

The S-Files

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

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 18: Interlude V - Rise and Shine! Breakfast at Sanctuary

Interlude V

Rise and Shine! Breakfast at Sanctuary

Only twenty minutes after her departure from Scorpio Temple, Himiko returned.

"Already back?" Makoto asked in surprise. "He wasn't there, was he?"

"No!" Himiko sniffed. "I only found a note at the entrance that said

I'm in Siberia right now. Possible intruders, please proceed to the following temple so that you can be eliminated by Pisces Gold Saint Aphrodite instead of me.

*Sincerely,
Aquarius Gold Saint Camus"*

"Sounds like Camus," Milo commented.

"This reminds me - we wanted to visit Aphrodite once more to admire his rose garden," Makoto said.

"Well, by now it's really dark outside; I almost fell down the stairs. We should better go tomorrow morning."

"True." Makoto agreed.

"Why did he have to go to Siberia?" Himiko sighed.

"Why haven't you chosen someone else? It seemed that Shura would have been perfectly willing..."

"No! I want my Camus, and I want him alone!" Himiko said stubbornly. "Who else is there worthy of my full attention?"

"If you ask me, there are several Saints worthy of *my* attention as they are really cute."

"But they're not cute enough for *me*."

"You *are* far too picky, if you ask me."

"Sure. I want only the very best for me. It's so unfair that Shura refused to tell me some more about Camus' preferences..."

"You could have been a little nicer to him, then he'd probably have told you everything."

"But he just wasn't my type."

"You have to make little sacrifices for your success."

"But that's not my style! Hm... Maybe I should have given him some truth drug," she pondered.

"I'm sure this wouldn't have had any effects. Saints seem to be very resistant in every respect."

"But I won't flirt with any guy I don't really like!"

"Why not? It's easy as long as he's cute."

"Well, if you say so..." Himiko said.

"I know, I know, you *only* want Camus."

"Exactly!" Himiko looked for some nice Camus photos. "I'll go to sleep then. Maybe he's back tomorrow."

"Who knows... Have some nice dreams," Makoto grinned.

"Sure." Himiko went to their room.

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"She really doesn't want to give up," Milo marveled.

"Himiko *never* gives up when she really wants something."

"Well, with Camus she made a really tough choice. - Poor Shura, I think he was interested in her."

"Indeed. And he is pretty cute, too, I have to admit. Far more than I first thought."

"Yeah, he's okay," Milo agreed.

"Most of you Saints look pretty cute," Makoto said thoughtfully. "There's quite some variety."

"And who's your first choice?"

"I like those who are tall, nicely built and handsome."

"Like me?"

Makoto examined him closely. "Yes, you fit in."

"Hm. And what about your number one? I mean, Himiko's decision is widely know by everybody now..."

"I don't have a number one. I take whoever is available of the cutest."

"Hm." Milo frowned deeply. Did this mean she only flirted with him because he was available right now?

"Did you expect something else?"

"Sure! I expected that I'd be Nr.1 on your list!"

"But you are - at the moment."

"Hm."

"What's up? I thought this was what you wanted to hear?"

"I want to be your all-time number one!"

"Well, you have to convince me first that you are good enough for that."

"What would you have in mind as proof?"

"Be creative!"

"Hm." Milo thought hard. No. He *was* the number one, he finally decided. He didn't have to prove anything.

Makoto was highly amused about Milo's thoughtful expression. Milo, on the other hand, wondered what might keep Makoto from realizing that there was no one better

than him.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

"I can't understand how you can even consider that there is someone better than me. I'm Scorpio Gold Saint, and thus I'm one of the most powerful men in the world!"

"That's what *all* the Gold Saints say."

"But I *am*. I can destroy a whole mountain with the tip of my finger!"

"As far as I know the others can do that, too."

"Pah!"

"But you're right - in sulking you *are* the all-time number one." Of course this only meant that Milo sulked even more profoundly.

"You're simply irresistible if you look like this." Makoto once more tousled his hair, and Milo enjoyed her attention. "Actually I should work right now and look into the results of Shura's examination, but somehow I'm always slightly distracted since we put up our lab here."

"I don't complain that you don't look after your work."

"I'm astonished that you don't resist when I tousle your hair..."

"Why should I? I like it."

"But this makes it difficult to stop."

"I don't mind. You're free to continue."

"You're impossible! I really should have stayed in Tokyo."

"But then I wouldn't have anyone to tousle my hair..."

"You are absolutely hedonistic!"

"I'm *Scorpio* Gold Saint. Scorpios are supposed to be passionate and sensual."

"Indeed? Ah never mind. At least this means I have something to play with."

"But I'm no toy!"

"But your hair is simply gorgeous."

"I don't consist only of hair," he said suggestively.

"And what would you want to say with *that*?"

"Well..." He smiled at her seductively. "Do I really have to spell it out?" He looked deeply into her green eyes and decided to kiss her.

"Eh, what got into you?" Makoto asked indignantly.

"Well, you looked so inviting."

"I guess you need a pair of glasses, too?" Makoto adjusted her glasses.

"Hey, I'm perfect!"

Makoto gazed thoughtfully at the Scorpio Saint. Okay, he really was cute, but he was also pretty impertinent. To claim she had looked so inviting... Was it her fault that she was so near-sighted?

"Okay, okay, I understood. It's late and I will retire to my rooms now. I need to feed my pets, and I have to do some training as well."

"Yep, I have to work, too."

Milo stormed into his bedroom. Makoto shrugged and went to her analysis of Shura's medical data.

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When Himiko woke up, she sighed. She'd had such a nice dream of her Camus-sama, but unfortunately it had only been a dream. Sniff! Her resolve strengthened that she *had* to conquer him somehow, she washed and dressed and went into the kitchen.

Makoto had fallen asleep at the table and lay within a heap of papers, diagrams and pencils.

"Good morning, Mako-chan!"

Makoto only mumbled something unintelligible and slept on. Himiko searched the cupboards and finally found the ingredients to prepare a strong coffee. Green tea certainly wouldn't help here.

When she smell the coffee, Makoto finally woke up.

"Oh, is it morning already?"

"It is. Rise and shine!"

"Makoto yawned. "After I had three cups of coffee, I might consider to do so."

"Well, help yourself."

While Makoto gulped down the coffee, Himiko searched shelves, cupboards and fridge for something edible.

"Now an opulent breakfast, and I'm content," Makoto declared.

"Well, if you like canned olives, sheep's milk cheese, canned octopus stew, or canned pork with broad beans, I can help you."

"Yikes, do you want to poison me?"

"I don't, but it seems this is Milo's idea of food."

"Slowly but surely I come to understand why the Saints are so resistant against anything.

"I'm sure Camus would have croissants, soft rolls and jam and other stuff like this for breakfast. Even though I wouldn't say no to a proper miso soup with rice either. But somehow I got to like the continental European foods for breakfast, I have to admit."

"I'm starving," Makoto complained.

"I really consider climbing up to Aquarius Temple and asking my Camus-sama to invite me for breakfast."

"Good luck... But we should rather organize some food to store it here so that we don't have to starve in times like this."

"Well, but until we have that I will ask *him*."

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Himiko ran up the stairs to Aquarius Temple and was stopped right at the entrance.

"You again!" she was greeted gruffly. Obviously, her Camus-sama was grumpy in the mornings.

"Good morning, Camus-sama," she managed to say, no small feat when she examined her Prince Charming. At the moment he didn't look so absolutely perfect, though, she had to admit. He was clad in loose dark blue trousers, an open white tunic, and his hair wasn't too well groomed either. But the cutest thing were his 'slippers' which looked like plushy tiger's paws.

"What do you want *now*!?"

"Well, I thought maybe you would consider inviting me for breakfast?"

"No." He turned around and shuffled away.

Sadly, Himiko returned to Scorpio Temple.

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"Let me guess - he wasn't there or he said 'no'?" Makoto said when Himiko returned.

"He simply said 'no'!" A single tear run down Himiko's cheek. "How could he?"

"I told you he's mean, just like all of the other Saints."

"He's not mean. I'm sure he's simply no morning person."

"You *always* find an explanation, do you?"

"Sure. My Camus-sama is perfect, after all."

"Whatever..."

"Can you imagine - for once he didn't wear his Cloth! You really should have seen him..."

"I thought he wore his Cloth all day and all night..."

"Obviously not. He looked totally kakkoi!" Himiko described what she had seen, and Makoto couldn't suppress a giggle.

"Too bad that you haven't taken a photo of this! - But I'm still starving..."

"Why don't you wake Milo and tell him to fetch something. He can do this teleportation stuff, after all."

"Great idea. I wouldn't want to walk all the way to Athens on foot. Okay, I'll wake him."

"Good. I'm waiting."

Makoto went to Milo's bedchamber where she carefully searched the floor for certain buggers. The Scorpio Gold Saint slept peacefully in his bed, and one of his pets sat next to him on the pillow.

Slowly and carefully, Makoto went nearer at the scorpion-free side of the bed. "Hey, wake up, Milo!"

"Mmmmmmm..."

"Wake up!" Makoto shook him lightly, careful not to startle the scorpion.

"I don't want to get up," Milo yawned and turned once more. "Oh, good morning, Marin-chan," he said to the scorpion.

"How can you tell who's who of these buggers?" Makoto asked in amazement.

"Oh, that's easy. Marin-chan has those beautiful eyes, just like her namesake. Okay, she's got some more than the real Marin, but what the heck..."

Makoto examined the beast as closely as she could from the distance. She wasn't even sure she saw any eyes, albeit beautiful ones.

"There, there, Marin-chan. Now it's back to your fellows." Milo put the scorpion into the terrarium. Now that he had gotten up, Makoto could see that he only wore red boxer shorts and a pair of white socks. He stretched lazily.

"Are you finally fully awake?" Her stomach growled audibly.

"Sure. But you seem to be hungry. Why haven't you prepared our breakfast yet?"

"Because I'm not your servant. And there's nothing edible in the kitchen anyway."

"Hey, there should be some cans of olives, some feta, a bowl of tzatziki and some other stuff in the fridge. And there's bread in the cupboard."

"That's not edible!"

"I like it," Milo defended himself.

"But I want some proper breakfast!"

"And what do you consider to be 'proper breakfast'?"

"Well, Himiko said she wants croissants and soft rolls."

"Then she should ask Camus. He likes this kind of stuff."

"She did. He said 'no'."

"Of course, he prefers to eat alone."

"If he always looks so ridiculous in the morning as Himiko described I can perfectly understand it."

Milo laughed. "You mean she saw his cute tiger plush slippers and he let her live? Interesting!"

"I guess he wasn't completely awake yet."

"Probably. I was rarely successful when I tried to invite him for breakfast. He always complained about the garlic in my tzatziki."

"I wouldn't eat stuff like this for breakfast either."

"But if Camus decides to live in Greece, he should respect the Greek cuisine."

"Maybe that's why he's so often in Siberia? - But I'm here, and I demand something edible *now*."

"Why don't you go and buy something that pleases you?"

"Because I would need hours to get down to Athens and back."

"And this means you want *me* to go?"

"Well, that's why I woke you."

"And I thought you wanted to play a little with me..."

"As long as I'm hungry - certainly not."

"Okay, okay... As you won't stop nagging until I comply, I will go." Milo sighed, dug for his clothes which were evenly distributed through the room and dressed. "Now give me your list and some money, and I'll get you your breakfast."

"There you are!" Of course Makoto had already prepared everything.

"Be right back!" Without any further ado, Milo teleported away.

Makoto went back into the kitchen, and the two women waited for Milo's return. Fortunately it didn't take long and he materialized with a heavy bag of food stuffs.

"Here you go, ladies!"

"Thanks." Makoto smiled at him.

"But now you'll prepare me something yummy, too," Milo demanded. "I want some bread with feta cheese and a strong coffee."

"As you wish." Makoto grinned. "At least I didn't have to go shopping by myself, so you're entitled to get something to eat."

"Fine." Milo sat down and waited for his breakfast to be served. Makoto prepared some bread with the sheep's milk cheese and even put some olives on top of it. Milo was delighted. This was something he really could get used to. The only drawback was that she refused to feed him the bits.

- End of Interlude V -