

Izzy was sitting alone in a park that was near the woods. She was the only soul in the entire park during this cool fall morning. It had been a long week for her and she wanted to relax. A morning walk alone in the seemed to be just the thing she needed.

Currently she had found herself a bench to sit on. It overlooked a massive pond that was surrounded by trees. The morning sun was just starting to climb up over the massive green wall the forest made around the pond and park. A cool fall breeze blowing in from the north. Izzy breathed a sigh of relief. This was peace. Her own personal tranquility. She couldn't help but lay back and close her eyes.

Not much time had passed until Izzy disturbed by an odd sound. Although perhaps not that odd giving her current setting. It sounded like the pitter-patter of quiet footsteps softly making their way across the ground. When izzy heard the sound she opened her eyes to see what it was. That's when she locked eyes with a small orange fox; who stopped almost immediately realized he had been spotted. The fox had stopped mere feet from the shark girl and looked into her eyes as much as she was into his.

The fox was small, and a large fluffy coat of brown-orange fur made up a lot of his mass. Dark amber eyes looked up into the eyes of the shark lady. Somehow felt like there was something endearing about the expression the fox was making. He didn't seem mischievous, curious or even confident. The expression the fox had was almost solemn. Looking up at Izzy with the same expression someone would make to a friend after they had a particularly long and arduous day.

"H-hey there, little fox.. you seem.. uh.. are you alright? I mean.. how are you doing?"

Izzy couldn't help but ask. She didn't know if it came from curious, concern or both, but she genuinely wished to know how this fox was doing in life.

In response to her question the fox approached her. He walked a bit closer and sat down on his hind legs in front of her. His eyes were still looking deep into hers.

"To be honest with you, lady.. I haven't been great.. thank you for asking.. uhh.. may I lay on your lap..?"

The fox's eye contact remained steady. It was not a look of caution. Somehow izzy knew this fox trusted her. In turn she also felt she could trust this fox. She moved her moved her arms from her lap and to her sides. She didn't once consider how odd it was that a fox had just spoken clear english to her.

"Sure, little fox.. but why do wanna sit on my- oof!"

Before Izzy could finish her sentence the fox had already hopped onto her lap. She looked at him with a small look of confusion. The fox looked back with that same solid expression of endearment. The two shared a moment of silence together. It wasn't an awkward silence. Two living being quietly considering each others existence. The moment was eventually broken by the fox spinning around in her lap and flopping down. Laying all the way down on her lap and making himself comfortable.

"I'm sorry.. it's just you.. your lap.. it seemed comfortable.. and you seemed.. kind"

The fox spoke again. In his current position he was looking away from izzy. She could tell he was looking tentatively into the pond.

"That's alright.. by the way.. why did you say you aren't doing alright? Something going on?"

The fox raised his head at Izzy's questions. He turned his head and looked her in the eyes.

"Aren't you one of those uprights? Ya know.. an animal that walks on two legs.. I've seen you here in this park before but I've never seen.. whatever you are.. not even walking on all fours" Izzy was bit confused and taken back by the foxs. He had dodged her question with his own. Despite this, izzy still felt it appropriate to answer.

"I'm a shark. You would have never seen anything like me since we are aquatic. At least, the species we come from is. Uhh, it's like fish. You've caught a fish before, right?"

The fox seemed to contemplate her response for a moment. After a bit, he turned his back toward the pond and laid it down on her lap again.

"Yes, I've seen a fish. There's plenty of them in that pond. Aren't uprights supposed to have names? What's yours?"

He calmly asked.

"Oh. Well, I'm Izzy"

"Hello, izzy the shark. I am a fox. As you can probably tell"

His tone seemed a bit cynical. Izzy tilted her head, now feeling genuine concern for this fox. He did seem upset by something.

"To be honest with you, izzy. Things haven't been. I've been up the past few days running around trying to catch something, anything, with no luck. If things keep up this way I won't survive the winter. I'll be dead before long. Never have found a mate. Never making offspring. I'm useless. Alone.. and soon I'm going to die that way."

As the fox spoke Izzy couldn't help but lay her arm across the fox. Feeling his soft fur against herself. With a bit of caution she started to rub and pet his head. An act that the fox didn't seem to mind. In fact as she did he seemed to relax even more. It was either that or he was just ignoring the act.

"I don't think you're useless, mr fox. You just need to keep trying. Persevere. You'll catch food soon enough. You'll find a mate"

The fox 'hmm'ed quietly as he thought about what Izzy said.

"Look, fox. Tell ya what. I'll get you something to eat. I'll make sure you won't starve.. but you have to promise me that you'll keep trying, okay? Can you do that?"

The foxes ears perked up as he heard Izzy's offer. He picked up his head and looked at her again.

"You'll do that.. for me? Just lowly worthless fox?"

Izzy sighed and gave the fox the most comforting smile she could give. Which seemed to genuinely move the fox, if even for a moment.

"Yes, I would do that for you. And you're not worthless. Not to me."

The fox was taken aback by her words. He was obviously confused but there was also a bit of appreciation in his concern.

"You.. you think im.."

"Worth something? Yes, little fox. Yes I do"

She smiled even brighter, and gave him a quick kiss on the nose. The fox seemed to blush at her act. After a moment he looked away and laid his head back down.

"Alright.. you have a deal, Izzy. I'll do it"

With less caution and more confidence this time, Izzy rubbed and patted the fox's head. This time she could tell that he was actually enjoying the act, rather than just ignoring it. He was relaxing even more than before.

"Th-thank you, Izzy.."

"No problem, mr fox"

The two knew that they had their own side of the deal to hold up, but for now all they would do us sit on that bench and enjoy the sunrise.