

A long, scaly tail breached the ocean's surface. Fins that were as long as at least an arm swayed with the gentle breeze of the ocean. Predatorial eyes just above the surface of the water looked around, wincing slightly with how unused to the sunlight they were. The small movement of the tail kept it buoyant and in a single position; a hunting position. Though being out in the open was not something that he particularly liked, sometimes coming up from the depths allowed for larger feedings. He just had to wait for the perfect meal to swim close to him. He was born a predator, the top predator he could argue. Though there were larger, and perhaps more powerful, beasts in the ocean, Cthulhu takes the what he named himself after to heart. A nightmare lurking just under for those foolish enough to think they were safe in the blue water arms.