

The S-Files

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

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 24: Interlude VII - Return to Scorpio Temple! The Way to a Man's Heart is Through His Stomach

Interlude VII

Return to Scorpio Temple! The Way to a Man's Heart is Through His Stomach

Makoto ran down the stairs once more. When she passed Capricorn Temple, she saw that Shura still trained in the backyard. She decided to fetch her stuff and continue to Scorpio Temple. Milo would certainly be a good remedy against her boredom.

When she entered Scorpio Temple, she found Milo in his living room, where he tried to teach Shaina-chan and Pope-chan some new tricks. The two scorpions were apt students, it seemed; they played a kind of table soccer with a grape.

"Hi there!" Makoto greeted him.

"Oh, Makoto, you're back?" He looked hopefully at the red-haired scientist.

"I'm bored," she sighed.

"Me, too!"

"Great. So what do we do to change this?"

"I'm hungry - why don't we cook something?"

"You're able to cook?" Makoto asked amused.

"Well, *you* can!"

"Why don't *you* cook and I watch?"

"Because I'm a man and you're a woman. You have to cook while I supervise you."

"You're dreaming." Makoto tousled Milo's deep blue-violet hair. She really had missed this. "I'm not your personal cook."

"Then I won't allow you to tousle my hair anymore."

"How do you want to hinder me?"

"That's simple." Milo took Shaina-chan and Pope-chan and put one of the scorpions onto his head and the other onto his shoulder.

"Pah." Makoto shook her head. "You won't get rid of me that easily." She tugged at one scorpion-free strand.

"Either you cook or you leave my hair!" Milo made a step aside.

"Do you want to blackmail me?"

"If nothing else helps - yes, of course!"

"Don't get on my nerves - I had enough of that today already," Makoto warned him.

"Hey, I'm Milo, the mean Scorpio Gold Saint - I can't be too nice, lest I ruin my reputation."

Makoto grumbled. "Slowly but surely I begin to understand why some Saints love to pulverize large chunks of rock!"

"And why?" Milo asked innocently.

"Graaaaaa!!" Frantically, Makoto looked for something to throw at Milo, who grinned impudently at her.

"Pah." Makoto turned his back to him.

"You only need to cook some delicious meal..."

"But I don't want to!"

"Awwww, Makoto," Milo pleaded.

"No chance." She folded her arms in front of her breast.

"*Puhleaze!* I'm *really* hungry!" He tugged at her braid.

"*I'm* not."

Milo sulked, but Makoto took special care not to look at him. If she looked into his large, bright blue eyes, she'd give in in no time. But she wasn't Milo's servant, she told

herself.

Milo tugged at her braid again. "Makoto? Why do you turn your back at me?"

"Because you made me angry. And no, no, no - I *won't* cook for you!"

"Awwww, Makoto..." Milo added some truly desperate sounds.

Carefully, Makoto looked over her shoulder. The Scorpio Gold Saint winked at her.

"You are terrible!"

"And...?"

"I still think it's not right."

Suddenly Milo's stomach grumbled, and he looked desperately at her.

"You use very mean tricks," she complained.

Now she was met my a gaze out of bright blue puppy dog eyes.

"You *know* that I can't resist a look like this," Makoto grumbled. "Okay, okay, you win."

"Fine." Milo put his scorpions back onto the table. "Have you heard, Shaina-chan, Pope-chan? We'll get something to eat after all."

Makoto sighed and hung her head. Now she was supposed to cook for these monsters, too...

Milo smiled at her. "You are really nice, Makoto. Sometimes."

"I'm weak," she lamented. "Why can't I ever say no?"

"I think that's very practical."

Makoto sighed and went into the kitchen. Milo followed her.

"What do you want to eat?"

"Something yummy of course."

"Okay." She rummaged through the cupboards and collected some ingredients for a hopefully tasty stew. Milo's temple wasn't as well stocked with food stuffs as Shura's was. It took a while until the stew was ready. Finally she served Milo a large plate full while she began to eat from the pan. She really wondered who was worse - Milo or Shura.

"That's great!" Milo declared after the first spoonful and devoured the whole portion

with great enthusiasm. "May I get another helping?"

"You can have the remainder." There was still a large portion left in the pan, and Makoto heaped it onto Milo's plate. She sat down onto a chair and watched Milo thoughtfully.

"Awww, now everything's gone..."

"Don't tell me you're still hungry?"

"Only a little bit..."

"You are very demanding!"

"In what way?"

"In *every* respect."

"I always thought I'm very easy going as long as I'm not mean..."

"And when are you not mean?"

"As long as I'm eating." He grinned at her, and Makoto shook her head.

"I hope you don't want to imply that I have to cook for you all day and all night?"

"All day would suffice. Actually I have some other ideas for the night..."

"I guess it's about time for me to return home."

"No! You have to stay, or I'll starve!"

"Why should I care?"

"Because I'm overwhelmingly handsome and the perfect choice as your boyfriend!"

"You're dreaming."

"You're so cruel! How can you turn down my absolutely irresistible offer to let you stay at my side?"

"Well, I'm mean, too."

"Ha! So we *are* the perfect match after all!"

"Indeed? Only as long as you don't consider me to be your servant!"

"As long as you cook for me, I'm content."

"I only cook for you if you deserve it."

"And *when* do you think I deserve it?" He gave her another puppy dog look.

"When you are nice for a change - at least to me."

"Haven't I *always* been nice to you?"

"Well, if you don't blackmail me or use other improper means..."

"Hey, I never hit you with any of my attacks. For me that's being *very* nice."

"That's not enough for me."

"What else do you demand of me?" Milo sulked.

"Hm, I have to think about it. But the most important thing is that you do not annoy me."

"I would *never* do such a thing!" Milo grinned at her.

Before Makoto could voice her doubts, Leo Aiolia appeared via teleport. "Hi Milo!"

"Oh, Aiolia... What's up?"

"I thought I might remind you that today's our usual visit to Athens' interesting nightlife..."

Makoto looked from Milo to Aiolia and back, but refrained from a comment.

"Is it?" Milo frowned. Since the two girls were at his temple he hadn't noticed the time fly by. It certainly wasn't boring anymore at home.

"It is. I really need some entertainment for a change," Aiolia told him.

"Sounds like a good idea," Milo agreed.

Makoto wasn't exactly amused. She stormed into her room and banged the door shut. Milo looked after her. "Hm... Does she have some problems, or what?"

"Didn't she want to stay at Shura's temple?" Aiolia wondered.

"Well, she had to admit that I'm the better choice and so she returned to me."

"I see. And what about that other girl?"

"Well, she's still with Camus. I guess he needs some time to relax, too..."

"Why don't you ask him to accompany us?"

"Camus?" Milo frowned. Camus wasn't exactly fond of any nightly tours through certain ...establishments. But then, he might want to get out of his temple anyway. "Ah well, asking him won't hurt." He concentrated. «Camus?»;

«What's up?» came the gruff response. Milo grimaced. "He's in a very bad mood," he told the Leo Saint.

"Did you disturb him during some ...important activities?" Aiolia laughed.

"Who knows?!" Milo focused his attention at the mental conversation. «We thought you might like to accompany Aiolia and me on a visit to Athens.»

«Do you think I might find some strong liquor on the way?»

«Of course.»

«When?»

«Join us in two hours at my demesne.»

«I'll be there.»

The connection broke. "He'll accompany us," Milo said somewhat perplexed. "In two hours he'll meet us here."

"I'm astonished. He didn't comment on 'such base entertainment' as usual?"

"No. He only wanted to get some strong liquor..."

"Hm... Is it because of that girl?" Aiolia put on a dirty grin. "Maybe she's a bit too much for him..."

"I had the impression that Himiko is mostly harmless," Milo said. "I mean - she's tiny, she's weak and she doesn't look any dangerous."

"You could say that of Aphrodite, too..."

"Don't mention that name in my temple!!!"

"There, there... Calm down!" Aiolia made a calming gesture. It seemed that Milo still was pretty furious at the Pisces Saint. Somehow he couldn't understand why Milo took the little prank of the two 'beauty queens' of Sanctuary so badly. Actually he wouldn't have minded to add Misty to his collection. "Don't you think you should find something nice to wear?" Aiolia also wanted to get out of the usual leather armour he wore in Sanctuary as long he wasn't on official duty as Leo Gold Saint.

"Oh, yes, you're right."

"Okay, I'll be back in two hours."

"I still don't understand why Marin and Shaina never object when you tour the bars once a week..."

"Well, they know what I'm worth and think it's best to humour me..." Aiolia teleported away.

"I still wonder what he has that I don't have," Milo grumbled. He had been interested in Shaina for a while, but instead of giving in to him, she suddenly said she was together with Aiolia. This was so unfair!

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Two hours later, Aiolia arrived at Scorpio Temple. The Leo Saint was clad in a washed-out denim suit, while Milo wore *very* tight black jeans (he *had* put on weight, even though he didn't want to admit it) and a frilled white silken shirt that he left partly unbuttoned at the front.

Much to their surprise they were really joined by Camus, who was clad in an elegant midnight blue suede suit.

"You look tired," Aiolia observed. "Was the night that straining?"

"I haven't slept a single minute," Camus yawned miserably.

"Indeed?" Aiolia asked highly interested.

"No what *you* think," Camus told him. "She pounded against the door all night and tried to get in. I seriously consider moving into Libra or Sagittarius Temple."

"But why didn't you let her in?"

"I wanted to sleep."

"Well, I could imagine more interesting things to do with a willing cute girl at hand..."

"I guess so. I suggested her she might better try her luck with you or Milo, but she refused."

"How can *any* girl refuse me?" Milo said sulkily and ran his hand through his blue violet mane.

"I heard there were some who did," Aiolia grinned.

"Well, / for once am glad that I managed to escape her for now," Camus sighed. "Maybe I should consider moving to Siberia permanently."

"I bet she'll follow you wherever you go."

"I'm really looking forward to the next Holy War."

"Ah well, let's go now," Milo urged. "I want to amuse myself."

The three Gold Saints teleported into Athens City. It was early evening now, and so there was not much going on yet.

"Why don't we get something to eat first?" Milo suggested.

"Why doesn't this surprise me in the least?" Aiolia laughed. "Be careful or you won't fit into your clothes anymore."

"Indeed. You should better keep a diet." Camus examined the precariously tight fit of Milo's trousers. "I'm sure they weren't *that* tight the last time you wore them."

"Pah!"

"I'm sure you're simply fed to well," Aiolia teased.

"Look who talks!" Milo pointed at the likewise more than tight fit of Aiolia's trousers.

"The perfect fit is well intended," the Leo Saint grinned.

"But I *am* hungry," Milo's stomach grumbled.

"You're *always* hungry. You were hungry since we started training here together," Aiolia pointed out.

"Well, we should eat something anyway," Camus said. "I hate to drink something before I have eaten."

"Well, I saw a McDonald's over there..."

"Milo, you can't be serious!" Camus was shocked. "Of course we will look for a *real* restaurant."

"But I won't agree to visit a restaurant that only offers nouvelle cuisine," Aiolia protested. "I need some real stuff between my teeth."

"Well, if you don't want to go to McDonald's, what about the Pizza Hut around the corner?"

"Milo, you're a culinary philistine," Camus declared.

"Well, I suggest a steak house," Aiolia tried to find a solution they all could live with. To his relief, Camus decided to agree.

"Okay," Camus nodded. "If Milo had suggested Burger King as next resort, I'd have

gotten truly sick."

- End of Interlude VII -