

Despite what some may believe, the ocean with its thousands of fish species, limitless expanse, and plentiful reefs and coast, could be quite lonely. In fact, one might say that most of it was *incredibly* lonely; its beautiful endless horizon a venerable desert, its inhabitants not often prized for stimulating conversation. As he bobbed gently with the rolling waves, eyes gazing at the sunlit sandy shores of the isolated beach, Poseidon realized moping about it wasn't doing him any favors. To rectify this and enjoy the wonders the land had to offer before he was eventually tempted back to the sea, he had to socialize, and had to be civil with the terrestrials. He watched the many colourful figures pass by, cloaked in an astounding array of patterns, accessories, and styles. He glanced reflexively down at his own attire, the flowing transparent silk flowing elegantly in the back and forth tugging of the waves. The string of white and pink pearls tied to his waist shone when they caught the light, accentuating the gleam of his fins and the gleam of the brooch around his neck. While quite dashing, he conceded it would be of little help to shield him from the hard sun rays, and the last thing he wanted was for his smooth striped skin to burn, lose its sheen. No, he decided with a nod and lazy wave of his tail pushing him closer to the beach shallows, this would not do.

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While not the hottest day of the summer, Dominus would argue it was among the top three. He cracked open one golden eye to glare at the sky behind black sunglasses, cursing his luck. Sure, he enjoyed the warm embrace of the sun as much as the next fox, but in the glaring light his dark colouration, and difficult to cover extra eyes got the better of him. He sighed and leaned back in his beach chair. He adjusted the chic shawl covering his arm eyes, sipping idly at his light peach drink and fiddling with a tacky beach umbrella that bobbed between ice cubes in the glass. His tail curled up and away from the sand, bundled into a neat knot and fastened with an elastic. He was glad he'd insisted on some quality alone time away from his friends, they'd probably be dying of laughter if they saw how ridiculous it looked. Hey, Dominus never claimed to be a fashion expert. At least, he reasoned, closing his eye and breathing in the fresh sea air with a grin, there's nobody around to see it.

As if by divine intervention, or the universe deciding now was the perfect time to prove him wrong, darkness was cast upon him. He frowned, making a questioning noise. Soft droplets of *something* hit the fabric of his legs and arms. Flinching, he bolted upright with a growl, whipping off his sunglasses to glare at whoever thought approaching him on his vacation was wise. His eyes crawled up the figure's frame, up and up, ears slowly folding backward and lips lowering to cover bared teeth. "Oh." He muttered. Standing at least a foot taller with a tail nearly double in length as his own stood a fox that oozed authority and power. In their hand was a sharp trident, its tips wicked against the sun. His gaze finally reaching their face, Dominus hummed, expression pulled into a quirky smile that came off more like a grimace. "Look pal... There's plenty of beach for the both of us. Just be on your way and-"

"Greetings, land-dweller". The tall figure interrupted, an easy grin and relaxed posture easing Dominus' apprehension.

"Uh.. hi." Dominus replied, anxiety turning to confusion and mild amusement. What a lovely voice this stranger had. Dominus looked them over once more, noting the exotic fabric adorning

his shoulders quickly drying out of the water. He hummed, analyzing the fox's delicate fins that were beginning to twitch uncomfortably.

"You're not from around here are you?" He asked with a light chuckle. The stranger tilted their head, humming with consideration.

"Not here exactly I suppose. In a broader sense I am from many places. Perhaps and land-dweller such as yourself is better acquainted with the area and would be willing to aid me." Poseidon gave an easy smile, leaning his weight on the trident's shaft, trying his best to hide how the drying of his fins was beginning to itch.

"Really, you don't say?" Dominus snickered, rising to stand on his stilt-thin legs and brushing stray sand from his cherry red shorts. "Well I suppose I have a few hours to kill, and it's not like I have anything better to do." Dominus downed the rest of his drink in one go, leaving the glass beside his beach chair to collect later. Unless someone took it of course, but no mist from his soul, he'd snatched it from the hotel in the first place. "So, what can I do for ya?"

"I require a summer outfit. I want to enjoy the summer just as much as other land dwellers, but find myself suffering in the heat. Perhaps you know a place where I can acquire appropriate coverings like your own?" Poseidon asked hopefully. Dominus grinned widely in response.

"Oh we can certainly try!"

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As they entered the quaint seaside boutique Poseidon was used to the curious staring and excited whispers of passersby. He felt flattered to be noticed, though hoped his land-loving acquaintance's help would blend him into the crowd better. He could hardly enjoy the summer seaside, the boardwalk's theme park and sunset views accosted by admirers.

Dominus headed directly to a rack of sunhats scouring the selection before settling on one with the widest brim, decorated with thin lace on the rim and seashell patterned band. Dominus approached the cashier and was pleased to learn it could be altered to suit Poseidon's large horns and ears and remain wide enough to shade his fins. He looked over his shoulder to catch Poseidon looking over a display of light-weight gowns, lingering on a light blue cotton with cinched waist and airy layered skirt.

"Like that one huh?" Dominus teased. Poseidon looked bashful for a moment before nodding. He took their longest size into a changing room as Dominus wandered over to the sandals. He selected a resilient and hardy pair he was confident would withstand long walks on both sand and offshore rocks. If treated carefully they were something Poseidon could wear in the water and avoid an unfortunate encounter with the urchins common to this bit of coastline. He heard the shuffling of a curtain and Poseidon clearing his throat. Dominus gave him a genuine smile. "Did anyone ever tell you blue was your colour?" he said jokingly. Poseidon chuckled good naturedly. "Many times, but thank you regardless, friend."

Dress now covering most of his legs and tail, Poseidon completed the ensemble with the accessories Dominus held out. They elected to keep his strings of pearls, minus a few he presented to the bewildered cashier who accepted them as payment and then some.

The pair strolled from the shop, Poseidon sighing happily from the protection and could safely enjoy the warmth. They were bathed in orange light, the sun not long from setting. Dominus turned to the god, who regarded him curiously.

“Care to join me for a drink?” Dominus asked lightly, already beginning to wander along the boardwalk. This was shaping up to be an interesting night...