

Derrick is NOT a Fish

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Derrick is NOT a Fish

by [Heather4Ever2](#)

Summary

Derrick tries to join a motorcycle club.

Chapter 1

"So, Lampelle," the man with the Harley Davidson skullcap spat, adjusting the worn leather of his cut, "Heard you got an application."

My palms slicked against the denim of my Levi's 501s. "Derrick Lampelle. Yes. And I appreciate you considering it. I'm serious about this, about brotherhood, about the open road. Not like some... dilettante."

Skullcap chuckled, a dry rasp like dragging gravel. "Brotherhood's deep water, Lampelle. Deep. You swim?"

My jaw tightened. "I'm not a fish." The words were out before I could filter them, sharp and defensive. "And I know deep water. I've seen the ocean. From boats. Big boats. Not... fish boats."

The other two men flanking Skullcap shifted. One, in a faded Metallica tee, scratched a ZZ Top beard. The other, chrome chains glinting against his black wifebeater, just stared, eyes like ball bearings.

"Boats," Skullcap repeated, slow, each syllable a drop of oil. "Right. And this application... says you're real interested in... aquatic recreation?" He held up a crinkled piece of paper, my application. I'd mentioned my love for... water features. Damn autocorrect.

"Aquatic... no. No, that's a typo. Misunderstanding. I meant... adventure. The spirit of... unfettered movement. Like a... a shark. Cutting through the... asphalt sea." I winced internally. Shark? Not helping.

Metallica tee snorted. "Shark, huh? Need water for that, don'tcha?"

"Figurative," I snapped. "Metaphorical. Like a... land shark. Just... hungry for the road. Not... actual water. I don't need water. I'm not some kind of... gill-breather."

Chrome chains leaned forward, voice a low rumble. "See here, Lampelle. We're the Iron Coffins. Not exactly the... Marina Del Rey Yacht Club." He gestured around the garage, the air thick with WD-40 and burnt rubber, a half-dismantled Panhead engine splayed across a workbench under a flickering fluorescent tube. "We ride. We wrench. We ain't got no pool boys."

"Pool?" My head whipped around. "Who said anything about a pool? Is there a pool? Because if there's a pool, I'm not going near it. Absolutely not. Unless it's... purely for aesthetic purposes. Like a... decorative Koi pond. But definitely no swimming. Not for me. Ever."

Skullcap slammed a fist on the workbench, making the wrenches jump. "Lampelle! What in the hell are you babbling about pools for? We're talking about your patch! Your colors! Your commitment to the Coffins!"

"Commitment!" I yelled back, rising to my feet. "Commitment is exactly what I'm about! I'm committed to... dry land! To asphalt! To the freedom of two wheels and no goddamn... chlorine!"

Metallica tee was openly laughing now. Chrome chains just shook his head, a slow, deliberate motion. Skullcap stared, a vein throbbing in his temple.

"Lampelle," Skullcap said, voice dangerously quiet. "Maybe this ain't for you. Maybe you'd be happier... somewhere with... more... water features. Maybe a nice... aquarium club?"

Aquarium club? The insult stung. They thought I was... some kind of... fish enthusiast? Just because I asked about a hypothetical pool? "I am not," I roared, voice cracking, "A FISH!"

I spun on my heel, adrenaline pumping, and stormed out of the garage, the scent of motor oil and mockery clinging to my back. Behind me, I heard Skullcap's voice, fading but clear.

"...and tell me again why we even considered this... waterlogged weirdo?"

The California sun hit me like a physical blow. I blinked, adjusting, and scanned the street. A fire hydrant gleamed red at the corner. A puddle shimmered in a pothole. Everywhere, the insidious glint of... water. They were everywhere. They knew. They all knew. And they were mocking me with their... aquatic insinuations. I just needed to find someplace dry. Maybe... maybe a desert motorcycle club. They wouldn't have pools, right? Deserts were famously pool-less. And definitely fish-less. Definitely.

Chapter 2: L00k1n' 4 L0v3

Chapter Summary

Derrick searches for love in a neighboring family's parcel.

“Sir, with all due respect, you’re in our pool.” My mom’s avatar, ‘NubianQueen72’, stood at the edge of the shimmering, cerulean water, hands planted firmly on her virtual hips. Her voice, amplified through my Logitech Z906 speakers, still held a tremor of politeness that baffled me. Politeness for *this*?

The man in the pool, ‘DefinitelyNotAFishDude69’, floated on his back, a disturbingly realistic rendering of a small-headed man with huge... fish-like eyes. He wore swim trunks patterned with cartoon lobsters. “But I’m not a fish,” he declared, his voice a tinny, slightly distorted male baritone that echoed in our digital parcel. “Why would I be in a pool if I was a fish? Makes no sense.”

My little brother, ‘LilPrinceXavier’, a miniature avatar sporting a virtual Durant jersey, bounced impatiently beside Mom. “Because you’re trespassing, dude. Get out.” Xavier’s voice, still squeaky despite the voice modulator, lacked Mom’s restraint.

‘DefinitelyNotAFishDude69’ paddled to the side of the pool, near the cascading waterfall feature Dad had painstakingly built pixel by pixel. He clung to the smooth, virtual stone, water droplets beading realistically on his avatar’s skin. “Trespassing? But I’m looking for love. Is love trespassing?” He blinked slowly, his avatar’s eyes, a watery, unfocused blue, seeming to peer directly at us through the monitor. “I saw your land, looked peaceful. Figured love might be here.”

Dad, ‘BlackPantherKing’, usually the most even-tempered of us, stepped forward. His avatar, a towering figure with broad shoulders and a meticulously crafted goatee, radiated a controlled digital fury. “Sir, this is private property. We didn’t invite you. We don’t know you. And frankly, the fish thing is... unsettling.”

‘DefinitelyNotAFishDude69’ sighed, a sound that somehow translated into a low hum through the speakers. “See? Prejudice. Just because a man denies being a fish, you assume the worst. It’s species-ist, is what it is.” He pushed off the side of the pool, drifting back to the center. “I haven’t done anything wrong. Just enjoying a swim. It’s a hot day, even in the metaverse.” He gestured vaguely at the simulated sun hanging high in the Second Life sky, a perfect, unblemished orb of digital light. “Beautiful pool, by the way. Did you build it yourselves?”

Mom’s avatar pinched the bridge of her nose, a gesture I knew she mirrored in real life. “Yes, we built it. And we’d like you to leave it now.”

“But where am I supposed to find love if not in a beautiful pool on a peaceful parcel?”

‘DefinitelyNotAFishDude69’ asked, genuinely bewildered. He spun slowly in the water, arms outstretched, as if searching for an answer in the pixelated depths. “Is love not allowed here? Is peace not welcoming to a man who is, definitively, **not** a fish?”

Xavier groaned, a sound that was both virtual and real. “Dude, just get out of the pool. You’re creeping us out.”

‘DefinitelyNotAFishDude69’ stopped spinning. He looked directly at Xavier’s avatar, his watery blue eyes seeming to lock onto the screen. “Creepy? Is it creepy to seek connection? Is it creepy to admire aquatic architecture when one is **not** of the aquatic persuasion?” He paused, then added, with a sudden shift in tone, almost a whisper, “Besides, who are **you** to judge? You’re a prince. Princes always get love. Easy for you to say.” He resumed floating, staring up at the digital sky, a lone, figure adrift in our virtual oasis. The silence stretched, broken only by the gentle whoosh of the pool’s waterfall, a sound that now felt less like tranquility and more like a digital drip torture.

Chapter 3: Miles Away

Chapter Summary

Derrick sings a song at a honky-tonk



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