

Female human outlaw envoy 4

CG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +7

DEFENSE **SP** 24 **HP** 28 **RP** 4

EAC 17; **KAC** 18

Fort +1; **Ref** +6; **Will** +6

Defensive Abilities watch out

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee tactical dueling sword +3 (1d6+4 S; analog)

Ranged tactical semi-auto pistol +5 (1d6+2 P; analog) or *anarchic flame pistol* +5 (1d4+2 F; critical burn 1d4; 20 ft. line, unwieldy) or smoke grenade +3 (explode [20 ft., smoke cloud 1 minute]) or stickybomb grenade I +3 (explode [10 ft., entangled 2d4 rounds, DC 12])

Offensive Abilities get 'em

STATISTICS

Str 10 (+0); **Dex** 14 (+2); **Con** 11 (+0); **Int** 14 (+2); **Wis** 10 (+0); **Cha** 14 (+2)

Skills Acrobatics +9, Athletics +7, Bluff +9, Computers +9 (4 ranks), Culture +9, Diplomacy +9, Perception +7, Piloting +9 (4 ranks), Sense Motive +7, Sleight of Hand +10, Stealth +9; (reduce the DCs of Culture checks by 5 when recalling knowledge about the criminal underworld)

Feats Diversion, Improved Feint, Iron Will

Languages Akitonian, Aklo, Common, Kasatha, Shirren, Vercite, Vesk, Ysoki

Other Abilities convincing liar, expertise, inspiring boost

Combat Gear *mk 1 serums of healing* (2), smoke grenades (2), stickybomb grenades I (2), medpatch; **Other Gear** d-suit I (upgrade: infrared sensors), *anarchic flame pistol* with 1 standard petrol tank (20 charges), tactical semi-auto pistol with 40 rounds, basic medkit, computer (tier 2, artificial personality, miniaturization ×2, self-charging), everyday clothing, field rations (1 week), flashlight, hygiene kit, personal comm unit, toolkit (hacking), credstick (103 credits)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Convincing Liar (Ex) When Navasi attempts a Bluff check, she can choose to not add her expertise die until after she sees the result of her d20. Once she sees the result of her d20, she can either roll and add her expertise die

normally or reroll the d20 and take the better of the two d20 results (but not add her expertise die).

Darkvision Navasi can see up to 60 feet in total darkness.

Diversion When Navasi successfully uses Bluff to create a distraction, she can allow an ally to attempt a Stealth check to hide (instead of attempting to hide herself). She can attempt to allow multiple allies to use Stealth to hide, but she takes a -5 penalty to her Bluff check for every ally after the first, and on a failed check, no ally can attempt to hide.

Expertise (Ex) If Navasi has at least 1 Resolve Point remaining when she attempts a Bluff or Sense Motive check, she can roll 1d6 and add it to the result as an insight bonus.

Get 'Em (Ex) As a move action, Navasi selects one foe within 60 feet that she can see or hear, and that can see or hear her. Navasi and her allies gain a +1 morale bonus to attack rolls against that foe until the end of her next turn.

Improved Feint As a move action, Navasi can attempt a Bluff check against a single opponent (DC = either 10 + her opponent's total Sense Motive skill bonus or 15 + 1-1/2 × the opponent's CR, whichever is greater) to cause that opponent to be flat-footed for the next attack she makes against it before the end of her next turn.

Inspiring Boost (Ex) As a standard action, Navasi can signal an ally who has taken damage since Navasi's last turn. The ally must be able to see and hear her and be within 30 feet. The ally gains 11 Stamina Points, up to the ally's normal maximum. Navasi cannot target that ally with this ability again until that ally takes a 10-minute rest to regain Stamina Points.

Watch Out (Ex) When a foe makes a ranged attack against an ally within 60 feet of Navasi, she can warn the ally as a reaction. The ally can use a reaction to gain a +4 bonus to AC against that single attack and then falls prone.

GEAR DESCRIPTIONS

Anarchic Flame Pistol This chaos-aligned magic weapon creates a jet of flame that targets all creatures in a 20-foot line. Make a single attack roll and compare it to the EAC of all targets. Roll damage only once; each target hit takes that amount. This weapon bypasses the energy resistance of lawful outsiders and dragons. It can be fired five times before its petrol tank needs to be refilled or replaced.

Basic Medkit This basic medkit allows Navasi to attempt DC 25 Medicine checks to treat deadly wounds.



Computer, Tier 2 This computer has the artificial personality, miniaturization to L bulk, and self-charging upgrades. It can receive commands and give information verbally. The computer's artificial personality is advanced enough to attempt Bluff, Diplomacy, Intimidate, and Sense Motive checks with a +4 bonus.

D-Suit I While wearing this armor, Navasi can close its environmental seals and survive in a vacuum or other harsh environments for up to 5 days. Its infrared sensors upgrade gives Navasi darkvision with a range of 60 feet.

Flashlight Navasi's flashlight increases the light level by one step in a 20-foot cone. It can be used for 10 hours before its battery needs to be recharged or replaced.

Mk 1 Serum of Healing Drinking a vial of this serum restores 1d8 Hit Points.

Medpatch Navasi can use this to attempt an untrained Medicine check with a +10 bonus to perform the first aid, long-term stability, treat disease, or treat poison task.

Smoke Grenade This creates a 20-foot radius of smoke that lasts 1 minute.

Stickybomb Grenade I Any creature hit by this grenade that fails a DC 12 Reflex save gains the entangled condition until it escapes as a move action with a successful DC 13 Acrobatics or DC 18 Strength check or until 2d4 rounds pass.

Tactical Semi-Auto Pistol This weapon can be fired nine times before it must be reloaded.

Born into a prominent family on Absalom Station, the envoy who calls herself Navasi spent much of her childhood avoiding her parents in their "sky-villa," as they called their sprawling, six-story home in the Nyori Palisades. Navasi's mother had designs on her canny-but-headstrong daughter inheriting the family's business. Her father had visions of a queenly young woman sitting in silk among the station's most prominent socialites.

Navasi wanted neither. A quip on her lips, she eschewed glitzy playdates and family soirees in favor of zipping through Absalom Station's streets with her best friends, the children of the household employees. She'd take the rush of riding a screaming hovercycle over the pompous sniggering of the wealthy any day of the week.

As she befriended more and more stationers from less privileged walks of life, Navasi's irritation with her parents and their deliberate aloofness from the rest of society turned

into outright disgust. The inequities of Absalom Station, where the rich lived in fortified enclaves and the poor lived in little more than metal boxes, pained her. She began to dream of a fairy-tale life in which she could steal the affluent's unearned wealth and give it to those truly in need, and idolized the Free Captains of the Diaspora—pirates living by their own rules. Navasi could only imagine the fun she'd have with such freedom—and the good she'd do, of course.

On the eve of her eighteenth birthday, Navasi sat in her plush quarters, staring at the gold-fibered holo-gown that was to be her debut dress. Two choices stood before her: She could don that false uniform, attend the gala, and accept her mother's gift of an executive position in the family company. Or she could leave.

It took less than an hour for Navasi to slip out of the manor and stow away on a ship bound for the Diaspora.

Navasi arrived on Broken Rock with a pocketful of stolen credsticks and a gleam in her eye. She quickly signed up as a "procurement specialist" with a contracting firm called the Sixth Finger—little more than a starfaring thieves' guild—ready to use her new position to steal from exploitative corporations and make herself a hero to those in need.

The reality of life in a pirate enclave hit her like a meteorite. Having quickly blown through her money, and too stubborn to return home in shame, Navasi found she no longer had a choice in which jobs she took. Under the guildrunners' threats, she roughed up innocents, stole from the less fortunate, and worse. Though she never completely lost her egalitarian beliefs, she hardly recognized the naive idealist she'd once been. A few years in the streets showed her how much of her former life she'd taken for granted, and taught her that if she wanted to take care of others, she first needed to take care of herself. That, at least, she was good at, and she quickly gained a reputation in the gang as the best fast-talker and facewoman around, spinning bold plans and quick wits into fat paydays.

Navasi found that the wealth from her scores brought little joy without friends to share it with, and she took comfort in the hardscrabble survivalists and secretly softhearted rogues she recruited to her crews. Yet it was in one particular woman that Navasi truly found herself again. Purple-haired and tattooed, with eyes like blue supergiants, the newcomer was outspoken against those in power. She bucked the pirates' authority and operated alone, pulling the sorts of righteous jobs Navasi had once dreamed of. She was the bravest, most exciting woman Navasi had ever met, and the two quickly became inseparable.

That all came crashing down the day the Sixth Finger arranged to knock over a medship full of supplies bound for Absalom Station. To the gang's leaders, the ship's mission—aiding refugees of a war-torn star system—was inconsequential compared to the valuable drugs in its cargo bays. Navasi's objections were overruled.

It was the final straw. Together, Navasi and her partner formulated a plan, alerting the medship to the imminent heist and carefully sabotaging the fighters the gang had designated for the assault. It all might have gone unnoticed, had the gang's resident technomancer not decided to check the security cams one final time. In the ensuing ambush, Navasi and her partner were pinned down, their backs to the sole spaceworthy ship—a single-seat fighter with enough life support for only one of them. Unwilling to leave her companion, Navasi prepared for them to go out in a blaze of glory—only to have her partner shove her into the cockpit and slam the canopy. As Navasi scrabbled with the latch, the other woman winked, pulled the pins on her grenades, and sprinted straight at their ambushers.

The wealthy scion of Absalom Station died that day, as did the pirate she'd become. As she made her way back to Absalom Station, knowing that neither the Sixth Finger nor her spurned family would ever stop looking for her, she forsook her previous lives. Abandoning her old identity, she took the name of her fallen love—Navasi—and swore that henceforth she'd carry on the fight they'd started together, stealing only from those who deserved it. Knowing she'd need a new appearance as well, she continued borrowing from her partner, dyeing her jet-black hair purple and adding a single blue contact lens.

Navasi has built a reputation—perhaps more than is wise for a woman with a price on her head—as a talented freelance captain, putting together crews for adventures ranging from planetary scouting and private security to her old talent for "procurement," though she's careful about what jobs she and her friends take on. Navasi still believes in freedom for all, spreading the wealth, and taking plutocrats down a peg—but she also knows the value of earning credits, and takes pride in taking care of herself and her crew (though she still has a sometimes inconvenient tendency to empty her pockets for those in need). As a scoundrel and a brilliant negotiator, Navasi is happiest when the chips are down and lives hang in the balance, as that's when you truly know who your friends are. Above all, she knows to always look beneath the surface, for like Navasi herself, nothing is ever quite what it seems.