

Lab SinSpection

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The sound of the analog grandfather clock echoed throughout the chrome plated walls of the laboratory. Bright light from the sun pierced the transparisteel windows before reflecting off of the pristine stark white floors. One lone Chiss strode down the room's length and width, carefully inspecting the furnishings for any sign of imperfection. He could not have. Today was the day Rhylance, ex-Consul of Clan Taldryan, showed his superior skill and work ethic to the newest Consul of his new home, Clan Arcona, Kordath Bleu. The Ryn was supposed to be there thirty minutes prior, so the doctor was not only anxious to get this inspection over with, he was highly annoyed by this Consul's ineptitude.

"Doctor, shall I clear your schedule to make room for this inspections extension?" the androgynous voice of the labs AI inquired.

"Yes M.O.R.S.E., as annoyed as I am now, I fear I may let a few too many of them die rather than save them." Rhylance responded as he polished a nearby table of it's singular missed streak.

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"Is the noise upsetting you Doctor?"

"No M.O.R.S.E., thank you for asking though. What is upsetting to me is the gull of this Ryn to keep me waiting all this time. I have more important tasks to accomplish than meeting the whim of this Consul."

"Shall I contact his office to request his immediate presence?"

"As tempting as that sounds M.O.R.S.E., I do believe that would cause more harm than good at this juncture. Continue our experiments in secrecy while I continue to wait."

"As you command, Doctor."

Rhylance continued to inspect his laboratory as he waited for what seemed like an hour. He began to grow more and more impatient. The sounds of the clock continued to ring out.

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****Brrriinnnggg****

The Chiss looked up from his inspecting at the sound of his lab's bell. It was obviously the "late" Consul finally making his appearance. Rhylance looked himself over, brushing off a small patch of dust from his black pants before making his way over to the door and pressing in the key code to open the sliding apparatus. Standing there with a smile on his face and fairly dirty clothing was the white haired Ryn Consul.

"Aye, hello there Rhylance. Tis good to fine'ly meetcha in the flesh." the Consul said with a jovial grin.

"Lord Kordath, I beg your apologies for saying this, but you are rudely quite late."

"Late? I was told ta be here at 13:30, and that's the time."

"I was told you would be arriving at 12:30, my Lord. I even have the message available for viewing, if you would so prefer." Rhylance quickly grew tired of the conversation. He looked the Ryn over again, inwardly cringing at the unkempt appearance. "I assume you've brought a change of clothing. This lab in a sterile and sanitary environment."

"Sterile aye, well that doesn't sound like a place I want to be. I'd much prefer havin kids meself."

Rhylance looked on in irritation. This was the man who he had to call Consul. *Perhaps the lizard had a point in his planning*, he thought to himself.

"Sterile, as in the definition of a clean and uncontaminated room for scientific and medical studies and discoveries to be made."

"Ah, I getcha. Unfortunately I have no other clothes...I could just take these off and come on in in me skivvies if you'd prefer. It does look quite nice in there."

Rhylance's eye twitched at the thought of seeing the Ryn as in the day he was born. Without a moment's hesitation he hit the keypad and the door slammed shut. On the other side the Ryn's eyes were wide with surprise.

"Well, that was rude. I was just telling a joke." The Ryn walked away with his entourage. "Well at least th'place seemed clean."