

Capsizing - 11th of Macrovenber



The deck of the boat rocked back and forth. Two dogs stood steadily on the surface, easily standing upright from their experience "Sooo a naga huh! You should watch out where you're slipping on deck!"

"I'm doing fine, thank you." As if to undermine his statement, the naga lost his balance and stumbled. However, he caught himself on the railing and kept himself upright.

"What, don't you need to wear a sturdy bootsy on your sensitive tail?" the brown dog teased.

"I don't see you wearing boots on your tail either." the naga snapped

"Well, you are the lizard here! Fishing is real dog's work in this weather." the dalmatian boasted
"I don't even know why the captain brought you on board."

"Yeah! Other mammals don't get the light of day from him." the brown one chimed in.

"I'm a..." The naga hesitated, he didn't want to say it outright, but his relationship with the captain was very complicated. He settled on the easier answer anyways. "Acquaintance of his."

The dalmatian paused. "Hm... Don't really like the way you put that."

"Myeah! If you are so 'acquainted' with him, why don't you tell us his favorite food?"

"Kibble?" the naga blurted out

The brown dog's expression turned furious: "Now listen here you punk. Our captain is not one or another backwater mutt eating kibble out of some bags lying in the streets. You take that back!"

"I'm sorry, I just didn't know and couldn't be arsed to give you a satisfying answer."

"Oh, very funny, what are you going to taunt us next with?"

"Your mother was a bitch." the naga said with a smile.

"I should tear your face off!" The spotted dog snapped "You take that, back you boots and hand handbag!"

The snake gave an annoyed flick of the tongue, tasting the rage of the two canines, despite the salty sea overpowering his palette. He readied for a fighting stance, slithering away from the two, towards the railing.

"What, you all talk? Backing away after those fighting words?"

"Is the ocean so inviting you're raring for a dip?"

He didn't reply, instead, he gave them a smile and smoothly slid over the railing. After that, he let gravity do the work.

The brown dog now looked as pale as the dalmatian. "Wait, did he just bleedin' jump?"

"Are you daft you lad you'll kill yourself!" the brown yelled after him.

But he didn't listen, he dove into the water, out of sight from the pair of dogs who looked aghast. They hurried to the railing to catch a glimpse of him, but when they looked, the serpent was nowhere to be found.

"Are you telling the captain?"

"You were the one who drove him over the edge!"

The two were about to literally go for each other's throats, ready to tear one another's windpipe out for getting them both into trouble. But before it came to blows, the ocean rumbled. Coils upon coils of serpentine body uncurled before the crew's eyes as a beast stirred from the deep. With an agitated roar, rose a three kilometer monster, a blue-scaled sea serpent, towering over the boat.

It looked like the naga, but its features were more exaggerated. Bladed fangs jutted out of its maw. Brilliant scales shone in the reflection of the ocean. Its body was one long train of muscle, ready to be unleashed at a moment's notice. And the hood its head was crowned with was as sharp as an axe. The beast hissed in annoyance as its long body picked up the vessel and tossed it far away from his sight.

Having had its fill with so-called 'civilization', the naga sank into the deep ocean, shirking away from others for the time being. This was the last time he would serve as a bodyguard against his rivals. The vessel was found months later, scattered around the ocean floor in countless pieces. The crew was never accounted for.