

Mastermind Whisper Nine Four 94-3923-4419

Mastermind Whisper Nine Four 94-3923-4419 is a [player character](#) played by [Malefic](#).

Mastermind Whisper Nine Four 94-3923-4419	
Species & Gender:	Type 3 Freespacer Male
Date of Birth:	YE 28 (11 years/physically 24)
Organization:	Psychopomp LLC
Occupation:	Doctor
Rank:	
Current Placement:	Psychopomp

Physical Description

Grotesque cords writhe and coil about his hunched torso, hidden from the world by a single layer of robe. Hundreds of wires string through pasty white flesh, connecting a vast array of cybernetic implants and devices to one another all about his form, contained within the gaunt, almost skeletal body of a vat-grown [Freespacer](#). Tendrils of thick cables extend from his back and trail on the ground, tracing lines just behind his robotic legs.

From under a slate gray hood, three softly glowing lenses adjust their focus, staring lifelessly at their next target from within a mask of scarred flesh. A pale grayish blue face is highlighted by dim LEDs that quietly blink on the sides of the ocular lenses. From where a mouth should be protrudes a mass of thick tubes and cables connected to a bulky respirator, which curl over thin, body shoulders and connect to a series of devices and mechanisms filled with oozing green and orange liquids. These miniature vats are attached to Whisper's back, constantly draining various drugs into Whisper's organic body, sustaining and empowering it's existence. There are a few, however, that are kept in reserve for particularly troublesome situation. These highly potent stimulants have a semi-transparent blueish hue, and reside closer to the cyborg's neck, near the shoulder blades.

Both of his legs and his left arm have been replaced with robotic cybernetics that mimic a human's limbs. There are various scratch marks on these, from unrestrained metal cables scraping against them. From the cybernetic left shoulder extends an additional robotic limb, this one wielding a variety of in-built tools for interfacing as well as a basic claw that is capable of lifting only a minor to moderate amount of weight. This arm is able to grasp and utilize weaponry that would ordinarily require only one hand.

Whisper shambles with a moderate slouch when he is taking his time. When he needs to move fast, he corrects his posture to emphasize his full 6'4" height, and dashes like a typical humanoid would, albeit at a slightly slower speed.

Personality

Whisper speaks coldly, typically in a stiff monotone (like HAL 9000) laced with static. His emotions are well hidden, mostly revealed only to those who witness him during a moment a weakness. He enjoys his secrets, preferring to be as cryptic as possible unless what he's keeping is directly on a need-to-know basis.

Whisper is a firm believer of hiding one's true motives and intentions, and is rather talented at doing so. He respects those who earn his respect, and otherwise treats others as byproducts of society, a necessary expression of individuality, but nothing more. Even so, he typically speaks with respect in most scenarios. His true disrespect can be found in his actions towards said person.

He harbors a large well of curiosity, choosing to spend much of his time deep within volumes of research. Many times he finds himself curious about small, simple things. What is that person's name? Where are the color of their eyes?

Those who he must report to - such as superiors or fellow operatives- will find that he is quite informative. He tends to layer in details that most would think unnecessary, to the point of creating hefty reports for simple tasks. He does not stray from what directive he has been given unless there is some information or resource vital to him.

History

Mastermind Whisper Nine Four 94-3923-4419 was born in [YE 28](#) (11 years/physically 24).

Whisper Nine Four was created to be a scientist. At age 5, the first occupation he observed and admired was the art of genetic science. He was amazed that one could reliably make people! Certain traits emphasized, certain faults minimized, life is a spool of thread that geneticists could spin into whatever they wished! Whisper's sense of wonder only deepened, his realization that he, too, was a product of genetics engineering propelling his desire even further. After being exposed to the other potential occupations that [Freespacer](#) had as options, his resolve was only strengthened.

Throughout his youth, he spend all of his time researching, developing, and downloading genetics information and techniques. It didn't take long for Whisper to develop the reputation of a genius of [Freespacer](#) genetics research. Even still, Whisper was not satisfied. His curiosity was never fulfilled, and he began to feel the gleeful inkling that it never could be. An entire universe, filled with trillions upon trillions of genetical specimens! The raw information, the implications, and the enhancements were astonishing! After being appointed the head of a large team of researchers dedicated to furthering the genetics developments for future [Freespacer](#) generations, he earned his title of Mastermind. For the next few years, his development began to stagnate. Due to the usual pacifistic nature of most [Freespacer](#), he found much of his research limited in part to lack of support.

His frustration rising, Whisper decided to contact and join the [Viridian Array](#). Though he did not necessarily agree with the entirety of their missions statement, he knew that aligning himself with them would give him more room to pursue his research interests. With his status, it was rather easy to find a place among them, setting up a research lab on a [Freespacer](#) ship near the [planet Nepleslia](#). The Mastermind spent the next few months delving into more specific topics. Soon, he learnt more of the [ID-](#)

[SOLs](#) and [Nekovalkyrja](#), genetically enhanced beings capable of fantastical physical feats, and began to form an idea.

Whisper's idea would eventually prove to be the demise of his of hope, trust, and dreams.

The Mastermind's idea was this: a series of adjustments and enhancements one could perform on an existing human that could boost their physical abilities to a greater degree than even the [ID-SOLs](#) and [Nekovalkyrja](#) could boast. If this project were to be truly realized, it would mean the rise of a being capable of unprecedented strength and endurance. Super soldiers capable of toppling nations and shifting the balance of power between empires.

And Whisper would be hailed as perhaps the greatest geneticist known to this galaxy.

With this seed of an idea planted within his mind, Whisper Nine Four began to pursue research astray to his assigned purpose. He began to spend hours upon hours of time making inquiries, developing theories, and researching surgical enhancement techniques. His fellows began to notice his ever mounting degree of exhaustion and his absence from the laboratory. They approached him eventually, after he had begun behaving erratically and even failed to show up in the laboratory for entire weeks. They would soon discover him in a self-created laboratory, slumbering amidst thousands of high-volume drives packed full of genetics data and research. Strange and new machines, some new and some old littered the environment, ranging from mouse-sized to vehicle-sized. These machines would eventually be identified as failed prototypes created for a new variety of genetics-enhancing techniques Whisper would later call the "Hyper Base Trait Enhancement Process" or HBTEP for short.

Whisper Nine Four's peers would astounded as the sheer volume of work and research poured into this project. He decided it was time to put together a team. The Mastermind spent the next few days, communicating with others via the [Polysentience](#) and advertising for this new project. In but a few days, Whisper would find that he now had an eager team of twenty or so specialized geneticists awaiting his permission to assist him with this new project, Kale Four Two - his closest friend - among them.

Throughout the next year, Whisper and his team toiled long and hard to further develop the appropriate research to create this new being that they named the "Goliath." On and on they worked, juggling their assigned duties as well as their newly acquired project of developing the galaxy's next super soldier race.

The time for a trial was getting closer, but doubts were beginning to arise. Kale Four Two - Whisper Nine Four's right hand man - noticed some assumptions in Whisper's research that were not necessarily accurate, though Whisper would offhandedly dismiss these claims, saying he had already worked the necessary calculations and details off-record a long while back. Kale was not certain, however. As time went on, Kale began to notice more and more small mistakes in Whisper's research and theory work. The doubt spread like a disease to some of the others and began to dampen their resolve to follow Whisper's plan. It did not take long for some to leave the Mastermind's side, excusing themselves for unlikely reasons.

This caught Whisper Nine Four's attention too late. When he discovered the reason for his peers' absence, he brought all those that remained to a conference to assuage their fears. He gave a grand speech, speaking volumes of the effort, resources, and potential results that such a grand project like this could bring. He had spent a great deal of time preparing this, and delivered his speech with passion that was almost tangible. Following this, Whisper declared that he himself would volunteer as the first test subject, a testament to his confidence in this research. Stunned and in awe, the research team's

motivation spiked once more. They redoubled their efforts once more. Though Kale Four Two still had his doubts, they were subdued for now.

Finally, the project was coming to it's completion. Whisper's once self-made laboratory had transformed into a full-fledged genetic alteration facility, complete with hundreds of newly invented machines brought into reality from the genius minds of Whisper and his team. These state-of-art devices were all honed specifically to the task of fulfilling Whisper's dream to create the next greatest genetic species.

The time for the first attempt had come.

Mastermind Whisper Nine Four stepped into the designated modification vat, a bright smile on his face. Before they closed the hatch and initiated the first instance of HBTEP, Whisper spoke, saying, "I have the utmost confidence in your ability, team. Stand proud as the creators of the Goliath!" His eyes closed, and he was placed into a comatose state in preparation for alteration.

For the next few days, the team worked without rest, knocking thousands of different processes in motion, genetically or otherwise. All of the machines were manned with professional operators, constantly adjusting variables, settings, and a large variety of mechanisms that all moved together to enhance Whisper's form. Kale Four Two - the designated head in Whisper's stead - directed all of the efforts of the team, optimizing and re-optimizing functions until they were as refined as they could be, operating with near maximum efficiency.

On the forth day, the operation began to go awry. Suddenly, warning indicators began flashing violently, wires began to crackle, and the main HBTEP unit began to fail. In just a few moments, Whispers life grew horribly endangered, the fruits of unfinished work showing themselves in the form of imperfect genetic altering. A massive amount of strain had been put onto Whisper's organic body. Kale Four Two was forced to make an executive decision.

He halted the project, smashing the vat holding Whisper and placing him on a nearby table. Badly deformed, Whisper had lost all functionality of his legs, his eyes, and most functionality of his lungs. The Mastermind's body had grown a sickly grayish blue hue, and he had grown in size. His pale, twitching limbs assured the panicked watchers that their leader still drew breath, just barely enough to survive. Immediately Kale called for professional surgeons while the medical professionals among Whisper's team desperately attempted to maintained his vitals. As time constrained as they were, they decided to use some of the experimental drugs Whisper had developed to help lifeforms embrace the genetic enhancements the HBTEP process would bring. With loud alarms blaring throughout the laboratory and the nearby peripheral zones of the ship, the research team scrambled to haphazardly assemble and administer the drugs. As they watched the syringes sink oozing blue substance into Whisper's flesh, they witnessed the Mastermind take a single, ragged, gasping breath and scream with all his might. His scream spoke of immeasurable pain, fear, and primal wishes for life. The massive dose of drugs was all that kept the [Freespacer](#) this side of death.

Finally, the medical team arrived. With the assistance of the research team, the medics kept Whisper stable and prepared him for surgery. They gave him a large variety of cybernetic implants to compensate for his failing organs. Lungs, legs, and one arm were replaced with high grade mechanical prosthetics. They left him then, alone and unconscious in the medical bay, hoping he would survive his own experiment.

Much time passed, and things seemed hopeless. Just as Kale was going to give up hope on saving his friend, he got to watch Whisper slide off of the surgery table. A bright grin on his face, Kale Four Two went to embrace Whisper joyously.

The embrace he got in return was one of a pock marked grip about his throat, choking the life out of him.

Whisper stood there, cold fury coursing through every fiber of his being, overwhelming rage wiping all sign of reason or empathy from his mind.

The section of researchers accompanying Kale Four Two rushed in to try and help him, finding that Whisper's cybernetically and genetically enhanced body far too sturdy to throw off balance. Only when one of them grabbed a large cybernetic wrench and bashed it against Whisper's head did he release his grip. By this point, Kale Four Two was near death, his windpipe collapsed. After pushing Whisper out of the way, the researchers and a team of medics whisked Kale away to an emergency room to be treated, leaving Whisper alone once more, limply sprawled across the floor, still partially conscious.

In the next few days, Mastermind Whisper Nine Four was judged guilty of aggravated assault by the [Freespacer](#) in his ship via the [Polysentience Network](#). As a result, Whisper's project was dropped, and he was locked out of the vast majority of facilities available on his particular ship, turning it from his base of operations to a prison. He had no choice but to leave the ship and make his way alone into the world, though all of his currency had been confiscated as well.

With his dreams shattered, and his hope stamped upon, Whisper spent much time looking for a ship willing to take him elsewhere. Who would wish to take aboard their ship a man guilty of aggravated assault with no money to sweeten the deal? It turns out, the Dirt Crawler did; if Whisper Nine Four was willing to take up mercenary work to pay for his room and board. Whisper had no choice but to accept.

So off he went, into space, and trained himself as a mercenary for a time. Surprisingly, he found within himself a fondness for combat. It was a chance to take out his fuming rage on someone else, a moment of release from the constant pain his biological half felt constantly.

Whisper worked as a mercenary for a few years, even after he had fulfilled his duty to the ship that offered him transportation away from [Nepleslia](#). He took many jobs, amused with the challenge. Perhaps some part of him was also pleased to find his life's work finally come to use. His research - manifested as the strength newly imbued into his body - finally had some purpose, a useful purpose. This, as well as the various documents that he was sometimes assigned to steal, provided fuel for his interest in mercenary work. He learnt the art of combat from the [Nepleslian](#) mercenary ship that had picked him up, and used his overwhelming strength and cybernetic enhancements to get the better of whatever foes crossed his path.

As he drifted through the endless night, a man for hire, he augmented himself further with higher grade cybernetics. He gave himself more and more, expanding his own capabilities. He mostly remained near [Nepleslian](#) space.

Social Connections

Mastermind Whisper Nine Four 94-3923-4419 is connected to: Nepleslian Mercenary Ship Captain Karl

Denizer, Kale Four Two

Current Cybernetics

1. Radioisotope Thermoelectric Generator
2. Prosthetic legs and left arm.
3. Utility arm installed on shoulder-join location (left shoulder), equipped with basic engineering tools, basic "fingers," and an optical lens)
4. [Mindware](#)
5. Virtual Memory
6. Drug Injectors
7. Artificial Organs (Heart, liver, lungs, vocal cords)
8. Bio-Regulator device(controls drug input/output)
9. Tri-Focal Ocular Implants. (Short, medium, long range. Heat vision, night vision, footage recording, built in HUD)
10. Cellular Symbiotic Incubator (Produces super-hardened lichens to maintain biological function. These lichens are very resistant to drugs, but die very frequently due to the mass amount of various drugs and substances running through Whisper's body. They must always be incubated and released in order to maintain Whisper's bio-half functions.)

Genetical Enhancements

Positive:

- Slower aging
- Hyper regeneration (similar to [Nekovalkyrja Type 33](#))
- Lift weight of a Hybrid [ID-SOL](#) (250kg - 500kg) or a pure [ID-SOL](#) with [Liquid Strength](#) (750kg-1500kg)
- High pain tolerance

Negative

- Limbs and organs can randomly fail, requiring many drugs in large quantities to revitalize them.
- There must be a constant flow of powerful drugs and stimulants pumped through his organic parts.
- His biological arm is unsteady and imprecise, shaky.
- Some times between sleep cycles, his biological parts will loose the majority of their function, leaving Whisper nearly incapable of doing anything besides feeding himself until he can sleep for a while again.
- A constant burning pain reminiscent of soreness throughout his biological body.
- Requires a minimum of 10 hours of sleep per cycle to be fully rested.

Skills Learned

Medical and Science

Throughout his entire life, Mastermind Whisper Nine Four has pursued the art of medicine and genetics for the sole purpose of creating a better super soldier. Tens of thousands of hours of Whisper's life have been dedicated to perfecting the genetics.

Biology

Genetics mostly of [ID-SOLs](#) and a small amount about [Nekovalkyrja](#) Type 33s. Whisper has learnt of the various bodies of the strange and strong creatures around the galaxy, in the context of learning what genetical models perform what functions.

Engineering

Cybernetics primarily. As Whisper has been concerned with the improvement of humans and their typically meek bodies, he has delved into the possibility of augmenting bodies via cybernetical means.

Maintenance and Repair

As part of learning how to maintain and create cybernetic augments, Whisper also needed to learn how to maintain and repair them. As a result, he has obtained a firm grasp on the art of repairing most machinery. He is also knowledgeable about fixing and maintaining high complexity genetic alteration machinery.

Technology Operation

Whisper can very proficiently operate many kinds of machinery, ranging from high complexity genetic manipulation equipment to simple machines common aboard star ships. Most of the time he can find his way around operating devices, at least if they're aren't too complex.

Chemistry

In order to further his research, Whisper has learnt to design and manufacture various chemicals. He is specialized in creating drugs that influence human bodies in various ways, and can be expected to be able to identify most chemicals in this category as well.

Fighting

By becoming a mercenary - involuntarily at first - Whisper has discovered that he has a natural joy for

combat. He has learnt a Nepleslian style of combat, utilizing his abnormally powerful strength and cybernetics to become somewhat proficient as wielding three small arms weapons at the same time - two SMGs and a heavy pistol. He has not been a mercenary for very long, so his experience and training has been rather little. Most of the time, Whisper turns the tides with his enhanced strength and superior intellect.

3 top skills are high proficiency. 3 skills beneath that is decent proficiency. 1 skill at the bottom is "meh."

Inventory & Finance

Mastermind Whisper Nine Four 94-3923-4419 has the following items:

- [Voidwalker suit](#)
- ["Finagle's Revenge" Recoilless Rifle](#)
- [Custom Asura Cane](#) with drug injector modification - 900 KS
- [Styring Man Cannon, .455 Loud Boom](#) - 500 KS
- [Snapshot PDW](#) x2 - 400 KS total
- Large enveloping slate gray robe
- Pairs of custom made clothing (shirts, pants, gloves) x5
- Datapad and large capacity data storage unit, containing genetic research.
- Canister of bio-maintenance fluid x20
- Canister of [Liquid Strength](#) x5

OOO Information

Cool phrases: Acquisition reticules Data streams holodimensional fix on location cranial cortex cogitators - cognition - thinking devices - warm inside skull clicking optics Infrared hydraulics augur feeds overlay static-laced voice Shock warnings

Viridian Array

OOO Notes

I understand that this character seems like he has the potential to be pretty OP. I'm willing to tone some things down or add additional drawbacks to his genetically-modified body parts.

The (!!!!!) are notes to self to put in wiki-links.

Made this mostly for the awesome-factor.

All of the random aspects of Whisper Nine Four are determined by a roll of d20 dice during time of initial post.

Inspired partially by Tech-Priests from the Warhammer 40k universe.

In the case [Malefic](#) becomes inactive:

- Can this character be used as an NPC by a GM or FM? YES
- Can this character be [adopted](#) after I am gone for a year? YES

Character Data	
Character Name	Mastermind Whisper Nine Four 94-3923-4419
Character Owner	Malefic
Character Status	Adoptable Player Character
Approval Thread URL	starmy.com/...

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