

Species: the Dengo Dengo

A few centuries ago, Dengo Dengo, warlord of the Seventeen Beautiful Worlds, richest man in the Outer Rim, decided he would live forever.

He summoned the finest geneticists and cloners in the galaxy to his lair. If they completed his grand design they would inherit vast wealth and immeasurable prestige. If they failed, he would feed them to his pet Zenshredders millimetre by millimetre. Zenshredders, by some trick of fate, also shred the blood relatives of their victims, so the threat was particularly ironic given Dengo Dengo's project.

Mere clones would not satisfy the warlord. He wanted improved creatures, freed from baldness, liver spots, paunch, palsy, and the other vicissitudes of biology. After years of hideous failures, the cloners finally produced a few "workable" specimens, grey-skinned demigods with perfect features and elegant poise. Dengo Dengo tossed them into a plasma furnace and demanded "better".

Eventually, the addled cloners created specimens that pleased the warlord. They were functionally immortal, incredibly strong, beautiful - to Dengo Dengo's slightly unusual standards - quick-witted, quick-handed, immune to most diseases, blessed with a host of digestive extras and healing improvements.

Satisfied, Dengo Dengo unleashed his creations by dropping them off on every civilized world he could find. He died rich, happy, and syphilitic.



Concept art by [Doug Williams](#)

The Dengo Dengo are now a species. They breed true - children, from most humanoid species, will be Dengo DENGOS invariably, carrying none of the mother's traits. They dislike each other, but love company and adoration. Their drive to procreate is strong and they are, it is said, excellent lovers, but they are terrible parents and tend to abandon their offspring to seek new mates on new worlds. Some Dengo Dengo strive against this with sterilization surgeries or raw effort. They seek to redeem the reputation of their species.

A Dengo Dengo can always find work at a brothel, provided they've been sterilized. They're an exotic delight for generations of core-world nobles that have been raised to fear their ever-so-flattering attentions.

They make decent bounty hunters, but poor soldiers, as their ambition outstrips their skill. The Empire tried recruiting them but cancelled the entire initiative after a few high-profile incidents.

There are rumours that Dengo Dengo (the warlord) implanted secret genetic information-nodules in his creations. Those that become architects seem to love designing grand, palace-like structures. They all know how to fly a Tyberon Mark Seven Starfighter, even though there are three existent models, all in museums. When probed by a Force-user, they naturally think the Deadly Thoughts, mind-forms that can kill both the seer and the victim.

The gene-coding isn't perfect either. One in a hundred Dengo Dengo's is born twisted and monstrous, and even advanced medical techniques cannot save their unraveling forms. They can live for centuries, but sometimes die suddenly and without warning, dissolving into slime and noxious gasses.

Blessed with a gene-fixed physique, few Dengo DENGOS bother to train or exercise their natural talents. They heal more quickly than the average creature, but not shockingly quickly. Overall, they are just another oddity in a galaxy of oddities.