

Ah, the beach. Sun, sand, relaxation . . . and plenty of plump, juicy meals just waiting for a predator to eat them up.

Clea came down to the ocean to lie in the heat. That's what cats to best, after all, and she was happy to have a day off just for herself. After placing her towel and chair down, she lathered herself with sunscreen and leaned back, showing off her swimsuit.

And she certainly caught someone's eye. The human had arrived at the beach hungry for a meal, and loved a place with lots of options. Once she spotted the cat lying in the sun, her tongue ran over her lips—she knew exactly who to eat. So she waited in the shadows for her prey to move.

And soon enough, Clea did. She started to get hungry, so the cat got up from her spot and wandered over to the bar, a little place called Beer On The Boardwalk. Her predator followed her, and as the cat got her drink and food, the hungry human made she move.

"You look lonely."

Clea looked up from her seat at the bar, and turned to the speaker. It was a human, tall with brunette hair and a leather jacket. Luckily, just Clea's type.

The cat smiled. "I was, until you came along," she purred, placing a french fry in her mouth. "I'm Clea."

"Ellie," the human said. She smirked, her stomach's growl inaudible under the sounds of the crowd. "Hey, want to get out of this stuffy bar?"

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