

## Twitter Thread by age in bio or perish ■ || chubby deku supremacy



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@jam\_spicy



#bkdk sfw, drabble

-■

"Suprise, Kacchan!"

Izuku happily wiggles, hopping from one foot to the other like an excitable toddler, despite the fact that he's 6 foot something and a venerable powerhouse of a pro hero.

In his hand is a plate of... something... messy from each edge.

uwu Katsuki forcing himself to eat Deku's shitty meals \U0001f91f\U0001f62b and not telling the other that it sucks

— \U0001f4a5\U0001f966CHUBBY DEKU CONNOISEUR\U0001f966\U0001f4a5 (@WeebTrash04) January 9, 2021

There's a message written on top in some sort of sauce, but the sauce had gotten absorbed in the rice. The mishmashed mush of vegetables (?) kind of looked like something you would pull out of a shower drain.

But the meat looks good? Browned chicken, maybe a little overspiced.

"The hell's this?"

"I made you dinner!" Izuku ushers Katsuki towards the dining table, hardly letting him take off his jacket first.

As soon as Katsuki sits, a napkin gets shoved in his lap as if they're at a fancy restaurant. Izuku becomes a whirlwind, flitting this way

and that in their home until there are a number of candles lit.

It would make the ambiance more romantic if it wasn't still daylight outside. It was closer to lunchtime than dinner, but

Katsuki would let him have this.

He, instead, stares down at [the meal] and carefully schools his features. He isn't sure if he looks deadpan or intrigued like he means to, because as soon as he looks close, the veggies /jump/ on the plate, bubbling like they're still boiling.

It's only from his strict hero training that he doesn't flinch back.

Izuku, meanwhile, is gushing by his side. He's leaning over Katsuki's shoulder and beaming from ear to ear, wiggling his fingers to present the dish.

"I /know/ you've been so busy lately, and you always cook for us every night, so I figured... you know? Surprise!"

Katsuki's surprised, alright.

"The rice is a little loose, so here's a spoon." Izuku says, producing the thing from behind his back.

Then, shyly, he adds, "I didn't get to taste first, so I hope it tastes good."

Katsuki glances up at him, and Izuku's big, green doe-eyes stare back. They're sparkling in the extra candlelight, eager for Katsuki's approval. He has a smear of cooking oil and flour on his cheek.

Inwardly, Katsuki wearily sighs. There /was/ a reason he cooked for them, after all.

Outwardly, he smirks and nods his head. "Yeah? Bet it tastes like shit."

He says it wholly teasingly, and Izuku laughs. His shoulders drop, relaxing at the easy banter,

and playfully bats at Katsuki with a giddy, "/Kacchan/."

Then, he nudges the plate closer to Katsuki.

His time is up. This is where he signs the papers that Death itself hands him, consigning his insides to a night (if not three) of inner turmoil.

He forces himself to think of it as a challenge. And Katsuki never backs down from challenges.

He lifts up a cut of chicken, which looks thoroughly cooked (if not overdone), and makes a show of inspecting it just to make Izuku eager.

Then, Katsuki takes a bite. And the flavor explodes in his mouth.

Literally. Something squirts him in the back of the throat, and he /chokes/ on it as it burns his uvula.

Izuku jumps up, gathering a few new napkins in one palm. "Kacchan! Don't eat so fast, okay?"

Katsuki keels over his plate, forcing himself to breathe steady and focus on clenching and unclenching his fist so he doesn't yell. Or laugh.

"Deku..." Katsuki grunts, after chewing and chewing and chewing on the rubber meat. "What /is/ this?"

Izuku perks up like a puppy shown a treat. "It's- um..." He turns on his heel, towards the kitchen, and when he comes back it's with a flour-dusted phone. "Spinach and cheese stuffed steak!"

Katsuki pauses. Prods at the meat on his plate. It weakly spurts more cheese at him.

He clears his throat again.

"This is chicken."

Izuku has the gall to look embarrassed, ducking his head.

"Ah, yeah. I kept trying to make some, but they kept staying pink in the middle? And everything online said not to cook it too long... but I didn't want you to get sick, so I tried chicken instead!"

Katsuki opens his mouth but Izuku quickly waves his hands. "Don't worry! I made sure to cook the chicken extra long so it was done."

Izuku pauses, and then gestures towards the kitchen. "We're out of steak, also."

Katsuki doesn't know how to bring up that steak generally tastes pretty good when it's pink in the middle, or that the steak they'd bought (together, last weekend) wasn't the type meant for stuffing anyway.

Instead, he takes a bite of the lumpy, crunchy, oversalted rice and nods. "You did good, nerd."

And Izuku smiles at him like Katsuki just gave him the world. He happily giggles and throwing his arms around Katsuki like he /wasn't/ 250 pounds of muscle.

Katsuki accepts the hug, though, and the onslaught of happy kisses that subsequently get pepper across his face.

"I'm glad, Kacchan! I'll cook tomorrow, too, okay? I tried making a soufflé, but it kept looking flat? But everytime I did it, so maybe the recipes were wrong...?"

Izuku's voice trails off as he heads towards the kitchen, to clean up his mess by the sound of pots and pans slamming together.

Katsuki rubs at his temples, sending a quick prayer to anyone and everyone who was listening.

Then, he straightens up as Izuku peeks back in, timidly biting his lip.

"I'm... really happy you enjoyed it, Kacchan. I know I'm not the best cook, but I tried really hard— I promise! And I know

you're a really strict about your food, so..."

Izuku takes a deep breath, and then he beams at him again, brighter than when he first saved the world before his debut.  
"So I'm glad I was able to do something for you."

Then he disappears back around the corner, humming happily and giddily laughing to himself again.

Just because Katsuki ate his food.

Katsuki shoves another bite of the explosive chicken in his mouth and swallows it whole.

Eh. A small price to pay.

// end ■■

(yes i made it Big Deku and yes im valid ■)

anyway if u enjoyed, feel free to give me a lil Tippy tip if you like....\*shakes my can\*

<https://t.co/IUWTqXZhib>