# Twitter Thread by ■COMMISSIONS OPEN■



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@art_in_distress

**Hmmm #dekubaku w/ fem!baku fantasy AU??**

**Princess Katsuki is known throughout the land as being unruly, feral, and brash. No one has /ever/ seen her smile, outside of a battle or a hunt that is. She most commonly has a sneer of disgust on her face, considering-**

-every person who has tried for her hand nothing more that an insignificant extra. A rumor began to circulate around the kingdom that the one who could make her laugh would be the one to marry her. The Queen, Katsuki's mother, thought this was hilarious, and began to-

-challenge her daughter's suitors to make Katsuki laugh. It usually ended up with them making a fool of themselves, but the princess didn't even smile. If anything, her frown only deepened at their attempts to humor her.

The Queen is growing increasingly irritated by the failed attempts thus far. Why was her daughter so hard to please? Well, she had her own high standards as well, but it had been worth it in the end. Still, it was frustrating to watch.

"I just want her to-

-make up her mind already!" Mitsuki complained to her husband as they strolled around the castle, accompanied by their personal guard. Not that they were needed, Mitsuki was a fearsome warrior, but it was to prevent anyone from trying.

"I know, my dear," the king-

-soothed, rubbing a hand up her back. "But Katsuki needs time to find her-"

"Shshshsh," the Queen interrupted, placing her hand over her husband's mouth and making their guard pause. They were passing the entrance to the royal garden, when a strange laugh reached their ears.

Confused and curious, the King and Queen entered the gardens and followed the sound of laughter. It sounded awfully familiar... but they couldn't place where they had heard it before.

When they finally came across the source of the laughter, they were blown away.

There, sitting on one of the marble benches, was their daughter, Katsuki, her face slightly flushed as she laughed at something her companion said. Her companion, as it turned out, was one of their royal gardeners. He was on his hands and knees, tending to the flowers, but-

-he had a bright smile on his face. He said something, though the King and Queen were too far away to hear, that sent their daughter into another fit of laughter, her head thrown back and her nose scrunched up as she wrapped her arms around her stomach. The gardener-

-ran a scarred hand through his unruly green curls, then wiped away some sweat from his forehead, which only served to spread more dirt across his face. Katsuki rolled her eyes before cupping the gardener's face in her hand, using the other to grab her cape to wipe his-

-face clean. The gardener turned red and began to frantically wave his hands around, clearly flustered at their close proximity, when Katsuki quietly spoke. The male's eyes widened before closing them tight and nodding. The King and Queen gasped quietly as they saw their-

-daughter press a gentle kiss to his lips. It only lasted for a few moments, but when she pulled away, the gardener's eyes fluttered open, and their daughter shook with quiet laughter. The male then turned and plucked a flower from the garden, a red wild flower, and-

-tucked it behind her ear. Their daughter turned pink before pushing the gardener away by the face, making them both break out into laughter.

Mitsuki couldn't stay still, and made to confront the two, when Masaru stopped her.

"Let's approach this carefully," he said as he escorted his wife away, leaving their daughter with the mysterious gardener. Mitsuki nodded as a mischievous grin spread across her face.

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"So, Katsuki," Mitsuki smiled as they all sat around their grand dining table, waiting-

-for the food to be served. "Do you have any idea who you want to marry?"

"Tch, I haven't met anyone worth my time," she scoffed, taking a swig of her beer before slamming her cup down on the table.

"Are you sure?" Mitsuki prompted, practically vibrating with anticipation.

"There isn't /anyone/ who comes to mind?" Masaru added, although more gently than Mitsuki.

"Not a soul," their daughter grumbled, slumping in her chair as she took another drink. At that moment, the grand doors to their dining hall opened, making Katsuki nearly spit out-

-her drink as she lurched forwards in her chair.

The green haired gardener was escorted in, his eyes wide and face sweaty as he was lead to the chair opposite of Katsuki. The queen smiled wide as the food was served, watching the two younger people with barely contained-

-excitement. The gardener, Izuku, as they had discovered, looked extremely uncomfortable in his seat, constantly fidgeting as he stared down at his lap. Katsuki's jaw was clenched as she glared down at her plate, swallowing thickly as her brows furrowed.

They were all silent as the food was served, the servants quietly setting the food down before them before they were dismissed, leaving the four of them alone. Well, alone, plus their guards.

"What's wrong, Katsuki?" Mitsuki asked smugly, making her daughter glance over.

"N-nothing," she stammered, reaching forwards to serve herself some meat.

"Katsuki," Masaru spoke up, making her freeze. "Aren't you going to offer our guest anything?"

"I-I'm alright! Y-your majesty!" the green haired male stuttered, bowing his head at them both. "I-I can—"

"Why is he here?" Katsuki asked, her voice thick as she spoke before turning her gaze to her parents. "Why did you bring him here?"

"Well, we were discussing your future spouse," Mitsuki said blasély, smirking at her daughter, "we figured he should be here."

Izuku yelped as Katsuki stood up so fast her chair fell to the ground.

"How did you—!?"

"We have our ways," Mitsuki smiled at them.

"Were you spying on me!?" she yelled angrily.

"No, we-" Masaru began.

"If you had just /told/ us, we wouldn't have had to-

-find out by eavesdropping!" Mitsuki shouted, also getting to her feet as she pointed accusingly at their daughter.

"What was I /supposed/ to tell you!?" Katsuki shouted, slamming a hand on the table. "Hey, old hag, I don't want to marry some stuffy prince or princess, I want-

-this dirt poor, non-royal /servant/ because I love him, hope you don't mind!"

"Katsuki," Mitsuki sighed, shaking her head, "do you think if your father or I /cared/ who you married we would have let you

chose who you want?”

“H-huh?” she blinked, looking confused.

“We want you to marry someone who makes you happy,” Masaru told her. “We don’t care who it is.”

“But, but I’m, I can’t, I thought I,” she stuttered, looking down at the table.

“I mean, really Katsuki,” Mitsuki chuckled, “if we really wanted you married so badly, we would-

-have picked out someone for you by now.” Silence washed over them once again before Katsuki grabbed a glass and whipped it at Mitsuki, who easily dodged it.

“You didn’t think to tell me this earlier, old hag!?” she screamed in anger as the Queen’s face twisted.

“Oi! You should be grateful, brat!” the Queen shouted back. “Not all princesses are as lucky to marry someone they love! Count your blessings!”

“All this time I thought I had to marry—“

“If you had just used your brain, you would have—“

“K-Kacchan, calm down!”

“Mitsuki, ple-“

After the fist fight between the two women was avoided, Izuku and Katsuki were promptly married, and the castle was filled with Katsuki’s chortling laughter. Everyone was happy, the end ■

END

I hope you guys enjoyed!! This was supposed to be a short crack thing but oops, it got away from me lol. Anyways, if you’d like to support me, or request a thread, check out my k*fi!! ■■

https://t.co/RDsvyMIBOo