Summary: There was a killer whale in Midoria’s life. With his skin as an ocean, it swam freely, but Midoriya always worried that one day the whale would grow too big, and forced to accommodate Midoriya’s small body, it would suffocate.

Alt: In a hundred or so years, people will be able to say that if you were born with a moving tattoo of some sort, you had a soulmate connected to you through that tattoo. But before people knew what they were, Sakamata thought that Midoriya was extraordinarily ordinary.

Pairing: Gang Orca x Midoriya Izuku

### Side: Whale

It felt like it should be obvious.

In a world of quirks and everything, it wasn’t really anything notable or worthwhile, aside from the two and a half seconds it holds their attention before their expression shifts to awe because “Katsuki’s quirk is like a real hero’s!” and it was okay because Midoriya agreed.

His whale wasn’t like a heroes. It wasn’t flashy or particularly useful. It wasn’t beautiful or amazing and actually a little creepy, but it was better than saying that he didn’t have a quirk.

But it was better than saying that he didn’t have a quirk.

Midoriya held onto that, for a long time.

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Neither of them remembered the first time they met. Of course not.

The first time Midoriya met Sakamata, he was an infant in a stroller while his mother and father cooed at the way the aquarium lights shined on his chubby face. Meanwhile, Sakamata was the intern who made babies cry and was kept away from the public eye. That was, until they were way too short-staffed after a traffic accident in the parking lot, and required Sakamata to go and finish updating the water quality testing.

They met eyes.

And Sakamata’s face filled with horror, twisting his expression into something that would fit in a horror movie, while Midoriya peered up at him curiously. Before the damage could be done, Sakamata would have run away. Their meeting barely lasted for an entire second. It would remain in their memory for even less.

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“Do you remember when we first met?” Midoriya asked. “Ah, going up against you during the hero’s licensing exam was so scary. I get goosebumps when I remember it.”

“...Are you making fun of me?” Sakamata asked, turning around with a frown. He scowled at the state of Midoriya, who was fresh from the shower with dripping wet hair and a towel around his neck, “And I told you to dry off properly.” He reached over to towel him, all rough words and scowling lips but gentle hands.

Midoriya hummed. He closed his eyes, focusing on the sensation before he slowly brought his hands up to Sakamata’s chest.

“I thought you were really cool.”

Sakamata was quiet, as though he didn’t hear it, but the whale on his skin- the one that swam over his thigh at the moment, felt hot, and in these moments, Midoriya felt connected to him in a special way. It was probably a little romantic, but in the safety of his thoughts, it made him happy. He leaned in to kiss his torso, grinning when the older hero shoved him off of himself.

Without more words, he leaned down to kiss him like a force of nature. Teeth scraped against Midoriya’s lips, a tongue pushing into his mouth like a flash flood, and Midoriya wondered when drowning became so lovely.

“Me too,” Sakamata said when he broke the kiss. “I was jealous of the kids who would grow up admiring you.”

With that, he stood up and left Midoriya, mouth agape and red as a tomato, on their couch.

\*

“Wait, Izuku,” Sakamata called out.

Midoriya picked his head up, confused and curious about what the older man would stop them for. Watching him kneel down to tie his shoes, a strange feeling tugging at him. It was bizarre, to see someone like Sakamata bent down to tie his shoes of all things, and his heart fluttered. Bizarre, yes. Cute, also doubly yes.

“What are you smiling about?” Sakamata asked, as soon as he was done.

He closed the distance between them quickly, his steps slowing only when he was already next to him.

“Hm, I wonder,” he replied, a grin stretching his face. “You know, you’re handsome even when you’re tying your shoes.”

The older man clicked his tongue before he scowled, but Midoriya could feel the whale on his skin move from place to place in an excited fashion. It was probably stupid to think so, but in these moments, Midoriya couldn’t help but think that it was related. It was crazy, to think that they could be born in separate bodies, at different times, but still feel this connected.

“Flattery isn’t getting you anywhere,” Sakamata said.

“That’s a shame. I was hoping for a date after this,” Midoriya replied, a cheeky grin on his face.

This time, Sakamata swatted playfully at his head.

“Brat,” he said without any heat, and then gave an exaggerated sigh, “How could you ruin my surprise like that?”

The words slowly registered, before a loud “Serious?!”escaped from Midoriya’s lips. He covered his mouth, surprised and shocked.

“Acting like I never take you out on dates,” the older man muttered back, beginning to start walking back to their home again.

“No, no, I love going on dates with you! I do, I just wasn’t expecting it!” Midoriya said, a flurry of words as he tried to keep up with the long strides. “It’s just, since we moved in together, we really haven’t done anything really date-night like. And since we were always so busy-”

Sakamata stopped and looked at Midoriya. The flow of words stopped as Midoriya closed his mouth and peered up at the man, curious.

“I’ll make dinner tonight,” he said, like he didn’t normally, “so you pick the movie.”

And like it was the first time all over again, Midoriya’s face turned bright red.

“R-right,” he said, breathless, “Okay.” Just as fast, his wide grin returned.

Unable to help himself, Sakamata extended a hand towards him. Same as before, Sakamata’s hands were twice as large as Midoriya’s, but the young man swore that he loved him twice as much. In those instances, the difference in size was negligible. Their hearts were in the same place.

The whale who made a home on the body too small for it, would not suffocate today.

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“Deku-kun, are you alright?”

Midoriya’s head snapped up to see Uraraka’s worried expression staring back.

“Huh?”

His longtime friend pursed her lips and then motioned to his arm, “You’ve been rubbing it for a while. Do you need a ride to the hospital?”

What? No, no he was on desk-duty all day. What was there to hurt?

“I-I’m fine, just a little sore,” he said. He smiled, and hoped that it was enough to assuage her worries. If she was worried, he could only imagine what Sakamata would do if he was still…

Sakamata.

His hand flew to his sleeve, pulling it up, and indeed, the whale was on his arm. Bleeding from what appeared to be an incision wound, the whale that Midoriya grew up with was belly up.

“W-what?”

Fingers came to the pattern. As always, it was as smooth as his skin, as though it wasn’t a tattoo and just a part of him unlike how everyone else always assumed and they always assumed, but Sakamata told him that it didn’t really matter so what did it matter when Sakamata was-

“Deku!”

He turned back, staring at his former classmate.

“...I don’t… I don’t really know what to say to help you,” she admitted.

He always liked that about her. She was so earnest and honest in all that she did. She wasn’t afraid to admit her shortcomings, and she was always ready to go the extra mile and a half to make up for it. Even Sakamata had good things to say about her, and getting compliments from Sakamata-

“But I won’t let you go even if you say that you’re okay,” she said. “You’re smart, Deku-kun, and you have a great gut instinct. What… What do you think you should do? I’ll back you up. No matter what it is.”

Somehow, that was enough.

In his mind’s eye, he could already see it. The few steps he needed to take before he got to their entrance. The smell of cooked chicken and fresh rice as he set his shoes next to a pair much bigger than his. He knew and he could almost picture it in front of him.

He nodded, feeling something anchor him.

“I… Right,” he said, “I should…”

Luckily for him, before he could put any of his plans to action, he got a call.

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The hospital was different when he wasn’t the one that needed to be looked at.

### Side: Branch

“It’s a branch,” his mom, who was blessed with a mutant quirk with striking similarities as a snubfin dolphin, said.

His father, whose quirk was webbed feet and gills, gave this loud trill noise that he always did when he thought that he was right and everyone else was wrong, “It’s a vine!”

As thick as his wrist, it twined around his chest, as though to hold onto him and never let him go. And then, when he was twenty, leaves started to grow on it. Which would be fine, but sometimes they laid flat against the branch, as though they were holding on during a terribly windy storm, and other days, they stretched out, small and proud as though to soak up every bit of light they could find. The thought that he was born with a quirk that could move on his skin like that, that could easily sway his mood like that, bothered him.

Sakamata never showed it off until he didn’t have a choice.

“Hah,” his mother said, “Look. I was right. It was leaves.”

Kugo wasn’t sure when this became such a stable in his family, but he was glad the debate seemed to settle for once. More than done with the conversation of his mysterious tattoo that he had since birth, he was more than happy to not talk about it. He really wished that his parents would focus more on the fact that their only son came out /of a nearly fatal car accident instead.

When he voiced his complaints, his dad shook his head.

“No way a car crash would do you in.”

“Yeah,” his mother continued, “Look at your face.”

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Midoriya occasionally fell asleep on his chest. Sakamata’s fingers, lost until they find Midoriya, ran through his hair languidly as they enjoyed the warm evening sun coming into their living room. He wasn’t sure why he woke up, but he didn’t mind.

All moments he spent with Midoriya, awake or not, were precious to him.

A shiver ran down Midoriya, before his eyebrows creased. He mumbled something or another, and Sakamata’s hand came to his shoulder. If this turned out to be a nightmare, he would wake him. If possible, he would like it if all their moments together were filled with only good things.

Impossible. They didn’t live in a fairy tale.

Still, Midoriya relaxed a little more. He mumbled something too indistinct for Sakamata to decipher, before he rubbed his head against Sakamata’s chest. The older man gave a quiet huff (not large enough to wake him), and his fingers returned to the mess of curls on Midoriya’s head. His neck was going to hurt if he kept sleeping like that, but he didn’t have the heart to move him.

One of the flowering buds on his chest bloomed, as though to mark this memory on his body. He wondered if he would die before the flowers wilted.

\*

“A moving tattoo?”

Sakamata’s thoughts went right to something that clutched around his chest. Without anyone the wiser, he leaned over and spoke clearly.

“I guess we must be in a new era of peace, since you guys have so much free time.”

“G-Gang Orca-san!”

A healthy amount of fear will keep their heads in the game. Gang Orca gave them a pointed look, and they crumpled.

“Y-Yes sir,” they said, getting back to work.

His eyes lingered on their screen, wondering what they could be talking about. A moving tattoo? Surely, there was no way…

It wasn’t that he thought that he was special or something. Or that having the branches on his skin made him feel like he was better than everyone else or anything. It was just another features of him that he had, like fingernails.

At the same time, this was his.

### Other

“That’s fine too,” Midoriya said, taking a seat next to him. “That’s what I like about you anyways.”

Sakamata turned his head towards him.

“If you like me so much, then hurry up and kiss me.”

A laugh escaped from Midoriya’s lips as he leaned in to do just that.