

Seconds before the alarm was set to go off, Chrono reached over without opening his eyes and turned it off. It had become a habit of his to wake up before his alarm and turn it off since he despised the sound it made. There were some days he managed to miss it and was punished by intense noise, leaving his head ringing the rest of the morning.

Promptly getting up and proceeding to wash his face, Chrono's morning routine was practically set in stone. Keeping things in order was something that brought him comfort. While preparing breakfast, Chrono noticed he had a grin on his face.

"I suppose I can't contain my excitement hu hu" Chrono let out a small chuckle as today was the day he was to bring his collection of shells he worked so tirelessly to gather. A powerful storm nearly a month ago had led to a large number of unusual looking shells to wash ashore the hidden garden's coast. People had been murmuring about what they could mean, but the whispers were quickly silenced when Poseiden appeared. While Chrono was not present when he appeared, rumors spread of Poseiden's impressive size and atmosphere. Chrono could feel his hands begin to waver in excitement. He very much wanted to meet Poseiden and ask him a manner of questions about life under the water. Scarfox bodies are made of cloth or any manner of non organic material so theoretically being able to live underwater is possible, but the thought of his body being weighed down and struggling to move made Chrono squirm slightly. He was curious how Poseiden fared and if his body was made of something different than his.

Rubbing his fingers together Chrono reminisced back when he was still a human and envisioning the sensation of skin rubbing instead of fabric. He had a sense of touch, but it wasn't the same. Still Chrono was thankful at getting another chance at life, even if it was in a different form.

The scent of burning snapped him back to reality. Looking down Chrono realized his breakfast was sitting in the pan, quickly turning into a lump of charcoal. Panicking he turned the burner off and removed the pan in a weak attempt to salvage the meal. Sadly it was far past that point as it sit dark and crunchy, almost laughing at him. Holding back a small tear, Chrono proceeded to throw the sad remains into the trash and grab a nearby energy bar as a substitute.

Feeling a bit more energy, Chrono gathered the supplies he needed to begin his daily shell collecting. Grabbing a shovel, bucket, and map marked with potential shell locations he began the tiresome trek to the hidden garden. Chrono wasn't the type for field work and much preferred the comforts of home with a healthy stack of data to analyze.

Arriving at the beach he saw a few scarfox here and there sifting through in hopes of scrapping together a few more shells. Chrono knew there were barely any left and it was likely a fight would break out, as had been the pattern in the recent days. Wanting nothing to do with anything that would leave a mark on his delicate body, Chrono headed over to a grove of trees that sat near the water's edge. Most wouldn't bother to look in a spot like this, which made it all the better to search through. The flood from the storm carried water a fairly decent distance,

leaving shells in every nook and cranny. His eyes lit up as moving aside a few plant revealed a hidden cache of shells. Their brilliant iridescent luster sparkling in the increasingly hot sunlight.

Chrono had only needed a few more shells to fill the small chest he kept at home. Now having everything he needed, he quickly left to stay out of the heat. In the distance Chrono could hear some voices shouting, likely the start of a brawl. Sighing, he was glad to have avoided the mess.

Now arriving back at his home, Chrono was glad to be inside somewhere cool. While his body didn't sweat, the sensation of hot fabric and the slight pressure of his body expanding in the heat was not pleasant in the least. In a way he almost preferred being sweaty, though the plus side was he didn't stink.

Heading into another room, he poured the contents of the bucket into a small, but well decorated chest. Chrono wanted to present the shells in an appealing way in order to impress Poseidon and hope he'll be in a good mood to chat. Seeing the chest bright and full brought a smile to his face as he closed in up, excited the next time it'll be opened will be in front of a scarfox god.

Applying a touch of floral essence he gathered from nearby plants, Chrono felt fully ready to present himself to Poseidon and return a portion of his lost collection. Walking out the door he began traversing the stone lined path, that would soon descend into the ocean and enter new territory. Chrono felt just a touch nervous at the thought of completely submerging his body, but knew he would be fine and it would only be for a short while. Keeping the thought of his talk with Poseidon to encourage him, Chrono kept moving.

Not much later, Chrono heard a familiar voice and saw a figure up ahead. He rubbed in temples in advance feeling a headache already coming on. Sure enough his feares were recognized when he came across a familiar face.

"Maybe I didn't think this through very well...." A familiar voice muttered. "Grrarhh! The one time I should have listened too!"

"What are you doing Inaba?" Chrono spoke with a bit of annoyance in his voice. He almost regretted just walking past and hoping Inaba wouldn't notice him.

"Woah Chrono! Great timing man!" Inaba's obnoxiously loud voice boomed out as he rushed up to Chrono and put both hands on his shoulders, looking him square in the eye. "Listen I seriously need your help!"

Chrono already knew exactly what Inaba wanted. It was almost guaranteed he was planning to meet Poseidon but having his head constantly in the clouds he likely had no idea where to go. His theory was further confirmed by the sand and dirt covered bucket he was holding.

“Follow me, I was just planning on heading to Poseidon’s lair anyways, you can tag along I suppose.”

“Alright awesome!” Inaba happily tagged along. Chrono just hoped nothing would go wrong bringing what is basically a ticking time bomb straight to Poseidon..