

Name: Narasimha Mithra

Age: 32

Gender: Male

Species: Matchadus Weretiger

Occupation: "Professional" (For-hire enforcer, bodyguard, general-purpose combat master. Amateur gourmand, aspiring middle manager office drone.)

Human Appearance: Mithra is a man of solidly average height, standing at 5'8" and weighing over 400 kg. A weretiger, his frame is very muscular, with wide shoulders and hips. However, despite weighing more than some cars, his build is relatively trim. He has very little body fat, and anyone asked to guess would say he would weigh perhaps 100 kilos.

In full human form, despite his strong frame, the only real change to his appearance is that his eyes are bright gold and felinoid. Mithra is a Garo man, an East Indian ethnic group, with brown skin and black hair. His skin is also completely covered with scars. He has a large pitted scar over his face, directly over his cheek, with smaller scars crossing his face. He wears a massive sling, generally holding his bad arm.

Mithra's human form is muscular, shredded, and intimidating, with glowing, inhuman eyes. However, his expression tends to be fairly bored. His eyesight is sharp, but gives off the impression of an especially keen middle manager more than anything. Mithra has a tendency towards professional clothing; leather shoes, dress pants, a white dress shirt. He likes to wear 'fun' ties, with colorful patterns that do not fit whatsoever with his serious expression. Alongside this, he has a large, professional looking backpack and keeps several briefcases on him. He keeps himself clean shaven, even if he has to shave multiple times per day. His clothing is kept very neatly. While he doesn't need glasses, it sincerely seems he should have them. His shoes have steel heels to be able to handle the weight of his body without breaking down.

Due to a deep injury to his left arm, it hangs limp and loose on him. There is a massive, circular scar just under his shoulder alongside many others where someone clearly tried to cleave it off. His shirts are tailored with buttons up the whole way, so he can open it up to the shoulder. In day to day life, he leaves it inside a loose sling. When he gets stubble, it comes in white and orange on his chin, though he shaves religiously. His nose is notably broader than most humans.

He is nearly always eating something, and his briefcases and backpack are utterly packed with salted peanuts, sunflower seeds, and other easy snacks.

Monster Appearance: Mithra, in full weretiger form, is absolutely immense. Standing at around 2.6 meters tall, he is built like a truck. With his left arm transformed, the nerves connect enough to allow for full movement, and when on the job he keeps it as such even when otherwise appearing human for ease. He has enormous claws, strong hands, and a large tail arcing behind him. Overall he radiates power and cold ferocity, though even as a beast he retains the sense he should REALLY be working as an office stooge. Just the vibes.

Personality: Mithra is a cold, reserved professional. Concerned primarily with appearing as normal and human as possible, he eschews any hint of ferocity or anger. He interacts soberly and grimly with people around him, and tries to be polite but firm with whoever he interacts with. He talks himself up as nothing but a service worker and keeps his work as close as possible to the office job of his dreams. He refuses to allow himself any enjoyment of his work, and he tries to be respectful to those he's forced to go against in the course of things. He has no regard for small talk and sees any personability as a weakness.

That said, while preoccupied with the appearance of professional excellence, he doesn't let sentimentality get in the way of combat. He has a dynamic, brutal style of attacking, and he will ignore damage to his clothing or body in the course of fighting. While he takes pains to look professional, he has a habit of insulting opponents' skill or determination, doing attacks in a way to terrify them. He has respect for determination or savviness, willing to complement opponents who in some way impress him.

His obsession with 'professionalism' is a tactic to cope with incredible insecurity about his own humanity. Mithra is deeply frustrated and isolated. He desires to be seen as a human and he idolizes having a normal, stable life. But his nature as a weretiger and line of work sabotages any hope of this. He is too enmeshed in the underworld, too good at his current job to be able to get anything above ground. Everyone already knows exactly who he is.

While he wants to be human, on a basic level he doesn't consider himself one, and his insecurity leads his desire for what he thinks of as normalcy to be an obsession. He acts out how he thinks a normal middle class, white collar worker would, without the context of a normal life or close human relationships to act as touchstones to what that means.

He has learned to loathe and suppress everything about his body, mind, and life that doesn't fit with humanity. He acts out a consummate professional in his job so he can ignore his actual work. He viciously represses any emotions or thoughts that don't fit with what his conception of normal society doesn't see as valid or correct. Despite the shooting pain in his left arm, he forcibly keeps it human in his day to day life. He loathes people who try to undermine his humanity, seeing anything like 'beast' or 'animal' as extreme insults.

Due to repressing most of his emotions, when one gets through to the surface, it's felt *incredibly* strongly. When sad, he is inconsolable with grief. When angry, he gets worked up into a roaring fury. These rare moments of external passion show turbulent emotions roiling underneath, and even when looking professional he is extremely intense in how he shows that. Notably, he never seems to show any *positive* emotions more intense than professional courtesy or respect.

While he thinks of himself as a perfect professional, his repressed thoughts and feelings still get expressed. Mithra is hypervigilant about anything in himself that is out of place, and is aware of when there are infractions around him. To his credit, for the most part he ignores these as Not His Problem; they don't have any humanity to prove.

However, his discomfort and hatred of parts of himself seep into how he treats people who acutely embody those parts. He is judgemental of those people, and while he tries to stay polite, with extensive interaction or egregious 'infractions' his discomfort becomes more clear. When he feels pressured on his coping mechanisms or constructed persona, he can get incredibly, for lack of a better term, catty; showing his discomfort with unsolicited 'helpful advice' or 'tips on professionalism', his bland affect charged with a deniable undercurrent of venomous disdain.

He does have a genuine interest in accounting and spreadsheets. If he could, he would be a paper pusher or administrative clerk. As much as he tells himself he dislikes it, he does enjoy pummeling others on an instinctual level. But perhaps the only thing he genuinely likes is eating. He eats constantly, snacking on puffed rice, sunflower seeds, or peanuts on the job while having massive meals while off. He is near constantly trawling his area for new restaurants and treats the chefs and wait staff with the utmost, sincerest respect. Most of the money he gets goes to maintaining himself. The only really bad part about the sheer amount of food he needs to eat, in his eyes, is the ever present danger of ginger getting into his food. Despite his violent job and generally poor attitude, he is a favorite of the restaurants of Rakin City.

Bio: Narasimha Mithra was born an orphan in the Meghalaya state of India, kidnapped as a child and brought up in a compound south of the city of Rākinagarh. This compound was run by a family of Matchadus- weretigers who had the ability to freely shift between a human and a monstrous form at will. While historically an underground, tightly knit sect who only turned people who were part of the family, this group had radicalized after Indian independence. Deeply religious and committed to Narasimha, violent and destructive avatar of Vishnu, they became a Hindu nationalist cult. Under the leadership of the mysterious matriarch of the group, the orphans under their care were indoctrinated to be loyal soldiers. Long term, the intention was to loan them to the Indian army as shock and terror troops.

Mithra grew up in constant rigor, doing the long spells, periods of fasting, and mantras to fully transform himself. Unconcerned with his health, the cult drove him far harder than he or any of the others could manage. Abused and hungry, he watched as the others he grew up with be chosen to be transformed, then vanish. When it was his turn, he was sat in a room, given a

combination of drugs and blood, and told if he wanted to survive he had to recite the spells he'd been taught.

Within a few hours, he suffered a massive heart attack as the blood reached his heart and his body, badly neglected, collapsed under the strain. He was swiftly discarded in a nearby river.

Something about Mithra was made of sterner stuff than the others. His body ravaged by the process of transformation, he revived just long enough to drag himself out of the water, not able to enjoy himself when another heart attack struck. This continued for multiple days, him getting a few minutes of time, able to drag himself somewhere, or eat some garbage before his heart stopped again, falling into a rhythm of his body collapsing then brought back from the brink by its natural healing.

That's when '**She**' found him. Having seen reports of a dead man reviving to die again, she found him, taking him into a warehouse, supplying him enough food to finally stabilize him. '**She**' refused to give him a name, saying that she thought his matriarch was 'distasteful', and offering him a tiny bit of support.

...A week later, the matriarch who ran the cult was found dead, mauled and partially eaten by what was ruled to be a tiger attack. The cult dissolved soon after as its failures became clear. Mithra soon after vanished into the underground....

He emerged some years later, having clawed and fought his way to enough education and money to make his way to college. Armed with false documentation from '**Her**' and determination to succeed, he continued work in the underground as an enforcer while getting a business degree. The years of university he considers the best he's ever had, feeling normal and human as he'd ever been allowed.

Soon after graduating, in an otherwise normal fight, his arm was nearly cleaved off. While swift intervention was able to save the limb, he was horrified to learn that it only worked when in bestial form- and the injury was so conspicuous that he would be unable to get legitimate employment. The perpetrator has since been on an upward trajectory as now queen of the underworld, Mithra watching from the sidelines as he was completely stuck. Taking more dangerous work to pay for food, caring less about himself. The toll on his body continued.

Then '**She**' arrived. He leaped on her offer of employment as her loyal bodyguard. Despite his irritating coworker she brought with, the Gossip has seemed to appreciate him far more than most others. Maybe he can get....

Ah, no. Nevermind.

Belief - Professionalism: 5 (Mithra believes strongly that by acting professional and businesslike, and avoiding any sense of him being violent, unruly, or animalistic. He romanticizes mundanity and seeks to act as dull and boring as possible. He deeply, deeply dislikes anything that infringes upon him, and he keeps pretty much everyone at arms' reach away from him from fear of getting seriously emotionally invested or involved. While he has moments of passion and very rarely desire, he is purposefully cold.)

Passion - Food: 4 (Coming from a childhood of deprivation and now in a body that only grows stronger the more he eats, Mithra is a massive foodie. He adores the act of eating and will snack constantly in order to just keep munching. Part of why he feels the need to work underground is that it pays well enough to afford how much sheer amount of food he needs to eat. Its basically the only thing in life he allows himself to enjoy.)

Fury - Narasimha: 4 (One of the major weaknesses he has, and the thing that infuriates him over anything else, is implications that he has failed in his life goal of fitting into humanity, becoming as dull as he wants to be. That he isn't the human he pretends to be, that his buried homosexuality exists at all, or acknowledgement of his moments of passion. He regards these as bestial impulses to be suppressed as viciously as possible, and he can get outright venomous about the topic.)

Likes: Eating, Spreadsheets, Accounting

Dislikes: Vandals, anarchistic-minded rabble-rousers, obnoxious braggarts, unprofessional louts,

Short-Term Goal: Assist the Gossip in his professional capacity.

Medium-Term Goal: Eat at every restaurant in the state.

Long-Term Goal: Go legit.

Strength/Power: 5/A (Mithra is incredibly, incredibly strong. As a human, he effortlessly outclasses more or less anyone else arrayed against him, and as a beast his strength is absolutely overwhelming. Simple as.)

Agility/Speed: 3/B (Despite his heft, Mithra is a fairly quick man, able to swiftly get in and out of combat, climb, and balance at a professional level. As a beast, he's even faster, being extremely quick to move. A very fast sprinter, he can leap large distances and run others down. His reactions are extremely highly tuned, able to strike and counterstrike very well.

Notably, he also transforms incredibly quickly, which he uses with partial transformations to enhance his combat capabilities, either turning them for extra hits or turning his limbs, using the size increase to shunt him around.)

Endurance/Durability: 4/C (Mithra weighs over 400 kilos, with different implications in either form. As a human, he is supernaturally dense, about the same density as some softer metals and very difficult to dig through.

As a beast, he is less strictly durable, but due to sheer mass and a consistent healing factor retains notable difficulty in taking down, clearly healing more quickly than in human form. While given time he can recover and knit together wounds quickly, he can't outright replace flesh past what is normally able.

Still, his fighting style allows for taking hits and powering through them, dealing with them as well and able to keep going. There's simply a lot of man to mill through.)

Matchadus: 5 (As a weretiger, Mithra can freely transform his body completely or partially into that of a humanoid beast. He maintains the same mass of his beast form even as a human. Additionally, he is a very good fighter using his body. While not trained in any particular discipline, he is a brawler through and through, using his physical reach, might, and weight to hammer at enemies until they go down. He knows how to use his speed for acrobatic maneuvers to chase people down, and though he's not great at throwing objects, knows how to launch objects competently. He has the full senses of a tiger, even in human form.)

Matchadus: 1 (His specific type of weretiger comes with a few very notable downsides. While not being able to do day to day life as a normal human is obvious, more pressingly is a major weakness to ginger. In all its forms ginger is extremely dangerous to him.

When applied to the skin that area breaks out into a painful rash that causes the entire area to begin going numb and profusely bleeding. Consumption causes almost immediate intense nausea and vomiting, alongside internal bleeding if not ejected quickly.

Generally if ginger gets on an area, that area almost immediately begins breaking down and bleeding. Even once the ginger is washed off or removed, his healing factor will be busy repairing the cell damage to be able to deal with damage for a bit.

Good thing you brought some with you!)

Equipment: Clothing, backpack, briefcase x 3, wallet, sling, hundreds of packages of snacks stored on his person and in his belongings.

Stand Name: No Spill Blood

Stand Type: Phenomenon

Stand Appearance: None (No appearance. When striking an object with its ability active, though, excess force is dissipated as ripples in the air.)

Power: None (No Spill Blood has no actual power to speak of and, indeed, its ability can only decrease damage.)

Speed: None (No Spill Blood doesn't have any speed to speak of, activating solely and automatically on contact with objects.)

Range: E (All aspects of No Spill Blood activate solely on contact with the user's body, though it does function through clothing. While he does have notable reach on his attacks, it's still only active through this contact.)

Staying Power: None (No Spill Blood confers zero real protection and 'lasts' only as long as contact is retained by nature of its ability. While it makes Mithra incredibly resistant to falling and similar impact damage when he initiates it, it gives him zero defense against attacks.)

Precision: D (No Spill Blood is an incredibly simple Stand power. It confers zero real boosts to the user in any way in any real precision. However, in its abilities it is fairly precise in some very limited ways. The user can decrease the force and weight exerted on objects he touches to any value that is desired. Additionally, this decrease can be decided on a per object and per strike basis- the user may weigh nothing on the ground but still strike an enemy at full strength.)

Potential: E (Any potential has been squeezed out of this and discarded.)

Stand Ability: The one ability of No Spill Blood is allowing the user to, on contact with an object, decrease the force output to them to a minimum of zero.

In combat, in simple terms he can decrease the force and knockback applied to objects down to zero as separate functions. He can decrease his weight relative to small or light objects, able to swing on threads or walk on precarious areas without fear. By striking an object, he may focus the return force into him as knockback, rocketing him away from the direction struck. This may or may not also damage what he strikes. He may also decrease damage but not knockback done to an object, launching it.

Fighting Style: Mithra is terrifying in combat. While obviously his monstrous nature makes him a serious threat, his cold and composed fighting style really is what makes him overwhelming. He attacks with heavy strikes that can't be easily blocked, oppressing and crushing enemies. He

doesn't mind damage, able to heartlessly trade grave injuries on himself to crush enemies harder.