

The S-Files

A Scientific Treatment on Structure and Workings of Athena's Saints (Well, sort of...)

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 9: File GS01-Aqr-T002 - Freeze! In Hot Pursuit of the Coolest Saint

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Freeze! In Hot Pursuit of the Coolest Saint

"Who's the next one on the list?" Makoto wanted to know.

"*He* of course!" Himiko replied with a faint blush on her cheeks.

"Who?"

"The Aquarius guy of course - what was his name... Ah yes, Camus."

"Ah. And you have a new plan already?"

"Well, I think the idea with the pizza take-out service could work. I'll get some pizza and just bring it to him. And when I'm close enough, I can take my pics and try to convince him to submit to my examinations."

"Good. - Hey, wait a moment, you're not supposed to examine him. That's *my* job. You will only get the armour."

"*What?!* No way! I want *all* of him."

Makoto shook her head vehemently. "No, you're the engineer, and I'm the medical doctor."

"Weeeeelll... I don't think I need to be an M.D. to do the examinations I want to do," Himiko said dreamily.

"You don't take your job serious enough," Makoto chided. "Play 'doctors and nurses' in your free time and remember that we have to do some work."

"Ah well," Himiko blushed. "But he *is* the cutest of them all. I hope he'll like Pizza Vesuvio..."

"I guess I'd better stay under cover when you try to give it to him."

"I don't think he'll be angry when he gets something to eat. Maybe I could volunteer to act as dessert..."

Makoto sighed tragically. Himiko hurried to the phone and called a pizza take-out. No one answered.

"What time is it? Oh dear, it's only half past nine... I fear we have to wait at least two hours until they open. Hm. Maybe we can devise some plans to catch the others in the mean time."

"I'm listening."

"Well, pass me some of the photos of the Scorpio guy. I need some inspiration."

Makoto gave her some magnified pics of him.

"Kakkoii!" Himiko sighed.

"Have you already devised a plan?"

"It depends. I just wondered if I could blackmail him to go to a dinner with me."

"Well, the photos from the ad company were compromising enough, and a date with him is tempting," Makoto agreed and fetched some more pics from the drawer to admire him.

"Well, if I manage to get the other one, you can keep *him*."

"Hm." Makoto pulled out some pics of the other cuties. "And what about these guys?"

"The choice is truly hard," agreed Himiko. "We might ask them all, one at a time..."

"The idea isn't bad." Makoto laid the pics onto the table to get a better overview. "And where do we start?"

"*Him* of course! - But remember, he's mine!" Himiko pointed at the Aquarius Gold Saint.

"It depends. Maybe he doesn't like pizza."

"I don't mind. I really do want him!"

"Awwww," made Makoto. "But there are so many other cuties..."

"Agreed, but look at these beautiful eyes of his - such a marvellous deep blue! -, his cute snub nose, his fascinating eyebrows, his gorgeous mane and that *body*!" Himiko sighed.

"Hello..." Makoto waved a photo in front of Himikos eyes. "Earth to Himiko..."

"Huh?!"

"Remember, you still have a pizza to deliver."

"Pizza?!" Himiko looked at her in bewilderment. "Ah, yes, the pizza! But the take-out is still closed."

"I only wonder how you are going to deliver the pizza still hot."

"I will try my best."

"Okay, when you deliver the pizza, I will follow you and take the photos," Makoto decided.

"Fine. I want some really beautiful pics of him - not that I would think a picture featuring *him* could be anything else but beautiful..."

"If we get close enough to him, that is."

"I sincerely do hope it."

They decided to drool a little longer over the other cuties, until it was time and Himiko could order the pizza. She took the box and began the long way upstairs.

'It's so unfair that he lives in one of the temples highest up the mountain,' Himiko thought sulkily, when they way seemed to get longer and longer. Makoto followed her in some distance and watched her through her telephoto lens.

Himiko panted. She long had lost count of the steps. Fortunately, the other Gold Saints let her pass when she claimed that she had to deliver a pizza to Aquarius Temple. She got some really strange looks, but obviously it was plausible enough.

Only Milo wasn't so easily convinced that she really wanted to deliver a pizza, but a short mentioning of the blackmail pictures silenced him, too.

Makoto cursed horribly as she had to run up all the stairs as well. If it would have been for her, she would have waited for another one of the Saints to come *down*. The worst thing was that she slowly but surely ran out of excuses why she followed Himiko. She really should have taken a pizza with her, too.

Finally, Himiko reached the Aquarius Temple. She pitied the poor Goldie when he had to walk these stairs all the days.

"Pizza service!" she called.

Himiko's voice echoed through the interior of the temple, and Makoto looked for a good hiding place so that she could take the best photos.

Suddenly the Aquarius Gold Saint appeared in front of Himiko. She stared at him. In reality, he looked even more gorgeous than on the photos, she discovered and couldn't utter a single word.

"What do you want?" Camus asked and frowned. "I didn't order anything."

Himiko simply gaped at him, while two large hearts in her eyes clouded her vision.

"Pardon?" Camus looked at her.

Still no answer.

The Aquarius Gold Saint shrugged. "I don't have the time to wait until you learn to talk. The exit is right behind you." He shook his head and went back to where he had come from.

Himiko's gaze followed him, and suddenly she felt how her legs gave way under her.

Makoto couldn't believe it. Now her colleague had even fallen down in a swoon! This was highly annoying. And she had thought that Himiko wanted to convince him to come into their lab for an examination!

She sighed and threw the petite engineer, who still clung to the pizza box, over her shoulder and went back the thousands of stairs.

When she passed Scorpio Temple, she was intercepted by Milo who gave her a *really* strange look.

"What have you done *now*?" he wanted to know.

"I did nothing," Makoto replied. "She simply swooned when she saw this guy."

"Whom are you talking about? Shura?"

"No, the guy with the dark blue mop."

"Camus?" Milo grinned. 'Dark blue mop', that was a good one. He certainly could use this to make fun of his friend. "I didn't think that Camus would frighten some girl to swoon..."

"I don't think she was frightened - he appeared, she gaped at him and she swooned. And now I have to carry her down all the way to our lab!"

"That's unfair. Why aren't there any girls swooning because of me?" The Scorpio Gold Saint sulked.

"Aren't there?" Makoto examined him thoroughly. Seeing him live was more fun than admiring mere photos. She shoved Himiko in a better position, even though she was small, Makoto began to feel her weight.

"No," Milo grumbled. 'What has he that I don't have?' he thought.

"Well, on the other hand there aren't so many women nowadays who swoon because of cute guys."

"Well, *she* did, obviously. By the way, do you still need that pizza? I'm sure I could use it to feed my pet scorpion."

"You can have it if you like. I'm sure it's cold by now anyway."

"I don't think Camus-chan will mind," Milo grinned and grabbed the pizza box which caused Himiko to wake up again.

"Gods, he's so *gorgeous*!" she sighed.

"Oh thanks," Milo said.

"Not you! Camus!" Himiko corrected. Makoto let her crash down.

"Ouch!"

"Fine that you're awake at last."

"Why did I sleep anyway? Oh dear, don't tell me I swooned?"

"What else. I had to carry you down all the way." Makoto straightened with a moan.

"Oopsie..." Himiko blushed. "But in reality he's so much more gorgeous than on the photos.." She grinned sheepishly, then blushed even deeper. "Oh dear, what will he think of me now?"

"He'll probably think you're a little daft," Milo grumbled, his pride severely injured because she didn't talk of him that way.

"Without any doubt," Makoto agreed. "Imagine her standing there, pizza in hands and gaping at him..."

"I did *what*?!" Now Himiko looked like a blonde tomato.

"I'll show you the photos I took."

"You mean you took photos of *me* and not of *him*...?"

"You were so much funnier..."

"Makoto, I'll kill you! I wanted photos of *him*!"

"Don't you have enough photos of *me*?" Milo asked acidly.

"To be truthful, we never have enough," Makoto told him. "But there's no space left in the drawer where we keep your photos."

"As if I didn't know," Milo grumbled.

"But we have almost no pics of the cutest one!" Himiko sniffed.

"Better luck next time..." Makoto grinned.

"Well, even more than photos I want *him*," Himiko sighed.

Milo wasn't amused at all. He was sure he was far more attractive and interesting than Camus, but these young women simply ignored him.

"It seems you need to devise a new plan."

"Of course!"

The women went down the stairs and left a slightly peeved Scorpio Gold Saint behind.

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