

Entry for Maximum Brevity Series VII: Too Late!
Zasati Tryezsh #9933

"Tryezsh," he flicked a thick finger over the screen of the datapad. "You're late."

She leaned against the railing, shaking her head in disbelief. "Only 5 minutes!" Zasati gasped, her heart still pounding from the mad dash to the docking bay. The burly man grunted and began to turn away. "Please." she reached out, gently touching his arm. She couldn't afford to miss the work. "Yfrey, I need this run."

He swatted her away, indifferent to her position. "You and everyone else."

Jobs were sparse as it was, and Zakai's tuition was due soon. The half-Hapan woman pushed away a wisp of black hair, head tilted to the side. "Do not make me beg," she pleaded, her gentle accent dancing through his mind.

He raised a silver brow and sighed heavily, "Well... alright, but next time-" He faltered as Zasati planted a kiss on his cheek, smiling.

"I promise I will only be three minutes late next time," she winked and sauntered aboard the shuttle.