Midnight Baking

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1011.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	General (non relationship-focused), Y/N (reader insert)
Fandom:	One Piece (Manga)
Relationship:	Thatch (One Piece) & Reader
Characters:	Thatch (One Piece), Reader
Additional Tags:	Baking, Sibling Bonding, Teasing, Older Sibling Thatch (One Piece), Thatch-centric (One Piece), Thatch is the Best (One Piece), learning to bake, Not Beta Read, No Use of Y/N - Freeform
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of One Piece x Reader
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-02 Words: 1,068 Chapters: 1/1

Midnight Baking

by Rooks_Rook

Summary

You can't sleep and are bored out of your mind so to distract yourself you go to the kitchen to grab a snack. But that doesn’t happen the way you expected it to.

The only sounds in the ship were the sound of your footsteps as you made your way to the kitchen. Sleep had avoided you for the entire night and you have ran out of things you could distract yourself with in your room and have decided to head over to the kitchen for a quick snack before heading onto the deck to steal the night watch form whoever was doing it.

Few people save for the ones working night-shift were up at the moment which was a blessing because you didn't have to do anything since you weren't *on* night-shift and a cures because you *couldn't* bug someone until they helped rid your boredom like you usually did due to them being on the night shift.

So since you can't do what you oh so wish you could you'll just cope with the boredom by making yourself something.

The walk to the kitchen was a lot shorter of a walk then normal since the halls weren't filled with people clogging it up. But as you reached the door you gave pause. Light flowed under the door to the kitchen filling the hall with a slight dim light. There shouldn't be any of the fourth division up and in there yet, it was still to early for them to start preperations for breakfest.

Might be Marco making himself coffee.

Pushing the door you trace your eyes over the room till they land on Thatch who was curently mixing something in a big red bowl.

"Thatch? The hell are you doing up?" you felt a little silly asking the question since you know that Thatch has been having issues sleeping lately just like you have.

"Couldn't sleep" he said with a small shrug "guessing it's the same for you?" He asks while placing the bowl down onto the counter and grabbing a different smaller bowl filled with dry ingredients and pouring it into the bigger one.

"Yeah, I was just coming to get something to snake on and drink since I got nothing better to do" you say as you stride over to him wanting to find out what exactly he was making.

His personal recipe book sits open on the counter when you get close enough you take a small glance at it "double coconut chocolate cookies?" you ask, Thatch had only made them once before and they were some of the best cookies you've ever had.

"Mhm, been too long since I've made 'em" he hummed as he begins mixing the dry ingredients "you wanna help since you've got nothin' better to do?" he asks giving you a small smile.

"Sure why not"

Truth be told you had no idea what that entailed, you have never baked anything before. Cooked, sure. But not baked. And those are two very different things if anything Thatch has told you about the two thing were true, and since its Thatch it probably is.

"As long as I get to have some when their done" you quickly add.

"You were going to have some no matter what I say"

"Yeah your right"

You somehow thought this wouldnt be very hard. God you were so wrong. It did start off that way, all you had to do was put all the dry ingidients in own bowl and mix them together real simple. But then you mixed a little to roughly and a good bit came out and landed on you dirtying your clothes while making you regret not grabbing a apron.

"Why is it so hard to mix things…" you grumble whiping off the mix of things off yourself.

Thatch snorts a laugh at you and takes the bowl from where you semi carelessly on the counter "here look, you just have to flick your wrist. No need to do full circles" he hands the bowl back to you as he doesn't even try to hold back his laughs at you while you try to get everything off yourself

"Alright" you mumble glaring at him.

It did work a lot better then what you were doing before. This was turning out to be a lot more fun then you thought it would be as well.

You have never had the opportunity to bake before being to busy trying to make a life of your own in the new world. And now you are really seeing the appeal.

"Hey Thatch?"

"Hm?" He hummed looking up from the cookies he was rounding into balls.

"What made you wanna be a chef?" You ask while reaching over to pick up the two eggs and smaller bowl so you can start with the wet ingredients.

Thats something you've always been curious about, you liked hear why people chose to do what they do, what happened in their life's to push them to be who they are. Its fascinating.

"My Ma owned a bakery. She worked her ass off all the time trying to make enough to provide for the entire town since they loved her stuff. She would stay up all night getting things done then in the morning she would work the counter. Eventually when I was ten I got sick of watching her slave away at the stove alone." He pused for a moment as he picked up the tray of cookies and put it into the oven.

"And it turned out I loved doing it as much as she did helped her the every day and I started teaching myself to cook to so she wouldn't have to worry about making dinner as soon as she got home"

"That is honestly the cutest thing ever" you say with a small laugh "I'm not surprised you were a mamas boy"

"Oh shut the fuck up" he shoves the side of you head roughly almost making you fall.

"Hey!" You whine shoving him back on the shoulder.

"Quit whining I barely touched you"

"You almost made me fall over"

"No i didn't"

"Yes you did"

"Nope"

"Yes"

"Nah"

"You're insufferable" you grumble giving up.

"Its my job" he says back in a sing song tone and a massive grin on his face.

"I could just stop helping you, you know."

"Yeah but you wont, because *then* you wouldn't be able to lick the whisk when you're done"

You dont say anything back instead sending a glare his way and going back to mixing the ingredients together.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!