

“I can’t believe you’re really going to teach me how to fry an egg...”

Grayson had hoisted himself onto the Kujo’s kitchen counter, his legs dangling off the edge. Black boots swung to and fro as Jotaro slapped the refrigerator door shut, setting a carton of eggs down beside the gas stove.

“I can’t believe you don’t know how,” Jotaro scoffed, “And I wouldn’t be doing it if Lavender hadn’t asked me to...”

“Not even out of the goodness of your heart?” Grayson sighed dramatically, “For your best friend? Who’s going to be out all on his own soon?”

“Get over here,” Jotaro grunted.

Grayson slid off the counter onto the floor, the buttons on his back pockets clicking as they caught the edge.

“Crack this egg,” Jotaro said, placing a round white one in Grayson’s hand.

“...Jotaro.”

“What.”

“Have you ever thought about how eggs are like...” Grayson turned it over in his grasp. “Vessels for the unborn?”

“What.”

“It’s like...” Grayson’s mouth folded in a frown. “A chicken that never got to experience life. Isn’t that tragic?”

Jotaro groaned. “What’s tragic is how long I’ve been waiting for you to do what I said.”

Grayson sniffled and held the egg up to the light of the open sliding door. “An egg is the epitome of wasted potential...”

“And they come in brown, too. Your butter is gonna burn, hurry up.”

Grayson got to the stove and watched the aforementioned butter in the frying pan bubble, still looking rather broken-hearted.

“Just tap it on the counter and split it over the pan—Grayson you’re getting eggshell in it.”

Grayson’s hands were a mess of egg white and shell pieces as he looked over his shoulder at Jotaro, with his upper lip curled up and his eyes squinted with confusion.

“Here,” Grayson said simply, putting the gooey eggshell remains in Jotaro’s hand and turning back to his cooking. Jotaro thanked him rather unenthusiastically.

“So... now what?”

Jotaro pointed with his free hand. “You wait for that clear part to start turning white.”

“Ah,” Grayson nodded, “The rooster cum.”

Jotaro stared at him, long and hard. Grayson stared right back, awaiting a response with the resolve of a seasoned Russian roulette player.

Then Jotaro snorted and went to the sink. “Thanks for ruining breakfast for me for the rest of my life.”

“You’re welcome,” Grayson snickered, putting his eyes back on his cooking. He’d moved on from his sadness. There was definitely eggshell somewhere in there.

“Do I have to use butter?” he asked. He placed his hands on his waist. “I’m trying to maintain this trim figure, you know~?”

“You can use vegetable oil but it spits at you more. I didn’t want you to burn yourself.” Jotaro went over to the sink to run the garbage disposal. “But I always do butter. It tastes better.”

Grayson glanced behind him, his eyes shooting towards the seat of Jotaro’s pants while the latter washed his hands, eyebrows rising. “And that must be where all that fat goes...”

“Hm?” The sink turned off. Grayson’s head snapped forward again, and he whistled innocently.

“How’s it look,” Jotaro asked flatly, shuffling over to Grayson’s side.

“Like an egg,” Grayson replied.

Jotaro nodded. “You like it sunny-side or over-easy?”

“Uhh... over-easy? I think brown edges on eggs are really aesthetically unpleasing—”

“Then you gotta flip it.”

Grayson blinked. “Hanh?”

Jotaro stuck his right hand out, his fingers curled like he was gripping the handle of an imaginary pan. He shot it forward then pulled it back in an arch.

Grayson tried to mimic him, but the egg just slid around uselessly in the pan a few times.

“No, you gotta’...” Jotaro reached for the pan before he shook his head and slid up behind Grayson.

He held the back of Grayson’s occupied hand and their arms met. He had him in a sort of loose hug, and Grayson’s face got hotter, which he hoped he could blame on the stove. Jotaro made the same forward-up-back motion he had earlier, and Grayson finally got the idea when the egg flipped over with a satisfying little slap.

Still, he found himself too distracted to acknowledge the accomplishment. His bottom lip retracted between his teeth and he sank back a little against Jotaro, the beginnings of a giggle bubbling in his throat.

“Ooh... now I get it~” His butt bumped against Jotaro’s waist. “Thanks, *coach*...”

Jotaro quickly let go and stepped back, hiding his face behind the brim of his hat. “Just don’t overcook your unborn chicken, *roach*.”

“I’m gonna overcook *you*,” Grayson teased.

“What does that even mean..?” Jotaro grumbled, his mouth stuck in a frown.

Grayson chuckled and took notice of his cooking again. That sure looked like food.

“Plate me, nasty!” Grayson requested.

Star Platinum reached over Grayson's head into the cabinet above, pulling a dish from the shelf to set it beside the burner. Looking at its face, Star Platinum had this goofy kind of look, which made Grayson laugh again. "Are you proud, Splat?"

He lifted the pan and dumped his egg with its own "splat". He presented it to Jotaro with a little grin. "This is some pro-chef level shit."

"You probably overdid it," Jotaro chided him.

Grayson clicked his tongue. "Nuh-uh! Check it out." In a defiant manner, he yanked a spare pair of chopsticks from the counter and pressed into the center of the egg. The white split open, breaking the yolk and setting the yellow ooze free.

Jotaro didn't emote but his hands came together in a couple soft claps. Grayson grinned again and bowed. "I'd like to thank the academy, the good people of Tokyo..."

Jotaro finally smirked again.

"And my sweet blackberry pie..." Grayson batted his eyelashes. "...Jotaro Kujo."

"Funny you should say that. You're making a pie, next."