

The S-Files

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

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 10: Interlude I - Move Over, Milo! New Headquarters for Makoto and Himiko

Interlude I

Move Over, Milo! New Headquarters for Makoto and Himiko

Finally, the photos were developed, and Makoto returned with the envelope. Himiko looked at her.

"Now show me what you have shot!"

"What do I get in exchange?"

"Well, you'll stay sound and sane - which I couldn't guarantee if I don't get them *right now!*

"Okay - one after the other..." Makoto gave her one of the funny shots on which Himiko stood with the pizza box and gaped at the Aquarius Saint.

"Waaaaaaaahhhh!!! I want pics of *him!*"

"You wanted *pics*. Well, here are some more..." Makoto had put the cute pics of Camus immediately away when she received them from the lab. Otherwise she'd never gotten one single look at them.

"I don't want any more embarrassing pics of me - oh dear, I don't want to know what he will think of me now! - I want exciting pics of *him!*"

"I guess he'll think you're silly."

"I want to die... - And now give me the pics of him or *you* will die!"

Makoto shook her head. "No. They're mine."

"Your life expectancy drops dangerously..."

"Okay... They're in my closet."

Himiko stormed to the corner and ripped the door open. About two dozen pics of Camus looked at her, and she stared back in rapture. "Gosh, he's *incredible!*" she sighed.

"They are cute, aren't they?"

"He's divine!"

"But still we need some better pics. He was gone so fast..."

"Much too fast..." Himiko sighed again. "Next time I'll try ice-cream instead of pizza."

"I'm sure he'll try to escape as soon as he sees you again. You looked so ridiculous with the pizza and mutely staring at him."

"You're mean! Well, then I will simply wear a disguise."

"As long as you don't play a statue again... But I hate the idea of having to climb all of these steps once more."

"What about suggesting them to build in some escalators?"

"I don't think they like such modern technology. We'd better find a place to stay somewhere halfway up that mountain."

"But where? I refuse to camp outside."

"I also want a real roof over my head, don't worry."

"Then we might have a problem - the temples are all occupied, if I remember correctly."

"Can't we throw someone out?"

"I would *never* want to throw out my number one cutie Goldie... I'd rather move in with him." Himiko plucked one of the Camus pics from the closet wall to examine it a bit more closely.

"Hey, you ruin my composition!"

"Never mind - remember, he's *mine!* Why don't you choose one of the others?"

"You can keep him. I only want the photos."

"I want him *and* the photos!"

"You're insatiable", Makoto sulked. "But your idea with the moving in wasn't so bad. Why don't we move into Milo's temple?"

"Hm, then I'm far closer to the Aquarius Temple. You're right, I guess I have to work slowly to convince *him* to join me for some thorough examinations."

"Hm, but how can we convince Milo to let us stay with him? Maybe we could tell him we think he's just great etc..."

"It wouldn't even be a lie," grinned Himiko. "I think he *is* great. But Camus is just sooo much greater."

"Then let's go to Milo fast - before I feel silly because of this idea."

"Fine. Why don't we fetch some pizza and wine and try to convince him. Or do you think he prefers something else to eat?"

"Dunno. I guess I forgot the questionnaire again when we took the photos of him."

"Well, then we should stay with pizza." Himiko called the take-out and ordered the pizzas.

"Let's pack our things, then we can go as soon as the pizza arrives," Makoto suggested.

"I only hope we can convince him. Then we don't need to run up all the stairs all the time."

They started to throw some clothes and devices into two bags. They had just finished when the guy from the pizza take-out rang the bell.

"*Four* pizzas?" Makoto asked.

"Well, I hope we can convince Milo to invite Camus, too."

"First we have to go to Scorpio Temple..."

They began the arduous trip again.

"Why did I have to pack so many things", Makoto groaned.

"Think of our research project!" Himiko looked up to the small and round Aquarius Temple.

"You only think of your cutie - and what is there for me?" Makoto complained.

"Isn't there any suitable guy for you among all of them?"

"I haven't found one who fascinates me as much."

"Hm... What about the beautiful blond guy?"

"Which blond guy?" Makoto put back her glasses onto her nose to see the stairs.

"The elegant, slender Goldie with the looong, straight mane and the likewise long, dark lashes."

"You mean the Goldie who looks as if he sleeps all the time? He's too dull for my taste."

"Hm, and what about the guy with the lilac mane?"

"I'm sure he's pretty dull, too. And I don't like his hair colour to boot."

"Then there is this beautiful Goldie with the light blue hair..."

"I'm still not convinced that he's a *he*."

"Well, let's do a thorough examination."

"How many stairs are there still?" Makoto whined. "My feet feel like lead."

"I think this is the last temple before the Scorpio one. Which reminds me - what about Milo?"

"Milo? Yes, he is pretty cute."

"I think he's a close runner-up for Camus."

"Let's hope we can move in there. - Ah, finally, there it is. The way felt much longer this time."

"We had a lot of luggage and 4 pizzas to carry."

"Well, I won't go any step further," Makoto said when they reached the entrance.

"*You* again!" they were greeted by Scorpio Milo.

"Hi Milo," replied Himiko. "Do you like some pizza?"

"Well, if I don't have to pay for it... Pope refused to grant us a pay rise the last time we asked."

"You're invited - if you do me the favour to invite Camus as well."

"Dream on. Camus certainly won't eat any fast food like this."

Makoto grinned at Himiko's sad face. "Ah well, the more is left for us."

"But I wanted..."

"Camus is a Frenchman. If you want to invite him for lunch or dinner, you'll have to be a bit more creative," Milo grinned.

"This sounds difficult. I guess there's no take-out for stylish food..." Makoto pondered.

"Of course not," Milo said. "There's a nice French restaurant at Athens that Camus likes very well. I must admit that I'm not so fond of it - you're still hungry when you leave there. I prefer *real* food, not two peas with half a carrot and a bit of parsley on a salad leaf with a one ounce morsel of some meat and a marble sized boiled potato..."

"That's the cue! We should eat before the pizza gets cold. Where's the dining room?"

They stormed into the temple, and Milo lead the way to a room next to the huge hall they reached after entering.

"Where are the dishes, forks and knives?"

Milo pointed at some cupboards, and Makoto began to lay the table.

"Ready!" she said finally. "I'm starving after climbing all of these stairs."

They sat down and attacked the pizza.

"By the way, we have some wine, too," Himiko said.

"That's nice. All I could offer you would be either beer, water or some stronger liquors..."

"Bah, beer!" Makoto shook the head. "That's disgusting. We ordered some nice Greek wines with the pizza. In Japan you mostly get German or French wines. But the Greek wines are so nice and sweet most of the time."

"Well, whenever I invited Camus for dinner and offered him our wines, he held long lectures about the inferiority of the Greek stuff compared to 'proper French wines'. I got so fed up with his talk of Château whatever that I decided to stay with beer. At least he refuses to comment on beer altogether."

"So Camus does like wine?" Himiko piped.

"Yeah, he puts lots of his money into his wine cellar. He showed me what he has collected, but I'm sorry, I can't remember all the 'Châteaus' and 'Grand Crus' and whatever he told me about. There were some bottles among them that cost more than 100 US Dollars!"

"Well, I can't stand French wines," Makoto said. "I prefer sweet wines from Germany

or Greece or Eastern Europe."

"What did you bring?" Milo looked at the bottles. "Ah! Imiglykos! I haven't had this for a while. Pour me a glass, too, please."

Makoto filled Milo's glass with the deep red, sweet wine and he took a deep sip. "Great!"

Himiko sighed. It was a pity that Camus wasn't here. She wouldn't have minded even if he complained about the wines or the food. Maybe then she could have convinced him to accompany her to this nice French restaurant Milo talked about and she had him all for her alone...

"By the way - is there anyone who wants this poor, ownerless pizza?" Milo had already finished his pizza and looked for a second helping.

"No, just take it."

"Thanks. By the way, where did you get them? They're great."

"I think the take-out's called 'Da Giovanni'," Himiko supplied.

"I like them, too," Makoto nodded.

"Well, we can order them tomorrow at Giovanni's as well," Himiko suggested. "Though I must admit I would prefer to try and invite Camus to that French restaurant."

"It depends. If you wish to *eat* you shouldn't go there. The price is of reverse proportion to the portions. I'd rather eat a huge gyros plate with souvlaki and biftecki and tons of salad..."

"Well, we can also order something like this tomorrow," Makoto suggested.

"Pardon? You don't want to imply that you want to visit me tomorrow again?"

"Well, actually we thought of something else..."

"That's good to know."

"We will *stay* here," Makoto told him.

"*What???*"

"Don't you have enough space here? And we won't bother you. And we'll order food..."

"No way! *No way* you'll move into my temple."

"Why not?" Makoto looked sadly at him. "Tell the truth - you don't like us?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that..."

"And it's only until we finish our research project," Himiko added.

"We'll try not to disturb you..."

"We'll even get lots of yummy food for you and Greek wines," Himiko promised.

"Hm... Do you want to bribe me?"

Himiko nodded vigorously.

"With whatever you wish!"

"Whatever I wish...?" Milo examined them thoughtfully.

"Sure - whatever you wish for food, we'll get you," Makoto qualified.

"Oh, that was only about food? I thought you would volunteer to clean my whole temple."

"No way. Hire a cleaning lady."

"Well, if you want to move in that's my condition."

"Himiko will clean the temple."

"Moi?! Actually, I want to move into *Aquarius* Temple!" She pulled out some of the Camus pics she had taken away from Makoto and gazed at them in utter rapture.

Makoto sighed. "You really want me to clean your temple?" she asked Milo.

"Yes. That and the food and wine stuff."

"You're pretty tough when it comes to negotiations," Makoto complained.

"Sure. Do we have a deal?"

"I'm not 100 percent convinced that it is worth it."

"Well, you can try to convince Camus to let you move in, but I can assure you he won't be as easy to deal with."

"I guessed so. But she thinks quite differently about it." Makoto pointed at Himiko who drooled over the photos of Camus.

"Well, fat chance. Camus isn't convinced easily - if ever, that is. By the way, you can start with washing the dishes."

"Pah, I haven't said 'yes' to the deal!"

"Well, you may leave my temple, if you so wish. But don't expect me to carry your bags."

"I can carry my bags on my own," Makoto grumbled.

"Fine. The exit is over there."

Makoto looked darkly at Milo. "Don't think it's so easy to get rid of me!"

"Well, you heard my conditions," Milo shrugged.

"We haven't discussed it properly."

"Do you have another offer? I'm listening."

"I'm still thinking about it," Makoto said. "In any case, I will not clean the huge hall."

"But I think it really does need cleaning. There are still so many blood stains left..."

"Aha - but who's the one who is responsible for them?"

"Well, some deceased opponents of mine. Unfortunately they're dead, so I couldn't force them to clean my hall afterwards."

"Why haven't you beaten them outside?"

"It was winter, and I hate to duel outside in the winter. That's Camus' domain."

"And why do you have to battle anyway? It only causes stains and damages to your temple."

"Well, it's my profession."

"And you never learned anything else?"

"I had to train to become a Saint all the time. When should I have found the time to get apprenticed for some ordinary job?"

"You have a point. But still I don't want to clean your temple."

"Well, it's *my* temple and *you* want something of me. So I can dictate the conditions. It's as simple as that."

"You're mean!"

"I'm Scorpio Gold Saint. I'm not supposed to be nice."

"Pah. Then I don't have to be nice either," Makoto said. "What would you say if I glued some of the nice pictures of you in lady's tights to the other temples around?"

"That's blackmailing!"

"Is it? Oh, I guess it is. But you don't want to be nice either."

Milo sulked. "Well, I guess I have to give in. But still you'll have to provide some decent food and wine."

"Well, as we don't want to starve we would do that anyway."

Milo grumbled something. Himiko was still totally absorbed in the admiration of her beautiful Camus pictures.

"Don't look so grumpy, that's bad for the teint." Makoto grinned, and Milo sulked even more visibly. "Now you look *really* cute..."

"I don't want to be cute," Milo protested. "I'm bad!"

"Whatever you say. / think you are cute. Where can we stay?"

"Well, I guess you could use this room." Milo pointed at a dusty storage room.

"This isn't overly clean," Makoto observed.

"Why did you think I wanted you to clean my temple?"

"Ah well, it'll do. I only want to avoid all of those stairs..."

Milo sighed tragically. This was going to be hell. After all, *he* was the one always teasing Aiolia to be a bigamist because the Leo Saint was often seen with Marin and Shaina. And when these two ladies now stayed at his temple, Aiolia certainly would take revenge. Milo wasn't sure whether *this* was worse, or if someone saw the photos of him in ladies' tights.

- End of Interlude I -