

Luna Masako

Luna Masako is a [player character](#) played by [Lunar Rabbit](#).

Luna Masako	
Species:	Human
Gender:	Female
Age:	25
Height:	5'9
Weight:	150
Organization:	Various mercenary and law enforcement agencies on Yamatai and Neplesia
Occupation:	Bounty Hunter
Rank:	
Current Placement:	

Preferred Plots:

1. Bounty Hunter Series
2. Ragnarok
3. Something involving people getting shot

Physical Characteristics

- Height: 5'9"
- Mass: 140
- Measurements: 30C

Build and Skin Color: Lean - someone used to marching long distances or cycling. Tan-ish olive skin. Arms have some heft to them - someone used to lugging heavy weaponry around without a gyro.

Eyes and Facial Features: She'd almost look like a student if it weren't for the military gear. A pair of almond-shaped red eyes. A mouth with moderately full, ridged lips, and a somewhat pointed, but small nose, slightly sharp cheekbones, even when draped out in military armor.

Hair Color and Style: Straight black hair that doesn't show much care, beyond being washed consistently and not reaching below her shoulders. Tied into a neat bun when she's on a mission.

Distinguishing Features: Apparently really, really likes smirking. Less politically-correct military folk will immediately peg her as a 'gear queer'.

Psychological Characteristics

Personality:

Friendly, if chatty. She usually knows when to shut up and when people aren't looking for small talk, but chat with her and she'll inevitably ramble about something or other.

She considers herself a realist in that she believes in people's better natures, believes in a "greater good" that doesn't mean sacrificing the well-being of others... but also thinks a great deal of people are irredeemable fucks who need to catch a bullet to the throat, having seen enough crime, warfare, and terrorism to make one weary of others. Often brings back her bounties dead, without any attempts at negotiation or anything that doesn't involve a rain of bullets. She sees morality in black and white, often refusing to compromise with her ideals (and often why a lot of criminals she goes after end up dead).

Swears like a sailor. Expect "fucks" every other sentence.

Often makes the mistake of thinking other people know what she's talking about.

She tends to be a bit of a snob when it comes to gear. This is apparently through no fault of her own - if it isn't top-of-the-line, it breaks way sooner than it should. Sometimes immediately. Part of it is due to her natural roughness in handling nearly everything.

Bounces between lazy and being horrifically OCD about maintenance, keeping living spaces clean, and patrols. One thing she *won't* be lazy on is personal hygiene.

Without meaning to, she gives off an air of 'been there, done that' - expect some bullshit about how 'this was just like the miner insurrection at Ares Prime' or 'wow, they're using the same gear as those terrorists who took over the Nakatomi arcology' or rambling about the torture tactics Sozora Cartels in Funky City use during the heat of battle.

In the heat of battle, she's pragmatic, but prone to rushing, and very aggressive.

- **Likes:** Guns, cool-looking armor, being tactical, recoil, helping the weak, politeness, forcing herself to read comic books, violence, action movies, beating the shit out of Born on Board
- **Dislikes:** War crimes, filth, corrupt police, tea, boredom, unmodified weaponry, rude people, being told she's a gear queer, being told she stole all her ideas from trideo games and simstims, terrorists
- **Goals:** Try not to spend so much on ammo.

History

Family (or Creators)

Pre-RP

Born on Nepelsia, in a city two hours away from Los Agamos, to parents of Yamataian descent who'd fled from the plague and didn't trust the mind-upload technology - too traditional and religious to trust their souls to machines.

Other than being really interested in shooters, and maybe the occasional tantrum as a wee child, her childhood was normal.

She found herself stuck in college - either failing the general education requirements or repeating a year, to the point she had to drop out. It was either get stuck in a minimum wage job and get her very Confucian parents really, really mad, or join the military.

Nope.

Through some luck, lots of ad-searching through endless tacticoool wanna-be operator catalogs, and a bit of resume exaggeration, she managed to score her first job - a start-up PMC made up of various cops, Army personnel, street-smart ex-hood rats looking for a way out of the ghettos without signing their life away to the military, nothing too stringent or illegal - odd protection jobs from wanna-be CEO execs for not-quite-Triple-A corps in "urban" places, transporting fading celebrities or almost-there pop starlets between charity jobs in the ghettos, taking on defense contracts for corporate facilities that were too high-value for rent-a-cops and too small to warrant actual PMCs.

First time she shot someone - well, something - was at a low-budget research facility trying to get grants from the Nepelsian government. Something about FTL transport salvaged from NMX tech, and gene research into NMX weapons. To no one's surprise, something went wrong - official story is that one of the teleportation devices reduced half the facility to a smoking crater.

The official story's half-right.

The teleportation device worked, alright... and sucked out a few of the stored NMX parasites, and brought in a few new ones, all of them angry at being touched by Nepelesians. It also made the third floor teleport into the second floor, which caused the fourth floor to collapse. This was about the same time a local street gang decided to crash a technical through the lobby and right into the laboratory, which, in the usual Nepelsian reverence for disregarding any sort of regulation, was built on the same floor as the entrance.

Half the gang members took the research teams hostage. The other half mutated into horrific things that looked kinda human if you squinted your eyes.

She remembers staring at the body for about five seconds - some cholo, the type you saw in Los Agamos. Baggy pants, a cheap SMG probably jacked from a third-rate gun factory and hacked to pieces, stolen body armor from a cop tossed over a wife beater, cheap military surplus pants, and fancy sneakers - before the next cholo tried to use his stolen LMG on her. Then the next was a scientist - well, used to be a scientist, arms now turned into serrated bones and a face smashed into something resembling a rib-cage. And so on.

The PMC congratulated her on her first willful murder. The team leader even bought champagne... mostly

as an excuse to get the rest of the team drunk, because Luna can't drink.

Bit by bit, the PMC took on better contracts - helping police bust gangs that had gotten their hands on gear that shouldn't be available to fuckers who warred over a few street blocks, raids on small-time drug labs when cops were overstretched, escorting rich assholes and celebrities going through high-risk ghettos for whatever idiotic reason. Slowly, her body count rose.

Since then, her official resume's been everywhere. One month, fighting alongside Nepelsian government's various investigation bureaus and their agents through a Triple-A corp's unwitting alliance with the NMX. The next, showing up with a different PMC to topple a backwater colony that had its royalty overthrown by a brutal dictator. Next, showing up as a government-hired plant inside a Triple-A mining outpost to steal blood diamonds that turned into a full-blown uprising involving runaway nanotech, mad scientists trying to quell the worker uprising with said nanotech, and legions of dead security goons who wanted to play 'let's beat the poor' cops. Fighting Abrehwan Supremacist militias who'd taken over colonies. Playing bodyguard to rich fucks in the worst areas of the galaxy, escorting them through the ghettos on whatever decadent activity they wanted. Clearing out NMX and other angry alien freaks who hate humanoid life from corporate outposts on remote locations. Riding in heavily armored trucks between megacorporations and banks to deliver sensitive data. Raiding aforementioned trucks to steal corporate data. Busting drug labs and cartels when the local government decides it's time to get military and not the corrupt cops. Fighting for and against insurgencies. You name it, she's probably fought it, main exception being most major militaries. She's not itching to get hauled before a military court.

She's often switching from a freelancer to joining up with a major PMC on a whim, always as their version of a temp, if temps dealt in bullets and grenades. Where there's a fight, she's there.

Skills

Fighting: Aside from "VR training" on her resume (which is half actually ultra-realistic holo/trideo range simulators she's gotten from a few professional PMCs, and half shooter games ranging from 'almost realistic' to 'the only thing that resembles reality in this video game is that there's a gun that shoots bullets', some of which are those newfangled 'modern shooters' people complain about teaching kids to shoot brown people), Luna's had more than enough time to get acquainted with guns on a range or on a battlefield - for the most part, she's the most skilled with assault/battle rifles and machine guns of both the light and heavy flavor, but has had done her fair share of close-quarters combat with pistols, shotguns, and SMGs, and a bit of marksmanship. Don't ask her to snipe from ten miles away, though. Has a basic knowledge of hand-to-hand combat from half-remembered karate lessons she took in college and watching gang members trying to shank her squad members.

Demolitions: You learn when to NOT use plastic explosives, or you have a closed-casket funeral. Mostly limited to throwing grenades, breaching, or destroying equipment with hunks of whatever's available and goes boom. However, she has had some experience with mortars, but usually with a HUD doing the aiming and adjusting calculations for her.

Communication: Fluent in Trade, and understands most dialects - enough to make a thesis paper not sound like shit. (Just look at the papers she did for some lazy assholes when she was in college.) Knows

basic phrases in standard Yamataigo (she'll probably admit she learned it from Yamataian dramas and cartoons) and the dialect her parents spoke (mostly the curse words). The words she knows in Abrehwan are: "Guten tag", "hande hoch", "fuhrer", and "raus", stolen from fighting Abrehwan supremacist gangs.

Survival and Military: Has been "assistant guide" to a few big-game "high risk" safari tours, fielded by a few bored and somewhat less environmentally-minded PMCs, which mostly consisted of following the head hunters and helping the idle rich with aiming weapons that cost more than her life (and ones they'd never fired before). From this, she's gleaned some basic tracking skills - mostly tracking animals by footprints, moving in a way that doesn't alert prey animals, knowing what to shoot on game animals to bring them down faster, what animal species are poisonous or unsafe to eat, and, of course, cooking and cleaning them (see: culinary). Still can't set up fires, though, and tents seem to hate her. Knows how to swim well and use SCUBA equipment, as a result of some ship boarding raids, fighting off angry sharks during treasure salvage operations, and being on a swim team as a kid.

Culinary: Not a chef, but knows how to properly skin, clean, and cook most animals out there. Her idea of seasoning usually consists of 'add seasoned salt and pepper until it doesn't taste bland', though.

Vehicles: Hey, kids, you know what they say about Yamataian drivers? Up until she started the merc business, she never learned to drive, because gas/insurance/various other excuses. Through trial-and-effort (and trial-by-fire), has learned to drive (after a fashion) most wheeled vehicles in Nepelsian space, and has wound up having to operate parts of a main battle tank, mostly by necessity. She knows most weak points of a few of the more common main battle tanks, and can do simple maintenance stuff any chump with a car can do (change your oil, antifreeze, A/C liquid).

Security: Knows her way around restraining prisoners and searching them carefully, picking up a few lessons from cops and ex-cops she's served with, often times from the worst ghettos, barrios, favelas, etc. of Nepleslia. On the other side, has picked up a few surviving-in-prison techniques from fellow mercs who were ex-cons, such as fashioning shivs and prison slang.

Technology Operation: Can use almost any OS, computer, laptop, smartphone, etc. Don't ask her to code or reprogram your router, though.

Medical: When your mother's a doctor, you'd have to be a drooling idiot to not know CPR. Can stitch, place syringes into veins, disinfect, apply tourniquets, splints, and gauze, and basic triage. Anything above them will most likely kill your patient.

Inventory

Luna Masako has the following items:

1. Modified R36 carbine
2. Zen Armaments .357 SMG
3. Styrling Muur Armor with helmet - modified to be look more technologically advanced than it really is
4. A pair of somewhat worn, overly expensive [Combat Boots](#) she bought because some ex-IPG recommended them to her
5. An old Navy jacket from her time in the Navy JROTC (no, she doesn't care it's the goddamn JROTC,

it still fits)

6. An assortment of work pants and military-issue dungarees
7. Various 'tropical' button-up shirts from various islands on Nepelsia and Yamatai
8. [T-Shirts](#) with 'ironic' sayings on them

Finances

3000 KS	Starting Funds
-850 KS	Rokheus & Surma R36 Special Purpose Carbine modified to resemble a R11 (Note: I'm fucking lazy, it's basically the H&K G11 with space-age dressing. Yes, that includes 50-round mod and RPM speed
-200 KS	Aforementioned modification
-250 KS	Variable power optic
-100 KS	Grippod
-100 KS	Barrel-integrated compensator and muzzle brake
-100 KS	Underbarrel rails
-100 KS	17 inch barrel
-100 KS	Multispectrum laser
-850 KS	Full Muur set, with slight modifications to look cooler than it actually is
-375 KS	Zen Armaments .357 Submachine Gun
900 KS	Total

Available funds:

OOO Discussion

Commission references & Character Inspiration

Since I'm a poor college student, I'm relying on stealing from better-made characters for the time being.

1. [Colonel Masako](#): Thanks to Red Faction 1 being the last game I picked up before getting into SARP, I injected a bit of the ol' colonel and her murderous ways - mostly, her thirst for violence. The originality also continues with her last name, har har.
2. [Maven](#) - Skin color, general face shape, jaw, and lips, and body type, mostly.
3. [Major Kusanagi smiling before someone gets their shit pushed in](#)
4. [http://starshiptroopers.wikia.com/wiki/Juan_Rico_\(novel\)](http://starshiptroopers.wikia.com/wiki/Juan_Rico_(novel)) Johnny Rico, the book version - HAHA, PHILIPPINES, HA HA, JOINING THE MILITARY BECAUSE YOU'RE A SHITTY NEET EVEN IF YOU DIDN'T REALLY JOIN THE MILITARY.

Soundtrack/Audio Inspiration

- General - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bkhJjbimL5E> Yell Dead Cell

- (Description of feeling) - Artist name - "track name"
- (Description of feeling) - Artist name - "track name"

Character Data	
Character Name	Luna Masako
Character Owner	Lunar Rabbit
Character Status	Active Player Character
Current Location	SX-01 "Vale"
Character's Home	Njord System
Plots	Reactivated

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