

Evaluation Time

Khryso Mallus strode down the hallway of Supply Station Omega with his hands at his side and his head held high. The Chiss still didn't know for sure why he'd been summoned by House Ajunta Pall's Aedile, Battlemaster Wrathus, but he didn't intend to let himself be intimidated. Wrathus was certainly an imposing figure and didn't usually involve himself too heavily in the House's affairs, only assisting Quaestor Tahiri when she put her foot down. Which meant this was one of those times or Wrathus had some kind of axe to grind with Khryso. Hopefully it was the former.

When he arrived at the proper door, Khryso reached out and tapped the alert button. After a few moments, the door slid open, revealing Wrathus sitting on a desk and fiddling with his lightsaber. The room was a mess, a few things scattered here and there but the corners were also coated in dust and cobwebs. "Oh, Mallus, it's you," the Aedile said, glancing up at the Chiss. "Here." With a slight gesture of his hand, a dossier flew through the air. Khryso grabbed it as the document approached him.

"You've managed to keep on the leadership's good side for the most part," Wrathus began as Khryso leafed through the dossier, realizing it was a collection of information on himself. "Don't get cocky, though. We're happy to trim the fat if we need to."

"I apologize," Khryso said slowly, glancing back up at the masked Epicanthix, "but what is this about?"

Wrathus waved his hand dismissively. "Just checking in with you, letting you know the summit is watching. Well, most of the summit. I really couldn't care less. It's when you start screwing up that I'll be watching you. So unless you want that..."

Khryso raised an eyebrow, turning back to the dossier and leafing through it. "What should I do with this?"

"I just need you to sign off on it so Tahiri knows I met with you. Hurry up." Wrathus turned away from Khryso, jumping off the desk. Letting out a frustrated sigh, Khryso sought out a mostly clean chair and, after wiping it off with his hand, sat down. He glanced through the dossier, verifying that the information was accurate and taking note of a few things before pulling a pen out of his pocket and signing off where indicated.

"Great. Now get out." Wrathus growled, plucking the file out of Khryso's hand via the Force. The Epicanthix had his back turned to the Chiss, so Khryso wasn't entirely sure what he was doing. He did know, however, that messing around with the Aedile of House Ajunta Pall was usually a bad idea.

“A pleasure to meet with you,” Khryso said, his expression remaining neutral, as he stood and bowed his head slightly towards Wrathus. Stepping out of the room, Khryso breathed a sigh of relief. That had gone fairly well, all things considered. He began the trek back to the garage of Supply Station Omega, his stride just as confident and self-assured as ever.