Fishy

by warschach

Summary

Izuku’s convinced his hot co-worker/neighbor, Katsuki, is a mermaid-or merman- you gotta consider genders even with mythical creatures- and plans to prove it.

(or this is kinda like the show ‘Monster Quest’, except Izuku actually finds said monster, falls in love, and have sexy times.)

Notes

I told myself i wouldn't write a mermaid fic but, oops.

a special, cheesy, mushy, heartfelt thank you to Glass, who is honestly so encouraging and supportive and just so damn thoughtful and i have yet to come across another writer like them and idk man. i'm still surprised and envious of their positivity and insane ability to pop out densely detail fics with awesome plotting and characterization.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Izuku’s head was swimming.

Not on the account of the vast body of water pelting the damp, dark golden sands, but on the account of Katsuki Bakugou, his neighbor/co-worker which placed him and everyone else employed as a lifeguard in swim trucks; unless you were a girl then you had to don on the red one-piece bathing suit with optional shorts, okay back to Katsuki though cause…Oh boy, oh boy.

Just a second here, please; he wasn’t the person to slobber over someone’s body. He believed what was underneath trumped the wrapping but this guy elevated gift wrapping paper to nuclear levels—okay, by this point, you’re under the impression Izuku might be hyping the guy’s sex appeal; the whole boy next door look, the glasses he sported for reading, and the un-ironic Kingdom Hearts keychain hardly supported the theory that Izuku one, knew anything remotely related to sex; two, had a penis; and more famously, three, had sex.

And he did—have a penis, know enough about sex to at least get the oven started, and, unless his memory was false or manipulated by the Men in Black, then sex too. Bad sex. Bad blowjobs. Dry handjobs. A plethora of Google searches in his history, such as— ‘top dominating twink’, ‘hot gang bang, all guys, please’, ‘facials guys’, ‘rimming’, ‘roleplay sex’, ‘public sex’, ‘amateur sex’, ‘spankings’; wrong results so, ‘sexual gay spankings with men please’, ‘anal’, ‘gay deepthroating’….His mother wouldn’t be very proud of him. He wasn’t too proud of himself that a number of socks were victims in his…nightly (?) extracurricular activities—

Look the point that he was making, and required none of that history to be forced into your brain, was he knew hot guys and this one entered Chris Hemsworth’s levels of peaked physical fitness and hotness. Katsuki had the V thing at his navel; you know the elevated bone pressed tight to the skin. Who had those? Surely not normal people. Not people like him and you.

Then came the tattoos; on his left arm from his large wrist to the shoulder, was a full sleeve busting with several designs melding seamlessly—a few of the older tats had the signs of age, the removal of luster from the ink, the once amateur hands he could afford before now—into one another with explosive colors. The length of a massive red scaled dragon clawed from the elbow up, and it presented the first time Izuku touched him…on the arm! With full consent, and he asked as well-mannered people did because he was one as well.

Alright.

Maybe he immediately got hard touching his bicep—which curled and descended like waves—but he was only human and touching other good-looking humans (this point was up for debate once he reached that part of his story so keep that in mind) who happened to trade their boney exoskeleton for marble. So honestly, Izuku had done nothing but demonstrate exceptional human will up to this point.

Did you want a tally of the number of men, women, and children with hearts too young to start declaring Katsuki as their husband, because you did not want the tally of it. They kept up with for two weeks before their brains exploded by the overwhelming come-ons’ and ‘help me I’m drowning in three inches of seawater and oh boy it just so happened, hot stranger, I can’t breathe; guess you gotta give me CPR, how awful’. It entered the triple digits by a month’s time. Everyone had taken to dubbing him secretly the Pamela Anderson of Bay Watch, because essentially boiled down to the basic physical traits—blonde, shapely, and with a full chest—they were one in the same.

His butt was great. Not that Izuku had much to add about that fact just that it was sublime and you could bounce quarters off it if you had the courage to endure a spectacular brutal beatdown from
Katsuki.

His eyes were coppers and Izuku got lost in them a lot whenever Katsuki talked during the downtime at work, and a beam of the red sun decided to make a victim of Izuku and turned Katsuki’s eyes into a wet pennies.

Whenever he walked out of the water with his hair soaked and flat to his skull and beads of seawater, Izuku’s swim trunks felt too tight and remembered being in high school, on the precipice of puberty, in the boy’s locker room with traveling eyes.

So Katsuki was good looking? Wow, thanks, Midoriya but we so don’t get the point of this conversation.

But what if he told you that he was 91.999% certain that Mr. Chris Hemsworth’s double was a mermaid?

Skeptical; he was too until the night of what he called ‘The Occurrence’, ‘The Happening’ was trademarked and ‘The Little Mermaid: Ariel’s brother is really gorgeous and ripped and works as a lifeguard and I might be sexually attracted to fishes now’ was too long and not family oriented. So…”The Occurrence”

He would set the tone for you.

Mood: a black sea, the shivering white moon on the ripples, the rhythmic splash of water on wet sand. An exquisite night for lovemaking, wet kisses, introspective thoughts, and a night swim for a certain mythical being with fins. Through his heavily impaired vision, courtesy of Denki’s specialty cocktail of throwing every type of alcohol into one bottle, the bits of whites appeared like stars on the water.

Izuku made trackable footprints in the sand as he stumbled far from the beach house. The beach was technically closed off at midnight but there was no one there to really enforce it besides the few signs reminding people and the sweep of the very rare patrol car whistling through on graveyard patrol.

Then sat on the wet sand, buzzed. The waves tried to touch his shoes and he hated wet socks more than getting sand in his shoes so he took them off, balled his socks, and placed them astride of him. He hissed when the water lapped at the bottom of his feet, almost as frosty as ice.

He walked up the line of the shore, accustomed to the waves breaking softly over his feet and ankle. The noise and light of the party fell, all he heard was the ocean.

Something reflective glared into his eye, catching his attention, and whatever it was moved effortlessly from the surface to below. His first instinctive thought was ‘oh no, someone’s drowning’ and ran with that thought with his shirt stripped and tossed to the sand, and was up to his chin with water as he swam for the person. But the further he traveled, the more choppy the currents became, almost tugging him under with an angry force.

He went under twice, and spat salty water as he came back up, rubbing the sting out of his eyes when a distinctive shape moved steadily in the water.

Shark, he noted. Then with real hysteria, I am going to die like those Jaw movies, oh my god, my mom was right. Why didn’t I listen?

He swam for shore, alternated between looking over his shoulder at the fin cutting the water way faster than him then to the lights beyond the sand that seemed impossibly far. Something snagged his ankle, and Izuku did the first thing he heard previous shark attack survivors do and cocked his fist
out hard at the shape crashing the surface.

“Motherfu—“ The shark cursed… wait. Sharks didn’t talk… unless it was a Finding Nemo shark then yeas, sharks talked but this was— “Fucking Izuku, what is your god damn problem?! Who fucking just punches people? You fucking brain dead?”

Izuku thought those were the questions you didn’t answer so he didn’t and latched on desperately to Katsuki because they still had a shark in the water. “Shark!”

“There’s no shark.”

Izuku’s foot rubbed against a scaly, cold, and definitely shark-like body and squeaked. “It’s beneath us!”

“Would you stop screaming in my fucking ear?”

“I feel it. Do you see it—where is it—oh my god we’re trapped. It’s circling us,” he said, eyeing the black water that hadn’t been disturbed too much unless you counted on Izuku, who jumped at the slightest of movement.

“Shut up, that’s me.”

“What?”

Katsuki sniffed his mouth, then pulled back with an expression of rage that reminded Izuku of a pot left unattended on the stove to boil with a lid on top; the bubbling hot water held at bay precariously. “Were you drinking?”

How could he think to yell at him about his alcohol intake when death circled the water?

“This isn’t the time, Katsuki! We’re in mortal danger.”

“You were fucking drinking,” Katsuki started. “And you went into the water at night, alone, with no one to help—Izuku, you’re fucking dumber than rocks.”

“I can’t believe you’re thinking about my alcohol intake and not the shark in the water. Look, look, I feel it again,” he panicked. “My feet touched it. Oh man, I think it’s gonna eat me first.”

Katsuki barked. “Genius, that’s me.”

Izuku looked to what he could see of Katsuki. “You?”

“Me.”

“You?” He asked twice.

They’re far from the lights of the city, so the shrouding darkness didn’t help with deciphering Katsuki’s face but what little he could interpret told him the pleasant smile was a fake pleasantness. “…I swear to fucking god if you ask me again, I’m drowning you myself.”

“What?”

“Just hold on to me,” he ordered, guiding Izuku to lock his arms around his neck and while he wasn’t nowhere near intoxicated that he couldn’t manage the swim, but Katsuki was so warm and so, so muscular that he would take the jab at his abilities.
“But the shark…” He remembered, abruptly. Damn those delectable back muscles.

“There’s no shark!”

He narrowed his eyes at the water, checking for himself. “Are you sure?”

Katsuki detangled his arms, dunked his head, lifted him back up. “See a shark?”

He wiped his eyes. “Well, it’s dark so—” At Katsuki’s sterns eyes, he changed his tune to agreeable. “Uh, no, nope, no shark. No sir. No shark.”

“Good. Get on.”

Don’t mention the scene with Patrick and SpongeBob riding David Hasselhoff’s back. Don’t mention— “This is like when Patrick and SpongeBob rode David—“

Izuku found himself in the black water again.

When they did eventually reach the shore, Izuku walked on land first, then turned back to look at Katsuki who dragged his body over the sand. And just before Izuku could let out a B horror movie scream, because he thought ‘oh my god, the shark ate his legs’, he saw the glittering, shimmering, exquisitely, finned length of a tail. Then he fainted, because he saw a half man and half fish and he didn’t know if that discovery was worse or the scenario where Katsuki lost his legs via shark attack.

He woke up to the patting of Katsuki’s hand lightly on his cheek. “Oh my god,” he gasped. “I had the weirdest dream. You were in it and you…” his eyes widened when they lowered on Katsuki’s, ahem, uh, equipment. Very nice equipment. Equipment Izuku would be so blessed to handle like a true gentleman after he told Katsuki about his gross crush on him and after a few dates.

Izuku shook his thoughts, and stared, unblinkingly, into Katsuki’s eyes. Determined not to break it.

“You just checked out my dick.”

“No,” he denied calmly. But then, “What, no, no, no, no, I mean, what no, no, no, haha, no, no, no, you’re silly. I wouldn’t—“

Katsuki scowled.

“I looked,” he confessed, lowering his head. “And I am so sorry. It was just a peek, not that you’re not—well, great down there. Not that I’m interested or not that I’m not interested. I’m just being a good friend and letting you know you’re doing great—“

“Did you see anything else?”

“What?”

He sighed, dragging a hand down his salt dry face. “How fucking drunk are you right now?”

“I mean,” he pushed back his drying curls. “I think I thought I saw a tail,” he blabbed. “But you don’t have a tail so maybe I thought that wrong.”

“You did.”

“I did?” He touched his head. Well it would make sense more than the crazy possibility that Katsuki was a mermaid.
“You did. You were in the water. I got you cause I know you’re dumb like that so yea.”

“Oh,” he said, really thinking that sounded a lot like a lie but his brain was so foggy and the pictures in there didn’t line with the truth of the world. “I mean, I guess that could be right but I dunno.”

“I am, it is. There are no mermaids.”

The ‘M’ word rocketed Izuku out of his internal confusion. “Mermaids? I didn’t say nothing about mermaids.”

Katsuki’s face paled. “What? No you did.”

“I didn’t.”

“Asshole,” he pitched his voice in a dark growl, and cornered Izuku on to his spine over the sand. “You did.”

His breathing became heavy as he looked up at what a god Katsuki made looming above him, naked, on his hands, threatening Izuku mildly. Ah, such a man. “…I did.”

“Good.” He stood up; apparently that wasn’t the only thing going up because Izuku was getting mildly flustered—

Izuku cleared his throat and watched the moon as he pointed vaguely at his nakedness. “Katsuki, you have no clothes on.”

He looked down; something so weak, pitiful, and thirsty was smothered behind Izuku’s lips. “Yea, well, try to keep your eyes up here, pervert. Or I’m drowning you.”

It took a few days for his hangover to pass, for food to bring delight and salivating glands and not the troublesome lurch of his entire stomach, but once it did, Izuku revisited the scene in his head. And he thought about it hard. The shine in the water, the fin sawing it, the fact it disappearance aligned perfectly with Katsuki’s arrival, the unmistakable slick scaly body that touched his feet several times when he wiggled close to Katsuki, and the permanent and detailed memory of Katsuki in the sand, where he laid on his elbows, water splashed the delicate flap of his fins. It was a burnished copper, he remembered, something in the red family tree.

There was no way he dreamt that up.

It happened.

Katsuki was a mermaid…or merman, anyway, Izuku was determined to prove it.
And so began the clandestine investigation into Katsuki Bakugou.

First off, to reinforce his strong theory about Katsuki’s aquatic enhancements, Katsuki had little of a background to speak of. He showed up with little money to his name, no references, clothes thrown together in afterthought, hair wet and sexy—not an important note to the investigation but it should be recorded cause that might be a mermaid superpower; being hot— voice coarse, skin wrinkled like old prunes. To save money, they all lived in the beach house Eijirou’s uncle lived in sporadically and chipped in money for the utilities. Which worked, they were all still balancing classes and part-time work and Neito moved in with his girlfriend a few weeks back so extra income was welcomed. Plus, the whole really good looking factor made Izuku totally blind to the red flags Katsuki peaked.

If he shared any history, it was short and vague. He never said where he came from, where he lived, what school he went to, or brought up any family members. He had a slight accent, that they either gambled on being Australian or Scottish but they were all too kind to outright and ask him when he first started living there. And at this point, it became a sort of game to wait for the location drop and see who was right.

Here, most people with a brain not easily swayed by wide shoulders, a narrow waist, and an arrogant crooked grin that gave a person a mad case of bees in the belly would have thought ‘serial killer’, Izuku was all doe-eyed and mystified by the mystery.

He was unnaturally gifted in the water. Fast, slick, so fluid you lost him easily the second he went in. It was rare for someone to drown at the beach, but it did happen with large storms. Even with turbulent waves that gave the most seasoned swimmer and surfers the ability to doubt, Katsuki had zero and paddled out to the roaring surf like a bullet through butter. If he was on duty, every soul on the sand was safer for it and Izuku admired that much more than his great body because he never failed. Never hesitated when someone screamed. Never thought twice when the storm hit them and roofed them under a dangerous grey sky and with water rushing at them like semi-trucks. He would complain people were so stupid but he saved those stupid people.

Lastly, what Izuku first considered scars on the sides of his neck, a collection of four vertical lines, could be gills instead. How else did mermaids breathe, huh; gills.

Granted there was a wider chance Izuku was out of his mind and imagined the whole scene but—

He presented his case to Eijirou one night after a week of gathering evidence.

“I think Katsuki is a mermaid,” he said, settling into the seat at the kitchen table.

Katsuki went out an hour ago so he was safe to speak about his investigation openly.

“Yea, man,” he laughed, chasing the stretch of cheese with his teeth. “He’s like mystically hot and shit.”

“No,” he whispered. “A real one.”

Denki slumped in the chair. “What’s going on, homies”

“So like Ariel but a dude?”

“Exactly.”

Denki asked. “We talking Disney films?”

“Wait, why do you think he’s a mermaid?”
Denki waved his hands. “Hello, anyone want to tell me what we’re talking about?”

“You remember that party you guys had last week? Well I went out to the water—“ Eijirou and Denki winced instantly at the blatant implication Izuku went out by himself and intoxicated. Capable swimmer or not, motor skills were inhibited and plenty could go sideways; Jaws happened that way and you didn’t want Jaws to happen to you. Izuku appeased it quickly with an “I know, I know, drinking and swimming is no good but I thought I saw someone drowning but it was Katsuki.”

“Okay, I’m really not getting this.”

“Well I thought I saw a shark but there was no shark.”

Eijirou scratched his hair. “What?”

“So we went back to shore and I got out first and when I looked down he didn’t have legs! He had a tail, like a fish. So the shark I thought I saw was him.”

“So there was no shark?” Denki asked, staring too hard at the table with his own confusion.

“Izuku, you sure you didn’t do too much,” Eijirou pressed his thumb and index finger together and motioned it to his lips in stimulation of taking a hit off a joint.

“No,” he declared, firmly, then blinked at the table and questioned the integrity of his memories, the darkness obscuring his eyesight, and the fact that even though a small number of the human race thought mermaids were real the majority of the world believed otherwise. “It was super real though,” he said, doubt entering.

Eijirou rubbed his shoulder in consolidation. “Hey, hey, it’s cool. I have sex dreams about Katsuki too. We all do.”

Denki gagged harshly on his beer and thudded on his chest with the side of his fist, quelling the cough so he could wheeze in a squeaky voice. “Dude!”

“What, one sex dream doesn’t make you less of a man. It’s your body recognizing the toxicity of masculinity and seeing the acceptance of beauty in men too.”

Izuku was lost in his own thoughts. “You guys don’t think there’s something fishy about Katsuki?”

So the investigation was on hiatus, indefinitely. Mermaids weren’t real and he watched a dozen videos on YouTube about hopefuls like himself who witnessed one and dedicated hours and funds into capturing one on camera, but they ended up where they started, timed wasted, hopes sour, and other people mocking them—though Izuku’s friends were playful about it. Katsuki looked at Izuku intensely when Eijirou brought it up one night and laughed it off, calling Katsuki the worst mermaid ever if he was one.
Katsuki stroked his fork with murder thoughts while Denki, Hanta, and Eijirou went on about Katsuki singing ‘A Part of Your World’ with seashells on his pecs.

Izuku shrunk and didn’t make eye contact for the rest of the night. Twice he wound up on the other end looking like a giant idiot to Katsuki.

“So a mermaid,” Ochako laughed as she walked out from the lifeguard shack in flip-flops that smacking noisily on the boardwalk. Wood creaked. Seagulls called, fighting the winds with extended wings. Twenty people occupied the beachfront, the majority were aspiring surfers and swimmer who clocked in early before their morning shift.

He thumped his head on the wooden rail and whined into the wood with agony. “Oh my god, everyone knows now.”

“So what kind of mermaid is he?”

“It just seemed so real,” he defended meekly, chin propped on his forearm as he watched the smooth waves of the morning. “Like why would he be naked too, you know, so I thought…ugh, I dunno what I thought.”

“Maybe he wanted you to check out his bod.”

“W—what. There’s no way,” Izuku sputtered, redder than work issued fire truck red uniform. “Like he’s a twenty and I’m like, like somedays I’m a good seven.”

She shoulder bumped him. “Shut up, you’re cute, sweet, smart, and awesome.”

“But his butt,” he said, and their grazes dragged over the rising and dipping golden sand dunes to Katsuki marching up and down the shoreline with Eijirou with his face locked in that chronic state of ‘why the fuck did I get out of bed for this shit’; shoulders wide, torso chiseled, butt round and inhumanly toned in those tight swim trunks.

Izuku’s came to his mid thighs but some cruel—benevolent?—deity made it so that the one pair of apparel available at the start of Katsuki’s employment were in the smallest size possible. Katsuki could probably put in a request for a larger size but Izuku thought he rather enjoyed the plain awe and desire. He also had a sizeable ego that he made zero efforts to tame, and Izuku was terrible enough to find it really attractive.

“No, I get it,” she agreed. “It’s great. But you’re great and you should just ask him out already.”

“I can barely say two sentences to him after the whole mermaid thing.”

Ochako smiled, the intentions behind it dirty. “Or you could do something else that requires no talking.”
He gasped dramatically, mouth unhinged in shock. “I—oh, you.”

[x]

Izuku was grabbing a late night snack out of the fridge when he heard the screen door whacked hard against the threshold. Next was a hushed, dark, “Shit. Stupid fucking—“

Izuku walked cautiously, forgetting he still brandished a butter knife in one hand as his one line of defense.

He took the corner fast, flipped the lights, and sagged on the wall in relief when he saw Katsuki, hand on his chest where his heart rate thundered. “Oh god. Dang near gave me a heart attack.”

“The fuck, you gonna butter an intruder’s biscuit or something, dumbass?”

He turned the butter knife over sheepishly. “I was making food.”

Katsuki engaged the deadbolt, then dumped his shoes beside the door. “Dumbass.”

Light moved off his wet skin where droplets of water pebbled from the ends of his hair and on his back and front; the playback of colors was rainbow-ish, holographic

He squinted at Katsuki’s forearm, the skin there looked to be peeling or something like the white frayed colored it turned whenever you scraped it across a surface. Katsuki shifted his body, it seemed intentional. “You went swimming?”

Katsuki’s entire body locked down with tension, all his muscles taut. “Yea,” he grumbled.

“Oh.”

“That a problem?” He challenged.

“No.”

“Okay. Night,” Katsuki rushed, storming fast past Izuku before he could say anything else about the matter.

Izuku watched his back and noticed another patch of irregular skin. Maybe he climbed the rocks that bordered a little ways from the sand and accidentally caught himself against the abrasive edges. Or that was his way of thinking until Katsuki passed under a second source of light and rainbows shimmered again.
It wasn’t an alcohol/weed induced fever dream!

Katsuki was a mermaid, why else would he shimmer and glitter after returning from a late night swim?

Mermaid, ha. No one believed him but it was true, he wasn’t crazy.

Okay, you’re thinking about the fact Katsuki worked as a lifeguard and never once while on duty did he emerge from the water with rainbow shimmers and to that Izuku theorized Katsuki turned at will from mermaid to regular dude.

Izuku would be smart this round. He wouldn’t tell anyone that he was looking into the mermaid theory.

“You’re reading about mermaids?” Katsuki asked, seeing the abnormal amount of literature littered on the kitchen table that would peak anyone’s interest, because; dude, mermaids, you six. Of course, Izuku immediately panicked as though Katsuki just questioned him about his shameful pre-Marvel bought Spiderman underwear.

Mission comprised, he internally screamed.

Mission comprised!

Abort, abort.

Burn everything.

Uninstall Google Chrome right now.
“Uh,” he said, because he had no talents in lies. “What?”

Katsuki shifted his hips; in a leather jacket and black boots and smelling like the sea breeze. He was dark all over, taking well to the sun than Izuku. Life wasn’t kind to Izuku sometimes; right now was ‘sometimes’. ‘Mermaids.’

Izuku knew he looked guiltier than sin, knew his eyes were wide with the shock of being caught so soon and stupidly with a few opened books, his laptop, and a page self-titled in his own composition book as ‘Fishman’. He swallowed, twirled his pen, said. “What?”

Katsuki smiled; but it wasn’t a human one—have you ever seen Finding Nemo, remember the scene with the sharks? Okay, Katsuki was the Great White. Pearly, sharp teeth in a murder smile. Probably because he knew that Izuku knew that he had certain aquatic enhancements and Izuku knew that Katsuki knew that you dealt with the possible reveal of your secret fishy identity by killing said leak and drowning him in the sea which was very conveniently in happy murder range for him.

“You heard me.”


“Right,” said Katsuki, like he didn’t believe that bullshit but already made good plans to murder Izuku by the end of the summer so he wasn’t too worried about it.

He walked away.

Izuku wanted to feel bad that he checked out the mermaid who was going to murder him, but Katsuki rarely donned on tight blue jeans and they were as unforgiving as his work uniform.

“The investigation is comprised,” he reported to Denki, who puffed on a joint at eight a.m.

Eijirou slurped up his cereal. “Dude, you’re tripping.”

Izuku waited for the thump of Katsuki’s footsteps up the stairs, then whispered, as some of his research suggested mermaids had acute hearing. “He said ‘right’, and that’s code for ‘I will murder you very soon’.”

“Clearly,” Denki coughed into his fist.

“You don’t believe me.”

“There are only two real monsters that exist, man,” Eijirou explained. “Big Foot, and aliens.”

“Aliens aren’t monsters.”

Denki corrected. “They are if they prod your butthole.”

“If you find my body, tell my mom I love her.”

“Sure, no problem.”
“What’s this?” Ochako took his notebook.

“What, wait—don’t.” He flung himself over her to get it back but Ochako easily thwarted his attempts, and Izuku wasn’t the type to physically fight girls so he set his head between his legs and tried to ignore the sound of the pages being turned and the mounting shame as he remembered every little note he had written down for the past couple of weeks.

“Mermaids?” She laughed. He heard the pages; the sound sharper and louder and like it was connected to an amp and the amp was plugged into his brain. “...Okay, this is getting weird,” she said, flipping through the organized pages, and scanned each one briefly.

“Are you stalking him too? Izuku, gummy bear, that’s like…do you wanna end up on ‘Law and Order’ because this is how you end up on there.”

He snatched the notebook from her loose fingers and clutched it protectively to his chest. Look, it sounded bad but it wasn’t bad…right? “I—it’s—He’s a mermaid. I just have to prove it and he might murder me right after so if I vanish under curious circumstances then you know he’s one.”

She puckered her lips. “Right now, I’m worried about Katsuki vanishing mysteriously.”

“It’s not like that,” he protested. One, he would never ever harm Katsuki; and two, if he did prove it he had no plans to make it known to the public. His head had been riddled with images of a long, glittery tail with shimmery copper and ebony scales, and delicate fan-shaped fins since The Occurrence and he couldn’t let it go until he proved to himself about the accuracy of those images. “I have to catch him off guard.”

“Oh,” she popped her lips with an air of awkwardness. “That isn’t helping your case, stalker.”

“I’m not. It’s—“

“Izuku,” Katsuki said, appearing, sudden. Still muscled, bronze like a statue, and in those itty-bitty swim trunks…what was going on again? “I—it’s—he’s a mermaid. I just have to prove it and he might murder me right after so if I vanish under curious circumstances then you know he’s one.”

Ochako looked quickly at Izuku then Katsuki, then Izuku, then Katsuki, and then the soft rolling tides. “Are you guys flirting? What the heck is wrong with you two? Go out! Oh my god.”

“We’re not flirting,” he said, recovering from the small touch and the hot jiggle of Katsuki’s butt. “He knows that I know and I know that he knows about the stalking. So it’s like a game of cat and mouse.”
She circled her temples. “This is too much work for dick, Izuku. I’ll help you hook up with guys on Tinder just please stop.”

“I’m not after his cock,” he shouted, the words reaching a nuclear family with three six-year-olds and their two moms. He shielded his face from the mothers’ terrifying lioness glare with his notebook. “I just want to prove he’s a mermaid,” he whispered. “Are they still angry?”

(They were.)

The mothers stared heatedly, wondering what with wrong with him that he thought it was perfectly okay to shout such things in the presence of children and how could such a nice establishment allow their employees to speak so, as they packed their beach towels and umbrella and settled on a sunny spot far from Izuku’s foul mouth.

“I think we’re all upset at you, Izuku,” Ochako scolded. “What happened to you? Your momma would be so disappointed you’re not doing this the easy way by going on Tinder.”

“Please never use the words ‘Tinder’ and my mom in the same sentence. We matched on OkCupid, I don’t want to even entertain the idea she’s on Tinder.”

Still mystified by the lengths Izuku would go to, Ochako wondered out loud. “Like is his cock that nice looking? Is that it? I have to know why you’re stalking a possible mermaid.”

He dropped his head. “It’s not like that.”

“I should’ve never taken you with me to see ‘The Shape of Water’. This is my fault. I’m to blame for your fish dick obsession.”

Izuku bumped her shoulder so she toppled into the sand with shoulder vibrating laughter. “You’re terrible.”

Katsuki’s head poked in the boxed in back porch where Izuku lounged on the three seater swing with his legs dangling. “I’m gonna take a shower.”

He blinked out of his mindless stare, then raised his brows. “Okay?”

“Well I know you’re taking your little notes about me.”

“It’s—it’s,” Izuku stuttered. “It’s for science stuff, okay.”

“So checking me out is for science?”

“N—no. I don’t. I, hey do you see that?” Izuku pointed to a random area behind Katsuki’s back then escape out the screen door when he checked it out.
Katsuki watched Izuku’s form sprint hurriedly down the eroded stone stairway in naked view and in no uncertain invisible to his eyes. He stood there for a minute with a half smirk, then walked over the squeaky floorboards in sandals where Izuku dumped his incriminating notebook filled with mermaid lore. He skimmed the pages briefly; silly or not, it was well organized with mostly clean and coherent writing. The edge of the page whispered against the wide pad of his thumb and he snorted.

“Dumbass,” he said, closing it.

“Whooo, I’m gonna take my shirt off,” Mei laughed with a sticky can of Corona before she finished it, crushed the can under her painted nails, and pulled her summer dress over her head and danced in her Calvin Klein panties and matching bra.

“Boobies.” Camie howled into her cupped hands, and then danced behind Mei once she tossed her bundled up Pink Floyd tee with her hands on her wide hips.

Minoru picked himself up from the sofa and said with a grim inflection. “I sense a disturbance in the force. Hanta, I must go.”

Hanta dismissed him with a hand wave as Ibara placed her beer on the coffee table and straddled his lap.

Minoru gawked. “Really?”

Hanta flipped him off as he made out heavily with Ibara, one hand fisted around her lime green dyed hair.

Inasa pounded his chest like a silver-back gorilla, walking backward sluggishly from the keg. Rivulets of cheap beer spilled over his wide lips to his shadowed chin “I’m taking my shirt off too.”

Mei, Camie, and Himiko all cheered him on in their cute bras, bouncing in a circle like a cult. “Inasa! Inasa!”

“Topless party,” Eijirou yelled, stripping off his shirt too, and wiggled into the mob of shirtless people.

Kyouka’s face curled in revulsion and popped all the windows open to air out the smell of a dozen young adult grinding and gyrating beer sweat.

Inasa whooped. “Yea, Eijirou! Yum, show off that bod.”

“My hot bod? What about your hot bod?” He complimented back, screaming the words over the bass.
“Bro, my hot bod ain’t nothing compared to your hot bod!” Inasa shouted back.

Eijirou gushed. “Oh bro.”

Denki rolled his eyes.

Tsuyu stared, feeling awkward as she stood in the middle of the room where they all danced topless, sweaty, sticky, and drunk to Kesha. “Why is everyone taking their clothes off?”

Minoru sidestepped into the mix. “Ladies,” he purred, nonchalantly trying to unclasp Mei’s bra.

Camie punched him in the arm and held Mei’s back to her front and hooked her chin over her shoulder. “Buzz off, dickward. These boobies are mine.”

“You can’t fucking hook up with all the girls! Leave me some.”

Himiko hugged Camie next, and stuck her silver ball tipped tongue out. Strands of blonde hair were wiggled loose and free from dancing unprofessionally. “Beat it, scumlord.”

The triplet waltzed off, hand in hand, bodies glowing with sweat and diamonds that glinted off the disco ball hammered to the ceiling hours prior to the party. Izuku made a note not to position himself under it after he saw Denki and Eijirou struggle to secure it to the ceiling.

Minoru gaped; equally horrified he had been rejected by three women at the same time and equally aroused because the three women who rejected him were now making the most exquisite lady sandwich. Himiko kissed the studded cartilage of Mei’s ear, and Mei glossy lips parted with a laugh. Camie squeezed the outside of Mei’s hips and brushed her thumb over her naked waist.

“What I would give to be in the middle of that three-way,” Minoru said, standing still in the sea of moving bodies.

Izuku tipped his beer back, hand wet from the bottle sweating, and bobbed his head idly to the music.

Someone pressed behind him and asked. “So where’s your mermaid, stalker?”

Izuku startled, leaping. “Ochako,” he gasped as he whipped around and saw her doubled over with giggles. “I am ripping your friendship card,” he said, reaching into his wallet and plucking out an invisible card and shredded it up with his fingers.

“Jokes on you,” she said, whipping out her own invisible card. “That was a decoy that I swiped out behind your back because I had a feeling that might upset you. This is the real one and I’m not giving it up. You’re my friend forever and ever, Izuku. I told you that you belonged to me.”

“You’re terrible,” he laughed.

She corralled her arms around his waist and shifted them from one to foot, kissing his cheek. “I love you too,” she said, sweetly. “With all my heart.”

He couldn’t muster the will to stay mad at her. “Okay, okay,” he breathed, relaxing against her. “I love you too,” he said, the two amps plugged into Eijirou’s iPhone boomed over his voice.

“Yay. I can’t wait for us to move into a retirement home together. We’re gonna raise hell and get fat.”

“I like that you planned out lives already.”
“It’s on the friendship card,” she said. “So how’s the mermaid hunt going?”

He sighed. “It’s not a hunt—Nowhere. It’s going nowhere.”

“There’s your man.”

Izuku started to complain automatically, not understanding the implication of her words. “He’s not my…” Then he got it. Katsuki, twelve of clock to his six, so hot he sizzled like meat over a coal hot grill top, and maybe a mermaid. He angled his body sideways. “Oh my god. I have to hide.”

Ochako yanked him back so he couldn’t escape to the back where no sexy mermaids waited. “Nope.”

“Ochako!” He hissed.

“Look, he’s checking you out.”

He didn’t, cause he was gutless when Katsuki watched him and not the other way around. “More like thinking where he can murder me so no one can hear me scream.”

“I get you barely get any booty, Izuku,” she said; Izuku blinked, digesting the insult. “But those are ‘I’m doing everything they censor in PG-13 films’ eyes.”

Izuku peeked, hesitant, and felt a stalk of panic and nerves as Katsuki stared back, reclined coolly on the wall, two girls on either side of him with their mouths cocked in red lipstick and sex. He was in a rock shirt with cutoffs to bare his defined biceps, tight black jeans, and tall boots with his blonde hair gelled back. If lightning and fire could have intense intercourse, they would make Katsuki at the end of their nine-month pregnancy because those dangerous elements made up Katsuki right now. Made up what his penny eyes did to Izuku. And unlike Izuku, Katsuki couldn’t give a fuck about being obvious or getting caught when their eyes meet. Stared back, tipped the wet rim of the bottle to his shimmery mouth, and drank. Adam apple bobbing.

He ducked his head; those might be ‘I’m fucking you eyes’ or ‘I’m fucking gonna kill you eyes’ but, either way, they’re insanely dangerous to his physical and mental health, and Izuku didn’t have nearly enough beer in his system to stomach it bravely.

The song changed to ‘Guns N’ Roses’ Paradise City; people mounted table and used their half-full bottles as impromptu microphones to slur the lyrics.

Mei and Eijirou shared a bottle microphone and sang, “Take me down to the Paradise City where the grass is green and the girls are pretty! Oh would you please take me home!”

The legs of the table waddled under their jumping feet and Izuku momentarily forgot about Katsuki to feel panicky about the drunken idiots on the table. Lifeguard duty didn’t exactly offer medical, and bless Eijirou’s fluffy, gargantuan heart but he budgeted as well as six-year-olds with a weekly allowance.

Izuku wondered if he turned off the music would people pelt him with vegetables and boos.

Eijirou and Mei faced their backs to the edge of the table where the mob gathered and threw themselves backward and crowd surfed, punching the air.

Izuku’s heart palpitations settled once Eijirou’s sneakers made solid contact with the ground.

Eijirou bounced on his toes. “One more time!”
“No,” Izuku said, fingers hooked under Eijirou’s belt to forcibly pull him off the table. “No drunk crowd surfing.”

“I’m not drunk,” Eijirou drank his beer brazenly and belched in his face with the distinctive stench of beer on his breath, and call Izuku crazy but he had a feeling Eijirou might be drunk. “Oh, hey, mermaid—Katsuki—merKatsuk,” Eijirou greeted, with a smile sloppy and slippery from the large amounts of alcohol he was drinking since seven.

Izuku went stiff like prey in the tall grass, trapped and hearing, seeing, and smelling the calculated stalk of a predator that hugged the environment that made its body near invisible to the human eye until the very last minute when there was no recourse.

This could not be real. There was no way these events were aligning right now to royally fuck Izuku over.

He didn’t look back to confirm or debunk it, but given the way Eijirou continued to ramble on like Izuku’s life wasn’t in peril argued that it was and the events were aligned “Haha, did I tell you Izuku thinks you’re a hot mermaid like Ariel but with a dick, you know a merdick.”

Izuku was cemented in his panic and mortification then, glued between Eijirou and Katsuki. Leaving would make things more awkward than they already were and it was something else Katsuki could mock him about and he was having plenty fun with the mermaid material Izuku unwillingly provided. Personally, he wasn’t into humiliation and could endure so much.

Why did Jesus hate Izuku Midoriya, what did he do? Not return that one book back to the library?

“Oh shit,” Eijirou laughed, gesturing to Izuku, who had hoped he became so still they lost sight of him completely. “I forgot you were there, Izuku. Damn I must be drunk or something. Well bye Izuku and Katsuki.”

Eijirou went to the right, then the lift, then the right, and the left; laughing the whole way over his poor equilibrium. Inasa slipped his wet arm through his and they both stumbled left then right to the kitchen, amused neither could walk straight.

Soon, they’re alone or as alone as you got in a party with sophomore college students, which worked unfavorably for Izuku, as the world did, cause no one seemed to have any need to talk to either of them. So it was Izuku’s panicked stare locked on the table and Katsuki’s, probably, murder stare on him as he pretended Katsuki didn’t exist.

“Do you think the table’s a mermaid too?” Katsuki asked after a minute.

His shoulders hitched up. He mocked Izuku relentlessly whenever the chance came up and it was layered with the undertone ‘I know you know that I’m a mermaid and I’m not gonna confirm it so you go crazy and everyone else thinks you’re crazy while I laugh and tell you you’re crazy, even though you’re not crazy; cause I am a mermaid’.

“Listen here, Mister,” he said, stern, and poked Katsuki’s marble hard chest. Katsuki stared at his finger. Izuku experienced a delay in his mind as he poked again and—wow that was super hard; focus! “I. No.” He put his finger down. “Why do you keep looking at me like you’re a mermaid then tell me you’re not a mermaid?”

Diamonds washed his face. The disco ball floated above them. Made Katsuki shiny and immaculate like chrome rims “The fuck, my eyes say that?”

“They do.”
“You see a tail?” He asked, boldly pulling on the top of his jeans to give Izuku a glimpse of dark blond hair and the hard V of his hips. “I could take my clothes off. Show you what’s going on and that there’s no tail.”

Izuku shook his head and puckered his mouth in suspicion. “Don’t distract me.”

“My dick’s distracting?”

Well, yes. Very. To be precise, his dick in Izuku’s was...oh, ohhh, he hated mermaids. Especially this one, who pretended not to be one but was and made fun of Izuku for it. “No! I in no way care about your penis.”

Unless...No.

No he did not.

Katsuki crossed his arms over his chest, and Izuku felt like crying a little at the thick bulging of his biceps. “Yea? Your face is red, by the way.”

He didn’t touch his cheeks to see if Katsuki was right, cause he could feel the heat radiating fantastically, turning him redder than a Christmas ornament. “Because I am...I’m hot. There. Lots of people. Body heat. Condensed space.”

“Tell me when you find your common sense, dumbass,” he smirked, and as biting and acidic as the comment could be, it wasn’t that. Was teasing. Inviting.

As though...

As though this guy was a gosh dang mermaid—

[8]

“Did you ask him out?” Ochako asked.

“No,” he said, notebook whipped out, notes scribbled, diagrams of what mermaid Katsuki looked like with his gold and scarlet colored tail in the margins. “But he definitely said mermaid stuff.”

Ochako blinked. “Are you really okay? I feel like we might have to have you committed or something.”

“He’s a mermaid.”
“And you’re totally ignoring me right now,” she said, watching him watch Katsuki and wondering at what point did she call the police about Izuku and his bizarre mermaid obsession. She didn’t want him to end up like those guys on ‘Monster Quest’ or ‘The Search for Big Foot’ who lived in mobile homes with their rifles and scratchy beards.

Katsuki walked out of the water, swim trunks hanging low, and went to his knees and laid the woman on the sand. Izuku arrived in an instant, and started chest compressions. He pressed down three times before he pinched the woman’s slender nose and overlaid his mouth over hers and breathed.

Still nothing, he pushed down again, and started over, forcing more air in her mouth. Then suddenly a tongue found his and Izuku stumbled back on his elbows.

“Oops” the woman purred, looking fine for someone who supposedly was drowning in the water seconds ago. “Oh, uh.” She coughed into her hand abruptly. “Wow. I thought I was a goner.”

Izuku took it as an occupational hazard and shrugged. It didn’t happen often to him where people faked drowned to get a kiss but he supposed it was a better alternative where someone’s life hung in the balance.

Katsuki sneered. “Look, don’t fucking play that game here, lady.”

“Excuse me?” She bit, adjusting the straps of her bra after she got up from the sand.

“Katsuki,” Izuku rubbed his hands to together to clean his palms free of the sand. “It’s okay.”

“You fucking played dead to kiss him,” he accused.

She arched her slim brows. “I’m pretty sure I did not do that. And if he had a problem, he would speak up. It was an honest mistake.”

“Oh my god,” he groaned privately, then to the two engaged in an intense staring contest. “It’s okay, really. No harm was done.”

Katsuki exploded when Izuku brushed his arm. “She fucking kissed you!”

“And I’ll survive it,” he said with hushed words. He didn’t understand why Katsuki was taking the matter this far; the guys were more or less resigned or okay with it but the guys did get protective when customers pulled the same prank on the girls. Maybe it was a double standard, but Izuku wouldn’t stand for any of the girls to be taken advantage of more than they already were.

“Really, thank you for fighting for my honor but it’s not necessary,” he assured, then to the fuming
woman in a two piece white bikini. “I’m sorry about that miss. I’m sure you were in trouble. We do get people who mess around so my co-worker is just…trying to make sure everyone is safe, right?”

“Fucking bitch,” Katsuki grumbled, negating Izuku’s entire speech.

“I want to speak to your manager,” she said, hip cocked, arms crossed.

“Get the manager!” Katsuki roared, earning the eyes of more spectators. “Fucking kissing you and shit.”

“Did you get in trouble?” Izuku asked, dressed up after the end of his shift in cargo shorts and a shirt. Katsuki marched out, clothed in sweats and a tank with his swim trunks in a zipped baggie with his mood visibly sullen and dampened; Katsuki worked like napalm, chronically in a state of near explosive but benign if left untampered. The little dynamite in his eyes and his body lacked on the way out, and Izuku did the math, it wasn’t exhaustion.

Katsuki got in trouble, because a random girl wanted to kiss him.

Katsuki spared him a look, then rolled his eyes. “Whatever,” he mumbled, and it translated that warnings were issued and he’d rather not talk about the specifics.

“People kissed you,” he said, following him down the guard shack ramp and trudged sand slowly up the beach. “Why did it matter if a girl kissed me?”

Katsuki stopped, an accusing finger pointed. “Look I don’t ask for those fuckers to kiss me. I know I’m hot, but you…”

“Excuse me?” Izuku gasped. “Like I understand I’m not… I’m not like a supermodel but wow, why would you call me ugly? That’s really mean.”

“I did not—where the fuck did you get that?! I didn’t call you ugly.”

“You just said ‘I’m hot but me’. That implies you think I’m ugly.”

Katsuki clapped a hand over his eyes. “Fuck you’re so dumb.”

“See.”

“Oh my god,” he yelled. “Like you’re dumb for thinking that I think you’re ugly.”

“Oh!”

“Yea! Dumbass!”
Izuku lowered his head at the abrupt compliment and rubbed his arm. “Oh,” he tamed a bashful smile. “Oh okay. Well, thank you for telling me I’m not ugly.”

Katsuki rolled his head, and gave Izuku’s salt dried hair playful ruffle. “Don’t fucking milk it, mermaid hunter.”

“Well tell me you’re a mermaid.”

Katsuki walked into his space and Izuku felt his breath cometo a stop. “Why?”

“Because you are one,” he managed without somehow soundly as breathless and wobbly as was under Katsuki’s warm eyes. It was common to forget how large Katsuki was, how much of the space he took, how imposing he could be until he was an inch away from him. Izuku tried not to melt thinking about it and what delights it could present in bed with Katsuki’s hulking body on top—

“What would you do if I was a mermaid?”

“Say I was right this whole time and that you’re a giant dingleberry for making me coo-coo,” he laughed. “And maybe ask about mermaid stuff and if you wanted to like, go swimming, or go scuba diving.”

“Like a fucking date?”

“I, what, no a friendship date,” Izuku recovered. “So are you a mermaid?”

Katsuki examined him with a coolness to his face. “I don’t do friendship dates. You either fuck with me or you don’t get shit,” he said, then started up the sand dunes.

“…Wait are you saying you are a mermaid?” Izuku asked.

He kept walking. “Let’s go, dumbass. Or you can take the bus.”

“But it’s my car.”

Katsuki spun on his heel and jingled a ring of keys around his finger. “And I took your keys.”

“Dang it, Katsuki!”

He whirled the keys then caught the metal in his palm, pocketing it. “Stop thinking about mermaids, dipshit. And watch your stupid mouth, you wanna get a fucking STD?”
Ochako gave a little hop to sit on the rail. Her painted toes kicked back and forth. “So Sirius told me some drama went down Sunday. Katsuki got chewed out for cursing at someone.”

“Well, some lady acted like she was passed out and I did CPR and she Frenched me a bit and Katsuki got mad she was faking.”

“Where’s this bitch?”

He planted his forehead to the wooden rail, a groan wheezing out. “Not you too. It’s okay,” he insisted. “Why is no one okay?”

Firm in her opinion of the woman, Ochako said. “I want to kick sand on her towel now.”

“I’m okay.”

“Such a bitch,” she continued.

He rubbed the side of his face; how was it that he would have this conversation twice? He didn’t mind people caring, but he wasn’t defenseless and it was just a bit of tongue. Not like it lingered long enough for him to decide for it or against it. “Please. I got enough from Katsuki.”

“Did he kiss you?”

Izuku asked slowly. “Why would he do that?”

“Cause he got mad someone else did it.”

“I don’t think he was mad about that.”

“Izuku,” she said, and the tone alone told Izuku to brace himself because he was in for a lecture or a reaming of epical proportions. “Gummy bear, sweet sweet summer child, you are going to make me snap you in two with how oblivious you are. He’s. Into. You.”

Izuku wished, man, wished he could pin the obvious flush of red on his cheeks on the heat and the sun except the clouds roamed thickly, and roofed the beach with shade. “What, no.”

She shifted her weight; mouth pursed in patronization. “You believe he’s a mermaid over him being into you? Something that could realistically happen unlike mermaids.”

He scratched the sun bleach wood grain with his dull nail, said a soft, “It’s because I saw a mermaid.”

“You make my brain hurt, that’s how bad you are.”

“Ochako,” he called.

“No,” she refused, head turned away. “We need space.”

“C’mon,” he whined, extending one arm limply to her, fingers squeezed around air for what should be her hand. “Please talk to me.”

“Fine,” she said, lacing their fingers; people would think they’re a couple, which Izuku didn’t mind. “And only because I love you.”

“I love you too.”
It was odd, admittedly, that Katsuki exploded at work. Not odd that he went over the top about a little things, because he constantly did that—get ticked off by small things like when the car door didn’t unlock, if he stubbed his big ugly toe, or if no one bought milk and he glared at the white light spearing his dark-accustomed eyes—but those were things that affected him directly. The kiss, not so much.

So, it was odd.

Maybe not odder than the mermaid theory but irregular to take note off.

It could happen, even though Katsuki was so, so astronomically out of his league that you needed a spaceship to reach his level, but it could be true.

Like Ariel fell hard for Eric. Granted she was fifteen and not in the right age bracket to be making life lasting decisions like turning over her fins for legs.

But mermaids loved humans, in fairytales. Other times, they lured them into the sea and murdered them.

So fifty/fifty shot, right?

Why did the mermaid theory feel like a safer shot than ‘oh I think Katsuki likes me and I know I like him a lot, a lot, so dating’?"

Yeah, no.

Mermaids were safer. Much safer.

Feelings, hand holding, dating, sex? So not safe, and Izuku was all about being safe and obeying the rules, you know: click it or ticket; pull over if you’re not sober; don’t text and drive; put a raincoat on your buddy; don’t leave lit candle unsupervised.
“In light of Izuku’s obsession,” Denki announced.

“No,” Izuku begged, praying against all the odds that Denki wasn’t about to say what he feared.

“We’re totally fucking binging every ‘Little Mermaid’ movie. So get cozy, fucknuggets, it’s gonna be a night to remember. Katsuki,” he bowed like a servant before a king with the rented disc case. “Would you like the honors of popping this bad boy in?”

“Fuck you.”

“Right, you can’t,” he hummed. “Cause of the tail.” Winked next; Izuku wanted to liquefy into the sofa so he didn’t have to deal with this. “Gotcha. Eijirou, my sweet, sweet Jalapeño pepper would you?”

“It’s so soon and in front of everyone,” Eijirou gushed.

“Shut the fuck up,” Katsuki barked, bringing his leg up so he could chamber it up and clip Eijirou’s hip.

Izuku played referee to the roughhousing started after the first kick. Katsuki put Eijirou, face forward, under his body, and forced his head into his armpit. Eijirou’s legs slapped the cushions frantically. He could only see the back of Katsuki’s head, though he knew the guy was wide with a smirk. “Please, guys, just stop.”

It took a few more ‘c’mon, I’m serious, stop or we’re not having fun tonight’, and grabbing Katsuki’s naked feet—his soles were sensitive and tickling spur Katsuki into angry wiggles—to get the two to quit it

“Take it slow, my Jalapeño,” said Denki as he lifted the case reverently to Eijirou, the treatment similar to the One Ring.

Katsuki hitched his legs rudely over his lap without an ounce of courtesy to Izuku.

Izuku…should get new friends at this point. File in his resignation papers, give his two weeks, maybe room with Ochako and Mina and Himiko who wouldn’t treat him like this. They might put him in drag and makeup but they wouldn’t bring up the mermaid theory.
“Under the sea, under the sea—c’mon, Katsuki, Izuku,” laughed Denki. “You guys know the words.”

“I’m fucking killing him,” growled Katsuki as he chucked the pillow that acted as an outlet to his mounting annoyance. “Move outta the way, Izuku.”

“Katsuki,” he called, pushing on his chest. “No, no. We talked about this. Breathe. Breathe.”

“Down here is better where it is wetter!” Denki sang. “Just like Katsuki when he thinks about Izuku’s butt!”

Izuku’s strength lessened, the words drawing his attention. “What?”

“You’re so fucking dead!”

“Oh shit,” Denki took a swig from his bottle, then gave it to Eijirou. “Hold my beer.”


“What about my butt?” Izuku questioned as Katsuki ran Denki down like a mad bull and lassoed Denki’s big head with his elbow. His pleas for help went unanswered as Izuku scratched his calf.

Eijirou clapped him on the back. “Ah, Izuku, I love how everything flies over your head. It’s so cute. Like a little anime girl in a shoujo manga.”

“…I have no idea what any of those words are.”

“See? Classic.”

“Stop fucking pouring water on my fucking legs, dickheads.”

“He’s not turning,” Eijirou mumbled.

“Maybe cause it’s not like salt water,” Denki theorized, and they’re high; very high. Edibles high, and after two ‘Little Mermaid’ movies, and a National Geographic mermaid documentary, they’re strangely on board with the mermaid theory and utilizing the highest tech available to them to prove it—so they’re just using water of varying temperatures with varying quantities of salt in it to trigger a change in Katsuki.

Izuku would like to say he had no play in this whatsoever and was a victim as much as Katsuki.
“Fucking,” Katsuki curled his legs to his chest. “That’s hot as fuck, what is wrong with you? The ocean is cold, dumbass.”

“Let’s get ice,” Denki said; Eijirou nodded rapidly in reply.

“No,” Izuku sighed as they booked it to the kitchen.

“This is your fault,” Katsuki’s head lolled on the headrest, looked at Izuku with dark eyes.

Got Izuku really hot and tingly under his clothes and he could lie and say he didn’t know why but he did and every freaking inch of him wanted to crawl up on Katsuki and kiss the chocolatey taste of weed cookies out of his mouth. But his body felt heavy and kissing while high was one of those regrettable actions.

So he didn’t, but he did rub the red mark on his thigh where the hot water scorched him.

To be honest, Izuku kind of forgot they were having a conversation and that he had to be a part of it at some point. “My fault?”

“Yea,” he hummed, the sound coming out of him lazy. “Telling everyone I’m a mermaid.”

“Are you?”

Katsuki looked down to the hand on his leg; oops, yea, Izuku kind of left it there and barely bothered to search for an excuse to move it. Katsuki’s lazy stare should prompt him, but, yea, Izuku was in the deep end so to speak and under the wrong influence and the right situation for wrong influences to compel his wants while it gagged his common sense. “What you touching right now?”

“Your leg,” he said, red-handed, and too high to care for any type of shame.

“Do they have that?”

Izuku closed his hand tight around it—to double check, you know; got hard muscle; then got a little dizzy because he vividly remembered how Katsuki looked in so little clothing and how was he just remembering this bit of info. He lived with it; but its impact worked like a hydrogen bomb. “Not on land.”

Katsuki moved his other leg so there was some space between them; it came off as a hot suggestion. “Keep moving your hand up and you’ll see what else mermaids don’t got.”

“What?”

“You know what, Izuku.”

That—that—he meant…him and Izuku…getting busy with handys. First mermaids, and now this; this might be a Disney film.

“I can’t,” he said; tongue dry in his mouth, thinking about it. About how he could move his hand up a bit more and heat things up to a million degrees.

Katsuki’s face walled up. “Can’t?” He asked, the word wound up tight like rope.

“Yea.”

He carefully maintained a blank façade. “Don’t wanna?”
told me you’re a mermaid.”

The bricks housing Katsuki in came down brick by brick, growing cocky again, looking damn smug
and he should because there wasn’t a single flaw on him—oh boy, was Izuku blinded by them rose-
colored lenses, huh; it was okay, he liked it—and Izuku was the person to fall in puppy love with

Katsuki grinned, upper teeth shown with it, and dragged his tongue over the top row. “Asshole,” he
rumbled, and the dark neon quality of his voice poured hot liquid gasoline straight into his veins…
God, what was in those cookies? “You gonna play my ass like that.”

“Then say you’re a mermaid.”

He closed his mouth, in thought. “Why—“

Eijirou and Denki marched in, footfalls boisterous. “Alright, so we did some science.”

“Yes, hardcore science,” Denki agreed. “This should be the right temperature for the ocean where
mermaids should live. Give us your leg, fishboy.”

“Fuck off.”

“Give, give,” Eijirou motioned. “Izuku, hold him down.”

Katsuki glared, seeing Izuku move to his knees on the cushion. “Don’t you dare.”

And drugs were wonderful in the few ways that they made you super courageous cause sober Izuku
wouldn’t have the guts to throw one leg over Katsuki and sit forward on his lap. “Why? Are you a
mermaid?”

“You little shitstain.” The fury there was playful; Katsuki, without a doubt, could lift and manhandle
Izuku like a bag of groceries so he was okay with Izuku laying his weight to pin him down.

“Drumroll please!” Eijirou requested.

Denki supplied the sound effect by drumming his fingers on the empty Pizza Hut box.

Izuku squeezed his shoulders. “Last chance to cough up the truth.”

Katsuki winced, pushing a rush of air out his lips. “Ah! Fucking cold you fuckturds.”

“Aw, damn it,” Eijirou groaned. “Science has failed us.”

Izuku looked back. Saw legs. Hmm. “See fins, dumbass?”

“I think I did,” he joked.

“You’re fucking stupid.”
“You—you straddled him?” Ochako asked. “You’re a secret hoe, Izuku, please accept it.”

“I’m not a—“

Camie nodded, appraising Izuku. “Alright, alright, alright.”

Himiko explained to his thunderstruck expression. “We watched a ton of Mathew McConaughey films. So she’s doing that now. We can’t get her to stop.”

Mei drew on a napkin. “Okay,” she set her pen down and slid the napkin in the middle of the table. “I think a mermaid’s cock looks like this.”

Camie checked out the art with a lecherous smile. “Alright, alright, alright.”

Himiko tipped her head back and sighed. “How the fuck did I sleep with you?”

Camie made a V with her fingers and stuck her tongue between.

“Oh yea,” Himiko said, grinning. “You’re good with your mouth when you’re not talking.”

Ochako set her fork and butter knife down as she was about to dig into her Belgian waffles that arrived later than everyone else’s meals, and said, with exasperated weighed on her shoulders. “Guys, c’mon, let’s have some privacy between us. I don’t wanna know who does what to who.”

“You shared a dick pic,” Himiko said. “Do you know I can’t erase that from my memory?”

“That was two years ago!”

“It looked like a worm. How do you live with a worm Izuku?”

Izuku picked at his food quietly. “I just wanna eat. I just want food in my mouth. Please don’t include me. I don’t exist.”

“That’s not all he wants in his mouth,” Mei howled. “Heyo!”

“Booyah!”

“Alright, alright, alright!”
Thunder cracked. Crooked spears of blue light veined the cloudy sky; appearing vivid and brilliant, then gone with a bone-shattering rumble of thunder. Dawn, if you wanted the time frame for current events, but with the clouds and the active thunderstorm it could pass for any time. Now it was ill-advisable to go out on the water with splitting lightning, and aggressive waves. The ocean wasn’t the only player in the game, you had mother nature tweaking the system. But the majority of the human population didn’t normally run out to the beach when the sky greyed. Those people weren’t Izuku, Eijirou, Denki, and Katsuki, who had their wetsuits on, a surfboard under their armpit, and a leash strapped to the fin of the board.

Storms had everything unpredictable—the streets, the sidewalk, the sea, but it also conjured up fat waves for only the daring and the stupid. And they’re daring….and okay, they’re pretty stupid too in the way young people were.

Inasa and few other people beat them to the water, all laughing, howling, and shouting when a tide folded in on them and pulled them under the white foam. Camie wiped out on a monster wave, jackknifing backward, with her board falling a second after her. Shindo raced the through the tunnel of water, the wave buckling the space behind him mere nanoseconds apart before it closed the opening and rolled him below.

Everyone struggled; no one came in expecting to score a clean ride. They’re very casual about surfing. Though the pros wanting to test out their training were out there, and managed much better than them.

Izuku wiped out on a double wave with Denki, and saw the top of the sky from underwater. He stared for a minute as he held his breath. Seeing the creation of large waves from the bottom. He nearly forgot himself in the freedom of it until a shadow passed over the little light from above. A board with big feet.

Izuku surfaced, heaving in gallons of air as he mounted his board.

Water dripped off of Katsuki’s nose. “You forget you need to breathe, dipshit?”

“Aw.”

“No.”

“Aw?”

Katsuki pushed him off his board and Izuku dropped back into the navy sea with a loud splash.

He surfaced, flipping his bangs back as he paddled back to his board, coughing out the sour taste of salt water from his mouth. “Meanie.”

Waves crested under the board, bobbing Katsuki up and down. “Everyone’s turning in,” he said, as Izuku heaved his body out of the ocean and back on the slick surfboard. “Weather’s gonna get worst anyway, so we should head out too.”

“But I only caught one wave,” he pouted.
“Yea and you fucking got owned too.”

Eijirou pedaled to them. “Ready? Denki’s about to shit his pants.”

At a marginally slower rate, Denki’s board settled among their; he had his body contorted like a circus performer over it, face showing signs of clogged pipes and stained undies. “God, my insides are melting.”

“Didn’t I tell you to stay away from Taco Bell?”

“I wanted to try that Dorito taco,” he said, then to the cloudy skies roofed over them, to the malicious gods of Taco Bell, “Why must you treat me this way Taco Bell, all I ever did was love and eat your food religiously?” No answer came from the gods, though his stomach did—a sound liquid and pained like an animal on its last leg.

“Anyway, I wanna get him home fast before things start coming outta places.”

“Oh my god,” wailed Denki. “Can we go, it’s like rush hour back there, dude. I’m not kidding. I will shit myself.”

“Just take him home and come back for me after,” Izuku said. “I wanna ride a few more.”

Katsuki punched the water, hitting Izuku with the spray. “No. Are you dumb?”

He would say he was a smart person who regularly did dumb things; so he wasn’t quite sure what the right answer would be. “Sometimes.”

Izuku paddled to a safe distance from Katsuki as he read the threat to his well-being in his eyes. “Get here, Izuku,” Katsuki beckoned, going as far as to add a loud whistle and a snap with his fingers.

Izuku edged further away. “No you’re gonna dunk me, again.”

“You little prick,” Katsuki said, shaking his head at Izuku, who shook his head at the call to come to his side so he could kick him back into the water for the wiseass comment. “Look,” he said to Eijirou, seeing no leverage to be gain. “Take the human bomb home,” he jutted his chin at the mess of hot sweats and agonized moans that was Denki. “I’ll keep an eye on this jackass. You watch the other one.”

“I mean it’s a waste of gas but alright.”

“Eijirou, dude, c’mon.”

Katsuki stopped him by the elbow. “Buy air fresheners on your way to get us too.”

“Oh, ha, ha, ha!” Denki mocked. “So funny. So—oh god, Eijirou, it’s time.”

Eijirou rowed out with him to the shore, their voices carrying before the distance muffled them. “Dude, please, please, don’t shit in the car. That’s all I ask.”

“Like I wanna shit myself, dude, what the hell,” Denki complained back.

They’re smudges of color in the their perspective; on the line of navy waters flanked by white sand, black stones, and the bluffs.

“You still wanna surf?”
“Yes, Please.”

He rolled his eyes, laid on his stomach, cut his arms through the dark water. “Keep up, nerd.”

The waves were plenty; big; mean; aggressive. Not difficult to catch one under the board; maintaining it, that was the trick. To be fast but balanced. Izuku found himself seeing the bottom of these big waves more than he managed to stay on top of them. Bit of a siren call that—wanting to ride the wave through to completion, until you’re crashing with it like you’re that force of nature, that you conquered it and not before. So Izuku was back looking for the next wave after having his world go topsy-turvy, water clinging to his eyelashes. Katsuki scaled the wall of a water, bent low with his hand dragging through the water like a king. Izuku saw the culmination of a new wave in the corner of his vision and pedaled out to position himself within its trajectory.

He looked over his shoulder and timed the leap from his prone position to his feet with the power of the tide curling, wrenching the board into its force field. There was a brief period where it felt like he might wipe out again but he didn’t.

Izuku grinned. Touched the wall of navy, fingers breaching it; it empowered him; made him very brazen in the moment as he loosened his posture like he’d seen the pros and Katsuki do. He scaled up and down; zig-zag; thunder boomed so loud he felt it vibrate in the marrow of his bones. Izuku was so full of his luck, the easy way the board cut across the water that he failed to see it collapsing rapidly on his heels like a monster.

Didn’t get it until black shadow covered him entirely, he had a second to see the mass of the wave before it hammered down like a massive mouth.

Katsuki scored out of a wave; distracted by the crash of Izuku. He mounted his board, blinking away the drops falling to his lashes. He watched the spot where Izuku once was; where bubbles should rise to the surface and then Izuku himself. But seconds added; the sky darkened; thunder and lightning arrived in quicker successions, snapping a sharp sound in the air like splintered wood before it fired a
heavy bass boom; multiple waves crested and crashed, full of violent, life-threatening energy.

The currents started to move him, carry him in all directions but the one toward Izuku.

Fuck.

His fingers closed into a fist.

“You stupid prick,” he growled, diving into the water, and pulling off his wetsuit.

Izuku’s eyes opened wearily to the sight of absolute darkness; hovered in zero-G; but it wasn’t space he was suspended in. Water, he realized, the ache in his skull helped place the missing pieces from when the monster tide gulped him to now, where the leash designed to keep him attached to his board now latched around a jagged rock, twisted three rotations around it.

He bonked his head; it wasn’t life-threatening but the hurling currents were and they kept him pinned so he couldn’t unhook himself.

He fumbled for the clasp on his ankle, losing his grip as the current somersaulted him under water.

Izuku tried again, stopping only for the shadow of a beast in the ocean, body rippling a mini light show from the thin grey of light above the water’s surface. It his heart quickened, thinking the worse.

But then—

He did something stupid and parted his mouth, letting oxygen out for water to fill it; face to face with a mermaid. The entire world seemed to go on pause for a moment, where Izuku could see Katsuki’s natural blonde hair moving like seaweed, tail long and striking and an extraordinary blip of color in the navy landscape, mouth-shaped for anger and an armada of insults he was saving for Izuku once they got topside. Things snapped back into place; sound; the frost of the dark ocean depth; the muffled hammer of thunder booming deep like a dragon; the currents wrenching and pulling.

Katsuki slapped a hand over his mouth, then worked on the clasp and loosened the thread so Izuku could pull his foot out.

He didn’t worry about his board and wrapped his arms over Katsuki’s neck, and felt the strain for oxygen in his tested lungs. Katsuki checked his grip once then they’re zooming through the dark water, the tug severe on his body as he held on tight.
“I’m not dreaming,” Izuku coughed, crawling on his elbows and knees out the water. He turned, dropped on his back as Katsuki pulled his tail over the damp sand—and god, his memories didn’t do it any justice. It was black that night, but he had the benefit of a grey sky and the scales weren’t as lustrous under it but in direct sunlight, they had to be spectacular.

The lines on his neck fluttered; gills, they’re gills. Katsuki had a copper and gold tail with delicate fins at the tip, fanned out and shaped like a Betta fish; gills; and as he pulled his lips back to shout at Izuku, sharp teeth, “You stupid motherfuck—“

“And I’m not drunk,” he said, thwarting every excuse to discredit his cognitive abilities, because he wasn’t about to let this moment go the same as the previous one not after driving himself mad, not after Katsuki risked his secret for Izuku’s well-being twice. “And you’re a mermaid.”

“You hit your head,” he said next.

Izuku pushed to his feet, wobbled because it was a bit soon for him to try that, but the gap between him and Katsuki wasn’t so large so he could manage a few steps. His knees hit the sand as Izuku sat inches away from Katsuki.

“You don’t have legs. Got a tail.” At the mention, it flexed away, coiled protectively behind Katsuki as if he could conceal the big limb. “It’s really pretty, by the way,” Izuku said; to assure Katsuki and to be honest, cause it was. Katsuki was so pretty. Izuku’s heart did double the taxes whenever he came around.

Izuku laid his hand flat on the damp sand; compelled to touch his tail, touch his jaw, his wet knotted hair, his gills expanding and collapsing

“Don’t say shit,” Katsuki said, tension hardened the skin along his jawbone. Izuku read into his voice; sometimes Katsuki said rude things without the intention and Izuku knew the beats and cadence into each one, so the dark edge in it was of sincerity; fear. “To anyone.”

“I won’t. I promise,” he said, the silence stretched out between them where Katsuki said nothing but still looked tense. “Do you wanna pinky promise?”

The tension dissolved. “You’re so fucking stupid,” he said, rolling his eyes then wincing as the clouds began to migrate and a beam of sunlight fell on the beach; it would pick up again later; storms faded in and out.

“Maybe, but…this is so amazing,” he gushed. “I feel like I’m Prince Eric and your Ariel.”

“Next time, you’re drowning. I ain’t saving you, like I did last time, I might add. Fucking don’t know how to keep your ass alive.”
“I’m literally too happy right now,” he said. “Nothing you came say will bring me down. I found my mermaid.”

Katsuki’s tail slapped the foaming water. “Man. I don’t have tits, so don’t call me no ‘maid’, fucko.”

“This is so awesome.”

“Why are you naked?” Eijirou asked, pointing down where Katsuki didn’t hide his dick.

“Accident,” Izuku blurted. “He, uh, had an accident.”

Misunderstanding, Eijirou thought, face pulled half in hilarity and disgust. “Wait, you shit yourself?”

“No!”

“Yup,” Izuku confirmed, speaking fast so Katsuki couldn’t put up an argument against him. “That’s what occurred. I can testify.”

“Wow, man,” Eijirou said. “That’s rough.”

“Shut up. Don’t talk. No one talk to me.”

Katsuki pushed him down a sand dune and didn’t wait for Izuku as he stomped back to the car.

“Do you have a—like a, I, uh, that’s too personal for me to ask. Nevermind.”
“You wanna know if I got a dick with the tail?”

Izuku broke into nervous laughter, “What, haha, oh Katsuki, you’re so silly.”

Katsuki crossed his arms, reclined back, and leveled him with a ‘stop with your bullshit’ expression.

Izuku rolled his bottom lip under his teeth, kept it there while his whole face twisted into a wince. “…Okay. I was like curious, not that I should have to know. I don’t. I don’t gotta know. I was thinking about science. Science stuff, you know. Uh anatomy, that’s what I’m thinking about.”

Katsuki questioned, “So for science you’re thinking about my dick?”

“It sounds weird if you put it like that.”

“I got a cock.”

“Oh. Well that’s good. Good for you. I’m glad to hear you have a penis.”

“Wanna see it?” He husked.

“I’m—I’m gonna go lie down because I think you’re messing with me but at the same time. Yea. I’ll go to lie down. Goodbye.”

“Alright. It’s an offer. For science or whatever bullshit excuse you wanna use.”

Izuku walked back in. “Does it look like a…”

Katsuki filled in the rest. “Like my normal cock?”

“…You could be like less gross about it.”

“It’s a little longer. Wider”

“Oh,” Izuku started to fanning his face. “Oh, okay. Thank you. Science will be happy about these developments.”

Katsuki whistled, hitched his eyes suggestively low, then popped his lips out after licking them. It was foul, effective, and had Izuku’s knees wobbly like Jello. “You wanna see it?”

“I’m going to lie down, for real,” he announced, then promptly padded out the hot kitchen—who left that stove on, huh—and into the other less sexy parts of the house where mermen wouldn’t tempt him.

He smirked, seeing the redness spread to the back of Izuku’s neck as he left. “Lemme know whenever you’re ready for fish sticks.”

Izuku walked back in, a scolding finger wagged in Katsuki’s direction. “Why would you say that to me? You know that’s my favorite snack, now I can’t eat that.”

“Aren’t you supposed to lie down, science boy?”

Izuku checked Katsuki out, remembered ‘ho boy, ho boy, a spicy merman just came on to me and I don’t think this is an a alcohol induced dream or a prank so, wow’, then nodded. “Yea. Imma…” he pointed down the hallway.

“You go do that.”
“So do you…do you live…under the—“

“You start with that fucking song and you’re gonna find your dead body under the sea, asshole.”

Izuku asked, again. “So?”

“I do. Sometimes. It’s not like the cartoons and books but there’s somewhere.”

“Why are you here then?”

“You guys have HBO. The fuck,” Katsuki snorted. “Like Imma stay and swim around all day. Shit’s boring.”

“So..you’re kind of like…”

Katsuki slowly, eerily, turned his head; the silent fury in his taut features was all the warning Izuku needed. “Don’t fucking finish that.”

But, but, Katsuki was unfathomably cute when you riled him up, within reason and with harmless jabs, and Izuku was bad when it came to cute things. “I just mean…”

“Shut up.”

He laughed, “Okay, okay. I’ll stop poking fun at you.”

“Fucking all the time,” Katsuki bitched to himself. “Mermaid jokes. Fuck I would rather be fucking on display than hear another Ariel parallel.”
“Can I?” Izuku started.

Katsuki flicked his tail. “What?”

“Like…touch.”

“I don’t let people touch my tail.”

Right, that—that was incredibly rude and insensitive; his mother would have some choice words for Izuku being a complete nut. He wouldn’t ask that of another person so why did he think it was alright to treat Katsuki that way. He wasn’t a pet or a toy to be gawk at and awed, though his tail did inspire all of that, ripped straight out of a painting, scales responsive to all degrees of light, taking it and shining the color back brilliantly. He lost count the number of times he stared at Katsuki, not sexually—okay, he lied, it was sexual too.

He scratched the skin on his inner wrist and tried not to be too transparent with his remorse. “I’m sorry.”

“That’s for V.I.P. only,” said Katsuki.

He squinted back. “Okay?”

Katsuki maneuvered his body so he was sitting sideways, and it reminded Izuku frequently of those heavy set walruses on the black shores where they wiggled and struggled to climb up the rocks. Izuku thought it would be better for his health if he kept the walrus comment to himself. “Take the hint, idiot.”

Izuku raised his empty hands. “I don’t get it.”

Katsuki grabbed the back of his neck and slotted their lips together. It took a nanosecond to process, less than that measurement to meet it back, because endless nights, mornings, afternoons, dawns in the middle of laughter, jabs, and comfortable silence, Izuku wanted to kiss him.

When he wore his prideful smirk. When he put his big, feet in Izuku’s lap and left them there, moving them so Izuku could run to the bathroom and placing them back down when Izuku came back. When he was loud. When he wasn’t. When he had pizza sauce on the corner of his mouth. When he got blisters on his toes. When he had food stuck in his teeth.

Izuku gingerly put his hand on Katsuki’s waist, and worked his mouth, tasted the deep blue of the sea on Katsuki’s aggressive tongue.

Katsuki pulled his head back, voice the heavy crash of waves breaking on the shore. “Get it now?” He asked “Or would you like a fucking letter?”

He stared, wondering if he imagined that for a second until he noticed how flushed Katsuki turned immediately after. His head felt an astronaut in zero-G; weightless; bouncing off surfaces, no safety rope to draw himself back in.

Izuku swallowed, breathing fucked and haggard “I get it.”

Fingers went through his hair, dragging, wrapped around until they gathered a healthy handful and they’re titling Izuku’s head, leading, like reins. Katsuki brought his face close, then left Izuku waiting. “Good. Now ask.”
He heard his heart in his ears. Ba-bump, ba-bump, ba-bump. He inched his hand lower, jolting minutely when the softness of his toned stomach gave away to the smooth, slick texture of his scales. He left his hand there, on the border. “Can I touch your tail?”

“Go ahead.” Single-handedly, Katsuki yanked him into a kiss.

Tails weren’t just for swimming. They’re good for straddling and better positioned in between Izuku’s legs where he couldn’t escape and buck his hips mindlessly as he moaned into Katsuki’s mouth. And maybe, traditionally, confessions and first kisses shouldn’t be followed with dry humping on the isolated island of sand, trees, and rocks but most relationships didn’t start with a conspiracy theory about mermaids so maybe they didn’t have to worry about the rules; because they’re lying down with nothing but the meditative surf, the wind whispering through the tree, and the stars.

“A mermaid,” Izuku giggled into Katsuki’s neck, tracing scales freely. He hoped Katsuki wouldn’t get sick of it as Izuku could already tell this will become a habit of his—treasuring the mythical part of Katsuki, being greedy he was in the loop. “I thought you were gonna murder me, did ya know that?”

“Was gonna.” He heard through the wall of Katsuki chest where his ear pressed to it; heard the tick-tock of his strong heart; the inner working of his body digesting whatever he ate; it was a good sound, amazingly. He couldn’t explain to you why he liked it just that he did.

“How nice.”

“Then,” Katsuki trailed off.

Waiting for the continuation, Izuku lifted his head. “Then what?”

He pointed lazily. “You did ‘you’ stuff.”

“Me stuff?”

“Yea,” he said, then fingered the culprit—Izuku’s face. “Like that.” Izuku smiled wider. “And that, and that. See, keep doing it.”

“I’m just smiling.”

Katsuki said, simply. “Yea.”

Izuku watched him; silver traced him; Izuku’s heart migrated to his eardrums again because he didn’t hear the waves now but his heart. “Can you kiss me again?”

Katsuki touched the side of his neck and lowered him down. “Yea.”
“This is kinda scary,” Izuku said, perched on a wet rock; they’re far out the ocean where the shoreline disappeared entirely and the blue waves spread out infinitely around them. They left early in the morning as there fewer people there, Katsuki said.

“Don’t be a pussy,” said Katsuki, bobbing in the water; skin patchy with spots of scales a shade lighter than the ones on his tail. “Let’s go.”

Izuku scooted to the where the flat smoothness of the rock gave away to jagged peaks. “What are we doing here?”

Katsuki dragged him out. “Just watch the water. I’ll be back.” Then drove under, burgundy fin snapping out the water and spraying Izuku with droplets.

“Katsuki, don’t,” he said, combing his fingers through the water to find him. “Oh my god. Why would you leave me? Oh Jesus,” he cried as black fin sliced through the ocean.

“Sup,” Katsuki said.

Izuku spun 360 in the water to keep eyes on the dark shapes shifting under it. “There’s something in the water.”

Katsuki pulled up behind him and snorted. “No shit. Put your hand out.”

Izuku squirmed as Katsuki forced his palm out and under the wave. A fin changed direction and zeroed on theirs. “Katsuki, don’t—oh my god.” The dolphin went on its side, waved it flipper, and let Izuku trail his wet hand along its body. It swam off.

“Cool, right?”

“Oh my god.” More fins cut to the surface. “There’s,” he looked around to keep up with their numbers as they jumped in and out of sight. “How?” He asked, amazed when they started to propel out of the water in a playful display, livening the quiet ripples with their squeals and clicks.

“Don’t worry. Go on,” he encouraged Izuku to venture on his own. “They’re friendly.”

Izuku held out his hand to one under the water and saw it approach and curve around him elegantly. Another came doing the same. “This is awesome. I can’t believe I’m surrounded by dolphins.”

Katsuki said, fond. “Yea.”

“Hi buddy,” Izuku smiled, rubbing one dolphin beneath its long snout. “You guys friend with this grump?”

The dolphin chirped in response before it sunk beneath the water.

Katsuki grabbed his hand and brought him to his chest. “Hold your breath.”

He nodded, trusting him.

Katsuki waited for Izuku to give a thumbs up and brought them under the waves. The world around them was an endless plane of clear blue with the sun glowing above. Dolphins whirl pooled around them like they were the eye of a hurricane, clicking and squealing; a few smaller ones danced around them with their mouths open in a mimic of a smile. Izuku wanted so badly to smile back, to laugh.

To say it was beautiful, would be too simple and quite frankly, a great injustice to the creatures and
Katsuki. It was otherworldly, with the blue of the water, the white sand peppered with colorful coral reefs and black stones, with Katsuki’s scarlet and gold tail stealing rays from the sun.

Izuku smiled.

Katsuki showed his palm and the skin started to glow, then he cupped Izuku’s cheek, skin white, and kissed him. Then he released him, kicking his fin with a smirk.

Izuku didn’t understand it until he realized he wasn’t holding his breath.

Katsuki swam toward him, hair floating around his face like golden ribbons, and pointed at his gills then to Izuku.

“Five minutes,” he mouthed, then swam away, motioning for him to follow.

Izuku couldn’t keep up, not to the pace of a real merman, but he got a short experience of Katsuki’s life—the mastery of the water known only to other aquatic life. Katsuki dived and moved as smoothly as the dolphins, performing barrel rolls and backflips. When Izuku’s time neared, Katsuki floated back to him and kissed his lips again with glowing hands and extended his stay a little longer

Izuku pushed Katsuki flat on the smooth rock, knees bracketed around his long tail, his weight settled fully on it. Was odd to have this solid, muscled tail between his legs rather than, well, legs. Though he missed where Katsuki’s cock would be in his human form. He leaned down, kissed Katsuki until his mouth opened with a soft groan, then pushed his tongue against Katsuki’s. Sliding in, then retreating. In and out, like sex.

Harsh breathes puffed out of Katsuki’s nose. “Holy, fuck. Izuku.”

Izuku pulled back to sever the connection and dragged the softness of his lips down to Katsuki’s jawline. “Show me, Katsuki,” he husked. “How do mermaids fuck?”

“You sure?”

“Yea.” Izuku moved down his neck and mouthed tenderly over the fluttering of his gills. He felt one whopper of a headrush when Katsuki moaned darkly. He licked next, wanting to do terrible, terrible things to Katsuki. Wanting him up, down, sideways, horizontal, and vertical.

“Fuck me,” he said. “I want you to fuck me like this.” He ran one hand where the seam of his skin met the smoothness of Katsuki’s copper-gold scales. He felt explosive touching that part of him explicitly. “Like you are.”

Sounds squeaked behind them and caused Izuku to glance back and fold back over Katsuki’s chest with laughter, shoulders quivering like an old lawnmower. Seconds from fucking a merman and mother nature more or less interrupted them. It was too cute for him to get annoyed over. The whole day, well this entire experience with Katsuki about the truth of his nature and the glimpses private to
him and his kind it was, at the risk of sounding horrible and cliché, magical. He had to pinch himself repeatedly to remember it wasn’t a fever dream. So sex on this rock or sex at the house, Izuku didn’t care. Nothing could take away from today and he would be happy to sunbathe on this rock or go back in the ocean.

Katsuki went on his elbows, unhindered by his weight, and whacked the end of his tail threateningly on the stones. Izuku started without Katsuki with his golden collar bones, and wet the skin with his spit. “Beat it, pervs. This isn’t a show.”

The dolphins crackled then dipped into the water when Katsuki motioned like he was about to go down there and chase them.

Izuku looked up at him as he laid back down with a childish huff. “Wow,” he said, his a bubble of giggles.

Katsuki threw an arm over his eyes. “Fucking got cockblocked by dolphins.”

Izuku dragged his mouth over the length of Katsuki’s arm. “Who said we’re done?”

He lowered it. “Shit, yea?”

“Did you really think you could take me swimming with dolphins and not get lucky?”

“I wasn’t—this was like showing you a part—son of a bitch.”

“A part of your world,” Izuku sang, grinning so wildly his cheeks hurt like hell.

When Izuku tried licking him wetly over the gills again, Katsuki nudged him back. “Fuck this. I’m not horny anymore.”

He played along with the lie. “No?”

“No.”

“Not even if I kiss you here.” Being awful, Izuku moaned breathily in Katsuki’s ear before he mouthed his gills.

Katsuki inhaled sharply, big hands curled into iron at his sides as he fought from grabbing Izuku. “No.”

Izuku straightened, pushing his hair back. “So if I took this off,” his thumb caught the stretch of his swim trunks, and edged them a teeny bit so the skin right above his cock showed. “You wouldn’t get horny?”

Katsuki snapped his eyes up after a minute of ogling. “Nah.”

God, he was so freaking cute. His spiky personality, that dang biting tongue of his, the cocksure form of his mouth. Izuku wanted to treat him the same way Katsuki just did. Give him a token of trust too, because it couldn’t have been easy for him to let Izuku in on this part of him. He could’ve avoided it, probably, but maybe a small part of Katsuki wanted to be less lonely with it or maybe he just cared about him enough to fuck the rules and the natural instinct to protect his secret.

“So I could get naked then?”

Katsuki gestured flippantly. “Do you or whatever…oh, shit.”
“What?” Izuku re-straddled him, naked, cock hard and flushed. Any other time he would feel kind of shy about it, huge difference when you got down to nothing for work and then for sex, but he had no room for it with Katsuki’s heavy hands traveling up his thighs and on to his waist. “I thought you said you didn’t care.”

“I did?” He mumbled, partially tuned to the conversation, and mostly tuned to Izuku’s body.

“Yup.”

Katsuki wasn’t even looking at his face as he said. “Must’ve been stupid as shit.”

His eyes closed as Katsuki slid his hand up his sternum and around his neck. “I think so too.”

“I’m letting you get away with that,” Katsuki said as he admired him with hot copper eyes, looking like a yellow warning label with the candid way the sunlight illuminated them. “One freebie.”

“Thanks.”

“Fucking damn,” he said under his breath. “All damn day with this shit. Be looking like this all day, Izuku. The fuck is your problem, huh? You some kind of asshole or something? Think this shit is fair?”

“I don’t know,” he moaned, surrendering completely to Katsuki’s hands now, they’re everywhere. Clawing, groping, pawing. Chest, ass, nipples, cock. It was a good thing they were miles away from civilization because Izuku didn’t feel embarrassed in the least about the moans he made, the noisy smack of his thighs as he fucked into Katsuki’s slippery hand, the high volume of his voice when Katsuki pinched his nipples, the mindless rambling as he begged for everything under the sun. Harder. Faster. There. Don’t stop. Fuck me. Touch me.

“Good?”

Izuku nodded. “Yea.”

“Turning me on,” Katsuki rasped, stroking his cock aggressively. “Hard as fuck right now.”

“Show me,” Izuku said.

Katsuki reached beneath the stretch of Izuku’s legs and groaned, pulling his cock out from near invisible slit inches below his bellybutton. It was thankfully not alien looking, though the head of his dick was slightly flatter, the skin redder, and the length longer and thicker.

He giggled.

“Are you laughing at my—I’m putting it away,” Katsuki grumbled, cheeks redder than Izuku had ever seen.

“No,” he laughed and wrapped his hand around the wide base.


“Not laughing,” he said. “I’m just—okay I was kinda worried about it,” he confessed, casually pumping Katsuki while he lost his mind under him, bucking hungrily into his hand as his fin smacking sporadically on the rock with his hands clenched tight on his ass. Izuku tried not to let that go to his head too much. Tried to talk coherently with a gargantuan lust cloud fogging his brain. “Just a little.”
Katsuki’s neck bowed, gills expanding and closing. That shouldn’t be so sexy. He shouldn’t be thinking all crazy about the different ways Katsuki was expressing his pleasure in his merman form. But fuck, just hell, man.

“You wanted to see it,” he complained.

“Because I’m curious…and I kinda wanted to, you know, I want all of you.”

“Yea? What you wanna do?”

“Suck you,” Izuku answered with a kiss to his gills.

“Fuck,” he groaned.

Izuku smoothed his hand up the wide shaft, up to the head where Katsuki got wet, then brought that slickness back down. It sounded vile; him jerking Katsuki off; the loudest sound in the water. “Ride you,” he rasped, getting hot with Katsuki, because he was imaging it as he talked and now he had the visual and his cock in his hand to fuel his imagination to endless bounds.

Katsuki craned his neck to watch Izuku’s hand pump up and down, then bumped his nose determinedly to his head until Izuku realized he wanted his mouth. “Fuck, fuck,” Katsuki cursed, kissing Izuku messily, unable to moan and make out with how good Izuku was working him.

“You have no idea how bad you got me right now,” Izuku told him, picking up the speed of his hand as he kissed Katsuki’s fumbling mouth. “What I want to do. What I want you to do to me.”

“Suck my cock. Do it. Fucking back up that talk, Izuku.”

“Okay.”

Izuku went down with a show, dragging his mouth from Katsuki’s pink neck to his collarbones, his heaving chest, the bumpy valley of his abs, his dipping belly button, the seam where the man ended and the merman began; the scales tasted salty but smooth on his tongue as he licked it.

“Oh fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Katsuki moaned as Izuku took his cock and kissed gently on the red head.

“I’m barely touching you,” he smiled, turned on by Katsuki’s over the top reactions.

“Well, it’s sensitive okay,” he hissed. “Haven’t you know, with it, with someone. Not like this.”

His head felt heavy with the information. Prettiest merman out there and no other people touched him like this. “Oh. Oh baby.”

Katsuki thudded his head on the rock with a dramatic groan. “Oh my god, calm the fuck down there, alright.”

“So I’m the first,” he said, excited. “Aw.”

“Stop looking for fucking proud, dumbass. It’s a dick, chill.”

“But it’s your special dick and I get to ride it. Get to suck it. Get to jerk it.”

“Oh my fucking god, don’t say that. Imma go fucking soft.”

“Lair.”
“Calling my dick special,” he complained loudly. “You can’t do dirty talk for shit.”

“I don’t need to talk for this part.” He smiled.

“Thank god.”

“I’m gonna make you very sorry that you said that, Katsuki,” Izuku promised, pressing the hotness of his mouth along the shaft. He had bad blowjobs before but he’d never given a bad blowjob himself so Katsuki was in for quite the surprise.

Katsuki met his eyes with a moan; the copper in there on fire. “Bring it the fuck on, Izuku.”

He did. Sweated bad though since there were no clouds in sight and sun pounded on them directly and he could feel his back getting wet, his palms, the crook of his elbows. Lifeguard duty gave a higher tolerance to extreme heats so he managed, plus the majority of his focus zeroed on Katsuki and the fat, heavy shape of him fucking in and out of his mouth. Couldn’t get him all in but he did pull off his pink cock to mouth soft around the base, sticking his tongue out to lick kittenishly.

Katsuki alternated between watching Izuku work his dick with his mouth opened and tipping it back. Either way, he dropped his big hands and carded through Izuku’s hair, shoving his bangs to see how his cock looked coming out of Izuku’s mouth.

“Hey, fuck, stop,” he said.

Izuku popped off and sucked the salty taste of Katsuki off his lips. “You okay?”

“Yea. About to come actually.”

Izuku blushed as though he didn’t just go to town on Katsuki seconds ago. “Oh.”

“I wanna do that. You know, in you if you’re cool with it. Like I don’t have condoms, cause where the hell am I gonna put that shit.”

He pressed the side of his fist to his mouth, smiling. “Yea. I’m cool with that.”

“Do you want me to…pull out? Cause I can pull out.”

Izuku worked his body up, so he on his hands and knees and above Katsuki where he could lower himself, their sweaty torso sticking together, rub the curve of his ass to the hot curve of Katsuki’s dick and kiss his fluttering gills with a, “I want you to fuck me and I want you to come in me, Katsuki.”

“Or I can do that,” he agreed, hoarsely.

“Yea,” he snickered. “But,” he twined their fingers like ropes, applied soft tender pecks to each knuckle, then swallowed two.

He heard something splash on the water, and suppressed the smile as he slicked his fingers, feeling proud his merman was so dang excited. “Need you to finger me first, okay,” he said, pulling Katsuki out his mouth.

“What the fuck, like I know you’re sexy, but you’re really…like how?”

“How what?”

“How the fuck are you cute as shit, then hot as shit, then pretty as shit, then beautiful as shit, and
now sexy as shit?”

Izuku dipped his head and went for those gills again; sorry, but he was certifiably addicted to the hitch in Katsuki’s breath whenever he messed with them. “I could say the same, cheater. You’re a living Photoshop image.”

Katsuki ran his fingers down Izuku’s back, then inside his ass.

Izuku’s soft smile morphed into a hot moan. “Yes.”

“Gimme your mouth, Izuku.”

Sweat beaded and ran.

Two fingers turned to three, then four, and then Izuku couldn’t stand the big ache in him, the heat lighting up his body. “Okay,” he panted. “Put it in. Wanna, gotta have you inside me, baby. Wanna feel your cock fucking me.”

Katsuki dragged his tongue flat along his neck. “Got you, Izuku.” He pulled his fingers out gently, then wrapped them around the base of his cock, put it inside him; Izuku was sweaty and horny enough to take it quickly without pause.

“Yes,” Izuku moaned, and started to move.

“Fuck,” Katsuki cursed, cupping Izuku’s ass as he set the pace, bounced up and down, ground his little hips in tight circles, telling Katsuki how much he wanted it, how good he felt inside, how he didn’t want to stop, how he wanted it every night now, wanted Katsuki in a million ways; on land; in the sea; he would go wherever his fishman want even if he had to pull all his money into buying a submarine.

Katsuki came first, and Izuku finished feeling it, seeing and hearing Katsuki break apart under him. They laid on the rock, Izuku’s leg thrown over Katsuki’s tail while they talked softly about nothing of relevance. He hopped into the water once the heat on his skin became too much.

For the next hour, Izuku swam with a merman and a group of dolphins; and it was as cheesy as you could imagine but who said it was bad to have cheesy moments and cheesy romance when it felt you warm and stretchy like melted cheese.

[8]

“Hey, Izuku,” came Katsuki’s voice from the closed door of the bathroom.

“Yea?” He asked, pressing his ear to the door.

“Get in. It’s unlocked.”
Izuku went in, locked the door behind him, and started taking off his clothes. Katsuki’s tail hung over the lip of the bathtub. Izuku held on to his hand as he stepped carefully into the bathwater and sat his weight on it. “Wouldcha look at that, there’s a merman in my bathroom,” he laughed.

“Look at that, you’re naked,” Katsuki said back, expression dirty with arousal.

Izuku checked, then shrugged at his nakedness, “I guess that’s true.”

Not much; he had freckles about everywhere, a harsh tan line from his hip to the middle of his thigh that was starting to even out some bit though it was still noticeable whenever he got undressed, a dry scab on his shin from clambering up a rock during one of their midnight swims; and leg hair. He had some muscle definition because of his job but he felt average most of the time. With Katsuki’s copper eyes; he felt sexy. Hot, he wanted to do bad things to Katsuki like break curfew and shoplift candy bars and step on the grass protected by a sign.

Katsuki checked too. Like checked; looking Izuku up and down like someone repainted the Mona Lisa but topless. He had his cock out before Izuku got in and it swelled up against his inner thigh. “I get hard around naked people.”

Izuku barreled forward with laughter, leaning on his chest as the water quaked from the movement. “Silly fish.”


Izuku let him have his fun and enjoyed his big hands cupping his ass. “You’re making me horny.”

“Good.”

“You’re making me coo-coo.”

Katsuki snapped him forward so his cock curved snugly along his ass. “You know what mermaids do to people like you?”

“What?”

“Eat them.”

“Like McDonald’s food eat or a metaphorical eat.”

“Both.”

Izuku panicked. He read some version of that lore but it was dated and sourced from pirates who lived for years on the sea and lost their teeth and limbs so he had his…doubts about the credibility.

“What one are you gonna do?”

Katsuki sucked on his index finger, then shoved them between Izuku’s ass cheek.

Izuku gasped.

“Both.”

“You’re nothing like Ariel,” he moaned, leveraging his hands on his shoulders to rock back.

“Yea,” he looked up as Izuku grew louder and fucked himself. “She needed seven days to get her man. I need less than a minute to get your ass, huh?”
“Kacchan.”

“That’s what I fucking thought, got you, Izuku.”

They knocked down all the bottles of conditioner and shampoo, fucking in the tub, water spilled over the ledge and puddled on the white tile. The splashes echoed in the bathroom, which worked fine for them because Denki and Eijirou went out hours ago to the movies so they could be loud. They could fuck in the tub, then walk out of it without drying or putting on any clothes and go into Katsuki’s room with the French doors that opened to a small balcony. Katsuki shoved him face first on the bed with the doors opened and the curtains moving with the wind. Izuku knew to spread his legs and shivered from the air brushing over his wet skin.

Katsuki’s weight shifted the mattress. His cock dragged wetly as he rubbed it over Izuku’s ass, breathing hard. “Izuku.”

Izuku reached a hand back, and showed his red hole. “Fuck me, Kacchan.”

Katsuki whistled from the sofa. “Catch, doofus,” he checked something small at Izuku.

He fumbled on the receive, the small ball slipping over his hands to fall to the floor, then he caught it and held the quarter sized sphere between his thumb and index finger. He ran his finger softly over the soft looking pearl. “Did you buy this?”

Katsuki watched the TV. “I’m a merman who lived in the ocean most of his life. I ain’t got cash flow like that for you.”

Izuku thought about it then he understood and crawled over Katsuki’s prone body to nuzzle affectionately into his chest. He squeezed him.

*Thank you*

*Thank you*

*Thank you, Kacchan.*

“Are you crying?”

He nodded.
“Bad?”
He shook his head.

“Good?”
Izuku nodded and squeezed again. *I don’t wanna ever let you go, my heart hurts so good because of you,* he thought.

“Alright. I’ll get you some shit like that then, okay, relax though.”
He nodded again.

Katsuki petted his hair. “You need a minute?”

“Please.”

“Alright,” he said, and watched the screen as he played absentmindedly with Izuku’s hair like he always did.

“This wiener is on fire,” Denki sang, swinging the iron stake impaled with a hot dog.
Shouto shook his head. “I need new friends.”
Momo worriedly pulled out Shouto’s phone from her purse, and tapped the home button.
Shouto laced their fingers after he slipped the phone back. “Relax. We won’t stay out too late, okay?”

“On fire, fire,” Eijirou chorused, swinging his own burning wiener.
Kyouka flinched. “Are you insane? Put it out, dumbass.”

Minoru leaned coolly on the stone, wiggling his eyebrows at Itsuka. “Yea, like I totally predicted the plot of Infinity War. My dad’s uncle’s friend’s other friend’s brother works with like the lights stuff and yea, he liked told me, about that. So yea. He already knows the ending of part two.”
Itsuka crossed her arms; one had a full sleeve based on a comic strip featuring a plethora of Marvel heroes. “What, no way.”

“So, so way. Even got a copy of the script,” he added casually as he passed his eyes over their surrounding so he didn’t come across as too eager. “Back in my room though so…”
Katsuki whacked his arm lightly, then showed Izuku the popped can of beer. “Oh, thanks, baby.”

Katsuki belched.

“I’m letting you know my breath smells like straight ass so you might wanna pass on the kissing,” he advised.

“There’s no way I can say no to your,” Izuku recoiled away, stomach heaving uncomfortably. “Oh my god,” he apologized after he kept his food down. “I’m sorry. We can do hugs, though! Let’s do a hug kiss. Come here, baby!”

“You’re so fucking bogus.”

“Hug,” Izuku insisted.

“No.”

“Hug. Me, Kacchan. Right now. I want hugs.”

“Rub my feet,” Katsuki demanded, then slumped on the swing, hitching his legs on his lap.

Izuku smiled and grabbed his foot, pressing the heel of his palm to the calloused sole. “Did a sea witch give you these?”

“No, you’ll get a black eye if you keep running your mouth.”

Izuku lifted his foot and kissed the topside.

Katsuki made a face. “You’re gross.”

“You have like the biggest feet ever and it’s so cute, I dunno why, but I love your gross feet.”

“Wait, my feet are gross.”

“Oh, baby.”

Katsuki scowled. “Gimme my feet back.”

“Nope, nope.”

Eijirou walked up the steps. “Can you feel the love tonight?”

“You lucky Izuku’s holding me back,” Katsuki warned.

“Beauty and the beast…”
Izuku laughed hard. “Oh my god.”

Katsuki’s mocking bark of laughter ripped Izuku’s eyes off the page; he got the setting sun in his blonde hair as he talked to Inasa and Shindo about one surfer who ate shit on the waves this morning; he crossed his arms and listened as Inasa started on about something, gesturing in illustration. Another one of Katsuki’s red-hot crooked smirk curled his mouth; they’re effective, especially one people named Izuku Midoriya.

He kept his finger in between the pages, content to look at the navy ocean, the lavender sky, and the foggy clouds fit themselves around Katsuki and think about how Katsuki couldn’t dance, couldn’t fold clothes properly, couldn’t remember that the car needed gas, couldn’t mute his laugh when he found something extremely funny.

Thought about that, and smiled, because it’s alright, I’ll make up the difference. I can show him how to move his feet to the beat no matter how many times he steps on my toes. I can illustrate the proper way to fold shirts, tuck in the sleeves to the back then fold from the bottom up. And I can point at the gauge and remind him gently, the car needs gas. I can kiss him when he’s too loud.

Ochako sat on the cool sand, motioned to the long forgotten composition book. “Still going on with that?”

“What,” he blinked, then remembered. “Oh, the mermaid theory?” His eyes fell back on Katsuki as he trudged through the sand dunes. He dropped his eyes with a private smile and closed the book. “Nah. It’s just a theory.”

“I was worried you were gonna become that Big Foot guy, the one who lives in a cabin in the woods.”

He laughed; the notebook dangled loosely from his fingers. “Yea, no. Sometimes reality is much better than fiction.”

“Whipped,” Ochako said, flicking her wrist. “So whipped.”

Izuku ducked his head, grin so wide it hurt his face. “I am. I’m so whipped. Oh my god,” he looked up at the sky. “He’s so cute.”

“Whip it good,” she sang, humming the melody of Devo’s Whip It.

“Stop. I’m blushing so bad right now.”

“Yup,” said Ochako, having a good time with how easy Izuku became flustered and red like a cherry bomb. “Gonna roast my hotdogs on your face.”

“That’s worst! Stop!”
Katsuki whistled, hands in his pockets. “I’m beat, let’s dip.”

“Did Izuku ever show you his mermaid research?” Ochako asked.

“Oh my god, why are you so evil right now?”


End Notes

I did read some mermaid lore that talked about mermaids giving ppl the ability to breathe underwater temporarily through touch and i haven't seen that done, so, yolo.

tumblr: pro-derp

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