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#sakuatsu mystical au | prince atsumu & merman Sakusa

A quarter past midnight, a lithe, willowy figure could be seen under the moonlight and vast night sky dotted with stars.

Slouched over by the lake, quiet cries left a heaving chest.

A heart heavy laden, weighed down by troubles, doubts and woes.

Atsumu hadn't meant to cry, but the ache in his wretched heart hurt. Painfully so.

He didn't want to get married. Not to a warlord. A monster. A beast. Someone he hadn't met before, and didn't love.

A stifling cry wrecked through his frame. Sobbing brokenly, glistening tears slid down rosy cheeks and slipped into rippling waters.

Atsumu was oblivious to the creature that emerged gingerly from the lake, peeking at him with a look of curiosity.

"Why do you weep?"

Atsumu startled.

Head whipping up to meet dark eyes that gleamed brighter than the night sky, his breath hitched in his throat, when he realized just how handsome- how beautiful; ethereal, the being before him, was.

A chiselled face framed by wet, curly locks of hair, two moles framing an eyebrow, dark like ink.

A strong body seemingly carved from marble, broad shoulders lined with shimmering scales that ran ombre, from an obsidian black to a pearl-like grey.

Atsumu took in the muscular chest, dipping hipbones and felt himself blush in mortification.

Coughing, he cast his gaze away sheepishly, wiping away the stray tears staining his flushed cheeks.

The creature inched forward with a deft stroke of his tail.

Its movement was agile, captivating and breathtaking.

"Are you a merman?" Atsumu found himself questioning rather foolishly, "What's your name?"

The creature before him frowned slightly, wrinkling his nose, "Do I look like something else, other than a merman, to you?"

Atsumu shook his head quickly.

Growing up, his mother had told his twin brother, Osamu, and him, tales of the otherworldly.

Of beings from the mystical realm that coexisted in their kingdom.

Of demons, spirits, feys, werewolves and merfolk.

The ethereal being before him was merfolk, without any doubt.

"I'm Sakusa. Sakusa Kiyoomi."

Atsumu hummed thoughtfully.

"Kiyoomi's too mouthy. Omi-kun it is. I like your scales, they're pretty."

The merman tipped his head at the compliment, teeth chattering. Tail flicking once, twice- it was like an intimate showcase of his entirety.

A mating ritual to impress a mate.

Atsumu gawked openly, spellbound by the moonlight that reflected off shimmery scales.

Hand reaching out instinctively to touch Sakusa, he stopped himself. It was rude to touch someone without asking for permission.

Yet, a webbed hand and sharp claws rested on Atsumu's cheek first. It was a touch with so much care and gentleness that he felt himself melting.

"You can touch too."

Sakusa swam closer, using an elbow to prop himself up the water.

Now a mere breath separated them. Cold lips, just barely met the warmth of plush, pillowy ones.

Atsumu's heart clenched, tightening in his chest.

This time, it didn't feel like an ache, or what he'd felt remotely, moments ago.

Instead, a spark morphed into low embers, and ignited a fire that spread heat throughout his body.

"What brought you out of the waters?" Atsumu mumbled, lips brushing against the merman's lips.

Sakusa blinked slowly, cradling his jaw tenderly.

"Your tears. They were like pearls."

Leaning in, their lips touched.

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