

"All in the mind"

Index:

Act one- Connected minds.....	2
Act two- A mindful approach.....	7
Act Three- All in your head.....	21
Act Four- Cold Hard Truth.....	34
Act Five- Blissful Eternally.....	49
Epilogue.....	70
Valdera Festival.....	102

First Act: Connected minds

Event begins at Tavros at random by walking around the Red Light Zone:

Bright neon lights meet your gaze wherever you look. Music of all genres, alien or familiar, constantly rings in your ears. Quite crowded it is, travelers and tourists keep bumping into you. A busy day for the Red Light district. Well, busier than most it seems. Many more people have taken the time to seek pleasant company, not that you can fault them. Escorts wink at potential customers, their alluring bodies on full display. Similar to the signs over your head, each is unique in their ways, a look and appeal for every taste in the galaxy.

Stopping to gather bearings, a tingle rubs the back of your head. Quite an odd sensation. Scratching behind your head, you turn about and spot her. A svelte kaithrit, meets your eyes. Your focus becomes transfixed upon her. Why, out of everyone here does she seem most alluring to you? Time seems to sit still as you both exchange silent hellos. Out of everyone, you captured her full attention. Not that you mind.

With tan skin, perky globes, and a lush mane of red veiling part of her face, this one is fetching indeed. A svelte dress tightly hugs her body, accentuating all her features. A bemused, playful wink is shot to you. Being in this part of the station, company like hers is easy to find. Yet, for some reason, something at the back of your head seems to urge you to approach. Do you, though?

No: Ignoring that weird feeling, you keep on your way through the station. Pleasant as it sounds to meet this kitty, you got other things to do.

Yes: Making your way through the crowds, you finally meet up with the coquettish woman. At this distance, sounds become muted, everything around her goes blurry. It becomes hard to focus on anything but her. The Kaithrit keeps staring at you, smiling. Odd, you can't seem to say anything, the words fail to form in your head. Chuckling softly, she reaches for your hand. Your nerves shoot up at her touch. Such a sensation of utter bliss, and she's only touched a hand!

With a satisfied hum, she raises your hand to her face, letting you pet her soft skin. "Mhm. I knew there was something about you when we locked eyes" Her

voice, soft upon your ears, tickle your senses. "I can feel it just as I can feel your hand. Such a deep connection at first touch, it's as if our spirits are meant to be together for eternity."

"You took a bit of time to come here. I was wondering if you were going to ignore me," She purrs as her hand traces across your shoulder. "I'm glad I broke through your head."

Difficult as it is to think, you manage to question her wording. "Break through?" you quip in a dull tone.

"Let me dial it back a bit" Retracting her arm, her once striking jade eyes shift before you into an orange hue. At the same time, you feel yourself "waking up" in a sense. "Better?" she asks.

You nod. "What just happened?"

Her twin tails flick playfully as she pulls back from you. "I used magic!"

You raise an eye at her. She can't help but laugh at you. "Well, it sort of is! I'm something very few people are. I'm psionic. Don't tell anyone, though, keep it a secret between us."

Possible scene- (if faced/ met other psionic individuals): Psychic, huh? You've met your share of mind-bending individuals and creatures during your adventures. Her being one isn't that unlikely by now. Hells, maybe you should get tested. Dad might have left another gift locked away deep in your mind. Who knows, maybe you can add Psychic to your growing resume.

Regular scene- (if the PC hasn't encountered/faced psychic individuals): You've read about psionics before. In this vast galaxy, some fortunate individuals are blessed with the capacity to move things with their minds and even influence others! Being tweaked up before even being born, makes one wonder if Dad left a hidden talent. Having mind powers should make the quest for those probes easier.

Scratching the side of your face, you say. "Sorry if it sounds rude, but I have to ask. Why would someone with your ability spend the time whoring like this?" Someone with such a gift can find a high position in the UGC or perhaps in a fancy company.

Her smile falters momentarily. "I'm sure in some other life, that might have been the case. Thing is, I don't have much choice. By the time these powers showed up in me, I was already in deep debt. Contracts force me to work like

this. And knowing how some loan-sharks are, they'd probably have me in a worse place than I am here to pay it all back."

She waves her hand and her eyes regain that spirited twinkle from before. "It's not all bad, though! I've always loved to see people smile, so I've striven to bring happiness wherever I can! Granted, this isn't how I expect to go about it, but I'm glad that I can lift other spirits either way."

Among other things, you snidely muse. "So tell me. Would you like to partake in my services? Man, woman or both, doesn't matter. I'd love to show you how my gifts can bring you absolute bliss." It could be fun to spend the time with the kitty. If you decide to go, that is.

No: "Oh well. I suppose I can't force you. Or can I?" Her impish smirk makes you somewhat uneasy. "I'm kidding! Do feel free to find me if you change your mind. I'll be here to take you on a blissful journey" With a nod, you keep her offer in mind and take your leave.

Yes: She tilts her head in a cutesy manner. The playful woman strides alongside you and grabs your arm. Pressing herself upon you, a heat suddenly builds up on your insides. "I promise you will find bliss with me, or else my work is free." With an offer like that, how can you refuse?

More than a few eyes glance at you as the sultry kitty leads you away. Can't help but think a few might be jealous of having such a companion by your arms. Soon you find yourself pacing through a damp, poorly lit, alleyway. Doors stand by your sides. Each one leading into a street worker's abode.

Making small talk with her, suddenly, you get a strange sensation at the back of your head. This is different from what she made you feel. You're uneasy, queasy, fearful. Every step you take is being watched by someone or something. Dread consumes your mind. Turning around, you expect a thing there, yet you find nothing.

Your actions alert the kitty. "What 's wrong?"

You frown, that ill-feeling still looms over your shoulders. You turn your head, the alleyway is still empty. "Just...I think someone's following us."

"Oh?" she too looks back. Nothing. She smiles and leans her head close to your chest. "It's just your nerves, darling. Relax. Once we're in my room, you won't have anything to worry about" Her eyes shift once again as they go from orange to gorgeous jade. Under her gaze, you feel serene, peaceful, turned on too. "I promise you bliss." Staring deep into you, you nod and move on, that dread pushed away.

It's not long before you both arrive at her quarters. Well kept, clean and smelling of lilies, a contrast to the outside of her home. Soon you're in her bedroom. Soft pink walls, a warm white lamp above you, and other various knickknacks. Taking a seat at the foot of her bed, the kitty slowly straddles your hips and locks her arms behind your neck.

She narrows her eyes as she smiles. "I'm sorry, I've been a bit rude. All this time together and I haven't asked you your name."

Your hands move to grab her waist, as you say. "Steel. **(PC name)** Steel"

She hums your name as she leans closer to your face. Her hair drapes you both as her lips touch yours. A light peck, a way to test the waters. She pulls back and smiles once more. Her cheeks are flushed, and you can feel a bit of dampness upon your leg.

"Merra," she whispers. "My name. Something you won't soon forget" she assures, her dress slowly coming off her body.

"I promised you bliss, didn't I?" Your hazed mind barely manages to react. Words fail, and you just end up nodding. "With my gift, I can be whatever you desire."

Before your eyes, her body morphs into different shapes and sizes. One moment you have a spunky Ausar maid dry humping you, and the next, a busty New Texan nurse is urging you to partake in her milky bounty.

"Any form, in any place. Man, woman, or both. I promised you bliss," Merra keeps reassuring. "A honeymoon with a dotting Gryvain wife eager for children, a nervous intern being railed by their knotty modded bitch of a boss or a domineering pirate with an eager slave sucking/eating their cock/pussy without respite."

Every scenario she words becomes a reality in your head. Every sensation that follows them is as real as the air coursing in your lungs. Such an assault of the senses. Never ceasing. All you can do is sit back and experience bliss.

Finding yourselves laying on your back upon the bed, Merra straddles you and smiles. The illusions end and you are back in her room. "The mind truly is amazing. So many ideas, so many creative ways to bring about bliss! Unlimited possibilities, unlimited ways to bring joy!"

In your current state, you simply nod and enjoy the warmth of her body. "Since this is our first time together, I'd like to take charge. Don't worry, I'm quite imaginative myself, so be ready for some amazing surprises."

Shivering in anticipation, you can only imagine just what she has in store. "Deep breaths. Close your eyes. Relax and enjoy the..." Merra stops as she stares at a mirror hanging by the wall. Her smile shifted to a frown, her sparkling eyes full of joy, were now filled with fear.

"Wha?! Who are you?!" A bright light blinds you; your body locks up as electricity courses through you. This isn't anything like you imagined! More painful than pleasurable. A lot more painful, damn! The shock ceases, and Merra falls on your body completely unconscious.

"Merra?" you mutter. Is this real? Is she playing something up? It sure as hell doesn't come across as one!

Such a jolt has left you weak. Your senses dulled, you hear muffled footsteps approaching. A dark figure casually walks beside the bed. Fuzzy in the head, you can't make out who or what it is. Deep natural instincts scream out for you to move or to fight, to do something!

The figure reaches for Merra. The unconscious woman is slung over its back like a cheap travel-bag. Through sheer force of will, you raise a hand towards the unknown assailant, but they don't care much for your attempt. You make out the silhouette of a gun pointing at you. Nope, this is real, alright. Your last memory is a buzzing sound followed by blinding light. The surging electricity coursing through your body knocks you out. Nothingness surrounds you.

Second Act: A mindful approach

...ke up... A faint voice in the dark. Distant, but not for long.

Ringed sounds are echoing in your skull, and then you hear them clearly. "Wake up!"

Light floods your eyes as you regain your senses. Fuzzy figures loom over you. Just who are they? The last thing you recall was lying upon a bed, spending time with...

Smack! The hard, painful sting of a callous hand slapping your face riles your senses. "Don't pass out again! Wake up!" Your eyes snap wide open. Rubbing your cheek, you glance upward. A stranger smiles at you. "Glad to see you awake. Sorry about the rude awakening."

Gathering your bearings, you realize that you're outside of Merra's home. Around you are a myriad of peacekeepers moving to and fro. Some officers are busy interrogating nearby workers while others gather evidence. Police lines separate the entrance of the alley, keeping the curious crowds away from the scene.

Your head throbs in pain, and you feel dizzy. Whatever happened last night did a number on you. The scruffy man grabs your shoulder. "Easy, easy. Let's take it slow now."

"What happened?" you groan.

"I was hoping you could tell me,"

Heels click on the cold, slick floor as two officers approach. Hard-boiled eyes filled with distrust fall upon you. "So, the suspect finally wakes up, huh?"

You look up to see two officers. One is a human woman, with auburn hair and a lithe figure. From her stance, it's hard to tell if she's prideful or arrogant. Regarding her lower-ranked subordinate, she's a petite Vildarii woman whose outfit seemed a tad too big for her. Probably doesn't have much experience in the force judging from nervous movements.

You repeat her description of you. "Suspect?" You mutter in confusion.

"Yes, suspect," she affirms with a scowl.

If she's implying you're guilty of something, she's got the wrong idea! "I think you're making a mistake here, I haven't done anything wrong."

Your words fall flat upon her ears. Shaking her head, she says. "Denying it will only make it worse. Don't lie to me, or else you're looking at another charge."

"But I don't know what's going on! I was with Merra, having a good time when suddenly she looked at the mirror and went pale. Next thing I know, I'm getting electrocuted and blacked out. Now here I am on the floor, surrounded by cops!"

"Right. Next, you'll tell me there's a supercomputer on a desert world plotting to take over the universe" The woman snarks.

"Come on, Elena, give them a break," says the detective on your behalf. "You really think someone would stage a kidnapping, taze themselves, get caught by the police, and then play innocent?"

"I've worked on cases stranger than this, Colt!" Elena exclaims. "You'd be surprised by all the weird crap you can come across."

"Suppose you got me there," He pulls out a lighter and a cigarette and lights up. "I've seen my share of weird shit as well," That's not really doing your case any good. "Let's start from the very top." Helping you up to your feet, he introduces himself. "Name's Colt, friend. Private detective at your service. That lovely woman is Officer Elena and her ever capable assistant, Nys."

Now that your head ain't so fuzzy, you finally get a good look at the man vouching for your innocence and at the two peacekeepers pointing the contrary.

Colt Appearance:

At 6'0 feet tall, he sports a light brown coat covering most of his business-like attire. Shaved clean, he seems to be one who values his appearance. For a brief moment, he takes off his trilby hat to wipe his brow, revealing well kept, brown, short hair. You can't seem to spot any badge on him or anything that would really identify him as an officer of the UGC. From him, you get a vibe that he's from some corny Noir film.

Elena appearance:

Standing at 5'11, officer Elena sports the traditional peacekeeper uniform. Auburn hair is kept tidy in a bun hairstyle. With piercing eyes of blue, her gaze demands respect from the rest of her officers. A cursory glance on her chest, and you see she ain't too big, probably a B cup. You avert your gaze on time as

she looks at you. From the bars on her, you figure she's a lieutenant in the force.

Nys appearance:

Reaching 5'5 tall, peacekeeper Nys wears her loose-fitting uniform with pride. Just as the rest of her race, jet black hair is parted by a pair of vermillion elf-like ears. She tries to avert her red eyes whenever you glance at her. A rather shy woman, though in this line of work, it would be best if she wasn't. Still, you suppose the piece she's carrying on her hips inspires enough confidence to get the job done.

"How are you feeling? There are medics ready to help," Colt points out for you. Assuring him that you're okay, he smiles. "Good to hear. When I found you on the bed, I thought you were dead! Thankfully whoever is responsible for this mess has some value for life. Only used a taser on you."

"Yes, good thing they left their friend for us to catch," says Elena as she glares at you. You're really struggling now to keep your cool. Constant accusations and you've done jack!

"Elena, I told you. He/she's innocent. When I got there, I found the room a mess and him/her on the bed blacked out."

"That only ends up making me suspicious about you!"

Colt stares her down, a deadpan look on him. "Really? You're going to accuse me? Because I got two pretty bunnies that will tell you how busy I was tonight. That ain't enough, well, one was a tad bitey tonight. Want a peek?"

Elena rolls her eyes, while a groan escapes her. "You aren't a real cop, Colt. You're just a man who seems to be forgetting that it's the UGC's job to work criminal cases. Stick to taking candid photos of cheating spouses and fraudulent assholes. You'll be safer doing that."

"I was just doing that, and now look where it landed me."

Colt sighs and shakes his head. With a smarmy grin, he says. "Elena, we're friends. You know I do my best to stay away from cases like this, but when I get involved in them, I help you out. Or am I wrong?" The lieutenant stays quiet. "Elena? Am I wrong?"

Elena huffs in irritation as she crosses her arms. "No, you aren't, you smug prick. Despite the complaints from the captain, whenever I have you around, we solve stuff. I just... I don't want anyone else getting hurt." Colt rolls his eyes at her dramatic words.

Elena then looks straight at you. "Before we let you go on your merry way, we'll need a statement about everything that happened. Whatever tiny details you can remember, we need all the information," You nod. You'll do anything to clear your name of any wrongdoing.

She looks back at Colt. "The sergeant over there can take your statement. You are involved in this mess, so I want to know everything."

"Me? I mean, I'd like to hear their side of the story, it would help..."

"Now, Colt!" she interrupts loudly. Not wanting to risk her anger, he shrugged and did as he was told. She motions to the officer beside her. "Nys, Escort him/her away."

"Yes, Ma'am!" You can't do much as she slips a pair of cuffs on you. Standard protocol, she says. Two other officers follow for added security. Anyone else would say you look like a bonafide criminal.

As you are led away, crowds of bystanders try to get a better look. You can see a few camera drones floating about as reporters try to get the hot scoop first. The moment you are identified, a barrage of questions fly at you. You'll no doubt be seeing yourself on the news for the next few days. Not long after, you're led to the station elevator with the UGC deck as the destination.

The hum of the elevator is the only thing you both hear as you go up. Such dreadful silence as you are heading into the U.G.C. Headquarters makes you tense. "Sorry, you got into this mess," Nys suddenly quips.

You breathed deeply, trying to remain as calm as possible. "Sure didn't expect to be in handcuffs today. Not like this, at least."

Nys twiddles her thumbs idly. "I know the lieutenant sees you as the prime suspect, but I think she might be wrong. I know about you, Mister/Miss Steel. A famous adventurer wouldn't waste time committing heinous crimes" At least someone in the peacekeepers believes in your innocence! "Though I have been wrong many times before." Well, so much for that.

The doors open up as you reach your destination. You see rows and rows of desks, each one with a UGC officer sitting and tending to their work. Eyes glance over to you as you're led through their ranks. You swallow nervously, wondering how this will end up making you look in the long run.

Soon you find yourself in a white room. One table, two chairs, and a camera up in the corner. You know how this goes, seen enough dramas on the net to get a good feeling for what's to come. Taking a seat, you wait. And wait... About 44

minutes later, the doors finally hiss open. Turns out to be Elena, a small datapad clutched under her arm.

She sits across from you and taps away at the datapad. Silence reigns as you see her eyes move across the screen. Suddenly Elena opens up. "Rather interesting life you live Mister/Miss Steel. Heir to a company, dashing playboy/playgirl, an intrepid explorer with no criminal record whatsoever. Got a lot of wondrous things ahead for your future. You truly are someone to envy."

"Well, I certainly do try my best if that's what you are implying," You say most charmingly.

"No doubt of that. So why did you do it?" Elena asks.

"Do what? The kidnapping? I told you already, I haven't done anything wrong" Her stone-cold face shows no sign of emotion.

"You keep saying that, but I just can't for the life of me believe you."

She taps the datapad and hands it to you. "Forensics did a search on that girl's apartment. We found prints and D.N.A. samples belonging to Merrra and you. Just. You. Two."

You fumbled at your words, ultimately saying. "Well, someone made a mistake because we weren't alone! The apartment got broken into, and then I was assaulted! I tried to..."

Elena rolls her eyes as she interrupts you. "Save the girl from an unfortunate fate? Such a dashing and noble knight you are!"

You groan in irritation. Her mocking is slowly getting on your nerves. "...Why did you do it?" She punctuates once more.

How many times must one profess your innocence? "I did not kidnap her,"

Elena leans back against her chair. "Is it that you perhaps are testing the waters for your coming takeover of Steel Tech? Hmm?" The fuck is she talking about? "You're formulating a plan to get revenge on those that would deny your destiny? Is that why you did it? Sick, twisted practice?"

Your hands ball up into fists as anger slowly builds up. You'd never do such a thing! There are a lot of assholes vying for your failure, but you wouldn't hurt someone innocent just for shits and giggles! "I did not kidnap her..."

"Maybe, it's something else you want," Elena chuckles. "You want to build an empire all of your own. It doesn't matter how you do it, long as you own

something that isn't attached to your father's name." She's walking across a thin line now. "What? He never said he loved you? Is this some way of getting back at him?"

She leans forward, continuing to hammer you on. "Bet you had the Black Void's help. Might explain why we can't find this third party member. They probably got tired of you, got the girl then left you behind to take the fall. That's it?"

Tired and angry at her accusations, you hit the desk hard with your fists. "I did not kidnap her!" Breathing heavily, you pull yourself back and regain your senses. The camera whirs above your head, the lens focusing to catch a clearer picture of you.

Elena silently analyzes your reaction for a moment. "I'm gonna level with you, Steel. Something about you is intriguing. Maybe it's your charisma, your physique, or smarts. It could be that you have a ton of money behind you, or perhaps it's something more...mystical. Whatever it may be, it is alluring."

"No doubt all sorts of people and creatures go after you out there in the Rush" She clasps her hands together as she leans closer once more. "Hard for me to admit. your charm is not easy to resist. That's why you are a suspect. Charms like yours can be used for terrible things."

You both stare each other down. "The truth will come out eventually," Elena stands up and heads for the door. "I want you to think as hard as you can about what happened while I'm gone, Steel."

The door hisses shut as she leaves. Alone in this room, you lay your head on the table. "*How did I get involved in this shitshow?*" Where the hell is your damn lawyer?!

Half an hour passes before the door opens again. A different officer enters. Just like Elena, however, he too prods you with questions. Tired and weary, this goes on and on and on...

For the better part of four hours, you spend your time in a small room repeating everything you can remember to the UGC officer. Above your head, that camera keeps beeping. No doubt, Elena is watching you. Thankfully, your stay in the UGC headquarters comes to an end. Without any evidence to properly incriminate your name, they're forced to set you free.

"Keep your comm links open, we wouldn't want to suspect something fishy's going on with you, would we?" An officer warns. tired as you are, you stopped caring about their warnings for the moment.

Stepping out of the elevator, you find yourself once more at the Merchant's deck. What a mess. A stiff drink at Anon's Bar will help out your current mood. As you start to walk away, you're met up by a familiar face.

"Steel! Hello!" Colt greets you. "They finally let you out, huh? Geez, I would have thought they'd throw you in a cell and left you to rot" Lucky you that it didn't come to that. You can't help but wonder just how it is that he knows your name.

He chuckles. "Detecting things is part of the job description!" Pointing behind you, you look back to see a large screen a few feet away. "That also helps" A giant news ticker passes with your face on it. More than a few people focus on you.

"Listen, I got a place at the Residential Deck. Feel free to come by and lay low for a bit if you're staying on Tavros" Awfully generous from someone you barely know. "I'd also like to ask you a few questions about what happened if you wouldn't mind" Ah, that explains the hospitality.

"I'll think about it," you respond.

"That's all I ask. My apartment is over at the north walkway. Check plaque 112." With that said, you both part ways.

Reaching the apartment: Just as he said, you headed towards the North Walkway in search of Colt's apartment. Finding where he lived wasn't hard. A holoprojector displays a curtain with the number 112 on it. At times, a cartoon eyeball peers from behind the curtain before hiding again.

Approaching the door, you ring the doorbell and wait for an answer. There's a whirring sound above your head. Turned out to be a security camera, its lenses zooming on you. Seconds later, you hear a series of locks behind the door. Colt finally opens and greets you.

"Steel! Welcome! Please, come inside! Say, you didn't happen to see anyone with ocular mods on the way here?." Shaking your head, you say no. Colt fidgets. "Hmm. Better safe than sorry, Anyhow, come in! Feel right at home!" Accepting his hospitality, you pass inside.

To your surprise, the apartment is something completely different from the well-kept look, the detective portrays outside his home. Empty glass bottles lie all over the floor, while books sit everywhere but on the bookshelves. You notice the piles of ash littering the place. Either Colt has a lot of smoking friends, or he has a problem.

Rubbing the back of his neck, Colt says. "Sorry about how the place looks. I uh...I don't get too many guests."

"You don't say," you reply as you carefully avoid tripping over errant trash.

He heads to the kitchen or rather straight for the fridge. "You want a beer, soda, water?"

"I'm good right now, thanks."

All this chummy act of his makes you wary of his intentions. You don't know much about him, but he seems to have some sort of influence on that UGC Officer. Part of you wonders what's the story behind that.

Colt sits down by a desk. A terminal sits in the middle, along with several datapads and papers. "Please have a seat, Steel,"

You do so as he sips his beer. Looking around, you see all sorts of articles clamped upon the walls. Kidnappings, robberies, pirate raids, and other small time crimes. A few picture frames here and there with what looks to be friends. Most of them are Suulas, you might judge he has a thing for them.

"Why'd you call me here, Colt?" you ask.

He places the bottle at the table and leans back at his chair. "Because I want to help you and that girl you were with too"

Awfully nice of him. Yet there must be more to it. "Alright? What's the catch?"

"No catch," he assures you. "When I say I want to help you, I mean it." He opens a filing cabinet and pulls out a file. Leaning closer, he hands it over to you. "That said, I also need your help."

As you open it, you see that this is full of cut out news about kidnappings. "Something's going on in Tavros, something nasty. Folks have been vanishing here at the station. Now, people go missing every day all over the galaxy. But so many in such a short time? Especially In UGC secured space? There's some fuckery afoot."

He grabs his beer and drinks once more. "Though being in UGC space doesn't mean shit. Barring a few, most of them are slack-jawed morons."

"You don't like the UGC?" you ask.

"I have my gripes with them as they do with me. So long as we reach the same goal of catching bad guys, I don't let my emotions get in the way of working with them."

He shifts about on his chair. "Look, I know you are quite capable, I'd be good to have your help. Those that have gone missing are people down on their luck. Debtors who can't bail themselves out, no matter how hard they try." Sounds like Merra's backstory.

"Indentured servitude" is fucked up, but it's legal. I have this feeling in my gut, something that keeps yelling at me that there is more to it than just debtors getting sold to pay their dues. This case feels bigger, on a galactic scale."

Colt finishes his beer and says. "Like I said, I need your help, and you telling me everything that happened in that room is a good start."

Personality quips:

Kind: From the way he paints it, you sure want to help. If you can help people out while kicking the shit out of whoever is responsible for this sounds like an idea you can get behind.

Mischievous: From the way he paints it, you'd like to help. Hell, if anything, you get to be a hero while clearing out your name of suspicion too. Win-win.

Hard: From the way he paints it, you'd help him out. Though you don't expect things for free. Just as you're sure he charges for his work as a private detective, so will you for your services.

Colt smiles and breathes easily. "Glad to hear you'll help! Don't worry about the payment. I won't charge anything, and if we stumble upon any cool stuff, you can keep it" Sounds like a good deal for you.

Putting on a serious look, Colt says. "Now then, from the beginning. The moment you met her, Merra, you said her name was, what happened?" Nodding, you sit back and recount the entire tale.

Half an hour later and Colt is quietly looking at his notes. Tap, tap-tapping away at his computer, he looks to the large screen upon the wall. Flickering to life, you see that he's been trying to string this kidnapping with others before.

"Merra told you she was psionic, and you confirmed it once she used her gift on you. She said she kept it a secret from others, which explains why she had the edge over other workers in the Red Light district. Hmm. Feels similar to another case."

"Look at this," The screen shows a grey-haired, Half-Ausar. "Lily's her name. I managed to speak with the last person who saw her around, a suitor of hers. The man couldn't recall much, but he tells how Lily made his head all foggy. And made him see things. Sounds familiar to you?" You nod. Merrra did the same to you.

The screen keeps shifting to other people. Men, women, young and old. "All of these people have gone missing. Each of them tells us the same. Those who have been with or around them say they were gifted in some strange way. Now they're gone."

"Which tells us someone is going after psychic individuals," you point out.

Colt nods. "Indeed. The question is, why?" Maybe someone is jealous of their gift? Or it could be that the culprits are looking for ways to exploit their powers? Perhaps they seek to gain the psychic touch by somehow stealing them away? Without a lead, there is nothing on the table but speculation.

The detective places both his hand behind his head as he stares at the ceiling. "I'd love to give an answer, but can't really do much. Not unless we find something to follow" Colt sighs, a flustered expression forms upon his face. "This is the part I hate! Getting stuck!"

If only you were psychic. You'd be able to figure out this mess. Colt turns back to his computer. "I'm gonna do some searching, pull out some contacts, call in some favors, all that jazz. In the meantime, feel free to go about your normal life."

You sure plan to get back to your great quest. Before you leave, Colt calls you over. "Is there some way I can contact you? An Extranet account, perhaps?" You give out your information figuring it wouldn't hurt. "Okay. When I find something, I'll send a message. Feel free to stay here for a bit more if you'd like, I don't mind the company."

P.C. is now able to inquire more about the detective.

Options available:

Look Around: Look at the various stuff he has in his home.

A. Collection of papers and scraps: Judging from how old some of the articles are, you deduce that Colt spends most of his time searching to solve cold cases. Maybe he wants to give peace to the family members, perhaps he wants to be known as the greatest detective ever. Whatever the reason, he'd benefit from having things organized.

B. Picture frames: Lots of pictures lying about his home. One is dated at least a couple of years back. Colt looked pretty much the same back then as he does now. Maybe he was a bit skinnier but other than that, nothing has changed. Him at a bowling alley. One with him smiling as he holds a rifle. Those ones framed on the wall are a bit intriguing. While some show him with humans and other aliens as companions, most show him in the company of Suulas. Looking closely, it's the same four sharkgirls every time, and they all look like copies of each other. Quadruplets?

C. Gauss Magnum: Rather impressive piece he has, Bastille 44. Old model but can it pack a punch against unprotected targets. Shiny, chrome and etched in an elegant baroque pattern. It might have trouble dealing with shields, but nothing an E.M.P. round won't fix. The perfect gun for the Dirty Harry's of the galaxy.

"Nice gun. You know engravings offer absolutely no tactical advantage whatsoever to a fight?" You tease.

Colt chuckles as he continues working. "I know. They look really goddamn cool, though."

D. Look Outside: Standing out in the balcony, you can see people walking by the streets. A few hover carts come and go as they carry folk to their destination. Something at the corner of your eyes catches your attention. You look up to spot another camera observing this spot. Come to think about it, you recall there are more of these things inside too. Barring the bathroom, Colt has his entire home watched by a security system.

Talk: "Sure. I can talk and work at the same time," Opens up several other options.

A. Him: "Hmm? Talk about myself? I'm not really all that good at it, to be frank," You insist he must have something to say. Everyone does. "I suppose you're right on that. Okay, let's see..."

"I didn't have that much of an interesting childhood. I grew up in a water world, which meant most of my early life was spent inside biodomes. You can pretty much guess what that does to an overly curious kid. Being cooped up like that for so long just had me itching to go out and explore the galaxy! And I did. Come the time to leave the nest, I'm just about to bust open the airlocks and swim to the surface!"

Surely it didn't come to that, did it? "Nah. I'd drown, trying to make it to the nearest shoreline. Kidding aside, I did have a bit of trouble to leave. Took some effort convincing my parents, but eventually, I made a breakthrough, and they let me go. So long as I promised to stay in contact, that was our agreement."

"I do miss it sometimes," Colt smiles as he gets comfortable. "Adventuring was amazing, seeing all sorts of wonderful things. Lush, verdant worlds with gorgeous gardens, crystal clear beaches with stunning sunsets, and awe-inspiring beauty among the nebulas and stars. I'd say in some other life, I'd probably be out there participating in the current Rush."

An adventurer at heart? What might have caused him to change careers? His smile shifts slightly. He breathes deeply as he closes his eyes.

"I saw the ugly part of the galaxy" Staring up at the ceiling, Colt continues. "Pirates tearing families apart, shady corporations exploiting innocent natives, or crazy bastards killing others just for looking at them wrong... Got to a point where I wanted to try and fix things. So I boarded a shuttle and headed for the nearest UGC office I could find. Figured I'd try and make a difference."

"Noble sentiment," you quip.

"Yeah, well...noble sentiments don't guarantee you will make it. Wasn't fit for the job. Said I had a problem following orders and listening to authority. Not to be dissuaded, I did the next best thing and set this private firm to help folk out. I'd like to believe I've done some good in the galaxy."

B. His work: "You're not part of the UGC, are you?" you ask.

"No," Colt takes a sip of beer as he continues. "Tried to make it in, but they got too many restrictions in the organization for my taste."

"Restrictions? Like what?"

Colt groans and rolls his eyes. "Oh boy, you have no idea! So much damn red tape involved! You suspect a warehouse is full of drugs, need a warrant to search it first. A pirate ring is setting up shop? Nope, wait till they do something first before jumping them. Regulations and rules are fine. They help one build up a solid lead against a suspect, but when you know for sure that the son of a bitch did the deed, then why the hell would you waste time with the bureaucratic crap? All you do is give them time to escape! You know it's going to fucking happen!"

He would skip all due process if it meant catching a criminal? Such a concept edges on vigilantism. "That's what the UGC says. So does Elena. But if one has to bend the rules a bit to get the job done, well..."

"I get the feeling that more than a few officers would like to see you in a cell," you muse.

"Ha! Definitely, but Elena helps me out because I help her out. Do you think she got to be a lieutenant on her own? She's smart, but most of the cases she's solved have to be credited to me."

"You think that highly of yourself?"

He laughs. "I don't dress like the great Dick for no reason, Steel. I love my work as a private detective, and I'm damn good at it too. So if you ever need some help in finding out those inheritance pods of yours, feel free to give me a call" It takes a second to hit you. You never mentioned your quest to him! "Told you I'm good!"

C. Family: "So besides work, you must have something else you care deeply about. Family?"

Colt shrugs as he keeps his eyes on the computer. "I have em"

"May I ask about them?"

"Sure you can," he smirks as he glances at you. "Ain't gonna tell you shit, though."

Noticing the look you gave him, he sighs lightly as he turns towards you. "It's not something I like to talk about, alright. No, I don't hate them. No, they don't hate me. Wouldn't be surprised if they did though" that last part came more like a whisper. "I'm not going to say anything about it, so let's just change the topic, okay?"

D. Elena: "That officer that kept insisting I was responsible for that mess? Elena. You know her well, do you?"

"Ah, dear Elena," Colt sighs and shakes his head. "Stubborn piece of work."

"How did you two meet?" you ask.

Colt scratches his chin as he reminisces of the past. "Happened during a case. Was staking out a guy making false injury claims for insurance down by the hangars when I spotted a small group of peacekeepers heading for the elevator. Curiosity hit me hard; I decided to follow. Using a crappy stealth generator, I sneaked by and went down with them"

"They were heading for a construction site on the station, restricting access to normal citizens. Weird activity had been happening, they were tasked to check it out. Once they leave, I get out of the elevator to the tune of my stealth generator dying. Pro-tip, never buy anything from some seedy smuggler coming from Tarkus."

"Anyway, I wait till there's a distance between us, and I do my own searching around the deck. Suddenly I hear gunfire. I rush in, hoping to not miss any of the action. Turns out, a pirate ring tried moving into the station."

"What happened then?" you ask.

"The officers were pinned down, two didn't make it. Seeing her friends bleeding and dying froze up Elena. I knew I'd get in trouble for messing with a Peacekeeper operation, but I wasn't going to sit back and watch. So I rushed to her side and opened fire."

He reaches for his Revolver and brushes a finger at its side. "This little beauty got a lot of use that day. When backup arrived, I ran out of ammo. I nearly got arrested when Elena stepped forth and explained what happened. Saved me a cold cell she did."

Colt chuckles as he rubs his chin. "Then she socked me a new one. Said she was grateful for the help, and that would be the last time I would ever see her afraid. Afterward, we dated for a few months, shared a bed, and eventually split up. Her lifestyle was too strict for my taste. I still keep in touch. Even after our falling out, she's been a good friend."

Leave: Just leave...

Act Three: All in your head

A few days later, PC receives a message through their Extranet Messenger.

**From: Colt Galver <Solusinc@Faltnet.mail>
To: (PC name and mail)
Subject: Think I got something**

Hey Steel,

Been doing some work back at Tavros. Quite a tricky case, we got on our hands. After pulling some favors, I've managed to get my hands on an interesting file. I want you to see it.

I'll be at the plaza between 22:00 and 04:00. See you then.

-Colt

The PC over to the plaza and meets up with the detective at the established time:

The plaza isn't as bright at this time of day. Many of the lights are dimmed to simulate nighttime. Walking alone beneath the street lights, you keep your eyes open. As Colt said, you spot him sitting at a bench. Two figures are speaking to him. Both strangers are clad in robes, looking like they've come out from a monastery or something. Moments later, they bow before the detective and leave.

Wondering about it, you approach Colt. Light illuminates his face briefly as he takes a puff from a cigarette. "Evening, Colt" You greet as you approach.

He turns his head towards you and smiles, cigarette still in his mouth. "Evening Steel. Glad to see you well."

"Likewise," You look towards the direction of the two strangers. they're long gone by now. "Saw you speaking to some people. What was that all about?"

Colt chuckles. He shows you a small holographic card. "Got offered a spot at a cult." You curiously glance at Colt. The detective takes another puff of smoke.

"Something about joining the family, preparing for the goddess ascension and junk. Just your standard culty crap. Not the first time I've gotten such an offer. One time, I was promised a beautiful tree wife!" Colt crumples the card in hand and throws it away.

"Right... Well, I got your message. Said you found something to help with the case."

"I did," Reaching for an inner pocket on his coat, Colt pulls a small datapad and hands it to you. "Take a look."

Grabbing it, you tap on the screen, and the Xenogen logo pops up. After loading, an extensive list of names fills the screen. Men, women. Young and old, from all races. You can't seem to find anything in common save for one crucial thing. All have been listed as latent psychics.

"Xenogen holds some influence on hospitals. Lots of institutions receive generous donations from them. I like their products, but boy are they into some real shady shit. Psychic people are one of those hot topics that makes them all randy."

"Where did you get this information?" you ask Colt.

"I know someone who likes to prod computers. Good at what they do. Cashed in an owed favor and got this!" That doesn't sound legal in the least. "It sure ain't!" he chuckles.

If the perpetrator acquired access to this information, it explains the string of kidnappings. Looking down at the names, you come across hers. "Merra," you whisper as you see her smiling face.

Colt leans close to you. "That's her?"

"Yeah, she's the one I was with when this mess began."

"Damn. She's quite a looker. Don't worry. I'm sure we'll find her and the others too."

"What's the plan, Colt?"

He reaches for the datapad and taps it. Many of the names on the list get crossed out, leaving only a few. "I've narrowed down the potential targets our kidnapper might go for."

So all you have to do is locate one of them and make sure they are safe. Sounds simple enough. Yet Colt thinks differently. "Don't think it's going to be

that easy. Right now, the plan is to tail the psychic in question and wait till our suspect shows up. Plenty could go wrong if we aren't careful."

You'll definitely keep that in mind. "Alright. Who are we looking for?"

Colt tabs the datapad once more and hands it to you. "This one. He's the easiest pickings right now" It's a male Kui-tan, a very femmy one. Gray fur, about 4'7 and skinny as a rail. Says he lives at the Red Light district and works for Carver Catering Company.

"I thought about showing this information to Elena. But after the threat she gave me, I decided to go against it."

"What did she say?"

"We'd get slapped in cuffs if we kept muddling in official U.G.C business. Listen, the last thing we need is cops breathing down our necks while we chase the real culprit of this mess. Best try to keep discreet from here on."

Colt inhales more of his cigarette. "Are you ready to go?" he asks.

No: You tell the detective you'll take some time to prepare. Who knows what might happen. "Fair enough. But don't take too long, we'll miss our window."

You assure him, it won't take long. For the moment, you say goodbye and go on your way.

Yes: "Put this on" As the detective opens his hand, he shows you what looks like a black stud earring. "It's a clip-on, won't pierce you. It's also a commlink. Just in case we end up separated, we can stay in touch," You grab it and adjust it to your **(PC ear)**.

Colt throws his cigarette to the ground and stomps it out. He reaches for his coat and pulls out his gun. Making sure it's loaded and ready, he stands up. "Alright. Let's catch a bad guy!" You nod and follow him straight for Beth's Busty Broads.

Music fills your ears as you watch the dancers up on stage. The patrons holler and whoop as they slide across the poles, giving everyone a show to remember. As the spectacle reaches its end, Colt scoots back to your table with two drinks in hand. He chuckles as he hands you a mug. "I'm fine with having a good time, but don't forget why we're here"

You assure him you haven't forgotten. Besides, he's the one buying drinks! He's having a merry time! "Have to play the part of a wealthy patron! Won't get

anyone's attention if I just sit quietly in a corner" He takes a sip of his drink as he looks behind you. "Speaking of which, guess who's eyeballing us?"

You crook your head to see a pair of workers eying you both. One of them is a short, gray Kui-tan. The one you're looking for. Colt casually lays back as he playfully waggles a finger at him. His companion left behind, the worker giggles as he approaches.

"You two enjoying yourselves?" he asks as he leans at your table.

"Definitely!" Colt replies. "The music, the drinks, all the beautiful bodies on display for us to see! This is the best vacation I've had in my life! Sucks that this is my last free day,"

The Kui pouts. "Oh, getting back to the hard grind. If only the fun-times would last forever."

Colt leans closer at the Kui-tan, his hand playfully upon his. "You know, I can think of plenty of ways to make this vacation unforgettable."

The Kui-Tan giggles while blinking playfully at the detective. "Really? Like what?"

Colt leans close to his ear. "You and me in a room for ourselves, staying on it till the morning sun comes. I can only imagine the things you could do..." He punctuates by softly blowing his ear.

He giggles as he locks eyes with you. "Just him, though? I'm sure a cute thing like you would like to partake as well."

"My friend here already has eyes on someone else besides, my company is plenty for us. If my word isn't enough, then maybe a thousand credits might convince you otherwise," Colt pulls out a credit chit from his pocket and waves over his face playfully.

The Kui-tan's eyes widen at the detective's offer. "Whoa! A thousand?! You would spend that on me?"

"You are absolutely right! Beautiful as you are, you deserve ten thousand!" Now it is you who ends up wide-eyed. Does he even have that cash to spend? You can make five times that money in hours easily, but maybe Colt is biting a bit too much here.

For the Kui-tan, Colt's offer stunned him. "T...ten thousand?" The Kui-Tan repeats flabbergasted.

Colt gently places a single finger upon his lips. "Come on, let's get out of here."

Enthralled by the detective, the Kui-tan grabs his arm as he leads him away. "Why don't we head to my place?" The Kui purrs, trailing a finger over Colt's chest. "You can stay however long you want."

The detective casually runs a hand over his ear. "Sounds perfect," Colt looks at you and grins. "Tell the boss I'll be late tomorrow," He says with a not so subtle wink. Locked together by the arms, they leave you alone at the table.

You wait for a couple of minutes before setting out behind them. As you are about to exit, however, you feel a familiar tingle tickling at the back of your head. The kidnapper is nearby. Turning about, you look around, but with so many people here, it's hard to figure out just who might be messing with you. This could be a distraction. You leave quickly.

As you walk through the Red Light Zone, you turn on the commlink and listen carefully to everything they are saying. Turns out, the Kui-Tan lived near Merra. Perhaps they knew each other. "Here it is. Room 080. My home," You hear the Kui-tan say in a seductive tone.

Colt chuckles, you hear him whisper. "I can hardly wait."

"No rush, hun. We have all the time in the universe."

Hearing the door close, you peer your head at the alleyway. Nothing but doors at each side. Leaning against a nearby wall, you try to look as casual as possible as you hear the conversation between them.

Giggling and moans ring in your ears for a few minutes. "Oof! Hmm... Here we are, together alone. What are we going to do on the bed?" the Kui-tan asks.

"I think you already know..."

The Kui giggles playfully. "Why don't you tell me how you want me?"

"I want you safe from kidnappers."

You hear him giggle nervously. "...What?"

"Listen, you're in danger. A lot of people have gone missing lately, and I have some feelings that you might be next."

The Kui realizes Colt isn't playing. "What are you talking about..."

"You're psychic, aren't you? Got the gift?"

You clearly hear the Kui gasps. "How do you know about that?!"

"I'm a detective," You hear something beeping. Must be the datapad with all his info. "Finding stuff about others is my job."

"Xenogen?" There is some distress to be made in the Kui-tan's tone. "But I've never told anyone! I've always been worried that others might mark me as some freak! I wouldn't be able to get customers, I'd be sold off to slavers to settle my debt!"

"You aren't a freak," Colt reassures the scared psion. "Lots of folks would be jealous of your gift, I sure would be. Just take it easy, okay? I'm here to make sure you stay safe."

You keep on listening when you feel that tingle once more. Leering back to the alleyway, you find a most creepy sight. Standing in the white hallway is a dark figure looming by the door. Fear grips you. It paralyzes you even as it enters the apartment.

"Just who are you anyway?" the Kui-tan asks.

"Names Colt Galver, I'm a private detective. Don't worry, with me around, you don't... did you hear that?" Everything went quiet, only Colt's breathing could be heard. You hear the sound of a doorknob opening. "What the fuck?!" Colt suddenly cries. The comm-link buzzes loudly in your ear before dying.

Through sheer force of will, you shake off that crippling fear and rush towards the apartment. **(PC weapon)** in hand, you rush inside and search for the detective and the Kui-tan. Dread grips you once more as you reach the bedroom. The black figure looms over the detective and the Kui-tan. Colt lies unconscious while the poor Kui seems pale, looking as if his life was drained away.

Glowing white orbs mimicking eyes bore straight through you. Gritting your teeth, you draw your weapon and take aim. Whatever this thing is, it won't be taking them away! Not if you have anything to say about it!

Encounter: Psionic shadow

Description: Before you stands a creature seeming to come right from some twisted nightmare. With twitchy motions, beady lights for eyes, and long gangly limbs, it stares at you waiting to make a move.

As you keep looking at it, you see a figure inside it. Like there is a smaller person in this thing controlling its motions. It makes it look even creepier.

Possible Stats:

Shields: 900

Health-10

Lust- Flatlined to 0. Can't be teased

Energy: 200

Level: To be decided

Race: ???

Gender: ???

Possible Resistances:

Kinetic: 20%

Burning: 25%

Possible Abilities:

Slash: Standard Melee attack

Spark: Sparks crackle at its hands before lunging at the PC, deals electric damage. Uses 50 Energy

Terrify: Locks eyes with the PC, plunging them into a myriad of nightmares for a brief moment. Debuff (Take more damage? Less damage dealt? Stuns?) Uses 100 energy

Fortify: Recovers a portion of its shields back. Uses 75 energy

Possible passive- Mindful regeneration: Regains a bit of energy after each turn.

Losing- Results in a bad end. (A shocking conclusion)

Unable to stand against the monster's assault, you fall to your knees as dread consumes your mind. The last thing you see is the creature's hand sparking with electricity as it grabs your head. So much voltage coursing through you, fries you to a crisp. You fall to the floor, steam rising from your body.

U ded.

Game over. Continue?

Winning-

If there is anything you've learned throughout your adventures in space is to come out winning, no matter how terrifying the odds are! Even as terror threatens to take hold, you shake it off and scream as you unload everything on the monster. Facing such a barrage, the creature flails wildly as it's shrill cries echo in the room.

Falling to the floor, you pant heavily with your weapon still drawn. Slowly it leaves you, that crippling fear. You've won. Taking a deep breath, you compose yourself as you walk by the monster to check on Colt and the Kui-tan. Thankfully both are alive.

Loud crackling pulls your attention back at the monster. To your surprise, you see its "skin" flaking off bit by bit. Before you is an unconscious woman wearing a skintight violet jumpsuit. She's clutching something on her left hand. Crouching, you open her palm and find that it's a broken taser.

If that's not enough, the door hisses open. You hear footsteps coming from the other room. Immediately you take aim at the door when a familiar face greets you. "What the fuck?" you mutter.

"Goddess be praised! I was worried you might lose to such a silly trick," Merra says to you with a smile.

You can't quite believe your eyes. You thought you might never see the poor girl ever again, and now here she is. A stunning blue dress hugs her body, a golden star pin hangs on her chest. Did she get drafted to become a diplomat or what? "Merra? You're alright!"

Merra giggles as she walks towards you. You feel that tingle at the back of your head. Her eyes shine just like before. She's using her "magic" once more. Your senses go dull, you find there is a lack of will to move. Her arms gently hug your head, and she leans close. "Better than alright."

Merra pushes you to the bed. Sitting in a dazed state, she leans close to your face and kisses your nose. "Blissful, that is how I feel. Oh **(PC name)**, I want you to feel the same!" Your eyes are half-open as your mind drifts to a different realm.

Crisp, fresh winds gently blow, the scent of flowers wafts by your nose, birds chirp soft melodies into your ears. You find yourself hard-pressed to never leave this place. Light touches tickle your shoulders. Turning your head, you see Merra's gentle smile once more.

She glows radiant, looking something like a goddess of ancient times. "You can stay here forever, with our many children and me. Here, a place where only pure bliss exists. There is no Rush, no worries, no troubles to bother you ever" Such promises fill your head. It is difficult to not accept such an offer.

Her hands gently cup your cheeks. "But all in due time. For now, I thank you for finding another sublime subject to be claimed. When we next meet, my body will be yours as yours will be mine. Blissfully together for eternity."

Pulling away from you, the dream ends, and you return back to the rundown room in Tavros. Groaning, you regain your senses once more. Colt seems to have woken up as well.

"...What happened?" Colt groggily mutters.

"I... I don't really know," you respond.

"All I remember is talking to him and then...Gah!" Colt yelps loudly as pain strikes him. "Fuck! Feels like my brain is going to explode!" Colt looks for the Kui-tan, but he's nowhere to be seen. "Shit, where is he?!"

You both look for any traces of him but come up empty. Just like the previous victims, he was gone. "No, no! GOD DAMN IT!" Colt yells as he slams a fist on the white wall. "We had a chance to catch the fucker, and we fucked it up!"

"Colt, relax! This isn't over, we can still catch them" The detective ignores you. He grunts as he rubs his forehead intensely.

"Gah! Didn't do a good job! Tch! Better..." Colt keeps on muttering as he paces the room. "Should have b...Should have been better... Not good enough...not good enough!"

He starts shaking. A lot. "Colt, are you alright?"

Reaching for his coat pocket, he pulls a cigarette and lights it. You worry that he might be sick. Colt's shaking like he's in the middle of an earthquake. You call out his name, he ignores you for a moment as he sucks on the cigarette like his life depends on it. "Colt!"

Colt seems to calm down as puffs out smoke. "I... I'm fine. Sorry about that. I'm fine."

"We should leave, Colt," you suggest. "No doubt, the peacekeepers will arrive soon. I don't want my face plastered all over the news again."

He nods. "Yeah, lets... let's go back to my apartment."

You and Colt rush away as Elena, and the officers arrive. There are a few close calls, but you make it to the elevator without trouble. Reaching the apartments, Colt sighs deeply. Tired after such an ordeal, he flops onto the nearest couch, uncaring about all the bottles he's crushing beneath his body. "God, what a mess," he groans.

"Guess we're back to square one." You muse.

"For now," He stares upward at the ceiling. Narrowing his eyes, he tries his best to recall what happened back there. But every time he does, he groans with pain. "Fuck sake, what did we get ourselves into? I can't recall anything, and when I try, my head feels like it's smacking against the floor."

You don't feel anything whenever you try to remember. Odd. "I envy you," Colt grunts. "I have to figure out what move to make now. Can't think of anything. You?"

Mulling for a bit, you remember something. That monster, its skin fell off, it was really just some person! Recalling the fight, you tell the detective everything. He sits up and rubs his chin in thought. "Good thing you won. Might have to load up another save file if you had lost."

You tilt your head slightly, wondering what he's going on about now. "Never mind," he waves off. "I need to sleep."

"Still got that taser?" Colt asks. Reaching for your pack, you pull out the broken thing and hand it over. The detective turns it all about, looking at it from many angles, searching for anything to give him a lead.

"Hmm. We have a chance to solve this," Colt stands up and walks over to his desk. Sitting down, Colt taps away at his computer. "Still got a few favors to call in. It may take some time to come up with our next move, you should rest up for now (**PC name**). When I find something else, I'll send you another message, alright?"

You nod at the detective. For now, it's best to relax.

PC has the option to "Leave" or "Talk" once more. Choosing "Talk" reveals that the locked option is now available.

Option E: Smoking

"Does it help you?" Colt glances at you curiously. "Smoking, I mean?"

For a brief moment, he stays quiet. There is some tenseness in him; you can see it by the way his hands ball up. "It does," he finally answers. "No doubt you notice I have a bit of a problem dealing with stress. I can become rather unstable."

Clearly. You thought Colt would have a heart attack once he started shaking like that. "Everyone has stress, everyone deals with it in different ways. Me blowing more smoke than a chimney is my way of calming down. The hot air bellowing in my lungs, the smell of something burning. Leaves me soothed after I overthink."

He reaches for his pocket and pulls out a cigarette, followed by a small steel lighter. Flicking it, Colt stares into the flame. "I try to be the best. At everything I do. The best of the best, for their sake."

Their sake? Who might he be referring to now? "I've let a lot of people down, Steel. I've let Elena down, let that poor bastard down, let you down too" Colt's hand trembles as he rambles. Quickly he lights up and takes a puff. Immediately his hand ceases to shake.

He blows out smoke in a laid-back fashion before chuckling softly. "Makes me feel powerful, like I'm a dragon. Sounds stupid as hell, I know, but that's the great thing about the mind. You can make things real inside it,"

Is he concerned over his health? You've seen him regularly with a cigarette on hand. Empty packs of smokes litter the place more so than anything else. There's nothing wrong with lighting up every now and then, but he's taking it a bit farther than most.

Hearing your concerns, Colt smirks as he unbuttons his shirt. Once he takes it off, you see scars running across his chest. He takes a huge puff, smoking it till down to the filter. Then you see it. There is a faint green glow on his chest. Thing is, Colt doesn't really have lungs.

"Synthetic, practical and military-grade," He explains. "Normally reserved for UGC special forces working in highly hazardous atmospheres,"

"How did you get that?" you ask, staring at his glowing chest.

"Happened during another case. A thief kept sneaking into a UGC storage deck, always looking for the hottest stuff they had around. The Peacekeepers were pissed off someone was pilfering their stuff, especially when they couldn't catch them. Elena had me help out by the side."

Colt stamps out the rest of his cigarette on the nearby ashtray. "Guy managed to sell his loot before we caught him. Most of it never was recovered"

Most of it with the current exception. Colt laughs softly. "I'm sure the UGC can waste taxpayer money on another set. Besides, it's getting good use."

It would seem so. One thing you are wondering about. How did Colt manage to install the upgrades? No self-respecting medical professional would pull his lungs out and replace them with stolen prosthetics.

"Oh, most definitely not. I did some digging and eventually found a very disgruntled doctor hiding from the U.G.C. It took some convincing and a lot of

cash, but eventually, they agreed to help. Never going to them ever again though," Colt runs a hand across the scars on his chest. "Bald-headed, goggles wearing, creepy motherfucker..." Colt mutters.

Leave: PC Leaves Colt's apartment.

Right as the PC leaves, they stumble onto a familiar face. Nys happens to live close by. At the moment, she's in civilian clothing.

Leaving, you mumble and think about what happened today. So caught up, are you in your thoughts that you fail to see the woman carrying some groceries. Just like you, she too can't see ahead, and so inevitably you both end up crashing. "Sorry, sorry! I didn't see you!" Nys says nervously as she scrambles to pick her stuff.

You offer to help. Nys stammers nervously as she crawls about picking her goods one by one. "No, no! It's fine! It's my fault anyway you don't have to..." she stops as she realizes who she's speaking to. "Oh! Steel! Why are you here?"

Bending down, you pick up a pair of oranges and hand it over to the nervous woman. "I was visiting a friend," you respond.

"A friend?" She notices the short distance you both are from the detective's apartment. "You mean Colt?" You nod. "I didn't think he had any friends," Ouch. That's a rather sad image he presents to others. "...I think it's nice. He should have more friends."

"Do you know Colt?" you ask her.

"Not really. I know he and the lieutenant had a thing, but other than that, I don't know much about him" Her elf-like ears drop slightly. "It's a bit sad, you know. All he does is work on cases. Doesn't really socialize. It must be lonely. And stressful too," She has no idea.

"A...anyway, I should get going! My dog must be starving by now," You ask if she needs any help at all. It's a lot she's carrying by herself. "No, no! I can handle it. But thanks for the offer."

Shrugging, you head on your merry way. "Steel!" Nys calls out to you. You turn and see her looking much more serious than before. "Whatever you and Colt are doing, you best stop. For your sake," You blink in confusion, where did that come from all of a sudden? "Curiosity can lead to many bad places, wouldn't want to hear some ill fell to you or to Colt" With that, she turns about and goes on her way.

You stand there for a moment, confused and suspicious as well. Perhaps it was just some friendly advice from an off duty cop. Maybe something more. After all the crap that happened today, a warm bed and decent sleep sound like a good idea.

Act Four: Cold Hard Truth

Days pass, the PC receives a message through their Extranet Messenger from Colt once more.

From: Colt Galver <Solusinc@Faltnet.mail>
To: (PC name and mail)

Subject: Possible Lead.

(PC name), I hope you're doing well,

I've been busy with that broken tazer you found at the Kui-tan's place. There's something we can work with! This case isn't over yet! If we act smart and fast, we'll catch the son of a bitch responsible for this whole drama.

Meet me when you can at my apartment. I'll give you all the information. Till then, stay safe, friend.

-Colt

Returning to Colt's apartment: As you reach the detective's door, you ring the doorbell and wait for him to answer. You wait for a few minutes, yet Colt never comes. Maybe he's asleep. Hitting the doorbell once more, you wait and wait and get the same result. Fearing something might have happened, you reach for the doorknob and twist. It's unlocked. Heading inside, you expect to see Colt at his desk, but he's not there.

PC Suula mother/background: After last time, worry creeps into your mind. You hear something coming from the balcony. It's music accompanied by singing. The song, it's familiar to you. Yes, Mother used to sing to you when you were little. Such warm memories, her songs lulled you to gentle sleep, driving away the nightmares. You spot Colt sitting down, still as a rock. He quietly gazes at the passing hovercars in the distance. Moving closer, you see the source of the music.

Regular Scene: After last time, worry creeps into your mind. You hear something coming from the balcony. It's music accompanied by singing. The song is alien to you. Even your communicator fails to decipher the lyrics. You spot Colt sitting down, still as a rock. He quietly gazes at the passing hovercars in the distance. Moving closer, you see the source of the music.

Four small Suula holograms sing in perfect harmony. Each of their voices complements one another. The soft strumming of a guitar and the gentle beat of a small drum adds to the harmony.

Hearing the ethereal and beautiful song, it's hard not to be enthralled. Hmm. You've seen them before. Something quite familiar... that's it! They're the ones on all those pictures in his apartment! As the sirens finish their melody, they group up.

The redhead Suula waves. "Take care, wherever you are!"

"Be safe!" Adds the raven-haired Suula.

"You better call us, Solus!" Demands the silver-maned sister.

"We love you, little brother!" Happily chirps the blue-haired beauty.

Blowing a kiss together, the hologram flickers off as the recording ends. Colt hangs his head as he breathes deeply. Rubbing the back of his neck, he reaches for his lighter. His hand goes to his pocket. He grunts in frustration as he can't find anything to smoke. Irritated, he stands up and turns to you.

"AH! Fuck **(Pc name)**! Don't scare me like that! Why didn't you knock?!"

"I did. You didn't answer."

"Oh," He says, a hint of nervousness lies in his voice. "This case is making me sloppy. I got distracted with something silly, sorry about that."

"Didn't seem all that silly to me," Colt groans as reclines upon the railing. "I guess you know them closely." He has them framed all over his home, and now you find him listening to them singing, apparently for him. That little brother quip tells you enough, but still, you ask. "Who are they?"

Colt leans over the table to pick up the holopad. For a moment, he stares longingly at it before he stows it away. "...My sisters," He heads back inside, you following close.

Colt sits on his desk, looking somewhat depressed. "Guess you're wondering about it." You try to feign ignorance, but Colt knows better. "I've told you I don't like to speak about my family...then again, with all that's happened between us, I suppose I can talk to a friend about it."

"Are you sure? This is clearly a touchy subject for you, I don't want you to feel pressured or anything?"

Colt drums a finger against the desk and stares out a window. "No, no it's fine. Better for me to get this out of my system. It'll help me focus on the job at hand." The detective makes a passing glance at a few pictures on the wall.

Closing his eyes, the detective breathes deeply.

"I was born out in space, on a ship to be precise. My parents, my real ones, were pirates. From what I can guess, they got drunk and horny one night, forgot the condoms, and nine months later ended up with another crewmate. With me around, they started to think about the future. Got the idea to leave the pirate life and start fresh. Apparently, they didn't want their kid growing up into a murderous asshole like them."

He plays with his lighter, flicking the flame on and off. "From what I uncovered, they tried escaping that lifestyle but didn't make it. Both were killed by their captain, loose lips sink ships after all. With them dead, I was alone. No one wanted anything to do with a baby, so they got rid of me too. Place a datapad beside me and then shot me out in a lifeboat. Drifting alone in space, for a month old babe, that's a cruel way to go."

"Lucky for me, the lifeboat's signal reached someone. Got rescued by a passing ship heading to Valdera and ended up in an orphanage. Weeks later, a Suula couple goes in and ends up adopting me. Don't know why, they already had four other mouths to feed. Nevertheless, they picked me up. I'm thankful they did."

Colt smiles as he recounts his life living in the Suula homeworld. Everything he says to you indicates he had a happy childhood. Two loving parents who doted on their youngest son, four strong sisters who kept him safe. Always together as a loving family. Everything sounded pleasant. Yet the more he tells you, the more somber he becomes.

"I always felt less than them," His gaze casts down to the floor. "Mom and Pop gave so much to me, I felt I had to pay them back somehow. Yet everything I did always felt short. I did my damndest to be the greatest son ever. And I failed."

Colt looks at the pictures once again. "Whatever I tried, my sisters blew me out of the water. Sports, math, science, music. They'd always outshine me. They didn't do it on purpose, mind you, they just so happen to be better than me. I struggled to find something, anything to distinguish me from them. Just one thing to make them proud of me!"

Colt shakes his head, and bites his lip. A bitter chuckle rumbles out from his throat. "I found something alright."

"What did you find?"

"...Drug smuggling," Your eyes widened up at his words. Never did you take him to go for such a dark route in life. "Guess that's the result of being born to pirates. That bad blood never washes away."

"I was an idiot teen when I got involved in that nasty business. More than a few times, I wanted to quit. But the money flowing into my pockets stopped me from getting out of it. With that cash, I bought my own things, I helped get food on the table. It made me feel good! I made something for myself! I made them proud!"

His smile fades in an instant. "...Then she got hurt" Colt reaches for a nearby picture frame. He idly rubs a finger over the glass. Him hugging one of his sisters. The young Suula is missing an arm.

Colt continues while keeping his eyes glued to the picture. "During one of my routes, I got jumped by some competition. I tried fighting back and got my ass handed to me. Got beat up so bad, ended up with a concussion. At that time, while I got my brain bashed in, Eleri was coming back from the store. She saw me on the ground, crying and bleeding. Things escalated from there."

Colt shivers at the memory. "Have you ever seen a Suula angry? I mean absolutely, fuck everything mad? Not something you forget. Their eyes dilate until they become black inky pools, darker than the void itself. Teeth and claw come out, sharp as a butcher's knife, effortlessly mutilating anything they touch. Their nostrils flare, their tail whips and cracks like thunder. Only their quarry and the blood they owe remains in their mind."

"Eleri showed me how terrifying they can be when pushed to the edge. She runs at full speed, slams her tail against one guy's leg and breaks it like a twig. One tries to hit her from behind, Eleri turns around, and the guy ends up with his fingers gnawed off. She went all out, all to keep her dumbass brother safe."

His words leave you a bit cold. To witness something as brutal as that at a young age. "What happened then?" you ask.

Colt frowns, he constantly bounces in his chair, the memory to him is fresh as the day it happened. "In their panic, one pulled out a knife." Colt touches his shoulder. "Right here, he kept jamming it into her. Didn't stop Eleri, she bit him back."

"When the dust settled, blood puddles laid everywhere. Someone must have seen the fight, medics and cops came out of the blue. We got rushed to the hospital. I ended up with a neck brace and several stitches. Eleri lost her arm."

Colt struggles to stay composed, he rocks himself in place as he stifles an errant sob. "Eleri tried to live as normally as she could, but I could see the damage every time I looked at her. She was never the same..."

Finally, Colt loses his composure. "It was my fault. Eleri got crippled because her shit brother wanted to be the best at something so much, he did it the worst possible way! I fucked up, and my sister paid for it!"

Stay Quiet: You let him vent out his frustrations. It may be best to let him take everything out in the open. Bottling up so much is not a good thing.

Colt runs a hand across his face, wiping the salt away. "Sorry, you had to see me like this. Haven't cried as much since...that day. Feel much better now, though. Thanks for listening. You're a good friend (**PC name**).

Reach out to him: Closing the distance, you take a seat next to him and gently grab his shoulder. Tenseness oozes from the detective, you feel him shaking. Colt stays quiet as do you. Moments pass by when the detective breaks the silence by chuckling.

"God, I feel like I'm a snotty kid again, weeping my eyes out like this" Pocketing his lighter, he opts out for the chance of smoking. "Usually have to smoke two packs to calm down after breaking down like this. Thanks for listening to my gripes. I've never had many friends in my life, glad I can count you like one."

"Anytime you need to talk, I can lend you an ear," you assure Colt.

He smiles and nods, "Likewise. And thanks."

Scene resumes from either choice: Colt stands up and smirks. "Right, enough with the sappy crap. We got a kidnapper to catch!" Opening a filing cabinet, he reaches in and takes out the taser. "That piece you found at the Kui's place is quite interesting."

"What did you find?" You ask as you look at the fixed taser.

"Couple of things, all of them worry me," He pulls out a datapad and hands it over to you. Tapping on the screen, you see several invoices. A highlighted entry shows you that this particular piece was purchased from a surplus weapon store here in Tavros.

"The taser it's high grade. Have to pay a pretty penny to get one. Buying in bulk? You'd have to be pretty rich to afford it. As for who would make such an outstanding purchase. Take a guess."

Rubbing your chin, you piece it together. Right now, there's only one entity interested in acquiring so many tasers in the first place. "The UGC."

"Bingo!" Colt snaps his fingers as he smiles. "Lots of them in their name. It's nothing out of the ordinary, it's expected to see a cop carrying non-lethal gear after all. However, this one ended up going through some very dangerous modifications. Observe"

Colt picks the taser, turns about, and flicks it on. Loud crackling fills your ears as white light threatens to blind you. Sparking bolts reach a surprising distance as they arc to a nearby bookshelf. The detective turns it off as a book catches fire. "As you can see... it's pretty... pretty potent!" Colt huffs as he stomps out the flame.

Smoke rises up as he prevents it from spreading. "Normally, you just aim, press the button, and the bad guy falls to the ground. This little beast notches it up to eleven. Get hit by this, and you'll be served crispy without a hint of lemon."

Someone's been busy making dangerous tools then. The question is who and why. "Any idea who might be responsible?"

Colt sighs deeply as he shakes his head. "No. I got theories, but without a solid lead, that's pretty much all I have" Stuck on making the next move then. He walks over back to his desk and opens up a drawer. Taking out a small black case, he lays it on the table and smiles.

"When this happens, there's only one thing to do," Colt procures a small medipen. "Go undercover," With a grin, he jams it unto his neck.

The effects are immediate for the detective. Colt groans as the transformation takes effect. Hair grows at his arms in large amounts, his ears move upward, taking a pointed shape similar to a dog. Colt groans, bending slightly before a puffy tail pops from his clothes.

Panting and laughing softly, you see him wince as he sits back on his chair. "I can never get used to that."

Continuous modding can have ill effects if one isn't careful. "You've done this before?" you asked, concerned over his health.

"Oh yeah, I got more mods for different disguises," he replies nonchalantly. Colt reaches for his gun. "Anon's bar has a tendency to attract some intriguing fellows. Let's try our luck there."

The hours go by while you wait at his apartment. Time is spent either idly chatting, watching vids, and playing virtual bowling. When the hour comes, the two of you head on over to the bar hopeful to find something.

Yet your search leads pretty much nowhere. Besides learning about current events happening in Tavors and about a cute Ovir, nothing really leads you to know about the modified taser nor of the one who used it. Tired from not getting answers, you approach the bar and order something to drink.

Colt casually sits by you, smoke billows out from him as he orders a beer. "Any luck?" You shake your head. "Yeah, me neither. So much for this place being a trove of information."

"Couldn't we try finding another psion? They might lead us to the kidnapper again." You point out.

He lifts his beer to his lips. "Can't. The datapad with all that information got stolen. In my unbridled genius, I forgot to save a backup. Chalk it up to another one of my fuck ups" Well shit. Now what? The detective finishes up his drink and his smoke. "I'm gonna go upstairs and book a night with one of the ladies. May as well make something off this trip."

Colt leaves you alone as he slumps upstairs. Tending to your own drink, you get that annoyingly familiar tingle at the back of your head. Frowning, you twist by your seat and look all over the bar. All you get to see are the variety of patrons enjoying themselves at the moment, along with a few of your friends who wink and smile once they glimpse at you. Just when you can't take that tingle anymore, you spot it.

Right by the entrance, you see a lone hooded figure staring back. There is an eerie glow coming from their eyes. It tells you well enough what they are. For some strange reason, no one else seems to notice them, just you. The stranger turns and leaves.

No doubt folk might think are raving mad as you run out of the bar. You keep looking on through the crowds, hoping to spot the figure once more. That tingle comes back again, turning you see the hooded figure passing through the crowds. Pursuing, your chase leads you to a secluded part of the station.

It keeps pestering you. That annoying tingle at the back of your head. Your hand instinctively wanders over your **(PC ranged weapon)** as you fear you may be attacked soon. Your hunch ends up being correct. Someone suddenly slams themselves at your back, you fall to the hard floor.

Turning around, the cloaked figure is clutching their head. "You can't...You have to understand it's not me!"

Quickly you get back on your feet while your attacker continues to mutter incoherently. "I'm sorry...I have to obey! She demands it! Our goddess demands obedience! Help!"

Encounter: Crazy Stranger

Appearance:

The stranger wears a set of robes, their face hid away in shadows. Strange iconography is embossed on their clothes. They look like someone straight out of a cult. In their erratic movements, you at times catch a glimpse of a purple jumpsuit beneath those robes. Just like that girl back at the Kui's place..

Possible Stats:

Shields: 300

Health-150

Lust- 15

Energy: 200

Level: To be decided

Race: Human?

Gender: ???

Possible Resistances:

Kinetic: 50%

Psionic/Lust: 10%

Possible Abilities:

Punch: Closing the distance with surprising speed, they cocked their arm and strike you. (Basic melee attack)

Jolt: Beneath their cloak, a tazer flickers to life. Lunging at you, they deliver a sparking strike. (Electric attack)

Unfocused slam: Waving their arm, an invisible force strikes your body and forces you to the floor. (Psionic attack. Chance to stun. Uses 100 energy)

Losing:

They manage to turn you onto your back and sit on your chest. Piercing violet eyes stare into your own. There is a faint glow in them that soon gathers an increase in luminosity. A sapping of your strength says all about this psion. Expecting for them to take advantage of you, gently, they place a finger upon your lips.

"At ease. I'm finally back in control," assures the stranger. You can't tell who or what they are. Feels like a million voices are speaking at once. "You and your friend have to stop. The goddess will know soon of your constant meddling, and when she does, her wrath will fall on you both. You won't triumph in a battle against her."

"...Who...Who is this goddess?" You at least manage to ask that in your dazed state.

They shiver as the madness creeps back. "She's the goddess!" They reach for a pocket and pull out a small data chit. "Ta...Take it! If you are keen on finding her, then this will lead you to the right path. Stop her as...Gah! Ascension, and save us if you can!"

Everything they're saying is too damn cryptic. Can they just tell you who's responsible so you can be done with this whole mess? They shake their head as pain grips them. "I'm struggling to break free. She keeps whispering into my ear, my mind, my soul... A beautiful promise. Eternal Bliss!"

"Bliss?"

They stand up from you and begin to walk away. "Heed not her promises! It is better to live in the cold, dark reality of life than spend eternity in false, blissful heaven!" With that final warning, they leave the alleyway and vanish in the crowds.

Winning:

Your assailant falls to their knees, panting heavily. The will to fight has left them. You can feel at ease knowing they won't try anything to hurt you. Taking a step closer, something glistens close to your feet. Crouching, you see a small silver bangle with strange glowing symbols on it.

Equipment get: Elating band

Slot: Accessory

The moment the psionic enchanted band makes contact with you, a lethargic, sensation washes over your body. Despite feeling sluggish and slow, your mind feels crisp and fresher than ever.

Possible Effects:

Continuous energy regeneration- 15 start of every players' turn.

-20 to physique, reflexes and aim.

Resistance:

25% Psionic

25% Tease

You approach the stranger with your weapon drawn. They tiredly raise a hand. "Wait! I won't hurt you. I'm...I'm back in control, thanks to you."

"What do you mean control? Why did you attack me?"

Rising with unsteady legs, they grunt in pain and say. "You must understand I don't want to fight. She forced me! Her voice gets inside you, and it makes it impossible to think for yourself."

"Who 's voice?"

Lifting their head, violet sparkling eyes glow beneath their hood. "The goddess!" Your body locks up, the psychic energy coming from them paralyzed you. Damn it, you should have known this was a trick!

As they reach out to you, the figure stammers and shakes. "No...No I won't hurt another one! I don't want this!" The light fades from their eyes as they return to a brown color. You can move freely now. They fish out a small data chit from their cloak.

"Take it! Quick!" You wonder if it's another trap. It doesn't matter as they take your hand and force the thing upon you. "Inside, that is the information you need. Use it and find her. Stop the Ascension before we are all whisked into a false heaven!"

They're still too cryptic. You need to know more. "Wait! I have to know more, tell me..." Your body locks up again as they use their power. Their gaze on you, they move farther and farther away.

"I'm sorry...I can't say more. She won't let me!" They run away from you. You try to follow but they turn and send a psychic wave at you, pushing you back. By the time you get back up, they're long gone, slipped away into the crowds.

Continuation of either scene:

That tingle leaves, and you can think clearly now. You clutch the small data chit tightly. Colt needs to know about this. Moments later, your codex beeps as Colt replies. It says to meet him at his apartment as soon as possible. With that, you rush over to the Residential Deck.

By the time you get there, Colt is just about to go inside his apartment. You see his clothes messy, lipstick all over his face. Spotting you, Colt waves. "Got your message, you alright?" You assure him you're fine. "Sorry for taking so long. I

tell ya, something about Laquines just drives me crazy. Had a tall one on me, my God! Getting your pelvis broken never felt so good!"

You clear your throat loudly. "Focus, Colt!"

"Right, right. You said you got a data chit?" Reaching for your pack, you take it out and hand it over to him. Rushing towards his desk, he sticks it in his computer and gets to work.

As he taps away, Colt becomes infuriated. "What is it?" you ask.

"Encrypted!" he mutters. "Going to take a bit to pull out the information on it. Things are never so simple, are they?"

"Can you bypass it?"

He smirks. "Sure, I can!" Colt proudly declares. "No shitty coding is going to keep me away from solving this case! But it's going to take a while. About a day... Maybe more..." Your part is over for now. All there is to it is to wait for him to finish.

The sound of hissing catches your attention. Colt is jamming another needle into his neck. His Ausar like outlook changes as he goes back to being a human.

"Go take a break, Steel. When I call you, it will be to finish this once and for all!" he confidently assures. "Oh, and feel free to take this with you. I'm sure you'll get better use for it than I would"

Equipment get: Modified Taser
Slot: Melee Weapon

A taser used by UGC peacekeeping forces. While items such as these are designed for self-defense, the customizations made to this piece means it's better suited to frying someone into a crisp. That is, if you don't fry yourself first.

Possible stats:

Damage: Electric- damage number to be decided.

Damage Type: Energy weaponry

Evasion- -5

Accuracy: -7

Combat Usable: Yes

Additional Flags: Energy weapon, guaranteed stun chance if hit.

Days pass after Colt begins the decryption process. A message arrives on the PC's extranet messenger.

From: Colt Galver <Solusinc@Faltnet.mail>

To: (PC name and mail)

Subject: We have a big problem.

Steel, I just finished decrypting that data chit you gave me. It's someone in the UGC! They got some facility where they're sending off the kidnapped psions! For what purpose, I can only guess. We need to get this known to everyone, get the good ones in the peacekeepers to catch this fuck.

I called Elena. Naturally, she was pissed off to hear a fellow officer is doing this. I need you here too, we have to jump this quick before the one responsible realizes we're on to them and disappears. Get to my apartment ASAP!

-Colt

Reaching the apartment: Colt's message worries you. You didn't expect to deal with a corrupt Peacekeeper. Just as you've always done, you ring the door and wait for Colt. Minutes pass, and there is no answer. You reach for the knob and twist. It opens effortlessly, he must be listening to his sisters' recording again.

You couldn't be farther from the mark. The apartment is more of a mess, and Colt's nowhere to be found! You look around and see the cameras inside broken. There are signs of a struggle. There's a bookshelf on the ground, and you see bullet holes on the wall.

There must be something you can do! Maybe you can find a clue! A piece to tell you what happened and where the detective is!

Look around:

A. Bookshelf: a massive redwood bookshelf lays on the floor. All sorts of tomes are thrown about. There's a bit of blood nearby. You can only hope that isn't Colt's and if it is, that he's still alive.

B. Bullet mark: Above your head, you see a hole. You use a nearby chair to get up and examine it closer. It's a bit hard to see, but there is indeed a bullet lodged in there. Judging from how far it went in, it must have come out from his revolver.

C. Broken equipment: His computer is trashed, no way you got the time to have the thing fixed and find out what happened. Same goes for his cameras. As it stands, you are flying blindly.

D. Balcony: Maybe there's something outside. You look all over to find something. As you fear your search will end in failure, something catches your eye. Hidden away by the leaves of a potted plant, there is a small camera. Colt and his eccentricities. You quickly pull out your codex and establish a connection. Success! It's been recording this whole time! **(Progresses to the next part)**

E. Un-smoked pack: A pack of his favorite brand of cigarette lies unopened at his desk. Something definitely happened here. He'd never leave a pack untouched.

You rewind the footage and watch quietly: There is a ring coming from the door. Colt gets up and walks off camera. Moments later, he returns to view with Elena in tow. "Colt, what is this you sent me last night?! Is this some twisted joke?" she cries in outrage.

Colt remains calm. "Wish it was. I've been doing some digging on this kidnapping case. Found some exciting things happening within your little club Elena."

She looks angry, probably thinking about cuffing the man on the spot. "What have I told you?! You are not UGC! You are tampering with evidence that we can use to find out who's responsible. I can put some serious charges on you! Hell, I should put them on you!"

"And then what!?" Colt yells back. "Have the bastard responsible go free? I've been helping you, Elena. I got solid proof that one of your own is involved in this shit!"

"So you say." The lieutenant frowns. "Show me," she demands.

Colt stares her down for a moment before tapping away at his computer. Standing away, she sits down and begins to read. There is an obvious tenseness in the air. Elena scowls and scoffs. From her reaction, the detective was right.

"You see? Someone in the UGC is going after psychic people. Why are they doing this? Fuck if I know, but we must put a stop to it! Elena, you have to report this to the higher-ups."

Colt walks pass her. He stares out from the balcony as he pulls out a cigarette. "...Who else knows?" Elena asks.

"What?"

"Who else knows?!" Elena exclaims.

"Steel," Colt replies. "You two are the only ones I trust. Till this gets resolved, anyone in the UGC is equally as bad as any pirate in my eyes."

The lieutenant stands up. Her hair had gone all messy from the stress. "Are you sure we are the only ones who know about this?"

"You know me, Elena, I do my best in this work. I made sure no one else is savvy of this mess. Trust me, we are the only ones."

Elena breathes deeply and turns about, her eyes glowing. "Good, makes this easier for me."

"What do you mean?" Colt turns around confused. "What the fu..." Psychic energy grips the detective as he's thrown to the nearby bookshelf. "Goddamn it... Elena?!" He sputters and groans in pain as he reaches for his gun.

Elena moves quickly. Colt only manages to fire once before she grabs his hand and twists it. Colt is forced to drop his revolver. With the bookshelf pinning him, he can't do much as she pulls out a needle. "Gah! Fucking hell! You're the one? That so-called goddess?"

The corrupt officer gently traces a finger across his cheeks. "I told you well enough to leave this case alone. Yet you didn't listen. I'm sorry it had to come to this, but I can't have anyone interfering with my plan. Not even you."

Elena finally sticks it at his neck. "Elena..." Colt groans, struggling weakly. His body goes limp as the sedative takes effect. As she stares at the unconscious man, two other figures come into view. Skintight jumpsuits hug their bodies.

"Destroy any evidence he holds about us. Bring the detective to Uveto. In our sanctuary, he shall understand the value of my mission."

"My lady, what of the other one? They'll surely try something against you."

"I know the way they operate. Steel will arrive at our doorsteps soon enough. When they do, we shall welcome them into everlasting bliss."

By the time the recording ends, you are seething with rage. This corrupt bitch would have thrown you into a dark cell for a crime she committed! Not only did she mess with the lives of many innocent people, but she betrayed someone who called her friend. Whatever it takes, you'll see justice in the end!

Forwarding the information to every link you can find, you'll make damn sure the whole galaxy knows who Lieutenant Elena really is. With that done, you head out, going straight for your ship.

A beeping at your codex alerts you of a message. It's from officer Nys.

From: Nys Sosvae <NYS@UGC.gov>

To: (PC name and mail)

Subject: I can't believe it.

Steel, we all saw the video. To say you could hear a pin drop is an understatement. We got the words from high command. Former Lieutenant Elena Morris is now a wanted criminal. All of her assets have been frozen, and she's currently on a watchlist.

She tried to hide. However, the techs managed to acquire her shuttle's transponder. They figured out where her hideout is. We don't know what she's planning, but from the fact that she's psychic and she's been capturing others like her makes us assume the worst.

I can only imagine what might be going through your head but please, leave this to the UGC. It's one of our own we have to deal with. You might also get hurt. I promise we'll save Colt and the rest of the victims. You have my word.

-Nys

Time limit perhaps? Should the PC take a week to reach the dungeon, a message will arrive at his codex.

From: Nys Sosvae <NYS@UGC.gov>

To: (PC name and mail)

Subject: Condolences

Steel, it is with a heavy heart that I must inform you of detective Colt's passing. Our officers stormed the complex where Elena resided and encountered resistance from her followers. Thankfully, her reign of terror is over, she resisted arrest and had to be put down. However it came at a cost. In the effort to capture her, Colt, alongside other members of her group, perished in the assault. His family has already been informed. I know you and Colt were friends. I am terribly sorry for this news.

May the infinite grant you peace in these hard times, take care.

-Nys

Colt and Elena are removed from the rest of the game.

Act Five: Blissful Eternity

Uveto: The PC wanders the wilderness of the frozen wasteland, eventually reaching Elena's holdout.

Arriving at the entrance of Elena's hideout, you spot no guards nor any security systems. Either she's overconfident that no one would find her here or a trap awaits. Staying out here won't solve anything. One last check over your gear, and you venture in.

You walk for what seems like miles. Snow and ice eventually give way to stainless steel walls. You can tell you're slowly making your way downwards. So far, there haven't been any signs of activity. Considering your previous explorations, however, something will come across soon enough.

Reaching a corridor, you take the curve and come across a large steel door. Not telling what's on the other side. With your **(PC Weapon)** on hand, you tap on the unsecured keypad and open it. A large room is before you, decorated in what you could describe as some neó-grec motif. Screens and displays hang above, a message to "stand by" is on display. A silver chair sits in the middle, surrounded by robed figures.

"Didn't think she'd get her hands on so many," You think to yourself as you hide behind a nearby column. *"No doubt, all psychic. Best watch my step."*

Carefully you make your way to the nearest door, hoping to avoid confrontation. Suddenly, music begins to play. First, with a gentle piano, then wind instruments finished with ethereal vocals. It sounds like something you might hear inside a temple. A cultist takes off her hood and takes a seat.

Breathing, the human girl closes her eyes. Glyphs and symbols flicker to life. She squints and grits her teeth, whatever is happening looks uncomfortable. The chorus of hums and chants rises into a crescendo until finally, the girl slaps on the chair. The others approach and help her to her feet, they smile at her, and she smiles back.

The screens flicker to life, a collective sigh of joy erupts from the enthralled psychics. Elena comes on screen.

High and mighty, she portrays herself. Clad in robes, with laurels on her now golden hair. As if she was some sort of goddess torn from ancient human myth.

For those in this room, her presence is a divine gift. To witness her, even on a screen, is to see perfection incarnate.

Her eyes glow as psionic energy accumulates. You find your mind slightly muddled. "My children, the time is nigh. Ascension! Thanks to your generosity, I have acquired the means to bring joy and love to this cold, bitter galaxy. Soon, the inhabitants of this world will be the first to join us in our bliss."

Her words are like honey to the crowd. "Yet even in this happy hour approaches, there is a tribulation we must all surpass. As I speak, the poor deluded souls of the UGC come for us. Threatening to take me away from you, threatening to destroy my promise to you."

The crowd becomes restless. Muttering and curses escape more than a few of the gathered. "But do not despair! We shall overcome this together! I ask you to mind those that come for us. Do not shed their blood even if they seek to shed yours. Instead, shower them with love. Show them the error of their ways. Lead them all to bliss!"

The screens all turn off. Time to move. Thinking that you're in the clear, you open the door. To your dismay, someone else was just about to go inside just as you were to leave. A very familiar someone.

"Merra?" you whisper, eyes wide with surprise.

Merra stares into you. "Steel?" For some seconds, you both look at each other somewhat dumbfounded. Her mouth twists into a frown, her eyes change color, and that tingle comes at the back of your head. She pushes you away and rushes into the room. "Intruder!"

Merra looks back at you, and you see her somewhat crestfallen. "I'm... I'm sorry. But this is for your own good. No one will hurt you, I promise!"

All eyes fall on you. There is a weight on your mind in such proportion it is difficult to not faint on the spot. Yet you steel yourself and through sheer force of will, rush out the door. As the door hisses closed behind you, you break the keypad. Heavy pounding echoes in the currently empty hall. That buys a bit of time, best get a move on.

As the PC wanders the hideout, they might stumble upon enthralled Psychics. Per orders of their goddess, they attempt to subdue the explorer through any means possible.

Encounter: Enthralled Psychics- (come in pairs or more?)

Appearance:

The psions wear matching purple tightsuits. Strange iconography is embezzled on their clothes. They look like someone straight out of a cult. The glyphs pulse in tune to their hearts. You deduce that what they wear must be boosting their already strong psychic gifts. Best be vigilant of any tricks they can pull.

Possible Stats:

Shields: 300

Health-150

Lust- 15

Energy: 200

Level: To be decided

Race: Varies

Gender: Varies

Possible Resistances:

Kinetic: 25%

Lust: 10%

Possible Abilities:

Jolt: With a small taser in hand, the enthralled psychic lunges at you. (electric attack)

Captivate: Focusing their gift, the psyon locks eyes with you, and immediately you are beset by a myriad of lusty illusions. (Tease attack. Uses 20 energy)

Terrify: Focusing on their gift, your mind is plagued by fell nightmares. (Debuff. Receive more damage? Deal less damage? Uses 50 energy)

Psychic push: As if a gust of wind has punched you, you feel a hit of energy strike your body, sending you right into a wall. (Damage ability. Sunder? Stuns? Uses 50 energy)

Possible Passive ability: Mindful regeneration- at the end of a turn, recover a portion of energy.

Possible bad end by losing at any point to an enthralled psychic: (Happiness guaranteed)

Male/herm variant:

Facing such a foe has left you weak. Falling to your knees, they approach cautiously. Seeing you in such a weakened state, the thralls boldly reach for your gear and take it off you. Without a way to defend yourself, you can't do

much but submit as a pair of glowing eyes bore into yours. Darkness overtakes you as they overwhelm your mind.

Slowly you open your eyes only to see a smiling, tanned Ausar looking down at you. You try to get up but find yourself bound to a chair. Panic surges as you attempt to break free but try as you may, the metal cuffs hold you tight. The playful girl giggles as she straddles your hips. She leans closer to your face until your noses are touching.

"It's okay! You don't have to be scared! Not anymore," she assures you in a sweet voice. "See?" Gently she grabs your face and twists till you're looking to the side. It is then where you see Colt in similar circumstances. Blindfolded and strapped to a chair, a busty Simmi is riding him with such intensity, you fear their seat will break.

"You were always good enough..." The Simmi whispers in his ear. "Always good, Colt. Good enough for your parents, for your sisters, for me and for our children" Her eyes glow as psychic energy courses through their bodies. Such sensation solicits a loud moan from the man as he breeds the eager psychic.

"Oh, yes! You are doing it, love! Keep cumming! I can feel it taking root in me!" the Simmi loudly yells as she climaxes with him. Riding the wave of pleasure together, they both pant heavily as their orgasm ends. The Simmi shivers with delight as she relishes being impregnated.

"I...I was good?" Colt mutters in a dazed state. A dopey smile forms on him as she takes away his blindfold. His eyes look empty. He might be alive, but the detective you knew is gone. She lays a loving tender kiss upon his lips, effectively sealing his fate as her mate.

"You were always good. This is your bliss. Rejoice," The Simmi whispers as she tenderly strokes his cheek.

You moan in pleasure as the Ausar beauty finally engulfs your erect prick. Returning your gaze towards her, you see a glow in her eyes. Heat grows hotter and hotter inside you till it feels as if you are on fire. The deeper she pulls you into her, the more your mind strips away. Soft, cuddly hands cup your cheeks as she leans close. Her tongue plays with yours, and you lose yourself to the pleasure.

This sensation in your mind, it has you wondering if you should even try to get away. Is your quest to become the CEO of your father's company worth it? Is it worth getting away from this serenity?

As she moves back, she giggles. "Your silly search is over. Here, with me, you can have something better than something so material as an inheritance. Here

you can have joy, pleasure, bliss" Her words resound deep in your head. Everything she says makes sense.

"But...but the pods?" You still have to find them! Your quest, your adventure, it's the reason you set out to explore the galaxy!

She licks your neck. The soft wet velvet that is her tongue makes your skin tingle in such a way, your mind focuses solely on the beauty upon you. The thoughts of your father and the company seem so trivial. So temporary. This, however, feels permanent. Why would you let such bliss slip away?

Her pussy tightens around your prick. Such a squeeze solicits a moan from you. "I can be your true quest. Let me be your price, your reward. Let me be your everything."

"I...I want... I want"

"Tell me, tell me what you want."

"Bliss," You sigh dreamily. She slams unto your hips, your dick throbs as you unload everything inside the seductive Ausar. She shivers, her eyes tilt with pleasure as you feel her leaking from your powerful load. Her thighs are splattered white as your cum overflows from her cunt.

"A happy life to be proud of. No material silliness such as money and fame. Only pleasure, joy and me, loving you for all time" Leaning closer to your ear, she bites it gently and whispers. "This is your bliss. Rejoice"

The UGC division sent to capture rouge Lieutenant Elena Morris expected a relatively simple mission. Neutralize anyone interfering with the arrest and capture the crazy woman. Yet when they reached her hideout, they faced overwhelming odds. Psychics everywhere they looked, and a skilled rusher hunting them down. One by one, each officer ended up captured. Soon enough, they too experienced the Bliss that the goddess promised.

Uveto was enraptured in Elena's psychic grip. Eventually, her influence spread. Having achieved apotheosis, Elena spread her psionic influence across the galaxy. World by world, everyone soon became a subject in her galactic kingdom. A galactic kingdom where no pain, no suffering, no worldly worries existed. Where there was only bliss. And you were glad to be a part of it...

Female/herm: variant

Facing such a foe has left you weak. Falling to your knees, they approach cautiously. Seeing you in such a weakened state, the thralls boldly reach for your gear and take it off you. Without a way to defend yourself, you can't do much but submit as a pair of glowing eyes bore into your own. Darkness overtakes you as they overwhelm your mind.

Slowly you open your eyes only to see a grinning Kui-Tan. It's the one you failed to save back at Tavros. You try to move but find yourself bound to a bed. Panic surges as you try to break free but try as you may, the metal cuffs hold you tight. The playful femmy boy giggles as he positions himself between your legs. He leans closer to your face till your noses are touching.

"Don't be scared! You are perfectly safe here," he assures you in a sweet voice. Gently he grabs your face and twists till you're looking to the side. It is then where you see Colt dealing with his own problems. Blindfolded and strapped to a chair, a busty Simmi is riding him with such intensity, you fear their seat will break.

"You were always good enough..." She whispers in his ear. "Always good, Colt. Good enough for your parents, for your sisters, for me and for our children" Her eyes glow as psychic energy courses through their bodies. Such sensation solicits a loud moan from the man as he breeds the eager psychic.

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The Simmi smiles and kisses him. "You were always good. This is your bliss. Rejoice" Gently, she whispers as she tenderly strokes his cheek.

You moan in pleasure as the Kui-tan suddenly penetrates your pussy. Returning your gaze to him, you see a glow in his eyes. Heat grows hotter and hotter inside you till it feels as if you are on fire. The deeper he goes, the more your mind is stripped away. Soft, cuddly hands cup your cheeks as he fucks you with passion. When you moan, he takes advantage and closes in. His tongue plays with yours, and you lose yourself to the pleasure.

Sensing your eagerness, he takes the cuffs off. His dick goes deep, you can feel the tip kissing your womb. As if you were on autopilot, your hands tightly grab

his back while your legs lock behinds his ass. Tighter and tighter, you hug him as if he were a long lost love you fear might disappear again.

He pulls his face away. A strand of saliva briefly keeps you connected before it breaks. "Don't be afraid, I won't leave. I'll stay with you forever."

For a brief moment, you recall that he needed help one time. He was being pursued, and it was your job to make sure he was safe. You tell him as such, saying you're sorry for failing him.

As he thrusts, he giggles. "You were nice enough to worry about me. But as you can see, there is nothing to be concerned about. Here there is only joy, pleasure, absolute contentment. Let go of your quest and be with me. Let us build something greater than a silly company, let us build a family" His words resound deep in your head. "You won't lack anything. I'll take care of you. I promise"

Everything he says makes sense. The thoughts of your father and the company seem so trivial. So temporary. This, however, feels permanent. An eternity filled to the brim with someone as loving as him? Full of his kits, happy for all time? Why would you let such bliss slip away?

"I...I want... I want"

"Tell me. Tell me what you want."

"Bliss," You sigh dreamily. Shaking joyfully, his cock reaches the deepest part of your womb. Trembling, you hug as tight as you can as he unloads everything inside you. So much cum flooding in, it is inevitable to keep all of it inside. As your belly swells and a puddle forms beneath you, he closes in and pecks your lips.

"No more worries, no more fears of failure" Your heart flutters with joy, you are his, and he is yours. Lovingly, he whispers. "This is your bliss. Rejoice."

The UGC division sent to capture rouge Lieutenant Elena Morris expected a relatively simple mission. Neutralize anyone interfering with the arrest and capture the crazy woman. Yet when they reached her hideout, they faced overwhelming odds. Psychics everywhere they looked, and a skilled rusher hunting them down. One by one, each officer ended up captured. Soon enough, they too experienced the Bliss that the goddess promised.

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As you keep exploring the hideout, you come across a room full of machines and beds. It looks to be an infirmary of sorts. Curtains cover the beds, figures lying upon them. Curiously, you peek inside and find the Kui-Tan you and Colt tried to save. Blindfolded, he's in some sort of ceremonial rag, bound to the bed and muttering. You help him out, cutting his bondage apart. Helping him sit upwards, you take the blindfold off.

"...I made it...I made it, mom... I made it..." he keeps repeating. You wave a hand before his eyes, but he doesn't respond. As it stands, you can't help him right now nor any of the other kidnapped victims on the beds. Gently you set him back on the bed and move on.

Something catches your eye, two standing figures observe one of the unfortunate captives. With your weapon in hand, you approach slowly. You fail to notice a pan on the floor and kick it, the loud sound alerts them of your presence. Best be ready, two more enthralled psychics stand before you.

Same encounter as other enthralled psychics outside this room. Would lead to the same bad end as outside.

The enthralled psychics collapse before you. With the threat neutralized, you walk over to the victim bound to the chair. Getting close, you realize it's him. Colt! He's alive! Quickly you undo the metal cuffs binding him and take off the blindfold.

"Colt! Colt wake up!" you cry out. Yet he is entirely out of it. His eyes give the impression that his spirit has been drained away. "Come on, detective! Answer me!"

His gaze is glued to the ceiling. "...good? Was...was I good?" He keeps repeating over and over again. You try shaking him, slapping him, calling to him, but nothing works. You fear his mind is gone forever. There must be something you can do to help him out.

Looking all over the room, you find a table with various objects on it. Datapads, wallets, a revolver, and some cigarettes. Your mind clicks with an idea. It may be silly, but it could work. Grabbing the pack, you pull a cigarette and walk over to the detective. Placing it in his mouth, you light up and wait.

Seconds pass as you stare at the unblinking man. Just when you think it's pointless, Colt breathes deeply, smoking the thing like his life depended on it. He coughs loudly as the spark of life returns to his eyes. You can't help but grin as

he keels over. Helping him back to his feet, he looks all over the place in confusion.

"God, my head. Whe...where Am I? **(PC name!?)** The hell happened to me?"
Sitting him on an empty bed, you go over everything that has transpired. The more you recount, the more bothered he becomes. Finishing your tale, Colt rubs his head and sighs deeply.

"Thanks for saving me. Never did the thought ever cross my mind that Elena would do all this shit. She's always been a good person! Damn it, I don't understand why she'd do this!"

Shaking his head, Colt stands up and walks over to the nearby table. He picks up his revolver and loads up. Turning to you, you see a frown on him. "Are you ready to finish this shit?" he asks as he puts a cigarette in his mouth. You nod, you couldn't be more than ready. His face lights up briefly as he takes out his lighter.

He chuckles as he puffs out a smoky trail. "And they say smoking kills you" Flicking it, he heads for the door. "You take point, I got your back!"

Colt: temporary companion.

Possible Stats:

Shields: 150

Health-350

Lust- 5.

Energy: 200

Level: To be decided

Race: Human

Gender: Male

Possible Resistances:

Kinetic: 20%

Electric: 20%

Burning: 20%

Possible Abilities:

High caliber: Colt takes aim and opens fire. (Basic ranged attack)

Energy jack: A quick adjustment and his shield siphons nearby energy sources. Opponents shields suffer a hit while he regains a small portion. (recover 50 energy)

Kneecap: Colt takes aim at the opponent's legs and opens fire (damage, may cause stun. Energy used 50)

Desperado: Unloads all of his ammo at his opponents. (damage, hit multiple enemies. On single target, attempts to hit six time in a row, with a chance to miss, uses 120 energy)

Booster: Colt fishes out a medipen full of regenerative nanomachines. Health recovery 100, uses 100 energy. Can toss one to the PC to provide healing.

Reaching the end of a hallway, you spot the most spectacular door. Decorated with jewels and painted in gold, you can pretty much guess what lies behind it. You look at Colt for a moment. He smirks as do you. Punching the keypad, Colt opens the door, and you both rush inside.

Opulent is perhaps the most appropriate word to describe Elena's chamber. Numerous marble columns hold up the ceiling. Vases full of exotic plants of all colors add to the flair. The walls seem to glow underneath the candelabra like they were made out of solid gold. So many paintings add to this place as well, some from human origin, others alien. To add to the final flair, a red velvet carpet leads to a throne where the conniving "goddess" sits with a confident smile.

You both approach, fingers on the trigger. Colt is clearly pissed off. "Elena! We need to talk!"

Elena shifts on her throne as she focuses on the detective. "I didn't think you would escape, Colt. It seems Steel is much more troublesome than I thought."

"I made a very good friend. Wish I could say the same for you" Colt shakes his head and asks. "Why? Why the hell are you doing this shit, Elena? You were a peacekeeper, tasked with keeping people safe!"

There is a change in her demeanor. Sadness seems to loom at the back of her mind. "Being an Officer grants you a certain perspective on the galaxy, Colt. I've seen so many vile people do vile things to others. Stealing, killing, raping. Each act showed me that no matter how much I try to help make the galaxy better, pain and suffering will always exist."

She focuses on Colt. "That day, during the raid on Tavros, it showed me how quick good people can get hurt. Seeing my fellow officers, my friends, bleeding on the ground, crying in pain, begging for help... dead. It broke me. I've felt guilty ever since. I couldn't do anything to save them! I lived, and they didn't!"

"Elena, I know how you feel. But you can't go about things like this. Yeah, the galaxy is pretty fucked sometimes, but this isn't the way to make it better!"

His words fall on deaf ears, frowning Elena stands up from her throne. "I vowed to never have to go through such things again! I would figure out a way to help everyone!" She closes her eyes. When she opens them again, they glow faintly. "And I did."

Both of you feel the psychic weight. She's much more powerful than the others under her control! "That day, alone in my home, I awoke. In my darkest moment, I became aware of my gifts, I became Divine!" A shock wave throws you both.

"Everyone here willingly gave me part of their energy. Having seen what I offer, they see me as the only one capable of making the universe a better place. I will answer their prayers! I will ascend!" You stagger quickly back up. You and Colt take cover and get ready to fight.

Elena steps from her throne, her hands balled into fists. "I won't have anyone stop me! Not the UGC, not any pirate, not even you! Everyone will be saved! Everyone will experience bliss!" Elena roars. You and Colt scratch your heads, a song echoes inside your minds. Electronic beats, choirs, the praises of her many followers.

"All in this galaxy shall live in harmony!" Unleashing her full psychic potential, she floats a few inches from the floor and readies for battle.

Boss Encounter: Elena Morris

Possible Stats:

Shields: 600

Health-300

Lust- 10- Caps at 200

Energy: 300

Level: To be decided

Race: Human

Gender: Female

Possible Resistances:

Kinetic: 20%

Psionic: 90%

Burning: 20%

Tease: 80%

Possible Abilities:

Psychic Burst: (Basic range attack, breaks cover)

Shockwave: Stomping her foot, a burst of energy rocks the place, causing you to stumble (knocks the PC down, may inflict Stun, uses 75 energy)

Nightmare: Fell visions grip your mind. You are momentarily lost in a void with creatures of terrifying nature. (Debuff. Massive penalty to ranged accuracy. Uses 75 energy)

Leeched touch: Elena extends her hand. You feel some of your energy leaving your body, making its way towards her. (Shield damage, when depleted, drains hp and slightly restores hers. Uses 25 energy)

Enthrallment: Elena stops moving, she closes her eyes as she focuses her energy. This gives you a chance to attack, but you best be careful, she might unleash something. (Raises Lust to maximum capacity if not behind cover, losing the fight instantly. Uses all her energy, needs a minimum of 100 to cast)

Passive ability: Ascending mind: Having honed her psionic skills, Elena can recover much more quickly than others. (Constant energy regeneration- 75 per turn)

Possible bad end by losing against Elena: (Ignorance is bliss)

Male/Herm variant:

She's just too strong! You thought you might have a chance to fight her, but her powers overwhelmed you and Colt. You struggle to get to your feet and keep fighting, but Elena will have none of it. Mental anguish wracks your mind, forcing you to fall to the floor.

Standing over you, your addled mind fears this is the end. "I told you I would not be stopped" Expecting to die by her hand, Elena crouches beside you. Your body goes slack, your muscles unresponsive at her touch. The door behind you opens, more of her mind-controlled subjects rush in to aid their goddess.

"My lady! Are you alright?!"

"At ease, everyone. The intruders have been taken care of" A collective sigh and cheer fill the room. "The detective hasn't finished his conversion. Take him away and show him how righteous our cause truly is" Two of them nod and approach the unconscious Colt.

"What about this one, your Grace?" one asks.

Elena looks at you and smiles. "Merra!" she calls out. Muffled footsteps run for you. The petite kitty bows before her. "You fancied this one, did you not?" Merra blushes as she rubs her arm nervously. Elena leans closer to the girl and gently grabs her chin. In the kitty's eyes, there is pure adoration for her gracious goddess. "You have my blessing, Merra. May your union bear fruit. Take them as yours, show them eternal bliss" Did...did you just get married off?

Merra struggles to reply, joy has apparently muted her for the briefest of moments. "Th...thank you, your Grace!" she tearfully replies. Bending down, the Kaithrit smiles as she gently cups your cheeks. "I'm so happy! And you will be too!" Her eyes glow a deep violet hue, your mind goes foggy, and you drift away to sleep.

The sound of chirping birds ring in your ears. You mumble and groan, trying to go back to sleep. But with their constant song, you reluctantly get up. Stretching and yawning, you open your eyes to be greeted by the sight of verdant countryside. Blue clear skies hang over your head, the warm touch of the sun gently touches your skin. A beautiful day just like the others.

"Hey, sleepyhead!" you hear a playful voice exclaim behind you.

You turn to see Merra coming out from behind the great oak. This blessed day is gorgeous, but it doesn't compare to the beauty of the one Elena called to be your mate. Ruby hair covering her jewel of an eye in a teasing manner, supple skin sensible to the touch, ample breasts swelling with milk. Indeed you have been blessed to have her.

Merra giggles and blushes. "You keep staring at me like that, I'll have to start thinking you may want to play with me."

"Maybe I do," you grin.

"We should probably be getting ready to go back, love. People might worry!" You chuckle lightly. Why would they? They know you are with her, living in peace in this garden world. No care to be had, no sorrow to be felt. Only bliss and joy, there's no need for others to be concerned about you and besides, you wouldn't want to leave Merra's side.

Merra strides towards you. Before you can say anything, she sits on your lap and throws her arms behind your neck. "I've been feeling rather hot, you know."

"Oh?" From the dampness on your legs, you might be inclined to agree.

"We've been together for months, haven't we? Each one gets better and better as time passes on. Being with you is... it is truly amazing! But I think it's time..."

You raise an eyebrow in question. What exactly is that time she's referring to? She responds by taking off her robe, letting you bask in her beauty. "I want you to fill me, Love. Fill me until there is a cascade of cum dripping from my pussy! Let me be the mother I've always wanted to be! Let me have your children!"

With such an enticing offer from your beautiful wife, how could you refuse? In seconds you take off your own robes and align your prick with her slit. Merra bites her lip in expectation, eager to feel you once more.

"You know I love you, now and forever. I want you to fuck me, Love. Let your seed take shape in me!" Her words stoke the already blessing inferno in you. Ramming inside her, she jolts and screams in ecstasy. There is no need for subtlety, she wishes nothing more than to be the mother of your children. And you will comply.

"Yes! Yes!" Merra cries with joy as you hold her tight.

Milk flows like river waters from her breasts. So much squirts out that it's inevitable for some to go into your mouth. Delicious and highly nutritious. Her gaze shows how much she's enjoying this. It fills you with a lust for her, unlike any other. Pounding away, she throws her hands over your neck and pulls you in. Her tongue plays with yours as you kiss. Even as you feel short of breath, you press on, not wanting to let her go. You redouble your efforts till you can't take it anymore. You slam your hips once more, pumping her so full, you are sure her ovum are bathed in your sperm.

The two of you hold each other tightly. When Merra pulls back, she smiles. There is no greater image to be seen than your wife overjoyed. "We'll have so many children, Love. I... I'm..." Her eyes swell. You gently caress her cheek and smile back. Silently she leans into your chest. You enjoy the moment as well by saying nothing.

Time passes on. Your family grows bigger and bigger as the years come. Happy you are of having so many to call your own. Happier still that Merra is with you at all times. Yet times do come by where you wonder if it's real? Such thoughts are followed by others. You were searching for something? A mission your father tasked you with. For the life of you, you can't remember!

"...I can do whatever I want. But why do I feel hollow? Why do I feel like I haven't really accomplished anything?"

"Love? Are you alright?" Merra sits by your side, leaning her head over your shoulder. As you look at her, you see her belly full of life. You gently caress it and feel a light kick as a reward. She giggles as she joins her hand with yours.

A smile forms on you as you hold her tight. "I'm fine. Perfectly content," It is in moments like these that all doubt vanishes. Praise the gracious Elena, empress of all life, for such a gift. Here in this moment, you are in bliss.

Female/herm Variant:

She's just too strong. You thought you might have a chance to fight her, but her powers overwhelmed you and Colt. You struggle to get to your feet and keep fighting, but Elena will have none of it. Mental anguish wracks your mind, forcing you to fall to the floor.

Standing over you, your addled mind fears this is the end. "I told you I would not be stopped" Expecting to die by her hand, she crouches beside you. The door behind you opens, more of her mind-controlled subjects rush in to aid their goddess.

"My lady! Are you alright?!"

"At ease, everyone. The intruders have been taken care of" A collective sigh and cheer fill the room. "The detective hasn't finished his conversion. Take him away and show him how righteous our cause truly is" Two of them nod and approach the unconscious Colt.

"What about this one, your Grace?" one asks.

Elena looks at you and smiles. "Merra!" she calls out. Muffled footsteps run for you. The petite kitty bows before her. "You fancied this one, did you not?" Merra blushes as she rubs her arm nervously. Elena leans closer to the girl and gently grabs her chin. In the kitty's eyes, there is pure adoration for her gracious goddess. "You have my blessing Merra. May your union bear fruit. Take them as yours, show them eternal bliss" Did...did you just get married off?

Merra struggles to reply, joy has apparently muted her for the briefest of moments. "Th...Thank you, your Grace!" she tearfully replies. Bending down, the Kaithrit smiles as she gently cups your cheeks. "I'm so happy! and you will be too!" Her eyes glow a deep violet hue, your mind goes foggy, and you drift away to sleep.

The sound of chirping birds ring in your ears. You mumble and groan, trying to go back to sleep. But with their constant song, you reluctantly get up. Stretching and yawning, you are greeted by the sight of verdant countryside. Blue clear

skies hang over your head, the warm touch of the sun gently touches your skin. A beautiful day just like the others.

"Hey, sleepyhead!" you hear a playful voice exclaim behind you.

You turn to see Merra coming out from behind the great oak. This blessed day is gorgeous, but it doesn't compare to the beauty of the one Elena called to be your mate. Ruby hair veiling her jewel of an eye in a teasing manner, supple sable skin, petite globes, and a cock that entices you to suck till your heart's content. Indeed you have been blessed to have her.

She giggles and blushes. "Feels like you're burning a hole through me. Am I that pleasing to your eyes?"

"More than you believe" you dreamily sigh.

"Daydreaming is nice, but we probably should be packing. People might worry!" You chuckle lightly. Why would they? They know you are with her, living in peace in this garden world. No care to be had, no sorrow to be felt. Only bliss and joy, there's no need for others to be concerned about you and besides, you wouldn't want to leave Merra's side.

Merra strides towards you and sits beside you. Before you can say anything, she takes your hand and leads you to her lap. "You know. I've been thinking about us."

"Oh? How so?" You ask in a teasing tone.

"We've been together for months, haven't we? Each one gets better and better as time passes on. Being with you is... it is truly amazing! But I think it's time..."

You raise an eyebrow in question. You ask what exactly is that time she's referring to. She responds by taking off her robe, letting you bask in her beauty. "I'd like to start a family, Love. I want to fuck you till my cum pours from you like a waterfall. I want to see your belly swell with life. To see our kits gently suckling at your teats while I pump you full once again."

With such an enticing offer from your beauteous wife, how could you refuse? In seconds you take off your own robes. Laying on the soft grass, Merra disrobes, letting her prick go free. A gift from the goddess Elena, this knotty tool, will make sure you are fertilized. Merra smirks as you get up and align her dick with your slit. She bites her lip in anticipation, eager to feel you.

"You know I love you, now and forever. I want you to fuck me, Love. I want to see you bounce and scream in pure joy!" Her words stoke the already blessing inferno in you. You slam your hips downward, taking her to the hilt, feeling her

know swelling up in moments. There is no need for subtlety, she wishes nothing more than to be the father of your children. And you will comply.

“So tight! So perfect!” Merra cries with joy as you hold her tight. Each tug on her knot makes her head spin with pleasure. She leans closer to you and bites your neck. Shivers run down your spine as you feel her canines and her tongue on your skin. Pulling her head back, Merra quickly catches you in the middle of a moan to assault your mouth. Her tongue ravishes yours. Feeling her so close, her cock ramming into you so deep till it reaches your womb has you shivering in delight.

She pants and moans loudly. “Lo...Love! Let me fill you to the brim and beyond!” Lovingly, Merra squeezes you as she shoots stream after stream of her potent seed right into you. With her knot locked snugly in you, you’re sure your ovaries are drenched in cum right now.

The two of you hold each other tightly. When Merra pulls back, she smiles. There is no greater image to be seen than your wife overjoyed. “We’ll have so many children, love. I... I’m...” Her eyes swell. You gently caress her cheek and smile back. Silently she leans into your chest. You enjoy the moment as well by saying nothing.

Time passes on. Your family grows bigger and bigger as the years come. Happy you are of having so many to call your own. Happier still that Merra is with you at all times. Yet times do come by where you wonder if it’s real? Such thoughts are followed by others. You were searching for something? A mission your father tasked you with. For the life of you, you can't remember.

“...I can do whatever I want. But why do I feel hollow? Why do I feel like I haven’t really accomplished anything?”

“Love? Is everything alright?” Merra sits by your side, leaning her head over your shoulder. As you look at her, your hand idly caress the bump in your belly. Merra hums in delight as she too rubs a hand over it. You both feel a light kick, making her giggle.

A smile forms on you as you hold her tight. “I’m fine. Perfectly content,” It is in moments like these that all doubt vanishes. Praise the gracious Elena, empress of all life, for such a gift. Here in this moment, you are in bliss.

Winning and outcome:

Even a so-called goddess is no match for your prowess! Elena collapses unto the floor, her energy spent in the fight. Her hair is a mess, her clothes are all tattered, and she's covered in dirt. A far cry from the divine appearance she portrayed. You and Colt come out of your covers, weapons drawn you approach. She grunts furiously, slamming a fist unto the floor.

"Why?! Why!? I was so close! So close to making everyone happy! Damn it! Can't you see it!? I do this for..." She sniffles, tears fall from her chin. "For the good of everyone!"

"There are better ways to help others, Elena. Kidnapping and brainwashing is not the way to go." Colt replies.

"No, no! It's not brainwashing!" She scowls at the detective. He raises his gun as she stands up again. "It's letting them experience bliss! I can make the galaxy a better place, Colt! I can make it a paradise for all! Let me show you, just give in and experience eternal bliss!"

"Elena, please stop. You lost. You have nothing more to give."

Instead of pacifying the crazed woman, his words stoke ire in her. "Nothing more to give? Nothing more to give!?" Briefly, she hovers from the ground, her strength partly renewed. It's not as strong as before, but you definitely feel that tingle once more.

"I can bend matter itself! Bend the weather to my will! Imagine what else I can do! Influence others, right injustices, I have plenty to give! What have you to offer?! You would have the poor dregs return to a life of misery? Where they are choked by debt? Wondering if they are worth anything? Worrying if they'll ever be truly free?!"

Elena points an accusing finger at him. "You should be ashamed of yourself! I offer Bliss! Happiness! Joy! While you offer them suffering! You want others to be like you! A sad, lonely, miserable excuse of a ma... GAH!"

A taser lands upon her back. Loud painful wails come from Elena as she's shocked. You look back to see Nys and other UGC peacekeepers with their weapons drawn on you three. "That will be enough, miss Elena!" the Vildarri woman exclaims.

Elena collapses to the hard floor. She attempts to stand up once again. "No, Nys, let me go! I must..." Another shock shuts her up. Now she's truly spent. Colt puts his revolver away and approaches the woman. One of the UGC officers attempts to stop him, but Nys holds them back. Colt crouches beside her. Elena is muttering, crying.

"...I failed them...they'll live in suffering..." Elena chokes on her words. Sobbing and whimpering, she no longer looks like the same woman he once knew.

Colt wistfully rubs her hair. "There is always a better way to do things. Remember that, Elena," She gives no response. "Be seeing ya," Colt walks away. Now the officers move in to secure her.

With the danger over, you put away your weapon. Don't want to give the police the wrong impression. Nys walks towards you. She doesn't provide that shy impression anymore. Frowning, she puts her finger on your chest. "Didn't I tell you to let us handle this, Steel? Next time you mess with one of my ops, I'll personally haul your ass to a cell!"

"Won't happen again, officer"

Nys sighs deeply. There is a barely noticeable smile on her now. "Still, you have our thanks. I expected to see many bodies littering the floor once we finished this operation. I'm glad to say that your meddling has kept casualties to a surprising zero."

The officers are rounding up the psychics. "What's going to happen to them?"

Free from Elena's control, they struggle to understand where and why they're in this place. "We'll do what we can to make sure they return back to civilization and get taken care of. As for what awaits them afterward, that will fall solely to them," That doesn't sound all too good for these people considering the state they were before this mess.

"If you're concerned over their debts, then let me assure you they won't have any," You curiously look at Nys. "Elena held several hefty bank accounts, got them from mindbending wealthy donors. The higher-ups want to divert the funds for trivial shit. But I'm not letting that happen. I know an Ausar back on Tavros, I'll get into contact with him and explain the situation."

Nys observes a confused girl being tended to by a caring officer. "Bad enough they went through this mess, I won't stand to see them return to misery, Steel. On that, you have my word."

Good news to hear. At least all of these innocent folk will have a chance to live a normal life. "Glad I could be of service," you say to Nys.

"Appreciate it. Now kindly get the hell out of here. We got a lot of people here who need our help, and I won't have a civilian getting in the way." On that note, you wave her farewell and leave.

Peacekeepers surround the entrance of the lair with many more arriving by dropships. Medics tend to the wounded and to the kidnapped victims. More than once, you are asked about your condition. Telling the paramedics you are fine, they leave you to focus on others.

Crossing the police line, you spot Colt smoking alone. You walk over to him, he barely acknowledges you as he looks to the distance. Striking colors streak through the sky as an aurora gives a show, the crystalline waters of the chilled ocean shine like the stars it reflects. Soft snow falling adds to the calming atmosphere.

"Amazing, isn't it?" Colt finally speaks up. "The galaxy sure is full of gorgeous things. So much beauty is around us that we sometimes forget it exists. We tend to focus more on the ugly side of things. On the negative. Not a very healthy thing to do if you ask me."

Colt turns to you. "For all her faults, I hope Elena turns out alright. She had good intentions, even if her methods were anything but. Honestly, I think I may do things like her if I was in her shoes."

"Nonsense," You tell the detective. "Seen your work, and it tells me enough. Were you in her shoes, you wouldn't be like her. You'd be better."

Colt stares you down. With that face, you can't tell what he's thinking about. "Haha! Find it hard to believe... thanks. Hearing you say that means plenty."

You both stand there in quiet contemplation. It is when Colt finishes smoking that he groans loudly. "Right, enough gawking around. Freezing my nuts off!" He mutters as he walks away.

"What are you going to do now?" You ask.

Colt stops in his tracks and slowly turns towards you. "I uh... I'm gonna make a few calls. There's a couple of people eager to hear from me" He smiles and waves you goodbye. You wave as well.

"Feel free to come by my apartment during the day. My doors are open to you. We can hang out, drink beers, play games, or fuck around with hot ass rabbit women. Your call, brother/sister!"

With that quip, you head on your way as well. Delighted that this mess has been solved. Glad that you've made a new friend.

Quest end:

Possible rewards:

Elena Bounty: 100000 credits.
Perks?

Steeled Resolve: Having faced such overwhelming odds has made you confident in your skills and abilities. As the saying goes, when the going gets tough, the tough get going. (Damage resistance up? Health boost?)

Nerves of Steel: Having faced monsters and creatures attempting to either seduce or terrify you, left you mentally hardened. (Tease resistance? Boost to willpower?)

Epilogue:

The PC can return to Colt's apartment and engage in other activities. Speaking with Colt adds new interactions, as well as changing some text lines.

A stat becomes available for the detective. (Trust). By boosting this stat, the detective will open up more with the PC and eventually may lead him back to his family.

Inside his apartment: Options

Look around: Look at the various stuff he has in his home.

A.(change in text) Collection of papers and scraps: Judging from how old some of the articles are, you deduced he spends most of his time working to solve cold cases. Hard to say how many he's had a hand in, but you're sure those families are grateful for his aid.

B. (change in text) Picture frames: Colt looked pretty much the same back then as he does now. Maybe he was a bit skinnier, but other than that, not much changed. He seems to display the pictures of his family much more openly now, with a few you haven't seen before. A young Colt playing with his sisters, another with his parents teaching him how to swim and an odd one in the corner that he's taped paper over. Something is written on it. "Never forget this horrid Christmas party."

C. (change in text) Gauss Magnum: The Bastille 44. Modified barrel, ergonomic grip, sparking chamber. Might have trouble dealing with shields, but nothing an EMP round won't fix. After seeing it in action, you're pretty sure he's got a few less than legal modifications made to it.

"Nice gun. Think you might be able to hook me up with a model like this one?"
You ask.

He picks it up and wipes a small velvet cloth against the surface. "I may know a guy. Can have some mods done if you're interested. It won't have nice engravings, though."

"Damn. There goes whatever tactical advantage I had," you tease.

D. (Change in text) Look Outside: Standing out in the balcony, you can see people walking by the streets. A few hover carts come and go as they carry folk

to their destination. Something at the corner of your eyes catches your attention. You look up to spot another camera observing this spot.

Different model from the last one. Seems sturdier. Come to think about it, all the ones inside are reinforced as well. Must have cost a hefty sum to make the upgrade, but with how proud he is about his new security, it was money well spent.

Talk: "Sure. Bit busy, but I can talk and work at the same time" Opens up several other options.

A. (minor change in text) Him: "Hmm? Talk about myself? I'm pretty sure you know all about me by now, but I guess I can tell you about it again. Alright, let's see..."

"I didn't have that much of an interesting childhood. Grew up on watery Valdera, which meant most of my early life was spent inside biodomes. You can pretty much guess what that does to an overly curious kid. Being cooped up like that for so long just had me itching to go out and explore the galaxy! And I did. Come the time to leave the nest, I'm just about to bust open the airlocks and swim to the surface!"

Surely it didn't come to that, did it? "Nah. I'd drown, trying to make it to the nearest shoreline. Kidding aside, I did have a bit of trouble to leave. Took some effort convincing my parents, but eventually, I convinced them to let me go. So long as I promised to stay in contact, I was free. That was our agreement."

He smiles a bit as he gets comfortable. "Adventuring is amazing. Seen all sorts of wonderful things. Lush, verdant worlds with gorgeous gardens, crystal clear beaches with stunning sunsets, and awe-inspiring beauty among the nebulae and stars. I'd say in some other life, I'd probably be out there participating in the current Rush."

An adventurer at heart? What might have caused him to change careers? His smile shifts slightly. He breathes deeply as he closes his eyes.

"I saw the ugly part of the galaxy" Staring up at the ceiling, Colt continues. "Pirates tearing families apart, shady corporations exploiting innocent natives, or crazy bastards killing others just for looking at them wrong... Got to a point where I wanted to try and fix things. I picked up a shuttle and headed for the nearest UGC office I could find. Figured I'd try and make a difference."

"Noble sentiment," you quip.

"Yeah, well...noble sentiments don't guarantee you will make it. Wasn't fit for the job. Said I had a problem following orders and listening to authority. Not to

be dissuaded, I did the next best thing and set this private firm to help folk out. I'd like to believe I've done some good in the galaxy."

B. (Change in text, no more Elena) His work: "Ever considered trying for the UGC again?" you ask.

"No. Too many restrictions in the organization for my taste."

"Such as?"

Colt groans and rolls his eyes. "Oh, boy, you have no idea! So much damn red tape involved! You suspect a warehouse is full of drugs, need the warrant to search it first. A pirate ring is setting up shop? Nope, wait till they do something first before jumping them. Regulations and rules are fine. They help one build up a solid lead against a suspect, but when you know for sure that the son of a bitch did the deed, then why the hell would you waste time with the bureaucratic crap? All you do is give them time to escape! You know it's going to fucking happen!"

He would skip all due process if it meant catching a criminal? Such a concept seems to be edging a bit on vigilantism. Hell, it sort of paints him as the thing he so very much hates. "That's what the UGC says. But if one has to bend the rules a bit to get the job done well... What're a few broken bones here and there?"

"I get the feeling that more than a few officers would like to see you in a cell," you muse.

"Most definitely. But after that fiasco with Elena, I got a few calls from anonymous officers. I won't lie, I was surprised to hear them say thank you for our meddling. Haha! Their superiors catch them saying that, their ass is out the door!"

C. (Change in text) Family: "I know its a bit of a sensitive issue, but I have been rather curious. Your family, have you spoken with them?"

Colt rubs the back of his neck as he leans back on his chair. "I called them..."

"Did something happen? You don't sound so happy about it," You point out.

"Oh, no, no. Everything went fine, better than fine, to be perfectly honest! I spoke to each of my sisters, with Mom and Dad too. Told them I was fine, they told me they were fine" He smiles as he recounts their conversation. "Got into a bit of gossip with them. They heard in the news about our exploits and kept asking about it, I told them everything. Naturally, they were worried, then kinda miffed about it, then they..."

He chuckles nervously, leaning his head down, averting your gaze. "They said they were proud."

Shaking his head, Colt looks back to you with a smile. "I still haven't decided, but I'm thinking of going to Valdera for a visit."

D. (Change in text) Elena:

"Have you chanced on any news about Elena?" you ask as a passing question.

Colt nods as he keeps tapping away at his keyboard. "I have. She's got more charges than a horny Rask has cocks up her ass. Kidnapping, extortion, assault, blackmail, you name it. Only thing she didn't do was kill someone, and I think it was only a matter of time before she did."

A screen on the wall flickers to life. You see a large news ticker boldly displaying its headline. "Power corrupts! Serial kidnapper discovered to be a psychic peacekeeper!". Comments below show you that the image of the lawmen took a bit of a hit. More than a few seem to distrust them more now.

"It's gonna take effort for the UGC to regain the trust of some folk. Sad how one bad apple spoils the image for the rest of the good ones in the force. Still, I'm sure they'll do fine. What are folks gonna do? Kick the peacekeepers out and let the Black Void run the place?"

Colt leans back on his chair as he looks outside his window. "As for Elena. She's got a life sentence. Won't be seeing her anymore. Well, I won't at least" You cock an eyebrow, wondering what he means. "Got taken to a maximum-security prison out in space."

Colt sighs deeply as he returns to his computer. "We're all responsible for our choices and the consequences that follow them. Even after this clusterfuck, I hope she finds peace."

E. Smoking: The PC can talk to the detective about his addiction to puffing out smoke. Two options present themselves at the end of the conversation.

"Does it really help you?" Colt glances at you curiously. "Smoking, I mean."

For a brief moment, Colt stays quiet. There is some tenseness in him; you can see it by the way his hands ball up. "It does," he finally answers. "No doubt you notice I have a bit of a problem dealing with stress. Makes me a bit unstable."

Clearly. You thought Colt would have a heart attack once he started shaking like that. "Everyone has stress, everyone deals with it in different ways. Me blowing more smoke than a chimney is my way of calming down. The hot air bellowing in my lungs, the hit of nicotine fizzing in my head. Leaves me soothed after I overthink."

Reaching for his pockets, Colt pulls out a cigarette, followed by a small steel lighter. Flicking it, Colt stares into the flame. "I try to be the best. At everything I do. Don't like to make mistakes, do my best to avoid them."

He lights up and takes a puff. Colt blows out smoke in a laid-back fashion before chuckling softly. "It makes me feel powerful like I'm a dragon. Sounds stupid as hell, I know, but that's the great thing about the mind. You can make things real inside it."

There's a faint glow beneath his shirt. "Fact I can smoke all day like this and have no repercussions makes it even better," he proudly declares.

Leave alone: "Has the thought ever come across you to quit?" You ask. **(No effect on "trust")**

"Sure have. Can't manage to do it, though. I've tried all sorts of things, but I can't leave my cigs alone. Every time I get the shakes, I have to feel a lit smoke in my mouth, or else I freak out."

You wonder if it would be best to convince the man to lay off on smoking so much. Then again, he is right. Seeing him shake in such a manner makes you wonder if it would be worse for him to quit. It may be for the best to let him be as he is.

Convince: "Has the thought ever come across you to quit?" You ask. **(Lowers "trust" stat.)**

"Sure have. Tried all sorts of things but I can't leave it alone. Every time I get the shakes, I have to feel a lit smoke in my mouth, or else I freak out."

Everyone has stress, but to let it get to a point where it can threaten one's health is something he should seek to remedy. Bellowing more smoke than a furnace is no cure for those panic attacks.

"Maybe it would be good for you to lay off smoking for a while."

"Already told you. I've tried it, but I can't quit." Colt says to you, eyes still glued to the computer.

Crossing your arms, you stare the man down. Even if he's avoiding your gaze, he can still feel your presence on him. Colt grunts in annoyance. "What do you want me to do? I'm not going to quit cold turkey if that's what you're asking of me."

"Of course not. Look even with those enhanced lungs of yours, you can't keep doing this forever. Sooner or later, something's going to give out, Colt. Things don't last."

"I know!" Colt bitterly cries. His face softens as he sits back on his chair. "Sorry. Yeah, you're right" He runs a hand across his chest. "I'd like to think I can keep blowing smoke till I die, but even military-grade gear has a certain mileage before breaking apart."

Crestfallen, the detective rubs his head silently. You walk closer to him and gently grab his shoulder. You assure him that you aren't judging him. You are merely concerned about his health, that's all. At the end of the day, it's his decision to make. All you are asking is that he reconsiders and tries to find some way to get healthier.

Having said all that, Colt reaches for his pocket and takes out his lighter. Placing it at the table, he stares at it quietly. "I think it's a waste of time," Says Colt, breaking the silence. "Drown me in the briny deeps, fine! I'll do my best to quell the pangs. If anything, I'm doing this because you asked brother/sister. No promises, okay?"

You smile and nod. An attempt is all you can ask for.

Effects made:

Choosing "Leave alone": No real changes, stays pretty much the same.

Choosing "convince": **The detective will attempt to control himself. You'll see that his apartment will become much cleaner than before. An effort on his part to keep himself calm is to have his mind distracted. (effect begins a day after the conversation)**

"As you enter Colt's apartment, you see it has taken quite a change. No more bottles cluttering on the floor, the mounds of paper stacked in corners are gone too. You spot a nifty little vacuum sitting idly at a corner. The air feels crisp, fresh, and has a hint of strawberry. Quite a refreshing atmosphere.

New Activities to have with him are unlocked after ending his quest.

"Have fun": "Say Colt" He looks at you as you call him. "I was wondering if there is any free time available to a private detective."

He nods and smiles. "My schedule is pretty open at the moment. You got something in mind?"

Opens up a few options.

A. Drinks: Anon's bar is an excellent place to hang about. Good drinks, good food, and good company. Maybe you could grab a few beers and pass the time?

"Sounds good!" Smiling, he gets up from his chair and reaches for his coat. "I could use a good shot of alcohol right about now."

Without much delay, you both leave the apartment and head over to the elevator. Reaching the bar, the smell of smoke hits you instantly. People of all shapes and sizes make up the guests attending at the moment. Rather full today, tables are occupied, and the bar's got no space left. Might have to stand about till the place empties a bit.

Colt nudges your arm and smirks. "Don't worry. I got this," He waves a waitress down and gets a response. The modded girl spots him and rushes at him. Pecking him on the cheek, she laughs after a brief conversation. So much sound around you can't really hear what they're saying. When the girl leaves, Colt glances over to you and urges you to follow.

You do so and find that an empty table was reserved for you two. Sitting across from the detective, the waitress returns with a pep in her step. Getting a better look at her, you see there is a lot of white fluff around her neck. Two small horns jut from her head, and her violet eyes are similar to those of a ram. Or a sheep. She's a sheep girl!

"Hiya! You must be Colt's friend!" She extends a hand to you in a welcoming manner. "I'm Alva! Nice to meet you!" You shake it and introduce yourself.

"**(PC name)** Steel, a pleasure to meet you."

She gasps loudly. "Like that famous explorer, Steel?!" You nod. "Oh, gosh! I didn't know you were friends with him/her, Colt! Why didn't you say anything?"

Colt shrugs. "You didn't ask."

"Oh my gosh! I...I better do my best!" She takes out a datapad and bounces in places. "Feel free to ask for whatever you want! It will be my pleasure to serve you!"

Colt chuckles as he tries to calm her down. "We'll have the usual, Alva" She notes it down and rushes away. "Nice to see her well."

"How do you know her?" You ask.

"I helped her out during a case. I was busy taking pics of a guy cheating on his wife when I spotted this girl walking at a brisk pace down the station. Some idiots were harassing her, following her everywhere in hopes of getting some action."

You glance over to the sheep girl, she laughs as she chats with another coworker. "She kept saying no, but they didn't like that answer. When she didn't want to put up, they decided to be more forceful on the matter. Got into a fistfight driving them off. Rest is history."

"Here you go!" Alva happily exclaims as she lays the drink on the table.

"Thanks! Anything you serve is a million times better" Alva smiles as she tends to other tables.

As Colt lays his mug down, he looks at you. "Listen, she obviously got the hots for you. If you do accept her offer, I ask that you be careful. She's a sweet kid, but I've heard about what she likes to do behind closed doors. Alva can shift from sweet and gentle to crude and terrible. If you're into that, then you just scored brother/sister."

The bar starts to empty as you drink with the detective. Seconds become minutes, minutes become hours. Mug after mug, Colt drinks away. By the time you get tipsy, Colt is already smashed. Finishing another mug, Colt grunts as he slams it down the table.

A few possible quips may play from Colt after getting hammered:

A. " You know...this is nice...Hanging out with a friend like this...I feel like...like in some other life we might have been lovers...But I'm glad we aren't...friends don't fuck friends... What kind of sick bastard does that to a loved one?" Colt looks at his empty mug then back at you. "I'm going to bed now..." With that, he falls unto the table, passed out.

B. "You save-scumming, fuck! It's not fair! You're the main character...I'm just a shit NPC!... You get to experience all these fetishes and whenever something goes bad...You...You load up a save file, and you're fine! Me? I gotta be careful, or else I'll end up being a living condom for some 20 foot, three dicked Saurmorian! " His rambling over, he looks at his mug then back at you. "So fucking unfair..." With that, Colt falls unto the table, unconscious.

C. ...I mean, she made a pretty convincing argument...Sitting on her lap, drinking away all that sweet milk as she...Hic...Whispered, sweet nothings in my ear...I almost agreed to be her toy for the rest of my life...But...that wo...would entail having me be stuck in New Texas” Colt slams a fist at the table. “I said no, ma'am!... Them titties be good, but adventure is better!...that’s how I almost got the Treatment...Hic!..” He looks at his empty mug before laying his head on the table and dozing off. “Mommy, can I have some more?..” Colt murmurs drunkenly as he finally blacks out.

Alva returns to your table. Spotting the detective, she gently prods his ribs with a finger. No reaction. “Colt passed out again, huh?” She waves over to a few of her coworkers. Seeing the state he’s in, they help the passed out detective up to one of the rooms.

“Don't worry, Colt has a bit of a reputation with us. Made a deal to rent out a room anytime this happens. He's pretty much thought of everything!” Well if he's made the arrangement before and he's going to be alright, then you suppose it's alright to let him go.

With him gone, Alva begins to clean your table. She stretches across the table, her perky tits dragging across it. More than a few times, you see her bending down to pick a mug from the floor after a “mistake.” “You know, I work as a waitress down here, but I also run a room upstairs from time to time. Maybe you would like to have some company?”

Choosing No: You shake your head and decline her generous offer. Nice as it sounds, company right now isn't something you're looking for. Besides, you can't let Colt like this. “You’re a nice friend. Another time then,” Alva smiles.

With the detective over your shoulder, you lead the man away as he mumbles drunkenly. “Come on! Let's go home.”

"Home? Will I get to eat sugared onion fish?" You roll your eyes and continue on.

“Thank you for coming! Make sure Colt gets home safely!” Alva says as she waves you goodbye.

It takes some doing to eventually arrive at Colt's apartment. Opening the door, you head to the bedroom and lay the man down. A brief moment of consciousness returns as he settles in. “Whaza? What? **(PC name)**? Am...Am I home?” You nod. “Didn't think...Didn't think you would help a dumb drunk like me...Thanks...for everything...brother/sister.”

Colt drifts away to sleep. With him safely home, you quietly leave the apartment, closing up behind you and moving on your merry way. (Raises "trust." Amount to be determined.)

Choosing Yes: Company with a fluffy sheep girl does sound lovely. Sure, you'd like to take her on that offer. Hearing you agree, Alva's eyes take on a more lecherous glint. "I'm so glad! Trust me, you won't be disappointed!" She takes your hand and leads you away. Soft as wool, her touch is on you.

Repeat encounter: Fuck it. Fully aware of what Alva can do, you still go with her. Hearing you agree, Alva's eyes take on a more lecherous glint. "I'm so glad! I knew you wouldn't run away." She takes your hand and leads you away. Soft as wool, her touch is on you.

Reaching a room upstairs, you find yourself sitting at the edge of the bed. The lights dim as Alva plays with the switch. Once she gets it to the setting she desires, Alva turns to you and undresses. You sit back and enjoy the view. Lithe skin, perky boobs, soft fluff at her neck and hands. Alva makes sure you can see everything for your appreciation.

Male/Herm variant:

Feeling hot under the collar now, you too find yourself exposed to the crisp cool air in the room. Laying down, you soon feel soft tickles as her fluffy hands play with you. Alva lightly pushes your chest, getting a feel for your muscles. Her touches quickly shift into gentle caresses, you find her touch to be slowly lulling you more to sleep than anything else.

She slowly crawls over your body, her touch soft as wool relaxes you. Kisses on your neck leave you delirious as Alva sighs dreamily. "Never in a million years did I think I'd get to be with someone famous like you. I must be the luckiest girl alive!" Her touches are so soft! You are nearly drifting away to sleep.

Click

There is a sudden tightness at your wrists. Your eyes open and see an impish smile etched on Alva. Trying to move, you find your arms have been cuffed to the edge of the bed.

Alva sees your distress; she quickly traces a soft finger across your chin. "Relax... What I have in store will be good for you. Trust me," Little bit hard to do so when you see that brief glimmer of madness in her gaze.

Moving her hips up and down, Alva has your prick between her ass. Hotdogging you, she bites her lips playfully as she takes on every little detail your face makes. "I've seen you on the vids. Some people report on the exploits of

intrepid adventurers such as you. Probably hard to notice when your fighting who knows what on some wild planet but we catch a glimpse of it sometimes”

There is no delay nor warning when Alva finally decides to take you in. You grunt a bit in pleasure as you feel snatch engulf your prick. Her eyes roll slightly. “Ah! That felt good!” She giggles.

Up and down, she moves her hips. Slicked by her juices, the cool air in the room keeps you alert when Alva pulls out while the sudden warmness of her slit dulls your senses and leaves you sedated. As your breath quickens, Alva smiles as she places her hands over your chest. “You like this, don't you? It's nice that you feel good, makes me confident in my moves” With honeyed words, her hands slowly drift upward, you barely register her soft hands around your neck.

Alva leans closer to your face. “You know what else feels good, Steel?” Your breath suddenly stops. Tightness around your neck keeps you from drawing in precious oxygen. Gazing at the sheep girl, you see a sadistic grin plastered over her face. “Pain,” She declares.

A faint voice calls for you. Far, far away in the back of your mind. “Be careful around Alva...” It's Colt. He did warn you about her quirks.

Alva doubles in intensity as she rides you all while keeping a tight grip around your neck. These blasted cuffs keep you from moving, you fear she may end up killing you! Just when you're about to pass out, Alva retreats your hands and lays them on your chest. You gasp and moan loudly as air fills your lungs again while you unload deep in her.

“Oh, yes!” Alva screams. “I knew you were good, but to feel you filling me, it's a sensation I won't ever forget!” Sharp nails dig deep into your skin. Pain erupts in your head as she rakes your chest. There is a warm trickle on your ribs, you're bleeding. And pretty fucking badly from what it feels like.

Coming from her orgasmic high, Alva pants as she looks at you. There is no contentment that you can see, only a deep thirst for more of you. “I love this feeling! But it's not enough!” Her hand reaches for a leather belt. Where did that come from?! Before you can react, it tightens around your neck. “I want more! I want to hear you scream and moan as loud as me! Let's experience true pleasure together!”

The heavy mashing of her hips upon yours reverberates through your body. Hard as it is to stay with your eyes open, you can't deny the fact that you are about to cum. And you do so to the maddening laughter of the sheep girl. “Yes, yes! More, more!” Tighter and tighter, the belt goes around your neck until the lack of oxygen has you passing out.

When you finally come to once again, you find yourself in perhaps the fluffiest pillow you have ever laid your head upon. It's when you slightly raise your head and bop your nose between Alva's tits that you realize where you are at.

Laying at her lap, the sheep girl hums a soft tune as she gingerly caresses your bruised body. No hint of a sadistic nympho can be sensed in her. You feel sore all over yet oddly fulfilled. Feels like you gave everything you had just to survive!

"Finally awake? I'm glad. I feared I might have overdone it," A hint of shame lingers in her voice. "Sorry if I was too rough. Whenever I get into an amorous mood, I tend to get a bit... hard on others," You've had other partners be a bit rough at times. Still, she almost took it to a deadly level!

The fluffy wool on her arms touches your skin. You can't help but feel relaxed when Alva starts to rub your muscles to rid whatever lingering pain may remain. "You felt a rush, did you not? A sudden surge of adrenaline as you struggled to breathe?" Lot's of things were felt, you answer. "I am sure. And above all those, I can guarantee the most noticeable one was pleasure."

Alva closes her eyes briefly, and once she opens them back up, you see that sadistic glint nice more. "Whenever we face danger, we either fight or flee from it. Whatever choice we make, we will always feel that rush, that sensation that our lives are on the brink. The adrenaline pumping in your veins lets you feel, see, smell and hear everything in unimaginable ways. Combine it with sex, and it is a mind-boggling experience."

Hate to admit it, but you did have a mind-racking orgasm when you were conscious. Alva's sadism vanishes as she giggles. Playfully running a hand across your cheek, she slowly helps you back up. "I mended your body. Made sure any traces of our romp aren't as noticeable" True to her word, you examine your body as you stand before a mirror. A few marks are here and there, but you're sure they'll be gone in a day or so.

Alva idly rubs her arm as she watches you dress in silence. Once you're set, she walks you over to the door and smiles. "If you're ever in the mood, feel free to call me whenever" Her head crooks a bit lower when she flashes you a toothy grin. "I'll be sure to give you a very memorable experience."

With that quip, you move on. A lingering sense of dread and desire following you.

Female/Herm variant:

Feeling hot under the collar now, you too find yourself exposed to the crisp cool air in the room. Laying down, you soon feel soft tickles as her fluffy hands play

with you. Gently she cups your breast, the sensation of Alva's fingers slightly tugging your nipples solicit a few pleasurable moans. Her touches quickly shift into gentle caresses, you find her touch to be slowly lulling you more to sleep than anything else.

She slowly crawls over your body, her touch soft as wool has you relax and close your eyes. You feel her breath on your neck. Alva sighs dreamily. "Never in a million years did I think I'd get to be with someone famous like you. I must be the luckiest girl" You can really say anything, you are nearly drifting away to sleep.

Click

There is a sudden tightness at your wrists, your hands have been cuffed! Opening your eyes, the sheep girl grins when she pulls what a most wicked-looking strap on. 20 inches of pussy destroying dildo prod your clit. You can feel the flared tip eagerly wanting to rip you inside. Barbs found on some nightmarish feline creature means they will snag and pull everywhere. All ends at the base with a knot you know will inevitably have you tied to the sheep girl for a good while.

Sensing your fear, Alva coos as she runs a hand over your cheek. "Relax, I'll make sure you feel pleasure. You can trust me."

There is no time to blink, Alva catches you in the middle of your breaths as she slams into you. Sawing you, both of your tits bounce as she moves her hips. "I've seen you on the vids. Some people report on the exploits of intrepid adventurers such as you. Probably hard to notice when you're fighting who knows what on some wild planet, but we catch a glimpse of it sometimes."

Your pussy gets crushed as she suddenly slams into you. Those barbs snag at some points, making it feel like they are ripping you apart! Alva smirks as she presses her hips closer to yours until you feel that knot pop in. The sheep girl shudders in pleasure from being connected to you. "Ah! That felt good!" She giggles.

You bear it as she keeps thrusting. But you can't deny it; pain is slowly turning to pleasure. Alva notices your change in mood. "You like this, aren't you? It's nice that you feel good, makes me confident in my moves" With honeyed words, her hands slowly drift upward, you barely register her soft hands around your neck.

Alva leans closer to your face. "You know what else feels good?" Your breath suddenly stops. Tightness around your neck keeps you from drawing in precious oxygen. Gazing at the sheep girl, you see a sadistic grin plastered over her face. "Pain," She declares.

Alva doubles in intensity as she rides you all while keeping a tight grip around your neck. These blasted cuffs keep you from moving, you fear she may end up killing you! Just when you're about to pass out, Alva retreats your hands and lays them on your chest. You gasp and moan loudly as air fills your lungs again while you unload deep in her.

"Oh, yes!" Alva screams. "I can feel every tremor you are making!" Sharp nails dig deep into your skin. Pain erupts in your head as she mauls your tits. Between scratching and biting, she even goes on to be punching!

Coming from her orgasmic high, Alva pants as she looks at you. There is no contentment that you can see, only a deep thirst for more of you. "I love this feeling. But it's not enough" Her hand moves to a leather belt. It tightens around your neck. I want more! I want to hear you scream and moan as loud as me! Let's experience true pleasure together!" This bitch is nuts!

Your eyes roll back as your legs lock up. Shaking, you feel every single part of the dildo as your pussy contracts upon cumming. With your juices splashing between Alva and you, she laughs madly as she stares into your eyes.

"Yes, Yes! Keep going, I need more! More!!!" Tighter and tighter the belt goes around your neck until finally, you pass out.

Another round of the same treatment had you finally pass out. When you finally come to once again, you find yourself in perhaps the fluffiest pillow you have ever laid your head upon. It's when you slightly raise your head and bop your nose between Alva's breasts that you realize where you are at.

Laying at her lap, the sheep girl hums a soft tune as she gingerly caresses your bruised body. No hint of a sadistic nympho can be sensed in her. You feel sore all over yet oddly fulfilled. Feels like you gave everything you had just to survive!

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With that quip, you move on. A lingering sense of dread and desire following you.

Note: Action doesn't affect "trust" in any way.

B. Darts with Colt: A holo dartboard hangs from a nearby wall. People are conversing as they take turns at it. There's a small scoreboard close, the word "Bets" glow on the little pad. A game of accuracy and skill feels like an excellent way to pass the time.

Colt grins at your suggestion. "Friendly competition? Sure, I'm game! Let's see how good you are." With a fiery spirit, Colt approaches the board with you following close behind. Once the others finish their game, you two take on the darts and get ready to play.

A few patrons sip their drinks as they watch your game. Colt goes first. With the dart on his hands, he stands up straight, holds his breath, and throws it. It lands a few inches short from the bullseye.

Content, he steps aside and lets you take a shot. You play with the dart in your hands as you judge the distance across from you. Sure about your throw, you cock your arm back and launch. Yours hit slightly closer to the bullseye. "Alright, alright. You may have some skill," says Colt as he drinks from his mug. "Or that just might be luck. Let's find out! Three rounds **(PC name)**, loser pays the tab!"

"Sure. Hope you got enough credits on you though" You smugly retort. Colt chuckles as he gathers the darts and gets serious.

"Let's give it a whirl!" The minutes pass on as you two play. The first round ends with Colt winning over you by 12 points. Come the second round, you triumph with 7 over him. With the final round ready, the detective, fueled by alcohol, decides to be more daring with his shots.

"Watch closely!" Turning his back at the target, Colt then throws his dart high up in the air. It's a bullseye. Raising his hands in the air, he basks in the adoration of the crowd. "Beer helps my accuracy," The cocky detective points out. "Your turn."

Possible responses:

Merc background: You've handled all sorts of weapons before, a little dart is nothing to you! Everyone watches on as you make your way to the other side of the bar. You're confident in your skills, no one will get a dart in their eye. Breathing deeply, you cock your arm and throw. It whizzes past the heads of several patrons before it sticks a bullseye.

Tech Specialist background: You can make a throw just as good as his. With the dart at your fingertips, you focus on the target. Numbers, trajectory, and calculations cross your mind as you finally deduce a proper shot. Cocking your arm back, you aim higher and throw. The dart hangs in the air for a bit, everyone looking on with bated breath. Gravity takes hold, and it plummets down, right unto the bullseye.

Smuggler background: Not bad, not bad at all. But he's got nothing on you. Picking your dart, the crowd simmers down as they wait for your throw. Casually you whistle as you look at your surroundings. Colt glances at you as you flash a smirk. Cocking your arm, you throw the dart at the lamp over your head. It bounces at the surface, then against a stack of glasses at the bar, and finally heads to the target, hitting a perfect bullseye.

Cheering fills your ears as the crowd stands in amazement. Colt looks on befuddled at the dartboard. "Looks like we're tied! The next shots decided it all!"

Colt shakes away his stupor and lightly chuckles. "Guess this is my last chance to come out winning" Colt rolls the dart on his hand. Feeling drunk, he stumbles slightly as he takes aim. Squinting his eyes, he throws his dart. His shot lands farther away this time, scoring five points. "Damn it!"

Colt moves away as you take your spot. He's pretty much handed you the game on a silver platter. Even if you don't hit a bullseye, going higher than 5 will be a

cinch. As the crowds whisper and wait for your inevitable victory, a thought comes to mind. Why not let the detective win?

Win: Taking careful aim, you cock your arm once more and throw. One more perfect shot in the middle of the board and you emerge victoriously. The crowd cheers behind you, with a few patrons raising their glasses at your win. You glance over to Colt, he's clapping too.

As the crowd settles down and moves away, you walk over to the detective. He's pretty buzzed right now. "Good game. Almost had you but my finger slipped"

"I guess that means you won't be drinking as much from here on, right?"

Colt laughs. "Ha! If anything, this means I need more booze to beat you! Come next time, you'll be the one doing the losing." Good to hear. A solid competition with a good friend is always fun for all. "I'll see you around. Oh and don't worry about the tab. Like I said, losers pays."

With a smile, you move on to the exit and give the detective a friendly goodbye.

Note: Action doesn't affect "trust" in any way. Improves aim stat

Concede: Cocking your arm, you steady your breathing and throw. One thud later and everyone sees that you only scored 3 points this time around. Colt wins. The crowd cheers the detective. Being a good sport, you give props for his win as well.

When the crowd calms down and moves on, Colt approaches you with a smile. Raising a mug to his lips, he takes a small sip. "You didn't have to do that, you know?"

"Do what?"

He chuckles. "Come on, 3 points? You could have easily made a perfect shot!"

Shrugging, Colt says. "Well, since you lost this means you get to pay for the drinks this time (**PC name**)," Rolling your eyes, you reach for your pockets and pull a credit chit. A few bucks lost, but you can make those back pretty easily. "Thank you very much! Looking forward to our next match, brother/sister!"

Heading for the door, you turn and wave the detective goodbye. He raises his mug and smiles. With that, you move on your way.

Note: Action boosts "trust". The PC loses 2k Credits. Minor aim boost?

C. Bowling: Pacing around the apartment, something catches your eye. A small trophy sits up on a shelf near the bookcase. A silver bowling ball and two little pins decorate the top.

"You bowl?"

Colt glances upward to where you are looking. "Hmm? Oh, you mean that silly thing? There's an alley here in Tavros, I play occasionally. I'm decent enough, but between work, I haven't gotten much practice."

"Do you want to go play?" you ask.

"I don't know. I might suck hard at it," Colt mulls over it for a moment before he smiles and stands up. "Fuck it! Let's go bowling, brother/sister!"

Leaving the apartment, Colt takes the lead. "The alley on-station isn't that far away. I'm sure we'll have a blast!"

True to his words, you soon find yourself at the entrance of the greatest bowling spot this side of the galaxy! Or so the sign says. "Quasar Breaker," it's called. Heading inside, your ears are greeted to cheesy pop music while your eyes are assaulted with neon lights. True to its name, there is a space motif theme going on.

"Not as full as I thought. Quite fortunate!" Colt exclaims. "Go find us a lane, I'll pay for the game and rent our shoes."

"Uhm, I should go too. You don't know my foot size after all."

The detective smirks. "Don't worry, I know. Same for your pant size, shirt size, how many people are aboard your ship, and the password to your extranet account."

You can't help but scoff. "Yeah, sure..." Your codex suddenly beeps. It's a message, apparently from yourself. "**Change your password, it's shit**" -Colt. What the hell? You look back at Colt, he's at the counter by now. A few quick changes, and your account is now secure!

Once you finish putting on your snazzy bowling shoes, you pick up a ball and get ready. Moving at the tip of your toes, you close in and throw. It curves, giving the impression it's a gutter, but you start off the round with a strike.

"Nice!" says Colt. "My turn now." Picking a yellow ball, Colt breathes deeply and moves ahead. His throw goes wider than he thought; he ends up striking two

pins in the corners, leaving most of them standing. Rubbing the back of his neck, he chuckles nervously. "Yep, I'm pretty rusty here."

You encourage him on his next shot. Colt manages to snag a spare. "There we go!" Colt shouts.

The game goes on as you two play. With pizza and soft beverages to quench yourselves when hunger strikes, the two of you enjoy the time together. Colt sips a soda as he lounges on a cushy seat. "This is good," Quips the detective. "Spending some time goofing around, not having to think about work, hanging out with a good friend while doing. The simple pleasures sometimes are the best."

A small family walks past your lane. A Kaithrit woman with a human husband and a little girl. Clearly, they're having a good time here. Colt sighs deeply as he watches them leave. "Reminds me of them."

"Your family?" you ask.

Colt nods. "We used to do all sorts of things together. I remember dance practice with my sisters. It was fun but I don't miss those tights, goddamn. And cloud fishing with dad tended to be enlightening. That man, always spouting off philosophical nonsense. What I would give to go back to such times."

There's no need to dwell in the past, surely he can do those things with his family at the present time. "Doubt it, they're pretty busy living their lives. I mean, Lora is a doctor, Sisil's a foreman for Aegis, Mero is no doubt drowning in orders at that jewelry shop, and Eleri is teaching kids."

"Anything else you'd like to reveal about your family," you tease.

"Nothing really comes to mind," Colt retorts. You ask him if he's considered visiting them. Surely they would love to spend time with their lost brother. He shrugs as he finishes his drink. "Maybe. But if I'm going to Valdera, you are coming with me!"

Scene end: Nodding, you look back at your lane and resume playing. For the better part of an hour, you spend the time with Colt, everyone around seeing two friends enjoying a friendly match between each other.

When you finish, you say your goodbyes to the detective as he does the same to you. Fun as it was, it's time to get back to the daily grind.

This scene has a small chance of occurring while in the middle of the activity: You nod, saying you'll keep it in mind.

Smiling, he stands up and picks up a ball. "Alright, watch me hit a str..." Colt stops in his tracks as he looks behind you. Curious, you glance back. Two Ausars are heading straight for your lane. Cocksure grins plastered all over their face.

"Look who's here!" says the tall gray furred Ausar. Colt growls in irritation. "I thought we would never see you here again after last year's embarrassing display."

"Dorlan, Darlon," Colt greets them dryly. The two Ausars chuckle as they notice how flustered the detective is just by their presence.

"Oh, come on, Colt! You still miffed about losing against us?" The black-furred Ausar pats the detective's back, almost making him drop his ball. "Cheer up! After all, it's only a game. One you suck hard at, but a game nonetheless."

"You mind going on your way. I would like to play with my friend here in peace" The two Ausar turn their gaze at you. Grinning, they each sit side by side with you. Both throw their arms around you.

"You spending time with this loser?" Dorlan, the grey Ausar, says to you. Stick with us handsome/cutie. We'll show you how to properly handle balls."

"And much more," adds Darlon, running a hand around your arm.

Pulling yourself away, you stand by Colt's side as the detective finishes his throw. With them around, he finds it highly distracting to take a proper aim and ends up botching the last play of the game. A loud buzzer rings over his head as a screen flashes red, it boldly says "Gutter!". A slack on Colt's frame says how he currently feels.

The two Ausar laugh loudly at the detective. "Haven't made any improvements at all!" taunts Darlon. You should stick with that private eye gig. That is if you're even good at it in the first place!" Adds Dorlan.

Colt grits his teeth in anger at their taunts. As he is about to say something, you step in. "Say you two are pretty skilled at bowling, right?"

"We're the best!" they proudly declare in unison.

"Then how about a bet?" You suggest. Their ears flick a bit at your words. You clearly have their attention. "A little team game. Winner gets a few credits for their trouble while the loser fucks off the alley."

"Wh...what?! **(PC name)** you can't be serious! You saw how bad I am!" Shaking your head, you reassure the man that he is underestimating himself. You two can definitely take on these two jerks at their own game!

"Easy cash?" Both brothers grin at you. "You're on!"

With the bet made, you each pick a lane close to each other and play. You play as best as you can, hitting strikes here and there and picking up the spares in the process. Colt, for his part is having trouble. Clearly flustered, he misses his shots, dragging your team down by a few points.

"Should have stuck with us, sweetie," Taunts Darlon when he glances at your lane.

Colt struggles to keep it together. When he sits down, you see him shaking. His hand goes to his pockets. It's faint, but you hear clicking. He's playing with his lighter.

"Colt" He doesn't react. "Colt!"

"What?!" Colt yells back. Seeing the concern look on you has him soften up. "Sorry, sorry. I didn't mean to yell at you," You ask him what's wrong.

"I'm...I'm trying (PC name)... I don't want to fail...If I do...then I'll let you down...I don't want that...You put your trust in me. I don't want to let you down! I don't want to let you down..."

You sympathize with him. Being the heir to a massive fortune also solicits the fear of failure in you. At times you wonder if your quest will bear fruit. If you are worthy of what your father has entrusted for you. Yet you keep persisting. You shake those doubtful feelings and continue your search for those pods. No matter what the odds are you move one. When failure arrives, you don't give up!

"Colt. You can do this. Don't worry about what might happen. Focus on what you can do right now!"

"What if I fail?" Then you leave for today and come back later. What matters is that he does his best and has fun doing it. He can count on you, and you surely can count on him.

Colt stares at you silently. Taking a deep breath, Colt turns around, aims, and throws. His ball speeds down the lane striking all the pins in one hit. A strike! He turns around, a confident smile on him. "Let's win this!"

Each time you pick a ball, you hit a strike, not to be outdone, Colt follows suit. Quickly your team catches up with the cocky Ausars. Seeing the scoreboard, they start to feel the pressure.

Darlon gets two gutter balls. His brother bitterly scolds him. "Fuck was that!? You trying to lose!?"

"Let's see you do better!" Dorlan pushes his brother away and plays his turn. He too misses.

"Way to go, dumbass!"

"You trying to get your teeth kicked in?!" As they break down, you and Colt play in perfect sync.

Down to the last round, and you are tied. You go first. It ends being a spare. Dorlan goes next; he botches it and gets a gutter. Darlon decides to go before Colt. He snags a strike and then spare.

"Hah! Good luck beating that!" cocky exclaims Darlon.

Colt ignores his taunts. Picking up the ball, he throws and gets a strike. Down by a few points. He needs a perfect throw for you two to win! Sweat beads at his forehead, a shakiness on his arms.

"Colt!" you call for him. He glances over at you. "You can do this. You got this brother!"

Nodding and smiling, he turns back at the pins and throws. The ball streaks across the lane, loudly crashing against the pins. Most pins fall save for one. The last stubbornly tilts from side to side. You watch with bated breath as it spins and spins.

"Don't do me this cliché shit and just fall already!" Colt grunts in frustration. Finally, it stops spinning as it hits the floor. A strike! "YES!" Colt is loud enough to draw the attention of everyone around. "Get fucked!" the detective gloats over the two Ausars.

They groan irritatedly at him but more at each other. Dorlan hits his brother on the shoulder. "Way to go numbnuts! You cost us the game!"

Darlon is fuming at his brother. "Me!? What about you, you noodle armed shit!" he replies by punching back.

Security is quickly called in as they escalate into a fistfight. With the two brothers hauled away, you are left with the detective in peace. He sits on the nearest couch and sighs deeply. "We won... we won!"

He looks up, meeting your eyes. There is contentment in them. "I...Thanks. It's just a silly game, but you trusting me means a lot."

You grin and give him a thumbs up. "Anytime you need help, I'll be around, brother!"

Standing up, he smiles at you and proceeds to head for the counter. "I'm gonna call it a day for now. Got to go back to work soon. We should do this again sometime. I had fun, especially beating those two pricks."

You are sure you can come back here and enjoy yourselves without those two around. Picking up your things, you wave the detective goodbye and go on your way.

Note: Act raises "Trust." Win 500 credits

The rematch: The encounter against the cocky Ausar bros has a smaller chance of repeating after the initial scene. Some changes to the first text. End of the scene still raises the "Trust" as before.

Colt stops his throw as he looks behind you. "Oh great, look who's back." Curious, you glance back. It's the two Ausar bros again. They are heading straight for your lane. Cocksure grins plastered all over their face.

"Well, look who we come across!" exclaims Darlon. Colt growls in irritation. "I was hoping you'd end up washed up in some crappy gutter, but I'll guess I'll just have to deal with seeing your shitty face either way."

"Dorlan, Darlon" Colt greets them dryly. The two Ausars chuckle as they notice how flustered the detective is just by their presence.

"Don't really like your tone Colt. One win against us, and you think you're hot-shit?" Dorlan pats the detective's back, making him almost drop his ball. "Can barely hold on to that thing! Lucky as shit to beat us the first time!"

"You mind going on your way? I would like to play with my friend here in peace" The two Ausar turn their gaze at you. Grinning, they each sit side by side with you. Both throw their arms around you.

"Still spending time with this loser? He only won because of you!" Dorlan says to you. "You're good, but you could be better. Stick with us handsome/cutie. We'll show you how to properly handle balls."

"And much more," adds Darlon, again being too touchy for his own good.

Pulling yourself away, you stand by Colt's side as the detective finishes his throw. With them around, he finds it highly distracting to take a proper aim and

ends up botching the last play of the game. A loud buzzer rings over his head as a screen flashes red, it boldly says "Gutter!". A slack on Colt's frame says how he currently feels.

The two Ausar laugh loudly at the detective. "Haven't made any improvements at all!" taunts Darlon. "Stick with that private eye gig you're doing. That is if you're even good at it in the first place!" Adds Dorlan.

Colt grits his teeth in anger at their taunts. As he is about to say something, you step in. "Say you two, would you like a rematch? Try and wash that aftertaste of your defeat?"

Both growl at you. "Why you, little shit!" barks Darlon

"How about it? Another game, same rules as before?" you suggest. Their ears flick a bit at your words. You clearly have their attention. "Winner gets a few credits for their trouble. Loser fucks off the alley again."

"You sure about this **(PC name)**? There's a chance we might lose. I haven't really gotten any better since last time" You shake your head and reassure the man that he is underestimating himself. You two can definitely take on these two jerks at their own game. You've already done it before!

Both brothers grin at you. "You're on!" they exclaim in unison.

With the bet made, you each pick a lane close to each other and play. You play as best as you can, hitting strikes here and there and picking up the spares in the process. Colt for his part is having trouble. Clearly flustered, he misses his shots, dragging your team down by a few points.

"Should have stuck with us sweetie," Taunts Darlon when he glances at your lane.

Colt struggles to keep it together. When he sits down, you see him shaking. His hand goes to his pockets. It's faint, but you hear clicking. He's playing with his lighter.

"Colt" He doesn't react. "Colt!"

"What?!" Colt yells back. Seeing the concern look on you has him soften up. "Sorry, sorry. I didn't mean to yell like that" You ask him what's wrong. This was supposed to be a time to have fun. Clearly, that's not what he's experiencing.

"I'm...I'm trying **(PC name)**... I don't want to fail...If I do...then I'll let you down...I don't want that...You put your trust in me and I don't want to let you down! I don't want to let you down..."

You remind Colt of your quest. At times you wonder if it will bear fruit. If you are worthy of what your father has entrusted for you. Yet you keep persisting. You shake those doubtful feelings and continue your search for those pods. No matter what the odds are you move one. When failure arrives, you don't give up!

"Colt. You can do this! Don't worry about what might happen. Focus on what you can do right now!"

"What if I fail, though?" Then you leave for today and come back later. What matters is that he does his best and has fun doing it. He can count on you and you surely can count on him in this game. Your words hit home. There's a fire in his eyes. He stands up, picks up his ball and gets ready.

Colt aims and throws. His ball speeds down the lane striking all the pins in one hit. A strike! He turns around, a confident smile on him. "Let's win this again!"

Each time you pick a ball, you hit a strike, not to be outdone, Colt follows suit. Quickly your team catches up with the cocky Ausars. Seeing the scoreboard, they start to feel the pressure.

Darlon gets two gutter balls. His brother bitterly scolds him. "Really? You trying to lose the game again!?"

"Let's see you do better!" Dorlan pushes his brother away and plays his turn. He too misses.

"Way to go, dumbass!"

"You trying to get your teeth kicked in?!" As they break down, you and Colt play in perfect sync.

Down to the last round, and you are tied. You go first. It ends being a spare. Dorlan goes next; he botches it and gets a gutter. Darlon decides to go before Colt. He manages a strike and then spare.

"Hah! Good luck beating that!" cocky exclaims Darlon.

Colt ignores his taunts. Picking up the ball, he throws and gets a strike. Once again, tied up. He needs a perfect throw for you two to win. Sweat beads at his forehead, his foot constantly tapping.

"Colt!" you call for him. He glances over at you. "You can do this. You got this brother!" Nodding and smiling, he turns back at the pins and throws. The ball streaks across the lane, loudly crashing against the pins. Most pins fall save for

one. The last stubbornly tilts from side to side. You watch with bated breath as it spins and spins.

"Not this shit again! Just go down, you wooden bastard!" Colt grunts in frustration. Finally, it stops spinning as it hits the floor. A strike! "YES!" Colt shouts. "You are nothing but bark and no bite!" the detective gloats over the two Ausars.

They groan irritatedly at him but more at each other. Dorlan hits his brother on the shoulder. "Way to go numbnuts! You cost us the game!"

Darlon is fuming at his brother. "Me!?! What about you, you noodle armed fuck!" he replies by punching back.

Security is quickly called in as they escalate into a fistfight. With the two brothers hauled away, you are left with the detective in peace. He sits on the nearest couch and sighs deeply. "We won...Can't believe we won again!"

He looks up, meeting your eyes. There is contentment clearly in them. "I...Thanks. For trusting me once again. Besides my family, you are probably the only one who truly believes in me. It means a lot."

Standing up, he smiles at you and heads for the counter. "I'm gonna call it a day for now. Got to go back to work soon. Bills to pay and all that shit. We should do this again sometime. I had fun, especially beating those two fucks."

And so did you. Bidding the detective farewell, you head for the door. Hopefully, you'll find sometime later to have another rousing game of bowling.

D. Jolly cooperation- A small datapad sits idly at the desk. Reaching for it, Colt either doesn't notice or cares that you take a look at it. There's a bunch of files on it. Most have been crossed out, the word "complete" telling you Colt finished these particular cases. A few still are up, though. It makes you wonder.

"You've ever worked with a partner before?"

Colt keeps tapping away at his computer. "Nope. Been flying solo since I started this gig. The thought of a job being bungled up and getting someone I care about hurt doesn't sit well by me. Colt smirks as he chuckles softly. "That and the fact that I don't share the money is a pretty good incentive too."

The detective stops as he casts a curious look at you. "You aren't suggesting we do cases together now, are you?" Maybe you are. Being concerned with others is well and good, but you sure can take care of yourself if worse comes to pass.

"I mean, you aren't wrong. You saved my ass before...I don't know. My work can be boring at times, an adventurous spirit like you surely has better things to do" Doesn't matter how he paints it; you are set on helping Colt out on a case. Who knows, might turn out fun.

Colt sighs. "Alright, fine. We can work a simple case together" He leans closer and takes the datapad from you. "Something simple, though! Not really in the mood to get roped into another high stakes job so soon" Fair enough.

"Let's see..." For a moment, Colt silently goes through his files. A smile forms on him once he finds a suitable case for you to help him with. Here's something."

(Event can be repeated at anytime) Case 548C: Side effects may vary- Colt opens a drawer by his desk and takes out a small black case. His collection of costumes and identities all in a convenient medipen.

"Ever taken transformative items? What am I saying, sure you have!" The detective pulls out one and spins it around his fingers.

"Wondrous things, these little things. They can change a person instantly. You ain't keeping a close eye, someone you're following might disappear right in front of you!" Colt makes his point across as he jams it unto him.

Colt shivers as his body changes. Patches of violet form on his arm, eventually molding into scales. He groans loudly as two black bony nubs jut from his forehead. First as two little stubs, then quickly being curving horns. As the transformation ends, Colt is looking rather infernal now. A mix of something akin to a dragon and a demon.

Colt grins as he regards you with his new yellow eyes. "Spicy one. Took a bit of trial and error to get this mix right" Clasp his hand together, the detective rushes towards his room.

Closing the door behind, you wonder what he's got in mind. "What are we doing today, Colt?" You can hear him muttering and grunting behind closed doors. Moments later, he finally comes out in a much sportier set of clothes.

Colt stops as he looks at you from top to bottom. "Hmm. No, you stick out looking like that" He goes back to his room and brings back a few sets of clothing. Some pieces are men's wear and other women. You cast a curious eye at him. "I had four older sisters growing up, playing dress-up is an inevitability in such a scenario. The experience does help when it comes to using disguises."

Picking a set you find appealing, you dress the part for the upcoming case. Looks like you two are ready to go out for a jog. "Who are we going after?" You ask.

With him heading for the door, you follow closely. You still don't have the foggiest clue what he's planning. "I'll tell you along the way," he assures you.

Your destination isn't that far away. Soon you find yourself at the plaza. Lots of people out, enjoying their time today. Some sit upon the many benches, others sit upon the grass as they partake of a picnic. With how you look, you'd fit right in with the joggers going by the walkway. Colt begins to stretch, you do the same.

As he twists, he looks all around. "Here's the situation. Over the last few days, several people have been rushed to medical wards with life-threatening illnesses."

Illness? Are the beginnings of an outbreak happening on Tavros? "What happened?"

"They took some transformatives and ended up with messed up insides" Colt turns to you as he keeps stretching. "Normally, you end up being a few inches higher, or maybe you sprout wings! You get used to the change and live on with your life. Unfortunately, they got sold lemons by some scumfuck looking for a quick buck."

Colt shivers at the thought. "Defective mods are hazardous. A tumor for a heart, bones that failed to properly set in or creepy shit like having eyeballs inside your stomach. Such unnatural changes can kill."

You've always been a bit concerned about some unwanted mutations. With the high-quality nanites in you, it's never occurred to you that you might be in danger. You sure don't want that happening to you nor anyone you care about.

"Any leads on who's responsible for this?" you ask.

Colt shakes his head. "No. All the victims say something different. I thought it might be one individual, but three people in different parts of the station ended up in a hospital in the same time frame a few days back. This is a group we're dealing with."

Great. Why aren't the UGC dealing with this again? "They are, but they ain't doing much to stop it. So we'll give them a helping hand."

"What's the plan?"

Colt smiles. "Plan? We came here to jog, that's all." With that, he power-walks away.

The clock ticks away the minutes. Thinking you might have better luck apart, Colt instructs you to split up. You do so, hoping to get results. Yet as much as you look, you don't come across anything weird. By the time you've worked up a sweat, you have yet to spot any strangers peddling ill goods. Taking a seat at a nearby bench, Colt joins you. He hands you a water bottle as he sips from one of his own.

"Anything?" Colt asks. You shake your head as you take a drink. "I haven't gotten any results either," sighs the detective.

"I'm going to get something to eat, you want something?" You're not really hungry right now. Shrugging, Colt stands up and walks away. "We'll call it a day for now." Sounds good for you. After a sweat like that, you wouldn't mind the rest.

While you wait for Cole, you lounge at the bench and observe all the people enjoying their day. However, you spot something odd. Underneath a tree stands someone sporting a deep navy blue hoodie. Under its shadow, they watch the people passing by. No one really bats an eye, you're pretty much doing the same thing as them.

Standing up, you casually approach the stranger. They notice you getting close, smirking they greet you. "Good day, friend!"

"Good day," you say back as innocently as possible.

"I saw you go around a couple of times. You did well considering your limitations," And just what does he mean by that? He chuckles. "Easy, I mean no disrespect. All I'm saying is you could be doing way better."

"I got something that can give you unending stamina!" Reaching for his pocket, he procures a small medipen. You've seen your share of the things before, and you can quickly tell this one is in rather poor conditions. People have been falling for this shtick?

"One hit, friend. And you will acquire a body that will put the bulls on New Texas to shame! Never faltering, never tiring! Stamina for all time!"

"Sounds too good to be true. Doubt, this amazing gift is free, right?"

"Smart one, aren't ya? Don't worry, this little gift only costs 350 credits. A steal compared to what others peddle in this station! What do you say about this friend? Stamina also means a long time in the sheets, eh?"

"I'd say your ass should rot in jail!" You bark. "How many more people do you have to send to the hospital before you stop this shit?" More than a few sets of eyes head for your direction. Having been found, the foul peddler curses and runs off.

You run after them, bobbing and weaving through the crowds. They push and throw people around, trying to make you trip over the unfortunate bystanders. Best to stop this quick. Someone might end up seriously hurt.

High reflexes: Focusing on the chase, you sprint harder. Hot on their heels, they look back to see you flying at them. Pouncing over them, a struggle ensues. One solid punch, however, stops that nonsense. The crowds stand and watch as you tower over the unconscious hoodlum.

"(Pc name!)" You gaze back to see Colt rushing towards your side. "You okay?!" Assuring the detective that you are in perfect condition, he sighs in relief. "Had me worried for a second. That one of them?"

"Yeah. Wanted to sell me one of those mods" A loud whistling rings behind you. Several peacekeepers make their way through the crowds. In moments, officers have you surrounded.

"What the hell's going on here?!" barks the burly, leading officer. You and Colt proceed to explain the situation. At first, they don't seem to believe you. It's when they search the unconscious peddler that they find a few dozen of the poisonous transformatives that you are proven right.

Cuffed and hauled away, the cops issue the two of you a warning. Good as your intentions were, you should leave the law-keeping to them. As they go, the crowds disperse and soon you and Colt are left to your own devices.

"Get told off for helping. That's nice," You mutter sarcastically.

Colt chuckles as he pats your back. "You get used to it. Fine work, brother/sister. One less to worry about. Here, this should recover some of your spent energy," Colt hands you a small medipen. A red cross is etched upon the surface.

"I'm gonna go home and change back. We may have made a small dent in this group's operations, I'm sure they won't stop. We might have to do this again." He can always count on you if he's ever in the mood for another "jog". Smiling, you say goodbye to each other and move on.

Reward: Restorative health item? Or Energy perhaps? Booster. Farmable?

Alternate scene- Low reflexes: Conniving snake is more trouble than you thought. They slip between the crowds till you are barely able to keep up. You fear they might escape. Unable to stay close, you are just about to lose them when a sudden purple blur rushes in front of him.

After taunting you, the peddler looks forward right on time to see a charging demon's arm going for their neck. The conniving peddler spins several times in the air after Colt clotheslines him. Crashing hard unto the ground, they instantly blackout.

Crowds stay away from the two as you finally catch up. Colt searches the perp till he finds the poisonous medipen. Looking at you, he smiles. "Saw you having trouble back there! Glad we stopped this one before they got away!"

A loud whistling rings behind you. Several peacekeepers make their way through the crowds. In moments, officers have you three surrounded.

"What the hell's going on here?!" barks the leading officer. You and Colt proceed to explain the situation. At first, they don't seem to believe you. It's when they search the unconscious man that they find a few dozen of the poisonous transformatives they realized you are telling the truth.

Cuffed and hauled away, the cops issue the two of you a warning. Good as your intentions were, you should leave the law-keeping to them. As they go, the crowds disperse, and soon you and Colt are left to your own devices.

"Get told off for helping. That's nice," You mutter sarcastically.

Colt chuckles as he pats your back. "You get used to it. Nice work spotting em though you should work on your speed brother/sister" You both laugh a bit at his tease. "I'm going home to change back to normal. It's possible we might have to do this again. Won't be the last one selling poison to folks." He can count on your help if he ever decides to "jog" again. Smiling, he waves goodbye as he parts way with you.

No rewards are given...

After the events regarding Elena and her ambition, the PC may, at a random time, receive a message from a very thankful Merra.

**From: Merra <M_Terrasque112@krcookiesndough.net>
To: (PC name and mail)
Subject: Grateful for all eternity**

Hi, **(PC name)**. It's me, Merra. I hope you are doing well. I finally got a chance to message you. I had to ask Officer Nys about your information. Right now, I'm on Rosha, staying with family while earning my keep at a bakery. Lots of folks have been flocking in lately, eager to see the magical kitty spinning dough with her mind. It brings a smile to my face to see others happy, even if it is something as silly as space magic.

Anyway, I didn't have the chance to thank you personally for what you did for me. For all of us. I won't be back on Tavros for a while, maybe ever. Don't want to risk getting locked up in stupid debts again. But I want you to know that if you ever go to Rosha, you are more than welcome to see me. After all, I still owe you a proper mindfuck.

I wish you the best in your journeys. Keeping you in my heart
Merra

Attached to the message is a small file. Opening it shows you an image of a very happy, smiling Merra covered in flour, a small loaf of bread floating at the palm of her hand.

Valdera Festival

Upon reaching high "Trust" with the detective, a short message from the detective will be sent to the Player.

From: Colt Galver <Solusinc@Faltnet.mail>

To: (PC name and mail)

Subject: Been thinking lately...

(PC name), I've been mulling over stuff. Things like my work, the stuff Elena had me go through and you as well. I don't think it appropriate to say what I want on a message. So, I'd like to meet in person. Pop by my apartment when you get a chance. Be safe, brother/sister.

-Colt

Scene occurs receiving his message-

Arriving at Colt's apartment: Having read's Colt message, you wonder what he might have in mind. Sounded pretty serious. Hopefully he hasn't stumbled into any trouble. You ring the doorbell and wait. There's no answer. Reaching for the doorknob you find that his home is open. A red flag there.

Now inside, you look around and see he's not at his desk. Unlike the last time he went missing though, everything here seems to have been tidied up. Still, you worry. With your hand hovering close to your weapon, you cry out for him.

"Colt? You here?!"

"Outside!" Colt yells back. A sigh of relief escapes you. Following his voice, you move to the balcony and see him looking up at the artificial blue sky. "Hey **(PC name)**" Colt greets you.

"I got your message. You wanted to talk about something? Everything alright?"

"Me? Oh, I'm fine. I just..." Colt sighs as he rubs the back of his neck as he says. "I'm nervous as all hell, brother/sister" Why would he feel like that now? Has he gotten into trouble? He turns to you, Colt smiles a bit halfheartedly. "I uh...I'm going on a trip. Got the shuttle tickets paid for already. All I need to do is get onboard and I'll be gone for a few days."

OK? "And where will you be going? If you don't mind me asking."

The detective closes his eyes. A slight shakiness in him tells you just how he feels. Gulping loudly, Colt answers. "Valdera"

"A festival is held in my hometown. Everyone's got the day off, so I figured, what better time to visit when everyone's out celebrating, right?" Now you get why he's so frazzled. "Like I said I'll be gone for a few days. Didn't want to worry you if you suddenly came and saw my apartment empty."

After what happened, you appreciate his consideration. "But the real reason I called you over is..." Colt diverts his gaze from you.

"Would you come with me?" He rubs his hands nervously. "When it comes to having friends, I don't really have many. Acquaintances sure, pleasurable companions definitely. But a true friend? I used to have someone, but we know how that turned out. You though? You're someone I can count on"

Finally he lifts his head and meets you eye to eye. "We don't share blood, but what we do share I value it a lot. I trust you enough that I can comfortably say you're like a brother/sister to me. And I'd love it if you could meet the rest of the family. What do you say?"

Say No: "Didn't really think you'd see me in such light. I'm flattered to hear you say that Colt, but I have to say no this time" Hearing your response, you see him deflate a little. "You need to go and meet them alone, Colt. They want to see you, not me."

"Yeah but..."

"This is your chance to set things straight. You can do it on your own. You're a good man. Go and show them"

He breathes deeply and smiles. Though it wasn't what he hoped to hear, Colt still very much appreciates your words. "I suppose you're right. I don't like it, but this is something I got to do on my own."

"I just...I just hope I don't fuck it up" Putting a hand over his shoulder, you assure him he will do perfectly alright. "I'm gonna head for the hangar right

now! Like I said, I'll be gone for a few days, though I'm sure the place will be fine till then"

With a single duffel bag to call luggage, you follow Colt out for the door. One final farewell between each other and you go on your separate ways. "Have fun!" You wish the smiling man.

Colt is unavailable for several game days. Miss scenes involving his return home. No effect on the relationship.

Choosing yes: "I didn't know you felt that way Colt. Always thought you called me that like a nickname," He chuckles nervously. "If it means so much to you, then sure! I'll go to Valdera with you."

Colt's eyes seem to glitter like stars. "GREAT!" He holds himself back a bit after that spontaneous outburst. "I mean, thanks. It means a lot. I already booked the shuttle, it leaves in a few hours. I'll finish packing my stuff, you should probably do the same."

Nodding, you head for the door. "I'll go get a few things from my ship. Meet up at the hangar?"

Colt smiles. "Sounds like a plan! I'll finish up here then head over to the hangar. Meet you there." With that, you leave his home and head for the elevator.

Boarding your ship, you go about packing up for the trip. Spare clothes, hygienic products and of course your **(PC equipped weapon)**. It always pays to be prepared. Your crewmates take notice of what you're doing and soon you are questioned on the matter.

The word around the ship quickly spreads that you will be going on a trip for a few days with a friend. As you say your goodbyes, your trusty companions wish you well on the trip and assure you that everything will be in perfect order when you get back.

Beeping from your codex tells you it's time to get a move on. Wandering about the hangar, you spot Colt. Spotting you, he waves. "Ready?" Nodding you tell him you are.

"Good. Locked up the apartment before coming here and made sure the security system is up. Any clown wishes to break in will end up with a laser blast frying their ass"

Did you hear him correctly? "You wired your house with automated weapons?" You ask, eyes widened at his words.

"Damn right I did," Colt replies casually. "No one's getting the jump on me again! Don't worry, I made sure they are all set to stun. At least I think I did. Shit, now I can't remember. Did I forget to properly calibrate the bathroom turret?" The detective proceeds to get in line, you stay close by his side. Idly you chat as you wait. Come some moments later, you and Colt finally get on-board and take your seats.

A low rumble vibrates through your seat as the ship takes off. Leaving Tavros, the intercom buzzes. "Greetings of the Maker to you, gracious guest! This is Tar Kion, your captain speaking. Soon we'll pass through the warp gate on route to beautiful Valdera. The gravitic shift, though brief, is quite startling, so please be seated while we engage in warp travel. We thank you for your cooperation."

Colt tightens the safety belt around his waist and snuggles upon his seat. "I've never liked FTL travel." Colt chirps. "Seen too many documentaries of what can go wrong. Get my head thinking, and not in a good way."

"Relax, we'll be fine. You can always go to sleep. That makes any trip go by faster." Colt nods. He places a pair of headphones upon his ears and quietly listens to music. You take the time to gaze out and enjoy the wonders of space travel.

Stars wisp past the window faster than your eyes can register. In but a few moments, you go from one track of space to the next. Such are the wonders of technology. As the ship pivots, you spot it. Valdera, the Suula Homeworld, floats behind a stunning starry background.

As this system's sun shines its rays over the surface, it creates a sparkling view upon the few patches of storm-less skies. Lightning sparking about can be seen on most of the surface along with many small bright dots darting about. Quite a busy airspace. Large stations and shipyards mark up a bustling metropolis.

Looking at Colt, the detective keeps his eyes glued to the window. The sight of his home enamored him. "Sapphire oceans..." he whispers. With the captain announcing the approach to the surface, Colt grows more restless.

Placing a hand over his shoulder, you ask. "Everything alright?"

"Just some last second jitters" It definitely shows. Did he tell his family you were coming? "I called Eleri, but she didn't answer so I left her a message. Haven't gotten a reply from her yet." Colt's foot starts tapping the floor quickly. "...You think they might have forgotten all about me? Fuck, what if they hate me for everything I've put them through?"

"Stop" You chastise. "Don't start dwelling over negative thoughts and focus on meeting them first. I'm sure everything will be fine."

"Right. Right... Just...Just have to meet them. Everything will be fine. Just fine..." Colt's foot taps faster and faster. For him, this ship is taking too long to land. "Can't this shitty tin can go faster!?! FUCK!" With several people looking over, you sink into your seat, a futile attempt to hide away from so many eyes.

Moving into Valdera's atmosphere, dark, stormy clouds roar outside your window. The intercom buzzes as the captain assures everyone on-board to not be concerned over the weather outside. The ship's shields ensure that nary a hint of turbulence is felt through the entire trip.

In the middle of the maelstrom, you manage to spot something in the sea. The shuttle slowly passes by a large glowing pillar, you'd guess it be the size of a skyscraper. As soon as you pass by it, the storms raging outside die out. Sunshine peers through the sky causing the ocean's waters below to sparkle under its rays.

"The most advanced weather controllers made in the galaxy." Colt says as he looks outside. "Courtesy of the Gryvain Heartland Republic. Add a bit of terraforming here and there and you got tourist hotspots by the dozen."

Mulling in your thoughts, it dawns on you that you have no clue what this festival is all about. "I haven't asked you, what's the name of the festivities?"

"Oshe Kai's Remembrance," Colt says. "It's a name, from an ancient Suula philosopher renowned for her teachings of love and peace. Some consider her a saint, she stopped a war from erupting between two nations. The "kai" part roughly translates to wise. Human throats can't resonate high enough to pronounce the word well so I say it like that"

Colt looks around the shuttle, most folk here look like they're ready for a trip to the beach. "It's supposed to be a day of introspection. You're supposed to reflect on how to better yourself, mend any broken relationships and aim for love between others. Instead, it's a day where you can get drunk in the streets and horny in the sheets. I'm sure Oshe doesn't mind, she did say fucking is the greatest way to connect with another soul."

"Did she really?"

"Eh...That's how I interpret it."

You smirk. That's a philosophy you can get behind. "What are we going to do once we get there?" you ask.

Colt reclines upon his chair, scratching his chin. "Settle in first, then eat a hearty meal, Eleri loves to cook. Tomorrow's the celebration, so we'll head over to the Sunspire"

"Sunspire?"

"It's a fancy park, high up over the mountains overseeing the coast. There'll be food, fireworks and lots of booze! Not to mention pretty guys and gals. It's going to be a blast!"

Colt smugly taps your arm. "Bet a Playboy/playgirl like you could score a beauty in no time !" Sounds quite promising. You wouldn't mind partaking in the local flavors.

Arriving at the coast, civilization is in full bloom here. You can see the alien architecture going up the magnificent rocky mountains here all the way down to the placid seas. The traffic to the spaceport packed to the gills, thankfully, clearance is granted swiftly and your ship soon docks.

The intercom chimes a pleasant tune. "Valued customers, we have reached our destination. It's a bright, sunny day outside. So enjoy the festivities to your heart's contents! Remember to obey local laws and customs. A friendly advice to all, do not eat any green jellyfish if you have hollow bones and plan to fly. Welcome to Valdera!"

Colt bids you to wait for a moment. He still finds it hard to believe he's back home. The last of the passengers disembarks, leaving you two with the crew. "They'll kick us out soon. We can't stay here all day, Colt"

Breathing deeply, he nods. "Yeah, sorry. Man, I really need to calm down."

Leaving the starport, you find yourself in the middle of a bustling metropolis. Horns beep as vehicles pass on by the streets. All sorts of people move around you and the detective, most of course being the amazonian inhabitants of this wonderful planet. Hovercars fly above your heads, stopping when a drone shines a red light to allow the Suula pedestrians and the modded foreigner to fly unimpeded.

Colt breathes the cool, sea-scented air and grins. "I'm really back home!" He looks like an awestruck child, smiling and laughing at all the wondrous sights. You have to wonder. Are you the one visiting this world for the first time or is it him?

Nice as it is to see Colt enjoy himself, you probably should get going. Got a family to meet after all. Blushing slightly, he chuckles. "Sorry, got lost in the moment. Anyway, let's head for Gallstone Park. Hopefully, Eleri is there."

You follow Colt as you make your way through the busy streets. Moments later you arrive at a splendid park. All sorts of alien flora, from stunning flowers to majestic trees, give this place a peaceful and elegant look. Kiosks and street-vendors peddle their wares to the many tourists while the locals here take the time to enjoy this sunny, weather controlled day.

A few benches lie beneath the shadow of a gem encrusted statue. Colt sighs as he takes a seat. "This is the spot where she should meet us." Taking a seat beside him, you settle your backpack close by and wait. Minutes tick away as you idly chat with Colt.

Come the hour, Colt worries. Not seeing anyone he knows has his mind racing with all sorts of bad thoughts. You try to calm the man down but he's getting too riled up. "I don't think anyone's coming, **(PC name)**"

"Let's not jump to conclusions. They're just running late" you respond. "They'll get here soon."

Colt stands up and paces about in front of you. He's getting twitchy, you already know what happens if he doesn't relax.

Imploring him to take it easy, Colt frowns and says. "How can I? I'm wondering what their reaction will be when they see me and it's freaking me out! If they even want to see me"

There he goes rambling on. As Colt continues his tirade, a woman approaches from behind. A tall, cyan-scaled Suula. She eyes the detective like a predator does with her prey. Then she starts walking towards you. "Colt?"

He ignores you. "...More than likely the message didn't arrive. Fuck, I should have spammed her account!" She keeps coming closer. At this distance you see a striking streak of blue on her auburn hair.

"Colt!" You try once more to get the rambling man's attention.

Again, he ignores you. "...I mean, what was I thinking? No damn way they'll really want to see me. Sure they can sound nice on the phone but the truth is they hate me. I should..."

"Colt!!!" You yell, tired of his incessant bitching.

"What?!"

Two powerful hands gently grasps his shoulders, Colt freezes. She leans close to his ear, a soft tune escapes her emerald lips. Her song fills his ears, muting everything else around. As she massages his shoulders, you notice a glint in Colt's eyes. Are they watering up? Raising a hand up, Colt touches her right arm, his eyes widened up even more, brimming with water. The Suula smiles as she continues to serenade him.

Colt whispers. "You got your arm back..." Try as he can to stop them, tears trail down his cheeks.

Sensing the tension of his body leaving, she grins, her sharp teeth flashed out. If you didn't think any better, you'd say this woman was about to eat him alive! Once her song ends in a calming decrescendo, Colt turns around, heart beating faster than a drum. "Eleri?"

Hearing her name, Eleri smiles. "Solus!"

"Ele...Uhg! She hugs him with all the strength she can muster.

In her excitement, the siren flaps her wings and takes flight with her brother along for the ride. A small crowd looks up to see the pair flying around, Eleri squealing and laughing with utmost joy and Colt groaning and muttering in pain.

"Nice to see the spirit of Oshe is alive and well these days." A kindly Suula elder says as she passes on by.

Settling back down to solid ground, Eleri peppers him with kisses. "I couldn't believe it when I got your message! I told everyone about it and they couldn't believe it either. Words can't describe how happy I am to see you, Solus!" She squeezes him closer to her once more, not noticing she's suffocating Colt between her massive breasts.

"Eleri! I can't breathe!" The ecstatic woman finally relents. Free from her embrace, Colt breathes deeply and says. "I'm...I'm happy to see you too, Sis. I uh, brought a friend over for the festivities if that's alright."

"Of course I don't mind!" Eleri smiles at you. "Hello! I'm Eleri! You must be **(PC name)**! It's nice to finally meet you" Extending a hand over, you smile and shake it. A pretty strong grip she has!

"Solus told us all about you!" She closes the distance between you two and proceeds to kiss you. Her tongue slithers inside your mouth for a moment before she pulls back. Wide eyed at the sudden affection, Eleri giggles. "A thank you gift for all that you've done for Solus"

That sure is one hell of a way to say thanks. Maybe you can ask for more? Colt coughs loudly getting her attention. "You said you told everyone? Mom and dad too?"

"Of course silly! Why wouldn't I?" He gulps loudly at her words. "Mom and dad are coming tomorrow. Have to deal with some syndicate business first. But the girls are waiting for us!"

Reaching for his hand, she squeezes tightly. "I have a present waiting for you!" Grabbing his chin, she gently lifts it up to meet his eyes. "You still like Emerald Clawtrout?"

As big as dinner plates, Colt's eyes widen up. "Dad caught one?! You got a ride, Eleri? We need to get home immediately!" Seeing her brother excited brings her a smile.

"Come on, you two!" Picking your things up, you and Colt follow the busy woman close. "You'll be staying at our summer house. You still remember it, don't you, Colt?"

The detective laughs. "Of course I do! That's where you taught me how to swim!"

Climbing aboard her hovercar, you expect to end up at one of the many apartments here on the coast, perhaps up above in the rocky mountains. Eleri makes a turn and heads into a tunnel. "How about some music?"

Turning the music player on, a pop synthwave tune plays. Colt sighs happily as he looks at his sister. "This brings back memories."

"Our family trip down to the reefs. Always a blast when the entire family gathers for the holidays." Eleri chuckles. "Do you still remember the lyrics?"

"You kidding?" Colt grins as he moves all around his seat. "Together?"

"Definitely!"

Suula mother/background: The tune picks up a happy upbeat. Both start singing in unison with the track. A song of freedom, of exploring the vast cosmos. Where the intrepid adventurer is carried off by the solar wind's new lands. And no matter how far you venture into the unknown, you always have a place to return to when the journey ends. A home where yours awaits with smiles. You find that your foot taps to the upbeat melody. When the song reaches an upbeat chorus, you come into a view that leaves you stunned.

"Whoa..." Mother told wondrous stories of her homeworld's majestic cities. A grand picture she painted for you and now here you are. Seeing it in person.

Regular Scene: The tune picks up a happy upbeat. Both start singing in unison with the track. You can't make sense of anything they're singing. Despite this, the Suula song's melody is quite catchy. You find that your foot taps to the upbeat melody. Colt and Eleri are getting pretty into it, maybe you can look up the lyrics later. When the song reaches an upbeat chorus, you come into a view that leaves you stunned.

Spires and structures mark the underwater surface, sparkling like incandescent jewels. Atlantis is real and it's on another planet. Many kinds of sea creatures swim between the buildings. Blooming gardens of algae and stunning coral formations add to the beauty of the city. Suulas swim with such grace, you swear they are dancing in the water. Few other races live here, those that you see as you go by the watery ways either rocking some mods or using rebreathers. A bustling megalopolis on par with the cities of Terra.

Colt chuckles upon noticing you stuck close to the glass. "Pretty, ain't it? You should see how it comes alive when night comes."

The ride comes to an end as Eleri pulls up into a large apartment complex. "Here we are! Home sweet home!" With the airlock and its shield coming online, you wait until the water drains before stepping outside.

"Damn, Sesil actually got the new model." Colt muses as he spots his sister's ride. Eleri walks over to the gem encrusted door and leads you both inside. Music is playing on the other side.

"It's not everyday we have a get together," says Eleri. "The girls have been singing since getting here. Come on, they'll love meeting you too, (**PC name**)!"

Spacious, cozy and welcoming is how you'd describe this homestead. All manner of decorative art pieces hang up on the walls while intricate chandeliers offer illumination. This apartment is more of a mansion. If this is their second home, then you can only guess how loaded Colt's parents are.

"Everyone, we're home!" Eleri yells.

The music stops. You hear steps clicking on the redwood floor. From the corner of your eyes, you spot three more Suulas coming down the hall. Like Eleri, they share the same features with the color of their irises and hair being the only way to tell each other apart. Colt turns right on time to see another of his sisters practically throw herself at him. Locking her legs behind his back, he's

forced to carry the towering raven-haired Suula as she squeezes the air from his lungs.

"Solus!" Mero squeals as she peppers him in kisses.

Colt grunts as he struggles to keep steady. "H..Hi Mero... I'm happy to see you too!"

She hugs him tightly and kisses his forehead. "I'm doing way better now that I get to have my best model here with me! I got so many dresses and outfits that I have in mind for my customers! I'll be able to churn out so many amazing styles now that my little bro is here to help!"

"Dresses? What happened to the jewelry store?"

"I'm expanding! The store is now taking orders of cloth and leather! I'd love to have you on board in the store now!"

"That's...Ugh...great! I can't stay however. Work and all, you know?"

"Aw, I thought you came to valdera because you left that dreadful detective gig!" Mero clutches his face and cups his cheeks. "I was worried sick you got hurt!"

"Ah,sorry about any scares, sis. I'll be more careful from here on out. Does that help?"

"It does!" Mero chirped as she climbed off him. Colt stretched his neck when the red-haired beauty casually strides towards him.

"Solus," Lora greets him. "You finally remember your family?" Her words hit the detective harshly. Colt tries to say something yet mumbles and stumbles. Shaking it off, he ends up being the one to do the hugging this time around.

"Lora, I certainly missed your straight to the point attitude" He hugs tightly, soliciting a muted smile from her.

"Along with other things I imagine," The Suula frowns as she hugs him. Pushing him away, Lora grumbles as her hands roam over his chest. Applying a bit of pressure, Colt grunts as she continues to examine him. Then she spots the glow coming from inside. Raising his shirt, she sees the scars on his body. "That's done by a trained hand. Care to explain why you don't have real lungs, Solus?"

"I...er...It's a long story."

Lora narrows her eyes, bothered by this discovery. "Is it now? Well, I look forward to hearing how you've been mutilating your body."

One last sister and she looks pissed. Colt glances over to the brooding silver-maned woman. "I'm home!" he says nervously.

She remains silent. "Haha, yeah, I missed you too. Can I get a hug?" Approaching him, the amazon cocks her arm back and strikes him square on the chin. The impact sends him down to the floor. "Ow! What the fuck was that for!?"

Her answer comes in the form of her stepping over his chest. The strongest looking of the sisters, Sesil is an imposing Suula. Her frame and muscles tell you she is not to be trifled with.

With a sharp scowl, she flashes her teeth. Flashing her teeth applying more pressure upon his chest. "Years, Colt! You haven't called us for years. All you did is send shitty text messages! Now you're suddenly here!?" Colt was right, a very angry Suula is scary. "Worse still, you didn't bother to tell me you were coming home?"

Grunting painfully, Colt tried to remove her foot off. "I did! You didn't answer the damn phone!"

"One lousy call?! It didn't occur to you that some of us have to work grueling, backbreaking shifts, and we need to sleep most of the day away to recover!? Bah! Goddamn idiot!"

Sesil flashes a malicious look that terrifies the detective. "Are you gonna apologize or should I crush your ribs?" She's not playing around, you can see the strain on Colts face as he tries to breathe.

"Sisil, damn it! I'm...fuck! I'm sorry, alright?! I messed up! I'm sorry for being such a little-shit!" She keeps her foot down on him without saying anything. Should you step in and help? I'm sorry for making you all worried sick."

With him groveling and apologizing at her feet, Sesil snorts in satisfaction. "You got a lot to make up for, but, fine. I forgive you, little brother," She extends a clawed hand and helps him back up. Sesil quickly hugs him as she grins mischievously. "I missed you and your funny screams so damn much."

"My what?" Sesil squeezes tightly. A loud crack makes you wince. "AAHHH!!!" Colt screams in pain. "Oh fuck, my spine, you snapped it like a goddamn pencil!"

Wincing, you slide next to Eleri and say. "I think we should call the paramedics."

Eleri waves you off. "He'll be fine. Not the first time Sesil has broken a few of his bones," This has happened before?! "Oh yes! Nothing Lora can't fix! She's a super cool scientist!"

"Damn right I am." Lora casually strides towards them. "Not to worry. I'll have him back in shape in a moment" Lora declares with a needle in hand. Where did she get that from? "Here, Solus, experimental regenerative nanobots. I was going to try it on myself, but humans tend to be better test subj...volunteers."

"Lora, wait! I'm fine! I don't need any..." Sesil's hand go over his mouth, muffling the panicking Colt.

"Calm down, don't be such a pussy!" Sesil teases. "We can fix you as easily as we can break you." You quietly watch on. Maybe Colt had a point to be worried about his sisters.

Thankfully, Lora's miracle shot worked as intended. Colt being fixed, the Suula sisters turn their attention to you. Each one has different opinions when they meet Colt's best friend.

Mero is over you, taking on all sorts of measurements and insisting you try out the latest of her custommade wares. Lora for her part goes all over your body. Hard for her to see how Colt survived Elena's insanity with you around, or so she says. Much as you insist about how capable you truly are, the curious doctor prescribes some high end mods to push your natural abilities over the limit.

Sesil keeps her distance. You try to spark conversation with her, but she isn't much of a talker. At the very least she is grateful that you managed to convince their "shithead" brother to visit. A slap on your ass and a playful grope tells you as much when you pass her by. As for Eleri, she's thankful that everyone is together one more time. Just as Colt sees you as part of the family, so does the sweet woman.

As the siblings spend some quality time together, Eleri takes the opportunity to lead you to your quarters. Up the stairs and down the hall, you soon reach a large door. "Here we are!" Going inside, you're met with a comfortable, spacious room.

Setting your things, you look around and see all sorts of knick knacks. Small gem statues, a few stuffed animals sitting around and more than enough

picture frames of the family as well. You take a seat by the foot of the bed. It's really soft!

Eleri reaches for the picture. "I remember this!" You see her and Colt wearing their graduation gowns, both smile at the camera. "I thought Solus would fail the last year of school."

"Colt had some trouble as a kid?"

Placing the picture back, Eleri nods. As she sits beside you, Eleri gazes out the window. "I bet Solus told you about us, right?" Trying your best to avoid opening old wounds, you say that he has partly spoken about his past.

"Solus, or Colt as you call him, had many restrictions when we were kids." What might she mean by that. "Not really that hard to guess. Human's can't breathe underwater nor can they fly. Two very important traits here in our homeworld. Growing up, we had to make sure he was safe whenever he went outside the house."

Eleri chuckles softly. You can only guess how the memories are being played in her mind. "Make sure you got your gills on! Don't swim near the trenches! Sorry, the roadtrip to the mountains is too dangerous for you, you'll have to stay home with dad!" That explains why he was so eager to leave Valdera.

"Solus might have been born from another womb but the connection we have with him is the same between us. He's our brother, through and through. Whenever he feels something, we feel it too. Anger, joy, hope, despair. It crushes me to see him clinging to the past"

Suddenly taking her shirt off, you stammer a bit as the gorgeous woman displays her body. With a lacy bra to cover herself, Eleri traces a finger from her shoulder down to her hand. There's some scarring across her skin.

"All natural," Eleri proudly declares. "It took a lot of credits for mom and dad to get my arm back. Solus was already gone by the time I got it. I wish he would have been there that day."

"Even if he's lightyears away, we know when he's hurting." Eleri takes your hand and places it upon her right breast. You reddened up a bit as she squeezed it against her bosom. "From the deepest part of my heart, thank you. For being a friend when he needed one." Striking amethysts eyes lock with your own. In them, you see appreciation, contentment, perhaps something more.

With a chipper smile, Eleri lets go of your hand and puts her shirt back on. Stretching as she stands, she says. "I hope you and Solus didn't eat before

coming home. We have such a feast downstairs!" Your belly rumbles loud enough to solicit a giggle from the Eleri. "Once you try Suula cuisine, you won't ever want anything else. Chef's promise!" Nodding, you smile and hold her to that promise as you follow her back downstairs.

The following day.

Loud beeping rings in your ear. That's right, after eating and drinking till your stomach was about to burst, you made for your room. Colt insisted you putting an alarm to wake early, with him wanting to get ready before his parents arrived. Groaning, you open your eyes and lift yourself out of bed. Stretching, a knock comes upon the door. As it opens, you are greeted by Colt.

With striped pajamas and a nightcap, he waves and smiles. "Morning, **(PC name!)** Nice to see you up and about! I don't mean to be impatient, but mom called, they're on their way."

"Alright, alright. I'll be ready in a moment." Yawning, you wave at Colt and go to the bathroom to bathe. "Nice hat, by the way."

Colt grins, happy for your compliment. "Thanks! Mero made it. Let me know if you want one, I'm sure she'd love to knit another!"

Hitting the showers, you wash away yesterday's worries. Soon you are squeaky clean. You make yourself ready and presentable for the coming Matriarch and Patriarch. When you're done, you head outside the room and see Colt staring outside a window, watching the fishes swim past the house.

"Colt? Everything okay?"

He turns around, rubbing his hand like they're covered in invisible soap. "They're here." You pay close attention and can hear voices downstairs. "Out of everything I've done meeting my parents again is making me sick. Fucking hell." He brushes his hair back and nods to himself.

"Let's get this over with." You follow Colt down. Laughter and happy conversation comes from the foyer. "Not here, they're in the living room." moving to the elegant door, Colt grabs the doorknob and breathes deeply.

"Relax. It's only your mom and dad. They aren't going to bite you."

Heh, funny thing about Suulas..." Twisting the knob, he pushes and goes in, with you following closely.

Inside, his sisters are sitting down by the table. You see another pair of Suulas. Smaller than the rest. Donning a casual suit, the green scaled shark has a pair of

whiskers right above his mouth, mimicking a moustache. Colts father. And his mother, a towering woman, bigger than her daughters. Teal her scales are, long green locks flow from her head. Casual attire, fitting for outdoor activities, covers her body, alongside a myriad of jewelry. You can see where Colt's sisters' got their genes from. She's quite a "powerful" woman up front and behind.

Both turn around to greet you and Colt. "Solus! My sweet boy!" The small shark man smiles as he walks towards you.

Colt silently moves closer to him. "You can't believe how grateful I am to see you ag...uff!" Colt tightly hugged the whiskered Suula, the poor man huffs and puffs as his Colt keeps hugging him like his life depends on it. Now that they're so close, you see the size difference between both men. His father is a few inches smaller than Colt.

The Suula groans as he pats Colt's back. "It's okay, my darling pearl. I won't go anywhere."

Colt chuckles, attempting to hide a snuffle in the process. "I missed you so much, pop." Pulling back from him, his father chuckles. Gently, he pats Colt's cheek.

"We did too." His mother says, grabbing both men between her arms. A kiss came upon his forehead. Meeting her eyes, Colt sees them watering up. "

Colt turns around and formally presents him to you. "**(PC name)**, this is my dad, Norsen. And this is my mom, Lesian. Mom, dad, this is the one I've talked about."

Norsen smiles and opens his arms. He walks to you and greets you. "I know about you well enough, Mister/miss Steel. the holonews speak plenty of your endeavours and skills, but it is your generosity and kindness that you extended to my son that won me over."

Norsen grabs your hand and shakes them. "Thank you for everything!" You smile and nod back. He looks behind you and smiles. "Darling! Do meet our friend here!"

You chuckle as the woman giggles and picks you up until you are meeting face to face. "I can't believe my son snagged a diamond like you from the galactic sea! Welcome, welcome to our family!"

She swings you from side to side in an air crushing embrace. Wrapped up in a pair as nice as hers, hard it is to not feel something stirring inside you. It's a pleasure, ma'am." You groan.

Set back to the floor, Eleri beams at you. "Now that we are all acquainted, we should get moving! The Festival is well underway by now, we don't want to miss anything!"

Before long, you are back in a hovercar. Returning to the island city, the car travels upward, towards the mountains. Among the rocky expanse, a lot inside the mountain allows parking for travelers. Getting into a spot is tricky, lots of people are flocking to the park. Thankfully, an open space comes into view.

Stepping outside the car, you follow the family. Crowds of locals and tourists join you to the top of the mountain. Everyone is chattering happily, you feel like you're in one of your own outings with mom and dad. Finally reaching the end of the stairs, you come across an open clearing, trees and grass take on the sunshine. The view here is stellar, you can see the city below and the sea!

"Follow me everyone, I know the perfect spot!" Norse says.

You see a stage has been set up in the middle of the park. Large audio equipment plays pop music while final preparations for the coming show are made. Soon, Norse leads your group to a tree.

"This spot is perfect. Got shade, got a good view to watch the fireworks later tonight and we can still see the show from here!"

"Good job, dad!" Mero cheers.

"Calm down, Mero. Save it for when pop finds another Pearl ruby." Sesil mutters as she helps lie out a colorful tarp upon the ground.

Lesian opens a bag and pulls out a small cooking unit for it. "Solus, help me out with the barbecue?"

"Sure thing, mom. **(PC name)**, We'll show you how to cook up some traditional Suula cuisine!" You nod and head on over. If their home cooking from yesterday told you something, is that they know how to cook amazing trout!

Sesil smiles, happy with her handiwork. "Lora, mind doing something beside gawking at my ass? Get the chairs out."

"I've already done it, your majesty." Lora quips, casually resting upon a chair.

"Damn, you're fast." Sesil snickers. "That's how you do it in the sack too? Don't give other's time to enjoy themselves?"

Lora takes her sunglasses off. "I make my partners come back for more. Unlike you." The Suula looks at you and you swear you see a predatory glint in her eyes. "I could show you plenty if you'd like."

Colt groans while he fiddles with the barbecue. "We get it, you two got big tits and like to flash 'em."

Lesia pouts. "Oh hush you lot! Let's keep things civil please."

Sesil chuckles. "Sorry, mom. But didn't Oshe say something about giving love to quell hate? What better way than to destroy a stud's pelvis?"

Norsen walks behind his wife and wraps his arms around her waist. Sesil's right love. Oshe did say things like that." Lesia giggled coquettishly in response.

"Keep it up and you won't be able to swim straight for the next few days."

Colt shivered. "Fantastic, now I got the mental picture of my parents fucking. Listen, **(Pc name)**, food's going to take a bit to get ready. Feel free to enjoy yourself in the meantime." Colt turns on the barbecue and cracks his fingers. "My turn to cook, so I have to make sure everything is perfect!"

Nodding, you look to the open park and weight in your options.

PC can choose what activity to participate in the meantime.

Option A: Airball-

There's a bunch of people at the field, playing some kind of ball game. There's two nets, one at each side of the field. Small gravity dampeners have them moving up and down continuously, making it harder to get a ball through them.

Most of the players are Suulas, flying up in the sky, tossing a ball at each other. Those that can't fly are keeping an eye below, guardian their respective goals. A powerful hand clasps your back, Sesil grins. Seeing you spectate that game riled her up for action.

"Fancy a game of Airball?" Sesil says to you.

"It looks fun. What are the rules?"

Lora walks next to your side, the talk of playing a game intriguing her. "I'd describe it as a mix of your Terran games. Soccer and football if I recall correctly, though their names confuse me."

"Ah, depending on where you are in Terra soccer and football are the same thing." You explain to the confused Suula.

Lora sighs, scratching her cheek. "Humans. Can't settle on a matter all together. Anyhow, the goal of the game is simply. Two teams compete to score the most goals against the opponents net. You can push and shove to try and steal the ball. No punching though, it's not a bloodsport."

"Can you let the ball touch the ground?" You ask.

"Nope." Sasil interjects. "If someone throws it at you, you better make sure you catch it, otherwise, the other team gets the ball for themselves."

Sasil pushes you forward. "So you want to play or not?" She seems quite eager to have you play. Having two twins playing with you sounds like a good time. Nodding, Sasil smiles. "Perfect! Let 's go! Lora you're coming with us, I need you up in the air."

"Fine, fine. I'll play too. After being cooped up in the lab, stretching my wings sounds like a lovely idea."

"Come on, Steel! After today, you'll be an expert in ball handling!" Sasil teases. Can she ensure that? Maybe she can provide some hands on training after the game. Sasil growls playfully in response to your suggestion. "Don't tease me, otherwise you might get bit."

Arriving at the playing field, Sasil walks ahead of you to greet the other players. After a few minutes of talking, she turns and waves at you and Lora. "Here, put this on your chest." Sasil hands you a small pin. Dong as she says, your clothes suddenly shift their colors. Fidgeting with yours, she has set your colors to green. "The three of us are green team. We also got a few other players on our side to balance it out."

"Sounds good!" The game sounded simple enough. Toss the ball where it needs to go and win! "Where do you want me?"

"Groundside. I'll meteror you with my passes, stay alert and get some goals!" You have somewhat of an idea by what she means to meteor.

"Got it, I'll give it my best shot!"

"That's what I like to hear, keep that spirit high and we'll win!" Sasil taps her sister's shoulder. "Lora, I'll be passing to you a lot, try to keep up."

Ignoring her sister's teasing, Lora flaps her wings and takes to the sky, Sasil joins her. On the ground, you're joined by your teammate. A burly huskar, he

gives you a thumbs up as he stands by your side. "Nice to meet you, buddy! Let's have some fun, eh?" In this heat, you wonder how he hasn't melted down with all that fur.

Your opponents stand in front. One gives you a cocky grin, you respond in kind before looking up. A modded lithe man flaps his eagle like wings. He looks to each side, and raises the brown ball. Sesil cracks her knuckles, eager to get going. Lora stares down an opponent, her cold gaze has them rather unsettled. "Game on!" Loudly, he blows the whistle and throws the ball straight up.

Sesil rushes it, another Suula moves to intercept. Sesil is faster, grabbing the thing like a bird of prey snatching its meal. The other's move to intercept her. Your team mates, bump and block the incoming players. "Easy!" Sesil shouts, having a clear shot at the goal.

Cocking her arm, and calculates her throw. But before she has a chance to launch the ball, the Suula giving chase snatches it from her hand at the last second. Sesil frowns. "Lora! Where was my cover?"

"I miscalculated. It won't happen again." Lora calmly retorts as she gives chase.

The Suula holds a grin as she flies close to the ground. Your huskar friend moves to intercept, but she's moving too fast. She barrels through him, knocking the man down to the grass. You look back and see the goal lowering to the ground by now, she'll score if she's not stopped. "Steel! Do something!" Sesil shouts.

You rush to block the incoming woman, but she snickers at you. Extending her wings, she comes to a dead stop and cocks her arm. She throws the ball over you, trying to get it, you jump but it's too high.

"Easy!" She says, mocking Sesil.

Expecting to get a score, Lora dives from the sky and crashes to the ground. Such a heavy landing worries you that she might have hurt herself. but your worries fade when she turns around and holds the ball beneath her arm. "That's my sis!" sesil shouts.

Lora hovers a few inches off the grass. "**PC name**), get moving!" She instructs. You do as she says and move to the other side of the field. Returning to the sky, she moves towards the opponents goal. They fly in to intercept, but before they have a chance to tackle her, she tosses the ball at Sesil. Sesil returns it to Lora when they go for her.

Both sisters coordinate their approach, soon they are close to the goal. But the modded man is protecting it. Sesil spots you right below it. You have a good shot at this angle. "Steel! Catch!" She tosses the ball just as she gets tackled.

Gravity aids the ball speed, you swear you can hear the thing whistling with how fast it's moving. Bracing yourself, you take the ball with both arms, sliding abi on the grass. "*Damn!*" this thing is heavy. More like a medicine ball than one used to play games with.

The goal's lowering, you can take the shot! Two Suulas fly towards you. They are too fast, you won't have a chance at avoiding them. "I got you, buddy!" The huskar steps in and takes on one full force. He staggers to keep the rowdy woman from reaching you, clutching her wais and holding her down.

"Got you now, cutie!" The other teases. However, before she reaches you Sesil dives down and gets her attention. She manages to intercept, both are fighting to break the deadlock.

Sesil looks behind her, struggling to keep your opponent at bay. "Take the shot, Steel!"

Nodding, you look at the goal. The modded man is waiting for your shot. An idea springs to mind. You gather your strength and toss the ball, not at the goal, but above. "Perfect, **(PC name)!**" Lora snatches the ball and spins, launching the ball into the goal and scoring one for your team.

"Ah, damn it!" Sesil's opponent mutters.

Sesil holds a grin as she raises her arms. "Haha! Damn good job you two! And you too, funny dogman. Nice block!"

"Aw shucks, thanks miss."

That throw took more out of you than you thought. Tossing a heavy thing tired you out. Sesil slaps your back playfully. "Come on, Steel. Game's only getting started, don't tell me you're tired already?"

"Just give me a second."

"Steel, if we win, Lora and i will both give you titjob." That's one way to encourage someone to keep playing. Both twins are quite stunning, doesn't sound like a bad deal at all. "What do you say Lora? You up for it?"

"I make no such promises." says Lora, though you can see a small bemused smile and a hint of red tinting her scales orange.

The game went on for about an hour. You had a few close calls, got a few goals but so did your opponents. It was a close game between both teams, fun was had but ultimately one had to win. That one was the green team! The match

over, yo and the twins find shade below a tree. After all that running, sitting down and relaxing sounds perfect. Especially with two beautiful women by your side.

Option B- Sightseeing-

Wandering the paved trail, you look all around the park. There's people throwing bread into a pond, exotic fish peek from the water to nibble at the food. Continuing on, children are playing on a set of swings, their guardians join them in their frolick, a good time to be had. Some pass by you, jogging and exercising. Reminds you of being on Tavors, only the sunlight here is natural, not artificial.

Finally you arrive by a wondrous vista. A wooden kiosk, close to the edge of the mountain. Here, you can see the city below you and the sea. Feeling the cool breeze blowing, you take the time to relax and enjoy this peaceful moment. Adventuring through out the stars is great, but sometimes is nice to wind down and have a moment of reflection.

"Quite A sight, isn't it?" You crook your head, it's Norsen. You didn;t notice him approaching you.

"It is." You answer, gazing back to the city.

Norsen points to the left, you follow his hand. "See that building? The one with the dome painted teal? That's the community center. We used to take the kids there after school, gave them a chance to try all sorts of things."

Norsen chuckles lightly, remembering something you'd guess. "Sesil is tough, at least she likes to act tough. But that girl, oh, she was such a dainty thing. Couldn't go a minute without making sure she looked pretty. Always said she'd be model, then she learned about ships and became a foreman for Aegis."

"Sesil was dainty?" Hard to believe with what you've seen. But people change over time. You aren't an exception. The dreams you had as a child are vastly different from what you have going on now.

"Lora always liked books. Come dinner time, she'd regale the family with fun new facts. And Mero, bless her heat, she gives life to us all. Her fun spirit, always trying to keep everyone cherry."

"What about Eleri?"

Norsen tweedles his mustache whiskers. "Eli, is always calm. Doesn't like to rush things. Didn't help her when she tried to follow Lesia's footsteps of becoming a

jeweler. Orders can stack up right quick. But she did find her niche in teaching. That's a job that requires the patience of a saint sometimes."

You hear the distant sound of a ship passing overhead. Norsen looks up as you do. It's a small dot, eventually disappearing as it leaves the planet. "Before I met Lesia, I was a scout for the UGC."

"Really? I bet you saw plenty of interesting stuff out there."

"Oh yes! I did." Norsen reminisces, he places a hand below his shin as he stares into the sea. "One time, I worked on a desert planet. Close to Ovir territory, the UGC found large mineral deposits used for ship building. They began efforts to create a colony and sent me there."

"I wasn't too fond of that dirtball." He rubs his neck, pulling a loose scale away. "Dry as it was, I flaked constantly. Horrible itching, I had to keep bathing in moisturizing cream to work in peace. but the worst part were the sand crabs."

"Sand crabs?"

"Tall beasts, high as a five story building! you get snatched by one, chances are they'll cut you in half and suck out your innards!" Well that's a horrible picture. "Damn mighty good eating after getting orbitally bomb. Fed our entire team for two weeks!"

Norsen smiles. "Solus loved to hear stories of my work. When he was a boy, I'd tuck him in and he'd always ask for me to tell him one of my adventures. I guess that's how he got that drive to explore."

Norsen turns and looks straight at you. He holds a smile, but you can see something bothering him. The tell is in the way he observes all your details. As if he's looking for something in you. Finally, he breathes deeply. "Solus, Colt. He went down a dark path when he was young. It cost him a lot, many in the family wanted him gone. But us? Lesia, me, his sisters. We've always loved him, despite his flaws."

"I don't approve of his ventures as a detective. I know the galaxy is a dangerous place. But seeing the good he's done, the influence you've left in him He'll do fine." Novus pats your shoulder. "He considers you family and so will I. We don't have much but if you ever need something, feel free to ask. We'll do what we can."

At such a generosity, you smile. "Steel Tech has interest in Valderra, I'm not the CEO yet but I'll get there soon. In the meantime, I know people that can help you out with your family business. Just give me the word and I'll help out."

Norsen laughs. "Your offer blows mine out of the water. Let's take things one step at a time. I'll keep what you said in mind though!" Norsen teases. You smile, saying you'll do the same in regards to his.

Option C- Music show-

It looks like the stage is prepped and ready. People are gathering to spectate and enjoy the show. Spending the time listening to music while the food is ready sounds like a good time. As you make your way towards the stage, Mero suddenly pops beside you and wraps her arm around yours. "Going to watch the show? Mind if I join you?"

Have a pretty lady like her join in your merriment? Sounds like a blast. "Not at all. I'd like your company." You smile.

"Come on, let's snag a spot close to the stage!" The eager woman grabs your hand, she giggles playfully as she leads you through the gathering crowd. Before you know it, you're a few feet away from the platform. "Maybe we'll get to see Jihra!"

"Who 's that?" You see the musicians take their places, the crowd grows more ecstatic.

"A friend. We used to go to school with her, and she became a singing instructor. Ha! Solus tried getting it on with her."

"Oh." An impish smirk forms upon you. You can't pass up the chance to tease Colt about his jikinks as a kid. "Did he succeed?"

Mero snickers. "Yeah, she was his first sweetheart and his first in the bed. Gave mom a scare when he thought he'd be a dad way too soon!"

Mero beams as the lead singer takes to the stage. A ruby scaled Suula, with wide blue eyes and a mane of luscious brown upon her head. Dressed comfortably for his warm day, she waves at the crowd. Compared to Colt's sisters, she's moderately proportioned. Still, she's quite stunning in her own way "Jihra!" Mero shouts.

With the crowd's noise, you don't think that she can hear Merro. But the singer spots her friend and waves right at her. Mero squeals with delight. "Ah! She saw us!"

The drummer clacks his sticks together, timing the beat, he starts the song with a quick solo. The guitarist and the bassist follow. A keyboard plays, adding to the melody. Jihra taps her foot in sync with the band, then she sings.

It's a light up-beat song. You expected to hear her singing in her native tongue but your translator picks up on the universal language she chose for this song. You bob your head to the tune, catchy thing it is. you glance to your side and see Mero, singing along. Hard to hear her with the speakers so close to you.

As the song continues, suddenly you're grabbed by the waist. Mero catches you off-guard as she spins you in place and then holds you close. Your noses are almost touching. "Mero?"

With a gleeful smile, she shouts "Lets dance, **(PC name!)**"

Pc character has wings capable of flight-

Suddenly, she takes off with you in tow. A few other Suula's joined you, along with modded spectators. Several feet off the ground, you keep your eyes on Mero. She spins you and twists along with the beat of the music. You keep track of her movements, and when you're comfortable enough, you spread your wings and begin to lead her. With your initiative, Mero sighs and let's you take charge.

"This is great! Having someone to dance with! After stockpiling so many orders in the week, I needed this day to relax and laugh."

"Colt mentioned you run a jewelry store. How is it?"

Mero smiles tirelessly. "Not so easy. Depending on what the customer wants, things can get troublesome. For instance, making a necklace with microscopic diamonds is quite tricky."

You raise an eyebrow in question. Why would someone want something like that?"

"They give a glittering effect whenever light strikes them at the right angle. I call it the starlight special. It's one of my most favored orders."

"I see." And having diamonds as a material? It must be expensive to commision such work. "Just how rich are your customers?"

"I got a few rich customers in my list." She shoots you a coquestish look. "Maybe I'll add you to it too. What do you say?" Well if she makes jewelry as fine as she looks, you'll have to take her up on the offer. "Careful now. Keep trying to be slick with me and I'll have to slip a ring on that finger and keep you myself."

A thought comes to mind. "Do you work with other minerals? I know Valdera is rich with gems."

Mero nods. She looks away, her mind thoughtful. "I work with Satyrite. Not an easy thing to come across, but when I do, I make the most of it. I tried some Savacite but it makes it hard to focus on my work. I did have a funny offworlder ask me to craft them a necklace. Said it helped them to stay warm in their cold planet."

An entrepreneur, Mero can't pass the chance to offer you a chance to try her work. "If you ever need a flashy new ring, or some spectacular piercings, do give me a call. I'll have you shining brighter than any star in the universe!"

The crowd joins Jhyra in the chorus. The song is reaching up a crescendo. You twirl the Suula, catching her close to you. Both your eyes meet, she stays still watching and smiling. You decided to take a chance. Moving close, you lightly kiss her lips and pull back. Mero smiles. "That was nice. Better not let the girls see us, otherwise we'll never hear the end of it."

PC character is wingless-

Suddenly, she takes off with you in tow. A few other Suula's joined you, along with modded spectators. Several feet off the ground, you keep your eyes on Mero. She spins you and twists along with the beat of the music. Despite the high altitude, you keep your nerves steady. You feel the grip she has on you, Mero won't let you fall. Seeing you relax in her embrace, Mero leans her head upon yours.

"Ah, this is great! Having someone to dance with! After stockpiling so many orders in the week, I needed this day to relax and laugh."

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Scene continues:

Jihra's song reaches its end. You come back down to the ground. you, Mero, the crowd applaud the singer and her band. "Stick around folks, the show is only getting started!" Jihra declares. Everyone cheers in response.

"Want to stick around a bit longer?" Mero asks you. "Colt's cooking so it will take a while."

"Can't he cook?"

Mero casually waves you off. "Oh, he can. But it takes forever with tha man!" In that case, sure. Staying here, enjoying the music sounds like a good idea. "Yay!" Mero claps giddily.

Jihra turns and nods at her bandmates. You notice the guitarist, stretching his fingers. He's going to go all out for this number. Mero leans close to your ears. "I know what's coming next. Get ready, We're going to mosh it up!"

"Mosh it up!" A solo plays, the lead guitarist goes all out. The drums kick a loud beat, slamming hard. Jihra's face contorts and she screams. You're taken back in surprise by the sudden shift in genre. Before you were in a light pop style audience, now your stage first in a death metal concert. Mero laughs at your reaction.

"Don't worry, there's more after this number. Jihra can sing all sorts of genres. Wait till you hear her fun ska!" Suulas, sirens of the sea. Capable of lulling anyone with their dulcet voice, regardless of their music choice.

Final scene in the park:

The sun gains an orange tint as Valdera's sun settles in the horizon. Lights turn up all come the night. Though with the skies so clear, the stars could serve a better purpose for illuminating the park. The family gathers for dinner time. You sit between Norsen and Eleri.

"Hurry up Colt, I'm starving!" Sesil shouts.

"Keep your pants on!" Colt retorts.

Colt sets the food, with Lesia giving him a helping hand. Sesil's mouth waters at the sight of the buffet before her. Burgers, trout, fries. For dessert, pie, flans and more. "I went mostly human on this bounty, hope you all like it!"

Eleri reaches for a burger and smiles at her brother. Biting into it, she hums with delight. "Quite tasty, Solus!"

The others join in the meal. Sesil grunts, in approval you think. "Not bad, not bad. But I can cook a better beef patty than you."

"You also suck dicks better than me."

Sesil guffaws. "Well, I do things better than you after all."

Lesia reaches for a glass of wine. With a spoon in hand, she clinks the surface, gathering everyone's attention. "Before we continue our dinner, I'd like to take a moment to thank our guest." Lesia raises the glass in your direction. "Steel, though you've been with us for little more than a day, you've given plenty to our family."

Lesia grabs Colt's hand and smiles at her son. "You brought us Solus to us. Even for a brief moment, It's great to see my boy once more. Would Oshe be alive to witness you, I'm sure she'd be happy to witness your works."

"And rail you silly too." Sesil mutters. Lora slams her shoulder, getting her to spill her drink. Sesil glances angrily at her sister, but Lora remains cool and calm. Sesil knows who's in charge between both.

Colt breathes deeply. He too reaches for the glass and raises it. "In the spirit of Oshe, I too would like to make a statement." All eyes go to him. With the spotlight on him, he stammers. "I...I want to say I'm sorry. Sorry for being away for so long."

He looks at Sesil. "for not calling." Then he looks at Mero. "For not answering your calls." Lora locks eyes with him. "For making you worry." He meets his parents. "For being such a mess of a child." finally he looks at Eleri. He slams the wine in one go before speaking.

"...For hurting you." You see him smile, an attempt to hide the light quiver upon his lips. "I've never forgotten that day. That terrible day." Colt rubs the bridge of his new, chuckling to himself in the process. " I'm a grown ass man and the nightmares that I get, make me beg for mom and dad."

"Solus." Lesia calls to him.

"I'm deeply sorry. for everything." Tears drip from his face down to his chin. Eleri stands up. Wordlessly, she hugs him.

"Solus." eleri whisperes. "Stop being consumed by all this grief. I've forgiven you, I did it a long while ago. I just..." She briefly chokes up. "I want my brother back."

Colt hugs back, closing his eyes. Years of regret pour out. The rest of the family join the two siblings. Surrounded by all sides, thye comfort the grieving man. A moment of silence reigns before Eleri pulls back. Colt looks calmer now. Eleri, grabs him by the chi and lifts it up.

"No matter what, you'll always be our brother. Doesn't matter if you can't swim well or fly, the five of us are connected."

"Indeed. We'll always be at your side." says Lora.

"You can always count on us, Solus." Merro adds.

"You can be somewhat of a dumbass at times, but you're our dumbass" Sesil ruffles his hair.

Colt sees the look of his sisters. the smile they wear, all true. As he loves them, so do they. Sesil shuggs as she moves away. her stomach is rumbling and she needs food badly. "Okay, enough of the sappy stuff. I'm sure Oshe saw us together being all happy and junk, so she has to be satisfied. now can we go back to eating?"

Colt brushes his face with a hand and grins at Sesil. Yeah, we best get to eating, otherwise that blackhole will take everything before us."

"I was thinking she's more of a dump truck." Lora says, taking a seat once more.

"I do have the ass for it!" Sesil quips back.

Norsen clasp his hands together, and merrily says. "Happy Oshe day everyone! Let 's feast!" Together, you take a seat and dine through. You gaze up to the sky and see the twinkling stars. Interestingly, they seem to shine brighter tonight.

Ending scene:

With the festivities end, everyone's life returns back to normal in this small island town. You and Colt are by the starport, waiting to board your shuttles. you make sure you have everything ready, not leaving anything behind.

"Call us, alright?" Lesia says to Colt. The detective nods.

"I will, I promise." He hugs each of his family members before turning away.

"Ready?" You ask Colt.

"I'm good." He smiles.

"Solus!" Eleri rushed toward you. You see her holding a small silver disk. She hands it to Colt. "A gift. It's another song, we composed it together. I'm sure you; love this version!"

Colt stows it in his pocket. "Thanks, Eleri. I'll listen to it the moment i get home!" Eleri beams at her brother. She looks at you and kisses your cheek. A chime alerts you that your shuttle will take off soon. Better get a move on. "Take care, both of you. Remember, whenever you need something, let us know."

One final wave and you and Colt board your shuttle. Colt reclines in his seat, looking content and rested. You do the same. It will be a short nap, but you don't mind this small moment of relaxation.

Come the moment to open your eyes, a stewardess greets you. "Welcome to Tavros sir!" She cheerfully says. "Remember your luggage, and have a pleasant day!"

Exiting the shuttle, you wander the hangar bay, spotting your ship. It's just as you left it. "Good my crew kept it safe."

"We're in Tavros, nobody's going to mess with it." Colt says.

"Considering I have a detective that likes to get in trouble next to me, who knows what can happen?"

Colt chuckles. "Speaking of trouble, I better get home. All sorts of things could have happened while we were gone." Before leaving he turns and extends a hand to you. You clutch it and shake it. "Thanks for everything. Having you there meant a lot."

"Anytime."

"I'll see you around." He turns and walks away waving at you. "Stop by my house whenever you want, my doors are open. Take care, brother/sister."

Scene end.

The Pc can return to his apartment and repeat any of his conversations and events at any time.