

# 6 - Breakfast

Von Gravitas

It takes a while to twist yourself out of Mai's grip – possessive sleep-cuddler, that one – but after ten minutes or so, you finally manage and make your way to the bathroom. Although you haven't lived here in years, every inch of the place is still familiar. You barely have to look into the cabinet to grab the toothbrush you still keep in there for occasions just like this. Brushing your teeth, you quietly bless your own good sense in bringing a change of clothes because really, you're too old to do the whole "wearing last night's outfit to work and hoping nobody notices" thing.

By the time you get out of the shower and into the kitchen, a delicious sugary aroma is filling the flat and you can hear Jou's 'getting up is one thing I'm better at than my girlfriend and I'm going to rub it in her face' voice from the bedroom.

„Oy, wake up! I'll be out of here in twenty minutes so it's your turn to drop off the kids at school." Mai just groans and tries to pull the sheets over her head, but he's not having that. "Five minutes. And do something about that breath, this won't cover it up forever."

Is that a pancake on Mai's face? Of course it is. Jou isn't one to be bothered by butter stains on their nice new sheets. Which weren't cheap, if you say so yourself. But it's not every day two of your favorite people are celebrating their 'we were going to get married but let's just ditch the ceremony and have a big party' anniversary. So when they do, it needs to be celebrated.

You're all about celebrating your friends, anyway, especially when, like last night, it is a blast from the past in all the best ways: making fun of Jou's music choices, having a glass of wine or two, making out and eventually... this. Company for breakfast and Jou's damn delicious pancakes. "Hey, Anzu, leave some of those for me and the kids, will you?"

Mai ruffles your hair – because she obviously can't be bothered to remember that you have a job now which requires you to look at least 90% professional – and wraps herself around her boyfriend again. This may have been a mistake, because as soon as her chin is tucked on his shoulder, she looks ready to go back to sleep. "Coffee?"

She gives you a grateful half-nod, half-grunt and sinks into the chair across from you. "You know, we should really get together some time when we're not either wasted or

half asleep. Can't you guys ask Yugi to watch the children and we'll all grab dinner or something?" You flip through your calendar, deeply pleased as always by the vague sense of accomplishment that comes from lots of color-coded notes and strategically placed post-its. "Thursday's free. And there's this cute little Greek place that just opened across the street from work, I've been meaning to try it. But it's not really the place for a business meeting. At least not if your motto is 'I have to show my customers that I don't need their business and I could probably buy their whole family if I wanted to.' So the occasion hasn't really come up yet."

Jou snickers, but nods, unable to give a full answer through a mouthful of pancakes. Mai seems less than thrilled. "Can't we just have dinner here? I'm really not in the mood for eating out." You can practically see the words forming in Jou's mouth, but before he's swallowed the last bit of syrup, you beat him to it: "Not what you said last night."

Ah, yes, the kind of humor that comes from spending your teen years with a bunch of guys. Not one of your proudest accomplishments, but the sight of Mai's face is definitely worth it. "Right, I have to go. Bye, you two!"

You place your empty mug in the sink and head over for a matching set of goodbye kisses, but Mai won't let it go just yet. "I mean it, I'll be eating in restaurants every night for the next two weeks, let's make it a quiet night in. Plus. If Kaiba won't go to that place for a business meeting, just ask him there on one of your nights off, it's time you two had a proper talk about where that is going, anyway."