Slowly, realization dawne over Monoma. “Oh my god. Do you not know how to cook?”

“No, and I didn’t want my classmates to know that. I don’t care what you think of me, but I have friends in class 1-A, so.” Todoroki furrowed his brow at the directions on the back of the bag of rice. “I feel like this isn’t the way my sister makes rice.”

He went into the cabinet and pulled out a pot, then walked over to the stove and started staring again. Monoma did another double take, flipping between the rice, the phone, and Todoroki’s face. “Do you not know how to cook rice?”

Notes

this was made for dane, via bnha secret santa!!! i had a lot of fun with this little idea, and i hope you enjoy it as well.

See the end of the work for more notes.

It was a perfectly quiet evening in the 1-B dorms, and Monoma Neito was practicing his nightly ritual of drinking a very hot cup of green tea and contemplating how best to rig the 1-A classroom so that Bakugou Katsuki fell directly on his face when he tried to put his feet on his desk. Kendou had
once seen his notebook of various 1-A embarrassment plans, and he had primly told her that a. they deserved it and b. it was relaxing, then less primly chased her around the dorm trying to get it back after she snatched it.

Because it was perfectly quiet, Monoma heard the door to the 1-B dorm open. Being a nice and friendly student (as he was), Monoma gave a greeting without looking up. He was busy, after all, his notebook full of suggestions like “unbalancing his chair? Overweighting the back? Replacing it with cardboard?”

However, when his greeting went unreturned, he felt it his duty to look up and see who had come in – in general, if someone didn’t reply, it was Pony, and she’d forgotten to take her shoes off, so Monoma felt it was his responsibility as vice class rep to remind her not to pull that Western shit in his dorm.

It wasn’t Pony. It was the dramatically bicolored Todoroki Shouto of class 1-A, walking into the kitchen like he owned the place.

“Hey, Todoroki!” Monoma closed his notebook and set it on an end table. “I know your class is full of idiots, but your dorm is the next building over. You live there, you should know that.”

Todoroki met his eyes, holding his stare for a second before slowly blinking and turning back toward the stove, setting two shopping bags on the counter, pulling out a bag of rice, and proceeding to stare at it for about five minutes.

This wasn’t going to work. Monoma walked over to the kitchen and waved a hand in front of the rice, and by extension, Todoroki’s face. He gave Monoma a frustrated look before tugging the rice out of his way.

“Todoroki, is there a reason you are in the Class 1-B dormitory kitchen? As the vice class representative, it’s important to me that intruders do not invade our comfortable space, and,” he took a deep breath, “don’t you have your own kitchen?”

Still staring at the rice, Todoroki answered with “Kendou said I could cook here.”

“What, did some idiot from your class somehow destroy your kitchen and you can’t cook there, so you came all this way to harass me?” Monoma looked down and saw Todoroki’s phone open to a page labeled “how to make a bento for your boyfriend,” then at the rice, flipped over to the instructions on how to cook it. “Um, are you trying to impress someone?”

“I’m trying to make a bento for Midoriya for Christmas, but I didn’t want him to know. Tomorrow’s the last class day before the holiday, so I figured I’d give it to him then.”

“And what, you’ve come here for my help? Well, while I wouldn’t trust any of your classmates to do anything productive, and it does make sense considering I’m in a mutually affectionate, loving relationship, I’m afraid I’m a bit busy.”

“Actually, I was hoping to avoid you entirely. Is Kendou here? Yaoyorozu said she would text her.”

“Kendou has special permission to go home for nights this week. It’s Hanukkah. She’s with her family.”

Todoroki let out a nearly-inaudible sigh and picked up the bag of rice, as if staring at it for another five minutes would make it magically cook itself. “She was supposed to help me.”

Slowly, realization dawned over Monoma. “Oh my god. Do you not know how to cook?”
“No, and I didn’t want my classmates to know that. I don’t care what you think of me, but I have friends in class 1-A, so.” Todoroki furrowed his brow at the directions on the back of the bag of rice. “I feel like this isn’t the way my sister makes rice.”

He went into the cabinet and pulled out a pot, then walked over to the stove and started staring again. Monoma did another double take, flipping between the rice, the phone, and Todoroki’s face. “Do you not know how to cook rice?”

Todoroki fixed him with a glare, frost beginning to spread over the countertop. “Are you just going to stand there and ask me questions the entire time I’m here?”

Monoma was a kind, good soul, at heart. He only laughed for forty-six seconds. Then another fourteen.

When he was finished, the counter had become a coldstone for a space of about thirty centimeters by thirty centimeters, and Todoroki Shouto looked thoroughly frustrated. “Are you quite finished?”

“Okay, okay. I’m going to help you.”

“I’m not sure I want-“

“You were about to cook rice on the stove when we have a rice cooker right there. I think you need my help.”

Monoma wasn’t sure, but he thought he heard Todoroki mutter “I knew that wasn’t how my sister cooked rice” as he opened the cabinet and got out a strainer. “Get your rice over here so you can wash it. Just measure out a cup and dump it in the strainer, then run some water over it until it runs clear.”

As he busied himself about setting up the rice cooker, he heard Todoroki ask “How do you know how to cook, anyway?”

“I have four sisters,” Monoma replied, putting a cup of water in the cooker. “The triplets, who are like 18 now, are all hopeless at cooking, so my mom had me help with their bentos as soon as I was old enough, and my younger sister’s got dad’s quirk, so she had trouble touching metal without accidentally bending it. Did your mom just make your lunches until now?”

Todoroki put the rice in the cooker, and Monoma put the lid down and turned it on. “My mom hasn’t lived with us since I was about six,” Todoroki said. “My sister made my lunches, usually. She didn’t really let me near the stove. She seemed to operate under the assumption that if I so much as touched a piece of kitchen equipment I’d burn my other eye.”

“That how you burned your first one?”

Todoroki seemed to contemplate it for a moment, then answered “Kind of.”

“Makes sense then, I guess.” Monoma dug through the shopping bags and pulled out some vegetables, a bag of panko, a bottle of tonkatsu sauce, and pork cutlets. “Were you planning on putting tonkatsu in the bento? I feel like that’s a little advanced for you.”

“I’ll figure it out. Thank you for helping with the rice.” Todoroki turned back to his phone and started typing something in.

“I don’t think so. If I leave you alone in here with the wok, you’ll burn the kitchen down. Get the eggs and panko out, let me show you how the Monomas make tonkatsu.”
As Monoma walked him through the steps, Todoroki stayed fairly quiet, eyes on the bowls as he carefully followed the instructions Monoma gave him. He jumped back and nearly iced the stove over when the oil popped and hit him on the arm, and Monoma took over frying the tonkatsu until it was finished, directing Todoroki to chop the vegetables instead.

When the rice cooker beeped that it was finished, Monoma opened it and gestured for Todoroki to bring the bento over. “So all you have to do now is put the rice in, then put the tonkatsu on the rice, then put the tonkatsu sauce on the tonkatsu, then give me the tonkatsu sauce because I helped you and I ran out and now I want to make tonkatsu. Then put all the vegetables in and take it back to your dorm.”

Todoroki carefully assembled the bento, replacing the lid and putting it in one of his bags before putting all of his other ingredients in another (save the tonkatsu sauce, which he wordlessly handed to Monoma) and cleaning the dishes. As he finished, Monoma storing the sauce in the cabinet, he bowed slightly to Monoma and said “thank you for all your help. I’ll try to think of something to repay you.”

“Yeah, well, it was for Midoriya, and he’s pretty much the best one in your class, so I don’t mind that much.” Monoma walked back out of the kitchen and Todoroki followed, heading for the door. “Hey, but if someone in your class finds a way to make Bakugou fall over when he tries to put his feet on his desk, let me know!”

A slight smile ghosted across Todoroki’s lips. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

A week later, Monoma was interrupted in his nightly ritual again, this time by a text.

From: +81 042 632 1593 >>> this is Todoroki Shouto. thank you again for your help with the bento. midoriya liked it.

From: +81 042 632 1593 >>> also check your mail tomorrow there should be a hairbrush. it’s for your boyfriend. it’s the kind midoriya uses so it shouldn’t get stuck in his hair.

From: +81 042 632 1593 >>> MOV_122617.mp4

From: +81 042 632 1593 >>> if bakugou finds out I took this he’ll kill me. I trust your discretion. anyway this is why we were evacuated from the 1-a classroom for 10 minutes. yaoyorozu made the fake chair.

Kendou almost took his phone from the litany of expletives it emitted the instant he pressed play. It was worth it.

End Notes

p.s. the brush midoriya has that todoroki got for monoma to give to shinsou is the tangle
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!