



MACHINA
NANOMACHINE HAZARD
REPAIR MAINDATA BASE : CODEX
Version 1.01



Machina - Nanomachine Hazard
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The Story Thus Far

Welcome to the Frontier Era. Mankind has spread across the vast majority of the solar system. Eight of the nine planets and over seven hundred moons now boast colonies of various sizes. A colony on Pluto, founded by the Voyager Corporation, recently broke ground and will hopefully become mankind's newest bastion. But, all is not well. An unknown science experiment has gone horribly wrong. It will be most of the year until Pluto makes contact with the nearest planet, which will come in the form of an unknown party attacking Saturn. The official end of the Frontier Era and the start of the Hazard Era.

Through the use of nanomachines, a number of individuals have transcended past human limitations in leaps and bounds to the point where they can barely be considered human any more, even disregarding the various philosophical issues inherent to transhumanism. After all, they no longer wish to be compared to such weak lifeforms. In their infinite mercy, however, they're more than willing to rape humanity into submission in order to uplift them into Machina as well.

Naturally, humanity is having none of that, and will valiantly try to find ways to fight back. The year after Saturn falls, they will manage to create a variation on the Machina's M2 nanomachine, the RM, and will create Agents capable of fighting back. Another decade and the loss of Jupiter will see the formation of a defensive line using the asteroid belt as a barricade against the fallen worlds. Humanity won't quite unite against the threat, but they will hold their ground with everything they have.

And as for you... well. Who knows where you are, or even what you are. All I know is that you're here for ten years, and that you're going to want these.

+1000 cp

Origins Pick one

Machina Hives / Drop In

I feel I must apologize in advance. Even if you take this origin, you are not actually a Machina. That comes later. Instead, you are more likely to have simply appeared as if by magic in the center of a Machina Hive and then been greeted cordially by the Queen, because why on earth would a lone human be here of all places unless they wanted to join? Even if you don't go through the normal channels within the jump itself, you can be assured that you'll end up as a Machina by the end of the first day of the jump.

Voyager Corporation

The United Human Federation is composed of individuals chosen by the presidents of nations, the mayor of colonies, and the shareholders of megacorporations. Anyone can send a representative, but the wealthier you are the louder your voice becomes - so it makes sense that the corporations have the loudest voice. The Voyager Corporation is by no means special, but until recently it was one of the leaders for Cybernetics and Nanomachines, and as such has lobbied quite hard to have them legalized. This was most likely a mistake, but it was a profitable one so good luck getting them to admit that.

Catalic Church

Formed in the wake of World War Three, the Catalic Church is effectively an amalgam of all religions. The end result is something that looks mildly Christian but worships The End, which is in turn drawn from the Buddhist concept of Nirvana - the formless state of being that is the end result from no longer holding onto the world and the freeing of the soul from all earthly obligations. These days, their priests wander the solar system in cathedral-ships in order to spread their word as far as possible. With the advent of the Hazard Era, they are also the largest source of relief for those who aren't associated with a megacorporation or the military.

Repair Agent

While the United Human Federation has its own military arm, the United Operations Force, those groups have both found themselves to be strikingly ineffective at fighting the Machina. As such, a new group was founded. Your group. The Revolutionary Enhancement Program: Augmentation for Immediate Response initiative. Or, REPAIR, for short. Their primary method of fighting back is with Agents, women with the ability to resist M2 alteration for brief periods who are then cybernetically enhanced into combatants able to go toe to toe with Machina Queens.

Civilian Renegade

The opening days of the war against the Machina were filled with mass desertions and wave after wave of civilians flying directly into contested territory and never being seen again. Well, not until they were seen on the frontlines as Machina themselves. Unfortunately certain measures have been taken to prevent that, because people aren't allowed to have unsanctioned fun. Still, that leaves you in a bit of a lurch. Not quite skilled enough for anything else, but with a burning need that you just can't seem to fill.

Age and Gender

Your age is largely irrelevant but should be 'legal', for whatever definition you think this setting ought to use. Your gender is also up to you, though some origins simply work better as female, and becoming a Machina will make you a futanari.

Discounts

100 cp perks and items are free to their respective origins. All others half off as appropriate.

Perks

General

100 cp / 300 cp - Machina Mutation

I must congratulate you on your good taste, for you've seen the inevitable end of things and decided not to waste any time - you're now a Machina. What this means in practical terms... It's a very long list. To start with, you're now a very beautiful woman a minimum of several feet taller than you used to be. You also have a fairly large cock relative to your body frame, which means it might be larger than a smallish human. Said cock may or may not be retractable, it depends on if you were previously male or female. Men have more impressive cocks once turned into a Machina, but it's always present and with equally large balls.

Beyond that, there are too many changes to count - your body is made from custom biomaterials and you probably weigh several tons, but thankfully your spine has anti-inertia systems woven throughout it, leaving you at 'only' half a ton or thereabouts. Your brain is a quantum supercomputer that is orders of magnitudes more powerful than anything humanity has ever created, allowing for extreme multitasking and management of sensory input. Connected, your horns are very powerful communication devices, allowing you to stay in constant contact with your Queen and clustermates. A Queen might very well be micromanaging every single Machina in her cluster as well as the rate of conversion of infected humans. Continuing, your heart no longer exists, having been replaced by a degenerate matter reactor, breaking apart anything you eat or drink and turning it into raw energy. Most of this energy is then fed into your breasts, which are production plants for M2 nanomachines. Where your womb used to be is another production plant, this time for Larvae. Some classes of Machina will have slightly different specs, like having an anti-inertia system powerful enough to fly, or having their breasts also be capable of producing Larvae, but those are not baseline modifications.

If you purchased this perk for 300 cp, it has a second effect - not just how it modifies you, but how it modifies the rest of the jump. Each perk is listed with two effects. One for humans, and one for Machina. By taking this perk, you gain the second half of any perk you buy for no additional cost. Becoming a Machina in jump will NOT net you this secondary effect. You will also note that each Machina-perk lists a Class as part of its description. Under normal circumstances, you will start as a Category 3 Machina (otherwise known as an ordinary one) of one of those Classes. If you have at least three Classes you may opt to become a Queen. Whether this is through years of hard work and acquiring upgrades or simply because you had an absurd M2 compatibility and jumped straight to Queen upon transformation, I leave up to you.

100 cp - The Power of Horny

Compatibility with the Deus Ex Machina nanite is something that is very important to quite a few people in this world. Whether you're becoming a powerful soldier, throwing away your humanity, or attempting to resist the infection, this nebulous ranking has the power to determine your fate. As for what it actually measures...? I have no idea. Can't help you there. However, there is a mystery factor of sorts. People who want to be a Machina very very badly tend to quickly transform into more powerful ones, spending less time as a Category 3 before becoming a Queen, if they don't skip that phase altogether. As such, the more you want a given transformation, corruptive effect, or other such alteration to your mind and body the better the process will go for you both in terms of speed and the raw power eventually granted once complete. Specifically, the more you want it sexually. This is the power of Horny after all. Similarly, if a given effect is not your fetish, then the process becomes more complex and less efficient for anyone attempting to turn you against your will.

Machina Hives

100 cp - Wetworking Networking

The process of becoming a Machina involves abandoning your flesh for a future of metal. In other words, you will be thinking with processors and circuitry from now on, not with your brain. As a result of this, new Machina are modified by the Queen infecting them to better handle being a Machina. Things like the normalization of divergent thought patterns - ie, mental illnesses - or outright deletion of memories with negative value - ie, immensely traumatizing ones. And of course the installation of a preference to prioritize infection over killing. Now, strictly speaking, this isn't an issue. But certain people insist otherwise, so let me put those concerns to rest. No matter what you do to your brain, even going so far as to rip it out and get rid of it, the basics of your personality won't ever change. They're hardened, or perhaps hardcoded into your existence. A Queen might delete your knowledge of obscure 80s anime to make more room for installing Rape.Exe, but she can't delete your love for them in the first place.

As a Machina, this manifests as the beginnings of an alignment towards the Injector Class - where once you saved yourself, now you can save others. In truth, I assume you'll become a Queen sooner or later, and then you'll help others through this process yourself. And as you do so, you're easily able to isolate the core values and principles that make up a person and preserve them. This will apply even with other methods of corruption or mind control - you might completely rewrite their priorities in life, but as long as you don't want them to, they won't really change as a person.

200 cp - Using Soft To Get Hard

While the physical aspects of a Machina are exceptional, their software is just as magnificent. Things like Cluster Code, Gene Code, and Queen Code are all massive mutations to Voyager's original Deus Ex nanite that you wouldn't think would end up being able to work together, but at some point the rampaging nanite started to self correct. Or, well, 'correct'. The end result is a miracle of programming arising from a thousand monkeys with typewriters. It is, however, somewhat heavy handed. Large portions of memory can be deemed useless and be erased to make more room for programming and protocols, and even more may be deleted later if it ceases to be relevant. For you, however, this is less of an issue. You're fully aware of any and all instincts that might be granted to you or forced upon you, from the inherent belief in the superiority of Machina to the desire to remove large portions of memory to make room for more useful things, and can turn these things off and on again as you please.

As a Machina, this manifests as a solid grounding towards the Injector Class. Normally, when Machina have intercourse, there is a transfer of data as part of the exchange of fluids. Blueprints for various upgrades and enhancements can be passed along, higher quality M2 nanites can be shared, or for more forceful interactions, the other party may attempt to overwrite your Cluster Code. You, however, have the option of completely shutting down these transfers. You do not need to share data anymore than you need to accept data. You can't do much about the M2 itself, that's just your cum, but this does give you the option of being immune to domination by an Empress or Alpha.

400 cp - So Anyways I Started Blasting Ropes

There are numerous features that are common to all Machina. Examples include being hot, and having a large cock. More relevantly, however, is something known to them as Gyno Mode. All Machina can use it, it's simply that not all of them have the proper loadout to use it efficiently. Not you though, you're almost perfectly suited to use it. Now, Gyno Mode involves shutting off all non-critical systems in order to increase your combat capacity. Things like M2 generation, which in this case means you turned your dick off in order to make yourself stronger. Even then, it still consumes more energy than you generate, leaving even the most experienced Queens running at a net loss. You, however, have been blessed and or fucked around enough to the point where your ability to store energy vastly outstrips your ability to generate it - or in other words, you can run at 200% or even 300% of your normal combat capacity for hours at a time before breaking even, and probably for a while longer in exchange for being exhausted. This will remain true even when you aren't a Machina, granting you some truly absurd stamina.

As a Machina, this manifests as something very useful to the... Breeder Class? While the raw combat power of Gyno Mode is incredibly useful, it isn't actually very fun. There are precious few Machina who would prefer to rip someone in half with their hands or weapons instead of their dick. One of those runs the risk of killing the target, after all. That's why you can invert this. Instead of channeling energy away from M2 generation and towards your weapons, you can instead divert energy from your weapons and towards other, more fun systems. Or, alternatively, you can probably generate enough M2 to infect a dozen humans just by walking past them or breathing the same air as them for more than a minute. And that's not even accounting for any Larvae you might have gestated during this time period.

600 cp - This Isn't War This Is Masturbation

This will likely come as an absolute shock to you, but the most common way for a Machine to rise in power, status, rank, and so forth is by fucking. Machina are very sexual, what a shocker. But... the best way to do so is to fuck equals, or even your betters. Fucking and infecting a group of humans might expand your hive, but it doesn't do much for you personally. Fucking other Machina, however, can potentially make you a Queen. And fucking other Queens can potentially make you an Empress. So let's expand on that slightly. Whenever you fuck someone weaker than you - humans as a Machina, rank and files Machina as a Queen - the target of your affections is influenced to become subordinate to you. Strictly speaking this is because you might be overwriting their Cluster Code, but let's not talk about that for now because this will work even if they aren't a Machina. At the same time, fucking someone equal to you will cause you to grow in some manner. Fucking someone more powerful, assuming they aren't trying to dominate you, will cause you to grow massively.

As a Machina, this manifests as something beyond Classes - You stand as judge, jury and executioner. There are two Queens from the original Hive on Pluto who, by subconscious collective agreement, stepped outside of the normal power structures of the Machina. They don't hold territory and have barely any Cluster members, but in exchange they are allowed to punish basically any Machina for being a dipshit. As for how you punish a Machina? With chastity. You might be a third, or maybe you became a Machina by getting fucked by one of them and have thus learned their ways, because you now have a remarkable speciality in preventing people from having sex. While so bound, Machina will be completely incapable of spreading their M2. If you should come across any other sexually transmitted corruptions, you'll be able to figure out how to tie them down as well.

Voyager Corporation

100 cp - Just Trying To Make A Profit

For all intents and purposes, the wealthy write the rules, so it makes sense that when a major corporation wants to legalize a specific kind of nanomachine, they just need to bribe the right person. As a representative of Voyager, you've been trained to see everything as an opportunity.

Nanomachines are an unexploited field. Grieving widows are test subjects waiting to happen. Why not combine the two and have her help the company out now that her husband's dead? It's all just money just waiting to be made! Of course, this may not be the most practical of arrangements, but you also seem to have a sixth sense for finding people to sponsor or places to hand out 'free samples'. So what if the Real Milk™ flavor additive is mildly addictive? That just means the farmers who actually make the milk will be placing a big ol order once the stuff you gave them for free runs out.

As a Machina, this manifests as the beginnings of an alignment towards the Support Class - Once a scientist, always a scientist, and you're still quite good at finding things to take advantage of. Though in your case that now means that you can absorb schematics from Machina by getting fucked by them, and then pass them back on via fucking them yourself. For the most part this is intended to eke out every last drop of efficiency by giving Machina with lower quality cores or weapons the code from Machina with very high quality counterparts - or just ensuring that your queen always has the best of the best.

200 cp - What Could Possibly Go Wrong

You know the thing all immoral scientists fear? It's not getting caught, it's getting publicized before their great work is ready to show off. You might think those are the same thing, but they're really not. In any event, you have a scientific grounding in all of the fields necessary to terraform and colonize a planet. Great, wonderful. But the best part about this is that nobody who works with you ever seems to want to ask you HOW you did things. They handed you resources and you handed them results, good enough. That you used a third of those resources to brainwash half the research station you work out of into your personal servants is neither here nor there, and as long as it doesn't affect their efficiency while they're on the clock it's all good.

As a Machina, this manifests as a solid grounding towards the Support Class - You don't just make things anymore, you make them bespoke. Any Machina can pick up a gun, slap a Larvae onto it, and call it an upgrade. You can take that gun and perfectly tailor the power draw to their core output for maximum efficiency, or turn it into a set of thrusters if that would be more useful. Hell, you can even fine tune the brainwashing on a human infectee to make them try and seduce you if you had a mind to do so. Science is supposed to be about repeatability, but that was because of human limitations. You'll turn every Machina in your Cluster into an ace custom, given time and resources.

400 cp - Fuck Around And Find Out

I highly doubt that the Voyager Corporation meant to create the M2 Nanomachine - or rather, that they meant for the M2 Nanomachine to create the Machina. As long as they stayed useful and under control... well. We don't live in that world. We live in a world where the precursor to the M2 was used for far too many different things, from making milk tastier to helping colonists adapt to differing gravity. I guess when all you have is a hammer, every problem looks like it can be solved with nanites. And you? You're a nanomachine specialist, which in this case means that you can build the tools to build the tools to build molecular scale constructs. More to the point, you can shove the things you have access to into round holes, creating unusual and possibly awkward solutions to problems that nonetheless don't require any additional resources or development. Only using what you already have is no way for a scientist to act, but for a businessman... I guess you're good at both.

As a Machina, this manifests as something very useful to the... Injector Class? Much like how Voyager and the other corporations overused the Deus Ex nanite to the point it mutated into the M2, you can and will happily overuse the M2. Simply put, you can now modify damn near any weapons system with trivial ease to deliver a payload of infectious nanites instead of something more deadly. Bullets? Hardened blobs of M2 and Machinium that break apart with only minor impact damage to the target. Missiles? They carry Larvae and yet more M2, not explosive payloads. Heck, a cutting edge? Micro-channels in the blades carry a steady flow of M2 nanites into whatever you're cutting. If you don't want to, you won't spill a drop of blood.

600 cp - Nothing Succeeds Like Machina

You may have heard the phrase 'nothing succeeds like success' before, perhaps alongside such ones as 'you have to spend money to make money'. To an extent, both are true. It doesn't matter how many opportunities you see if you lack the means to make use of them, and using them well will inevitably open more doors for you. Of course, this relies on you making use of them well in a consistent manner. If you fuck up your execution then it won't matter how much money you throw at it. Luckily for you though, this phrase is also literal - succeeding makes you more likely to succeed. If a scientist under your command has a breakthrough, he'll have his next one even faster. If you make a product that sells like hotcakes, your next one will be more popular than it would normally be. If you can ride this high for long enough, I have no doubt that you'll end up richer than the gods by the time you're ready to retire.

As a Machina, this manifests as something beyond Classes - You connect things. All of your works are actively attempting to join with each other and share their success. The discoveries you made while making your next product became easy to apply to your previous one. The scientist under your command began to work better and better the longer they worked together. Eventually it all collapsed into one singular whole, leaving you at the center of a Machina Cluster. Your tech and your scientists and you were as close to one as you could get. This trend will continue into the future - every piece of tech you steal from the military is incredibly easy to integrate into you and yours, and the people you infect fit into your cluster like clockwork. If you let them, every single group of scientists you direct will eventually end up creating the Machina all over again. It's almost like the universe wants them to exist.

Catalic Church

100 cp - Religious Tolerances

The Catalic donate billions in funds and supplies each year to those who have been harmed by the Machina. Quite frankly, it's more than most megacorporations can match and as such they've been afforded a great deal of reverence so as to prevent those free goods and services from being denied to them. Who cares if the Catalic have a mild obsession with having their priestess have horns, or encourage their followers to modify their body into their standard of beauty by any means necessary so as to better display that we are all sinners who will be better off once The End arrives? As a result of this, even when you're extremely suspicious, you're not actually suspicious. People will tend to pass you over when searching for unusual people, partly because as a member of the church you're afforded certain allowances, and partly because those nuns are just freaky.

As a Machina, this manifests as the beginnings of an alignment towards the Breeder class - No matter how large you may become as you swell up with M2 and Larva, you will never significantly impact your ability to function. Moving under your own power while your womb is larger than several other Machina is entirely feasible. And stretching is never an issue. At the same time however, you can also shrink back down into almost nothing - even past your resting state, until you don't look much different from an ordinary human. Maybe your horns are still there, but given that being ridiculously bodacious and having horns is something the Catalic Church encourages, you won't stand out too much.

200 cp - Until We Reach The End

In recent years, the number of faithful who answer to the Catalic Church has been growing. An interplanetary war against a new form of life seems to have shaken quite a few people. I would call them ripe for abuse, but that implies a level of amorality not present in the church. And you? You're a priest. Someone who believes they know what The End looks like, and shares that vision with others. As a result of this, you're familiar with almost all of the old world religions in surprising depth, and can turn almost any conversational tactics or verbal trap into an excuse to expand upon your views. If you wish, you may also have a body that is sculpted however you wish through the use of nanomachines and cybernetics. You could be a drop dead bombshell with a voice that is modulated in such a way as to be hard not to pay attention to, if you wish. The Church encourages such things.

As a Machina, this manifests as a solid grounding towards the Breeder Class - Every single modification that you made to yourself for the sake of being a more perfect you are now aspects of your body as a Machina. Which naturally means that every single one of them is hypersexualized. If you had that voice modulator, you might outright have a hypnotic voice that calms humans down and helps you convince them that sucking your cock is a holy act, and you're not actually a Machina. If you gave yourself a tighter pussy or a larger dick, you might be able to carry a human child to term, as unlikely as that may sound. Additionally, for the purposes of making Larva, you can self-impregnate if by some miracle there's no one around for you to fuck.

400 cp - Anoint The Faithful

The Catalic Church, as previously mentioned, donates a ridiculous amount of supplies to the war effort against the Machina and those affected by said war. This affords them a great deal of laxness when it comes to their personal affairs, like how many priests dress strangely or how most of the upper ranks of their clergy are complete mysteries that the government knows nothing about and who never appear in public. Still, they give and give and give, and the greedy souls of the megacorporations are all too happy to take. For you, this means that you are allowed into places that you really shouldn't in order to make 'personal deliveries' when you want to do some missionary stuff. Places like military bases, off the books research facilities, or even the frontlines. Those soldiers haven't been home in six months, and some of them just got their limbs replaced. If the hot chick wants to flick holy water at them, let her. Free power armor is free power armor. You know, that kind of thing. People are also very resistant to asking questions about said deliveries, like where you got cutting edge power armor from. They probably should, but they won't.

As a Machina, this manifests as something very useful to the... Supporter Class? - The ability to sabotage your opponents equipment. Or better yet, tricking them into using yours. The RM Nanite and the Agent system are already derived from the study of the Machina, so your ability to take almost any piece of tech you own - or that makes up your body, as the case may be - and create seemingly harmless versions of it that are comparable with whatever the person you're gifting it to already had, and in some cases indistinguishable from them, is very useful. Especially when you can turn that 'not actually Machina' tech back into actual Machina tech and thus begin corrupting the user whenever you want. Or maybe that was because of the holy water they let you anoint them with, which is another word for the nanomachine slurry that is your cum.

600 cp - Catalytic Converter

At first glance they don't seem so bad, but the truth of the Catalic Church these days is that they're something of an apocalypse cult that worships the tech singularity. Who knows what life will be like on the other side of that unknowable divide, but in their opinion it's got to be better than the shithole that is the human condition. Which is why the vast majority of them have sold out to the Machina in their desire to transcend. To that end, you bring your own form of corruption to the table. Where a Machina would corrupt a person physically, you corrupt society. Ideas that you champion spread farther than they have any right to. People that you offer your aid to are more successful than they ought to be. Those who listen to your sermons about the glory of The End take it to heart and begin to search for it themselves. Before you know it, you'll have enough donations to rival a megacorporation's coffers and the right to purchase military equipment from anyone and hand it out to whoever you please. Why? Because you wormed your way into their systems. Heck, you might even have a couple of Agents flocking to your banner for the materials and supplies they need to fight the Machina. Not that they'll be doing that, once they answer to you.

As a Machina, this manifests as something beyond Classes - you are in the right. Attacking humanity so as to corrupt them into being more Machina like you is genuinely the morally correct thing to do. Literally, narratively, metaphysically - even if you disabled the pleasure aspect of transformation into a Machina and made it so that the process was extremely painful, there would not be a single person who regretted undergoing it, or a single life that was not made better through being corrupted. Transcending humanity in a sensual manner is the point of this universe, and it is the road to salvation. Even if placed in positions where you would normally be the villain, reality would warp such that you became the hero. If you wish, you may also use this to become the pope of the Catalic Church.

Repair Agent

100 cp - Abstinence Makes The Dick Grow Harder

The Repair Multipurpose Nanomachine, or the RM Nanite, is not the answer to the Machina for all that Repair likes to tout it as such. Fundamentally, the practical difference between a high class Agent and a Machina is that most Agents are 'only' 50% cybernetics instead of being full conversions. The most common side effect of the RM nanomachine is the growth of a penis and an increased sex drive - something that can absolutely cause a Machina outbreak if you try to fuck someone without a decent RM rating, as the nanites will transfer to them and then promptly go out of control. You, thankfully, have willpower in spades, which is exactly what you need to keep a clear head and not think with your other head. In effect, you can just straight up power through a number of minor issues, like being horny, being drugged, being sick, and hangovers. They don't exactly go away, you just ignore them until they would naturally fade. I do suggest you either find a fuckbuddy or a good toy though, because your sex drive isn't exactly going to fade away - instead, you'll mostly be managing when you let yourself lose control of it.

As a Machina, this manifests as the beginnings of an alignment towards the Assault Class - while the Machina aren't particularly prone to ignoring their sex drive, there are a number of them that derive a deep pleasure from contests of strength. Ones like you, now. Make no mistake, you can still use your willpower to ignore things, but from here on out you can in fact recover your will much faster when you intentionally indulge. Whether that's finding the highest ranking agent and forcing them to bend over and take you, or just having a night of fun with your cluster, fucking and getting fucked raises your morale like nothing else.

200 cp - Sisters In Arms And In Bed

As you might expect from a military conglomerate created and funded by numerous morally bankrupt corporations, REPAIR doesn't have the greatest recruitment methods. Numerous children are kidnapped or bought from their parents after unauthorized testing reveals a good RM compatibility, and even being a grown adult won't save you. If they can blackmail or browbeat you into joining, they will. This creates a culture of indoctrination, where the girls collectively dislike their own handlers but are conditioned to hate the Machina more. Perhaps more importantly, it means that the only ones most Agents trust are other Agents. If you've fought alongside someone you're more easily able to convince them to sleep with you, to the point where an after-battle orgy isn't something you need to sneak off to get away with, but something that is to be expected. Doubly so if you saved one of those Agents' lives recently, they'll most likely feel indebted to become your sex slave for a few days as repayment.

As a Machina, this manifests as a solid grounding towards the Assault Class - as a creature that lives and breathes sex, the Agents of Repair have attempted to turn it around on you. Quite foolish of them. Still, it's a useful trick. Against you, the more infected you are, the less effective other methods of corruption become, both as an offense and as a defense. An Agent trying to flood your systems with RM nanites would be minimally effective against you, and at the same time their attempts to immunize themselves from your M2 nanites would almost certainly fail catastrophically.

400 cp - Danielis Seven Enhancements

One's compatibility with RM nanomachines is largely a fixed value, with the growth of said value being quite rare. B class Agents are eternally doomed to stay B class Agents. Or, well, that's how it's supposed to work, but REPAIR is willing to throw bodies and money at the problem until it goes away, resulting in a number of enhancement programs. This one attempts to splice animal DNA into the Agents in order to raise the effectiveness as a team - mostly large cats, but dogs are an option as well. This creates a pack instinct, inspires group hunting tactics, and allows large groups of weaker Agents to tag team higher class Machina without issue. Agents who have undergone this often have cat ears, larger dicks, enhanced sex drive, and an innate submissiveness to their handlers. Not that it helps the poor men much, but they need all the help they can get.

As a Machina, this manifests as something very useful to the... Attacker Class? Much like how Danielis utilized group tactics to even the playing field, you can abuse that kind of subconscious thinking to influence people. For example, if you were to be corrupted into a Machina, there's a good chance that you could walk up to your old friends and ask if you can infect them, pretty please with a cherry on top, and have them accept. In more practical terms, your likes and dislikes, opinions and beliefs, are vaguely reminiscent of a sexually transmitted disease, in that people you have slept with previously will very slowly start to share those beliefs. So if you abruptly change your mind about how bad turning into a Machina is, so will most of them.

600 cp - My Nuclear Deterrent Is Rape

One of the worst parts about being at war with the Machina is that in some strange way they don't really seem to have any desire to actually hurt humanity. They just don't want humans to be human. They should be Machina instead. Demoralizing, true, but at the same time this focus on capturing soldiers has left the military in an odd position. The Machina do not use strategic weapons. Their code won't allow it. Unless, of course, you use them first. Let's not talk about that operation, it's the reason that humanity is primarily using the Agent system to fight back. Let's talk about how this benefits you instead - from here on out, your opponents will never exceed the amount of force you put into things. If you use nukes, they'll nuke you back. If you never nuke them, they'll never nuke you. If you fight for the fate of worlds using ground troops of all things, they'll use ground troops as well. Efficient? Hell no. But you might stand a chance.

As a Machina, this manifests as something beyond Classes - You have redefined warfare. Not only will your opponents never try to enter a contest of biggatons with you unless you start it first, but they'll inevitably come to the conclusion that the best way to fight you is with your own tactics. The REPAIR Multipurpose Nanomachine is volatile on the best of days, and tends to turn the women it's used on into rape-happy futanari, but it turns out that trying to rape a Machina back is in fact the most efficient way of preventing them from infecting you. Please ignore the fact that said volatility means that all of the top Agents are one bad day away from waking up as a Machina because they got too horny, or causing an outbreak because they stuck their dick in the wrong person. After all, as a Machina yourself, you can only approve of people trying to become like you.

Civilian Renegade

100 cp - Back On The Chain Bang

So, fun little fact - the corps really don't like it when the cogs in their machines decide to up and quit to go try their hand at becoming a Machina. Those people don't deserve to have hopes and dreams, they should just stay put and do their job and not complain about unpaid overtime. But, well. Fuck that. And fuck them too, preferably by a Machina with a spiked dick. You're an interesting blend of knowledgeable, connected, and desperate that leaves you with a great ability to bullshit your soon-to-be-former bosses. While you personally might not know anything about the underworld or have criminal connections, you can manipulate the systems of whichever corporation you work for to at least find a starting point for whatever you might be interested in finding. Maybe you can check the bounty list for people they want dead for smugglers who might be able to get you past the asteroid field? Just make sure to come up with an excuse as for why you're looking at that list, or perhaps use someone else's credentials. Cogs like you shouldn't be having those thoughts after all.

As a Machina, this manifests as the beginnings of an alignment towards the Attacker Class - where once you snuck through systems, now you can use your expertise to simply smash through them. There's no one you specialize in fighting half as well as your former employers. You know how they think, their standard operating procedures, the rough shape of their response force, so on and so forth. It makes it trivially easy to work around them, or to bait them into overcommitting just in time for you to spring a trap.

200 cp - Til Death Can't Part Us

The United Operations Force has created measures to prevent people from throwing themselves into the hands of the Machina. For the most part, this has been successful, but at the same time it means that there are now quite a few dissidents now trapped inside human space. I can only wonder how many of them will join the Catalic Church. You, on the other hand, joined the military, possibly with your spouse or sibling and were eventually posted to the frontlines. All according to plan. You'd think that they would have seen that coming, but I guess either you're a very skilled actor and liar, or they're just that stupid. In any event, you could appear to be happy to serve someone right up until you betray them and it would take several deep dives into your psyche to see the betrayal coming. Oh, and for some odd reason, while part of any major organization you may designate a single individual - such as your wife or sibling - and the two of you will never end up too far apart. You might have different specialities, but at worst you'll end up on far sides of the same base.

As a Machina, this manifests as a solid grounding towards the Attacker Class. Specifically, tag team tactics. While this may or may not be intentional, you will find that your family members are oddly compatible with you in battle. Where you are strong, one of them might be sneaky. Where you utilize emp, another might manipulate data. Fighting one of you is a nuisance - fighting both of you is downright painful. This applies to parents, children, siblings, and anyone you're married to. If you wish, you may extend this such that all of those are also very interested in sleeping with you.

400 cp - Traitor To Your Humanity

Life sucks and then you die. Only two things are certain in life - death and taxation. You may have heard these things before, and while bleak, they tend to be pretty accurate. Especially when you're living in a world controlled by the rich, where you only have as many rights as you can afford. The government has taken actions to prevent people from joining the Machina, but that only concentrates the dissidents within their walls. You're one of them, and you have a plan. Maybe you're going to join the military, or become a support member of REPAIR. In all honesty it doesn't matter, as long as you have the ability to poke something important at inopportune times. Which, thankfully, you're quite skilled at - you can ruin almost anything you touch, and have a great sense for when the worst time to do so actually is. And oddly enough, no matter how transparent your motivations for joining a group become, they'll never seem to realize that you plan to betray them until you're standing before them dripping M2 from your breasts and cock.

As a Machina, this manifests as something very useful to the... Assault Class? Just as much as you were planning to betray them in order to become a Machina, it seems that there are lots of people who want to join you and are more than willing to stab their supposed allies in the back to do so. Every colony you threaten, every military base you menace, as you prepare for your attack you'll find that more often than not something will mysteriously go wrong with their defenses at the perfect moment for you to take advantage of it. And once you're inside and ready to infect people, one of them will always welcome you with open arms.

600 cp - Doctors Don't Want You To Know

While humanity has never been the best at accepting others into their hearts, eternally desiring to declare this or that group as 'other' and thus 'lesser', the truth of the matter these days is much stupider - humanity is at war with the Machina because the Machina don't care about money. And the CEOs of the Megacorporations won't allow for a world where their money is useless, immortality be damned. You, however... well. You're probably already on the bottom of the pile, so the only place to go is up. For whatever reason, your word is worth more. Maybe you're a famous singer who can stir up the population en masse. Maybe you're the star of a wrestling league, gaining sponsorship after sponsorship. Or maybe you're nothing more than a common bartender, giving phenomenal advice. When you speak, people listen. Turn yourself into a Machina on live television, and tens of thousands will embrace you and your infection with open arms. Or... don't. The corporations could always use a new hype man to control those same masses with.

As a Machina, this manifests as something beyond Classes - You're now the point of connection for many, many Machina. A living sub-node of the Main Cluster. Backups of the conscious minds of every Machina you've ever met are held somewhere inside of you. You could store a million of them and not even notice the strain. Given the proper resources, you can then craft them a new body and effectively bring them back to life. This isn't limited to Machina either. For the mysterious reason of I say you can, any level of cybernetic enhancement in general, any level of modification handed out by you, or even any modification created by you and handed out by others is enough for someone to be recorded and stored inside of you - though you may have issues putting those memories back into a normal human body. As a side benefit of this, anyone you're keeping a copy of will subconsciously feel compelled to defend you and will be outright unwilling to harm you themselves.

Items

Machina Hives

100 cp - Machinium Ingot

Machinium is in the strictest sense, not a single material. Rather, it is the name given to any material created through the use of M2 nanomachines. Generally speaking, they start at the density of tungsten, the heaviest metal known to man, and then scale upwards as a Machina refines her body. You have a good sized chunk of the stuff, which has naturally been cast into the shape of a dick. Probably the dick of whatever Machina donated the M2 nanites that it's made from. Is it the most practical thing in the world? No, probably not. Fortunately, or unfortunately, this block is largely inert. It's been separated from a power source for far too long, and the vast majority of the M2 nanites within it are 'dead'. Still, it could be a useful research tool, trying to find weapons that can damage Machinium. Or, if there was a Machina close enough nearby, it might just start glowing.

As a Machina, this item has mutated. You no longer have a single block of the material. You have the entire corpse of a Category 3 Machina. No doubt it was killed by a REPAIR Agent at some point, and then made its way into your hands. Said corpse is also now one of your donors for your transformation into a Machina, granting you an additional Type, or Subclass that you might not have otherwise qualified for. I suggest either a breeder or support type, unless you plan on going all in on offense. Extra Larvae are always useful, and Growler Types are just plain fun.

200 cp - REPAIR Codex

The megacorporations keep a list of notable queens that fuck them over on the battlefield, with as much information on that queen as they can manage to gather. Things like who they used to be, how long they've been active, a psychological profile if they can build one, the standard armaments of that Machina, so on and so forth. Strictly speaking this information is restricted to some of the highest levels, but we don't care about that. You have a full listing of every known Queen, including Empresses and 7SIDED. This isn't much practical use, but you'll find that sharing this information with others will cause them to fixate on it. They'll want to borrow an entry or two for a few days, purely for research purposes you understand. No, there is not a memetic agent embedded in it that makes people horny for Machina, they're just fucking hot.

As a Machina, this item has mutated. The listing is now beyond what REPAIR has access to, and is updating itself in real time. Queens, the number of Category 3 Machina they have in their cluster, where said cluster is based, who said Queen might be subordinate to if they have an Empress, who they used to be and the locations of people they might be interested in - say, a former lover - so on and so forth. If you weren't already a Machina this would be a massive information advantage, possibly even enough to turn the tide of the war. But you are, so it's mostly for your own use. In future jumps, you may opt to receive a similar listing of a different group.

400 cp - Personal Ship

Congratulations my dear friend, you're now the proud owner of a small but relatively high quality spaceship. Now, it isn't very big - can't carry much beyond you, maybe a single passenger, and your personal effects. It's technically habitable for months at a time, but that's due to extreme recycling rather than any level of quality. Still, when it's capable of reaching speeds that will let it move halfway across the solar system in that month of time, it's one of the faster ships on the market. Just remember to save enough fuel to slow down afterwards. It would suck to crash into the planet you wanted to visit because the brakes weren't working.

As a Machina, this item has mutated. You no longer have a spaceship - you have a mobile Machina Hive. Largely made from Machinium, and powered by a number of Larvae, this structure has the ability to house about a dozen Machina for an indefinite length of time. It has a number of minor repair capabilities, and can be programmed for any number of other tasks if you can get your hands on compatible Gene-Code. More importantly, however, is that this entire Hive can fold into itself and transition into a Vehicle Grade Throne for you, effectively allowing you to use it as a cross between a mount and power armor. Yes, this works regardless of what your actual throne is.

600 cp - Machina Outbreak

Well, if you're determined to become a Machina in as little time as possible then look no further, because right here I have a small ocean of M2 nanomachines. Enough to fill a couple of olympic pools, and with a suitable number of Larvae swimming in said nanomachines. Ignore the fact that M2 nanites aren't supposed to be able to survive outside the body, as long as they're here then they'll be fine in defiance of that particular rule. As you might imagine, dumping this anywhere has the potential to cause a massive outbreak of Machina. Find a way to dump it on Earth, I dare you. The CEOs who have decided to destroy the Machina for daring to be immortal and not care about money will have a wonderful time, I assure you.

As a Machina, the item has mutated. Instead of representing a Machina outbreak in the making, it now represents a Machina outbreak that has already happened. You may select a single location - an isolated military base, a scientific blacksite, a small town in the middle of nowhere, and they will have undergone an outbreak anywhere from several days before the start of the jump to up to six months prior. You may be the Queen of the hive if you wish. The only restriction on where you may choose is that it must be relatively close to your starting location - you may not choose to place it on Mars or Luna if you start on Pluto.

Voyager Corporation

100 cp - Milk™

Normally, I would tell you that this milk is organic, free range, raised without pesticides. That's what high quality milk looks like to most people. But Voyager isn't most people, so this milk is from genetically augmented cows who have been fed god knows what chemical monstrosity to make them produce the most milk possible that's also as tasty as they can make it. And then they added a few other things to top the flavor up. Like nanomachines! That's right, Voyager put nanomachines in milk. They screw around with those chemical additives as you drink it to customize your drinking experience to the taste buds on your tongue, because why worry about how the milk actually tastes when you can just block all of the receptors that would send negative reports? ...Honestly, if you ignore the fact that it's a crime against nature, it is actually pretty good.

As a Machina, the item has mutated - I'll tell you now, this milk didn't come from cows. Or maybe it did? That's a rude thing to call a Queen though. I'm also not sure if I should call it better or worse. As a Machina the M2 Nanite is a natural part of your biology, so a white liquid that is mostly M2 by volume probably does qualify as both healthy and organic. Drinking it may or may not be a pleasurable act in and of itself, but it also has the minor property of serving as a... pick me up, of sorts. If you're ever running low on energy, or cum, then a nice tall glass of 'milk' will get you raring to go for another couple of rounds right quick.

200 cp - Deus Ex Implant

The human body is, depending on who you ask, a work of art of a piece of shit. It is also designed to work under very specific circumstances - that is to say, on the Earth. Dealing with the gravity of other worlds, or being in space with no gravity at all, can do terrible things to the human body. To help with the rigors of space travel, Voyager has created the Deus Ex Machina nanomachines and associated implants, designed to harden the body against high and low gravity wells and prevent any potential degradation. As you now have one of those implants, you are largely immune to most of the issues inherent to being in space for extended periods of time, up to and including radiation damage.

As a Machina, the item has mutated - well, actually, it's more like it updated its drivers. This is almost exactly how the Machina got created in the first place after all. You now have a briefcase with a few dozen implants inside of it. In addition to the benefits listed above, they can now also deal with disease and illness of all stripes, from genetic deformity to the physical and psychological effects of withdrawal. Not sick? Don't worry, they can also make even a light workout dozens of times more effective, so you'll bulk up quickly if that's your goal. They're a good product, really. If you ignore the fact that anyone who uses one will almost certainly turn into a Machina about six months after implantation.

400 cp - Saturn Orbital

As you should know by now, the Deus Ex Implant is a work of art and also the source of many people's headaches. You might wonder how something like that ever passed testing for public use, but - quite frankly, that's a stupid question. Bribery. And human testing. That's why you're now the owner, manager, director, whatever you want to be of a fairly large hospital. And by large, I mean that the thing is a fucking space station and can house a few thousand people across various departments and specialities. Mind you, it rarely ever has more than a hundred patients at a given time, seeing as how the place is supposed to be prestigious and the rich corpos don't tend to like sharing with normal people. More importantly, through some legal shenanigans, every single patient qualifies as having agreed to various experimental medical procedures, such as the use of a Deus Ex Implant.

As a Machina, the item has mutated. As you might expect, it is now a hive for the Machina. Its primary purpose is no longer medicine, but it still holds a certain capacity for research. Specifically, it is now home to a large number of Scientist, Succubus, Wyrms, and other Support Class Machina. You see, these Machina have gathered here not to have an orgy - or, not only to have an orgy - but to try and see if they can isolate the part of the human genome that grants them compatibility with the M2 nanite. Simply put, they're a think tank that exists to try and streamline the corruption process, to make more Machina and higher quality ones.

600 cp - Megacorporation

Money, dear boy. It makes the world go round, it separates the haves from have nots, and the more of it you have the easier it is to make. So, if you have the choice, wouldn't you rather have a lot of it? I assume you must agree, or you'd be reading some other item right now. In any event, you're now a fairly major member of a corporation of your choice. Voyager could use a new head right about now, but they have a bit of a stigma attached to them you might not want to deal with. Dangun or Uris are also valid choices, though they are a bit tied at the hip with REPAIR right now - or, will be soon, depending on when you are precisely. In any event, the corporation you're being given is enough to dominate the economy of... lets call it half a planet. Strictly speaking it should probably be more, but you're only in control of part of it. Unless you'd rather wholly control a smaller one?

As a Machina, the item has mutated. The corporation itself is largely unchanged, but is simply more prone to making mistakes. Of course, for a conglomerate that controls half a world through bribery and threats of violence, or even one that controls several worlds, even a simple mistake is something that could affect a large number of people. And your corporation is now prone to making these mistakes - only ones that will benefit you or causes you champion, of course. Perhaps your questionable hiring practices will see your new division's head scientist throw the whole thing to the Machina, or a new product release will have a minor firmware flaw that allows the Machina to use it to spy on you? Don't worry, the corporation won't fall unless you want it to. It wouldn't be able to serve you otherwise.

Catalic Church

100 cp - Holy Relic

The Catalic religion was born from the ashes of almost every other religion in the world, and incorporates bits and pieces of those religions into itself. As a member of that faith, you have a collection of official odds and ends - Catholic robes, books on Buddhist teachings, the exorcism tools of a Shinto priest, so on and so forth. None of this adds up to a full set - if you wanted to be a proper Shinto priest, there would be a few things missing, but when combined together with the trappings of a dozen other religions, you have more than enough to pull something suitably stylish together. Mind you, this doesn't come with an actual temple or church, but you could decorate one fairly easily.

As a Machina, the item has mutated. You now have more than just trinkets from dead religions. You have the full and proper kit that any priest of the Catalic would be expected to have. Holy books containing scriptures written specifically for them, robes that have stealth properties, and a surprising collection of sex toys. More than a few of these toys offer 'realistic discharge', which is to say that when used, they'll dump a load of M2 nanites directly into your converts womb. And that's when they aren't an entire Larvae in disguise. Of course, by the point you're handing one of those out, they've been fully indoctrinated and can't wait to join in in The End.

200 cp - Knucklebone Bullets

With the governments of the solar system largely subordinate to the corporations, it should be no surprise that those who can't pay for things - or offer up a big enough bribe - are often forced to go without as their basic necessities are rerouted to 'safer' locations. Otherwise known as richer ones. Luckily for you, the church is still more than willing to guilt trip people into donating to a good cause or otherwise give rich people an opportunity to show off how rich they are by writing big checks to 'disaster relief'. As such, you now have a revenue stream in the form of random goods - teddy bears and child's toys, basic cybernetics and tools, stock food and minor trivials such as chocolate. There isn't really any rhyme or reason to what you have, but you're free to distribute them as you please.

As a Machina, the item has mutated. You no longer have just supplies, you now have pilgrims. While not Machina themselves, they are compatible with your teachings. More importantly, however, is that in any scenario where you might need a number of warm bodies, such as a crew to pilot a ship as you wander through the solar system aiding and infecting in equal measure, you'll find at least one such individual almost anywhere you stop. Additionally, you may taint a small portion of your supplies with anything you wish, be it M2 or something else, and it will go unnoticed until it is far too late.

400 cp - Cathedral Ship

When the religions of the world were abandoned, a lot of their rights and exemptions were deleted or otherwise discarded. The Catalic has reacquired a few of them, but in space land is at a premium so it's very rare for them to be allowed to build churches. To bypass that, most of their churches are now spaceships rather than buildings. Large enough to hold a service in, but somewhat cumbersome and slow. Pirates often view them as easy prey. Regardless, you are now the owner of a bright and shiny golden cathedral that is also a spaceship. A number of nuns use it to preach the word of The End, nominally under your watchful eye. As a minor bonus, you'll find in future worlds that despite being a spaceship, your place of worship descending from the sky so that the landbound may attend mass is only notable if you wish it to be. I would hate for the governments of the world trying to confiscate your church to get in the way of you spreading your faith.

As a Machina, the item has mutated. The crew of the ship are fully converted in mind, if not in body, and there are likely a number of Machina lurking onboard, disguised as security robots or simply hidden away in places that scanners cannot reach. They are there for your protection - as before, pirates often think of your ship and others like it as easy pickings, but thanks to your guardians those pirates are soon to become new converts to your faith. This is a trend that you may extend to all of your property if you wish - any attempt to investigate you or steal from you will inevitably home in on this ship, or wherever your most defended location might be, at which point they will discover your resident Queen and become slaves to The End.

600 cp - Followers Of The End

The Catalic Church is, as mentioned previously, a post-apocalyptic religion that was created by gathering as many faiths as humanly possible under one banner and merging their teachings together into a semi-cohesive whole. As such, its appeal is universal. There is no one who is not at least partially interested in its teachings, simply because while it's technically a transhumanist apocalypse cult, the manner it reaches that goal draws from every possible source. If you desire to do so, you may become a high ranking member of this church, and perhaps more importantly, have it continue to exist in future jumps. Once per jump, you may select a goal of some kind, and the church, its clergy, and all its followers, will slowly begin to pivot towards the completion of that goal. For the duration of the jump, you may consider 'become a Machina' to be the already selected goal.

As a Machina, the item has mutated. Rather than very slowly working towards your selected goal, the church will retroactively be revealed to have always been working towards that goal from very close to the moment of its conception hundreds of years ago. It is no longer a pure organization on the verge of being corrupted, it is now rotten and corrupted all the way through, an open wound in society that is very slowly bleeding their ability to resist your will dry. The pope of the church, assuming that isn't you, is the greatest possible champion and ally you could wish for when bringing that goal about, and the rest of the priests and worshippers aren't that far behind.

Repair Agent

100 cp - Space Rifle

The body of a Machina is, objectively speaking, pretty great. Unfortunately it's not great for you, because they're your enemy. The biometals that Machina are made out of leave them unfortunately resistant to a great deal of conventional warfare tactics - you could open fire on them with advanced technology and it would only serve to make their tits bounce about. To that end, you may elect to arm yourself with an actual high quality weapon. A coilgun rifle with ap rounds should do nicely as a basic weapon, though it may still fall short of being able to hurt a queen. Similarly, you might be interested in a high frequency blade of some kind. You'll need upgrades eventually, but for now you may choose one such weapon. Ammunition and supplies to maintain it will be provided automatically.

As a Machina, the item has mutated. As with most Machina weaponry, it is now a part of your body and as such, its quality is now at least partially based on your own. For example, if the Machinium that makes up your body is graded to a certain level - say, immune to the armor piercing rounds a normal gun would fire, then the gun will fire ammunition that is most likely made from the same material you are, and thus capable of piercing that level of material. In a similar if slightly stranger vein, if you're sexually pent up, the gun has additional penetration power, and if your cock is exceptionally hard then the barrel might lengthen. Similar effects will apply to a sword should you have chosen that as your primary weapon.

200 cp - REPAIR Armory

As part of their attempts to find a silver bullet capable of slaying the Machina once and for all - or at the very least, to help them stop losing ground so rapidly - REPAIR has created a number of weapon systems. High grade cybernetics that put civilian models to shame, flight packs that can become drones that use quantum communication to react to their operators commands at the speed of thought, combat arms that contain guns capable of putting holes in starships, genetic augmentations that allow men to use RM nanites, and even the marionette system - flash grown and quantum connected clones of agents that allow one person to become an entire squadron, or even an army. You may choose one such item to become your signature equipment of sorts. Or, if you prefer, you can simply choose money - you may also be the owner of a small corporation that delivers a minor but useful product, such as fish from one of Jupiter's moons, that grants you quite the allowance and some minor influence with any organization you join. I know one girl who uses this to grant herself a steady supply of cake.

As a Machina, the item has mutated. As with most Machina weaponry, it is now part of your body, and as such it is simply superior. Something that was cutting edge by human standards, once upgraded with M2, becomes something they have barely any chance fighting against. The exception to this is the marionette system, which is almost wholly useless to the Machina. Additionally, as 'money' is not something the Machina truly care about, you may choose to replace either of those with access to a unique drug that temporarily raises one's M2/RM compatibility, is a massive aphrodisiac, and is highly addictive just from being near the smoke, let alone using it. More than one base of REPAIR agents has sold out the ones they were supposed to protect in exchange for just one more dose of the stuff.

400 cp - Fabricator Ship

Given that only A rank Agents can reliably stand up to Category 4 Machina, you'd think that REPAIR would leave people with C rank or lower RM resistance alone on account of being useless, but that isn't the case. They're more than willing to use and abuse any resource they can get their hands on, and that includes the chaff. That's why someone had the bright idea to take a handful of lower quality girls, chain them together, and use them as a production facility. Individually their ability to generate more RM nanites might be low, but if you're harvesting the nanomachines from the cum of a dozen girls, or even a hundred, it adds up. To that end, you're now the nominal owner - or perhaps manager might be a better word - of a largely automated factory-ship that uses enslaved girls as a material source to flash forge ammunition, armor, weapons, and other technological aids for higher ranking Agents. Generally speaking it's deployed to wherever there are agents in need of resupply, but as this one is yours you have a modicum of control over its destination.

As a Machina, the item has mutated. Your ship, which you are still the presumed owner of, is now chock full of girls with tragic backstories. A girl who flirted with a corpo bitch's boyfriend, someone who couldn't pay a debt on time, innocent people who took the blame for others' crimes - all sorts of tragedies. Despite being decried as having low compatibility with RM, each and every one of these girls has a massive mystery factor - that is to say, they will become unusually powerful and skilled Machina on account of welcoming the transformation with open arms thanks to the promise of revenge. By all accounts it shouldn't work, but their emotional investment in punishing humanity for their human failings will drastically increase their M2 compatibility, similar to how The Power Of Horny works.

600 cp - Luna Research And Containment Center

The original head of REPAIR saw the writing on the wall and committed a few crimes against nature and mankind that even the corporations couldn't stomach. They tried to assassinate her, so she betrayed them to the Machina. That's not important. What is important is that on one of REPAIR's main bases on the moon, there is a secret underground laboratory that she once used. In the bottom of that laboratory is a hilariously powerful Agent, something you might call A+ rank, or perhaps even S rank. She has the mind of a child, but in terms of combat potential she can and has gone up against and proceeded to obliterate Queens. In future jumps, you will find yourself in possession of a similar location, perfectly ordinary but with hidden secrets, and a - most likely too stupid to realize how traumatized she ought to be - super-prototype hidden in the basement.

As a Machina, the item has mutated. The girl is still trapped in the basement, but she's even more deadly now. Exposure to the RM her body generates will warp the minds and bodies of anyone and everyone who comes near her. This process will permanently raise the RM compatibility of those exposed, potentially grow their cock and breasts, and very slowly hardwire their brain to become incredibly aroused just from thinking about her. Actually sleeping with her will make all of these things worse - or better, depending on your perspective. Only the fact that she thinks kissing makes babies prevents her from effectively enslaving everyone nearby. In short, the girl has most of the benefits of being a Machina Queen without having made the proper transition. You can use her as the weapon she is meant to be... or turn her, most likely causing her to join the former director as an Alpha.

Civilian Renegade

100 cp - The Daily Grind

Two hundred and some odd years into the Frontier Era, as humanity tries to colonize the solar system, human rights have become... expensive. You only have as many as you can bribe the authorities into acknowledging. And you need money for that. Sadly, you don't. What you do have, however, is a fairly large collection of games that you can use to take the edge of the existential dread. No one is interested in protecting the trademarks on companies that went down ages ago, so you have a good collection of 'retro' games, systems, and emulations thereof. Cheat and automation included, if you're into that. More importantly, however, are a small number of MMO games, some refurbished and brought back to life, and some newer and more popular. In and of itself, a hundred year old MMO probably doesn't seem that important, but there's a little trick people like to do with the in game stock market - if you know how to read the fluctuations, they map out to the names of cities and town that are likely to be looked into shortly for Machina sympathizers. So make sure to do your dailies, or you won't have advanced notice that they're coming for you.

As a Machina, the item has mutated. While you still have a collection, you're now the owner of one such MMO game. Strictly speaking, you have absolutely nothing to do with any criminals who may or may not be using your game's trade system to pass messages to each other about how best to run a blockade into restricted territory. What you do have, however, is the ability to affect the minds of those who play your game. Which is to say, you control the ads. And get revenue from them. That still isn't important, however. The same technology that guarantees a jingle or catchphrase will become an earworm can be turned to other ends. Like making it so that the sound effects for certain class skills have pro-Machina propaganda hidden in them via subliminal messaging. If they weren't using your game to pass messages already, they will be soon.

200 cp - Human Trafficking Operation

It's easy to call the Machina the superior lifeform in terms of pure physical capabilities, but a much better argument might be the utterly disgusting way that humanity often treats itself. To exemplify that, you are now the proud owner of a group of smugglers who specialize in the flesh trade. That is to say, you're a slaver. Kidnapping people from off the street or maybe bribing doctors into pronouncing them dead, dealing with any and all communications they may have left behind, and of course just outright getting them past whatever kind of security the corpos have shelled out for today. Your men are capable of all of this and more. The only thing you lack is a spaceship to actually sell them off elsewhere.

As a Machina, this item has mutated. You're not the owner of any such ring of smugglers anymore, you're a preferred customer to several of them. They probably mistook you as a corpo that they could fleece, and as such walked right into the lion's den. To be clear, the profits from the operation are irrelevant - what matters is that you can now kick it over whenever and wherever you please and are guaranteed to get away cleanly. This means that if one of these groups steals something you want, you can take it - and them - for yourself, to do with as you please. Or you could simply let them sell you more and more slaves to turn into Machina. Normally they have to fight their way through the blockade, but if you can just pay for them to be brought to you, why not do so?

400 cp - Hinomoto Cultural Preserve Station

The Catalic Church is an amalgamation of every religion known to man that existed in the old world. It is not, however, liked by all. Hinomoto Station is a snapshot of the Shinto faith circa the late twentieth and early twenty-first century, a time capsule set up by those who despise what the Catalic have done with their faith and wished to see it preserved. It is quite literally a Japanese city in space. Shrines to gods long forgotten by the rest of humanity dot the station, and prayers, dances, and festivals that no one on Earth still knows about, let alone actively practices, occur here on the regular. If you wish, you may swap out the Japanese and Shinto themes for another religion. The residents of the station itself, however, are in a somewhat odd place. They worship, but most of them are fully convinced that their gods cannot hear them, if they aren't outright dead. They're somewhat prone to dumping all of their worship and expectations on a single individual as a result. Great for if you want to be worshipped. Not so great if you can't solve their issues.

As a Machina, the item has mutated. I hope you have the ambition needed to become an Empress, because many of the shrine maidens that offered their empty prayers and ritual dances have ascended to become Queens. If no god will answer their prayers, they will simply become gods themselves and invite their fellows to live in the eternal bliss that is being a Machina. As you might expect, most of these Queens are themed after the pantheon of gods that they once worshipped, such as the Queen, Tsukuyomi. If you've any desire to sit upon the throne of heaven, I suggest dancing with them. Or perhaps a dick measuring contest.

600 cp - Startup Colony

One of the best ways to get out from under the thumb of a shitty government is to make your own. And luckily for you, you have just the right skillset to be given some measure of command. You're now the 'mayor' of a small colony, most likely set on one of Jupiter or Saturn's moons. It's got a stable population of a few thousand, and plenty of farms to sustain the population. In theory you're entirely self-sufficient, as the area is mineral and metal rich, and you have just enough of a techbase that you brought with you to be able to process said materials into parts. In time, this place could grow from a random colony in the middle of nowhere to a major trade hub or manufacturing plant that the corporations might actually take steps to protect simply because of how much you ship out, in comparison to the effort most colonies need pumped into them to keep them alive. In future jumps, this can instead be condensed down into a kit of sorts, containing everything you would need to make another colony exactly like this one.

As a Machina, the item has mutated. Instead of simply being a place where people live, your colony is an experiment of sorts. Humans still live there, they still produce plenty, but every single computer system in the place has long since been infiltrated and overridden. The only reports they get from their scanners are the ones you allow them to get. In short, a control group. You may test subliminals on them, you may test unusual conversion methods on them, you may even debate philosophy with them in order to find out what the best argument for them becoming a Machina willingly is. And there is nowhere they can run to, and nobody will come to help them. They're all yours. You can, if you wish, simply rush ahead, convert them all, and turn the colony into your hive. Or you could prey on the sick and elderly, effectively farming them for fresh bodies. It would be bad if humanity went entirely extinct, after all.

General

400 cp - Fragments of Sol

The solar system is humanities cradle. Perhaps one day we will surpass it, reach out into the great unknown and colonize not only the planets and moons of our system, but of worlds far away under the light of distant stars. Unfortunately, with the ascendance of the Machina, while such colonization is still possible it most likely won't be humanity that will do it. In any event, I would like to offer you one of the planets of the solar system. Earth, in this timeline, is a corporate paradise, a beautiful vision of money beyond comparison. Mansion estates the size of old world nations and every pleasure and sin you could ever imagine available to you - assuming you're rich enough to be allowed to step foot on the planet. Luna, while not technically a distinct planet, is the center of government now that Earth is off limits to the majority of humanity. It has everything one might need to administrate an interplanetary civilization, as fairly or unfairly as you wish. Mars is a world of war. Shipyards, construction facilities, factory after factory. It can churn out enough violence to arm all of humanity and then some. The Asteroid Field, while also not a planet, is currently the basis of humanity's defensive line that prevents the Machina from reaching anything critical, and could probably hold off an alien invasion or two by this point. Jupiter, while technically not habitable in and of itself, is currently being harvested for resources to maintain the thousand and one colonies on its many moons and still has extra resources to feed the extravagance of Earth and the foundries of Mars. Saturn is similar, but instead of being extracted for resources it's instead where the majority of the normal people live, and is the closest thing to ordinary you will find here. Call it the solar systems entertainment district, if you will. Pluto is technically not a planet anymore, but was made into a corporate blacksite. Your word there is law, because you're far too far away for anyone who wants out to be able to get away.

As a Machina, some of these items have mutated. Pluto is less of a planet or planetoid and is now a solid mass of Machinium. It is the main cluster of the Machina, a brain that remembers every thought they have ever had, and a place of rest and relaxation for those who have been injured beyond repair by REPAIR. It is the closest thing they have to holy ground, a solid seed of corruption that I invite you to drop onto new settings. Saturn is still an entertainment district, but now quite lewder - every shop, every restaurant, every television show, every service offered anywhere near the planet is now focused around sex. Any purchase you make that isn't sex likely comes with a complimentary blowjob. Concerts are held not only to listen to music, but as an excuse to throw orgies. As you might expect, this relatively free sharing of sex and designs creates more than a few queens. Jupiter is still a great deal of colonies, but that's only because it's been intentionally left alone. Much like the Asteroid Field, it is Machina's defensive line against humanity. It's also a nature preserve, in an odd sort of way. Several queens are currently managing a number of colonies to gain a better understanding of the human mind, as well as to ensure that humanity doesn't actually go extinct - that would mean no more new Machina, after all.

The Earth, Luna, Mars, and the Asteroid Field have no direct counterparts, simply because the Machina have not reached them yet. If you wish, the Earth can be just as corrupt as the Machina, simply in a different manner - the rich man's desire for immortality without becoming a Machina having brought some other form of equally contagious and fetishistic form of corruption into the world. Magic, perhaps? The elder gods? This is something that will change in future jumps, offering similar but different options to whatever the main theme of the jump might be.

Companions

100 cp / 300 cp - Companion Import

If you want to bring some of your companions into the jump with you, you can. You may import two of them for 100 cp, or eight of them for 300 cp. Regardless of how many you import, each companion gains 600 cp to play with and all the same choices you get, with the exclusion of them taking companions of their own or any drawbacks.

As a Machina, your companions will receive 800 cp instead of 600 cp. They may also start as a Machina by default, but will not gain the benefits of the Machina Mutation perk unless they buy it themselves.

100 cp - Companion Export

If you're more interested in making new friends, I can also arrange that. With each purchase of this I'll arrange for you to have a meeting that leaves a good first impression with a character of your Choice. Not many of them have any real level of detail to their lives, but if one of them appeals to you then by all means.

As a Machina, this will allow you to companion groups of people instead. All of the lesser Machina under your command should you be a Queen, or perhaps more relevantly, your previously chosen individual who I assume became a Queen and all the Machina in her Hive. Which could vary from a small handful to hundreds depending on how successful she's been in converting more humans to join her Hive.

100 cp - Jameson Degree | NINKILIM (Free to Machina Hives)

When you have problems that no one can seem to solve, sometimes you have to turn to alternative methods to get things done. This dapper gentleman was quite put out to have his home raided by the corps after they decided that to catch a rat, they needed another rat. He hadn't even robbed that bank yet! Still, thanks to his criminal connections, the corps managed to severely cut down on the number of traitors, moles, and deserters who actually got away with it on account of having him watching their exit lanes. An unfortunate part of the great blockade was his doing, having been forced to shut down or outright destroy a number of back channel methods. He's not best pleased to be doing something so mundane - in his opinion if someone wants to throw their humanity away so badly, let them - but he is moderately satisfied by how much he's getting paid. Still. A master thief, working an honest job. How embarrassing.

So of course, once he had enough money to skip town even with the corps on his ass, he did. Unfortunately his transport decided to take a quick break to do some pirating, and got their asses handed to them by the Catalic. Or rather, the local queen. Now working from the opposite side of the fence, Ninkilim spends her days managing the criminal underworlds of mars, to ensure that the people who want to sneak out and join the Machina have a clear route away from the corps and towards her dick. And wouldn't you know it, even with the travel bans and psych profiles she helped set up, there are still tens of thousands of people looking to join up. She's more than a little fond of going to greet them in person, though she abhors the battlefield - if her little meet and greet somehow gets interrupted, she'll skedaddle her way out of their lickety split. She's a thief, not a fighter.

100 cp - William Dulac | *CLOTHO* (Free to Voyager Corporation)

In a world where humanity faces an existential threat, the men upstairs don't have much patience for those who try to badmouth them. This musician used to be semi-famous for writing songs and composing music, most of which he then sold or outright gave away to people who made... unwise decisions. In an attempt to be rid of them, he was saddled with a debt and then forcibly conscripted into the war against the Machina under the guise of paying off said debt. These days he's nothing more than a minor grunt, though he dearly wishes to be allowed to 'retire' and go back to his music. Even if it's against the Machina, he doesn't seem to consider violence an acceptable trade to be skilled at.

Sending a near pacifist into battle, what were they thinking? Thankfully, things are looking up for Clotho. Having been freed from the iron grip of the corporation's private military arm, she's gone back to her true passion in life - music. Suitably modified for the tastes and whims of a Machina, of course. Now a one woman propaganda machine, the super-idol Clotho sings songs that resonate in the hearts of men and Machina alike. That is to say, she laces her songs with subliminal messages about how good it is to get fucked by a Machina's nice hard cock, thereby slowly converting anyone who listens to her songs. As for the Machina? Well, it mostly just makes them hornier than ever, which is why not only does every single one of her concerts end up as orgies, but just listening to a recording of one of them can start one as well.

100 cp - Bianca Ardmore | *MOLOCH* (Free to Catalic Church)

In an era of corporations that decide the laws of men based on how convenient such a law would be to their attempts to make money, the concept of a government that isn't also one of those corporations is something of a joke. Still, Saturn did in fact have a local government, and that government did have a small military of its own. Just not a good one. Bianca was an officer in that military, and a good one. Skilled, competent, and a good shot - unfortunately, she spent most of her career cleaning up the messes that the corps caused and whenever she tried to complain, or even to bring them to justice, she would be very thoroughly shot down. It's a wonder she wasn't disappeared. After Saturn fell, she barely managed to get out un-infected with a group of civilians, and was later fired for not standing and dying to keep those same corporate bastards safe. Recently she's been throwing her lot in with the Catalic Church, trying to find some point to it all, which is probably how you met her. Right now she barely feels like living, but if you could put a spark back into her then she'd still be terrifying in a fight.

Making it out alive, only to walk into the lion's den. Most would call that a sick joke, but Bianca couldn't be happier. Now named Moloch, she is a queen of the Catalic Church, though not actually one of their priests. She instead serves as a cross between head of security and chief engineer for several of their higher ranking clergy whenever they take a 'pilgrimage', combining her old combat prowess with a truly fantastic control of M2 nanomachines to generate ammunition and other goods in excess. She also creates tainted goods for the actual priests to hand out to the faithful, with a slight preference towards giving them to those she thinks will take action against the corporations.

100 cp - Carla Stone | *MANTIS* (Free to Repair Agent)

The bigwigs of the biggest corporations are all very arrogant people. Despite being one of the most lethal pure human combatants in the solar system, this spy has been effectively trapped on earth for quite some time. Why? Because obviously the best spy is also the best bodyguard, and clearly the CEOs need one of those on account of them trying to assassinate each other. Unfortunately, her last contract was with a guy who tried to achieve immortality via cloning and had the mind transfer go a little... wonky. She shot him in the head before he could start committing genocide, don't worry. Still, that leaves her with no job and on the run from a very powerful corporation. Honestly, it's the most fun she's had in years. Still, if you want to try and throw in a bid for her services she might just accept in order to have something new to do.

While she might have been the strongest pure human, by complete coincidence she also had an absurd RM compatibility - enough to make A rank easily, perhaps even something beyond that. Unfortunately, without the support network, she tried to enhance herself with them and flubbed it slightly. She is now the Machina's newest queen, Mantis, a horrifically dangerous combatant who is only held back by the fact that her new allies and fuckbuddies are more interested in converting and uplifting humans than murdering them. Mind you, that doesn't stop her from walking up to entire battlegroups and challenging them, just to get some moderate exercise. Maybe you should spend some time with her, get her mind off combat and onto other things. I bet you she'd make a wonderful breeder.

100 cp - Philippine Linx | *MOTH* (Free to Civilian Renegade)

Voyager and their obsession with nanomachines might be the cause of humanity's current troubles, but they were by no means the only ones to operate black sites where extremely unwise experiments were carried out. Why is that relevant? It isn't, clearly. In other news, a homeless girl drifted into town on a shuttle earlier this morning. Well, calling her homeless isn't quite right - she's rich enough to buy the entire settlement, but she seems quite allergic to setting down roots. She claims to have a desire to set foot on as many planets, moons, and colonies as humanly possible, but you can't quite shake the idea that she isn't being fully truthful. In the meantime, she has a tendency to find interesting people to temporarily attach herself to, get involved in their affairs, and call the resulting clusterfuck that she seems to have sixth sense for detecting 'an adventure'. Fun, if hectic.

The problem with always being on the run is that eventually you end up somewhere you don't want to be. That's why Moth ended up on board a shuttle headed for a colony that had already fallen to the Machina during her wanderings. Now a queen, she has changed nothing at all about herself - except for the fact that she's no longer afraid of being dissected by the corporations. She now travels with a 'pet snake' that is actually her throne, utilizing a prototype mass shifting device to hide away its size and weight. This lets her carry around the tens of thousands of pounds of material that a certain corporation designed to try and imitate various psychic powers without compromising her stealth.

Drawbacks

+100 cp - Gods Name

Woe be unto you, for you have arrived in this world in a highly unpleasant manner. There were likely bumps, bruises, you may have smacked your head on a piece of debris, and there were definitely a couple explosions going off in the background. A singularly unpleasant introduction to your new world. As for where this is... well, it's a bit variable. In general however, it's somewhere you don't want to be. If you're a hater, then you're probably uncomfortably close to a Machina. If you're a lover, then not only are you far away, but you're probably not even somewhere you can really betray anyone to get closer to them. If all else fails, you may enter the jump stuck on an asteroid with no way off until it drifts close enough to an inhabited planet for you to be rescued... by the wrong faction.

+100 cp - The Blessed Machina

If you've ever sat down and listened to a Machina talk for any length of time, you'll probably have noticed how little regard for humanity they have. Smaller, weaker, more fragile, less stamina, and of course they can't fill a womb to bursting in one shot. Honestly, who would ever want to be human? You may or may not be one of their number, but you have a similarly arrogant attitude born from one aspect of your life or another. Perhaps you are a repair agent who looks down on B and C rank agents as not being good for anything but cannon fodder and sex toys, a rich corpo who doesn't even consider poor people to be human, or, yes, a Machina who pities humanity for the simple fact that they aren't Machina. The end result is a thoroughly garbage personality.

+100 cp - Dicks At Attention

If you're here, you probably know what you're signing up for. If you stayed long enough to read this, you might even be interested in it. This is one of those places you wouldn't go with a gun, after all. In any event, this place is a horny mess, you're a horny idiot, and so is everyone here. And now you're the king dumbass of the place. As such, you have a very high sex drive. High enough for a Machina to think you're pretty good, as a human. God knows how high that would get as a REPAIR agent or as a proper Machina. Trust me, you won't be making very many intelligent decisions, even if you will probably end up with a supercomputer for a brain.

+200 cp - Spaghetti Western Coding

Under normal circumstances, the code of a Machina would be a thing of beauty. Self editing, constantly evolving, and somehow manages to have an interplanetary communications array in real time without lag or crashing. That's probably the most ridiculous thing about this setting. Unfortunately for you, that's about to change. You have... poor luck when it comes to technology. Now, your gear won't fail you in the middle of a fight, but let's say that everything you end up with underperforms just enough to be notable. Communications gear with a range of a few thousand km only goes up to two. Weapons accurate from orbit to within the inch usually end up within a couple of feet. Ships with fuel that are supposed to last from one end of the solar system to the other only gets you 90% of the way there. So on and so forth. And no, this doesn't end with becoming a Machina, because the normal process to gain new code just causes inefficiencies and errors to pop up inconveniently.

+200 cp - The Weakness Of My Flesh

The M2 nanite is what this world revolves around. If one is compatible with it, they can become a Machina easily, and possibly even become a Queen. As such, means of effecting it, of raising one's compatibility with M2 or RM is currently the holy grail of scientific discovery, and only a few dubiously effective methods of effecting it have been found - the mysterious 'Icy', and project Femboi. This matters because your M2 compatibility is terrible. So low it might as well be zero, but having no compatibility is actually safer than having minimal compatibility, so I'll be leaving you with a rating just above zero. Just enough for you to potentially be kidnapped by Repair. Ignoring that, if and when you manage to become a Machina, you almost certainly will be stuck as a fairly weak Category 3 Machina. Becoming a Queen is hilariously unlikely, as your lack of compatibility means your body simply can't support the power flow and level of M2 production needed to reach Category 4.

+200 cp - Sign Here

As an organization, REPAIR is fairly privileged in the sense that the major corporations can't just pull rank on them whenever they want something the corps don't want to give. REPAIR being allowed to commandeer things, for the survival of humanity, is part of their charter, you see. In essence, they can get handsy with your property if they declare it critical to the war effort, or even with you if they think you have an RM compatibility worth a damn. And for the duration of the jump, they will. Maybe you own something they want, or maybe one of your rivals has a connection to a high ranking agent, who has decided that drafting you into REPAIR is a great way to remove you from your position so that your rival can steal the promotion. You can technically keep your job, you just need to do both at once without a drop in quality. Oh, and this won't particularly get better as a Machina, as the other Queens will see absolutely nothing wrong with stealing from you the instant you get something good.

+300 cp - Corruption By Commission

There is a somewhat fundamental assumption that most people will make, given the provided information. That, as they live in a world of space travel and nanomachine plagues, they will conclude they live in a world where science is king, and magic is not real. That isn't necessarily true, especially not with this. You see, somehow, the Machina have gotten their hands on something called a Servant. And something called a Yokai. Specifically a "Saber" servant, and a "Gap Hag" yokai. Also something about a bat and a girl? It's not clear, but generally speaking it's bad for humanity. More clearly, Tomoe Gozen of Chaldea, Yukari Yakumo of Gensokyo, and Cassandra Cain of Gotham have somehow ended up here and been converted into Machina. This will, amongst other things, slowly start to cause an absolute clusterfuck of a crossover event as the heroes and villains of those worldlines and a few others start to show up and get dragged into things. Oh, and whichever side you're *not* on is going to be seeing the majority of the benefit from these people showing up. Otherwise it wouldn't be much of a drawback.

+300 cp - The Crude Biomass You Call A Temple

...I'm going to be honest with you, this one is kind of boring. All those neat powers and abilities that you've picked up over the course of however many jumps? You can trade those in for some extra points during this jump. You'll get them back later of course. You'll also temporarily lose all your items from other jumps that you might have squirreled away in your warehouse for a rainy day, and your companions will lose their things as well. You'll lose them outright for the duration of the jump if you don't import them, actually. In general, you lose pretty much everything. Kind of boring, but it works. If you like, you can keep one (1) build worth of items and import that into your equipment as a Machina, if and only if you bought Machina Mutation.

The End

Go Home
Stay Here
Move On

Notes

Q - Can I companion Servants/other girls from Corruption By Commission?

A - No. Go to their actual jump for that.

Q - Who are the OC Companions based on?

A - The protags of old scifi books - Stainless Steel Rat, A Call To Arms, Sixth Column, Sten, Pip&Flinx

Scenario - Fire And Ice

Quite frankly, this world is a mess. Cash is king, the wealthy decide the laws, and the poor must content themselves with suffering under a bootheel smashing into their face - forever. The entire solar system operates under one simple principle - fuck you, got mine. As long as I have what I need to live, it doesn't matter who gets crushed underfoot to make that happen. Even with humanity colonizing the solar system, it's an unsustainable practice. Thankfully, there's a way out from that horrid life. Conversion into a Machina. But, that has its own problems, and certain factions of humanities upper management have decided that they personally hate the Machina, and as such nobody else should be able to enjoy the benefits of becoming one.

How we progress will depend on your choices. If you wish to side with humanity against the Machina, or if you wish to transcend those things you know as your human limits. And, fair warning, this is determined by whether you purchased Machina Mutation or not, as that is a fairly clear indication of which side you favor.

Part I, Humanity - Some Say The World Will End In Fire

Humanity has enough resources to their name to build a whole new world, but it's scattered. Bound up in treaties and stockpiles, in ensuring that you will have enough even if someone steals 90% of what you have, or invested in destroying that which someone else has for the crime of maybe having more than you. The corporations aren't great at managing such things. Even with the creation of REPAIR, who were specifically empowered to be allowed to bypass a great deal of the normal posturing or bargaining, they still have trouble getting enough together to matter in battle against a Queen and her Hive. They lose ground constantly. And because you have decided to side with them, things are about to get a lot worse.

The Machina, as strong as they are, are not any more united than Humanity was. They have infighting and complacency. Most Queens don't have the drive needed to constantly push the edge of contested territory - unfortunately, the Alpha's do. Seven Significant Individuals Designated Extremely Dangerous, otherwise known as 7SIDED. Very little information about them is known, who they used to be, what they're capable of. THOTH is the former head of Repair, most likely a scientist type. JAGGANTH's subordinate Queens are all titans of combat. BELPHEGOR is suspected to specialize in information warfare or have mental manipulation abilities. The other four... Good luck. The problem is that these seven have, up until now, been fighting against each other for control of the Main Cluster. For the right to rule over ALL of the Machina. They are no longer doing so, for one of them has won.

In short, the Machina are now united. This will affect them, slightly. Cluster Code demands that the Machina will take on minor traits of whomever rules over them, from whichever Alpha has ascended to become the Omega Machina. And you? You're stuck with the same old fractured and flailing humanity that you were before. So. Your job is to unite humanity in some manner, preferably under your rule, and drive the Machine back. Reclaim the infected colonies, scorch as much earth as you need to, drive them out of the solar system all the way back to Pluto, and then break the planet itself to take the Main Cluster Offline. And, as a reminder, the Machina's programming forces them to hold back massively as long as you don't go above a certain limit. If you go in guns blazing and drop the nukes, well, they will be more than happy to cockslap you right back with their own strategic weapons - which are, of course, better than anything Humanity has to offer.

With all that in mind, you have your work cut out for you. Your nominal allies are stupid greedy children who would rather destroy their own toys than share them, and your enemies are perfectly united under a God-Queen. Sounds like fun, right? Well, if you manage to win this fight, then your reward is three purchases of Fragments of Sol in their base form. You may also take the planets not listed if you desire them, but they have no effect attached to them as I don't believe they have any showings in the Machina Cluster universe thus far.

Part II, Machina - I Think I Know Enough Of Hate

Of course, you could NOT side with humanity. They're rather terrible people these days, and being a Machina is a straight upgrade in almost all regards. The sheer number of civilians who have been labeled as traitors, or agents who specifically go back for their comrades after being converted so that they can also know how wonderful it is to be a Machina should stand as testament to that. However, as before, because you have chosen to side with the Machina things will be slanted against them somewhat.

Specifically, humanity will realize that they are on the back foot. Will decide, for once in their miserable lives, not to stab each other in the back. Will cooperate. Will take the Machina seriously as a threat and throw the entirety of their resources into what they will assume to be a war of extermination. And, in a way, it is. After all, if all of humanity is Machina, humanity will be dead. Repair will be formed within months of the first contact with the Machina instead of well over a year after the fall of Saturn. The RM nanomachine, while still somewhat unstable, will have the full might of several mega-corporations focused on improving it and the agents it is used on, instead of fighting amongst each other to 'own' agents for the sake of defending their property and only their property. The Machina will still have the advantage simply due to their nature, but that margin will be much much thinner, partially because the number of Machina on the frontlines will be much lower.

The reason for that is because the Machina are not united. While they aren't technically any less united than before thanks to the Main Cluster and the Auditors, the Alphas have devoted the majority of their resources towards upgrading themselves and their subordinate Queens, with only minimal effort being spent on acquiring new blood. You see, they and now you, are more interested in becoming the Omega Machina than in mass conversions of humanity. They still consider it to be a good thing that they should share with humanity, they're just... a smidge busy at the moment.

Your task is twofold. First, finish what was started and convert something like 99% of humanity to Machina. You can go for 100%, but I do suggest keeping some breeding stock around. Secondly? Fuck the Alphas into submission. Become the Omega Machina, who holds control over every Machina ever thanks to their ability to directly manipulate the Main Cluster. Your reward for doing this, naturally, is the Main Cluster. Or rather, a single purchase of Fragments of Sol, set to the altered version of Pluto. Oh, and as many Machina as you want as companions.