

S-Files: Next Try

The New Saint Dossiers

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 3: Chapter 1: My Home is My Castle! The New Occupant

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When Hyoga arrived at the new house of Makoto and Himiko's, he carried his Cloth Box on the back and a large travel bag in his hand.

"Konban-wa, Hyoga-kun," Himiko said with a smile. "Ahm, what's this bag for?"

"Didn't you say you wanted to adopt me? I thought when you consider me to be your son and have to fetch you stuff, I could also move in with you."

"You aren't serious, are you?" Makoto wanted to know.

"Of course I am. I told you I want a real family again. But as it might take a while until Himiko finally marries my Master, I decided I could start the family by moving in with you."

"And I was so happy that we finally had some space for ourselves," Makoto sighed.

"Himiko, you promised me that you would be my new mama!"

"Of course," Himiko smiled. "Mako, it's okay with you, too, isn't it?"

The red-haired doctor grumbled something unintelligible. "Okay, okay, he can have the room that should be our office."

"Oh yes, you're right, it hasn't been furnished yet, so we only need to put a futon and a chest there."

"So you let me stay here?" Hyoga beamed.

"But you have to help us with the household chores," Makoto warned him.

"And you go shopping," Himiko added. "After all, we have to work the whole day."

"Hm... Okay..." Hyoga wasn't overly enthusiastic about the household chores, but then... He would have a mama again.

"I'll show you your room," Himiko said.

"Cool!"

The women went upstairs, and Makoto cleared away the packing cases that stood in the former office-to-be. She put them into another room that they currently used as store room.

"At least we have enough room here," Himiko stated. "No comparison to our former apartments. There is even space left for my Camus-sama to move in!"

"I will not allow him to enter this house," Makoto threatened.

"But he is going to be my husband!"

"If you want to live with him, look for another home."

"But he is so cute and nice and everything," Himiko sulked and produced a fresh heart.

"I don't want to argue with you. I'm hungry."

"Indeed! -- Hyoga, would you please be so kind to fetch some things from the Sushi takeaway?" She wrote down a list and the address before she gave Hyoga some money.

"I'll be right back!" Hyoga jogged away.

"We need to clean the room first," Makoto said. "I think we have another futon in the store room, then we can use that for him." They worked at the room until it looked nicely tidy and clean.

"Finished!" Himiko finally exclaimed. "Wonderful -- now I have room for my cute little son..."

"I wouldn't say he's *little*," Makoto laughed.

"Admittedly -- but he's still cute."

"Tadaima!" Hyoga called. "I'm home!" He held two large bags in his hands. As was proper he had taken off his shoes right away.

"Already back?" Makoto asked. "Wow, that was fast. We have finished here, too. Your

travel bag and Cloth Box is already in your new room."

"Yeah! Thanks! -- By the way, where shall I put the food?"

"On the table in the living room."

"Okay." Hyoga unpacked the bags while Himiko fetched some chopsticks, little bowls, soysauce, gari and wasabi. In the meantime, Makoto brewed some green tea.

After they had laid the low table, they sat down on the cushions and began to devour the food.

"Take some more, Hyoga," Himiko urged. "You are still growing!"

"Indeed. And I guess he'll grow quite a bit more."

"I'm sure. He's still so very young." Himiko tousled Hyoga's blond hair.

"Hey, I'm already fifteen," he protested.

"As I said. Very young."

Not long after, they had eaten all the sushi and tempura Hyoga had brought.

"Then let's wash the dishes," Himiko said. "Hyoga, you will dry up the things."

"Okay," Hyoga sighed. This was something he had to get used to. In Kido Mansion there were dozens of servants for such menial tasks.

Finally, they sat down in the living-room which still looked rather empty. But then, they had moved in only about a week ago, and they didn't have enough pieces of furniture to put in all of the rooms here anyway.

Beside the cushions and the low table, only a tv set, a vcr and tons of videotapes 'filled' the room. Himiko liked it best this way, but Makoto preferred it a little more furnished.

Makoto turned on the tv set to watch the news, while she nibbled on some snacks. This was really comfy!

Hyoga went into a corner of the room and started doing some push-ups.

"Don't you think it's okay now?" Makoto asked after 20 minutes.

"Nope. I have to stay fit." Now Hyoga began with sit-ups.

"I feel already exhausted only from watching you!"

"Why don't you join me? I'm sure it's good for your health, too."

"Are you kidding?"

"You're just not fit enough."

"I *am* fit enough!"

"Well, then do ten sit-ups."

"Don't get on my nerves, or I'll give you a sound spanking!"

"Don't you dare! You are not my mama!"

"I'll gladly do this for her."

"Better not -- you look pretty strong," Hyoga grinned.

"Sure. That's why I do all the jobs that are too heavy for her. So don't be too cheeky!"

"I'm not cheeky. I'm just training a little bit." He began with one-armed push-ups.

Makoto watched him with interest. This was better than watching news.

"This is just too easy," Hyoga complained. "Himiko, why don't you sit down on my back while I continue here?"

"But isn't that too heavy for you?" Himiko asked in amazement.

"Don't worry -- just sit down."

Himiko nodded and sat on his back while he continued with his push-ups.

"This looks ridiculous." Makoto shook her head.

"But I have to keep in shape! As Saint of Athena I have to be ready for battle at every time."

"Well, I hope there won't be another battle so soon," Makoto said.

"So do I -- but one never knows..."

"Hm. How long do you want to continue? Himiko looks a little sick," Makoto pointed out.

"Oh," Hyoga made worriedly and stopped. "I'm sorry."

Himiko stood up and staggered towards her cushion.

"She isn't used to this."

"Obviously... Gomen nasai," Hyoga said weakly.

"I'd say it's better you don't train with her in the future."

"I guess so." Hyoga stood up and bowed deeply before his chosen adoptive mother. "Suimasen!"

"I don't think it's *that* bad," Makoto laughed. "She'll survive. -- By the way, do you always train alone?"

"Most of the time. In Siberia, Isaac and some other disciples trained together with me, though, while Crystal or Aquarius Camus supervised the training."

"For me, Siberia would be far too boring and too cold. But of course I'm no Saint."

"I liked my training place in Siberia. It's a beautiful country."

"Oh dear, another fan of ice and snow..."

"One learns to live with it. And the training keeps one warm, too."

"It would be too exhausting for me anyway. I stay with my job as a doctor."

"You're too old to begin the training anyway." Hyoga sighed. "But when Himiko marries Camus, maybe they will have children whom I could train..."

"When? Make that an 'if' with very slight probability."

"I will convince my sensei to do it," Hyoga promised.

"I have the distinct feeling he won't listen to you."

"But Himiko is sooo cute. And she loves him dearly. He can't refuse that! You see, I will set up some romantic meetings for them, and they will be married in no time."

"I wish you luck -- although I doubt you'll have success. Even though I have to agree they make a cute couple. But nonetheless, I can't stand Camus."

"What's your problem with my master?"

Makoto shrugged. "I don't like him, that's all."

"But he's such a kind and warm-hearted person. Just like I always wanted to have a father."

"Warm-hearted? To me he's an ice cold guy."

"You simply don't know him. Ah well, at least Himiko sees him as he is."

"Himiko sees everything with pink hearts. That doesn't count at all!"

"I think she's cute when she thinks of my master." Hyoga gazed at the blonde woman who emitted a slow, but steady stream of medium-sized hearts in the usual colour.

"Those things do get on my nerves," Makoto complained. Hyoga stood up and tried to catch one of them, but every one he grabbed burst like a soap-bubble. "Fortunately they don't last long, or we would have suffocated by now."

"They are amazing," Hyoga marvelled. "I really wonder how she produces them."

"By now we're pretty sure it is a kind of Cosmo," Makoto said. "But don't ask me to explain it -- so far I do not even know what exactly Cosmo is."

"My master told me Cosmo is a part of the energy of the big bang that lives on in all people -- more or less of it. The Cosmo of the Gold Saints is almost beyond comprehension, while the normal Cosmo of Silver and Bronze Saints is far weaker than theirs. And mundane people have buried what Cosmo they have so that they aren't able to access it normally."

"Unfortunately one can't measure it," Makoto grumbled. "I hate things that hide themselves from me."

"You might try to access whatever Cosmo you have -- then you might understand."

"I can't believe I have such Cosmo within me," Makoto said doubtfully.

"We'd have to test you. Why don't you ask Triangulum Borealis Astreya?"

"I'm not so convinced. Maybe my Cosmo turns out like this." She pointed at Himiko's pink hearts.

"Do you have someone for whom you might create them?" Hyoga asked curiously.

"That's none of your business!"

"Awwwww! And if I promise to help you, too?" Somehow it seemed that Hyoga was in dire need of harmony.

"Thank, but I get along on my own very well."

"Really?" Hyoga looked around. "But you are still very much alone here..."

"I think it's already pretty overcrowded."

"Do you mean because I am here? But I want to live with my new mama..."

"I don't have problems with you, don't worry," Makoto tried to calm him down.

"Arigatou." Hyoga gave her a dazzling smile.

"And as you are now the man in the household, you can do all the heavy work for us," Makoto told him.

"No problem," Hyoga replied. "Of course I know that I'm far stronger than both of you are. Although Milo said you are pretty strong, too. I mean, according to him you carried Shura down from Cappy to Scorpio Temple, and he was even wearing his Cloth!"

Makoto shrugged. "It was necessary."

"And you really don't train much?"

"Nope. -- Who else should have done it? Himiko was just able to carry Shura's helmet."

"My new mama is very fragile," Hyoga nodded. "That's why she definitely needs a loving husband to look after her."

"For now it will be your job," Makoto said. "By the way, are you finished with your training?"

"Not yet, I have to admit. But if you insist I might cut it short for today."

"You don't have to. After all, now this is your home, too. And I don't want to be responsible if you lose your form."

"Fine. I guess then I will jog a bit around the house now."

"But be careful not to fall into our pond in the backyard and startle the carps."

"Carps?"

"Yes, we have some koi in the pond."

"Indeed? I have to see them!" Hyoga fetched his shoes and left the house through the backdoor.

"Himiko, when will you finish drooling over this silly photo?" Makoto complained. "We still have to unpack lots of things."

"Huh?" Himiko looked up and the large heart that had formed above her head burst with a widely audible *PLOPP*. "Ah yes, you are right." She sighed. "I wish my Camus-sama were here and would help me..."

"No chance. You'll have to do it on your own."

Himiko stood up, and the two began to unpack the crates left from their move. About

half an hour later, Hyoga returned and lent Himiko a hand with the heavy stuff.

Finally everything was stowed away and they sat down again with a can of green tea.

"Hyoga, won't you be missed at Kido Mansion?" Himiko asked worriedly.

"Maybe. But I'm fed up with Saori-san and Tatsumi ordering me around all the day."

"You think you'll like it better here?" Makoto wanted to know amusedly.

"Sure! Here I finally have a new mama! -- Now I only need a dad and my family would be perfect."

"I guess you have to be content with Himiko for now..."

"Oh, that's nice, too. My new mama..."

"I only hope we won't get into trouble as you live now with us."

"Why? Seiya took an apartment of his own, too, and Ikki's whereabouts are mainly unknown. And you have good credentials as you work for Athena."

"If you say so... I'm sure Himiko will spoil you totally," Makoto laughed.

"I'm looking forward to it," Hyoga said with a broad grin.

"Awwwwww," Makoto made and tousled his hair.

"I only hope my fellow Saints won't get the same idea and move in with you..."

"Oh-oh. Then it would get crowded in here. But as long as you are alone here you'll be pampered by both of us."

"Sounds great."

Makoto continue to tousle him. "I really missed that," she said with satisfaction.

"If only my Camus-sama were here," Himiko sighed.

"I prefer not to have him around."

"Spoilsport!"

"I think we should go to sleep now. It's late."

They went to their bedrooms, and while Himiko and Hyoga rolled out their futons, Makoto fell into her Western-style bed.