

Zuza sat meekly in the chair she'd been placed in.

Qyeria Arronen was staring the short Human down with an expression that embodied the phrase *'if looks could kill'*.

"What. Did. You. Do."

The Zeltron's voice held no amusement. Zuza winced.

"Well, I think you already-" Qyeria's eyes narrowed and the Battle Team Leader rerouted that line of thought, "I was on Nar Shaddaa. I got uh- I got really drunk. Quite inebriated one might say. Or even absolutely hammered or completely and utterly *coat hangered-*"

"Zuza."

"Yep. So. Someone mentioned Ruka. Everyone knows the cucumber thing around him and some people think that.. Maybe. I don't think anything, you're both happily married. But *some* people. Find the idea of you two... Being together... Funny. So cucumbers."

Qyeria pinched the bridge of her nose. Zuza took that as the sign to continue before she reached for her blaster instead.

"So I was really drunk. And I might've told a few people that you ord..." the Human's voice dropped to a barely audible mumble.

"Louder."

"That ya sometimes like to maybe order cucumbers to your room. Because green. And- I- Look I said more planetside but uh- I don't think you need to be drunk to see where that's all goin' and either way I don't think that many people heard it. It was more a joke than me tryin' to tell anyone anything factual, I mean I was clobberingly bonkers boozed to k-"

"OUT!"

Zuza almost tipped over the chair in her haste to exit the Consul's office at maximum acceleration.

Once the door slammed shut behind her Qyeria let out a slightly choked laugh to herself.