

*'Hmmm... Something smells oddly good in here...'*

Those were the first thoughts that went through Damian's head as he stepped into his shared apartment; a sweet, yet spicy, aroma hitting his nose. As well as his chirop, Bat, swooping in to greet him as he walked further in; settling on his head.

Considering the apartment wasn't that big to begin with, it didn't take long for the pride succubun to find the source of the smell.

There in the kitchen was a rather unusual sight. Mika, his roommate, standing over a hot kitchen stove; poking away a little at whatever it was he seemed to be frying up. It couldn't be tofu scramble or tofu bacon; the scent was nowhere *near* salty or savoury enough for that. It was also too spicy to be waffles or pancakes? Granted... You don't exactly fry waffles in a pan, right? Hmm...

After mulling things over in his head a bit, Damian eventually decided to take a couple of steps further in; alerting the lust bun to his presence. Not that Mika acknowledged it either way. Either Mika was being oddly grumpy before he'd even said anything, or he was more focussed on whatever it was that he was making.

"Sup." Damian eventually said casually; receiving a whole lot of nothing in response. "What're you makin'?"

"French toast." Was Mika's rather curt reply, but at least a reply it was.

Also; *huh*. So *that's* what he was smelling. "s that so."

Predictably there was no response to that, though it wasn't like he'd been expecting one anyway. Still, he couldn't help but think how oddly... Normal? That sounded? For Mika, at least. Especially during this time.

It wasn't exactly *common*, but after living with Mika for a while the pride bun *did* notice that Mika had rather...*interesting* eating habits. Like sure; he'd eat the usual chips, pizza rolls, microwavable meals, sweets, and the likes. But there were moments where Damian caught the gamer bun eating some...more *unique* food things.

Like dipping a chocolate donut in ranch sauce. Or that time he'd caught him pouring some of his sweet potato chips in a bowl - normal -, shortly followed by pouring milk into said sweet potato chips filled bowl - not... Not so normal. And then eat it. Like he was eating a bowl of cereal. The soggiest, most starchy - and a little salty - bowl of cereal. Or that time when he fried some onion rings, before dipping said onion rings in a jar of chocolate spread.

That chocolate spread never *did* lose the faint taste of onion after that...

And those were just examples of what Damian saw throughout the year; randomly spread out across weeks, if not months. Just the occasional weird food combo jump scare.

*This* particular month, though... It was almost as if Mika took advantage of the burrow-wide increase of strange food combinations caused by pregnancy hormones to eat something strange himself *every. Single. Day.*

Like just yesterday he saw the lust bun top a perfectly normal looking ice cream sundae with sprinkles, almonds... And sliced pickles. He also couldn't be sure if that was whipped cream on top, or sour cream.

He also hadn't felt like asking.

And earlier that morning? He was pretty sure those were soy cheese cubes he saw him plop into his hot chocolate; not sugar. Of course Damian couldn't be *sure* about that, but there *was* a suspicious lack of soy cheese cubes in the fridge when he looked. ... And salt.

Not that he judged Mika for any of that... *Much.* Honestly? It was pretty fucking interesting shit to witness; not just Mika putting that kinda stuff together, but also eating it all. Without flinching.

Damian, out of pure curiosity, on more than one occasion, had asked Mika if he could try some of said concoctions. Something which Mika didn't seem to mind doing, and while the blue bun usually seemed pretty indifferent when he offered Damian a bite or sip, Damian could almost always see a bit of a twinkle of curiosity when he did so. Kinda cute... Though usually said twinkle was pretty quick to disappear the moment Damian actually *tasted* whatever it was he put in his mouth.

And boy did Damian tend to have some reactions.

Not all bad, nor all that extreme, but sometimes he really couldn't help but make a face at some of the *particularly* unique flavours he found himself tasting. However, sometimes? Sometimes there was a pause, followed by a thoughtful hum. "*Interesting...*" And while it was a little faint, in those particular moments? There seemed to be a soft kind of happiness in Mika's eyes.

Not that Damian would go out of his way to make them himself, but if Mika had some ready? Yeah, sure, "Can I try some?"

*All of that to say...* Mika, making french toast for dinner? Absolutely not the weirdest thing he'd seen him make this month. Or today for that matter. Maybe he put something weird in the batter...?

Only sizzling filled the silence as Damian continued to observe; Bat swaying back and forth atop his head. Partially out of curiosity, partially because he was waiting on his turn to use the kitchen to make himself something, too.

Unless he could mooch off of Mika.

Eventually Mika was done and started plating himself up a couple of servings of french toast. Curiously, after placing his plate on the table he didn't immediately sit down and eat, but turned to go to the fridge, and...

Was that ketchup?

*'Ah... There it is.'*

And just like that, Damian witnessed as Mika squirted a heaping dollop of ketchup on top of his pile of french toast. And... Was that shredded soy cheese he was sprinkling on top of that?

Okay, so he'd have to ask Mika to try *that* in a bit...

*After* making himself something he knew he could actually stomach first. Hopefully there'd still be some of that monstrosity left by then, since he had no idea what to make for himself quite yet.

Devils, what an *interesting* month this tended to be.