

The S-Files

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

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 21: Interlude VI - A Powerful Bait! On the Path to Victory?

Interlude VI

A Powerful Bait! On the Path to Victory?

"My Camus-sama is here!" Himiko sighed, totally lost in her thoughts.

"Just ignore her," Makoto advised the Aquarius Saint and served him a plate of the hors d'oeuvres.

"Thanks." Camus gave her a fleeting smile and devoured the appetizers. When he smiled, he looked really stunning, Makoto had to admit.

"I wish I had someone as devoted to me," Shura commented. "You really should appreciate it, Camus."

"What are you all doing here?" Leo Aiolia asked, who had suddenly appeared in the kitchen. "I thought we wanted to meet at my temple at 8 o'clock? I hope you haven't begun and forgotten to notify me?"

"No, we haven't started yet," Milo told him. "My temple merely experiences an invasion."

"The food is delicious!" Camus said while munching with astonishing appetite.

"Isn't he simply divine?" Himiko couldn't put her eyes away from her Aquarius Saint.

"It's getting pretty crowded in here," Makoto complained.

"Indeed. Why don't we move into my living-room and begin our weekly poker game here? After all, we're all together now."

"Why not? I'll just fetch the crates of beer and the cards." Aiolia disappeared in the same instant.

"Beer!" Camus shook his head and frowned disgustedly. "I will fetch some wine to drink."

"But no French wine," Shura demanded. "I want a Rioja."

"Of *course* French wine. I thought of a nice Château La Mission Haut Brion Pessac-Léognan Grand Cru Classé and for starters a nice Château La Blanquerie Bordeaux Supérieur..."

Shura made a face. "As much as I admire you for memorizing these names, I'd prefer something *tasty*, like a mild Tinto Novel Mallorca..."

"There is nothing like a good French wine," Camus replied. Sometimes he had the impression he was surrounded by philistines. They went into the larger room that served as Milo's living room (Shaka was teleported by Milo, so that he couldn't complain of being left out) when Aiolia returned with three crates of beer and several bags of snacks.

Makoto looked at the Saint assembly. She had never seen so many of them in one place, and one of them was more handsome than the other. Shaka floated idly in a corner; obviously this was his favourite sleeping position.

"Are we going to begin now?"

"I'll fetch the wine - and then I'm still waiting for my food." Camus looked at Makoto, and she hurried into the kitchen. She had almost forgotten to save the vol-au-vents...

When she returned to the living room, Camus ceremoniously opened a bottle of wine and poured it into a beautiful crystal decanter.

"Well, I'll try it anyway," Shura decided. "Pour me a glass of the wine, too."

"Not *yet*!" Camus told him in shock. "You have to wait at least one hour until the wine is ready to be drunken."

"Aiolia, pass me a bottle of beer!" the Capricorn Saint sighed.

While Makoto served the food, Himiko collected all of her courage, stepped behind Camus and tousled his beautiful indigo blue mane. To her disappointment he still wore his Aquarius Gold Cloth, while the others were dressed far more comfortably.

"Can someone please pluck that off me?" Camus asked exasperatedly.

"Nope." Shura grinned. This was a sight for the gods.

"Why me?!" Camus sighed and stoically continued to eat.

"He doesn't resist!" Himiko said gleefully.

"Is it always so entertaining around here?" Aiolia asked curiously.

"Yep," Shura nodded.

"And why haven't I been told before?" the Leo Saint sulked. "I would have come far sooner if I had known."

"I don't consider this to be exactly enjoyable," Camus commented. "But the food is great."

"Thank you." Makoto served him another helping.

"Is there something left for me, too?" Aiolia asked.

"Do you really expect me to cook *all day long*?" Makoto grumbled. "And I didn't even get anything in return for it!"

"I might invite you to my temple," Aiolia said seductively. "I have some ideas what to give you in return..."

"And what might that be?" Makoto asked him with a grin.

"Well, I can be pretty creative. Ask Marin..."

"I'll keep that in mind."

"It's so unfair," Himiko complained. "Why do I have to lose my heart to the only Saint who doesn't seem to be interested in girls?" She put her arms around Camus.

"I'm really glad I kept my Cloth on," Camus commented.

Shura almost died from laughter. "So you're really not interested in girls at all?"

"I should qualify that to 'I'm not interested in groupies'," Camus grumbled.

Makoto had found some remains in the kitchen that she served Aiolia. One should keep every option open.

"I'm no groupie," Himiko sulked. "I simply decided that you are the coolest guy around and that I want *you* and no one else!"

"Cool' is the word," Shura laughed.

"I don't have time for girls."

"I could cook for you..."

"Hm..."

"It seems this works with all of the Saints," Makoto said amused.

"You see, I can cook pretty well," Himiko promised him.

"Hmmmmmm...."

"You finally seem to have hit his weak spot," Makoto grinned.

"That would be marvellous!" Himiko gave Camus a kiss on his head (this 'tiara' was really annoying!). "You'll see!"

"Iiiiiecks!" Camus squealed.

"This is better than any sitcom," Shura found.

"Indeed," Milo agreed. "I wonder who's steadfaster - Camus or Himiko?"

"Wanna bet?" Shura asked.

"Sure! 10000 Drachmas on Camus!"

"I bet on the girl."

"Me, too," Aiolia said. "What about you, Shaka?"

A slight snore was the answer.

"I see."

"I almost feel sorry for him." Makoto gave Camus a compassionate look.

"Why, thank you," he said dryly.

"He'll be mine, *mine*, MINE!" Himiko declared.

"I think he's well advised to keep his Cloth on," Aiolia laughed.

"As long as she doesn't fetch a can opener," Makoto giggled.

"I really wonder why he fights her so hard," Aiolia wondered. "I would invite her to stay with me anytime."

"Hey, but I have the older rights," Shura protested. "I saw her first!"

"No chance, guys, I only want *him*!"

"Well, if you continue to strangle me, the matter will be irrelevant anyway." Camus tried to loosen her grip around his neck.

"I thought it's difficult to kill a Gold Saint," Makoto wondered.

"I'm not sure if I'd rather welcome death before she gets her hands on me."

"You're mean!" Makoto told him.

"I'm a perfectly nice girl," Himiko sulked. "Just let me show you *how* nice I can be!"

"I would think about it, seriously," Aiolia advised him.

"Yeah, go for it, Camus!" Shura added.

"Don't! If I lose the bet, I'm broke!" Milo contradicted.

"Hm..." Camus said thoughtfully. "It depends. Do I get a part of the winnings?"

"Why not?" Shura laughed.

"I'm tempted. There's this wonderful expensive Château Latour Pauillac I wanted to buy..."

"You would really let yourself be bought for a bottle of wine?" Himiko frowned.

"If you'd know the wine, you would do it, too."

"Graaa! I don't want you if you only give in to get the money for a bottle of wine!"

"She doesn't know what she wants, it seems," Aiolia commented.

"I have to remember this," Camus said thoughtfully. "It might be a way to get rid of all of the silly girls."

"What?! No! Not with me!" Himiko grumbled. "I'll get you, you'll see!"

"Sorry, you lose, Camus," Aiolia grinned.

"I lose," Milo complained. "I'll go hungry for the next two months if I lose that bet."

"First, you haven't paid anything for your food for the last days, and second, you are on diet, effective immediately," Makoto told him.

"Diet? Why should I be on diet?"

"Because you put on weight - especially around the middle."

"What?!" Milo looked down to his belly. "My body is *perfect*!"

"Was," Makoto said mercilessly. "You put on at least two kilograms."

"Can't be!"

"You're lucky that our Cloths always fit, no matter the size of the wearer," Aiolia commented.

"You have put on weight, too, since Marin cooks for you," Shura pointed out.

"Not true," Aiolia shook his head. "I have quite a lot of additional training since then."

"But not on the training place, huh?" Milo laughed.

"There are no regulations where exactly we have to train..."

"Admit it, Milo, you would love to ...train like Aiolia, but you just haven't found any willing ...training partners yet," Shura teased him.

"Pah!"

"When Milo hears 'training', it only means for him that he teaches his scorpions tricks," Makoto mused. "I never saw him train otherwise."

"I asked him to accompany me to Siberia for some serious training, but he only complained it was too cold there," Camus said. "By the way, would you please keep your hands to yourself, Himiko?"

"Oh, Camus-sama, as long as you have this Cloth on there's nothing I can do anyway," she sighed.

"Don't expect me to abandon my most important means of defense against you!"

Makoto giggled. It was so funny - as if petite Himiko was any danger for the mighty Aquarius Gold Saint.

"What do you fear anyway?" Aiolia wanted to know.

"Hm." Camus frowned. If he was honest, he hadn't actually thought about this up to now.

"Perhaps he fears for his reputation," Makoto suggested.

"Probably," Aiolia grinned. "I never worried about my reputation - at least not in this respect. I would worry far more if one would not take me for the proper *Leo* Saint."

"Oh, I see - you mean because a lion has his harem - er, pride?" Makoto said amused.

"Sure. Poor Virgo Saint Shaka..."

"He sleeps anyway," Shura commented after a short gaze in the floating man's direction.

"Are the Saints truly living up to their zodiac signs?" Makoto asked curiously.

"It depends. With Camus I'm not so sure - he should be Icicle, not Aquarius, but most of the other Saints are pretty fitting," Aiolia explained.

"Fascinating!" Makoto said. "I really have to look into my horoscope book, maybe then I can understand you all better." Recently she had bought such an interesting book, *Love and Life Under the Stars*, which told her who fit to whom and all the other important things.

"Shouldn't Aquarians be friendly, sociable and so on?" Himiko wondered (Makoto had read all the important passages about her zodiac sign aloud to her, of course).
"Camus, you really should act more according to the books!"

"Which reminds me - two Aquarians don't fit together," Makoto lectured.

"I don't mind. I want him and I will get him!"

"Don't I have a say in this, too?" Camus frowned deeply.

"No!" it came simultaneously from Himiko, Shura and Aiolia.

"Then it is almost settled. And this horoscope stuff is rubbish anyway," Makoto stated.

"This means I will move in with you tonight," Himiko declared.

"*What?!*"

"Great! This means I'll have more space here," Makoto said.

"I will not allow anyone to move in with me. Ever!"

"No chance, buddy. I said about the same thing," Milo told him.

"Don't say you don't like it that we live under your roof?" Makoto asked.

"Of course not! My temple is a real mess because of you."

"Fine. Then we will leave you both tomorrow."

"Pardon? And who will cook for me???" Milo wanted to know.

"If I remember correctly, you said you'd prefer fast food anyway..."

Milo sulked. "You are really mean, did you know?"

"But you won't move in with me," Camus said.

"Wrong. I *will*," Himiko contradicted.

"Somebody save me..."

"Only if I get something adequate in return." Makoto smiled at the Aquarius Saint.

"And that would be...?"

"Money, of course. What else should I want?"

"I'm doomed."

"No, you're *mine*!" Himiko beamed at him, and Camus looked desperately at the other Saints. But they only grinned back impertinently.

"I'll just pack my things and we can go, my beloved."

Silently, Camus took the decanter with the rich, ruby coloured wine and took a deep sip. To hell with the fact that it hadn't aired long enough.

"It seems you don't have any choice." Shura grinned broadly.

"I'm a single, and I do love this kind of lifestyle!"

"Your single times seem to be over now..."

"Help!"

"Hm... I cannot allow it that Himiko goes alone," Makoto said suddenly. "She'll only do silly things."

"But he is *mine* alone!" Himiko declared.

"Tell me it's only a nightmare - now there are *two* girls who want to move into my temple?" Camus squealed.

"You won't leave me alone," Milo protested. "I will join you, too."

Unfortunately 'Milo' usually meant Milo plus at least a dozen obnoxious scorpions, and this was too much for the Aquarius Saint.

"He fainted," Makoto complained, "and we haven't even discussed the terms of our move properly."

"Hm..." Himiko looked at Camus and decided to kiss him. It had worked with Sleeping Beauty. The success was overwhelming, and Camus' hair virtually stood on end.

"*Waaaaah!* She took advantage of me while I was out cold!"

"You seem to have some things in common after all," Makoto commented.

"I don't have anything in common with *that!*"

"Why don't you two move into *my* temple?" Shura asked. He would love to get such delicious food every day.

"I wouldn't mind, but *she* wants to go to *him*," Makoto told the Capricorn Saint.

"Well, what about you let her move in with Camus while you stay with me? Then you would still be neighbours," Shura pointed out.

"Yes, and I would have my Camus-sama for me alone."

"No! Don't leave me alone with her!"

"I don't understand why you're so afraid of little Himiko..."

"She threatens my reputation!"

"Au contraire, mon ami," Aiolia grinned. "This would finally put an end to the rumours that you and Milo are a couple..."

"I'm not so sure about that - especially when he really decides to move in, too..."

"You may be right - this could be the start of a whole new selection of rumours... Orgies, orgies!" Aiolia almost burst from laughter. "Mind if I join you then?"

"Me, too!" Shura added.

"I won't let anyone but my Camus-sama touch me," Himiko declared.

"Then you'll be totally safe..." Camus said.

"So *is* there any truth in the rumours about you and Milo?"

"*No, it isn't!*"

"Who believes it..."

"Pah! I want only girls. Lots of them!" Milo told him.

"Who asked *you*?" Aiolia grinned. "It's well known that you never say no."

"Or rather that he *would* never say no if he had the chance," Shura added.

"You're only envious of my good looks and power!" Milo sulked, but of course he was simply ignored.

"Oh, I'm so excited," Himiko said. "I'll move in with my gorgeous, wonderful Camus-sama!"

The Aquarius Saint hung his head.

"I almost pity him," Makoto commented. "Almost."

"Just don't you dare threaten my reputation as the greatest womanizer of Sanctuary," Aiolia warned the Aquarius Saint.

"I don't think Camus would want a reputation like this," Makoto giggled.

"Anyway, I would never allow him to have another girl beside me. He's mine *alone*."

"She sounds as if you were already married," Milo grinned.

"Which reminds me - can't we ask the Pope to marry us?" Himiko wanted to know.

"I need to get out of here - now!" Camus said desperately.

"I'll follow you wherever you go," Himiko declared.

When he saw Camus' fatalistic grimace, Milo almost died from laughter and didn't think of the danger of losing his bet.

"It's such a pity that we won't find a way to please *everybody*," Makoto commented.

"Why don't we simply take a vote?" Himiko suggested. "As Camus is in the minority, everything is settled immediately."

"You wouldn't dare..." Camus began, but was interrupted by a pitiful moaning that came from the corner where Shaka floated.

"Oh, it seems Shaka woke up," Makoto discovered.

The Virgo Saint looked dangerously green and held his stomach. "My belly aches!"

"You ate too much."

"But it was soooo delicious," Shaka groaned.

Himiko still didn't let go of Camus, but hugged him happily and tried to pry off his tiara.

"I feel soooo sick," Shaka whined.

"Poor Shaka." Makoto patted the Virgo Saint.

"He really sounds awful," Aiolia sighed and closed his eyes. Only seconds later, a new Saint appeared in a green light effect. He wore civil clothing and had long, lavender hair that was tied together in a ponytail.

"Hups, where did this guy come from?" Makoto examined the newcomer in surprise.

"What's up?" Aries Gold Saint Mu asked.

"Hi Mu," Shaka greeted him weakly. "I've got a tummy ache..."

"You should ask an entrance fee, Milo," Shura said with a grin.

"Wanna join the poker game?" Milo asked.

"Poker? I'm sure I remember that Pope said you should refrain from such base entertainment," Mu replied.

"Mu, can't you heal my aching tummy?" Shaka asked him pitifully.

"Can you really cure him?" Makoto asked curiously.

"Of course I can. I'm a Healer. If I may introduce myself - I'm Mu of Jamir. And who would you be?"

"My name is Makoto."

"And I'm Himiko, Camus' girl-friend."

"She's *not* my girl-friend!"

"Ah, yes. I'm Camus' fiancée."

The Aquarius Saint grumbled something unintelligible.

"Now that's interesting," Mu said with an amused grin. "I always thought Camus was a dedicated single."

"*I am!*"

"You *were*," Himiko contradicted with a sweet smile.

"He doesn't have the slightest chance," Shura told him.

"Nope," Aiolia grinned broadly.

"You're right," Mu nodded. "I think it's about time for him that someone saves him from his voluntary isolation."

"Look who talks," Camus growled.

Makoto circled Mu curiously. This day was so interesting - so many cute Gold Saints...

"Oh, Camus-sama, you're sooo cute when you act angry," Himiko sighed and played with one of the long, bushy strands of hair that framed his face. He was so stunningly beautiful, she thought. If only he would get out of this impractical armour.

"You *always* think he's cute, no matter what he does..."

"Of course. That's because he's absolutely *perfect*."

"*Perfect*? Camus?! Are you talking about the same person I know?"

"She's 100 percent serious," Makoto said and continued to watch Mu.

"She should observe him for one or two days, then she would be cured of her faulty opinion."

"I don't think so," Milo told him. "Camus even put her into a Freezing Coffin, and she *still* adores him."

"A Freezing Coffin?" Mu was perplexed. "And how did she get out of it? Not even a Gold Saint is able to get out of Camus' Freezing Coffin."

"I thawed her." Makoto tugged at Mu's lavender coloured hair.

"Hey, what are you doing with my hair? - Er... You *thawed* her? *How*?"

"With a hair-dryer of course. Is this colour genuine?"

"A *hair-dryer*?! - Of *course* is the colour genuine!"

"I never saw a colour like this anywhere," Makoto was highly intrigued.

"Well, I belong to the last descendants of Atlantis," Mu told her.

"Oh, *really*?" She admired him duly.

"Really."

"Why doesn't anyone help me and free me from this menace?" Camus asked exasperatedly.

"I still have a tummy ache," Shaka whined and held his stomach.

"Okay, okay..." Mu stepped towards him and touched Shaka's belly. A golden glow surrounded his hand and spread over Shaka. Suddenly the Virgo Saint's face lit up.

"It's gone! I'm fine again! Thank you, Mu!"

"Can't you cure me of her, too?" Camus pointed at Himiko who gleefully tousled his indigo curls.

"I'm sorry, this isn't my job," Mu grinned. "But why are you so opposed to her anyway?"

"Because... - Well, just *because*!"

"Very concise," Makoto commented.

"I just want to be left alone."

"Poor Camus! How could fate punish you so harshly," Makoto giggled.

"Yes - why can't fate punish *me* this way?" Milo complained.

"I guess you don't deserve it."

"That's unfair! I would love to have a willing girl at hand..."

"And what would you do with her?"

"Oh, I have some wild and passionate ideas..."

"And where did you get them from?" Makoto asked with a broad grin. Shura and Aiolia followed the discussion highly amused.

"I'm a Scorpio. Scorpions are known for their deep passions and dark desires - and of course for their interesting ideas in the erotic department..." He smiled seductively at her.

"Hm. I'm not so convinced," she told him.

"You never gave me a real chance," Milo complained.

"Himiko, why don't you put your attentions to Milo? I'm sure *he* would appreciate them," Camus suggested.

"But he isn't *you*, my beloved!"

"It's fascinating how different they are," Makoto stated and looked from Camus to Milo and back.

"Indeed." Mu nodded sagely. "It's almost unbelievable that they are such good friends."

"Probably their interests simply don't clash and so they don't need to argue."

"I still think it's unfair that all the girls run after Camus, but not after me," Milo sulked.

"I agree," Shura nodded.

"I feel so sorry for you," Makoto giggled.

"I feel far more sorry for *me*," Camus said.

"If I only knew *why* you feel so sorry..."

"I want my quiet and solitude, like the cold of the icy plains of Siberia..." Camus looked wistfully in the distance, as if he could see the snow covered Siberian landscape there.

"Hm." Mu frowned while looking at Camus. "Why don't you simply give in to her? Then you would immediately be rid of all of your other admirers. And don't tell me you can't manage *one* girl?!"

Camus vigorously shook his head. "Just imagine, what she would do to me! She would supervise my every single step, would complain whenever I came late from my training..."

"...would cook delicious meals for you," Himiko whispered seductively.

"Hm... You would *really* cook for me?"

"I would do even more for you..."

"It seems all of you Saints don't get enough to eat," Makoto laughed. "Why else should he waver when he otherwise struggles so hard."

"Well, I wouldn't think twice if someone made me such an offer," Shura said. "Makoto, you look like someone who loves to cook, too - and you wanted to move out of Scorpio Temple. I have some space left for you at Capricorn Temple."

"Well, it's true that I love to cook - but only for people who deserve to savour it."

"And you think I do not deserve it?"

"I haven't seen any hint that you do."

"How can I prove it to you? Tell me!" Shura looked at her with puppy eyes.

"I expect your creativity."

"I will create a statue of you to adorn my temple with it."

"Should I take this as a compliment?"

"Of course!" Shura finally wanted a girl all of his own, too. It was unfair that Aiolia was the one who always got the girls - and Camus could, too, if he just wanted to.

Makoto grinned. "I think I will wait until I heard all of the offers and could examine them."

"You have to stay with me," Milo demanded.

"I have? Why?"

"Because I have the older rights."

"You have *what*?"

"You heard me." Milo looked at her. "And haven't I been absolutely nice to you all the time?"

"No," Makoto replied.

"*No*?! Pah. I *was* nice to you. Just compare my attitude to Camus."

"He doesn't count. He's always mean."

"He isn't," Himiko protested. "He's gorgeous, perfect and simply divine!"

"If I knew what to do how to convince you of the contrary," Camus sighed.

Makoto laughed. "It seems that no one ever gets what he or she wants."

"Isn't it always like this?" Mu said unctuously.

"That's why I keep to my meditation," Shaka said. "Who needs carnal desires anyway?"

"I do," Aiolia laughed.

"Isn't meditation boring after a while?" Makoto asked. "When I try it, I always get cramps in the calves and my legs go to sleep."

"Then you're doing it wrongly. Shall I teach you how to meditate properly?"

"So you're after girls, too, after all," Shura grinned. "Nice pick-up line. Mind if I borrow it once in a while?"

"I'm willing to try everything," Makoto said with a grin, too.

"I don't get it - what has he that I don't have?"

"Wonderful, long, golden hair and beautiful eyes."

"Pah. He's blond - so what?"

"Blond is beautiful," Makoto stated.

"If I dye my hair blond, would you consider to join me *then*?" Shura asked, almost a bit desperately.

"It would look a bit strange, I think. And anyway, I want to keep all the options open for me."

"I still think you should stay with me," Milo grumbled.

"And I have still some spaces open in my harem," Aiolia offered.

"Thanks, but no thanks. I hate to share," she told the Leo Saint.

"Well, you wouldn't have to share *me* with a bunch of scorpions," Shura pointed out and gave Milo a nasty grin.

"Shura, you're mean! I thought being mean was *my* department!"

"In love and war all means are allowed."

"We'll see who will be victorious," Makoto said gleefully. "I think this is all too funny."

"Indeed," Mu said amused. Shura and Milo were obviously still in dire need of a girl-friend. He only wondered whether Camus would remain steadfast if Himiko could really cook.

Makoto examined all of the Saints in the room with great interest. She wondered whom she might choose, but this wasn't easy as they were all really cute (except for Camus, whom she couldn't stand, but he was Himiko's anyway).

"Don't you dare mock me," Milo grumbled. "I'm the most eligible guy here. I'm dangerous, I'm good-looking, I'm strong - what else do you need?"

"You aren't conceited at all," Makoto said ironically.

"Of course not."

"Why should I ever concern myself with you? You are mean, nothing else."

"Not true! I'm perfectly handsome, powerful and very manly," he declared and gave her a winning smile.

"Do you really want to know what I think of you?"

"Of course." Milo looked at her and waited for her praise.

"I think you are chauvinistic, mean, greedy, conceited, a philistine and slovenly."

Milo simply gaped at her. This had to be a bad joke... Shura laughed.

"So this means it's settled and you move in with me?"

"No."

"*What?*"

"I haven't decided yet."

"After all what you said about *him*?!"

"Well, I know his faults - but what about yours?"

"I don't have any faults of course!"

"Just like Milo, hm?"

"Well, I think this means you should move into Capricorn Temple to get to know me better."

"Hm..." Makoto examined Shura from head to toe. He had a point. The Capricorn Saint put on a smug smile and looked at Milo. "It's a really difficult decision."

"You had several days to observe Milo, and now it's my turn."

"I guess you're right. Everybody has a right to a fair chance."

"You mean you'll do it?"

"Yes, yes..."

"*Yippieh!*" Shura beamed like a nova, while Milo sulked.

- End of Interlude VI -