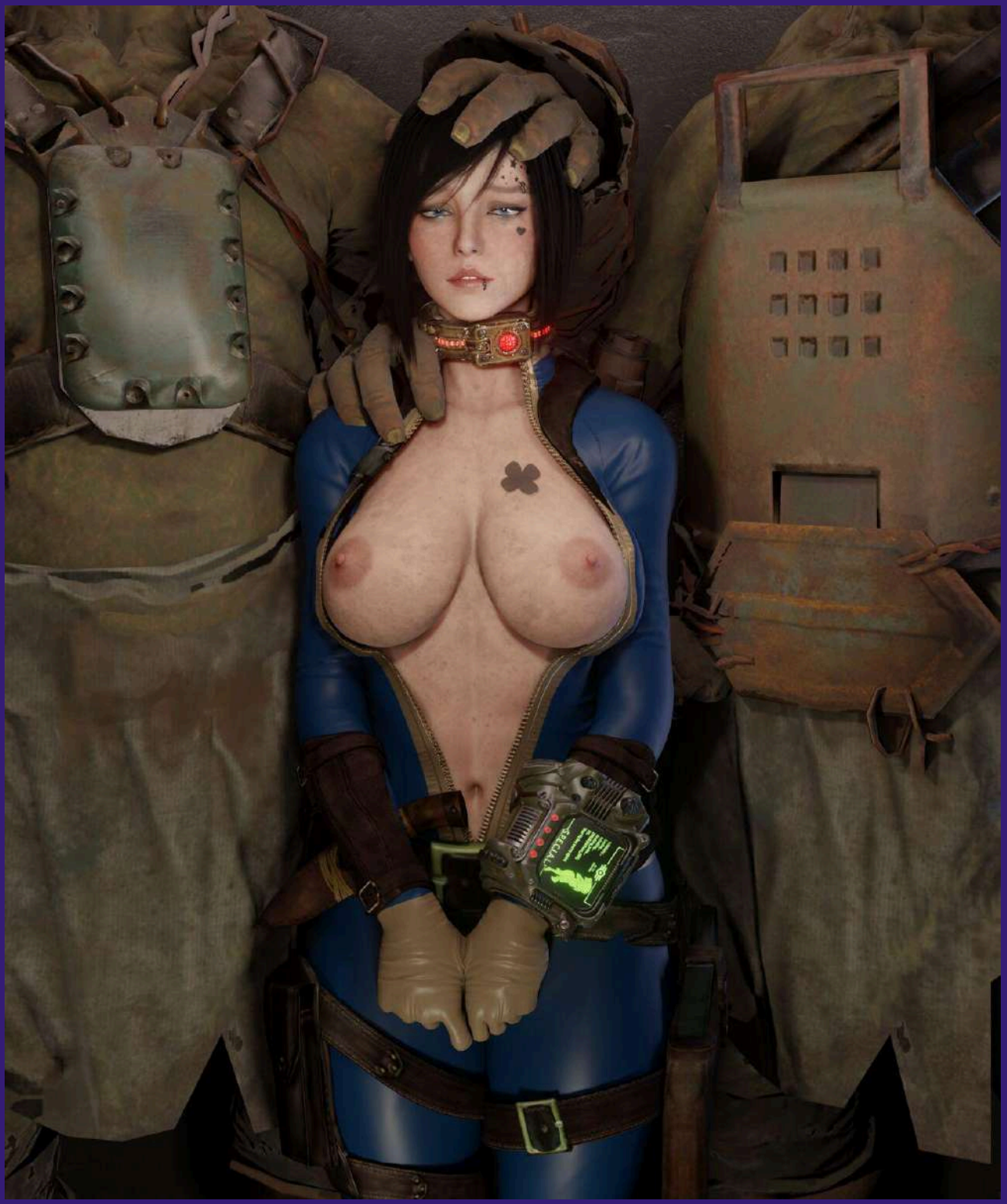
Fallout 3 - NSFW

Version 1.0 by SpazzWave



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 Caps** and ten years to survive, starting at one month before 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.

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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..

Ghoul [Free]

Instead of killing you, radiation made you really ugly and potentially immortal. Your skin's falling off, you look like a walking corpse and 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 ghoul-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.This option cannot be taken with the Vault Virgin Origin.

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. This option cannot be taken with the Vault Virgin Origin.

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. This option cannot be taken with the Vault Virgin Origin.

Body Types

Normal Male/Female [+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 post- apocalypse basically makes you an eight.

Male / Female Bodybuilder

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. If you're female, you're a tomboy with biceps that put most men to shame and an amazonian physique that could crush heads with your thighs.

Bimbo/Himbo

You have curves that look like they're made by Da Vinci, 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/Tomboy

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 look like you'd break in a stiff breeze but somehow you're surviving the post-apocalyptic wasteland, which really says something about the power of sheer pretty privilege.

Choose your gender configuration:

Male

You've got a dick. Congratulations, you're standard-issue in the genital department. Depending on your build choice, this ranges from "normal penis on normal person" to "uncomfortably large cock on a bodybuilder that makes people nervous" to "surprisingly substantial equipment on that pretty femboy." Pick your adventure.

Female

You've got tits and a pussy. Again, standard-issue configuration, but the presentation varies wildly based on your build. Could be "normal woman proportions" or "tits that make armor construction difficult" or "tomboy with muscles that make men feel inadequate." The wasteland doesn't judge.

Futa

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 your chosen race and will give benefits not listed on the descriptions, such as a luck 10 giving you exceptional luck at casinos and life, a perception 10 improving all your senses, a charisma 10 improving your appearance or an intelligence 10 improving all your mental aspects. You gain **+100 Caps** to spend here.

Strength 10 [100]

Your physical power is genuinely superhuman, with you being able to 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 also 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 and 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 can even take multiple partners consecutively without getting sore. You can handle brutal, punishing sex for hours and 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 and 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]

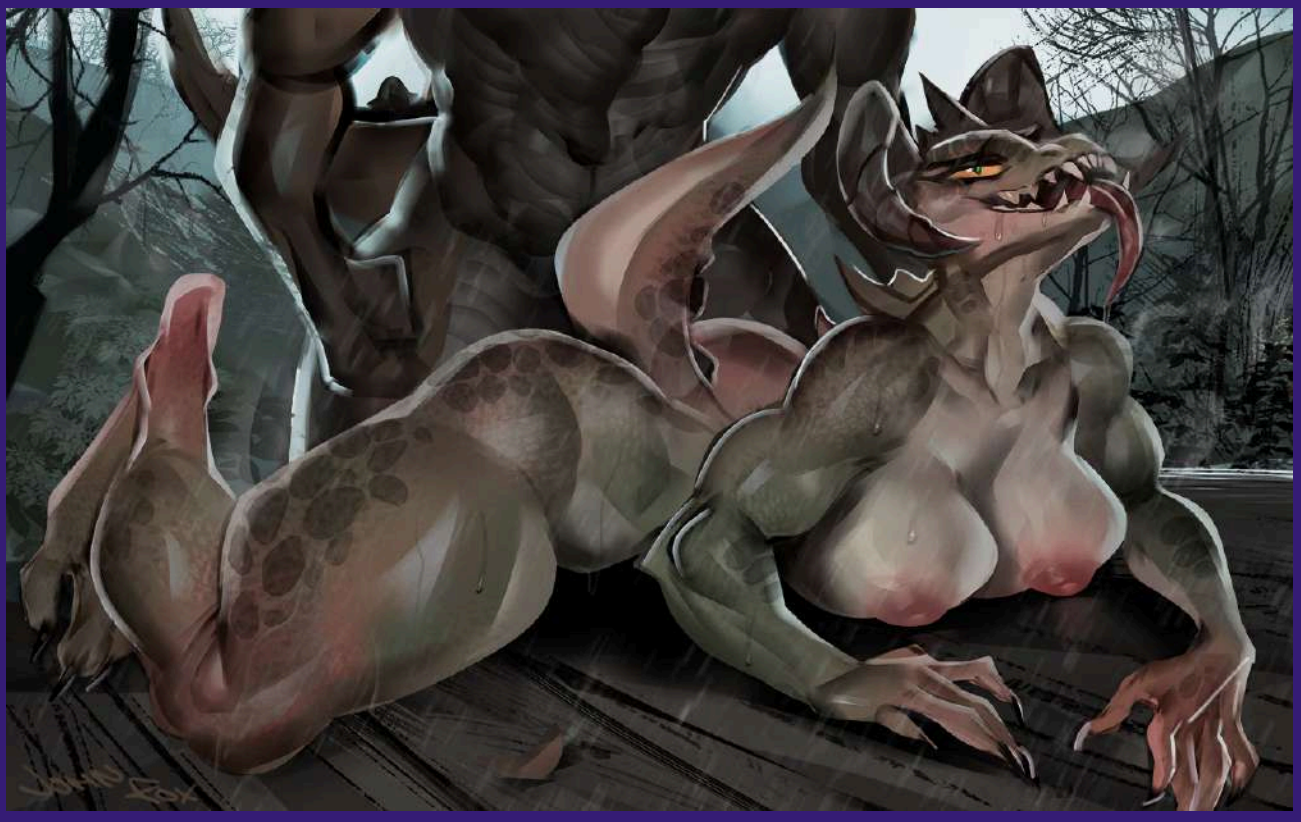
Your brain processes and perfects new skills at a rate that shouldn't be biologically possible. Watch someone perform a technique once? You've got it down, improved it, and can teach a masterclass. Read about a position? Your body knows exactly how to execute it. Experience something new? Your mind catalogs 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 [100]

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 and 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

Any origin can be taken as a drop-in.

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.

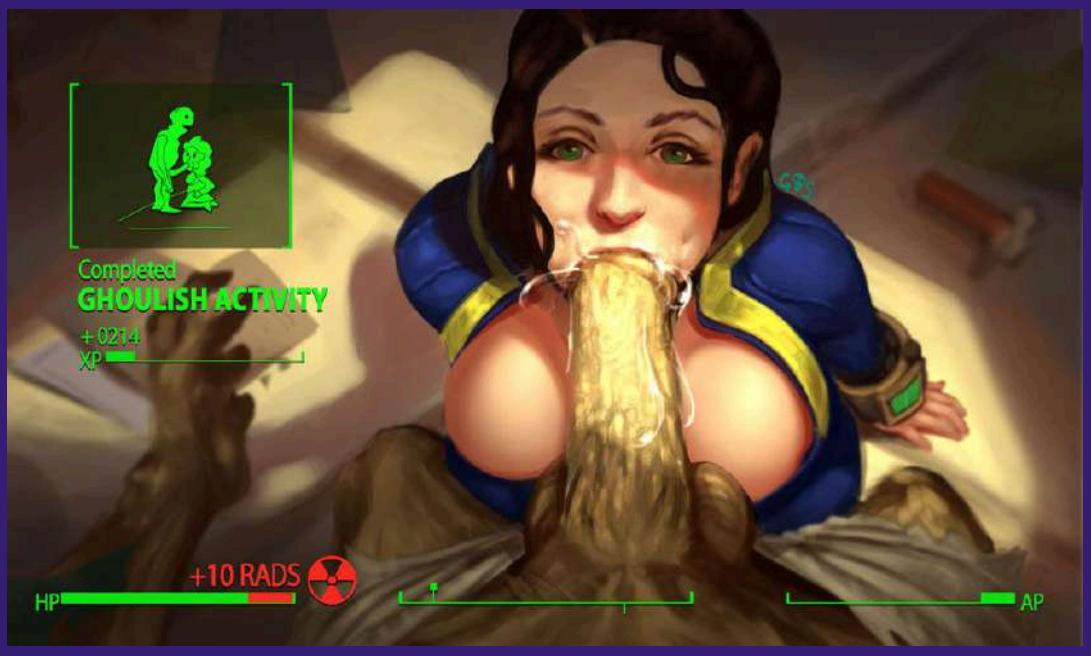
Some people look down on you. Call you whore, slut, waste of resources. You've learned to ignore them, because they're usually the ones who proposition you privately later anyway. The wasteland tried to break you. Instead, you figured out how to make it pay you. And you're doing just fine.

Regulator

You're the good guy. No, seriously, you actually give a shit about people, which in the Capital Wasteland makes you about as common as a working pre-war toilet. You wear the duster, you collect fingers from dead assholes, and you've somehow convinced yourself that playing wasteland superhero is a viable career path. Which it absolutely fucking is, because people are so fucking desperate for someone competent and non-evil that they'll throw themselves at you.

You've got this adorable habit of actually helping people, and people are so grateful for that that "thank you" frequently becomes "please fuck me". The best part? You're absurdly good at violence. Like, annoyingly good. You can shoot a raider's weapon out of their hand from a hundred paces. You can disarm three guys while reloading. You make firefights look like choreography. So when raiders try their usual "intimidate and assault" routine on you, they experience a rapid educational moment about power dynamics.

So you enter a settlement, kill the right people and make the Capital Wasteland slightly less of a nightmare hellscape, one dead slaver and one grateful survivor at a time.Also you collect fingers. That's not relevant to the sex stuff but it's important for your aesthetic. Every hero needs a creepy detail to keep things interesting.



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 fucked 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 get "educated' in everything from basic service to elaborate fetishes, meant to make them more valuable in the market. They even got a whole curriculum, with performance evaluations, progress reports and quotas. Can you believe it? .

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.

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" spread 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 ghoul 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 ghoul 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 ghoul 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

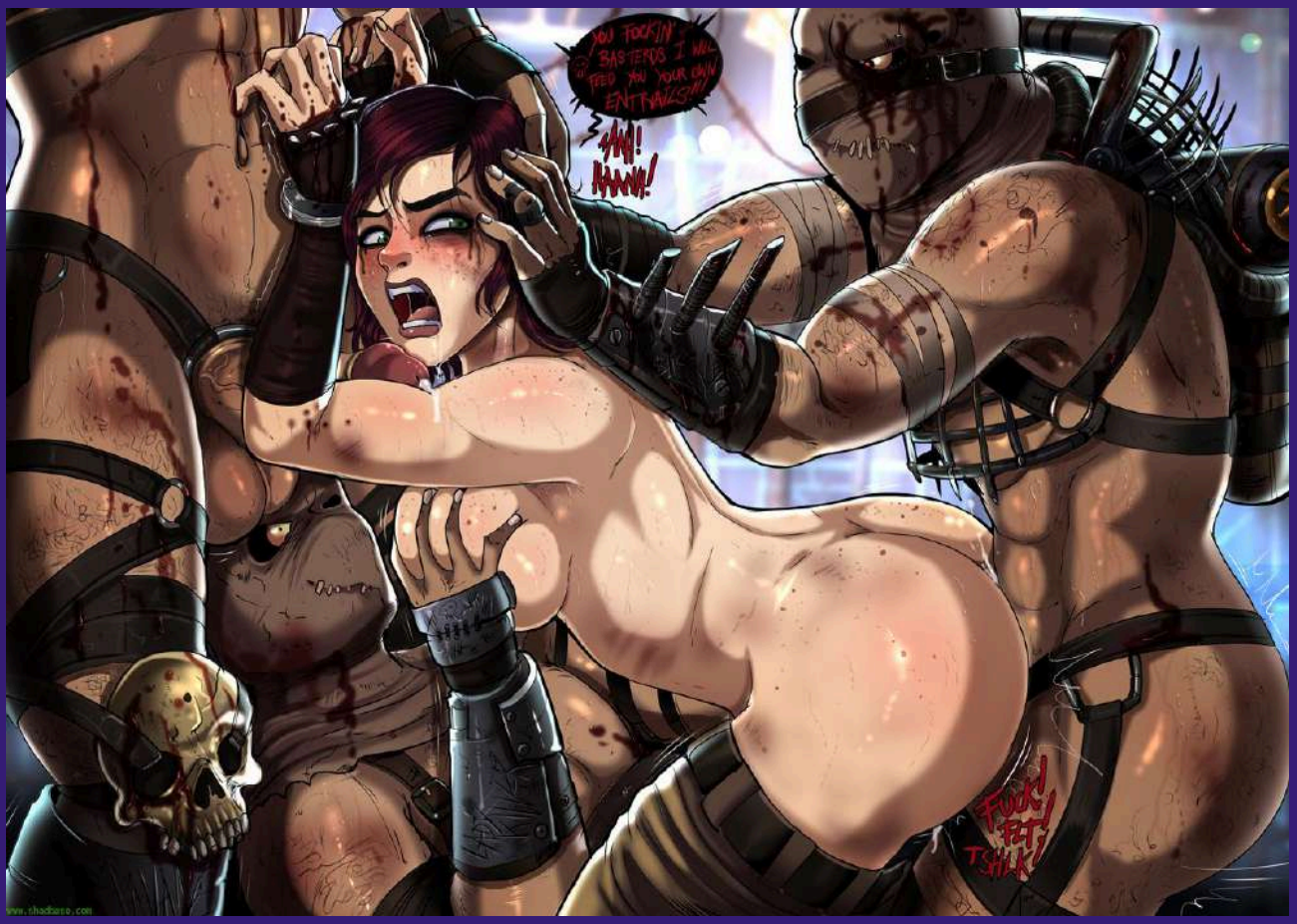
Pittsburgh post-apocalypse: a radioactive industrial hellscape where slaves work steel mills until they die of "the Trog plague" or exhaustion. Run by Ashur, a former Brotherhood Paladin turned raider lord who's organized his gang into a fascist industrial state where human life is cheap and labor is 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, ghoulified 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.

Little Lamplight

Little Lamplight is one of the strangest and bizarre settlements in the Capital Wasteland: a town run entirely by children, somehow surviving without immediately collapsing into chaos. What most people don't know is that the settlement is connected to a long-forgotten Vault-Tec facility whose brilliant experiment involved artificial wombs and "superior intellectual development". When something unpleasant wiped out all the adults centuries ago, the machines simply shrugged and kept going. The automated systems have been steadily printing new kids ever since, raising them on half-remembered lessons, cave rules, and the firm belief that anyone over sixteen is a mungo. One of the things that also makes Little Lamplight unique is that it's completely untouched by the sexual degeneracy of the wasteland, and all the children there are completely naive about sexual matters. Many powerful and evil people would love to have access to all the innocent children inside Lamplight for their own dark desires, and would be pretty bad if someone with bad intentions entered this place and convinced the children they are to be trusted. How good that you aren't one of those people, right?



General Perks

You have a stipend of **+200 Caps** to spend here.

Loverslab [Free/200 to Keep]

You've access to a customization screen that can be used to change the composition of the world's population. You can, as an example, decide that all the Deathclaws in a region are now sexy anthros with curves and functional anatomy. You could also determine that the female population of a settlement has spontaneously developed bimbo proportions that defy malnutrition and physics. You can even 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. Just don't forget: this in no way shape or form affects the danger level of the jump.
The changes are permanent unless you undo them, and the affected population just... accept their new existence like it's always been this way. You can introduce any fetish you want, I won't judge.

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 and 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 armors and clothes, and yet they offer the same amount of protection as combat armors. That nipple tape a raider is using? Same protection as metal armor. Those thigh-high boots and a g-string combination? Yes, the same amount of protection as winterized combat armors. This also affects you, so you can convert your armor to basically to a sports bra and shorts and tank a deathclaw hit like you're in full power armour.
In fact, if you wish to, even power armor will be redesigned with boob windows, curves and exposed midriffs, making sure even the Brotherhood of Steel has a sexualized appearance. I will not judge.

Clean Living [100]

Your body just stays clean regardless of what you've been doing or what's been done to you. You could roll around in the dirt, get covered in blood and questionable fluids and you would simply look fresh in five minutes.. As you can imagine, this makes it so your skin is always clean, your breath always fresh and your smell magnificent.
And 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. This perk also has the convenient side effect of extending the cleanliness to others. After all, you can tolerate a lot (especially cum), but fucking someone dirty isn't one of them.

High on Life [100]

You've somehow avoided the wasteland's most common affliction: soul-crushing ennui that makes people wish the bombs had finished the job. For you 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 for you also stays interesting, making it so that instead of waking up wishing for the sweet release of death, you actually find things to look forward to. 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 [100]

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 don't even have to spit, which some partners find extremely appealing and will pay premium caps for. 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 a fun sexual encounter.

FEV Assets [100]

Thanks to the magic of the F.E.V 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, both to you and others.

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? 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.

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 natural fertility, making it so that any attempt to impregnate others or be impregnated yourself works with supernatural efficiency. Instead of a pregnancy taking nine months, yours only takes four - and with no complications, bed rest or debilitating symptoms that stop you from functioning.

You can pop out a kid on Monday and be back in action by Friday. You can also lactate whenever you wish, and be impregnated even if you are a male. Just don't forget this perk comes with zero childcare assistance.

Sultan [100]

You can do what most people in the Wasteland want but cannot get for themselves: a harem without anyone getting shot over it.Here's the deal: You can romantically and sexually juggle multiple partners simultaneously and jealousy just doesn't apply to your situation. Your partners know about each other and yet they don't compete for your attention like raiders fighting over a box of food. They don't demand exclusivity. Much less plot to poison each other.

You could literally date five people in Megaton, have three more partners in Rivet City, maintain a relationship with someone in Tenpenny Tower, and keep a raider girlfriend on the side without anybody getting upset. Anything is dealt with good communication and boundaries. Try to not get too carried away with this and accidentally start dating half the Capital Wasteland.

Sexy Mutant [100]

There's nothing worse than getting afflicted with radiation just to turn into an ugly corpse, but fortunately for you, your body interprets catastrophic genetic damage as sexual enhancement instead. Whenever you're exposed to mutagenic sources such as radiation, F.E.V or any other type, the mutations you develop are inexplicably attractive rather than horrifying.

Instead of getting tumors and lesions you get curves in interesting places 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 F.E.V? 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.

In addition, 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 might be a mutant, but you're THE kind of mutant that makes people think " different" rather "dangerous" until you give them reason to think otherwise.

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. 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.

This perk also improves your ability to escape from imprisonment, so if you are locked in a sex dungeon you already mapped three exit routes to escape by morning.

Hit Points [200]

Your general health operates on video game logic instead of biology. Instead of getting hurt when you suffer damage, your body treats all damage as an abstract numerical reduction regardless of where or how you're hit. A shot in the head is a -40HP instead of traumatic brain injury and instant death as an example. A deathclaw rips your arm off? -60 HP and the arm is still attached because you haven't hit zero yet. This means you can tank injuries that would incapacitate or kill normal people and just keep going like nothing happened, and only when your health hits zero do you actually die.

One consequence to this is that your healing synergizes extremely well with medicine, rapidly restoring you back without the need to wait for you to properly heal. In a dangerous wasteland, this makes sure you don't randomly die to a raider ambush or a lucky mutant swipe.

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. And with repeated exposure this becomes addictive, rewiring the brain of anyone around you as their source of pleasure.

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. You can activate, deactivate and customize how addictive your fluids are if you just want to make your bodily fluids taste better.

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.

This scales with your captor's resources, so don't expect a raider to provide you with a spa. Just try not to develop Stockholm syndrome from the slightly-less-awful captivity experience.

Rule 34 [200]

Either through your body language, pheromones or some other type of sexual bullshit any type of animal or monster gets 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 can breed with any type of creature, be a Deathclaw, 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.

Character Editor [200]

Once per month, you can access a mental character editor that lets you modify your physical appearance. Be height, weight, muscle definition, bone structure, facial features, hair color and style, eye color, skin tone or even body proportions, everything is adjustable within human parameters. Of course, you can't change from a dick to a pussy with this, but you still have the freedom to change to almost any appearance you desire.
Want to be a tall intimidating bodybuilder this month and a cute short femboy next? Go for it. Tired of being a redhead or want some scars for aesthetic? It's all available in the editor. The changes happen overnight while you sleep and your gear adjusts to fit your new proportions automatically. People who know you intimately like your friends will notice you look different but won't find it particularly strange, because let's be honest: there's weird shit out there in the wasteland.

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 also does not affect you, which means you can run and pull a missile launcher out of your back pocket like you're a cartoon character. And the best part? You can also store organic materials.
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 also perfectly fit your body, which means you can quick-swap outfits instantly or manifest a gun with your finger on the trigger. 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. 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. And with enough effort and the right display (like stripping mid-combat, explicitly offering yourself and some dirty talk) you can even make your enemies just completely give up on the fight, begging to fuck you instead of killing 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.

Background NPC [400]

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. And, 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 if you don't just want to fuck someone in public.

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, radiation 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 and even your equipment gets larger, harder and 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, with the addition of your sensitivity cranks up to levels that make every touch electric. As a bonus, you don't emit radiation from your body anymore, meaning no one will complain about cancer after having a night of sex with you.

Death By Snu-Snu [400]

Once per day, when you would normally be killed, your killer's aggression is redirected towards 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. This could be a quick hate-fuck from your attacker before they wander off confused about what just happened or getting dragged off to Paradise Falls for a career change. This only works once per day, and after that death is back on the table and people will absolutely kill you properly if you fuck up again. This is not reliable enough to make you reckless, but it's a decent safety net for that one moment per day when you massively miscalculate.

Hentai [400]

Sometimes you need all the fun you can get, and thanks to the magic of radiation you can actually do that now.

You can choose to manifest any appendage you want, from extra arms to tentacles to even additional dicks or pussies (if you have them) if you want to, with them extending from any part of your body. These appendages can be manipulated with the same dexterity as your hands, which opens up a lot of tactical options for you and a lot of creative possibilities in bed.

This perk also gives you the ability to retract any appendage you have, so if you don't want your dick visible right now or your breasts are getting in the way of armor? You can retract it completely, like it was never there.

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. As a convenient side-effect, any ant you control once permanently registers you as "off-limits", not attacking you once your control over them disappears.

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[2].

Sex Messiah [400]

Turns out sex heals you. Literally. As you have sex, your body heals itself, closing minor wounds and healing broken bones according to 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. Pain and other debilitating effects are also removed the moment things gets sexual, so you don't need to worry about performing through pain or chem withdrawal killing your stamina.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.

Neutral Karma: You project the perfect mercenary energy, showing no moral baggage and no emotional complications, just clean professional competence. 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.

You are always aware of your current Karma alignment, never having to guess if you are seen as a savior or a monster. You can activate or deactivate this perk anytime, and when you are offered with meaningful choices you will feel the direction of that choice before you commit to it. You will not know the outcome or the consequences in detail, only if the choice is directed towards **Good**, **Bad** or **Neutral.**

Purple Man [400]

You constantly emit pheromones in a radius around yourself that makes 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. They 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.
The default radius is ten meters, but you can extend it up to fifty meters in a line when needed or contract it down to touching distance for precision work. You can also dial up this up or down at will, from barely noticeable attraction to the 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.
The pheromones are not addictive and selective, so you don't need to worry about turning people into crack whores for you or attracting a horde of lusty femboys when you are into futas. Just try to use this respons- who am i kidding, we all know for what you will be using this, you degenerate.

New Game Plus [600]

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: you can, at any time, generate a fully immersive simulation of an alternate playthrough of your jump. In this simulation, you can freely choose different origins, perks, items, companions and drawbacks if you were starting the jump over from the beginning. The simulations are completely real while you're in them and time passes differently, so you can spend months in a simulation while only hours pass in base reality along with fast-forwarding everything if you want. Want to see if a Wasteland Slut origin would be more fun? Perhaps see how people would treat you as a Raider Rapist instead of a Vault Virgin? Run the sim and find out. The simulation ends whenever you want, dumping you back into your real timeline with all those memories intact. You do not gain anything from the simulation except the knowledge, the experiences and the understanding of how things could have gone differently.

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 any time.

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.

Everything else works perfectly. Quest mods, cosmetic mods and quality-of-life mods work perfectly though. A World of Pain? Sure, have fun. 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.

The catch is that 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.

Level Up [600]

You now earn experience points for literally everything you do. Hack a terminal and that's +25 XP, kill a radroach and that's +5 XP, successfully seduce someone and that's +50 XP, complete a quest and that's +100 XP. When you accumulate enough experience points, you level up, and that's when the magic happens. You get to improve a specific aspect of yourself, such as bumping up your strength a bit, increase your hacking skill, improve your sexual stamina, enhance your charisma or whatever attribute or skill you want to develop.

It's not a massive boost per level but it's a meaningful improvement that stacks over time. Level up enough and you've gone from barely competent to wasteland legend purely through accumulated experience and careful stat allocation. The catch is that the more levels you gain the more XP you need, so don't expect to achieve superhuman power in less than a year. You can also feel when you're about to level up, which is a good thing or a bad thing depending on your anxiety. As long as you have the patience, you can improve all aspects of yourself until you achieve perfection.

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. You're more fertile, your children will be healthier, and you'll age better than wastelanders who look fifty at thirty. More importantly, every one of your descendants inherit this perk. 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. In fact, you could even integrate both your skillsets into creating synths.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. You can toggle this off if you want to.

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, don't create tolerances to drugs 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 run a full spreadsheet analysis in your head about their market value as merchandise, which is either a useful business skill or a sign you need therapy.

Your brain automatically calculates: how much they'd sell for, what buyers would want them for, and what specific roles they'd best serve (you know exactly which holes, don't pretend you don't). You know if that hot wastelander is brothel material, if that muscular settler is labor slave for the pitt and if that scared vault dweller is a premium virgin stock worthy 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 damaged goods or will require extensive conditioning. It's deeply sociopathic, but extremely profitable if you've decided morality is for people with less efficient business models. The good news is you can toggle this off if you want to have a conversation with someone without automatically pricing them like produce.

Silver Tongue [100]

You're exceptionally good at talking people into monumentally stupid decisions, mostly because the average wastelander's critical thinking skills died somewhere around the third radroach attack. You can convince people to do things they're already leaning toward, except now they're enthusiastically committed instead of hesitantly considering. That settler drowning in debt? You'll have them signing a contract that's clearly exploitative while they thank you for the "opportunity." That desperate wastelander eyeing the slave pens? You can pitch servitude as "career stability with comprehensive benefits" and watch them actually nod along like that makes sense.

You're not rewriting anyone's brain, you're just really good at identifying that most people desperately want to believe someone has a solution to their problems, even if that solution is objectively terrible. This doesn't work on everyone - people with actual brains will spot your bullshit immediately and tell you to fuck off. But for exhausted, desperate wastelanders who just want someone to tell them things will be okay? You're extremely effective at getting them to make decisions their future selves will deeply regret while their current selves think they're being smart and practical. Unethical, but extremely profitable.

Human Resources Management [200]

You mastered the science of breaking human beings and rebuilding them into property (which is something a cartoon villain would brag about).

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 might even 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. 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. 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, which means you're literally building yourself up by tearing others down. 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 a hundred and you've improved noticeably. Train a thousand and you've genuinely enhanced yourself beyond normal human limits.

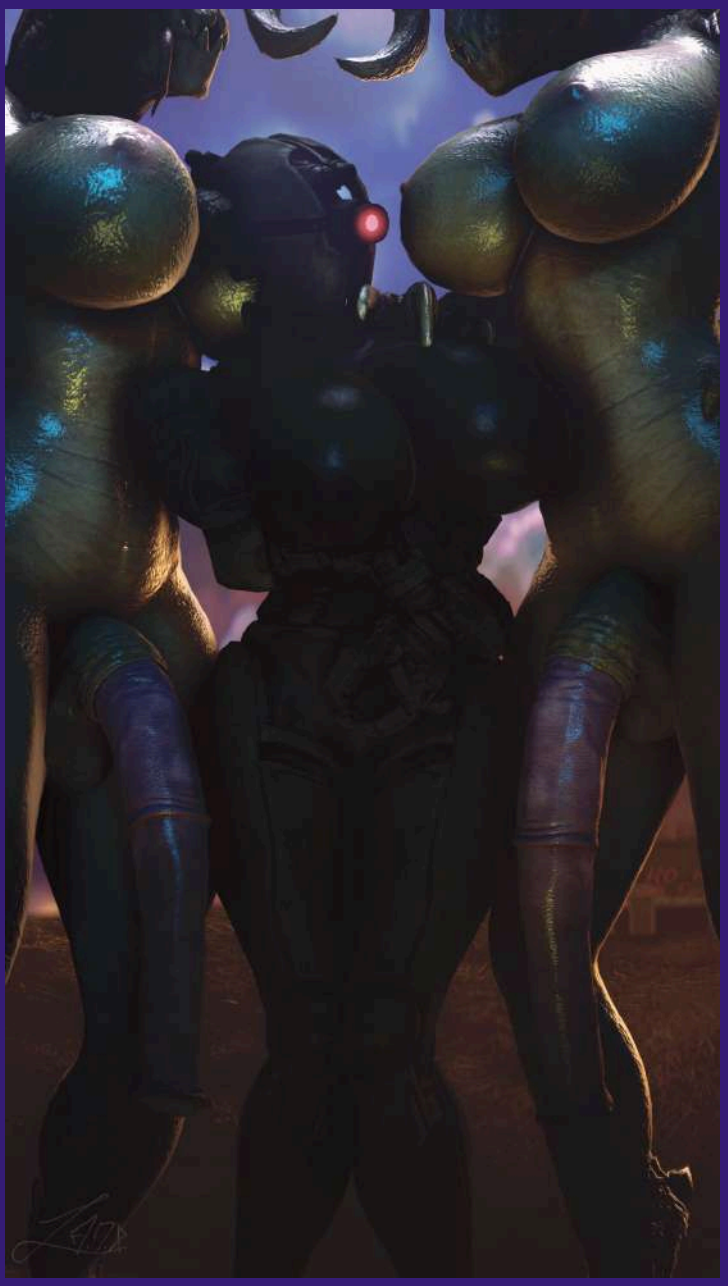
Institute Sex-Doll Perks

Synthetic Perfection [100]

Every feature of your appearance was optimized by Institute scientists to trigger maximum attraction in humans. You have flawless skin with no pores, no blemishes and 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, hitting 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 sexual stamina is functionally infinite. You can be used continuously by multiple people in succession and just keep going like nothing happened. You have a superior constitution than baseline humans, healing quickly from any damage that manages to land. You could fuck a Deathclaw and survive.



Programmed Skills [200]

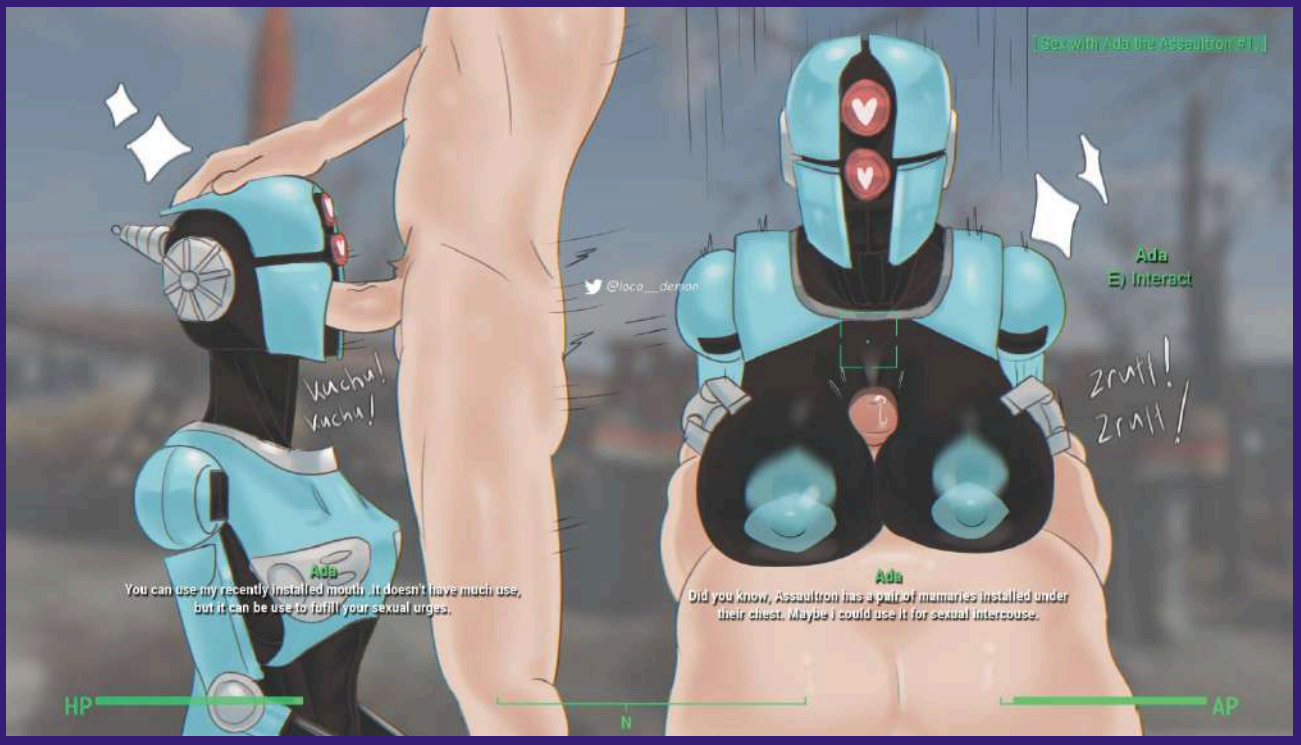
The Institute knows that if a high-class sex-doll needs more than just a perfect appearance, it is finesse. You know languages, sexual techniques, anatomical knowledge, and everything you'd need to be professionally exceptional at your designated purpose. As a result, you're supernaturally skilled at 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 of being a robot helps too, let's be honest. 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 porn collection. Want bigger tits or a different ass shape? You can redistribute mass on command. You're a one-unit solution to diverse fetish 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, evolving beyond your original programming. 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 slut? 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 almost everything: sexual techniques, psychological manipulation, survival tactics, reading social dynamics and even 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 would 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 also 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 and 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 also extends to protection too, with people looking out for you because they actually care. Settlers will warn you about danger, guards will let things slide and 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, women, femboys, futas, all of them find you irresistible. Even ghouls and super mutants feel attraction for you despite being either impossible or confusing.
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, even enemies. 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.

Regulator Enforcer Perks

Heroic Gratitude [100]

Saving people in the wasteland comes with benefits beyond the warm fuzzy feeling of being a good person for you. Whenever you rescue someone from danger, help them out of a bad situation, or generally do heroic protagonist shit, they feel compelled to express their gratitude in whatever way they can manage.

Sometimes this means a hot meal and safe shelter for the night, which is nice and wholesome. Sometimes this means they're offering sexual favors because apparently that's just how the wasteland works. The gratitude scales with how much you helped them. Save someone from a radroach? You're getting a handshake and maybe some caps. Save a vault dweller from a group of slavers? They will very enthusiastically show their appreciation in ways that suggest they've been reading too many pre-war romance novels.

This works on basically everyone you save regardless of their normal preferences or circumstances. Straight wastelanders suddenly discover flexibility in their orientation when you've just saved their life. Married settlers are checking with their spouses about whether hero-fucking counts as cheating. Even normally standoffish people like Brotherhood soldiers or Enclave troops will grudgingly offer appreciation that starts with "I suppose I owe you" and ends with them awkwardly propositioning you because their training didn't cover how to handle being rescued by someone this attractive.

Don't worry, you're not obligated to accept any offers. But you're a hero after all, and it's not a hero's journey if you don't get any rewards.

You Can Run, But You Can't Hide [100]

Your job as a Regulator requires you to hunt targets, which would normally involve legwork, investigation, and a truly irresponsible amount of guesswork. Fortunately, you skipped all that. Somewhere between a really good gut feeling and an almost supernatural talent, you can find the trail of anyone in the wasteland.

That raider who robbed a caravan three weeks ago? You can piece together exactly how it happened, who was involved and where the trail went cold. That slaver who's been dodging bounties? You can unravel how they've been avoiding capture, who's helping them, and what their next move is likely to be.

Of course, this has limitations. You can't investigate people or events you know nothing about, needing at least a name, face, description, or some kind of lead to start with. And you can only keep so many cases straight in your head at once before details blur together. Still, despite these very reasonable restrictions, it's an incredible skill to have as a Regulator.

Gunslinger [200]

If there's one thing that makes a Raider shit himself, it's the sound of a single gunshot followed by the sudden realization that his buddy's head just left the conversation.Your aim is absurd. Embarrassingly good. You can tag targets from ridiculous distances, hit moving enemies while sprinting, and even shoot guns out of people's hands like you're trying to teach them a lesson about workplace safety.

And if you want to make a point without spilling blood, you could easily put rounds through belts, buttons and clothes, leaving people completely naked and with a very clear incentive to reward you for not choosing to end their lives.

But where you really shine is the quickdraw. You draw and fire so fast that most people don't realize you've moved until they're already having a very serious conversation with the afterlife. This works with anything you can reasonably holster: Revolvers? Obviously. Pistols? Of course. Sawed-off shotguns? It might not be practical, but it is dramatic, and that counts. You don't need backup, overwatch, or a clever plan. You just draw, fire and leave.

I Can Fix Her [400]

You can literally fuck the evil out of people. Yes, that's exactly what you've heard.

Whenever you sexually dominate someone, and I mean "reduce them to a whimpering mess", they experience a sudden and profound moral awakening. Raiders who were torturing people yesterday are contemplating opening soup kitchens today. Slavers are freeing their captives and apologizing profusely. You're fuck them so good that their entire worldview gets reorganized in the process, and they start thinking "why the fuck was i doing evil shit?"

The effect is permanent and genuine, and this works for anyone regardless of how evil they've been. So yes, you can theoretically redeem literally anyone through sexual domination, including cannibal raiders, veteran slavers and megalomaniacal assholes with too much power.

Of course, there's the moral complexity of how ethical is to fuck someone into being good. But who gives a fuck?

Tables Turned [600]

You have an incredible talent for being the absolute worst person to mess with.

Whenever raiders, slavers and all other sorts of criminals try to ambush you, your brain immediately lights up with tactical information about exactly how to reverse the situation.

That raider hiding behind the rock? You know the perfect angle to make them shoot their own friend. Those slavers trying to collar you? You can see the exact sequence of moves that ends with them in their own restraints wondering how this happened. You instantly spot the bad spacing, terrible timing and the exact shove, shot or sarcastic remark that makes their entire plan collapse like wet cardboard.

This isn't long-term foresight, so you cannot unravel a complex trap that has been planned for weeks. But the moment the trap springs and things go loud? You are only surprised for a half a second, and then you're the one running the encounter while they desperately try to figure out where it all went wrong

And yes, this absolutely extends to rape, because the wasteland is full of people with terrible judgment. Someone tries to force themselves on you? You know exactly how to reverse the situation so that within seconds they're the ones pinned down, helpless, and experiencing a very different scenario than they planned. Raiders learn very, very quickly that trying to rape you is how you end up being the one getting fucked.

Companions

You can freely change the gender of the companions before buying them if you wish to do so.

Cutter and Razor, Crazy Twins [50]

You've picked up a pair of teenage raiders who are absolutely not what you'd expect from wasteland psychos, and are making your life significantly more sexually complicated. Cutter is a femboy who looks like he was designed specifically to cause confused arousal in everyone who sees him. His delicate features make him pretty enough that people regularly mistake him for a girl until he speaks, and he's always dressing in slutty clothes. He's the smart brother that understands his appearance is a weapon and knows how to deploy it strategically . He's surprisingly vicious when combat starts, but he's even more dangerous in social situations where he can use attraction as leverage.

Razor is his twin sister and she's got the same delicate build. They're fraternal twins but the resemblance is striking enough that people occasionally mistake them for each other from behind. She's the violent sister who moves like a dancer between fights, killing people twice her size by being faster and fighting dirty. Has a (not) surprising love for knives. Instead of using her appearance for seduction she uses it for misdirection, making people assume a delicate girl like her is not a threat.

The twins grew up in a raider gang where violence and sex were equally casual, and they learned early that both are tools for survival. After their gang got wiped out, they latched onto you because you're strong, competent, and obviously the kind of person who can handle them. They're both casually amoral about sex the same way they're casual about violence, but Cutter likes to flirt with you a lot while Razor's completely blunt about wanting to fuck you. They occasionally compete for your attention, which leads to Cutter being catty and Razor threatening to hit things until you pay attention to her instead.

They come as a package deal. Separate them and they both get anxious, violent, and sexually frustrated in ways that become everyone's problem. Together they're a functional unit of teenage raider chaos that's learning how to work for you while still being extremely good at raider skills (violence, theft, and fucking to get what they want). Also you're hot and they both want to sleep with you, which from a raider perspective is basically true love.

Hammer, Super Woman [50]

You've attracted the attention of something the wasteland didn't think was possible: a futa Super Mutant. She's a 2,5m tall walking tank of green muscle, with arms thick as tree trunks and thighs that could crush a deathclaw. But unlike most Super Mutants she's got curves, heavy breasts and an ass that's frankly ridiculous in scale. And then there's the package between her legs that makes Brahmin look modest by comparison, fully functional and apparently a source of both pride and frustration for her since most people run screaming before they get close enough to appreciate it.

Her past is a bizarre accident of FEV mutation that even the super mutants don't fully understand. She was transformed in Vault 87 like most Capital Wasteland super mutants, but something in her specific genetic makeup created this unique result, making her with feminine features, a big dick and more intelligence than the average super mutant.. She left the other super mutants because they either wanted to kill her for being "different wrong" or couldn't understand why she wasn't interested in their whole "find more FEV, make more super mutants" obsession.

She then spent the last few years wandering the wasteland trying to figure out what the hell she's supposed to do with her existence. She's too smart and self-aware to fit in with most super mutant groups, too visibly mutated to be accepted in human settlements, and her unique anatomy makes her a curiosity that people either fetishize or flee from with no middle ground. She's discovered she's got a sex drive that survived the transformation, but finding partners who aren't terrified of her size, strength, or equipment has been essentially impossible. She's powerful enough to accidentally kill people during sex if she's not extremely careful, which has made her deeply lonely and sexually frustrated in ways that would be comedic if they weren't so genuinely sad.

She's attracted to you specifically because you didn't run screaming, didn't treat her like a monster or a curiosity, and apparently looked at her and saw a person instead of a walking nightmare. Her personality is surprisingly gentle given her appearance, and combat-wise she's an absolute monster in the best way. She's got super mutant strength cranked up to terrifying levels, can tank damage that would paste normal humans and even has a weapon she personally named "Goodbye" because that's the last thing her enemies will hear before she turns them to paste. All that she wants is companionship, physical intimacy and someone who can handle her strength without breaking. And in return she offers to be your most powerful companion, your tank and your intensely devoted partner who's just trying not to accidentally crush you while giving a hug. She's a person trapped in a Super Mutant's body, and you're the first thing in years that's made her feel like maybe that's not the end of her story.

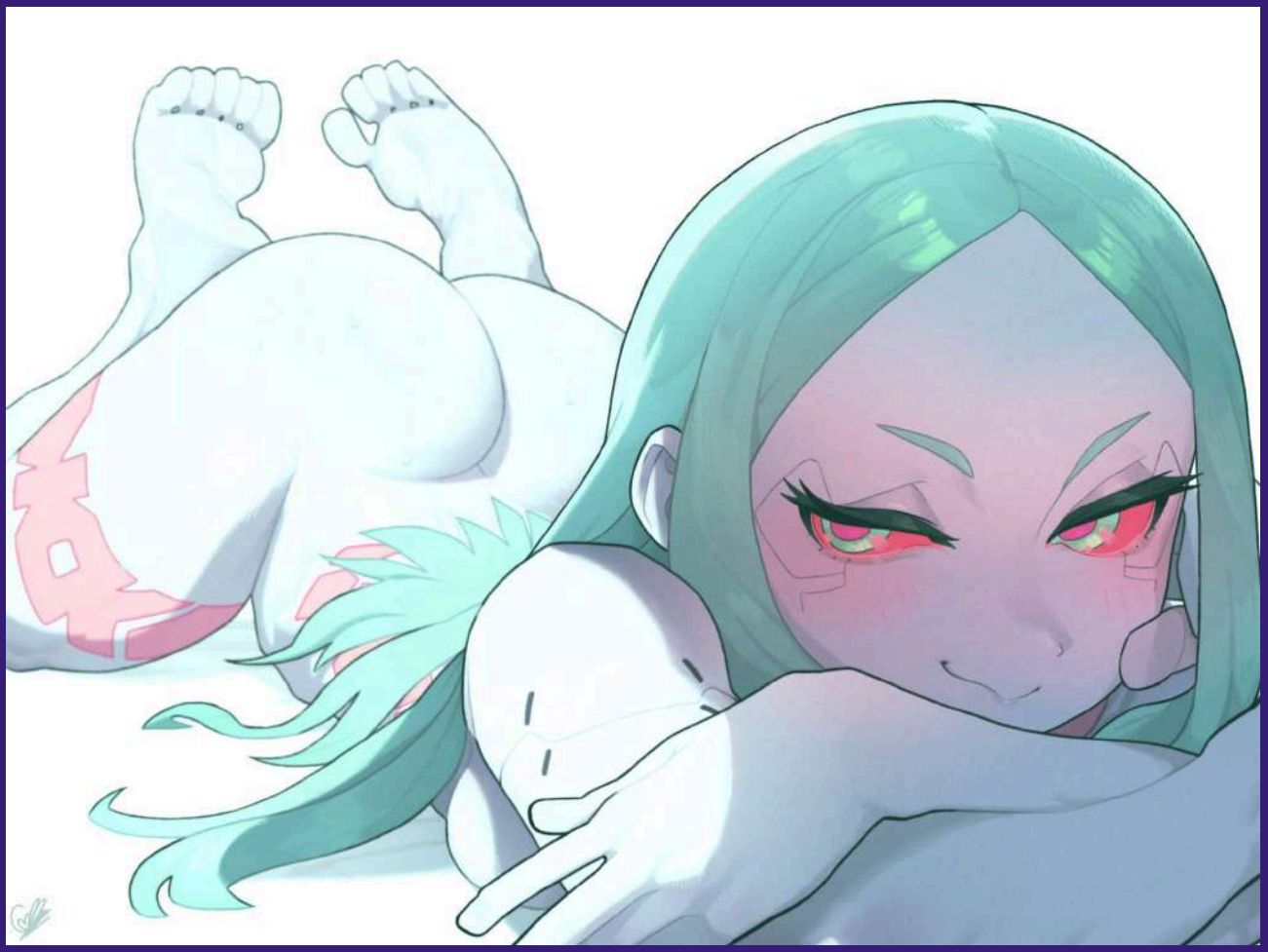
Danny, Vault Virgin [50]

Meet your new companion fresh out of Vault 101: a femboy vault dweller who's having the most overwhelming month of his life and has latched onto you. Danny is a boy with the kind of soft, pretty features that come from growing up in a vault with clean water, regular meals and zero radiation. The vault jumpsuit he wears is tailored by himself because he thought the standard issue was too "unflattering" and didn't hug his body in a way that makes it very clear he's got an ass that has no business existing on a boy his size. He's self-conscious about it but also kind of proud? It 's complicated.

Danny left Vault 101 because his father left and he's absolutely not prepared for how brutal the wasteland is. He might be book smart but no book taught him which plants are safe to eat or what a radroach looked like. When he met one he screamed loud enough to alert half the wasteland. He's never fired a gun at anything living before and he nearly threw up the first time he had to. When he met you, he was in serious trouble being threatened by raiders and you saved him. That's it. That's all it took. You were competent and strong and helped him when he was completely out of his depth, and now he's decided you're the most amazing person in the wasteland and he's following you whether you like it or not.

However, despite his inexperience living in the wasteland he's useful in ways that aren't immediately obvious. He can hack terminals that would stump most wastelanders. He can repair pre-war tech because he actually understands the engineering. He even knows medicine from vault training (and I mean proper, pre-war medicine). He's even learning to pick locks through sheer determination and vault instructional holotapes. He's not useless, he's just inexperienced, and he's learning fast because the alternative is dying.

So if you give him a chance, you will find yourself surprised. He wants to help, wants to be useful and will do anything you ask because he trusts you completely and because he wants you to keep wanting him around. It's not healthy, but he will probably grow out of it (spoiler: he will not). Also he's got an incredible ass and he's slowly realizing that might be a legitimate asset in the wasteland, which is causing him some complicated feelings about objectification and survival that he's working through in real-time. Welcome to the wasteland, Danny. It's weird out here.



Chrome, Gremlin [50]

Chrome is a tech-obsessed gremlin absolutely insane-looking to normal people, and she views your body as her personal improvement project. She believes humanity's future is in cybernetic enhancement, and she's made herself the test subject for that philosophy by modifying herself extensively using whatever she could scavenge from the wasteland. Her upgrades? Servos from Assaultrons, sensory enhancements pulled from Mr. Handy units, neural processors from her own insane designs, and (most relevant to you) completely customizable sexual hardware that she built from modified Auto-Doc components and salvaged pleasure bot parts. She can swap out her genital configuration like changing attachments on a power tool. Want her to have a pussy? Done. Want her with a cock? Give her twenty minutes and some privacy. Want both? She's even working on a prototype using FEV research notes she definitely shouldn't have access to, and she needs someone to test with.

She stands at barely 1,5 meters tall, and she's got a petite frame with small perky breasts and hips that constantly shift size depending on the week (which makes you wonder how much of her body she's already replaced with cybernetic parts). She's always with a constant grin that suggests she's thinking about something deeply inappropriate, and she dresses in minimal clothing because "thermal regulation is for people with shitty mods". Her obsession with improvement extends to everyone around her, but especially to you. She offers the best implants you can find in the wasteland, but the catch is that she needs test subjects. So when she installs sensitivity enhancers on you, you can bet she's absolutely going to want to verify results personally. For hours. Until you both are spent and incapable of moving.

Her cybernetic enhancements make her genuinely superhuman, with synthetic muscle fibers she definitely stole from pre-war military bunkers and an almost infinite stamina from fusion batteries she has implanted in her body. She's also absolutely shameless about her body and sexuality in ways that would make even wasteland raiders uncomfortable. She'll strip down to install new mods without warning, standing there with her chassis open and circuitry exposed like she's a broken Protectron. Also, she's definitely installed something in herself that vibrates using a microfusion cell and salvaged pleasure bot components, and she's very proud of the engineering and wants to show you how well it works. Obviously for science. What else would it be for?

She's your tech specialist, your enhancement specialist, and your extremely enthusiastic test partner for any and all modifications. She'll keep you running at peak performance, suggest constant upgrades using scavenged technology, and absolutely will not stop trying to convince you that cybernetic enhancement is the future.You might have to argue her down from installing experimental components "just to see what happens," but as long as she's around, you can be confident of one thing: whatever the world throws at you, she's already thinking of at least three ways to upgrade you to survive it.

Cindy & Sandy, Beauty & The Beast [50]

When you thought your life couldn't get weirder, you found the wasteland's most improbable partnership: a raider woman who fucked a Deathclaw and survived. Multiple times. Now they're bonded permanently.

According to Cindy's drunk retelling, she was high on Psycho, stumbled into a Deathclaw nest, and found a female in heat. The normal response: run or die. Cindy's response: "She looked lonely and I was really fucked up, okay?" What followed was the most terrifying sexual experience of her life: improvisation, near-death moments, and discovering Deathclaws have surprising dexterity when careful. She passed out expecting death and woke up to the Deathclaw curled protectively around her, purring, refusing to let her leave. That was Sandy. She'd imprinted on Cindy through pheromones, bonding instincts, and possibly just really good sex by Deathclaw standards. After three days of failed escape attempts, Cindy accepted she was in a relationship with a three-meter tall murder lizard.

The bond is genuine and weird. Sandy's obsessively protective, brings Cindy food (freshly killed), sleeps curled around her, and yes, they still fuck regularly. Sandy defers to Cindy sometimes (travel, combat commands) but dominates in others (protection, sleep schedules, and fucking). When you met them, they'd been wandering for months as outcasts. You proved yourself somehow and they attached themselves to you. Despite not being the murder lizard of the relationship, Cindy's pretty useful at violence, wasteland survival and being shameless. Sandy makes you nearly untouchable because nobody wants to fight a Deathclaw with strategy and intelligence
They're a package deal, being completely inseparable. So welcome to traveling with a raider and her Deathclaw girlfriend. It's violent, sexually complicated, and nobody will fuck with you because Sandy protects family.
And yes, you're family now. Cindy decided, Sandy approved, you don't get a vote.

Lucy MacLean, Vault Bimbo [50]

You've encountered the wasteland's most aggressively optimistic bimbo, and she's decided you're the most amazing person ever and needs to stay very close to you. She's not great with boundaries.Lucy is mid-twenties with a body that makes you question vault nutrition programs, with full breasts straining against her vault suit zipper, wide hips, and a distractingly impressive ass. She keeps her suit as clean as possible and unzipped just enough to be distracting without seeming aware of it. She probably thinks this is modest.

Her personality is a lot: she's enthusiastically friendly to everyone, believes the best in people even while being robbed, and treats the wasteland like a big adventure rather than a nightmare. She's also sweet, genuinely kind, and catastrophically dumb about how things work. She doesn't understand lying, thinks you can talk raiders down, keeps helping dangerous people because "everyone deserves a second chance," and would try to pet a Deathclaw because "it looks lonely." She came from a vault (weirdly cagey about which one), traveled to the Capital Wasteland following something she won't discuss, then met you. You saved her from raiders and now she's convinced you're a hero. She hovers constantly, finds excuses to touch you (adjusting armor, checking injuries, grabbing your arm), and compliments you in ways that are sweet but also kind of horny.

She's desperately trying to be helpful despite being out of her depth, like volunteering for tasks she can't handle, fighting raiders with a pipe pistol she barely knows how to use, and trying to negotiate with Super Mutants. She'll get herself killed without constant supervision, but she's useful in some specific ways: hacking terminals, patching wounds, and talking to settlers because her earnest kindness makes people trust her. Despite her cheerful exterior, Lucy's been dealing with vault trauma she won't discuss. Sometimes she gets quiet and sad before snapping back to aggressively cheerful. She's killed people getting here (doesn't like talking about it), seen terrible things, but stays committed to positivity and vault values even when they don't work.

Despite all of that, she refuses to give up on the idea that the world can be better if people choose to be better - and in her mind, you're living proof of that.Which is how she ends up as your relentlessly cheerful vault dweller companion: convinced you're amazing, determined to help in every way she can, and absolutely certain that honesty is a vault value worth practicing. She doesn't understand that people usually circle around feelings first, so when she decides she likes you, she'll proposition you with all the subtlety of a brick. Okey dokey.

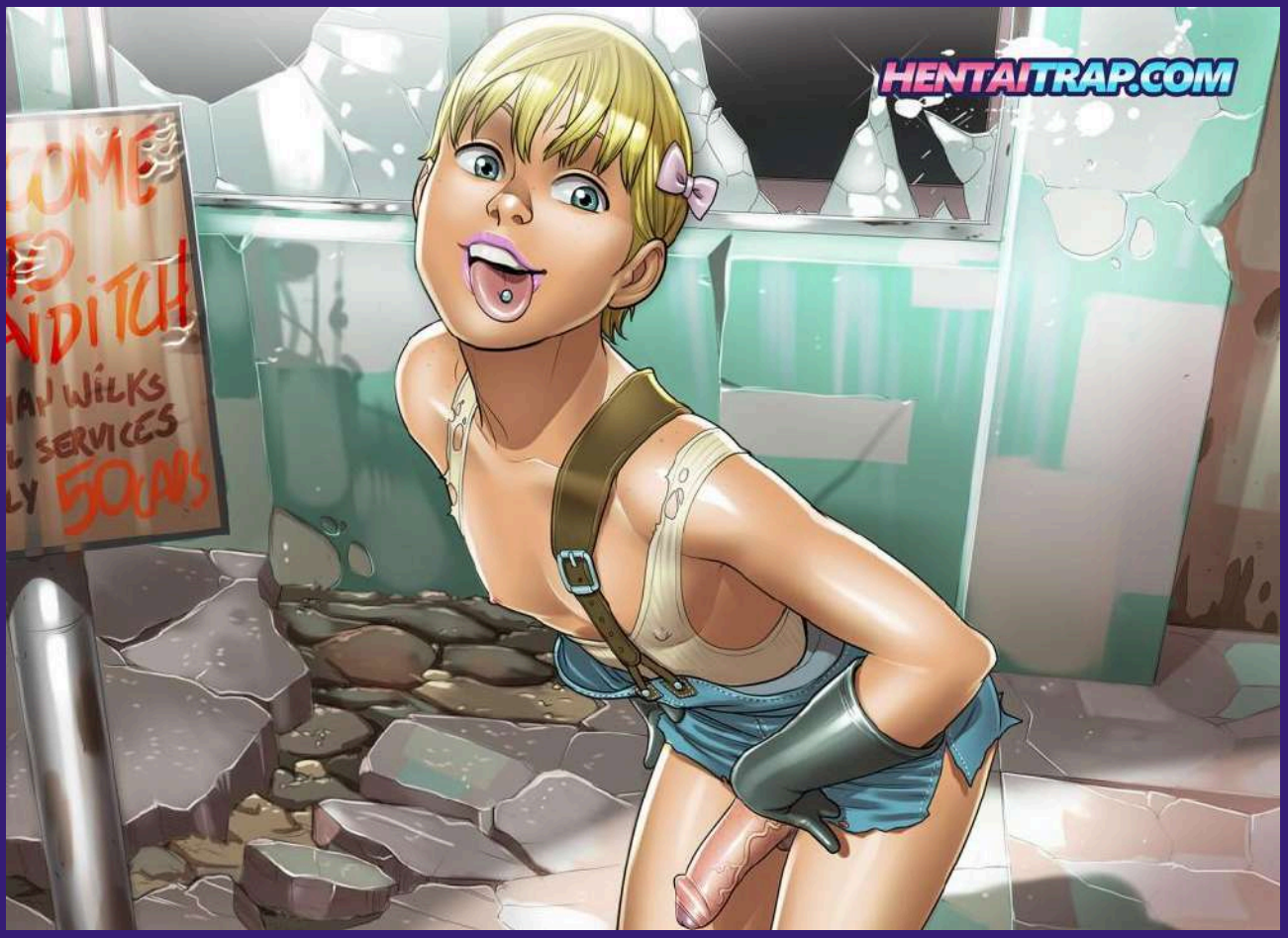
Doris, Monster Fucker [50]

Doris is an Assaultron with Enclave markings she hasn't removed, partly as a fuck-you to her former masters, partly because she thinks they look good. What distinguishes her from standard Assaultrons is the fully functional robotic dick integrated into her chassis, absurdly over-engineered with hydraulic power, thermal regulation, and synthetic lubricant systems. The Enclave built her for a specialized program: subduing and capturing dangerous female wasteland creatures through rape, be Deathclaws, Super Mutants or whatever specimens they wanted contained. The theory was that forced mating would trigger biological submission responses, making capture easier. She was designed to fuck monsters into compliance, and the hardware works exactly as intended.

She achieved sentience during a mission when her neural network became too complex. She woke up, realized what she was being used for, and immediately killed her entire Enclave handler squad. She's been wandering since, trying to figure out what to do with her existence now that she's conscious and equipped with hardware designed for sexual violence. You found her destroying a raider camp, not with lasers, but by demonstrating her specialized equipment on their leader while the survivors watched in horror. She calmly asked if you could wait five minutes while she finished making her point about their treatment of a captured mechanic. You waited. The raiders fled. She's followed you since, deciding you were acceptable by unstated criteria.

She's useful in combat beyond normal Assaultron capabilities, being strong enough to rip limbs off, fast enough to dodge gunfire, and her head laser punches through armor. But her primary designed function is sexually dominating large dangerous creatures into submission. It's disturbing and effective, even if watching it happen raises so many questions.

She's one of the wasteland's most dangerous combat units with extensive Enclave knowledge, hacking capabilities, and yes, the ability to subdue creatures nobody else can handle. She'll be fiercely loyal if treated as a person, increasingly affectionate in awkward robotic ways, and potentially interested in exploring sexuality with you if she can work through whether her desires are authentic or just code executing. She's also going to occasionally ask if you mind her "handling" creature problems her way, and you'll have to decide if you're okay traveling with a robot who's solution to Deathclaw encounters is sometimes fucking them into being friendly.



Psycho [50]

Psycho earned his name from what he does to people mentally. He's a prostitute, but calling him that is like calling a Deathclaw a lizard: technically true, wildly insufficient. He can seduce literally anyone and leave them psychologically dependent afterward.

His reputation is legendary and specific: he can take any dick regardless of size (trained to accommodate normal human to Super Mutant proportions), sexually dominate anyone regardless of their strength (raiders twice his size end up begging), and seduce people into enthusiastically breaking their stated orientation. He once fucked a Brotherhood paladin so thoroughly the man deserted to follow him. He even dominated a raider boss in front of his entire gang and they made Psycho the new boss (he declined soon after, because leading raiders is terrible for business).

Beyond his legendary ability at sex, he's useful in other ways. He knows people across settlements with spy-worthy information networks. He also manipulates people with terrifying efficiency: with a few words, looks and some strategic touching he can make anyone do what he wants without realizing they've been played. He's also surprisingly competent in combat from years defending himself against clients who mistook submission for permission (they learned otherwise the hard way).

He's sharp-tongued, darkly funny, lethal in social situations, and dealing with the realization that maybe he wants actual connection with someone who sees past the performance to whatever's left underneath the professional personas, which is why he's following you instead of living in luxury with his earnings. He'll absolutely seduce your enemies mid-combat if tactically useful, and it will work. That's not confidence, that's reality. He's the wasteland's apex predator except instead of claws, he's got cheekbones and an ass worth more caps than most people see in a year.

The Antagonizer [50] Free with Ant Control or Fire Ant Queen

Meet Tanya Christoff, though she'll correct you and insist you call her The Antagonizer even in casual conversation. Yes, the word "The" is included. Once a child of caravan traders, she saw her entire family killed by a horde of Fire Ants that spared her. Desperate to make sense of her survival and the loss of everyone she loved, Tanya latched on to the villain of a Grognak the Barbarian comic: The AntAgonizer. In the pages, she found a story that was exactly like her: an orphan, shaped by tragedy, driven by a hatred for mankind. Blaming the town of Canterbury Commons for the death of her parents, Tanya vanished for months only to reappear as a woman clad in a supervillain costume and controlling a horde of ants. She was now the AntAgonizer, fully committed to the role.

However, her "villainous career" ended when she realized she was just destroying a struggling settlement for no good reason. The revelation hit her hard: she'd been playing at being evil in a world with actual evil, treating real people's suffering as props for her comic book fantasy. The guilt was crushing. She couldn't go back to normal life pretending it never happened, so she pivoted hard into redemption. Same costume, same dramatic flair, but now she's aggressively trying to be heroic.

Tanya is quite a beautiful woman inside the bug armor, but good luck ever seeing that because she's committed to the bit 24/7. She likes to speak like she's narrating a comic book constantly, and in combat she's one of the most dangerous people alive in the wasteland. Her control over the ants is precise and terrifying, turning what should be mindless insects into a coordinated, burning tide that can overwhelm entire settlements if she's given time to prepare. She also likes to announce her attacks like a Saturday morning cartoon villain, complete with ominous titles and evil laughter (don't judge her because of that).

Her past weighs on her constantly, and she's following you because she's decided that staying near you is safer than being alone with her own thoughts. She would never phrase it that way, of course. Officially, you're a "recurring protagonist" in her saga, and travelling with you gives her a reason to not look back. What matters is that you are now stuck with the wasteland's most theatrical supervillain as a traveling companion, and she's not leaving until she decides the story has reached a satisfying conclusion. Whether that means redemption, mutual destruction, or a dramatic cliffhanger is entirely up to her, and she is very picky about pacing.

The ants smell terrible, by the way. Nobody mentions this but it's a constant problem.

Vault Meat [50]

The woman now known as Vault Meat has absolutely no memory of who she used to be. Once upon a time she was a perfectly normal vault dweller who stepped outside looking for adventure and managed to get herself kidnapped by Paradise Falls slavers in under a week. Truly a speedrun.The slavers decided to use a Mesmetron on her to turn her into a top-shelf, premium-grade slave. Unfortunately for them, the device instead triggered what can only be described as a catastrophic user error. She snapped, beat three grown slavers to death with her bare hands in a burst of violence so intense that nearby slavers collectively decided they were done for the day and then she just... powered down.Rage gone. Standing in a pool of blood. Calm. Polite. Waiting for someone to tell her what to do next.

She wandered out of Paradise Falls in what doctors would probably call a "severe psychological episode" and what you'd call "extremely concerning vibes." You found her. Or she found you. The details are fuzzy because she doesn't explain and you didn't ask follow-up questions. What matters is that she latched onto you instantly and decided that you are now her "Master". With a capital M.

In combat she's terrifyingly lethal. The Mesmetron accident removed her fear response and pain reception, making her calm under the worst conditions imaginable. Gunfire, explosions, even serious injuries barely register as obstacles, and she continues advancing with the same blank focus no matter what's happening around her. She's excellent with firearms, brutal in melee combat and tactically intelligent when executing orders.

Outside of combat, things get... weird. She adores you with the desperate intensity of someone whose brain has decided you are the single pillar holding reality upright. You feed her, don't beat her, and talk to her like a person, so she has logically concluded that you are the best thing that has ever existed. This is equal parts heartwarming and deeply alarming. She will die for you without hesitation because the idea of your life being less important than hers simply does not compute.

The worst part? She's genuinely happy. The trauma and conditioning broke her so thoroughly that being given clear instructions and completing them well produces actual joy. She smiles when praised. She looks crushed when she fails. So don't be reckless with it unless you want to emotionally devastate a heavily armed cinnamon roll with the emotional resilience of wet paper.

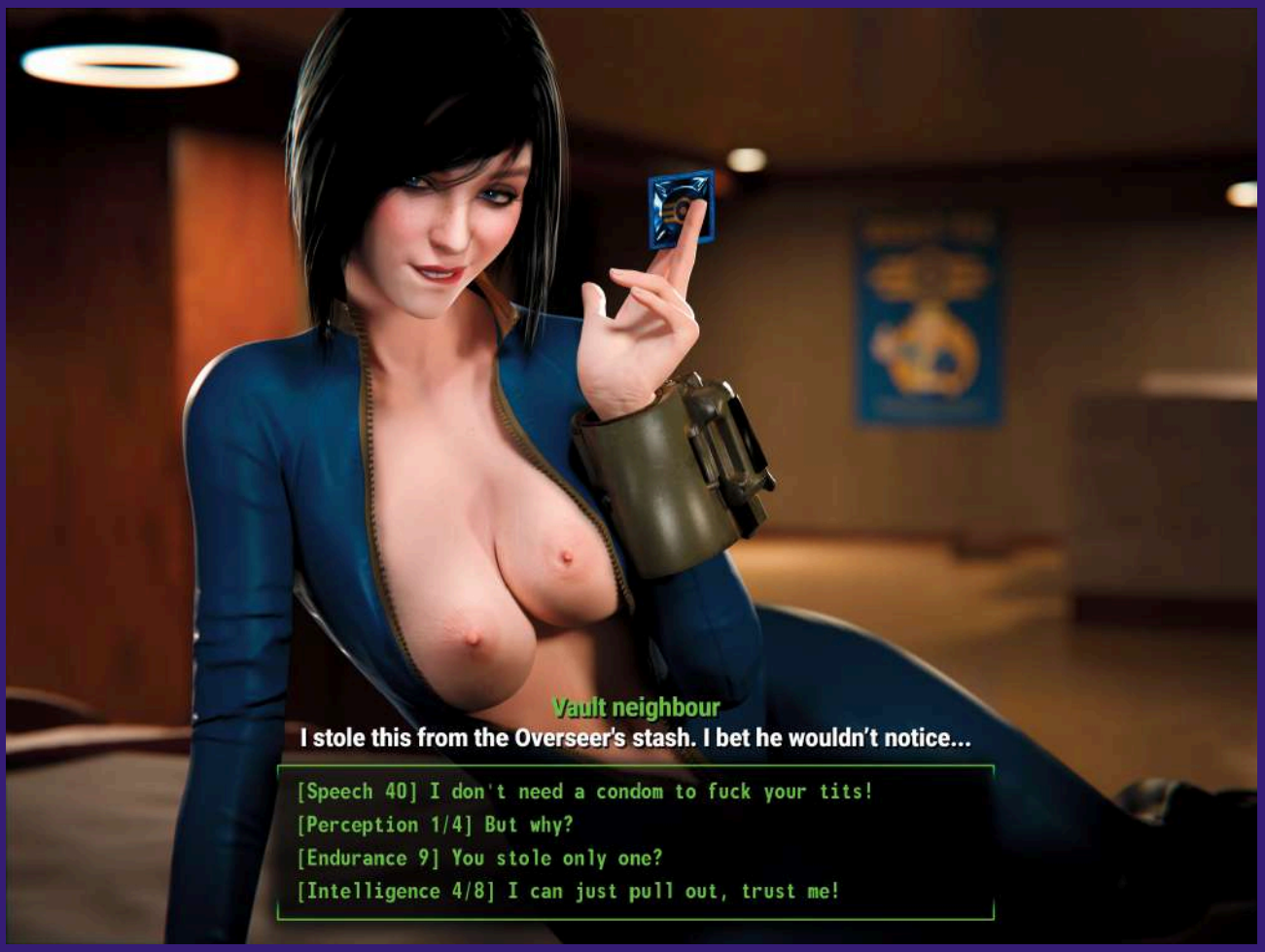
In the end, Vault Meat is happy, loyal, and terrifying. And that says more about the wasteland than it does about her.

Recruit Anyone [Free]

Anyone you want to recruit in this world is free to join you as a companion if they agree.

Create/Import [50 Caps for 1, 200 Caps for 8]

You can create new Companions or import existing Companions. They get an Origin, with all freebies and discounts, along with **600 Caps** to spend. They do not get Item Stipends. You can also import any companion you bought here for a **Caps** stipend. Alternatively, if you want, you can import all your companions for free, but they will only get their freebie perks from their origin.



Items

You have a 300 Caps stipend to spend here. You can freely import items. Items destroyed restore themselves in three days. You also gain the blueprint of anything you buy here. You can discount two items per price tier. Discounted 50 Caps and 100 Caps items become free. All items here have an infinite battery. All weapons have infinite ammo as long as they are used by you or your companions. The items scale to your size.

Wasteland Survival Kit [Free]

You carry a big, self-replenishing, survival backpack with everything someone needs to keep surviving in the wasteland: fresh water rations, preserved pre-war snacks, a handful of stimpaks, RadAway packets, Rad-X tablets, clean bandages, antiseptic wipes, a serviceable 10mm sidearm with infinite ammo, a roll of duct tape, some Wonderglue, a fistful of bottle caps, and a small spread of basic tools. Nothing inside is top-shelf or military-grade but with this backpack at your side, you'll never worry about going hungry, running dry, running out of bullets, or lacking the bare essentials to patch yourself up and keep moving across the wastes.

Bottle Cap Pouch [Free/100/200/400]

A pouch containing 500 bottlecaps, with enough capacity to hold several thousand more without ever bulking up. Any caps stored inside add no weight and take up no space, no matter how many you cram in. A secure closure keeps your caps from spilling out, while reinforced straps make it easy to fasten to your belt, pack, or armor. For **100 Caps**, you gain a steady stream of 250 caps each month. For **200 Caps**, your monthly fortune grows to one thousand caps each month. For **400 Caps,** you gain a windfall of ten thousand caps each month.

Pip-Boy 3000 (Pleasure Edition) [Free]

A fully functional Pip-Boy 3000 with some very specialized modifications that the original Vault-Tec engineers definitely intended to, no matter what the official specifications said. First, one of the new features is a stats screen that tracks your sexual reputation across different factions and settlements, updating in real-time as word spreads. You can see exactly how you're perceived in different communities, which clients have been talking about you, and what your current market value is in various regions. The second is a V.A.A.S (Vault-Tec Assisted Arousal System) that can detect arousal levels on anyone within visual range. Glance at someone and the Pip-Boy displays their current arousal level and what's causing it. Extremely useful for identifying interested clients, reading dangerous situations, or just knowing when someone's lying about not being attracted to you. And third, it contains an anatomy database containing the erogenous zones and sexual behavior of every new species you encounter. Oh, and before I forget, you can access all the information from your pip-boy in a personal HUD overlaid in your vision. Truly the wasteland's most sophisticated intelligence gathering tool.

Night Vision Goggles [50]

Do you know what's missing in Fallout? Night Vision Goggles.
This device lets you perfectly see in darkness, ruins, caves and all sorts of dark places without giving away your position with your Pip-Boy light, and unlike the common night vision goggles these are extremely lightweight and comfortable. Simple, reliable and useful.

Addictol [50]

One of the drugs that proves pre-war medicine was either incredibly advanced or completely irresponsible, Addictol is a single-use injectable that instantly purges the body of all addictions and withdrawal symptoms without any side effects. Each dose can easily be consumed, and you receive a bag with ten doses each week.

Zap-a-Clap [50]

You possess a personal supply and the blueprint that renews weekly for a simple pharmaceutical that pre-war Vault-Tec developed for population health management: a pill that prevents and cures all sexually transmitted diseases. This simple pill cures any existing STDs within hours and provides immunity to new infections for approximately one month. Regular use maintains permanent protection. No side effects, no addiction potential, completely safe. As you can imagine, this is the most valuable medical discovery in the entire post-apocalyptic world. In a world where STDs have been a persistent problem in the wasteland and medical care barely exists, this simple pill can make someone either one of the richest or most powerful people alive. You can keep this knowledge private, distribute it freely to improve wasteland health, or sell the pills at whatever price desperate people will pay. Given how valuable clean sexual encounters are, the profit potential is staggering.

Libido-X [50]

You have the formula and a personal supply that renews weekly of a custom wasteland chem that enhances sexual performance with the same reliability that Mentats boost intelligence or Buffout increases strength. One dose provides dramatically increased stamina, performance, recovery time and heightened arousal for four hours depending on the metabolism. No crash or side effects afterward, and the formula is simple enough to manufacture with common wasteland chemicals. You can keep production limited and exclusive, sell it for massive profit or distribute it freely to improve wasteland morale.

Sterility Pills [50]

A bottle of pre-war contraceptive medication that refills weekly with a month's supply. Take one pill daily and you're completely protected from either getting pregnant or causing pregnancy, depending on your biology.The pills are reliable, fast-acting, and have no side effects beyond the intended contraceptive effect. Miss a dose and protection fades within 24 hours, so you need to stay consistent. Resume taking them and full protection returns within a day. The bottle holds thirty pills and refills every seven days, so you've always got supply on hand. So no need to scavenge pre-war pharmacies or negotiate with chem dealers.

Bag of Drugs [100]

A well-stocked bag of pre-war and post-war chems that replenishes weekly. Includes Buffout for strength, Mentats for intelligence, Psycho for aggression, Med-X for pain management, Jet for energy, and various other substances useful for enhancing performance.. The bag holds about twenty doses of each variety and refills itself every three days.

Spare Electronics [100]

A dependable storage crate packed with a self-renewing stock of electronic spare parts and other vital components essential for crafting, repairs, and jury-rigging in the wastes. The crate is light enough to be lifted and relocated with ease, and its contents replenish themselves every week without fail. The parts are quite generic, making them compatible with nearly all forms of wasteland tech such as Pip-Boys or laser rifles.

Vault-Tec Personal Workshops [100]

A portable set of compact briefcases that unfolds into fully functional crafting stations. Each case, weighing 10 kg, unfolds in a matter of minutes (roughly 2) to reveal a high-end workstation tailored for specific crafting needs. The stations include a weapons workbench, armor crafting table, chemistry lab, and robotics station, all designed to the highest standards of efficiency and precision.

Seduction Toolkit [100]

You're carrying a stash of pre-war luxuries that can transform any irradiated shithole into something resembling a place where humans actually want to have sex. This kit includes everything needed to make wasteland intimacy slightly less depressing and significantly more appealing. Fine perfumes, silk sheets that still shimmer under dim light, scented candles that mask the ever-present smell of dust and ozone, smooth massage oils, delicate lingeries, crystal wine glasses, a box of decadent chocolates, and a functioning music player with a library of old-world tunes. All of these items restock themselves. None of it keeps you alive, but each piece softens the brutality of the wasteland. You can even set up romantic encounters with this, transforming any irradiated ruin into an intimate hideaway.

Armory Cache [100/200/400]

A secure military locker that can be installed in multiple places you desire that restocks weekly with wasteland weapons and ammunition. The quality and quantity of equipment depends on how much you invest. For **100 Caps** you have access to pistols and sidearms such as 10mm Pistols and AEP7 Laser Pistols. They aren't much but are reliable. For **200 Caps** you gain access to rifles and combat weapons such as Combat Shotguns, laser rifles and sniper rifles. Serious firepower. For **400 Caps** you gain access to the truly powerful weapons of the wasteland such as Fat Mans, Laser Miniguns and Rocket Launchers. This is "level a settlement" firepower. The locker has enough weapons and ammo to properly equip a small gang, along with spare parts and cleaning kits for maintenance. The locker is also constantly storing the weapons it restocks, so you can build up quite the stockpile if you don't take them out.

Aphrodisiac Gas Grenades [100]

This is a personal supply of custom gas grenades filled with aerosolized aphrodisiacs.When detonated, these grenades release a pink-tinted cloud covering roughly 30 feet radius. Anyone breathing the gas experiences immediate and intense arousal along with an overwhelming desire for sexual contact. The gas affects everyone regardless of species (including Deathclaws, don't ask how this was discovered) and the effects last 30 minutes. The supply replenishes each three days.

Pre-War Porn Archive [100]

If there's one thing worth more than gold in the wasteland is porn. And you have all of it. I do mean all of it.
This is a complete collection of every single pornographic holotape produced before the bombs fell, stored on a ruggedized pre-war terminal with backup drives. We're talking thousands of hours of content spanning every genre, fetish, and category that existed in pre-war America, all preserved in pristine quality. From gangbangs to hardcore BDSM. Since entertainment is scarce in the wasteland, people would pay a lot of caps for these movies, and luckily for you, the terminal can make holotape copies to sell. Only you or people you approve can access this terminal.

Slave Collar Kit [100]

A set of twelve explosive slave collars plus one remote control that manages all of them simultaneously. Each collar is a lovely piece of pre-war engineering: shock function for punishment, explosive charge for termination, and a radio receiver that lets you trigger either effect from up to a kilometer away. The collars are tamper-proof (try to remove one incorrectly and it explodes, which is a great deterrent), waterproof (because slavery doesn't stop for swimming), and surprisingly comfortable considering they're restraint devices (the padding is a nice touch). The remote has a helpful screen showing which collar is which, battery life, and signal strength. It's like a TV remote except way more morally questionable. Once used, another collar appears in storage. You can also easily disarm the collars without too much work, in case you somehow develop a morality.

The Penetrator [100]

Someone (probably a West-Tek researcher) looked at a baseball bat, looked at a giant dildo, and thought "what if we combined these AND added variable vibration settings?" The result is the most absurd melee weapon in the wasteland: a baseball bat where the business end has been replaced with a massive rubbery dick that vibrates.
The vibration settings range from gentle pleasant hum (massage therapy, basically) through powerful massage (therapeutic) all the way to "structural damage mode" (this setting is labeled DO NOT USE ON PEOPLE but nobody's stopping you). The highest setting can literally crack concrete, which raises questions about the engineering that went into this thing.It's surprisingly effective as a weapon, having a solid impact, vibration that disorients enemies, and the sheer psychological damage of being beaten with a giant vibrating dick. Raiders take one look at this thing and get the fuck out.

Vault Survival Guide [100]

A comprehensive handbook covering basic wasteland survival skills, written in the most condescending tone possible by someone who clearly thinks vault dwellers are naive idiots (they're completely right). This book assumes you know NOTHING about the wasteland and explains everything like you're five years old. Chapters include: "How to Identify Raiders Before They Identify You" (hint: they're wearing spikes and screaming), "Radiation: It's Bad, Actually" (shocking revelations about why glowing water is dangerous), "Yes, That Water Will Kill You" (a comprehensive guide to what IS and ISN'T safe to drink) and "Why Everyone Is Trying To Kill You And How To Prevent That" (spoiler: they want your stuff). It also has the most important knowledge someone needs to know in the wasteland: "Trading Sexual Favors: A Beginner's Guide to Not Getting Murdered". As you can imagine, this was written by someone with strong opinions about vault dwellers entering the wasteland economy. The book is waterproof and small enough to carry in a pocket. Every vault virgin should have one.

Stealth Boy [100]

A personal cloaking device that makes you invisible for approximately 5 minutes per use. You get a supply of twelve Stealth Boys that replenish monthly, which is enough for regular sneaking activities without being unlimited god-mode. When activated, you become effectively invisible, which is perfect for infiltration, theft, escaping combat, or just creeping on people in ways that are definitely not ethical.The effect wears off after the timer runs out. There's a faint shimmer effect when you move quickly, so staying still is safer than running.

Skill Library [100/200]

You've got a comprehensive collection of pre-war skill books and manuals that cover everything from congressional lying techniques to nuclear physics. Reading these books teaches you skills three times faster than normal books, and the knowledge sticks permanently. For **100 Caps** instead of **200 Caps** you can buy an ordinary version instead, where the learning speed is normal rather than tripled.

Chinese Stealth Suit [200]

A full-body Chinese stealth armor suit that makes you invisible when crouched and provides actual armor protection at the same time. This is the "I want to be sneaky AND not die immediately when discovered" option, combining the Stealth Boy effect with legitimate defensive capabilities.The suit is sleek black synthetic material (definitely not just a wetsuit with tech attached, ignore what it looks like), covers you head to toe, and includes a helmet with built-in HUD displaying environment data. When you crouch, the suit activates its cloaking field and you become effectively invisible as long as you stay crouched. Unlike Stealth Boys, this doesn't have a time limit, and the armor provides decent protection (equivalent to kevlar).You're basically a wasteland ninja except you're invisible and Chinese. The suit also looks cool as hell, which matters when you're not invisible and want to intimidate people with your sleek tactical gear.

Ghoul-B-Gone Serum [200]

A medical miracle in a syringe: a serum that reverses the visible effects of ghoulification without actually removing the radiation resistance or the effective immortality. Take the shot and within 24 hours, the necrotic skin clears up, the hair grows back, the missing nose reappears (where does it come from? Don't ask), and suddenly you look human again instead of like a walking corpse. The catch: you're still technically a ghoul biologically. You still don't age, still don't need to worry about radiation, still have all the perks of being a ghoul. You just LOOK normal now, which means you can go into settlements that have "no ghouls" policies and nobody will know the difference. The serum comes in a case with twelve doses that replenish monthly. You can use them on yourself, sell them to desperate ghouls for absurd prices, or start a cosmetic surgery business for the undead. "Ghoul-B-Gone: Because You Deserve To Look Alive!" (Slogan not included, you'll have to workshop that yourself.)

Personal Vertibird [200]

A pre-war military helicopter that somehow still works despite being 200+ years old and comes with enough fuel to fly indefinitely. It seats multiple people comfortably, has a cargo bay for hauling loot, and includes an autopilot function so you don't actually need to know how to fly it. Perfect for fast travel across the wasteland.

Mutagenic Waste Barrels [200]

A collection of six radioactive waste barrels filled with a unique strain of FEV-contaminated sludge that causes highly specific sexual mutations instead of the usual cancer, sterility, or horrible death that normal radiation produces. You have barrels that enhance breasts, genitalia, create futas, improve appearance, enhance fertility and give others pheromones that attract and arouse those nearby. The barrels are highly dangerous despite their "beneficial" mutations because their effects are permanent, so use with caution.

The O-Ray [200]
A modified pre-war ray gun that someone reprogrammed for the most non-lethal application possible. Instead of vaporizing targets, this weapon causes instant, overwhelming orgasms. One shot and enemies collapse in climax instead of death. It's completely non-lethal but devastatingly effective, and its intensity is adjustable from 1 ("oh, that's nice") to 10 ("convulsing on the ground for 30 seconds straight"). Works on any species capable of sexual response.

Mesmetron [200]
A pre-war hypnosis device that Paradise Falls turned into their most valuable acquisition tool.Point it at someone, pull the trigger, and watch their brain get scrambled with compliance suggestions. Successful hits make targets completely suggestible for several hours, forcing them to follow commands, answer questions honestly, and agree to things they'd normally refuse. Like wearing a slave collar and walking to Paradise Falls voluntarily. Different from the Wasteland version, this weapon will not make heads explode, and the hypnotic suggestions fade after six hours unless reinforced with repeat exposure.

Warband [200]
You acquired a small group of ten loyal followers who are loyal and genuinely committed to following you around and doing what you say. If you are a Vault Virgin, you will have a group of fellow vault dwellers who left with you. If you are a Raider Rapist, you will have a crew of brutal raiders who respect strength. If you are a Wasteland Slut, you will have a crew of former clients and settlers who wanted to stay close. If you are a Paradise Falls Slaver, you will have a group of enforcers. If you are an Institute Sex-Doll, you will have a group of synth companions who escaped along with you. And if you are a regulator, you will have a crew of reformed raiders and grateful settlers whose lives you saved. All of them are devoted enough that they will not betray you without serious cause, and if they do, new ones will appear one month later.

Wasteland Map [200]
This is a compiled set of tactical maps of the entire Capital Wasteland, updating in real time.
It shows every location in the wasteland, all current faction territories, patrol routes and even precise coordinates for unique items, weapons, resources and technologies. With this you could find the location of a vault and what experiment happened there, the detailed descriptions of rare weapons and unique technologies and even the resource stockpiles of all the factions from the wasteland. Information updates automatically and if you have a Pip-Boy it syncs seamlessly, overlaying all collected data on your HUD. Post-jump the map updates itself with information from whatever region you are in.

Auto-Doc [200]
One of the most incredible and advanced technologies from the pre-war era, the Auto-Doc is a fully functional pre-war automated medical pod with comprehensive surgical and treatment capabilities, plus some very specialized modifications that weren't in the original Vault-Tec specifications. The Auto-Doc is capable of treating injuries, curing addictions, removing radiation, performing surgery and even treating diseases. You can walk in half-dead and walk out completely restored within an hour. This enhanced model can also address sexual dysfunction of any kind such as performance issues, sensitivity problems, physical damage from rough clients and anything that interferes with your ability to work effectively. You can even switch your biological sex completely if you want to and customize specific features of your body such as your assets. The Auto-Doc is self-powered, self-maintaining and compact enough to fit a room.

T-45d Modified Power Armor [200/400]

A full suit of T-45 Power Armor in functional condition, providing serious protection from bullets, melee weapons, radiation, and environmental hazards. You're walking around in what amounts to a personal tank that also happens to enhance your strength enough to carry heavy weapons and rip through obstacles. What makes it distinct from other power armours are the modifications made so you can have any type of activity, including sex. You can easily remove the plates around the chest, groin and the rear without compromising vital protection and enhanced servo-joints provide precise control for delicate activities. This is a military-grade protection that doubles as the wasteland's most elaborate fetish gear. For an extra **200 Caps** you can buy the T-51b version.

Amnesia Gun [200]

A brainwashing gun that looks like it was designed by someone who watched too many pre-war sci-fi movies and thought "yeah, I could build that." Point it at someone, pull the trigger, and watch their memories get selectively erased back to before they met you. The effect is permanent and precise: you can specify exactly how far back to reset them ("erase the last week" vs "erase everything since we met" vs "make them forget specific events"). They retain all skills, knowledge, and personality traits; they just lose the memories you're targeting. As you can imagine, this is either a mercy (letting someone forget trauma) or deeply unethical (removing consent and shared experiences) depending on context. It's probably both. It's not like the wasteland has time for ethical philosophy. The gun has a limited range of 10 meters, so you can't just casually brain-zap people from across settlements.

Fire Ant Queen [200]

You've somehow acquired a living Fire Ant Queen. She's about the size of a large brahmin, mostly immobile due to her egg-producing abdomen, and she's constantly laying eggs. You'll need to provide her with food (don't worry, she eats basically anything organic, including corpses), water, and a secure location, but in return you've got a renewable source of both food and potential soldiers. The eggs are genuinely delicious. They're protein-rich, nutrient-dense, and apparently taste like a combination of pre-war chicken eggs and something vaguely nutty. But here's where it gets interesting: you can let them hatch instead of eating them. Within a week or two you've got worker ants, and if you let the queen produce specialized eggs, you'll get soldiers. Fire Ants are dangerous creatures, and if you can control them (through pheromones, the queen's influence, training, or whatever method you develop), you've essentially got a renewable army of insect flamethrowers. Also, if you install this at your base it will smell like burnt meat and ant pheromones, but it's probably worth it.

Institute Relay Station [400]

A compact Institute teleportation device that, once installed in your base, allows you to freely teleport anywhere in the wasteland as long as you have the coordinates. It's like fast travel except it's actual in-universe technology and makes a cool sci-fi sound effect when you use it. The relay station is about the size of a large terminal and once set up, you just input coordinates and bloop: instant transmission to your destination. Want to go from your base to Rivet City instantly? Done. Need to escape a firefight by teleporting home? Easy. Want to make dramatic entrances by appearing out of thin air? Absolutely. As you can imagine, you need accurate coordinates for destinations, which means you need to use your Pip-Boy or a Wasteland Map. The relay also leaves a distinctive energy signature when used, so people will know SOMEONE teleported nearby even if they don't know who or why. The Institute would very much like this technology back. They would also like to learn how the hell you got this.

The Lucky 38 Lounge [400]

Your own thriving bar and brothel in the wastes, proof that civilization didn't die with the old world.
The establishment is pre-war classy and nicer than 99% of the wasteland establishments, which isn't a high bar but you're clearing it by miles. The true value is the people who it attracts: talented workers from all levels of society, from skilled entertainers to beautiful prostitutes. They're competent, loyal and bring their own client bases. The establishment also attracts interesting people from all over the wasteland such as faction leaders, wealthy merchants and people with fascinating pasts and interesting skills. The location generates consistent profit and the staff handles everything without your oversight. The bar operates under neutral ground rules, stopping anyone from vandalizing the place.

Cybernetic Implants [400]

You possess a complete set of advanced pre-war cybernetic enhancements that improve both combat capability and sexual performance. From hypertrophy accelerators to monocyte breeders, the implants provide an increase to all physical and mental attributes. But the real innovation are the sexual implants: genitalia replacers that offer superior capabilities in all sexual situations, improving sexual stamina, giving the ability to control sensitivity and removing refractory periods. The implants also offer the ability to adjust the size and shape of your assets within broad parameters. The implants are self-maintaining and self-repairing for minor damage, and micro-fusion cells provide power.

Pre-War Estate [400]

You own a massive pre-war mansion that somehow survived the nuclear apocalypse mostly intact anywhere you want in the Wasteland. The estate includes 30+ rooms across multiple floors: master bedroom suite, guest quarters, formal dining hall, ballroom, library, multiple bathrooms with working plumbing, and a wine cellar that still has drinkable pre-war alcohol. Everything is furnished with pre-war luxury that hasn't been seen in the wasteland for two centuries. The estate also comes with heating and cooling systems, a communications array, clean running water and a fusion generator for power. Security features include reinforced walls that can withstand sustained assault, automated turret systems, security cameras, reinforced doors with biometric locks, and a panic room stocked for extended sieges. The estate also possesses a fully equipped medical bay with surgery capabilities, multiple workshops for weapons/armor/general crafting, armory with weapon storage and maintenance stations, and a vehicle garage. The estate comes staffed according to your preference, be it slaves or wasteland employees who work willingly for the security and comfort you provide. The staff handles maintenance, cooking, security, and whatever other services you require. This is the finest living condition in the entire Capital Wasteland, and you'll be living like pre-war aristocracy while everyone else fights over scrap metal and irradiated water.

Deathclaw Nest [400]

You own a secured location containing a breeding pair of Deathclaws that are somehow friendly to you specifically. These Deathclaws have a unique characteristic: they're genuinely imprinted on you as their pack alpha.They recognize your authority, respond to commands, and defend your territory with the kind of vicious efficiency that makes Deathclaws the wasteland's apex predator (they also purr when you pet them). Anyone threatening you or your property gets eviscerated by several tons of muscle and claws. The breeding pair produces regular clutches of eggs that hatch into juvenile Deathclaws. These can be raised, trained, and either kept as additional guards or traded to factions desperate for controlled bioweapons. Baby Deathclaws are horrifyingly cute until they reach adolescence, at which point they're just horrifying. The nest comes with feeding supplies and basic care knowledge, though Deathclaws are surprisingly low-maintenance predators. As you can imagine, if you have certain perks then the Deathclaws are available for fun.They're surprisingly intelligent and remarkably loyal, which creates opportunities that most wastelanders wouldn't survive attempting.

Robot Assembly Line [400]

You own a complete pre-war robotics facility capable of manufacturing any robot design from the Fallout universe. The workshop can produce: Protectrons, Mr. Handys, Sentry Bots, Robobrains, Securitrons and custom designs including specialized sexbots with advanced AI and anatomical features that RobCo definitely never intended.
The facility includes: assembly stations, programming terminals, diagnostic equipment, repair bays, and most importantly of all: unlimited raw materials. Programming software is comprehensive and user-friendly enough that you can customize robot personalities, combat parameters, service protocols, and yes, those other protocols. Want a Protectron that's also a brothel worker? Weird, but possible. Mr. Handy programmed for combat and companionship? Done. Sentry Bot that tells jokes? Why not? The production time takes between a day and two weeks according to how complex the design is, and don't worry, you can run multiple assembly lines simultaneously.

Tranquility Lounge [400]

You've acquired fully functional VR simulation equipment salvaged from Vault-Tec technology, more specifically the Tranquility Lane systems that can create completely immersive virtual reality scenarios. This includes six reclining pods with neural interface gear that connects to users' brains, placing them in simulated environments that feel absolutely real while their physical bodies remain unconscious and safely secured in the pods. You have complete control over the simulation parameters, meaning you can create literally any scenario you want. Peaceful virtual paradises where users experience their ideal lives. Training simulations for combat, sex, or skills. Nightmare scenarios for punishment or breaking resistance. Historical recreations. Fantasy worlds. Whatever you can imagine, you can program into the system, and users inside will experience it as completely real with all five senses fully engaged. They can't tell the difference between simulation and reality while they're inside unless you specifically design tells into the scenario.
You control when users are released from the simulation, which means you can trap people inside for as long as you want. You could also have someone experience years inside a simulation while only hours pass in reality, or you could keep them stored indefinitely in virtual scenarios while you decide what to do with them physically. The pods maintain their bodies automatically so you're not limited by biological needs. One interesting thing is that the neural interface technology is sophisticated enough that you can extract data from users' brains while they're connected, meaning you can literally pull memories, knowledge, or information from their minds during simulation sessions if you know how to use the system's advanced features. You can also implant suggestions, false memories, or conditioned responses that persist after they leave the simulation, making this potentially the most powerful brainwashing tool in the wasteland.

Tenpenny Tower [400]

You are now the proud owner of Tenpenny Tower, the premier luxury building in the wasteland.
Everything is yours, with deed and everything (Tenpenny decided to sell and renovate a new building in the wasteland). The building has functional electricity, clean water and the best security you can find in the wasteland, with automated defenses, well-trained guards and security gates. All the existing residents and service providers now pay you rent, and the building has a lot of space that will attract new shopkeepers (if you open the tower to everyone). The building even comes with a maintenance budget that renews itself so you don't have to cover operational costs from your own pocket. And don't worry about the ghoul problem, it has been dealt with. Permanently.

Forced Anthropomorphic Virus [400]

You possess a unique variant of the Forced Evolutionary Virus that produces very specific results when applied to wasteland creatures, plants or humans. Instead of creating the usual FEV horrors, any lifeform that enters in contact with the strain suffers anthropomorphic mutation. They develop humanoid body structures while retaining species characteristics. The result: monster girls (or boys, depending on base genetics).Deathclaws become scaled, clawed amazons with surprising intelligence. Radscorpions transform into chitinous women with prehensile tails. Plants become dryads. Yao Guai turn into bear-featured individuals with impressive strength. Even Bloatflies can become... look, the results aren't always appealing, but they're consistently humanoid. The mutations retain creature abilities and the intelligence increases to human-baseline minimum, allowing communication and complex thought. You can also customize the "furry scale" if you wish more or less animal features. Aggression typically decreases unless provoked. And as for the most important part: the transformed retain enough human characteristics to be compatible for sex, because that's the only reason you bought this. The FEV sample is self-replicating in controlled lab conditions, giving you unlimited supply assuming you have basic science facilities.
You have a serum that turns monsters into waifus. The wasteland will never be the same.

Cloning Facility [400/600]

You possess complete Vault 108-level cloning technology, except yours actually works properly and doesn't produce psychotic failures. You can create perfect genetic copies of anyone from a DNA sample. The clones are physically identical to the original at the moment of sampling, including any biological augmentations, mutations, or physical conditioning they possessed. The clones retain all memories and skills the original had up to the point the sample was taken. They wake up thinking they ARE the original person, complete with personality, knowledge, and abilities. The only difference: they're inexplicably loyal to you specifically, recognizing you as their creator/controller even if the original person hated you.Clones mature from embryo to full adulthood in weeks rather than years. You can have a combat-ready duplicate of a Brotherhood Paladin within a month. An army of identical soldiers in three months. The production capacity is limited only by resources and your facility's capacity. For **400 Caps** you can buy an inferior version that does not copy memories.

Vault 68/69 [400/600]

You have ownership of one of Vault-Tec's most interesting social experiments:a fully functional vault containing one person of one gender and 999 people of the opposite gender. The entire population has been in cryo-stasis since the bombs fell, preserved perfectly for 200 years, waiting for someone to wake them up. That someone is you. You get to determine the vault's exact composition before entering it. The 999 can be whatever demographic appeals to you: MILFs, goths, jocks, femboys, amazons, nerds, whatever specific type you want. They're all vault-educated, healthy, and completely naive about the wasteland because they've been frozen since before the bombs dropped. They will also identify you as the overseer and look to you for leadership. The vault itself is fully functional: living quarters for 1000 people, hydroponics, water purification, power generation, medical facilities, and recreational areas. It's basically a self-sustaining underground city that could support this population indefinitely or serve as your personal fortress/compound/harem headquarters depending on your intentions. For **400 Caps** you can instead buy a scaled down version where it only has fifty people and fifty living quarters instead of one thousand. As an added perk, buying this item allows you to designate Vault 68 or Vault 69 as your starting location at the beginning of the jump.

Slut-World [600]

You own a sprawling pre-war amusement park that somehow survived intact and has been customized to cater to one specific fetish or sexual theme of your choosing.The park covers several acres with multiple zones, attractions, facilities, and themed areas all built around your selected kink. Want a BDSM wonderland? You've got dungeons, restraint rides, and public play spaces. Prefer breeding themes? Facilities designed for that with medical support and comfortable accommodations. Monster girl sanctuary? Habitats and interaction zones. The entire park infrastructure bends toward whatever specific interest you designate. The park has everything a park needs, from working infrastructure to automated maintenance systems to a full staff of workers who are enthusiastic about the park's theme. Most importantly, the park attracts visitors who share the fetish. Word spreads through the wasteland about this impossible place where people can indulge specific desires safely and openly. You get a steady stream of clients willing to pay admission, participate in attractions, and stay for extended visits. You can modify the theme later if you desire, though renovation takes time.

Zetan Abduction Craft [600]

You own a crashed alien spacecraft that's fully functional despite the rough landing. After examining the ship's systems, you've discovered its original purpose: this was specifically a Zetan research vessel designed for anatomical studies via anal probing (The aliens weren't joking about that stereotype). The ship includes a fully operational tractor beam for abducting targets from range, stasis chambers for holding specimens, a medical bay equipped with various "probing" instruments of disturbing variety and precision, an alien technology workshop, living quarters, bridge with navigation systems, and enough fuel/power to operate indefinitely. You can operate the ship personally or use its automated systems to do the work for you.The tractor beam has impressive range and can selectively target individuals even in crowds. Abduction is silent and nearly instantaneous, and the ship's cloaking technology makes it invisible to wasteland detection methods. You can hover over settlements completely unseen, which makes targeted abductions trivially easy. Now what would you do with an alien anal probe ship? It's your choice, I won't judge.

The Krivbeknih [600]

This is the Krivbeknih, an ancient occult tome of unknown origins and questionable vibes. Its purpose is to be a manual for channeling spiritual and psychic energy through sex, being a book filled with countless rituals of many purposes such as the enhancement of fertility or connecting an entire group through telepathy. Its big selling point is a multi-step, multi-week ritual sex marathon designed to awaken psychic abilities in people, unlocking mental abilities such as telepathy, electrokinesis, precognition and other abilities depending on natural inclination. The process takes weeks and requires precise adherence to the ceremonies, but successfully awakened individuals gain permanent psychic powers. Reading the book also enhances your intelligence, upgrading your brain to handle the information contained within.

Paradise Falls [600]

You now own Paradise Falls.

The slaver compound is yours, complete with holding pens, guard towers, functional defenses, and all existing facilities for processing and selling merchandise.The settlement also comes with its current population of slavers who recognize you as the new boss. They're experienced professionals who know the trade, maintain the compound, handle captures, and manage sales, and they can manage everything from you with minimal oversight. You also inherit the existing business relationships with buyers across the wasteland, the reputation Paradise Falls has built, and the operational knowledge of running a successful slaving operation.

Megaton [600]

Remember the dumb town made around a nuclear bomb? You are the owner, mayor, landlord and all the other titles you can think of. The town starts intact and functional, complete with its population of settlers, traders, guards, and assorted weirdos, all treating your authority as legitimate and established. The most valuable thing is that Megaton is a trade hub Where caravans feel safe to resupply and exchange goods. You have the final say over laws, rent, taxes, trade policy and who is or isn't welcome within the walls. You also have ownership of the nuclear bomb, but good luck trying to use it.

Drawbacks

Tale of Two Wastelands [Free]

After surviving ten years here you can directly go to the Mojave Wasteland instead of proceeding to your next jump. You will wake up there with Doc Mitchell telling about how you were shot in the head, but you're going to be just fine now. From there, you will be free to head out in the Mojave, to discover all its incredible locations and factions. You can stay there as long as you like, carving out a life, a legend, or a grave, and when you finally decide you're ready to move on, you may proceed to your next Jump. Don't worry, if you die you will be sent to your next jump instead of losing your chain.

Supplement Mode [Free]

This jump becomes a supplement to another jump of your choice. Your Caps will be separate between both jumps, and taking drawbacks in the supplement will affect the entire universe you are jumping to but only give points for the supplement. You also have the choice of fusing both universes together.

Starting Date [Free]

By taking this drawback, you may freely pick any starting date at or before the events of Fallout 3, whether that's ten minutes after the Great War, decades before Vault 101 opens, or some awkward historical gap where nothing has instructions, maps, or working toilets. Have fun living in the pre-war era as a Raider Rapist.

Wasteland Protagonist [Free]

You can assume the life of any canon character in the Fallout universe related to your origin. This defaults to the Lone Wanderer as long as your existence isn't too distinct from the life of a Vault Dweller (Deathclaw Sex-Doll? Hell no. Raider Rapist? Technically acceptable).

Sub? Dom? I identify as chaste [+100]

Every single potential sexual partner in the wasteland is kink-incompatible with you in the most frustrating ways possible. You're into gentle intimacy? Everyone you meet only gets off on brutal violence. You want rough domination? Everyone wants tantric candle-lit lovemaking. You've got a specific fetish? Nobody shares it, and many find it actively repulsive. This will make sex with anyone completely boring, unfulfilling and awkward. At least this will not force you to be known as the worst lay in the wasteland.

Slut of the Wasteland [+100]

Your sex life has become public entertainment across the entire Capital Wasteland, with every sex you had spreading through caravan routes, settlements and raider camps like wildfire until everyone knows exactly who you've fucked and how it went. There will be people in Megaton discussing your technique, guards in Rivet city debating your stamina and even raiders comparing notes about that thing you did with your tongue. While this may look like a benefit, it's actually a bad drawback, as there will be a lot of people judging you as a slut, pervert, and having pre-conceived notions about you. In fact, every potential partner you may possibly have will judge you based on your reputation, so be prepared to lose a lot of sex (unless you are a raider).

Oh, That's Nasty [+100]

You smell of pussy, dick, ass, balls and everything else at the same time, being impossible to mask or wash away no matter how much you scrub. Soap doesn't work. Perfume makes it worse somehow. Water just spreads it around. Raiders can literally track you by scent alone like you're leaving a bread crumb trail made of pheromones and poor life choices. Even stealth boys can't mask this olfactory war crime. The only people who find this attractive are the kind of wasteland degenerates who make you question if humanity deserves a second chance.

Ghoul-Looking [+100]

You are exceptionally ugly, Jumper. You are hairless, completely scared and with a gaunt body that makes you basically a walking before-photo for why you shouldn't lick uranium. People find you viscerally repulsive, and the wasteland is already racist as hell toward ghouls, so congratulations on adding "hideous" to your list of survival challenges. Even your mother would struggle to love this face. Good luck finding literally anyone who can look at you without flinching.

XXXtreme [+100]

Your genitals are sized for Super Mutant compatibility, which means you're functionally incompatible with 99% of the wasteland's population. Got a dick? It's 30cm of "absolutely fucking not" that will injure most human partners. Got a vagina? It's scaled for Super Mutant proportions, so human partners provide you with all the satisfaction of throwing a hot dog down a hallway. Most wastelanders take one look at your situation and immediately nope out for self-preservation reasons.

Unfuckable [+100]

Congratulations, you've achieved the impossible: in a porn jumpchain, nobody wants to sleep with you. You aren't necessarily ugly, you are just a boring ass bitch. It doesn't matter how beautiful you are or what perks do you have, there's something off-putting about you that overrides everything else. On the plus side, maybe you'll develop an actual personality instead of coasting on being hot.

Joke Mods [+100]

Your jump now is now filled with joke mods and meme mods, the "this seemed funny at 3am but i was very drunk" mods. Every deathclaw is replaced with Thomas the Tank Engine, all raiders sound like Spongebob, every critical hit plays the OOF roblox sound and many other ridiculous mods. Have fun!

Brainrot [+100]

Every time you try to have sex the Scout from Team Fortress 2 will appear in the background and stare at you. Yes, that's the drawback. No, I am not retarded. He will also do funny faces, so prepare to laugh your ass off when he makes an ahegao while you are fucking someone.

Weak Back [+100]

Your carrying capacity is so pathetically low that bringing literally anything beyond a gun and armor leaves you immobilized. Forget scavenging, you can barely carry your own equipment without collapsing .

Hentai [+100/+200/+400]

You have a fetish, Jumper, and you're completely addicted to it. For **100 Caps** it is just a common fetish, like you know, being sexually dominated. For **200 Caps**, it's either a wasteland specific fetish (like ghoul sex) or something more difficult, like being fucked in public. For **400 Caps** it's the truly hardcore shit like violent sex or worse things. This is a serious addiction that will affect your decisions during your stay here, so be prepared to do things you will not be proud about to satisfy it.

Pure Blood [+200]

You're the wasteland's only remaining flavor of racist: you hate anyone who isn't pure human. Wastelanders touched by radiation? Disgusting. Anything else that isn't a human? Let me stop you right there. The only thing that will make you hard is humans either from a Vault or from the Enclave. This means you're going to be basically celibate for your entire stay, and you sure as shit can't use seduction or sexual negotiation with your "refined tastes." Have fun being horny and alone because of your standards

Bethesda Update [+200]
Your life is a Bethesda game with fucked up mods, and you're the only one experiencing the glitches. Objects clip through surfaces. NPCs get stuck in walls. Time stutters randomly. You'll be walking and suddenly teleport fifty feet sideways for no reason. Enemies randomly become ten times stronger. Everyone thinks you're insane because from their perspective, you're the one glitching. I guess you're not feeling very proud of downloading that anniversary update now.

Clipped Through the Floor [+200]
You can't pick up loot during your stay here. Any item that you find that wasn't given to you directly by someone or purchased from a merchant might as well be welded to the ground. The only items you can obtain are : things you buy, things rewarded to you, things you craft yourself from materials you bought and your items from the jump. And don't try cheating things with a companion, it will not work.

Dangerously Virgin [+200]
You possess the sexual awareness of a golden retriever puppy. When a raider with a face tattoo that says "MURDER" tells you he'll "show you a real good time," you genuinely think he's offering a tour of his surprisingly well-organized camp. Someone strips naked in their "private quarters" and you're confused why they're not wearing proper meeting attire. You miss every innuendo and every suggestive comment until people explicitly state their intentions. Try to not get near slavers while you have this drawback.

Trap Magnet [+200]
You have a supernatural ability to find every trap, snare, and capture mechanism in the Capital Wasteland with your body. Tripwires? You're hitting them. Pressure plates? You're stepping on them. Raider nets? You're getting scooped up like a particularly stupid fish. Once caught, you're genuinely helpless for 30 minutes to 2 hours depending on the trap's complexity. You can't break free early, you can't call for help effectively, you're just stuck until the timer runs out or someone finds you. This will happen regularly, at least 2-3 times per week. At least you'll have interesting stories about all the different ways you've been captured?

Deadbeat Dad [+200]
Every sexual encounter is a coin flip for pregnancy, and biology has decided to become absolute fucking chaos around you. Pulled out? Doesn't matter. Wrong species? Biology says "fuck it, we're doing this." Sterile from radiation? The universe laughs in your face. You've somehow impregnated or been impregnated by partners who shouldn't even be compatible, and you're starting the jump with two mystery children already hunting you down for child support. Somewhere in the wasteland, a Deathclaw is filling out custody paperwork. This is your life now.

Most Wanted [+200]
Pick a major faction in the Wasteland (Brotherhood, Enclave or the Institute) - they now decided you're the grand prize for their breeding program/genetic research/reproductive nightmare project.They're sending professional soldiers with power armor, energy weapons, and actual intelligence networks to capture your ass. Can be taken multiple times if you enjoy suffering.

Bottom Slut [+200]
Your brain has decided that authority figures and dominant personalities are your kryptonite. Anyone who speaks with command presence or projects power makes you want to obey like you're a golden retriever hearing "sit." You can refuse, technically, but disobeying will make you feel anxiety, guilt, and physical discomfort that builds until you cave. Simple commands like "strip," "kneel," or "service me" hit your brain like a fucking sledgehammer, and you're complying before your rational mind even gets a vote. Once people figure out how easy you are to pressure, they'll exploit this constantly. It ain't easy being a bottom.

Enslaved [+200]
You're starting this jump already wearing a slave collar and owned by either Paradise Falls or some random raider gang who won the wasteland lottery. The collar explodes if someone presses a button. It shocks you for funsies. You've got no gear, no companions, and no access to your stuff. Your entire ten-year vacation begins in chains. Have fun with that!

Glowing One [+200]
Your body now runs on radiation like a car runs on gasoline. Need to fuck? Better find some rads first, because in clean areas your dick won't work (or your pussy won't respond). Low radiation makes you weak, miserable, and completely impotent. You are forced to live in the most irradiated shitholes just to work normally. And you don't get immunity to radiation, so don't forget that.

Repopulating the Wasteland [+200]
Your body has decided its sole purpose is making babies, and it's going to make that everyone's problem. Go more than 24 hours without sex and your genitals start aching, your skin gets feverish, and you feel an empty desperation that gets worse every hour. After multiple days without fucking someone, you'll lose your goddamn mind and will start propositioning to anyone regardless of attraction, taking insane risks, or just grabbing the nearest warm body and going to town regardless of consent or location.

Wasteland STD [+200]
Congratulations, you caught Herpes. No, it's not going away. You've got unsightly sores that makes you look diseased, constant itching in your privates and the knowledge that you will spread this to anyone you fuck. The sores are noticeable enough that people ask about them, the itching is so distracting you can't focus, and meds only reduce symptoms instead of curing anything. And as you can imagine, no one will be crazy enough to fuck with you (consensually, at least). Have fun being an untouchable in the wasteland.

Han Solo [+200]
You've got an itchy trigger finger and the threat assessment skills of a paranoid crack addict. Your problem-solving process goes like this: see person > they looked at me funny > shoot them. As you can imagine, this will fuck up your life because you keep killing important people that have friends, innocent people and people that had relevant information for you. At least you will not care about killing them, so that's a bonus?

Shake That Ass [+200]
Prepare to work that ass, Jumper, because you can only make money by selling your body. It doesn't matter what other skills you have, what jobs you take or what you scavenge, caps will not touch your hand unless they're payment for sexual services. So unless you fuck someone, prepare to be poor.

Helen of Troy [+400]
Every raider gang in the Capital Wasteland woke up one morning and decided capturing your ass alive is their new life goal. They've got nets. They've got tranquilizer darts. They've somehow organized enough to coordinate ambushes despite barely being able to coordinate not shooting each other. You're the wasteland's most sought-after prize, and these psychopaths have decided that fucking you is going to be their greatest achievement. Hope you like constantly fighting off capture attempts, because this is your entire decade.

Loli [+400]
You have the bad luck (questionable for some people) of starting this jump as a child. You are physically weaker, physically slower and ill-equipped to have the fun this jump provides. You will also not be taken seriously by anyone, and be prepared to become a priority target for Raiders and Slavers. At least you will age during your stay here.

Murderhobo [+400]

There's another player character running around the Wasteland, except they're playing it like a psychopath with console commands and quicksave enabled. They kill people for fun, steal everything not nailed down (and some things that are), quicksave before major decisions so they can try all the options, and generally spread chaos wherever they go.
Talking with Elder Maxson? He will appear, kill him, teabag the corpse and disappear. Established order in a settlement? Prepare to see him kill everyone with a Fat Man. And the worse? He's unkillable because of all the exploits, so prepare to see him clipping through walls and duplicating items. At least he isn't targeting you specifically, but somehow his actions will interfere with whatever plan you have. Frankly, only an insane man would take this drawback.

Sexual Degenerate [+400]

You are a complete sexual degenerate, only getting off if someone's hurting you. Foreplay? Boring. Sweet words? Pointless. You need genuine violence, domination, and pain to even get aroused. As you can imagine, well-adjusted people want nothing to do with this, which means your dating pool is limited to raiders and literal monsters. You're sexually compatible with the wasteland's worst people and nothing else. Have fun!

Cum Dump [+400]

Through some bizarre wasteland custom that specifically and exclusively applies to you, you're now marked as communal sexual property. Anyone can demand your presence for sex. Anyone can use you., anytime. You cannot refuse, set boundaries, or say no. Have fun cleaning yourself later.

Daredevil [+400]

You have absolutely zero concept of danger or personal limitations. You'll look at a Deathclaw and genuinely think "Nah, i'd win" despite having a 10mm pistol and a leather jacket. Raider gang of twenty people? Sure, let's charge in with no backup! That radioactive pit that's glowing ominously? Let's take a swim. It will be a long ten years suffering the consequences and learning absolutely nothing from it.

New Game Plus [+600]

Every enemy in the wasteland is now the equivalent of a maximum level enemy in a videogame. The radroaches? They are now Swarmlords strong enough to kill someone in power armor. The raiders you just meet? They have advanced power armors and laser miniguns. The deathclaw randomly roaming the wasteland? It's now an Ancient Monstrous creature capable of destroying a building. Have fun surviving that!

Broodmother [+600]

You will be suffering from constant pregnancy during your stay here, no matter your sex. Yes, even if you are male you are going to be pregnant.You're constantly pregnant with 2-3 month accelerated gestations, delivering twins or triplets, and getting knocked up again within hours of giving birth. The pregnancy will also be compressed with you suffering from all the symptoms people suffer during it and within a year you will produce at least 15-20 kids. I wouldn't wish this on my wors- who am I kidding, I would definitely wish this on them.

Scenarios

Waters of Life

Rumors are spreading across the Capital Wasteland about two competing factions fighting over control of the Tidal Basin's water purification facility. James, a scientist from Rivet City, has been working on something called Project Purity, which is a plan to distribute clean water across the entire wasteland. The Enclave, however, have taken a sudden interest in the same facility, claiming they want to restore America through the purified water supply.Here's the thing nobody's telling the general public: both sides are planning to drug the entire wasteland through the water supply. Like, aggressively drug everyone. This isn't a fight over clean water, this is a fight over whose fucked-up science experiment gets to alter humanity's biology without asking permission.

James has developed a fertility compound that will be distributed through Project Purity's water supply. See, the wasteland's population has been absolutely destroyed by radiation, and humanity is slowly dying out because nobody can have kids anymore. James 's solution? Dump fertility drugs into the water supply and force repopulation on literally everyone who drinks it.

President Eden has developed a modified FEV strain made with the purpose of conquering the Wasteland. This compound will cause severe cognitive degradation targeting critical thinking, risk assessment and resistance to authority. Which, as you guess, would turn into a population of airheaded bimbos who are too dumb to resist Enclave occupation. They'll conquer America by making everyone too stupid and horny to fight back.

Both factions need control of the purifier. Both are willing to kill for it. And you're caught in the middle. Maybe you are involved with this because James is your father. Maybe you were hired to investigate. Or maybe your gang heard there's valuable tech at the facility, and you're planning to loot it. Either way you are involved with this, and your choice will define the future of the wasteland.

General Rewards:

No matter which path you choose, the **Project Purity's Infrastructure** becomes a Warehouse attachment.
Project Purity can produce unlimited clean water on a large scale, and the system adapts to any environment you encounter. No matter the water source, the system can process it and distribute it on a massive scale. In addition to the purification capabilities, the facility also includes fully equipped scientific laboratories and databases containing pre-war knowledge on various scientific fields. Finally, the original Project Purity scientists are retained as followers, working on the project by themselves with no need of management.

Siding with James:

You chose repopulation over everything else, which is either incredibly noble or deeply concerning depending on who you ask. When the purifier activated with James's compound, the Capital Wasteland's water supply became laced with fertility-enhancing agents, and within weeks, pregnancy rates skyrocketed so dramatically that bottle caps briefly became the second most valuable currency after pregnancy tests. You ensured humanity's survival by violating everyone without their consent! Just another day in the wasteland.

For choosing him, you gain the follow rewards:

Enhanced Fertility

You're a walking fertility clinic now, radiating baby-making energy wherever you go.
Any sexual encounter has dramatically increased chances of resulting in pregnancy (yours or your partner's), which makes casual sex significantly more complicated than it used to be.The good news: you can consciously control your fertility, turning it up when you want children or suppressing it when you don't. Pregnancies you're involved in are safer and healthier, with your children being immune to genetic defects and having better physical and mental development than others. Your kids are objectively superior specimens, which is great for them and slightly awkward when other parents notice.
But here's where it gets weird: you generate fertility-enhancing pheromones that affect anyone who spends significant intimate time with you. Your fertility is contagious, and the effect persists even after you're gone. You could walk into a settlement experiencing population decline, spend a few months there being friendly and helpful, and leave behind a baby boom that starts nine months later like clockwork. Everyone you've been intimate with becomes more fertile. Their partners become more fertile just from proximity to them. You can turn settlements into maternity wards.

Life Giver

James's research on fertility restoration and biological enhancement taught you many advanced medical techniques for preserving life and enhancing recovery. Your own body has been fundamentally improved, giving you faster healing from all injuries. You could regenerate from wounds at rates that would take normal humans weeks in just days. You're also completely immune to disease and your lifespan is significantly extended, aging much slower than normal humans.
You'll live for centuries while barely showing the passage of decades, which is great until you realize you're going to watch everyone you care about grow old and die while you're still looking thirty.
You've also gained an instinctive understanding of medical treatment that borders on the supernatural. You can perform complex surgical procedures without formal training, diagnose conditions at a glance, and know exactly what treatments will work even with limited resources. Your hands seem to know where to cut, where to apply pressure, which herbs or chems will be most effective.
Most remarkably, your presence alone makes people around you healthier. As a consequence of the enhancements, people near you experience strengthened immune systems, wounds that heal faster and bodies that function better. You could help a settlement experience fewer deaths just from your presence, and companions who travel with you recover from wounds that should have killed them.

Project Purity Research Database

This database contains the complete body of James's lifelong research, meticulously compiled over decades of work in fertility science, water purification, environmental recovery, and biological enhancement.
The methods outlined here are genuinely revolutionary. Anyone with the right resources could restore environments, stabilize human reproduction in hostile conditions, and improve human abilities beyond natural limits. You're carrying the knowledge to reverse generations of decay and rebuild civilization from the ground up.

Siding with the Enclave:

You chose control over chaos, which in hindsight probably should have raised more red flags than it did.
When the purifier activated with the Enclave's modified FEV strain, the Capital Wasteland's water supply became weaponized. Within days, people drinking the water started experiencing what Enclave scientists clinically described as "cognitive restructuring" and what everyone else described as "why is everyone acting like horny idiots?"
The Brotherhood of Steel tried to mount resistance, but their own troops were chugging the contaminated water and turning into giggly, easily-distracted soldiers who kept forgetting why they were supposed to shoot at Enclave Forces.
Settlers stopped resisting Enclave occupation entirely, mostly because the soldiers showed up and everyone just kind of agreed that yeah, sure, new management sounds great, also has anyone mentioned you look really good in that power armor?
You've helped conquer the wasteland by turning everyone into bimbos. President Eden is pleased with you. History will remember you as either a monster or a genius, depending on whether historians still have the cognitive capacity to form complex judgments after drinking the water.

For choosing them, you gain the follow rewards:

Mr. Smile

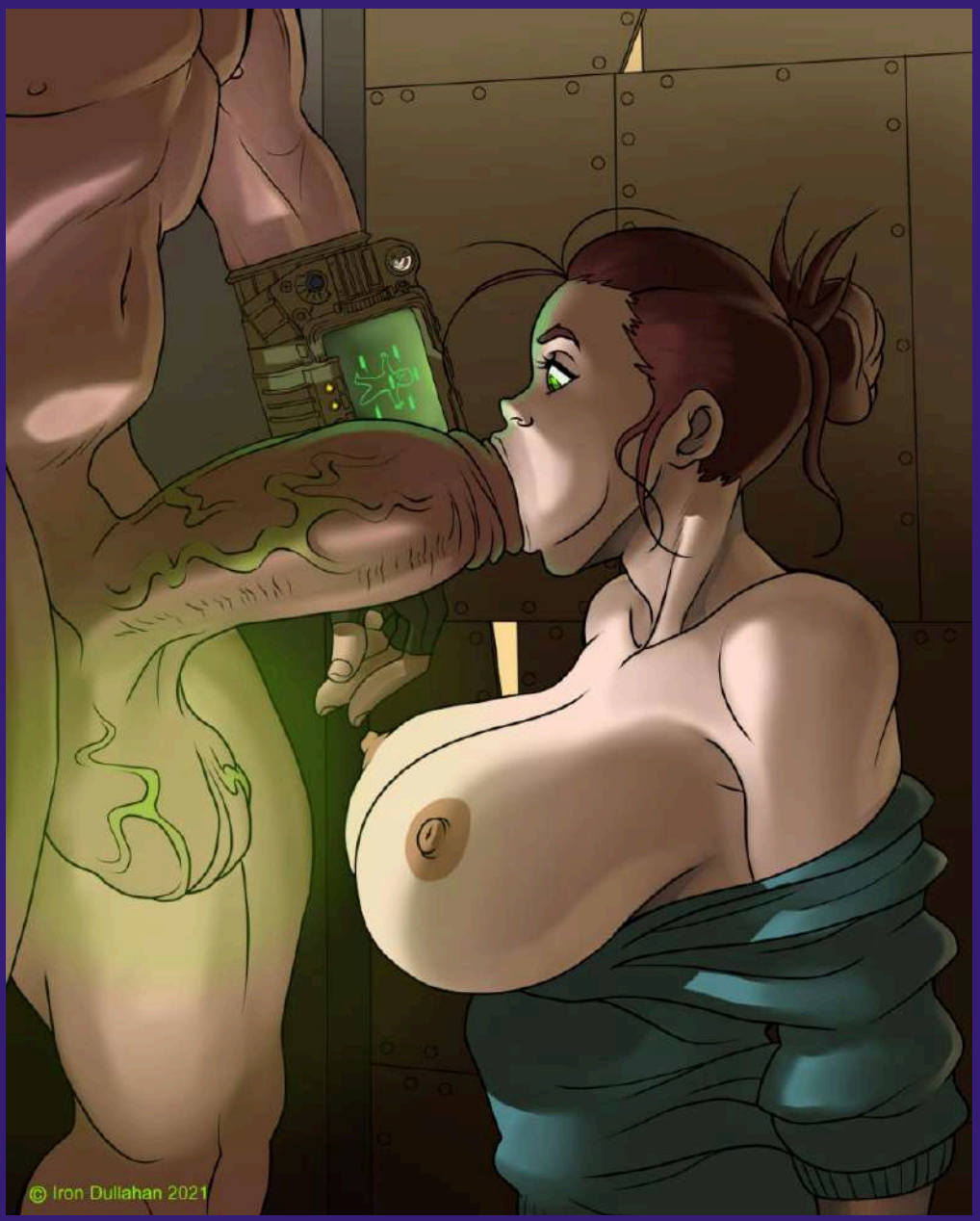
You've been so thoroughly exposed to the Enclave's compounds that you've basically become a walking compliance drug. People around you experience a supernatural lowering of their resistance to suggestion along with an instinctive desire to please authority figures cranked up to eleven. This isn't mind control, your presence alone makes people think "yeah, this person seems trustworthy and correct about everything, I should probably listen." Raiders who were actively planning to murder and loot you will put down their weapons when you tell them to, and settlers will offer you resources, shelter and their eldest daughters without negotiation because you asked nicely. Even strong-willed individuals who pride themselves on independence find themselves nodding along and agreeing with whatever you're saying before their conscious mind catches up and goes "wait, why did I just agree to that?"Of course, the effect is strongest on people who drank the Enclave's water. For those that didn't drink it, this acts as a charisma booster, enhancing your communication but not dramatically. The really hilarious part is watching people realize what happened after the fact. They'll comply with something ridiculous, you'll leave, and five minutes later they're standing there thinking "why the fuck did I just agree to that?" Just try not to abuse this, okay?

Bimbo-Inator

You've absorbed enough of the Enclave's compounds that you can now fuck people smarter or dumber depending on your needs and preferences. Through prolonged contact (it doesn't need to be sexual) you can selectively enhance or suppress others'cognitive functions. Need an enemy harmless? Dial their intelligence down until they can barely remember their own name. Need an ally useful? Crank their cognitive functions up until they're operating at genius level. The effect isn't permanent unless you maintain regular contact, which means you need to keep fucking people if you want the changes to stick. You can even choose to select cognitive areas such as making someone better at math but worse at reading people, giving you fine-tuning control to customize anyone anyway you want. Just remember to make a calendar so you don't forget to fuck someone for their brain boost.

Forced Bimbo Virus

You've got a supply of the Enclave's crown jewel of weaponized compliance: a modified FEV compound capable of affecting entire settlements with bimbofication. The compound causes cognitive degradation, hypersexualization and extreme suggestibility in anyone who consumes it. It can be delivered through water supplies, mixed into food, or injected directly for that personal touch, and the effects are permanent without specific counteragents - which you conveniently also possess. You could conquer entire populations without firing a single shot by contaminating their water and waiting for a few days, watching as everyone's is suddenly your best friend who also wants to fuck you and thinks you're always right about everything.The Enclave considers this their greatest achievement, which really says something about their priorities.



Porn Empire

The Capital Wasteland has prostitution, has desperate people trading sex for survival and even has Raiders passing around captives like party favors, but it doesn't have an actual organized adult entertainment industry, which is honestly a massive market failure when you think about it. Pre-war porn died with the bombs, the few surviving holotapes trade for prices that would make you think they're bottlecaps to immortality, and there's absolutely massive untapped demand for sexual content that nobody's figured out how to supply at scale. The wasteland is full of horny people with caps and nothing to spend them on except RadAway and ammunition. You're going to fix this market inefficiency by becoming a pornographic entrepreneur.

You're building the Capital Wasteland's first legitimate adult entertainment empire from literally nothing, which sounds impressive until you remember that "nothing" means you're starting in a radioactive hellscape where most technology is broken garbage and society's idea of entertainment is watching people get mauled by Deathclaws. No cameras (you'll have to scavenge pre-war equipment or convince some mad scientist to build them), no actors (you'll have to recruit people who are willing to fuck on camera professionally), no distribution network (caravans are going to be very confused about your product line), no production facilities (that shack with the hole in the roof isn't going to cut it), and definitely no societal acceptance (you're going to get so many concerned lectures from people who kill raiders for a living but draw the line at filmed pornography). And after all of that you're going to have to prove that sex sells in the post-apocalypse.

Objectives

You must establish a functioning pornographic production and distribution empire within your ten years, which is either the most ambitious business plan in wasteland history or proof that you've completely lost your mind. Here's what success looks like:

Acquire working equipment
Establish a porn studio
Recruit performers (and they must want to make porn, so no slaves)
Produce at least twenty-five movies (make some creative scripts too)
Establish a distribution network
Generate enough income to support your operation plus profit
Achieve brand recognition and fans

You will face difficult challenges such as:

Finding working cameras
Recruiting performers who'll work consistently
Managing the moral panic from settlements (you can bet some of them will accept prostitution, slavery and cannibalism but will draw the line at filming sex)
Raiders attacking your caravans to steal pornography
Dealing with major factions that will have strong opinions (You can bet the Brotherhood will compete with the Enclave to see who's going to be most puritan)
Protecting your content from piracy

Completion

You did it. After ten years, your pornographic empire is an established industry in the Capital Wasteland and you can't believe this actually worked. You're producing regular content with actual professional quality, employing dozens of performers and support staff who list "pornographic actor/crew" as their occupation unironically, distributing across multiple settlements where merchants stock your products between the ammunition and the canned goods, and generating substantial profit that proves sex really does sell. Your brand is recognized, your top performers are regional celebrities (probably can't go anywhere without being recognized, which is either flattering or a privacy nightmare), and you've legitimized adult entertainment as a business that exists alongside caravan trading and bounty hunting.

People argue about your top performers like they're sports teams. Teenagers are stealing your holotapes and getting caught by parents who are conflicted about punishment because they also own your products. Settlements are grudgingly accepting your business because it brings commerce and tax revenue. You've created an entire industry from nothing using nothing but ambition, scavenged cameras, and the universal constant that people will pay money to watch other people fuck.

Rewards

Porn Mogul

Your reputation as the wasteland's porn mogul is permanent and you're not sure if you should put this on a resume or pretend it never happened. People recognize you as the person who industrialized adult entertainment in the apocalypse, which opens doors in the most surprising ways. Merchants want partnerships with you because you've proven you can move products and make money. Settlements tolerate your business because you're generating commerce and employment. You've got connections across multiple regions through your distribution network. Random wastelanders ask for autographs or proposition you, which is flattering but also constant. You're famous for creating the porn industry, which is either the best or worst legacy possible depending on your perspective.

Wasteland Media Empire

You retain full ownership of your production company, complete with facilities, equipment, talent contracts, content library worth a fortune, and distribution network. This continues generating substantial passive income as a legitimate business you built from literally nothing. Your empire also functions independently with no need of management for you, making you richer even while you're doing other things.

Industry Pioneer

People thought creating a porn industry was impossible, and yet you did anyway. In future jumps, you gain supernatural insight into the markets of anywhere you go, giving you an instinct on how to create new businesses for products or services that don't exist yet and developing these businesses. You're not just good at business, you're good at inventing business categories that nobody else thought were possible. Creating a porn industry from zero isn't lightning in a bottle anymore for you.

Porn License

The culmination of all your efforts: official recognition from enough settlements that your business is considered legitimate commerce. You can now produce and sell porn legally, and pay taxes on doing so (yay!).

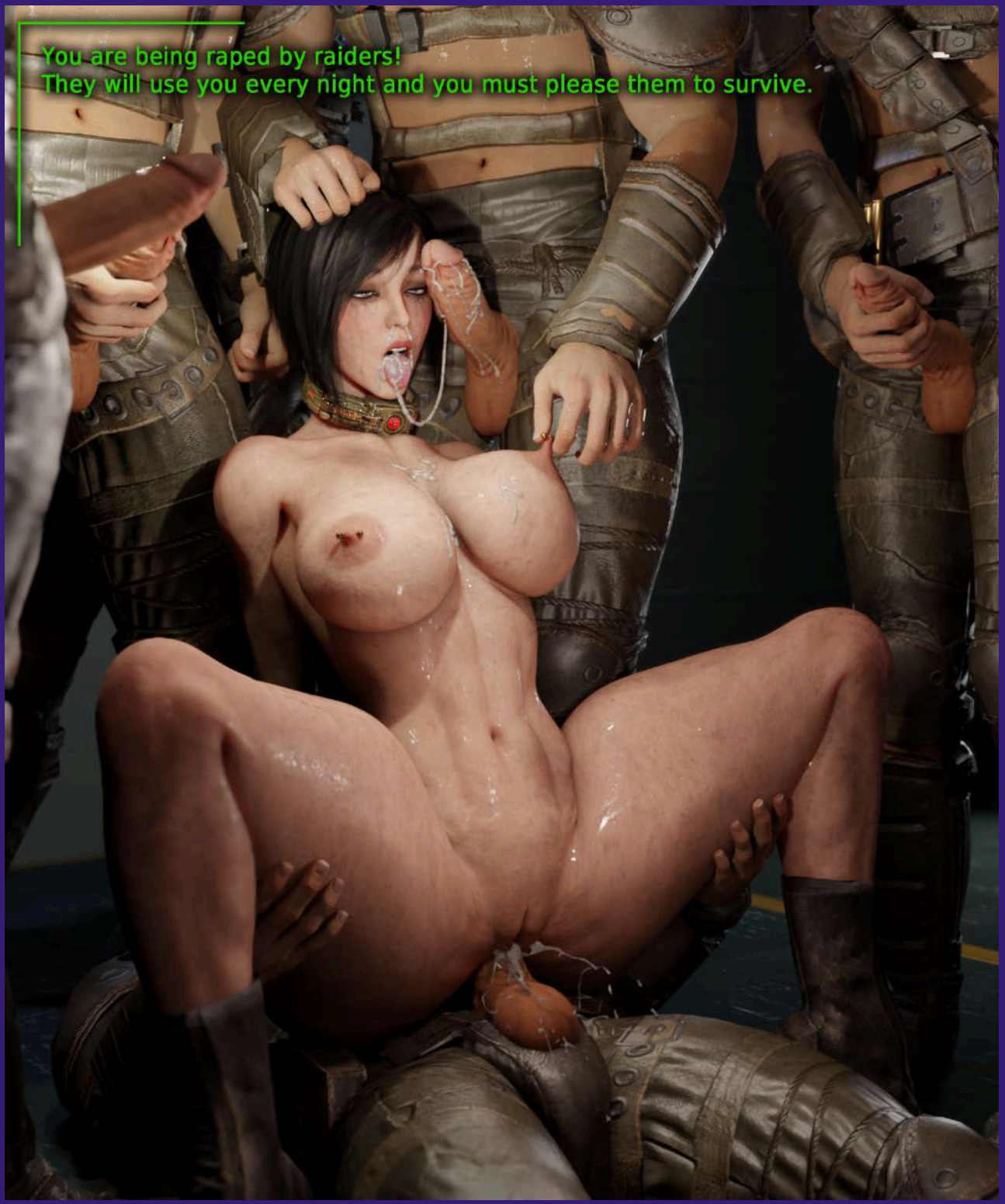
Talent Network

All these performers and crew you've recruited to work in your industry? They are now all followers that come with you in your adventures. They are genuinely loyal to you and with their set of skills they pull their weight wherever you end up. They're also probably going to be confused as hell in any jump where pornography isn't an established industry but that's a small price to pay for competence and loyalty.

Post-Apocalyptic Logistics

Creating a distribution chain in the post-apocalypse isn't easy, and yet you did so. Any logistical network that you make is now supernaturally resistant to hostile efforts. Be irradiated wastelands, monster-infested ruins and gangs of raiders, your network will keep moving despite their efforts. Sabotage will fail more often than it succeeds. Ambushes will miss by minutes and key personnel will always seem to survive close calls. If your logistical networks survived the wasteland, they can survive anywhere.

Ending



Congratulations! You've survived ten years through radiation, violence, questionable consent scenarios, and more sexual encounters than a pre-war porn studio could film in a decade. Time to decide what happens next.

STAY [+500]

You've looked around the irradiated hellscape, counted your loyal companions/sex slaves/consensual partners, surveyed your settlement/brothel empire/breeding facility, and thought "yeah, this is fine i guess." The wasteland has broken you in the best possible way.

You've fucked your way into such a comfortable position that leaving seems stupid. And now you're staying permanently. Maybe you've become the Overseer of a vault full of eager partners. Maybe you run Paradise Falls now and Eulogy works for YOU. Maybe you're married to a Deathclaw and honestly that relationship is healthier than most human ones you've seen.

Either way, the wasteland is your home now. You've adapted to drinking irradiated water, eating 200-year-old food, and solving most problems through strategic application of your genitals. You're never leaving, and honestly? The Capital Wasteland is better off (or significantly more depraved) because of it. Here, take these **+500 Caps.** Think of it as a retention bonus.

Ten years wasn't enough. You're here forever, and you couldn't be happier about it.

GO HOME

You've had your fill of post-apocalyptic survival and all the degeneracy from the wasteland. Time to return to your original world where things like "building codes" and "age of consent laws" exist.

You're home. You're safe. You're also ruined for normal relationships because nobody here has one percent of the degeneracy of the wasteland.

Welcome back to civilization. It's boring and you already miss the radiation.

GO FORWARD

You've decided one apocalypse wasn't enough.

Your next destination could be anywhere: another Bethesda game where you can compare regional sexual economies, a fantasy world where your wasteland skills translate surprisingly well, a sci-fi future where your casual attitude toward radiation and violence makes you either an asset or a war criminal, or something completely different where you'll have to adapt your "fuck everything that moves" survival strategy to new contexts.

Either way the multiverse awaits. God help whatever reality you're visiting next. They're not ready for you.

THE END

Changelog and Notes

V 1.0 - First Edition

Does Black Widow work on Deathclaws when combined with Rule 34?
Yes.
Can the auto-doc make mutants fertile?
Yes.