

"Are you sure you know how to do this...?" Daisy mumbled, hands still full of pots and pans of varying sizes. "I don't think this is what cooking is like. Bella doesn't do things like this."

"Nonsense! I watched a lot of cooking shows. And you've cooked before, so if something goes wrong, you can just fix it, right?" Tiny cracked an egg onto one of the pans Daisy was carrying, and then carefully picked a stray bit of shell out of it. "Just like Cooking Mama."

"I don't think my power can compare to Cooking Mama's..." Daisy wobbled a little at the thought. "I don't really cook *physical* food much, you know that."

Tiny bustled around the kitchen, finding a cheese grater, and a block of cheddar to start grating into the egg. "I mean, how different could it be? Potato, potahto."

Neptune barked in agreement, looking up at Daisy from the floor. Their tail wagged back and forth, eyes sparkling.

"See? Even Neptune believes in you!" Tiny added, before he started to prep the stove.

"Neptune doesn't believe in me, Neptune wants to eat this raw egg," Daisy said, giving Neptune a stern look. "You want me to drop this so bad, don't you?"

Neptune just kept smiling, tail wagging faster as they nuzzled up against Daisy's leg, nearly putting her off-balance.

"Woah! See?" Daisy steadied her balance, nearly dropping one of the many pans she was holding. "Be patient!"

Neptune gave Daisy a sad look, and a guilty whine, but did curl up on the floor, still watching as she and Tiny worked.

"Okay, *maybe* ze just wants to eat raw egg," Tiny mumbled. "But ze still supports you! In... hir own weird way! C'mon."

Tiny helped Daisy stumble over to the stove, and helped her sort all the pots and pans onto the different stovetop locations. "You remember what we discussed we're cookin', right?"

Daisy blinked at all the stuff on the stove. This felt like one of her nightmares.

"Um," She said, "Could you maybe repeat it for me?"

"Of course!" Tiny didn't stop moving - he was grabbing ingredients, adding them to pans, mixing things up, adding on whisks and spatulas and other utensils into the mix. "We are trying to make *egg in a hole*."

Daisy opened her mouth. Tiny rushed past her before she could say anything, nearly knocking her over.

"But wait! You say, egg in a hole is a very easy thing to cook! And you'd be right! But, but, but, this isn't your *ordinary* egg in a hole! It's *fancy*."

Tiny threw some spices into the now-cooking egg. Daisy noticed that some of them were *hot* spices. She cringed a little.

"Okay," She said, "It's... *fancy* egg in a hole. That shouldn't be... *this* hard."

"Oh, but we're making it for three people!" Tiny cracked another egg on a different pan. "Me, you, and Neptune! Mine's gonna get all the good stuff..."

Tiny pointed at the spice-filled egg.

"Yours is gonna... uh. Well, I know you can't eat it, but at least it'll look nice," Tiny said, "And Neptune's is gonna be dog-safe."

Daisy glanced at the pan where Neptune's supposed egg in a hole was.

"This just looks like a fried egg," She said.

Tiny just kept sprinkling pepper onto his, not saying anything further.

Daisy gave Tiny a sharp look. "Are you sure you're making egg in a hole for *everyone* here?"

Tiny shuffled his feet on the kitchen floor. "I mean... um..."

He gave Daisy pleading puppy-dog eyes that rivaled even Neptune's. "I get nervous when I cook alone..."

There was a small pause. Tiny kept looking down at the ground, and Daisy kept frowning at him, until she let the tension out of her shoulders, and sighed, grabbing one of the pans again, tending to the egg cooking on it.

"...Alright," She said. "That's okay. I get it."

Tiny still looked a little ashamed. Daisy looked back at him. "...Hey. It's okay to ask if you need help. You know that, right?"

Tiny didn't say anything. He started fiddling with his claws a little.

Neptune had was asleep at this point from where they were curled up on the floor, snoring softly.

"Like... I won't get mad at you or anything for wanting help. Even if it's something that's just for you." Daisy poked the eggs around on the pans, before turning the stove off. They were cooked well enough. "I'd just prefer it if you were honest about it, y'know?"

"Alright," Tiny said, watching as Daisy served up the food onto three different plates. "I'm sorry."

Daisy handed him his plate, sunny-side up with a smile to match. "It's okay."