Josuke and Okuyasu Go to White Castle

Let’s Go Eat American Food Part 1

The summer following Josuke Higashikata’s first year of high school was one marked by nothing bizarre to speak of. Morioh had been returned to its peaceful self, following the death of Yoshikage Kira and the destruction of the arrow. Days that had been full of stand attacks and investigation had given way to the golden days of a moderately popular high school student. Bumming around town with Okuyasu and Koichi, trying various get rich quick schemes with Crazy Diamond, and playing the latest videogames the year 2000 had to offer dominated his daily life. Today, however, was destined to be another bizarre adventure for the son of Joseph Joestar. An adventure that would end with itty bitty grilled onions that would explode in his mouth with more force than a Sheer Heart Attack.

“Okuyasu, what the hell is a White Castle and why are we going there instead of Tonio’s restaurant?” Josuke asked, following a few strides behind his overly-enthused delinquent friend. “I don’t know what you’re even expecting man, it’s just another burger place with the same shit as all the others. If you really want a burger, Tonio would probably make you one if you asked. It’d probably be a ton better than whatever this place give you. Are you even listening dude?” Okuyasu continued to walk briskly and silently to Josuke’s mild annoyance. “At least tell me why you’re so serious about this or something, you’re kind of pissing me off with the silence. Hey fucker, answer me!”

Finally acknowledging his friend’s concerns, the user of The Hand stopped dead in his tracks and slowly turned to his fellow stand user. The face that Josuke had expected full of anger at his pestering was instead dominated by a smile that was goofy even by Okuyasu’s standards. “Oh hey Josuke, were you saying something? Like I was saying, my brother told me about this place from when he was travelling. He always talked about this place when people asked him what the greatest meal he ever ate was. They’ve got these tiny burgers that you can eat like 50 of with these crazy onions and-“Okuyasu’s ramblings were silenced by Crazy Diamond’s hand being clamped over his mouth and an increasingly hostile glare from Josuke.

“So you’re telling me that you’re dragging me across town to some piece of shit burger chain because your brother talked up one he went to on another goddamn continent? Okuyasu, this is retarded even for you.”

His friend’s expression suddenly contorted into a look of pure rage. Josuke was forced to recall Crazy Diamond and jump back to avoid a swipe from The Hand aimed directly at his head. The spatial removal jerked Josuke forward into Okuyasu’s range, who delivered a right hook to his jaw. Knocked on his ass, Josuke looked up at his enraged friend. “Who’re you calling a retard, asshole? I swear to god if you talk shit about me again I’ll…I’ll…” The threat was cut short as tears began gushing from Okuyasu’s eyes. In an act of pure suicidal idiocy and power misuse, The Hand brought its right palm to its users face and erased the tears’ existence from his face, seemingly taking his sadness with it. “Josuke, I’m not going to force you to come with me if you don’t want to. I just heard this place was opening up and it made me think of my brother and I thought maybe you’d want to come with me to try it out with me or something, that’s all.”

With this, Okuyasu turned and continued his brisk walk towards the Morioh business district. Josuke considered the situation and began to understand Okuyasu’s feelings on the matter a little bit more clearly. Dusting himself off, he ran to catch up to the younger Nijimura brother. “Hey! So what, uh, what were you saying about onions or whatever?”

The hostility melted from Okuyasu’s face into the same enormous grin as before. “Yeah man, my bro talked about the onions in particular. He said they were totally unreal, and they tasted like nothing he’d ever had before. He said they were like having an organism with every bite and that an entire burger was like experiencing the destruction and creation of entire universes in an instant. Doesn’t that sound amazing? Don’t you want to try that? Huh?” Okuyasu’s excitement had reached a fever pitch, as he was literally flailing his arms upon reaching the climax of his speech.

And Josuke had to agree. It did sound amazing. It sure as hell sounded amazing enough to trek across town with his delinquent friend at the very least. With a smile rivaling Okuyasu’s, he joined him in speculation on how amazing these White Castle burgers would be. The quest for the ultimate meal has begun.

Let’s Go Eat American Food Part 2

Summertime in Morioh was indicative of two things: a boom in the town’s tourism and a large high school population with little to do. One such student was Koichi Hirose, who was enjoying the peace following last year’s excitement with romance and relaxation. For today, he’d be meeting Yukako for lunch at a café, followed by some light shopping and a walk around town. The walk to the café from his house would take about 15 minutes, but past experiences and mishaps had given him a tendency to build an extra 15 minutes into any travel time to account for any distractions he might encounter. The distraction that presented itself before him today, however, was his two best friends excitedly half-running their way toward him, their eyes full of the fire of determination.

Okuyasu was the first to speak upon noticing his short-statured friend. “Koichi! Hey, Koichi! You’ve got to come with us man, we’re going to that new White Castle place for lunch” he said with a face of pure happiness. “They’ve got these little burgers that are more incredible than anything you’ve ever eaten in your life, even better than Tonio’s food!”

Koichi briefly considered the proposition, and while the idea of food surpassing Tonio’s was an enticing one, he knew better than to stand Yukako up. “Thanks for the offer guys, but I’m actually on my way to meet Yukako for lunch. Tell me how it is later though, I hope it’s as good as you say it is.”

Koichi sidestepped the pair as he began his exit, only to be grabbed by both arms and hoisted into the air his fellow students. “You can meet Yukako some other time man, it’s time for White Castle! I’ll even buy you a burger to commemorate this momentous occasion, so let’s go!” Josuke said in a childlike manner as he and Okuyasu seated Echoes’ user on their shoulders. Before he could protest or explain the dangers of leaving Yukako waiting, Koichi was forced to hang on for dear life as the pair broke into a sprint rivaling Highway Star’s speed.

10 minutes and several miles later, the two were finally forced to rest. Koichi climbed down from the doubled-over duo and assessed their location in relation to his original route. “You guys took me in the wrong direction…there’s no way I can make it there in time…” Koichi said, a look of sheer panic slowly coming over his expression.

“Haa…haaa…Koichi…it’s okay…we’ll make sure…to tell Yukako…it was our fault.” Josuke wheezed through his exhaustion.

“White Castle \*Cough cough\* White Castle” Okuyasu repeated as he slumped forward, the combination of summer heat, full uniform, and heavy sprinting having given him a mild case of heat exhaustion.

“You don’t understand, Josuke, it doesn’t matter whose fault it is. If I’m not at that café in 18 minutes, she’ll come find me. And all that stuff she did last year is nothing compared to what she’ll do to every one of us if she catches us. Please, Josuke, take me back.” Koichi pleaded, growing more frenzied with every word to, almost to the point of tears. As Josuke glanced back and forth between his companions and began to understand that maybe he and Okuyasu hadn’t thought this out quite well enough. However, any possible resolution to this story that would’ve involved a mature yet unsatisfying course was dashed with the roar of a motorcycle engine approaching the trio.

Following his hospitalization and the boom of stand users of the previous year, Yuuya Fungami had resumed his lifestyle of motorcycles, women, and all the illicit substances his fame and wealth would allow. And while he would usually be enjoying all three on a normal day (simultaneously if possible), a new goal had emerged within the speed king’s mind for today. To find the source of that delicious smell he’d detected that was wafting from across town. Using Highway Star as a scout, Yuuya had traversed the streets of Morioh at breakneck speed, until a familiar group of students came to his attention. With the truce between him and Crazy Diamond’s user, he decided that he had time to exchange pleasantries before continuing on his way. Giving Josuke Higashikata the cold shoulder could come back to haunt him if he wasn’t careful.

“Oi, Josuke! Koichi!” Yuuya called as he brought his motorcycle to a stop a few feet from the duo. “How’ve you guys been? Is your, uh, friend there okay?” he asked, directing attention towards the now heaving Okuyasu.

“He’ll be fine; he just pushed himself a little too hard. We were actually on our way to get some lunch at the new White Castle across town. How abou-“ Josuke started, before being interrupted by the sound of Okuyasu finally giving up and puking all over the sidewalk. “Er, how about you? What’re you up to, Yuuya?” Josuke finished, contemplating whether or not Crazy Diamond could help his sickly friend or if the end result would be too disgusting to be worth it.

“Just, uh, just riding around. You sure he’s going to be alright? He’s looking pretty bad. I could give you guys a ride to the hospital or something if you wa-“

“No!” Okuyasu interjected from his doubled-over position, wiping his mouth and taking a deep breath. “No hospital. White Castle.” The Hand’s user said simply, a determination permeating his tone that Josuke hadn’t heard since Akira’s defeat. “I’ll be fine, motorcycle guy, but thanks. This is nothing if it means getting to White Castle. Help me up Josuke, let’s get going.”

As Yuuya watched Koichi and Josuke help their friend to his feet, a strange feeling overcame him. Whether it was from the touching show of camaraderie in front of him, the numerous substances coursing through his veins, or the work of a 『stand 』, he came to understand something with absolute certainty: whatever this White Castle stuff was, it had to be the source of the scent he was tracking. The inclination he had experienced began to evolve into a drive; he had to experience this near-mystical flavor for himself.

“Sounds like you could use a lift then” Yuuya called to the trio, ushering them toward his vehicle. Due to his sizable female entourage (and Highway Star’s baffling love of riding with him), Yuuya’s motorcycle had been custom fitted with a collapsible sidecar. “I’ve got to see what exactly has you all so riled up, so I’m coming with you. So get on and let’s get some White Castle!” the cyclist yelled, amazing himself with how fired up he was getting over something he knew nothing about.

Not ones to turn away good fortune, Josuke and Okuyasu broke out into a set of grins that were becoming more and more commonplace for the pair. The former took a seat in the sidecar with Koichi in his lap (An act simplified by the blonde’s understanding that Yuuya’s aid would make the excursion exponentially faster), while the latter took his place behind Yuuya. With party in tow, Yuuya summoned Highway Star and sent him forward to scout the ideal route to White Castle. The quest for the ultimate meal continues.

Let’s Go Eat American Food Part 3

The telling footprints of Highway Star blazed a path through the Morioh streets as Yuuya’s motorcycle made its journey in their wake towards its ultimate destination. The four stand users rode in a hushed anticipation for what was to come; a silence that would eventually be broken by a question no one had ever pondered.

“You guys know that stand of Kira’s? The one that turned things into bombs when it touched them? What do you think its hands felt like?” Yuuya asked in a completely earnest tone. The continued groan of the engine was all that answered him, the trio too confused to give anything resembling an answer. “Because it’s like a cat, right? If it had cat ears, I’d think that it’d have furry hands. Any thoughts?” Yuuya mused, not seeming to care whether or not the others had any input.

“Uh, Yuuya? You alright? You seem a little-Gaaaah!” Koichi began, before the motorcycle violently swerved to the left, as if to avoid some invisible obstacle.

“Holy shit! Did you see that?” Yuuya called to his companions, genuine terror permeating his tone. “There was a turtle in the middle of the road. His stand was so tiny…” the cyclist continued, his fear giving way to thoughtful awe. Unbeknownst to his passengers, Yuuya’s lifestyle of fast bikes, loose women, and mountains of cocaine had led him to become quite the aficionado for all three. “Aficionado”, of course, being a nice way of saying that Highway Star’s user had a tendency to attempt to combine the three in creative way, and as his entourage of fangirls and floozies wasn’t present, speed and substances would have to pick up the slack. His decision to scour the town for the mystery scent had been made following the use of a series of hallucinogens and amphetamines. This Abaj cocktail, as Yuuya had dubbed it, was starting to make its effects known both on Yuuya’s actions and decisions. The promise of delicious burgers was no longer enough for him, he was in a cool driver’s high and he needed more. He needed a girl.

His priorities established and decision made, Yuuya brought Highway Star back to the bike and moved backward in his seat as his stand flipped over the handlebars and took control. His passengers were struck confused as Yuuya proceeded to close his eyes and focus the whole of his senses to locating the nearest woman that would suit his needs. Perfume. Shampoo. Foundation. A decidedly feminine scent was emanating 550 meters behind him and to the right, and something deep within Yuuya’s playboy core told him that the source was hot. He had to have her. He had to have her right now.

While their driver conducted his search, Josuke and Koichi’s connected gaze conveyed similar concerns that this might’ve a horrible idea. These concerns were all but confirmed as Yuuya made a sudden, stand-assisted 180⁰ turn before accelerating to full speed in the opposite direction. Their appeals to the driver to slow down fell on deaf ears, as did Okuyasu’s incoherent shouting upon being roused from his White Castle daydreams. Yuuya followed the scent onto a side street, swerving to avoid pedestrians as he transitioned from the road to the sidewalk. He leaned forward in anticipation, preparing to snatch up his unknowing new girl.

100 meters

50 meters

10 meters

Tomoko Higashikata walked at a pace a few speeds shy of brisk as she carried two handfuls of bags from her day of shopping. The incidents of the past year had passed her by for the most part, as Josuke never revealed the truth behind Ryohei’s death and had played off the injuries sustained fighting Killer Queen as the product of a nasty street fight. Despite both he and Jotaro’s best efforts, however, Okuyasu had let slip that Joseph had been in Japan and had deliberately avoided visiting her. The feeling of betrayal she experienced towards both her old love and her son had cooled as the weeks passed and emptiness had replaced it as her dominating emotion. Sure, lots of men were interested in her, but she could tell at the first pickup line that they were nowhere near the man that Mr. Joestar had been. Soon, Josuke would leave her as well, going off to a university and then on to his own life. She’d be a lonely old woman who’d never find love again, and that’d be that. She’d die alone and why the fuck was that motorcyclist being so goddamn loud?

5 meters

3 meters

1 meter

He’s getting louder, why can’t he just shut up? Can’t he see that there’s a lady who’s having a bad day here? A sense of lucidity overtook her body and she could feel her arms moving to manifest her building annoyance.