# Empire from the Ashes

**(The Dahak Chronicles)**

## Jumpchain CYOA

**Version 1.2**

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## Introduction

Welcome to Earth, in the Future! A future in which the Cold War never ended and the east and west have settled into an uneasy peace, working together to pool scientific advances and research. Old enmities have been forgotten, with the USA and the USSR even launching joint space missions!

As it happens, one such mission, a gravitic survey of the lunar surface, will reshape the fate of the galaxy, as Dahak, a war machine older than civilization comes into contact with a young American astronaut named Colin Macintyre. The meeting sets in motion a chain of events that leads to salvation for the entire human race... plus Earth not getting hit by an asteroid turned planet-buster.

How, you ask? Well, you see, that is a very long story. It all goes back to a time some seventy million years ago and involves a race known only as "The Achuultani" or "The Old Enemies". Once every ten or twenty thousand years, the Achuultani sweep through the Milky Way, wiping out any and all sentient life (no matter how primitive), often by smashing rocks into planets or causing solar flares. So went the dinosaurs.

On their last visit, they reduced a mighty interstellar nation, the Third Imperium of Man, to a single planet. From there, a Fourth Imperium rose, dedicated almost entirely to protecting themselves against the Achuultani. But eternal vigilance is wearing on a people and with seven thousand years of no sign of the Old Enemies, belief in their existence began to fade.

Enter the Imperial Ship of the Line Dahak, which had been deployed on picketing duty on a known Achuultani route, in close proximity to a small, out of the way, unimportant blue planet... and its mutinous crew. This ship would, in later years, come to be known very, very well to the inhabitants of that planet, although not as what it truly was. Indeed, most locals saw it on a daily basis, but they never suspected its origins. They did develop their own name for it, however.

They called it the Moon.

It is now fifty thousand years since the mutiny began and ancient warning platforms emplaced to detect the oncoming Achuultani invasions have started going offline... but not before sending out one last desperate plea for help. These alerts have reached Dahak, but gone no further. For some

reason the 4th Imperium is silent. Something is coming, and unless Earth is ready for it, the human race is doomed.

You arrive exactly one day before Colin Macintyre sets foot on Dahak.

To begin with, you gain **1000 CP.**

# Origins

**Drop-in (0 CP):** You are a true unknown. No one has heard of you, you exist in no databases, and Dahak's monitoring of the Earth's networks reveals no mentions of you. People will be mighty interested in a 'nobody' like you in this day and age, let me tell you.

**Earthling (0 CP):** You import as a citizen of one of the nations of Earth as of the start of the series, starting anywhere between 'homeless person' and 'President of the United States' as you choose. Just remember that powerful and important people often have great limitations as well as great opportunities and that this is a world with two murderously competing groups of immortal Illuminati-alikes.

So... yeah. The more prominent you are, the more likely it is that the Mutineers or Counter-Mutineers have already taken note of you and factored you into their plans. At least neither side is actively pursuing you just yet. Hell, they don't even remotely imagine that you might possibly know they exist.

**Imperial Remnant - Mutineer (100 CP):** The Imperium and its 'Achuultani' boogeymen, meh. . As if such creatures ever existed. You saw the truth of your exile, picketing this backwater, early on, and were among the first to join Anu when he proposed his plan. Since then, you might have had other, less loyal thoughts, or you might still be slavishly devoted...who knows?

**Imperial Remnant - Counter-Mutineer (100 CP):** It was the worst mistake you ever made, when you disregarded the warning signs and threw in with Anu. But you realized it soon enough, and made amends. Attempted to, at least. You are a member of the crew of the sublight battleship *Nergal*, the faction among the mutineers who realized their folly and renounced their mutiny against the lawful leadership of Captain Druaga.

# Perks

For each origin, the 100 CP perk is free and the others are discounted to half-price.

## Drop-in

**Special Forces** (100CP) - This is a war story, and knowing how to fight will be very useful in helping keep you alive. You are now an expert soldier capable of fitting in right alongside elite commandos from any nation in the world.

You're more of a utility infielder than any kind of specialist, and this perk by itself doesn't give you any command or leadership experience, but at least when the bullets and energy beams start flying you'll know how to duck and where to shoot back. Or how to get in and get out without being shot at in the first place.

**Designing for the Armageddon** (200 CP): Is a valuable skill, to those who understand such things. You have a certain gift, my friend. Whenever interacting with any kind of system, you have a preternatural understanding for designing things to be impossibly rugged and long-lasting.

Be it computers, machines or even institutions, you always know the right redundancies, designs and methodologies to use, resulting in systems that can stand the test of time almost indefinitely. They might not rise very much further by themselves with just this, but anything you have a hand in creating will last for veritable *aeons,* practically indefinitely unless someone specifically and deliberately acts to destroy them, and even then they'd have excellent odds of surviving.

**Discreet Affairs** (400 CP): With a world where so many have the power to watch what others are doing, there's a value to being able to do things covertly. You're a genius, so far as that's concerned. Be it something abstract like keeping things a secret or something like designing technology to fool sensors or radars, there are likely none who even come close to beating you.

Not only can you keep secrets with the best of them, you even know just how to convince others to keep them for you, with even the worst blabbermouths becoming souls of discretion if you work them properly. Similarly, there's no comparison to your skill at fooling any and all kinds of sensors, no matter how advanced. You can hide your signals in meaningless noise, know just how and where you need to send them off to have them blend in, and *so* much more. You could lead an army to someone's door and knock without them noticing it.

**Macintyre Luck** (600 CP): You know, when dealing with large scale, vital-to-survival matters, it's important to be careful. You should learn the full details about things before you jump into them, and get a sound reading on any place you plan to interfere with. Well... others would, really. You have the luck of the devil himself.

Or rather, of Colin Macintyre and his children. You could invoke ancient rules you know less than nothing about, and come out not only unscathed, but massively profiting. You could completely upset a political balance of a nation with your bungling, and come out with the people seeing you as the greatest and finest leader ever. Lottery tickets are a guaranteed source of money.

Fate itself seems to conspire to shield you and yours from the consequences of your actions, much as it does the protagonists of the books.

This is by no means an absolute thing, mind you. Try to take on an army while armed with a stick, and you *will* get your ass slaughtered. And while you will almost certainly *survive* anything but the very worst odds, this doesn't protect you at all from maimings and broken bones.

## Earthling

**Real Hotshot** (100 CP): You are a pilot. Or rather, you are *the* pilot. If it flies, you are an expert on it. If your country gets involved in a space project, you're the ideal candidate. If your Space Agency works with some other one, the guys at your side will put their all into getting you selected, so talented you are at the controls of anything flight capable.

**Tech Savvy** (200 CP): You are incredible at getting the hang of how to use advanced technology. Be it weapons, implants, or communication devices, you only need the most rudimentary instructions to figure out how to get optimal performance from systems that should, by all rights, be laughably incomprehensible to you.

Another thing this perk does is to let you be a wonder when it comes to working with failed or dead systems, such as machines that were never shut down properly and thus would be almost impossible to reactivate for anyone else. You find that as difficult as it would be for others, it's almost easy for you to bring back to full capacity even things that were dead before Terran humanity first put stone on top of stone.

That 'almost' covers a lot of ground, mind.

**Bridge officer descendant** (400 CP): Blood and genetics. Interesting things, aren't they? Well, yours are much more so than any else. You are directly descended from a high-ranking Bridge Officer (say, the XO) of the Imperial Fleet Vessel Dahak, Hull Number One-Seven-Two-Two-Nine-One.

Under Imperial Law and Battlefleet Regulations, you inherit your ancestors' office in the fleet for the duration of the ongoing tour, which makes you a prime candidate for a position on the bridge, and even the captaincy if you get there before Colin, of the *Dahak.*

Beyond this jump, depending on your origin you will have either actual descent or the right set of appearance, habits and other features to prove a blood relation to the very highest rungs of society

and power. You tend to be the person related to both the royal family and half the nobility, with all the benefits and advantages that come with that.

**Warlord** (600 cp): You were born to fight and made to win. You are the greatest strategist alive, perhaps the greatest that humanity has ever known. Amateurs may study tactics and professionals may study logistics, but you've studied *all* of it and are ready to make the next generation of textbooks besides.

You are a master of both planning and gut instinct on a scale that ranges everywhere from squad-level combat on up to outright cosmic clashes. The "fog of war" is something that happens to other people; you seem to just *get* the chaos of battle and conflict on a fundamental level that nobody else does. But a Warlord that only knows war... as interesting as that sounds, that's not how it works.

As it turns out, your talents lend themselves to less literal and more metaphorical battlefields as well. While not quite to the same level that you do war, you can keep up with the best of them when it comes to actually *running* things. From logistics to justice to law enforcement and with finances and morale in between, you're a dab hand at it all while still coming out ahead in the intrigue and politics involved. You're the guy with the right stuff, the hero king needed to raise humanity into the stars yet another time, man.

## Mutineer

**Body Transfer** (100 CP): The art and science of transferring a consciousness from body to body is a gory, ugly one. And it's one you know now. The *how* of moving brains from body to body, making sure no loss in memory or sanity occurs is within your grasp. And you can do it even with technology no more advanced than the 21st century.

Of the world you started jumping from, smartass.

**To Make History** (200 CP): The mutineers from the Dahak managed to settle themselves on Earth, and from their stronghold, built in Antarctica of all places, successfully manipulated most of mankind from behind the scenes for a staggering Fifty Thousand Years. That sort of thing, no matter how advanced the technology one has access to, requires an incredible combination of ruthlessness, skill and luck. It is a combination that you too now possess.

You become preternaturally skilled at setting up spy networks and conspiracies while remaining almost entirely unknown in the wider world, to bend entire nations to your will through your manipulations while being nothing more than a merest whisper of a legend.

**4th Imperium Weaponry** (400 CP): From the basic energy gun to the Gravitonic Warhead, you are an expert in designing tools of death and destruction. You have perfect knowledge of each and every weapon the 4th Imperium ever made, and how to make them.

You do *not* have the knowledge required to make the supporting systems behind them, meaning that while you can make a basic launch device for that warhead, you cannot make a ship to deliver it off-planet with this perk.

**A Time for Mutiny** (600 CP): You are the consummate schemer, the kind that could take control of whole crews from under the officers' noses without them even realising it. You have a talent for hidden plans, small and large schemes with wheels within wheels that defies comprehension.

You have an understanding of people that lets you manipulate them somewhat easier than if they were pieces on a board and you the player. What to say, what to do, what absent-minded gesture to make all to make people think and act in a certain way... you're a peerless master at all that.

In addition, you're also brilliant at *detecting* such things. With even a smidgen of effort you can pierce plans of any and all kinds, and have their efforts serving you instead, or just rip them apart.

## Counter-Mutineer

**Resource Management** (100 CP): What can I say? You're an expert at logistics. You know how to extract the maximum possible use out of even the absolute least resources. A ragtag group of counter-mutineers managed to not only survive, but actually attack and make inroads into damaging an almost unimaginably better armed, equipped and numerous group.

Just like them, you too can make virtually endless repairs, adapt low level-tech to interface with higher level tech, and in general stretch the usage of those resources far beyond what even the shrewdest economist could ever manage.

Mind you, this is for people and tech most of all. While it *will* work on other resources, even magical, esoteric ones like mana and whatnot, don't expect remotely the same efficiency for them.

**Guerrilla Tactics** (200 CP): Used by a smaller, less-armed, less trained force to fight against professionals who would normally outmatch them in just about every way.

As long as you pit yourself against an enemy that outmatches you in terms of resources and power, you gain incredible insight in how to attack them to cause the most damage, what approaches could take out chunks of their networks, how to engage in counter-intelligence operations, et al. You are incredible at running and hiding to come back and fight another day, and at commanding a successful insurgency.

**4th Imperium Cybernetics** (400 CP): You are a master of the technology that the fourth Imperium used to design its processing systems and AIs, not to mention other civilian systems. You have a complete, total grasp of the techniques used to design everything from fold-space communicators

to energy state processors for AIsI. You could design the finest computers the 5th Imperium ever found or made from a 21st century resource base.

**Determinator** (600 CP): It happens with the best of you. Things seem hopeless, efforts seem futile, you think that you have wasted your life away on an impossible dream. Or it might be the seducing call that makes your head spin, makes you want to abandon everything you ever stood for and throw in with those who were your worst enemies.

As I said, it happens with the best of you humans, but not *you*. You have a will of iron, an incomparable willpower that allows you to persevere through whatever is thrown at you. You could go on for millennia, fighting for a cause that even the crudest of logic would pronounce utterly doomed. You could be seduced off the right path, if the one doing it was good enough, but you will always find your way back.

And if you persevere, if you last the trouble, a way usually shows up. This applies to you as well. You will suffer in your obstinacy to remain immovable as a rock. You will face almost endless obstacles and impossible odds, but every so often, you *will* have opportunities that will allow you to make progress against those very odds. And if you remain at it long enough, you may even succeed. One day.

## General

**Implanter** (400 CP): You are a master of this branch of Imperial Technology, being a whiz with the biology, cybernetics and enhancement science needed to design, build and implant the many, many kinds of enhancements that were so common among them.

You start off being able to reliably, indeed excellently, design the Basic Implants that were provided to even the Junior-most fleet officers, soldiers and in the Fifth Imperium, even to ordinary citizens. But as you practice this skill, as you strain your mind, more ideas come to you, revealing more and more advanced designs. Put in some serious work into it, and you could be designing the codes, software and the hardware components typically used by Fleet Captains and Planetary Dukes in no time!

This skill will continue to grow, and you may, with a lot of time and effort, even design implants that could grant sapience to the non-sapient, much as how the scientist Cohanna would use her ability in this art to make ordinary dogs into near-human intelligences.

# Companions

**Import/Create** (50 CP): You know the drill by now, I hope. You may import one of your existing companions into the jump, or get a new one. They get 800 CP for stuff.

**Canon Companion** (100CP): Take along someone who featured in the books! Can't be Dahak.

# Items

No discounts apply on items unless mentioned explicitly.

**Snappy Navy Uniform** (50 CP): A full set of uniforms for the Imperial Navy. Really snappy. Lots of shiny buttons.

**The Books** (50 CP): The full *Empire from the Ashes* series, in printed, digital and audio formats.

**Basic Implants** (100 CP): Just your basic, average set of implants that is available to any and all citizens of the imperium. Significantly enhances your senses, increases your strength to the point that you can twist a steel bar into knots. And your lifespan is pushed to nearly 500 years.

**Grav Gun** (100 CP): This over-sized, snub-nosed pistol is what we call a Grav Gun. Almost entirely silent, its drum magazine holds two hundred three-millimeter darts, with a muzzle velocity over five thousand meters per second, formed of a chemical explosive denser than uranium that explodes after penetrating. A very, very nasty little thing. Reappears after an hour if you lose it, new one appears in the warehouse the morning after you wreck it. The drum replenishes five minutes after you stop firing.

**Fold-Space Communicator** (100 CP): A state of the art communication device of the Fourth Imperium of Man, these communicators can talk from any point on the Earth to any point on the moon, and anywhere in between. Their signals do not undergo attenuation (kinda hard to do that when you're barely even traveling), and cannot be detected or blocked by any technology less than that of the Fourth Imperium, or a magical equivalent. You have a set of nine, and all CP bought systems have it installed for free.

**Book of Wisdom** (200 CP): You know, you usually have to be savvy with advanced, progenitor tech in order to properly use it. Key word? Usually. With this book, things become...different. In it there are certain words and phrases, gestures and command, through which you can operate 'celestial' systems and bring forth 'magic'. Any ancient technology that can accept voice or motion instructions will be operable at least at minimum efficiency by you, as long as you use the 'sacred psalms' and 'ancient spells' in this book. Post jump, this updates for all local technology as and when you need it.

**Zoo Habitat** (200 CP): When the Bioweapon struck, all life in the Imperium was wiped out, apart from the zoo habitat on Birhat, the capital. This is a replica of that same place. A fully self-contained habitat, this is like a world onto itself, being completely secure from the outside world. You can house up to a million life forms in it, and it will support them easily, indeed, effortlessly. Mind you, that's a million *reasonable*, *mundane* life forms.

**Transmat Blueprints** (400 CP): Ah, it seems you found the jackpot! These are the blueprints, explanations, guides and whatever else it might take, that you would need in order to build, down to the last detail, the Transmat System of the Fourth Imperium. You know, that thing that led to their destruction?

Let me explain what it is. I could use a lot of strange terms, but I won't, since you're a savvy little jumper who knows stuff. These are Stargates. Basically, Stargates made by a much more advanced humanity, and requiring exactly zilch in terms of special exotic materials. They give you (and any omnicidal bioweapons you might be carrying) perfect, instantaneous transport from station to station, which might be located in entirely different solar systems, for all it cares.

I'll even thrown in the detectors needed to scan and prevent any malicious viruses or bacteria that you could be carrying, that could, y'know, murder your whole interstellar nation from spreading through them.

**Bridge Officer Implants** (400 CP): There are implants, and then there are Implants. You have the second, a full set of implants that upgrade your body, senses and mind to the levels of a Bridge Officer of the Imperial Battlefleet, these come embedded with all the authentication codes that such a set would normally have, meaning that in the eyes of all remaining Imperial Machinery, you are a legitimate officer of whatever rank up to Senior Fleet Captain you care to give yourself.

Moreover, these are superior to the usual implants, having the effectiveness and functionalities that Dahak designed into them over his 50,000 years of being a bored Hyper-intelligence. Go nuts.

This is discounted for Bridge Officer Descendants, but requires you to already have the Basic Implants.

After this jump, these implants adapt to any and all local systems that have computers capable of communicating this way, complete with authorisation codes, and cannot be damaged or harmed in any way except by technology more advanced than that of the Fifth Imperium.

**Bioweapon** (600 CP): Ah. Now, why would you want this? Oh well. You have a sample of the original Bioweapon the empire developed, and then managed to lose control of so that it spread through their transmats and wiped them all out except for what might be a smattering of quarantined planets, but only one is known. This thing kills. Full stop. Doesn't care if you're sapient

or not, plant or animal, black or white, it kills you anyway. It has a long, long dormancy periods, and it can survive in the air for...a while. Let's say a year.

What? You want it deadlier? It bloody well *does* compare to the implants and the Transmat! Oh fine. This bioweapon now adapts to any biological lifeform you encounter in the future, growing capable of killing them with just a few weeks of exposure to them. If it can die to disease, this can kill it. Doesn't work on immortals, can't counter magical protection unless you tamper with it to give it that capability. You do know how to do that, don't you?

**Parasite Ship** (600 CP): An 80,000 ton Sublight Battleship, with weaponry powerful enough to glass nations and enough building and support capacities to allow a whole society to thrive for millennia, this ship comes equipped with a full crew complement of NPCs, who respawn as needed to keep it functioning. Repairs all damage at the beginning of new jumps, but keeps anything beneficial, or even damages that you make deliberately.

## Drawbacks

**Rushed** (100CP): Double- or triple-check that intel? Wait for hopefully a better shot instead of taking the marginal one? We can't do that, there's no time to lose! We need to get this done!

Like Colin MacIntyre, you tend to hip-shoot things a lot. You're not stupid and you're *certainly* not suicidal, but somebody once taught you that 'A good plan right now is better than a perfect plan later' and you completely missed the part about how later is still okay if its not *too* late. You hate waiting, you hate stacking up on the door, you hate double-checking your equipment, and so for as long as you think you still have adequate odds of not blowing the mission by going now then you're going to go *right now*, dammit. And sure, your friends and allies have long since gotten used to reining in your enthusiasm... but aren't you supposed to be the guy in charge?

**Mutineer?** (200 CP) (Can't be taken by Mutineers): Are you? No, you're not. But for some reason, the Counter-Mutineers believe that you are. Moreover, they believe that killing you is the key to destroying Anu and his disciples once and for all. They will pour their not-inconsiderable resources into the task of destroying you, come what may. They will kill innocents, take risks, and basically go all out to take you out.

**Some Extra Legs** (200/400 CP): Hm? Well, this is weird. Something about your insertion wenty wrong. Instead of a human, you're one of the centaur-esque Achuultani now. For 200 CP you're on Earth where no one thankfully *knows* that you're one of the species who've been coming around genociding them every now and then, but it's still weird.

For 400 CP however, you're on one of the Achuultani ships, among others of your kind and exactly where the AI master that controls your species can notice your... irregularities. Post jump you gain the Achuultani form as an Alt-form.

**Unstable** (300 CP) - Whoa, are you okay? You have a habit of being... irrational. You get wild mood swings, and are paranoid as hell of almost everyone around you. At the same time, you have an ambition, something those around you would call insane but you know is nothing less than your destiny.

This isn't quite to the same extent as, say, Anu, but it's somewhere up there, and it can get really problematic to work on long term things with you. Even for you.

**Chronic Backstabbing Disorder** (+300 CP): You have a habit of turning on people. You simply cannot give your loyalty fully to people. You will plot and plan and scheme, you will always try to incite revolts and stage coups, and do so in the most haphazard, incompetent manner possible.

**Anu's Attention** (+300 CP): You have drawn the attention of Anu and his people. They believe you to be the key to regaining Dahak for themselves, and will do their best to hunt you down and kill you. That will be his hundreds of imperials, with their technology and implant-granted strength, along with the hundreds, even thousands of 'degenerates' he controls.

**Brilliantly Stupid (**400 CP) - So you're clever. You're really intelligent, quite a bit faster and with better reflexes than most people. The problem is, you're smart in the computer, straight-as-an-arrow way. Your intuition, imagination and all such capacities are... not entirely crippled, but severely reduced.

Expect having to do a lot of thinking for every action just to figure out the context, I mean.

**Empire of Ashes** (400 CP): Remember Pardal? And the other planets here and there that it was suspected had survived since they managed to get under quarantine in time? No one else does. The devastation the Bioweapon wreaked was total and complete. Not a single world that was part of the Empire survived. Earth is all Humanity has, now, in a galaxy-wide graveyard dedicated to mankind's arrogance and stupidity.

**Unaugmented** (+400 CP): Yeah, that one drawback. You lose access to all powers and supernatural abilities, as well as your warehouse for the duration of this jump.

**A Bigger Inheritance** (+600 CP): Something went wrong. Something went very, very wrong. Somehow, news of your arrival has spread. Not to humanity or to Dahak or any other AI that would take it well. No, it was discovered by the Achuultani. Their AIs know you're here, they know about your powers, and they know about Dahak. And they are going to do their absolute best to kill you.

Oh, and remember I said the information 'was' discovered by the AI? Yeah, it was discovered...well, let's say a while back. So those millions of ships they send out? They will be here in no more than one year.

**Mutineer Moon** (+600 CP): Dahak's programming has been damaged and he now thinks it's his job to destroy you and anyone you stand with. He will send out his conventional weapons, his advanced weaponry, and if all else fails, his biggest, most powerful tricks like the Gravitonic Warheads and the sun-busting Warp in order to kill you.

All I can say is...why? Why would you take this? Oh, and another thing.

*Run.*

## Scenario

**Heir of Empire**

Alright, we're in the Big Leagues now. Roll 10d1000+1000. This is the number of years before the start of canon that you arrive in this world. You have no access to any of your powers of any kind, that aren't entirely scientific. That is, Cybernetics and Super Soldier serum Yes, Psionics No.

Another thing you lose access to is any space capacity you bring with you into the jump. It doesn't matter just what it is. If it lets you get into space, it's nixed. You retain any genius perks you might have, as well as any machinery that wouldn't get you into space, but that's it.

Now for what you have to do. You have until canon starts, let's say the twenty-second century, to build your very own Imperium of Man. It does not matter how big it is, what form of government it has or what titles you give yourself in it.

The important thing is that with this Imperium, you have to render the Achuultani 'not a threat'. You may do this by liberating them from their AI master, or you may do it by destroying them to the last centaur, it's entirely up to you. What matters is that they not be a threat to humanity ever again. And through all of it, the total loss of human life at the hands of the Achuultani may not, under any circumstances, be more than 0.01% to its total population. For example, if the human population is exactly one billion when the time comes, your jump fails the exact instance the 100,001st person dies. You will instinctively know how many 'deaths' are left before you fail.

Remember, that's less than the number of people it takes to properly crew a single planetoid-class warship.

Good luck, I hope you survive to get your rewards.

What? Oh, yeah, there's a reward. And it's a *doozy*. What you get is the capital of your empire. That is, one Star System, which holds your capital world, whatever industry and stationary defenses you might have put into it... but three things most of all.

The first is the Imperial Guard Flotilla: Fifty-Two Asgerd-class planetoids and attached parasites, sixteen Trosan-class planetoids and attached parasites, and ten Vespa-class assault planetoids and attached planetary assault craft. All of these are updated with the latest technology that your empire has, carry every weapon that they are supposed to carry, and each holds in its databanks all the knowledge of the whole of the Empire. All are crewed to full operational levels by NPC crewmembers.

But this is only one of your three advantages here. The second is Mother: a massive (at the scale where the moon is a normal ship) Space Station that has every facility you could possibly imagine needing in a HQ for an interstellar Navy. From a computer that has the databanks, processing power and uplinks to monitor every single ship you own, now and ever, to docks capable of housing them all, to simulation options to run wargames, etcetera. The AI is upgraded to be a full-fledged, Dahak-level sapient, but remains utterly loyal to you.

Finally, you have a vast, extensive array of stationary defenses in the system, most predominantly a dyson swarm of shield generator that can, if activated, put in place shield that covers the entire Inner System.

There may be more things in this system that you add, of course. In future worlds you can choose between having his system be in a pocket dimension or inserted at a location of your choice in space.

**Notes**

If you take Heir of Empire while being a Counter-Mutineer, or, heavens forbid, an actual Mutineer, I sure hope you have some way of making sure Dahak doesn't know your origin. He doesn't like either of the factions, you see.