, and avocado green robes with pointy hats.

The first wizard has pale blue skin, gills on the side of his neck, and bulging yellow cat-eyes. He carries an enchanted dagger named Sassafras (named after his feline friend). This first wizard is named Conway. He likes playing mind games and dislikes things that come too easily.

Conway only smokes clove cigarettes that he's rolled himself. Frequently, they're laced with hallucinogenic herbs. Sassafras always kills silently... always!

The second wizard appears to be made of mostly a fuchsia-colored translucent jelly; there are furry chunks of amorphous brain-flesh swishing and sloshing about in the mixture. His name is SwimpY Sla-Sla. SwimpY Sla-Sla likes to think of himself as fancy and says things like, "Charmed, I'm sure..."

SwimpY enjoys life as a wizard, not having to obey the Federation's rules and being tax exempt because that is a wizard's way. He dislikes those who don't keep their word.

The third wizard is named Farxiga. He has no color, no pigmentation whatsoever. In fact, he's nearly invisible - but hard to miss in those garish robes. Additionally, the third wizard has a sweet, sweet 70's mustache.

Farxiga carries a wand with him wherever he goes. When the wand is waved, it causes the person talking to forget what they were saying. The wizard likes to use this when arrogant twats are flapping their speech-lips. He likes sex with beautiful women, but enjoys power even more. He dislikes feelings of powerlessness and boredom.

The three space wizards love to use bizarre phrases that only they know the precise meaning of. They often say things like "quantum butthole," "cold fringe," "drax him in the sklonst," and "your bologna technique is weak sauce."

About 10' behind the wizards walk a half-dozen humanoid female slaves. These women are wearing brown and tan rags that barely conceal their flesh. Their hands are bound with some kind of electronic device that gives off a light blue pulse every few seconds. A similar looking collar is around their necks.

"Would you non-wizard fools care to make a trade? We have need of mercenaries and would gladly pay you in slaves... as is our custom."

One of the slaves in particular winks at the PCs. In her mind, this is to entice the PCs to buy her so she can get away from these hipster wizards and eventually escape or find a suitable husband and imprison him in holy matrimony.

Below is a random table for determining how each PC interprets this wink or any other come-on...

DID SHE WINK AT YOU?

Roll	Result
1	No, definitely not.
2	Anything is possible.
3	Probably. After all, I am the cat's mammary glands.
4	Yes, but it looked like she was winking at me and also the spacer standing next to me.
5	What?
6	Oh yeah, it's on like kowakian monkey-lizard kong!

The female humanoid who winked is named Shay - she's got green skin, a nice smile, and an athletic body. Besides her freedom, she wants to see the Federation pay for the crimes it has committed in the name of unification.

The hipster wizards have learned that the guardians of this galaxy are attempting to steal the doomsday weapon for themselves and sell it on the black market. The wizards want this ultimate weapon for themselves and will pay 10,000 credits to each

surviving member of the team who recovers the device for them.

Additionally, these guys are wizards who know real magic - they cannot be destroyed by the PCs.

GET TO THE SHIP

Someone - it could be sergeant Kaufman, professor Savek, one of the space wizards, or Shay - knows where there's an accessible starship ready to go.

Once aboard, the PCs immediately pick up communication from the Thargons. They are delivering some kind of doomsday weapon to the desert planet Akockiss, casually known as P'oon.

The ship's computer doesn't have much information on Akockiss; however, it mentions the gargantuan sand worms which are rumored to roam the deep desert.

Just outside P'oon's orbit, the PCs encounter another starship. It's an imperial war-raven full of Klyngon soldiers being led by the galaxy's current (former?) guardians. Evidently, they want the doomsday weapon for themselves.

If you already have *Girls Gone Rogue*, use the ship-to-ship combat rules in there. If not, then do this - each ship rolls a d6. Whoever rolls higher is able to destroy their enemy's ship. A tie goes to the aggressor or first ship to attack.

If the PCs lose, they should be able to escape in life-pods that will safely land on P'oon.

**‘Would you
non-wizard fools
care to make
a trade?’**



KHAAAAAAN!

If the PCs landed their starship, they will receive a hailing frequency from unknown agents in the desert. This is Jaem'z Khaan, a ruthless gangster selectively bred via eugenics to be smarter, stronger, faster, and better than the average human. He tells the PCs that his group has intercepted the weapon, and asks the PCs to join him. Khaan provides the coordinates to his bunker, half-swallowed by the sands of P'oon.

If the PCs land in their emergency life-pods, Jaem'z Khaan will individually round the PCs up, telling them that he has acquired the weapon, and take them to his desert bunker.

When the PCs are in his lair, Khaan will take their weapons and then admit to lying - he doesn't have the doomsday weapon. But he wants it. He wants it bad. And Jaem'z Khaan has a plan to force the PCs to follow him. That plan is this: obey him or be locked in his subterranean dungeon!

If the PCs don't immediately fall in line with Khaan, they will have to be shown the way. That means being chained to a wall and forced to watch episodes of *Jupiter Moon*. After they've had enough, Khaan will release them into his service, but are first required to suck his dick in order to prove their loyalty.

The genetically superior Khaan has several followers living with him in the bunker - men and women. At least one or two are attractive and possibly interested in spicing things up. Did you see what I did there? Anyway, there's definitely an opportunity to be had if one or more PCs are willing to engage in the art of seduction.

At some point, Khaan makes a comment about the accursed sand worms and how they force him to stay hidden in the bunker for the vast majority of his time on P'oon. He tells the PCs a story of when he first arrived on the desert planet. He was traveling at night, listening to a disco mix tape on his space

walkman. That's when the biggest sand worm anyone's ever seen erupted out of the desert like a penis the size of a destroyer class battlecruiser. Shortly after that encounter, Khaan learned that rhythmic beats attract sand worms.

Emphasizing his point, Jaem'z Khaan points to his walkman on a nearby shelf, directly below a shiny black boombox with sub-woofer. "While you're here, please refrain from touching my mix tape... or any of the equipment here in the bunker."

Jaem'z Khaan

Health: 50 **Armor:** 0 **Number of Attacks:** 1

Attack Dice Pool: 3d6

Special: Khaan is a superior tactician. If the PCs are planning something, roll a d6. On anything but a result of "1" or 2," Khaan already knows what his opponents are going to try.

THE ZEDI COMETH

Jaem'z Khaan is already working with a powerful ally. Namely, the dark zedi known as Obsidian Shadow. Turns out that the guardians of the galaxy are actually helping Obsidian Shadow because they think he's a cool dude with an awesome name.

Before too long, Obsidian Shadow returns to the bunker. He's been gathering intelligence about the current political situation while sowing disinformation throughout Federation networks.

The dark zedi has the coordinates of the doomsday device. It's close by. He and Khaan are going to go retrieve it. If the PCs can talk their way into going along for the ride, they could sabotage the weapon of mass destruction or attempt to kill Khaan and Shadow.

If the PCs stay put, Obsidian Shadow and Jaem'z Khaan bring the ultimate weapon back to the bunker.

**'Get your stinking paws
off my disco,
you damn dirty spacer!'**

One of Khaan's followers attempts to re-program the device, targeting the jewel of galaxy XXX - the space station brothel Alpha Blue. Hitting Alpha Blue would be the equivalent of terrorists destroying Las Vegas, Disney World, and Amsterdam's red light district all in one go.

The PCs will have to pull out all the stops in order to prevent a catastrophe of that magnitude. How they want to handle the situation is ultimately up to them - and the dice results!

If they don't already have a stellar plan, feel free to remind them about the disco mix tape and boombox. Blasting that kind of music is a sure way to draw a sand worm to the bunker.

Obsidian Shadow

Health: 45 **Armor:** 2 **Number of Attacks:** 2

Attack Dice Pool: 3d6

Special: Like any zedi, Obsidian Shadow can influence the weak-minded. He can also turn himself into an actual shadow once per standard day - which he'll do if he's down to single-digit Health.

CREDITS

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is a loving homage to established science-fiction
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