

Inspiration

Battlemaster Khryso Mallus sat at his desk, scrolling through the list of names on his datapad with a furrowed brow. The upcoming Pro Bowl the Dread Lord had organized was on the horizon, but the Aedile was having trouble contacting some of the Tyrants that were listed among the participants. The Aedile of House Tyranus wasn't feeling particularly positive about the influence Tyranus would be bringing to the event, especially now that they had House Ventress to compete with.

"You can't do much beyond waiting for them to respond to your messages." The familiar voice broke the Chiss' concentration. He looked up to see Tahiri Thorn Morte Tarentae, the Quaestor of House Tyranus, entering his office. Khryso immediately set down his datapad and rose to attention.

"There are some other options," Khryso said, giving her a receptive nod, "we have some trackers at our disposal, as well as enough funding to consider bounty hunters as a possibility."

Tahiri shook her head, approaching his desk. "I don't think we need to go that far. The Pro Bowl is important, sure, but our resources are better spent focusing on doing what we can here to prepare."

Khryso crossed his arms. "Perhaps..."

Tahiri narrowed her eyes. "Don't get so worked up about it. You can't control everything."

"Understood," Khryso responded, making an effort to relax his posture.

Tahiri sighed. "Listen, Khryso. If you do what you can, if you put in the effort you need to on your end, you've got nothing to worry about. You want Tyranus to shine, I get that. I'd love for that to happen, too. However, Tyranus is a place full of individuals, with their own problems, circumstances, and agendas. If you're so focused on everyone else's place in the Pro Bowl, you'll lose sight of what you can bring to it as an individual yourself. You didn't get to this office by constantly worrying about everyone else. You got here by putting in the hard work and effort to stand out as an individual. You proved you deserve to be here, and if you put that same effort and strength into the Pro Bowl, you'll prove yourself there as well. If you distinguish yourself, that will reflect well on Tyranus as a whole."

Khryso let out a slow breath. "I'll do what I can in the Pro Bowl to bring Tyranus its due recognition. I expect the same from you, Right Hand of Dread."

Tahiri gave him a cautionary sidelong glance. "Now, don't get a big head." With a quick smile, she turned to leave the office. "Once the Pro Bowl is over, we can talk about getting everyone together for a serious talk if you're worried about it. For now though, have fun! That's what the Pro Bowl is about."

Khryso nodded and sat back down as the door slid shut behind the Quaestor. After a moment of consideration, he glanced at the screen of his datapad before shutting it off. He'd check his messages in the morning. For now, he should probably brush up on some of his rustier competition skills.