FRAGGED EMPIRE

Antagonist Archive I

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A compendium of Factions, Locations, and NPCs
for your players to contend with.

Betrayed by your creators, you are a genetically engineered
remnant, emerging from the ruin of genocidal war.

You and this new civilisation are on the precipice
of great opportunity and danger.

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Factions

"As a Corporation professor, I am often asked why we call ourselves 'the Corporation'. As a member of this 'Corp', I grow tired of hearing this question. We took the name Corporation for ourselves as a sign that we are a cohesive organisation of people, not a race. Yes, we are predominantly of the Vargarti genome, but we are defined by our culture, not our genetics. Each part, each company, within our social structure is independent, succeeding or failing purely on their own merits and ability."

"But can a company be morally bad, while financially succeeding?"

"A business is neither good nor bad. A business is profitable, or it is not. A business will either bring in the funds it needs to continue its, and by extension 'our', existence or it will not. We, as the Corporation, will always ensure our profits are high. We will always ensure our continued existence. It is our way. There is only one motive here: survival."

"Many companies do terrible things. Where does morality fit in?"

"What is morality? It is a code of ethics instilled by society to maintain the health of the whole. We have morality, just not the same as yours. We don't allow ours to expand beyond the confines of its core cultural function. As I told you, the only thing that matters is profit, and you don't seem to believe me. Profit equals survival and prosperity; everything else is secondary. We have those that act in the interest of business and those that do not. The ones that don't… the ones that cost the Corporation money… they are the immoral ones… they are the ones that threaten our survival."

Body Count Conglomerate

"From the bestselling Protectron™ and Takeover™ series of armaments, to the assets capable of wielding them: we have the weapons you need!"

– Body Count sales pitch.

Body Count: the major player in Corporate arms dealing, mercenary contracts and coordination, protection rackets, and varied strong-arm tactics. Body Count is renowned system-wide for providing weapons and munitions of every type, from the popular Protectron, to ship-to-ship warheads, to the security personnel trained and willing to use them, and everything in between. While many use weapons and armour that are looted or home-made, often made from scavenged or irregular parts and designs, Body Count Conglomerate's large spread of "practical application" research facilities and sub-companies provide a steady stream of dependably mass-produced designs of varying calibre.

Weapons dealing is a large part of who Body Count Conglomerate are, with over two thirds of their profits derived from sales, modifications, and maintenance of their products. Otherwise, a sizable share of Body Count's profits comes from the steady payments of their large array of mercenaries, bodyguards, bounty hunters, and security personnel for hire. Most commonly working with reliable, long-term security contracts, Body Count personnel are heavily armed and outfitted, and well versed in a wide variety of security measures, all available for an added price on the standard security contract.

Until their first contact with the Legion, Body Count's only mercenaries were Corporate personnel and the odd Nephilim. The mass Legion defection that followed the Corporation's first contact with the warrior race meant a plethora of trained and professional military personnel were up for grabs. Body Count wasted no time in securing the vast majority of independent Legion, as well as hiring the entirety of the Third Auxilia from Legion High Command.

For the steadier jobs, the face of Body Count is most often Corporate and Legion Auxilia troops: fierce, obedient, and extremely well-trained troops for hire. The Nephilim and the odd Kaltoran irregular are most commonly used for less savoury or more discreet jobs. Raids, data theft, sabotage, kidnapping, and extortion are not altogether uncommon assignments in addition to their regular duties.

The CEO of Body Count Conglomerate, Abelock Winslow, is one of the more renowned members of the Board of Management, and has been for well over a decade. The emotionless CEO is often accused of using questionable methods, but the louder voices are silenced through assassination, bribes, or blackmail. Due to the Corporation's Regulatory Law system, Winslow often sees little need to hide his misdeeds, as Body Count can simply pay the required fine.

Adventure Hooks

Surprisingly Well-Equipped Thugs
After one or more groups of marauders attack the PCs, they notice that the thugs' bodies all seem to have top-of-the-line Body Count weaponry. All new, right off the production line, with barely a scratch or mark on them. This is in stark contrast to their shabby armour and clothing. The weaponry can be traced back to a Body Count warehouse, where one disgruntled guard complains about the normally heavy security being lightened and personnel being transferred off site for "budgetary reasons", all in the last week. The weapons are being sold off the books, and the PCs are framed for these "thefts".

Whatever It Is, It Is MINE!
Shortly after risking life and limb to recover several intact and sealed medical pods of Archon origin, the PCs are attacked by well-equipped Body Count mercenaries, looking to "salvage" what the PCs have found. What do the relics contain? Can Body Count persuade the PCs' allies to turn on them through a blend of bribery and intimidation? Do the PCs run or fight? How can the PCs sell or research the relics when Body Count goons turn up at every stop?

A Shiny New Gun
A PC has recently purchased a prototype weapon of bizarre make. Sold "off the back of a ship", it was a bargain price considering its firepower and utility. However, some rather nicely dressed Corporates in matching suits surrounded by large bodyguards are asking questions, leaving quite the interesting trail of bodies as they hunt for their stolen prize. Will the PCs cut their losses and abandon their new weapon, or will they fight? Are there safeguards in the complex weapon that the PCs have not found? Who made this weapon?

Ethics and Money
A Legionnaire Decanus of the Auxilia and his men, currently leased as "security", are having ethical concerns and doubts about their enforcement contract, and want a quiet out. Tired of intimidating locals to collect "tithes" from merchants and homeowners as insurance against "accidents", the Legionnaire has offered his and his squad's services on their way to either Lilith or Cerberus Prime as payment for getting them away quietly. There is a bounty specified in his contract, and in-house "retrieval" experts will be sent to bring them back, possibly in pieces. Do the PCs accept? Is the Legion being totally honest? Why does he want out so badly?

C.U.R.E.

"Building a better, healthier future."
– C.U.R.E. slogan.

"Only through death do we value life."
– C.U.R.E. secret slogan.

One of the youngest purveyors of medical services and technologies, C.U.R.E. exploded on the scene just three years ago under the able stewardship of CEO Stephen Lewis, a young Corporate entrepreneur brimming with equal parts swagger and business acumen.

Since its founding, C.U.R.E. has cornered a great deal of the medical market in Haven, even the infamously insular Cerberus systems. Many credit the company's success to Stephen Lewis's near prognostic ability to foretell medical disaster and to the company's nimble speed at producing cures to sudden outbreaks of new viruses and other debilitating diseases.

Their PR campaigns showcase noble aid-worker types; clean-cut, bespectacled, paternal-looking doctors; and beautiful but demure nurses administering aid to the universe's beleaguered everyman.

Unbeknownst to most is that C.U.R.E.'s miraculous response time is rooted in a repulsively evil business plan. C.U.R.E. maintains dozens of black sites and secret laboratories across the sector where they manufacture tailored diseases and the retroviral means to eliminate them. The company then employs their covert paramilitary and espionage division to unleash these deadly microbes. After the epidemic boils to truly terrifying body counts, C.U.R.E.'s more public divisions, perfectly prepared in white-knight lab coats and armed with the perfect antiviral, swoops in like an angel of mercy.

C.U.R.E. is responsible for over thirty outbreaks in the last three years, and their incredible ability to stem these viral tides has earned the company record-crushing contracts each time. They have driven most of their competitors to ruin, often by targeting communities that maintain standing contracts with other medical service organisations. As these companies struggle to deal with the inexplicable outbreak of a deadly new disease, C.U.R.E. rides in and saves the day… and then effortlessly steals their contracts with the offer of faster and far more effective treatment.

Even more sickening is the company's practice of developing debilitating diseases for which no cure exists, but whose symptoms are abated by expensive doses of daily treatments only available through C.U.R.E., ensuring the sick become life-long customers. The company then sells these meds to the infected population in perpetuity, guaranteeing mountains of profit from a consumer base held hostage by crippling illness.

C.U.R.E.'s shadowy recesses contain some of the sector's leading medical minds. Some have no idea how their work is being twisted, while others delight in playing god with millions of lives. Beyond the mad scientists and unscrupulous virologists, C.U.R.E.'s dark side also contains a host of cloak-and-dagger operatives who specialise in infiltration, shadow warfare, and covert ops. These agents are spread far and wide through Haven and beyond.

C.U.R.E.'s massive and labyrinthine corporate structure ensures that few of their own employees are even aware of the company's true practices — only a handful of insiders working in and managing black sites know C.U.R.E.'s deep, dark secret. Some spies and insiders go so far as claiming that Stephen Lewis, the CEO himself, isn't fully aware of how deep C.U.R.E.'s well of evil descends.

Adventure Hooks

Dying Colony
While the PCs are visiting a small colony on a moon of Mishpacha, a terrible outbreak occurs, infecting the PCs along with the population. C.U.R.E. offers an antiviral… for a steep price neither the colonists nor the PCs can afford. They must track down C.U.R.E.'s operative before she escapes the moon if they wish to learn which black site the disease was developed at. Then the PCs must breach its security, interrogate the doctors working there, get the antiviral, and rush back to the moon — all before the plague coursing through their veins ends them and reaps the souls of a few thousand colonists.

Whistleblower
A long-time researcher at a C.U.R.E. black site snaps and has an ethical epiphany. He desperately wants to expose the company's sinister practices, but needs the PCs to protect him from C.U.R.E.'s hired assassins while he digs through the black site for more evidence. Even if he finds what he needs, the PCs and their new friend must find a way to get the evidence to a credible voice on the radio frequencies of Haven, all while being rabidly hunted by the shadowy forces of a company that readily unleashes plagues upon unsuspecting populaces.

Infected and Exploited
C.U.R.E. needs some dirty work done, and they want the PCs to do it. For leverage, one of their shadow operatives infects the PCs with a tailored ticking time-bomb of a virus. They'll only get the cure if they take a biological weapon to Eden for dispersal in the Nephilim slums of Necronus. Can the PCs figure out how to double-cross the slick shadow-operative who infected them, get the cure, and make the company pay for using them as patsies?

C.U.R.E
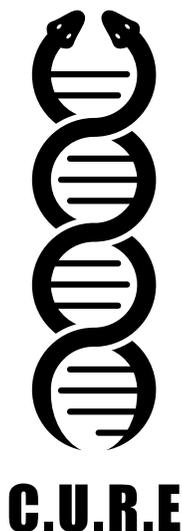
Cypher Robotics & Power

"Why are we seeing such an incredible rise in our energy rates? Why, just last month our government was paying half this rate!"

"The times are changing, governor. You must change with them. Or, if you like, I could send you back to the dark ages."

"You're just a terrorist, you know that? You're just a bully with a company and a chip on his shoulder. I want nothing to do with you, I want nothing to do with this. You're supposed to be Haven's friendliest robotics company!"

"Friendly sells power, sells robots. But honestly, Fredie, you can't run a business on friendliness. Now take my offer before it doubles again."

Milo Cypher began his career as a self-proclaimed genius and owner of a small electronics workshop on Alabaster 1. From a young age he had a knack for robotics and electronics, unlocking secrets to ancient technologies long thought lost. When he was just a young man, Milo founded the Friendly Robot Company, a small shop designed to build and maintain the service robots on Alabaster 1. But as more space stations were built, and the Corporation power grid was stretched to its limits, Cypher's research came to a standstill. There was not enough electricity to go around, and the Corporation began to ration its supply.

Not happy with the interruption, Cypher began to solve the electricity situation. He deconstructed the Corporation's solar technology and improved it. Cypher found that by integrating A.I. into the panels, giving them freedom of movement, and by increasing the effectiveness of the energy storage cells, he could increase the productivity of each solar panel by over 500%.

Seeing vast potential in young Cypher's work, the Corporation's Board of Management invested large amounts of money into his company. Cypher used the funding to acquire the solar satellites and take control of their electricity production. Cypher was young, naïve, and believed he could make a difference. He rebranded his company as Cypher Robotics & Power, and entered into negotiations with the Corporation leadership, hoping to gain a seat on the Board of Management. However, Cypher was dismissed and his technology stolen, cutting him out of the process and the profits. Cypher struck back the only way he could.

As a primary provider of security robots for the Corporation, Cypher had extensive control over the Corporation's defence. With the flick of a switch, he could power down entire divisions, leaving high-value targets undefended. He shut down his power grid remotely and held the infrastructure for ransom. Once his technology was back in his control, Cypher agreed to sell his power to the Corporation, but for ridiculously high prices. Cypher has wormed his way into becoming one of the richest and most influential figures in the Corporation.

As the Corporation spread through the Haven system, so did Cypher Robotics & Power. Each new station built gained its own CR&P station. Cypher funnelled his immense profits into the Robotics R&D side of his company, breaking new ground in the field of robotics every day. His robotic soldiers are leased out to every available buyer on almost every Corporate station.

CR&P provides robots for all uses. Servants, soldiers, toys, and recreational robots all fall in their wheelhouse. Cypher has entrenched himself and his company into the Corporation to the point where most of the system relies on his power.

Despite his immense economic influence, Milo is yet to become a member of the Corporation's infamous Board of Management. Many suspect mental instability to be reason for this rejection.

Adventure Hooks

Whose Side Are You On?
No one as powerful as Milo Cypher has gotten where they are without a few secrets. CR&P positions itself as a friendly robotics company, but in reality they are anything but. By levering power and putting a bot in as many homes as he can, Cypher is biding his time and building a robot army large enough to take over the Corporation by force. A mysterious informant is ready to blow the whistle on Cypher's activities and pass the Corporation the information they need to free their bots from Cypher's control. But with Cypher's crack team of robot killers on the trail, protecting this informant will take everything in the party's arsenal.

The Board of Management
Impatient with the amount of time his takeover strategy is taking, Cypher has invaded a meeting of the Corporation's Board of Management and taken some of the most prominent members hostage. Cypher has threatened to kill his hostages if full control over the Board, and thus the Corporation, is not passed to him. This is not an option for the Corporation, and so the party is sent in to discreetly end this crisis.

Don't Cross the Company
The party has crossed CR&P. They ran a mission or provided intel that was damaging to Cypher and his organisation. Now he has the party in his crosshairs. No robot, no piece of technology can be trusted. Cypher has control over countless robots in the system, giving him eyes and ears everywhere. The party will have to work discreetly or face an army of mechanized soldiers.

Increased Competition
Due to increased competition, each year CR&P find itself with a smaller and smaller share of Haven's robotics and power market. Cypher sees dangerous Mechonid technology has his ticket to recovery. The party cannot let CR&P's R&D department get their hands on a recently downed Mechonid spacecraft.

Dray Mining Consortium

"I gave them my twenty best years and my right hand. They gave me a pink slip and a one-way trip off their station."
                              — Derek Usher, Former DMC Crew Foreman.

Known throughout the sector as the cruellest taskmasters of the Corporation's vast star-spanning holdings, the Dray Mining Consortium supplies clients with thousands of tons of mineral ore at incredible bargains, undercutting their competition every year. They pass savings on to their customers through a spider's web of unscrupulous business practices, driving smaller independent prospectors to ruin and exploiting labour through schemes that reduce their employees to slaves.

The DMC's many Exo-Stations in the Monopoly Belt are dismal processing plants where lengthy shifts and penitentiary-like conditions grind workers' souls to dust. In recent years several of these stations proved fertile grounds for resistance movements, hell-bent on taking down the Consortium from the inside. All this has earned the ire of UNITY, who views the Consortium as a primary target for their paramilitary activities.

Though the Consortium does its level best to hide its troubles from the rest of the Corporation and their treasured customers, rumours speak of entire Exo-Stations lost to worker riot and rebellion. Infighting amongst division heads also contributes to an atmosphere of silence, in which unpleasant losses are hidden amongst cascades of other accounts and numbers. All this is perhaps most evident in one potent statistic: the DMC has the highest rate of managerial suicide of any company in the Corporation.

This powerful company has humble, and perhaps ironic, roots, grown by a founder whose own life was fraught with the ills of crushing poverty. Edgar Dray came to Haven a pauper, his whole family indentured to a powerful Vargarti organisation. Edgar's father killed himself shortly after his wife became a concubine to a Vargarti warlord, and at eleven years old Edgar became the sole caregiver to his four younger sisters. Edgar struggled, eventually buying his own freedom, but lacked the necessary funds to deliver his sisters from bondage.

Edgar's meteoric rise eventually birthed the DMC, but he was too late to save his sisters from privation, abuse, and suicide. No one knows if this jagged pill he swallowed in his youth is why he smilingly employs labour practices that ensure thousands of families will share his sisters' fates, or if Edgar is a special breed of sociopath whose quest for profit brooks no interference from paltry sentiment. Either way, every year on the DMC's quarterly reports, Edgar's sisters are included as "honorary partners" whose holdings in trust help Edgar keep control of the company.

The majority of the DMC's holdings are in the Monopoly Belt and

on Gehenna, but their greedy tentacles grasp farther every year. The Consortium counts thirty-seven operational Exo-Stations in Monopoly at present, more than any other mining concern in the entire belt. Their interests in Monopoly occasionally lead them into political spats with Kaltoran factions, but so far the DMC has managed to buy their way out of any real sanctions or damage to their enterprise.

The DMC also operates four mining colonies on Gehenna, where they use Draz to control a mostly Kaltoran work force. Insurrection is less frequent on Gehenna, though UNITY does its best to foment unrest in these colonies as well.

Adventure Hooks

Protect the Prospectors
A group of independent prospectors in Monopoly has stumbled upon a mineral-rich cluster of asteroids. The DMC learns of their find and sends in busters (hired pirates) to force the prospectors off their claim. The prospectors pool their resources to hire the PCs to fight back and give them a chance at a fortune and a future for their families.

Smugglers Against Starvation
One of the DMC's Exo-Stations goes on strike, the workers refusing to slave for their taskmasters until complaints are addressed. The DMC responds by cutting off all transport to the station, leaving the strikers without food, medical supplies, air filters, and other necessities. UNITY leaders in the area reach out to the PCs, asking them to smuggle fresh supplies aboard the Exo-Station. To do this, they'll have to run a blockade of Consortium gunships and brave the bedlam of the riot-torn station's chaotic interior.

Kaltoran Ruins
One of the DMC's latest (and richest) mining prospects – a large asteroid in Monopoly – is rumoured to be rife with Kaltoran pre-War ruins. The DMC has done their best to hide these ruins' existence until they can be destroyed, but a Kaltoran researcher managed to get insider info about the site. The researcher wants to hire the PCs to engage in a shadow campaign of sabotage to ensure the Consortium's efforts to mine the asteroid fail miserably. The researcher is actually being manipulated by the head of a competing division of the DMC, using the poor patsy as cover for their efforts to crush a rival's career and seize the rich prospect for their own.

Slave Labour Blues
Recent riots, injuries, and worker deaths have led to a work shortage on the DMC mining station Blue 5. Looking to save his job, the station's manager has begun rounding up slave labour crews from nearby settlements. These disappearances would normally be written off, but the sheer volume of missing people is beginning to get noticed.
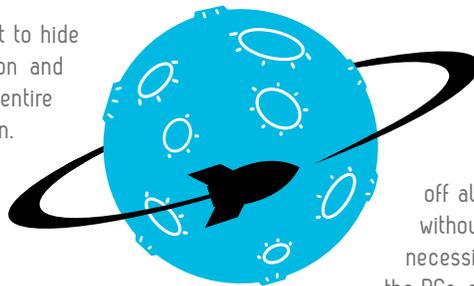
Mechonid Disciples
Average Height: 2m
Enemy Type: Henchmen & Skilled
Balanced to Fight Players with: 6-20 Current Resources

"The best of humanity's robotics, the deadliest of Archon weapons, radioactive cores that leak, and brutal cunning. What more could nightmares be made of?"

– Jane Smiths, Corporate combat psychologist.

The Mechonid Disciples are the shock troops of the machine army. They come in nearly inexhaustible numbers, fighting on the front lines. They are tough, well armed, and well armoured.

Mechonid Disciples were made to be cunning and ruthless, and this holds true today. They will use any available tactic, and their inorganic body leaves them a whole slew of options not available to most forces. Mechonid Disciples are powered by small nuclear reactors that run constantly and purposely emit radiation. During prolonged battles, Disciples are known to lower their core shields and let the radiation seep off them in greater quantities. As a final measure, a wounded Disciple with no other option can denote their nuclear core, creating an explosion that can be seen from kilometers away. Sometimes it's not even enough to bring down the Disciple before it triggers its core to prevent this fate.

This isn't the only dirty trick available to the Disciples. They will power themselves down and wait to take enemies unawares. When fighting in space, they will open airlocks and drain the oxygen out of the ship they are fighting in, suffocating any organic life form not equipped with an oxygen suit. Disciples are also no strangers to biological warfare, and will find ways to infect populations with terrible diseases, knowing that they will be immune during the ensuing plague. They will do whatever it takes to win.

After a group of Mechonid Disciples enters combat, the battleground is usually inhospitable to life for many years. The ground is irradiated, the air filled with poison and pollution, and Acolytes are left behind

to burrow into the ground to take care of any pursuers.

All these methods are examples of how Disciples will stop at nothing short of total victory. The only way to survive an encounter with them is to destroy them before they destroy you.

However, the Disciples are weaker than they were during the Great War, left frailer from a hundred years of radiation leakage. If all Mechonids were as strong today as they were during the Great War, it would be almost hopeless to face one in combat.

Assumed Motives
Destruction of all biological sentient life.

Tactics
Disciples are the grunt soldiers of the Mechonid army and act like any organic military unit. They are efficient, working together to carry out complex military tactics such as encirclement, checking corners, and flanking. They can call in orbital bombardments if a Dreadnaught or heavy artillery units is within striking range. They will also employ a wide variety of gadgets and grenades to take down heavily defended targets.

Disciples fight smartly, as they network to every nearby Mechonid. They also fight dirty, and have no problems gunning down civilians or poisoning whole communities if it means completing their objective.

Example Loot (per Body):
» 1 Trade Box of Valuable robotic parts.
» 1 Clip of Ammunition.
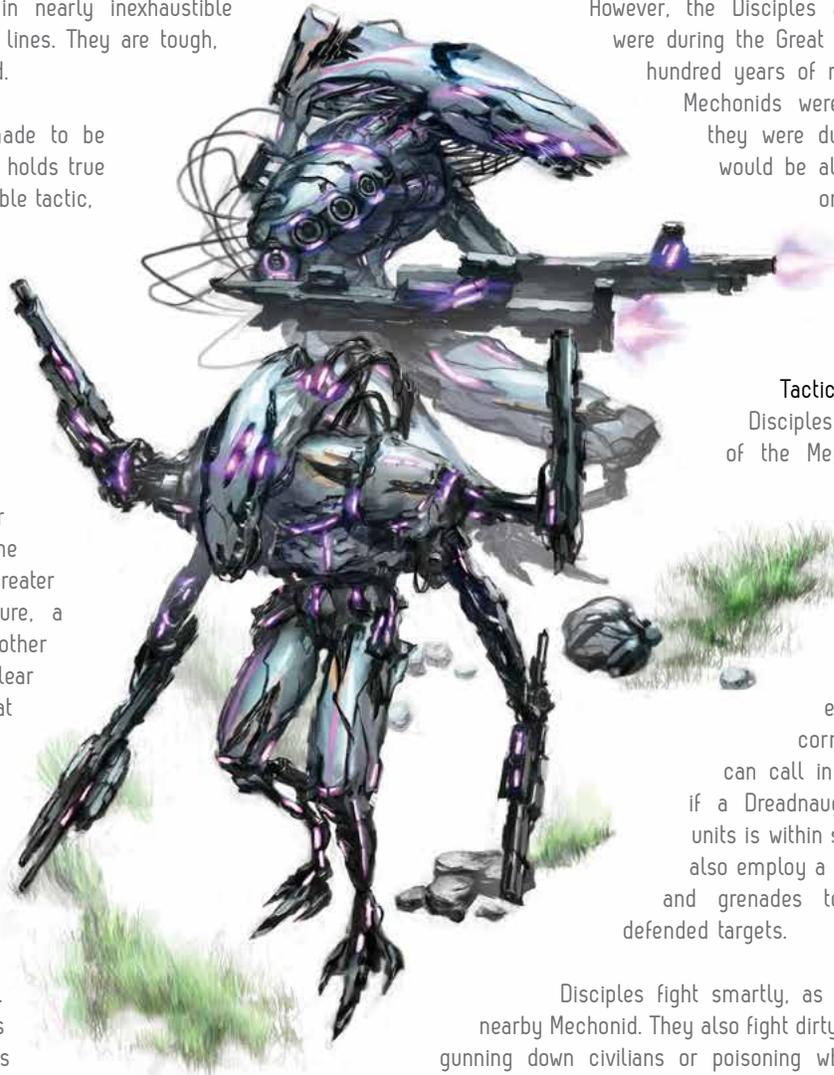
"Tungsten" Mechonid Disciple
Balanced to Fight Players with: 6-10 Current Resources

Str	3	1		Foc	3	4
Ref	3	2		Int	3	5
Mov	2	3		Per	4	6
				Fate	0	

Defence: 10+Ref + (-2) = 10 +Cover

vs Impair — Def+Str+ ( ) = 13
vs Psionic — Def+Foc+ ( ) = 13
vs Stealth — 10+Per+ ( ) = 14 *
*+#Allies (max: 10)

Armour: (3 +) = 3

vs Energy + (1)
vs Slow + ( )
at 0 Endurance − ( )

End: 10+(Str x5)+ (10) = 35

Recovery — Foc + ( ) = 3
Stealth Req: Cover — 2 + Ref + ( ) = +5
Combat Order — Int + ( ) = 3

Weapon (Pick One)	Hit	End Dmg	Crit	Rng	Clips	Ammo	Load	RoF	Wgt	Type & Variation	Cost
Bio-Disintegration Rifle	+1	5*	4*	3	2	4	2	1**	3	Gun, Bio-Disintegrator	2
	Natural, Bio Tech, Energy, Burn, **Strong Hit (5-6) with all RoF 1 Attack Rolls, *-2 Damage vs Robots, Modifications: Low Quality, Personalised.										
	Strong Hit: **Bio-Disintegration** (Damage, Hit, 1 use per RoF) Deal +2 Damage to all non Robot Targets with this Attack.										
Bio-Disintegration SMG		5*	3*	1	3	9	1	3 (+2d6)	2	Gun, Bio-Disintegrator	2
	Lock On +2, Natural, Bio Tech, Energy, Burn, *-2 Damage vs Robots, Modifications: Personalised, Low Quality, Targeting Matrix.										
	Strong Hit: **Bio-Disintegration** (Damage, Hit, 1 use per RoF) Deal +2 Damage to all non Robot Targets with this Attack.										

Race / Var / Trait	Requirements	Benefits
Mechonid		At the start of your Turn, deal 2 radiation Endurance Damage to all non Robot characters within 30 Spaces of you.
Talent	Skilled NPC	
Well Fitted	NPC	(Outfit Variation: Tungsten Carbine).

"Multi" Mechonid Disciple
Balanced to Fight Players with: 11-15 Current Resources

Str	3	1		Foc	2	4
Ref	3	2		Int	3	5
Mov	3	3		Per	2	6
				Fate	0	

Defence: 10+Ref + (-2) = 11 +Cover

vs Impair — Def+Str+ ( ) = 14
vs Psionic — Def+Foc+ ( ) = 13
vs Stealth — 10+Per+ ( ) = 12 *
*+#Allies (max: 10)

Armour: (3 + 1) = 4

vs Energy + ( )
vs Slow + ( )
at 0 Endurance − ( )

End: 10+(Str x5)+ ( ) = 25

Recovery — Foc + ( ) = 2
Stealth Req: Cover — 2 + Ref + ( ) = +5
Combat Order — Int + ( ) = 3

Weapon	Hit	End Dmg	Crit	Rng	Clips	Ammo	Load	RoF	Wgt	Type & Variation	Cost
Four Ion SMGs	-4	8	3	3	3	15	3	5 (+4d6)	3	Gun, Ion	3
	Lock On +2, Natural, Energy, Modifications: Dual Wield (x2), Extended Barrel, Low Quality, Personalised, Targeting Matrix										
Dual Self-Propelled Assault Rifles	-1	6	4	4	2	12	3	3 (+2d6)	3	Gun, Self-Propelled	3
	Lock On +2, Natural, Low Tech, Works in Liquid, Modifications: Dual Wield, Extended Barrel, Low Quality, Personalised, Targeting Matrix										

Race / Var / Trait	Requirements	Benefits
Mechonid		At the start of your Turn, deal 2 radiation Endurance Damage to all non Robot characters within 30 Spaces of you.
Well Armoured	Skilled NPC	
Extra Limbs	NPC	You have up to 2 additional (arm and/or hand equivalent) limbs.
Kill Zone		Strong Hit: **Kill Zone** (Damage, Does not Require Hit, RoF 3+) 'End Dmg +2 and Splash +1' OR 'Splash +2'.

Balanced to Fight Players with: 16-20 Current Resources

Disciple Warrior	Hit	End Dmg	Crit	Rng	Clips	Ammo	Load	RoF	Type & Variation	Cost	Movement	Defence	Armour	Bodies
Assault Rifle	+4	4+Bodies	4	5	3	RoF x4	2	1+Bodies	Gun, Self-Propelled	3	3	16	4	6
	Lock On +4, Low Tech, Works in Liquid, Modifications: Laser Sight, Personalised, Targeting Matrix.													
	Slots: 5, Defence vs Stealth: 12, Defence vs Impair: 19													
Traits:	Mech Body, Brute, Amass (Strong Hit: **Amass** (Attack, Hit) Gain +1 Body (may never have more than 6 above your starting Bodies).													

Legion Heavy Fighter "Eagle"

Length: 14m
Crew Capacity: 1
Enemy Type: Spacecraft
Balanced to Fight Players with: 30 Total Influence

"The Eagles were built around one simple principle: kill your enemy before they kill you… and they do it remarkable well."
– Decanus Alexander Eustachius, Eagle fighter pilot.

The Legion has a rocky past. They travelled a great deal before they settled on Cerberus, and they began their life there with very limited technology. They had only what ships they managed to save during the Great War and what they were able to salvage since. They lack the scientific prowess or resources of the Corporation, and have no infrastructure in place to manufacture new ships, so they must rely on salvaging and repairing ancient vessels.

Many years back, on a supply run gone wrong, a Legion spacecraft was forced to make an emergency landing on a small planetoid between systems. While exploring the planetoid for minable resources to repair their ship, they stumbled upon a hidden factory, which had been tasked to build fighters during the Great War. Most of the completed fighters were still in good shape, hidden on the dark side of this black rock, where no enemy force would have thought to look.

The ships and much of the factory were painstakingly moved back to Cerberus Prime for repairs and analysis. They called their new fighters "Eagles", after the ancient symbol of battle that adorned their race's emblem. The Eagles, due to the salvaged factory, are now the Legion's most widely used fighter and spacecraft.

Tactics

The Eagles are quick, powerful, and well shielded. They are perhaps the finest heavy space fighters in the sector. These ships were built for war, and it shows. They rely on a combination of manoeuvrability and heavy shielding to stay afloat. They come equipped with ship-to-ship microtorpedoes or high-calibre machine guns. The Eagle's cockpit is big enough for just one pilot, as the rest of the ship is used to house its immense cache of ammo.

Hul 3 1	Pow 3 4
Eng 5 2	CPU 3 5
Cre 2 3	Sen 4 6
	Size 1

Defence 12-Size+E+ (+4) = 20
vs Ordinance Def+ ( ) = 20
vs Boading 10+Size+C+ ( ) = 13

Armour 3+ (-1) = 2
vs Boarding 0+ (1) = 1
at 0 Shield -1

Shield 10+(PxSize)+ ( ) = 13
Regen Power + ( ) = 3
Weapon Slots Size + (1) = 2

Weapons	Hit	Shield Dmg	Crit	Rng	Clips	Ammo	Load	RoF	Mount	Type & Variation	Cost
Burst	+2	4	4	Sensors	inf	8	1	2 (+1d6)	1	Battery, Crack	5
	Front and Side Arc, Lock On +2										
Micro Torpedoes	-2	8	4	–	–	–	0	1	2	Ordnance, Warhead, Micro	5
	Defence: 14, Armour: 1, Movement: 2, Bodies: 4, Front Arc (normally Front and Side), Strong Hit (5-6)										

Build / Traits	Requirements	Benefits	Disadvantages
Legion		On Fire Effect deals Damage at the end of your Turn (normally at the start).	
Wrap Shield			
Ace	Max Pow 3	Strong Hit: K-Turn (Manoeuvre, Success, Size 1-2) Rotate 90o.	
		Strong Hit: Barrel Roll (Command, Success, Size 1-3) Move sideways, 1 Space.	
Heavy Fighter	Max Crew 2	Gain +1 Armour while you are moving at Velocity 4 or more.	
		You may make 1 free Command System Roll each Turn.	
My Baby	NPC		Maximum of 1 character on this Spacecraft (normally unlimited).

Legion "Trebuchet" Gunship

Length: 74m
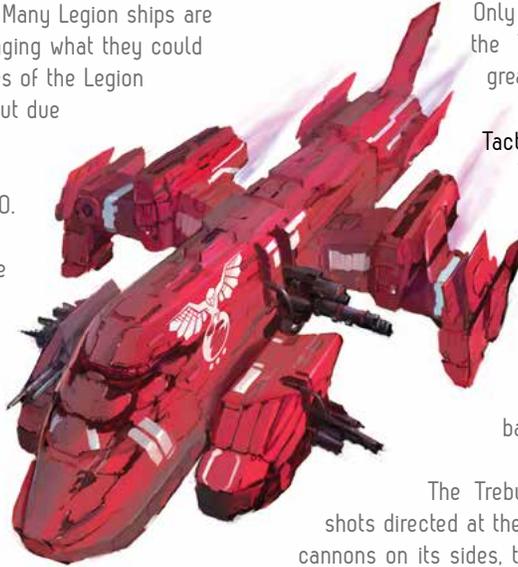**Crew Capacity:** 6–38
Enemy Type: Spacecraft
Balanced to Fight Players with: 53 Total Influence

"The Legion are lucky to have any spacecraft at all. Everything they own has been salvaged and restored. Many Legion ships are unique, as they were put together by salvaging what they could from broken ships. I suspect many enemies of the Legion hoped the Trebuchet was one such ship, but due to their fighting style, many survived the Great War in excellent condition."

– Samantha Richardson, Corporate CEO.

The Trebuchet is a deadly long-range gunship. It flies in the face of conventional ship-building wisdom as its most powerful guns protrude from its side, not its front. The weapons are built into the hull of the ship and unfold when needed, avoiding the risk of a stray meteor smashing off the barrel of an irreplaceable weapon. The rail cannons it uses are essentially floating space-craft-destroying sniper rifles.

The Trebuchet is moderately sized and crewed by eight soldiers who man its controls, sensors, and weapons. Only the best gunners are allowed to serve on the Trebuchet, and doing so is considered a great honour.

Tactics

The ship's crew, and the rest of the Legion fleet, are very protective of their Trebuchet, and they would put just about any other ship in danger to ensure the Trebuchet makes a clean getaway. Often, the craft is protected by smaller fighters who distract enemy targets while the Trebuchet pummels its objective with a barrage of long-distance cannon fire.

The Trebuchet likes to start each battle with a few shots directed at the enemy's most powerful ship. By placing the cannons on its sides, the Trebuchet can circle and fire on a target indefinitely, unlike other ships that need to stay motionless to keep their distance. If the battle looks to be turning against the Legion, the Trebuchet will cover its allies' retreat before making the Jump itself.

Hul 4 1	Pow 3 4	
Eng 3 2	CPU 3 5	
Cre 4 3	Sen 3 6	
	Size 4	

Defence 12-Size+E+ ( ) = (11)
vs Ordinance Def+ (4) = (15)
vs Boading 10+Size+C+ ( ) = (17)

Armour 3+ ( ) = (3)
vs Boarding 0+ ( ) = (0)
at 0 Shield –1

Shield 10+(PxSize)+ ( ) = (22)
Regen Power + (1) = (4)
Weapon Slots Size + (-2) = (2)

Weapon	Hit	Shield Dmg	Crit	Rng	Clips	Ammo	Load	RoF	Mount	Type & Variation	Cost
Flak Point Defence	+2	2	2	3	–	Inf	0	2 (+1d6)	1	Battery, Flak	4
	Full Arc (normally Front and Side), Lock On +2, Flak, The first Warhead each Turn that fails an Attack Roll against you is Destroyed										
Artillery Cannons	–2	7	4	Sen +6	Inf	2	1	2 (+1d6)	2	Battery, Crack	9
	Side Fire Arcs only (normally Front and Side), Lock On +4, Strong Hit (5–6), Battery Mount Variation: Broadside Mount, Modification: Improved.										
	Battery Mount Variation: Broadside Mount, Modifications: Improved, Weapon Bank.										

Build / Traits	Requirements	Benefits
Legion		On Fire Effect deals Damage at the end of your Turn (normally at the start).
Destroyer		
Long Range Array	Min Sen 2	
Pre-Prepped		Your Spacecraft's Combat Jump System Roll requires 3 Successes (normally 4).
Fresh Round		Gain +2 Hit AND Shield Dmg on your next Attack (this Combat) after Reloading a (not Load 0) Weapon (does not Stack).
Precise Shot		Strong Hit: **Precise Aim** (Operations or Battery, Success) Gain +2 Shield Dmg vs a Target with your next Attack (must be taken within 1 Turn).