*The sun was out, the clouds straying far to let its magnificent rays shine down upon the children of the earth. There, at the tall arches of the market's entrance stood two individuals. A woman, alluring and luscious as one could be, had been shaded by a parasol held by a man. The man, young in appearance, seemed to have been playing the role of a protector of sorts for the female. He was adorned in a black and red yukata; silk through and through. Yet with a single wave, the man bowed. Black tresses swished over Jaz's face as he held the parasol with firm grip. His arm extended, fingers loosening to let the woman take control of the shade. "Thank you, Madam." There was a slight sigh that slipped past his lips; he didn't know why she was so pushy in regards to this ritual, yet he couldn't deny the benefits of such freedom. For him, he has an hour to himself. Within this hour, he spends the time exploring the markets, to let him immerse himself in the enjoyments of the masses. He would eye down shops, wallowing in the different wares and clothings that would catch his eyes. Yet he would never buy, nay for one. A fruit stall. This seemed to be the most uncharacteristic place of routine yet his legs brought him over all the same. His gaze, deep pools of obsidian, had settled upon the assortment of fruits laid upon the stall manned by a woman. "...Good morning." Simple words, spoken in a smooth, silky timbre. His words, resonant, held the tone and pitch of hollow oaken wood. Deep, yet not so deep that the bass overpowered the treble. If she were to speak, he would listen. This was a routine for him, for them, yet it was all the same in the end. If one were to look between the pair, they could discern they had history of sorts. The best way to define such would be 'friends', if anything. A slight flicker of attention would be brought upon her figure, hues shifting to watch her face as he settled his hands within the pockets of his yukata.*

*While Nena could assume what Jazz did for work, she was never fully sure. There were only whispers after their meetings, which she always ignored. Always smiling and never replying when they'd question the type of relationship they had. The blue haired female only say they were on speaking terms. After all, could she confidently say they were friends with their one-hour meetings? It didn't matter, after all she always looked for his face in the crowd at the same time. With the same bright smile and sparkling eyes as she'd wave a hand in the air to greet him as soon as their eyes would meet. Only stopping when he was a few feet away. By that time, she'd have the newest flavors of frozen treat, along with the fruit that they were made from. Her smile growing into a grin while her fingers clasped together, wiggling in place. "Good Morning ~! I have passion fruit popsicles, guava ice cream and papaya sherbert, along with the typical treats. If you'd like cut fruit, I can chop one up for you." Her tone filled with a cheerfulness as her tail swayed back and forth. She had been dressed vastly different than him, from the quality of her clothes, to the style. Her dress was mid-thigh, two sets of ruffles; shoulders that were tied up with bows on a light cream-pink tint base with small red flowers around it. She had on a pair of pastel pink ballerina flats, her hair half way up with a white bow with pink flowers and her bangs slightly curled. She had minimal make up, a peach gloss, and a few layers of mascara. She didn't dress for him, but because of him, as in she didn't want to look bad when the two spoke. While she had been speaking, her hands had already put on gloves, and her eyes grew wide once more. "I forgot to tell you, I saw this on an app, and I wanted to try it with you!" Her hands went into the ice box and pulled out a tray filled with fruit wrapped with the fruit rollups candy. "You're suppose to let the defrost a bit and then bite it while its still frozen though so it crunches." This is something she had started, making him try recipes with her. After all, he must get bored trying the same things all the time. Maybe this was her way to keep him visiting, but she did love watching his reactions.*

*He listened. Jazzy was always one to listen more, talk less. That's how he's been brought up. That's how he fulfills those jobs. An assortment of sweets, an assortment of fruits, the usual array yet there had been no change in his expression. This girl before him, a constant in his life yet their connection had been at best a client to seller. That said, it wasn't so simple. There had been always something extra there, something to add to their connection beyond simple acquaintances. "Mm." A small noise to confirm his agreement. His feet shuffled forward, bringing him closer to the stall itself. A mere meter of distance between them, close enough to reach out and grab the other. A hand raised, his right, towards Nena, palm up as waited for her to lay one. "The least sweet one." His eyes drifted down, specifically to the one that used a strawberry as the base. "If you can." He waited. He watched.*