




Hide Whispers(<https://app.roll20.net/campaigns/chatarchive/3764131?hidewhispers=true>)


 **Riley:** test


 **Dee:** pyon

 **mk b. (GM):** The boarding craft smells like WD40, which is a good thing, because it means that someone just refilled the shield goop for it. You're standing there with 8 other recruits. The squad leader is younger than you thought, and his chiseled chin and bright blue eyes immediately mark him for a glory seeker. "We've synchronized vectors with our targets! Strap in for nonconsensual docking. I will execute a DYNAMIC ENTRY, and expect you people to cover me, got it? The objective is the bridge. You and you, what's your names?"

 **Riley:** "SIR! FLEB SIR!"

 **mk b. (GM):** (You're mooks for this one. Or you can give a first and last name and use the mook template without the penalty)

 **Dee is unsure of name, "Pyon!" the bunnygirl clone exclaims, pretty sure there was some sort of mixup, but this is more fun than a cocktail party.**

 **mk b. (GM):** "Great. Fleb and Pyon, grab a rifle and ready to cover me. Everyone else, swords at the ready, and give me a hand with the drill!" The breaching tool is actually being carried by the four robotic members of the squad; they're slow, but they won't get tired.


 **Riley:** (how do specializations work again?)

***Fleb grabs a rifle. "Yes sir!"***

 **Dee grabs a rifle, looks at Fleb to see how you hold it, tries to mimic.**

***Fleb notices.***

**Fleb:** "You not qual'd on this model? Safety's here, mag release here, pull the trigger, death comes out. Grab a spare magazine, we might need the rox."


 **mk b. (GM):** Well, it's better than the standard sword and buckler, which you also have. The other troopers bunch up around the drill and hold on to the straps on the floor and walls as you accelerate towards the ship.

***Fleb throws a spare magazine to D before we go***

***Fleb checks his gear one more time***

**Pyon:** (Somewhere out there, there is a hardened mercenary in a bunnygirl outfit at a party and is equally confused about how to do his job)

"Th-thanks!"

 **mk b. (GM):** (lol)

THUNK!

The boarding craft hits the ship exactly seven feet away from where it was supposed to hit, which normally would be pretty good, except you've crunched one of the maneuvering thrusters. You hear the alarm sounding in the target ship, which means it's fucklound enough to go through the hull!

Your boss points to his right and orders the drill to be deployed there. The robots start to obey. Your more meaty comrades look dubious: isn't that exactly where the thruster was?

"Come on! Hurry up! I want a clean operation!"

 **mk b. (GM):** (Can you see the map? You start all the way to the left, a bit below the top corner)



**Riley:** (yeah I see it)

(this is going to be a VERY dynamic entry)

(also, this is already fun, SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU JUST KEEP IT SIMPLE AND SAY LETS DO A THING?)



**mk b. (GM):** The drill turns on! It sounds menacingly loud. One of the squad members starts pouring black goop on it, which will seal the hole once it's made.



***Pyon starts to follow the robots, doesn't know enough about ships to question anything, but does know to follow orders.***



**mk b. (GM):** The breaching hole will happen in about twenty seconds, do you do anything specific in the meantime? Your weapons are good to go. (Can you move your tokens?)

(Also, yes on letsdoathing)



**Pyon:** (ya)



**Riley:** Yeah, I make sure I'm ready to go, pointing to where the drill is going to breach and the commander's leading the charge...behind the biggest guy and/or robot in the squad because I feel like we're about to get coated in burning fuel



***Pyon is trying to stay toward the back, and adjusts her suit.***



**mk b. (GM):** "Okay, push, push, push.... STOP!" The squad leader wants to kick the drill in.

Which he does.

Right into the monopropellant tank.



**Riley:** yup, and that's why I'm back here.



**Pyon:** "Whaa!"



**Riley:** "HIT THE DECK!"



***Riley ducks and throws the bunnygirl and any nearby troopers to the ground to avoid shrapnel!***



***Pyon hits the floor with surprising ease***



**mk b. (GM):** That was ... very not loud, actually. In the sense that all either of you can hear is ringing. Good call staying in the back, because by the look of it everyone else is either dead or KO! Fleb, you valiantly cover Pyon with your body and your body with one of the bots, which someone can probably fix later. By the look of it the only intact member of your squad is another one of the bots, who's now been painted a rather stylish black from the soot, hydrazine, and who knows what else. Interestingly, your squad leader was thrown all the way in the back. Your shiny spacesuits make it hard to tell if anyone got any shrapnel in.

***Fleb checks to see if he can help anybody!***



**mk b. (GM):** The ship's airlock, having sensed a change in pressure during an emergency situation, automatically opens, giving you an easyish way in (if you squeeze a bit).

**Fleb:** (starting with the commander who is probably dead as fuck)



**mk b. (GM):** Fleb, a couple of the bots are twitching and can probably be repaired later. The one squadmate you manage to check is breathing. Fortunately, your spacesuits have extra zippers to close around missing limbs, and it was just a leg anyway. You worry as to why that's a design feature.

**Fleb:** Do we have a working radio after that?



**Pyon:** Why were we boarding? Aaaaaaah do we keep going or do we abort. Lets out confused squeaks because she really doesn't have any training for this.

**Fleb:** Well, we can't abort back into space because that's a big hole in our ship and space is well, space



**mk b. (GM):** You were boarding this ship for the glory of Stra-Kuh! Specifically, they were suspected to be carrying slaves. Since all are thralls of Stra-Kuhl, nobody else is allowed to enslave sentient beings in his territory!



**Pyon:** Brain settles on completing task, since she's intact and she's not designed to be a quitter.



**mk b. (GM):** Also, your boarding can is.... oh, there went the lights.

**Fleb:** Out of power, I gather.

Does the commander have a personal radio?

***Fleb is trying to figure out if he can contact any other boarding craft***

**Fleb:** were we alone?



**mk b. (GM):** There was supposed ot be another boarding craft coming in on the other side.



**Pyon:** Squeezing is hard, but is squishy.

**Fleb:** They're not far then, let's link up with the other unit.

"Alright robot, you're on point."

***Fleb points the robot into the opening.***

**Fleb:** (DGIF: Droids Go In First)



**mk b. (GM):** Pyon, you squeeze through! The robot follows you. It bumps into the unevenly shaped hole a couple of times.

"OUCH"

Then it goes through.

***Fleb follows the robot***



**mk b. (GM):** It's slow, but it's one of those lets-replace-the-nondominant-arm-with-a-rifle models, which means it's carrying enough ammo that it won't ever have to reload. You guys get six round magazines, some of which have seven rounds stuffed into them because they were made a bit haphazardly.

The cago bay is.... Surprisingly empty?



**Pyon:** Is it lit or do I need to use a flashlight

?



**mk b. (GM):** There's a fairly neat looking quad bike in it, and there are stairs to the other levels. There's DEFINITELY smoke, and it smells. The white lights are on, which is unusual because you'd expect red emergency lights to be on.

**Fleb:** "Careful, check your corners and let the robot go first!"



**Pyon:** "G-got it!"

**Fleb:** Any sign of the other boarding team?



***Pyon proceeds to hide behind the robot***



**mk b. (GM):** (There, fixed alignment)

Nope! No sign of fecking anybody so far yet actually, which is suspicious. There's a very obvious trapdoor behind the stairwell going up.

**Fleb:** Cargo door probably, we're at the bottom of the ship.



**mk b. (GM):** <https://i.pinimg.com/236x/c3/8d/43/c38d4376a50bd84591845e3383fedcba--pirate-movies-the-ice.jpg>(<https://i.pinimg.com/236x/c3/8d/43/c38d4376a50bd84591845e3383fedcba--pirate-movies-the-ice.jpg>) The robot is bulky, and can in fact be used as cover; frankly it's mostly what they are good for, since you got the cheap ones.

You hear "Hut hut hut hut hut!" coming from the stairs.

**Fleb:** "Firing positions!"

Do we know which stairwell they're coming from?  
or is the answer "all of them"



**mk b. (GM):** (The two things sticking out are supposed to be arms, eh)



***Pyon understands the robot being cheap. Is also a cheap clone stock, but can follow orders! What's a firing position? Kneel, point death at bad things?***

***Fleb takes cover behind something facing where the bad guys are coming from.***



**mk b. (GM):** Looks like they're coming from the easy-to-walk-down stairs rather than the half stair half ladder in the middle.

**Fleb:** Cool, then we can take cover behind that and the bike



**mk b. (GM):** Pyon, you're behind a partition wall that should be easyish to shoot from.

***Fleb waves his squad into position and points the the stairs.***



**mk b. (GM):** Fleb, the staircase makes good cover, but not if someone descends from it.

**Fleb:** Yeah no

That's kinda why I was asking where the first bunch of guys is coming from :P



**mk b. (GM):** The quad bike is the sort of thing you'd love to have around on a countryside world, and looks sturdy.



**Pyon:** Aaaa badguys

**Fleb:** "Ready? FIRE!"



**Pyon:** "SIR, YOU ARE BEING RUDE, PLEASE DESIST OR YOU WILL BE ESCORTED FROM THE PREMISES!" She yells as she lets out a spray of fire from her weapon.



**mk b. (GM):** The responders come down from the stairs! They're wearing... Imperian light armor? This was supposed to be a bunch of slavers! They walk down the stairs at a quick parade pace, in perfect order, which gives you guys the first shot.

**Fleb:** ...are we attacking the wrong ship?

whatever, imperials = bad, shoot em



**Pyon:** (Our intel was probably flubbed or wrong)



**mk b. (GM):** No; you saw the ship through the boarding can's tiny portholes. It's the ship you've been trading fire with. Your intel is commonly used as a random number generator for shipboard card games.



**Pyon:** rolling 3d6k2+2

$$(2 + 2 + 3) + 2$$

$$= 7$$

aaaaaaaaaaaaapewpewpewaaaaaaaaaaaaa

**Fleb:** (ok we were trading fire with the wrong ship, great intel)



**mk b. (GM):** Which derp are you shootan at?  
itsakitten!



**Pyon:** The closest one

**Fleb:** is this a surprise round?



**mk b. (GM):** (Sort of)



**Pyon:** I don't think she has the presence of mind to actually aim and is kind of just spreadfiring



**mk b. (GM):** rolling 1d3

$$(2)$$

$$= 2$$

**Fleb:** (well, we either get to attack, then choose dice and pick timing, or not - I'm asking so I know if I can use 4 dice here or not)

(kinda important whether or not I get shot in the face with 0 defense or not!)



**mk b. (GM):** (Yep! And yes, surprise round)

**Fleb:** Then 4 dice!

rolling 5d6k4+1 skull farming!

$$(4 + 1 + 4 + 2 + 5) + 1$$

$$= 16$$



**mk b. (GM):** kitten: First name of derp, please? (Or first and last name, but that makes you a bit stronger than fleb and pyon)

**Fleb:** (hi kite!)



**kittendoll:** (Sami Yan)



***mk b. (GM) takes a 10 second daww break because kittens kittening*****mk b. (GM):** (dun hafta join in, but can if want!)

Fleb, who are you shooting at?

rolling 2d6-2 1

( 3 + 6 )-2

= 7

rolling 2d6-2 2

( 6 + 5 )-2

= 9

rolling 2d6-2 3

( 1 + 1 )-2

= 0

**Fleb:** Uhhh...let's go with "the guy who rolled a 0"

:P

***Fleb takes a couple chips off the 4th wall for a souvenir*****Fleb:** otherwise idunno, looks like they're gonna assault so lead guy?

also pyon shot somebody too

**mk b. (GM):** Pyon, you hit your guy square in the forehead! Which, unfortunately is one of the few spots where imperian light armor is worth more than the equivalent weight in papier mache. The mini rocket bounces off, which makes the third guy flinch and stand up. Which is enough for Fleb's shot to very neatly get him in the chest! Dead or not, he's down.**Fleb:** "Aim center of mass, their helmets are the only good armor!"

"Remember your training!"

**mk b. (GM):** The robot has been instructed to cover you from the catwalk ladder, and does so. He shoots upwards, at nothing in particular, by way of suppression fire.**Pyon:** "Aim?! Training?!"***Fleb remembers it very clearly since it was last week*****mk b. (GM):** (You all have 6 timing, so, roll me some initiative, 1d6)**Fleb:** rolling 1d6+6

( 2 )+6

= 8



Pyon: 6

So 12 if it's +6

Fleb: (iirc that's how it works?)



mk b. (GM): (yep)

rolling 2d6/2

( 4 + 1 )/2

= 2.5

The two remaining derps finally get into firing position, meaning you get to go again first. Might want to take cover first though....

***Fleb definitely takes that cover!***

Fleb: (pyon is first?)



mk b. (GM): (yep)

(then derps, then fleb.)

(is this potential fun?)



Pyon: "Sir, the girls are for looking, not touching!" Taking cover while firing.

rolling 3d6k2+2

( 6 + 1 + 6 )+2

= 14

(Yes, this is fun. :P{

Fleb: (yeah, working well so far!)

(stop being so damn scared)



mk b. (GM): Pyon, your second shot goes in a lot better than the first!

rolling 2d6-2

( 6 + 3 )-2

= 7



***Pyon seems more nervous about messing up the job than her own safety, by how she huddles behind the stair ramp.***



mk b. (GM): "Dammit, he was three days to retirement!" Given that you've hit him in the shoulder, he's probably going to make it, but whatever. The remaining Imperian takes aim at Fleb!

(Fleb, pick defense?)

**Fleb:** I'll roll 2, these guys are useless and I'm in cover.

rolling 2d6 defense? Not sure if I have a modifier.

( 5 + 6 )

= 11



**mk b. (GM):** Fleb, you watch the gyrojet bullet hit the stair railing. Its exhaust would smell a bit if it wasn't for the fact that you can still smell the explosion from earlier. You get to return fire!

*Fleb does so, using the stair railing to stabilize his gun!*

**Fleb:** rolling 2d6+1 bang!

( 2 + 5 )+1

= 8

oh wait I have specialization in rifle

rolling 1d6

( 2 )

= 2

...mook dice.



**mk b. (GM):** (lol)

(fuck, door0

**Fleb:** (derf oki)



**mk b. (GM):** rolling 2d6-2

( 4 + 5 )-2

= 7

**Fleb:** (everything ok?)



**mk b. (GM):** (anthony wanted powerbrick)

**Fleb:** (ah)

(okies)




**mk b. (GM):** The good news is that you hit the guy! The bad news is that it doesn't do a whole lot. "It'll take more than that!"

The robot can be told to fire at this guy, or to continue suppressing the staircase.

**Fleb:** "GET HIM ROBOT!"



 **mk b. (GM):** rolling 2d6-1

$$(5 + 4) - 1$$

$$= 8$$


rolling 2d6-2

$$(6 + 5) - 2$$

$$= 9$$

And it doesn't!

**Fleb:** dammit robot


 **mk b. (GM):** (Pyon, your go!)  
(Conservation of ninjitsu)

 **Pyon is starting to get used to this? She tries aiming, staying up maybe a bit longer than she should.**

 **Pyon:** rolling 4d6k3+2

$$(5 + 4 + 2 + 5) + 2$$

$$= 16$$

 **mk b. (GM):** (Yarp!)

rolling 2d6-2 The one guy left can't really take cover behind much since he's a dumbass and he's in the middle of the room....

$$(5 + 6) - 2$$

$$= 9$$


And down he goes.

Which way are you going? The quad bike is tempting, but it's JUST narrow enough to be ridden up the stairs, so it won't be trivial to do.

There's a very obvious trap door behind you.

***Fleb is somewhat sure the trap door goes to space and is very securely locked, but do I remember that from the outside of the ship?***

**Fleb:** Or is the hull thicker than that here

 **mk b. (GM):** No, you didn't get to see that side of the ship very clearly. A lot of ships of this size use fake detail (greebling) to obscure the real design elements; doubly so for suspected slave transports, although so far this looks very empty.


**Fleb:** fair point. Well, if it was full of marines they'd have shot us already.

 **mk b. (GM):** (There, in-universe justification for greebles.)


**Fleb:** Better check it for the slaves.

Also, we should check the guys we shot.

Sure would be nice if someone gave us some grenades


 **Pyon:** I'm trying to figure out this map. The stairs I'm on are taking me toward the [Mach 5]?

**Fleb:** (looks that way yes)


 **mk b. (GM):** (Yep)

**Fleb:** (and yes that's the mach 5 and I have no idea why)

(but if we can boost it, bonus points)


 **mk b. (GM):** They didn't have any grenades, but you pick up some extra ammo. Everyone's using the same "roughly .50 caliber" mini rockets in this sector, mostly because they are cheap and fly straight although penetration stinks due to low velocity.

**Fleb:** Eyy, may as well grab their ammo and hand it out to the squad, and by squad I mean the one other derp here

 **mk b. (GM):** Pyon, you climb up to what looks like is a bolted-on addition to the cargo bay ceiling! There's a really fancy landspeeder hanging from a simple gantry.


It's -really- fancy. By the look of it it's just got bought from a dealership, some of the chromey details are still in bubble wrap!


**Fleb:** \$\_\$


 **mk b. (GM):** It's probably worth half as much as the ship. Is this the ship's real cargo?

You hear very loud steps towards the front section of the ship.

 **Pyon:** Ooh, pretty. Maybe, but I have a suspicion it's not. It's distraction tits for any investigators.


 **mk b. (GM):** Fleb, you got ammo! You also confirmed that the older guy has basically taken a fall; he's clutching his shoulder and moaning loudly, which means he's not in THAT much pain.

 **Pyon:** "Awawawawa, more *honored guests* this way."


 **mk b. (GM):** Pyon, you can't tell if this thing has a GGG or not, but some of the fancy hovercars do.

**Fleb:** I point my gun at his chest. "You stayin down? We're here for the slaves, not you guys."

***Fleb does take his gun, getting the robot to stow it cos the robot's got a free hand***

 **mk b. (GM):** The older humanoid nods.

**Fleb:** "Where they keepin em anyway?"

 **mk b. (GM):** The robot is having some problems negotiating the narrow staircase.

In that it keeps switching between "walk up stairs" and "climb a ladder".

**Fleb:** ...

Dammit robot

**Pyon:** (back in a moment)



**Fleb:** (eepl kies)



**mk b. (GM):** "What slaves? We're carrying a race car and racing crew!"

**Fleb:** "...the HELL? You guys were flagged as slavers, YOU WERE SHOOTING AT US!"

"If you're not carrying slaves, get everybody to stand down, there's another boarding team, maybe we can stop this!"

"wait...aren't we at war?"



**mk b. (GM):** "I'm just security, talk to the fecking captain!" The guy howls as you shake him a bit.

**Fleb:** "Well call the fecking captain?"

"I'm not on your radio frequency!"



**mk b. (GM):** "The bridge is locked down, idiot."

***Fleb double checks, are we currently at war or not quite war with the spiral empire right now?***



**mk b. (GM):** You quickly ask the robot, which tells you no, but its data is about two weeks old, which when it comes to Stra-Kuhl is an eternity. This boarding action was in fact against slavers according to your corvette's ship log.

Also, these guys look like Imperians, but this is a civilian ship. A somewhat poorly armed one at that.

**Fleb:** "Alright then. Come with us and we'll see if we can stop this shooting?"

"Our radios got blown up."



**mk b. (GM):** You grab the guy. With intent to hurt him (bad arm) or not (good arm)?

rolling 1d2

( 1 )

= 1

The robot still can't navigate the narrow staircase.

**Fleb:** not really interested in hurting him

***Fleb was going to tell the robot to come back down, if it made it up or not.***

**Fleb:** "Squad regroup, we'll take the other stairs then. Dammit robot, get down here."



**mk b. (GM):** It's mostly going "OUCH" at the lowest step.

**Fleb:** (yeah okay)



**mk b. (GM):** (boarding robots are very good at being mobile cover that can shoot back. see robosapien for everything else)

**Fleb:** (LOL)



**mk b. (GM):** You get the guy's walkie talkie. "Eleven, report! How many boarders are there!"

***Fleb debates between an officer impression and just asking what the fuck is going on***

**Fleb goes for a bit of both**

**Fleb takes the walkie talkie. "IN THE NAME OF THE DARK LORD WE ORDER YOU TO SURRENDER. Also, your guys said you're not actually slavers? If you're not slavers you can just surrender and nobody else has to get shot."**

**Fleb wonders where the fuck the other boarding team is**



**mk b. (GM):** (lol)

Good question! Looks like they haven't even breached.

"Surrender? We blew up half of you guys coming in. How about you surrender and we let you leave in the shuttle."

**Fleb:** Great, so we might have lost the other boarding shuttle...

**Fleb cuts the walkie talkie. "What kind of fanatics ARE these guys?" he asks the downed guard.**

**Fleb debates a shuttle, a big titted bunny girl, and a free quad bike vs a promotion for taking the ship with 3 guys**



**Pyon:** (back now)

"Umm, h-how many of them are here, pyo?"

**Fleb realizes various people would probably blow him out of space before that goes anywhere, so we should probably just kill these assholes if they're gonna be that way.**

**Fleb:** "Heck if I know."



**mk b. (GM):** (yay dee back!)

Guard: "We were contracted out to escort VIPs!"



**Pyon:** "Oh. Oh-okay. That makes finishing this a little harder. Can we just... umm, aerate the bridge and call in a pickup?"

**Fleb:** "I'm still not a fan of shooting more people if they're actually just a merchant crew."



**mk b. (GM):** Not with the weapons you have, but you can probably order the robot to bring up the drill, if it's still intact, which it probably is.

**Fleb:** ...that's a pretty good idea.

that drill has a lot of good ideas.



**mk b. (GM):** For now, where will you go?



**Pyon:** "Then we... disable everything else and lock them in?"

**Fleb:** Well if we're not getting any more information, I guess we need to find main engineering.

They at least gave us a layout of the fucking ship I hope



**mk b. (GM):** That's easiest done from the GGG hub room. On this particular ship, it's very far aft.

Yes, you have a complete layout. (Can't you see it?)

**Fleb:** (yeah, just making sure I can see it IC)



**mk b. (GM):** It's a standard civilian transport model; the blueprints are on file. Your map is likely to be only a tiny bit wrong.

**Fleb:** Great.

***Fleb heads to the stairs, then***

**Fleb:** robot on point, we'll take those stairs?

Do we keep the hostage or toss him in the infirmary and be the good guys here...eh we already have a meatshield. I'll lock him in the infirmary.

Keeping his radio



**Pyon:** Yeah, lock him in the recovery room with some first aid, then let's disable the ship and contain the crew?

**Fleb:** Yeah, that's kinda what I'm thinkin, if we CAN take the ship, that's a lotta guys.

BTW

I said we checked the trapdoor, right? Did we find what was in there?

was anything in there?

or was it fake



**Pyon:** Just use the ship's defenses against them. Break the locks so that they can't open and play annoying music until they mentally break and WANT to be captured.

**Fleb:** haha

(sry for slow)

(I guess stuff going on?)



**mk b. (GM):** (noworries)

**Fleb:** (youok?)



**mk b. (GM):** (yep! kinda fading faster than thought)

**Fleb:** (okies)

(sry)

(eep @ short bursts of awake)



**mk b. (GM):** You quickly check the trap door! It contains a bunch of wiring, some of which is clearly under power because some jackass used the wrong bolts for something and it's glowing red.

<http://i.imgur.com/gOzKvNk.png>(<http://i.imgur.com/gOzKvNk.png>)

**Fleb:** ...I don't know what this is but I have a space suit. I short a mag of gyro rockets across it, pointing them into the mechanism.

short circuit and ammo cookoff in one!

"Back up"



**Pyon:** "Okie!" Backs up almost excessively

***Fleb ALSO BACKING UP because fireworks.***



**mk b. (GM):** FOOM FOOM FOOM FOOM FOOM FOOM! Whatever the heck it is that you did FINALLY got the lights to turn off; the reddish emergency lights mostly come on as they should.

**Fleb:** Alright, we did some damage



mk b. (GM): rolling 1d2

( 2 )

= 2

**Fleb:** Let's get up the stairs towards engineering and set up another ambush!



**mk b. (GM):** You all feel the subtle change in the artificial gravity which tells you that the ship's GGG is in heading-hold mode.

**Fleb:** "Go go go!"

***Fleb points up to the engineering stairs "Double time it robot!"***



***Pyon follows!***



**mk b. (GM):** Are you going up to level 2?

***Fleb hauls ass!***

**Fleb:** Yes



***Pyon helps the robot!***

**Fleb:** We're either going to ambush the next recovery team or run right into them.

***Fleb has a hand on his sword***



**mk b. (GM):** SORD

You run right into it! Specifically, Pyon does.



**Pyon:** "Wah!"



**mk b. (GM):** This bit of ship has a bunch of doors set up to act as secondary airlocks between the cargo area and the passenger area, which means that guns won't do you much good.

**Fleb:** I don't know what the fuck these guys are carrying but there's no way a racing team needs THIS many soldiers aboard



**Pyon:** Srsly. "R-robo! Apply punching!"

**Fleb:** (you good to do another combat Kay?)



***Pyon draws sword and buckler while leaving rifle hanging on strap.***



**mk b. (GM):** (Yep!)

**Fleb:** (kies!)

***Fleb does the same, ready swords!***



**mk b. (GM):** Unfortunately, the robot doesn't respond quickly enough. Fortunately, it's blocking the way, so they have to squeeze past it one at a time!

The robot starts punching the door, preventing it from sliding open all the way.

rolling 1d6+6 Initiative for derps

( 5 )+6

= 11

(Ooh)

**Fleb:** rolling 1d6+6 initiative for us

( 6 )+6

= 12

BAM!



**Pyon:** Yey



**mk b. (GM):** (Pyon?)

**Fleb:** (so which door did the stupid robot disable?)



**Pyon:** 7



**mk b. (GM):** The door that the robot is in front of.



**Pyon:** Derp

**Fleb:** oh, between me and the robot

...AWESOME.

dammit robot



**mk b. (GM):** Fleb, you took the short stairs, so you get to act before everyone else.

**Fleb:** do I even see any hostiles?

or is it just closed doors, punched doors, and dammit robot?



**mk b. (GM):** So far it's closed doors, you har pouncing, and MAYBE you can shoot past the robot?

(Non-AI droids in this settings are DUMB guys. Use as mobile sentry guns or, like in this case, as obstacles. Think alloy SHIV)

**Fleb:** (yeah)

ok so the robot's got those hostiles blocked in  
and these doors are on manual right now right?



**mk b. (GM):** Yep. Ship's in low power mode.


**Fleb:** Awesome. Time to bolt for engineering. Double move.




**mk b. (GM):** (If you ned an idea what stuff looks like: spengies)

***Fleb turns on walkie talkie. "They're trying to breach the bridge stairs!"***

**Fleb:** (how fast am I?)

 **mk b. (GM):** (12)  
(for doubl move)

**Fleb:** oki


 **mk b. (GM):** rolling 1d2

( 2 )

= 2

"Roger that!"

**Fleb:** ok, I get into engineering then? I assume I can open a door as part of my move?  
and that it costs N squares where N is less than five?


 **mk b. (GM):** ya

Yeah. The engineering consoles look like things that you don't know how to operate, but you can make some educated guesses. In the meantime, one of the guards gets out and takes a swing at Pyon with.... a baseball bat? Oh, those were the crew quarters. These guys are out of armor. Fortunately they aren't out of underwear.

rolling 2d6-2 Guard taking a swing at Pyon

( 3 + 2 )-2

= 3


 **Pyon:** "Awawawawa!"

rolling 2d6+2

( 5 + 5 )+2

= 12

Wait, how do i know how to use this shield

 **mk b. (GM):** (The robot also carries a lot of manuals, and will read them to you. If your tech isn't miniaturized enough for PDAs, put a desktop pc on legs)

Pyon, overall not very well. (But enough to parry with it). It's a standard issue boarding buckler, with Stra-Kuhl's insignia on it.

Fleb, what are you trying to do with the engineering console? Fortunately, the controls are labeled.

 **Pyon:** "S-sir, our girls are for clean entertainment only! We are not rated for explicit acts at this venue!"

 **mk b. (GM):** rolling 1d2

( 2 )

= 2



Pyon, the guard IS in fact trying to check you out, a bit. Except there's a robot in the way. Since these guys are True Imperians, at least they have the courtesy of being a bit embarrassed.

***Fleb will see if he can get the emergency door locks to work from here!***



**mk b. (GM):** Pyon, you easily deflect the blow! Time to hit back.

Then you can tell the robot to keep being in the way, or go help Fleb.

**Fleb:** Robot can also probably punch bad guys



**mk b. (GM):** Yes

(Okay, I have a plot for the rest of this caper.)



**Pyon:** rolling 2d6+2

$$(1 + 1) + 2$$

$$= 4$$

I try aiming the robot by turning it, rather than striking with sword.

**Fleb:** (lol?)



**mk b. (GM):** rolling 3d6-2 That.... Really should not work.

$$(1 + 6 + 2) - 2$$

$$= 7$$

rolling 2d6-2

$$(1 + 1) - 2$$

$$= 0$$

(Mooks vs mooks ladies and gentlemen)

The robot keeps punching the door, but Pyon swivels it enough that it punches the guard's arm. Which is a really good way to break both the bat and the arm! Looks like this guy is out of the fight.



**Pyon:** "S-sorry!"



**mk b. (GM):** (lawl)

**Fleb:** (lol krunch)



**mk b. (GM):** (loldice)

Flerp, you spent a bit of time reading the various toggle switches that surround the monochrome terminal that controls the engine. One of them is some sort of airlock override that lets you open all the doors, return all the doors to normal operation, or lock all the doors. It's supposed to be used in case of noxious gases.

**Fleb:** Awesome. Let's buy those two some time to fight who they're fighting by locking all the doors!



**mk b. (GM):** All the doors are locked with a not-at-all-ominous pneumatic hiss!

Pyon, the second guard attacks you, or tries to, since the robot is still in front of you punching the place where his comrade was.

rolling 1d6-2 Shee'd obviously rather be elsewhere.

( 3 )-2

= 1

(Defend, and then can counterattack)



**Pyon:** rolling 2d6+2

( 6 + 3 )+2

= 11

rolling 3d6k2+2

( 4 + 4 + 5 )+2

= 11

And then sword counter!



**mk b. (GM):** rolling 3d6-2

( 2 + 6 + 2 )-2

= 8

And down she goes. She's smart enough to clutch her wound and stay down. "Okay okay, I give!"

She points to the medical kit box in the corner, which probably contains a tub of medical slime mold and little else. "Little help?" She can't get up to get it herself; you can help or not.

Fleb, your turn!



**Pyon:** "Oh! Oh. Sorry. I didn't mean to. Well I did, but..."



**mk b. (GM):** (Use an action to help, or not, yer call)



***Pyon will help!***



***Pyon will make sure she's disarmed, at least.***

**Fleb:** Alright! What else can I do in here to cause some chaos?



***Pyon is worried that she was given knowledge of swordplay, considering what she was supposedly designed for.***

***Fleb looks to start trouble!***



**mk b. (GM):** When you push the tub closer, she opens it and starts putting the goo on her wound. Once activated by body heat or thermal bandages, It hurts enough to make people pass out, but she'll probably be on her feet in a

few days.days. Pyon, she wasn't carrying a weapon, just another baseball bat; your sword's better.



**Pyon:** Okay! So I've disabled two more. Umm, where is Fleb.



**mk b. (GM):** Fleb, from there you can.... Well, you can wait for the robot to tell you what stuff does, since it has the manual for this. For now, you can manipulate the doors again, turn the engines on and off, launch the shuttle (which is empty), and turn the oxygen on and off; if you turn that off it'll take a while for the air to cycle out.

Fleb is at the engineering console.

Pyon, the guards on the other side are trying to open the doors.

**Fleb:** Bridge crew scrambling for helmets sounds like a good time. I'm going to start venting O2.



**Pyon:** Can I get to where Fleb is, along with robot? "Robot! Stop punch!"



**mk b. (GM):** Pyon: Yes, but you've got to break one door.

The other doods have got to break at least two. The robot stops with the punching!

Fleb, while you DO have a helmet, you don't have much of an air tank. But, you do have one. You turn off the oxygen.

Note that the expensive racecar does not have a roof, much less any insulated environment inside.

**Fleb:** Oh, how much oxygen do we have?



**mk b. (GM):** Good question. Roll me engineering improv.

**Fleb:** rolling 2d6 good question indeed.

( 6 + 2 )

= 8



**mk b. (GM):** (You have a 2 in all stats, improv is -2, so, straight die)

(lol six)

**Fleb:** (okies)



**mk b. (GM):** You watch the needle start to move and figure that it'll go down more or less at a constant rate. In five minutes there will be too little air to put up a fight. In twenty minutes your own air tank will run out. Fortunately, spaceship oxygen systems are designed to fill faster than they drain.

Pyon?

**Fleb:** Alright, then let's use it as I first planned, to get them scrambling for helmets and buy us a bit more time.



**mk b. (GM):** Okay! Pyon, you can force the door or have the robot do it and look around the berths some moar.



**Pyon:** "Robot, open this door!" I pount to the door, "...Please."

I will look around for stuff and secure the prisoners!

***Fleb cuts the engines and waits for relief from his squad!***

**Fleb:** Or maybe from the other boarding party, or pretty much anyone else from his ship, cmon you fucks I've disabled the ship



**mk b. (GM):** Fleb, are you cutting the GGG off entirely (this ship is small, so you will all be floating around) or just putting it in heading hold mode?

**Fleb:** Point, you said it's already in heading hold mode, and I need gravity to do what I do.  
I'm going to get this door open and wait for the robot.



**mk b. (GM):** rolling 1d2

( 2 )

= 2

rolling 1d2

( 2 )

= 2

You guys catch up before the other guards manage to open either door.



**Pyon:** "Okay. I've disabled two guards. What next?"

**Fleb:** "Well done! I'm venting the atmosphere. We'll get them running for helm..ets...AW SHIT the slaves!"



**mk b. (GM):** With the robot there, you can use the engineering terminal! It won't let you fly the ship, but it will tell you what rooms have people in it, by monitoring attempts to turn the power or air back on.

***Fleb turns the atmo back on.***



**mk b. (GM):** (Thank you lol)

***Fleb gets the monitoring***

**Fleb:** (hey I'm not supposed to be good at my job that's the commander's job)



**mk b. (GM):** There are people in the other crew berths (2)

There are people in the bridge (1)

There are people in the port ahead crew quarters (2)



**Pyon:** "Can you vent it in the places only the crew is in?"



**mk b. (GM):** There are people in the restroom (4 on level 3)

You don't know how many people each, but this is a transport ship; that it had seven guards at all is weird. What's also weird is that the engineer wasn't at his or her post, which would normally be here - then again, they did have some warning.

Oh, looks like there are people trying to get to the shuttle!

(Blips added)

**Fleb:** "looks like they're trying to jump ship!"



**Pyon:** "Wait, VIP... Kidnappers?"

**Fleb:** "...get to the shuttle!"



**Pyon:** "Y-yes!"

**Fleb:** can I stop it from launching from here, lock the docking clamps?



**Pyon:** "Robot, come with me!"



**mk b. (GM):** No. What you can do however is leave the robot here so that it can control the doors for you, if you can't use it elsewhere. Wiring a walkie talkie into the console to do the same thing without dropping the robot is something neither of you know how to do (although you can try)

(I marked the doors that are openable without problems, or you can use the robot to punch them open)  
(or punch them yourselves)

**Fleb:** ...right, if I open all the doors they'll get the shuttle right away

And...she's leaving with the robot. Welp, charge then!

If we can't take the shuttle and get the VIP we'll just have to seize the ship.

***Fleb is going to listen for when they're getting to the shuttle bay, then open all the door!***

**Fleb:** Then I'm going to run for it to catch up to them!



**mk b. (GM):** So you're going towards (5)?

**Fleb:** does 5 go to the shuttle? Or is it 3?



**mk b. (GM):** If you're going to (3) you an just go down the stairs and back up, eh.

**Fleb:** yeah

yeahwheresdf?

where do they need to go?

***Fleb is, as said, staying in engine room until opening all doors roughly when they get to where they need to be.***



**Pyon:** If you want robot, keep it, I hadn't quite left  
(Sorry, started on burgers after last message)



**mk b. (GM):** Nothing is urgent right now; take a sec to plan route (Or let's call it and slp but I wanna finish this some time lol)

**Fleb:** (eepkies sry)



**mk b. (GM):** (I'm good!)

**Fleb:** (calling it and sleeping / cooking might be best, I think you and d are both getting slightly distracted)  
(I do want to finish this)



**Pyon:** (Yeah, same)

**Fleb:** (I won't be around much tomorrow night, I do have to go to that job interview)

(not a fan of the whole idea honestly, I'm like 90% sure the whole idea of these guys will make me want to vomit and regret wasting all the travel time)



**Pyon:** Route looks good, we're leaving the robot for opening doors?

**Fleb:** (but that 10% it could be good job iuno)

Uh, yeah we could do that.



**mk b. (GM):** (up to yall!)

**Fleb:** Idunno, I don't trust leaving the robot alone with guys coming :P

It's not very good at running



**mk b. (GM):** It will defend itself; it's just not going to be very good at it. It's pretty decent at running, what it's not good at is turning or stopping..//



**Pyon:** Robot doesn't need to run, robot just need smash

**Fleb:** LOL fair

yeah ok, let's let the robot control the doors then. Do we have a way to communicate with the robot? >\_>

we have no radios lol



**mk b. (GM):** Yes, walkie talkies.

**Fleb:** oh we do

awesome



**mk b. (GM):** You have helmets. How have you talked to each other this far :P Just, they're on a different frequency than the guards'.

**Fleb:** I presumed at the start that we were just talking through open grills or something that we could close for air when you said something about not being able to radio the other boarding team :P



**mk b. (GM):** They have their own channel. The only people with cross channel radios are the squad leaders.

(That's how it works in EVE right?)



**Pyon:** Ah ha

**Fleb:** (yeah)

(that makes sense, that's why I wanted to get the commander's radio)



**mk b. (GM):** So, going to the common area and leaving the robbit at engineering to control doors and/or turn off gravity?



**Pyon:** Yeah

**Fleb:** Yeah going for the shuttle.



**mk b. (GM):**

( **2** )

= **2**

(Wow yer lucky with the other derps breaking down the door)

You hear someone fiddling with the door on the other side of the corridor.

Frm here you can get to the bridge directly, and also to the other crew quarters that are occupied.... which oddly nobody's trying to get out of.

**Pyon:** If it opens and shuts suddenly, it might squish them. >\_>



If they're not leaving, probably okay to wait to secure them.

**Fleb:** (that might be the slaves)

Yeah it seems like we'll have the ship secured shortly.

Let's engage the guys going for the shuttle before they can escape.

"Robot, open shuttle corridor doors!"



**mk b. (GM):** The ship shudders a bit; the pilot is trying to restart the GGG.

The doors open!

"Ha, got it!"

**Fleb:** "Ha, got YOU!"

"Hands up!"



**mk b. (GM):** Who goes in first

**Fleb:** looks like bunny is more eager



**Pyon:** "Sir, desist your lewd acts and assume position to be escorted out of the club!"

***Fleb is very confused.***

**Fleb:** LOL JEB



***Pyon is also confused.***



***Pyon has been confused this entire time.***



***Pyon cannot legally drink, but wants to.***



**mk b. (GM):** By the tools strapped on the suit, and the grease stains, looks like you've found the ship's engineer. "I wasn't humping the docking port, I was trying to open it! I swear!"

Pyon, you aren't too sure.

**Fleb:** So the engineer is deciding to abandon ship by himself? Great disciplined crew.



**mk b. (GM):** Well, at least he's wearing pants.



**Pyon:** "...Yes. Let's go with that. Keep your hands up where I can see them!"



**mk b. (GM):** So at worst he was dry humping the docking port. He raises his hands. "I just run the ship, I got nothing to do with any of this!"



**Pyon:** "Umm, so what do we do with him, pyo?"

As an aside to Fleb.

**Fleb:** "Yeah, well we're going to need that escape shuttle in a bit. You're welcome to join."



**mk b. (GM):** rolling 1d2

( 2 )

= 2

***Fleb thinks more prisoners more better***

**mk b. (GM):** How will you prevent him from just taking off? There's wire to tie him up with, but he's probably going to wriggle out. You could also go for a head konk.

There's noise on the small bridge, but nobody's trying to get out from the crew quarters.

**Fleb:** Ugh. We won't be long. We'll just tie him up AND get the robot to seal the corridor again.

***Fleb hogties the engineer***

**mk b. (GM):** rolling 1d2

( 1 )

= 1

That gets done! Were to next?

**Fleb:** Get back through the common area and get ready to take the bridge!



**mk b. (GM):** There's a few noises coming from the crew area but nothing intelligible. From the bridge, someone is basically fapping a big knife switch trying to restart the GGG, except your robot is doing the opposite in engineering.

Who goes in first, and where?

**Fleb:** "Robot, open the bridge door"

I'll take point unless she's jumping in front again



**mk b. (GM):** Pyon?



**Pyon:** I'll let Fleb take point

**Fleb:** Going in then!

Sword and buckler out



**mk b. (GM):** At the bridge you find the captain, who's swearing up a storm, and another random in Imperian uniform. Notably the captain isn't wearing any insignia; she's probably the owner of this ship, under contract. "Fiends! You will not take us alive!" "Speak for yourself, eh!"

**Fleb:** "What the hell is going on here?"



**mk b. (GM):** "We will protect the Macho Cinco racing crew from you evildoers!"



***Pyon can sort of tell which ones are women... They have really small boobs, but they do sort of have them. Keeps quiet for Fleb to speak.***



**mk b. (GM):** "Have at you!"

rolling 1d6+6 Initiative for the guard

( 4 )+6

= 10



**Fleb:** rolling 1d6+6 initiative

( 4 )+6

= 10

"I still have no idea what's going on, we got called in on you guys hauling slaves!"



**mk b. (GM):** (Alertness, both of you?)

"The Dark Lord lies! The Dark Lord always lies!"

(also, initiative)

**Fleb:** rolling 2d6+1 alertness

( 4 + 5 )+1

= 10



**mk b. (GM):** (We're nearly done)

**Fleb:** (rolled a 10 init)



**Pyon:** rolling 2d6+2

( 5 + 1 )+2

= 8

(Wait, alertness or awareness or are they the same)



**mk b. (GM):** (Same)

(thanks for catching it, i missed it editing)



**Pyon:** rolling 1d6+6 Initiative, derp.

( 4 )+6

= 10



**mk b. (GM):** (lolrolls)

rolling 1d6

( 6 )

= 6

Looks like you were busy with the door, so the guard gets the drop on Fleb. Pyon, alertness?

rolling 2d6-2 Have at you indeed! Time to cross swords.

$$(1 + 3) - 2$$

$$= 2$$

(Ioldice)

(Fleb, defend, counterattack, then is pyons turn)



**Pyon:** (I rolled 8 for alertness)

**Fleb:** rolling 2d6k1+1 What a shitty strike, I'm going to take advantage!

$$(4 + 4) + 1$$

$$= 5$$

when I'm using specializations, do I get the advantage die on one, or both rolls in a turn?



**mk b. (GM):** Pyon, you notice that when Fleb mentioned slave, the captain just kinda ducked and hid behind the console.



**Pyon:** (It's on one side for that turn, iirc)



**mk b. (GM):** (ya)

**Fleb:** (kies)



**mk b. (GM):** \*slaves

**Fleb:** (makes sense)



**mk b. (GM):** Fleb, you easily parry with the buckler.

**Fleb:** who goes next?

we all rolled a 10 lol



**mk b. (GM):** (Fleb, counterattack, then is pyons turn)

**Fleb:** (kies)

rolling 3d6+1 counterattack!

$$(2 + 3 + 6) + 1$$

$$= 12$$



**mk b. (GM):** And.... down the guard goes.

***Fleb parries high, and goes for a two handed buckler bash to the head!***



**mk b. (GM):** Whatever this guy is dreaming about it's probably better than his current situation

**Fleb:** Probably.



**mk b. (GM):** "Feck. I surrender!"

That was the ship's captain.

**Fleb:** "FINALLY SOME COMMON SENSE!"



**Pyon:** "Yay!"

**Fleb:** "One of the guards started telling me this story about a racing team, and our intel said you were hauling slaves."

"What the HELL is going on?"



**mk b. (GM):** "You can have the car, just release the bolts on the catwalk and slide it out the back. But if you try to take my ship I swear to Crom that I'll blow it up!"

**Fleb:** "...we're not here to steal a car"

"We're here to arrest slavers."



**mk b. (GM):** "Yeah you got the wrong guys then! Get your stupid ground car and get out of my home!"



**(To Pyon):** She's sweating.

**Fleb:** "We'll have to search the ship to make sure you're telling the truth. Radio our ship, stand down, we'll search your stuff and get out of here. Deal?"

"If you were never hauling slaves in the first place WHY DID YOU SHOOT AT US?!"

"Why didn't you just let us come aboard, inspect the ship, and not have to hack through your security?"



**Pyon:** Fleb said things I was planning. I'mma check that room with the life signs!

***Fleb thinks we need to clone these fanatics lol***



**mk b. (GM):** "Listen, grunt, you guys started it. I was perfectly happy dropping the car and racing crew at Stross for the land claim race. Then all of a sudden some bucket head comes on the vid and starts screaming at me incoherently!"

Pyon, you open the door to find a bunch of people in racing outfits. They are manacled to the walls and have duct tape on their mouths.

**Fleb:** ...

Le gasp!

**Fleb:** well then.



***Pyon will remove the duct tape from mouth. Gently. Which is honestly really quickly to minimize pain, but yeah.***

**Fleb:** we have a place to put our prisoners.



**Pyon:** "Sorry."

**Fleb:** I'm guessing this asshole is a pirate then.




**Pyon:** I apologize in advance before pulling it off.




**mk b. (GM):** "THANK YOU! That was the scariest rescue ever!"


"Why how often has this happened to you?"

"Twice, why?"

 **mk b. (GM):** "We're going to have to talk at the next shop meeting!"

 **Pyon:** They were kidnapping a race team to prevent a land claim from going through.  
Is my guess.

**Fleb:** Seems likely.

 **mk b. (GM):** The captain notices that you've opened the crew quarters. "... Ah, feck."


***Fleb looks over to the crew quarters.***

**Fleb:** "Trooper, report!"

 **Pyon:** "I think I have an idea of what's going on, pyon. But I'm not paid to think! Tee hee."


***Fleb gets his composure back***

**Fleb:** "Try again!"

 **Pyon:** "Umm, I found race crew bondaged up and I don't think it was willing."

**Fleb:** "That explains the intel we got."

"Alright, that's it. You're under arrest. Robot, come to the bridge and radio our ship. Trooper, go get that engineer and get him locked up where those race crew were. Keep an eye on EVERYONE until we get men aboard and sort this mess out."


 **mk b. (GM):** One of the racing crew confirms, and adds that she doesn't have plans for after the race, though.

***Pyon does as told!***

 **mk b. (GM):** Do y'all unlock the racing crew to help you with rounding people up?


***Fleb notes there were more people on level 3.***

**Fleb:** Yeah, we can release them.


 **Pyon:** I'd think so, yeah, unless told not to.

**Fleb:** We have a robot and a bunch of guns.

I don't think they feel like kicking people SAYING WE ARE RESCUING THEM off the ship by force :P

 **Pyon:** We should also get our crew and patch up those that we can.

**Fleb:** Yeah, when we radio for help we'll call for a medic


 **mk b. (GM):** The rounding-up happens quickly! You'll need the pilot to land this thing, but what you can do in the meantime is stay put in a holding pattern and turn the SOS beacon on. Where do you all meet up after rounding up the guards and patching up the wounded?

rolling 1d6-4


( 5 )-4

= 1

**Fleb:** I guess near the main bridge, area 3?

 **mk b. (GM):** Looks like there was only one enemy casualty. Excellent job! The Imperians are guaranteed to file a honest report, so that'll look good on you.

**Fleb:** Yeah once I realized these guys weren't pirates, or thought they weren't pirates, I started going easy. Their act probably saved a few lives.

 **mk b. (GM):** You receive confirmation that a shuttle is inbound with a medic, a relief pilot, and a couple of engineers.

And then you hear a slow clap.


 **Pyon:** "Pyo?"

***Fleb turns toward the sound?***

 **mk b. (GM):** Your squad leader, Zack Parmesan, climbs down the stairs from level three.


**Fleb:** ...wait what?


 **Pyon:** Le gasp!

 **mk b. (GM):** "Excellent job, troopers! Thanks to my leadership, this boarding action went down almost by the book. Sure, we lost a few men, but it was a sacrifice I was willing to make. Macho Cinco team, I assume that i can count on you to race under Stra-Kuhl's colors next week?"

**Fleb:** "Wait, the guys we picked up hiding in the head were the other boarding team?"

"I thought they were more captives!"

 **mk b. (GM):** (No, the other boarding team got thrown off course. This is your squad leader, who got back up and THEN hid in the head while you did all the work)


 **Pyon:** That was by the book? What sort of book ... Nevermind. Hopefully I can get this mess cleared up and go to my actual assignment.

**Fleb:** (oh)


(sorry redact mine then)

"You survived sir? Well, color yourself lucky."


(great, I have an idiot for a CO)

 **mk b. (GM):** He flashes a smile and presents a contract. "Shut up, trooper, the grown ups are talking."


**Fleb:** ...(so we basically unkidnapped them so we could extort them)

 **mk b. (GM):**  
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**Fleb:** (yeah)

 **Pyon:** (Already who I was picturing)

Welp. Bunny brain off so I don't figure out a way to drop him out of an airlock, because that's too much effort right now.

 **mk b. (GM):** "After how we've been treated? I'll race for the Scourgelord himself rather than these bozos. Sure, sign us up. But, uh, who are you?"

"Zack Parmesan! I'm the leader of this rescue operation! And, of course, I get ten percent of your indenture to the Phoenicians when Stra-Kuhl formally frees you."



**Pyon:** (is totally going to toss him out of an airlock when she has the chance)



**mk b. (GM):** He pulls out ANOTHER piece of paper and motions for Fleb to take it. "Actually, before the relief team arrives, please sign the mission report so that these fine folks can be on their way to BRUTAL SUBJUGATION by our DARK LORD, for about four days after which they'll be able to leave with 90% of their emoluments."

He's obviously talking to the racing team rather than you.

The mission report looks like it was written by someone who was sitting on the toilet/

(The airlocks are on level one; you'd have to go that way to board the relief craft anyway)

**Fleb:** (lol)

(so tempting to space him)

(and blame it on either the defective clone trooper or the robot)



**Pyon:** (I was going to have robot apply hugs and "accidentally" toss him out)



**mk b. (GM):** "Yeah yeah whatever." The racing team quickly sign their contract.

"Robot, guard the prisoners until the relief team arrives! Troopers, follow me. Take the captain along."



**Pyon:** You could probably alter the mission report.



**mk b. (GM):** The robot, unsurprisingly, obeys this guy.

***Fleb follows along.***



**Pyon:** He probably won't read it.

**Fleb:** (probably not)

(honestly our command will probably read the Imperian report lol)

(the pirates are more likely to give an honest report)



**mk b. (GM):** You do in fact still have the report. A cursory reading indicates that it's about as made up as a Zoltan history book.

***Fleb will make a point of swapping it for a real one.***



**mk b. (GM):** The relief craft indicates that they'll dock with the ship at the main airlock (4); you muster down to the cargo hold. The captain says that, seriously, any attempts to take the ship from her, and she'll blow it up.



**Pyon:** Well, grabbing the captain as told. "Have you ever considered a job as a pillow? Much less chance of getting punched by angry bunnies."



**mk b. (GM):** Fleb, you got a real (if terribly boring) mission log from the robot. It's printed.

***Fleb swaps in the robot's mission log, but leaves the first page of the idiot's mission report.***



**mk b. (GM):** "No, I haven't, why?"

"SILENCE! And now, madam, we may have a few minutes for interrogation. Troopers, hold her. She is a slaver and in this region of space all are thrall to Stra-Kuhl!"

**Fleb:** "Sir, you may want to check for a self destruct."

***Fleb holds the pirate captain.***

**Pyon:** Is he standing on the trap door?



**mk b. (GM):** Yes.



**Pyon:** Wait, that's just a control panel.

**Fleb:** The one that goes to certain electrocution?



**mk b. (GM):** Yes.



**Pyon:** ...Yes.

**Fleb:** time for a tee-hee whoopsie? :P



**Pyon:** Is the button in "accidental" pushing range? >\_>;

**Fleb:** why WOULD that open inward?



**mk b. (GM):** Because it's a trap door, it's what they do.

**Fleb:** LOL.



**mk b. (GM):** Pyon: You guys opened this earlier, so you know how to open it quickly.  
(Payoff!)

**Fleb:** (amazing payoff)



**Pyon:** "Oh no, the prisoner is struggling and causing me to open the control panel, oops"



**mk b. (GM):** Who are you accidentally dropping on the high voltage wires?



**Pyon:** Parmesan.



**mk b. (GM):** *click*

*woop*



**Pyon:** "Oh no. Captain. Why. What a cruel twist of fate."



**mk b. (GM):** Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Welp, maybe he'll get better. At some point. Maybe. Yeah let's go with that.

The captain jumps back.

**Fleb:** and nothing of value was lost



**mk b. (GM):** "Voice command. Turn off self destruct."

She has to repeat that a few times, because voice controls are really really crappy, but it does.



**Pyon:** "It is far too dangerous to attempt to perform extraction for medical attention. How sad."

**Fleb:** "Robot, go to engineering and confirm self destruct is disabled."



***Pyon has been speaking in monotone, if not obvious.***




**mk b. (GM):** You hear the robot stomp around upstairs.


(yeah)

***Fleb notes he's in command at the moment and has to keep the act up.***


**Fleb:** "As my previous commanding officer stated, however, slavery and kidnapping are theft of the vassals of the Lord Stra-Khul, and you will answer to a judge!"


 **mk b. (GM):** "Look, I'm not stupid. You win this one. Can I give a counter proposal?"

**Fleb:** "Does it end in you not being under arrest?"


 **mk b. (GM):** "Lock me in the head, same as fearless leader over there, and get your car and crew. If I make it out before your guys lock down the ship, good for me. If I don't, fair cop."

**Fleb:** "We get what out of this?"


 **mk b. (GM):** "... Feck, I got no leverage. Almost. I guess I don't rat you out for fragging your boss."  
"Please? I know what the penalty for slavery for people like me is in Stra-Kuhl's territory."

 **Pyon:** "But that was entirely an accident."

**Fleb:** "How about this. I don't see any slave labour, and kidnapping is a lot less of a charge around here."

 **mk b. (GM):** The captain sighs. "Arright. I guess I can do the whole pillow thing for another year like your friend said. But I better get a receipt for the damn ship."

**Fleb:** "Beats what happens otherwise."


 **mk b. (GM):** "And the legs."

The relief craft is docking. They also missed by a bit, but they are slightly less dumb, so they've backed off and are trying again.

**Fleb:** At least they're not blowing themselves up.


"I'll see what happens."


"Why the hell'd you pull this anyway?"

 **Pyon:** "Receipt should be easy, yeah?"


**Fleb:** "Were you trying to extort them to race for you?"

 ***Pyon reviews the report for mention of slavers and will correct if needed, thanks to deal.***

 **mk b. (GM):** "What would I do with a land claim? No, I was just doing transport. Feck if I know why the Phoenicians take indenture contracts so seriously. And feck if I know how they got Imperian guards for this. Same as me I guess, they called in favors that would go to waste otherwise."

 **Pyon:** Actually, do I have time to write a report?

***Pyon didn't know she could write. Neat.***

 **mk b. (GM):** Yes, by the sound of it. Docking will take a while: the docking port in the back isn't standard and the idea is to not break the expensive racecar that's right behind it.

(Yay, a oneshot got finished!)

**Fleb:** "Bad call to try to smuggle them into our space. Bad, bad call."

(yay!)



***Fleb looks at the bunny. "So what are you, anyway? Some kind of misprogrammed pleasure drone? We really ought to get to know each other better."***



**Pyon:** Then yeah. A report close enough to what actually happened, tweaked just a little to avoid mentioning slavers and instead just normal kidnapping plot for mostly unknown reasons.

***Fleb will make sure to keep mention of the Phonecians on the books, can't side with an enemy at war***

***Fleb does point out the dont-commit-treason bit***

***Fleb is ok with doctoring a mission report in not-treason ways***



**Pyon:** "Umm, I'm not a drone. I'm a clone. I was supposed to be for the Parmecian Black Jack Palace, but I think there was a mix up..."

"Custom bunny girls are popular, and since we're legally underage they can get out of requiring providing or license fees for actual pleasure drones."

**Fleb:** "...but doesn't that fall into underage sex workers?"



**Pyon:** "We don't provide those services."

***Fleb scratches his head at how that's MORE legal***

**Fleb:** "Ohhhh. You do the boring part."



**Pyon:** "Looking is fine, but touching is not." She nods firmly, crossing her arms.

**Fleb:** "Yeah, you'll make a better marine anyway."



**Pyon:** "...maybe. I'm not sure where all my genome comes from, to be honest."



**mk b. (GM):** "Look me up when I get out of the pillow case, will ya? You fit right in with Stra-Kuhl, so I suspect you'll have gotten somewhere by then. If I get this boat back I'll need a crew."

She looks at both of you. "Actually, feel free to look me up before I get out of the pillow case, if that's your thing."

**Fleb:** "Three words for you to stop being such an idiot. Letter. Of. Marque. Work for us and stop getting arrested."  
"...you're into that huh? I'll call ya."

***Fleb laughs.***



**Pyon:** "I think some people are into being arrested, too."

**Fleb:** "..."

"Okay, I need a DRINK now."



**mk b. (GM):** "It's a big galaxy. Someone's into everything. The booze is under the navigation console."



**Pyon:** (Yay one shot got finished~)



**mk b. (GM):** (Yep)



**Pyon:** (This was fun)



**mk b. (GM):** (Yay! Comments?)

rolling 1d6

( 4 )

= 4



**Pyon:** (You do really well with curveballs)



**mk b. (GM):** You just make it to the booze and back downstairs by the time the relief craft finally manages to dock

**Fleb:** (fun setting, fun game)



**mk b. (GM):** And that's how Fleb got promoted to squad leader, Pyon was formally offered a job with the Dark Legions, and the Macho Cinco team changed flag at the last minute and proceeded to lose to Commander Hawk in a quantum finish.



**Pyon:** wait speed racer lost?

**Fleb:** yeah to captain falcon apparently



**Pyon:** ...Point. But they still changed the result by observing it.

**Fleb:** lol



**mk b. (GM):** Since the outcome of the race may have been changed by measuring it, the lawyers are going to argue about it until the planets end up involved in another border skirmish anyway.

^\_^

**Fleb:** and more work for the Dark Legion's marines!



**mk b. (GM):** (Hope this was fun, sorry for keeping peeps up, this was with ZERO prep)

**Fleb:** (that was very good)

(I'm glad you woke yourself back up a bit, I still think voicecomms > pure text for pacing)



**Pyon:** (Can be, but a lot easier for me to keep track, to be honest)



**mk b. (GM):** (same)

(Comments, complaints, notes, questions?)

**Fleb:** (yeah I think text+voice best solution rather than the way we're doing in cos now)

mmm...good in general, iron out specializations and put math on it

other than that notsure, amgood, goin z.z

ninis?



**Pyon:** Nini~

**Fleb:** am glad I'm working from home in the morning I guess ^\_^

z.z

extra z.z



**mk b. (GM):** nininis!

thankies

kitten: hope made for decent read