

# Friends In Low Places

## Part 24

Kazem found himself in a peculiar position...

He stood on a titanic table surrounded by three massive mergich, each sitting on the floor with their legs crossed. The seaside shanty house could hardly contain them all. Sunlight leaked through tiny cracks in the ceiling, and individual beams highlighted the food and beverages on the table, whether it be wine or a wide assortment of fish.

“Thank you so much for hosting us today!” Farishta said with a smile, bowing towards the mergich husband and wife. “You certainly have our gratitude! Isn’t that right, Kazem?”

Kazem crossed his arms. He looked down at a tiny table and chair set aside for him, an almost comical arrangement for the only human among giants. “Uh... sure. Let’s go with that.”

The mergich man smiled in return. “Well, it’s always an honor to provide hospitality for one of the local monks!”

Farishta giggled at his words. “And I’m flattered by that!”

On the contrary, Kazem narrowed his eyes. “Didn’t you call Farishta one of the exalted or something? Sounds... prestigious.”

“But of course!” the other woman replied, smiling all the while. “It’s a rare sight to say the least! Why... I can only wonder what brought an exalted soul all the way from her monastery to our humble abode!”

Farishta made a dismissive wave with one hand. “Oh, it’s a long story! I’d be here all night if I tried to tell you it all from the very start...” She shook her head for several seconds. “Ah... but would you happen to have any tea, perchance?”

“We do not, unfortunately.” replied the other mergich woman. “There’s plenty of wine to go around though!”

Kazem grabbed a wine glass from his tiny table, frowning upon finding it empty. “Hmm. I’d drink to that if I actually had any wine.”

The mergich woman smiled down at him. “Hah! I’d be happy to arrange that!”

Kazem watched with a raised eyebrow as she retrieved what appeared to be a ceramic vase or pot. “Huh. Interesting...”

She then removed its top, handing the wine to Farishta. “Would you mind pouring your human companion a glass for me, please?”

Farishta’s face scrunched up. “Oh! Um...” She looked away from everyone else. “I... I don’t think it would be a good idea for me to pour him any wine!”

The other woman frowned. “Why not? I can pour the wine if you’d prefer that, I just need someone to hold the funnel for me...”

“Oh... I can do it!” Farishta replied with her ears perking up. “I just didn’t want to make a mess is all!”

Meanwhile, Kazem reclined in his chair. He stayed silent with half-lidded eyes and his feet on the table, extending his tiny glass into the air as if expecting treatment on par with royalty.

The two mergich women quickly delivered. With Farishta holding a ceramic funnel that hardly fit in her palm, the other woman barely poured some wine into the funnel. To Kazem’s surprise, the liquid poured directly into his glass in rapid succession, filling it to the brim as some wine swished and splashed out around the edges.

“Ah, my apologies!” said the other woman, resealing the ceramic container. “I’ve gotten quite good at serving human guests, but it’s still hard for me not to overfill your little cups!”

Kazem scoffed. “At least you had the hindsight to use a funnel...” He paused upon catching a glimpse of Farishta frowning at his words. “No offense though.”

“And none taken!” replied the mergich woman, grinning at him. “I hope you like it!”

Kazem slightly swirled the wine around his glass. “Definitely looks interesting if it’s pink for some reason...” He gradually brought it to his nose, taking in its sweet fragrance. “Mmm. What’s it made of?”

“Strawberries!” said the mergich woman, closing her eyes and smiling. “It’s actually a fine vintage stemming from... um...”

Kazem took an outright gulp of wine as she spoke, rapidly chugging down half the glass like an absolute barbarian. He blinked several times afterward, wincing a little. “Hot damn! It’s not bad. Very sweet for a wine...”

The mergich woman’s face contorted at the sight. “I would strongly suggest sipping and savoring it rather than gulping it down like that. It’s the most expensive wine in our home... produced with alpine strawberries at a distant mergich monastery in the far north...”

He shrugged. “Eh. My bad. I had no clue it was a fine vintage.”

She sighed, shaking her head. “It’s... it’s fine. I was about to talk about that until you started... well... chugging it down...”

Kazem blinked again. “I see. Forgive me for my rudeness, but... what was your name again? I don’t think I caught it earlier.”

She gave him an unamused look with her bright blue eyes. “Mina.”

He sat up in his chair, nodding and bringing his feet back to the ground. “Once again, forgive me for my... etiquette. I’m not super familiar with mergich customs or traditions beyond what my companion has taught me so far.”

Mina gave him a cold look. “Right...” On the contrary, she smiled as she faced Farishta. “Would you like some wine as well, dearie?”

Farishta shook her head. “No thank you! I have nothing against those who drink wine, but I try not to drink alcohol myself! Not unless it’s sacramental wine for a ceremony!”

Mina nodded. "Very well. I know you monks have your vows and traditions to maintain!" She glanced at her husband, who resumed wolfing down the food on his plate until little to nothing remained. "You're being awfully quiet, dear."

The fisherman wiped off his lips. "I don't mean anything by it, I'm just starving. I haven't had anything to eat almost all day!. I had to help humans unload cargo from a few ships this morning, then I still had to waft through the water with my net to try catching as much fish as possible if I didn't manage to scare them off..."

Mina chuckled a little. "I'd imagine it's been a busy day for us all, especially our guests for this evening!"

Kazem focused on the uneven chunks of raw fish on his comparatively tiny plate. "That's one way to put it."

Farishta let out a sigh. "I think Kazem might be a tad grumpier than usual because I promised him a private dinner tonight before we got carried away and ended up here..."

The fisherman finished what remained of his dinner, licking his sharp chops. "Why didn't you say so earlier? Mina and I still gotta close our market stalls before nightfall if you two want some privacy, at least for whatever that's worth."

Mina took a nibble of an outright shark she held between her fingertips. "Hmph. That's true, but this is a special occasion."

"That might actually work out for us if you two wanna go take care of that right now..." Kazem said, rubbing his eyes. "Some peace and quiet might be nice for a change of pace."

Farishta leaned forward. "We both still appreciate your hospitality either way! Again, I think my human companion is just more grumpy than usual, and he usually doesn't mean offense! He just... doesn't like most other people..."

Mina gave Farishta a blank stare. "I can tell."

Kazem sneered. "The wine cheered me up a bit at least."

Mina took a chomp from the shark, chewing it up before tossing the tail into her mouth. She then let out an audible gulp before rising from her chair. “Mmph. Let’s leave them alone then, Mehrak. I still have some spare sacks and jars if you need something for all your fish.”

Mehrak stood up and nodded as well. “Good to know...” He then waved at Farishta and Kazem. “But do let us know if you two need anything. Our home is your home!”

“Let’s not get too ahead of ourselves...” Mina said, glaring at him. “However, you are our guests. We’ll make sure you’re taken care of for as long as you’re here.”

Farishta bowed before them once more. “Thank you so much! I couldn’t be more grateful!”

“I wish the human could say the same,” Mina replied, walking away with a swoosh of her large and fluffy tail blowing some air toward Kazem. “But until then.”

Mehrak smiled and made a single wave, walking out of the shanty house with his wife.

Then like so many times before, Farishta and Kazem found themselves alone. Only some seagulls, faint ocean waves, and commotion from outside disturbed the relative silence ensnaring the seaside shanty house.

Farishta crossed her arms as she stared down at Kazem, giving him a disappointed look. “You really need to stop being so mean to people, Kazem!”

Kazem threw his arms in the air. “What?”

“You were so rude to her!” she continued, closing her eyes and sighing. “Like... you made Mina pretty mad by acting so impolite!”

Kazem rubbed his eyes. “Sorry. Believe it or not, I actually didn’t mean to be an ass, it just sort of happened as I tried to relax. I can be crass like that sometimes.”

Farishta shook her head. “Still, you should apologize to Mina whenever she returns...” She suddenly beamed up a little bit, smirking at him. “I know you can be nice! You act so sweet sometimes, but it’s usually whenever we’re alone!”

“I won’t argue with that.” he said, taking another quick sip of wine. “Let’s just say that I have a sweet spot for someone like you if I didn’t mention it already.”

“Well, there’s nothing wrong with being nice!” she said, another wry smile forming on her muzzle. “You’re quite cute whenever you drop the tough guy act and make yourself more vulnerable!”

Kazem gave her a dirty look. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Farishta let out a nervous laugh. “Nothing, nothing! As I said, you’re sour on the outside, but sweet on the inside! Kind of like a little candy!”

He blushed a bit. “Bah. I guess it wouldn’t kill me to try being a bit nicer to folks... if only to avoid any trouble.”

“Maybe it’s my fault for getting sidetracked...” she said, scratching behind one of her ears. “We were supposed to have a dinner date tonight! Or whatever the usual human courtship ritual is. I’m still not entirely familiar with how human mates work when compared to mergich...”

Kazem sighed and broke eye contact. “I’m still not sure what we are, honestly. I guess our relationship is more... intimate now, but I still think it needs time to cook before we actually commit to anything long-term.”

Farishta’s ears folded against her head. “I thought you said we were boyfriend and girlfriend...?”

“Potentially.” he said with a grunt. “Either that or friends with benefits if this pans out to be a more casual relationship. I don’t know yet.”

She tilted her head to the side. “Aren’t we already friends with benefits?”

He nearly spit out his drink. “Excuse me?”

“I already consider you a close friend!” she said, nodding her head. “And there’s already many benefits to our relationship, despite the short time we’ve known one another!” Farishta stopped speaking to make another wide smile. “I’d say that we already complement each other pretty well, don’t you think?”

Kazem rolled his eyes, slightly slumping down in his seat. "That's... not what that is, Farishta."

"It isn't?" she asked, blinking a few times. "Again, I don't really know how human relationships work beyond the manuscripts and books I've read!"

"How do I explain this..." he said, resting his arms on the table. "Okay. So... sometimes when humans are close friends, they might decide to get... intimate. But it's not necessarily a romantic relationship. It's a more casual deal where a pair might... um... mate sometimes to get it out of their systems, but they both understand that it's not a committed relationship either."

"How would that not make them mates then?" Farishta asked, tail swaying behind her. "Mates mate together, do they not? And how is that any different from how a human boyfriend and girlfriend work?"

Kazem made a gesture where he tilted one of his hands from left to right. "Eh. The boundaries are iffy. Sometimes a friends with benefits arrangement can become a boyfriend and girlfriend deal, but it's rare. Depends on how the relationship evolves if it doesn't dissolve."

She sighed. "Yet these are all different from a human husband and wife?"

"Yeah, it's just various levels of commitment." he answered, shrugging a little. "I guess humans do it in stages like that before deciding whether or not they wanna spend the rest of their lives with someone. Assuming that's what they both want in the end anyway. How do mergich go about it, exactly?"

Farishta brought a hand to her muzzle, giggling. "I guess it's kind of similar if two mergich become friends first! But they're not really mates until they actually mate for the first time!"

Kazem chuckled. "Ah. Makes sense."

"But that's why this all confuses me so much!" she said, laughing a little. "I think this would be so much more simple if we finally sealed the deal!"

"Seal the deal?" he asked, finding himself a tad flustered. "Do you mean..."

“You said it yourself!” Farishta continued, cutting him off. “This could potentially be a friends with benefits arrangement with all the perks included! On that note, if I’m already considered a girlfriend, do human boyfriends and girlfriends mate as well?”

His face started to turn red. “Well... yeah...”

Her smile grew more coy at his reaction. “Then why don’t we try to mate tonight? I think that would finally solve all this confusion and chemistry that we have going on!”

Kazem froze for a moment, then began downing whatever remained of his wine. Liquid confidence flowed throughout his body before he finished it off, rattling his tiny glass against the table once he set it back down. “Ah... maybe we could. Said it already, but I have no idea how that’d work, whether we experiment or not.”

She giggled again. “I really doubt we’re the first ones to try it! Besides, the purpose of stuff like becoming boyfriend and girlfriend is to figure out if we’re compatible... right?”

He scratched the back of his head. “In more ways than one it seems.”

“Aww...” she said, staring down at him. “You’re turning red again!”

Kazem covered his face with one hand for a moment, rubbing his forehead. “Sorry, this is all just... new to me. And I don’t know if it’s right either.”

She carefully brought a clawed finger to his chair before padded fingertips rested against his back. “There’s nothing to be embarrassed about! Men and women need each other. Oh, and if we can help each other fulfill our various needs, then there’s nothing wrong with that!”

He sighed. “I guess you’re right. You’re just not like the other girls I’ve hooked up with. Plus this whole thing just keeps escalating faster and faster... makes my head spin sometimes.”

Farishta practically patted his head with a fingertip for several seconds, feeling his hair. “Don’t worry! We can still take it slow. There’s still our little dinner date going on and everything! But if we happen to mess around tonight and get carried away... I wouldn’t mind playing with my little mouse either!”



He smirked, letting out a sigh. "Fair enough. Whatever happens, happens."

She giggled. "I still want you to apologize to Mina though..." She used a padded thumb to ruffle his hair a little. "You little meanie! Why are you so mean?"

Kazem scoffed once more. "Because people might think I'm weak otherwise."

She grinned at his words, putting her hands on her cheeks to gawk. "Oh, I don't think you're weak! I think you're a cute little thing!"

He spent a moment taking in her happy expression. Everything about her huge, feline form with her hands on her furry face and a fluffy tail swishing behind her made the woman all the more adorable combined with her huge size. "Huh. How ironic."

"How is it ironic?" Farishta asked, smiling all the while. "You're just so small and cuuute!"

Kazem rested his head against his arm. "Because you're quite cute yourself! I'm surprised you even find a human like me appealing at all, at least compared to your own people."

She brought a hand to her chin as she sat back up. "For starters, you're quite clever! You're an agile and fit little thing... like... you're in really good shape it seems! You can also be super sweet when you want to be! Oh, and I've noticed you're starting to grow some more hair on your little face!"

He felt his chin, running his fingers across some sparse facial hair. "Now that you mention it, I haven't had much time to shave recently. What about it?"

"Well... I don't mind it!" she said, slightly sticking out her tongue. "Maybe I want you to be a little more furry!"

Kazem chuckled before looking at his food again. "Funny. Maybe I'll grow it out and see if you like it. I'd eat, but I'm not the biggest fan of raw meat. Unlike you, of course."

Farishta made a toothy smirk that revealed a few fangs at the corners of her muzzle. "I haven't touched my food either. But you're right! I'm a big and dangerous carnivore!" She playfully opened her mouth before leaning towards him, closing her jaws and clacking her teeth together near his position. "Roar!"

He couldn't help but smirk at her purring afterward. "More like a big, old kitty."

"I still need to eat meat either way..." she said, focusing on her food. She used her clawed fingers like forks and knives to pry a shark apart. "Or something derived from animals at least. Like eggs or cheese!"

"You've had both of those before?" he asked, letting out a light sneer. "Color me surprised."

Farishta scoffed in return. "Well, yeah! Dragon and griffin eggs can be absolutely delicious! Cheese also goes well with just about anything... especially a monastery's artisan wines!"

Kazem more or less played with his food, stabbing a fish chunk with a fork. "Thought you said you didn't drink, silly thing."

"Only for ceremonies!" she said, shaking her head. "Sometimes there's special occasions or feasts where it's okay for me to indulge a little. Just as long as I don't get carried away!"

He made a shit-eating grin. "I can only imagine what you're like when you're tipsy, but that only brings up another question..."

She leaned her head against the table, almost bringing her on eye level with him. "And what would that be, my little mouse?"

"Cheese is not exactly cheap." he replied, releasing his fork before it clattered against his porcelain plate. "At least in my experience as a peddler or whatever. Unless mergich shred entire cheese wheels to sprinkle it on their food or something, I don't see how you could possibly make or eat cheese in decent amounts."

Farishta scratched her chin. "It just depends on the specific monastery! Mine never really made any cheese, but I've heard about how they do it at other monasteries! Some will milk big creatures like griffins to make cheese, others will have human attendants raising flocks of livestock near the monastery with the mergich monks protecting them, and occasionally mergich milk is used for cheesemaking instead!"

Kazem stayed silent for several seconds to process this information. “Wait... human attendants?” He stopped speaking to shake his head in disbelief. “And mergich milk?”

She grimaced. “But of course! It’s not uncommon for human volunteers to live inside or around some monasteries. They help out the mergich monks, and the warrior monks protect them and provide spiritual services in return!”

He crossed his arms. “That still doesn’t explain whatever you said about mergich milk...”

Farishta covered her mouth with one hand. “Oh! It’s pretty self-explanatory, actually. Sometimes mergich will use their own milk to make cheese and stuff!”

“That’s weird.” Kazem replied, raising an eyebrow.

“But it’s not weird that humans drink milk from other species?” she asked, glancing at the ground. “I never really understood that human taboo. Milk from your own species is considered weird for people to consume in certain human cultures, but milk from other species is okay?”

He shrugged. “One comes from an animal, the other comes from a person. If that makes sense.”

Farishta frowned a little. “I don’t think that’s what mother nature intended...”

Kazem fully faced her and shifted his chair. “Ignoring taboos, it makes some sense. In order to make products for mergich, I’m assuming you’d need a shitload of material. Some are easier to get than others. As an example, I have no clue how mergich managed to make strawberry wine before storing it in a giant clay pot or whatever... but I can only assume it was the most practical option.”

“That’d be correct!” she said, nodding. “Pottery making or glass making might be better depending on the skills of the resident monks or the local resources! As for the strawberries, certain varieties tend to grow all over the mountains and hills, and humans can easily pick a bunch for us!”

Kazem rubbed one of his eyes. “I’m starting to think mergich are weird as well.”

She smiled and kicked her feet below the table a little. “What if I think little humans are the weird ones, huh?”

“You might not be far from the truth then.” he said, smirking as he stared into her purple eyes. “Which reminds me... any idea why our generous hosts kept calling you exalted?”

Farishta closed her eyes for several seconds before slowly opening them again. “I don’t know. Maybe that’s what they call all the warrior monks at the monasteries? I wasn’t expecting such special treatment upon my arrival!”

He gazed off into the distance. “They all definitely looked surprised by your presence, then they treated you like you were special or some source of authority...”

“Maybe it’s because I’m technically the head of a monastery?” she said, resting her muzzle near his tiny chair and table. “That might be it! Then again, I’m not wearing official robes or anything. I kind of became the head monk in charge of a monastery by default since I was the only one left!”

“Still has me concerned either way...” Kazem said with a sigh. “But maybe it’s nothing.”

As they spoke, Farishta finally dug into her food. Her clawed fingers plucked some chunks of shark and other fish away from the plate before bringing them to her muzzle. After sniffing it a few times with her nostrils flaring, she slowly opened her mouth...

“Aaaaa~”

Kazem caught a brief glimpse of her sharp fangs and a broad tongue, up until Farishta abruptly closed her mouth.

“Nomp!”

Her jaws quickly clamped down on all the fish, creating a light crunch. She then happily chewed up her food with a catlike smile on her face afterward. Following a soft swallow, Farishta licked her thin lips and her sharp chops before letting out a satisfied sigh.

As for Kazem, his attention remained divided between Farishta and the food on his plate. “I think I’m just gonna eat something else once we’re out of here.”

“Are you sure?” Farishta asked, fluttering her eyes. “I heard it’s actually safe for humans to eat raw fish if it’s prepared properly!”

“Just don’t tell Mina and Mehrak...” he said, standing up from his chair. “And yeah, it can be. I’ve heard of some city states out west serving fish and veggies in small rice rolls as a delicacy... but this ain’t it. I’d rather boil some beans and hardtack over a campfire.”

Farishta resumed resting her head and muzzle on the edge of the table. “Aw. Suit yourself! I’ll gladly take anything you won’t eat though!”

Kazem picked up his plate, eyeballing and inspecting his crude fish chunks. “It’s not much, but I guess I could just dump the food on your plate or something.”

“I have a better idea...” she said, giving him a mischievous smirk.

With a giggle, Farishta gradually opened her mouth once more. Her position in front of Kazem granted him a direct view into her cavernous maw in short order. His vision became encompassed by two rows of sharp fangs, four prominent canines in the corners, and strands of saliva still connecting some teeth as she salivated. Warm breath also started wafting over him. As he stood there and stared down her dark throat as it occasionally flexed in the very back, she rolled out her tongue like a red carpet, fully displaying it before him as it playfully wiggled a little bit.

For further emphasis, Farishta pointed at her mouth and tongue with a free hand and a smile still present on her muzzle.

“This again?” Kazem said, grinning at the sight. “I’m starting to think you like it whenever I feed you by hand...”

With a sigh, Kazem casually approached her awaiting tongue. He dumped his plate directly onto the tip of her tongue. Once the tiny fish chunks graced her taste buds, Farishta wiggled and curled her tongue, softly swallowing them with some excess saliva...

*Gluck!*

All while her mouth stayed open throughout the whole process.

The mere sight among other sensations sent chills down Kazem’s spine. “See? This is what I keep talking about. I have no clue if this is just you being weird, a mergich thing, or both!”

Farishta didn't respond beyond giggling and purring some more.

As Kazem tried to wipe or scoop off whatever remained on his plate, he stuck his hand slightly inside Farishta's mouth, shaking it somewhat to get some slimy food off his fingers.

Before he could retract his arm, Farishta carefully closed her jaws. A combination of her thin lips and muzzle created a loose seal around the arm. Kazem froze in place, feeling her mouth enveloping his limb, and prompting Farishta to purr even more. Her teeth barely grazed his arm as they held it in place, allowing her to start softly suckling on it between the tip of her tongue poking and prodding his hand and fingers before swirling around it.

Kazem didn't move a muscle with the sharp fangs holding him in place. "Farishta..."

Farishta giggled at his dismay, practically tasting his arm and hand. Parting her thin, black lips eventually released his arm before he slowly pulled it away from her muzzle.

"What's the matter?" she asked, grinning and revealing her sharp fangs again. "I'm not allowed to have a little nibble?"

"You're something else, woman..." he said with a groan, promptly setting the empty plate aside before returning to her.

Farishta then leaned forward a little more, nuzzling Kazem with her muzzle. Stray whiskers brushed against him initially, and then he found himself overwhelmed by her cold nose pressing into his upper torso. He attempted to wrap his arms around her muzzle in response. One hand stroked a single whisker while another ran through the fur under her chin, arousing an even louder purr from Farishta as he attempted to hug her.

"Why can't you be nice like this all the time, mousie?" Farishta asked, slightly sticking out the tip of her tongue.

Kazem used a hand to tug on her upper lip for a moment, seeing a single sharp tooth once he pulled it back. "Hmph. Good question. Beyond maintaining my colorful reputation, I don't wanna spoil you too much. Makes it more special."

She let out a light mewl. “You’re so mean to me sometimes...”

“Don’t be like that!” he said, shaking his head. Kazem then started stroking the area around her chin and throat, feeling subsequent purring that slightly vibrated against his palm. “Aw. Who’s a good kitty?”

Her tail thumped behind her as she beamed up at his words. “Meeeee!”

Without warning, Farishta’s tongue flicked out of her muzzle, giving Kazem a quick kiss that momentarily smothered his face before she giggled again.

He let out a light scoff. “Two can play that game...”

Kazem leaned into her lower lip, letting his far smaller lips press against it. He made his best attempt to give her a tiny kiss. Farishta closed her eyes, relishing the sensation with her ears wiggling, and then Kazem gradually pulled his head away. Her purring increased in volume and tempo before she started lightly licking him several more times, practically kissing him in return.

“What if...” she said, rubbing her muzzle against him to nuzzle him again. “I just let you lie down on my tongue tonight?”

He ran his fingers through her fur. “Hmm. Go on...”

A wry, mischievous smile formed on her face. “Then I just treated you like a small piece of candy melting on my tongue, gently suckling on you and stuff! Wouldn’t that be fun? You’d be like a little marshmallow mouse!”

“It definitely sounds nice, but we still need to get some things in order...” he said, brushing his fingers against her lips. “Like how long we’re gonna stay here, where we’re gonna sleep... plus I’m getting tired of getting interrupted whenever we’re getting all soft and cuddly like this.”

“And we still need to feed you as well!” she said with a rumbling purr.

Kazem grunted, feeling some shorter whiskers around her nose. “I guess. We’ll figure it out.”

Some faint shouting and commotion from outside made Farishta's ears perk up. "Oh! Speak of the gods! I think I hear Mina yelling at some humans outside!"

"Really?" Kazem asked, leaning back a bit. "How can you tell?"

Her ears wiggled again. "Sensitive hearing from being a scary meat eater and stuff!"

He rolled his shoulders. "Right, I should have known as much. I guess we should wrap this up until we can find somewhere more... secluded. Because that's a challenge now it seems."

She let out a sigh. "Indeed! I don't wanna repeat myself too much, but I still want you to say sorry to Mina too! If you do, I promise that you'll receive extra special treatment tonight once we get all nice and cozy!"

"Sounds like we have a deal then!" he said with a nod. "I'll be good. I promise!"

She sat up and laid a hand on the table, revealing an open palm as her fingers unfurled. "Would you allow me to carry you to Mina then? I also wanna figure out what all that racket is about!"

Kazem nodded and swiftly stepped onto her padded palm. "You may."

She smiled down at him. "Thank you! This is a good start if you're already acting like a little gentleman!"

He scoffed. "Don't remind me."

As Farishta rose from his chair, she cupped Kazem in both of her soft hands. She then brought him to her muzzle to give him one last quick nuzzle and a little lick before making her way outside with her soon to be mate in tow.