

The sight of the Consul racing through the corridors of the Arconan Citadel, closely followed by a man wearing the uniform of the Arconan military would, under normal circumstances, be a concerning sight. In this case, however, the fact that one Atyiru Caesura Entar Arconae was giggling like a schoolgirl as she ran put paid to that concern, however.

The uniformed man behind her did not giggle. He didn't chuckle. He didn't even smirk. Major Kharoc Garrlan, nominally of the Arconan Expeditionary Force, in fact, was perturbed. Miffed. In fact, he would even go so far as to say he was upset. He'd gotten a strange message on his public Holonet account and investigated what he thought could be a potential security issue. He'd discovered that, while it was nothing of the sort, he did know he had most definitely had not created a profile on one of the galaxy's more well-known dating sites. Further investigation with the Citadel's communications section had revealed who had, and so Major Garrlan had gone to confront the individual.

The Arconan Consul had not bothered to refute the accusation when he entered her office. She had, in fact, cheerfully admitted her culpability. However, when Garrlan asked for the account details so he could ensure it got closed, the Arconae had gotten a mischievous smirk on her face and refused, citing that she still needed to "put a few finishing touches" on Garrlan's fake profile.

Now, up until now, Garrlan had not been truly upset. Annoyed, yes. He didn't have much of a sense of humor, he'd be the first to admit. But even he knew when a harmless prank was being played and he made it a point not to overreact to them. This, however, was rapidly escalating beyond "harmless" in his book. While he wasn't a vain man nor overly concerned about his reputation, he was still concerned about what his apparently-mischievous Consul would put on such a profile. Garrlan demanded, respectfully, that the Arconae hand over her datapad. She refused and started tapping at it again. (Briefly, Kharoc wondered how she could use a standard datapad interface, but he set that thought aside for now.)

Stepping forward, Garrlan reached out a hand to pluck the datapad off of the Consul's desk, but she sensed the attempt and snatched it up and stood, grinning and refused to let him "ruin the surprise." Garrlan said he would not let her post the profile, which the Consul took as a challenge, as she put on a quick burst of Force-aided speed to get around the soldier and run for her office door. The commando took off in pursuit, with his leader continuing to giggle as she tapped at the datapad, now utterly intent on finishing her work even as one of her own officers raced behind her to prevent it.

Of course, unbeknownst to either of them, the end result ended up being completely illegible as touch-typing really doesn't work with one hand and while in motion.