

Lord Fishy Fanfiction
by Nivrad00

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"Why am I on a boat?" asked Lord Fishy.

"You're being shipped," responded pAN.

Lord Fishy cursed. "Again?" He looked around wildly. They were on a wooden deck cluttered with barrels, rope, and unfinished charts. High above them, a flag bearing the Feel the Beats insignia flew.

"Man, who am I being shipped with this time?" asked Fishy.

"Well –"

"DID YOU FUCKING MISS ME FISH?" said Spring, who was suddenly there, spitting in his face. "GOOD. I HATE YOU FISH. YOU PIECE OF SHIT. I HOPE YOU FEEL LIKE SHIT FOR THREE STRAIGHT MONTHS. FUCK! YOU!"

Lord Fishy reeled back. "Spring? Why are you here?" Internally, he prayed to Jaxx that he wasn't being shipped with her.

"TO MAKE YOUR LIFE A FUCKING NIGHTMARE. HOW DO YOU FEEL FISH? ARE YOUR EYES TEARING UP? ARE YOU FINDING IT HARD TO BREATHE?" Spring laughed maniacally.

Suddenly struck with a coughing fit and unable to respond, Lord Fishy stumbled across the boat and disappeared below decks.

"Fucking turd," Spring spat. She turned and waved cheerily. "Hey pAN!"

"Hey Spring," pAN responded, nonchalantly.

Lord Fishy, after his coughing subsided, walked along the small wooden corridor. He muttered darkly under his breath. He hated Spring. And ships. They both interfered at the most inconvenient times, but both of them together? That could mean nothing good.

The door to the galley opened up ahead. "Fish, help me find the BPM for this song," said Mangaret Batcher 2.0, sticking her head out of the entryway.

"I'm busy," responded Lord Fishy. "Where's the captain?"

"Narnia," said the cook. "How the hell should I know?"

"Bitch," said Lord Fishy.

"_(ツ)_/," said Mangaret, then retreated into the galley.

At the end of the corridor, a small porthole sat squarely on the wall. Lord Fishy bent to look through it. All the way to the horizon, the VSRG Sea tossed and rolled. Just his luck... no land in sight.

From above came the sharp tolling of a bell and a faint cry. "ALL HANDS ON DECK!" Doors flew open, slamming against the wall. Pirates rushed from their quarters. Curious, Lord Fishy followed behind them.

Captain Sach was standing proudly at the bow, crew members congregated around him. He brandished his hook hand at them. "Avast, mateys, we got a ship comin' up fast, dead ahead. Get t' yer stations, ye wretches! We're takin' 'em down!"

As the crew scrambled to their positions, Lord Fishy made his way across the deck to pAN, who was watching the proceedings from amidships. "What's going on?"

"Look," said pAN. He pointed at the oncoming vessel's flag, using his other hand to shield his eyes from the sun. "That's one of pepperoni's ships."

One shouldered by the pair, a cannonball clasped in his hands. "What the hell are you doing? Man a cannon or get out of the way!"

pAN shrugged and hopped up from his seat. "Come on," he said, pulling Lord Fishy along. "Let's go blow up some weeaboos."

The enemy ship drew closer. It was an imposing vessel, its bold pink sails bulging in the wind. Captain xgallop stood confidently at the bow, shouting orders to his crew.

"What should I do?" asked Fishy.

"Get a cannonball," said pAN, tamping gunpowder into the mouth of the weapon. "And stick it in the cannon!" He dashed off to load the next cannon.

Lord Fishy glanced around the deck. They seemed to be awfully few people, but, then again, when was that not the case on FtB? Finding a pile of cannonballs, he hefted one of the heavy projectiles off of the deck and rolled it into the mouth of the weapon. He positioned himself at the heavy cannon's side and, with a grunt, turned it towards the oncoming ship.

When Fishy glanced upwards at xgallop's vessel, his gaze lingered on a familiar sailor with long black hair. Was that May? Well, of course it was. It wasn't as if any other girls played VSRGs.

May flipped her hair beautifully, and as Lord Fishy's eyes locked with hers, the world around him blurred and slowed down. Lord Fishy felt a sinking feeling as he realized exactly who he was being shipped with.

A moment later, May felt a more literal sinking feeling as a cannonball smashed into xgallop's hull. Circles and sliders spilled out of the jagged hole to be swallowed up by the ocean. Fish, with a jump, scrambled to grab a light for his own fuse.

"You're supposed to shoot it at the other ship," sneered One, passing by.

"Fuck off," said Lord Fishy, glaring.

There was a distant boom as xgallop returned fire, hitting the FtB ship with an ear-shattering impact. In response Captain Sach let out a cry. "Fire, mateys!"

This time Lord Fishy had the lantern at hand, but he hesitated before lighting the fuse. Instead, he simply stared at the next volley as it caught a sail on xgallop's ship and tore through the fabric. He couldn't make himself shoot at May.

Meanwhile, the enemy's cannonballs fell wide. Their crew was in a panic. Even xgallop seemed mildly concerned. He shouted an indistinct command and the osu ship began turning away.

"They didn't stand a chance," commented pAN, sauntering up beside Lord Fishy. "Only a bunch of scrubs on that ship."

"Uh huh," said Fishy, distractedly.

"Arrr, they're retreatin'!" came a cry from Captain Sach.

The first mate called from the wheel. "After 'em, sir?"

"After 'em, Bardon! None o' those osu bastards are gettin' away today!"

"Oh ship," muttered Lord Fishy. He cast his eyes towards the retreating ship, but he couldn't find May again. He had to do something before Captain Sach sunk xgallop's ship for good.

"What?" asked pAN.

"Um...." A devious idea crossed Fishy's mind. "Be right back," he said, dashing off to the stern.

As Captain Sach called his crew together, Lord Fishy glanced around furtively. No one was paying attention to him. He turned, eyeing the ropes that connected the sails to the ship as if –

"MISS ME FISH?" asked Spring.

"Not right now, Spring!" protested Fishy.

"WHY NOT, FISH?" She was suddenly in front of him, blocking his way to the lines. "IT'S ALWAYS A GOOD TIME TO MAKE YOU FEEL FUCKING TERRIBLE. ASSHOLE."

Lord Fishy turned away from his antagonist, feeling his eyes tear up. "Can you ruin my life some other time?" he asked.

"WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING ANYWAY?"

If he didn't act soon, he'd be too busy hacking up his lungs to do anything. Lord Fishy shoved Spring out of the way and lurched to the lines. He drew a knife from his pocket and, with a couple of vigorous motions, sliced through several of the ropes holding the mainmast. Immediately, the sail bearing the FtB insignia tore loose, flapping wildly in the wind like a drunken bird. Fishy staggered back and disappeared downstairs.

"Oooh, do we have a traitor on board?" asked Spring, grinning evilly.

The mainmast began to tilt. There was a shout as sailors noticed, hurrying to take down the sail and rig new lines. By the time they finished, xgallop's ship would be far in the distance.

Lord Fishy, after clearing his head, climbed down the ladder to the bilge. He'd be less conspicuous if he was seen working alongside the others. The breaches in the hull were swiftly being repaired by the few actually active mods. pAN was pumping out water, though it continued to seep in.

"Where have you been?" asked Hamtaro, who was hammering a board onto the hull.

"...Lettuce."

The first mate roared from above. "WHICH OF YE SORRY, SCURVY-INFESTED, KEY-MASHIN' SWABS IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS? ALL OF YE, SHOW YER FACES ON DECK!"

There was a flurry of motion as the pirates responded to Bardon's cry, assembling in a line. Fishy nervously took his place next to pAN.

The first mate glared at all of them in turn, angrier than the time Paranoiac got downvoted. When he finally spoke, his voice was deadly. "I can't tell whether one of ye is a traitor... or if ye jus' have soiled oats fer brains! In Jaxx's name, what were ye thinkin'?!" He pointed savagely at the retreating ship in the distance. "Thanks t' you, xgallop's mangy crew is escapin' back to pepperoni, and th' next time we chance upon them I'll be scuppered if they don't give up a better fight!"

Lord Fishy gulped as Bardon stared right at him. After a long moment, the first mate continued. "All o' ye worthless wretches get back t' work. Now!"

As the sailors dispersed, Fishy caught a glimpse of Spring with a coil of rope over her shoulder. She gave him a knowing grin. "You're fucked now," she mouthed. Shaking his head, Fishy disappeared below decks.

The heavy wooden hatch swung open, sending a hundred motes of dust into a frenzy.

“And here’s where we keep the loot,” said pAN, dropping down into the hold. He held up a lantern, revealing a veritable mountain of gold and silver coins. Jewels and other treasures sparkled from within, as well as the occasional osu spinner.

“Damn, where do you get all this?” asked Fishy, clambering down behind him.

“From osu ships,” answered pAN matter-of-factly. “We’re pirates. We steal things.” He wandered deeper into the hold. “We have stuff from all three game modes. Standard... Taiko... even Catch the Beat.” With his shoe, he nudged a bunch of overripe bananas on a silver platter.

“What’s this?” Lord Fishy picked up a pink cassette tape lying on the floor, dusting off the side so he could read the writing: *SAO II Ignite*.

“Oh, that’s just some TV size,” explained pAN. “We find a lot of anime when we sack osu ships.”

A bell rang upstairs. Lord Fishy could hear a distant voice call “Get yer gruel!”

“Dinner!” pAN motioned to the cassette tape. “You better put that back, Fish. Captain Sach will throw you off the ship if he sees you stealing loot. Even if it’s the short version.”

The mess was loud and boisterous when Lord Fishy entered. The pirates gathered around a long wooden table, carrying their plates and tankards.

“Eat up, mate” said Mangaret Batcher 2.0, shoving a wooden plate into Fishy’s hands. She slopped a serving of gray stuff onto it, followed by a few chunks of hardtack and beans.

“What’s this?” asked Lord Fishy, inspecting the food critically.

“Your mum,” responded Mangaret, turning to serve the next person.

As Lord Fishy took a seat, Bardon pounded the table for attention “Got some news for ye all,” he announced. The others quieted down. “Tulip’s attacks are gettin’ worse. More ‘n’ more of our members are decidin’ to desert ‘n’ join up with pepperoni, the spineless bastards.”

“Vocaloid lovers!” taunted Jewelz, to a chorus of boos.

“We’ve been fightin’ with osu long enough, mateys. Cap’n’s decided ‘nuf’s enough. We’re headin’ to osu HQ to end this once ‘n’ for all!”

A raucous cheer rose from the pirates.

“Who’s Tulip?” asked Fishy, forcing himself to swallow a spoonful of gruel.

“Who’s Tulip?” echoed pAN. “Only the biggest, meanest octopus in the seven seas. He’s almost sunk our ship several times.”

“Damn,” said Fishy. “What’s his beef with us?”

pAN shook his head. “Who knows? All we can do is pray to Jaxx that Tulip doesn’t come after us next.”

Fishy bit down on a piece of hardtack, then cursed as he nearly broke his teeth.

“Probably shouldn’t do that,” said pAN. “That thing’s denser than the solo in Holy Orders.”

“How am I supposed to eat it, then?” asked Fishy.

“Soak it in the water for a little bit.” pAN reached into his mug and pulled out his own soggy hardtack.

“Meow?”

Lord Fishy turned to find a white cat, who had jumped up onto the table beside him.

“That’s Sky55x,” said pAN, through a mouthful of bread. “The ship’s cat. He just showed up in the middle of a voyage and never left.”

The cat nudged Fishy’s hand, and he obligingly petted him. “But how did he get on the ship?”

pAN shrugged. “It is a mystery.”

Sky55x meowed, wriggling away from Fishy’s hand, and gave him a pitiful look. “What?” Lord Fishy responded. “Do you want some of Mangaret’s petrified cardboard?”

“Oi, I heard that!” called the cook.

The white cat padded forward and started lapping at Fishy’s gruel. Lord Fishy grimaced and pushed the plate away from himself. “You can have it. I’m not hungry.”

Spring’s unwelcome voice assaulted Lord Fishy’s ear. “Heya Fish!” She cheerfully jumped into the seat next to him and leaned uncomfortably close, even by a pirate’s idea of personal space. “How’re your sinuses feelin’, huh?”

“Fuck you,” said Lord Fishy, pushing her away. Despite himself, he started sniffing.

“Been to the fo’c’s’le yet?” asked Spring. “My hammock’s right next to yours. Isn’t that great?”

Lord Fishy’s eyes started burning.

“Now you can feel like shit twenty-four seven!”

“What do you want, Spring?” grumbled Fishy.

“I’m supposed to swab the quarterdeck this evening,” she said, putting her feet up on the table. “But that battle tired me out. Why don’t you do it for me?”

Fishy rolled his eyes. “Go eat a lamp.”

“Unless, of course,” Spring continued, “you’re too busy cutting ropes and backstabbing –”

“Okay! Shush.” Fishy stopped her. He looked around guiltily, but none of the other sailors seemed to have heard. “Keep your voice down. I’ll clean the frigging quarterdeck.”

“That’s a good boy,” said Spring, patting him on the head. Fishy glowered as she sauntered away.

pAN looked up. “What was that about?”

“Nothing,” dismissed Fishy hastily.

“Meow,” said Sky55x disdainfully, licking his chops. The cat leaped off the table and disappeared amongst the crowd of sailors, leaving half of the plate untouched.

Lord Fishy turned his attention back to the ongoing discussion. A pirate asked from the other end of the table, “How are we gonna take on pepperoni’s fortress? There’s like twenty of us.”

“Well, listen ‘ere,” said Bardon. “We have a man on th’ inside. Listenin’ n’ learnin’. We’re gonna head to the osu mainlan’ to pick ‘im up, ‘n’ he’ll tell us jus’ where pepperoni’s weak. Then?” The first mate grinned widely. “We attack!”

Lord Fishy swung from his hammock, hands laced behind his head. "So I had a dream last night. I was at Burger King with my friend. And at some point in the dream I checked my phone and Skype was open. The message I saw was by Mangaret, and it said, 'But that will take 500 years. Although, that is only 50 in normie years.' Then I continued eating my fries."

"I had a weird FtB dream too," said Lucy. "I was #2 to Jaxx, and everyone else was really far behind us all. I was demoing the game to a group of people, like my history class or something. Someone raises their hand and asks how good I am relative to other people, and I'm like 'Well, there is one guy better than me. His name is... Jaxx.'

"Someone else raises their hand and asks if they can try," said Lucy. "They cut to Scorpion Fire and FC it, and I go on my knees and I'm bawling my eyes out, and he looks down on me and says in a deep, thundering voice: 'I AM JAXX!'"

A loud call came from the deck. "Land ahoy!"

Lord Fishy quickly dropped down to the wooden floor, shoved his feet into his shoes, and stuck his head out the doorway. If he squinted, he could make out a distant landmass, capped by a disturbingly bright white and pink castle spearing the heavens.

"Finally," groused One, pushing past Fishy. "I thought XceeD would release FtB3 before we got here."

Before long, the ship had pulled into a sandy bay surrounded by lofty palms. Lord Fishy stepped out onto the land, feeling solid ground under his feet for the first time since he had started being shipped. A disembodied male voice echoed through the air. "*Welcome... to oss.*"

Fishy looked around with wide eyes. "What? Who said that?"

"Feast yer eyes, mateys," said Captain Sach, gesturing with his hook at the surrounding wildlife. "The land of osu. Best t' watch yer back out there... it's a strange land full o' strange people."

"I heard it's infested with bats!" said Grouch.

"They say that fruit falls from the sky," added pAN.

"Rumor has it," said Bardon in a hushed tone, "in osu, ye have t' hold down the long notes 'til the very end."

Every sailor simultaneously shuddered at the thought.

The beach around Lord Fishy was scattered with bits of rock and debris. It was clear no one had been here in a long time. He spotted a gray square lying on the floor and stooped to pick it up, seeing an engraving of an hourglass with the word “*Half*” underneath it.

“What’s this?” he asked.

pAN peered at the object. “That’s a Half Time mod. It’s basically worthless – it decreases your score by seventy percent.” Fishy shrugged and pocketed the item anyway.

“Alright.” Sach looked over his crew. “Which of ye are goin’ out t’ the city with Bardon?”

Lord Fishy suddenly remembered that May lived in osu. If he went, he might have a chance to see her. “I’ll go,” he said, without a second thought.

pAN looked surprised. “Me too.”

Spring jumped in. “Me!”

Fishy cursed under his breath.

Bardon nodded. “Get yer things, mateys.” He patted the cutlass hanging at his side. “We’re headin’ out.”

Within an hour the group had reached #osu, the country’s capital city and principal port. Beyond the thick stone walls, the roads were crowded and busy, sandwiched by gleaming buildings and populated by mappers and players going about their business. Music floated through the air from all directions. Eagle-eyed moderators in red uniforms wandered amongst the crowd, silencing players who accidentally sent too many lines at once. As the four pirates strode through the streets, Fishy made sure to stay far from them.

A robotic fanfare blared near Fishy, making him jump. He turned to see a large pink and white robot making its way through the multitude on a pair of caterpillar tracks. It had a squat body and two robotic arms, and where its head should have been was a screen displaying a cheerful emoticon face. “Ceemo193 achieved rank #1 on Tanizawa Tomofumi - Kimi ni Todoke (TV SIZE) [Oni]!” it announced enthusiastically. Its voice echoed from a multitude of loudspeakers attached to buildings throughout the city.

“What the hell is that thing?” asked Spring.

“BanchoBot,” said Bardon distastefully. “Stay away from it, mateys.”

They found lodging at a run-down inn called The Tear Rain, where Lord Fishy was relieved to find normal meat and bread that didn’t break his teeth. He ordered some food immediately as Bardon acquired a room key from the barkeep.

"We need t' find out where our man is," said Bardon quietly. "Ye boys keep –"

Spring coughed.

"Ye boys, and girl, keep outta trouble until we do."

Fishy coughed as well, but involuntarily. He kept coughing until pAN patted him on the back and got him a drink of water. He really fucking hated Spring.

"So who's this guy we're looking for anyway?" asked pAN.

"Aroun' here, they call 'im... *Chaosmaid Guy*."

A grizzled sailor at the next table snorted. "You're looking for Chaosmaid Guy? Good luck with that. He got sentenced to a lifetime in jail last week."

"What?" exclaimed Spring, pAN, and Bardon.

Lord Fishy, who had his mouth full, swallowed before adding, "What?"

"Yeah, turns out he was a spy or something."

Bardon shook his head. "Come on, we'll talk in our room. We don' want unwanted ears listenin' in." He motioned to the others and headed for the stairs.

"Wait wait wait! My food!"

"Try to keep up, Fish," sneered Spring as she disappeared upstairs. Lord Fishy crammed a chunk of cheese into his mouth, searched for a napkin, and hastily wrapped up the rest of his meal. By the time he emerged on the second floor, the others were nowhere in sight.

"Bardon?" Lord Fishy wandered down the dusty hall, peering at the closed doors. "pAN? You didn't tell me which room was ours."

He turned to the window, where a pale face was pressed up against the glass, watching him intently. The man made eye contact with Fishy for a split second, then dropped out of sight.

Lord Fishy took a moment to recover from his surprise. "...What?" he asked, walking to the window, but the stranger was gone.

pAN stuck his head out of a room. "In here, Fish."

The room was tiny and dusty and it only contained one bed. Bardon was pacing back and forth in the limited space. "Arrr, seems like this mission will be more complicated than I reckoned...."

"No biggie," said Spring, who was reclining atop the bed. "We bust him out of the dungeon and hop back on the ship. The mods won't even know what hit them."

"It's not that easy, Spring," said pAN. "He wasn't silenced. He was *sentenced to a lifetime in jail.*"

"If only we could distract the moderators somehow..." muttered Bardon.

Lord Fishy looked out the room's window, wondering if he would spot the pale man again. The streets were bustling as usual, but past the thick walls of #osu, a commotion caught his eye.

"Hey, guys?" said Fishy. "You might want to check this out."

The other pirates gathered around him. The distant sea bubbled and rolled, forming a giant whirlpool just offshore of the port. Dark storm clouds began to gather above the sea.

"Spooky," remarked Fish.

Abruptly, a throng of giant tentacles erupted from the whirlpool. Their violent thrashing sent great waves crashing into the harbor, bowling over the flimsy ships and sending a spray of water over #osu's city walls. Players screamed and ran for cover as water sloshed over the cobblestone roads.

"Holy shit, it's Tulip!" exclaimed Spring.

"A DDoS attack," whispered pAN.

Lord Fishy noticed osu staff rushing along the top of the city walls, bravely aiming crossbows at the turbulent water. They released a volley of arrows, only to be washed into the streets by a giant wave. Fishy spotted BanchoBot, which was fizzing sharply and giving off smoke, an error symbol displayed on its screen.

"This is perfect!" cried Bardon. "We'll sneak into th' dungeon while th' staff is distracted. C'mon, me mateys! Time's a-wastin'!"

The four pirates hurried downstairs and emerged on the waterlogged streets, where panicked players were hurrying towards higher land. As they weaved through the crowd, water lapping at their ankles, Lord Fishy surreptitiously leaned over to pAN.

"What does DDoS stand for?" he asked.

“Distributed Denial of Seafood.”

“Oh.”

“Avast, mateys!” cried Bardon, pointing up to the sky. Tulip had broken off a chunk of the stone wall and tossed it into the city. Lord Fishy gasped and dived behind a merchant’s stall, covering his neck with his hands.

A moment later, the stone slab slammed into the street with a massive crash, sending rock, wooden splinters, and water in all directions. Lord Fishy felt his body pelted with sharp debris.

pAN called out, “Is everyone okay?”

“Arrr, I’ve been through worse!”

“I hope that rock crushed Fish.”

Lord Fishy rolled his eyes. “I’m fine.” He staggered up from his hiding position, brushing pebbles off of himself. A quick look around revealed Tulip reaching over the ragged city wall and another chunk of stone flying towards a different part of #osu. It hit the ground with a distant crash.

“Hurry,” called Bardon, “before that blasted octopus destroys the city!”

Soon, the four pirates stood in the shadow of the massive keep of white and pink stone. Lord Fishy craned his head upwards, but the spire was far out of sight. “osu HQ,” announced Bardon in a hushed voice. “Looks like they left the door unguarded. This way, boys, and be smart ‘bout it!”

“Not so fast!” A tall man stepped in front of them, and Fishy immediately recognized the face from the window. He held under his arm an odd drum with a membrane on both the top and bottom.

“An’ who be you?” growled Bardon, placing one hand on the hilt of his cutlass.

“My name is Geemo193. And I’m afraid I can’t let you go inside...” He paused for effect.
“*Pirates.*”

He clapped his hands twice and a small group of osu players gathered behind him, wielding rapiers and clubs. Fishy’s eyes were immediately drawn to a beautiful girl with black hair.

“May?” he whispered.

“Draw yer arms, mateys,” said Bardon. “This might get ugly.”

pAN and Spring whipped out their cutlasses immediately.

"I said, *draw yer arms, mateys.*"

No one moved.

"Fish!"

"Wha?" Lord Fishy jumped, tearing his eyes from May. "Oh, sorry." He pulled out his cutlass as well.

"Attack!" yelled Geemo193.

Lord Fishy lifted his blade just in time to block the swing of an osu player's sword. The man jumped back and started a new flurry of deft strikes. Fishy waved his cutlass wildly, desperately trying to block the blows. Before long, the opponent's cutlass nicked Lord Fishy on the side, causing a grunt of pain. This player's accuracy was much better than his, and he hardly ever missed. How could he beat him?

"C'mon, Fishy!" exclaimed Bardon as he danced past. He spun around and flourished his blade, easily knocking his own opponent's sword out of his hand. "Give 'im a little flair!"

Lord Fishy gritted his teeth and blocked blow after blow, beginning to feel the rhythm of the fight. He could tell a difficulty spike was coming. With a deep breath, he dove into the attack, comboing a complicated pattern and following it off with a flair. Suddenly, the world exploded into gold as he reached 8x multiplier. He could *feel the beat*.

With a shout, Lord Fishy locked his cutlass with the osu player's crossguard and twisted, sending the weapon flying away. With a startled look, the man ran from the fight.

After taking a second to breath, Lord Fishy spun and attacked another player. Now that he was warmed up, his cutlass flew easily through the air.

Out of the corner of his eye Lord Fishy noticed Spring, her fight taking her dangerously close to him. With a feeling of panic, Fishy realized he had to sneeze in the middle of a difficult section.

"Aaa – *achoo!*"

Fishy brought his blade up, prepared to compensate for his momentary lapse in concentration, but the opponent wordlessly collapsed to the ground. pAN winked as he yanked his cutlass back out of the dead osu sailor.

"Fishy?"

Lord Fishy spun around, seeing a familiar girl before him. "May!"

May was breathing hard, clutching a rapier, covered in sweat. She met his gaze, eyes wide, for a long moment. "Fishy... why are you doing this?"

Lord Fishy felt his heart beat faster. "Because. osu is a terrible rhythm game." He lowered his cutlass and walked closer. "May, I know it's been a long time –"

"Stay away," she warned, holding her rapier up in front of her.

Lord Fishy's eyes suddenly went wide. "Watch out!" He pointed to the sky.

May rolled her eyes. "Yeah, as if I'm falling for –"

Fishy tackled May off of the road. A moment later, a huge slab of stone crashed into the street where they had been standing.

Lord Fishy found himself on top of May, his face very close to hers. She locked eyes with him and he held his breath in apprehension, lest the smallest noise break the moment. He knew this encounter couldn't be a coincidence. It was as if their destinies were intertwined, or as if they were being shoved together by the author for plot purposes. It was a sign. An omen. The start of a beautiful relationship. At this moment, at this critical juncture, Fishy knew that whatever they said to each other would alter their fates forever.

"What the fuck," said May.

"Sorry," said Lord Fishy, standing up.

"Alright, that's enough!" Geemo193 shouted over the battle. "osu players, retreat!"

May leapt to her feet, gave Fishy one last glance, and ran down the street. Most of the other osu players followed her, leaving the FtB pirates alone with Geemo193. Lord Fishy looked around, glad to find his friends mostly unharmed.

"Not bad, pirates. But your journey ends here!" Geemo193 grinned as he spun his drum around, revealing the barrel of a cannon.

"Take cover, boys!" cried Bardon.

The pirates dove behind a boulder as the cannon began firing a furious stream of red and blue cannonballs, slamming into the street and splintering the wood of nearby buildings.

"I think you mean boys *and girl*," muttered Spring, pressed up tightly against the rock.

"Ahahahaha!" laughed Geemo193 over the deafening noise of the cannon. "How do you like these 200 BPM streams?!" He turned the cannon, aiming it directly at the boulder. Bits of stone began to blast off under the pressure.

Lord Fishy huddled close to pAN and Bardon behind the shelter. "What do we do?" he hissed.

Bardon cleared his throat and rolled up his sleeves. "Don't ye worry, mateys. I've got this."

"Don't tell me you're gonna try to play Taiko," said pAN.

"Have faith, pAN!" The first mate grinned widely. "What's an adventure without a little bit o' danger?"

Bardon jumped into the stream, his arms exploding into a flurry of movement. He weaved around the cannonballs, doing his best to deflect them left and right with his cutlass. Still, the dons and kats flew at him mercilessly. Bardon grunted as he lost his combo again and again.

"That was a terrible idea," muttered Spring.

Lord Fishy suddenly knew what to do. He reached into his pockets and fished out the Half Time mod, shouting, "Bardon, here!"

He tossed the gray square towards the first mate. Bardon reached out, catching it in his fist, and the cannonballs began to slow down. The seasoned pirate let out a hearty *yo ho ho*. "Thanks, Fish!"

With renewed vigor, Bardon began to beat back the cannonballs.

"Come on," said pAN. "While Geemo is distracted."

The three pirates hurried to the heavy entrance to the keep, now unguarded. Lord Fishy stuck his head inside. There were a multitude of osu players and staff in the huge entry hall, running around, panicking, and praying to Cookiezi. None of them were paying attention. In the corner, Fishy spotted a set of ominous stone stairs leading into the ground.

"I bet that's the dungeon," he whispered. pAN responded with a nod, and they scurried to the steps.

As they descended, the tumult got quieter, the air got chillier, and Lord Fishy's congestion got worse. He sniffled and wiped his nose with his sleeve. If he spent much more time in this miserable dungeon with Spring, he was bound to catch the flu.

Before long, they emerged into a long corridor lined with prison cells. A few torches flickered in the damp air, and a thin layer of water covered the stone floor. Lord Fishy saw gaunt faces looking downward in the cells, none of them taking any notice of the pirates.

“How did these guys get banned from osu?” said Fishy to pAN, not daring to raise his voice above a whisper.

“I dunno. Probably cheaters or account sharers.”

“Actually, someone hacked my account,” said a frail boy peering out of a jail cell. “I got banned automatically.”

“Why didn’t you send an appeal?” asked Spring.

“I did. Three times.”

“And they didn’t respond?”

The boy shook his head.

“Oh,” said Spring, uncertainly. “I’m sorry.”

pAN grabbed a torch off of the wall. “So... where’s Chaosmaid Guy?”

With a quiet rustling of chains, all of the prisoners looked up at once, fixing on them haunted gazes. Fishy’s breath caught in his throat. Slowly, excruciatingly, all the prisoners turned their heads towards the very last cell.

“Uh...” Fishy whispered. “Was that normal?”

“Shh,” said Spring hurriedly, and they fell into frightened silence. pAN gave Fishy a worried look before proceeded along the hall.

Taking a deep breath, pAN held forward his torch to illuminate the deep darkness behind the bars. There was a formless shape, huddled upon a cot, perfectly motionless.

“Now... no one startle him...” murmured pAN.

“Huh?” The prisoner raised his head. All three pirates jumped, and a little scream found its way out of Fishy’s mouth before he clasped his hands over it.

“Oh. ‘Sup?” said Chaosmaid Guy. He sat up on his cot, rubbing his eyes. His hair was audaciously curly.

“...Uh, not much, how about you?” said Fishy, confused.

“Mmm, I’m okay. It’s kinda damp.”

“We’re, uh, we’re here to break you out of jail, Chaosmaid Guy,” declared Fishy.

“Alright.” The man nodded. “But you can call me Dipkappppzrgdys.”

“What?”

“Dipkappppzrgdys,” he repeated.

“Dip... Dipakap....” Fishy frowned.

Spring coughed loudly. “City kinda getting destroyed, remember?”

“The warden left his keys over there, if you don’t mind,” said Dipkappppzrgdys. He pointed at a hook on the wall nearby. Lord Fishy hastily retrieved it, sending up splashes of water, and unlocked his cell.

Dipkappppzrgdys grinned and stretched as he emerged. “Feels good to be out of there. Just wait ‘til you hear what pepperoni’s been planning...”

“A new game mode?!” exclaimed Captain Sach. “Aren’t three games enough to satisfy those landlubbers?”

“Catch the Beat isn’t a real game,” Dipkappppzrgdysp interjected.

“True,” quipped pAN. “It’s an in real life situation. When fruits fall you need to catch them.”

“Never mind that,” said Captain Sach, shoing pAN away. “Tell me more, matey.”

“Aye aye,” said Dipkappppzrgdysp. “It’s called *osu!mania*.”

“osu!mania.....” Captain Sach rolled the word around in his mouth.

“It’s a vertically scrolling rhythm game,” said Dipkappppzrgdysp, “a direct competitor with Feel the Beats.”

“This be grave news indeed,” muttered Captain Sach.

“Man, it feels good to be back at sea!” sang Spring, brushing past Lord Fishy and immediately setting off a violent sneezing fit. “Can’t wait to get back to torturing you, Fishy!”

“Fuck off, Spring,” muttered Fishy, wiping his nose on his sleeve.

“We gotta nip this in the bud,” growled Captain Sach. “Dip, where will this new *osu!mania* be located?”

“I got the coordinates...” Dip said, pulling a torn piece of paper from his pocket. Sach nodded, and the two pirates disappeared below deck.

Not more than a minute later, the noisy ring of Brandon’s bell flooded the ship. “ALL HANDS ON DECK!”

Fishy joined the line of sailors expectantly as they gathered in front of the first mate. Bardon took no time getting to the point.

“Arrr, ye boys ready t’ fight some osu bastards?”

A cheer rose from the pirates.

“Well get yer lazy hands to the ropes, mateys, ‘cus we be headin’ to osu!mania!”

Lord Fishy leaned against the bulwark outside the fo'c's'le, looking out over the gently rolling waves. The weather was calm and the evening had been uneventful. The deck was empty but for a few pirates grinding for badges late into the night, as most of the others had gone to sleep. Still, Fishy didn't feel like sleeping.

He heard a quiet *meow* beside him. Turning his head, he found Sky55x perched on top of a barrel.

"Hey, Sky," he said, running his hand over the white cat's ears. "How are you doing?"

Sky55x purred in response and leaned into Lord Fishy's hand. He scratched the cat's head once more, then drew his hand away.

"Look," Lord Fishy said, looking back out at sea. "It's Hit Machine Island."

The cat turned as well. The island was a dark mass in the distance, the silhouettes of abandoned buildings still visible on top of it. All the light and glimmer was gone from the discontinued game. Still, if Fishy strained his ears, he thought he could hear the whisper of late '00s alternative rock in the wind.

"Hey kid... the world's too big... for you to even try to do anything about it..."

"It's the first rhythm game May ever played," Fishy said, quietly. Despite himself, he wished it was still the good old days, before May had gone over to the pink side. Had something really happened between them at #osu, or was he just imagining it?

"What do you think, Sky?" he asked. "Do I have a chance with May?"

"Meow," said Sky55x, ambivalently.

"HEY, BITCH!" shouted Spring from right behind him, startling Lord Fishy and making Sky55x leap off the barrel.

"God damn it," said Fishy, spinning around. "Can't you let me angst in peace?"

"Oh, of course," said Spring, instantly switching gears and giving him a syrupy-sweet smile. "I just heard something I thought you would want to know."

Her friendly attitude made Fishy instantly suspicious. He sniffled, then narrowed his eyes at her. "Make it quick."

“Well, I heard that *someone* is about to tell the captain a *very* nasty rumor about a certain backstabbing traitor,” she said in an innocent tone of voice, her grin growing wider. “Poor kid. Captain Sach is going to permaban them for sure.”

“He won’t believe you!” Fishy blurted, though he felt panic rising up inside him. “Why would you have waited so long?”

Spring’s smile grew larger than it had any right to be able to. “Well, *theoretically*, let’s say a girl saw a certain newbie pirate betray FtB during a crucial battle. But she was uncertain, so she didn’t tell anyone about it. But *then*, while she was on the mainland, she saw something *very strange* happen between said pirate and a girl from osu. Something that both Bardon and pAN witnessed as well. Something that suggested his first loyalty might not be to FtB...”

Fishy suddenly found it hard to breathe, although it could have just been due to congestion.

“Let’s just say I wouldn’t count on it.”

“You won’t do it,” forced out Lord Fishy. “I know you like to mess with me, but you don’t want me to be permabanned, do you?” There had to be some way to stop her, or at least convince Sach she was wrong! He’d never even *played* osu. He looked desperately at his smug antagonist for any sign of mercy. “What do you want me to do? Beg? Please! I’ll do your chores forever!”

“What can I say?” Spring responded, with a shrug. “I hate you.”

The two stared at each other for a long moment. The air was silent, except for a faint melody emanating from the distant island.

“Po pi-po pi-po po pi po... po pi-po pi-po po pi po...”

Spring looked down at her forearm, pretending to check a watch. “Oh, looks like it’s getting pretty late. I’d better catch the captain before he goes to bed. Enjoy your last night on FtB, Fishy!” She gave him an evil smile, then sauntered toward the captain’s cabin.

Lord Fishy stared at Spring’s receding figure, and his desperation began to be replaced by despair. Maybe Spring had finally gotten the best of him. It had been fun while it lasted. But there was a silver lining: If he was banned from FtB, he could finally focus on his education, become a world-famous trumpet player....

And never see May again.

No. Spring had ruined his life for long enough now.

An idea was forming in Fishy’s head. But first, he needed an accomplice. With a determined gleam restored in his eye, he dashed into the fo’c’s’le.

The sleeping quarter was packed full of occupied hammocks, the wooden floor littered with small trunks that held their personal belongings. Portholes along the far wall cast moonlight over the sleeping pirates. Lord Fishy took a quick glance around, located pAN's slumbering form, and navigated through the room.

"pAN!" he hissed, shaking the pirate in his hammock.

"Wha?" pAN responded blearily.

"There's no time! Get up! Get up!"

pAN stumbled to his feet. "What time is it?"

"Doesn't matter go go go!"

Fishy pushed pAN past the other sleeping pirates and out the door, then turned him around to face him. "pAN. I'll tell you everything later, but I need you to trust me right now."

"...Okay," he said, rubbing his eyes

"Spring is heading to the captain's cabin to talk to Sach. You have to cause a distraction."

pAN looked skeptical, but didn't ask why. "How?"

"I don't know," said Lord Fishy. "Anything. Tell him Mangaret fell overboard."

"He'll figure that out immediately," said pAN. "Mangaret's right here in the fo'c's'le."

Fishy tapped his foot impatiently. "Then what?"

"Meow," said Sky55x. Lord Fishy looked down, where the ship's cat was rubbing his head hopefully against his legs. Fishy looked up at pAN, and a mutual understanding passed between them. pAN nodded, gravely.

Lord Fishy picked the cat up and whispered, "I'm sorry, Sky." Then he handed him to pAN, a grateful look in his eyes, and dashed towards the other end of the ship.

Just before he disappeared below decks, he heard a high-pitched shriek and a distant splash. Then came pAN's voice, bellowing, "CAT OVERBOARD!"

As bewildered pirates began to appear on deck, a faint melody drifted through the air.

"I'm at the Pizza Hut (What?)... I'm at the Taco Bell (What?)... I'm at the combination Pizza Hut and Taco Bell..."

By the time the cat had been hauled back on board and the pirates had stumbled sleepily back to their bunks, Fish was reclining on his hammock as if he had no care in the world.

"There he is!" cried Spring, bursting into the fo'c'sle. "That anime-loving backstabber."

"Can a pirate get some sleep around here?" exclaimed One.

"Alright, alright," said Captain Sach, shouldering his way into the cabin. "What do ye have to say for yerself, Fish?"

Fishy tried not to look guilty. "I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Liar!" accused Spring. "You cut the ropes when we were following xgallop's ship, and you were fraternizing with the enemy at #osu! I say he's a spy."

Murmurs spread through the fo'c'sle, as well as One's angry grumble as he buried his head under his pillow. pAN gave Fishy a worried look from his own hammock.

"That's ridiculous," said Lord Fishy, wiping his suddenly-runny nose. "If anything, Spring's trying to sabotage us with her constant antagonism."

"Bardon?" asked Sach, pointing at the first mate with his hook hand. "You were there at #osu, matey. What do ye think?"

Bardon rubbed the back of his neck. "I dunno, cap'n. Fishy's a good, seasoned sailor. But he was gettin' pretty friendly with this girl..."

Lord Fishy hopped out of his hammock and tried to speak over the shocked murmurs. "Spring is just tossing baseless accusations around! She's the guilty one here, and I can prove it."

"Uh-huh," said Spring. "What's my charge, hurting your poor feelings?" She made a pouting face.

"If you want to know the truth," said Fishy triumphantly, "look at --"

He broke down into a coughing fit. Bardon patted him on his back until he recovered.

"Look... look at --"

Again, Fishy had to stop to cough messily.

“Out with it,” said Sach impatiently.

“Just check her trunk,” wheezed Lord Fishy.

Spring waited with a bored look on her face as Captain Sach opened the trunk with her belongings. Several pirates discreetly peeked over his shoulder.

“Well?” asked Spring.

The captain turned around with a furious look on his usually pleasant face, a pink cassette tape clutched in his one intact hand.

“*Sword Art Online?*” he asked.

The fo’c’sle broke out into an uproar of accusations and yelling. “Wait. No. Fishy planted that!” said Spring over the noise.

“When?” asked Sach. “And why?”

“What’s a sword art?” asked Fishy innocently.

Spring paused for a moment, then burst out, “He must have thrown the cat overboard as a distraction!”

The pirates yelled even louder at that. Fishy grinned slightly.

“Quiet, ye sorry sacks of gruel!” shouted Sach over the noise. The pirates stopped yelling.

“Spring, ye’ve been nothin’ but a troublemaker since ye stepped onto this vessel. Off to the brig until I figure out what to do with ye.”

“But --”

“That’s an order!” said the captain.

Spring was silent for a moment, glaring at Lord Fishy with a look of pure hatred.

“Fine. Asshole,” she said, then stalked out of the fo’c’sle with her chin raised.

“And you,” said Captain Sach, poking Fishy in the chest with his hook. “Don’t think yer off easy now. You better stay away from them osu girls.”

“Yes sir,” said Fishy, nodding very rapidly. Grumbling under his breath, Captain Sach stalked after Spring.

The fo'c'sle was quiet for a moment as the pirates registered what had just happened. Fishy almost couldn't believe it had worked. Was Spring really out of his hair? Maybe summer was finally coming around.

"Oi," said Mangaret Batcher 2.0. "How dya think the cap'n plays FtB with a hook for a hand?"

There were murmurs all around as the pirates considered this idea. It turned out nobody really knew.

"CAN WE PLEASE JUST SLEEP" cried One.

NOTES

characters:

FTB CREW: Captain Sach Bardon Lord Fishy pAN Spring Dipkappzrgdysp Mangaret Batcher 2.0 One Sky55x Jewelz Hamtaro Grouch	OSU CREW: pepperoni xgallop Geemo139 May Banchobot	GIANT OCTOPUS: Tulip PIRATE GOD: Jaxx
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all names have been replaced for privacy in this version of the fic. if you were a ftb player and one of the characters in this story is suspiciously similar to you, it's probably you. i am so sorry.

chapters:

1. Fishy's first encounter with osu ship. sees may, sabotages his own ship to let may get away. spring sees him do it!!
2. pAN shows Fish loot from osu ships in the hold. then, at dinner, they talk about Tulip sinking ftb ships and ftbers defecting to osu. Sach decides to try to take down pepperoni once and for all. spring threatens Fishy in secret and blackmails him.
3. they reach the osu mainland. a team (Fish, pAN, spring, bardon) is sent to find dip, a ftb spy who was captured by pepperoni. Meanwhile, Tulip DDOSes osu. Geemo overhears their plans in an inn and leads a team to stop them. in the ensuing battle, Fishy meets May again and saves her life. the ftb pirates win. they find and rescue dip, and from him they learn about pepperoni's plans to take over a new land and start a new colony called... osu!mania.
4. ftb crew heads off to osu!mania to defeat pepperoni. they're passing the hit machine island and Fish talks about May. spring tells Fishy she's going to tell Sach about Fishy. pAN stalls the captain by throwing the cat overboard. Fishy ends up outsmarting spring by stashing a tv size from the loot in her crate. spring gets sent to the brig
5. they find pepperoni's ship docked at osu!mania and interrogate one of the guards left on the ship as to where they went. they march into the forest and have a big battle with them at the

future site of #osumania. Fishy ends up fighting May. The pirates start to lose the battle and it seems like all is lost... pepperoni holds a sword to Sach's throat and he gives the ftb pirates the chance to redeem themselves by joining osu. however, May is all badass and saves Sach. our principal characters chase pepperoni back to the beach where they finally defeat him... he's like "you will never stop osu for real, osumania will happen whether you like it or not" but Sach's like "shut it, prisoner" but then Tulip sinks the ftb ship. They have to save Spring. Meanwhile pepperoni escapes. the main characters talk a little about the future of ftb, then they go back to the battleground where the ftb pirates have won the battle and are celebrating. Fishy's like, should we tell them? and Sach is like, nah, let them celebrate a little longer. may and Fishy hook up of course

puns and stuff:

- "close your 3y3s"
- speak sins
- destination of the heart
- bdyif
- jar of dirt
- dream to nightmare
- ~~reference to ftb3??~~
- ~~taiko thing with Coemo~~
- Fishy wins a battle with his amazing trumpet powers
- ~~something about being mad at downrating~~
- mention slaying the dreamer
- "harder than end time on amphetamine"
- skins??
- something about air charts
- xceed charts
- luna charts? "more ___ than lunastik had moshes" ? "~~denser than a lunamesh?~~"
- legend road??
- circus galop
- "spooky"
- pull things from skype doc
- 4'33"

MORE NOTES

- Can you add stuff about trumpet?
- IF YOU CAN SPARE THE EFFORT, Fishy is a lot more joking and snide than you've portrayed him. Now I know a lot of the characters aren't in character, but you should make *some* effort, right? He's the mc, for heavens sake
- Make more mention of people just casually playing and mapping, outside of a battle context. The only example right now is mangaret asking for a BPM
- Investigate possibility of making bardon and Sach actually in character?

“What was that about?” demanded pAN. “You’re not actually the one who cut the ropes, are you?”

“Yeah, I am,” admitted Lord Fishy. “But you can’t tell anyone about it, okay?”

“But why? You’re not...” pAN’s voice dropped to a whisper. “You’re not an otaku... are you?”

“No, of course not,” dismissed Fishy.

“Phew.” pAN wiped his brow. “Then why?”

“During the battle,” responded Fishy, fiddling his fingers. “I... I think I saw May on the enemy ship.”

“Oh,” said pAN.

“Yeah.”

The hallway was silent for a moment.

“So that’s who you’re being shipped with,” commented pAN.