

Character Intro: Novitas

Mr. Midnight

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Query?: Lab Accident Nanites Experiment Orion Facility

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116 Entries found; Refine Search?

/Search: Testimonial

1 Entry found: Lab Assistant Testimonial.vpf

/Begin Playback Lab Assistant Testimonial.vpf

[The playback begins with the blaring klaxon calls of the Security Breach Alarm]

[A virtual projection of a young woman appears, her labcoat coated in a clear substance that appears to have an oily sheen and blood. She brushes a clump of disheveled blonde hair from her face before speaking.]

"This is Lab Assistant Nola Stockholme of the Orion Facility. There has been an unforeseen result in an experiment conducted by myself. The Unstable Specimen Protocol has been enacted and was successful. Specimen...well I didn't really get a chance to name it, but it has been eradicated. I have enacted the Decontamination Protocol, and the doors to the Security Room as well as the rest of the lab have been sealed until help arrives."

[She sheds her labcoat to the floor, revealing a multitude of pin-sized

puncture wounds along her arms, chest, and abdomen]

"I have been injured during the process of the experiment. The specimen...stung me multiple times when I attempted to remove the Nanite Fuel Source. I had modified an adult *Aurelia Orionis* with my Nanite Infinity system. These nanites were injected as a single hive, which then repurposed the specimen's natural replicative abilities to synergize with the nanite hives as well."

[Her words are interrupted by a sharp intake of breath]

"The experiment was...an amazing success. So take that Dr. Morgan. There were some unexpected results as well...the specimen grew at an exponential rate when it was not supposed to grow at all. It seems the nanite hives were produced in such vast amounts that the body mass of the host needed to increase as well. The Nanite Infinity system is capable of producing a continuous loop of energy with the right host. Once the nanites are settled in, a fuel source consumed into the host's systems will allow the nanites to process it. This allows them, thanks to *Aurelia Orionis*' cellular division, to produce more hives while creating an energy rich substance."

[You see her opening a cabinet marked "First-Aid and Decontamination Supplies". Although she is clearly in pain, she seems more concerned with the results of the experiment."]

"Unfortunately I did not account for a means of disposing of the energy created, so the specimen grew to uncontrollable proportions. Admittedly I broke protocol when I entered the room, but I had no choice but to stop it from growing even further. It was docile...up until I took its food away. It's a shame the experiment was lost but the knowledge to recreate it is with a genius, and you're looking at her. I am going to enact Decontamination and First-Aid procedures now."

[End of Log 1.]

[Begin Log 2]

[The woman from before appears again, a slight tremble in her thin frame as she sets down a large syringe.]

"This is Lab Assistant Nola Stockholme, second log. I have injected standard Omni-Species Antivenin and should be clear of symptoms relatively soon. The venom of *Aurelia Orionis* is harmful to the human system but not necessarily deadly to those in good health."

[She leans up against the wall of the security room, giving a self-assured smirk diluted by a grimace]

"You know Dr. Morgan, this could have been a lot smoother if you had actually heard me out. You may have been right in that it was dangerous, but see now how you were wrong in every other respect. The nanites are capable of absorbing the self-replicating properties of another life form, and their byproducts can be harnessed. So maybe next time you should do your own research, *Doctor*."

[Many minutes of idleness pass. Nola suddenly pauses in her pacing, a look of intense strain crossing her otherwise sharp face, then doubles over amidst an awful gasp of pain. As she looks to the medical supplies, confusion gives way to dawning comprehension.]

"I think I may need to administer a Nanite Deactivation Serum as well."

[End of Log 2]

[Begin Log 3]

[The woman now leans upon the table in the middle of the room, the medical supplies scattered across it and presumably the floor as well.]

"This is Nola again. Log three. Two hours and thirty-four minutes since incident. The nanites in the serum will seek out any that may have been passed along into my system by the stings and deactivate them. A virus for a virus, in a way. So there will be no need for security to take me to the medical ward. Now where was I..."

[She stands upright again and slowly paces around the table.]

"Hopefully now all of you can see why I should have been promoted when I made my case two months ago. My genius is not a joke for the coffee rounds, and when I move this facility's research forward you will see that.

These reduction and storage methods are fruitless efforts, and every last one of you knows it. It's high time we started putting resources into something worthwhile, and my research shows just how redundant-

[You see her stumble in her pacing, sending the table scooting across the floor on her way down. With her back to you, it is hard to make out precisely what seems to be the matter. She curls into a fetal position and your ears are treated to a sound like the death throes of a Kapersken B Shrieker. Moments crawl by with neither sound nor motion coming from the woman in front of you. The security alarm pulses and beats in the background, filling the room. Motion finally disturbs the scene as she pulls her knees up and curls in further, spinal vertebrae showing through the thin fabric.]

"I...I don't understand. They were supposed to shut down. Not this. What is this, a reaction? They shouldn't have."

[You see Nola barely manage to pick herself up through her own trembling, then reach for the table and pull herself to her feet.]

"It's got to be just taking longer. The calculations couldn't be..."

[Leaning hard on the table, her face screws intune with her thoughts. The alarm itself is drowned out by the breathing of the scientist. A faint rattling accompanies it. Your eyes follow hers in noticing an iridescent sheen coating her arms and hands. The two of you stare at it together, time melting by.]

"What is this? It's...disgusting."

[Nola wipes her hand on her top and feels about her neck. Her fingers shine in the light when removed.]

"This must have been on me and I didn't notice. Should have taken that into account..."

[You watch as she picks up her lab coat and wipes the substance from her arms, abdomen, and neck. As soon as she finishes on her neck a sheen is visible on her stomach. Within a moment you are both staring at it as it begins to seep down her skin. There is a moment of cheek-twitching revulsion before both hands are planted on the table and vomit joins the

medical supplies, which now shines a colorful-clear slime. Time drags by as you watch Nola cough and gasp, wiping the fluid from her mouth.]

"Why? What is this? It's..."

[She pauses in her speech to snort in through her nose. You notice her clothing is seemingly soaked with sweat. Or something else. Nola begins to make a sobbing, choking sound. The tears seem to ooze from her eyes.]

"It hurts..."

[This display continues for several agonizing minutes. The cycle is broken only by a second round of regurgitation onto the table. The sound of a thick fluid dripping and running onto the floor joins the alarm and cries of pain. One of her arms buckles underneath her and brings her upper-body to bear with the table. You notice as she struggles to pick herself up again that the arm pinned under her chest has taken on a gelatinous appearance at the elbow. Finally Nola manages to right herself with one arm, her weeping eyes stricken with horror as she beholds her other arm.]

"Impossible..."

[Her voice wavers with mucous and fear, repeating the word as if it were a ward. Her eyes follow yours as you watch the condition spread along her arm, the elbow smoothing out and dripping a thick fluid. It becomes apparent that the thick chords of shining goop clinging to her midriff and chest are not entirely from the table, which she collapses to with a sound like a foot splashing a puddle. A viscous sliding sound flows after it as she slumps further down onto the floor.]

"Help me...please...someone."

[The pleading continues for a moment, then stops abruptly. Her eyes stare forward in shock as she continues to work her mouth, but no sound utters forth. The dripping, oozing sound of the substance almost punctuates her. There is a choking, phlegmy sound as she attempts to scream. Her once confident features melt into a more rounded form as her face too rapidly becomes translucent. Your view of this only becomes more detailed as she begins to crawl forward, leaving the clothes she once wore mired in slime. The attempts sway forward for a moment, her body wracked by

intense trembling, before collapsing to the floor in a gelatinous heap only vaguely human-shaped.]

[What feels like an hour passes before the alarm finally goes silent. There is a series of electronic chimes that preludes the door to the room opening and several heavily armored humans entering. They notice the humanoid form lying amidst the mess and approach cautiously. The form seems to quiver for a moment before what was once Nola surges forward, arm-like appendages grasping forward in desperation before collapsing once more amidst cries of alarm. A older man in a labcoat appearing to be in his 60s strides forward into the room.]

”Nola! Nola what have you done! What is...”

[End of Log 3]