

Itadakimasu (Let's Eat)

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Itadakimasu (Let's Eat)

by [doodledinmypants](#)

Summary

Tenya Iida cares deeply about his friends, maybe more than they realize—maybe more than HE realizes. What starts as a simple meal to cheer up his friends grows into something more over time.

Takes place sometime during S4 of the anime between the Shie Hassaikai and School Cultural Festival arcs (and slightly after the latter arc, too).

Notes

Disclaimer: I am happy to write shippy fics of underage characters, and I love writing smut, but I draw the line at writing underage smut. Exceptions are made for 'aged-up' characters. This is just my personal policy* if you ever wish to request a fic from me, which you can do over on my Twitter account @periwinklepip!

(*I don't judge folks who wanna write/read whatever about fictional characters, that's simply my preference!)

Written for the lovely, talented @dramaticatart on Twitter, go check out their art!

As autumn came to U.A., the nights became chillier and the days grew shorter. Student chatter turned from the defeat of the Shie Hassaikai to more ordinary school activities, like the upcoming cultural festival. Tenya Iida noticed that two of his friends in particular were looking more downtrodden than usual. Midoriya appeared as upbeat as ever, but Iida caught him staring pensively off into the distance more than once. As for Todoroki, it was no surprise that he was taciturn and aloof, but he scowled at his phone more than usual lately and excused himself from social activities after classes. Iida began to worry that the other two boys were dealing with too much stress and weren't confiding in anyone about it. Midoriya had already shown this strain while he was on mission with his work study, but even the conclusion of that event hadn't given him much relief. The remedial hero license course was wearing on Todoroki, too, even more so than Bakugou.

It wasn't as though Iida was without stress. He had his hands full with his responsibilities as class rep, and while his older brother Tensei was making great progress in his recovery, the encounter with Stain still weighed heavily on his conscience. That incident, in fact, was when his friendship with Midoriya and Todoroki had deepened. They shared a bond now, and a secret. Only they, the police, and the heroes directly involved knew that they'd been the ones to defeat the notorious Hero Killer. Iida owed both of them a great debt for saving him from his own foolish ideas of vengeance.

Lost in thought, he nearly didn't notice that he wasn't alone as he walked back to the dorms.

"Hey, Iida, what's on your mind?"

He gave a start and glanced down at Uraraka. "Uraraka-chan! Sorry, I've been a little preoccupied of late."

"Yeah, same. I wanted to talk to you about that, actually. You're close to Deku and Todoroki, yeah?"

"Yes, I'd say so." Iida's brows rose in surprise and his cheeks colored slightly. "Was I that obvious?"

Uraraka giggled. "Well, you sorta have that same intense look on your face all the time, but I saw you staring at those two earlier. Do you know what's going on with them? They've both seemed kinda down lately."

With a sigh, Iida nodded. "You're very perceptive. I've observed that as well. I can only assume that they're dealing with stress from the work study mission and hero license courses, respectively. I was just trying to think of a way to cheer them up."

"The upcoming festival should help." She didn't sound completely convinced of that, though. "That mission... I know Deku is taking Sir Nighteye's death pretty hard. We all are. The Big Three have each other, so they're taken care of. Kirishima has been hanging out with Mina and the rest of the 'Baku-squad', so I think he's doing okay. I was thinking of doing

something special with Tsu-chan, like a movie night in at the dorms. Maybe you could do something like that?”

Iida brightened at the suggestion. “That’s an excellent idea! Thank you, Uraraka!”

“Sure thing. Well, I’d better go, I’m picking up snacks for our movie night!”

She waved and jogged off. Iida watched her go, mulling over her words. A movie night was a good idea, but he wasn’t sure what sorts of movies his friends enjoyed. He didn’t even have strong opinions on movie genres, himself. So maybe that was a non-starter.

Board games? That could be fun. But would it really cheer up his friends, who always seemed too tired for social activities now? Perhaps it would be too mentally taxing after a long day of classes.

The last time Midoriya had needed cheering up, Iida and Todoroki had offered him parts of their lunches. They had all been eating their favorite foods, so Midoriya had said it was especially touching that they were willing to share with him, that it really showed him that they cared. Iida felt a strange warmth in his chest remembering that day, even as his heart clenched with sorrow for his friend’s suffering. It had been such a simple gesture, yet Midoriya had been able to smile afterwards, his tears falling freely. Iida wanted to be able to do that for him again.

And Todoroki... he’d seen his other friend smile for the first time recently, and the expression was so pure that it made Iida feel a little light-headed. Was there anything he could do to see that smile again?

Wait. The answer was right in front of him. He knew all of their favorite foods—why not cook for them? He could pick up the ingredients and surprise them at dinner time!

He revved his engines and sped toward the school gates. “Uraraka-chan, wait up! I’ll accompany you to the grocery store!”

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A couple hours later, Iida was coated up to his elbows in flour as he tried to bread the pork cutlets. For some reason, though, the breading wouldn’t stick evenly. Was that normal? “I’m certain Lunch Rush can do a better job,” he muttered to himself as he carefully lowered the cutlets into the hot oil, “but it’s the thought that counts, right?”

Something beeped, and he hurried to turn off the rice cooker. He lifted the lid and waved the steam away to peer inside, frowning. “I don’t think there’s supposed to be that much water left...”

Whoosh! BRAAAP BRAAAP BRAAAP!

Iida whirled to see that the oil in his pan had started on fire, setting off the alarm. With a yelp, he grabbed a hand towel and tried to smother the flames, only to set the towel on fire as well. He flung the towel into the sink where it hissed and smoked. Before he could figure out how to put out the fire, a lid clanged down over the pan, almost immediately stifling the flames. Bakugou gave him a murderous glare—which was to say, his usual expression.

“You tryna burn down the dorms, Four-Eyes?” Bakugou demanded. He looked disdainfully over the sad remains of the meal Iida was trying to prepare. “Way to fuck up dinner, Class Rep. Maybe you should stick to ordering carry-out.”

Iida’s face burned with embarrassment at being caught doing such a poor job cooking. “Thank you for the assistance, Bakugou-kun. My apologies for the mess.”

Bakugou just grunted and shuffled off. Iida peeked under the lid to see if his pork cutlets were salvageable. No such luck: they were burnt on the outside but they still looked too pink when he cut into them. So, not only was his rice worthless, the cutlets were ruined. His eyes widened as he realized the pot of water was about to boil over as well, but at least he managed to turn off the heat before it could make another mess. The soba noodles in the pot were another story, however, having been overcooked into something more resembling lumpy paste than noodles. Iida groaned in the face of his defeat.

Loathe as he was to admit it, perhaps Bakugou was right.

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Once evidence of his failed culinary adventures had been properly disposed of, Iida met Midoriya and Todoroki at the training grounds where they’d been practicing after class. They were both sweaty and streaked with soot; apparently Todoroki had been using his flames. Midoriya’s gym clothes hung in scorched tatters, and Todoroki looked chagrined as he offered him a bottle of water and a towel. “Sorry, Midoriya.”

“It’s okay, I’m fine!” Midoriya’s smile faltered. “How’s your eye?”

Todoroki reached up and gently prodded at the purple bruise swelling around his left eye, almost blending into the old burn scar. “Nothing serious. I’ll put some ice on it.”

“What happened?” Iida asked, aghast at the state of the two boys. “This was supposed to be Quirk-free combat training!”

Todoroki grimaced. “That was my fault...”

“No, I provoked him,” Midoriya interrupted. “I wasn’t using my Quirk, but I hit him pretty hard in the face. I thought he was going to dodge it, but...”

“I was distracted. You didn’t do anything wrong,” insisted Todoroki. “I was the one who lost control.”

Iida set his mouth in a thin, hard line. “I think you’d both be best off coming back to the dorms and cleaning up. Meet me in the lounge when you’re finished, please.”

Midoriya and Todoroki exchanged guilty looks, then nodded and trudged after their class rep all the way back to the student dorms. Iida hadn’t meant to sound so sharp with them, but his frustration with his own mistakes was bleeding over into his voice. He’d make it up to them soon enough.

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By the time Midoriya and Todoroki had showered and changed into casual clothing, Iida had nearly completed his surprise. Covered take-out containers were set neatly around one of the smaller dining tables. A bouquet of flowers sat in an improvised soda bottle vase. Battery-operated LED candles flickered, lending a certain amount of ambiance to the scene (Aizawa-sensei had forbidden real candles, after he’d already set the stove on fire once that day). Iida had just finished setting out the plates when the other two boys arrived. “Excellent timing! Please, have a seat.”

They did, eyes wide and round as they stared at the fancy meal. Well, ‘fancy’ might have been a stretch, but the presentation was quite nice. “What is all of this?” Midoriya asked, popping one of the containers open. “Woah! Tonkatsu- don! My favorite!”

“There’s cold soba, too,” observed Todoroki, looking inside another container. He blinked up at Iida, bemused. “But why? I thought you were upset with us.”

Iida sighed. “I wasn’t upset, I was concerned. I have been worried about both of you for the past couple of weeks. I know you’ve been through a lot lately. As class rep, it’s my duty to see to the morale of my fellow classmates.” He pushed his glasses up his nose and smiled. “And as your friend, it’s my duty to cheer you up when you’re feeling down.”

Midoriya stared down at his cutlet bowl, eyes wobbly with tears. “Wow, Iida... You did all of this for us? That’s... that’s really sweet of you.”

Iida blushed, but he couldn’t help his pleased grin. “It was the least I could do. You’ve both done so much for me.”

Todoroki, who had been silent for a moment, moved to stand in front of Iida, his expression difficult to read. Iida felt a shiver of nerves as Todoroki’s odd- colored eyes regarded him with their usual intensity. Then, he reached out and awkwardly patted Iida on the shoulder.

“Thank you. You’re a good friend.”

He might as well have flung his arms around Iida, the way his unexpected show of affection made Iida tremble with emotion. “Of course,” he managed, voice a little strangled. “Anytime.”

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Thus began a tradition among the three boys. They'd take turns providing a nice dinner for one another, sometimes ordering food from a nearby restaurant, sometimes cooking (though Iida generally stuck to less ambitious recipes). Whoever was in charge of dinner, they all set aside the time every so often to eat together. They still ate lunch together as well, though they were sometimes joined by Uraraka and Asui then.

Usually, Midoriya and Iida carried most of the conversation, but over time Todoroki warmed up to it and joined in. While he was a little naive about some aspects of popular culture (at least when it didn't involve heroes), he was surprisingly sharp and had an unexpectedly wicked sense of humor that sent Midoriya howling with laughter. Midoriya himself was rarely funny intentionally, but he could talk for hours about heroes and Quirks, and always had interesting insights about their classmates' abilities. Even Iida found himself having fun, once he got off the topics of hero work and school. He invited the other two to join him for his morning runs around the school grounds, to which they both enthusiastically agreed.

As the three boys grew closer, Iida wondered at the depth of his feelings towards his friends. He cared about all of his friends and classmates, of course, and took his responsibility to them as class rep very seriously. But with Midoriya and Todoroki, he thought he finally knew what 'relaxing' felt like. He laughed and smiled more around them. He didn't always carry himself so tensely during their meals or their morning runs, letting himself enjoy their company like an ordinary teenage boy for once. It helped that they also tended to be stiff and serious, and needed the relaxation just as much as he did.

Uraraka commented on it one morning as they walked to school together. Midoriya and Todoroki had gone on ahead to discuss something without him, and Iida was doing his best not to look as hurt as he felt. "I'm surprised you're not all walking together," she said. "You three have been practically joined at the hip since we had that talk the other day."

"Yes, well." Iida cleared his throat. "I think we've all become very close friends as of late. They said they needed to talk about a project without me, however, so I'm letting them have some space."

Clapping a hand over her mouth, Uraraka gasped. "Iida! You're jealous!"

"Preposterous!" His voice came out louder than he'd intended, so he dropped to a near whisper. "Why would you say such a thing? I'm happy that they're working so well together!"

"Oh no, I recognize that look," Uraraka said, grinning slyly. "That's the look my heart made every time another girl so much as breathed near Deku. You've got a crush!"

"You had a crush on Midoriya?!"

"Wow. You are oblivious, aren't you? I thought everyone in our class could tell." She laughed. "But yes, I did. Maybe I still do, a little, but can you blame me? He's adorable! Anyway, I'm interested in someone else right now. So, which one is it?"

Iida was still processing this new information. “Which one... what?”

“Who’s your crush?” She poked him in the side teasingly. “Deku or Todoroki?”

With a few aborted attempts to answer, Iida finally shrugged helplessly. “I... yes? Both?”

Uraraka’s eyes went rounder than ever. “Wh-what, for real?”

Iida’s face burned. “I’m not sure, but I think so, yes. I care about them both very deeply, beyond simple friendship, but not quite the same way I care about my family. I’m not sure if I should say anything, though. Having two crushes at once... it would just make things too complicated, wouldn’t it?”

“I mean, it could,” she hedged, “but maybe not. The Big Three are all dating each other, and they seem to make it work just fine.”

“Oh.” He considered this. “But what if they don’t feel the same way?”

“That’s always the risk.” She patted his arm comfortingly. “Knowing those two, though, they wouldn’t think less of you for telling them the truth. Oh, there’s Tsu! I gotta go.”

Uraraka trotted away before Iida could ask her who she was interested in now, but when he watched the two girls meet up and walk to class holding hands, he realized he had his answer.

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The school festival kept everyone busy as they prepared their musical performance. Iida didn’t want to create a distraction, so he kept his feelings to himself and planned to say something the next time they were able to sit down and have a proper conversation again. Even their dinners were mostly functional things, eating whatever the rest of the class had made together and finishing up quickly so they had time to practice their routine. Naturally, there were complications, and Deku was almost late for the show, but everything worked out in the end.

Iida was exhausted once the festival was over and everything had been cleaned up. He’d been in charge of the tear down proceedings the day after. The last thing on his mind was having a serious discussion about feelings with two of his best friends. As he prepared for an early bedtime, however, Todoroki and Midoriya approached him in the boys’ restroom.

“Iida! Would you be up for eating with us tonight?” Midoriya asked, practically bouncing with excitement.

“We’d really like your company,” Todoroki agreed, not quite meeting Iida’s eyes. They both looked faintly flushed, as though they’d been running before they’d found him.

Iida considered his exhaustion, the hour, the fact that he hadn’t eaten dinner yet, and his friends’ obvious desire to spend time with him. Mustering up a smile, he nodded. “Certainly. I hope we won’t be out too late, though. We all have training in the morning.”

“It shouldn’t take very long,” Todoroki assured him.

“We won’t be going far, either!” Midoriya took him by one hand, and Todoroki took the other, practically dragging Iida along. He felt his face heat at the contact.

As it turned out, ‘not far’ meant they were literally going to the front lawn of the dorms, where Midoriya and Todoroki had already laid out a picnic blanket. There was a basket, a makeshift vase of flowers in an old soda bottle, and some LED candles. The sun had already set, leaving them in rosy twilight as the autumn air cooled around them. Steam rose from the basket.

“A picnic?” Iida sat down on the blanket and looked inside the basket. The unmistakeable aroma of beef stew drifted up to his nose and his stomach growled audibly.

“It’s beef stew!” Midoriya said, unable to contain himself any longer.

“Your favorite,” added Todoroki, though it was unnecessary. “We made it for you, because you’ve been working so hard.”

Something about Midoriya’s usual friendly enthusiasm and Todoroki’s soft, considerate tone overwhelmed Iida with fondness for his two friends. His voice cracked when he tried to speak. “Thank you. This is... very kind.”

Midoriya lifted the stoneware pot out of the basket and served the stew in three bowls, and they ate quietly together in the fading daylight, the fake candles illuminating their picnic. When they finished, they piled the dirty dishes back into the basket to be washed later. Iida moved to take the basket inside, but Todoroki stopped him with a hand at his elbow and a shake of his head.

“We’ll take care of it.”

“But I—“

“It’s okay,” Midoriya cut in. “Tonight’s our night to take care of you.” Iida stared at them each in turn, startled.

“Before the festival,” Todoroki reminded him, “you were trying to cheer us up, so you cooked for us. But you made a mess, so you had to order in the food last minute.”

Iida turned bright red. He’d been trying to keep that part a secret, but apparently word had gotten around the dorms regarding his disastrous attempts at cooking. He didn’t have time to be embarrassed, however, as Midoriya continued.

“Todoroki and I have been talking recently. We wanted to return the favor. But it’s more than that.” Now it was Midoriya’s turn to blush. “We, uh. Well, this might be kind of awkward, but if you’re okay with it then we are, too, and I really think it could be good for all three of us if we—“

“Midoriya,” Todoroki’s voice was firm, but filled with warm amusement. “Just tell him.”

“Ahhh, now I’m too nervous! Can you?” Midoriya hid his face in his scarred hands.

Todoroki sighed and rolled his eyes fondly, patting his shoulder. He looked to Iida. “What we’re trying to say, is we both really like you. And we like each other. And it feels like we’re already halfway dating at this point, so why don’t we just... all date each other?”

Now it was Todoroki’s turn to blush. “If you want to, that is. I’m not sure if this is considered normal or not.”

It took a moment for Iida to realize that they were both waiting for an answer from him. He shook himself out of his stunned silence and nodded fiercely. “Yes! Yes, I would like that very much!” He bowed his head for a moment and chuckled to himself. “I’ve been trying to find a good moment to tell you my own feelings for quite some time now. I like both of you very much as well, and I’d be honored to date you, Midoriya, Todoroki.”

Midoriya giggled. “If we’re really going to do this, maybe we could be a little less formal? Call me Izuku. Or Deku’s fine, too.”

“I’m Shouto.”

“Then I’m Tenya.” He smiled at them both, warmth prickling at the corners of his eyes.

“Izuku, Shouto... you’ve made me so happy tonight. Thank you.”

As if on cue, Midoriya practically threw himself at Iida in a hug, and Todoroki eased into the embrace a little more gently. He laughed and hugged them both back. They stayed that way for a little while as the last of the daylight bled into night, and the spotlights outside the dorms flickered on.

From one of the balconies, a familiar harsh voice shouted, “Get a room, turbo- nerds! Some of us are tryna sleep here!”

...

end

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