

siluka must have arrived early to the beach, for it was decorated accordingly for the festivities - but attendees were far and few in between at that time. of course, she did not mind - especially since she was beyond her element without the presence of her twin sister by her side; perhaps, though, this was good for her to practice independence and relying on herself - she knew that her sister was beautiful and, certainly, a man would be in her good graces sooner or later. it was inevitable, really.

but she did not become preoccupied with that. she wandered closer to the water and found a spot in the sand to place her towel and things. with her cover up still on, she approached the water - burying her feet in the sand as the water rushed over them - and knelt down to splash some water on herself.

she hoped that - at the very least - it would be a relaxing day on the beach.

Open!

"whew!" jack stretched with his arms up high in the air - reaching for the summer sun beaming on them. he ruffled his fingers through his thick head of brown hair - feeling the droplets of seawater trickle down his back before he collapsed back onto his towel. with a prideful smirk on his face, he placed his hands behind his head and propped himself up to view the ocean crashing unto the shore.

"man, i just got here, and i'm already beat from that swimming competition," he said to no one in particular. man, could he go for a drink or something right now.

Open!

"Surprise!" Celia walked up behind Jack, holding a snow cone in his face. "Snowcones! For the two best swimmers on Arcadia!" She wasn't sure what flavor to get Jack, but you couldn't go wrong with strawberry. Which she got them both.

"Oh, ouch, hot!" She tip-toed, bouncing around before finally plopping her butt in the sand. She was going to regret that later when it came to getting sand out of her everywhere.

"Are you signing up for the swimsuit competition later?"

"hey!" jack eagerly accepted the snowcone, taking a lick as soon as it was in his hands - delighted that she selected the strawberry flavor. he could not remember the last time he partook in a snowcone, nor did he know there were snowcones being offered on the beach anyway - but he was not complaining!

he laughed light-heartedly at her little dance to sit down. being around celia was always a fun time. her presence alone was soothing for the soul. no wonder he liked her so much, in addition to her unconditional kindness she appeared to give to everyone and everything.

"i'm planning on it. my swim trunks aren't outstanding by any means," he glanced down at himself, "but why not, you know? are you signing up? because - surprise, surprise - i definitely think you should. you'll be the best swimmer in arcadia in both dress and activity."

<@Onettgirl>

Violet walked onto the beach, holding onto her sunhat as she looked at all of the decorations that were prepared.

Wow...Leuda always seemed to go really far for the first day at the beach. At first she felt nervous to go out to the sand on her own, but she needed to find a spot to settle down. At the very least, she had arrived early enough that not too many people were there yet. Good...at least she wouldn't stick out...

She began walking across the beach, a towel and a basket on one arm with her other secured on her hat. Was there a spare umbrella nearby...?

(open)

"Oh, I think they look nice on you!" She took a lick of her snow cone, looking jack up and down. He looked good in a swimsuit. Or maybe it was just the lack of shirt. He certainly had a ranchers body. Despite her proper actions she wouldn't deny herself a nice view.

She blushed at jack's comment. Hiding ever so slightly in her hair. "Ohh hush. I did. Just for the fun. But I doubt I'd win. There are so many more nice looking women here." She couldn't help pulling her shawl a little further up her shoulders.

She was quiet for a while, staring at her melting snow cone. "I'm sorry if I embarrassed you earlier."

<@sponso>

The sun was shining, Rosalind was reclining, and frankly, the heiress was feeling shady - What with her new, 25,000G chunky white shades she'd custom ordered from the mainland as a 'summer gift' to herself. Or. She wished she was feeling shady, because other than her *shades* she was absolutely burning up under the hot sun. Closing her book she let out the quietest whine, sitting up from her sun lounger and standing, looking towards the ice cream for sale on the boardwalk.

Leaving her towel draped over her beach chair she started towards the ice cream, coming to a pause when she saw a familiar face, what began as a smile quickly turning to a look of confusion as she took in what may well have been the most outrageous swimming costume she'd ever laid eyes on.

"What are you wearing?"

<@&463207081219063808>

jack was pretty confident with his body, with the exception of the farmer's tan that occurred from time to time - but for the most part, it was not something he experienced often; nevertheless, when he saw celia's eyes take a look at him up and down, he couldn't help but blush - even if just a little toward the fact she was checking him out. it was innocent, though. "thanks, celia! your swimsuit looks nice on you as well."

he sat up and wrapped his arms around his knees to hold himself up, focusing his attention intently on celia. "hey, you shouldn't think like that. i know for a fact too that there are better looking guys here than me. but you're you, and i'm me. there ain't no one else that can be like us," jack smiled reassuringly.

"huh?" he tilted his head to the side. "embarrassed me? not at all! if anything - i appreciate it! i owe my success the second time around to you."

<@Onettgirl>

rock had been ecstatic for the past week, waiting for the festivities of beach day to arrive to the island. where there were sandy beaches and the summer sun, there would be babes - and dudes - out and about soaking up that vitamin d. he also knew what he had to offer; aside from his dashing looks, his swimsuit was also to feast your eyes upon. fortunately, there already appeared to be one contender for his swim trunks - and it was exactly who he wished to see here in the first place.

"rosalind. ♪" he waved, walking up to her. "you can take a picture. it'll last longer. unless you wanna see me every day. i won't complain. ☆" rock smiled cheekily and struck a pose with his swim trunks. "whaddya mean? don't you think the green complements my eyes?~"

<@jolibouquet>

Rosalind blinked. Her head tilting ever so slightly as she looked at Rock with an expression that could only be summed up as saying 'what?' - A small part of her *almost* said she did want to see him every day. But the blinding green of his trunks, and *that thing* on them... Well. Suddenly she wasn't so sure.

"Trust me, there'll be no pictures here." She retorted once she'd managed to regain her senses, "I like your eyes enough without that toxic waste colour you're calling green." She continued, her attitude much more blasé than the words that had left her mouth. But after that she softened a little, her heart warmed at seeing Rock, and the self-conscious side of herself a little glad she was wearing her coverup.

"Do you want an ice cream? I'm so hot, so I'm going to get one."

<@&463207081219063808>

"woah, *toxic waste color*?" rock pressed his hand daintily against his chest, taking a dramatic step back as if he was on the receiving end of her verbal blow; of course, he was not genuinely offended, for he achieved one of the purposes for wearing it in the first place - to garner attention, even if it was ridicule. "feel free to get lost in my eyes whenever you like. if the shorts are a distraction, i can just get rid of 'em. ♪" knowing rock, it was not beyond the realm of possibility.

"yeah! you read my mind. let's go," he came to her side. "i've also been seeing people here with snow cones... but man, could i go for some ice cream right now... what's your favorite flavor?"

<@jolibouquet>

Ford hated summer. Knowing the biological reasonings for why sweating was necessary didn't make the experience any more pleasant. If it were up to him, he'd spend all day inside with adequate air conditioning to keep him cool.

Alas, today was beach day. And all it took was an excited sparkle in his girlfriend's eyes to get him to leave his comfortable abode and muck across dunes of sand and crowds of people.

He'd applied plenty of sunscreen to any areas that might be exposed to the sun, and had packed up some extra sunscreen and aloe in a bag of supplies he'd brought along just in case. Ford didn't really own 'beachwear' per se, so what he wore was really just his work outfit, minus a few layers, with the sleeves rolled up and the collar having a single button undone.

He scanned the horizon, looking for Violet, who must have set up camp somewhere.

<@tatertotarmy>

As Violet looked around the beach for a place to sit, she instead found her boyfriend, Ford. She smiled brightly at him, giving him a wave as she walked over to him.

Like last time...he still was wearing his work clothes. He was wearing less layers now than he did before, so at least he wouldn't easily overheat like he did last year. Or at least...she hoped so.

"H-Hello, Ford," Violet greeted with a bright smile.

<@snowyrunes>

Ford eventually caught sight of a beautiful woman waving and walking over to him. He smiled, greeting her in return.

"Hello Violet."

Not that Ford thought he should have much say in the clothes that Violet wore, but he always did find her particularly stunning in white. Then again, he supposed she looked stunning in just about anything.

"Did you just arrive as well? I was expecting to find you camped out somewhere." <@&463189769975758849>

"Y-Yes, I-I just got here a little bit ago..." Violet smiled, "I-I was just t-trying to find a good spot to sit."

<@snowyrunes>

the beach - much less being on the island of leuda more than he wished - was certainly not his cup of tea; he was not fond of sweating without moving an inch, nor was he favorable of the sand getting all over him and his things - as well as the amount of people in attendance. charles could put on a handsome face when he needed to for business, but for pleasure? it was outside of the question - a risk in getting to know people he did not desire to take; alas, he knew alice would be coming, and she felt similarly to him about these events - so he pushed through for her.

he figured he could test out a robot and its resilience against water. proofing it from damage in the water was still an endeavor, but he brought a prototype to play with not only out of boredom but for his craft as well. charles moved the toggle as the robot entered the water, moving in different directions - he did not see anyone that would get in the way. for now.

Open!

"Well then, let us find a place. Am I correct in thinking that they put out umbrellas and chairs for public use? Or are those things I should have purchased beforehand?" <@&463189769975758849>

"I-I think t-they're for public use. T-The one I was under l-last year was free to use..." Violet spoke, hoping that it hadn't changed since then, "L-Let's go find one..."

She smiled brightly at him, and then began walking down the beach in search of a spare umbrella.

<@snowyrunes>

"here we are. ☺" sofia - holding hands with her daughter who *insisted* on attempting to toddle - stopped at a comfortable place close to the shade but also near the water. it was typical for her and her husband to arrive at different times; if she learned anything from her father, it was that to be on time is to be late. she placed the towels down and set up the umbrella - wanting to make this day as cozy and relaxing as possible with all of their things that they hauled along. it may have been a little extra, but that was who she was! more than that, though, she remembered not too long ago when she was pregnant with mia here at the beach. oh, how time has flown...

"**run off**, mia. i need to put your sunscreen on so you do not **freeze**." sofia started to dig through her bag of goodies while she presumed her daughter was still standing there on the towel waiting for her. she knew that her daughter had a curious streak, but she was also obedient... right?

Open!

"Well, that's a relief. I know there are some stores near here, but it's such a trek to begin with," he said, almost able to avoid complaining about the beach as he began searching for an open umbrella. A few minutes later, he finally spotted one.

"It certainly is crowded today. And it's not like either one of us arrived that late, either... Ah- Is that one there?" he asked, pointing. "Let's go- before some other beachgoers beat us to it." <@&463189769975758849>

Pandora approached the water tentatively. The mighty beast that was the ocean earned the respect of the small sorceress. That wasn't to say she was afraid. No, she simply wished to tame the beast. Unfortunately, she had never swam before.

Just as she was getting her feet wet, a child shoved into her as he was running to the water, knocking her forward. She got a face full of sand and water before she could push herself up to her knees. Spitting out salt water, she began to wipe the sand off her face.

Open

"Oh!" Violet spotted the spare umbrella and hurried over to claim it. As she reached it, she set down her basket right down on it to rightfully make the claim. She smiled, looking over at Ford.

"T-Thank goodness you spotted one..." Violet spoke, looking around at all of the other taken spots, "I-It really is crowded...i-if I knew, I-I would have tried to take an earlier ferry..."

<@snowyrunes>

Ford walked along after Violet- moving faster than before, but not exactly keeping pace. Violet arrived a good amount of seconds before he did.

"I might have suggested that we come here earlier as well, had I known. Something to keep in mind for next year, I suppose."

Ford wasted no time in seating himself in the shade. The ocean breeze might have kept things cooler than they could have been, but the sand and the sun made things a good twenty degrees or so hotter than he would have preferred.

"I suppose warm weather like this would drive many people to flock to the water."

<@&463189769975758849>

Claire's long blonde ponytail swished across her bare back as she walked across the sand. Needless to say, she was in her element. The fiery sun lit her spirit from within and quenched her skin, but she had to admit -- it was pretty warm today. She'd acquired a snowcone from one of the vendors and was licking it pleasantly as she walked, attempting to cool herself down in time to take another stab at the swimming competition.

She nearly walked right by the strange redhead. He was obviously uncomfortable, and the thought that his pale skin might burn immediately crossed Claire's mind as she approached him. The blonde scrunched her face in confusion as she saw the controller in his hand, and followed his line of sight to.... some sort of machine gliding in the water. Her eyebrows rose in intrigue and she crouched down, resting a hand on her knee as she watched.

"Is that yours? Lemme guess -- you had to bring *something* to entertain yourself 'cuz you're not a beach person."

<@sponso>

Violet sat down next to Ford, taking off her hat and setting it right next to her.

"Y-Yes..." she nodded, "I-I'm sure the water f-feels nice under this heat..." She would wait a little while before going to enjoy it herself. Sitting in the shade also felt quite nice with this weather.

<@snowyrunes>

"Are you planning on swimming today?" Ford asked. "Before you do, you should apply plenty of sunscreen. You're more likely to get a sunburn in the water, after all. Not just because the sunscreen can wash off, but because of the way it reflects the sun. I packed some extra, should you need any."

<@&463189769975758849>

"Y-Yes, I-I will for in little bit..." Violet spoke, reaching into her basket, "I-I brought my own, b-but thank you..."

She pulled out her own bottle. It was something she was used to doing. Unfortunately, she wasn't the type of person who could get a tan. All she did was burn, if she were out too long.

<@snowyrunes>

naturally - he honestly didn't know what else he expected - someone came over and verbalized an astute observation that was obvious in the first place. his eyes remained on his robot as it appeared to function with the water rushing just above its wheels - perfect! he input the control for it to return to him in haste, seeing that this young woman - who, after actually looking at her, was quite beautiful - did not seem like the type to be turned away easily.

"aren't you perceptive?" charles laughed with a sarcastic tone under his breath, placing his remote on the towel beside him - and turned his head up toward the blonde. "i *can* be a beach person. i am not *a* beach person. but that is all irrelevant semantics," he scoffed, "allow me to make an observation."

he thought quietly for a moment. "my prediction is that you approached me because you *are* a beach person, but no other person is giving you attention - so you go seeking for it on your own."

<@roundfrog>

"Good," Ford said. "As helpful as our training sessions have been, I'd rather not have to practice using my magic treating any burns." He looked contemplative for a moment. "Come to think of it, I've never even tried healing a burn before... Is it any different than a cut?" <@&463189769975758849>

She shook her head, "I-It's not too much d-different...t-though it's h-healing a wider a-area than just a cut..."

<@snowyrunes>

Luke and Sofia has come to one sure conclusion: having two kids meant making compromises. Most often times, that compromise was not showing up to places on time and together in favor of actually making it to a location in the first place. Sofia had taken Mia ahead of time while Luke dealt with a little tantrum from Leo. The poor little guy wasn't fond of sitting in the sun or getting dirty playing in the sand, unlike his sister or his father. In several ways, the little baby boy was like his mother in temperament, but that didn't mean Luke would let everything slide. Eventually, the fussing stopped and Luke strapped Leo to his chest in the baby swaddle (a wonderful invention, if you asked Luke), and the father of two carried his one to meet the others.

Just as Luke spotted his wife seated on a beach towel digging in their bag for something, Luke noticed his daughter clumsily making her way through the sand and away from their settled area. With a shake of his head and a laugh, Luke scooped up Mia like a football and carried her back to the beach towel, the little girl squealing with laughter the whole time.

"Looks like this one got away from you, Sof!" Luke gently set Mia down on the beach towel with a chuckle, reaching to tickle her as she laid on her back, earning him another round of laughter. "Did you put on sunblock yet, missy?" <@sponso>

A pout turned down the blonde's lips as the stranger called the robot back to him -- just as it was starting to be entertaining. Raising her snow cone, she realized it was almost all nearly melted, and clicked her tongue in response. At the man's quick laugh, Claire stood to her full height -- which, unfortunately, was still not impressive -- and flicked a wrist through her hair.

She blinked at him in quiet surprise as he sized her up. It wasn't true, of course -- she didn't *need* the attention, unlike her twin who basked in it. Her eyebrow rose and twitched, but a smirk unfolded her expression. "Too bad you were only right about one thing." She twirled a piece of her blonde fringe around her index finger, her grin growing cheekier by the moment. "I am a beach person! But, I do prefer the lazing about rather than getting attention." Her blue eyes stared holes into the man's astoundingly handsome face. "I just thought you seemed... *interesting*."

<@sponso>

UP! | roundfrog leveled up!

"I suppose that makes sense. Magic really is convenient in that way- Once you've mastered treating one kind of injury, it seems that you could treat almost any, provided you have the magical reserves. Meanwhile, without magic, you have to treat things like burns and broken bones completely differently."

"Of course, given the difficulty magic can sometimes give me, I almost prefer learning a multitude of techniques

that I can actually perform skillfully..."

<@tatertotarmy>

"I-It's not quite that miraculous..." Violet spoke, "S-Some things c-can be done with m-magic alone...b-but some things n-need other techniques. B-Broken bones s-still need to be properly s-set before I can heal them...a-and I-I can't do much to heal i-illnesses. A-And u-using too much can b-be risky, in the end..."

She smiled at him, "L-Learning m-much more than magic i-is a very good thing...a-and it's something to admire, really."

<@snowyrunes>

"wha-...? ah!" sofia turned around and, with a huff, placed her hands on her hips - but the façade did not last, for the sight of leo strapped to luke's chest and his fingers tickling mia into a fit of laughter was more than enough to make her smile. after what had transpired for the past few months, she did not wish to take any of this for granted. she merely shook her head and joined in the fun with a couple of giggles of her own - inching across the towels on her knees to peck luke on the lips and her son on his forehead.

"**goodbye** my precious baby boy. ♡ did daddy cheer you up?" she squished his cheeks for a moment before returning her attention to the little girl sprawled out.

"**yes, she has**, sofia squirted some sunscreen into her hand, "goodness, she is as ornery as you are, my love. ♪"

<@owlfawn>

"*interesting*," charles ran his fingers through his thick red hair, tossing his hair back and moving his sunglasses down to the bridge of his nose, "you flatter me. for someone who prefers lazing about, you did make quite the trek here. do you plan to make yourself comfortable?" he was not prepared, nor was he anticipating, someone to join his company except for alice - but she was also not here yet. if he embedded business within their conversation, then it would not be out of personal interest he sought for in this woman. it was simply *business*.

"did i seem interesting, or did a robot on the beach captivate your interest?" the man pressed a series of buttons, causing the robot to grow taller and rotate its arms in the air - before placing them down on either side. "you may have just identified the allure about me."

<@roundfrog>

"True... But even so, magic is incredibly versatile. Although I can only use it for minor things at present, I hope to be able to incorporate it into many of my current methods, in the future. Given that there are not as many magic healers on Leuda as there are on Arcadia, I think that just my own study of it would help a lot of people."

"And yes, I agree- learning more than just magic is something that's quite admirable. I had to learn it- there was no other alternative on the part of the mainland I grew up on. But as for you- you've dabbled in quite a few techniques other than just healing in our time together, haven't you? I hope you've taken pride in your studies."

<@&463189769975758849>

"I-I have," Violet nodded, smiling warmly, "A-And I-I really appreciate you teaching me..."

<@snowyrunes>

Luke returned the kiss, though pouted when it only lasted a second, but the expression didn't stay long as he watched his wife coo over their son. Seeing a smile on her face was even more heartwarming now that the curse was lifted, and Luke was going to savor every moment of happiness they shared together.

He laughed as he watched Mia squirm under her mother's sunblock assault. "You're lucky I have no clue what that means, or I might be offended." He chuckled and seated himself on another towel, Leo still strapped into his carrier against his chest. He placed a comforting hand on the back of Leo's head, the other hand used to lean back against.

"Man, it's hot out today... Perfect day for this kind of thing, huh?" <@sponso>

"The sentiment goes both ways, of course," Ford said, leaning forward a bit and giving Violet a smile in return.

<@&463189769975758849>

Claire took a moment to evaluate this stranger as he spoke. His eyes were sharp and prominent -- even behind his

sunglasses -- and his face was similar to those of olden Greek statues. Cheekbones were high and stood out among his pale features, and his hair still seemed well-kept even in the sandy breeze. She felt a more genuine smile slip before she caught herself and turned it into another sultry grin. "You're right... The trip here was a little exhausting, and I've been working all week." With a shrug of her bare shoulders, she tossed her dissolved snow cone into a nearby trashcan before sitting her bikini bottoms in the sand.

Claire stretched her arms out above her head and wiggled her toes in the sand before tossing a lazy smile toward the stranger. She placed her index finger on her lips, as though she was in deep thought, before answering his question. "Can both be an answer? I think I like that answer." She nodded with a chuckle before turning her attention to the robot, watching the seamless way it moved before her. Her blue eyes sparkled with intrigue. "Well, if you made *that*... That seems more than enough to make *you* just as interesting as the robot." <@sponso>

She blushed, always appreciating the rare smile that Ford wore. Violet stared a little bit, and then looked down to her basket, a timid smile on her lips.

"I-I...u-um...b-brought some snacks i-if you want a-any..." Violet didn't bring too much, but she thought it was a nice little bit to have on-hand. She brought a couple apples, two water bottles, some grapes, and some trail mix. She knew that Ford would want to keep on the healthier side of things, so she kept that in mind for the most part.

<@snowyrunes>

"Oh, did you? Thank you. I'm not hungry at the moment, but perhaps in a little while. Especially if you want to have a later lunch. I brought along a couple of water bottles, in case you get thirsty."

He looked down at Violet's basket curiously. "What did you bring?" <@&463189769975758849>

"I-I brought s-some apples, grapes, a-and trail mix," Violet spoke, scooting the basket over to him so he could see, "I-I also b-brought some water bottles, t-too..."

<@snowyrunes>

"Ah, so you have. It seems that you might be even better prepared than I am." He peered down into the basket. All of the snacks were things that he approved of as well. He and Violet either had more similar tastes than he thought, or she knew his preferences very well.

He reached into the basket, pulling out an apple. "... 'An apple a day keeps the doctor away.' Contrary to that saying, I hardly find it repulsive as a snack. ...Thank you." <@&463189769975758849>

sofia wrangled mia with her two bare hands; goodness, she did not realize that a little girl her size could put up such a fight - the mother was nothing like her as a young child. each day, she saw more of her husband in her than herself - soon enough, she would be a daddy's girl. she giggled at her husband and his limited vocabulary knowledge, albeit endearingly.

"oh, **no**, this is the most **unsuitable** weather for a day on the beach!" she smiled widely - proud that she managed to lather mia head to toe in sunscreen. "may i add that you and leo are so **cringeworthy** in your swimsuits? ☹"

"after i put some sun screen on leo, perhaps i can put some on you?~"

<@owlfawn>

She chuckled, happy that he was partaking in what she brought, "Y-You're welcome..."

Violet looked out to the water, thinking a little. Maybe she would go out and swim now, so she could relax with Ford under the umbrella for the rest of the day, uninterrupted. Plus, the water looked really nice...and there was sure to be more people out later. It would be easier to get her swimming out now.

"U-Um...I-I'm going to go swimming for a little bit," Violet spoke, looking back to Ford. She assumed that he wouldn't be joining her, based on his attire.

<@snowyrunes>

Ford nodded. "Go ahead- I'll be here when you get back. You already applied sunscreen, correct? If not, be sure to apply a good even coating before stepping into the water."

<@&463189769975758849>

Danny put a hand on his hip, waiting for Tina to return with her prizes from winning the swimming competition.

“Welcome back, cheater,” he said, once she finally came back over towards him. <@prinxess>

Though he was hardly a crowd person and was a little intimidated by a lot of these events, in this one, he was right at home. His bag, stuffed with a towel and other supplies, was abandoned somewhat haphazardly in the sand as he kicked his sandals off and stepped into the surf, grinning as the water and sand engulfed his feet. The fisherman trudged against the waves until he was knee deep, then plopped himself down in the water and let it wash against his chest, soft, childish giggles of pure elation greeting the tide. Today would be a good day. ♪

"I-I think I-I might need to re-apply..." Violet spoke, looking down at herself. She had put on sunscreen before she left, but after waiting for the ferry and walking to the north side of the island...it was probably getting to be that time. And even if she didn't need to re-apply yet, it was always a good idea as a safety precaution. She stood up, pulling off her white cover-up to leave her in her blue swimsuit. Violet neatly folded up her cover-up, sat it on top of her hat, and grabbed her sunscreen from the basket. And then, she began to re-apply her sunscreen, occasionally looking out to the water to make sure that it still wasn't crowded.

<@snowyrunes>

Charles buried his hands in the sand to move over and provide her a sufficient amount of space to sit down, as well as maintain a respectable distance between the two; chivalry did not have to be completely dead. He carefully watched the young woman make herself comfortable and imagined a bulleted list of prominent features she possessed. blonde hair envying the sunshine beaming from the sky. thin figure but not delicate like a flower. blue eyes resembling the ocean. an air about her that piqued his curiosity. this ought to be a refreshing experience from the other blokes he associated with.

"What is art?" he asked rhetorically, straightening his posture as he maneuvered his robot to return toward the sea. "It is flat, shallow, and has a fancy surface - which gives it the illusion of depth. It is much like meeting people for the first time." the robot started moving deeper into the sea.

"Should this robot sink, you'll be disappointed. And I, oh -- woe is me. an inventor, but at what cost?"

<@roundfrog>

Luke couldn't help but chuckle at his wife's opposites that time. Being called "cringeworthy" by anyone else would have certainly been an insult, but coming from Sofia? It was only the highest praise, coming from her lips. Luke nodded with a wink in his wife's direction.

"Only if you let me put some on you too, babe!" He got to work with unbuckling the straps that held Leo close to his chest, and once the baby was free Leo stretched his arms and legs out with a little noise. Luke laid Leo on his back for a moment so he could take off the carrier, then held his son once again, this time seating him in his lap so he could look around. "I should've bought some little sunglasses for this dude, huh?" He angled Leo's hat a bit more forward to try and shield Leo's eyes from the sun. "Pretty bright out..." <@sponso>

The beach festivities were well on their way to a good time, and while Frey was initially unsure about doing much else besides sitting under an umbrella, the ocean water seemed too tempting to resist. She pulled off her sundress, up and over her head, and folded it neatly. She set it on top of her bag and, once she had properly applied sunblock and let her hair down from its usual twin tails, Frey quickly made her way across the sand to wade into the water, a grin on her face as she hopped up with a wave that reached her midsection. [open!]

Ford nodded. "That would be wise. Give it a few minutes to sink in as well," he advised.

As Violet pulled the cover-up off, Ford watched with mild curiosity, wondering what bathing suit she had chosen to wear. In contrast with the white, flowy coverup she had been wearing before, his gaze was drawn to the sleek, dark blue design.

His eyes followed Violet's hands as they went up and down her arms, rubbing in the suntan lotion. It was almost hypnotic, and it took Ford nearly half a minute before he recognized the rare but not entirely unfamiliar spark of interest in the glow of her skin, and the smallest of her movements.

He began to feel very warm- even while sitting in the shade. <@&463189769975758849>

"It's practically glowing, Rock!" She snorted, "At least we'll be able to find you in the dark." She continued, laughing. A laugh which quickly turned into a choking cough- "Keep them on!" She managed, glad that the sudden

reddening of her cheeks could be attributed to the warmth and *not* the image that arose from Rock's statement. "Snow cones are boring. Flavoured ice, we could just make that at home. Ice cream is a little harder, and I would know, I've made it." She continued her persistent march towards the ice cream vendor, perhaps the poor wanted ice, but *she* wanted cream.

"Strawberry." She replied "Or mint chocolate chip. That's a fun flavour... What do you like?"

<@sponso>

"i would **rather eat sand and toss myself in the sea to sink like an anchor** than let you put sun screen on me as well, my love. ☺" sofia playfully winked at him as she started applying the creamy mixture on leo. she displayed a variety of facial expressions to retain his attention, bopping his nose with a bead of sun screen that was too adorable for words; once she was satisfied, she put it aside and scavenged in her belongings she brought - with the help of clorica, of course - a transportable crib for leo to relax in. she also brought a little seat for mia as well should she want to relax - but she did not hold her breath.

"if he had sunglasses, he would look just like you," she smiled sweetly down at her baby boy. oh, she could eat him up! "do you **forget** when we attended beach day, and i was pregnant with mia? can you believe we have **made no progress** with our family?"

<@owlfawn>

She didn't notice him staring. By the time she was finished applying it everywhere, her attention was on the waves crashing on the beach, and the few others she saw already in the water. Good...not many people out... Once she was finished, she set down the sunscreen and stood there for a moment, following Ford's advice to wait for it to sink in. She looked down at Ford and smiled. She knew that Ford was uncomfortable with swimming in the ocean...but she still felt bad that he wouldn't be able to join her. Last time, he had mentioned finding a pool to swim in...

"M-Maybe this summer...u-um..." Violet spoke, "W-We can go s-somewhere...w-where you can swim, too..." Would it need to be somewhere private? Were there any private pools on the islands? That sounded so expensive...

<@snowyrunes>

Ford continued to stare, as Violet eventually finished applying the lotion. He didn't feel conflicted about it, as Violet had given him permission to stare at her whenever he pleased. Which, granted, was probably an odd thing to get permission for... But ever since she had, it had worked wonders for getting him a bit more comfortable with his feelings towards her.

When she looked at him, he still felt a little nervous- only for his thoughts to go fuzzy around the edges as she gave him one of her dazzling smiles.

"S-Sure..." he said, without really knowing what it was he was agreeing. If his body felt hot, his cheeks were burning. <@&463189769975758849>

Tina proudly wore her new shark tooth necklace and collected her prize money. When she returned to Danny he was being as sore a loser as ever. Not that she wouldn't have been a sore loser.

She gloated, "Hey, I didn't cheat you're just a big loser. Don't worry, I can tutor you in swimming if you want. Maybe next time you might not lose so quickly."

She smiled brighter, happy that he agreed. Later, she could see if there was anywhere to go...

Before she went to walk to the water...she noticed the flush of his cheeks. Immediately, her mind turned to concern. She remembered that he overheated last time. Was he still hot, even with the fewer layers?

"A-Are you feeling okay, F-Ford?" Violet asked, "I-Is the heat getting to y-you...?" She kneeled down beside him, ready to check on him if needed.

<@snowyrunes>

"Yeah, right! If anything, you're the one who needs tutoring. You weren't even using the proper swimming technique!" He accused.

Of course, there was no proper swimming technique. Danny knew that. But, he also knew that he wasn't going to let this little victory slide without seeking his revenge. <@princess>

Ford flushed a bit more red, knowing immediately why she was asking the question. Unfortunately, he didn't know of any good way to answer it, without making an utter buffoon out of himself.

"I-I'm fine," he stammered. "It's... not the heat..." <@&463189769975758849>

She still looked concerned, "T-Then...a-are you feeling sick?"

<@snowyrunes>

Ford shrunk back into his chair a bit. "...No..." he said, the pink finally reaching his ears.

<@&463189769975758849>

She pretended not to notice his silver eyes on her. Claire had become quite good at feigning ignorance and pursuing the act of being coy in the presence of gentlemen. It was a worthy tool to use on the islands -- especially when she needed to get her way with prices.

Carefully, Claire tugged the ribbon from her hand and let her blonde hair flow down her back, the wispy ends drawing lines in the sand behind her. She pulled her knees toward herself and rested her chin on the tops, nodding her head along with the waves and his voice. His analogy made a sheepish grin slide across her lips. "It's fitting then?"

His last words made the blonde snort with laughter. "Surely you could just make another?" She turned her head toward him, resting a pink cheek on her kneecaps now. "Just so I could be entertained a little longer?" <@sponso>

Tina waved her hand, "Proper swimming techniques, proper schwimming schmechniques. As long as I'm fast it doesn't matter. I'm like a minnow. Tiny, speedy, wearing grey..."

She started walking towards her towel so she could drop off her prize money, which she would definitely get a treat with later.

"You're like a gangly sea star. Walking around with your weird limbs..." She laughed.

She was confused. If it wasn't the heat or illness...then what could it be? Violet personally only got this red when she was overheated, felt ill...or...

...Oh.

Was it...? No, it couldn't be. But...she only noticed after she took off her cover-up. He hadn't been looking like that before. But...she wasn't that impressive in a swimsuit. Did this make sense...?

Her cheeks were slowly becoming bright red as well, "O-Oh...u-um..."

<@snowyrunes>

"Uh-huh. Big talk from someone who doesn't even know that there's a proper way to swim during competitions," Danny said, doubling-down on his initial gamble. "Those judges were biased. If we were going toe-to-toe freestyle, I would have crushed you. Look, I'll even show you how to do it. Then you can test it out and see." <@prinxess>

Ford turned a darker shade of red, as Violet began to blush. She'd figured it out. He was making her embarrassed.

"S-Sorry..." he stammered, glancing away. <@&463189769975758849>

Charles hoped that she was aware that his attention was divided between her and his robot. Let it be known that he was certainly not blind to her beauty, especially how her luscious blonde locks fell down her back and etched tiny river beds in the sand behind her; however, the prospective success of his invention could lead to prosperous results for his plans in the future - but plotting was not the intention for this day. As much of a workaholic he was, even he admitted that he wished to appreciate a brief break. Talking circles around someone was entertaining enough for him at that moment.

"You sound uncertain." He cast an analytical glance in her direction - carefully considering her demeanor and the words she wove together to determine what kind of person she was. Reading people was his expertise - and she would be no exception to that rule; of course, some people proved themselves to be trickier than others - like a puzzle with more pieces to fit together.

Her cheek rested against her kneecaps. *Cute*. Though, it was evident that she was attempting to flirt.

"It's bold of you to assume that I have my materials with me to create another robot on the spot," he narrowed his gaze on the robot in the distance as it began to submerge in the water, "besides, I doubt watching a stranger build a

robot would entertain you for long. you are at the beach, are you not? wouldn't men playing volleyball or tossing a frisbee back and forth be of more interest to you?"

<@roundfrog>

"N-No...i-it's okay..." Violet spoke, her cheeks growing even darker at the confirmation. He *was* admiring her.

<@snowyrunes>

Ford continued looking away. "...I don't wish to make you uncomfortable," he said. "...Please ignore me."

<@tatertotarmy>

"I-I...u-um...o-okay..." Violet was still blushing like crazy, but she slowly stood up. She wasn't necessarily...*uncomfortable*. It was just...new to her. She was never one to be *admired* in any fashion. Ford had stared at her before, but this was a bit different. But was it a *bad* different, or something else? Honestly, she wasn't sure what it felt to her, but it made her feel very light.

"U-Um..." Violet looked out to the water, "I-I'm g-going to go swimming..." And timidly, she began walking away to the water.

<@snowyrunes>

His intense gaze only caused the hint of pink kissing her cheeks grow, but at least she could blame it on the sun. She scoffed, turning her head away for a moment to hide her expression as she ruffled her bangs. "Well -- it isn't a perfect one--" She turned her blue eyes back to him, her expression all the more fiery now. "Except I can read you like a book. No depth when it's all exposed, right?"

Another trill of laughter erupted from Claire's throat, and she turned her body fully toward the stranger now, knees now splayed on the sand before her. "If you did, I would think you were some millionaire, and not just someone--" Her glanced flicked up and down his stature. "Trying to be one." She tilted her head back, taking in the views of the locals and tourists alike perusing the shoreline and searching for new activities. Yes, there were handfuls of attractive men and women enjoying sports and other extracurriculars, but Claire was quite comfortable where she was at.

The blonde cocked a slim brow when her gaze returned to the robot now stamping in the water. "Didn't I say I've been working all week? I've already used most of my energy on the competition, and need to save some for later." She picked up a wad of moist sand, lazily chucking it into the water beside the robot -- careful to not get near the invention. "You know what it could use, though? A weapon." <@sponso>

"All right," Ford said, still not looking in her direction. "Have fun."

As Violet stepped away, Ford took a moment to try and analyze what exactly had happened, and where exactly he had crossed the line. Obviously, a person had the right to not be ogled at. But at the same time, Violet had said that he could admire her. Ergo, there must have been some line he crossed. But when? And how?

Eventually, Ford's gaze travelled back to the ocean, and he found himself looking around for Violet. Not to stare--simply to see if she was still nearby. <@tatertotarmy>

Violet walked out to the water, going out until the water was up to her waist. The entire time, though, her thoughts were on what happened.

It wasn't a bad thing, that at least she knew. She had told Ford that he could look and admire her, though she didn't quite understand why. But to be admired in this way was so different to her...in not a bad way. All it did was make her blush like crazy, her heart thump hard against her chest. And for the life of her, she didn't know what to do with the feelings.

A wave splashed against her chest, and she lowered herself until the water was to her shoulders. In all honesty...she had to be overthinking this. She always tended to overthink things. But...then where did that leave her?

Ah...she needed to relax. She closed her eyes, letting herself attempt to relax in the water.

<@snowyrunes>

Eventually, he found a woman he was pretty certain was her. She was up to her shoulders, seemingly bobbing up and down with the waves. The chocolatey hair was familiar enough, but he wouldn't know for certain from this distance unless she looked back at him.

He watched her idly, not having much else to do. He bit into the apple he'd taken, mulling over the awkward scenario that had taken place, but reaching no definite conclusion. Rather than growing frustrated, however, he found himself relaxing more and more with the sound of each wave crashing against the shore.

...It really was hot. Especially for the clothing Ford had worn. He'd taken some of his own medicine to try and keep from sweating too much... but that did mean he had to be mindful of how much heat he could take. He opened up another button on his collar, just to be safe.

<@tatertotarmy>

After a long while, Violet's eyes finally opened, feeling more at ease. She slowly stood up, water sitting just at her waist, and she looked back, wondering how Ford was doing.

<@snowyrunes>

Ford finished his apple, disposing of it in a plastic bag he'd brought along with him for rubbish of this nature. He continued to idly watch the ocean, and the woman who he was 85% sure was Violet. When she finally stood up and turned around, he realized two things.

One: He had been correct in his assumption. It was definitely Violet.

Two: He hadn't fixed his staring problem.

But it really wasn't fair- The reflection of the sun on the ocean behind her provided a sparkly background befitting a Hollywood actress.

And she, of course, cut a figure more appealing than any movie star put on film to date.

<@tatertotarmy>

A blush crossed her cheeks, her heart beating ever so faster. He was still looking at her, even after being left alone for a while. Even if other, more appealing people would have surely crossed his view. And though she had calmed considerably in the water, she was back to where she started.

And in the back of her mind, she came to one single conclusion.

She found herself...*liking* the attention.

Violet drew in a deep breath, trying to calm herself once more. They had locked eyes, and Violet knew she needed to get back to the shade soon. With timid steps, she began walking out of the water and back to Ford once more.

<@snowyrunes>

Renee stepped out onto the sand, salty breeze familiar as it tickled her nose. It was hot out, but the sugar sand was warm between her toes, and she grinned to herself as she dug her feet in. Momentarily, the brunette was distracted by a group of locals running past, complaining about their frisbee landing in the waves. She let a giggle out, partially covering her mouth with a balled fist.

She wasn't entirely comfortable in her swimsuit. It was her first time being on the island in such... revealing attire, and she couldn't shake the thought that everyone may be watching her as she meandered her way across the sand. A blush was lightning her freckled cheeks as she glared down, hoping her bucket hat would cover at least an ounce of her embarrassment. She found comfort in the food stalls, and saw one with a particular array of grilled fish she found salivating to her senses. She approached the back of a stranger who was standing in line, and tapped them on their shoulder.

"H-Hello... Do you know how much the fish are?" (Open!)

her ocean blue eyes absorbed him like he was caught in a whirlpool - swirling around and around within her gaze; yet, underneath that beautiful aquamarine color - glossy at the surface, he could tell that a fire was ablaze inside her. she was a spitfire; with her quick tongue and witty tongue, it was no wonder she attracted him to continue speaking with her. because he was a fire as well - and he was more than willing to play fire with fire. "you can open a book and try to read it as much as you want, but you can't get far if all of the pages are empty. right?" charles cracked a hint of a sly smirk across his lips to conceal the confident scoff from sliding out.

within a moment, he lowered his remote control and grabbed his chest with his other hand - squeezing his chest above his heart with urgency; his brow furrowed as he let out a shaky exhale and turned to face her, whose attention he clearly gained. "ouch. you wound me. do my designer swim trunks serve me no justice? or would you not recognize his name in the first place because you are definitely not a millionaire?" charles dropped his hand to his side, on the verge of joining her laughter toward his own theatrics; no matter how contagious her laughter may have

been in that moment, he still deemed himself a cold and earnest professional. just like a fish out of water - he was not in his regular environment.

charles hummed. "the day has just begun. was your expenditure of energy worth your... well, it would be presumptuous of me to assume... but i do not see a potion or shark necklace with you." he was confident. borderline arrogant, even. but he would acknowledge that. at this point, it would be interesting to see if she could handle the heat in her direction. though, he would be lying if he was not a little curious about her suggestion.

"elaborate."

<@roundfrog>

Ford continued watching, as Violet stepped out of the water. She took his breath away, and all she did was walk towards him. She shouldn't even be that appealing, he told himself, soaking wet, with bits of ocean water dripping off of her, catching the light like small little diamonds- oh come on now.

By the time she managed to make it back to the umbrella, Ford had managed to gather just enough braincells together to ask, "Did you... have a nice swim?" <@tatertotarmy>

Her cheeks were bright red, just knowing he was watching her every move. She was conscious of every move she made. Every step she took. And again...it wasn't a bad feeling.

She reached the shade of the umbrella and fetched her towel from her basket. Violet tried to calm herself, especially when he asked a simple question.

"Y-Yes..." Violet answered, "I-It was...v-very relaxing..."

@snowyrunes

<@snowyrunes>

Even after being married and having children together, Sofia still managed to get a rosy-cheeked blush out of Luke. Watching Sofia animatedly entertain Leo as she applied sunscreen only served to flood Luke's heart with love, as it always did each time he saw her--the mother of his children--being affectionate with the family. It only served to remind him of his own mother and how sweet she had been. The thought of how she would have been as a grandmother passed his mind briefly, but to avoid a sore heart at the "what if," Luke brought himself back into the present.

"You think so?" Luke asked, peering over his son's head to look at him. He could imagine the sunglasses resting on Leo's face, and Sofia was right. It was even more true, seeing as how Leo had carried on Luke's wild hair color. At least he *looked* like his father, even if the little one didn't act like it. Luke turned his attention to his wife, recalling the memory she mentioned, and he grinned. "Yeah, I remember! You were so feisty that day, heh. Getting into arguments on the beach." He reached up to gently pinch her cheek. "My little warrior woman, hehe~" <@sponso>

Claire studied him just as he did her. She felt a sort of kindred spirit toward the man -- one of kindle and flame. It led her to wonder if he was any sort of elemental mage as well, but she was unsure if she sensed any magical prowess from him. Her tilted head allowed a better view of him, and her eyes wandered when he looked away, golden hair flowing across her shoulder. His smirk only made her curiosity grow, as well as the slim smile on her lips. "Oh... I think you may think too highly of your concealing techniques."

His sudden outburst of theatrics nearly made Claire topple over in surprise and laughter, but she quickly quenched her giggles by slapping a palm over her mouth. She slid her hand up, fingers entangling in her hair before her bangs sprung back to cover her forehead. Laughter bubbled over each syllable as she spoke. "Please -- my sister could blab about 'designer' this and 'high fashion' that all day! I'm worried those things have taken up too much space in my brain at this point."

It was no concern of Claire's when he didn't return her laughter -- he was merely keeping up the same air of attitude he'd had from the moment he first spoke. Still, his words stabbed to Claire's pride, and it was her time to lay a hand across her yellow bikini top. "Oof -- maybe I did really hit a nerve?" Her brows lowered across her baby blue's as her expression grew more fierce, ego fully engulfing her smirk. "I *tied*, so effectively, I did win! I just haven't picked my prizes yet." She didn't want to dwell on the fact that she was only able to tie in the contest -- instead, she brought her attention to the robot floundering on the shoreline.

The blonde rose to her feet, nearly sprinting over to the machine with excitement. She crouched next to it and grabbed it up into her hands, walking back to the man before her. Raising her brows, Claire coyly uttered her

demand. "Close your eyes." <@sponso>

"Well, that's good," he said. "You looked like you were enjoying yourself, from what I saw..."
Again, he was admitting to staring. He quickly redirected his gaze to the basket.
"Are you feeling hungry?" <@tatertotarmy>

"Y-Yes...I-I am..." Violet dried herself off as much as she could, wrapping the towel around herself once she was done. She reached down to grab an apple and sat beside Ford.

<@snowyrunes>

Marla:: There are so many different ways to greet someone, Saying hi, hello, hola or yo. Waving, shaking hands, Marla had seen these all before by humans and the like. But how do you choose which one to go with? See what the other person does and copy it? Go for the one you use the most, or just wave your arms crazily and hope they understand?

Hiding in some reeds the mermaid pondered what might get her the best results. That was until they passed by her, 2 whole legs. Gliding slowly through the reeds to keep up with their movement, Marla couldn't take her eyes off of them, Tanned legs with many strands of hair, bubbles from the air sticking to some and making them lighter in color. She followed the hair line down, and let out a burble of surprise when the man's toes emerged from the sand. TOES! She had never seen any up close before, swimming swiftly out of the reeds she grabbed at them, Cold hands brushing against the man's feet.

<@tatertotarmy>

Ford tactfully avoided gazing at her until she had wrapped herself in a towel and sat down beside him under the shade of the umbrella.

Only then did he permit himself another peek.

She may have technically been more covered, but she was still Violet. She was still cute.

"So, erm..." Ford's hand shifted on the armrest, as he fumbled for a topic of conversation. "Was the water... chilly?"

<@tatertotarmy>

it was a rare encounter - like discovering a diamond in the sea - for Charles to find someone with whom he can engage in witty banter with. he was fairly impressed with how well she reciprocated his innocuous digs with her own colorful commentary - tongue in cheek, of course. "you certainly think of quite a bit in a short amount of time, given that we met only moments ago," he paused, "it is true, yes, that i may think too highly of my concealing techniques. but i also think you think too highly of how you are figuring this stranger out. your words have no support if you cannot back it up with your actions. do you even know my name?"

to be fair, Charles did not consider himself to be *that* humorous; but, he very well could have made a fool of himself - unbeknownst to him - and allured the heat of the flame flickering inside of her out through her fit of laughter and collapse unto the sand. if he were to be honest, it was an endearing sight to behold; a woman whose eyes reflected the sky and hair envied the sunshine exuding the same energy that was cast unto them from above. like fire and ice - polar opposites, but bizarrely enough, he could be both if he wished. "your eyes should have been set on the prize. it may be those 'designer' names and 'high fashion' brands cluttering your mind and keeping you from getting first prize. there is always next time, sure, but if i were to make an assumption... once the moment has passed, you are not interested any more."

then, his aloof demeanor shifted; in the distance, he was bearing witness to this woman pick up *his* robot into *her* hands - bringing it over to him with a precarious arch to her brow that spiked his suspicion. did this woman not have the fear of the goddess instilled in her as a child - or, more or less, did she not learn etiquette or proper manners? who simply scoops up another person's invention?

"ah, do be careful," Charles wagged a finger, "you should never underestimate a robot. nor their creator."

"i believe it would be in your best interest to set the machine down, but if i had the slightest clue about you already, it's that you do not take no for an answer." he sighed defiantly, clicking his tongue with a hint of annoyance as he moved his sunglasses down the bridge of his nose - until his silver eyes were covered by the darkness of his shades. "impress me."

<@roundfrog>

There was nothing more relaxing than cool water on a hot summer day. Calvin let a breath slowly trail in and out, enjoying every second he could in the water. He had come to the beach just to enjoy the festivities, and perhaps see what else Leuda had to offer once he was done with that. But at this rate, he doubted he would be leaving anytime soon.

He could hear more people crowd into the beach area, but he didn't mind. It was nice to listen to them as background noise, and sometimes it was fun to just people-watch for a change. It was a break from rummaging through ruins all day, at the very least.

Calvin let out a content sigh, taking a step towards the deeper part of the water. Ah, this was the life...

That is...until he felt something grab at his feet.

Calvin jumped, pulling his legs away, scrambling a hand up to keep his hat on. W...What exactly was that? Was that seaweed? It felt a little different than just that...

<@Sabu>

"Y-Yes..." Violet spoke, smiling timidly, "B-But it felt very r-refreshing s-since it's so hot out...it was nice..." She took a bite of her apple.

<@snowyrunes>

The mermaid couldn't help but pout when the feet were yanked out of her grasp. She only wanted to touch them... Maybe she needed to be more forceful. This time Marla yanked on his foot, his weightlessness in the water making it easy to pull him under. Holding onto his foot the blonde inspected his toes as they wiggled. Hair floating around her in the water, smiling at the strange creatures before her eyes met the man's. Then she giggled, pointing at his toes and giving him a thumbs up for the quality.

<@tatertotarmy>

"Yes, I suppose even cold water would feel somewhat nice. It is rather... hot."

Ford reached into his bag and took out a water bottle. He opened it up, taking a drink, to try and cool down.

"...It's times like these I wish I had more short sleeved shirts." <@tatertotarmy>

"Oh, you'll teach me how to properly swim? Then we'll have to race again proper swimming style and I'll still win. What will your excuse be then?" Tina wondered aloud.

She reached her towel and put her prize money in her bag before turning around to look at Danny. With her hands on her hips she said, "You're really so desperate to lose again?"

<@snowyrunes>

This definitely wasn't seaweed. Something *grabbed* him. Something pulled him under. And...it felt like a hand. Under the water, he opened his eyes, panicked. That is...until he met the eyes of a young woman, her hand on his feet. What...? But he hadn't seen anyone around him. How did a girl swim over without needing air? And why was she grabbing at his feet?

Awkwardly, Calvin flashed a smile back, giving a little wave.

<@Sabu>

Violet looked curiously over at him, "Y-You...h-have short sleeve shirts? W-Why didn't you w-wear one today...?" She had never seen him in anything less than long sleeves and pants. To hear that he owned something else was a genuine surprise.

<@snowyrunes>

"...Perhaps I should have phrased that better," Ford said. "I wish I had short-sleeves shirts that weren't all undershirts."

He pointed at his own shirt. "I'm wearing one right now, to avoid ruining the my work shirt by sweating in it."

<@tatertotarmy>

her smile grew at his wave, he must be a friendly land human, how lucky! Since she seemingly had his okay to look

at his feet, Marla swam further out of the depths so she could see them better in the sun. The light also shimmered off of her hair, naked skin and scales, as the shape of a tail formed below her. But she was more focussed on his foot. She pinched the toes lightly between her fingers, making them wiggle herself. "Heheh~ how cute"

"O-Oh..." Well, that made sense. She took a bite of her apple, thinking a little bit. Ford in short sleeves...would look nice. He looked nice regardless of what he wore, but thinking about him in anything different was nice. It was a rare treat.

And it was hot today, so it would be easier to sit on the beach in short sleeves...

"U-Um...y-you could...just w-wear y-your undershirt...a-and take o-off your work shirt..." Violet spoke, her cheeks flushing a bit pink, "U-Um...i-if it would be e-easier to deal with the heat..."

<@snowyrunes>

There was a tail.

Calvin stared at the tail that began forming just below the young woman. At first, he swore that he must be mistaken. After all, mermaids and fish people were only myths. It must have been a large fish right beneath her. But as the scales began to sparkle, the shape trailing from the depths to the shape of the woman before him, he was quick to realize that a myth might have had more truth than he thought.

He let out a burst of air bubbles in shock, and he scrambled to get back to the surface for a breath of air.

<@Sabu>

Claire's grin turned wide for a moment. To her eyes, the man before her seemed easy enough to read -- but there were always secrets behind pages of the mind. She didn't think it would be any different for the man before her, but she was grateful that someone would be able to keep up with her personality. It was a nice change of pace from the usual farm hands she had to play nice with. "Maybe so, but... First impressions are usually quite *striking*, don't you think?" Claire allowed herself to scan the man before her, as if his stature would compel an answer to his question.

"I'm no fortune teller, and I can't read minds, but --" She cupped her chin in her hand, unable to keep her amusement from her expression. "If I could guess a letter... 'C'."

The blonde tutted her tongue at his assumption. Claire had a habit of flitting to more than one activity at a time, but she was quite the competitive type as well. The fire that sparked behind her eyes flooded through her veins with each trial, something that aided her in the martial arts competitions of the past. "That's where you're wrong... Not getting first place only makes me want to come back stronger and best everyone!" She lifted her nose in the air proudly, as if next year's victory was already in her hands. "I should probably tell my sister to lay off the fashion tips, though."

Claire's grin only wavered with uncertainty for a moment. She felt the energy coming from the redhead shift before her, and yet... He was still allowing her to play her games. Claire's eyebrows rose inquisitively as he covered his overcast eyes with his frames; this man was growing more interesting by the second, and anyway who let her play with *fire* was someone she preferred to have around.

She didn't allow hesitation any longer than a second before her giddy voice piped up. "I'm sure you could strap something on this to make it fighting ready, but -- why do that when the weapon is already here?" Claire held her hand up beside the robot's arm, hiding it from the man's view. With a grin and a flash of something more fierce in her eyes, her fingertips ignited in flame. She funneled the fire in a straight line to make it appear as though it was being pushed out of the robot's very own arm -- still careful as to not harm the invention. With a breath of eagerness, she looked back toward the man. "Alright, open -- I was thinking a flamethrower would be ideal for this kind of model, right?" <@sponso>

His foot was yanked away yet again! but this time when she looked up she remembered that Humans needed air to breathe, The man pulled towards the surface as she shook her head, how could she have endangered him like that! Slipping behind him easily in the water, Marla put her arms under his armpits and with a strong shake of her tail brought them both up to surface.

"Sorry!" She looked up at him concerned, "I kind of forgot air was a thing..." <@tatertotarmy>

"If I wanted to look slovenly, I would have come here in my pajamas," Ford said, before sighing. "I can't deny that it would be a bit cooler, but... honestly, no one would want to see that." <@tatertotarmy>

He took in a few desperate breaths of water, getting steady above surface. Then, the second he felt alright, he turned his head towards him.

"You..." Calvin took in a few more breaths, "You have a tail..."

<@Sabu>

She blushed, taking another bite of her apple.

"U-Um...I-I wouldn't mind..."

<@snowyrunes>

"That I do~" Marla giggled, lifting the lower part above the water so he could see it better, "Do you like it? I know it's not all water themed like other mermaids but i think it suits me just fine, Plus my little hip fins!" she moved one to give him a little splash, "I like them best of all." <@tatertotarmy>

He stared a moment, unable to process just how casual she was being about this. Mermaids were creatures of legend, the thing of fairy tales and legends. And yet there was one of them swimming right next to him, splashing him with her tail.

He chuckled, spotting his hat floating along the surface and grabbing it, "It's definitely somethin', alright. Have to say I've never met a mermaid before."

<@Sabu>

"And i've never met a human before! or any species that lives on land, expect for like birds but i don't think they count." She swam closer to him until they were almost touching, water from his hat dripping onto her head, "I have so many questions!!! Like where can i get my own toes, your are nice but i'd like my own"

<@tatertotarmy>

It was when she swam up close to him did he finally realize that the mermaid before him was quite...*unclothed* from the waist up. Calvin's eyes immediately locked to her face, subtly moving a little bit away. Obviously, she didn't seem to mind being essentially *naked*, but Calvin wouldn't do anything as improper as *look*.

"Well, I have ta say I have a few questions for you, too," Calvin spoke, "Though I'm not sure I know where ya can get toes of your own. I was born with mine, after all."

<@Sabu>

"Well, you're not the only one at this beach," Ford pointed out. Even if Violet found it tolerable, he didn't want to look like a mess in front of everyone else. "...But it really is starting to get unbearable... I suppose I may have no choice," he conceded, raising his hands to the first button on his shirt that was not already unbuttoned.

<@tatertotarmy>

She peeked over, curiously watching with a blush on her cheeks as he reached for the first button. And then, she immediately looked away, taking another bite of her apple. Oh, what was she doing? She couldn't just *stare*...

<@snowyrunes>

"Whaaaa? Lucky! Should we find a good sea rock for our conversation? Oh oh i could even catch us a fish if your hungry!" Marla splashed around excitedly, this was gonna be so cool!!!

<@tatertotarmy>

Ford continued the process of unbuttoning his shirt without much ado. He slipped it off his shoulders and arms, revealing the white undershirt that was only slightly damp in some places. Nothing terribly noticeable, as Ford had taken something that would reduce the amount he sweat.

His arms were pale, as they had hardly seen the sun. Ford noted that if he planned on stepping into the sun, he would definitely need to apply sunscreen.

He folded the purple work shirt before tucking it into his bag as neatly as possible. He would have hung it on the back of his chair, but he didn't trust that to be the safest place for it, given their location.

The gloves stayed on, of course. <@tatertotarmy>

Calvin couldn't help but smile at the mermaid's excitement. Yes, this was a creature from myths...but she was acting just like a regular young woman. A very eccentric one, at least.

"I don't think I'll need a fish, though thank you for the offer." He gave a light chuckle. "But I think finding a nice rock would be nice." Plus, though he was getting more accustomed to the idea of a mermaid around, he was sure a mermaid appearing on the beach during a busy day would cause quite a stir...in a negative way. And even if her tail wasn't spotted, he was sure a topless woman wouldn't have the best reaction to a crowd, either. Especially if she didn't seem to mind at all.

"But first...what's your name?" Calvin asked, "The name's Calvin. Pleasure ta meet you." He extended a hand for a handshake.

<@Sabu>

She heard the fabric shift beside her, but restrained herself from looking, instead paying an unusual amount of attention to the apple in her hand. Violet took a few bites, trying to distract herself. But the second she saw the flash of purple in the corner of her eye - and him folding it up - she finally relented and allowed herself a peek. Immediately, her cheeks flushed bright red. She had never seen him in short sleeves before. He was usually completely covered up, no matter the occasion or the weather. So to see his arms - as well as the less-than-formal shirt - was *definitely* a nice change. She couldn't help but stare.

<@snowyrunes>

Billy was going to play his guitar, but there was a boombox play obnoxious, loud music. Instead, he wrapped his guitar in a towel and put it carefully down on the sand under an umbrella. He sighed as he said goodbye and prayed that no one would mess with it before heading towards the water. The heat was getting to him and he could feel sunburn coming on, but he didn't have any sunscreen.

He stood in the water where it was shallow enough that half his body was above and enjoyed the relief from the hot sun, although it was still hitting his shoulders.

Ford let out a sigh of relief. It was a bit uncomfortable to be this underdressed in public, but the breeze against his arms made it worth it.

"That's a bit better," he said, looking down and inspecting his shirt for anything unseemly. "I suppose this could more or less pass for a plain tee-shirt... What do you think?" He asked, glancing towards Violet for her honest opinion on whether or not he looked presentable enough. <@tatertotarmy>

The mermaid grinned pushing some messy wet hair out of her face, "I'm Marla!" her wet hand then slapped against his extended one for what she believed was called a 'highfive' "Nice to meet you~ Now come on!" She giggled pulling at his arm in the water towards an emerging rock just a little further inward.

<@tatertotarmy>

She blushed a little harder, looking away. She had been staring! What was she doing?

"U-Um..." Violet scrambled to find an answer, "I-It looks...n-nice..."

<@snowyrunes>

"Ha! I'll show you!" Danny announced boldly. "Come on, I'll show you how you're supposed to move your arms and legs. Let's stand in the shallow water, so you don't cry when you fall on your butt."

Danny motioned for her to follow him, and moved into the water so that the water was just a few inches above his ankles.

<@prinxess>

"...You don't have to struggle to say something nice, you know," Ford said, finding it difficult to believe he could look 'nice' in this state. "If you think I look like a mess, I'd rather you tell me now." <@&463189769975758849>

Leia knew it was a dangerous game, but boy was it fun. Much like a sandpiper, she would run towards the shore, but run from the tide as it crept forward. She knew she was too fast for the water. This was entertaining until as she was running from the water, she collided with someone. | Open~

He couldn't help but laugh when she slapped the hand he offered, and followed along as she pulled him towards the rock. Well, this trip to Leuda seemed like it would be more productive than he intended. After all...who knew he would encounter a mermaid out here?

"So what brings ya out here, Marla?" Calvin asked, "Jus' decide to go see some humans today?"

<@Sabu>

She immediately shook her head, "I-I'm not s-struggling...I-I...u-um..." She wasn't sure what to say that wouldn't seem inappropriate. Violet couldn't exactly say that she was staring and that she had to restrain herself to look away. But...

"I-It's...u-um..." Violet peeked back over, blushing even more as she took it all in, "I-It's r-really nice t-to...u-um...s-see you in something different..."

<@snowyrunes>

"Usually i just follow the tides and see where they take me, but it's been a long time since i've been near islands or and land dwellers so I figured, I'd try and stick around for a little while, Maybe work up the courage to talk to one." She giggled lifting herself onto the edge of the rock once they had made it. Tail further on display so she could sunbathe while they talked. "The beach was really full today so I figured today was the day, then you came near where i was in the water and the rest is history~"

"I would like to see your legs again if possible, pleaaaaaaase"

<@tatertotarmy>

Ford tilted his head curiously. She said she wasn't struggling, but her stutter seemed to grow worse, and he found her compliments a bit dubious. He glanced down at the cotton undershirt, pinching at the fabric inquisitively.

"Surely you cant find this to be preferable to how I usually dress," he said, before looking back at Violet.

<@tatertotarmy>

"Alright, daddy long legs." Tina said, going along with Danny.

She followed him into the shallow water then crossed her arms, "Alright, what's first, coach?"

<@snowyrunes>

"Never call me Daddy again."

Danny crosses his own arms, mirroring Tina. "Anyhow, first thing you gotta do- stick your arm straight out in front of you."

Tina's face turned red, "I- I wasn't calling you Daddy!!! I was calling you a spider!" As if she'd call him Daddy anyways.... "Don't get any weird ideas!!!"

She covered her face, how embarrassing!

"Ugh."

"Weirdo."

Still a mixture of flustered and grumpy Tina stuck out her arms in front of her, "There. Now what."

<@snowyrunes>

Popuri arrived at the beach and she was feeling great! There was so much to do at the beach and she already knew what she was going to do. She had herself a small pail, perfect for building sand castles and collecting shells.

First thing she was up to was collecting shells, because with those shells she'd be able to decorate her sand castle. She'd collected quite a few when she spotted a pretty one nearby someone. She wasn't sure if that was a shell the person had already claimed or if she could take it.

"Hi!" Popuri said brightly to the young woman sitting on the ground, "That shell there," She pointed at it, "Is it yours or can I have it?"

<@Dab Johnson>

"Uh, you're the weirdo who called me 'Daddy' to start with you know," Danny said, unimpressed.

He walked over, dropping the conversation for now- as long as she didn't bring it up again, at least- and seemingly

adjusted her arms a bit, keeping hold of one wrist.
"Uh-huh, kinda like that. Now stick one leg out." <@princess>

Tina groaned. She'd really have to watch her words with Danny now, wouldn't she? Hopefully he was just using anything to tease her and he didn't *actually think*... Surely that was the case.
"What? Like this?" She let out a small laugh and stuck out her leg, "Okay..."
<@snowyrunes>

"Almost," Danny said, reaching down to grab her leg with his other hand. "A bit more-" he said, grabbing her ankle and pulling on her wrist at the same time, "-like this!"
He dragged Tina off her remaining foot, holding her just above the water while spinning her around in a circle once, then twice. Then, on the second spin, he let go, throwing her sideways as far into the ocean as he could.
<@princess>

Tina was completely confused, but she was amused so she just went with what Danny was saying knowing it'd lead to something. She didn't know what but Danny always had something planned. And she wanted to see what it was. Though, once she saw what it was she decided maybe going along with him wasn't such a good idea. Tina was suddenly in the air, she let out a scream.
Next thing she knew she was flying in the air and crashing into the ocean. As soon as she came back to the surface she screamed, "DANNYYYYYYYY!!!!!!!"
She didn't even take the time to make sure she was stable or get the piece of wet hair now stuck to her face out of the way. Instead she pointed at Danny and shouted, "YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!"
Then immediately she started running after him, as well as she could through waist deep water.
<@snowyrunes>

"Tiny grey minnows belong in the water!" Danny laughed, quickly speeding out of the shallow water he was in, keeping his torso turned so he could keep an eye on Tina.
"If you want to kill me, you'll have to catch me with your tiny stumpy legs!" <@princess>

She splashed through the water as fast as she could, but once Tina reached shallower water she was able to move quicker.
"I'm going to get you!" She shouted. She wasn't sure how, he *was* faster than her and he had a big head start.
"And when I do I'm going to beat you up with my tiny fins!" <@snowyrunes>

Candace didn't care much for swimming--or summer to begin with, really. But the beach and the sea were undeniably pretty, and so she had decided to visit the celebration, if only to sit under her sunhat and watch the waves and swimmers.
It was good she'd brought a book with her. She was settled on her towel with it when she heard a happy voice above her. The tailor looked out from under her hat at the pretty young woman, squinting at the sunlight she was met with.
"Um--..." She stretched over to grab the shell in question, offering it up to her. "You can have it, sure... Can I ask what for...?"
<@princess>

albeit his facial expression remained aloof, he was sincerely engaged with the riveting conversation at hand with this woman. it started with a spark between the two of them - ignited by the blonde - and, contrary to his intentions at first, he relinquished the ingredient required to become a fire; his oxygen in the form of words acknowledging her existence when he could have merely ignored her adamance to speak to him. with each time her supple lips parted, she revealed another piece to how her mind operates - and what she was thinking that she clearly was not willing to give the contents of quite yet. he enjoyed playing chess, especially with a worthy contender such as her - regardless, though, he always ensured he was in the lead. "then, you must be meeting some *striking* people with that kind of luck," he closed his eyes, "but are you hoping to strike out when you meet strangers? hitting a home run is my prerogative," his silver eyes glistened from behind his shades, "and, unfortunately, you missed my pitch because my name does not start with a 'C.' or does it? *or*, since that was the first letter you thought of, *your* name starts with C." her pride toward her near victory was cute, at best; it appeared that it was a common trait for ordinary people to

display their dedication and perseverance for excellency. he appreciated her spiritedness, but if he learned anything from his youth, it was that there were either winners or losers. those who slip between the cracks were hopeless. charles would not be the one to quench the flame of confidence that roared from her words; he lazily shrugged his shoulder. "what is your plan? what actions are you going to take? or will you prevail against all odds like a hero?" he ceased his teasing for a moment. "your sister may be on to something. is it so bad to win *and* look good while doing it?"

part of him wondered if she was truly convinced that he was closing his eyes; then again, he did not care. the expectation that he would voluntarily lower his guard for someone he just met, especially when handling a proud invention of his was out of the question - beyond his wildest imagination. so, he fixed his gaze carefully on the woman as she verbalized her thoughts - watching her intricate fingers to intervene if they made even the *slightest* wrong move; alas, charles soon found himself captivated by the fire appearing in thin air, dancing at her fingertips - then flowing like a river into his robot and, much to his relief, did not incur any damage whatsoever. *who is this woman?*

charles pinched the nose of his sunglasses and took them off, setting them on the towel next to him whilst his gaze did not waver. "you're a fire mage," he acknowledged first and foremost, "and it would be ideal if the robot was not on the beach near water where its flame would be extinguished in an instant." the gentleman stood up - recognizing the disparate height distance between them by almost a foot; he nearly laughed.

"... but i am not looking for ideal. i'm looking for extraordinary," he took back his robot and, ever so gently, placed it back on the sand, "care to accompany me for another test around? an inventor in any capacity should see through their creation to the end - or the *beginning*," charles toggled the robot to face the water, "C. would you shed some light from your flame on what your name is, or shall i call you 'C' and whatever nicknames comes to mind."

<@roundfrog>

"but soft! what light through yonder window breaks? it is the east, and *rock* is the sun. ☆" the blond performed the grand gesture from the soliloquy - reaching toward the sunshine in the distance and clenching his chest where his heart beat. from the corner of his eye, though, he recognized the amorous hue of red coloring her cheeks - like the fairest rose of all. rock could easily make anyone smile and laugh - but it was an exceptional feat when it was *her*. "but the ice hits differently here than in your refrigerator. i can agree, though, that ice cream is where it is at right now. ♪" he walked whilst wearing a wide smile on his face. "have you made your own ice cream? man, you gotta open your own vendor at the park. rake in the extra dough - and *cream*."

rock thought for a moment of what he wanted - but then, the answer came perfectly clear. "i'd say both of those. because i trust your taste. why else would you still hang out with me?" he tossed a wink in her direction.

<@jolibouquet>

"Uh-huh! Good luck with your little 'fins' then!" Danny laughed, before turning forward again, still cackling. Tina could be speedy when she put her mind to it, but Danny had a headstart. There was no way she could catch up to him.

And just as he came to that conclusion with a cocky smirk, he was hit in the head by an errant frisbee.

"Ow! What the hell?!" Danny staggered for a moment, rubbing the side of his head. <@princess>

She was intently focused on this man. *He* was one of those strangers she would consider to be striking. His wit was thoughtful and cunning, and the energy that poured from his skin sent shivers up Claire's spine. It felt dangerous and critical -- enough to keep the average person at bay, especially if they were privy to his quips. Perhaps it was Claire's mistake to be bold enough to interact with him, but talking to him was intoxicating and made her feel a bit more alive. Was a bit of risk ever not worth it to her? His voice only made the blonde more sure of her stance. She wagged a finger toward him, much like he did before; she would surely take this competition of wit at some point. "Incorrect -- but it seems I did hit a home run today. I think it's best to keep trying until you hit the jackpot, anyway." Her lips arched in a coy smile for a moment, ocean eyes rolling up and over at his teasing. "'Or does it?' You're sounding a bit like a magician with no depth, trying to coax the truth out. But --" She pointed the same finger she'd been waving, keeping her finger a distance in case he was posed to strike. "You're really only giving yourself away."

His questioning only made her pride burn brighter. Though she had not been so lucky to accomplish a sure win *today*, there was sure to be victory in her future. Swimming was not much of a concern for her, and she was not particularly heartbroken over her tie. She was a sore-loser in most instances, but when a new challenge reared its

head she would drop all thoughts of previous trials and focus on the new instead. It was lucky that the next challenge found her so soon; and was quite attractive, as well. She waved an uninterested hand around her, as if clearing the space of the questions he spat into the void. "No point in asking -- these secrets are best kept." She giggled pointedly before his next remark stabbed through her conscience.

It was particularly stinging when her twin won in things that Claire excelled in; one of those was physical activity. "She can only be so lucky, but it's hard-pressed to look better than your--" The blonde paused, unsure if she wanted to divulge the information about her twin so early. With ease, she wove a convincing smile across her lips, playing as if her words had just stumbled. "*younger* sister. Age kills."

When he removed his glasses, Claire found the silver eyes beneath to be caught on her and the flame her fingers wove. Her smile beamed with fearlessness, and the light exuding from her was surely enough to match the fire she produced. She blew a piece of hair from her vision, looking down at the robot for a moment. "I *assume* it wouldn't be at the beach, obviously! I pegged you as *not* a beach person, remember?"

Claire was taken by surprise for a moment at the distance now presented between them. His height was *staggering* -- maybe not to all, but particularly evident to a woman of her stature. She hadn't even realized he'd removed the invention from her hands until it was back in the sand, and Claire's bottom lip jut out in a childish pout. "A flamethrower? What's more extraordinary than that?" She shook her head, blonde bits of bangs flailing. "I'm giving you million-dollar ideas, here. Maybe a bit more appreciation?" Her taunting smile returned as she faced the robot in acceptance of his offer. What he called her sent a flurry of emotions through her chest, but she calmed them with silent persistence -- she was not so easy to get flustered at her own game. Her head lolled over her shoulder, glancing up as she shielded her eyes from the overbearing sun to focus on another slice of red in the cerulean sky. "I think I'd much rather have you introduce yourself first. Or are you not that sort of gentleman?" <@sponso>

Up ahead of her, Tina saw Danny get hit in the head with a frisbee. She was surprised and for a moment wanted to go check if he was ok, but realized this was her opportunity. Now that Danny was stalled she could catch up to him. And knowing that Danny would do the same exact thing in her place she took the chance.

Tina ran as fast as she could and once she was close enough to Danny she shouted, "YOU'RE MINE DANNY!" She ran and tackled Danny to the ground. Once on top of him she hit his forehead with her hand (or... fin), not too hard but hard enough to know she was upset, "You're so mean! And you deserved getting hit by that frisbee!" She wasn't too mad, though. Yeah maybe he'd tricked her but it was pretty funny... AND she'd got him back so for now they were even. Her frown slowly turned into a grin and she began laughing at the whole situation.

<@snowyrunes>

"Thanks!" Popuri said brightly, taking the shell, "I'm collecting them for the sand castle I'm going to build!" Popuri noticed the woman didn't have on a swimsuit, or at least had a coverup on. She had been reading so probably was alone. Well, Popuri had come alone too so she didn't have anyone to build her sandcastle with.... Popuri smiled, "Do you want to help me build it?" <@Dab Johnson>

"I see..." Calvin nodded, hoisting himself up on the rock beside her. So all of this was completely by chance. What luck he had, to be able to meet something from myths.

He chuckled again, lifting up his legs from the water, "Imagine these are a bit rare in the water."

<@Sabu>

"W...W-Well..." Violet swallowed, peeking back at him, her cheeks still bright red. "I-I think i-it's very nice t-to see you in something different..."

<@snowyrunes>

Ford stared at her for a moment, before looking back at his shirt and shrugging.

"I will never understand fashion," he said. "But if you're so desperate to see me in other types of clothing that even this is acceptable, then perhaps I should increase the variety of work shirts present in my collection."

<@tatertotarmy>

She perked up, a little smile on her lips.

"I-I would r-really like to see that..." Violet stopped, looking back down and feeling a bit embarrassed, "T-That

is...u-um...i-if that would be okay..."

<@snowyrunes>

"I see them on boats sometimes but they don't seem as effective in the water... uh no offense" Marla scooched closer to the legs, this time laying her hand on one of his shins, touching it she could feel the coarse hairs, "Do humans all have hairy legs?"

<@tatertotarmy>

Ford looked back over at her, still curious. "I suppose it's fine. All of my work shirts are perfectly functional, but I have had them for a while. I might be due for an upgrade. I just... have some difficulty understanding why you'd care about whether or not my outfit was different than usual."

<@tatertotarmy>

"None taken," Calvin was amused at her more frank way of speaking, how direct her questions seemed to be, "Not all of 'em. Some shave it off an' some don't. It's all up to how they feel about it."

He looked at her tail, feeling a bit curious himself, "And...do all mermaids have tails that look like yours?" Were there different colors? Shapes?

<@Sabu>

A little smile curved her lips. This woman was probably around her age, and yet had a childlike bubblyness to her as she announced her construction plans. A sand castle, huh.

She looked up at the stranger, surprise clear in her eyes--until her gaze turned back to her book. After a brief moment of quiet, she slid her bookmark between its pages and shut it, sliding it into her bag. It wasn't much of a beach day if she just sat here and read, after all. Why not participate, if only a little?

"... I'd like that," Candace answered timidly as she got to her feet. "Where are you making it...?"

<@princess>

She blinked, blushing yet again. It was a bit embarrassing to admit just *why* she would like seeing him in different clothes. Though if he was still confused, she should explain. But explaining would be so much...

"U-Um..." Violet stuttered, trying to scramble for the right words, "I-I just...I-like seeing you i-in different clothes. N-Not t-that I-I, u-um, don't like s-seeing you in the same things. Y-You still look v-very good in your normal clothes b-but...i-it's different...a-and...u-um..."

She felt her cheeks flare up even more, "I-I...u-um...i-it's hard to s-stop looking a-at you...w-when you're in s-something different..."

<@snowyrunes>

kindness - veiled by whimsical sincerity - always holds an ulterior motive; little lessons from his past such as that resurfaced during his time he spent with this woman - emerging from the depths of the stormy and turbulent sea within his mind. at this point in his life, charles had constructed a ship to maneuver through those aforementioned waters - a vessel that captains would brand beautifully resilient in the face of uncertainty and the unknown; similarly, the gentleman understood that flattery was given with the intention of satisfying a selfish desire. by no means was he a saint - a caustic and brutal businessman at that, but he also remained cognizant that words were just that; words that scratched the surface of your innermost feelings and - if carefully woven together - would cover it to prevent the recipient from seeing past it. therefore, he chose to interpret her words at surface value - albeit her flirtations were sweet in theory, charles remembered that for her - this was a game. and he was willing to play along until he reigned victor. "your ambitions know no leaps nor bounds. however," a vague smirk traced his lips, "hitting a home run *and* trying until you hit the jackpot crosses the line from perseverance into stubbornness. the question is how much longer you will choose to run in circles." charles narrowed his gaze - shrouded in mystery - upon her finger she seemed to have taken a liking to. "magicians wave a wand and pull rabbits out of hats. is there more to my words than simply a man engaging in friendly conversation with a woman? besides, you should be paying attention to what i am *not* saying versus what i am saying."

silver eyes - reminiscent of a fox - traveled from her intricate fingers to her lips that curved upward seamlessly into a smile that even a fool would wish to protect their vision from; yet, they cannot draw their fixated gaze away. communication manifested itself in conjunction with words and body movements; he was keen on being attentive to and following both carefully. some may say he was captivated, but according to charles, he was intrigued by this woman - an enigma wrapped in a riddle - with a swift tongue and a fiery bravado. "your assumptions are exactly what an inventor desires to deviate from. i may not be the fondest of this beach environment," he ran his fingers through his hair and tossed his luscious red locks back from his forehead, "but should i need to complete a mission or satisfy a task here, a robot may be exactly what i require. in the realm of innovation," he sighed briefly, "the unexpected is what we strive for, but... i also suppose that alone is circumstantial." it was atypical of him to wander into this territory of conversation that revolved around mechanics - but his knowledge on this topic was vast. when in doubt, he resorted to talking about robots - it was what he knew. fraternizing with real life people was not something he knew very well.

gritted teeth revealed themselves as he focused on controlling the robot perfectly to exhibit its new ability; though, her childish insistence of the profoundness of her idea caused him to laugh aloud - quiet but authentic all the same, to which he shook his head to regain his composure. "it is truly aching - *hurts* me to inform you that a flamethrower has already been invented and done. several times, at that. i will say that while the thought is certainly not a million-dollar idea, but your eagerness about a feature as frivolous as this comes close. from an inventor, that much i can appreciate," he lifted an imitating finger to wag toward her, "but be careful that does not feed your ego."

a twist of a knob and a turn of a lever, the robot - standing at the water - started to spin ferociously - its movements blurring together like a ballerina - whilst shooting out fire like it was in the center ring of a circus. water splashed around it like a fountain in response to the wheels on the bottom of it. "how will i ever repay you for making my robot even *more* intimidating - and *deadlier* - than before?" his smirk, albeit jaded, returned for a sliver of a moment as he pressed a button to reroute the robot back in their direction. "to view me as a man who is gentle would be your first mistake," the gentleman turned to face her completely - his grand stature and broad shoulders covering the sunlight and its rays from reaching her sparkling ocean eyes - and raised his arm across his chest. he was a ruthless and cunning businessman, but he was also polite when deemed appropriate. "i'm charles. care to introduce yourself as well and reach home base once and for all... C?"

<@roundfrog>

The mermaid looked over at calvin in horror "Shave? like with blades?!?! How do so many people still have legs?! That must be terribly unsafe!" Marla had only seen swords and daggers before and the mental image of someone using those to trim their leg hair was haunting. "Humans are crazy...." Maybe approaching them wasn't such a great idea... what if they tried to shave her head hair? She could end up headless!

"Keep your legs hairy, Calvin this is my only warning." Mindlessly rubbing her hand against his leg she pondered the questions presented to her. "I don't know many mermaids to be honest, but there are many different types of tails and colours, almost as many as there are fish! It's pretty cool, I'm believe the shape is genetic, but colours not so much."

<@tatertotarmy>

"Well, it's not as bad as ya might think..." he chuckled, "Humans jus' use very small blades. Don't hurt anyone aside from little cuts if you're not careful. But I'm not plannin' on shavin' mine, so that's a promise." Part of him didn't wonder just what was going on in that head of hers. Did she think people went at their legs with big swords? The thought of that was amusing...and also very far from the truth.

"Oh? So colors are all different...?" That was curious.

<@Sabu>

"Anchovy small or like Plankton small?" Shaving still seemed not worth it if you could cut yourself... But she was pleased that he promised not to take the risk. If she had legs she wouldn't shave them, just to be safe.

"As far as i know yeah, I once heard something about it depending on your location when your born, reef, coast yada yada. But someone else said the ocean just choses randomly based on past genes. So I'm not really sure how it works..." Speaking of difference in colours, everyone at the beach was wearing different layers of them, Calvin even had some gray on himself, Covering some of his legs no less. Pulling at the bottom hem of his shorts Marla was surprised at how different it felt from what she expected. "What are these anyway? and why does everyone have

some?"

<@tatertotarmy>

The little mermaid, so immersed she hadn't noticed his approach, bounced off Bado's chest and was scooped up and over his shoulder before she could fall off balance, potentially catching one of the waves she was dodging and ending her dangerous game.

"Well, whaddya know- looks like I caught myself a guppy!"

<@panda>

It was hard to stop looking at him?

Ford's heart seemed to skip a beat, at that admission. He didn't really understand... But then again, he sort of did. He liked to see Violet in all sorts of clothes. And while he would never grow bored of her usual outfits, she often manages to steal his breath away, with some sort of elegant attire.

But still- that was Violet. And this was him. And while Violet's beauty could be quite alluring, he was quite certain the less skin he exposed to the world, the better it would be for everyone.

But even so... Violet wanted to stare at him.

"...Well then," Ford said, his face red from the heat mostly (or so he hoped), "...Next time, I'll have to find an outfit worthy of staring at." <@tatertotarmy>

Leia nearly fell back, but was picked up before she could hit the ground. Although she didn't see his face at first, she knew instantly who it was.

"Bado!" Leia called cheerfully followed by an assortment of giggles. "Do you want to play with me?" she asked, knowing full well what his answer would be. Instantly, after saying it she realized how childish she sounded and must have looked. She was a grown adult and she was playing a child's game. It looked like her alternatives, adult activities, were laying on a towel and...doing nothing. Being an adult was boring! <@rae>

Claire nodded in response to his words. He was right, after all -- there was stubbornness rooted deep inside of her, looping and binding itself with her pride to make a seemingly unstoppable force. These emotions came with unfortunate drawbacks, such as devolving themselves into utter naivety; but as the fire mage she was, Claire did not stand down until she was burned. There was inner turmoil in his eyes that she saw manifest in particular instances. Though he hid it quite well, a familiarity called to her when searching for reasoning in his expression. She was able to recognize the strife within him, even as he spoke with a coyness to rival her own. They were both used to hiding behind these masks of business and flirt. Claire felt her smile waver for a moment, empathetic for the congeneric pull that resonated within her; rather than revealing this truth, she stuffed her cheeks full of air and regained her deliberate expression, as she would hate to feel something so terrible as pity for the man -- a useless emotion she harbored too much of. "See -- another one of those tricky sayings! It's like I'm really at a show."

Claire's heart skipped a beat. In the sun, the man's red hair looked as though it was a fierce flame. Tendrils whipped through the air as he tossed it, and tickled the sky above when a breeze picked up. It was mesmerizing to watch, and once again reminded her of the same fire that flicked behind her pupils. He did seem as though he was babbling on about robotics, but she was always keen to learn a new topic -- especially when it was something that could be used for mischief later. She allowed his rambling, nodding along with intrigue to show her intent to listen. "Hmm, I wonder what mission would take place here... Maybe an invasion of merpeople?" She giggled at the possibility.

Claire was intently viewing the robot make swift turns, all the while spewing flames from its arm. It was delightful, and nearly made Claire's smirk turn into a smile of childlike wonder. She was a bit stunned when she heard a flutter of soft laughter come from the man beside her, and her head whipped toward him immediately to catch a glimpse of an action that hadn't taken place in their conversation. Her grin was goofy at the sight of his laughter -- albeit quiet -- and her joy overcompensated for his take on her flamethrower idea. Claire painted a faux look of wild disappointment across her face, as if the thought of another flamethrower filled her with pain. "What!? Someone dare steal my idea?" She dropped her head in shame before shrugging her shoulders; seconds later she raised her head back with a youthful smile and scrunched nose. "It may be a bit late for that. My sister would say you're a bit too on the nose."

The spectacle occurring before her was simply magnificent. The robot spun round and attacked viciously with it's

flamethrower. It was certainly a sight to behold, and she couldn't blame anyway who passed by and gawked at the invention. Claire felt like laughing with joy, and even clapped her petite hands together when the machine whirled around and splashed sea water toward them. "Surely we can find *something*. It is pretty spectacular, so I think I deserve a reward." The blonde felt a flit of laughter leave her throat. "The deadlier the better!" Her expression was excited and fiery, but she felt unsure of how she was being perceived to the man. When he faced her, she felt nearly miniscule. He was overwhelmingly taller and, though he was fit, had wide shoulders that occluded the view of the sun. Claire was not one to be intimidated, but his stature was surely fearsome to some. She briefly wondered if he used his intimidation as a business tactic, and was sure of the answer when he politely introduced himself.

The blonde felt her nose go rosy when he revealed his name and called her by the first letter, once again. She was almost surprised when he decided to ultimately reveal himself; she thought he may play a bit more cat and mouse with the fact. Her eyes lit up when he confessed his first initial -- she had been right, after all. Instead of mocking him, Claire knelt in a false curtsy, pulling the strings of her bikini bottoms as if they were a skirt. "Lovely to meet you, *Charles*." She said his name sweetly, rolling it off her tongue to test the feel of it. "Since you did so kindly, I'll reveal mine, as well!" She rested her palm on her chest, tilting her head to the side as another breeze caught their hair. "I'm Claire." <@sponso>

Up ahead of her, Tina saw Danny get hit in the head with a frisbee. She was surprised and for a moment wanted to go check if he was ok, but realized this was her opportunity. Now that Danny was stalled she could catch up to him. And knowing that Danny would do the same exact thing in her place she took the chance. Tina ran as fast as she could and once she was close enough to Danny she shouted, "YOU'RE MINE DANNY!" She ran and tackled Danny to the ground. Once on top of him she leaned and yelled, "You're so mean! And you deserved getting hit by that frisbee!" She then smacked his cheeks back and forth between her hands, "Feel the wrath of my tiny fins!!!" @Too Tired To Function

<@snowyrunes>

Calvin thought for a moment, "Somewhere between anchovy and plankton? If I happen to see you another day, I can try and have an example on hand." He did have to shave his beard, of course. He wasn't about to tell her that right now, considering her reaction towards shaving *legs*. "W-Woah..." Calvin quickly grabbed his swim trunks incase she pulled a little *too* hard, "These are just swimsuits. They're clothes people wear to the beach...since goin' naked ain't exactly the best thing to do..." He chuckled. <@Sabu>

She looked at him, a hesitant smile and red cheeks painted on her face. He was going to wear different things? She could only wonder what he would choose. Would it be a proper short-sleeved shirt? Something he could comfortably wear in the hot weather? She...really wanted to see it. "U-Um..." Violet felt a little silly, feeling this excited, "T-Then...I-I really l-look forward to it..." <@snowyrunes>

In the distance of the beach, in the far, far off lands of Leuda's inner circles, came a woman, walking towards the beach with a massive bag on her back. Filled to the brim with items of various kinds, she looked exhausted by the time she came into view of most people. Heaving down to the sandy shore, she set up camp a significant distance away from most other people.

First, she put down her towel and took out a bottle of sunscreen. After a thorough application, she set up a large, bright blue umbrella and made sure to keep it steady with some rocks. She took out a tiny cooler filled with many beverages, mostly cans of sodas or water bottles. She then put on some sunglasses and took off her shoes, keeping those steady as well with rocks. Finally, she took out an old-fashioned walkman and two cassettes, putting the cassette with the number 1 written on tape applied to the side into the walkman. Finally, she put away the other cassette, laid down, and put her head on a bunched-up secondary towel.

Ah.... finally, a relaxing day for Pam. All this work, all this stress, all this effort was really meant so she could have more time here and less doing other things. Soon, she fell into a half-sleep, partly exposed to the sun but mostly underneath the safety of her umbrella. Things couldn't get much better.

(This is Pam's open! Feel free to interrupt her perfect day if you wish <:wonk:403024504755978240>)

Rosalind shook her head, a soft smile making it clear that she was more amused by his theatrical antics than anything else, rolling her eyes. "Hopefully a cloud comes along and covers you up soon." She snorted. Just being near Rock loosened her up, and as much as she'd tease him, she knew things wouldn't be much fun without him - and his silliness - to make her smile.

"I keep my ice in the freezer." She replied, "Maybe ice from your refrigerator is no good because it's *water*, think of that?" She looked over to him, quirking a brow, "I'm busy enough, or are you going to take care of my ice cream stand? I would much rather buy the stuff." She paused, her voice becoming a little quieter as she stepped ahead of him, "But we could always make it together, sometime. Then you can see just how worth selling it is."

Glad to be in front of him, and partially hoping that he wouldn't quite catch the suggestion of a date behind her words.

Just glancing back in time to catch his wink Rosalind ended up sticking her tongue out at him, before turning to the ice cream vendor and ordering them the ice cream. "If anyone has good taste here it's *you*, have you seen me?

Everyone wants to hang out with this, but how many actually get to?"

<@&463207081219063808>

"Wh- Oof-!" Already off-balance, Danny was easily knocked over, falling down and kicking up some sand as he went.

His torment was not finished, however, as Tina began smacking around his cheeks a bit. It didn't hurt that much, but combined with the tackle and frisbee-to-the-head, he wasn't exactly in the best mood to humor it.

"Ow ow ow hey! Knock it off!" He scowled, reaching up to pinch and pull at Tina's cheeks.

"Let's see how you like it, huh?! Take that!" <@prinxx>

Ford, nodded, still feeling a bit awkward. "...Well, I suppose it's only fair. After all, you always..."

He cleared his throat. "A-Anyways... This isn't my strong suit... but hopefully I can find something we both like."

<@tatertotarmy>

"I-I'm sure y-you'll find something nice..." Violet spoke, still blushing hard and shifting a little nervously.

<@snowyrunes>

"I know you meant that as encouragement, but honestly, I just feel pressured," Ford said, turning to face Violet.

"Perhaps... You can give me some sort of idea of what you'd like to see?" <@&463189769975758849>

"W-Well...u-um..." He felt pressured? She didn't mean to pressure him into getting new clothes. Yes, it would be very nice, and she really wanted to see him in other clothes, because he would look quite handsome in different outfits and it would be much more comfortable in lighter clothes in this heat and...

Okay, she *really* wanted to see him other clothes.

"W-Well...s-short sleeves, at least...s-so you won't be heating up as much in the summer...a-and maybe shorts, i-if that would b-be okay..." Violet peeked up at him, "A-And...m-maybe a s-swimsuit...? I-If we a-are planning on swimming s-somewhere, at least..."

<@snowyrunes>

"Oh thank you! I'd like to see these little swords you humans use." Who knows maybe it was even something she had seen on the ocean floor but not known what it was. There was lots of random things from the land world scatter around. She squinted at the fabric wondering what made it beach worthy, "Swimsuits? Why is naked bad?" She then gasped covering her chest with her hands, "Am i being bad?!"

<@tatertotarmy>

"Well...let's just say if someone spotted ya, they'd be a little shocked." Or inappropriate, unfortunately. "We usually cover up more...private parts of our body. So fer a lady, that would include the chest. An' for the rest of us, the...erm...spot between our legs is also private." He wasn't sure whether mermaids had an equivalent.

<@Sabu>

Marla felt her mood take a dip, feeling weird in her own skin for the first time ever, land dwellers thought something she had done her whole life was weird and wrong? It seemed harsh. She didn't know if she could take her hands from her chest now, but how on earth was she supposed to swim like this. "well at least i know i can't go on land like this.... bummer"

<@tatertotarmy>

A swimsuit? When had Ford agreed to swim? Then again, he vaguely recalled agreeing to *something* earlier... Blast. This was what he got for thinking with... whatever was responsible for his daze.

Regarding the shorts and t-shirt, Ford wasn't sure. He liked to be well-covered. But, if it was in a casual place, where he was unlikely to be touched by other people... Given the heat, it would help cool him off a bit... And also, Violet was looking at him so expectantly...

"...I'll... consider it," he said, unable to promise anything more than that.

<@&463189769975758849>

He chuckled, "Well, might be for the best right now anyway, 'specially since I think everyone seein' a mermaid would cause quite a stir."

<@Sabu>

Violet smiled, feeling a little excited.

"O-Okay...!" Violet then paused, quickly remembering herself, "B-But...u-um...p-please don't f-feel pressured. I-It's okay i-if...u-um...you would rather not..."

<@snowyrunes>

"What is a mermaid to do then? Maybe you land people need to get used to things that are different... Sigh maybe i do too." Marla groaned removing her hands and laying back on the rock, this was going to be harder then she expected. "How would i even get clothes, it's not like the sea has them, otherwise i'd be wearing them already"

He looked back as she laid down, being careful to keep his eyes away from anything exposed. He hummed, thinking it over.

"I'm sure humans could get used to mermaids bein' around...though it's the bad humans I'd be more concerned over..." Calvin was well-aware of less-than-ethical treatments of new discoveries, from his experience in both the world and in college. "Though I'm sure I could be able to get ya at least something to wear over your chest. That'd solve at least one thing."

<@Sabu>

"Pressured may be too strong a word," Ford said. "It's more... hmm... How shall I put it...?"

The doctor crossed his legs, taking a moment to consider. "...It's not something I would do for my own sake. But at the same time... Well, I don't know if you chose your outfits based on my preferences, or if our tastes naturally align, but either way, it's clear that you put a lot of effort into your appearance. And while I'd like to believe you do usually do that simply because you like dressing up, I'm not so blind as to think that you never take me into consideration at all. At the very least... you let me appreciate how things look on you."

"...There's a lot I haven't been able to give to you in our time together. But, this sounds like something I might be able to reciprocate... And so I feel a strong desire to do this solely for you. Does that make sense? I know it's a bit silly, but..."

But he wanted to please her.

<@&463189769975758849>

There was bad people everywhere it seemed, "You'd do that? Get me some of the clothing?" Marla started to perk up, "Like now? hehe i wanna get closer to the sand if you don't mind, there seems to be a lot going on today."

<@tatertotarmy>

Violet listened quietly, feeling her heart flutter happily. It was true that she did keep him in mind when she knew she was going to see him. When she got dressed for a date or anytime they would spend a lot of time together...she

would think of how Ford would like it. Whether he would appreciate it or not. She enjoyed getting dressed up at times for her own wants, like if there was a formal event, but...she always wondered. What did he think?

"I-I think it makes sense..." Violet spoke, "A-And...y-you're right...I-I do...u-um...t-think about h-how you would like how I dress w-when I go to see you...s-so...u-um...I-I understand that..."

<@snowyrunes>

Calvin flashed a smile, "Course! I can grab something from the beach. Jus' hold on for a minute, alright?" All he had was a shirt he wore over to Leuda, but he didn't mind handing it off to the mermaid. Him being shirtless for the rest of the day was a small price to pay for a lady to be able to enjoy the beach.

He hopped off the rock and swam back to shore, going back to where his things were.

<@Sabu>

Ford felt unseasonably warm- and that was saying something, in this heat.

So she did think of him, when it came to her outfits. That theory brought his eyes down towards the towel wrapped around her.

"Did you... think of me today, when picking out our outfit?" he asked. Perhaps he was being far too bold- but the need to either confirm or deny his suspicions was too great. <@&463189769975758849>

A bright blush crossed her cheeks.

"I-I...u-um..." Violet paused, swallowing, "Y-Yes..."

<@snowyrunes>

A lighter, but still matching, blush appeared on Ford's cheeks as well. "I...I see..."

He stared a moment longer, before turning away, covering his mouth in an attempt to hide his expression.

"Well you... certainly know how to inflate a man's ego."

<@&463189769975758849>

She couldn't look at him. Her heart was pounding so much she didn't think she could bear it.

"I-I...u-um...h-huh...?" She wasn't sure what he meant.

<@snowyrunes>

"...It's nothing, just... When you say those words... It makes you feel like you're for my eyes only..."

Ford turned a darker shade of red, looking directly away from Violet out of embarrassment.

"...Sorry. I don't think that came out quite right..." <@&463189769975758849>

Her cheeks immediately matched his shade, and her heart beat fast. For...his eyes only? Well, that was one way of putting it. Out of anyone here...his attention was all she cared about. She was worried about looking silly or strange to anyone else, of course...but Ford's opinion she held in the highest regard.

"I-I...u-um..." Violet could barely string together a sentence to say in response.

<@snowyrunes>

The mermaid tried her best to sit still as Calvin went off to get her some clothing, but she was vibrating with excitement. She had no idea what the fabric would feel like on her skin or what she'd see on the beach. It was both terrifying and filled her with glee. <@tatertotarmy>

It wasn't long until he swam back over with his shirt.

"It might be a little big on ya, but it should do the trick," Calvin pulled himself back on the rock and offered it to her.

<@Sabu>

"...I apologize if that sounded possessive," Ford said. "It's just... No, nevermind. There's no excuse I could give for it."

Ford had never thought himself to be a greedy or jealous man before. And yet, when it came to Violet... there was a part of him that loved the idea of having her all to himself.

He tried to ignore that less than pleasant emotion- but it could be rather hard to put aside, whenever it reared its

ugly head again.

He was pretty sure he'd mentioned his selfishness to Violet before- but that didn't make it any more excusable.

<@&463189769975758849>

"I-It's okay..." Violet nervously responded, "I-It...u-um..." She honestly couldn't calm herself down from how flustered she was.

<@snowyrunes>

Ford, having decided he was growing tired of tasting the foot he was metaphorically shoving into his mouth with alarming frequency, decided not to respond, and kept looking the opposite way in silence.

<@tatertotarmy>

She sat there for a long while in silence, slowly calming down from how flustered she felt. Eventually, Violet reached for her basket to get a bottle of water to sip on.

As she took a drink of water, she peeked nervously at Ford, a blush still on her cheeks.

<@snowyrunes>

Ford continued looking away for a while, taking intermittent sips of his own water bottle.

An ocean breeze blew past, cooling his cheeks. Eventually, he took a small glance her way, finding her looking back at him in a similar fashion.

<@tatertotarmy>

Her heart fluttered when their eyes met. She realized she had been staring, and she immediately looked back down to her lap.

"U-Um...s-sorry..."

<@snowyrunes>

"...For what?" Ford asked, confused. He leaned forward in his chair a bit, turning to face her more.

<@tatertotarmy>

"U-Um...I-I was staring..." Violet shifted nervously.

<@snowyrunes>

She was?

Ford hesitated a moment, before leaning towards her and slowly reaching some fingers under her chin, encouraging her to look back at him.

"If I get to gawk at your appearance," he said, faltering a bit. "Then... how I appear is for your eyes as well." A small awkward beat. "...E-Even if I... don't quite get the appeal."

<@tatertotarmy>

She looked up at him, her heart beating fast.

"I-I...u-um...t-thank you..." Violet replied, still a bit nervous, "U-Um...e-even if you d-don't get the appeal...u-um..."

She paused a moment, unsure whether this was too much to say or too bold. But in the end, she relented. Because to her, it was clear why she wanted to look. It was just an obvious fact.

"Y-You're...u-um, q-quite handsome..."

<@snowyrunes>

Ford gave a gentle smile. "And you are stunningly beautiful."

He leaned forward, to give her a quick kiss.

<@tatertotarmy>

Beautiful? Her? Before any doubts came to mind, his lips came to hers and that was all that mattered. Once they parted, she smiled warmly at him, feeling all sorts of happy and content.

<@snowyrunes>

Ford leaned back into his chair a pleased smile gracing his features. Seeing Violet's smile made his chest feel fuzzy, and he no longer felt as nervous, for some reason.

As he reclined back, he held out his gloved hand, palm up, hoping Violet would take it.

<@tatertotarmy>

He didn't have to wait long for her hand to meet his. She felt so warm and *good* as she relaxed into her chair. It was contentment she hardly knew how she came to deserve.

<@snowyrunes>

Ford settled back a bit more after Violet set her hand in his. He let out a silent sigh, his thumb rubbing up and down her hand a few times before stopping.

Who would have thought that one day he'd be sitting half-dressed on the hot, sandy beach, holding the hand of his girlfriend, and watching the waves crash against the shore? And who would have thought that at that moment, there was no place he'd rather be?

Love did strange things to a person, it seemed. But no matter what, he could never find himself displeased with the end result.

<@tatertotarmy>

Stepping onto the Leuda beach's sandy shore, Rachel had returned from redoing her hair after racing her twin sister in a swim contest. The blonde sighed and adjusted her sunglasses. Seriously, who else had to deal with such a competitive sibling? And Rachel totally won, too, which gave her some bragging rights over her sister for *at least* a week to come.

Now, if only she could find somewhere to lie down and tan... Her eyes scanned the beach for an empty spot where she could place down her towel and bag. Once she found the perfect spot (far enough away from the water so she wouldn't need to worry), Rachel made her way over and placed her bag down. She turned to the person near her with a polite smile.

"Is anyone in this spot already? You're not waiting for anyone, right?" [open]

As much as Gray didn't want to admit it, he needed some sun. He had been stuck inside of the motorworks shop all day yesterday and practically the entire morning, the project he was working on nearly finished. It was just so many little parts that needed to be placed and secured...

He needed to get his mind off of work and actually relax for once. With a sigh, Gray sat himself down on a beach chair and closed his eyes, leaning his head back to soak up some sun. The beach was noisy, but he could deal with that. Plus, the cold beer waiting for him in his bag would be the perfect cure for his annoyance. [open]

Kasey wore a grin on his face as he raced towards the water, shirt abandoned near his towel on the sand as he prepared to face the waves. If he got lucky, maybe he'd be able to body surf some waves, too. Living inland at the city prevented him from ever heading to the beach, so he was going to take advantage of the opportunity presented to him with island living.

As he got into the water, Kasey made his way further out past where most waded gently and the water only reached their waist. Splashing a blonde guy standing in the water nearby, Kasey stopped to turn with a grin still on his face.

"Oops! Sorry, man!" <@panda>

Tina was laughing before Danny got to her cheeks.

"Hey!" She said in a wobbly voice because her cheeks were being pulled in weird directions, "This is YOUR punishment!"

She mimicked Danny and began pinching his cheeks then she squished them together, "Fish lips" She said before laughing the best she could with her cheeks being pinched. <@snowyrunes>

"Why sham I gettin' pumwished when you're the chebbah?!" Danny demanded- the angry effect somewhat lost by his cheeks and lips being forced together in idiotic ways.

"Fwish-lips?! I'll show you fish-wips, you minnow-!"

He pushed and stretched her lips, scowling as best he could- which wasn't very well.

"Heh heh heh... Take dat..."

<@prinxess>

Billy rested his eyes for a moment, feeling almost completely relaxed. The screaming children made it hard to be at total peace. A splash of water hitting his chest didn't alarm him, but it was enough to make him open his eyes. A guy was smiling at him and apologized.

"No worries. The water feels nice so I don't mind." He was just thinking about going deeper in the water so his shoulders were no longer exposed.

Tina kissed her lips together when he had them pinched together, "I'm a widdle minnow!!!"

Suddenly, while they were squishing each others faces, a large wave came in.

Tina removed her hands from his face but only slowly realized the laying Danny was now almost completely under water, probably unable to breathe. She quickly pulled his upper body up and out of the water. It was only now that she realized how inappropriate of a position she was in. Straddled his lap...now sitting chest to chest....half clothed....

"Uh-"

<@snowyrunes>

Never one to discourage play (which he would take himself over 'being an adult' any day), Bado gave her a wide grin, hands coming to rest on his hips once she had been set firmly on her feet.

"Sure thing, squirt. What'd you have in mind?" Hopefully something a bit farther away from the water- unless she wanted to risk revealing her more *fishy* qualities to the entire crowded beach. <@panda>

Celia chuckled, pulling her legs a little closer to her chest. "You're too sweet, Jack." She sighed wistfully, staring at her slowly melting snow cone. She lost herself to her thoughts. Thinking about home. What her parents would think if they seen her like this. What her ex-fiance would think. He'd probably be jealous.

Was it bad she enjoyed that thought? Probably, but she wasn't about to ask. What Jack didn't know wouldn't hurt him. Her eyes closed, body leaning over to rest against Jack's side. That swimming tuckered her out. It didn't exactly help that she felt slightly sick again. The moment she'd gotten off the boat in Leuda she felt a little woozy. She'd chalked it up to nerves, but maybe she was coming down with something.

"Sorry." She hummed, relaxing further. "Guess I'm not feeling the best."

<@sponso>

Gleefully she took the piece of clothing from him, holding it at different angles to try and decide how on earth this thing was supposed to go on. It had 4 holes! how was she supposed to know which one went there? She put the biggest hole over her head but was stuck from there on. "Uhhhh, am i doing this right???"

<@tatertotarmy>
