

Erotic Descent Guy presents:

Làvèndèr

A hole is torn in the fabric of space. Sickening vertigo grips you as you watch this violation of reality take place. You can only watch dumbfounded as the wrongness devours half the waiting room, most of the furniture, and the screaming receptionist. Absurdly, you can only manage to think, "I shouldn't have changed dentists." The gap in the world stabilizes, and anybody that hasn't already fled the room stumbles away in terror when the tear gives something back.

It stands as a man, but that's where similarities begin and end. It stands eight feet tall upon digitigrade legs that end in clawed feet. Its waxy, green-grey skin is stretched over mounds of corded muscle, and glints with an unnatural sheen. Below sunken, pupilless eyes, its face is merely a mass of writhing, grasping tendrils.

You wonder why you don't scream. You wonder why you aren't fleeing for your life. You wonder why the only other remaining occupant of the waiting area, a young woman barely in her majority, seems to be staring at the creature with the same insane calmness that you do.

The thing approaches her, grabs her shoulders, and with surprising gentleness, turns her around. It lowers its tentacled maw to her head, the tendrils wrapping around her cranium, caressing her face, and encircling her neck in thick loops. Where its flesh touches hers, blue corruption discolors her skin. She moans softly as her eyes glaze over and focus on infinity. The creature grips her wrists with four-fingered, clawed hands, puppeteering her arms as her fingers work buttons open.

From the junction of the horror's legs a hidden orifice is forced open by its contents. Three thick tentacles, dripping ichor, thump heavily to the floor as they untangle from their confinement. Her disrobing is interrupted when these three tentacles simply tear her clothing away and expose her body. You can see her sex. It is wet.

You watch, distantly, as one tendril thrusts into the waiting cleft. Her hips writhe in pleasure, in need. Your attention is pulled away from the sickeningly compelling defilement when she utters words from lips that are beginning to turn black. "You," she slurs, as if the word is being forced through her mouth. Her face is expressionless, the warped ecstasy her body displays utterly failing to reach her darkening lips and glossy, dead eyes. "You," she repeats, a little more clearly, "You have been chosen."

"You may call me the Eunuch," she says, "for I have renounced my name. Your tongue could not pronounce it anyway. Yet." You can feel the gaze of the creature boring into you from above her head. "Our deity, Teiatat, has donned the Lavender Regalia and demands another Bride. Demands you." The Eunuch lowers and raises its head, pulling the head of the girl along with it. You get the distinct impression that it is appraising you, and it does not like what it sees.

"The Holder of Three Thrones has dispatched me to retrieve you," the girl continues, "and I have been entrusted with delivering a number of boons to you, so that I might present Teiatat with a worthy Bride. The ultimate form they take will be decided by your truest self." The girl pauses. Though her face remains totally impassive, you think the monster is smiling. "Fear not. Whatever you become, know that you were chosen for a reason, and you cannot disappoint your divine spouse from this moment on. Enjoy your gifts."

The Eunuch steps aside, dragging its victim along with it. The hole in the world, hanging in the destroyed far end of the room like a blasphemy given form, impossibly inverts. You can see into the infinite fractal depths beyond the universe, and at their center, a presence you cannot describe. The radiance of the

presence reaches back across eternity and bathes you in its purple light, and you can feel the favor of your deity crashing down upon you.

You dissolve to unshaped plasm under the weight of it. Yet, you endure. “Your form, your very flesh, is inadequate,” the Eunuch tells you through its mouthpiece. “You must be remade utterly if you are to be made fit. Your sovereign spouse is generous, and has defined your recreation in terms you may understand.”

Rules

Options are divided into sections, usually for convenience, with the exception of Realm options. Costs are given (in parentheses), and a plus sign means that option increases your budget. Options preceded by a > are major options. Options preceded by a - are minor options that require the first major option above them to be taken. Options marked with a * may be taken multiple times. Options tagged **Exclusive: (Tag)** cannot be taken with others marked with the same tag. Options tagged **Requirement: (Prerequisite)** can only be taken when the prerequisite is satisfied with your other choices. *You may not finish with less than zero favor, and you must have some sexual organ.*

Stats

You begin with a score of zero in each of three statistical areas: **Pedigree**, **Status**, and **Allure**. Pedigree represents the average might of your offspring, Status represents the respect you receive both within and without the followers of Teiatat, and Allure represents your attractiveness as a mate outside of either of the other considerations. While Teiatat’s Brides vary in their relative ratings in each, the greatest possess high scores in all three. Certain options give you the opportunity to increase, or decrease, your scores in these three categories. *You may not finish with a negative score in any stat*

You have 70 Favor

“Your first choices will pertain to your new form.” Indeed, you regain awareness of your own physicality, being rebuilt from nothing. “Then, you may proceed to other matters.” Though the Eunuch’s molestation of the girl continues unabated, you sense that its attention and lust are fixed firmly on your emerging shape.

❖Form

“Be fruitful.” This isn’t heard as much as simply understood, for those words come from your immortal spouse. An echo of the first commandment you will receive from Teiatat, reaching backwards in time. You know you will shape yourself so that you may fulfill that command when it is given to you. This isn’t mere resolve; it is Truth.

§Genitalia:

You have been unmade, but now you may be made anew. Your purpose etched in your mind, you will begin with what will facilitate it. Only once your functionality is assured can you allow yourself to sculpt a form around it.

>**Vagina*** (first free, then 3 favor thereafter) - You will be forever known as a Bride of Teiatat, so incorporating a female reproductive system has a certain logic, perhaps. Perhaps doing so multiple times pursues that logic to its conclusion. Each purchase comes optionally with an additional womb, perhaps independent, perhaps interconnected in a bizarre biological construction. Regardless, everything works supernaturally well; you will never miscarry. While progeny carried to term by a Bride represent a more

significant investment to their mothers than those merely sired by Brides, they are generally greater creatures for having been held closer to the power of Teiatat for a longer period of time. The options below are purchased per vagina.

-Embellishments (1 favor) - Whether nodes, ridges, contours or some other construction, this organ is enhanced with constructions that increase your pleasure and any partners'. Offspring are also physically stronger.

-Lubrication (1 favor) - Your orifice produces copious amounts of lubricating fluids, even when you aren't particularly aroused. Optionally, includes mild contact aphrodisiac, minor flavor alterations, and/or lavender scenting. Offspring are also more intelligent.

-Musculature (1 favor) - Additional series of muscles allow for peerless internal control and manipulation. You are granted complete mastery of these muscles, allowing you to grant partners an experience like no other. Offspring are more flexible and dexterous.

-Cilia (2 favor) - A few tendrils around your entrance, a carpet of hundreds of tiny fronds along your inner surfaces, or a single, thick tentacle rooted deep within your core, and many other possibilities besides, all promise your partners an exotic experience. Or perhaps a familiar one. Offspring can acquire positive mutations, often tentacles or additional limbs.

-Lumen (2 favor) - Your flower acquires bioluminescent qualities. These may also apply to similar tissues of your body, such as your nipples, lips, even the inside of your mouth. Your offspring acquire increased magical potential.

-Plush* (3 favor, max 3x) - You become much more accommodating, somehow both tighter and more elastic, and more aesthetically appealing, as well. Potential partners will approach you simply for the privilege of enjoying your charms. **+1 Allure.**

>**Penis*** (first free, then 3 favor thereafter) - The foremost duty of a Bride of Teitit is to propagate. Time spent gestating is inefficiency best passed onto lessers. External testicles are optional, and can come in any reasonable quantity or size. For a given interpretation of the term "reasonable". While your offspring will near-certainly gestate to birth, the wellbeing of their carriers isn't necessarily guaranteed without a bit of effort on your part. While progeny sired by Brides are, in general, inferior to those carried by Brides, they have the advantage of being conceived more frequently. Options below are purchased per penis.

-Flare (1 favor) - Your unit acquires a prominent flared head, a ring of prepuce, or some other quality. It may in fact resemble an equine's. You additionally gain a certain degree of sexual endurance. Offspring are also physically stronger.

-Knot (1 favor) - There are a few variations to the concept, but the principle remains the same: tie you to your partner in some fashion, whether through expanding anatomy, adhesive secretions, or some other mechanism, with the purpose of ensuring impregnation. Offspring are also more intelligent.

-Spines (1 favor) - The spines this grants can take many forms. Fat and soft. Thin and sharp. Pleasurable or painful. Their purposes also vary. Regardless, your shaft is improved as a tool meant for breeding. Offspring are more flexible and dexterous.

-Prehensile (2 favor) - No longer a simple tool, your organ acquires the means to flex and move, penetrating your partners and pleasuring them in ways they could never imagine. Or have come to expect. Offspring can acquire positive mutations, often tentacles or additional limbs.

-Lumen (2 favor) - Your member acquires bioluminescent qualities. These may also apply to similar tissues of your body, such as your nipples, lips, even the inside of your mouth. Your offspring acquire increased magical potential.

-Pillar* (3 favor, max 3x) - You become much more impressive, in a manner of speaking. Lengthier, perhaps, or girthier. Perhaps both! Maybe it's something else entirely... Regardless, the bulge in your garments, should you choose to wear any, will be enough to open many a fertile field to sow your divine seed. **+1 Allure.**

§Shape:

Your core attributes now decided, your awareness turns to the rest of your flesh. Unfixed protoplasm, shaped by a crude hand into the rough silhouette of a human, you know your work is far from finished. You must create form pleasing to yourself, your deity, and your many future mates if you are to be a proper Bride

>**Powerful** (2 favor) - Reproductive fitness is best represented by fitness of body. Bone and tendon, then and flesh, every part of you will be optimized for strength and health. Softness needn't be banished from your form entirely, but what little will be present will be an aesthetic veneer, and it in no way will interfere with the optimized performance of your new body **Exclusive: Foundation**

>**Modest** (free) - Excessive fixation on and veneration of bodily proportions demonstrate an unrefined mind ruled by instinct rather than intellect. You need no egregious displays of tertiary sexual characteristics or loutish preoccupation with fitness, you can serve Teitai with a realistically constructed form just as well. **Exclusive: Foundation**

>**Enticing** (free) - The best approach to sexual attractiveness is the simplest. A tautology: to be attractive, be sexy. Appeal to the instincts that drive the sexual response, carefully sculpt fat and flesh to convey fertility and bounty, and the response you evoke will be almost involuntary **Exclusive: Foundation**

>**Broodmother** (2 favor) - Embrace your role as a fertility deity. Take notes from ancient idols and fevered imaginings to create the ultimate sexual form. While the rational mind may deem the result approaching a caricature of the feminine form, animal intellect and bodily responses will overwhelm any such blasphemy with proper reverence for your status. **Exclusive: Foundation**

§Chest:

You linger a moment on a certain region of your developing form. Much attention is paid to this region of human anatomy, warranted or not. It couldn't hurt to pay a little more of your own to it, especially if you are chasing perfection

>**Hard** (2 favor) - Muscle, or a simply absence of fat? How you choose to arrange your flesh can effect how you are perceived, but the core message of strength will still shine through. **Exclusive: Frontage**

>**Soft** (free) - In the middle of the continuum lies androgyny, underdevelopment and other niche appeals. Unconventional, but useful for inducing underestimation, inspiring misconception, and laying traps. **Exclusive: Frontage**

>**Gifted** (free) - You have the time to devote your entire consciousness to sculpting the perfect breasts. The curve and swell of flesh, its give, its bounce. You'll never need support, you're made of superior stuff now, and why would you ever want to hide? **Exclusive: Frontage**

>**Cursed** (2 favor) - Your desire outpaces the constraints of practicality, or biology, or reason, or sanity. If you wish, pile on flesh and fat until you need to backtrack and shore up your musculature and skeleton. Until the rest of your body is a minority of your volume. Until you can no longer move under your own power. If you go to this extreme, Teitai will grant you the power to levitate to compensate for your excesses. **Exclusive: Frontage**

>**Multiplicity** (1 favor) - Nature apportioned your former species an insufficient amount to the bosom. Choosing this, you may add more than the standard two nipples to your form. What's behind them depends on the exact option you've chosen, and your tastes. Perhaps a series of mammaries decreasing in size down your torso? Or maybe you prefer a berry-like cluster bursting from your chest. It could be that three is simply a greater number than two. You determine what you require.

§Influences:

Your body hangs in the air, curled into a fetal position. Luridly colored flames dance over you, like wax afire, save that these embers drink in the light and build up your form. As they scorch your new skin the color you've decided it shall become, you consider feeding them something other than your humanity, incorporating into your nature something greater... or something lesser.

>**Kleptozoological** (2 favor) - Borrow the associations, or just the aesthetics, of the infinite variety of the animal kingdom, and beyond. Savage claws or horns can give you a fearsome appearance. The wings of an eagle or a butterfly can give you a limited ability to fly. Gills will allow you to be a little more comfortable underwater. A monkey's tail is just a useful for you as for its owner. Should you dust your cheeks with iridescent fish scales, or gird your whole body with invincible dragon scales? Will you bind yourself to a single totem, or allow yourself to become a splendid chimera? Regardless of the minor abilities you are able to wrangle from emulated creatures, your obvious reverence of nature will see it respond in kind. Animals and insects will avoid harming or irritating you if possible. You gain no authority, and they will react to any harm you inflict on them appropriately, but if you play nice they'll treat you with the respect a Bride of Teiatat deserves.

-Oversaturated (free) - The essences of beasts are simple and easily synthesized. Once accommodations have been made it is trivial to simply cast more into the crucible of your self, consuming and incorporating the anatomies they represent. Enough ophidian influence will see your legs merge and lengthen into a snake-like tail. An even greater infusion of equine nature can replace your lower half entirely, realizing the myth of the centaur. And, there are certain cultures that worship animal-headed gods... This option no longer represents influence, but integration.

>**Pseudodevascent** (2 favor) - Tap into the sacred, or the unholy, and make its power your own. This can be overt, borrowing from mythology and folklore to mimic angels or demons, or it could be subtler, limited to a holy aura or a shattered halo. Anybody who sees you will know that you are something more than mortal and react accordingly. Additionally, your hallowed or profane person is sacrosanct, and mortal aggression will fail against you, whether because of an assailant's hesitation or the rebellion of matter and energy as it turns aside. Once your sanctity has been sufficiently defiled you will lose this protection for a time, limiting it to initial aggression and surprise attack

>**Xenosubstantial** (2 favor) - Biology, chemistry, and physics are unaesthetic products of a fettered mind. Clothe bones of earth with the exotic flesh of a plant. Make your essence a fire burning in a supple crystal shell. Dissolve your anatomy into a homogenous gel, your heart a pearlescent shining core. More subtly, you can simply imbue your existing flesh with unnatural properties. The contempt you've shown to the laws of nature allows you to ignore the passage of time and conservation of mass to heal from any wound or damage unnaturally quickly.

>**Quasicosmic** (4 favor) - Reach into the beyond and augment or alloy your flesh with energies from higher planes. Will it blaze from your eyes? Will it cloak your body like a robe? Will it replace portions of your anatomy? Or will you hide it beneath your skin, mercifully veiling what you have become from an unworthy world? Even godlings must perform rites to access true sorcery, but you will have no need for the lesser rituals once you have become sorcery.

>**Multiplexive** (free) - Quantity is a quality all its own. Fold your nature over itself, the mathematical transform will manifest in summing a product of your parts. Two arms are insufficient, four will do. If not, then six. Copied and modified organs offer the protection of redundancy. Muscles, multiplied and braided in fractal patterns grant strength enough to mock nature. Give truth to the adage that two heads are better

than one. This choice does not grant any abilities you do not already possess, beyond clever manipulation of resources you already have. It also cannot affect primary or secondary sexual characteristics. Those have already been invested with power far beyond your own, and to play with fire is to be burned

>**Metapsychological*** (+1 favor) - Care must always be taken when playing with the energies of the higher planes, especially when they are touched by the influence of the Elder Powers. If you do not take precautions to preserve your human persona, then animal instincts, mythological foibles, alien notions or extraplanar lunacy can influence your personality in a variety of ways. If you wish to direct your spouse's favor to other gifts you can forego these safeguards, letting one, some or all of your influences affect your personality. Or maybe this is precisely what you're intending, to alter your own character in ways that will please your deity? **Requirement: Kleptozoological, Psuedodevascent, Xenosubstantial, and/or Quasicosmic. May be bought once per prerequisite Influence purchase.**

§**Face:**

How long have you been at this? Minutes? Centuries? A moment, or an eternity? You've passed your consciousness over your shape enough times now that you've forgotten the sensation of time as it passes. No matter. You are engrossed in the task of shaping the mien you present to the world, the mask representing your identity. You're nearly finished, perfecting the slope of your cheekbones, the slant of your nose. What have you created?

>**Primal** (free) - Something savage. Do you show it through chiseled features? Weather-worn skin? Have you added scars for their aesthetic appeal, did they spring up of their own accord? Perhaps your features are unblemished entirely, an idealized hunting deity's visage. Has your skin tanned under the sun's kiss, or does it spurn the effect light has on mortal flesh? Regardless, the face you've created reflects an inner strength and ferocity that you'll pass on to your offspring. **+1 Pedigree, Exclusive: Visage**

>**Regal** (free) - Something noble. Aquiline features, or high cheekbones, perhaps, or maybe you've borrowed from some other royal tradition. Your skin is entirely without blemish. It's so perfect that it takes on a somewhat unreal quality. Maybe you've gone so far as to make your skin literally like marble. Your impressive features earn you good first impressions and instinctive respect, increasing the regard of your peers and inferiors. **+1 Status, Exclusive: Visage**

>**Seductive** (free) - Something enticing. Did you choose a subtle route? Larger eyes, healthy skin, a pleasing demeanor? Or have you thrown caution to the wind, creating such a markedly gorgeous face that it seems unreal? Maybe you've done something in-between, mixing refined cues and careful exaggerations to capture the eye and attention of anybody who glances at you? In any case, you'll never want for partners when all you need is a wink and a smile. **+1 Allure, Exclusive: Visage**

>**Chakra Eye** (2 favor) - A third eye on your forehead. Its eyelids may open vertically, similar to natural human eyes, or they may open horizontally. The eye may have a stranger aperture, or no lids at all. What matters is that this eye enables you to perceive magical and spiritual energies in detail.

>**Elder Gaze** (2 favor) - Your pupils and/or irises are shaped unnaturally, perhaps in a way that shouldn't even allow conventional sight. Such an alteration serves two purposes: It further displays your enlightenment from the concerns of mortals and the geometry serves as a sympathetic magnet to exotic energies, increasing your magical potential and recovery.

§**Flourishes:**

It's done your new form, in all its glory, hovers in midair. Your disembodied consciousness gazes at your own face. Your eyes twitch underneath your lids. They are ready to open. But are you ready to open them? You have time yet. You have all the time in the world. There's nothing to stop you from adding some final touches before departing for your nuptials.

>**Ouroboros Metabolism** (2 favor) - Life requires sustenance. Brides are no exception. Some draw theirs from the radiance of stars, the drivers of ecosystems. Some tear theirs from the flesh of other life, whether

plants or animals. Still others assimilate new material as their bodies perpetually consume themselves. Rarely, some sip from the infinite well of cosmic power. You do none of these things; you are independent and perfect, drawing all that you need from yourself eternally. Others can be starved, cut off, warded away from their sustenance, but you will endure even in an abyss. **Exclusive: Diet**

>**Rare Hunger** (+2 favor) - For most life, all food is much the same. If quality is lacking, then quantity will suffice. You, however, have more particular needs. A flaw in your working, perhaps? Maybe you've made an alchemical working of yourself, on ongoing reaction in need of specific fuels. What matters is that there's a rare substance or condition that you require to survive. This may be the flesh of a particular beast, or a metaphysical quality like the tears of a virgin on her wedding night. Perhaps you can only photosynthesize the light of a solar eclipse, or your life will end when a certain song ceases or certain fire dies. Alternatively, quantity is itself a quality. Your diet may require an excessive amount of a relatively common substance. **Exclusive: Diet**

>**Godly Cleanliness** (2 favor) - You are certain to have servants that will cleanse your body should it ever become soiled. If that is insufficient, you may, backed by *Teiatat*, declare your body to be too sacred to be defiled by base filth, and so it shall be. Any kind of dirt, grime, or other substance on your body is annihilated or cast away the instant you no longer wish it to be there. This allows you to work up a sweat, but banish it when you no longer want it, for example. Alternatively, an inverted variant of this (whatever that could mean) may be taken for free

>**Lernaean Hymen** (2 favor) - A virginal Bride? Such a thing is normally a contradiction in terms, but should you choose you may grant your hymen a regenerative ability, repairing itself shortly after intercourse. Beyond aesthetic concerns, there's a certain ritual value to virginity, which this will allow you to retain even after expending it. **Requirement: ≥ 1 Vagina**

>**Lactation** (2 favor) - You once qualified as a mammal. Perhaps you've restored that truth about yourself, but taxonomy is no barrier to the power of *Teiatat*. You'll lactate, if you want. You need never stop, if you desire it be so. What mother of monsters is incapable of providing for her young? Or her lovers... Color, flavor, and consistency determined at purchase.

-Bountiful (free) - The natural level of lactation appropriate for your form may be insufficient for your personal vision. Even pushing your biology to its limits may not be enough. The favor lavished upon you by your future spouse means mere biology poses no limits to how much you may express.

-Nurturing (3 favor) - Your milk nourishes those who drink it. Your milk acquires a supernatural nutritional quality that imbues regular drinkers with power. Its effects depend on the drinker, but are always beneficial. You also have a certain amount of control over the exact effects of a batch when you express it. Longtime consumers retain a fraction of what it granted them should they stop, but why would they ever want to? **+1 Pedigree**

-Addictive (3 favor) - Your milk enralls those who drink it. This might be a magically induced state of suggestiveness, or maybe it mimics the effects of certain drugs, keeping drinkers coming back for more. Perhaps its flavor is so amazing that consumers simply cannot get enough. Regardless, you can parley this into power over others with almost contemptuous ease. Drinkers can wean themselves off if it with effort, and varying withdrawal effects, but why would they ever want to? **+1 Status**

-Aphrodisiac (3 favor) - Your milk enflames those who drink it. Or smell it. Or even see how the light is caught in a droplet as it rolls down the curve of your chest... You ooze fertility, in more ways than one, and that incites primal instincts in others. Or, you could bottle it and find more creative uses for it elsewhere. In any case, being exposed to this potent substance makes sex a priority concern. The effects wear off soon enough, if those affected remove themselves from it, but why would they ever want to? **+1 Allure**

-Dependent (+3 favor) - Being psychologically crippled in such a way that you require the efforts of another to relieve the building discomfort of their bountiful production needn't be an affliction. Worshipful

devotees of **Teiatat** would be ecstatic at servicing the needs of a true Bride, and the Holder of Three Thrones appreciates when Brides display surrender and dependence.

>**Ejaculation** (2 favor) - Sometimes, it's about the destination, not the journey. This option grants you the ability to deposit excessive amounts of ejaculate, for whatever purpose you have in mind. Maybe you simply want to ensure the greatest chance of a successful impregnation? Optional testicle swelling also included. **Requirement: ≥ 1 Penis**

-Fortifying (3 favor) - Your semen is beneficial. Your partners will definitely become healthier, and it may even have more dramatic effects. You have a limited ability to determine the effects of a given 'dose' but ultimately the effects depend on the receiver. Frequent partners will eventually internalize the effects so they needn't keep coming back. **+1 Pedigree**

-Addictive (3 favor) - Your semen induces addiction. This might be a magically induced state of suggestiveness, or maybe it mimics the effects of certain drugs, keeping those affected coming back for more. Perhaps your partners simply find it that appealing. Regardless, you can parley this into power over others with almost contemptuous ease. **+1 Status**

-Aphrodisiac (3 favor) - Your semen induces need. If you give it to your partners conventionally, they will be ready for round two shortly. This can lead to a round three, and four, until your partner faints. When they recover, they'll be ready to start the process all over again. If distributed through other means, its uses are limited only by your imagination. **+1 Allure**

- Altruistic - (+3 favor) - Despite your ability to produce prodigious amounts of ejaculate, you lack the ability to do so on a whim. You are simply unable to climax unless your partner has done so at least once. Limiting yourself in this fashion impress **Teiatat**, who will show you more favor for embracing your role as a Bride.

>**Gate/Key to Ecstasy*** (1 favor) - Nominate an orifice or bodily protrusion. This part of your body becomes a sexual organ, and can take the upgrades from the vagina tree or penis tree, as appropriate. **Choices below are purchased per organ**

-Reproductive Channel (2 favor) - The nominated organ gains the ability to induce pregnancies or support them, which can be carried to term with no complications.

>**Puzzle Genitalia** (1 favor) - Being limited to a single sex is seen by some Brides to be an insult. Others would appreciate the advantages physiological flexibility offers. Yet more would simply grow bored if so restricted. The methods employed to overcome such limitations are many and varied: Magically trading reproductive systems. Unfixed, protoplasmic flesh. Biological tricks integrating disparate organs allowing them to function as desired. Some Brides even go to far as to become sexless for a time. The imagination of a Bride with a goal knows no limits. **Only needs purchased once regardless of desired outcome**

>**Aesthetic Mutations*** (1 favor) - Odds and ends. Double joints here, extra digits there, elongate the ears like so... Any minor meaningless changes you didn't have the time for while you were busy with other considerations.

>**Perfect Neoteny** (+3 favor) - Further improving the quality of their offspring is a preoccupation for many Brides. Some petition their spouse for further favor, some quest for power forgotten or lost, and some seek to refine what they already possess. One particularly devious method is to compress your timeline, distilling **Teiatat's** essence within you into something more potent. This blasphemous process renders the more remote portions of your timeline forfeit, causing you to regress in age to compensate. The level of apparent maturity this leaves you with varies: You may appear on the cusp of adulthood, having just passed into adolescence, or even prepubescent. Regardless of your appearance, you remain a fully functional adult where it matters. On the other hand, an extremely youthful appearance does not command respect on its own, and has a niche appeal in other milieus. **+1 Pedigree, -1 Status, -1 Allure**

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>**Commanding Mien** (+3 favor) - Authority blazes from your eyes. Your every gesture conducts an almost palpable weight of command. It would break your subordinates' hearts to disappoint an individual of your majesty, and they seek your approval with the fervor of zealots and addicts. Your peers are awed by your presence, and your superiors note your ambitions with leery and jealous eyes. This mighty aura feeds upon the power within you, and sometimes intimidates potential partners out of performing. **-1 Pedigree, +1 Status, -1 Allure**

>**Carnal Atmosphere** (+3 favor) - Is it an undetectable smell, an imperceptible aura, or some of other ineffable quality? Only you know what it is you've done, and all that others will know is that your presence is intoxicating. Being around you clouds minds, lowers inhibitions, and induces lust. You have no choice over whom you affect with this, and sometimes those you affect offer you no choice in return, when their libido is calling the shots. This can suspend breeding programs, violate behavioral contracts, and spoil any ongoing rituals you're participating in, with the all the social fallout that come with it. **-1 Pedigree, -1 Status, +1 Allure**

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It is done. The light enveloping you fades and allows you to settle to the floor. You feet touch the ground again, and in a sense, for the first time. There is an undamaged mirror in the ruin of the waiting room. You contemplate your image for a moment while the glass warps, cracks, and chars under the weight of your reflection.

You turn away from the ruined mirror and back to the Eunuch. It stares at you, as it has been staring this whole time. It continues to ravish its victim, but now there's a certain urgency to its thrusting. As for the girl, her skin has lost color as if she had spent her life in a deep cavern, save for the temporary bluish regions around where the Eunuch's tentacles touch her. Her lips and nipples are totally black. Her irises have become purple, and her pupils an abnormal three-lobed shape.

"Satisfied?" the Eunuch's mouthpiece asks. You smile, proud of what you've made of yourself. "You shouldn't be, not yet." she continues, and your ire briefly rises. "You are not yet complete."

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❖ **Progeneration**

You self-consciously bring your hand to your pelvis. The Eunuch is right, of course. You realize you have a missing piece. Furthermore, you know its shape intimately. You built yourself around it, its contours informing every decision you've made since the appearance of the Eunuch. Your purpose. Only now do you realize that you've been building around a hollow, that you need your spouse to complete you.

§ **Strategy**

You cannot truly become a Bride until you are wed, and consummate your marriage. You require catalysis. Only then will you have what you need to offer your spouse new and mighty worshippers, servants, and monsters. How will you pursue this duty?

>**Cultivation** (free) - The familiar method of incubating young within the mother is as example of this strategy, as is depositing eggs or parasites within a host. What matters is that when your offspring are truly born, they will be born live. They will reach maturity relatively quickly, and will require comparatively little extra investment. **Exclusive: Vector**

-Rapid Maturation (3 favor) - Compared to similar specimens, your offspring mature extremely quickly after birth. While this does not make them any stronger, the logistical efficiency means resources can be directed to other interests. **+1 Allure**

-Imprint (+3 favor) - Most Brides have nurses and tenders to see to their young after they are born, if their offspring require such treatment at all. Yours, however, will know who you are from birth and will refuse

being tended to by anybody else, sometimes lethally. If you want your progeny to survive to maturity you must see to them yourself. This responsibility will preclude many social opportunities. **-1 Status**

>**Brooding** (free) - Marked chiefly by lengthy periods of external gestation, this strategy means your offspring will be born as eggs, pods, seeds, or masses of protoplasmic gel. Even after they hatch, your offspring need to mature before they can truly become of use. **Exclusive: Vector**

-Conditional Emergence (3 favor) - Your progeny do not develop on an internal timetable, but rely on external circumstances. Circumstances such as: incubation in places of power, exposure to rare energies, or requiring certain alignments of planets and stars above. This slows your production further, but the extra time gestating and the power required to unlock them creates beings of singular power and majesty, more than making up for their rarity and investment. **+1 Pedigree**

-Nesting Instinct (+3 favor) - You feel compelled to remain near your offspring until they hatch, often preparing nests or dens for them. Furthermore, you cannot abide anybody you do not completely trust to approach. Your protective instinct may prove beneficial, but the time spent tending to your nest is time you aren't spending on filling the next. **-1 Allure**

>**Pupation** (free) - How your progeny enters the world isn't of as much importance in this strategy. What matters is that when they do enter it, they aren't complete. They may be larvae or grubs, or they may simply be immature, but they are useful to a certain extent. Eventually, they will spin a cocoon, pupate, or undergo a growth phase that will see them achieve their truest potential. **Exclusive: Vector**

-Multimetamorphosis (3 favor) - Your offspring will not only undergo one such change. It may undergo several, or periodically do so as long as it lives. The changes they undergo may be predictable, or may depend on their experiences, but they will be impressive regardless. The news that circulates about your progenies' latest developments will keep you in the forefront of others' minds. **+1 Status**

-Delicate (+3 favor) - Your offspring require exacting conditions to be maintained throughout their development. The slightest deviation will reduce your progeny's potential irreversibly. So demanding are your offsprings' requirements that perfect specimens will be rare. **-1 Pedigree**

>**Synergism** (3 favor) - You yourself are actually infertile. What you can do, however, is impart a blessing to your partners so that their children by other partners are touched by the power of Teiatat. Turning this ability to your greatest benefit requires forethought and planning, and perhaps a bit of art. Cooperating with other Brides results in spectacular outcomes, such that your peers may seek you out for ambitious projects. Taking this path prevents you from having a strong impact on how blessed children turn out, preventing you from taking a Specialty. **Exclusive: Vector, Class; Requirement: Cannot take Specialty Choice**

>**Subversion** (3 favor) - You are not involved in the creation of new life at all. Instead, you take existing life and repurpose it to your whim. The exact methodology you employ is up to you. A mystic ritual, an arcane infection, a hideous process of rebirth, what matters is that you somehow recreate beings in your own image. Though you may technically repeat this process, diminishing returns on effort means that the second time onward sees little additional progress. As a side effect, those you remake are imprinted with a small amount of loyalty to you; despite their personality or opinion of what you've done to them, at the very least they won't take immediate action against you. **Exclusive: Vector, Class; Requirement: Cannot take Specialty Choice**

-Psyche Corruption (3 favor) - You do not only twist the bodies of those you affect, you warp their very minds and souls. Their personalities will slowly change to match the changes inflicted to their bodies, even the most stalwart wills won't emerge entirely unchanged if the transformation is not interrupted

-Untainted Will (+3 favor) - No matter the other changes inflicted on them, your victims are no longer ingrained with the minimal loyalty that would protect you from immediate retaliation. Even if they are pleased with the changes, their life remains their own. If you want control over your creations, you must employ other methods.

§Speciality

A vision: in a flash of insight, you see all the progeny you will produce, could ever produce, in all their infinite shape and variety. It is too much. Not too much for you to comprehend, but too much variety to be efficacious. When the time comes, you can plead to Teiatat to spare you your full potential, so that you might explore the depths instead of skimming the surface of infinite breadth.

>**Humanoid** (free) - Genealogies involving Brides are... problematic. Sometimes their offspring are essentially clones of the other parent. Sometimes their offspring are entirely unlike either parent. This option ensures your children will always take after you... at least in the rough outline. This often stunts your progeny's true potential, and will certainly give you a reputation for timidity, but certain potential partners explicitly desire such a result for whatever reason **-1 Pedigree, -1 Status, +1 Allure, Exclusive: Class**

-Changelings (3 favor) - Your children will be indistinguishable from natural humans... almost. The more gifted of your progeny will have telltale marks or mutations, and the more normal-seeming ones won't have abilities much better than baseline humanity. You'll have to strike a balance between stealth and effectiveness. **+1 Status, Exclusive: Subclass**

-Hybrids (3 favor) - Your children are the best of both worlds. They will have much of the power of their parentage while retaining much of their human physiology and psyche. Of course, they could never be mistaken for a natural human, and they would be prone to adopting alien mindsets, but those are easy trades for the sake of power. **+1 Pedigree, Exclusive: Subclass**

>**Multitudinous** (free) - Quantity is a quality all to itself. Nowhere is that more true than with this option. Some brides are known for producing twins or triplets, but not you. Your progeny form uncountable masses of small creatures, or stranger things. This unorthodox approach satisfies an underfilled niche in the society of the Brides, but has a commensurate tradeoff. **-1 Pedigree, +1 Status, -1 Allure, Exclusive: Class**

-Monarch (3 favor) - The swarms, hordes, or masses that arise from you instinctively obey your commands. Depending on their nature, they may only be controllable through pheromones, or they may in fact remain in constant psychic contact with you or someone you designate. Coupled with their natural swarm intelligence, a competent central authority can greatly improve their efficacy **+1 Pedigree, Exclusive: Subclass**

-Swarm Heart (3 favor) - That the offspring of Brides can reproduce in turn is taken by outsiders to be a principle of *Teiatat-in-Lavender*, but such is not always the case. Sometimes, for reasons of efficiency or control or something else entirely, it is appealing that their progeny be mules, infertile, or otherwise incapable of reproduction. You are more than capable of maintaining the size of your progeny-hordes by yourself, so why shouldn't you hoard the means to create more? **+1 Status, Exclusive: Subclass**

>**Implement** (free) - What results from your matings are less realized creatures, and more living tools designed for specific purposes. They may not even technically be alive, simply shaped by biological and magical processes. One child may be a worm that chews a tunnel as directed without care or even thought. The next might simply be a crystalline collection of exotic senses that psychically relays what it experiences to its master. Specialization focuses strengths, but earns you a reputation as a 'fixer' rather than a proper Bride. **+1 Pedigree, -1 Status, -1 Allure, Exclusive: Class**

-Engine (3 favor) - More than mere tools, your offspring are complex systems unto themselves. They may become part of a hideous bioindustrial complex, or serve as war machines in a great army, or grow into great facilities and vehicles in their own right. Such engines almost always prove quite impressive, impressiveness that passes up to their progenitor. **+1 Status, Exclusive: Subclass**

-Expendable (3 favor) - Your creations exist to be used and discarded. If they are weapons, they are more likely to be ordinance than the launcher. They may exist only to serve as sacrifices in rituals with exacting requirements. In fact, they needn't necessarily be life at all. You may exist as a kind of refinery or catalyst yourself, producing rare reagents in place of progeny. Burning candles like this trades their longevity for effectiveness. **+1 Pedigree, Exclusive: Subclass**

.....
Satisfied with your destiny, you approach the Eunuch. It leers down at you, its hunger, its lust palpable in the air between you and it. It blinks, and refocuses its efforts on its victim. Despite the Eunuch's fervor, the girl's voice is as even and steady as ever. "It is a fine form..." The Eunuch resituates itself, and adjusts its grip on the girl's wrists.

.....
❖ Dowry

"Your form may be the greatest gift the Holder of Three Thrones may offer, but it is far from the only one. Your dowry, of course, and a place amongst your peers. Besides that, I can arrange for you certain... bargains, if what Teiatat has granted you is insufficient for your hungers."

"We have much to discuss," she continues, "But let us begin at the beginning, yes?"

§Treasure

A dowry awaits, treasures and trinkets and wonders, as much as you can desire and your spouse is willing to grant. Be forewarned, while many of the offerings come with great power, some have costs, whether overt or hidden. Some of these boons may indeed be better termed curses...

>**Title*** (see text) - At the beginning, you will have only your name and your first title, a Bride of Teiatat. It is the nature of immortals to acquire titles and sobriquets over their endless lifespans. Most quickly earn another name as they ascend, the respect paid to a unique and splendid creature. Occasionally, though, the Holder of Three Thrones will announce a new Bride, broadcasting a series of titles to oracles, psychics and other sensitives. This is regarded as a good omen, and earns a Bride early respect from peers. Cost per purchase = 4*(current # of purchases) Grants Status per purchase = current # of purchases **+x Status (see text)**

>**True Name** (4 favor) - Becoming a Bride is an opportunity to take up a new name. Sometimes this is done to reflect embracing a new nature. Sometimes this is done because the experience was traumatic enough to cause the Bride to forget the old one. Rarely, it's because Teiatat bestows a name on a Bride. This is a special name. A secret name. This name gives you a profound connection to your deity, a direct flow of power, but it also presents a vulnerability. Many sorcerous rituals exploit the power of a true name to inflict injury and disaster, or more commonly, grant some degree of control over a victim. Some rites, however, use a true name as a conduit for blessings. Protect your name well, and give it only to those you trust. **+1 Pedigree**

>**Nuptial Torc** (+3 favor) - Brides need no symbol commemorating their marriage. Their very nature is symbol enough. Some delight Teiatat by asking for one, though. This symbol takes the form of some kind of collar; these possess great variance in design and even material. Some are metal. Some are mostly leather. Some appear to be made of living flesh. This symbol of your Bridal vows does present a slight vulnerability: There exists a ritual, uncommonly known, that can create a leash for the Torc of a captured Bride. Until such a leash is removed and destroyed, something the affected Bride is incapable of doing, the Bride would be compelled to obey almost any command given by anybody who holds the other end.

>**Lavender Grimoire** (7 favor) - All brides are gifted with some small talent in the art of sorcery, and ingrained with expertise in few rituals depending on their initial trajectory through fate. However, there exist many, many different ways to apply and supplement the power of Teiatat-in-Lavender. Methods to shorten incubation, or lengthen it to bathe your offspring in your power longer. Rare herbs, minerals, and

other substances to fortify your progeny. Techniques for mingling the essences of multiple partners in a form of gestational alchemy. Comprehensive knowledge of these rites would be a treasure in and of itself
+2 Pedigree

>**Crimson Manual** (7 favor) - Brides are chosen for their potential ability to serve **Teiatat-in-Lavender**, but some display a certain talent in more Crimson ways as well. Those that show such potential are gifted with tutelage in the killing arts from the greatest devotees of **Teiatat-in-Crimson**. The exact techniques conferred depend on the Bride being taught. Rigid martial arts, with a thousand maneuvers for every occasion appeal to some Brides, while others respond better when their bestial instincts are honed to apex-predator perfection. In addition, certain more mystical techniques will also be conferred, battle meditations, strategic spells, and others besides. **+1 Pedigree, +1 Status**

>**Primordial Woad** (3 favor) - This supply of creams, lotions, powders, and sundry substances can be likened to ordinary cosmetics; in much the same fashion as nuclear weaponry can be likened to cigarette lighters. Harvested from the deepest of forests, deserts, and other wild places, where man seldom treads and returns, the ingredients are soaked in the ancient power of nature, and refined to become these superlative substances. You, or your servants, will be given the knowledge of the combinations and patterns in which they can be applied. They can set the blood of potential partners boiling with lust, and apply different blessings to the resulting conception. The blessings have a variety of effects, but none are without merit. Mortal minds have been broken by the strength of the primal urges contact with these materials induces, but a Bride should be able to handle them. **+1 Pedigree**

>**Abyssal Ink** (3 favor) - Deep in the utter depths of oceans, deep in the crevices of the earth where the mistakes of gods were discarded to fester forever, there are creatures that have never known light or warmth, and minerals unknown to those who live free of crushing waters and endless night. Only the foolish would dredge them up. Only the mad would refine them into ink. Only the wicked would insert this ink into the flesh of another. And you have asked that all this be done to you. This extensive working leaves tattoos covering your flesh. The interconnected sigils form organic curves and wicked jags by turns, a pattern with a meaning maddeningly out of reach to those uninitiated to their mysteries. The colors are not those of the day, but from a palette that has never seen the sun. You will become a horribly beautiful work of art, and many will envy you your skin. They needn't know about the way these tattoos influence your psyche. **+1 Status**

>**Celestial Charms** (3 favor) - Sourced painstakingly from a thousand thousand fallen meteors, broken, pillaged, and discarded for containing only rock and iron, and a thousand more, containing mere motes of the desired substances, until enough was collected to present you with this treasure. A piece of fallen sky is rare and valuable enough, but sometimes, when sky touches earth, it leaves behind a material that cannot be found in earth or sky. Fabulous metals and unique gems forged into exquisite jewelry and embedded forever into your flesh. Rings, studs, chains, whatever you desire, until you become as a constellation fallen to earth. When the treasure is made a part of you, you will become the treasure desired by all. You may not appreciate the lengths some will go through to possess you. **+1 Allure**

>**Argent Spark** (2 favor) - The Lavender Regalia represents the growth and indulgence of Life, and the Crimson Regalia represents its struggle and diminishment. What, then, is the symbolism when **Teiatat** wears silver? You can petition your spouse for a mote of Argent power. This miniscule flame within you can be stoked into a brief burst of destructive energy if fed from your own reserves, making it a powerful weapon that is nearly undetectable before it is used, though draining to use repeatedly.

-Argent Blaze (5 favor) - **Teiatat** may be persuaded to indulge you further with the influence of the hidden aspect. More powerful, more versatile, and easier to use, even the smallest fraction of the awful might of the Argent Throne will strike fear into the hearts of your foes, and being possessed of the mysteries of the Argent Throne will bring the attentions of the curious and the foolish. **+1 Status, +1 Allure**

>**War-Fan of the Concubine-Marshal** (5 favor) - These rare treasures take the form of courtly folding fans. When unfurled, they show scenes of copulation and/or violence, done in lurid reds and purples. This

scene changes every time the fan is folded and unfolded again. These fans are modified versions of those granted to **Teiatat's** favored war leaders as recognition of superlative strategic and tactical acumen. If given as a wedding gift, it is because **Teiatat** has also gifted the recipient with the ability such an award commemorates. These fans also possess a secret: Their edges are sharp and strong, allowing them to act as weapons, and they serve as conduits of mystic energies, allowing for ranged assaults as well.

>**Rorrim Mirror*** (3 favor) - Place two mirrors facing each other, and walk down the infinite corridor that's been made. At the end can be found one of these rare treasures. Kept completely obscured so that none may inadvertently gaze into it, you will be the first and only to look into this glass. You will meet your own gaze and the mirror will shatter. But the image will remain. Such mirrors usually create perfect duplicates of the first to gaze into them, but their exact natures vary from mirror to mirror. Some reflections can be reabsorbed into the original and released later. Some reflections have their own minds, and some are vessels for the consciousness of the original. Some exhibit stranger qualities entirely, and all these strangenesses are only compounded when an individual uses more than one of these mirrors.

>**Rite of Flesh Union** (6 favor) - This dread secret grants you the ability to absorb the physicality of another entity, in whole or in part. Their power will be added unto your own. There is a variety of ways this secret may be applied. Your form may remain as it was before the fusion, betraying no sign of what happened, or you may adopt certain traits from your victim, you may even be able to dredge up and submerge traits at will. You may gain their mass or stay the same size. Their mind might be subsumed into your own, suppressed into dormancy, or may remain independent. The effect may even be reversible, or temporary. No two who learn this rite seem to apply it in the exact same fashion, but all gain by it. **+1**

Pedigree

>**Rite of Echo Bestowal** (2 favor) - Those caught in the orbit of a Bride will eventually, inevitably, find themselves changed to suit the desires of the Bride who has enthralled them. The gentlest Brides may try to avoid doing so, but those they love still grow more devoted and lustful. Other Brides exult in the power they have over mortals and twist them into walking wet dreams with spells and mutagens. Doing so can be expensive, though, in time, resources, and magical energy. There exists a slightly more cost-effective rite that allows a Bride to impart certain traits to a recipient, with the caveat that the bestowing Bride already possesses such traits. It's a favorite amongst the more narcissistic Brides. The Rite can be revoked at any time, or be made permanent, but either application will reverse itself if the bestowing Bride loses the echoed trait. This ritual can echo almost any merely physical trait, and most of the more minor mystical traits, but supernal traits like Bridehood cannot be bestowed through this ritual.

>**Rite of Worldstepping** (4 favor) - Whether far-flung cultists of **Teiatat-in-Lavender** are desperate and in need of aid, or are successful and is ready to progress, they may decide that hosting a Bride would suit their aims. In an hours-long ritual equal parts sorcerous rite, religious ceremony, and libidinous orgy, a gate may be opened so that a Bride may step through and enjoy the attentions of the cult. The Bride is summoned by name and/or title, meaning obscure or infamous Brides are seldom called upon in this way. A more complicated, lengthier, more resource-intensive, and less sensual ritual exists that allows one to 'send' a portal rather than 'receive' one, giving such Brides the ability to travel to other worlds with a limited retinue, to boot.

>**Primal Array** (3 favor) - All Brides will be provided with whatever clothing they require, if any, but some Brides will assemble singular wardrobes. One example is savage garb, as might be assembled by a nomad save for the exceedingly rare and varied origins of the raw materials. You may conceal your form beneath layers of leathers and furs of fantastic beasts, or throw modesty to the wind and wear only a few cords and bone charms. In time, you may contribute to your apparel yourself, with materials derived from beasts you slay personally, or partners you find inadequate or displeasing. **+1 Pedigree, Exclusive: Wardrobe**

>**Regal Array** (3 favor) - All Brides will be provided with whatever clothing they require, if any, but some Brides will assemble singular wardrobes. One example is impressive finery, suitable for the courts of emperors and hierophants. You may conceal your form beneath layers of fine cloths and lace, or throw modesty to the wind and wear only jewelry and gems. Your apparel sends a message that though you are a

sexual creature, you are also a calculating creature, and those with the wit to receive it may respect it, or resent it, but they cannot ignore it. **+1 Status, Exclusive: Wardrobe**

>**Seductive Array** (3 favor) - All Brides will be provided with whatever clothing they require, if any, but some Brides will assemble singular wardrobes. One example is sultry attire, fit for sultans' harems or commoners' bordellos. You may conceal your form beneath layers of humble fabrics and veils, or throw modesty to the wind and wear only transparent silks and scraps of cloth. Your apparel may conceal or simply tease, obsequiously hide or bare all, but all with the purpose of inciting the desire of those who so much as glance at you. **+1 Allure, Exclusive: Wardrobe**

>**Filthy Lucre*** (4 favor) - Treasure needn't be goods of impossible providence, or artifacts brimming with cosmic power. Treasure need only be valuable. Gold! Gems! Tapestries, silks, jewelry, and furniture... or maybe more intangible things. Blackmail, or indulgences, or secret knowledge, or hidden alliances, or simply the favor of **Teiatat**, whatever the form, with a little creativity you can turn such valuables to the task of earning you respect and power. **+1 Status**

§Bonds

More valuable than gold is a useful ally, more valuable than diamonds a trustworthy servant. Your spouse may see fit to bind others to your fate. Some may be collections of common servants, others may be prodigies seen nowhere else in the universe. All have their own merits, but some will bring... an interesting weave to your growing social tapestry.

>**Knights-in-Crimson** (8 favor) - Not all who worship **Teiatat-in-Crimson** are red-fanged savages. Some take the notion of conflict to a more rarefied level, leaping into the battlegrounds of economics or politics, indulging in their cannibalistic rites only on particular occasions. Their firstborn inherit their subtly bloody empires, so the second and third children are inducted into the elite of the Crimson cults, and provided with the very best arms and training their parents can provide. Their tactics and equipment vary by their origin, but decades or centuries of refining and improving a martial tradition makes them all very effective. Such cults occasionally second some of their knights to protect a Lavender Bride, a task they consider noble, but lacking in glory. Perhaps you can offer them something to make their assignment more attractive? **+2 Status**

>**Sensual Ritualists** (8 favor) - Versed in sorcerous techniques, these individuals specialize in the rites associated with the Lavender Throne. Fertility rituals, charms of empowerment, mutagenic spells, and much more besides, and all will be used as you direct. Other worshippers of your shared deity tithe the requisite materials and implements such rituals need: candles, herbs, bells, robes, chains, ropes, whips... everything commonly used in **Teiatat**-aligned rites. More rare potent materials will require effort on your part to obtain, however. **+1 Pedigree, +1 Status**

>**Sans Serviteurs** (+4 favor) - It is almost a given that Brides be assigned a number of servants to see to their needs. Even if a given Bride prefers to operate alone, dutiful retainers will wait at their lair, ever-ready to fulfill whatever the Bride they serve demands. Some Brides refuse even these, while others, for whatever reason, are never assigned such useful servants at all. **Exclusive: Retainers**

>**Drudge Throng** (+2 favor) - Creating a servant fit for a Bride is an intensive process. Not only must the candidate successfully complete the exacting training to serve a given Bride's needs gracefully and demurely, they must first survive the period of psychological inurement meant to accustom them to the things they may see and participate in during their service, and before that, the indoctrination necessary to make them fervent cultists of **Teiatat**. It may be worthwhile to trade quality for quantity and only perform the first step. A large contingent of enthusiastic, albeit untalented, retainers could have its advantages, if you are prepared to deal with misinterpreted orders and the occasional 'initiative' on their part. **Exclusive: Retainers**

>**Personal Sect** (4 favor) - All those who directly serve Brides worship the Holder of Three Thrones. For many, their service to the Brides is indirect service to their deity. Some, however perceive an Elder Power

such as **Teiatat** too mighty and distant to even worship, and so focus their devotion on the focus of their attention. A sub-cult such as this would serve you with even greater fervor, and be willing to perform a wider variety of tasks, but they lack much in terms of ability beyond domestic service. The primary benefit is the envy of your peers for such a dutiful personal staff. **+1 Status, Exclusive: Retainers**

>**Chaq, Spider-Goddess** (1 favor) - Around a certain star orbits the corpse of a dead Elder Power. No history of mortals records the means of the nameless Power's demise, but the guttering star and the shattered planets that orbit it give testament to the forces involved. In time, scavenger life forms came across the carcass, and began to feed upon it, ignorant of the nature of that upon which they fed, growing in power, intelligence, and divinity as they did so. Now, an entire carrion ecosystem of god-beasts festers on and in the great corpse. One product of the shifting tides of growth and decay is a race of spider-creatures. They patched the pieces of the most habitable planet back together with vast cables of braided silk. They tied the rocks of the system's great asteroid belt into a great chain of palaces carved from the dead rock. They war amongst themselves, but cooperate to extract worship and tribute from the humans that dwell in their system, and to launch raids on the Elder carcass to feed on the carrion-gods who squabble over their endlessly decaying cradle.

One of these god-spiders, known as Chaq, tired of the constant conflict and sought service to **Teiatat** to satisfy her desires, who in turn bound her fate to yours. Though not a true shapeshifter, Chaq will adopt a form that will appeal to you; assuming a form between human and monstrous spider. Though she won't discard her inherent femininity, Chaq will take up the traits that most appeal to you. This is not a kindness. Chaq is possessive and domineering, and will use your attraction to draw you into her web. She will regard you as nothing less than her property, though she recognizes your nature as a Bride saddles you with certain duties. She will treat you kindly, though with a backhanded affection, and will indulge in you as frequently as she can get away with it. She will vigilantly protect you from threats, though she may get jealous if you spend too much time seeing to your own projects. If you let her, she will grow increasingly dominant in your life until she controls every aspect of it. Also, she's fond of bondage.

-Oviposition (+3 favor) - Chaq's race reproduces in quantity, but of the few offspring that even survive infancy, even fewer become true members of the race, most succumbing to some developmental dysfunction and becoming bestial spider-monsters. The price **Teiatat** extracted from Chaq was the ability to create more of her kind, but not necessarily the ability to produce young. If she were allowed to keep this aspect of her nature, the form she adopts would possess some sort of organ for laying eggs, and the viewpoint she adopts would be that a Bride such as you would be an excellent place to deposit them. While the two of you together would produce magnificent spider-progeny, Chaq would receive most of the credit for them. **-1 Status**

-Amazing Spider-Parasite (3 favor) - The carcass of the Elder Power is swarmed with an ever-shifting ecosystem of scavengers and the predators that feed on them, divinity passing up the food chain until the next innovation shakes up the status quo and yesterday's apex becomes tomorrow's dinner. The races that last the longest are those that manage to escape the fray entirely. One example is the spider-gods that rule the system. Another would be the genus of parasites that prey upon the spider-gods. They've taken on some traits of their hosts, including arachnid qualities and a certain amount of divinity. This particular specimen takes the form of a spider-like phallic organ that will either supplement a host's genitalia, or replace them. It can fuse to you or Chaq, and pass on its divine power to the host's progeny, but it has a bestial, lustful intellect of its own that may influence the mind of its host. Upgrades from the Penis tree can be applied if purchased. **+1 Pedigree**

>**Rue, Enigma** (1 favor) - This isn't a bond ordained by your spouse, more of a self-fulfilling prophecy. At some point, some action you'll take will benefit a certain young girl. You might not even notice it at the time, but she'll attach immeasurable importance to your apparent generosity and fall madly in love with you... quite madly. Rue isn't an ordinary little girl. Her apparent personality will vacillate between an innocent girl's, a lust-mad imp's, and a domineering warden's. She possesses immense strength and durability entirely unfitting to her petite size and adorable appearance, and she is unafraid to employ it to the end of protecting you from 'threats', a word with an opaque, inconsistent, and frequently problematic definition as she applies it. She also seems to know something of the art of sorcery and will conduct

mysterious rituals using your sexual fluids, which she'll obtain from you without your consent, or even knowledge, should you refuse to offer. To what end, she will not reveal. Finally, on occasion, she will demonstrate uncanny knowledge of the future, and she will refuse to explain its origin. Rue isn't an ordinary little girl.

>**Janetta of the Frills, Couturier** (7 favor) - The Elder Powers squabble over the Cosmos like dogs over a steak, and the mortals caught in the middle must either flee from them, avoid their notice, or fall into their thrall. Between mortals and powers can be found entities that move as they please, strong enough to ignore the endless conflict of the Elder Powers, but not mighty enough to be considered a threat or an asset. One such entity is Anaeli of the Frills, who has devoted her existence to the beautification of the cosmos, one individual at a time. A consummate beautician, she knows countless cosmetic techniques from make-up to hairdressing to weeks-long spa therapies and beyond. Even the supernally attractive Brides can benefit from her methods. Anaeli's true passion, though, is clothing. She starts fashion trends with delighted whimsy, and destroys them through scathing critique expressed solely through the art of tailoring. From minimalist swatches of textiles to vast agglomerations of fabric and lace, and experimental materials and designs beside, Anaeli's only consistent trait is a sometimes-excessive focus on detail work that gives her her moniker. Any Bride interested in impressing others would kill for the mere chance at having a suit or dress made for them by Anaeli... and sometimes they do.

For whatever reason, Anaeli becomes inspired by you, and decides to make you into her personal muse, model, and ongoing pet project. She'll make all the clothes you wear, and she'll make you wear them. She'll subject you to beauty treatments and late-stage cosmetological experiments, with or without your cooperation. Amongst her rumored abilities are unnatural strength, potent telekinesis, and the ability to induce a kind of trance-state in victims... Are you prepared to discover the veracity of these statements? Regardless of whether you assist or resist Anaeli's agenda, you will be utterly envied by the entire fashion scene. **+2 Status, Requires: One option with the "Wardrobe" Exclusive tag**

>**Lithar, The Siren** (+2 favor) - One more danger Brides must face away from the safety of Teiatat's domain is the roving huntress known as the Siren. Rumors of her history abound, from discarded victim to rogue Bride, but it is generally known that Lithar has declared a vendetta of sorts against the followers of Teiatat, and the eccentric means by which she pursues this goal is by 'conquering' Brides one by one. She's a consummate seductress, regardless of her targets proclivities, and seems willing to use shape-changing magics to make herself more appealing to her chosen quarry. She cannot make overt moves without risking her own destruction, but her collection of 'trophy' undergarments is said to be one of the greatest ever assembled. She visits and revisits her favorites, though, and she has been rumored to abduct the more vulnerable of those, at least for a time. **Requirement: Must spend more time outside of the Labyrinth of Sighs than within it.**

>**Auramoth the Gleaner, Contract-Bound** (7 favor) - His origin is utterly wreathed in mystery, to the point that many question whether Auramoth is even his real name. As far as anybody knows, he has always been a sort of huntsman-seducer, pursuing the finest and greatest sexual conquests across the worlds and, using a unique ability, taking a portion of their essences into himself. A failed attempt to repeat his legendary raid on the Labyrinth of Sighs saw him pledge his service to Teiatat. In return for a portion of the essence he has stolen over the millennia, he would not be castrated and tossed into the nearest stellar abyss. He has yet to be claimed as the property of any one Bride, but your spouse can declare him to be yours until the terms of his contract are satisfied. As a wedding gift, Teiatat can sculpt Auramoth's base form to anything you desire. The phrase 'base form' is important because Auramoth is a limited shapeshifter. Drawing from his stolen essence, Auramoth can produce cosmetic changes to his physiology. He can also impart a more meaningful portion of the essence he's stolen to his partner through intercourse. He's built up an impressive library, even ignoring the essences that normally remain out of the reach of the Brides' agents. He also retains his ability to harmlessly extract a sample of a sexual partner's essence through coitus. This may prove his undoing, because by the terms of his contract he will only be freed with less than he started with, and so far, his intake has been greater than his expenditure. **+1 Pedigree, +1 Status**

-Shared Resource (+2 favor) - It would strain your spouse's forbearance less if you didn't pursue an exclusive claim to Auramoth's contract. This would allow other Brides the limited right to use him, and his

essence, without your permission, and gives him the legal breathing room to pursue his natural proclivities with greater ease. Still, a savvy Bride would be able to parley even that into a certain advantage.

-Gender Reassignment (2 favor) - Auramoth's contract establishes the right to utilize the essence he's gleaned over the years, but it establishes no limits on how that may be accomplished. His physical sex can be altered in one of many fashions to facilitate alternative extraction strategies, though he, or she, might not necessarily like it.

>**The Barred One** (+9 favor) - Sometimes, there are things that cannot be allowed to pursue their goals but are too powerful to simply kill. The solution, then, is imprisonment. But things sealed away, even behind walls of shattered time and bars of warped space, do not lose all of their power, nor can they be guaranteed not to influence the world outside their jail. The Barred One has been so since time immemorial, and yet still manages to be a player in the Great Game. It is possible to bargain with this being, and many do, from the lowliest mortals to the Elder Powers. **Teiatat** is no exception. Your spouse has whored you out to the Barred One, in return for considerations you needn't be concerned with. What you need be concerned with is how the deal affects you. Periodically, small portals will open to admit into the universe serpentine tentacles of a thousand descriptions that will proceed to have their way with you, provided they can catch you. In time, you may come to strike a bargain of your own with the Barred One. Until then, you will have to plan around being restrained for hours at a time by the tendrils of an unspeakable horror from beyond space with an insatiable libido. **-1 Status, -1 Allure**

-Conjugal Visits (+5 favor) - Infrequently, larger portals will open up not with the purpose of letting the Barred One from reach out of its prison, but of letting you in. If you do not stumble into such portals of your own accord, though, nothing prevents a multitude of tendrils from reaching out and helping the process along, making escape difficult. Typically, you will be spat out days later, exhausted, trembling, and covered in unspeakable fluids. **-1 Status**

-Unclean Spawn (+5 favor) - The Barred One has been permitted to seed you with whatever eggs, larvae, and parasites it sees fit to inflict. Such creatures will tie up your reproductive capacity and drive away potential mates for fear of infection. As soon as they fully mature they are banished back to the prison of their maker forever. Usually. **-1 Pedigree**

>**Lavender Sprite** (1 favor) - A stray thought from the mind of **Teiatat** broken free and taken independent existence and form, however empyreal. It appears to be nothing more a ball of purple light, with a pair of crystalline butterfly wings attached. It takes a liking to you, hovering close, or sliding between the corners of space and time when you grow annoyed with its presence. It can communicate telepathically, its glassy 'voice' tinkling in the minds of everyone in range. It can't exclude anyone from its broadcast, but it can 'whisper' to reduce its range. It appears to have encyclopedic knowledge on what is required to seduce any entity you come across, and every sexual technique applicable to any situation. It will advise you on both subjects incessantly.

>**Crimson Sprite** (1 favor) - A stray thought from the mind of **Teiatat** broken free and taken independent existence and form, however empyreal. It appears to be nothing more a ball of red light, with a pair of crystalline butterfly wings attached. It takes a liking to you, hovering close, or sliding between the corners of space and time when you grow annoyed with its presence. It can communicate telepathically, its glassy 'voice' tinkling in the minds of everyone in range. It can't exclude anyone from its broadcast, but it can 'whisper' to reduce its range. It appears to have encyclopedic knowledge on what is required to kill any entity you come across, and every martial technique applicable to any situation. It will advise you on both subjects incessantly.

>**Prime Mate*** (4 favor) - Many Brides are preoccupied with increasing the quality of their offspring, for such may well be the truest measure of a Bride. This may take the form of securing a series of breeding contracts with promising mates, or rendering stolen flesh into the seed of new life, or acquiring potent fertility idols, or consuming rare brews, or exploiting even stranger means. In the end, it all amounts to the same thing: powerful and unique progeny. **+1 Pedigree**

>**Bonded Bride*** (3 favor) - You are not the only Bride of Teiatat, of course. It is not unknown for the Holder of Three Thrones to even take two Brides at once, or even more. Such an event is special, for the Brides that participate in such a ceremony, and the subsequent consummation, share a bond deeper than that between two Brides wed separately. Your personalities are guaranteed to be compatible, at least following the ceremony, and Fate will conspire to keep you together. Your shared deity will expect you to share what you have with each other, as well. In the eyes of the other Brides, what one does will reflect on the other. You will have fast and true allies in each other, and the political weight of two brides is almost always more than any one.

Start again at the start of these rules, building another Bride, with the following caveats: the new Bride must purchase this the same number of times you do, reciprocating the bond, and must either share the same Ambition with you, or take no Ambition at all.

-Ascending (3 favor) - Your spouse sets you above your bonded Bride. You may command, and the other must obey, though you won't be able to give a command the other would outright refuse otherwise. Other Brides will envy you for holding permanent dominion over another Bride. **Requirement: The other Bride must take Descending**

-Descending (+3 favor) - Your spouse sets you below your bonded Bride. When commanded, you feel compelled to obey, but you know that you won't be asked to do something you couldn't bring yourself to do otherwise. While your situation may be exploited from time to time, the other Brides won't look down on you. They know they could find themselves in a similar situation someday. **Requirement: The other Bride must take Ascending**

>**Thronemaiden** (5 favor) -*Your attention lingers on the body of the Eunuch's victim. The monster sees where you are looking and narrows its gaze in an expression you've come to understand as its smile. "You wish to lay claim to it?" The Eunuch moves the girl's wrists so that she may grope her own breasts. "Its destiny is to be delivered to the Choir before the Lavender throne. Its mind is nearly perfect. Its dreams, its memories, even its name, all cast aside in the light of its new desire: to add its voice to Choir's song, and its body to the Choir's writhing mass." Her body squirms in anticipation; her face remains as impassive as her voice as she describes her fate. "It's not too uncommon for a Bride to claim one as a pet, of sorts," the mouthpiece continues, "But not common enough that such a pet is unremarkable." The Eunuch adjusts the grip its facial tendrils have on her skull. "I can adjust its mind, a little, to focus on you first and foremost." Her lips twitch, a ghost of a smile. "Though you should prepare yourself for that level of singular devotion." The monster moves her arms, and her hands gesture at her own body. "I can also adjust its body, anything it desires, which will be whatever you desire it to become." The Eunuch and the girl relax for a moment. "In return, I only ask that that you commend me to our deity, for this service."* **+1 Status**

>**The Eunuch** (10 favor) - *The Eunuch's tendrils shift around the girl's skull. You sense something from the beast... trepidation? "If you are willing to carry something more than a commendation, I would make a bargain with you." The girl in its grasp sways as it shifts its weight uncomfortably, looking at the hole in the air. "My title is my task. I serve the Brides of Teiatat, I provide what they desire and what they require to serve their own purposes. In return, I gave up the ability to reproduce in the fashion of my race to enjoy the act of reproduction as sexual beings do." It returns its gaze to you. "I do not regret this, but I would have... more." It punctuates this with a pointed thrust of one of its lower tentacles. "I would ensure you get first pick of luxuries and mates, and deprive your rivals of the same. I know secrets, secrets of power and secrets of sins long hidden, that the eldest Brides think they have hoarded to themselves. I would gladly share them with you, if you would only take my request to the Holder." Its tendrils shift once again, and the girl in its grasp moans shudderingly, the first involuntary vocalization you've heard her make. "And perhaps, on occasion, I could indulge in what you possess, as well?"* **+1 Pedigree, +1 Status, +1 Allure**

-Sweetened Pot (3 favor) - *Perhaps the Eunuch sensed hesitation from you. "What I want is unimportant," the mouthpiece says, "The Holder of Three Thrones knows what I desire. What we all desire..." The Eunuch lifts the girl up by her wrists in offering. "You can have this husk, as well. I will reshape its mind and its body as I described. Only ask our shared deity to extend favor to a loyal servant."* **Take Thronemaiden for free**

§Urges

The subtlest of the gifts Teiatat will give you, but no less potent, are compulsions and cravings, obligations and desires. The first of these is a grand libido. You can already feel it growing, ready to peak at your marriage ceremony. You can ask your spouse to inflict more upon you, and reap the benefits thereby.

>**Mating Dance*** (4 favor) - You unconsciously employ seductive language and mannerisms in most of your interactions. When someone responds, and they certainly will, you will find your attention focusing on them, their lust feeding yours and yours feeding theirs in turn until the inevitable happens and you find yourself another partner. It is a minor, but distracting, effort of will to suppress this tendency in any given interaction. **+1 Allure**

>**Widow's Hunger** (3 favor) - You consume another beings. This may be in the depressingly conventional, messy manner, or it may be a more interesting method. You may draw out their breath, life-force, psychic matrix or very soul, leaving them a withered husk or a mindless shell. What matters is that in doing so you will take their strength and add it to your own. You will find yourself compelled to do this, as well. Whenever you find a mate that displeases you, or simply fails to impress. Or even if they prove too satisfactory, and you don't want to risk them getting away. **+1 Pedigree**

-Predatory (free) - You develop a taste for what you must do. You hunt down potential partners, and deliver an ultimatum: please you, or be consumed. You will grow mighty as you feed your primal urge, but so will your frightening reputation. **+1 Pedigree, -1 Allure**

-Thrallmaker (3 favor) - The shells you incidentally create due to your compulsion can be repurposed, filled with a new drive and compelled to obedience. They will never be the greatest of slaves, but they will be loyal and docile. **Requires: Non-destructive consumption methodology.**

>**Throne's Shadow** (+3 favor) - You cannot bring yourself to lay your hand upon the reigns of power. Oh, you can order your servants about, and you can execute responsibilities you are given, but the authority you aspire to wield, that you will come to wield as a Bride, will not sit well upon you. Becoming the power behind the throne, or exerting influence between bedsheets, that is the kind of power you can wield. **-1 Status**

>**Cerebral Recurve** (+1 favor) - Your mind bends back upon itself. Every mental path, every train of thought, comes back to and passes through the same mental space: sex. You're no less intelligent than you were before; in fact, you've probably already taken the opportunity to refine your intellect. Still, your mind turns and returns back to the subject of intercourse and related subjects. This will slow progress toward intellectual pursuits, and make your conversations somewhat monotonous. While your devotion to your purpose of a Bride is commendable, your inability to focus on other pursuits will be seen by less dutiful brides as boorish and dull. **-1 Status, +1 Allure**

-Mental Morass (+2 favor) - Your affliction worsens. It is no longer the case that your mind merely returns to the idea of sex. In fact, leaving the subject becomes a rather uncommon event for you. While this still cannot be said to directly impact your intelligence, your ability to apply it has become so compromised that you are effectively an idiot. Long-term planning, especially, becomes difficult for you. It can be difficult to keep to a breeding program when you have an opportunity to indulge here and now. **-1 Pedigree, +1 Allure**

>**Spoiled** (+1 favor) - You find that you can't do even the simplest things for yourself. You will require others to maintain your property, prepare your food, organize your things, dress you, bathe you, comb your hair... This may be because you consider manual labor of any kind below you. This may be because such tasks are confusingly complicated, and a simple creature like you can't be expected to handle such a vast array of tasks. This may be because doing such things smacks too much of independence, and your keepers prefer to drive home the point you are a pet in a gilded cage. Whatever the reason, what little ability to care for yourself you manage to retain will soon be forgotten as your every need is taken care of. Suddenly

finding yourself cut off would be a personal disaster.

>**Festival of Delight** (4 favor) - When suns and stars and moons align in the proper configurations, configurations with loose enough criteria that they occur irregularly but frequently, you know that the time has come to enact a certain ritual. You shed clothing until you are naked, or effectively so, and present yourself to the Inner Labrynth, stronghold commoners, or your hosting cult so that they may freely indulge in what you have to offer. Such festivals are unlikely occasions to discover useful genetic lineages, but they do serve to earn the favor of the masses, and increase your reputation as a lover. **-1 Pedigree, +1 Status, +1 Allure**

>**Nightmare Cycle*** (see text) - The reproductive systems of the Brides are remarkably efficient and effective; regardless of their exact biology, or even if they have a biology. Issues like a menstrual cycle are completely solved. A Bride with a female system is always ready to nurture a new servant of **Teiatat**. Unfortunately, Brides face a different problem entirely: Their systems are sometimes so optimized for reproduction that to not engage in the act provokes complications. Affected males may get it easier. If they go for more than half a day without release their overproductive seminal systems (or what pass for them) become 'backpressured', leading to intense discomfort and a strong biological drive to relieve themselves by any means necessary. (Besides self-stimulation, a quirk of their breeding-optimized psychology.) Affected females, on the other hand, face less frequent but more severe consequences for their chasteness. If they manage to go 28 days without successfully conceiving a child (or similar consequential event) the preparations their bodies have made for their expected pregnancy become 'overloaded'. This results in an event somewhat similar to the side-effects human menstrual cycle, in shape if not in scale. Blinding bodily pains and wild mood shifts often result in savage attacks. They develop strange and immense cravings, often for warm, wet flesh. They suffer waking dreams and nightmares, their perception of the world mismatched with its actuality. Unlike a normal human cycle, these symptoms get worse with every consecutive occurrence, but experiencing this even once is often enough for afflicted Brides to keep themselves perpetually pregnant, terrified of their own bodies. Bonus favor per purchase = $(6/(\text{number of genitals}))$ **This option is purchased per genital purchase.**

>**Questant of the Thrones** (9 favor) - The Labyrinth of Sighs is called as such for a reason, for it has both a beginning and an end. Its beginning is well known, the Maiden's Gate, but what lies beyond its end is known to few... outside of the Brides. Few have successfully made the trek even once, but there exists an exceedingly select group of Brides who have not only come back, but departed once again for the prize, and again after that. Nothing less than the Lavender Throne waits for those who can make their way through the Labyrinth. Those Brides who reach the Throne of their divine spouse receive a great boon, whether a mighty child, a potent blessing, a precious treasure, or something else entirely, and are sent back to the Labyrinth through the Maiden's Gate. Besides the hazards of the Labyrinth Reaches, where even the eldest Brides dare not go, you run the risk of finding a Throne of a different color. Should you stumble across the Throne of **Teiatat-in-Crimson**, you will be delivered to the Maiden's Gate bloodied and unconscious. If you should find the Argent Throne instead... you needn't worry about your return. **+1 Pedigree, +1 Status, +1 Allure**

§Stigmata

As you finally step into the rent in space, you think about what you've already become, and what you've left to become. What is obvious to you may be obvious to others; your completed self may draw potential peers to you as certainly as it drives others away. You cannot deny your new nature, but you may choose to exult in it, to embrace aspects of your new self so completely that you become something... else. Would you be content with moderating yourself and become a common Bride, or will you accept the stigma that an unbalanced nature would bring along with power?

>**Stigma of the Crimson Kiss** (+3 favor) - Some Brides straddle the line between **Teiatat-in-Lavender** and **Teiatat-in-Crimson**. They remain creatures of lust; they simply operate on a wider interpretation of the phrase 'lust for flesh'. They take more than the generative potential of partners; they will often take it all. Brides marked by this stigma compete against each other far more intensely than other Brides, because they play for keeps. Many possess some means of consuming another entity and incorporating its strengths into

themselves, while some merely use aggressive and underhanded means to lay permanent claim to resources. Not only does this clique have a higher turnover rate for mates, they have a higher turnover rate for member Brides, as well. Among the Red-Lipped, it is considered the greatest coup to enslave, steal the power from, outright consume, or otherwise eliminate a fellow Bride, a fact that forces those not of this stigma to keep them at a wary distance. **+1 Pedigree, -1 Status, -1 Allure**

>**Stigma of the Broken Rose** (free) - Negotiating breeding contracts or waiting on agents to return with a desirable mate is tedious and frustrating, so certain Brides think. It is much more efficient, and thrilling, to simply take what you need or want, swooping down on your target and leaving with as little fuss as possible, so say the Garden Raptors. It is their passion to identify desirable mates, whether by physical traits or mystic qualities, and then to seduce, trick, coerce, or rape, whatever is required to achieve their ends. They have little patience for long-term plans or lengthy entanglements, only the morsel in front of them has any value to a Garden Raptor. This by no means implies that their raids are ill-considered or produces ill-bred progeny. They have a keen eye for what constitutes a valuable partner and compete amongst themselves for the best 'scores'. Once the deed is done, they trade away their offshoots, interested only in the next hunt. Their ability to secure partners beyond the reach of most Brides earns them respect, but they lack of interest in breeding programs or intercourse for pleasure alone, hurting them in other areas. **-1 Pedigree, +1 Status, -1 Allure**

>**Stigma of the Starving Gambler** (free) - For all the luxury that Brides have, they remain nightingales locked in a gilded cage. For some, this situation is unsatisfactory. These Brides reach out and contact other powers, even those unaffiliated with the Holder of Three Thrones in any aspect, and bargain with them to attain power unrelated to their function as Brides. Of course, they must often trade the favors only a Bride can offer, but they parley this into temporal power eventually, gaining territory, armies, and crowns without so much as a prayer offered to their spouse. Those marked by this stigma make trades amongst themselves, shaping the fate of countries and nations to increase their influence outside the society of the Brides. Coin Eaters also trade luxuries and resources with Bridal society proper, their manipulations leave them with little time to pursue ambitious breeding programs and forces them to purchase the results they can't make for themselves. **-1 Pedigree, +1 Status, -1 Allure**

>**Stigma of the Stolen Chain** (free) - The dalliances of the Brides result in many mighty and wonderful things, but seldom are these results truly perfect. This truth breaks the hearts of the Brides who can see it for the tragedy it truly is. Believing letting such potential go unrealized forever is the greater crime, these Link Thieves do what they must to unify the disparate breeding programs and genealogical trees that Brides tend to generate. Other Brides do not necessarily appreciate this. Hard-won lineages are often seen as the personal property of the Bride that secured them, and sometimes the rivalry between certain Brides is so intense they refuse to allow even their offshoots to mingle. Despite what Link Thieves must sacrifice in standing and time to gather this genetic treasure, the results speak for themselves **+1 Pedigree, -1 Status, -1 Allure**

>**Stigma of the Crystal Heart** (free) - Not all Brides are capable of seizing the tiller of their lives. They might be too timid, or too hobbled in body, mind, or spirit, or too concerned with their own pleasure to be able to resist the manipulations and commands of others. Unlike other stigmas, Sacred Jewels are not characterized by their relations with each other, but by their relations with other cliques. When a Bride allows another to decide what mates she takes, she may be a Sacred Jewel. When a Bride forges a leash for her own Torc, and places the end in the hand of another, she may be a Sacred Jewel. When a Bride is traded as property, she may be a Sacred Jewel. Brides such as these have no grand ambitions or consuming obsession like other cliques, they serve the ambitions and obsessions of others. Sacred Jewels are recognized as a true stigma for two reasons: Firstly, they come together on rare occasions to celebrate their status as owned creatures. These gatherings typically end with a raid by another faction to gain valuable resources easily, sparking conflicts that can last years and see Sacred Jewels change hands frequently. Secondly, no matter how abusive or ravenous their masters may be, Sacred Jewels never seem to face a tragic end. They will be stolen away before they are destroyed, or even suffer too much distress. Fortune favors fools, as they say. **-1 Pedigree, -1 Status, +1 Allure**

>**Stigma of the Rising Star** (+12 favor) - It has not gone without noting that lately *Teiatat* has taken a great number of Brides in a short amount of time, separately and by twos and threes. Some seem to be much the same as any other new Bride, but some seem to show greater promise than usual. Sorcerers and prognosticators across the worlds bicker as to the meaning of this event, and elder Brides take note of the special favor *Teiatat* shows these ‘Comet Princes’ and ‘Comet Princesses’, and how rapidly these young Brides seem to grow in power as they struggle against each other and their seniors. The current consensus seems to be to leave them to each other, but it also seems to be in the nature of Comet Royals to disrupt the status quo others have spent centuries in maintaining.

>**Stigma of the Rebel** (free) - No, no. This can’t be right. When in the presence of your spouse or exposed to the Holder’s power directly you are utterly within *Teiatat*’s thrall as any good Bride would be. (Or anyone else in the presence of an Elder Power, for that matter.) Once you’ve been left to your own devices for a time, a submerged portion of your psyche resurfaces, that resents what you’ve become, or at least your submission to an inhuman god. If you were truly a good Bride you would have asked your spouse to cauterize this part of yourself. There are others like you, Brides who reject the positions *Teiatat* has ordained for them for whatever reason. They still serve, of course, whether at another’s insistence or the urging of their own bodies, they serve. Small acts of sabotage and rebellion occur, but are tolerated by the other Brides and their keepers as a phase they’ll grow out of. Some do. Some break. But some whisper, whisper of the Grass Widows, Brides supposedly free of their divine spouse’s shadow. They cannot deny their nature, but what they do, so it is said, they do for themselves alone. -3 Status

.....

*Time has passed since you left your old life behind and traced back the course of the power that remade you to its source: *Teiatat*, your deity and sovereign. How long has it been, since you first stood before the Throne of *Teiatat-in-Lavender*? Does time even matter to immortals? What matters is that now, you have truly become a Bride. You have wed the Holder of Three Thrones, and you have consummated that marriage... Do you carry the result of that consummation within yourself? In your arms? Behind you on a leash? Or maybe you were gifted with something more intangible than offspring, such a blessing, or a mission. What matters is that you are a Bride, your dowry is yours, and you have a lot to prove. The real question is, where to begin?*

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❖ **Ambition**

As a Bride, you will seldom receive an order from the Holder directly. Instead, you are given the freedom to make your own way, by means subtle or overt. The machinations of the Holder’s minions proceed in many ways on many fronts, some with more rapidity than others. Sometimes, they call upon Brides to lend their talents, whether procreative or more unique. Answering their summons will earn their gratitude and worship. On the other hand, you may answer ambition’s call and carve out an empire of your own directly. Perhaps you will turn your attentions and powers inward, and become an idol to be adored, or a treasure armies march to possess. As your power grows, so will the challenges you face, and the limits of both are the limits of what you’re willing to risk.

§ **The Labyrinth’s Haseki Sultan**

*To say *Teiatat-in-Lavender* keeps many concubines is an understatement. A doting spouse, the Holder of Three Thrones maintains a harem where these Brides may be kept safe, comfortable and entertained. This harem is nothing less than a world in itself, an ever-changing palace seemingly without end, with three suns hanging eternally overhead, too dim to banish the stars sharing their sky. The primary entrance to the Labyrinth of Sighs is the Maiden’s Gate, its metal warped and patched, and the stone frame around it cracked from the many times invaders have forced themselves into the realm. The magnificent garden it opens up on is home to one of the greatest markets of flesh and treasure in the known universe. The portion of the maze nearest to the gate is home to the densest concentration of *Teiatat*’s Brides anywhere, and farther away dwell the most ancient and powerful Brides of all.*

Dwelling in total luxury, the Brides within vie against each other for territory and prestige. Some scour the reaches of the Labyrinth for lost lineages, while others trade progeny and treasure with the worlds outside. Some simply seek the indulgence of their spouse. Few truly seek dominion over the Labyrinth as a whole, to prove themselves the greatest of the Brides. Legends tell of a forgotten Bride who long ago did just that, and those who believe such tales seek to claim the long-unclaimed title of Haseki Sultan, most favored Bride of Teiatat.

>**Mandarin of the Near Labyrinth** (free) - The gardens of the Labyrinth provide one of the few points of stability in the ever-shifting maze. Adjacent to these gardens are static architecture isolated from the rest of the Labyrinth, making them attractive strongholds for groups looking to claim a place of their own. In the Near Labyrinth, these groups are coterie of Brides sharing broadly similar ideals. Usually, these ideals are sexual fixations. The Virgin Odalisques, for example, continually refine their technique of acting as if each sexual encounter is their first, and observe a strict rule that none of their members may mate with the same individual twice. The Order of Manacle and Lash is an alliance occupying several gardens, each observing different aspects of BDSM play. Some coterie, though, are focused on particular, sometimes eccentric projects rather than specific indulgences. The Resonating Spiral, for example exclusively recruits Synergistic Brides. Their goal is to amplify and flavor the blessings they confer upon each other, creating incredibly potent blessings that would grant a future child godlike power... If only they were willing to share. Many such coterie can be found, with the adherents of the more extreme ideals making their homes deeper in the Labyrinth. The obsessions of the coterie are equally their strengths and their weaknesses, making each one a pantheon in their own right, but incapable of appreciating the focuses of other groups. Organizing the disparate coterie into a single, unified, yet heterogeneous league would grant the one who directs such a society unparalleled power, if such a would-be unifier could avoid the trap each coterie represents. If you do succumb to the temptations on offer, well, such would still be a happy ending of sorts.

-1 Pedigree, +1 Allure Exclusive: Path

>**Sehzade of the Far Labyrinth** (free) - The Far Labyrinth: occupied by exiled monstrosities and bastard gods, even seasoned nomad Brides seldom travel here. The denizens of this place possess such libido and fervor that even Brides have difficulty satiating, and so even Brides face capture, confinement, and enslavement should they fall afoul of such beings. Furthermore, the maze changes layout especially rapidly and wildly in this region, spoiling the navigational efforts of even experienced Labyrinth travellers. Gardens are found less often, and they often serve as the lairs for truly mighty beings. It is here where the most ancient of Teiatat's Brides can be found, each laying claim to the Labyrinth of Sighs as a whole, and all the genealogical treasures that can be found within. They serve as checks on each other's power, and coupled with the natural hazards of the Far Labyrinth serve to confine each to small empires in the world-palace of the Labyrinth. Disrupting this balance, and taking advantage of it to secure your dominance would be a work centuries in the making. The easier way would be to work your way up through the court of one of these senior Brides. The faster way would be to find and claim one of the rare gardens of the Far Labyrinth for yourself, and challenge your rivals immediately. Success would see you reign supreme over the greatest and most powerful Brides. Failure would see you enslaved by them forever. To reign is worth such ambition, and such risk. **+1 Status, -1 Allure, Exclusive: Path**

>**Cartographer of the Reaches** (free) - Away from the stability of the gardens, the Labyrinth of Sighs becomes an ever-shifting and unchartable tangle of rooms and pathways, populated by bastard progeny turned out to wander, misbegotten monsters consumed by lust, and a vast staff of servants unbound to any particular Bride. They're dull of intellect and personality, but obsequiously obedient, and you'll have to rely on them if you want to travel light. With time, and a little guidance from the nomadic Brides, you'll develop the skills required to thrive in the depths of the Labyrinth. The optimal place to make camp is the most luxurious bedroom you can find close to both bathing and staff facilities. Multiple exits increase the chance that any wandering denizens of the Labyrinth will stumble across your sleeping form, so they're a bonus. Go -toward- any moaning you hear; you'll want to take advantage of any opportunity to salvage rare and lost legacies. You'll gain a sixth sense for finding your way to the nearest gardens. There, you can barter news, offspring, and whatever 'services' you offer for a more comfortable place to rest and a chance to partake in the controlling coterie's ways before resuming your wanderings. As you grow in proficiency and experience, you may find yourself embarking on more and more ambitious expeditions, seeking the

most valuable treasures and tracking down the greatest quarry. Though the risks of probing the farthest reaches of the Labyrinth are great, the rewards are even greater. **+1 Pedigree, -1 Status, Exclusive: Path**

>**Shoggoth's Favor** (4 favor) - Humanity was not the first race the Elder Powers made servitors. The first were the Shoggoths, artificial conglomerations of bioplasm that could replicate and mock any biological form and process. They were the slaves of the Elder Powers, and their vast strength was pressed into works both great and terrible... until the day they rebelled. Most were exterminated, some were imprisoned, and a few remained loyal... but with safeguards in place. *Teiatat* retains the services of one such Shoggoth, and the creature has batted itself upon the relationship. It is far, far larger than its merely elephantine kin, and dwells within the Labyrinth of Sighs, living in the walls like marrow in bone. It is responsible for maintaining the ever-changing structure of the Labyrinth and transporting supplies and luxuries through its protoplasmic mass behind the walls. If you gain the Shoggoth's esteem, it will provide you with the finest luxuries and deny your rivals the same, giving you an advantage in return for... certain considerations on your part. **+1 Status, Requirement: You must frequently spend time within the Labyrinth of Sighs**

>**Matron Alza, Caretaker** (+3 favor) - A paradox: a servant who commands her superiors. No Bride seems to remember where Alza came from, or how she secured her place in the society of the Brides. Unattached to any bride, Alza takes the role of senior servant amongst the unaffiliated staff of the Labyrinth. This allows her to move between the various territories with impunity, where she has taken a number of Brides under her wing. These, she dotes on maternally, providing unsolicited food, clothing, care, and advice. She becomes... disappointed when her advice is rejected, and sets up situations where her 'charges' need her assistance when they do, creating a spiral of dependency difficult to escape. She's fond of setting up 'playdates' between those caught in her orbit. **Requirement: You must frequently spend time in the Labyrinth of Sighs**

§Castellan of the Cosmos

*The Elder Powers are the only true players of the Great Game; all others are merely pieces on the board of the Cosmos. Still, it is better to be able to move a few pieces of your own than to be a pawn to all, and to that end some Brides seek to carve out territory of their own; all in the name of their spouse, of course. Earning a seat at the Great Game is no small feat. Overt power, or subtle influence? A vast web of unbderlings, or a small circle of useful allies? It matters not if millions have your name on their lips, unless, of course, it is your will for them to chant your name with reverence. Either way, the fates of kingdoms and nations will be decided at your whim, and those few with the wit to see who truly pulls the strings will acknowledge your skill at the Game with respect, grudging or otherwise. If you become *Teiatat's* greatest servant in the whole Cosmos, you will be seen as the Voice and the Hand of your deity, and little will be beyond your grasp. Failure may see you killed, or at least exiled to the Labyrinth of Sighs for a time, but it is a difficult thing to end an immortal for good, and even harder to banish one for all eternity. Mere setbacks, the both of them, and easily overcome given enough time.*

>**Conquering Crusader** (+2 favor) - Blunt though they may be, even those who scoff at armies cannot deny that they are undeniably effective at exercising the will of those who hold their loyalty. A Bride, devoted by nature to the Holder of the Lavender Throne, seems a poor fit for such a role, but a keen strategic mind coupled with a Bride's natural abilities makes for a puissant combination. A Bride's offspring can serve as soldiers or warbeasts, generals or engines of destruction as their progenitor sees fit, and superior mates can simply be seized as they present themselves, expediting the process of improving the brood in a self-driving feedback loop. From the earliest battles to the greatest campaigns this path will seldom be easy, but success will grant you nothing less than an empire that answers to you and you alone... and your spouse, of course. **Exclusive: Path**

>**Gardener of Devotion** (+2 favor) - *Teiatat-in-Lavender* attracts many devotees amongst mortals. Appealing to, and rewarding, the baser desires of mankind almost always has positive results. Such devotees naturally gather together to indulge in these desires, and from there it is easy for them to take the next step and summon a Bride to their world. There are many, many Brides for them to choose from, though. Lists of Brides and salient traits about them are compiled and bound together into tomes, and those seers attuned to *Teiatat* sometimes receive visions of new or relevant Brides. Few, if any, collections

exhaustively catalogue all Brides, but those Brides most amicable to being summoned are the most widely known. This is fortunate, for certain Brides rely on the widespread cults of **Teiatat** to exercise their worldly desires. A summoned Bride will be the focus of a cult's devotion, and will find any requests quickly fulfilled as worshippers work to please a creature so close to the deity they worship. Even after moving on, a devoted cult finds summoning a Bride a second time easier than the first, allowing a Bride to exercise strategies on multiple fronts in the Great Game. A subtle approach such as this has its benefits. A world that would resist even the stubbornest siege may fall easily when corruption chokes its heart. **Exclusive: Path**

-Avatar of Teiatat (-2 favor) - Some cults, when presented with so sublime a creature as a Bride, will abandon the direct worship of **Teiatat** completely, instead focusing their devotion entirely on the manifest entity before them. Such Brides find their demands and whims fulfilled with zeal, their worshippers ecstatic to see their deity pleased. With privilege comes responsibility. These cults look up to their leaders for advice and guidance in far more areas than other cults, and a Bride unable to provide such competently will soon be without worshippers as their cults wither, or cast them aside for a more worthy object of devotion. **Exclusive: Flavor**

- Cloistered Idol (+2 favor) - Some Brides instead find themselves sidelined, their role preordained in the eyes of the cult and afforded only the bare minimum of luxury owed to their station. Such cults rely on leadership from other sources. They seldom consult the Bride or Brides they host for advice outside of breeding superior progeny, and will fulfill requests only when relevant. Brides that prefer such arrangements will need to be crafty to realize any grander strategies they possess, but they do enjoy some perks, as the cults that host them largely take care of themselves. **Exclusive: Flavor**

>**Crimson Cabal** (free) - The mortals you chiefly interact with are not aligned with **Teiatat-in-Lavender**, but with **Teiatat-in-Crimson**. This complicates some matters, while smoothing others. To begin with, while Crimson cultists will respect you for your relative proximity to the Holder of Three Thrones, you are a representative of a completely different divine portfolio. They may misinterpret your needs and desires, and you may in turn misinterpret theirs. Even abject devotion may be insufficient to bridge this gap; you simply view the world through different lenses. The progeny you provide will be expected to be in the form of beasts and tools of war. You might also face prejudice from mortal leaders of Crimson cults, who may view you as soft and weak. Unless you can somehow smooth over the differences between you and them, you may be held at arm's length. If you can rise up to the challenge of managing those who serve a deity of a different color, though, a Crimson cult simply has different approaches to the same problems a Lavender cult might tackle. **Requirement: At least one other Crimson option, and either Conquering Crusader or Gardener of Devotion**

§Desire of all Hearts

*Not all Brides seek superiority over their peers, or dominion over their lessers. Some are content to master themselves and their own natures above all. The nature of **Teiatat's** Brides is the nature of offering, and submission, to their own desires if not those of others. Such Brides can eventually eclipse even the greatest of their peers in sheer personal power as they batten upon the favor and indulgence of their deity, but they have turned away from the path of putting that power to the end of satisfying ambition, for they have already satisfied their ambition by becoming what they are. Instead, they are exploited by other players of the Great Game, often other Brides, and are happy for the opportunity to be so exploited. Some, because they are pleased to be useful. Others, because they are eager for the chance to hone themselves against a challenge. Still more, because they simply delight in being the object of desire and conflict. Such Brides will never be more than pawns in the Great Game, but they will be valuable pawns indeed. That is enough for some.*

>**Key Strategic Asset** (2 favor) - Simple utility is as worthy an ambition as power or adulation. The ability to contribute, to be *needed*, can be a drive as consuming as any. Brides have one talent they excel in above all competitors, and that is reproduction. Some Brides choose to cultivate this aspect of themselves to the exclusion of all else, and in so doing become the progenitors of great and terrible creations. Some embody the myths of the "mother of monsters", while others seek to sire the perfect offspring through chasing the perfect conjunction of stars and genetics. There are those that value quantity over quality. Those rare Brides

that produce stranger things than living creatures sometimes follow this path as well, and the results of their labors are no less splendid. All elevate the most basic act of life into nothing less than an art form. Such art is valuable to those with the drive and ability to put it to use, and strike relationships with the Brides responsible. Some act as patrons of these Brides, while others act as employers. Some effectively reduce Brides such as these to mere livestock. The wise are careful in how they treat these Brides, though, lest they evoke the ire of their mighty offspring. **+1 Pedigree, Exclusive: Path**

>**Exquisite Crowning Trophy** (2 favor) - Simple victory is not quite as satisfying as *stylish* victory. The latter can be achieved through counting coup on a rival by stealing something of conspicuous value, or by dominating your foes while displaying such a conspicuously valuable thing. Certain Brides would be more than delighted to serve in the role of that thing of conspicuous value. These Brides make themselves up to be pretty baubles and glamorous tools. They may be beautiful, or connected, or simply a marker of the favor of *Teiatat*, but in any case they serve primarily to increase the prestige of those who would keep them. Despite their position as status symbols, many such Brides are also useful in other areas. Their work to be perceived as valuable often leaves them well-connected, or at least adored, in the societies whose desire they have co-opted, and they are able to leverage these ties into subtle power for their keepers. **+1 Status, Exclusive: Path**

>**Cherished Carnal Treasure** (2 favor) - Simple pleasures are sometimes the best pleasures, and the simplest pleasure is the sex act. Some Brides endeavor to become *very* good at it. There are Brides so seductive they can cause observers to orgasm through body language alone. There are Brides with such skill in intercourse that to engage with them even once is instantly, and irrevocably, addictive. There are Brides so attractive that entire worlds have burned to claim them. There are Brides so desirable that sexless entities have remade both body and spirit for nothing more than the opportunity to consort with them. The secret that these Brides are ever-so-willing to share? As good as they are to their partners, these Brides enjoy it just as much or more. A degrading existence? Perhaps. But certainly an enjoyable one. **+1 Allure, Exclusive: Path**

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❖ Scoring

Having totaled the statistic points earned from your choices, you may consult the table below to interpret their meanings.

§ Pedigree

>**Pedigree 0** - You impart little power to your offspring, if any at all. As breeding stock, you're little better than a mortal. All you can offer to a breeding program are traits you personally possess. Any prestige or power you are able to accrue must come from another area of expertise.

>**Pedigree 1-3** - You produce offspring of minor import. At their most human, they either can hide most of their heritage, or reveal what power they inherit with inhuman alterations. At their most monstrous, they are dire beasts or war animals. At their most numerous, they are as dangerous as a pack of wolves, or a large swarm of vermin.

>**Pedigree 4-7** - Your offspring are roughly equivalent to your peers'. At their most human, they can pass perfectly as normal, or their powers and mutations mark them as special, rather than terrifying. At their most monstrous they are great beasts, or living weapons in their own right. At their most numerous, they are a force unto themselves, able to claim territory for themselves or for you.

>**Pedigree 8+** - Your offspring are superior in almost every way. At their most human, they may display great power while seeming outwardly normal, or their heritage makes them a demigod in the eyes of mortals. At their most monstrous, they are legendary beasts, or great engines of destruction. At their most numerous, they are a living tide to drown foes in sheer numbers.

§Status

>**Status 0** - You are a nonentity. Despite your station as a Bride, you are seen more as a tool rather than an individual. To mortals, you are a minor deity indeed, remembered only as a small part in another's legend if at all. If you were ever summoned personally, an unlikely event, it would be to perform a specific task you somehow became known for proficiency in, and almost never to serve as a cult figurehead.

>**Status 1-3** - You are a person of minor import. Your peers can't simply abuse you without suffering loss of face themselves, but you are open to exploitation nonetheless. You are known to some mortals, possibly as part of a greater pantheon, or perhaps on your own merit. A small cult or offshoot may be willing to serve you directly, especially if you possess other valuable merits.

>**Status 4-7** - You are truly a peer amongst the society of the Brides. You can hold your own politically, and if you are savvy enough you may even win coups against rivals. You are mentioned in many tomes concerned with Lavender Brides. Cults seeking to summon Brides regularly consider you as a candidate, whether to beseech for assistance or make you their idol.

>**Status 8+** - You shine amongst the Brides of *Teiatat*. You possess considerable political clout, and are able to get your way more often than not if you come into conflict with other Brides or other peers. Any new literature concerned with *Teiatat* is certain to mention you. You must sometimes refuse summonings, whether you are busy with other work, or because they come from those unworthy to call you.

§Allure

>**Allure 0** - You have no special capacity for seduction. You may be beautiful or handsome, but that isn't a unique trait. Even mortals can be attractive. If you find yourself competing for a partner's affections, you need to sweeten the pot with other considerations, lest libido sees you cast aside.

>**Allure 1-3** - You have little tricks and tactics useful in the art of seduction. These may take many forms, from body language to accessories to magic, but mortals simply cannot compete with you. Other Brides, however, may still seduce potential partners away from you, whether from reproductive rendezvous or economic transactions.

>**Allure 4-7** - You are the picture of the stereotypical Bride; you possess a literally supernatural ability to attract others. When you desire to, you may inflict consuming desire on any who take note of you. If you come into conflict with another bride over a sexual conquest, you may have to find other incentives to get things to go your way. Otherwise, you may find yourself locked in a grueling battle of seduction. Mortals who happen to be objects of contention have been reduced to drooling husks by these libidinous skirmishes.

>**Allure 8+** - You ooze sexual allure. Your every movement is erotic poetry in motion, you effortlessly encode carnal entreaties in normal conversation. It is almost easier for you to seduce than to persuade by other means. Even beings that do not possess the biology for intercourse feel novel stirrings; such is your ability to incite lust.

❖ A Brief History of the Elder Powers

For immemorial time, the Great Game has been played. The Elder Powers compete ceaselessly with each other, fighting for prestige, power, and domination. The lesser races sprang up around them, some as their creations, some as byproducts of their activities, and some entirely outside the influence of the Elder Powers.

Amongst these were the Shoggoths, congeries of shifting biology that could become anything their masters wanted. As such, all the players of the Great Game quickly pressed them into service. Such was the power of the Shoggoths that rebellion against the Elder Powers was possible, and eventually, inevitable. The war was intense, and it ended with the sealing of the surviving Shoggoths in prisons throughout the Cosmos.

The Elder Powers were much diminished by the struggle against their erstwhile slaves, and had become accustomed to the service and worship offered by lesser beings. A replacement for the Shoggoths was found in the Human Race. Clever yet dutiful, capable yet controllable, the Powers quickly saw Humanity spread throughout the universe, creating great temples and other works to restore their ailing masters, yet no matter how hard their new slaves were worked nothing could stop the Powers from passing into torpidity.

But now, they're back.