***Serenity: A Rhylance Anthology.***

Rhylance sat in the middle of his safe house. The stress of running Clan Taldryan was at times immeasurable, but the Chiss was simply happy that he had this quiet hideaway. Taldryan had almost nothing now, since the devastating attack on Karufr, and for that very reason he was glad. Glad that he had foresight enough to not keep his holdings on world.

Since the death of Katrine he made it a goal to not lose anything of importance again, which was why he took ownership of this run down home on Nar Shaddaa. Everything he owned that had real value was here. Beneath the unassuming residence was a state of the art laboratory where he spent any time he could to achieve a peaceful solace.

It helped that Nar Shaddaa was a cesspool of drug abuse, alcoholism, and villainy. His options for appropriating test subjects were far easier to obtain. A Force user who is under influence of drugs or alcohol was a simpler target than one who was right minded.

“Sir?” an androgynous voice rang out in the pristine space.

“Yes Morse?”

“Your subject is ready for examination.”

Rhylance stood up from his chair and strode towards a nearby examination table. Several medical droids disengaged from their tests and removed themselves from the area. Rhylance needed his own space, and relied upon his natural ability to further his experiments.

“Morse, are the new designs for the inhibiter chip ready?”

“Yes sir, they are.”

“Good,” The Chiss grinned as he pulled out a scalpel and brought the blade to the side of the subjects head. “Hopefully this one doesn’t die like the last one. That mess took far too long to clean up.”

The Consul began the process of opening the subjects head, and found himself at peace. His holdings were secure, his future set. Next would be Taldryan.