

## Design Document

# **FWF: Fur Will Fly**

# World, Locations, and Lore

## The Universe

### Sinner's Paradise

The story takes place in the 'Sinner's Paradise' setting used for most 'Tyrant Dog Studios' games. In this world, sentient characters possess animal traits that either correspond with their personalities, or which say something about the culture/background they come from.

It should be noted that this is NOT a racial metaphor, but is intended to serve in an Aesopian fashion. Foxes are either clever, or struggling against the perception that they should be. Lions may come from an exceptionally proud family. In short, the choice of species can be an aesthetic choice, but more ideally it should say something about them on a personal level.

### Time Period

Sinner's Paradise is meant to be an expansive universe that covers all possible settings preferred by members of the furry fandom. This game takes place in a semi-modern setting that has a rough analogue of today's technologies as well as some sci-fi and fantasy elements thrown in. Some parts of the world are more developed and technologically advanced than others, and 'regressive' or underdeveloped parts of the world can be tapped as well. For extreme examples of far future or feudal past levels of development, the setting does feature 'downplayed' space travel, alternate dimensions, etc. Again- the goal is to allow people to tell their own stories within this framework.

## The World

### Tone

Given the inclusive nature of the setting, the tone can also vary wildly from 'fun and frolics' to 'hardcore horror.' On the whole, the place runs on porno rules, and whether events have actual, lasting, real world consequences or not depend on the characters, their outlook, and what serves their story best.

In general, the tone should lean toward the 'positive' end of the spectrum. Like any epic adventure, there must be moments of darkness and despair to fuel the eventual triumph at the end, or else it feels like a journey where nothing happened.

Excellent examples include the 'Final Fantasy' series, as well as 'Lord of the Rings'. Both have moments of extreme comedy, horror, triumph and joy. The story takes a great deal of inspiration from 'tournament' anime as well, such as Kengan Ashura or Baki: The Grappler.

If there is anything our setting is NOT, though, it's 'grim and gritty'. We're not looking for a somber exploration of the consequences of SA or technology and capitalism run rampant. While those elements may be present, they are included as universe flavoring rather than an earnest attempt to get people to wake up and smell the roses. As with a lot of kink, things we hate in the real world are sexualized in a fantasy way, within certain boundaries.

A good rule of thumb when creating for our world is this: How does the CHARACTER feel about this? For some characters, having a dominant character attempt to sexually assert themselves can be terrifying, shameful, or humiliating. For others, it might seem fun, exciting and desirable. Always ask yourself, outside of your role as the writer, 'What would (character) think?'

### Themes

Due to the diversity of the setting and character types, this can provide as much variety as the theme.

When writing for FWF, ask yourself what each character longs for, and build your story around that.

For example, Vegas' story is a Rocky-style tale of a (literal) underdog looking to fight her way up the top spot in the arena. She wants to prove herself, realize her mother's abandoned ambition, discover the truth of what happened, and resolve the complicated feelings she has about her own existence. Meanwhile, Thrash just wants to party, get laid, rock, and stick it to her parents.

As with the tone, themes should spring from a character's journey, and can be used to say very different things.

### Politics

World politics are not all that different, though there is a much more relaxed and liberal attitude toward sex and alternate lifestyles in most places. The island itself is largely free of any outside interference, but various groups have been known to send fighters to promote awareness, or to win popular support for their cause. This is generally considered a risky endeavor as any champion is far more likely to be seen getting their asshole broken in the dirt than they are to win any kind of honor or lasting glory, somewhat defeating the purpose of the endeavor.

## The Island

### History

For most of what the civilized world would consider 'recorded history', the island was unknown. Isolated and inhabited only by a small group of natives, they were largely shunned by their neighbors for their practice of human sacrifice in ritualistic combat. What would be a barbaric practice elsewhere was accepted as commonplace by the islanders, and with good reason... it seemed that the more blood was shed, the more bountiful their harvests, the more fertile their soil and women... It was as if the land itself was thirsty for blood, and repaid every life destroyed with good fortune.

Eventually, the island's inhabitants began raiding their neighbors, bringing captives back and forcing them to participate in rituals that grew increasingly debauched.

From there, the oral tradition becomes harder to follow as surviving cultures kept the island at a distance. The stories grow wilder, filling with barely-credible accounts of gods and monsters walking the earth, and of a cataclysm that left the island barren and forgotten, abandoned for centuries as a haunted place best left to the shades of whatever tragedy unfolded there.

### Current Events

Nothing stays buried forever, and eventually the island was rediscovered.

Initially used as a radar post during the second World War, ruins were discovered there, and subsequently investigated once the reports were circulated and fell into the hands of academia.

Investigations of the island revealed an ancient stone arena that had been partly buried, along with seemingly endless mass graves. The discovery of carved stone tablets unveiled much about the island's past, and local folklore helped to fill in many of the gaps. However, the more that was revealed about the apparently thriving civilization that had occupied the island, the more questions presented themselves.

As the island itself lay outside the territorial waters of any nation, it remained unclaimed until VulCorp, an outside corporate interest, took notice and set up shop on their shores. Offering housing and employment for anyone who could prove their descent from the island's original tribe, construction soon began on the resort that would eventually make it one of the most popular adult destinations on the planet.

Due to its extreme profitability and international nature, the island, now known officially as 'Paradise' and unofficially as 'Sinner's Paradise', has attracted the eyes of the world. Rival corporations look to set up shop in the extrajurisdictional and ethics-free business environment. Governments look to win the favor of VulCorp and their ruthless tenants, hoping to obtain the fruits of their technological labors, funding for reelection campaigns, and anything the framework of their own laws would deny them. Special interest groups, brands, and influencers all look to have their names associated with Paradise, especially the coveted Arena that serves as the beating heart of the island's attractions.

### Geography/Topography

Shaped like a curving teardrop, or one half of a 'Yin-Yang' symbol, Paradise's southern shores are marvels of fine, white sand bordering clear, blue waters. The flatlands just above them have been heavily developed into the city that is experiences a daily flood of countless tourists and visitors, and which serves as home for a resident population that makes up less than 3% of the total inhabitants on any given day. Beyond the city, lush forests still claim much of the island, dense and impenetrable to anyone but the most prepared. From gentle parks and grasslands on the western swell of the island, to swampland rivaling the Everglades immediately north of the city, the land rises steadily into rocky, mountainous terrain along the northeastern curve. This dramatic view ensures that even in the less-auspicious areas of the island, some piece of natural beauty is always visible.

### City Layout

The city is divided into seven districts. Although it is not public knowledge, they have been arranged in a fashion so that each caters to a separate deadly sin; Wrath, Pride, Greed, Gluttony, Lust, Envy, and Sloth.

Representing Sloth, the resorts and hotels of Paradise ring the southwestern shore, presenting opportunities to laze about the pool, relax on the beach, or otherwise spend your vacation in your hotel room.

Wrath is on permanent and violent display in the form of the Arena herself, practically a temple to violence.

Nestled between the two, Pride and Greed stand tall in the administrative building and the small wedge of corporate offices that jut like gleaming fangs into the tropical air.

Each gives way to Gluttony and Envy to the east. The dining and shopping districts take up a massive swathe of the island, presenting visitors with night clubs, diners, small curio shops and the latest brand-name retailers.

Finally, the largest individual district, Lust. Occupying almost the entirety of the eastern part of the city, the Red Light District is the second largest attraction for tourists on the island, eclipsed only by the Arena. Here, those who are feeling adventurous, but don't want to put themselves at risk by registering for a fight can find an establishment to cater to any appetite, with certain obvious restrictions.

### Technology

As a corporate-owned paradise outside the reach of any controlling government, the Island is host to the very latest in technological advancements, many of which are still in the experimental stage, or which have not cleared the ethical and safety standards normally imposed on products made available to the public.

Because of this, the island can seem like a technical wonderland to outsiders; an apparent wonderland of devices and services that make one feel as if they've stepped a decade into the future the moment they leave the boat.

Among the most prominent innovations on the island are state-of-the-art holographic technology that can project images that look and feel like the real thing. Although there are limits, it is already rapidly replacing the idea of VR. After all, why would you wear a bulky headset or AR glasses when you can simply 'be' in whatever environment you could hope to design?

At the absolute apex of the myriad inventions produced on the island: The Lazarus System. Using an advanced biochip that maps and charts brain activity, the system is capable of creating a completely functional map of any living boy. Beyond this, it can even copy and duplicate brain function with such stunning accuracy as to be indistinguishable from the original. These engrams are automatically downloaded into flash clones of the user's body with 1-1 continuity of consciousness. In short, any death by violence or disease is a thing of the past as the user dies, and instantly awakens in a new, healthy body.

These technologies and more are incorporated into the Arena as a means of rapid testing, and are available to the highest bidder, ethical considerations be damned.

### Law

Though the island does have a security force, they are largely limited to hunting down pickpockets, preventing the sale of bootleg merchandise, and resolving only the most extreme and unsanctioned acts violating the loose legal policy in place.

## Factions

### VulCorp

A corporate front run by the genetically engineered hedonist, Vulpes Rex.

VulCorp has, by virtue of his leadership, expanded across this globe and many others, becoming a leader in not just one, but many industries. Dealing in defense, cosmetics, transportation and many others, the public is largely unaware of who pulls the strings behind these operations. They are even less aware of the fact that many of those inventions are derived from Vulpes' own unique body, his strange fusion of biology and technology allowing him to grow, synthesize and create new materials within his own blood, bones and organs.

As the corporate sponsor of Paradise, Vulpes prefers to remain in the background, remaining at the apex of his tower so he can survey his domain. Few ever see the inside of his office, and even fewer still leave.

### Blackwood Incorporated

The brainchild of Dahlia Blackwood, her company has rapidly risen from an arrogant startup to a true rival of VulCorp. Although they lag behind in terms of technology and influence, their aggressive tactics have made them a thorn in the side of their larger competitor; a fact that Dahlia is unaware serves as a perpetual delight for Vulpes.

Recently, they acquired a construction permit on Paradise, not realizing that it was an intentional attempt to escalate the feud. Having taken the bait, they have constructed 'Black Towers', the second largest skyscraper on the island.

Currently, their primary goal is to engage in corporate espionage under the guise of several joint projects, hoping to cement their legacy at the top of the heap.

### Roman

Some say that it's better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.

The being known as Roman has no intention of stopping at Hell, and has his sights set on everything else as well. Although his history with Vulpes is murky, it's clear to anyone who observes any of their interactions that there is history and bitter enmity between the two men. This obvious animosity only makes it stranger that Roman has been placed in charge of the Red Light District, one of the largest and most profitable areas on the island.

Although his motives and origins are mysterious, Roman has cultivated ties to every group on the island, slowly insinuating himself into the criminal underworld

as well as other corporations, the fighter's roster, and even into the island's security forces.

### **Draconic Independence and Liberation Front (D.I.L.F.)**

Dedicated to a return to the 'old days' when the world was ruled by reptiles, D.I.L.F. is an archaic organization with deep roots in toxic racial ideology.

Believing that they are superior to the mammalian species that have flourished after their near extinction eons ago, the group's primary goal is to find a way to return to power. To this end, they've poured time, resources and endless effort into subversive ad campaigns, political lobbies, and other endeavors meant to gain a foothold on the popular consciousness.

While modern reptiles make up the majority of their ranks, the elite largely focus around the two oldest groups of reptiles, saurians and draconids. They are viewed with an almost ancestral awe by their younger scaled descendants, and they serve as an iconic image of a time when the world knelt under a cold-blooded claw.

Nonetheless, they face several stumbling blocks... Despite their efforts to sway the popular consciousness, they are still seen as fringe extremists at best, and dangerous kooks at worst. On top of this, their 'venerated ancestors' have been faced with centuries of declining birth rates, leaving a shrinking viable gene pool that makes 'pure' dragons and 'saurs an almost vanishing rarity. Still, they refuse to go gently into that good night, fighting extinction at every turn.

They maintain a large but quiet presence on the island, looking for the day when they can seize their next opportunity to return society to the place where it belongs- beneath their scaled heel.

### **Criminal Element**

You would think that in a place where any crime is permitted if regulated, there would be no criminals.

You would be wrong.

Despite the island's attitude of excess, some simply refuse to earn a living through legitimate channels, and pickpocketing, theft, unlicensed prostitution, kidnapping and worse are a perpetual problem on Paradise. Some criminals exist in a loose affiliation with one another. Others freelance, or work solo. Still others are simply tourists who failed to understand that, despite the fact that most of their desires are permitted and encouraged, there ARE still lines in the sand.

### **Islanders**



With all the comings and goings, sight and spectacle, it's easy to forget that the island is home to more than just transient tourists and visitors. Accounting for an incredibly small amount of the total population of Paradise, there are those who call the island 'home'.

While it's one thing to VISIT Paradise, it's another entirely to wake up, go to sleep, and try to earn a living there, and the Islanders often find themselves serving as the permanent workforce in the island's shops, attractions and brothels.

Attracted by promises of free housing, medical care and other benefits, many descendants of the island's original inhabitants returned to their ancestral homes with his hopes... Only to discover that the benefits they received were offset by ironclad work contracts, long hours, and wages so low that the thought of ever leaving became a distant dream.

While some are content to eke out their existence as a member of the unseen underclass, others have a growing resentment toward their corporate overlords, and the endless tide of tourists that devour their heritage whole, leaving them with little but bones to gnaw upon.

### **P. Sec.**

What does a cop do in Paradise?

In a town where most crimes have been regulated and legalized, you'd think that policing would be stultifyingly dull. Most times, you'd be correct. But 'most times' isn't always, and when word comes down from on top, Paradise Security knows that they need to get on the case, or they'll be out of a job.

A private security force owned by VulCorp, P. Sec.'s daily duties mostly consist of handling petty theft and unsanctioned fights between drunk tourists over who groped who's wife.

Sometimes, though, they are called into action to break up illegal arms deals, illicit drug trafficking, and worse as criminals take advantage of the relaxed policies toward extralegal activity.

## **Administration (Pride)**

### **Area Description**

Administration for the arena, despite it's incalculable importance to the infrastructure of the island, consists of a single building- The Spire.

The Spire is a massive, blade-shaped skyscraper and the tallest point on the island. Housing, at its base, the entrance to the Arena, the Spire also contains fine hotel arrangements for visitors, apartments for those who have signed a standard fighting contract and the administrative offices responsible for the upkeep of the island. At the pinnacle lay the commissioner's personal apartments, along with his collection of trophies from conquests past...

### **Sign In Desk**

Located at the base of The Spire, and only a short walk from the dock where the ferry arrives, the sign in area is many visitor's first stop when arriving at Sinner's Paradise.

A massive space that's constantly buzzing with new arrivals, it allows visitors to check in as a guest for their hotel room above, or to register as a combatant in the arena. Fighters have the option to sign up for a 'Light League', single bouts if they are simply someone who wants to test their strength against other guests and residents, or a 'Combat Contract'. The contract is a binding agreement for a minimum of 5 matches, which can be extended into 10 bouts, or even a lifetime contract that offers more generous terms, but which is also infinitely more difficult to get out of.

Those that choose to participate in the Arena find themselves promptly escorted to a bank of cubicles along one wall where they are implanted with a biochip. Instantly, their scans are uploaded to the medical facilities to the north and their first flash clone begins gestation. While some may balk at this loss of individualism, still more would refuse the process if they knew that their engrams officially became property of VulCorp.

Of course, plenty more would pay little mind, as there's never a shortage of those who would literally sell their soul for fame and fortune...

### **Hotel**

Above the Sign-in Desk, in what is commonly referred to as 'the hilt', guests enjoy what are considered by most to be the most luxurious accommodations on the island. The hotel within The Spire is a sought-after sign of status, wealth, and privilege for several reasons.

First, the location of the hotel means that guests are MUCH more likely to encounter, interact with, and even potentially socialize with the fighters of the Arena, quartered in the floors above. With the fame and celebrity status that some fighters achieve, those looking for a brush with glory sometimes feel that they are walking among living gods. The fact that those gods sometimes sign an

autograph or invite you to their bed is a bonus that makes the expense even harder to resist.

Second, the view is equal to no other. From the rooms on the upper floors of the hotel, guests can see directly down into the arena, watching matches from the comfort of their own chairs as the smart glass zooms in on the action. The effect is not unlike that of a box seat without the yet-more mind boggling expense of such a luxury, and yet more suited to those who prefer to enjoy their own sport during matches.

Finally, the facilities present dining and shopping opportunities that rival the best to be found elsewhere on the island with the added benefit of being exclusive to hotel guests and Arena combatants.

### **Fighter Quarters**

While some join for the money, the sex, or the fame, there are other perks to signing your life, body and spirit over to VulCorp. Among them are the 'free' lodgings provided to those who sign a 10-bout or greater contract.

The apartments range from spartan to extravagant, and are decorated and assigned using both data from the fighter's engram, and the amount of money that the fighter is expected to earn based upon their popularity with the Arena's patrons. A fighter that is just starting out will find themselves with what appears to be a standard hotel room that may not even reach the same standard as the guests below. Meanwhile, a fighter who has gained the adoration of the masses and is a favored winner will discover themselves in a palatial penthouse that seem tailored to their deepest desires.

Every decoration and furnishing is chosen based upon the engram of the fighter to maximize their comfort and focus between matches. Essentially, VulCorp scans their very souls to see how to guild their cage...

And make no mistake, it IS a cage.

While the lodgings are advertised as free, it is only because the cost of their lodging is deducted from winnings. Fighters who have had an unlucky streak or whose expensive tastes outstrip their ability to win will soon find themselves indebted to VulCorp. For those who have signed a lifetime contract which can only be terminated once the agreed-upon buyout has been reached, this means a form of indentured servitude; made to fight and die for an eternity as they chase an ever-expanding debt that can never be repaid.

### **Administration**

The administration offices for Sinner's Paradise are everything you would expect from a corporate enterprise with nearly unlimited wealth and power. Modern, sleek, and projecting an image of comfort, stability, and oddly threatening power, they house hundreds of employees handling all of VulCorp's most vital business.

Lower-level functionaries in cubicle farms plot and maneuver against their bosses and each other, always looking for the next big idea... or at least the chance to put their name on someone else's. Executives so used to the game that they no longer bother backstabbing each other undercut their rivals to their face. High-level scions of greed and commerce secure their positions against those who would unseat them.

Sometimes, it's impossible to tell which is more vicious- the battles in the arena far below, or those occurring within the boardrooms above.

### **Commissioner's Office**

In a lofty aerie, seated above the entire island, his view unmatched by any except perhaps those summing the mountains to the northeast, lies the office of Vulpes Rex.

The self-styled tyrant and would-be immortal takes great pleasure in surveying his domain, and the treasures that line what serves as both his home and his place of business.

Upon entering his domain, should they be permitted past the desk of his ferocious secretary Ms. Featherstone, entrants are greeted to a sight that speaks of pure power.

Picture this: A red carpet stretching into a cavernous room, a brutalist-architecture hall that is one part throne-room, one part chapel, and one part museum. On either side of the carpet, trophies. Some are artifacts. Some are awards. As one approaches the raised dais at the end of the carpet, they become more carnal in nature. Glass cases filled with bodies in various states of torment. Shattered. Raped. Ruined. These are the remains of the rivals who sought to unseat him as the absolute ruler of his domain. While many of them were allowed clone bodies after the fact, their moment of defeat will be preserved forever for all who enter this sacred space to see.

Upon the dais, a single, massive desk standing before an open wall with no other guard rail or safety features. There is nothing, not even glass to stand between him and that which is his by right of creation and conquest.

The desk itself, ornately carved stone featuring images of a beast being worshipped, seems as much an altar as a workstation. The contrast in baroque decoration with the stark nature of the rest of the room says one thing and one thing only.

The only important thing in this world of stone and blood sits here.

Ignore it at your peril.

## Beach (Sloth)

### Area Description

Who doesn't love to relax while they are on vacation? If that sounds like you, then this section of the island is probably where you'll spend the majority of your time.

### The Beach

Located just to the south of The Spire, and curving north and east from that point, the beach is known for its soft, white sands. Along the south side of the island, reaching toward the other districts, is the 'family friendly' stretch of beach that allows those guests who are looking for a soothing experience to enjoy a measure of modesty as they sunbathe.

Along the western edge of the island, stretching north, is a different kind of experience altogether. Here, guests are welcome to enjoy a clothing-optional experience that allows them to show off their best beach body. Some enjoy the sheer thrill of exhibitionism and voyeurism, while others find a special someone to enjoy the rest of their vacation with.

On either of the two beaches, showering/changing stations are available, as well as lockers for their personal possessions. There HAVE been some reports of break-ins, so bathers are advised to be careful of what they take and what they leave behind.

### The Boardwalk

Providing a gentle transition from the beach into the shopping and entertainment districts, the boardwalk stretches from the white sands to the stonework that keeps the rest of the populated parts of the island high above sea level.

Lined with games of chance, modest rides, and other attractions, it provides a carnival atmosphere great for unwinding at the end of a long day. At night, the light and music continues until around 1 AM so even late stragglers can get in on the fun as they stagger back to The Spire after a day of debauchery.

## Arena (Wrath)

### Area Description

The arena is the crown jewel of the island, and its placement leaves no room for doubt about that.

Located directly below the looming blade of the spire, it's hanging like a modern Sword of Damocles, its stands roar night and day with the thunderous cheers, jeers, catcalls, and roars of electric excitement. Not one hour in 24 is spared the perpetual bread and circus of combat, sex, and unfolding drama.

This sprawling complex houses far more than just the amphitheater where riotous carnage plays out before the adoring crowds, though. Constructed from the ancient stone of the original arena, it had been expanded upon, modernized, and now includes spaces where fighters prep, hold signings and promotions, and where fans can shop for merchandise or visit shrines to champions past and present.

### Main Atrium

Just beyond the check-in desk where prospective fighters can register and guests can log their entry into the island lies the Main Atrium.

A massive space decorated with statues to past champions and an ever-shifting display of great moments in the arena's history, the Atrium is one part museum, one part monument, and one part triumphal parade ground.

While there are other entrances and exits from the Arena and its grounds, this is considered by many to be the ideal way to experience the island's chief attraction for the first time. Of particular note are the 'Six Undefeatable Gods', massive statues standing 5 stories tall. Each depicts one of the few beings ever to hold the title of 'Unified Champion', fighters that held all three of the championship titles simultaneously during their careers.

Although the title system has been discontinued for almost 20 years, there are rumors that there may soon be space made for a seventh statue...

### Arena

The main event. The centerpiece. The beating heart of Sinners Paradise.

Regardless of how you refer to it, the initial reaction upon entering the arena is universal.

Awe.

The smell of blood, sweat and sex is overwhelming, drowning you in the intoxicating essence of life and death. The sound of thousands of fans screaming for victory, for death, for punishment and glory is enough to rattle your bones inside your skin. The tang of aggression on the wind so thick you can almost taste it. The Arena isn't just a place you visit, it's a full-body experience that either keeps you coming back, or burns you out and sends you home disgusted.

The arena itself is a massive, extended amphitheater that dwarfs the Coliseum in Rome, with attendees stratified into sections based on the type of tickets they've purchased. Prices range from an affordable rate in the nosebleeds to box seats with costs that rival a reasonably-sized house. However, even with the division of the haves and have-nots, each second offers something special to recommend it.

Out in the cheap seats, the action may be faraway, but the exits are close and those looking for a little privacy after the excitement on display (even if it WAS seen through binoculars) may actually be able to find it.

As the sloping rows of benches give way to plastic seats and finally to cushioned, luxury ringside seats, the view improves along with the accommodations. Those in the front row are particularly lucky, not just for the increased proximity to the spectacle, but because 'souvenirs' have been known to land in the crowds. Sometimes, a tooth or claw. Others, a piece of discarded clothing from a humiliated loser as they are paraded around the ring. Still others, particularly strong fighters have been known to hurl their opponent into the crowds as a living party favor, letting their punishment be carried out by fans of either fighter.

Up in the box seats, despite their elevation, patrons are gifted with unparalleled views thanks to the latest in VulTec technology. The finest suites are equipped with not only zooming smart glass displays that make the occupant feel as though they have a front-row seat to any match in the house, but also a holo-display that can put a fight in the center of the room, viewable from ANY angle. If that alone isn't enough, wealthy patrons have been known to sponsor fighters to compete on their behalf, and with the rules of the ring, those fighters sometimes bring their 'kills' back to their paying masters so they can partake in the victory under more... personal... circumstances.

As far the spectacle itself...

'The Killing Floor' as it is commonly called by spectators and fighters alike, is a sandy expanse upon which is set a series of raised metal platforms. If it were empty, it would appear unremarkable- metal squares and dust with only a few raised control stations to disrupt the symmetrical blandness of the Arena floor. However, that is never the case. The Arena is constantly buzzing with a dozen

concurrent fights as trainers, media, technicians and those with the backstage passes swarm the gaps between platforms.

The platforms themselves are equipped with hard light holographic generators capable of simulating any location from a library of thousands of environments. Anything from an old junkyard to a lush forest is possible.

Beyond this, the platforms themselves are frequently arranged into unique patterns for special events such as exhibitions, crossover promotions, or for performances on the rare occasions when the battles are paused for a musical concert or other performance.

### **Event Hall**

Located on the side of the arena facing the rest of the island's districts, the Event Hall is adjacent to the shopping area, and plays host to those activities that, while officially sanctioned by VulCorp, aren't big enough to be hosted on the main arena floor.

These can run the gamut from signing events with celebrities, to fight weigh ins, to tryouts for exhibition matches and can often draw crowds ranging from several dozen to a hundred attendees.

Topped with a skylight that runs the length of the zigzagging hall, the space itself resembles nothing so much as a massive convention hall, and is in fact used as one on occasion.

### **Lockers**

While some fighters may prefer to move directly from their personal rooms to and from the killing floor, others prefer a quiet place to change into their signature outfits, center themselves... or at the very least wash up after a loss without the public getting a deluge of photos of them at their worst.

Compared to the rest of the facility, the lockers are somewhat old-school, presenting the appearance of a modern if somewhat low-tech gym locker room. Metal lockers secured with punch codes, showers, and low benches running the length of the rows... well-maintained floors of tile and carpet... All the standard amenities that would be found anywhere else.

While they are of the same high standard as all the other facilities associated with the arena, the lockers have attained something of a negative reputation due to incidents of... overzealous... fighters taking the opportunity to begin their victory round on weaker opponents before the fight even commences, or taking advantage of someone else's defeated opponent when they are at their lowest.



It's best to watch your back, and to disregard any yelps or moans you hear from the shower stalls or restrooms.

### Gym

Any fighter that allows themselves to fall to anything less than peak physical condition is doomed to failure from the start. While some tourists may throw their hat in the ring just to say they did, serious competitors need serious training facilities, and the Arena delivers.

As with so many places on the island, the training facilities at the arena are not just state of the art, they are a showroom for the technological marvels created by VulTec. Containing traditional free weights, exercise machines, and everything that can be found in gymnasiums the world over, it also contains unique pieces of equipment that push fighters to new heights of physical perfection.

One such example is the grav chamber- an enclosed room where gravity can be increased to make even the most standard of routines into a challenge. Or, alternately, it can heighten one's body until previously impossible motions and actions can be achieved, allowing the body to slowly acclimate and develop muscle memory.

Or, the combat simulator. Using the same hard light technology as the holo-rings in the arena, this device not only simulates whatever environment the fighter wishes, but also a customizable opponent. Made to recreate the fighting styles and appearances of top fighters as well as completely simulated enemies, the combat simulator contains a multiplicity of settings that can prepare one for any scenario real or imagined. With that said, there have been some reports of glitches where the simulated fighters may carry things a bit too far... Rumors of a rogue, yet playful AI have been dismissed, and user error has been cited as the most likely cause of any mishaps.

### Galleria

Blood. Conquest. A true test of the spirit and will.

There are many reasons people come to the arena, but one defines many who visit...

Merchandising.

Yes, although the fighters themselves are almost single-mindedly devoted to being the best in the ring, a massive economy has sprung up around them. Like remora feeding from sharks, sponsors, talent agents, clothing manufacturers,

production companies, and countless others all rush to take a meal from the big fish.

And, of course, VulTec has accommodated them for a generous percentage of the profits.

Near the event space is a multi-story indoor galleria where official, licensed merchandising outlets sell everything from tee shirts with your favorite fighter's face, to sex toys bearing a completely different likeness to your idol. Blu-Rays and download codes for matches and highlight reels of victories and defeats share space with kiosks offering rock-em-sock-em fighters toys, and any possible expression of commercial exploitation is on display.

Outside, the fun continues with independent vendors selling homemade and secondhand wares. Some stalls may be filled with vintage gear no longer sold inside, while others hock dongles with unlicensed 'dumb' AI's that are based off a fighter's biochip data, allowing purchasers to play with their heroes within a digital realm of their choosing.

One thing is made very clear by this place, perhaps even moreso than in the shopping or red light districts...

On this island, ANYTHING is for sale at the right price.

### **The Pits**

In the Colosseum of old, the hypogeum below the sands allowed props, workers, and vicious beasts to be transported just out of sight of the cheering crowds.

Here in the modern evolution of that temple to violence, the same can be said. Chambers below the Arena allow for maintenance to proceed unhindered and unseen, and it also serves as a breeding ground for rumor.

Some say that below the arena, vicious attack beasts are trained for the day when they may be released for a special event.

Others claim that there is a 'debtors prison' down there where fighters who dug themselves too deep of a hole with their losses wound up burying themselves literally as well as figuratively. That rather than their reported retirement, they are now used for 'special training exercises' where the best fighters can have a target that won't hit back.

One thing is for certain, the tunnels below are restricted to all visitors, and most workers know better than to stray outside their assigned sections, lest they find out the truth in the worst possible way.

## Dining (Gluttony)

### Area Description

While food shops and eateries dot the entire island, and fine cuisine is on demand at the hotel, there is no way to beat the sheer variety and quality of the dining locations in the island's Dining District.

Centrally located where it can be reached with minimal effort from any other district, the streets and alleyways of the district are a maze of magnificent aromas. Exotic dishes from far off locales simmer on street carts, behind windows and in kitchens, and each carnival of flavors competes with those next to it by creating displays that tantalize the eyes as much as the stomach.

The architecture here, as a result, can be somewhat schizophrenic. A 1950's style diner sits in a public square, back to back with a multi-story pagoda where each level presents increased rarity and value. Both are surrounded by little coffee shops, chain restaurants, and everything else imaginable.

While most visitors will enjoy staying within the margins of conventional taste, those on the hunt for something more exotic will find that anything from endangered species to creatures that never existed at all are on the menu, all thanks to VulTec's cloning technology.

And if even that is not enough, forbidden appetites can be sated as well...

### Champ Burger

On this island, there is nothing that cannot be exploited... Including the 'leftovers' from the arena. While new tourists may initially wonder what is done with the remains of defeated warriors when they transition to their new bodies, a trip to the Dining District will quickly answer that question.

Here, diners can get closer to their favorite champions... a LOT closer, provided they have suffered a defeat recently.

As one may guess, the cost of the meal goes up proportionally with the fame of their choice of meat. Winners and champions, after all, tend to leave less for the creation of a proper meal.

Surprisingly, several subcultures have sprung up among the regular diners. There are some who save for months to enjoy the taste of a top-tier contender seared to perfection. Others with a more economic mindset will only eat the kills of those selfsame champions. These and stranger culinary fixations are commonplace, and

there are even those that offer a 'bounty' for filling their belly with their fighter of choice.

### **Rare Cuts**

Everyone loves an ethically sourced meal, and it's hard to find one more explicitly yet debatably ethical than those on offer at Rare Cuts. While most restaurants offer a veritable and sometimes literal buffet of creatures who did not and could not consent to be eaten, Rare Cuts offers something different.

Sponsored by a small religious group known as The Children of The Circle, Rare Cuts permits members to return their bodies to the world around them, continuing the circle of life. Each of the congregation is offered a chance to donate their body upon death to the restaurant. Provided they are not killed by disease or in some other fashion that would 'spoil the meat', they are sent to the restaurant, and lovingly prepared so that they can return to the circle of the world.

While some view this as a cultural expression of religious belief, others debate that members of the 'cult' are actively encouraged to surrender their mortal remains in the service of a crass commercial venture that profits off their death. Still darker rumors persist of members being encouraged to end their own lives, or of killers using the wishes of the pre-deceased as means of covering up their crimes.

Whatever the case is, that does not stop the restaurant from being a popular, upscale attraction where the wealthy often visit simply to say that they did.

The venue itself has all the class of an upscale steakhouse, although there is also an air of solemnity from the staff that most courteous patrons are kind enough to observe.

Menus are updated daily, and rather than specific dishes, contain images and brief biographies of donors, as well as which dishes are still available. Understandably, only limited quantities of each dish are available, and should a well-known, well-liked, or particularly despised adherent of The Children find themselves providing the evening meal, they have been known to sell out within moments of becoming available.

### **HypKnotic**

One of the premier nightclubs in Sinners Paradise, HypKnotic is a constant pulse of music, dance, and club drugs, as well as bodies hungry to give themselves to all of the above.

Sitting on the edge of the dining district that borders the Red Light District, the club is considered the starting or ending points on many a night of debauchery. In fact, it is considered to be one of the 'official' stops on the 'Red Highway', a sort of pub crawl popularized over the years where visitors to the island make their way through each of the districts from west to east. At each stop, a new pleasure is indulged, and it has been known to consume entire weekends ending in exhaustion.

The club itself is every bit the trendy modern destination that the rave and nightlife crowds demand. Swirling light and flashing monitors that pulse in time to the music, a techno-modern decor that lets patrons feel as if they've stepped into a cyberpunk fantasy... A large central bar seats dozens, with bartenders flitting around to make sure orders are filled quickly and correctly.

Along the upper catwalks, several soundproof business offices house deals that require additional security, neutral ground, and discretion. Popular among the criminal element, and corporate reps who need a little off the books work done, HypKnotic makes nearly as much from 'room rentals' as it does from the constant stream of customers filling her dance floor nightly.

The main stage has played host to bands and acts that read like a who's who of 'before they were famous', and it's rumored that the best way to get seen by the wheelers and dealers of the music scene is to land a gig there.

### **Solomon's**

Those looking for a little class may prefer Solomon's to the other, more exciting venues in the dining district. A quiet bar with a working class atmosphere, Solomon's manages to be relaxing and classy without being pretentious, or break-the bank expensive.

Two things prevent this spot of calm in the eye of the hurricane from becoming overrun with tourists, as the rest of the island is.

First, the very fact that it IS calm and relaxed. Most come to this island for excitement, meaning that only a very specific kind of clientele is attracted; those who would prefer to pass a completely uneventful evening.

The second reason is because of the patrons the bar DOES attract. Solomon's has long been a refuge of the island's security forces, and there's no faster way to ruin a vacation than by trying to have a good time in a room full of cops.

## Shopping (Envy)

### Area Description

Although the Arena is awash in its own merchandising, that doesn't mean the rest of the island is a desert when it comes to souvenirs, knick-knacks, and tchotchkes.

Cradling the eastern edge of the boardwalk and running up the island in a thin vein, the shopping district contains shops catering to both the day-to-day needs of the island's native and transient populace, and luxuries that can be shipped home for a modest fee. If something is for sale, and it's brand isn't tied directly to the arena, you can bet that it can be found here.

The overall style of the area is modeled on small, European seaside towns, such as Torquay. Historical, cobbled streets lined with quaint shops merging into more modern and familiar boutiques and clothing outlets.

### Gloves Up Combat Sports

Fighters across the island often bring their own gear to the Arena, but sometimes, equipment is damaged... clothes and costumes wind up torn and soiled beyond repair... or you even wind up leaving everything behind on your old body after a particularly brutal match.

Gloves Up Combat Sports presents an elegant solution for those whose combat gear is no longer useable, with an exclusive contract between them and VulTec that allows them to scan, duplicate, and maintain an inventory of a fighter's possessions before matches. The result is that, if a fighter should succumb to injury or death within the arena, they will find their broken gear restored upon waking back up, almost as if by magic.

Of course, this does mean that the cost of that gear is deducted from a fighter's account with the company, adding to the pain of a loss, but Gloves Up DOES offer ways of paying them back should your credit fail to extend that far. Fighters may be required to appear in modeling gigs or to use unfamiliar equipment for several matches as part of their research. Or, if they are short on volunteers, a fighter may find themselves serving as a 'practice subject'.

Practice subjects are, to put it kindly, living punching bags. If a fighter wishes to test out their gear, they may request the services of a fighter who is not permitted to hit back, but merely to suffer at their hands as they test how their new gloves grip and twist... their shin guards protect them when they strike bone... or how their helmet impacts another skull when they slam theirs into an opponent.

It's brutal, punishing work, but for some it is the only alternative to remaining eternally in debt.

### **Combat Chic**

Sometimes, a fighter needs a new look. A change of costume. A fresh rebranding. When that's the case, they need look no further than 'Combat Chic!'

Unlike 'Gloves Up', Combat Chic is less about duplicating the gear and look that fighters already have, and more about making sure they have access to what they want the NEXT time they enter the ring.

Renowned for their huge selection of gear, they can alter a fighter's look with ease, and are often the first stop for a fighter who wishes to re-invent themselves in the eyes of the public.

### **New You Rejuvenation**

While a change of clothes or replacement for missing gear are plenty for most, some fighters require something a little more... drastic.

New You can give fighters a change that goes all the way down to the DNA. For some, this translates to small alterations. Increased stamina or muscle mass. A bit of a cosmetic adjustment to an unsightly genetic defect.

For others, they may feel the need for a complete change of fur coloration, gender, the addition of new limbs and appendages, a second sexual organ or even a change of species.

While the prices are steep, proportionately so with the extent of the change, no one yet has complained about the results. Although, some might speculate, that an inability to do so is built in to even the most minor adjustment.

Customer satisfaction guaranteed indeed...

## **Red Light District (Lust)**

### **Area Description**

Crouching at the East end of the island lies a neon paradise that embraces everyone who enters. And while most are fortunate enough to leave again, there are a select few who are swallowed whole...

The Red Light district is a kingdom unto itself. The largest single district by virtue of the massive, palatial resident at the center, as well as by popularity, those who have had their fill of violence in the arena can pursue their *other* base instincts here. In some ways, it serves as a reflection of the arena... both sit on opposite

ends of the island, as though serving as counterweights for one another. One deals with the desire to create life, and the other with the need to end it. Each possesses a massive structure at the center dedicated to the worship of either sex or death. And both... are owned by monsters.

No one knows much about Roman beyond his appearance and his reputation. Outwardly, the young goat appears to be an 18 year old boy of severe and cultured aspect. His speech and voice seem older than his body, though, and his words have been known to ensnare and enslave those who allow them purchase in their minds. As for his reputation, anyone who has even the slightest sense of self-preservation has been told to ignore his seemingly fragile exterior if they want to walk out of any dealing with him alive.

As for the district itself, by day it resembles the shopping district and dining district's warren of winding alleys and broad thoroughfares full of meandering pedestrians, but at night it's revealed just how superficial that resemblance is.

Once the sun begins to set, the signs come on, the men and women that work the establishments hit the streets, and the entire place transforms into an almost magical wonderland of debauchery. From every street-corner, the most beautiful faces and bodies you've ever laid eyes on offer strange delights that ignite your imagination. A whispered word can lead you down a back alley to the night of your life, or you can find yourself in the gutter with your wallet as drained as the rest of you and a story to tell.

While public sex is legal, it isn't common, as there's no reason for the local workers to put on a show for free with their clients.

As far as the variety of establishments, there is something to cater to every taste. Whether it's gender, species, or even specific anatomical features, you can find a brothel, or at least several individual 'street workers', ready to provide you with your heart's, or at least your groin's, desire.

### **Roman's Palace**

A massive structure modeled after an imperial palace. Designed in a style influenced by Chinese and Japanese palaces, Roman's stronghold is a riot of color, texture, and opulence that borders on the obscene.

Massive ballrooms, galleries, and endless hallways lined with art and statues make the place seem even larger on the inside than on the outside, and the sound of laughing, pleasure, and occasionally pain whisper from behind every door.



Contrary to the expectations of most visitors, Roman's Palace is open to the public, and visitors are free to enjoy the hospitality here. Although there is no official commerce, plenty of self appointed 'tour guides' have sprung up to lead expeditions through the place. Some have a bit of genuine insight, but most are perfectly content to make things up as guests peel off to explore on their own.

While a large portion of the palace is essentially used as as a playground, there exists an 'inner sanctum' bast which only invited parties are permitted. There, Roman conducts his business, and engages in his... private interests. If the tourists knew exactly what all those statues truly were, and the true price of enjoying beauty for an eternity... it is very likely that the entire district would be emptied out.

### **Nine Lives Brothel**

In the Red Light District, there is an outlet for everything.

That includes those who like to take things too far, and no place offers that particular privilege with more distinction than Nine Lives.

Nine Lives, elegantly decorated in a victorian style and exclusively staffed by felines, charges the highest individual price of any brothel on the island. In exchange, visitors are able to indulge their darkest fantasies with the staff; namely the fantasy of ending someone's life in any fashion they choose. Kinder patrons make things quick with a bullet or blade. Other, more seasoned connoisseurs of death use their hands or unique instruments of torture designed to prolong the suffering of their 'purchase'.

But here, as within the Arena, death is not the end...

Each staff member, of which there are only ever nine, signs a contract where their lives are forfeit for nine deaths. Utilizing the same cloning technology as the arena, they are brought back after each client, and permitted to rest until their next appointment with the reaper comes calling.

As far as what the staff happen to get from the arrangement... Some come to satisfy their personal taste for self-destruction. Others are desperate for the massive payouts per client, willing to risk the hazards that come with repeatedly being cloned within a short period of time. There are even rumors of forged contracts, with staff members brought in by powerful outside concerns who want them taught a lesson.

Regardless of the reason, Nine Lives has become something of an institution, and those that work there are afforded the status and wealth of minor celebrities, albeit ones who learned that fame truly DOES have a high price.

### **Scale'd**

A unique strip club focused on reptilian clients and non-reptilian dancers. Generally shunned by the public due to the allegations of violence and abuse against the 'talent', it nevertheless turns a brisk trade from reptilian visitors looking to be treated like royalty, and those with a species-play fetish.

They are also a front for the D.I.L.F., and frequently host meetings in their private rooms, enjoying a vision of the world they hope to build as they are waited upon hand and foot by subdued mammals, avians, and others smart enough to know not to look them in the eye.

## **Business (Greed)**

### **Area Description**

There is nothing a corrupt system loves more than the appearance of fairness.

In that spirit, VulTec keeps a small business district where rival companies are permitted to set up shop, vying amongst themselves both for the prestige of being selected for the honor, and for whatever secrets they can glean from the technological marvels around them.

The attempts at corporate espionage are not a secret from the CEO of VulTec. They are, in fact actively encouraged. Seeing the constant attempts at subterfuge as a means of keeping himself sharp, Vulpes Rex has been known to leave deliberate openings in his security simply for the joy of tracking down those responsible for attempting to take what is rightfully his.

Still, despite the risks and consequences, new challengers to his reign are never in short supply, and the narrow delta between arena, boardwalk, and shopping district is never short of applicants for any sudden vacancies.

### **Blackstone Tower**

The newest addition to the island's skyline, Blackstone Tower is the only building that dares to rival the size and scope of the Spire.

Owned and designed by upstart millionaire Delilah Blackwell, the structure houses conventional offices for her company's staff, as well as floors dedicated to research and development, marketing, and the ultra-high security 'Information Retrieval' office.

Despite the innocuous name, information retrieval is a private initiative dedicated to obtaining the secrets of competitors, sabotaging projects that may rival Blackstone's own goals, and even the imprisonment and interrogation of assets that can provide them with a leg up on the other major corporations.

Atop it all sits the penthouse of Delilah Blackstone herself. An ultramodern aerie of smoked glass, black granite and gold, many is the night when she looks up from her place at the spire and contemplates the next move of her ultimate rival...

### **Brass Bull Talent Agency**

Not all businesses in the district are gleaming glass and steel. In the shadow of the skyscrapers and office buildings, some remnants of the district's previous architecture remain, rented out to those businesses which are, perhaps... less than reputable.

In one such dingy office, Boss Braithwaite runs his shady 'talent agency', offering newcomers and hopefuls easy promises of fame and fortune under his tutelage.

Instead, what they most often get is a quick 'audition' on his couch, and then a string of matches against opponents outside their skill level, gigs at clubs where they wind up performing in ways they hadn't wanted to, and an ever worse cut of the profits the bull rakes in.

### **The Body Market**

While many things are sold in the shops, galleries, and even back alleys of Paradise, there is one commodity that outstrips all others... flesh.

Whether it's in the literal sense with the commerce of the red light district, the thud of bone on muscle in the arena, or the endless churning of the restaurants in the dining district, the island presents a place where what would be inviolable elsewhere is not only bought and sold, but traded freely. And of all the places on the island that trade in this precious resource, none is so infamous or so exclusive as the Body Market.

Here, fighters can insure their bodies against any permanent damage that may be inflicted during a fight, and bids can be placed on the remains of those who may die in combat. Even more bizarre, bids can be placed on unused clones, for those who want to walk a mile in their hero's skin, and rumors persist of those same bodies being put to less scrupulous use.

There are even dark whispers of collusion between the Body Market and the medical facility where the clones are kept... of the bio-engramatic chips that contain a person's consciousness being copied, or of flash-cloned being

tampered with... leaving a fallen fighter to awaken in slavery as their twinned mind continues on unaware of the fate they endure, or into a body that has been 'modified' for the enjoyment of a rich patron.

Still, these are only rumors, and to give them too much credence is to acknowledge the possibility that the rot in the island's institutions goes all the way down to the core.

## Beyond the City

### Area Description

Although much of the city is occupied by the populated civic centers, districts and attractions, the northern stretch of the island is still largely in the grip of nature. While not unpopulated, those wishing to enjoy the great outdoors can find their freedom from the hustle and bustle out here.

A barrier of trees and hills rises from the west, forming a spine of ever rising hills until they reach the mountain in the northeast. On the near side of this ridgeline, tropical trees and waterfalls create a beautiful backdrop for the residents of the city to enjoy. On the northern side, grasslands and less ferocious foliage descend to a second beach, rockier and less picturesque but nonetheless beautiful for its untamed glory.

Some residents have chosen to make their homes in this out-of-the way location, though development of the region in any official capacity is strictly forbidden. Some claim it is to maintain the natural beauty of the region, while others say that it is to avoid disturbing the enclaves of native inhabitants rumored to live among the trees and clear freshwater streams.

### Medical

Although there is a hospital located in each district for the care and healing of residents who may suffer a mishap, the one that most residents think of is the Arena's medical facility, tucked away to the north of the structure.

Unlike the other hospitals on the island, this contains not only specialized facilities for healing fight related injuries, but also in providing the cloning services so vital to the no-holds-barred battles that occur there. In addition, psychiatric services and contraception are offered for those fighters experiencing 'lingering effects' from their fights.

Tucked into the jungle, with a pathway to the beach on one side, this facility offers a soothing place where healing and rehabilitation are possible for those who may be at the end of their ability to compete.

### **The Jungle**

Lush, thick and green, but not so impenetrable as some places on the planet. Natural clearings and game trails mean that the foliage presents a pleasant hike, and native species of involved flora and fauna surprise and delight visitors.

While most choose not to investigate the verdant trees and hidden pathways, others choose to enjoy them. Among them are 'vine swipers'; plant collectors who gather the various roots, flowers, and leaves needed for their medicinal and... recreational properties.

### **The Mountain**

In truth a dormant volcano, the rocky edifice that stands in the northeastern corner of the island is an impressive and fearsome sight.

The only thing that stands above The Spire, most visitors and residents ignore it as anything other than a part of the landscape and a possible backdrop for the occasional photo.

However, those that do take the time to hike up the mountain report a number of natural caves, and strange markings on the stone that make it seem as if this place may have held great significance to the native inhabitants of the island...

## **The Arena: How It Works**

### **The Chips**

Upon registration to compete in the Arena, each fighter is implanted with a chip at the base of their skull that continually monitors and records their complete biometric profile. Everything from specific thought patterns and brainwave activity to muscular density, nervous system conductivity, and endocrine production is catalogued, analyzed, and uploaded on a second-by-second basis to the facilities at medical.

Should a fighter's chip cease transmission, the stored data in at medical will be downloaded into the next waiting flash clone, allowing for a continuity of consciousness.

However miraculous this technology may seem, it is not without its drawbacks... Fighters reviving injuries to the region of their brain stem that fail to kill or disable their awareness sometimes find a flash clone has been activated accidentally, forcing them to recon with the ordeal of finding out what to do with another version of themselves. Other times, there have been recorded cases of third parties

buying or auctioning off a fighter's data, essentially ensuring that someone can create their own duplicates of a fighter whenever they wish.

Then, there's the issue of degradation...

While the data is perfect, downloaded data doesn't 'take' as firmly as actual life experience. As someone who has been transferred to a flash clone lives, accumulates experiences of their own, and gradually evolves as a person, their data becomes 'shored up'. Essentially, the longer one lives and the more one does after the process completes, the more 'stable' they become.

However, should someone suffer a rapid series of deaths, the majority of their life experiences become copies of copies, then copies of copies of copies. Each iteration of non-re-affirmed life experiences leaving the recipient less and less certain of their own identity and prone to psychosis.

But these are only the known issues... The truth behind them is yet more sinister.

The data serves two purposes known only to Vulpes Rex.

First, the recorded biometric data provides him with a constantly updating stream of every fighter on the island's skills and abilities. This allows him to analyze, anticipate, counter, and replicate any fighter's skills and abilities with minimal effort.

Second, the connection that pulls data from their brain isn't necessarily one way... and laying in wait at the far end of that connection is the beast himself.

### *The Ring*

Matches are carried out on one of a dozen different 'holo-rings' on the Arena floor.

Although these square, metallic squares of interlocking plates may not look like much when they are inactive, they contain whole worlds when they are brought to life with a few keyed commands at the edge of the platform.

Utilizing hard-light technology and immersive systems that can simulate any texture or color, the rings can be used to create complete holographic environments, complete with environmental hazards that affect fighters like the real thing.

Want a fight inside an active volcano? It's yours. Feel the need to duke it out in a junkyard? Done. Water temple? Aztec pyramid? Standard boxing ring? The only

limit is your imagination, and the ability of the computer to locate and interpolate references and data for the various objects included.

To those outside the arena, the fights appear to be occurring in an isometric perspective, with the fighters standing in a living diorama of their environment. Although it's not as immersive from the cheap seats, those sitting closer to the action report being able to feel the heat of flames, and gusts of wind from inside the simulation. Not only that, but more expensive box seats have 'holo seating', where viewers can choose to stand inside a 100% accurate real time representation of the fight, close enough to get hit by the sweat and blood of their favorite fighters.

### **The Rules**

The rules are very simple.

Fighters enter the ring and engage in battle.

The winner decides when the match is over.

And that's all.

### **Organizing Matches**

While fighters sometimes encounter each other organically, it's more common that they will hunt for available matches over FightNet, a social network specifically set up for competitors.

Accessible from personal terminals within each fighter's quarters, and in a convenient mobile version, the app allows fighters to see who is looking for a battle, and to accept or decline challenges with the press of a few buttons.

### **Contraception**

With the prevalence of sexual humiliation within the arena, and the number of fighters who like to put on a show after their match... sometimes, the facts of life arise.

In keeping with the rules of the ring, the option for emergency contraception is at the discretion of the winner, appearing as a holographic popup should the biochip read a sufficiently high probability of impregnation.

Needless to say, some fighters are all too willing to oblige... but others are more than eager to make their opponent beg for it, or outright deny them the right to avoid suffering the consequences of their loss.

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