

Lunchtime

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After a mission, Demyx returns to Castle Oblivion, only to find his stomach growling from hunger. His problem: Demyx has never cooked a meal himself in his life. So who does he turn to for cooking help? The only person who's good with heat, and stove

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Lunchtime

A fluffy Axel x Demyx one-shot by Sakura-Chan

Summary: After a mission, Demyx returns to Castle Oblivion, only to find his stomach growling from hunger. His problem: Demyx has never cooked a meal himself in his life. So who does he turn to for cooking help? The only person who's good with heat, and stoves: Axel.

Author's Notes: I thought this up while making an actual package of Knorr-Lipton's Creamy Garlic Shells. If this gets a good response, I may post some more Axel x Demyx fluff, and maybe even a lemon or two.

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It was late in the afternoon at Castle Oblivion, and while most of the Organization was on a mission, Demyx, the Melodious Nocturne, was just returning from one. He looked exhausted, nearly dragging his oversized blue sitar behind him as he entered the castle. He sighed, looking down with annoyance at a small card. "Why do all of the missions have to involve force...?! And why do they insist on sending ME to do the most forceful ones?" Another sigh, and he stopped, hearing a rumbling. For a fleeting moment, he thought the castle would crumble on top of him to make his day even worse. But, he soon realized it was only his stomach. A groan. *'Of course,'* he thought to himself. *'Even Nobodies get hungry...'* He raised his right hand, his sitar disappearing, and began to make his way to the large kitchen of Castle Oblivion, which was on the basement floor, where no one would disturb it but the Organization members. He looked through the multiple refrigerators, finding nothing. He looked through the cabinets, and still, nothing. He finally turned to the pantry, and looked through it. It was filled with all sorts of pastas, and some foods from other worlds that they'd visited. There was one he found that was very familiar. He'd gotten many, many packages of it on his very first mission. He smiled, finding a package of Knorr-Lipton Creamy Garlic Shells. But then, he realized: He had no idea how to cook. He'd never cooked his own meals in his entire lifetime, even before he became a Nobody. He cried out in frustration. "WHY is absolutely NOTHING working out for me today!?" After calming himself down, he sat in a chair, and began to think. Who knew how to work a stove, and was good with food, flame and

heat? And then, it came to him: Axel. He smiled, and stood, making his way to Axel's room, praying he wasn't on a mission.

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In Axel's room, the Flurry of Dancing Flames himself sat on his bed, pondering what he would do to pass the time until his next mission. *`Burn Larxene's closet? Nah, too obvious.'* His thoughts were interrupted by a soft, timid knock at his door. He rose, walking to it, thinking it to be Roxas, and glared when he opened the door to see an oh-too-familiar blonde musician. Demyx smiled at Axel. "Uh...H-Hey, Axe..." Axel growled slightly, holding up a flame-covered left hand. "Call me Axe again, and say bye-bye to your stupid guitar." Demyx frowned. "It's a *sitar*. Sit-are. Get it right!" He soon calmed, and sighed. "Um...You know how to cook, right..?" Axel rolled his eyes. "Yah-duh. Who doesn't?" He noted Demyx's uncomfortable foot-shuffle, and smirked. "Let me guess: You have no idea how to cook?" A nod from the shorter blonde. "You've never cooked a meal in your life?" Again, a nod. "...Alright, fine. I've got a couple of hours before my next mission with Roxas. C'mon." And he began walking to the kitchen, an ecstatic blonde musician following.

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In the kitchen of Castle Oblivion, Axel read the back of the pasta package with a raised eyebrow, while Demyx gathered a measuring cup and measuring spoons. "You didn't read the back? There's directions right here, Demyx!" Demyx blinked, and looked down at the ground, suddenly feeling very, very stupid for not thinking of that. "Oh...I...Didn't think there were any..." He spoke softly. Axel turned to him, and sighed, shaking his head. "Whatever...Move out of the way, will ya?" Demyx obeyed, and stepped aside, letting Axel fill the measuring cup with one-and-a-half cups of water. "Okay. So you pour one and a half cups of water into the pot," he said, soon retrieving a milk jug, pouring half a cup of milk into the measuring cup, and poured it into the pot. "A half cup of milk," He reached for some butter, taking the measuring spoon, measuring out a tablespoon, and plopping it into the pot. "And a tablespoon of butter. Got it memorized?" Demyx frowned. "Do you *have* to say that?" Axel grinned. "Catchphrases. Gotta love `em." He turned on the heat of one of the three stoves in the kitchen, and took a spoon from a drawer, stirring a bit to make sure the butter would melt easily. "Now we just let it boil. Got that?" Demyx nodded, writing it down. "Yup." Axel raised an eyebrow, and smirked. "You know, the directions ARE on the package..." Demyx blinked, and once more felt stupid, as he placed the small book he always carried in a pocket in his cloak with the pencil. "Oh...Yeah...I forgot."

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A few minutes later, after the mixture began to boil, Axel had Demyx pour the pasta and the sauce mix into the pot, and had him stir it. "Just stir it up a little, and wait about ten minutes for it. You need to stir every once in a while, or it'll..." He was cut off by a cry of pain, and rushed to the blonde's side. Demyx currently held an ungloved hand, whimpering. "The stupid pot burned me! Owwww...!" Axel sighed, and held his own hand out. "Here, let me see it..." Demyx blinked, and held out his left hand, the side of it turning an uncomfortable shade of red. Axel smiled slightly, and leaned down, kissing the side of the blonde musician's hand, before allowing Demyx to pull it away. Demyx was shocked, and Axel noticed by his facial expression. "What? Didn't your mom ever do that when you hurt yourself, back before you became a Nobody?" Demyx nodded. "Well...Y-Yeah, but...Y-You're a guy! It's different!" Axel smirked, shrugging. "You forget, all I ever had was my older brother and my dad." He went to sit down, leaving

Demyx to stir the pasta occasionally, a loud growl escaping the blonde's stomach once more.

It had been five minutes, and the pasta shells were rather soft. Demyx smiled, but soon groaned as yet another growl came from his stomach. Axel looked up, slowly standing, and crossed over to the blonde. He wrapped his arms around the other's waist, hands gently caressing his stomach, earning a surprised gasp from Demyx. "A-A-Axel...! W-What are you-?" Axel smiled, kissing his cheek, earning a surprised "Meep!" from the blonde. "Hush...My brother used to do this for me whenever I was waiting for something to finish cooking...It's supposed to ease your stomach a bit. Got it memorized...?" Demyx didn't even mind Axel's normally-annoying catchphrase, as he closed his eyes, trying his hardest not to lean into the crimson-haired man's embrace. He once again burned the side of his hand, once again receiving a comforting kiss on his hand from Axel.

The pasta was nearly ready, and Demyx grinned, already grabbing a fork and a spoon. "Is it done yet? Huh? Is it?" Axel shook his head. "Gotta give it a stir, and let it sit two minutes, then we do that again." Demyx groaned, and Axel chuckled softly, as he finished stirring it, holding the spoon to Demyx's lips. "Care for a taste...?" Demyx nodded, and, slowly, his tongue flicked out to lap off the sauce, as though he were a puppy. Axel chuckled again, and leaned over to kiss his cheek. "Cute." He said, simply, and sat down again, leaving Demyx to stare wide-eyed at him. After four minutes had passed, the two sat at the dining room table to share the pasta. After taking one bite, Demyx grinned. "Mmmm-MM!" Axel smiled. "Taste good?" The blonde nodded, and Axel held a fork-full of the pasta shells to Demyx's lips, the blonde eagerly taking a them into his mouth. "Glad you enjoy them...We should do this again sometime." Demyx nodded. "If I have any more problems cooking, will you help me out...?" Axel nodded, smiling. "Only when you forget to read the directions." And Demyx made a mental note to pretend to forget the directions, and that there were directions on the package, the next time he wanted Axel around to help him make a tasty meal.

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