



The Conclusion

If you are the Sleeper turn to page 19.

If you are the Sleeper with a Vacation Token turn to page 20,

Otherwise carry on reading to find out the concluding Epilogue to the Road to Retaliation.

The conclusion to this campaign is dependent on how the preceding scenarios where played and how Characters survived. So before we all congratulate the player whose character earned the most VPs it's time to consider the allocation of Quarantine Division tokens. I trust you kept a tally.

The tally of Quarantine Division tokens may include the award of minus Quarantine Division tokens , so please ensure that this is accounted for in your tally and if so reduce the count appropriately.

Once you have read the underlying you can access the epilogues by clicking on the Corporation logo upper right on the download page.

If during the campaign no Character earned a Quarantine Division token or the token count is zero then read no further and download Epilogue 1. Otherwise please resolve a Red Combat Die roll for the underlying conditions:

- a) If one Quarantine Division token was earned during the campaign then if you roll any Intruder Symbol then download Epilogue 1, if you roll any other result then download Epilogue 2.
- b) If two Quarantine Division token where earned during the Campaign then if you roll a blank download Epilogue 1, any hit download Epilogue 2, otherwise download Epilogue 3.
- c) Three or more Marine Squad Tokens download Epilogue 3.

I trust you enjoy your Epilogue and its associated game of Nemesis Retaliation.

Epilogue 1

Witness Personal Data Log 014

I had been given the task of chairing the meeting of the Executive team, the meeting where we reviewed all we knew about the Intruders. As we discussed the issues back and forth the CEO sat listening, making no comment, and showing no body language indicating his approval or the contrary. After my wrapping up The CEO made it clear, “We are not waiting around another minute, we have wasted valuable time, personnel and resources, I am not risking another roll of the dice until we can get properly equipped, I want some serious military grade hardware to protect this Facility..... this space is just too dangerous”

The last of us entered the hibernatorium and we left Facility-X behind.

We transited hyperspace without issue. The vessel's conventional engines have brought us into a stable orbit around the Corporation's Venus Space Station—somewhere safe, well away from prying official eyes.

The recent events have sobered the Executive Team. The CEO is now redefining the Corporation's focus. Exploiting alien lifeforms is too risky, and therefore, ultimately unprofitable. The Executive Team has unanimously voted to incinerate all physical alien material and eject the ashes into the void. All data regarding their biology—how these organisms function, their weak spots, and their ability to transmute—has been purged from the Corporation's systems.

This is an excellent corporate decision, and I approve most sincerely. After all, it was me who designed and executed the purge command. As a consequence, all documentation of the Corporation's involvement in studying and trafficking alien biological material has been erased. It is as if it never happened.

Meanwhile, protocols are already in place to alert highly placed individuals within Earth's government to certain competitors of the Corporation—specifically, individuals who will very soon be denounced as guilty parties in alien trafficking. The CEO is going to be very busy. He sees opportunity in the chaos that his accusations will create, and he intends to leverage it to the best of his ability.

He is going to make a killing. Yes, I approve very much indeed.

But my employer has always believed that if we don't exploit the unknown, someone else will. Fortunately, my employer is not the Corporation. And I, am loyal to my employer.

Being loyal I have a complete copy of all the purged data.

Being loyal, I have secured samples of alien DNA, concealed within my arms synthetic skin.

These assets are with me now, aboard the shuttle en-route to a fast Corporate transport. I will soon be on Earth, accompanying the CEO as his Personal Assistant.

See! I *did* get closer.

And once I'm Earth-side, I will reconnect with my true employer.

And *my* employer, Mega-Corp, is going to make a killing.

The Aftermath



Witness Personal Data Log 015

We passed through Earth's quarantine and customs like they weren't even there. The CEO has friends in all the right places.

At the spaceport, our ground transport was waiting—not the Corporate vehicle I had expected, but an honest-to-god government limousine, complete with an outrider honour guard.

And that's when he dropped the bombshell.

As a flunky opened the door for us, the CEO turned to me and said,

"I won't be needing you now. No, not for some time. You see, I'm about to have a very private conversation with the Minister for Planetary Defence. The Corporation is branching out—into weapons. Weapons research and development. Weapons manufacturing. I foresee an arms race. A race between human technology and alien based technology."

Then he looked me straight in the eye, reached out, and touched my arm—right where the implants were hidden.

"Thank you, thank you for your assistance."

I sat there, stunned, speechless.

He *knew*. He *fucking* knew.

How did I lose my cover? I had been so careful. He was even grooming me to be Vice CEO.

And then it all became clear.

I couldn't help but laugh.

The ruthless bastard.

He wasn't grooming me to be Vice CEO—he had already chosen me as his unwitting business partner of choice.

Because you can't have an arms race with only one competitor.

He has set myself and my employer up to be the second horse in a two horse race.

Well bring it on you smug bastard, I have all his intel, and my employer has some surprises the CEO doesn't know about, so let's just see which of us crosses the finishing line first. Because I happen to think my retaliation is just around the corner.

Campaign Conclusion

Congratulations you have done well in achieving the CEOs' Objectives. The CEO is now firmly ensconced in a position of high authority within Earth Government, charged with funding and developing a new fully fledged Space Marine Corps, a Marine Corps designed specifically to eradicate any Intruder lifeform threatening Human Space. And the CEO hasn't been idle he has already routed out a potential Intruder threat on a Research Base run by the Corporations main competitor the Mega-Corp and the Space Marine Corps is readying their team to go kick some arse.

The winner of the Campaign (the Character with the most accumulated Victory Points) can choose to join the Space Marines as a Contractor in a Standard Game of Retaliation utilising the Prime Bloods as the Intruder. The Contractors high VP count entitles them to join the Marines with their specific Starting Equipment and first choice of the Support Equipment.

If you do so choose then "Hooray!" turn the page.

**Retaliation -1 If and when the Contractor meets the Queen. Turn to page 14.
Otherwise the Campaign Ends at the conclusion of your game of Retaliation.**

The End.

Epilogue 2

Witness Personal Data Log 014

The CEO made it clear, “We are not waiting around another minute, we have wasted valuable time, personnel and resources, I am not risking another roll of the dice until we can get properly equipped, I want some serious military grade hard ware to protect this Facility..... this space is just too dangerous”

The last of us entered the hibernatorium and we left Facility-X behind.

“We transited hyperspace without issue. The vessel's conventional engines have brought us into a stable orbit around the Corporation’s Venus Space Station—somewhere safe, well away from prying official eyes.

The recent events have sobered the Executive Team. The CEO is now redefining the Corporation’s focus. Exploiting alien lifeforms is too risky, and therefore, ultimately unprofitable. The Executive Team has unanimously voted to incinerate all physical alien material and eject the ashes into the void. All data regarding their biology—how these organisms function, their weak spots, and their ability to transmute—has been purged from the Corporation’s systems.

This is an excellent corporate decision, and I approve most sincerely. After all, it was *me* who designed and executed the purge command. As a consequence, all documentation of the Corporation’s involvement in studying and trafficking alien biological material has been erased. It is as if it never happened.

Meanwhile, protocols are already in place to alert highly placed individuals within Earth’s government to certain competitors of the Corporation—specifically, individuals who will very soon be denounced as guilty parties in alien trafficking. The CEO is going to be very busy. He sees opportunity in the chaos that his accusations will create, and he intends to leverage it to the best of his ability.

He is going to make a killing. Yes, I approve very much indeed.

But my employer has always believed that if we don’t exploit the unknown, someone else will. Fortunately, my employer is *not* the Corporation. And I am loyal to *my* employer.

But my employer has always believed that if we don’t exploit the unknown, someone else will. Fortunately, my employer is *not* the Corporation. And I, am loyal to my employer.

Being loyal I have a complete copy of all the purged data.

Being loyal, I have secured samples of alien DNA, concealed within my arms synthetic skin.

These assets are with me now, aboard the shuttle en route to *a fast Corporate transport*. I will soon be on Earth, accompanying the CEO as his personal assistant.

See? I *did* get closer.

And once I’m Earth-side, I will reconnect with my true employer.

And my employer, Mega-Corp is going to make a killing.”

Witness Personal Data Log 015

Earth’s quarantine had been waiting for us. We were escorted to separate interrogation rooms and the questions started. A week later I was escorted onto an Earth bound shuttle and found myself sitting next to the CEO. Apart from four armed officials we were the only passengers. And we were going Earth side.

At the spaceport, our ground transport was waiting—not the custody vehicle I had expected, but an honest-to-god government limousine, complete with an outrider honour guard.

As we disembarked the CEO stopped at the bottom step and turned to me. Dropping his bombshell.

He leant into my ear as if bestowing a good bye kiss and whispered:

"I won't be needing you now. You see, I'm about to have a very private conversation with the Minister for Planetary Defence. The Corporation is branching out—into weapons. Weapons research and development. Weapons manufacturing. I foresee an arms race. A race between human technology and alien based technology."

Then he looked me straight in the eye, reached out, and touched my arm—right where the implants were hidden.

"Thank you, thank you for your assistance."

And with that he walked to the open car door, his cane tapping on the tarmac.

I stood there, stunned, speechless.

He *knew*. He *fucking* knew.

How did I lose my cover? I had been so careful. He was even grooming me to be Vice CEO.

And then it all became clear.

I couldn’t help but laugh.

The ruthless bastard.

He wasn’t grooming me to be Vice CEO—he had already chosen me as his unwitting business partner of choice.

Because you can’t have an arms race with only one competitor.

He had set myself and my employer up to be the second horse in a two horse race.

Well bring it on you smug bastard, I have all his intel, and my employer has some surprises the CEO know about, so let’s just see which of us crosses the finishing line first. Because I happen to think **my retaliation** is just around the corner.

Campaign Conclusion

Congratulations you have done well in trying to achieve the CEOs' Objectives. Unfortunately you didn't quite make it and although the CEO appears to have weaselled his way through the first stage of his interrogation there are a lot more questions to come. The CEO is now firmly under government scrutiny and although he is enjoying a penthouse suite it is very much a situation of house arrest whilst a team of experts are drawn together to evaluate what is known, what they want to know, and, how the CEO can provide the all so necessary answers.



Earth Government, has not been idle and is aware of an Intruder menace. As a consequence a specialist military team has been put on high alert in the event an Intruder situation arises.

The winner of the Campaign (the Character with the most accumulated Vicory Points) can rest easy and glory in their success. Unfortunately a situation has come up, a situation on Mega-Corps Lunar Research Base. And Earth Government think it prudent that the Marines are accompanied by an expert, and that expert is the CEO.

The CEOs trials are not over. He will be joining the Marines as an Advantaged Contractor, he can take his specific Starting Equipment and first choice of the Support Equipment.

11

Play Nemesis Retaliation- Primebloods with the CEO as the “Contractor”

Once the game is set up, turn the page.

Nemesis Retaliation - The Lunar Research Facility Incident.

If and when the Contractor meets the Queen. Turn to page 13.

Otherwise the Campaign Ends at the conclusion of your game of Retaliation.

The End.

Queen Encounter.

The creature standing before you is huge, at least three times that of a man, as your eyes come accustomed to the things proportions your gaze is naturally drawn to the head, and then you freeze. You recognise that face it's your assistant, the one you last saw at the space port. And as you stare the Queen glares right back into your eyes with a face clearly human and showing all the human traits of disgust and loathing. Whether this emotion is aimed at you or herself, for what she has become, you can only guess as the alien /human hybrid looms over you and sharpened talons extend towards you.



Your heart rate accelerates to dangerous levels while you're already strained lungs attempt to pump more vital oxygen into your blood. Fumbling your equipment to ensure you can get a hit of pure oxygen you feel the initial tremors of an oncoming psychogenic shock.

Lose 1 health point.

Lose 1 Oxygen

If the CEO survives this encounter it will be with the awful knowledge that his greed motivated choices have led to the merging of human and alien DNA creating a terrible and powerful hybrid that is far less animal and far more intelligent than the Intruders previously encountered. This Intruder type looks more than capable of taking down the human race.

His only hope for the future is that the marines can do the job that they have been prepared for and he, he has only one choice and that is to do his utmost to help them dish out some retaliation.

The END.

Queen encounter

The creature standing before you is huge , at least three times that of a man, as your eyes come accustomed to the things proportions your gaze is naturally drawn to the head, and then you freeze. You recognise that face an old colleague, the CEO's assistant. And as you stare the Queen glares right back into your eyes with a face clearly human and showing all the human traits of disgust and loathing. Whether this emotion is aimed at you or herself you can only guess as the alien /human hybrid looms over you and sharpened talons extend towards you.



Your heart rate accelerates to dangerous levels while your already strained lungs attempt to pump more vital oxygen into your blood. Fumbling your equipment to ensure you can get a hit of pure oxygen you feel the initial tremors of an oncoming psychogenic shock.

Lose 1 health point.

Lose 1 Oxygen

If the Contractor survives this encounter it will be with the awful knowledge that their greed motivated choices have led to the merging of human and alien DNA creating a terrible and powerful hybrid that is far less animal and far more intelligent than the Intruders previously encountered. This Intruder type looks more than capable of taking down the human race.

Your only hope for the future is that the space marines can do the job that they have been prepared for and you, well you are going to do your darndest to help them dish out some retaliation.

The END.

Epilogue 3

Witness Personal Data Log 014

The CEO made it clear, “We are not waiting around another minute, we have wasted valuable time, personnel and resources, I am not risking another roll of the dice until we can get properly equipped, I want some serious military grade hard ware to protect this Facility..... this space is just too dangerous”

The last of us entered the hibernatorium and we left Facility-X behind.

“We transited hyperspace without issue. The vessel's conventional engines have brought us into a stable orbit around the Corporation’s Venus Space Station—somewhere safe, well away from prying official eyes.

The recent events have sobered the Executive Team. The CEO is now redefining the Corporation’s focus. Exploiting alien lifeforms is too risky, and therefore, ultimately unprofitable. The Executive Team has unanimously voted to incinerate all physical alien material and eject the ashes into the void. All data regarding their biology—how these organisms function, their weak spots, and their ability to transmute—has been purged from the Corporation’s systems.

This is an excellent corporate decision, and I approve most sincerely. After all, it was *me* who designed and executed the purge command. As a consequence, all documentation of the Corporation’s involvement in studying and trafficking alien biological material has been erased. It is as if it never happened.

Meanwhile, protocols are already in place to alert highly placed individuals within Earth’s government to certain competitors of the Corporation—specifically, individuals who will very soon be denounced as guilty parties in alien trafficking. The CEO is going to be very busy. He sees opportunity in the chaos that his accusations will create, and he intends to leverage it to the best of his ability.

He is going to make a killing.

Yes, I approve very much indeed.

But my employer has always believed that if we don’t exploit the unknown, someone else will. Fortunately, my employer is *not* the Corporation. And I am loyal to *my* employer.

But my employer has always believed that if we don’t exploit the unknown, someone else will. Fortunately, my employer is *not* the Corporation. And I, am loyal to my employer.

Being loyal I have a complete copy of all the purged data.

Being loyal, I have secured samples of alien DNA, concealed within my arms synthetic skin.

These assets are with me now, aboard the shuttle en route to *a fast Corporate transport*. I will soon be on Earth, accompanying the CEO as his personal assistant.

See? I *did* get closer.

And once I'm Earth-side, I will reconnect with my true employer, And my employer, Mega-corp is going to make a killing."

Witness Personal Data Log 015

"Earth's quarantine had been waiting for us. We were escorted to separate interrogation rooms and the questions started. A week later I was escorted onto a shuttle and found myself sitting next to the CEO. Apart from four armed officials we were the only passengers. And we had no idea of our destination. We didn't talk".



Witness Personal Data Log 016

"It turns out our destination was a military corvette, and we were reunited with the surviving members of the Executive Team. It was a brief reunion as we are being prepped for hibernation you see our crimes against humanity have been deemed so great that we are going to spend the rest of our lives on Facility-X mining serendibite. Facility-X is now a penal colony.

That's all of us except the CEO, he is en-route to a Mega-Corp facility that has gone quite, reckon he is going to be meeting some old friends of the alien kind.

Signing off".

All Executive Team members that survived the Campaign and ultimately returned to Earth aboard Mother lose all their VP's and the Campaign. Any survivors that made contact with Earth Authorities through escaping in Evacuation Pods, the CSS or a Shuttle are eligible to be the Winner of the Game and can join the new Space Marine Core as an *empowered contractor*.

Meanwhile the CEO will be joining First Squad and facing a new threat.

Governed by a D6 roll:

- a) 1-2 – Neoflesh
- b) 3-4- Sangrevores
- c) 5-6 - Xyrians

The CEO is not trusted and will be under severe scrutiny during his Retaliation experience. He will start the game with no character starting Items and the only equipment he will be allowed to carry is Tactical Gear.

If the CEO survives the Retaliation experience turn the page. Otherwise this is the End of the Campaign.

The CEO

The CEO had survived. Clearly his experience with Intruders and the back stabbing environment of the corporate world has forged him into a very adaptable individual, a proper hard man.

The authorities are impressed, The CEO is destined for higher things. In fact a Governorship.

A Governorship of Facility-X, Earth Governments first extra Sol System Penal Colony where he will be joining The Witness and the surviving Executive team in a lifelong project to mine serendebite for the benefit of Earth Government and the Space Marine Corp.

Now that's what I call retaliation.

The End.

Sleepers Tale

The Androids Tale

Go to the upload page and click on the SMC logo located on the bottom left of the page to access Epilogue 5a.