

It was hot; Granted it was always hot in the desert, though the arid dry heat was preferred to the wet humidity that she'd heard about in the more tropical areas. Regardless of that, it was still hot and she was still miserable. It was all too easy to understand why so many felines prowled about half-naked with scarcely any fabric draped over their fur, but it was still something the small feline could never make herself do. Sweat soaked the creamy tan of her linen shirt, sticking to the small of her back and rubbing mats into her short fur there. She didn't even want to think about what the underarm area looked like, but she knew she'd be scrubbing this shirt next time she did laundry.

Her pants were, as usual, rolled up, partially to allow any of the scant breeze to reach her legs, but also simply because the pants were too long and she had yet to bother hemming them. Her sewing skills weren't the best, a fault her mother never failed to remind her of. She made a mental note to look around for a book about sewing techniques. Alex had to have one around here somewhere, maybe she could find it on her break and attempt to kill two birds with one stone.

Muffled noise from the street outside drew her gaze and she lifted her head slightly to peek out of the windows, but it was only a pair of lions greeting each other. Some cats were just too loud or had too much energy on days like this. Yawning, Mo placed her head back on her paws to rest on the counter, eyes once more losing their focus as they looked out over the many bookshelves that filled the store. Her tail hung limply on the stool that sat just behind her, as if trying to tempt her into sitting; something she would happily do if Alex didn't prefer that her assistants stood when they could, always saying something about how "standing gets the blood pumping".

She didn't need her blood pumping to man the counter at the bookstore. What she needed was a nap. Her toes drummed lightly on the soft carpet underpaw; At least she didn't have to stand outside in the brunt of the heat. A faint breeze tugged at the gauzy curtains, pushing a warm draft around the store, though it did little to alleviate her state.

This kind of weather was made for napping and there was nothing that would change her mind, not that her mind was really up to much at the moment. She was already struggling to keep her eyes open as it was, rich green orbs glossy with heat-induced drowsiness.

She could almost feel the worn yet still soft pillows of her bed, almost scent the heavy spice of the aromatic incense her mother burned on the ancestor altar. Just about now the fragrance of cooking meat would begin to drift up to her room, a cozy attic loft that she kept full of scrolls, books, and a multitude of cushions. Sooner or later she knew that she would hear the call to 'make herself useful and help prepare dinner'.

Sleep had started to settle in, her eyes now fully closed to the reality of the bookstore as it faded away to the daydream for the moment. Mo could almost believe that she'd finished her shift and that the day was growing close to its end. Well, she could if not for the faint noise that seemed

to be attempting to break through the fog of slumber that had muddled her mind. It was a familiar noise. No, not a noise but a voice.

She shot up, tail poofing and ears flicking around wildly in search for the source of that all too familiar call; Its usual gentle but stern tone ringing out around the corner. Her paws came up to clear away the slight build-up of crust from the corners of her eyes before Alex could round the last bookshelf.

“Mo!! Thanks for taking this extra shift for me, Tia needed my help with some new kind of math system of hers. I hope the store was quiet for you?”

As the other feline moved silently across the plush carpets to the counter, the small serval lifted her arms in a stretch, rising to the tips of her paws and her short tail curling up against the sweat stain on her shirt, her tail fur coming away slightly dampened. Hopefully, she would be able to play it off that she hadn't just been well on her way to sleep.

“Silent as the grave. I could have dropped a needle onto the carpet and heard it echo around the store for hours.” A soft smile touched her muzzle as she stepped back to let Alex double check the money box and inventory sheets, bringing one paw up to scratch at the opposite arm while she waited. Had she been casual enough to not come off as guilty?

“Oh lovely, you're free to go home then and finish up that nap.” Came the sly remark from Alex, a teasing light in her eyes while she tried not to laugh as she watched Mo duck her head, ears lowering in embarrassment and a paw coming up to scratch the back of her head.

Grabbing the few things she'd brought, Mo tucked them under her arm, forgetting the dampness there in her desperation to flee while Alex still found humor in the situation. Lifting a paw she sent a wave and a “See you tomorrow!” over her shoulder before dashing out into the full brunt of the heat.

It was time to finish that nap.