

CONCEPT ONLY

VODYANI

CRUSIBLE RPG

WHO ARE YOU

PURPOSE

SHIP CREATION

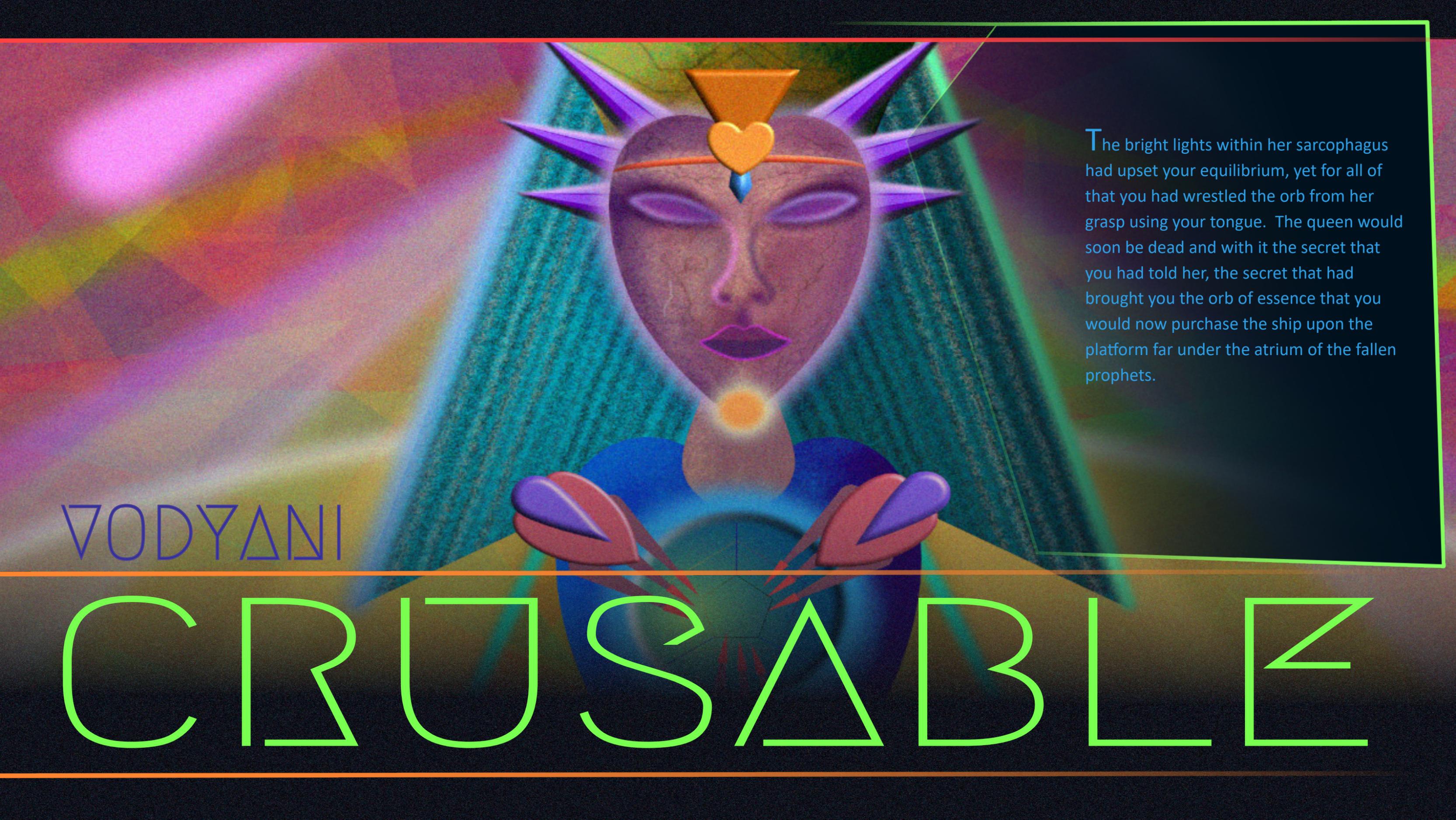
SCENARIO

TECHNOLOGIES

MAPS

INITIATE CRUSIBLE





VODYANI

CRUSABLE

The bright lights within her sarcophagus had upset your equilibrium, yet for all of that you had wrestled the orb from her grasp using your tongue. The queen would soon be dead and with it the secret that you had told her, the secret that had brought you the orb of essence that you would now purchase the ship upon the platform far under the atrium of the fallen prophets.

The ring on your finger the Sigel of your house, not that there was much left of that honourable time, the cretins feeding within the cloisters of power had taken their fill leaving you a forgotten name forever consigned to the shadows. The first stop on your odyssey, the atrium of the sisters, there you will take one of them and turn her into a man, he will be your second, and so your empire will begin.

They stood around the atrium awaiting your arrival, the pitiful that had once served the glorious empire but now were nothing more than decaying essence awaiting their time to rejoin the purity of the divine. They had been told to expect you and the cauldron had been prepared, this wondrous technology that unlocked the secrets of creation itself.

ACCESS GRANTED



Your fingers slid over the stale air and you saw your desire, the ship there upon the landing pad, black and dark, yet sleek and dangerous. She was a modified leecher class scout. Crew of twenty six legion, titanium orchalix impregnated hull, forward hyperium razor guns and anti matter shields, powered by the new and improved adamantian drives. Modified cargo holds, enough for plenty of essence and other secret cargo that would find its way to the planets that you will visit. Yes you had liked her and had wanted her for so long but you had been patient and now she is yours. The essence in the orb slowly drained into the crucible and the ships protocols transferred to your Sigel, your ring now glows a soft green hue.

CRUSIBLE - ONLINE

Leecher class scout - Command protocols transferred ...



Still plenty of essence to acquire three ordained servants of the deck, all good choices, you chose St Vidiance of the Astrolobion, a fine and distinguished navigator, one who had the experience of the void. St Tannis of the Arkium, a strategist from the academy and lastly a surprise choice, Talusa a Vaulter who had been captured in the glorious border campaign skirmishes yet had earned her freedom and her commission. She you will keep close for she has the power of foresight and in the void there is no better companion.

The essence was slowly draining from the orb but still plenty left to update your traits. I see that you have gained compassionate commander; well done not many get that one. The Sigel glowed and the trait added.



ST VIDIANCE OF THE ASTROLOBION
Navigator of the eternal void, revealer of the light



ST TANNIS OF ARKIUM
Peace is the preporation of war



TALUSA OF QARAN
Exploration is the secret of understanding

The final update you made was purpose. You chose seeker, another surprise, what with your military lineage, yet I see, knowledge is the gateway to understanding and to understand is to forgive and that will lead you towards the alliance that you are seeking. What an interesting journey you have set yourself upon. Here take this, I have no need for it now for my journey is almost complete and yours I find worthy of the gift.

HIDDEN ARTEFACT ACQUIRED. EYE OF THE VOID
(when you discover it you will know, quest item.)

The crucible is complete and you breathe a sigh of relief, you turn and pass the pitiful, and descend into the metropolis that is the home world where you fill the cargo holds of your ship with souls seeking passage to Morphion Prime far from the core worlds. Souls that would descend upon the newly acquired world and take dominion over the lesser primates that were now part of the glorious empire.

She was there all ready and awaiting your arrival. There were other ships on the landing pads, better larger ships but you only had eyes for her, she is now yours, the bond between master and ship a marriage of companionship as you journey the void and her perils. You had remembered the time when your depravity had known no bounds a time when you had sought a vessel that could somehow contain your cravings but now you had come to a place where that was no longer important. The wars of the endless, the bickering over the nothings, these had tempered your anger turned it into something that could be used for a greater purpose. The only hesitation left was that you feared that you would not live up to your expectations, that you could be a worthy and capable commander. Yet here you are and that must be enough for now.

The ARK Tallian stood sentinel to the core worlds, the flag ship of the divine emperor. A single pulse of Orchorion light flashed as your ship left the system and entered the portal gate that would take you to the edge of the badlands, a desperate desolate expanse of broken stars and volatile gases. St Vidiance had plotted a safe curve avoiding the rupture and taking the ship on into the trade route that would take you to the outer empire world Morphion Prime.

St Vidiance held himself well he had chosen his lineage from the pure DNA of his family tomb. He chose his sex, his traits and his looks all from within the crucible and when he was ejected he grew into a pompous authoritarian megalomaniac who cheated on his second and squandered his essence on animals in far away ports. For all of this he was the best navigator in the empire. He had even held the chair on the flagship before he got himself caught in a

compromising position with three lemion warthogs. No other Saint would have him on their ship but that was your gain so you had pardoned his failings and admired his skill.

The ships rodent scurried past and shot up onto the halo sphere blocking the trajectory that plotted a hidden path through contested territories. The ships mascot, a furry eel like creature with a cross eye and a bloated belly. You wanted it gone but it had come with the ship and although not superstitious you also did not tempt fate, you are a wise commander, and worthy of the title that they had taken from you.

So the rodent they called CC Claw looked at you, one eye square on and the other peering down the deck towards the Incubator. It smelled like tainted essence and it slept at the foot of your bed but you admired its presence, its ability to assert itself in this domain. Some day you might call it by its name, although not for a while.

St Xion your second gently brushed the rodent aside and swiped the deep pulse scans into view.

“Nothing unexpected out there, commander, we could go active and log onto the core.”

“No lets enjoy the solitude of sub space for a while longer, we will exit just before the pinch and enter the wake where we will coast into the system, I want them to think that we are just another trader, use drive signatures.”

Xion nodded. “I still have us docking at Kantor hub.”

Kantor hub, yes you wanted to stop off there, wanted to seek the blessing from the one who had left you for dead when the shadow ripped through the tomb world. Slit her throat and watch the essence spill, that's what she deserves, but no you will forgive her and even worse you will take her as custodian of the sacred essence. The crew will look at you as if you had lost your mind and become one of the fallen ones who communed with the primates on the lesser worlds. They would accept her as you had accepted them, outcasts from the empire that had fallen on its staff, vomited corruption across the core worlds and expelled the ones that ruled by divine right.

The glorious ship "Vorzt" lurched to one side sending the inertial dampeners into over drive. The path to redemption had started to develop pot holes but she was a strong ship, built on the home world ship yards. She served as fleet to the first crusade before being pensioned out to the commercial sector where she had languished forgotten and defiled. You had seen her enter the yards on Kanuz III destined to be broken down and converted into mementoes for the obscene. So you had gently steered her owner into restoration, restoring her for his pleasure and the prestige befitting a governor of the outer core planets. By chance you acquired a secret that you held on so well that it was forgotten and well, the governor passed into the divine and you called in an old favour seeking audience with the queen's tomb.

The spy Klawtoss had found a new home deep inside the atrium of the celestial vaults. Master had re formatted him and the new apps had provided some creative means for him to acquire the secrets that would later be converted into legacy blocks that would be used to open the things that needed opening. Master had taken his ship out into the void leaving him to roam the cloisters seeking and observing the doings of the vile. The chameleon matrix issued in a new era of stealth and hidden opportunities, and Klawtoss was to make the most of his new found powers.

I see that you have accessed the ships internal grid, already located Talusa whilst I was compiling the logs, you were fortunate to get her, she will be a handful but interesting.

TALUSA OF QURAN

Captured servitude until her divine dispensation after single combat fighting off the horde uprising against the governor upon Broim, governor dispensation granted, entered academy specialising in applied technologies. Liaison assigned to the Vodyani – Vaulter accord of border planets bringing a conclusion to the custodian skirmishes on the outer rim worlds.

Custodian war prisoner... Vodyani Vaulter - female, officer class.



Yes quite the capable one, but then you already knew that, knew that if anyone could secure an alliance it would be her, nothing to do with her fantastic legs or shiny black hair, no nothing to do with that at all.

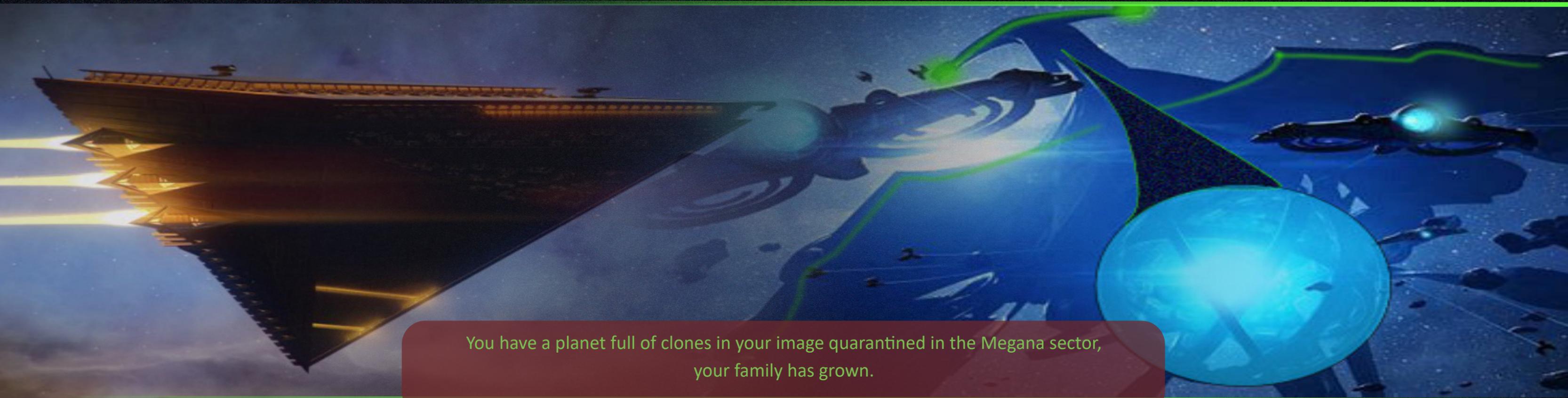
The rodent's good eye watched as you exited the grid and settled down for the night. Vorzt was cruising in the slipstream the crews changed and the lights dimmed, even the rodent shrugged and settled down at the foot of your bed, buried its head in its belly and slept the dreams of the void.

By the time Vorzt entered the pinch and exited sub space the bridge crew had lodged a request to dock at Kantor hub the orbital station above Numian. Cargo would be offloaded and a trade permit issued to the outer zone colonies. Enough time for you to take your leave and board the station to rendezvous with the woman who had taken your DNA and sold it to elevate the primitives on the outcaste system.

You do remember the fights over that don't you, they had laughed across three sectors before the core had quashed the stories. Still forgive and forget. Well there she is strolling onto the promenade as if not a care in the system. You're already a quivering mess unable to get a coherent sentence out let alone give her the illusion that you had the upper hand and were her commander after all. The anger would rise and put her in her place, but wait you are quite calm almost agreeable.

Yes that went very well she even smiled had the old times returned, well we will have to wait and see wont we.

She had taken her staff cruised onto the deck and inserted herself as the ships medical custodian. You saw the looks, the surprise, the astonishment and even some relief that such an accomplished Saint had joined this humble small ship sailing upon the void sea.



You have a planet full of clones in your image quarantined in the Megana sector, your family has grown.

MORPHION PRIME

Vorzt had re entered the void and had left the last of the portal gates, she was now a lone trader, a free agent for hire. Passengers seeking a passage through a tempestuous void, cargo both illicit and legal requiring safe passage, goods and services were your bread and butter. Yet Vorzt was no ordinary trader was she? You had made some interesting modifications, secret modifications at the ship yard on Kanuz III. Favours had been called, essence paid and bribes guaranteed. You had bent the rules, as any good commander would but you had not stooped so low as to become a dog of the shadow lands. The dream jolted and the rodent sprang up now fully alert.

“Commander, we have entered the orbital cone, system authorities are requesting boarding and search. We have been ordered to comply.”

They had searched thoroughly, they had displaced cargo and questioned crew yet they had found nothing. The secret compartment hidden by a technology you had acquired as a gift from your second wife, or was it you're first, I can't remember now, had protected your secret. She was still safe in the tank with her memories and her twisted claw. The regulatorium had nodded his frustration at finding nothing that could justify the request to be extra vigilant. Yet he did have a single question for you.

“Your legion, they are not the sort we normally see on a trader in these parts?”

Distort the truth, but be casual.

“Most of them had served the empire well and had fallen from grace but I gave them a home, a family so that they might yet redeem themselves.”

Good he had shrugged and he would leave us alone, the other ships in the cone required his attention and it is a busy time.

You have gained entry to the planet services and a landing pad has been assigned.

Morphion Prime now an empire world, it would be a while before any ARK would anchor itself to this system, the skirmish was over the sector secured and an empire Leecher would administer authority under the flag of the Glorious Corium. Already the effects of planetary administration transfer could be seen. Virtual posters advertised the new regime of co operation and unity. Population education implemented and a governor assigned. All of this did not concern you, this was just the beginning. This was a place to trade and re supply before heading back into the void to seek a greater glory, a greater prize. The cargo of souls had been offloaded under your supervision and essence added to the orb. Upgrading services were available for your perusal but that could wait.

A dark silhouette had emerged from a shadow and one of your Legions quickly drew his staff.

“Commander.” You knew the sound, yes it had been a while but the noise you would never forget. The legion lowered his staff as you pushed forward towards the spectre.

“I thought that our business had been long concluded, so why do I see you.”

“Greetings my Saint.” The smile tempting you, inviting you to be friends again.”

No that past is lost, let it deliver its sounds and leave it be.

“A proposal then one which would surely be of benefit to us both. I have a Gretchen that needs safe passage to the Orxion station, this is important to us and our association we trust.”

Don’t let it push you into the past; it’s snapping at your heel, the temptation of the lost and the dammed. Yes it has invoked the trust and that we can work with so we can help.

Accepted the proposal.

One Gretchen passenger to be given safe passage to Orxion station.

The Spectre had returned to the shadows closing the window to a lost domain.

“Confine her to deck three, no exceptions, understood?”

The legion nodded and his duty had begun.

Batten down the hatches and lift off, return to the void and we can have our little talk about how you had slept with that Phycloid queen safely hidden between the bulkheads. One other thing don’t get any ideas about getting familiar with that Gretchen, it’s none of our business and we do not want to get side tracked do we. Good now I am starving what about something to eat.

ORXION STATION

OUTER CONFLICT ZONES

The outer conflict zones were a group of sectors where skirmish lords bickered and argued over the right of rule and dominion. The empire allowed zones of unrest to exist within empire borders as they had potential opportunities favourable to the core worlds. The empire held a de facto dominion with all the benefits of colonisation but without the obligations of colonial rights. Unlike the core worlds that were to the outside observer a mass of congealed twisted dark matter these outer zones were like islands of flexible space that bent and wove forming a fabric of endless possibilities. Illicit trade flourished in these regions and desperate souls with no homes carved out whatever existence they could.

So this is the place where you incubated yourself after father had removed you from his sight. Yes I can see why you like the place, plenty of degenerates slopping at cheap bowls of, what is that anyway some kind of insect, no more of a membrane.

The Gretchen had been delivered to a shadow and you had received payment.

Acquired commander soul imprint. You can use this to re invent yourself in the most unfortunate situation that you have met your demise. Non transferable and of no value to anyone else. Recommended to be used no more than three times, side effects: Nightmares, loss of appetite and a need for a four legged creature.



Some of the crew had requested station leave and you had granted this simple request under the guidance of Talusa, she would look after the stations personnel in the event of any unforeseen interactions. We do not wish to draw too much attention too ourselves had been the only request that you had given her.

Seal of trust gained one point.

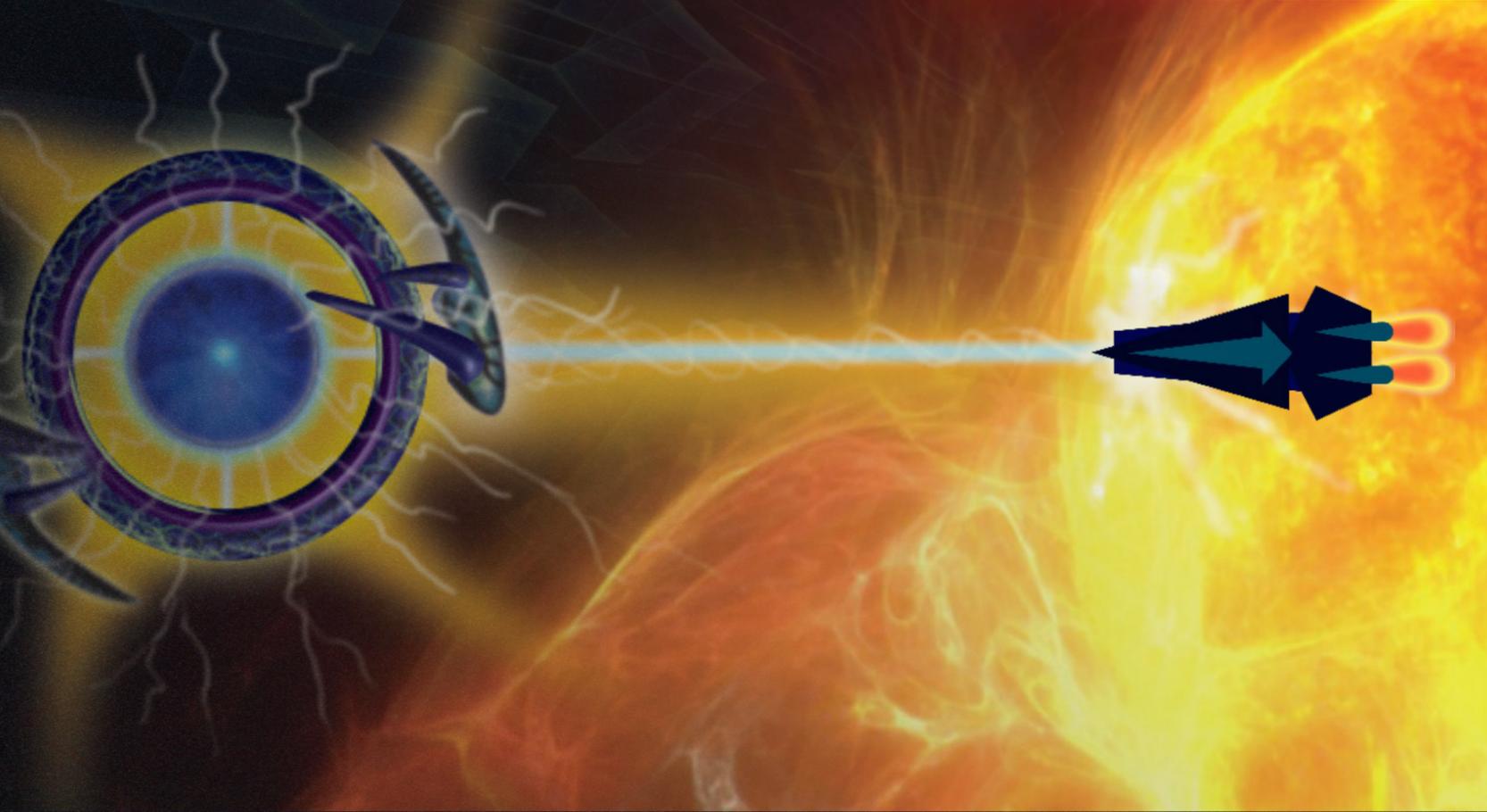
Unforeseen action plus one point.

The fight had started over nothing as with all disruptions. A legion had suffered serious injury and was now in your med bay. Talusa had explained to system authorities why three traders had been consigned to the eternal void but she had prevented escalation and protected the stations innocent as requested. The situation was diffused and the unfortunate trader's captain compensated. He had wanted to spend the night with Talusa but you assured him that he was on a path for a long and fruitful life and that he ought not to compromise that.

The captain had shrugged and handed you an invitation to dine at the four family's restaurant upon the promenade deck.

A very nice dinner and plenty of good conversation, yes you had done well to bring along your second. I wrongly assumed that he was a small brute of no standing and poor taste. My staff bows to you. St Xion had helped in sealing a very good deal with the local elite. All they had wanted was an assurance that their small traders would be protected from the marauding scum that fed upon the outer void. Pirate attacks had become a problem in the outer zones and a ship like yours would well be useful as a deterrent they had inferred, we would receive favourable compensation and certain concessions that would be shall we say agreeable. Our ship had already received fuel and stores as a token of ongoing relations. The spectacular looking Lumerion they had brought to smooth our concerns had given you a token and a smile. Yes you would have her I can see that, but I approve in some small way, I would have succumbed to that charm.

- Acquired Token of the Oracle. (To be placed in your cabin within the secured sphere.)
- Acquired a sore back from assertions in the lovely Lumerion's chambers. (Redsang oil and a back rub.)
- Information and star chart updates gained during nocturnal conversations. (Upload to Vorzt.)



By the time you took your chair the ship was secure and the halo sphere updated with a new heading. A gammer burst from a far away quadrant had disrupted local nav scans rendering some systems live streams unusable, so your navigator had compensated. Large pockets of the void went dark as the gammer burst pulsed though the outer sectors.

“Use the interference to mask our departure and heading then drop into sub space. Take us onto the Bent Fossils.

“If I did not know better I would swear that you had organised that gammer burst for our benefit.” St Vidiance commented.

Divine powers come in all shapes and sizes, give them the illusion of doubt, and let them wonder at the marvels of time as it intersects the hidden net.

Even the rodent seemed to be happy it had nudged you in the leg as it clambered up onto its perch at the back of your command atrium. The stars came into view as the system faded on the halo sphere. It was time to access the grid and initiate some drills and take a look at the upgrade options that had been acquired for the fabricator. Yes you were no longer a military vessel and this ship held no allegiance to the Corium but you would run this vessel with those lost traditions for even the empire had its strengths and they had always proved very formidable against the weak and the lesser.

You of the void will continue your trades and reap a harvest of preparation. Learn to know the wisdom of knowledge rather than the knowledge of wisdom.

The voyage of the Vorzt by C.J.Foster.

This is what a Vodyani RPG might look like at a simplistic level, concept only.

Inspiration from the pc games Sunless Sea and Endless Space 2.



Please do not print: it is intended as digital media content: we are trying to conserve our planets lungs.

Colin Foster. 2019