

The S-Files

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

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 23: File GS01-Aqr-T004 - Stay Cool! A Duel of Wills

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Stay Cool! A Duel of Wills

Makoto began to climb the stairs from Capricorn to Aquarius Temple. She was curious how Himiko and Camus fared.

When she arrived at the round building, she pried into it. The whole temple looked slightly iced - it seemed that Camus had tried to make it as uncomfortable for Himiko as possible. But he hadn't expected Himiko's utter stubbornness. She was clad in a thick, warm coat, sat in front of a door and sulked.

"Hi Himiko, what do you guard there?" Makoto asked with interest.

"I don't guard anything. He tricked me! He is soooo mean! Er, I mean, he's not mean, he's gorgeous, but..." Himiko sniffed. "You see, it's my Camus-sama's bedroom, which is behind this door."

"So what?"

"He didn't let me stay there with him!" A tear rolled down Himiko's cheek.

"That's a pity," Makoto felt sorry for Himiko and patted her shoulder.

"Indeed! After we arrived here, he asked me to cook some coffee for him, and when I returned he had barricaded himself in his bedroom and didn't let me in."

"He's meaner than I thought."

"He isn't mean. He's just a very private person."

"He's a coward to barricade himself in like this - after all, what threat could you possibly pose to him?"

"He is no coward, I'm sure! He's certainly the most handsome and attractive of all of the Saints..." Himiko stood up and pounded violently against the door. "Now get out of there immediately! You are mine, *mine*, *MINE*, and hiding from me won't change that!"

"I don't think you'll be able to convince him like this," Makoto said.

Suddenly the door opened and a *very* tired looking Aquarius Saint (in full armour) looked out of it. "Have you *still* not given up?" he asked wearily.

"Didn't I tell you she's really stubborn?" Makoto told him.

"I don't mind whether she's stubborn or not - I only want her to go away!" Camus yawned heavily.

"You won't get rid of me this easily," Himiko declared haughtily.

"Could it be that you're somehow tired, Camus?" Makoto asked with a grin. A poisonous gaze from deep blue eyes hit her.

"Just *look* at these eyes!" Himiko sighed dreamily.

Makoto dared a closer look despite the angry glare that greeted her. "Indeed. Marvellous colour."

"Why can't this simply be a bad dream; and when I wake up, she is gone?" Camus groaned.

"Because in real life nothing is as simple as this," Makoto replied sagely.

"I'm doomed..."

"Do you want me to cook a cup of coffee for you now?" Himiko chimed.

"Why not. Then your presence is good for *one* thing at least."

"I wouldn't do it," Makoto told her colleague.

"Why not? He's my Camus-sama after all."

"I don't belong to *anyone*," Camus stated tiredly.

"He doesn't deserve it that you do him such favours," Makoto said. "Let him cook his coffee for himself."

"But I want to please him," Himiko sulked. "I will show him that he will miss something

when he turns me away."

"I will only miss the constant fear of being attack by some love-sick girl," Camus grumbled.

"And I thought Saints feared nothing," Makoto wondered.

"I don't fear any *enemy*. But she is *worse*."

"Is she? She's petite, harmless and nice!"

"She's a severe threat for my mental health and psychic balance." Camus yawned again and leaned against the door frame for support.

Himiko disappeared to cook the coffee for him.

"She *never* gives up, doesn't she?" the Aquarius Saint asked.

"Nope."

"Oh mighty Gods, why do you have to punish me so harshly?" Camus exclaimed.

Makoto laughed. "You punish yourself. If you would give in to Himiko, she would be happy and you'd have your peace."

"What peace is there when she continuously wraps her arms around my neck and worse?"

"She decided in favour of you. Although I have to admit I cannot think of any reason *why*..."

"Why can't I simply pass her on to Milo or Aiolia or whoever else is interested to get some girl-friend?!"

"Because my decision is made, Camus-sama - you are to be my man." She offered him a cup of milky coffee - a proper café au lait, to be precise.

"I refuse! - Er, I mean, I take the coffee, but I refuse to be your man!" Camus took the coffee and sipped from the cup.

"Is he a bit grumpy in the mornings?" Makoto asked Himiko.

"Yes, he is. But isn't he cute?"

"He looks terribly tired."

"Indeed. I would *love* to comfort him a little..."

"I'm sure he'll bite."

"He won't! - Camus-sama, you won't, will you...?" She made a step in his direction.

Camus stared fiercely at her. "You keep your hands away from me!"

"See?" Makoto said. "Moreover, he's constantly in a very bad mood."

"If he would just let me..."

"No!"

"You have no manners," Makoto chided him.

"I can't stand it anymore..." Camus turned, went back into his bedroom and slammed the door shut.

Makoto almost burst from laughter. "He's pretty much at the end of his tether!"

"My poor, wonderful Camus-sama..." Himiko pounded her fists at the door. "Please let me in! My Camus-sama!!"

"Shut up," a tortured voice sounded from within.

"I think it won't take much longer," Makoto pondered.

"Do you think I will finally be able to hold him in my arms?" A ray of hope lighted Himiko's ice-blue eyes.

"He *has* to give up somewhen. Even Saints have a limit of their endurance."

Himiko pounded against the door once more. "I love you, my Camus-sama! You *have* to let me in!"

"Have mercy and let me sleep at least for five minutes!"

"Don't give up," Makoto encouraged her colleague.

"I won't," Himiko promised and continued to pound at the door. "Now let me in! I have nothing but your best interest in mind!"

"Good luck," Makoto said and left Aquarius Temple.

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