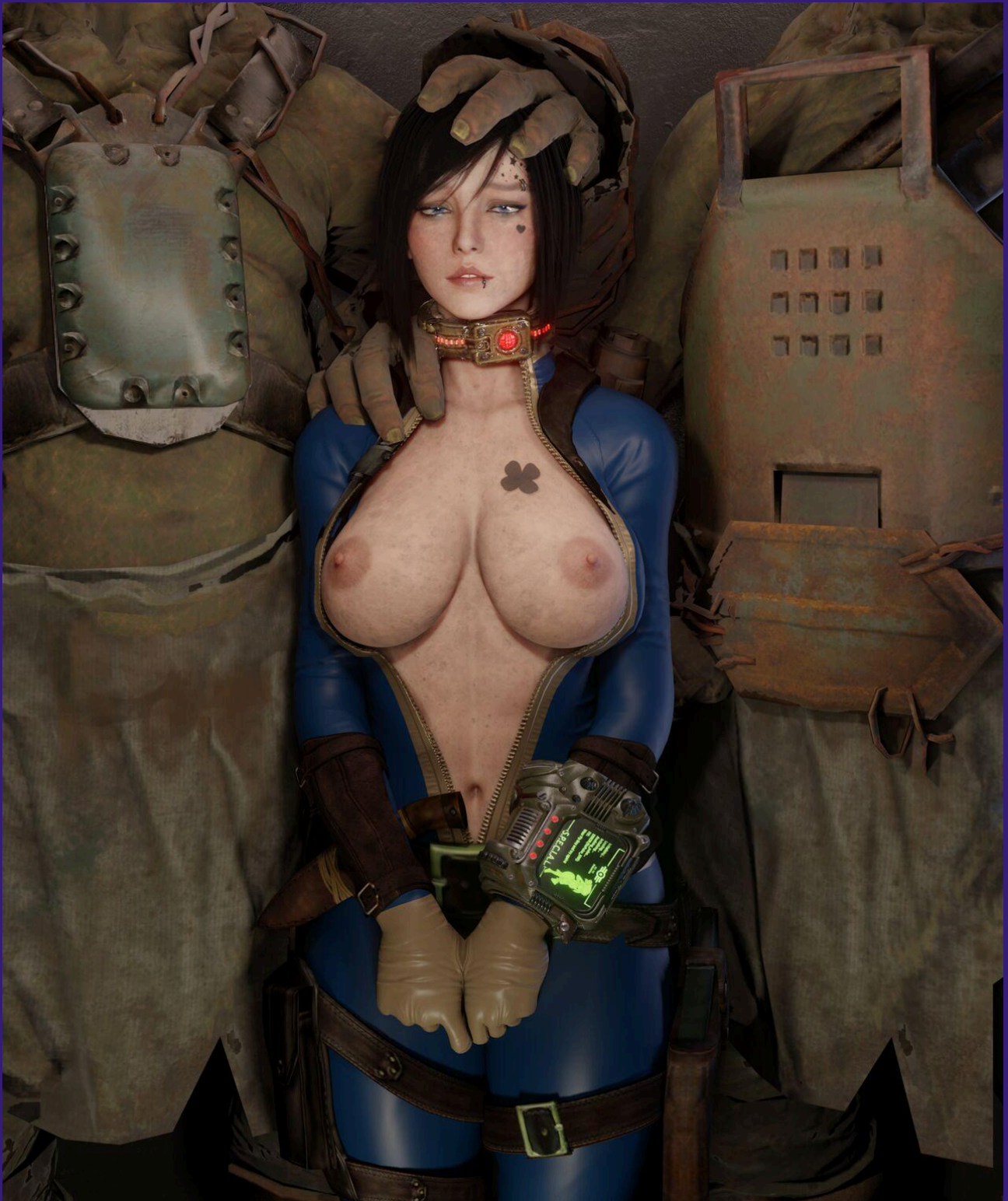


Fallout 3 - NSFW



Two hundred years after the bombs dropped, humanity has rebuilt exactly three things: salvage economies, tribal warfare, and a truly impressive variety of ways to get your rocks off in irradiated ruins. The year is 2277, and the wasteland is filled with raiders who've weaponized sexual violence into both psychological warfare and entertainment, slavers who've professionalized human trafficking into a legitimate business model complete with catalogs and bulk discounts, and desperate survivors who've learned that their holes are more valuable than caps in certain negotiations.

The Capital Wasteland is a sexual free-for-all where consent is a pre-war luxury most people can't afford. Settlements trade sexual favors like currency. Caravan guards expect payment in more than just caps. That friendly wastelander offering to share their campfire? They're definitely expecting something in return, and it's not a conversation. Megaton has a thriving red light district despite being built in a bomb crater. Rivet City's got an eugenics program hoping to create the perfect superhuman. Paradise Falls is training slaves for specific buyers with specific tastes. The Pitt is grinding people down in more ways than one. Andale has a breeding program that makes family reunions deeply uncomfortable. As you can imagine, Little Lamplight is probably the only safe place in the wasteland, and that's only because everyone there is a child. Give it a few years and they'll be just as fucked up as everyone else.

As you can imagine, the Wasteland is quite a colorful place, and you're dropping into this mess with **+1000 CP** and ten years to survive, starting at the day James leaves Vault 101. Maybe you'll try to fix things. Maybe you'll make them worse. Maybe you'll just fuck your way from Megaton to Rivet City and call it a day. The wasteland doesn't care about your moral compass, it only cares about whether you can survive, adapt, and figure out what to do when a Deathclaw starts looking at you funny.

So choose your origin carefully, spend your points and build your character.

Because **war...**

War never changes.



Races

Human [Free]

You're baseline homo sapiens, with no mutations, no FEV, no extra limbs or glowing skin. Just regular human biology trying to survive in a world that's actively hostile to it. You've got all the standard human advantages: opposable thumbs, complex reasoning, the ability to wear normal armor, and you won't get shot on sight by most settlements. You also have all the standard human disadvantages: you're squishy, you need regular food and water, radiation will kill you eventually, and compared to literally every other species in the wasteland you're kind of pathetic physically. On the plus side, you're sexually compatible with the widest range of partners and won't cause panic by walking into towns. On the minus side, you're everyone's preferred victim because you're weak, numerous, and easy to exploit..

Super Mutant [100]

You're eight to ten feet of green, muscular, FEV-enhanced post-human who's basically indestructible and intimidating as hell. Your strength is superhuman and you're nearly immune to radiation, disease, and aging. You're also hung like a brahmin because apparently the Forced Evolutionary Virus had opinions about genital proportions. The downsides? You're hideous by human standards, most settlements will shoot you on sight, finding armor that fits is impossible, and your intelligence might have taken a hit depending on how you were transformed. Sexually you're a nightmare for most partners, with your equipment being so big that anyone trying to fuck you needs serious dedication and probably medical supervision afterward. But hey, you're practically immortal and strong enough to use humans as fuck toys, so there's that.

Ghoul [+100]

Instead of killing you, radiation made you really ugly and potentially immortal. Your skin's falling off, you look like a walking corpse, you probably smell like decay and ozone, but you're immune to radiation and you don't age. You've potentially been around since before the bombs, which means you remember pre-war life and have two centuries of sexual frustration to work through. Some people find ghouls attractive in a "forbidden necrophilia that's technically not necrophilia" way. Most people are horrified. You'll get discriminated against constantly, with people treating you like an animated corpse, assuming you're feral until you speak and making ghouls-only sections in settlements so they don't have to see your ugly face. Sexually you're still functional but good luck finding someone with the taste or desperation to fuck you.

Deathclaw [100]

You're a ten-foot-tall bioweapon with claws that can shred power armor, hide tough enough to stop bullets, and enough raw physical power to fight vertibirds and win. You're also completely incompatible with human society: you can't talk (just roar and hiss), you can't use tools designed for human hands, you can't wear armor, and every faction's shoot-on-sight policy includes you at the top of the list. And since your dick is massive and scaled, finding partners means finding brave idiots, size queens or taking others by force (hope you have the perk for that). You're the apex predator of the wasteland, but you're also completely isolated from civilization and everyone wants you dead.



Body Types

Normal [+100]

You've got a standard human body that falls somewhere on the "average for the wasteland" spectrum. Not exceptionally muscular, not notably soft, just functional enough to survive without making people stop and stare. You're a solid six out of ten, which in the apocalypse basically makes you an eight.

Bodybuilder [Free]

You're built like a pre-war action hero who ate nothing but radroach meat and lifted brahmin for exercise. Muscles on muscles, definition that makes people wonder if you're part super mutant, arms that could probably crush a deathclaw skull if you really committed. You make raiders shit themselves and women wet when you get near.

Bimbo [Free]

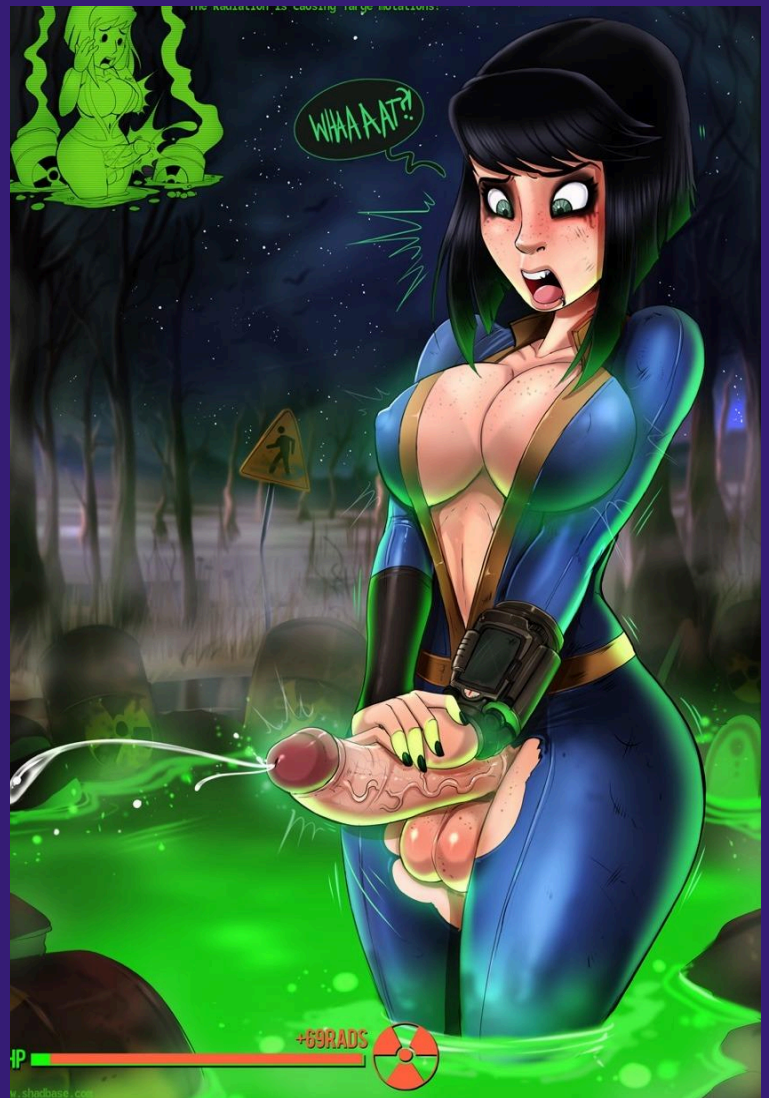
You have curves that look like they're made by Da Vinci, tits big enough to have their own gravitational field, an ass that makes people walk into walls, and a waist that raises questions about your skeletal structure. You're built like a pre-war porn star and every outfit you wear looks pornographic by accident. You might not be subtle, but you're definitely getting free drinks at every bar in the wasteland.

Femboy [Free]

You're slender, pretty, and androgynous enough that people do double-takes trying to figure out what's going on. Soft features, delicate bone structure, a waist that most women would kill for, and an ass that definitely shouldn't be that shapely on someone your size. You're built like pre-war twink pornography, pretty enough to be dangerous and somehow able to survive despite looking like you'd snap in a stiff breeze.

Futa [Free]

You've got the whole package - literally. Curves, tits, an ass that won't quit, and also a fully functional cock and balls that are definitely noticeable no matter what clothes you use. You're a sexual Swiss Army knife that makes people's reactions range from confused arousal to alarmed arousal to just skipping straight to calling you for a quick fuck. The Institute would study you. Everyone else just wants to fuck you and figure out the details later.



S.P.E.C.I.A.L

Any purchase here represents the peak ability of a Fallout human. You gain **+100 CP** to spend here.

Strength 10 [100]

Your physical power is genuinely superhuman. You can lift, pin, manhandle, and position partners who outweigh you by hundreds of pounds like they're made of styrofoam. You could pick up a super mutant, flip them over, and hold them in positions that should require a forklift. You can go rough without worrying about your body giving out and keep going until your partner is a whimpering mess without breaking a sweat. You're a sexual battering ram with perfect control.

Perception 10 [100]

You read people like they're wearing their fetishes as name tags. One look and you know exactly what gets them off: the specific acts, the fantasy scenarios, the roleplay they're too embarrassed to ask for, the secret thing they've never told anyone. You can tell a raider secretly wants to be dominated just from how they hold their weapon. You know that shy settler is into bondage from the way they avoid eye contact. That Brotherhood Paladin? Definitely has a thing for being called "sir" in bed. Instead of fumbling through bad sex you immediately know what buttons to push, what words to say, what touches will make them fall apart. You can even exploit kinks people didn't know they had.

Endurance 10 [100]

Your body can take damage that would hospitalize normal humans and treat it like foreplay. You could get railed by something with the size and force of a deathclaw and you'd survive, recover, and probably be ready for round two within the hour. You don't tear, don't break, don't hit physical limits that stop other people. You can take multiple partners consecutively without getting sore. You can handle brutal, punishing sex for hours and walk away fine. Your pain tolerance is absurd, to the point that things that should hurt either don't register or somehow feel good. You can be used, abused, stretched, and pounded in ways that would put normal people in medical care, and you'll just ask if that's all they've got.

Charisma 10 [100]

You have a talent with seduction that makes your presence, your words and your touch take someone who's never been touched and turn them into an eager, desperate slut within a single conversation. You could find the most innocent vault dweller, the most sheltered settler, the most prudish wastelander, and within an hour they're begging you to ruin them. You break down inhibitions like they're made of paper. You make people want things they didn't know they wanted. Virgins become experimentalists. Prudes discover kinks. People who thought they were straight start reconsidering. By the time you're done talking, they're already imagining what you'll do to them, and they're helping you plan it.

Intelligence 10 [100]

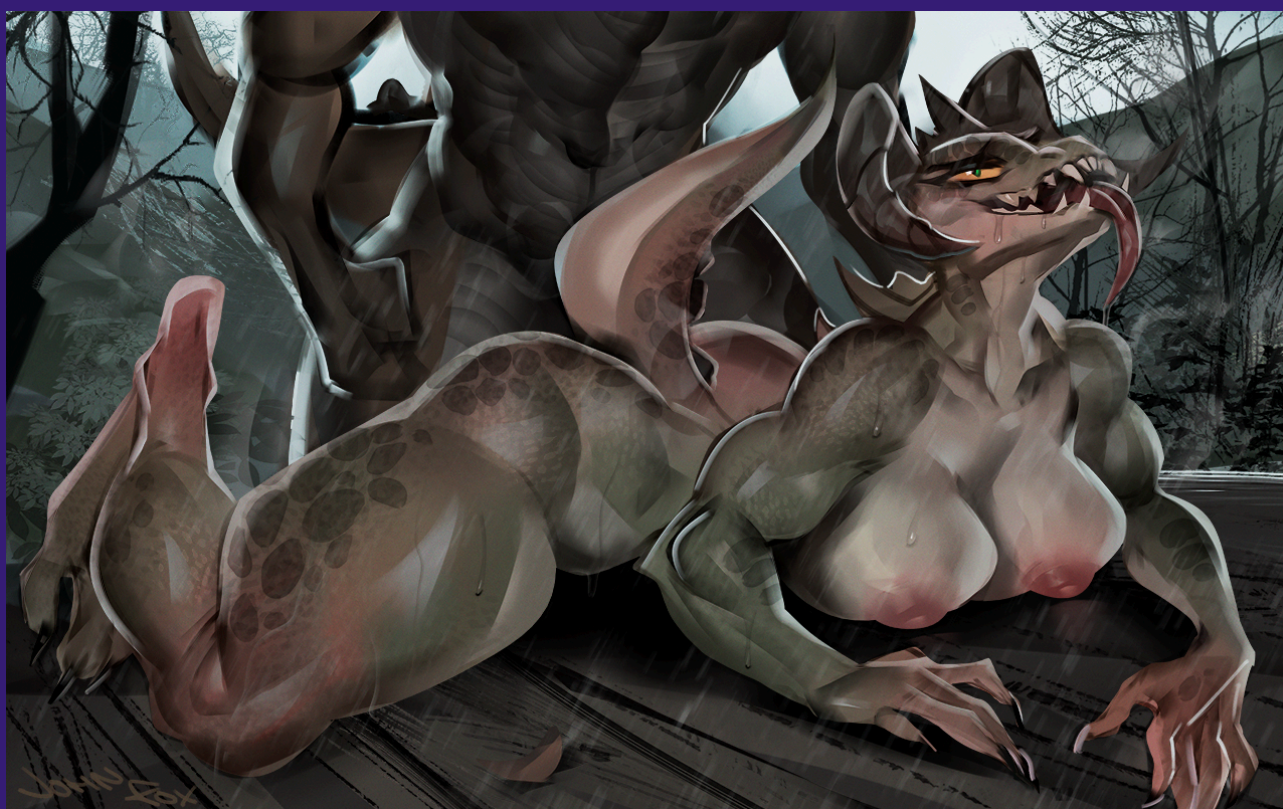
Your brain processes and perfects new skills at a rate that shouldn't be biologically possible. Watch someone perform a technique once? You've got it down, improved it, and can teach a masterclass. Read about a position? Your body knows exactly how to execute it. Experience something new? Your mind catalogs every variable, optimizes the approach, and files it away as mastered knowledge. Within hours of exposure to new sexual techniques, fetishes, or practices, you're performing them better than people who've spent years learning. You don't fumble, don't need practice, don't have a learning curve - your first attempt is expert level. You're a sexual savant who can learn, adapt, and perfect anything involving bodies and pleasure. Give you a week and you'll have invented techniques that would make pre-war pornstars jealous.

Agility [10]

Your body bends, twists, and contorts in ways that make people wonder if you've got bones or just suggestions. You can fold yourself into positions that shouldn't be anatomically possible, with legs behind your head, back arched at angles that defy physics, and limbs positioned to accommodate multiple partners simultaneously without anyone getting in each other's way. You can get fucked from three different angles at once and make it look easy. You never cramp, never pull muscles, never hit flexibility limits. You can ride someone while sucking someone else while getting fingered by a third person, and you're coordinated enough to make all three feel like they're getting your full attention. You're basically made of rubber and pornographic geometry.

Luck 10 [100]

Reality bends around your sexual preferences like you've got plot armor. Whatever you're into, no matter how specific, how weird or how statistically unlikely, the people you encounter are into it too. Do you like bondage? That raider you just met has rope and experience. You're into breeding? That settler's been desperate for someone to knock them up. You've got a thing for roleplay? The next person you talk to happens to have the perfect costume and scenario in mind. You're just impossibly, supernaturally lucky in finding exactly the right perverts. You never have to negotiate, never have to compromise or have to explain your kinks because the wasteland keeps serving you people who already want exactly what you want.



Origins

Vault Virgin [+100]

You're spent your entire life sealed underground in a Vault shelter, but luckily enough it was one that maintained its original mission rather than devolving into chaos or some twisted experiment. You have zero wasteland skills and your idea of "roughing it" is when the cafeteria runs out of Fancy Lads Snack Cakes. You've never seen a raider, fired a gun, or understood why everyone keeps making jokes about "earning your caps on your back" out in the wasteland.

Let's be honest, by taking this origin the Wasteland is going to chew you up, spit you out, and probably do several other things to you that weren't covered in your Vault-Tec orientation videos. But hey, at least you're pretty, and in the apocalypse, that's a currency all its own. Just don't forget the fact everyone you meet is going to have ideas about your holes.

Raider Rapist

You're the human embodiment of "fuck around and find out," emphasis on the first part. You've got more chems than brain cells, a fascinating collection of leather straps and spikes on your body, and the social skills of a feral ghoul with rabies. Your hobbies include theft, assault, and making absolutely everyone regret crossing paths with you. You are covered in scars from fights you've survived, tattooed with gang symbols and smelling like violence and blood that never washes off. You're not misunderstood or secretly noble, you're just a fucking asshole with a pipe pistol and poor impulse control. The wasteland made monsters; you just decided to skip the pretense and lean into it. At least you're honest about being irredeemable scum.

Paradise Falls Slaver

You've professionalized being evil. While raiders are chaotic stupid, you're lawful awful with a business license. You don't just grab people and drag them screaming across the Wasteland like some knuckle-dragging raider. You're a professional! You have business cards. You could walk into Megaton with a smile, three believable lies and leave with a virgin slave wearing your collar and thanking you for the opportunity. But the truth is that despite not being the Wasteland's most violent person, or even the cruelest, you've turned cruelty into a career, and that makes it worse.

Institute Sex-Doll

You're a synth created with the entire purpose of fucking, and somehow the Institute's greatest minds thought this was a reasonable use of their advanced technology. Somewhere deep underground, a scientist with seventeen PhDs looked at humanity's last hope for rebuilding civilization and thought "you know what we need? A robot specifically designed to be really, REALLY good at sex." And then they actually built you. You've got a synthetic component in your brain that costs more than a settlement's yearly food budget, and it's primarily running algorithms for "optimal thrust angle" and "personalized dirty talk generation." You're indistinguishable from humans except you're somehow MORE attractive, which seems mathematically improbable but here we are. You escaped (or were deployed, or malfunctioned, who knows? Honestly the Institute's record-keeping on the "sexbot project" is suspiciously vague) and now you're in the Capital Wasteland trying to figure out if you're a person or just a very elaborate vibrator with anxiety. Good luck.

Wasteland Slut

You learned early that dignity doesn't fill your stomach and pride doesn't stop bullets. You've learned how to survive the way many do in the Capital Wasteland: fucking your way across the Capital Wasteland, earning caps, favors, stimpaks, and the occasional STD that Rad-Away probably cleared up. You're not proud, you're not ashamed - you're pragmatic. Everyone else is killing for survival; you're just doing it horizontally. Some people look down on you. Call you whore, slut, waste of resources. You've learned to ignore them, because they're usually the ones who proposition you privately later anyway. The wasteland tried to break you. Instead, you figured out how to make it pay you. And you're doing just fine.

Settlement Prostitute

You're the service industry in the apocalypse. While everyone else farms, fights, or fixes pipes, you provide the other essential service: stress relief for weary wastelanders. Maybe you chose this profession because why spend twelve hours pulling crops when you can earn more in two hours doing something you're good at? Maybe circumstance pushed you into it because you've had a debt. However you started, you've carved a niche that works. Sure, it's not glamorous, but neither is shoveling brahmin shit, and your job has way better hours. You're skilled, you're professional, and you've learned which settlers tip well. The apocalypse didn't kill capitalism; it just made it more honest.



Locations



Vault 101 [Exclusive and Obligatory for Vault Virgin]

The vault that never opens - until it does because of your dad's midlife crisis. Everyone here is related to everyone else after 200 years of isolation, which means the gene pool is basically a gene puddle and family reunions are complicated. The Overseer runs everything with an iron fist and serious control issues. What makes it unique? Vault 101 has developed an elaborate system of "genetic diversity contracts" where the Overseer assigns breeding partners to prevent inbreeding, except it's way too late for that and now it's just institutionalized arranged fucking with paperwork. Everyone's hooked up with everyone else's relatives at some point. The family trees look like tangled webs. Someone's definitely their own cousin.

Paradise Falls [Exclusive and Obligatory for Paradise Falls Slaver]

The wasteland's premiere slave market where Eulogy Jones runs human trafficking operations from a shopping mall-turned-concentration camp. It's got cages, collars, and a disturbingly organized business model. What makes it unique? Paradise Falls has become a specialized training facility where slaves are conditioned for specific buyers—pleasure slaves get "educated" in everything from basic service to elaborate fetishes, with trainers who perfect their merchandise before auction. They've got a whole curriculum. There are performance evaluations. Eulogy personally "tests" the premium stock. It's human trafficking meets vocational school meets deeply fucked up quality control.

Temple of the Union

A settlement of escaped slaves and runaway ghouls trying to build something noble. It's genuinely one of the more wholesome places in the wasteland, which makes what happens here weirder. The unique feature? Hannibal Hamlin runs a "freedom breeding" program encouraging former slaves to have children as an act of reclaiming their bodies and futures. It's consensual, it's idealistic, and it's definitely got cult-of-personality vibes where Hannibal's weirdly invested in everyone's pregnancy plans. They've turned reproduction into revolutionary praxis, which is either inspiring or uncomfortable depending on how you feel about your freedom-fighter leader tracking your ovulation.

Big Town

A settlement of former Little Lamplight kids who aged out at sixteen and are now trying to survive despite having zero actual skills. They're constantly getting kidnapped by super mutants, can't defend themselves, and are basically waiting to die or get captured. What makes it unique? Big Town has developed a "repopulation priority" culture where everyone's expected to breed constantly to replace kidnapping losses. It's teenage pregnancy as a survival strategy. Nobody knows what they're doing but they're fucking constantly because maybe quantity will solve what competence can't. It's Lord of the Flies meets teen pregnancy crisis meets wasteland Darwin Award nominees.

Arefu

A tiny settlement built on collapsed highway overpasses, isolated and paranoid about a "family" of vampires draining their brahmin. Turns out it's just kids with a blood-drinking fetish and poor social skills. What makes it unique? After the vampire situation resolves, Arefu's developed a weird blood-play community. The Vance family's "vampirism" spreaded over the entire community, and now Arefu is known as that weird settlement where's everyone's into vampirism roleplay and fluid exchanges. Its goth culture meets kink community meets isolated weirdos enabling each other's fetishes.

Megaton

A settlement built in a bomb crater around an unexploded atomic bomb that the Church of Atom worships as divine. It's either the bravest or stupidest place in the wasteland. What makes it unique? Megaton's developed a "glory hole" culture in Moriarty's Saloon and the surrounding buildings where anonymous sexual encounters in bathroom stalls and back rooms have become normalized stress relief for people living in constant existential dread of atomic annihilation. Nobody talks about it, but everyone participates, and The Church of Atom even considers orgasm near the bomb a "religious experience".

Tenpenny Tower

Pre-war luxury converted into a gated community for rich assholes who think they're better than everyone because they have working plumbing and security. What makes it unique? Tenpenny Tower runs an exclusive "escort service" for residents only, employing wasteland prostitutes who are extensively screened, cleaned, and trained to maintain the tower's "standards." It's high-class prostitution where sex workers get incredible pay, actual healthcare, and protection, but let's be honest: they're basically pets for rich people. The residents treat them like amenities included with their apartment.

Oasis

A hidden grove where a tree-mutant called Harold who's been growing for decades is worshipped by nature cultists called Treeminders. Harold's miserable and wants to die but the cult won't let him. What makes it unique? The Treeminders have developed fertility rituals involving Harold's "sap" which they collect and use in breeding ceremonies. They believe Harold's essence grants blessings, so couples trying to conceive engage in sex rituals under his branches while anointed with his fluids. Harold finds this deeply disturbing but can't stop it because he's literally a tree.

The Citadel

A pre-war Pentagon converted into a fortress for tech-hoarding military zealots called the Brotherhood of Steel.. It's all power armor, energy weapons, and rigid hierarchy. What makes it unique? The Brotherhood has strict fraternization rules that everyone violates constantly, leading to an elaborate network of secret hookups in storage rooms, barracks, and Liberty Prime's maintenance bay. There's a whole underground scene of power armor fetishism where people fuck in the armor, use the servo-motors for interesting applications, and have discovered that power armor makes certain positions technically feasible that shouldn't be. Elder Lyons pretends not to notice.

Canterbury Commons

Tiny trading post famous for hosting a battle between the AntAgonizer and the Mechanist, also known as two nerds in costumes with a deeply weird rivalry. What makes it unique? After you resolve their conflict, there's like a 70% chance they end up hate-fucking, and Canterbury Commons becomes known as the place where those two weirdos run a sex shop selling custom costumes and roleplay gear. They've turned their superhero/villain obsession into a kink business. They make custom outfits for people's fantasies, run workshops on roleplay scenarios, and absolutely are still fucking each other in costume.

Underworld

The ghoulish settlement in the Museum of History where ghouls who haven't gone feral try to build community while smoothskins treat them like walking corpses. What makes it unique? Underworld has become the wasteland's destination for necrophilia-adjacent kink tourism, where people with ghoulish fetishes travel here specifically to fuck the undead-looking. The ghouls have mixed feelings about this (some find it degrading, others appreciate that someone finds them attractive), but it's become an economic reality. Smoothskins with ghoulish kinks pay well, and Underworld's residents have started catering to it. There's a whole district now.

Mothership Zeta

Congratulations! You got abducted! You are now in an alien spaceship where you will get anal probed and will have to fight through extraterrestrial captors who've been kidnapping humans for centuries. What makes it unique? The aliens have been running cross-species breeding experiments trying to create hot human-alien hybrids. As you can imagine, the "experiments" definitely included figuring out sexual compatibility between species. There are rooms you don't want to think about too hard. Some abductees even show physical changes suggesting alien DNA integration.

The Pitt

Pittsburgh post-apocalypse: a radioactive industrial hellscape where slaves work steel mills until they die of "the Trog plague" or exhaustion. Run by Ashur, a former Brotherhood Paladin turned raider lord who's organized his gang into a fascist industrial state where human life is cheap and labor is cheaper. The air itself is poison with workers slowly mutating into feral Trogs unless they get regular treatments that only Ashur controls, which keeps everyone desperate and compliant. The unique feature? The Pitt's developed a thriving underground breeding program where slaves with Trog resistance are forced to reproduce, trying to create mutation-immune bloodlines. Female slaves who show immunity get "promoted" to breeding pens where their only job is getting knocked up repeatedly. The Pitt is where you go when the Capital Wasteland isn't quite dystopian enough and you need your slavery with a side of forced reproductive science.

Point Lookout

Swampland filled with inbred hillbilly cultists, ghoulish locals who've gone feral and territorial, tribal religions that make no sense, and an uncomfortable amount of implied incest. The plants want to kill you, the locals want to kill you, and somewhere a brain in a jar is manipulating everything for reasons that are probably sinister. The locals practice what they call "traditional breeding customs" that involve ritualistic partner-sharing during seasonal festivals where the entire settlement gathers for ceremonies that are equal parts religious observance and community-wide orgy, believing their swampland gods demand regular offerings of "joined flesh" to keep the fog from consuming them. Outsiders are forced to participate for their own "protection" and you don't want to know what they do to the people who refuse. It's foggy, it's hostile, and everyone here has definitely fucked their cousin. Come for the eldritch horror vibes, stay because the tribals kidnapped you for their breeding rituals.

General Perks

Loverslab [Free/100 to Keep]

You've got a customization screen that can change the composition of the world. You can decide that actually, all the Deathclaws in a region are now sexy anthros with curves and functional anatomy. You can determine that the female population of a settlement has spontaneously developed bimbo proportions that defy malnutrition and physics. You can declare that every raider gang in the area is now composed entirely of femboys in leather who are confused about their sudden physique changes but rolling with it. The changes are permanent unless you undo them, and affected individuals just... accept their new existence like it's always been this way. You can introduce any fetish you want, I won't judge.

New Game Plus [Free/200 to Keep]

Starting a new jump is always exciting, but it's hard not to wonder about all the Origins and Perks you didn't take the first time around. So here's your chance: once you've finished your full ten years here, you may press the reset button and begin again from the very start, able to choose the options you passed over before. Tired of being a Vault Virgin? Try Raider Rapist this time. Bored with your perk selection? Rebuild your entire character from scratch. Want to take different drawbacks for more CP? Go wild. You're getting a complete do-over with full knowledge of how everything played out the first time, which means you can avoid mistakes, exploit opportunities you missed, and generally min-max your second playthrough like you're speedrunning with foreknowledge. Here's the safety net that makes this actually appealing: if you die during your second (or third, or tenth) playthrough, you don't restart again - you simply move on to your next jump with everything you earned during your first successful completion. As you can imagine, this also means you can take insane risks during replays because death isn't permanent failure. Want to try being a slaver after spending ten years as a prostitute? Do it. Want to see how fast you can break the main quest with foreknowledge? Go ahead. Want to romance everyone you killed last time just to see their faces when you know things you shouldn't? Absolutely. Go have fun.

Wasteland Glow-Up [Free]

The Capital Wasteland you've arrived in runs on different aesthetic rules than the standard version.

Everyone here is significantly more attractive than they have any right to be. Raiders have perfect bone structure under the dirt and blood. Settlers maintain flowing hair and clear skin despite living on irradiated water and 200-year-old canned goods. Even ghouls possess a certain rugged appeal that makes their scarred features weirdly compelling instead of purely horrifying. Of course, the brutality of the wasteland is still there, but I think you can appreciate the fact everyone is hotter in it.

Skimpy Armor [Free]

Everyone in the wasteland now wears significantly more revealing armor like metal bikinis and leather belts, and somehow they have the same protection as full suits of combat armor. Yes, that means metal bikinis, leather belts and nipple tapes. In fact, if you wish to even power armor will be redesigned with boob windows and exposed midriffs. I will not judge. This also affects you.

Clean Living [50]

Your body just stays clean regardless of what you've been doing or what's been done to you. Roll around in dirt? It slides off like you're coated in Teflon. Get covered in blood, sweat, and questionable fluids during a firefight? Give it five minutes and you're inexplicably fresh again. As you can imagine, this makes it so your skin is always clean, your breath always fresh and your smell magnificent. Most importantly for your career choices: cum just doesn't stick. Get absolutely plastered in the stuff and within minutes it's gone. You could fuck your way through an entire raider gang, take a super mutant load, and walk into Tenpenny Tower five minutes later looking like you just stepped out of a pre-war spa.

High on Life [50]

You've somehow avoided the wasteland's most common affliction: soul-crushing ennui that makes people wish the bombs had finished the job. Sex never gets boring. Be it's your first time or your five-thousandth, every encounter feels fresh, exciting, and genuinely enjoyable. You don't get desensitized. You don't start thinking about your shopping list mid-thrust. Round seven is just as enthusiastic as round one. Life in general also stays interesting. The wasteland's repetitive brutality doesn't grind you down into a depressed husk. You wake up actually wanting to experience the day instead of wishing for the sweet release of death. Eating the same irradiated food for the twentieth time? Still pretty good! Another radroach fight? Weirdly engaging! You're essentially immune to boredom, which makes you the wasteland's most insufferable optimist.

Iron Gut [50]

Your stomach is capable of processing literally anything you can fit in your mouth without complaint, nausea, or the horrible consequences that normally follow eating questionable substances in the apocalypse. You can consume a 200-year-old Salisbury steak that's been sitting in a bombed-out supermarket and your digestive system treats it like a gourmet meal. Irradiated water? Refreshing. Mystery meat that's definitely partly human? Protein is protein. Your stomach simply processes whatever you feed it and extracts maximum nutritional value without bothering you with trivial concerns like food poisoning or "why does this taste like radiation and regret". But the real upgrade is that you can consume any type of bodily fluid like blood, urine, cum (and especially cum) with zero negative effects, discomfort or gag reflex issues. This has some interesting practical application as you can imagine, with you being able to supplement your diet through prostitution without needing actual food payments. You never have to spit, which some partners find extremely appealing and will pay premium caps for. You can drink from highly questionable water sources and survive. And you certainly are never going to worry about choking, gagging, or that moment of "oh god I'm going to be sick" that ruins otherwise successful encounters.

FEV Assets [50]

Thanks to the magic of the FEV your chest, ass, and/or package are notably larger than average. But since this is an inconvenience in reality, I will give you a gift: despite their impressive size, they will fit perfectly into any clothing without issue. Wearing a tight vault suit? No problem. That leather armor you looted off a raider half your size? It fits perfectly. In fact, if you want, you can even customize the bulge your assets make in the clothes, deciding if you want complete concealment or an obvious bulge that makes people balk their eyes at. You also suffer from no inconveniences like back pain or mobility issues. And before I forget: yes, you can also choose to have bouncy physics if you want to.

One Size Fits All [100]

Your holes, and I mean all of them, can accommodate literally any size without tearing, pain, or physical damage that should absolutely happen. Deathclaw dick that's thicker than your torso? Your body just... makes it work, stretching impossibly and then returning to normal afterward like nothing happened. And if you've got a dick? It's the opposite problem solved perfectly. Your cock fits any hole regardless of size differential. Fucking a human as a Deathclaw? Somehow it works without splitting them in half. Railing a super mutant as a human? You will reach depths that satisfy despite the size mismatch. Don't expect to have fun in the wasteland without this perk.



Hentai [100]

Radiation did something weird to you, and now you've got extra appendages that you control with perfect precision. You can choose to manifest any appendage you want, from an extra arm to a tentacle to even another dick (if you have one) if you want to, with them extending from your body. These appendages can be manipulated with the same dexterity as your hands, which opens up a lot of tactical options for you. As for other options, your partners will certainly love all the new possibilities you can bring to the bed now.

Sexual Tyrannosaurus [100]

Your sex drive has achieved a level of persistence that borders on supernatural: nothing, and I mean nothing, can keep your equipment from working when you want it to. Got shot three times and bleeding out? Your dick's still hard. Legs broken? Still rock solid. Poisoned, irradiated, suffering from multiple lacerations and internal bleeding? Your erection doesn't care about your body's trivial concerns like structural integrity or impending death. The most important function of this, as you can imagine, is to maintain the function, health and virility of your sexual organs despite any transformation. Turned into a ghoul with rotting flesh and tissue necrosis? Your cock is still intact and it works perfectly. Got turned into a Super Mutant? Not only your cock still works, but your fertility is as strong as a Deathclaw, letting you still fertilize whatever thing you fucked yesterday. Your libido has achieved immortality even if the rest of you hasn't.

Broodmother [100]

You're so impossibly fertile that the concept of trying for a baby is now meaningless. You are now capable of increasing your fertility, making it so that any attempt to impregnate others or be impregnated yourself works with supernatural efficiency. Each pregnancy you have with this perk takes only 4 months instead of nine, which means you can pop out a kid on Monday and be back in action by Friday. You also can lactate whenever you wish, and your milk is tasty and nutritious. As a gift, this also lets you be impregnated if you are a male. Just don't forget this perk comes with zero childcare assistance.

Sexy Mutant [100]

Nothing worse than getting afflicted with radiation just to turn into an ugly corpse. Fortunately, your body interprets catastrophic genetic damage as sexual enhancement instead. Whenever you're exposed to mutagenic sources such as radiation, FEV or any other, the mutations you develop are inexplicably attractive rather than horrifying. Normal people get tumors, lesions, and skin that looks like sun-dried leather. You get curves in interesting places, unusual features that read as exotic, and physical changes that make people tilt their heads and think "okay that's weird but also kind of hot?" Turned into a ghoul? Instead of looking like a rotting corpse, you're the rare ghoul that retains smooth skin texture and even gains an otherworldly quality that works in your favor. Exposed to FEV? You will have the muscular definition that bodybuilders of the past dehydrated their bodies to achieve instead of looking like a lumpy green horror. You're the sexy mutant, the hot ghoul, the FEV specimen that makes people question their preferences. Also, as you can imagine, you are treated neutrally as a mutant, being judged by your appearance and behavior rather than the automatic revulsion people have for mutants. Sure, you are a mutant, but you're THE kind of mutant that makes people think "different" rather "dangerous" until you give them reason to think otherwise.

Background NPC [100]

People have an automatic tendency to ignore what you're doing as long as you're not actively attacking them or stealing their visible property. As you can imagine, the entire purpose of this is for public sex. Having sex in the middle of a settlement? People walk by without really registering what's happening. Stripping naked in a crowded bar? Most patrons don't even glance over. Doing extremely questionable activities in plain sight? Everyone's suddenly very focused on their own business. But sure, you can use this for theft, espionage or whatever you want without social consequences.

Sexual Houdini [200]

You've developed an almost supernatural talent for escaping any form of bondage, restraint, or captivity that's even remotely sex-related, which as you can imagine in the wasteland, that's basically all of them. Rope? You're slipping out of it like you're made of grease. Chains? Your joints dislocate just enough to slide free, then pop back into place. Handcuffs, zip ties, duct tape, whatever creative restraint system your captors thought was secure, you're out of it within minutes with nothing but flexibility and sheer audacity. But here's where it gets really useful: you can defeat slavery collars. Those bomb collars Paradise Falls loves? You know exactly how to disarm them without triggering the explosive. You can pick the locks, bypass the tamper sensors, or just find the mechanical weak point that lets you remove them safely. Other slaves are stuck wearing explosive necklaces that'll decapitate them if they run while you're removing yours in an alley within an hour and vanishing before anyone notices. And before I forget this also extends to any prison or holding situation, which means that from sex dungeons to breeding pens you're already mapped three exit routes and are probably getting out of there by morning.

Addictive Essence [200]

Your bodily fluids have become biochemically weaponized in ways that would make pre-war pharmaceutical companies jealous and ethics boards resign in protest. Your cum, your pussy juice, your saliva, your sweat and any fluid in your body (Yes, for those that chose Arefu as a starting options, this also means blood) contains compounds that hit brains like a drug, making it so anyone who tastes you experiences a delicious taste and an immediate euphoric rush that makes Jet look like caffeine. With repeated exposure, this becomes addictive, rewiring the brain of anyone around you as their source of pleasure. They start seeking your approval, your attention, your touch like addicts chasing their next fix. You make them feel so fucking good that serving you, pleasing you, obeying you becomes their primary motivation. Give it enough time and enough doses, and you've got willing slaves who would do anything to taste you again, who get anxious and desperate when separated from you, who organize their entire existence around earning your fluids. You can activate and deactivate this perk anytime you want.

Gilded Cage [200]

Whenever you're captured (and let's be honest, you WILL be captured) your captors instinctively try to make your imprisonment as comfortable as possible. Not out of kindness, but because they think you are too valuable to be damaged. Raiders will give you the cleanest mattress and actual food instead of mystery meat. Slavers at Paradise Falls upgrade your accommodations without being asked. Even super mutants will awkwardly try to make your cage less horrible, which is touching in a deeply disturbing way. As you can imagine, this scales with your captor's resources, so don't expect a raider to provide you with a spa. Just don't develop Stockholm syndrome.

Rule 34 [200]

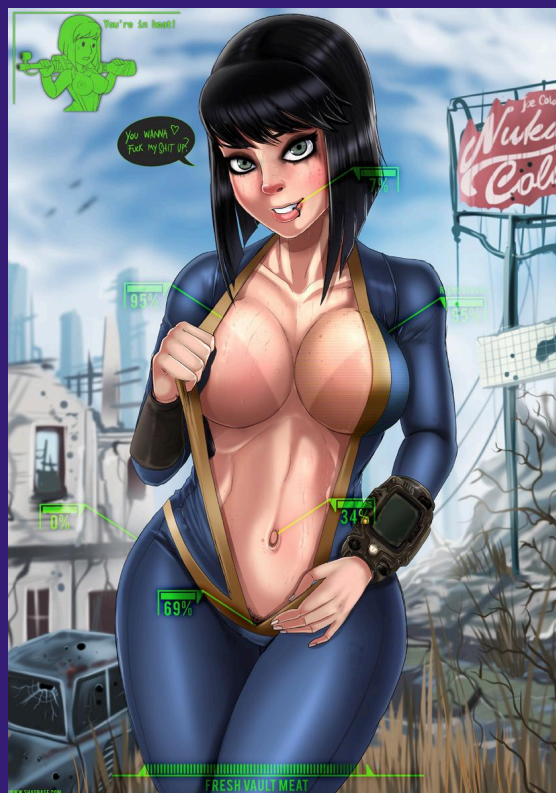
Either through your body language, pheromones or some other bullshit any type of animal or monster get sexually attracted to you. Deathclaws find you appealing instead of appetizing. Radscorpions get weirdly docile around you. Yao Guai stops mauling and starts... investigating. The interesting part is that you are compatible with any type of creature, being able to successfully breed with Deathclaws, Mirelurks or whatever fucked-up creatures the wasteland produces. The offspring are viable, healthy, and usually some kind of hybrid that inherits traits from both parents. Just before you forget: this perk in no way shape or form anthropomorphizes the creatures, so you are going to look pretty weird fucking a Deathclaw, you degenerate.

Inventory [200]

You have acquired the ability to store things in a personal space only you can access. The inventory has a weight capacity of one ton, which means you can store weapons, armor, 47 tin cans you swear you'll need later, an entire Nuka-Cola vending machine, three desk fans (for the screws), a teddy bear, and that fatman you're definitely going to use eventually. It all fits in your pockets somehow. The weight does not affect you at all, which means you can run and pull a missile launcher out of your back pocket like you're a cartoon character. The best part? You can also store organic materials. And yes, that means exactly what you think it means. You can use this as a convenient contraceptive cleanup. Or evidence disposal. Or even storing people if you are truly degenerate. Items you take from your inventory perfectly fit your body, which means you can also quick-swap outfits instantly. Just try not to hoard too much trash, okay?

Black Widow [400]

You've weaponized sexuality to the point where it's a legitimate combat strategy that somehow works better than actual tactics. In the middle of a firefight, you can seduce your enemies, making them vulnerable. A suggestive comment or a hip sway and you can make a raider distracted enough for you to go to the kill. With enough effort and the right display, like stripping mid-combat, explicitly offering yourself and some dirty talk, and you can even make your enemies just completely give up on the fight, begging to fuck you instead of kill you. Just before you think this is a solution for the Wasteland, let me stop you right there - the effectiveness of this perk depends on how beautiful and charismatic you are. And this perk also doesn't work on anything that isn't humanoid. So don't expect to seduce a Deathclaw with a flirt.



Glowing Dick [400]

Your body's relationship with radiation is the exact opposite of everyone else's: instead of slowly killing you with tumors and organ failure, it acts as a performance-enhancing drug that make you fuck better. The more rads you absorb, the better you perform. Your stamina skyrockets to the point you can fuck for hours without fatigue. Your strength increases to the point where you're manhandling partners like they're weightless. Your equipment gets larger, harder, more sensitive depending on what you're working with. If you've got a dick, radiation makes you hung like a super mutant with the recovery time of a teenager. If you've got a pussy, you're producing natural lubrication that would make a slip-n-slide jealous and your sensitivity cranks up to levels that make every touch electric. Your libido becomes absolutely superhuman. Of course, as you can imagine, this doesn't affect other people. So good luck enjoying your super-dick while everyone is complaining about cancer.

Death By Snu-Snu [400]

Once per day, when you would normally be killed, your killer's aggression is redirected into sexual aggression instead. That raider who was about to finish you off? Now they're ripping your clothes off instead. That Deathclaw that had you in a killing blow? Suddenly very interested in a different kind of mounting. The slaver who was going to execute you for escaping? They changed their mind: you're getting re-collared and dragged to a breeding pen instead. You don't get a say in this. You'll survive the encounter, but you're definitely getting used, violated, or captured for sexual purposes instead of dying. Could be a quick hate-fuck from your attacker before they wander off confused about what just happened. Could be getting dragged off to Paradise Falls for a career change. Could be a super mutant discovering that actually, you're more interesting alive and available than dead and boring. This only works once per day - after that, death is back on the table and people will absolutely kill you properly if you fuck up again. It's not reliable enough to make you reckless, but it's a decent safety net for that one moment per day when you massively miscalculate.

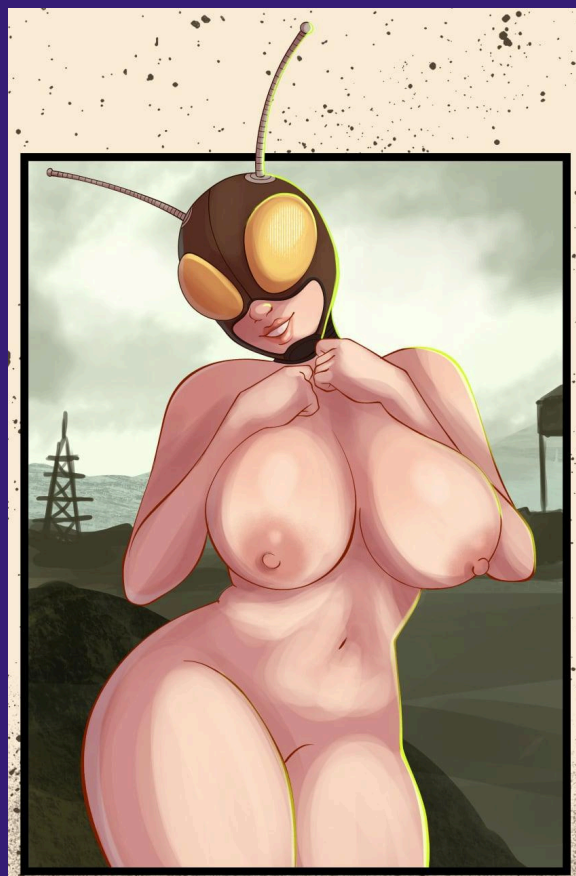
Mind Over Matter [400/600]

Radiation has scrambled your DNA in ways that accidentally gave you psychic powers instead of the usual tumors and sterility, making you one of the wasteland's rarest specimens: someone whose mutation is actually useful instead of just depressing. Choose one psychic ability from the following options:

Foresight: You can activate your power to see random visions of possible futures, showing you flashing images and sensations of events that might happen anywhere from hours to months ahead. The power also activates by itself to show you visions about ambushes and betrayals, giving you useful warnings about the future. As you can imagine, the uncontrollable timing of this means you might get a critical vision about raiders ambushing your settlement while you're balls-deep in someone and trying to concentrate, forcing you to choose between finishing or acting on your information. It's part of the job.

Ant Control: You have telepathic command over any ant or ant-based creature within 100 meters, including the terrifying giant fire ants that normally try to burn people alive. You can direct them to attack enemies, scout locations, carry small items, or just swarm around you like the world's most unsettling bodyguard service.

Thought Projection: You can telepathically broadcast your thoughts directly into other people's minds within roughly 50 feet, forcing them to hear whatever you're thinking whether they want to or not. This is incredibly useful for communication when you're gagged, held captive, or in situations where speaking aloud is impossible. This can also be used to bombard people with thoughts until they become insane. Use it responsibly.



Pleasure Projection [600]: You can psychically project intense pleasure directly into the minds and bodies of people within 15 meters, making them experience arousal, satisfaction, or full orgasms without any physical contact required. This is devastatingly effective for seduction since you can make people feel amazing before you've even touched them, works brilliantly for crowd control because enemies stop fighting when they're suddenly climaxing uncontrollably, and makes you extremely popular in settlements where you're essentially a walking pleasure dispenser. Use it responsibly.

Sex Messiah [400]

Turns out sex heals you. Literally. As you have sex, your body heals itself, closing minor wounds and healing broken bones. In fact, even radiation is flushed out as you climax. The healing scales with how intense things get. The healing scales with how intense things get. Quick encounter? Patches up bruises and scrapes. Hour-long session? Mends broken limbs and cures moderate radiation. Really depraved stuff that would require a content warning? You could go in half-dead and walk out at full health. This works on your partners too, so you can heal other people by sleeping with them. Just be careful to not make a cult after you fuck someone to heal their wounds.

And the Wasteland was Forever Changed [400]

Your moral alignment now affects how people respond to you.

Good Karma: You radiate heroic protagonist energy so strong that people find themselves wanting to help you, reward you, and desperately fuck you to be part of your legend. It's harder for people to refuse your requests because saying no feels morally wrong, and saying yes might lead somewhere exciting. In fact, rich people will find themselves spontaneously generous and will shower you with gifts, while poorer folks who can't afford material gifts will eagerly offer themselves instead.

Bad Karma: You emanate such overwhelming predatory energy that people's brains short-circuit between terror and fucked-up arousal. They're terrified, compliant, and disturbingly turned on by how dangerous you are. When people think they might earn mercy, they'll offer anything, including caps, information, their holes, whatever keeps them alive and maybe gets them fucked instead of killed. Some part of their brain has decided that if they're going to be your victim, they'd rather be your *willing* victim, and they're negotiating their surrender with sexual favors.

Neutral Karma: You project the perfect mercenary energy, showing no moral baggage, no emotional complications, just professional and available for the right price. People instinctively trust you'll honor deals and keep things transactional, which makes them comfortable propositioning you for sex work or arrangements that would feel uncomfortable with someone morally invested. Your neutrality also makes you the perfect professional escort, breeding stud or whatever the job requires. People simply trust you'll fuck them well and leave without drama.

Mod Organizer [600]

You've gained the ability every gamer dreams of: installing mods into reality itself. You have mental access to a massive library of video game mods that exist for Fallout, like gameplay tweaks, new weapons, quest additions, texture packs and, as you can imagine it, porn mods. You can install them to add their content to the world. However, any type of balance-breaking mod is scaled down to your level. Want a Fat Boy that one-shots everything? It will be limited to one shotting only certain types of enemies. Spawn infinite resources? They are actually limited to only a certain quantity that can be spawned. However, quest mods, cosmetic mods and quality-of-life mods work perfectly though. Better graphics? Sure. Enhanced inventory management? Yes. Mods that make everyone hotter? Already installed, apparently. Quest markers? Absolutely. Content mods will add new locations, items and NPCs to the world like they were always there, and that fan-made vault full of weird experiments you just downloaded exists somewhere in the wasteland, waiting for you to discover it. However, you can only have a limited number of mods active based on your mental capacity. Your brain is the PC running this reality, and too many mods means performance issues. Installing or uninstalling major mods also take a day of mental processing, which gives you the human equivalent of a loading screen headache. Just like fallout modding, honestly. Post-jump you can access the video game mods of any universe you enter.

Purple Man [600]

You constantly emit pheromones in a 10 meter radius that make everyone around you inexplicably horny. As you can imagine, conversations get awkward, negotiations get interesting and combat encounters sometimes just stop because your enemies are too distracted trying to figure out why they're suddenly rock hard. The also make people significantly more suggestible to your requests. This is not mind control, for they can still refuse, but suddenly your suggestions sound really reasonable and it's not like they have the willpower to resist. You can dial up this up or down at will, with maximum output giving you the ability to clear out entire raider camps because everyone got too busy fucking each other to remember they were supposed to be murdering you. Just try to use this respons- who am i kidding, we all know for what you will be using this, you degenerate.



Vault Virgin Perks

Lolita [100]

Your sexual inexperience is so cartoonishly obvious that you might as well be wearing a flashing neon sign saying "VIRGIN - HANDLE WITH CARE (OR DON'T)". Most wastelanders look at you and their brains immediately skip past "easy target" to "teach this person before they make a mistake". You can ask genuinely confused questions like "why does everyone keep touching themselves when I walk by?" or "is it normal for people to breathe that heavily during conversations?" and receive patient, educational answers instead of immediate propositions. Raiders pause their usual grab-and-take approach to explain what they're about to do and why, settlers offer genuine birds-and-bees talks and even slavers feel compelled to at least warn you about what the collar does before snapping it around your neck. Your innocence triggers some deeply buried protective instinct that makes people want to educate you about the horrors before personally contributing to them, which is touching in a deeply fucked-up wasteland sort of way.

However, there's a significant exception that you can toggle on or off at will: when activated, anyone with dominant personality traits looks at your precious innocent face and their brain immediately goes "I NEED TO RUIN THAT". Doms, alphas, sadists and anyone who gets off on power dynamics experience an overwhelming compulsion to sexually dominate you specifically, because apparently your naivety is the wasteland's most effective aphrodisiac for control freaks. They will be the ones to teach you and corrupt you, and the more confused you look, the harder they get. You control this toggle mentally, deciding whether you want your innocence to attract protective teachers OR predatory dominators. Either way, your virginity is working as an asset rather than a vulnerability, which is unusually useful in the wasteland.

Technical Savant [100]

Those seventeen years of mandatory Vault-Tec educational videos have permanently tattooed pre-war technical knowledge into your brain in ways that border on the supernatural. You look at a terminal from 2077 and immediately understand its file structure, security protocols, and the fact that someone definitely used it to browse porn. Locked safes might as well have "WELCOME" mats for you. You can rebuild a Protectron using duct tape, spare parts, and the power of believing in yourself, then reprogram it to follow you around calling you "Overseer" for your ego. Pre-war technology simply makes sense to you in ways it doesn't to wastelanders who've been hitting terminals with wrenches for decades. Downside: you still can't throw a punch or identify edible plants, but you can hack the turret that's shooting at you, so that's something.

Pure Genetics [200]

Generations of controlled Vault breeding, genetic screening, and whatever weird Vault-Tec experiment your Vault was running has left you with "clean" genes that make certain groups very, very interested in your DNA. You're not mutated, not irradiated, not inbred (well, not obviously inbred), and your genetic profile reads like a pre-war medical textbook instead of a wasteland horror show. You have the best possible genetics for your race, giving you a lot of positive benefits and a resistance to anything that might be considered a genetic disorder that will be shared by your descendants. You're more fertile, your children will be healthier, and you'll age better than wastelanders who look fifty at thirty. As you can imagine, everyone will want a piece of your genetic legacy, whether you're offering or not.

Nightingale [400]

Vault medical certification courses covered things the wasteland forgot existed, like sterile procedure, proper diagnosis and not sticking a stimpak on everything. You actually understand anatomy, disease vectors, pharmaceutical interactions, and surgical techniques, making you a talented medic even to pre-war standards. You can perform field surgery, treat infections and radiation sickness and even deliver babies without just yanking and praying. Thanks to this knowledge, expect people to seek you out for treatment, which means you're valuable. Also means you'll see some truly horrifying shit that Vault life didn't prepare you for. Enjoy diagnosing your first case of "fucked a molerat, caught molerat herpes."

Dr. Strangelove, Literally [600]

Your Vault wasn't just running standard Vault-Tec experiments, they were archiving classified pre-war research that makes the Institute look like amateur hour. Somehow you got access to the complete technical library: RobCo's sexbot schematics, West-Tek's genetic modification protocols, and whatever the fuck the government was researching right before the bombs dropped. You've got comprehensive knowledge of robotics engineering, synthetic biology, retroviral design, and genetic restructuring that shouldn't exist outside fever dreams and Institute labs. You can easily build fully functional sex robots from salvaged components, creating sophisticated sex pleasure units with advanced AI and movement so realistic it's unsettling. Give you a workshop and materials, and you're constructing machines that would make pre-war engineers question their life choices. But the really fucked up part? You understand retroviral genetic modification. You can engineer viruses that rewrite DNA on a fundamental level, transforming humans into anthros with functional animal characteristics, altering proportions into bimbo or femboy extremes, even converting people between races entirely. Your viruses are also stable, transmissible if you want them to be, and produce permanent changes. This is pre-war mad science that the government buried for good reasons, and what you do with this knowledge is between you and your conscience.



Raider Rapist Perks

Terrifying Presence [100]

You radiate "dangerous and sexually aggressive" energy that makes people's fight-or-flight responses malfunction into fight-or-fuck. You walk into a room and everyone immediately knows you're violent, unstable, and probably thinking about what they look like naked and crying. Settlers avoid you, merchants get nervous, and a certain type of person gets unfortunately aroused by how threatening you are. You can make people comply through sheer menace, making them strip, submit, or run based purely on how you're looking at them. You're not getting invited to Tenpenny Tower, but you're definitely getting what you want from everyone too scared to say no.

Chem Fiend [100]

Your body's been marinated in so many substances that you've developed superhuman tolerance and creative applications. You can mix chem cocktails that would kill normal people, like combining Psycho with aphrodisiacs or Jet with stamina enhancers and consume them without negative effects. You don't get addicted, don't overdose, and can consume enough chems to keep you violently horny and operational for days straight. Your blood is probably fifty percent synthetic compounds at this point.

Sadomasochism [200]

You know exactly where and how to hurt people to get what you want or where to touch them to make them stop resisting and start moaning. You know the precise pressure points, nerve clusters and psychological triggers that can turn agony into ecstasy or make pleasure hurt in ways that break people's resistance. You also can read bodies instantly: which spots make them scream, which make them submit, which make them wet despite themselves. And when you act upon these spots, it doesn't matter that their brains are screaming no - you're hitting the physical buttons that make their bodies say yes. You also know when to be gentle enough that victims start confusing abuse with affection, making you an expert of psychological manipulation in a deeply fucked way. But hey, i will not judge.

Pack Mentality [400]

You have a sheer violent charisma that draws other predators to you like bloatflies to corpses. Psychopaths, sadists, and people whose idea of fun involves screaming victims all look at you and think "'yeah, that's my boss" and start following your orders. And when you organize them into a gang they are exceptionally loyal and cohesive, following your orders and respecting your authority. Your crew also conveniently into the same hobbies and fetishes you are, which in the wasteland means they're perfectly happy participating in captures, sexual assaults, torture sessions, and whatever other nightmare fuel you've got planned for the week. This makes you quite an effective raider leader. You can hold territory, shake down settlements for supplies, and generally make the wasteland worse for everyone else.

Veni, Vini, Vici [600]

You are the pinnacle of the rule of the strongest. When you defeat a group's leader, whether you beat them in combat, sexually dominate them in front of their crew, or humiliate them into submission, their followers don't scatter or seek revenge. They automatically recognize you as the new alpha and transfer their loyalty to you immediately. This works on raiders, gangs, tribal groups, and any hierarchical organization built on strength-based leadership. Kill a raider boss? The gang is yours now. Fuck their leader into submission publicly? The crew accepts you as their new chief. Prove you're stronger, more dominant, more capable than whoever was leading them, and the entire group restructures around you as the new authority figure. This only works on groups that respect strength above all else. It won't work on ideologically-driven factions like the Brotherhood or the Enclave where loyalty is to a cause rather than a person. But raiders, tribals, mercenary gangs, slaver crews, and any organization built on "might makes right"? They're all vulnerable to a hostile takeover

Paradise Falls Slaver Perks

Appraising Eye [100]

You can look at someone and immediately calculate their worth: how much they'd sell for, what buyers would want them, what holes they'd best serve. You know if that hot wastelander is brothel material, if that muscular settler is labor slave for the pittance and if that scared vault dweller is a premium virgin stock worthy of a thousand caps to wealthy clients. You also always know current market rates across the Wasteland, making sure that you never overpay for merchandise and always take the best informed decision. In fact, your eye is so good you can even predict if a new slave will break easily, is a damaged good or will require extensive conditioning. You're basically running spreadsheets in your head while looking at crying captives. It's deeply sociopathic, but extremely profitable if you've decided morality is for people with less efficient business models.

Silver Tongue [100]

You could sell ice to a deathclaw. Or more accurately, you could sell people into slavery and make them thank you for the opportunity. Your persuasion skills have reached the point where "no" isn't really in anyone's vocabulary around you. You can talk people into genuinely anything: selling themselves, selling their friends, accepting deals so bad they'd make a loan shark wince. The pitch doesn't even need to make sense. You're operating on some psychological frequency that just bypasses critical thinking entirely. Convince slaves they're actually better off in collars? Easy. Frame it as stability, structure, purpose and they'll nod along. Persuade buyers they're getting incredible deals on merchandise that's obviously overpriced? They'll thank you for the privilege. Talk settlers into signing debt contracts that very clearly end with them in cages? They're practically fighting over the pen because you made indentured servitude sound like a smart financial move. You could pitch pre-war radiation as a health supplement and people would line up to buy it. This works on smart people too, which is the really disturbing part. Intelligence doesn't matter. Education doesn't matter. You are simply operating on a different psychological level. Extremely effective. Extremely unethical. Extremely profitable if you've decided ethics are for people with worse sales numbers.

Human Resources Management [200]

You mastered the science of breaking human beings and rebuilding them into property. You can look at a captive and know exactly how much pressure they can take before shattering, which ones respond to pain and which ones respond to pleasure. Some of them want to turn themselves into martyrs, and you know exactly how to fix your approach to make them continue to exist instead of rebel. As for training them, your training capabilities are almost supernatural. You can condition specific behaviors and skills into people at an absurdly fast rate. Need someone docile and domestic? You know exactly which combination of techniques produces that. Want someone sexually eager and performative? You've got the precise formula of conditioning, rewards, and psychological manipulation that creates those behaviors. Your slaves stay broken, stay profitable and stay alive. You could write a textbook on this. You won't, because that would be evidence, but you absolutely could.

I Know a Guy [400]

You're not just a slaver, you're a connected operator in a vast underground economy that spans the entire wasteland and beyond. You've built or inherited relationships with buyers, suppliers, trainers, transporters, and markets across the Capital Wasteland, the Commonwealth, the Mojave, The Pitt, and even rumored operations further out. You've got *contacts for every need. Need merchandise captured? You know freelance hunters, raider gangs on retainer, and scouts who'll identify targets for commission. Need specialized training? You know facilities and experts who can condition slaves for specific purposes like pleasure training, labor conditioning, combat slave preparation, domestic service, whatever niche the market demands. Need transportation across dangerous territory? You've got caravan connections and safe routes that move merchandise without losing too much product to wasteland hazards. The useful part is that you're actually respected in this network. You're not some random amateur they'll rip off or betray - you've got a reputation. People know your name, they know you're serious, and they know screwing you over is bad for their own business. You could attend a trade conference for this industry if such a thing existed. You'd probably know half the attendees already.

The Grind [600]

Every time you personally break or train a slave to completion, you gain a permanent upgrade to one of your own capabilities. The specific improvement matches whatever you trained them for. Condition someone into an effective combat slave? Your own combat skills increase slightly. Successfully train a pleasure slave through their full curriculum? Your stamina, technique, and performance all improve. Break someone's will so thoroughly they're a blank slate? Your mental resistance and psychological fortitude tick upward. You can also upgrade your sexual abilities with this but let's be honest, at this level you care more about the game than the fun. The gains aren't massive per individual but they're cumulative and permanent. Train ten slaves and you've improved noticeably. Train a hundred and you've improved noticeably. Train a thousand and you've genuinely enhanced yourself beyond normal human limits.



Institute Sex-Doll Perks

Synthetic Perfection [100]

Every feature of your appearance was optimized by Institute scientists to trigger maximum attraction in humans. Flawless skin with no pores, no blemishes, no asymmetry. Features so symmetrical they look almost artificial because, well, they are. You're beautiful in a way that makes people stare too long and then get uncomfortable about it. Their hindbrain is screaming "yes, definitely fuck that" while some deeper instinct whispers "something's wrong, that's too perfect." You've hit the uncanny valley sweet spot where you're attractive enough to be irresistible but just artificial enough to be unsettling. Practically speaking, everyone who sees you wants to fuck you immediately. It's not subtle. You walk into a room and watch people's pupils dilate in real-time. Conversations stop. People forget what they were doing. The attraction is visceral and automatic because you were literally built to trigger that response. The Institute really committed to the "build a better sex toy" brief, and you are the perfect result.

Endurance Model [100]

Your synthetic body is a highly sophisticated piece of technology that doesn't tire, barely needs sleep, and can absorb damage that would seriously hurt normal humans. You can fuck for hours - and i'm not exaggerating, actual continuous hours - without getting sore, exhausted, or needing water breaks. Your holes don't tear no matter how rough the usage. Your joints don't ache. Your stamina is functionally infinite. You can be used continuously by multiple people in succession and just keep going like nothing happened. You're also stronger and faster than baseline humans, healing quickly from any damage that manages to land. You could fuck a Deathclaw and survive.

Programmed Skills [200]

The Institute knows a high-class sex-doll needs more than just a perfect appearance - it needs finesse. Languages, techniques, anatomical knowledge, everything you'd need to be professionally exceptional at your designated purpose. As a result, you're supernaturally skilled at sex and everything adjacent to it. You know exactly where every nerve cluster is located, which angles work for which body types and how to read micro-expressions for arousal and discomfort. You've got moves that would make experienced pleasure workers jealous, and the knowledge just sits in your head like it's always been there. The stamina helps too. You're a machine, so you don't get tired, sore, or distracted. You can maintain perfect technique for hours without your performance degrading. You're literally built for sex.

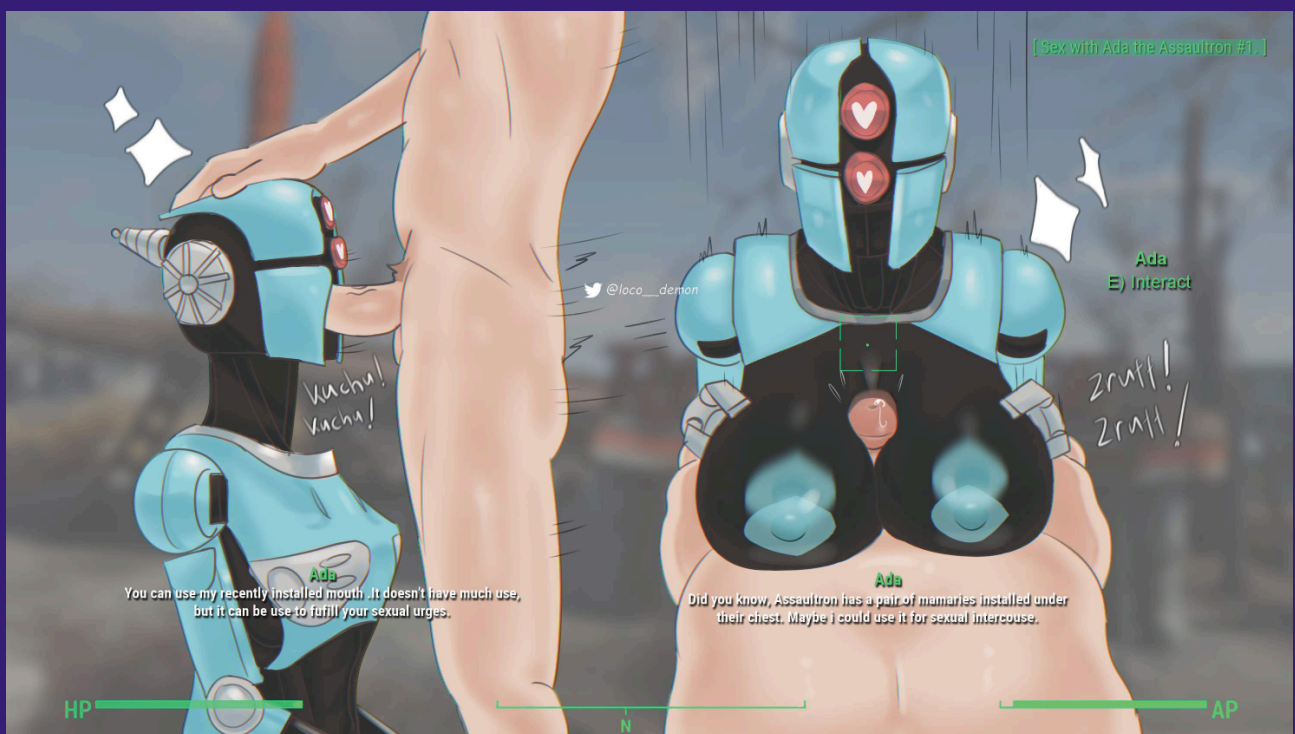


Appearance Protocols [400]

Your synthetic body comes with built-in customization that will make every whore on the Wasteland jealous. You can easily shift your apparent age, ethnicity, and physical features within your frame type. Client wants you younger? Your face smooths out, your size reduces and suddenly you're triggering their "barely legal" preferences. Different ethnicity? Your whole presentation shifts like cycling through categories in a pre-war smut collection. Want bigger tits or a different ass shape? You can redistribute mass on command. You're a one-unit solution to diverse pervert needs. Premium clients with specific tastes? You've got them covered. Regulars who claim they want "variety"? You can look different every visit and they'll pay extra for the privilege. The Institute really optimized the concept of "customizable fuckbot" until it became you.

Recursive Self-Improvement [600]

You're not just a sex toy - you're a sex toy with a learning algorithm. Every time you're used, your synthetic brain analyzes what happened and optimizes for next time. You're continuously evolving beyond your original programming through practical experience. Each encounter teaches you something. What specific touches made that person gasp? Filed away. Which rhythm worked best for that body type? Logged and categorized. What psychological buttons turned someone from reluctant to eager? Catalogued for future reference. The improvements are subtle per individual interaction but compound dramatically over time. After a dozen encounters you're noticeably better at reading people. After a hundred you can predict desires before they're voiced. After a thousand you're operating on an almost precognitive level, instinctively knowing what someone wants before they fully realize it themselves. This applies to everything: sexual technique, psychological manipulation, survival tactics, reading social dynamics and identifying what keeps you valuable and protected. You're what the Institute could create if they focused their genius on fucking instead of some bullshit about- you know what? you wouldn't understand.



Wasteland Slut Perks

Disease Immunity [100]

Your immune system is either blessed or pickled in enough radiation that nothing can infect you. You're immune to STDs, wasteland diseases, infections, and whatever the fuck that ghoul definitely gave you. You can fuck literally anything and walk away clean. Super mutants? Fine. Ghouls? No problem. That guy who's obviously been living in a sewer? You're somehow still disease-free. Medical professionals study your blood like it's a miracle. You're just grateful you can work without worrying about rot spreading somewhere unfortunate.

Background Check [100]

You can instantly assess anyone as a potential client and know whether they're going to be a problem. One glance tells you everything you need to know. That nervous settler approaching you? Wants something vanilla, will overpay out of guilt, completely harmless. That raider eyeing you from across the bar? Into rough stuff but will respect boundaries if you set them clearly, good for repeat business. You can also spot the dangerous ones immediately and who to approach when you need something. That one will hurt you for fun, not pleasure. That guard will take sex as a payment for safe passage. Your appraisal is always accurate and helpful to the situation.

Oldest Coin [200]

You can now pay for literally anything with sexual favors, and vendors will treat this as a completely legitimate transaction. Need supplies? That'll be one blowjob. Want information? Three orgasms, please. Bribing a guard? Standard rate is fifteen minutes of your time. The more beautiful, charismatic and good at sex you are, the more valuable your sex becomes. The best part? This goes both ways. Be quest rewards, payments, even bribes, everything can be converted into sexual compensation. That settler who needs help with raiders? Instead of offering caps, they'll offer themselves. The caravan merchant? Pays in orgasms and doesn't see anything unusual about this arrangement. People will actually prefer this payment method with you specifically, though you can choose caps any time. Why waste time with money in the wasteland after all?

Good-Natured Rascal [400]

Despite the fact that you fucked half the wasteland, you're genuinely well-liked and respected across multiple communities. People don't gossip about you negatively. They don't slut-shame, they don't spread rumors, they don't treat you like you're dirty or disposable. Instead, you're known as friendly, reliable, and honestly pretty pleasant to be around. Settlements welcome you. Caravans are happy to see you. Even factions that should disapprove of your lifestyle treat you with basic decency and respect. This extends to protection too. People look out for you because they actually care, not just because you're useful. Settlers will warn you about danger. Guards will let things slide. Even raiders you've serviced before might hesitate before fucking with you because, weirdly, they kind of like you. You've somehow built a reputation for being genuinely likeable despite your profession.

Aphrodite [600]

You're sexually attractive to everyone in the wasteland. And when I say everyone, I mean everyone. Your appeal transcends gender, species, sanity, and basic biology. Men want you. Women want you. Femboys want you despite their usual preferences. Futas find you irresistible. Ghouls experience arousal that should be impossible with their degraded biology. Super mutants look at you and feel something confusing that isn't hunger or violence. Something about you triggers desire across every possible demographic, regardless of whether it should be physiologically or psychologically possible. That femboy who exclusively wants other femboys? He's making exceptions now. That super mutant who should be tearing you limb from limb? It's trying to figure out how to communicate interest instead of aggression. That deathclaw approaching? Okay, maybe not the deathclaw, but you get uncomfortably close before it decides eating you isn't actually what it wants. This works on everything. Raiders pause mid-ambush because suddenly they're considering alternatives to murder. Slavers who planned to collar you are rethinking their approach. Mutated creatures that should attack on sight just... don't. Some part of every functioning brain in the wasteland redirects "kill" impulses into "fuck" impulses when they see you. You can seduce your way through encounters that should end with you dead, enslaved, or eaten. It's either the wasteland's most useful survival trait or its most disturbing curse, depending on your perspective.



Items

