



INCOMING FEED.....

ism, and countless others. A quick look in the local directory should find you most of what you're looking for, though some of the more extreme clubs advertise by word of mouth only and you'll need to know somebody to get in.

If you're not quite ready for an "in-the-meat" relationship, there's plenty of fun to be had in the virtual world. Cybersex in the Matrix is extremely popular, especially with those whose chances of the real thing are limited by appearance, personality, or cred balance. There's also a thriving pornography industry, ranging from simple trideo broadcasts to full-sensory simsense experiences that rival (and for some, surpass) the real thing. Who'd settle for the boy or girl next door when they could have the latest novahot porn star as their own personal pleasure guide?

For the magically active guy or gal looking for fun, there's always their own private club: the astral plane. Free of their meat bodies in a way that even hackers can't match, magicians can enjoy a staggering array of pleasures by hooking up with one or more fellow astral travelers—whether from the next apartment or the next continent. There are even rumors of good times to be experienced with willing spirits ...

THE DARK SIDE

Turn any form of entertainment over and you'll expose the cockroaches crawling around on its underbelly. The dark side of the entertainment industry is something not many people like to talk about, but everyone except the most hope-

lessly naïve know that it's out there—and that you can find literally anything if you look hard enough.

This is the stuff the vice cops spend most of their time trying to stamp out, but its purveyors are smart and mobile and frighteningly well organized—and there's no shortage of customers. Do you like simsense? BTL ("Better Than Life") chips promise a sensory experience like no other, without those annoying governors to make sure you don't fry out your mind and end up drooling on a street corner somewhere. Crave something even more intense? Try a "snuff" BTL, where you can experience the moment of (usually violent) death from the comfort of your own home—if it doesn't flatline you in the process. Just try not to think too hard about the poor slot who "volunteered" so your "entertainment experience" could be recorded.

Maybe you like your pleasures a little more in-your-face. If that's your thing, most sprawls boast several private clubs where you can fight for cred against all kinds of opponents—other metahumans, critters (vanilla and Awakened), drones, you name it. Some go to first blood, but for those real adrenaline junkies out there, gladiator combat clubs featuring fights to the death are always looking for new meat. If you'd prefer not to fight, you can always make some cred by placing bets on the action. Just don't try to stiff the house, since the organized crime syndicates that run these houses have *no* senses of humor.

Are you a lover, not a fighter? Even in the sexually open society of 2070, there are still plenty of forbidden pleasures