

Ai wo Komete

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A watched pot never boils... or does it? [ZexionxDemyx]

1. Ai wo Komete

This plotbunny scampered across my brain as I was cooking dinner while listening to Lucky Star Boy by Michihiro Kuroda. (That's where the title is from, and I believe it means "with love.") I bet Demyx would like that song...

This takes place in the Castle that Never Was, before Marluxia and Larxene started conspiring to take over the Organization. I like to think that they were all on... er, relatively good terms back then.

"...and as a result, I have concluded that even though the data may not perfectly corroborate my theory--- am I boring you, Zexion!?" Zexion looked up from the book he had begun reading to see a quite irate Marluxia glowering over him with his hands on his hips.

"My, my, you are a perceptive, little girly-man, aren't you?" he replied, staring pointedly at Marluxia's position. He stood up and walked around for a bit, his arms folded and a thoughtful expression on his face. After circling Marluxia a few times, he stepped up to the podium number XI had been using. "Not only is your presentation painfully tedious," he began, exaggeratedly imitating Marluxia's excessive voice projection and grandiose hand gestures, "your theory has more flaws than I care to count. I'll gladly list them for you if you'd like. They're so blatantly obvious that--"

"Enough!" Marluxia shouted. "If you're not interested in what I have to say, then just leave! There's no room in my audience for dissidents like you!"

Zexion looked around the commodious room for a moment, then turned back to Marluxia with a smirk on his face. "I daresay there's plenty of room in here," he said as he waved goodbye to the audience, which consisted solely of Larxene, Luxord, and two surprisingly well-behaved Dusks, and left. Marluxia flipped his hair indignantly, then continued with his speech.

"That should get Vexen off my back about being too friendly with Marluxia for a while. It's not my fault that he's one of the only people around here who's willing to talk to me without interrupting me every other word," Zexion muttered to himself as he wandered toward the kitchen. Indeed, Vexen had nearly blown a gasket upon finding him conversing with Axel, Marluxia, and Larxene about Xemnas's recently-discovered affinity for singing in the shower. Later, he'd inform him of the events of Marluxia's lecture, and hopefully get some peace from him. Maybe after that, he'd think of some intricate plan to end the contention between IV and XI, but now, all he cared about was getting to the kitchen before someone had time to pilfer all of his food. He could tell by the loud music coming from its general direction that Demyx was in there, and that usually spelled doom for any and all of his desserts.

Rather than swiping Zexion's leftovers, Demyx was actually attempting to make some spaghetti. Unfortunately, as the state of the wet, pasta-laden kitchen floor showed, his cooking skills left much to be desired. After figuring out the hard way that putting all of the ingredients in

a metal bowl and microwaving them was not a good idea, he finally decided to read the directions, and was currently staring at the stove, waiting for his water to boil.

"Too bad my water powers can't make this boil faster," he sighed. "Maybe I should go find Axel or Larxene and have one of them help..." He started toward the door, but stopped when he noticed Zexion standing there with his arms folded.

"You weren't really going to leave that pot unattended, were you?" he said.

"Of course not!" Demyx went back to the stove and continued his staring-contest. "I was just looking for some salt! Yeah, I wanted salt to hurry up this water..."

"You know, adding salt doesn't really make water boil faster. Adding a solute, especially an ionic solute like salt, makes the liquid boil at a higher temperature, thus cooking the food faster, but I suppose that might actually make it take longer to boil..."

Demyx looked up from the stove and blinked. "Um... what?"

"Let me explain it better," Zexion laughed. "See, salt is made of sodium chloride, and... why are you looking at me like that?" He stepped back a bit upon observing Demyx's devious expression. Usually, that look spelled pain, humiliation, or a soaking for the recipient.

"Looking at you like what?" Demyx said sweetly. "I'm as innocent as a little choir-boy, and I'm a better singer than one, too."

"Hmm... it seems your halo is slipping, Choir-Boy." Zexion reached up and ruffled Demyx's hair. He would never tell Vexen or Lexaeus this, but Demyx was one of the ones he liked the best around the Castle. Unlike most of the others, he wasn't particularly argumentative, and he had a good sense of humor. Taking advantage of Zexion's silence to initiate a plan he had just come up with, Demyx grabbed his superior's wrist with one hand and placed the other on his hip, then began leading him around the kitchen in a crazy dance that he was probably making up as he went along.

"They say a watched pot never boils, but that's patently ridiculous," Zexion said, hesitantly putting his arm around Demyx's waist.

"Really? How so?" Demyx slipped the hand that was on Zexion's wrist up further and laced their fingers together.

"If the water is kept on the burner, it'll boil no matter what. It only seems to take longer because of the anticipation of the person watching."

"That's..." Demyx grinned, then spun Zexion like they were ballroom dancing, but he pulled him back a little too hard, and they collided. "...fascinating," he finished softly. Neither of them seemed to be in much of a hurry to separate, and Demyx could swear he even felt Zexion, who was uncharacteristically wide-eyed, lean against him more. Surprisingly, their conspicuous lack of heartbeats wasn't really that noticeable; at least neither of them mentioned it. They were quite content to just look into each other's eyes, until a faint hissing noise interrupted them.

"I think... your water's boiling..." Zexion whispered.

"So it is." Demyx reluctantly let go and ambled over to the stove. "Thanks," he said as put some spaghetti in the pot.

"For what?"

"Thanks to you, I wasn't watching the pot, and it boiled."

Zexion shook his head and chuckled. "I thought we settled this already."

"Perhaps you should attempt to convince me again," Demyx said, glancing back at Number VI.

"Convince you of what?" a voice from the doorway called.

"Nothing that you need be concerned with, Marluxia," Zexion said coolly. "Now, if you two will excuse me, Vexen and Lexaeus are waiting." He draped his arms over Marluxia's shoulders and smirked. "Do tell me if you need help with your next speech, okay?" With one last glance toward the stove, he grabbed an apple from the counter and walked over to the place where Numbers IV and V had congregated in the room across the hall, leaving Marluxia stunned and blushing and Demyx laughing hysterically behind him.