

Methos Chronicles 32

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31499009) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31499009>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Highlander: The Series
Characters:	Methos (Highlander) , Joe Dawson , Duncan MacLeod , Original Female Character(s)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 32 of Methos Chronicles
Stats:	Published: 2021-05-24 Words: 3,963 Chapters: 1/1

Methos Chronicles 32

by [Helis_von_Askir](#)

Summary

Ah, the Roaring Twenties, he had a lot of fun, at least at the end of it. They didn't start out so great for him.

Pouring the last of the beer out of the bottle, Methos put it next to the dozen already standing on the bar before taking a deep drink. He and Richie had had a little drinking contest and the younger Immortal had lost badly, but that was no reason for Methos to stop halfway through, now as it?

“How exactly did you survive the Prohibition?” Mac asked eyeing first the bottles and then the old Immortals.

Methos shrugged. “I wasn’t in the States back then. I’m British, remember? Travelled a lot too.” Despite everything he had drunk in the last few hours, he appeared perfectly sober.

“Where’d you go?” Duncan wanted to know.

“Oh, Asia, I think. Yes, I’m pretty sure it was somewhere in south-east Asia.” Methos looked thoughtfully for moment before focusing back on his beer.

MacLeod watched him. “Doing what?”

“Whatever I felt like. After all, it was the Roaring Twenties.”

“I thought you were married at the time.” Joe pointed out.

Methos shrugged again. “I was, we took a break during that time.”

Saigon, Vietnam, 1928 AD

It was abysmally hot. His driver assured Methos that the rain season would start any day now. Methos somehow doubted that, there wasn’t one cloud in the sky. His lover slumped next to him, fast asleep. She didn’t do well in the heat but she had been the one who wanted to come here far more than him.

Wiping his face he looked out through the window of his car. At least they didn’t have to walk in the heat. Not this time. He remembered coming through here a few centuries back. There hadn’t been much of anything here but the weather had been just as bad. Heading up into the Himalaya had been a relive. Not that he liked mountain climbing all that much either.

Suddenly the car lurched forward a bit and they were on the little ship that would bring them across the river.

The barge was hopefully overcrowded with people and livestock. But the breeze was too good to pass up and Methos woke Maria and they got out of the car. Someone would have to invent something to keep the interior of cars pleasantly cool one day.

With their finely tailored European clothes and light skin they stood out among the rest of the passengers who were mostly natives or from other Asian countries like China. He didn’t mind the stares as long as they kept their hands to themselves.

After half an hour the ship docked on the other side of the river and they returned to the car to continue on their way to Saigon. Shouldn't take more than an hour or two. But with these roads and traffic being what it was, one never knew.

Saigon was different from what he remembered but then he hadn't been here since the 16th or 17th century. Some changed were to be expected, but thankfully some things stayed the same, no matter how much time passed. Like that money made a lot of things a lot more easy and comfortable.

The car stopped in front of the hotel Methos had booked a suit in. the valets nearly fell over themselves to carry their baggage to the top floor. The suite consisted of a saloon with a bar, a generous bedroom and a state of the art bathroom with working plumbing. Truly the most significant invention of all of mankind.

He had the valets put the baggage in the bedroom and tipped them generously on their way out. He preferred to have some privacy while unpacking. Some of the things inside his bag would raise eyebrows, to say the least. Even Maria had had needed some time to get used to what he carried around with him.

He had been touring Asia for almost eight years now, visiting lots of the places he used to live over the centuries and millennia. China had been a disappointment. Ever since they kicked the emperor off the throne it seemed to be going downhill with the country. Or maybe it was just his dislike for communists. He didn't like them in Russia and he sure as hell didn't like them in China.

Not that he found colonization by the Europeans so much better but at least the French weren't so dogmatic about it. Ah, well, time would tell if this new social experiment would work out or not. He was pretty sure it wouldn't. In a century, maybe two, they would have gone the way of capitalism like the rest of the world. If there was one thing you could always count on, it was greed.

After eating in the hotel's restaurant a couple of French officials come over to him and introduced themselves. Well educated Europeans were hard to come by in these parts of the world and they were most eager to make his acquaintance. Maria got the polite but dismissive treatment. Thankfully she was above such things and merely raised an eyebrow. They would part ways soon anyway. She was going to meet up with her husband here in a few weeks.

Since it was always a good idea to be on good terms with the local authorities, Methos accepted their invitation to their club not far from the hotel. Maria declined to come along, citing a need to rest. She was smart enough to know what kind of club they were dragging him off to.

It turned out that these two spent all their evenings dinning in the hotel and then in their club. It was typical behavior for Europeans. They liked living somewhere else but only if they could have all the things they were used to from home.

Methos wasn't afflicted like that, as long as the food was good and the place he lived in reasonable clean, he was happy. Of course modern conveniences weren't something he frowned upon.

"May I inquire as to your profession, Monsieur Kent?" the older one, Laurent De Valls, asked once they had sat down to bourbon and cigars.

"I'm a doctor. I served in the Royal Army for several years before taking my leave to explore the world." He replied. It wasn't completely fabricated and the paperwork in London would back it up. If anyone should bother to look.

"Ah, yes, where did you study, if you don't mind my asking?" The second, Francis Sarkozy wanted to know. "I myself spent a few years at London University in my mouth."

"Oxford, a family tradition, really." Methos told them.

"Ah, very good, very good." De Valls said and pulled on his cigar. Methos didn't care much for them or cigarettes, really, but when in Rome and all that.

"And here come the lovely ladies." Sarkozy beamed at the group of young women walking in. Methos was pretty sure they weren't *ladies* in the traditional sense. But then, everyone had to make a living. They were all natives, or at least Asian, and every single one of them wore a fake smile plastered on their faces under too much make-up.

Not that the men in the club cared. They liked being fawned over and those women did that with so much fake enthusiasm that Methos was surprised that their prospective customers didn't notice it. Ah well, they probably didn't want to notice. The male ego was a fragile thing that needed constant petting. Sarkozy and De Valls couldn't even wait and actually went to get their girls first.

One of the women made her way towards Methos. He could tell that she was new to this considering how nervous she was. And she couldn't be a day over sixteen, maybe seventeen. Her attempts at appearing mature and sophisticated were rather pathetic but Methos gave her points for trying.

"Buy me a drink?" She asked when she reached him with a very forced smile.

Methos was in a good mood and didn't want her to get into trouble with her pimp, therefore he nodded to the waiter who quickly brought her a martini. Her hands were shaking when she lifted the glass, Methos pretended not to notice.

"You American." She wanted to know next.

"British." Methos replied. For some reason that seemed to relax her. She took a look around, taking in what the other girls were doing and then forced the smile back on her face.

"What do you like? I do whatever you like?" She offered and laid her still trembling hand on his knee.

“I like to look at you, right now.” Methos said. “You’re from China, yes?” Startled the girl nodded. “And your name?”

“Zini.” She replied. Probably a butchered version of her real name that most western men had no hope of ever pronouncing correctly.

“I’m David.” Methos toasted her and emptied his drink, motioning the waiter for a refill.

“Tell me about you?” Zini prompted. It was an old truth that men liked to talk about themselves and their exploits. Methos wasn’t one of them, not anymore, but Zini’s rather clumsy attempt amused him. And if she was only pretending to be such a bad actress then she deserved every pound he would spend on her tonight.

As the evening wore on most *couples* left at one point or another and most didn’t return for the rest of the night. Methos could Zini grew more and more nervous. She of course would expect him to want the same thing as the other men.

And he did, just not with her. He was here with Maria and she was enough for him. At that point he decided that he had toyed enough with her and stood up and reached into his pocket. He withdrew a twenty pound note and laid it next to her drink.

“Tor the lovely evening.” He said and reached for his hat.

“But...” Zini started.

“Not tonight, I’m afraid. I already have an engagement of this nature. Maybe another time.” Methos told her. He found her cute, now that she was a bit more comfortable, but she couldn’t stand up to Maria, and she would be growing impatient by now.

“Okay, another time.” Zini agreed with relieve and took the money. The twenty pounds were enough to make sure she didn’t have to take on another customer tonight, if she didn’t want to, and she clearly didn’t want to. This line of work wasn’t for her and he hoped she would find a way out of it before it destroyed her.

When he returned to the hotel, Maria was in bed reading one of her countless novels. She seemed completely uninterested in his arrival but she also wore that night gown she had bought a few months ago as it left nothing to the imagination.

“My, aren’t you looking absolutely stunning tonight?” Methos asked while he started to undress.

“Do I?” she put her book down and leaned against the headboard. “In this old thing, and you, all evening surrounded by pretty, young girls, just waiting for you to sweep them away with your manliness.”

“Manliness?” Methos smiled. “Lying it on a little thick don’t you think? Besides, not one of them was as pretty as you.”

“Oh, who’s laying it on a little thick now?” Maria challenged.

“I do not.” Methos stated and crawled up onto the bed and over her. “Humbly allow me to proof it to you.”

Maria pretended to think about it, letting him wait for a good few minutes before leaning forward to kiss him. “Alright, let’s see how good that proof of yours is.”

The next morning Methos woke her with kissing his way up and down her body. Last night had been great and he didn’t want it to end just yet.

“My, something put you in the right mood.” Maria smiled up at him.

“Hmm, that something is you, my dear.” Methos pointed out between kisses.

“Am I? I bet at least one of the girls from last night was good looking enough to catch your fancy.” Maria said while she let her hand travel south along his body.

“You aren’t going to let this go, are you?” Methos asked amused.

Maria grinned while she took him into her hand. “No, I want you to describe her to me, describe what you wanted to do with her.”

“Hmm, let me think.” Methos murmured. “It was pretty much what I did with you last night, but if you want a re-enactment, I’m happy to oblige...”

“My husband will arrive tomorrow.” Maria said and held up a telegram a few days later. “That means I have to move into the house now.”

“Well, we always knew that the day would come.” Methos pointed out.

Maria sighed. “Yes, but...he’s so boring.”

“But stinking rich.” Methos kissed her. “You’ll make this work, I have no doubt.”

“I wish I had your confidence.” Maria buried her hands in his hair. “If it weren’t for the money...” She trialed off. Her marriage had been more or less arranged by her family and Maria hadn’t cared enough to put up a fight. After all, who didn’t want a rich husband with a title to boot?

“I know,” Methos said. They had had their fun, but even without the looming husband they wouldn’t have stayed together for long, he did have a wife back in Britain too. One he planned on getting back to eventually.

After Maria had left to live with her husband, Methos decided to visit some of his old haunts. One or two of the old temples had be still standing. He had his driver take him as far as the car could go before setting out on foot.

The temple was indeed still standing, though most of it was now overgrown and a few areas had collapsed, but it had survived the ravages of time as a whole. Methos cleared one of the entrances and climbed inside. It was dark but Methos remembered the way.

The little statuette was still where he had put it all those years ago. It was nothing special, just a little figure representing his wife of that time. She had been sick and he hadn't been able to help her, aside from praying. By that time he had stopped believing in the gods for a long time, but it had meant so much to her that he had carved the statuette from a piece of ivory and given it as a gift to that temple so that she might recover. And she had lived for another two years, so t had been worth it. That piece of ivory had almost ruined him, but she had been so happy.

Ignoring the other statuettes, gold and jewels, Methos wrapped the little figurine carefully into a piece of cloth and even more carefully put it into his bag. No one could know he had it. The government had a dim view on foreigners stealing native treasures. And though Methos usually agreed with that policy in this case he had the excuse that he the bloody thing had been made by him. And he would do some sketchings of the temple in case anyone was wondering what he was doing here.

When the sun started to set he returned to the car, his driver fast asleep. Methos knocked on the window to wake him up and got into the back of the vehicle.

"Found what you were looking for, Sir?" the man asked.

Methos leaved through his drawings. "Yes, I did. A very productive day."

They were halfway back to Saigon when Methos saw Zini walk along the road. She was carrying a full basket and looked like a normal girl, not a prostitute.

"Stop here, please." Methos told his driver and rolled the opened the window. "Do you need a ride, Zini?" he wasn't quite sure why he did that. It wasn't like he wanted her services.

The young woman spun around startled. "David," she looked startled. "What are you doing here?"

"Taking in the scenery." Methos opened the car door. "Come, we can take you part of the way."

With a nervous look around, Zini slipped into the car. She only wore a light summer dress and no make-up and she looked far more beautiful than when she had been in the club.

They sat silently in the back of the car as the landscape flew by. Zini looked still very nervous, like she was expecting Methos to start making a move on her. She kept her face glued to the window, but he could see her face in the reflection. It was kind of cute.

“Don’t worry, I’m not going to ask for anything in return.” He eventually told her. He didn’t want her to die from a heart attack here. “I offered you the ride, therefore it’s for free.”

“I’m not doing that anymore.” Zini said in a whisper. “I’m not very good at it.”

Methos forced himself to not laugh at her. She really wasn’t born to be a whore, and a good thing she realized that. “Then what are you doing now?”

“Washing and sewing. I’m very good at that.” Zini replied. “I actually like it.”

Methos nodded. “That’s good. I hope it works out for you.”

Talking with Zini made Methos think of Melinda. He hadn’t seen her in such a long time and in he missed her, more than he had thought he would. Maria had been fun, but he wanted his wife again.

Though, of course, she wasn’t officially his wife anymore. He had died in public and had to leave rather abruptly. The problem was that they had a little falling out just before that had happened and he hadn’t been able to talk to Melinda much before he had left, mostly because she hadn’t wanted to see him.

He had been stupid, cheating on her with a guy from America. She might have forgiven him another woman, but not a man. As open-minded as Melinda was, she had her limits. And he had made a promise to her that he had broken. And he needed to find a way to make it right again.

London, Great Britain, 1929 AD

The first thing he did when he was back in London was to get his mail from the box he had rented before setting out on his tour. There wasn’t much in there, a few letters. The most important one from Marique from a few days ago, telling him that Melinda was fine and still lived in their old house. The rest he had to figure out himself.

Methos took a room at a hotel under his new name, Matthew Black, nephew of the late Dr. Adam Holmes, here to hopefully spend some time with his aunt, if she would let him through the door. Which wasn’t a given.

He sent her a short letter, begging her to allow him to come back. He didn’t mind begging, if it was for the right cause.

He got his reply the next morning. He could come to the house, but she wasn’t making any promises. No matter, she had agreed to see him, that was the important thing.

Taking care with his appearance and made sure he was right on time. The presents he had brought for her he left in the hotel room. He didn't want her to think he wanted to try to *buy* her back.

When she opened the door he was speechless for a moment. She was so beautiful, especially with that frown on her face.

"You look good, Matthew, is it?" she said somewhat icily.

"You look fantastic." Methos replied.

"I look old." Melinda disagreed. "Now, come in, before people start to talk."

"You don't look old." He assured her as she closed the door.

"But too told to be your wife." Melinda pointed out.

"Oh boy, she was going straight to the point. "No, you're not." He took her hand. "I'll marry you as many times as you want, anytime you want. Just say the word. I don't care what people say."

"I do, I know it's stupid, but I do." Melinda said. "If we do that we'll have to move, and move often. And I'm not sure, I should even see you again. I mean..."

"I screwed up, I know that." Methos hurried to say. "And if that blasted car hadn't come along, I would have made it up to you long ago. I'm sorry, I made a mistake. I can only hope you can forgive me."

Melinda looked down at their intertwined hands. "I had a lover the last few years."

Methos nodded. "That's not all that surprising. I mean, they had to stand in line with a woman like you."

"Stop your stupid flattering, Adam." Melinda smiled. "I'm not forgiving you that easy. And I can't imagine that you lived like a monk for all these years."

"No, but they were nice diversion only." He told her. "Forgotten the moment they were out the door."

"He wasn't." Melinda said. "He was a good friend to me, he gave me what I needed, he made me very happy."

"Then I'm glad for you." Methos said and he meant it. "Does that mean I'm out of the running?"

Melinda shook her head. "No, he moved to Canada a while ago. And I didn't want to go with him. So, you still have a chance. One chance, mind, to win me back. I hope you have a very, very good idea."

“This is not what I expected to happen.” Melinda panted some time later. They had just set down for a cup of tea and then next thing they knew their clothes were gone and they were fucking their brains out. Like seriously. Methos had taken her right there on the couch, hell he would have taken her on the table, if that hadn’t wrecked her china, and he was sure she loved the china about as much as she loved him.

“No, not so fast, at least.” Methos agreed. This hadn’t been part of his plan to win her back, at least not so soon, though he wasn’t complaining.

Melinda boxed him in the shoulder before laying her head on his chest. “You’re impossible. But I could never keep my hands off you.”

“Does that mean I’m forgiven?” Methos dared to ask.

“Hmm, I’m still thinking about it.” Melinda replied. “Ask me again tomorrow.”

Present Day

“She took me back, thank the gods she did.” Methos finished. “Though she didn’t want to move, so I had to keep pretending to be her nephew. Though I kind of liked the kink of that situation.

Joe shook his head. “Don’t you dare to tell me more about that. I don’t want to know about your sex life. But I’ve got to say you had one very forgiving woman on your hands there. I would have made you beg and grovel a lot more.”

Methos batted his eyes at him. “Joseph, I had no idea you were interested.”

“Oh, shut up, you old pervert.” Joe threw his cleaning rag at him. The Immortal easily caught it.

“What was her number?” Mac asked.

“Hmm? Oh, 68.” Methos replied nonchalantly. “Though I never told her that. She was number one at that time and that was all that mattered.”

“Woah, wait!” Joe exclaimed. “You were married 68 times? Why is this the first time I hear about that?”

Methos shrugged. “I was sure I mentioned it before and I was married 69 times.”

“Not to me.” Joe insisted.

“Well, now you know.” Methos said.

Joe shook his head and retrieved his rag from the old Immortal. “69 wives, dear God.”

Methos just smiled.

End

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!