

William Winfield Black-Marx

William Winfield Black-Marx is a [Player Character](#) played by [SirSkully](#)

| William Winfield Black-Marx | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| Alias/es: | Bill/Black Billy/Willy |
| Species and Gender: | Part Sol-Nepleslian Male Clone |
| Date of Birth: | YE 21 |
| Organization: | Nepleslian Space Marine Corps |
| Occupation: | Marine Sniper |
| Rank: | Corporal |
| Current Placement: | yss_sakura_ii |

Physical Description

Just by taking a look at William’s stature of 7’7” and his overall masculine appearance it is easy to tell he’s from the part-SOL variety of Nepleslians even if his choice of workouts does lend the man a rather lanky appearance, William bares an uncanny resemblance to his Father albeit while not being quite as bulky, the result of a few corners being cut during the artificial incubation procedure that birthed him and changed little from his father’s genes besides some pigmentation.

William’s skin is rather tanned and covered in a decent few small scars over his body, some from his adventurous youth and some from catching bullets with his body during service, though his only real facial scar is one that slices though William’s right eyebrow and continues down to the right side of his upper lip, slicing into the man’s facial hair noticeably as a reminder of when he got a little over-zealous during his first month as a marine.

He has a rather recognizable look though, platinum blonde hair that contrasts with William’s black facial hair and eyebrows as well as two mismatching eyes, the left eye a deep and dark brown while the other is a light and piercing blue – William’s face is rather angular, with the same pronounced cheekbones and strong jaw as his father though with slightly more gaunt cheeks due to their differing levels of athleticism, with a rather pronounced adam’s apple warning people of William’s deep voice.

Where most ID-SOLs and part-SOLs are as bulked out as they can be William has instead opted for an incredibly lean and streamlined physique, which makes him look somewhat lanky with his larger frame – Beneath his uniform lays William’s statue-esque physique, his arms and legs looking like a series of iron cables lay tightly wound beneath the surface, connected to his body via a set of broad shoulders and some powerful hips.

A perfectly round and sculpted set of buttocks is perhaps the only place on William’s body with a few grams of fat though otherwise his torso almost has the appearance of chiseled marble, complete with an insanely defined eight-pack that tapers the man’s waist and stone-like pectorals adorning his chest to top it all off.

Though occasional hints of William’s extreme physique may show through, for the most part his duty

uniform gives the man a rather average and partially lanky appearance, the mess of unkempt collar-length platinum blonde hair and scruffy black facial hair make him look like a bit of a slob and in some aspects he is, preferring to laze around in his exercise uniform whenever possible and making very little effort to cover up beyond grabbing a towel when having just gotten out of the shower.

Various injuries over the years have lead to William having a good bit of metal in his body as all good Neplesians do, most notably he has a few [Nerimium](#) rods in his right forearm and left thigh as well as a Nerimium plate in the back of his skull.

Personality

You'd be forgiven for thinking the lanky part-sol with messy hair was a bit of a slacker, between missions he can seem rather sloth-like as he meanders around the base of wherever he is assigned with no real haste though William is a very driven man when he wants or needs to be – dedicating hours of each day to both mental and physical self-improvement between his other duties, though he is not one to brag about any of this and really just couldn't be assed what others might think about it, he does it to better himself and not to impress others.

Though by no means is William self-centred, infact he's a rather open minded and laid back individual when granted the opportunity to be so and a bit of a big old teddy bear instead of the macho hardass a lot of his kind are perceived to be – it's easy to make William chuckle and he generally wants to return the favour somehow, it's hard to get on his bad side and he's always willing to try something new, an artefact from William's rebellious youth.

When in his armour and on a mission there is little that William is not willing to do to achieve a desired outcome, a driven and strong-willed man capable of very bad things if he needs to – a hint at the more deviant side he keeps under wraps with smiles, laughter and intelligent discussion.

History

Derrick Enger Marx is an Ex-IPG commando that found love later on in life, dedicating his younger years as a marine and then in the IPG when they were founded as a loyal soldier who figured he'd save all the heartache and arguments for when he was done with all this – when the grey hairs streaking through his scalp began to outnumber the raven ones he figured that was a sign to get out and so finished his business with an honourable discharge, now a man in his late forties who'd known intimacy though never true love.

Derrick had very little to lose but a lot to gain, eventually falling for a platinum-blonde vixen who'd taken a liking to his weathered self through multiple run-ins at the same gun store every now and then, she was almost young enough to be his daughter but the love was there regardless and the two settled down with a little arms and armour store in [Funky City](#) in [YE 16](#) with plans to start a family if things continued to look up for them in the next few years.

She passed away a few weeks after their honeymoon in late [YE 19](#), gunned down by some mad mutant high on industrial chems who thought they'd make some quick cash by robbing the business, it spun Derrick into a downwards spiral of depression for roughly a year for reasons that should be obvious – at the end of this time Derrick had a clear idea of what he should do, Fae had always agreed the two would start a family some day if things were going that way, and he wished to grant her that one final wish.

Fae had always been a mysterious soul who played her cards close to her chest, and in her will she had left a small locket containing a few strands of her angelic hair, Derrick grabbed this as well as a sample of his own blood and moved to contact a genetics company.

They had always wanted a child, some day if things were looking up for them, and Derrick felt as though this is what Fae would have wanted in the end – a child of their own blood even if they were born in a tank, a few months later and that baby was pulled from his incubation tank, a blonde haired and odd-eyed bundle of joy who bared a shockingly close resemblance to his father, Derrick himself had one hazel eye while the other was brown so he paid his son's heterochromidia little mind.

William was given the surnames of both his parents and raised just like any other child, Derrick's casual job as a security guard keeping them decently well-off as William learnt to walk and talk – though the kid had a bit of a rebellious streak that emerged after finding out he was born in a vat, wanting to make people know he was more than just the sum of his parts.

As William entered puberty and his body began to fill out more though his Father began to notice something that caused the old man a bit of concern though tried to dismiss the fact, however by the time William signed up to join the NSMC at the age of sixteen both parties had come to the conclusion that the company who were paid to produce William may have stiffed them a little bit – with William's growing body looking more and more like a recreation of Derrick with altered pigmentation but by this point William had began coming to terms with who he was as a person and shrugged it off, he was a different enough person than his father and William's first boyfriend had to agree.

William went through bootcamp and came out the other side as a Marine sniper, a rather quiet and calm bugger who pushed against the grain of being a brute simply because of his size and heritage – in [YE 40](#) he began spending his spare time trying to figure out the mysterious woman who was his late mother, a person he'd never met but had immense respect for, one thing lead to another and he managed to track down that she was ex Army of Uesureya and had more family over in Yamatai so decided to make contact with the Black family that same year and came to learn about their company who'd just started up.

It was during this same year that William signed up for the [Star Army Exchange Program](#), being a good soldier who'd proven himself time and time again he was accepted and shipped off – bouncing around between a few ships as he was needed, latest posting being the YSS Sakura II, his father remarried in [YE 41](#).

Social Connections

Derrick Marx (Father)

Fae Black (Mother, deceased)

Volanti Marx (Grandmother)

Borislav Marx (Grandfather, deceased)

Hildr Marx (Step Mother)

[Riccard Black](#) (Uncle)

[Kryss Black](#) (Cousin)

[Donvan Black](#) (Cousin)

Skills

[NSMC Skills](#)

Fighting: In addition to his NSMC Sniper training William has taken time to become a master of revolvers much like how his mother was a wheel-gun fanatic, firing off rounds from his large custom revolver with the precision one would expect from a sniper – he uses this revolver even in hand-to-hand combat in a style known as [gun fu](#) that is particularly effective against heavily armoured opponents, making use of the revolver to blast at gaps in the plating.

Physical: being an absolute powerhouse of a man it should be obvious that William can output a lot of force when he needs to, his ID-SOLian heritage along with the man's intense fitness regime making him almost as strong as a full-blooded SOL and a rather agile individual on top of that.

Maintenance and Repair: Being a sniper means William is often out in the field on his own for long stretches of time and as such, has had to make repairs to his gear out in the field – he has taken time to learn the ins and outs of his Raider suit as well as any armourer and is rather handy at repairing/modifying weapons on top of this thanks to his Kuznyetski grandmother who helped the part-SOL build his prized revolver.

Inventory and Finances

- [clockwork_uppercut](#)
- [NAM Medtech - Cerebral Chip](#)
- 2 Pullover shirt, green, with rank patches on shoulder pads and name plate
- 4 [T-Shirts](#), white
- 4 underwear, white
- 2 Khaki cargo pants
- 1 [Beret, green, with flash patch](#)
- 1 [NSMC Field Cap, Type 33](#)
- 1 pair gloves, leather, brown
- 1 pair boots, brown
- 6 pair boot [Socks](#), white

- 1 Belt, dark brown
- 1 [Nepleslian Dress Uniform \(YE 33\)](#) (full outfit with white pistol belt, gloves, pants, and boots)
- 2 Tank tops, green, with fleet number on the right chest
- 2 Pairs of ankle length pajama pants, khaki
- 1 Pair of slip-on flexi-shoes, black
- 2 Short-sleeved mocks with fleet number on the right chest, Green
- 2 Work-out shorts, black
- 4 pairs green ankle [Socks](#)
- 1 pair green low-top sneaker shoes
- 1 Pair of trunks, green, fleet number on right leg
- 1 [M3 Assault Rifle](#)
- 1 [Utility Combat Knife M01A](#)
- 1 [Marine Combat Axe Model 01c](#)
- 1 Revolver, [HHG 'High Hybrid Gun'](#), with 2 extra FMJ magazines
- [M10 Raider Light Armor](#)
- 1 pair identification tags, metal, with name and hometown
- 1 [Canteen](#), 1 quart
- 1 [AwesomeCorp DataJockey](#)
- [P7 Pamphlet](#)
- 1 Wallet with the Marine Corps Insignia plated on it.
- Couple Hundred thousand DA

OOC Information

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