

S-Files: Next Try

The New Saint Dossiers

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 12: Chapter 4: Feeding a Lion and Setting a Trap

Chapter 4: Feeding a Lion and Setting a Trap

Thursday, 1987/08/20 -- 4 p.m.

"Let's say we're done with work today," Makoto sighed.

"So now we're invited for dinner?" Aiolia asked eagerly.

"Sure," Makoto smiled. "I never take back an invitation."

"Wonderful." Aiolia returned the smile under Marin's watchful eyes which were fortunately hidden behind her silvery face mask, or they would have sparked deep blue fire. "After all, you cooked really great when you served us that meal back at Sanctuary..."

"Thanks. I'm always striving for excellence."

"I'm curious what you will offer us," Marin admitted. She had to make sure that Aiolia didn't forget she was here, too. "And I'm always interested in new recipes. You know, I have a hungry lion at home..."

Makoto laughed. "Thanks for reminding me to double the needed amount of ingredients. I can give you the recipes if you like -- I have assembled a nice cookbook over time."

"Thanks." One could hear Marin's grin. "My kitten needs a lot to have enough energy."

"I wonder what for," Makoto chuckled.

Marin looked from to Aiolia and back to Makoto, glad that her face mask hid her deep blush; still her body language spoke volumes.

"Aha," Makoto grinned. "I have a certain suspicion..."

"What are you going to cook?" Marin hurriedly changed the topic.

"I'm not sure -- but we have to go shopping anyway. Himiko's 'Baby Saints' eat the hair of our heads. Not to mention our big baby Milo..."

"Then let's go to the next convenience store," Himiko suggested. "Milo has to accompany us to carry our stuff, of course, but I think it will be best if you two," she nodded at Marin and Aiolia, "come with us, too. Then you don't need to search for our house."

"Sounds reasonable," Makoto nodded and Marin agreed.

"Even though I have to protest to be used like your valet, I will comply as long as I get my food," Milo said generously.

"Milo, you're on diet," Makoto reminded him with a slight frown.

"Then I demand at least a double portion of diet food!"

"We'll see what you will get," Makoto said ominously. "I don't want to be responsible if you get wider than tall."

"You should better take care of Aiolia," Milo tried to draw the unwanted attention away from himself. "He put up more weight than me."

"Aiolia is under Marin's wings, so I'm not responsible for *him*. You, on the other hand, live under our roof and thus have to be cared for by Himiko and me."

Marin sighed tragically. "Aiolia's very grumpy when he's hungry. And I prefer him definitely not to be hungry. But you are right. I shall let him train more, nee, Aiolia?"

"As long as you let me put together our training plan," he said suggestively, and Marin was once more thankful for the discretion of her face mask.

"We wouldn't want you not to fit into your Cloth anymore one day," Makoto grinned.

"Fortunately the Cloths always fit," Aiolia pointed out.

"But imagine, you shaped like a little cask, clad in the Leo Cloth... A horrible thought!"

"I have to agree," Marin nodded. "From now on you will cook, my beloved."

"*Me?!*" Aiolia squealed. "But cooking is a task for women!"

"I can't agree to that. Haven't you noticed that most of the top cooks are men?" Makoto gave him a questioning look. "Anyway, didn't you claim you are able to do *anything*, like all Goldies?"

"I can do everything a *man* needs to do," Aiolia qualified.

"Well, cooking belongs to that list when your girl-friend refuses to do it," Makoto pointed out.

"Nope." Aiolia folded his arms in front of his chest.

"Hey, no need at all for a diet -- as long as Marin doesn't cook for him and he refuses to do so, he will lose weight without having to think about it."

"Pah," Aiolia sulked.

"You have to be careful, Marin," Makoto lectured. "Lions often become lazy and fat the older they get..."

Marin examined Aiolia closely. "I think your idea has some merits," she finally stated. "I will cook only every second or third day for him until he is back to his ideal weight."

Aiolia grimaced. Makoto had a very bad influence on Marin, he thought. On her own she would never have gotten such ideas.

"Hey, I thought we wanted to go to the suupa?" Himiko reminded them.

"Sure! Let's buy some food for dinner," Aiolia exclaimed. Conveniently he had already 'forgotten' the threat of the diet. Marin hadn't.

"No dinner, diet!"

They closed down the lab and drove to the next supermarket, where Makoto bought mainly lowfat ingredients like toufu and a lot of vegetables.

Aiolia looked with big eyes at the selection. "Veggies? Do you want to poison me? I'm a carnivore!"

"No meat for you today. Maybe a little fish..."

"I'm gonna starve! Fish is no meat!"

"Fish has even more good proteins than meat," Makoto lectured. "Don't you want to get your perfect shape back again?"

"I *am* perfectly built. Just *look*!" Aiolia assumed a pose to show her. "Marin, say something!"

Marin looked at him for a moment. "But she's right," she finally said.

"Arrrggglll." Aiolia hung his head while Makoto continued to add greenery to their selection. Milo looked likewise enthusiastic.

"You really intend to feed us greens?"

Makoto nodded.

"I hate you," he grumbled.

"Indeed?" Makoto lifted one eyebrow. "Nobody forces you to stay with us."

"I won't go before you acknowledge that you are my woman," Milo said stubbornly.

"Only if hell freezes over!"

"I'll ask Camus, I'm sure he can arrange that."

"So now *you* are Milo's newest victim?" Marin laughed. "He already tried his luck with about every girl and woman in Sanctuary and its surroundings."

"*That's not true!*" Milo protested.

"And why do we hear the same story from so many different people?"

"Pah!"

"Don't sulk." Makoto payed for the goods. "You could be of some help and take some of these bags."

"He's just annoyed that he tried his luck and failed," Aiolia teased, "while I was successful all the time."

Makoto shook her head in amusement and packed Aiolia with the remaining bags. She wanted to return speedily to start cooking right away.

* * *

When they arrived at their house, Milo and Marin got out of their shoes right away, but Aiolia first had to be reminded of the proper etiquette. He shook his head in wonder, but complied.

Shun and Hyoga were already at home. Himiko and the others could see them from the living room where they had a nice view at the verandah and the little garden with the pond. Shun knelt at the border of the water and fed the fishes that swam idly around.

"Tadaima!" Himiko called. "Oh, Shun -- you take care of the koi? That's nice of you!"

"O-kaerinasai," Shun replied, "Welcome back home," before he became aware of the

others and greeted them, too. "The koi looked so hungry," he said, "and I know very well how that feels!"

The green-haired boy went into the house and looked curiously into the bags. "Do I get something to eat now?"

"Sure," Makoto nodded and tousled his hair. "What would you like to eat?"

"I want to have something tasty," Hyoga's voice could be heard from the verandah where he was busy doing push-ups.

"You don't have to wait much longer," Himiko promised.

"Hello Shun, Hyoga," Marin greeted them. "Where's Seiya?"

"He's still at Kido Mansion," Hyoga answered between two push-ups.

"Athena doesn't want to let him out of her eyes," Shun added and looked longingly at the bag with the foodstuffs.

"Here's a little appetizer for you." Makoto gave him a bar of Snickers.

"And what about me?" Hyoga, Aiolia and Milo said in unison.

Makoto threw another bar towards Hyoga. "I wouldn't forget you," she smiled, before she turned to the Gold Saints. "You two will certainly not get any sweets before the meal!"

"But we're hungry, too," they nagged.

"*Diet!*" Marin reminded Aiolia. "Take an example in Hyoga, he doesn't neglect his training."

Satisfied, Shun chewed on his Snickers bar. "Fortunately I still have to grow, so I need all the energy I get."

"Of course, my little one." Himiko smiled and tousled his hair.

The boy returned a dazzling smile of his own. "And what do I get to eat today?"

"Buri teriyaki and toriniku teriyaki."

"Great," Shun beamed. "You're the best mama in the world!" He loved baked yellow tail and chicken.

Himiko blushed and lowered her eyes. "Arigatou... But I love to care for you..."

With the help of Shun and Hyoga, Himiko and Makoto brought the bags into the kitchen. While the women prepared the food, the boys began to lay the table for all of

them, so that they wouldn't suffer any further delay.

When they were finished, Shun showed Marin a bit around in his new home.

"That's wonderful," she exclaimed. "I think I shall refurnish my hut in Sanctuary in Japanese style. I almost forgot how elegant this looks."

Aiolia, who wasn't so convinced that sitting on the floor around a low table was such a cool idea, looked at her in shock. "Your hut, okay, but don't touch my temple!"

"I like the style," Shun joined the conversation. "But as long as Himiko and Makoto care so nicely for us, the furniture doesn't matter to me anyway."

"Well, you grew up in Japan," Aiolia pointed out. "But I'm more used to Greek furniture."

"I see. Your joints are getting a bit stiff with age, don't they?" Shun said deadpan.

Marin giggled.

"You need a little spanking, it seems," Aiolia threatened.

Himiko stuck her head into the living-room. Of course she heard everything concerning her boys. "Don't you dare touch him! Or you won't get any food!"

"Okay, okay..."

"Do you need some help in the kitchen?" Marin volunteered.

"Every hand is welcome," Himiko sighed. "There's so much stuff to chop..."

"Why haven't you told me before?" Marin hurried to help them. Makoto gave her part of the vegetables and watched in amazement how the Silver Saint chopped them at the speed of sound.

"That's very practical! And with ths mask you aren't even affected by the onions!"

Marin laughed. "Well, it does have some uses."

"To bad that the guys use their super speed mainly to wolf down greater quantities of food in shorter time," Makoto said wryly.

"You say something," Marin nodded sagely. "You say something..."

"All the work and it's gone within seconds," Makoto sighed.

"But they look so contentedly afterwards," Himiko smiled.

"*Some* of them," Makoto qualified. "Others just demand more..."

"I didn't talk about Milo..."

"I'm curious how loud he will scream when he learns that he's on small portions from now on," Makoto grinned meanly.

"Very loud," Himiko was sure.

"Aiolia won't be overjoyed either," Marin said. "But I will try to convince him. You might try that with Milo, too."

"Hm." Makoto wasn't exactly enthusiastic about the idea. "But you are right, if I don't want to hear him whine until he gets his normal portions again, I have to think on something."

"Sleeping pills?" Himiko suggested.

"Do we have some here?"

"I'm afraid not. But what about the bottles of o-sake we bought?"

"No, I definitely don't want to hear Milo sing again..."

"But later he sleeps like a baby."

"That of course is true," Makoto admitted. "And when he's asleep he's really cute."

"So we should offer him some o-sake. Otherwise he just would scream for his beer."

"Beer," Makoto grumbled. "I really wonder what he likes so much about it."

"Aiolia likes beer, too," Marin sighed. "I can't understand it either." As there were only Himiko and Makoto around, she took down her mask and ate some of the raw vegetables. After all, she couldn't eat together with the guys without breaking the rule not to show her bare face to them.

"Today they won't get any," Makoto decreed.

"Good idea," Himiko nodded and heated the rice wine before she filled it into the small serving bottles, put them onto a tray together with the typical tiny cups and offered it to Milo and Aiolia.

Aiolia examined the bottles suspiciously. They were *hot*, and the content smelled somewhat weird. "What is this?"

"O-sake," Himiko explained. "Rice wine." She poured him a cup and offered it to him. "Douzo!"

"That's only a tiny drop," Aiolia complained. "And moreover, it's *hot*!"

"As it should be," Himiko smiled and returned to the kitchen to fetch the green tea that Marin already had prepared.

In the meantime, Makoto had filled some trays with the first course, miso soup and various zensai. They carried them into the room where the guys already waited with rumbling stomachs.

Hungrily, the men devoured the appetizers.

"Don't you dare eat everything alone, Milo," Himiko chided him. "The little ones need to grow still!"

"Exactly," Shun nodded vigorously and shoveled a second helping onto his dish.

"Sorry, Milo," Hyoga grinned insolently and finished the rest of the zensai.

Milo stared openmouthed at the empty tray when Makoto returned with the main course, buri teriyaki and toriniku teriyaki for the boys and haruyasei no takikomigohan for the Gold Saints.

"Here you are," she said and put down the trays in front of the respective Saints.

Milo looked disappointedly at the rice with vegetables. "Is that all?"

"No," Makoto told him. "I have still some iridoufu for you." She fetched it for him and put the fried toufu with mushrooms and veggies in front of him.

"Really no meat at all for us?" Aiolia spealed and looked longingly at the dishes of the boys.

"Nope, not today," Makoto told him. "You haven't done anything anyway."

"You are cruel!"

"I know," Makoto grinned. "It's my utmost desire to torture poor, hungry Saints."

"But not the little ones," Himiko immediately exclaimed.

"Of course not," Makoto said with amusement. "They are still sooo small..."

"Why can't I be 5 years younger or older?" Milo lamented. "It's so unfair! I'm too old to be pampered, but too young that you would consider me as your boyfriend."

"Finally you seem to have understood," Makoto laughed and tousled his hair.

"But you can't make me give up so easily. You *are* my woman. You just have to admit it."

"Whatever you say..."

"Do I get a second helping now?"

"Nope. You want to lose weight."

"Pah. / don't want to. You want. I will weaken and perish if you treat me that badly!"

"Maybe this is my goal," Makoto grinned.

"You want me to perish?" Milo looked at her like a wounded puppy.

"No, you're right. I need you so that I can continue to tease you."

"Good. Er, I mean it's not good that you want to tease me, of course..."

"What else should I do with you? After all, you refuse to leave here."

"What else? Well, feed me, comfort me," Milo suggested.

"You aren't greedy, are you?"

"Me? Never!"

"Aren't they absolutely cute?" Marin asked with a smile in her voice.

"No!" Milo and Makoto protested in unison. "Never!"

"They *are* cute!" Aiolia grinned broadly.

"Pah," Makoto harumphed, not aware of the fact that she echoed Milo perfectly. "I'm not cute!"

"Sure you are," Milo contradicted.

Before they would start a real argument, Himiko changed the topic with a dazzling smile. "Some more tea? O-sake?"

When the guys nodded, she poured Aiolia, Milo and Makoto some more rice wine and Hyoga and Shun some more green tea. As Himiko refused to pour herself anything because that was against custom, Makoto replenished her green tea.

Makoto still grumbled along. "I'm not cute!"

Finally they finished their meal.

"This was truly delicious," Hyoga said appraisingly. "Himiko, you are a great new mama!"

"I agree!" Shun nodded, and Himiko blushed a little.

You should watch her closely," Aiolia said to Marin. "I think she's a great role model for the case that we get some children, too."

Marin felt that she blushed beneath her mask, but fortunately no one could see.

"Do you want children?" Makoto asked curiously.

"Sooner or later," Marin answered hesitantly. "But not right now."

"But Marin..." Aiolia gave her a longing look.

"It seems *he* does want them right now," Makoto commented.

"I know," Marin sighed. "But he will have to wait at least three or four more years. I feel too young for children right now."

"You are probably right," Makoto agreed. "You are both pretty young to found a family."

"So what about if *we* marry?" Milo asked Makoto.

"Forget it. I will not marry."

"Not even *me*?"

"Definitely not *you*!"

Milo sighed tragically. "Okay, we can also live together without marrying, of course."

"Somehow I'm not so convinced of either idea..."

"You are all so lucky," Himiko sighed. "Only *I* don't have my Camus-sama here..."

"I can very well live without him being around," Makoto told her, but as Himiko was her best friend, she continued, "I'm sorry, I haven't got any clue how to lure him to you."

"But I think I have an idea," Hyoga pondered aloud. "My sensei is one of the best teachers around, and Himiko obviously has a certain Cosmo. We just need to ask him to teach her how to use it."

"Well, when he is around, Himiko's Cosmo is on to the max, so he certainly would be a logical choice to investigate it," Makoto agreed.

"Oh that would be wonderful! My Camus-sama teaching me..." Promptly, the room was almost smothered in pink hearts.

Makoto hung her head. "That's what I feared..."

"Don't you agree that someone has to teach her how to control it?" Hyoga asked.

"Definitely! Something has to happen -- *immediately!*" Makoto tried to swat as many of the hearts as possible. "I don't want to suffocate in these pink abominations."

"But Camus will certainly refuse," Hyoga pointed out. "Maybe we could convince the Pope to order him to teach her?"

"I'm afraid that might be difficult," Makoto pondered. "But we might try anyway."

"We could invite the Kyoukou for tomorrow's examination," Himiko suggested. "I'm not so fond of examining this creepy Cancer DeathMask in any case." She still remembered his gruesome temple that was adorned with countless faces of dead people.

"DeathMask?" Makoto shuddered. "I'd prefer not to examine him at all." Somehow this Saint had given her the creeps.

"I will protect you, no matter what!" Milo declared theatrically. This would be a nice excuse to fight with DeathMask again and maybe this time take his revenge. How could he dare to win Shaina's heart, where he, Milo, miserably failed?

"Well, I hope you'll do that! DeathMask is a bit too scary for my taste."

"Sure..." Milo frowned. So, DeathMask was scary and he, Milo wasn't? Probably he should work a bit on his reputation again, or no one would be taking him serious anymore.

"Milo, would you please teleport to Sanctuary and tell the Kyoukou?" Himiko asked.

"Yeah, that's a good idea," Makoto agreed. "That is, if you don't want to do the washing up..."

"No, no, I will give your message to the Pope," Milo hurried to say.

"Fine. I'll dictate and you will write it," Himiko decreed. She might be able to read and understand Greek, but writing it was a totally different matter, and so she gave him a notebook and a ballpen.

Milo sighed. He had to work a lot for the privilege to stay here... He scribbled down what Himiko dictated and delivered it right away. In Sanctuary, it was early in the morning, but fortunately the Pope was already in his throne room.

"Greetings to Thee -- Scorpio Gold Saint Milo comes here respectfully to salute the Pope," he said and grimaced. Mu and he knew each other for so long, thus the ritual greeting sounded utterly ridiculous to him.

"Ah, Milo!" Mu stifled a yawn and tried likewise to stifle his broad grin when he became aware of his old colleague. He didn't want to betray that in fact this job was utterly boring. At least he didn't have to wear the ridiculous face mask anymore. One of his first decisions as new Kyoukou was to abolish the tradition of the Pope having to wear this mask - after all, without it, Saga's ruse wouldn't have been possible in the first place.

"I have a letter for you."

"A letter? By whom?" Mu asked with interest and beckoned Milo to approach.

"The doctors Terada Makoto and Shizukawa Himiko." Milo passed the letter to Mu who read it immediately.

"You can tell them I will be there at the appointed time." This was a nice idea to provide a little entertainment for him.

"Great! -- By the way... Do you remember that blonde doctor who always produces pink hearts when she thinks of Camus?"

"Faintly... I only saw them for a moment when I had to heal Shaka's stomach problem. Kiki told me of the pink heart phenomenon."

"Don't you think it's better if she learns to control it?"

"I'm even more interested in how she produces them. I have never heard of such a phenomenon; even in the records of Sanctuary is no hint of it as Astrios assured me."

"I thought so! And it only happens when she thinks of Camus or when he is around. I think it would be a good idea to tell *Camus* to investigate this."

"Indeed? Why would you send Camus of all Saints to investigate this? You would be also qualified, even more so as you spend a lot of time in Dr.Shizukawa's vicinity."

"Well... You see... This girl is totally enamoured with Camus, and I think it wouldn't hurt if he would thaw up a little."

"I see. But you may be right, a little change definitely wouldn't hurt him."

"Indeed!" Milo nodded vigorously. "Cygnus Hyoga would be delighted to have his Master Camus around, too. I don't know if you have heard it, but Himiko adopted Hyoga as he was in dire need of a new mama, as she said."

"I heard about it, yes," Mu replied. "I really want to know what's behind this weird Cosmo of Himiko's, and you are right, sending Camus might be the best idea. After all, he provokes the hearts to appear, so he always has the test objects at hand."

"Wonderful," Milo grinned. Wenn all the girls running after Camus learned that he finally had a girl-friend, they might turn to someone else, preferably *him*, Milo.

"I don't understand what it is in for you here," Mu pondered and looked thoughtfully at Milo. "You will support Camus in his efforts, and I don't want to hear of any rivalries, or you will both return to Sanctuary and help repairing the Temples."

"Hey, I'm a Gold Saint, not a construction worker," Milo protested. "Of course I will help Camus."

"Good. I hope there will be no complaints!"

"Complaints? From *me*? Never. But Camus probably *will* complain... He fears for his virtue and his reputation..."

"I'm eager to hear that," Mu said amused. "So, you are dismissed now. Tell your Ladies I will be there and in the meantime I see to it that Camus gets his orders, too."