

Organization Name: Myrmidon Security

Main Criminal Activities: Assassination, illegal hacking, profiteering, insider trading, kidnapping, assorted war crimes.

Number of Members: 20,000 employees worldwide

Organization Leader: CEO Carl Ryker

Notable Figures: Jeremiah Pengrave, Dr. Artemisia Beliss, Emmanuel Lutete, Persephone Holland

Headquarters: The Old Grain Exchange, downtown Port Diable

Strengths: advanced military tech, high levels of training, core of veterans, information warfare, armored vehicles

Weaknesses: lack of local support, outsider status, attention from higher governmental powers, financial dependency

History: Blade Battalions menacing Megalopolis real estate. The Naturalist, terrorizing economic interests in Africa. Ninjas of Zhu Long assassinating Chinese businessmen for enigmatic purposes. The world has a long history of strange threats to the economic solvency of various individuals and organizations. And while superheroes fill the gap of general protection nicely, it pays for powerful individuals to have someone on speed dial that they can call when such strange events arise, someone who can take care of things professionally and with a minimum of sticky ethical questions. Such is one of the main roles of Myrmidon Security. Founded by enigmatic international mercenary Carl Ryker, Myrmidon is, from all outside observation, a perfectly legitimate PMC. They have legitimate contracts with countries and corporations all over the world. Their reputation is stellar, and they recruit only from the best former military and intelligence personnel worldwide. They spend a fortune making sure they have some of the best, most cutting-edge military technology. They have protected diplomats, secured kidnapped hostages, escorted convoys and generally conducted themselves well. Many operatives of Myrmidon have every right to be proud of the work they do.

However, there are other tasks Myrmidon has been hired to do. Rumors of assassinations of inconvenient political roadblocks in far-away countries. Attacks on villages during ongoing civil wars. Other even darker actions. And of course, Myrmidon is famous for specializing in cleaning up after or protecting against strange and metahuman threats. Their record isn't perfect, of course, but they have successfully driven off or killed powered individuals and overcome unusually advanced technology being wielded against clients. They pick up where something like F.I.L.T.E.R. leaves off. All in all, Myrmidon is a controversial organization with fingers in many pies.

And now they've come to Port Diable, in the aftermath of the Oblivaeon Crisis. A full 30 percent of police and other emergency services professionals died during the attack and subsequent flooding of parts of the city. The Wayfarers, the city's superheroes also perished in the attack, and there are whispers that team leader Solar Flare was actually at fault for the flooding and damage in Port Diable's Long Dock district. In this gaping absence Carl Ryker has offered a surprisingly reasonable deal in which some of his best Myrmidons would step in and assist the

city in policing, reconstruction and logistical security. Ryker has to be losing money on the deal, so what's he getting out of it?

Style and Organization: Myrmidon is as close to a real army as you can get without national affiliation. Their soldiers are well paid, and a certain level of professionalism is expected when they are in the field. They have their own intelligence branch, and research targets thoroughly if possible before they strike. And when they do strike, they do so relentlessly, overwhelmingly and without remorse. If they have a weakness, it's that they cultivate a level of callousness in their units. An "us against them" mentality no matter where they end up. Winning hearts and minds has never been a strong suite. They make use of a significant amount of highly advanced military technology. Drones, autonomous gun platforms, advanced thermal and night vision and even stranger things are all common tools for Myrmidon Security. There are even rumors that they have acquired stolen Baron Blade and Thorathian technology and reverse-engineered it for their own purposes.

Character Profiles

Leader

Name: Carl Ryker

Age: 42

Height: 6'

Weight: 210 lbs

Distinguishing Marks: French Foreign Legion tattoo on left side of ribs. Numerous combat-oriented scars all over body

Description: Carl Ryker is a tall, angular man with neatly trimmed blond hair and slightly weathered features. He could be described as rough but good-looking. He has ramrod posture and is in incredible shape. His movements are graceful and very controlled.

History: Carl was born in a factory town in Iowa. A smart, athletic young man, he played basketball, but not well enough to succeed in the sport, and did all right in school, but not well enough to go anywhere. He saw the writing on the wall, as the jobs began to dry up and the town's prospects looked grim. His family, while secure, didn't have the money to just send him to college, and he hated the idea of debt. So he joined the army. He served well, but not exceptionally, during the first Gulf War, and afterwards found he'd developed a wanderlust, a desire to see the less popular corners of the world. He traveled across it, working gigs as a bouncer, a bodyguard, a security goon and even a few years with the French Foreign Legion. When he returned to the States, he had numerous military and security connections from all over the world, and a nest egg that he spent starting up Myrmidon Security. In three years, it was a smashing success, in six, an international name and in a decade, it was one of the powerhouses of private military operations. Notoriously enigmatic, Ryker eschews the spotlight and prefers to work with his troops and tech.

Also, every word about the personal life of Carl Ryker written above is a lie.

Name: Karl Reinhardt

Age: 110

Height: 6'

Weight: 210 lbs

Distinguishing Marks: numerous occult tattoos all over body, including Aramaic, Chinese, Latin and several other languages, notable circular wound directly over his heart, various combat-oriented scars all over body.

History: Karl Reinhardt was born in Prussia to minor nobleman and military officer Wilhelm Reinhardt. Wilhelm was a decorated veteran and hero of The Great War. Wilhelm had also been driven mad by his experiences. Karl's two older brothers, Max and Otto, had both died fighting for Germany during the war, and the loss had driven Wilhelm over the edge. Karl was left with a succession of servants and nannies, his mother long since dead, as Wilhelm sank deeper into his madness. Eventually, Wilhelm turned to the dark arts, hoping to find a way to bring his sons back from the dead. He purchased countless occult tomes and artifacts from all sorts of experts, and when each proved insufficient to the task of resurrecting his lost sons, he discarded them. The only thing he ever did with Karl was train him in various military skills, intermittently. However, Karl was far more interested in his father's discarded magics. A precocious youth, he loved to study the mysteries of magic, absorbing all kinds of different sorcery from the wide variety of sources his father collected. As a teen near his family's estate, he met his platonic life partner/co-dependency anchor Yvette Kraus, a young nomad whose brothers had been killed in a fight with Karl. She had been raised with tales of wonder, magic and mystery, but an incredibly abusive and neglectful family life. She wanted an out, and she wanted adventure. Both incredibly broken people, they viewed each other as siblings, of a sort, two lost souls looking out for each other.

If only they had not been such utter shits. Karl was eventually sent to university, where he was a noted student duelist and grifter. He and Yvette scammed a fortune out of his fellow students, all to fund their mutual interest in the mysteries of magic. They traveled all over Europe, deepening their understanding and even building a team of mercenaries that specialized in working for the various occult societies of the continent. And then the Nazis rose to power. There were those in the ranks of the National Socialist government that saw the value in mystical powers, but also knew that various groups in Europe had been collecting magical artifacts and lore for centuries, plundered from all the colonies and conquests of Europe. The Nazis wanted to secure this lore, since they didn't really expect these ancient organizations to just play ball. So they hired Reinhardt and his team, and gave them a huge budget and men to acquire the magic for them. And acquire it he did. Well over a dozen occult societies around Europe that thought themselves safe from mundane predation were swept away, and their stockpiles of magic squirreled away. Reinhardt was never a devoted ideological Nazi, but the money was good and it gave him and Yvette a way to collect magic they would have never gotten access to otherwise.

But eventually, the tide began to turn for the Nazis. The allied forces were beating them back, and allied superheroes were crushing Nazi occultists and weird weapons left and right. The Soviet Union was grinding the Wehrmacht to dust in the east. The writing was on the wall, and Karl and Yvette wanted nothing to do with the aftermath. They decided to plunder the largest stockpile of occult tools and disappear, but didn't account for an Allied attack nearby. They found themselves hemmed in and about to be pounded to dust by an artillery strike. The two knew a spell that would let someone survive, but only one of them, essentially killing a person to let them serve as an anchor to life. The two flipped a coin, and Karl won. He survived the shelling. Yvette did not. A side-effect of the spell is a certain decoupling from the aging process, however, and Karl went forward with the original plan, looting magic and fleeing. He traveled the world, serving as a mystical warfare advisor to dictators, crime bosses and legitimate governments alike. Vietnam in the 50s. South America in the 60s. Africa in the 70s and many others besides. Carl Ryker is his most modern identity, a role created to allow him to sink his resources into founding a new personal army. He has looted spells, artifacts and mystical traditions from dozens of cultures around the globe, and now he's come to Port Diable for mysterious and sinister reasons.

Stats: Karl Reinhardt is a Mastermind Inventor supervillain with a d12 Looted Relics, a d10 Infernal and a d8 Deduction. His primary upgrade is Yvette, a modification of the Vehicle upgrade that instead gives him an enhanced ghostly lieutenant. She's always with him, even if only he can hear and understand her anymore, and she has some real snarky things to say about his personal life. She's a d12 lieutenant with the Recovery and Sturdy upgrades. Reinhardt has a vast knowledge of the darker side of magic, and many, many magical artifacts he's stolen throughout the years. He likes to weaken his strongest opponents before finishing them off with powerful hexes and conjurations or empower himself with dark magic and crush his opponents in close-quarters combat. He always tries to have a contingency plan or a fallback. He also uses a spell which allows him to store a small collection of artifacts in a tiny pocket dimension that only he can reach.

Roleplaying Tips: Carl Ryker is a calm, collected businessman with a military demeanor who can be charming, if a bit repressed. He speaks in clear and concise terms about his plans, and even while being menacing or opposing someone, never loses his cool and affable demeanor. He prefers neatly tailored suits or unmarked Myrmidon fatigues for field work.

Karl Reinhardt is a much looser personality. He can be equally charming, but has a more dangerous and rakish air about him. He likes to gloat or lecture on the intricacies of magic, but only against potential enemies. Against threats, he prefers to crush them at a remove or crush them directly, but either way, crush them. He sometimes seems like he's talking to himself, but he's really talking to Yvette, who only he can hear, but others can sometimes see. He generally wears unmarked military field uniforms or, on occasion, occult robes or other paraphernalia.

Notable Officers and Specialists

Name: Captain Jason "Raptor One" Pengrave

Age: 36

Height: 5'10

Weight: 175 lbs

Distinguishing Marks: Multiple combat-related scars over torso and arms. Marks where tattoos have been removed with laser on left bicep, right bicep, right forearm

Description: Jason Pengrave is an intense, highly fit man with dark hair, pale skin and dark eyes. He's obviously some sort of military, and is constantly observing his surroundings and almost never seems at rest. He moves gracefully and has a way of both fading into the background while still remaining menacing.

History: Jason Pengrave never expected to join the military. An Alaska native, he grew up learning self-sufficiency, hunting, trapping and many other skills from his isolationist, survivalist parents. They believed that society would fall and only people with the right skills and mindset would survive. Jason now knows his parents weren't well, but at the time he thought the world of them, and they did all they could to educate him in everything they knew. And then the syndicate came to the area. A criminal organization was looking for a very remote place where they could engage in certain nefarious activities, and Jason's parents got in the way. There was a clash, and Jason's father died, but so did some of the criminals, including the son of the boss. Trying to hide his injured mother while being stalked by an army of criminal gunmen was difficult and bloody, but Jason applied all he had learned and picked them off, one by one. But it was too late for his mother, and for many people in the nearby small town, including the few Jason had befriended without his parents knowing. In the aftermath, bereft of specific purpose and with the knowledge that he wanted to take down powerful people who hurt others, he decided to join the military on the suggestion of his last remaining friend and mentor, a local hunter who had befriended his family. The man told Jason he'd see the world and learn the skills he needed. And that was very, very true.

Jason applied to be a Navy Seal and despite some friction due to his sheltered upbringing, his physical fitness and potential was incredible. He served with the Seals for years, building a sense of camaraderie and brotherhood, but also making enemies the world over of terrorists and dictators. But then the men from F.I.L.T.E.R. came. They needed the best of the best to be seconded to their organization for special missions facing off against the strangest and most deadly opponents. The things F.I.L.T.E.R. hunted were powerful, and they terrorized the weak. It was exactly what Jason wanted. He spent six long years working with F.I.L.T.E.R., hunting down aliens, monsters, rogue supers and other, more insidious threats. He learned how to hunt people with powers far beyond his own. He had a brief relationship with Paige Huntley, the infamous KNYFE, that ended poorly. He was even scouted, briefly, for Sergeant Steel's team. But when KNYFE went rogue, and F.I.L.T.E.R. turned on her, Pengrave requested to be transferred back to the Seals. But back in the normal military he felt he wasn't doing enough. There were things out there, he'd learned, that were more terrifying than could be imagined, and here he was fighting humans. Then he heard that there was a private security company that was filling in the gaps F.I.L.T.E.R. left. Myrmidon Security. He resigned from the Seals and

approached Carl Ryker. Pengrave had no illusions about Myrmidon, and he knew they were no band of white knights. But he also knew they did what had to be done, and kept the strange and the dangerous from the doors of Americans. Pengrave helped build much of Myrmidon's RAPTOR unit, their premier group for "neutralizing" people and things with unusual abilities. As long as they let him go after what he thinks is the greatest danger, he overlooks the shady stuff. After all, in this business, no one has clean hands. Especially him.

Stats: Captain Jason Pengrave is a Skilled Predator supervillain with d10 Myrmidon Arsenal (Signature Weapons), d8 Field-Expedient Gear Requisition (Gadgets) and a d6 Vitality (to represent his exceptional physical condition). He technically has no powers, but is an extremely dangerous soldier with mastery over most forms of close and long-range combat. He likes to spy on his targets before striking, gaining understanding of their powers and weaknesses. He is an expert on exploiting vulnerabilities, striking with overwhelming force and improvising traps and advantages in the field. He is sometimes accompanied by a group of hand-picked elite operatives, Talon Team, as well as the troopers from RAPTOR.

Talon Team are all lieutenants with +1 to Saves and are as follows: Gareth Shrike (d10 Myrmidon Heavy), Gabriella Cisneros (d10 Myrmidon Assault), Wesley Imamura (d10 Myrmidon Sniper) and Jane Wells (d10 Myrmidon Drone Operator).

Roleplaying Tips: Jason believes he's a bad man. He's done bad things. He could almost always justify his actions, say that he did bad for good people, but that doesn't wash the blood from his hands. He is a bit standoffish, even among people who know him well, but that's just because social niceties do not come easily to him, due to his upbringing. He has a tendency to retreat into military jargon and extreme professionalism when he's caught off-guard, but there is a fierce anger in him, buried very deeply. He has enemies all across the globe that he's pissed off, the family of bad people he's killed or from whom he's taken things, and he worries someday that will catch up to him. He cares deeply, in his own, quiet way about his hand-picked soldiers, especially his Talon Team, all of whom he personally recruited from various paramilitary and special forces groups all over the globe.

Name: Emmanuel "Conductor Alpha" Lutete

Age: 24

Height: 5'8

Weight: 145 lbs

Distinguishing Marks: Electrical scarring on right forearm.

Description: Emmanuel is a slender African man with warm, expressive features and a narrow face. He has a cheerful energy about him and usually dresses very casually, sporting a utility vest covered in pockets that are in turn stuffed with tools, spare parts and snacks. He keeps his hair short and utilitarian. He has a slight accent, but has deliberately trained to try and sound as natural as possible in any language he speaks.

History: Emmanuel is from the Democratic Republic of Congo. He was born during a time of great strife, and unfortunately for him, at the time, he was a boy with a great imagination. He heard stories from his family of all the places in the world that weren't his awful home, and all he could do was dream of getting away. He was also highly precocious. He studied every piece of technology his family had, disassembling and reassembling them, sometimes even better than before, after his first dozen times. He even found a damaged drone that had been used by journalists trying to get a view of what was happening in the country. That, he loved. He rebuilt the drone and used it to help his family navigate around armed bands. He was a sweet boy with a simple dream, and he loved his family and just wanted them to be safe. He eventually started building his own drones in his mid teens. An enterprising mercenary with a side in arms dealing saw some of Emmanuel's work, and was fascinated. He offered to pay the boy a fortune if he built him his own drone fleet, and Emmanuel accepted...as long as the man, Carl Ryker, brought Emmanuel with him, out of the DRC. Ryker was happy to oblige, and paid Emmanuel a fair fortune for what he could bring to the table.

For the first time, Emmanuel was able to see the world outside his home...and he LOVED IT. Everything was so new and exotic and he wanted to experience it all. Mr. Ryker was happy to facilitate his visits to cultural centers, music clubs, research labs and more. All he asked in return was Emmanuel keep building things, and keep improving his skills. Now close to a decade later, Emmanuel is a man of the world, so to speak. He speaks a dozen languages, can speak intelligently on art and history from around the world and has experienced countless different cultures. But he's also become lost. He had his family moved out of the DRC years ago, but avoids them because he doesn't just build drones anymore, he oversees Myrmidon operations, and sometimes even takes to the field. He knows his boss does some shady things, but Ryker has always been supportive of him, and has not only funded his travels but also had him trained by the best combat engineers and specialized technicians in the world, and made sure his family had good homes and jobs far away from the strife of their homeland. He even let Emmanuel study the salvaged Blade-tech that they took from their clashes with the Battalion in certain darker corners of Eastern Europe.

Stats: Emmanuel is a Creator Overlord supervillain with a d10 Robotics, a d8 Inventions, a d8 Remote Viewing (to represent his spy drone fleet) and a d6 Intuition (to represent his quick mind and ability to put things together quickly with minimal parts or information). He doesn't always take to the field but when he does it is mainly to coordinate an attack by the Myrmidon drone army. He usually spends his turns boosting his drones and using them to overwhelm his enemies. He maintains a small fleet of personal defense drones he built himself from a hodgepodge of Blade-tech and Thorathian military hardware that deflects or destroys incoming attacks. He feigns sadness over the deaths of his drones, anthropomorphizing them but he doesn't actually care that much. They're expendable.

Roleplaying Tips: Emmanuel, on the surface, seems like an incredibly charming young man. He loves to engage with people about their culture, art and passions, and can speak intelligently about most "highbrow" topics. He is a little dismissive about his brilliance in the field of drones and robotics, unless someone shows they truly understand what they are talking about.

Underneath his eager charm, however, is a conflicted man. He doesn't really know what to do, because in his heart he knows what he's doing is sometimes wrong, but at the same time, the work has only helped the people he cares about and given him literally everything he wanted in the world. Emmanuel has a crush on Doctor Beliss, but he doesn't really know how to win her heart. He also loves wordplay, because it lets him show off his mastery of his various languages.

Name: Doctor Artemisia Beliss

Age: 30

Height: 5'1

Weight: 110 lbs

Distinguishing Marks: DNA Tattoo on the back of left hand, circuit-board tattoo on back of right hand

Description: Artemisia is a heartbreakingly attractive Eurasian woman with dark hair that usually has some sort of color streak dyed into it. She usually has hunched or extremely casual body language and an air of dead-eyed sullenness that usually only comes with the second year of work on a dissertation. She dresses in baggy clothes and big lab coats that seem to swallow her up, and can usually be found with a coffee mug somewhere nearby.

History: Artemisia doesn't know who her birth family was. She's been told they died, all of them, but not how. Her first memories were on the neat green lawn of belonging to her adoptive family. Doctor Eugene Beliss and his wife Melanie were kind enough, at first, but they'd adopted Artemisia more as a publicity stunt than anything else, and because it was expected and proper for a good family to have a child, but Melanie didn't want to actually go through the messy process of having a child. At first, they were happy to hand off Artemisia to "the help" since Doctor Beliss had a long day of important hospital administration to get through, and Melanie her many causes. However, when Eugene came home and found his four year old daughter helping the nanny balance her checkbook he knew he might have to take a more active hand. The family rapidly discovered that young Artemisia was an honest-to-god genius, a child prodigy. Her grasp of mathematics and other related scientific fields was staggering. Unfortunately for Artemisia, this now meant that the pendulum had swung back the other direction, and her parents took too much interest in her. They paraded her in front of their successful friends, had her compete in scholastic contests, and put her through constant study. By the time she was past the age of ten she was a national name, and Stinson Labs and Revocorp had already expressed an interest in recruiting her. She had her first degree before she was fifteen and her doctorate by eighteen.

And the moment she legally became an adult, she imploded. She quit the beginning of her next doctorate, sold a patent for a small fortune and just partied. She went to raves, made questionable life decisions, hung out with entirely undesirable people and committed petty crimes. She was entirely fed up with the fake goodness her parents had projected all her life, and at this point just wanted to do whatever she wanted. So for a few years after her most rebellious period, she did just that. She helped hackers in Indonesia write a code that allowed

them to tap into government surveillance and expose politicians' indiscretions. She assisted a rogue lab in Lithuania develop a counterfeit version of a highly regulated medical drug and sell it on the black market. She became famous as an outlaw scientist, someone who knew enough about so many different disciplines that she could usually fix whatever science problem your shady operation had run into. But finally, the law had her cornered. Interpol had proof of her latest crime, and her safehouse was blown.

But then the evidence disappeared from a secured Interpol vault. A pack of lawyers were waiting at the nearby police station even as Artemisia was hauled in wearing handcuffs. By the end of the week she was free. And waiting for her was Carl Ryker and Myrmidon. He was perfectly charming, and frank with her. He wanted her services, and he was willing to meet her price. Artemisia had been a perfect little angel, a wild child, an outlaw, but none of those things had really suited her, so without much else to go on, she accepted the offer. In the time that followed, she's become the go-to specialist for any sort of scientific or medical work the company needs. Including some of the shady stuff. She hasn't decided if she cares yet.

Stats: Doctor Artemisia Beliss is d12 elite lieutenant with the following special abilities.

Black Hat Renaissance Woman: Doctor Beliss gets a +3 to Hinder

Accurate Hypothesis: Doctor Beliss's Hinders are persistent and semi-exclusive (max of 2)

Roleplaying Tips: Artemisia generally speaks and behaves like she gives negative 3.14 repeating amounts of shit about anything. Her tone is equal parts dead and sarcastic, and even if she's impressed with you she's likely to give you a back-handed compliment. It's all tools she developed after a childhood surrounded by people who kissed up to her, manipulated her and wanted her to be a perfect little photogenic angel. She isn't amoral, exactly, but it's hard to get her to be arsed to care. She does what she wants and generally doesn't let society's expectations get in her way. However, she's a little afraid of Carl Ryker, because she knows he isn't just a normal ruthless mercenary warlord. That being said, she has no idea the full extent of his darkness. She likes the many scientific challenges her work with Myrmidon brings her, and the best way to get her to move from seeming apathy to mild interest is to bring her some especially juicy technology or specimens.

Name: Lady Persephone "Sunset" Holland

Age: 100

Height: 5'4

Weight: 126 lbs

Distinguishing Marks: None, darling, I'm flawless

Description: The term "English Rose" could have been invented for Persie Holland. Her skin is deeply pale, her lips red and her eyes blue. She has a slender figure and dark brown hair. Despite her small frame and apparent fragility there is something in her eyes and the way she carries herself that makes her seem far more dangerous than she could ever be.

History: It's probably unfair to say someone can be born bad. But there was definitely something very wrong with Persephone Holland. Even from a young age she was equal parts manipulative, sadistic and cruel. Her family, minor British nobility who had seen some success in government service before and during the Great War, were horrified, but at a loss for what to do. Eventually, though, she seemed to calm down, and stopped terrorizing the staff, her siblings and any nearby animal. In truth, Percy hadn't really changed, she'd just learned, once she was old enough for the information to sink in, that you could get away with more if you learned how to behave around other people. As she grew up she became a more subtle kind of terror. She was cruelly cutting to her school mates, broke a dozen hearts, and spread secrets like the plague, but somehow always managed to just slip away from any punishment. It made others flock to her, if only so she'd target someone else. Coming of age during the late 30s, when the rise of the Nazi party was imminent, she just so happened to meet a dashing young Continental that would change her life.

His name was Karl Reinhardt and he was some sort of antiquities expert, but also a mercenary, which she found very exciting. Equally exciting and a little perplexing was his complete immunity to her usual manipulations and blandishments. She fell for him, and he was happy to accept her into his life...as long as she served as a useful source. Espionage came easily to her, and she quickly went from simply an asset, informing on British high society and their delicious collections of arcane implements, to an active agent, after she accidentally killed a minor baron who discovered her snooping. Now killing, that was a real hoot, and she decided to become very good at it. Karl was useful, in this regard, because he could not only teach her the basics (shooting, stabbing, where to punch) but also provide certain...murderous aids. The most notable occult trinket he procured for her was a book, *The Nine-Venomed Fountain Pagoda*. A combination of grimoire and martial arts manual, it had been written by a dangerous mystic on a mountain in China hundreds of years ago. When he had written it, the ingredients needed to unlock one's poison centers were rare, and nearly impossible to find. In the modern era, it merely took a healthy amount of money. Persie reveled in her new martial tricks, poisoning people with a touch and striking a fleeing man, only to watch him expire twenty steps away. But eventually, the Allied secret services caught up to her, and poison didn't do much good against a man in an armored Bunker suit. She was forced to flee, her home in ruins, her reputation ruined and her lover nowhere to be found.

She spent the intervening decades as something of a minor British supervillain. She was canny and cruel, yes, and had enough understanding of the occult to use it, even if she was never much of a spellcaster. And she certainly was toxic. But she could never rise beyond being a minor crime boss. Eventually, she did twenty years in jail, and by that point age had more than caught up to her. She used her remaining stashed cash to try and start a new life, but she was an ex-con with a terrible reputation and the eyes of the forces of justice on her constantly, and she ended up working menial jobs for many years. This only made her bitter, and even more cruel. Eventually, she was old enough that she could no longer work, and ended up in an average retirement home surrounded by people she hated. She assumed she'd die there. Until Karl Reinhardt came through the door, scarcely older than he'd been all those decades ago. And he had something for her. He'd seen it at an auction in Hong Kong and immediately thought

of her, and after he bought the item he'd sought her out. It was a dagger from some long-forgotten cult designed to pull the life force from a victim and turn it into toxic energy. For most people, it was a way to create a poison blade, and little more. But for someone suffused with poison, it was lifesblood. The first person Persephone Holland killed was her roommate at the retirement home, and by the time she was done with her wing she looked 45. By the time she cut her way out of the building, it was closer to 30. Now she's back with Karl Reinhardt, serving as his grim left hand, killing people and serving as the Myrmidon CEO's feared enforcer.

Stats: Persephone Holland is a Leech Formidable with a d10 Toxic, a d8 Blade of Corrupted Flesh (Signature Weapon) and a d6 Agility. She delights in stalking her targets or putting them otherwise off-guard by using her Toxic Influence roleplaying skill, and then striking, leaving them choking, rotting or just plain dying at her feet. She prefers one-on-one fights where she can draw out the torment or taunt her victims, secure in her ability to overcome a single target. That being said, she's put a lot of time over the years studying The Nine-Venomed Fountain Pagoda, and is a canny and potent mystic martial artist and an absolutely merciless fighter that will seize any and every advantage. When confronted by truly overwhelming odds, though, she will absolutely cut and run.

Roleplaying Tips: If you are lucky enough to run into Persie while she's "on the hunt" so to speak, she can be a charming and witty companion with just a slightly cutting sense of humor, the sort of person who is a real hit at parties and maybe a little difficult in real life. And that is a true side to her. But she also takes deep pleasure in hurting people and destroying the things others hold dear. Sometimes that means just killing them but it can also mean sickening their loved ones, undermining their position at work or destroying art they love. That's Persephone's true pastime. She loves Reinhardt, as much as is possible for her, but it's in large part due to what he's done for her, over the years, and the fact that he causes much more pain than she ever could, and he doesn't even revel in it.

Myrmidon Troop Types

Note: This is THE EXPERIMENTAL SECTION. The boffins in the back room have put together some extra new minion stuff. It's entirely untested, built on random imaginings filtered through too much Division 2 and some other stuff. Maybe getting really into a game about a country-shattering plague was a bad idea during 2020? Anyway, I have no idea if these are overpowered or just right, but my players are gonna find out! And in the end, isn't that what players are for?

Myrmidon Assault: The rank-and-file of Myrmidon forces. Generally tough, experienced and professional, the black and gray armor and uniform probably does them no favors. That being said, I wouldn't make "Evil Army" jokes around them. Either they get mad and come after you...or they decide to lean into it.

D8 minion/d8 lieutenant

Specialized Training: The Assault can have a +1 to Boost, Hinder, Attack or Saves modularly, and pick which one to have at the beginning of their turn.

Lieutenant Upgrade (Suppression grenades): Hinder up to three targets that are close together.

Myrmidon Grenadier: Remember, in school, when you laughed at your math teacher and told them you were never going to use this trig stuff and that the class was useless? These guys are made up of the ones in the back that took offense. Grenadiers are equipped with highly advanced explosive launchers and use that most terrifying of disciplines, raw math, to put those explosives exactly where they want them to go. It's just a shame that so often exactly where they want them to go is right on top of an inconvenient political figure's head.

D8 minion/d8 lieutenant

Airburst Launcher: Hinder/Attack up to 3 targets

Lieutenant Upgrade (Modular Ammunition): Gain a +3 to Hinder or Attack, but must take an action to switch types

Myrmidon Medic: Where these guys were trained, the Hippocratic Oath was more of a Hippocratic Suggestion. Extensively trained in battlefield triage and on-the-fly medical assessment, the Medics have a lot of skill to bring to the table. That being said, the Nazis were reputed to have given their soldiers amphetamines to keep them fighting, and that's small shakes when it comes to the battle drugs Myrmidon has access to these days.

D8 minion/d8 lieutenant (+d6 MedDrone Minion for lieutenant version)

On Your Feet, Soldier!: A Medic can take a turn to assist a living ally with their medical tech. They can raise the die size of a minion or lieutenant, but only up to the cap of that ally. They can bring a downed lieutenant back to their feet at a d4 die size. They can roll their die size twice and take the lower of the two and add that many hit points back to a Supervillain. While their MedDrone is active, they can do so without rolling a Hinder against themselves, but if it goes down, they must roll a Hinder against themselves when they take this action.

Lieutenant Upgrade (Gimme a Red): A Medic can take their action to boost the die size of a minion or lieutenant by one, past their starting die size. For a villain, they can Boost at a +3

Myrmidon Sniper: It'd be laughable how these guys use phrases like "boom, headshot" and "Be polite. Be efficient. Have a plan to kill everyone you meet" if they weren't 100 percent capable of backing it up. It takes a special kind of calm to shoot someone in the head through half an opera glass, and these soldiers have it in spades. Considered something of a separate elite within the Myrmidon forces, the Snipers are either a Myrmidon's best friends, or jumped-up voyeurs who better not be watching me war crime.

D8 minion/d8 lieutenant

Damn Good Ground: If a Sniper has a chance to prepare or properly position, an Overcome action must be rolled before they can be attacked, representing the difficulty in finding their firing position and/or reaching it. Once the Overcome is rolled, however, the Sniper is flushed out and can be attacked normally.

Repositioning!: A Sniper can take their turn to find a new firing perch, utilizing mobility tech, parkour and flash bangs. If they do so, their Overcome action is reset.

Lieutenant Upgrade (Decoys): A Sniper can use their turn to set a decoy, adding a Hinder to Overcomes rolled to locate them.

Myrmidon Heavy: Hey, look, I thought that bad guys who were just randomly, inexplicably bigger than everyone else in the fight was just a video game thing! Heavys are the biggest, toughest troopers around, and they know it. They wear advanced body armor and wield only the most cutting-edge in belt-fed weaponry. They have even started incorporating muscle assistance tech scavenged from crashed Thorathian ships. For the most part they usually are used for hard breaches, pure suppression or when you absolutely have to make the other side feel totally inadequate.

d10 Minion/d10 Lieutenant

The Vaporizer: The Heavy can either Hinder up to 3 targets or Attack up to 3 targets

Armored Up: The Heavy gets a +2 to saves

Lieutenant Upgrade (Next-Gen Active Defense and Dragonscale Armor): The Heavy gains a reaction, roll twice and take the lower of the two as a Defense action when attacked.

Myrmidon Drone Operator: Video games will rot your brain! You'll never get a real job if you spend all your time playing video games! Hah! Well all those streamers on Youtube beg to differ, as do these Myrmidon soldiers. While they undergo the same rigorous training and conditioning as the rest of their brothers and sisters in arms, the main role for a Drone Operator in battle is controlling one of the Myrmidon combat drones. Because of this, they usually look like they're playing on their tablets while in the field, but they swear it's work, not dating sites. They also come in different variations! Like Skittles!

D8 lieutenant

DO (Suicide Drone)

Bag Full O' Boom: The DO can summon a d6 drone minion that, when destroyed, rolls it's die twice and uses the lower of the two as an attack on all nearby targets.

Laser Targeter: The DO can Boost at a +2

DO (BattleHound)

Field Repairs: A Drone Operator can repair their paired drone in the field, taking an action to bump up a drone's die size by one, up to it's cap. However, they must roll a Hinder against themselves as they do so. They can also bring their Drone back up from down, but the drone starts at a d6. They also get a +2 to boost their drone.

BattleHound

D10 minion

A quadrupedal death machine with a mounted cannon on the back. Someone once compared it to a dog, but really it's more like the multi-legged nightmare of someone who read about Roko's Basilisk before bed. Definitely not man's best friend, or even man's neighbor who he sometimes lends a lawnmower.

Armored in...Armor: The Battlehound gets a +2 to saves.

DO (GunFalcon)

Field Repairs: A Drone Operator can repair their paired drone in the field, taking an action to bump up a drone's die size by one, up to it's cap. However, they must roll a Hinder against themselves as they do so. They can also bring their Drone back up from down, but the drone starts at a d6. They also get a +2 to boost their drone.

GunFalcon

D10 minion

A flying horror of guns, spinny blades and for some goddamn reason, bird-themed paint jobs, the GunFalcon is usually used for a combination recon/flanking role. Able to maneuver around cover and pursue mobile targets easily, many a fleeing target has met their end hunted by one of these things.

Beast of the Hunt: GunFalcons get a +2 to hinder targets.

Myrmidon Infiltrator: To be someone who specializes in sneakiness amongst an army of former spec ops soldiers takes a special kind of crazy. These guys will wait in your closet for a whole damn day just to surprise you. They'll do that crazy thing from the martial arts movies where they slow down their heartbeats with meditation. They'll hide in the walls! Look, they're weird, is what I'm saying. But damn good at their jobs.

D8 Lieutenant

Elusive Targets: Infiltrators have a +1 to Attack, Hinder and Save until an Overcome is rolled against them, exposing them.

Deadly Dram: Infiltrator Hinders are persistent and exclusive.

Myrmidon Commanders: Riding herd on this much technology and expertise isn't easy. Each Commander has fought, trained and usually bled alongside the troops they command in battle. This gives them a special rapport with their soldiers, and a deep understanding of how to use each piece in the larger puzzle of a firefight. It also means, however, that they are incredibly arrogant. Go through that much specialized training and ego-boosting and see how invincible you feel.

d10 lieutenant

Best Tool for the Job: Commanders boost at a +1 and take the best of two rolls when boosting Myrmidon troopers.

Supporting Fire: Commanders gain a reaction. Roll a Hinder against a target that attacks a living Myrmidon target.

