

# **S-Files: Next Try**

## **The New Saint Dossiers**

Von abgemeldet

### **Kapitel 11: Dossier 8: Leo Aiolia**

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(This chapter is dedicated to Natsumi who loves her Kitten Aiolia so dearly :))

**Thursday, 1987/08/20 -- noon**

"Okay, what do you say, Aiolia -- do you submit to our examination now?" Makoto asked.

"It depends on what you offer me as food," the Leo Saint replied with a grin. "And what exactly you wish to examine."

"We could call Milo and ask him to fetch something," Himiko pondered.

"If he takes as long as the last time, then Aiolia will have starved before he returns."

"We only need to explain Milo the urgency of the situation."

"You can call him if you wish. I'm sure he'll lay on the couch, doing nothing."

"We'll see." Himiko took the phone and rang the house. After the 6th signal tone, Milo materialized in the laboratory.

"You called me?"

"Why haven't you simply answered the phone?" the engineer wondered.

"Ahm, there were so many keys, I didn't know what to do with them," Milo replied slightly embarrassed.

Makoto sighed. "You are not even good as an answering machine."

"I'm a Saint of Athena!"

"So what?"

"We fight enemies, not modern technology."

"You don't fight modern technology, you simply use it," Makoto pointed out.

"Unfortunately I never had the chance to learn it. Our temples still look very much like they did in ancient times."

"You really need a crash course in modern society and technology. But until then I would like you to fetch some food for us."

"Again? Why me? Why don't you ask Hyoga or Shun?"

"They are otherwise occupied," Makoto told him. "And anyway, you are able to teleport. I don't need you to hang around at home doing nothing."

"I don't hang around. I'm training while I'm waiting for you."

"I only believe that when I actually see it."

"How else do you think I'm keeping my perfect body in shape?" He posed in front of her.

"But you don't!" Makoto looked pointedly at his belly.

Aiolia almost doubled over from laughter. "Is it always that much fun around here?"

"Usually. Milo doesn't know how to behave," Makoto explained.

"I'd say he just wants to impress you," Marin observed. "I'm sure he likes you a lot."

"Nonsense. He always gets on my nerves!"

"Does he?" Marin laughed. "I'm sure he just wants to please you, but doesn't know how."

"He knows exactly what he's doing," Makoto contradicted.

"Milo? I don't think so," Marin grinned invisibly behind her mask. "He is just a big boy."

"Am *not*! I'm a *man*!"

"Yes, yes," Makoto said. "Would you please fetch the food now?"

"If you insist..." Milo held out his hand. "Give me the money and I will see what I get."

"Fine," Makoto nodded and gave him several 1000 yen notes. "We need sushi for 6

persons. And a bit faster than last time."

"Okay." Milo teleported away.

"You trained him well," Marin laughed. "Aiolia, you really should take an example in him."

"Who do you think I am? I won't be tamed that easily."

"Yes, yes, my proud kitten," Marin giggled.

Aiolia grinned at her. "Lioness!" he said tenderly.

Marin looked around to make sure that Milo hadn't returned, before she took off her mask for a moment to give Aiolia a kiss. The Leo Saint indeed purred like a kitten. Marin's face disappeared behind the mask again.

"How cute," Makoto stated.

"Sure." Marin looked possessively at Aiolia and tousled his hair. "But don't get any wild ideas. I made sure that he's mine alone."

"Don't panic, I don't want him anyway."

Aiolia enjoyed the attentions of Marin's with closed eyes. "Such a pity," he sighed. "I have some free spaces left in my harem."

Marin let out a dangerous growl. "Aiolia, I thought we had settled this once and for all? No more harem talk -- only you and me now for the rest of our lives."

"It's not so easy to get used to such a thought," Aiolia admitted.

"If you want me to stay with you, you have to get used to it," she said categorically.

"I'm trying to." Aiolia caught her hand and kissed the palm of it.

"Fine."

"If only my Camus-sama would be so nice to me," Himiko said wistfully.

"I don't think he can be nice to anyone," Makoto shook her head.

"Camus?" Marin frowned. "Well, he's one of the Saints no one knows much about as he's always reserved and withdrawn."

"There are some people who do," Aiolia contradicted. "Hyoga, Crystal and Milo know him best. -- But in any case, he has a lot of fans. You should see how many girls stalk him. I could almost get jealous of his success."

"I can't understand what they want with this ice cube in human form," Makoto said exasperatedly. "Okay, he is handsome, but that can't be everything."

"I guess they want to discover what secrets he keeps," Marin suggested. If she was honest, she was also intrigued by the ever quiet, cool Aquarius Saint. But in the end, she preferred her temperamental lion to spend her time.

"I'm sure he doesn't have any secrets," Makoto surmised. "Whatever, I don't like him."

"There's no reason for you to like Camus," Marin said. "After all, it's Milo who's the perfect match for you."

"Grrrrr...." Makoto gave her a deadly stare. "What shall I do with *him*?"

"Have fun," Marin suggested.

"Certainly *not*."

"Well, it's your decision." The Aquila Saint shrugged.

"It's so mean -- you all have your cutey Saints around except for me. I wish my Camus-sama were here..."

"If he were here, he would just freeze everything."

"I would warm him," Himiko promised.

"I don't think he'd like the idea. And anyway, I don't think he ever feels cold," Makoto said.

The Aquila Saint looked pensive, even with her mask on. "I really think Camus should find a girl. I mean, it's not good for him to spend all of his life alone."

"Good or not -- it's what he wants," Makoto pointed out. "It's not as if he wouldn't have the choice with all of his admirers."

"I'm going to show him that a family will be his fulfillment," Himiko promised.

"Go for it!" Marin said encouragingly.

"Maybe he would loosen up a bit if he had a girl-friend," Aiolia nodded. "Normally he's so somber that he spoils every fun."

"I will see to it that he will be happy," Himiko smiled soulfully. "If only I could manage to lure him here..."

"We could drug him and kidnap him," Makoto suggested.

"It's dangerous, but it could work," Marin giggled.

"I won't let you hurt my Camus-sama!"

"He's robust enough to survive such an action."

"But he looks so fragile compared to Milo or Aiolia..."

"We'll think of something," Makoto promised.

"Oh please! I want him soooo baaaaaad!" For the first time, Marin and Aiolia became witnesses of the amazing pink hearts.

"What, by Athena, is *that*?" Aiolia wondered in amazement. He touched one of the hearts with the tip of his index finger and it burst.

"This happens when Himiko thinks sufficiently intensive at Camus," Makoto explained. "It's mostly harmless."

"It's truly amazing," Marin commented. "I think we really should do something when she's that strongly in love with him."

"Maybe then the hearts will stop," Makoto hoped while she was busy exterminating them with a fly swat.

"Or it'll get worse," Milo warned. The Scorpio Gold Saint was back from his errand and carried two large bags with a McDonald's sign on them.

"This doesn't look or smell like sushi," Makoto observed and hit some more of the hearts.

"Who wants sushi anyway? I thought I'd fetch some real food."

"Real food? From McDonald's?" Makoto looked at him in horror.

"Don't panic, I even brought two McSushi, one for Himiko and one for you."

"How generous of you," Makoto said acidly. "No matter the name, they all taste like you-don't-want-to-know-what!"

"I think they taste great," Milo contradicted.

"You'll eat *anything* that fills that black hole of your stomach!" Makoto sighed. "Unfortunately I have no choice to be too picky right now -- I'm starving, too!"

"I brought enough Burgers and McFrites and Coke for all of us," Milo told her and unpacked his bags.

All but Marin grabbed the items like some starving vultures.

"But a McSushi is no comparison to real sushi," Himiko nagged.

"Be quiet and eat. It's all we have now here. But tomorrow we'll cook something nice."

"Great! -- And maybe we could invite Camus, too..."

"Invite him -- of course," Makoto shrugged. "If we cook something very exclusive, he might even turn up."

"Wouldn't that be *wonderful*?" Himiko exclaimed.

"If you say so... Then think on something nice to cook."

"Hai... Something he really likes... -- Aiolia, what is my Camus-sama's favourite food?"

"Good question..." Aiolia wrinkled his forehead. "I think it was some weird fish."

"Oh, fish is good! I *love* fish!"

"It was something called *loup de mer* with *ratatouille*, if I remember these silly French words correctly. Why can't Camus eat something savoury Greek?"

"Never heard of this loop-fish," Himiko admitted. "I shall look it up right away."

"I have a good recipe for it at home," Marin said. "It belongs to the Mediterranean cuisine which my dear Aiolia loves so well, even though he usually doesn't remember the names of the dishes." She laughed merrily. "You had *loup de mer* only the day before yesterday, my love."

"Really? Well, whatever it was named, it was indeed great," Aiolia said a bit sheepishly.

"Why don't you join us for the meal?" Makoto suggested.

"Why not?" Marin answered. "Then I don't need to cook for my hungry lion." She gave him a loving look from behind the mask.

"Sure. I really have to take a look at your living community with Saints," Aiolia agreed.

"It is indeed very nice. And I think it will be even greater as soon as my Camus-sama decides to join us."

"We already have enough hungry mouths to feed," Makoto frowned.

"Don't worry, Camus doesn't eat much," Aiolia assured her. "He's used to this weird *nouvelle cuisine* where you don't get more than a coin-sized piece of meat together with a micro potato and three peas or maybe four when they allow you to indulge yourself..."

"That doesn't mean he wouldn't eat more if he has the opportunity." Makoto sighed.

"We already cooked for him, you know."

"*All* of the guys can eat tons!" Marin sighed, too. After all, she was the one who had to cook for them at their poker evenings when they met at Leo Temple.

"Exactly! And that costs a lot," Makoto said accusingly.

"We have to ask Athena for some support so that we can continue feeding them properly," Himiko proposed.

"Good idea," Makoto nodded. "I hope she isn't too stingy. Maybe we should ask our guys to pay us rent. The house isn't inexpensive, either."

"But not from my boys! They are still too small to work for money."

"The 'boys' are certainly grown enough. And when they are able to save the world again and again, they should be able to earn a little money, too."

"But they have to go to school *and* train to keep up their shape."

"You really do pamper them too much," Makoto chided her.

"They need it after all of their ordeals. Especially Hyoga! The poor little boy had to go through so many awful situations... And he definitely doesn't have time to work now. First he has to learn Japanese properly."

"You and your Baby-Saints!" Makoto sighed amused.

"*Baby-Saints?!* " Aiolia asked incredulously. "These 'boys' are really tough young men!"

"But they are still my babies," Himiko contradicted. "They never had the warmth of a real family..."

"You will not manage to convince her otherwise," Makoto told Aiolia, who snickered helplessly at the thought of the 'babies'. "Even though both of them are almost a full head taller than Himiko..."

"Sure, but they are still so young," Himiko protested. "Hyoga is only 15 and Shun almost 14..."

"That's old enough to earn some money," Makoto stated.

"But they never even went to school properly! What should they do? Fight for money?"

"Of course not." Makoto pondered a moment. "Maybe we could rent them out..."

"Rent them out? My kawaii little boys???"

"Why not? They are cute enough that there are certainly people who would love to hire them."

"No, I want to keep them here."

"You are egotistical."

"No, I'm not. I'm just afraid of what might happen to them..."

"Yeah, yeah, the poor little ones are totally helpless," Makoto said mockingly.

"Exactly," Himiko nodded in earnest. "It's my duty as their new mother to protect them from all ill."

"New mother?" Aiolia asked wonderingly.

"Sure. I adopted them."

"It seems some new developments escaped me completely," the Leo Saint said.

"Well, and when I marry my Camus-sama, then we will of course have some more children together..."

"Camus?" Aiolia coughed. "Of course... Does he already know of your plans?"

Himiko hung her head. "Unfortunately he always ran away before I could tell him."

"If he knew what you are planning, he would run even faster."

"Probably," Milo laughed. He had finished his fourth burger and thus could talk again. Himiko sulked. They were all so mean to her.

"How many more of these things are you going to eat?" Makoto wanted to know.

"It depends... Do you still need your second burger?"

Makoto laughed and gave it to him. "Here you are. I had enough of them for one day."

"Thanks." Milo devoured it. Unfortunately, Marin had given her burgers to Aiolia, he noticed. Obviously she didn't want to go outside to eat, and when there were men other than her beloved around, she didn't take off her mask.

"These things just don't keep for long." Aiolia had finished his portion already.

"I could fetch some more," Milo suggested.

"And who is going to pay for them?" Makoto asked sternly. "We don't have the money anymore."



"Oh dear..." Milo looked down at his stomach.

"That's why I demand that everybody living with us should add to the household income."

"I already did some of the work at home," Milo defended himself.

"That doesn't add to our money. Hm... Maybe we could hire *you* out, when Himiko doesn't want to leave me her babies for such jobs."

"*What?* I'm no servant!" Milo protested hurriedly.

"Oh, I just made a little fun," Makoto grinned broadly. "You are of no use anyway."

"Hey, I'm a Gold Saint of Athena!"

"Well, your job description doesn't fit most things where one could earn real money."

"And Athena doesn't pay very well either," Milo sighed. "I shall go to her and ask for a payrise!"

"Forget it," Aiolia shook his head. "I tried it two weeks ago, to no avail."

"And if we try it again, together?"

"Then she will refuse us both together..."

"We just have to *insist!*"

"I didn't know that being an optimist belongs to your job description... But you may be right. Aren't we Saints of hope?"

"Exactly. And aren't there some other Gods around who might pay their warriors better?"

"I don't think so. I'm sure *all* Gods are stingy."

"We could ask Sorrento about Poseidon. His human incarnation was really rich, wasn't he?"

"May I remind you that Athena aka Kido Saori is also really rich?" Aiolia shook his head.

"What about Polaris Hilda? She's in dire need of some new warriors," Milo pointed out.

"Asgard is far too cold for my taste. I prefer to stay in sunny Greece."

"Whatever, we need more money to feed you all," Makoto interrupted. "I am going to demand some additional money from Athena, no matter how stingy she is."

"We could also tell her that some of her Saints consider finding a better paying God because the pocketmoney she gives them is not nearly enough," Himiko pondered.

"Yeah. She can't have her Saints starve."

"Indeed." Himiko looked thoroughly at the Scorpio Saint. "Although Milo had better lose some kilos."

"I'm not overweight," he protested.

"Not *yet*," Makoto said tersely.

As they began to talk about weight, Aiolia became treacherously silent.

"Which reminds me of something..." Makoto stood up and went to her examination table, patting onto the surface of it. "May I examine you now, Aiolia?"

"Hm..." Aiolia didn't look overly happy. "What exactly do you want to examine?"

Himiko waved a notepad in front of his nose. "Here's the program Athena told us to do. There we have an examination of your Cloth with a video of assembly and disassembly process, collecting your health data, recording your attacks and putting together your curriculum vitae."

"If it's Athena's orders, I have to comply anyway, haven't I?"

"Right!" Himiko's head bobbed up and down. "And if you cooperate, we'll get it done pretty fast."

"Okay. What's first?"

"Please take off your Cloth," Himiko asked him.

"If it has to be..." Aiolia willed his Cloth into its presentational form.

"Wow! That's cool! A pretty lion!" Himiko tried to heave it onto the scales. "Somebody help me, please," she groaned.

"We need a crane here," Makoto sighed and put the armour seemingly effortless onto the scales. The Saints looked at the doctor in amazement. For a common human she was pretty strong.

"Thanks," Himiko looked at the numbers. "Wow! 28kg."

"I noticed," Makoto said dryly. "My poor back!"

"One gets used to it," Aiolia shrugged.

"The weight will certainly be better distributed when it is worn," Makoto surmised.

"Of course."

"Now that I know the weight of the armour, I'm a bit more interested in the weight of the content." Makoto shoved Aiolia in the direction of the scales.

He tried desperately to get away. "I weigh 85kg," he claimed.

"Prove it!" Makoto shoved harder.

"Really! It's in my files in Sanctuary."

Marin looked at him, arms akimbo. "Fine! Finally I will get to know the truth. You see... He 'accidentally' smashed our scales at home."

"Ah. 'Accidentally'," Makoto laughed a little strained while she continued to push Aiolia forward. Milo grinned evilly and helped her. Now Aiolia was defeated easily, and Milo held him in place in a viselike grip.

"Hm... 124kg seems a little too much, though," Makoto commented.

"Milo!!" Aiolia squealed. The Scorpio Saint let go off him and took his foot from the scales.

"Ah! 90kg, that looks more like it," Makoto nodded and scribbled down the number.

"90kg?" Marin asked darkly. "That's diet for you!"

"It's all muscles -- really!"

"Hm." Makoto pricked him into the side with her index finger. "Not all of it."

"Too much pasta, that's it," Marin said accusingly. "He refuses to eat vegetables."

"I'm a lion. Lions don't eat greens!"

"Lions don't eat pasta either," Marin told him.

"I suggest that *this* lion should change his eating habits," Makoto said sternly. "Less noodles, more veggies!"

"See! I'm *not* fat," Milo triumphed. "Aiolia weighs 2kg more than me and with 1.85m he is just as tall as me."

"Your ideal weight is definitely less than 88kg," Makoto chided Milo.

"Muscles are heavier than fat!"

"I already calculated that."

Both men hung their heads.

"See, Aiolia?" Marin tousled his hair.

"I will set up a foodplan for you," Makoto decided.

"That's a good idea," Marin nodded. "I want him to be healthy, slim and strong."

"I just need to ask Shaina, she'll certainly volunteer to cook something edible for me," Aiolia threatened.

"Shaina won't cook for you anymore, remember?" Marin's voice held an edge of steel. "She is quite happy with DeathMask now, but she told me he is of the jealous kind. And I don't think you'd want to start a 1000 day war with him because of some extra food, my dear?"

Aiolia shook his head in resignation. Then he would have to go hungry.

"Additional to the foodplan I recommend intensive training," Makoto continued.

"I'll see to it!" Marin promised, and one could hear a broad grin in her voice. Aiolia sulked but was wise enough not to say anything.

Thus Makoto had the opportunity to get a blood sample without any further protests. She put some drops into test-tubes and on test-papers and checked the reactions. "Blood type 0," she finally stated and scribbled it down.

"That hurt." The Leo Saint continued to sulk and pressed a cotton pad to his pricked arm.

"Awww... Poor little kitty!"

Marin and Milo almost doubled over from laughter, while Aiolia grumbled something.

"I really wonder why all Saints whine like little children when I only take a little blood sample." Makoto shook her head in amusement.

"Well, men always complain to get more attention," Marin laughed. "And my lovely kitten is probably best at it." Tenderly she stroked his cheek and thus his protests were cut short.

"Well, he seems to be successful at it," Makoto observed.

"Of course." Marin looked possessively at him.

"It might not be wise to let him have his way all the time," Makoto warned her.

"Well, as long as I get everything I want, too, I don't mind," Marin replied.

"I guess so... Okay, the medical examination is through now. Next thing is the curriculum vitae."

"What exactly do you want to know?" Aiolia asked.

"Everything, of course," Makoto told him and readied notebook and pen and set a tape recorder to record, too. Marin also listened intently. "Best you start with when you were born and where."

"Okay..." Aiolia frowned when he pondered how to begin. "I was born on August 16th, 1966, in a village somewhere between Athens and Sanctuary. I have an elder brother, Aiolos, who happens to be a Gold Saint, too -- Sagittarius, by the way. We were taken away from our parents when we were still little. A strange man appeared and first abducted my brother..."

"Triangulum Borealis Astreya, I presume?"

"No, that was before his time. It was only when he discovered my Cosmo that Astreya became the Saints' talent scout. Aiolos was abducted by a guy called Ares, if I remember correctly. It's so long ago now... This guy was a Silver Saint and the aide of Kyoukou Shion."

"Hm. I never heard of him before," Makoto wondered.

"Ares is dead. He was killed by Saga, just as was Shion. I guess you heard the story of Saga usurping power in Sanctuary?"

"Sure. Which reminds me -- how comes that Saga is still Gemini Saint? I saw he was listed -- together with some Gemini Kanon, by the way."

"Oh, during the Hades battle, Saga turned good again and fought against Hades, so Athena pardoned him. Same with his twin brother Kanon. I have to admit I'm not 100 percent sure that it was a good idea. But then, Athena is the Goddess of Wisdom and she will know what she is doing."

"I see. I guess we will interview them personally when it's their turn," Makoto decided. "It's 3 p.m. already and I want to finish a bit earlier today. Yesterday Arythar forced use to stay in the lab until late in the night."

"It's 3 p.m. already?" Himiko asked from her corner. She had finished taking photos from the Cloth and watched the interview now.

"Indeed," Makoto nodded.

"Unfortunately Athena doesn't pay the extra working hours," Himiko complained.

"And only three hours of sleep were by far not enough," Makoto added. "So let's continue..."

"May I go on?" Himiko asked. She was a bit bored as the Cloths didn't want to reveal any of their secrets. Makoto shrugged and gave her pen and notepad, while she made sure that the additional tape recorder still had enough tape left. "Okay, Aiolia," Himiko began. "When have *you* been brought to Sanctuary?"

"I have to admit I'm not sure about it. I must have been one or two years of age then," Aiolia tried to remember. His brother had told him some of it, but it was somewhat abstract as he had practically no personal memories of that time.

"So you grew up at Sanctuary?"

"Yes." Aiolia smiled. That he did remember. "It was fun. I ran after my brother all the time when I was little. I think I got pretty much on his nerves..."

"I can believe that," Himiko laughed. "Elder brothers often get annoyed by smaller siblings." She had one elder brother, Subaru, who hated nothing more than being told to look after his younger sister when she was a little kid. "Did your brother care for you alone?" she continued.

"No. The first years we were living in the house of one of the villagers, a retired soldier of the Pope's guard. He looked after me while Aiolos trained and gave me the first lessons, too. Later when I was about four or so, I wanted to help Aiolos with his training and often got between his feet."

Himiko giggled. This was a cute image. Aiolos looked handsome right now, and when he was a little kid, he was certainly adorable.

"When I turned six, my Cosmo was discovered, and it was decided that I should train for the Leo Gold Cloth."

"Is it often that siblings both have Cosmo?"

"Yes," Aiolia nodded. "Other than Aiolos and me, there are Shun and Ikki, Saga and Kanon, Astreya and Astrios, Shaina and Geist..."

"My siblings on the other hand were a total loss Cosmo-wise," Milo pointed out. "The same goes for Seika, Seiya's sister."

"I think that's a point worth examining, too," Makoto pondered. "Is Cosmo hereditary? If so, is it on a dominant or recessive gene, can it be located by a genetic examination..." She scribbled down some notes.

"Where were we?" Himiko looked at her notebook. "Ah, yes, your Cosmo was discovered when you were six... Did you get your Cloth right away then?"

"No, not right away. My brother trained me in earnest for a while until I was allowed to take my Test of Cloth."

"What kind of test is it for the Leo Cloth?"

"There were four other candidates, and I had to defeat them all."

"This sounds similar to the Test for the Pegasus Cloth," Himiko pointed out.

"Yes," Aiolia nodded.

"I see. Who determines what kind of test has to be taken?"

"As far as I know it's an age long tradition, written down in the records of Sanctuary."

"How old were you when you became Leo Gold Saint?"

"Seven."

"Interesting! It seems it takes longer to become a Bronze Saint than to become a Gold Saint!"

"I guess it's got to do with our Cosmo. The Bronze Saints have only partial command over it, while we Gold Saints were born with a natural talent for it. A lot of the training of the Bronze Saints is to teach them how to use their Cosmo in the first place, while we just *know* right from the beginning."

"I see. What happened after you got your Cloth?"

"Well, shortly after the plot of the evil Pope Saga was acted out -- Saga murdered the old Pope Shion, then tried to kill Athena, but my brother saved the baby. As Saga twisted the story to his needs, everybody believed that it was Aiolos, my big brother who was the criminal who abducted Athena and later killed her on the flight from the guards before he was killed, too. Even I believed the inventive explanations of Saga and thought my brother was a traitor..." Aiolia's voice conveyed the deep pain he still felt when he remembered these awful years. "You cannot imagine how often I cursed him during that time... Even though I was a Gold Saint, the inhabitants of Sanctuary mistreated me as brother of a traitor. It took me a long time until I got their respect again -- and then it was all wrong!"

Marin went to him and put her hand onto his shoulder. She knew that he still got upset when he was forced to remember this cruel conspiracy. "Shhh, calm down, my love," she tried to soothe him.

"The Pope made us do many wrong things," Aiolia said bitterly. "And we believed he was right! Well, most of us... DeathMask, Shura and Aphrodite followed Saga knowing his evil."

"And still Athena forgave them?" Himiko asked.

"Well, Shura recognized his big mistake and repented by sacrificing his life for Athena's chosen warrior Dragon Shiryu. About Aphrodite and DeathMask and Saga I'm

still not sure. Okay, they sacrificed themselves in the end to stop Hades, but does it mean they are really on Athena's side now?"

"We will ask them some hard questions when they are due to be examined," Himiko promised.

"I'm curious to hear their defenses," Aiolia said, and Milo nodded.

"Okay, what happened next?"

"One of the woefully wrong orders of the Pope was that the Bronze Saints partaking in the Galaxian Wars in Tokyo were to be eliminated. I had to accept the order when Milo refused because he had other things on his mind."

"Pah! I refused because going against puny Bronze Saints is an honourless deed for a Gold Saint. I still can't understand that you agreed to kill the Bronzies."

"I had to go, or the Pope would have considered me to be a traitor like my brother. And anyway, it was the only way to find out whether Athena had really returned." Aiolia's mien darkened. "Athena showed herself to me, but that was in fact only the prelude to some even darker happenstances... Even though I was certain now, that this Japanese girl was the real Athena, the Pope had sent some of his trusted Silver Saints after me to make sure I wouldn't defect. It came to a big fight and Seiya defeated the three Silver Saints with the aid of the Sagittarius Cloth which was given to him for that occasion by the spirit of my then dead brother Aiolos. As I was sure that I was still under the supervision of the Pope, I challenged Seiya for show, but Shaina got in my way. Imagine that - *Shaina!* The very Shaina who had always been Seiya's mortal enemy and tried to kill him over and over again... She took my Lightning Bolt to save Seiya -- fortunately I hadn't used my full force! --, and so I decided to leave Seiya and return Shaina to Sanctuary so that she could recover. I mean, I did find her pretty cute - sorry, Marin..."

He winced when Marin applied some more pressure to his shoulder than was necessary for a well-meant massage, even though she actually didn't need to worry anymore. After all, Shaina was together with DeathMask now, and it seemed they got along surprisingly well.

"Well, and after I gave Shaina into Cassios' care, I just had to confront the Pope with my new knowledge..."

"You always act a bit too rashly," Milo shook his head. "Has no one ever told you that it is very unwise to take on many opponents alone?"

"Whom should I have asked? Imagine I would have gone to you and said 'Hi Milo, the Pope is a traitor, and now I'm going to defeat him' -- would you have joined me? I think you would have challenged me as being the traitor myself instead!"

Milo wanted to tell him he was wrong, but stopped. Aiolia was right. If he had told him such ludicrous story, he would have fought him right away.



"And so I decided to take on the Pope alone. After all, I'm definitely one of the strongest of us."

Milo wasn't of the same opinion, but didn't voice it aloud. Aiolia was so enthusiastic about his story, he wouldn't have found an opening anyway.

"I had the Pope right on his knees! If Shaka hadn't appeared and challenged me, I would have turned the whole battle right in the beginning. But unfortunately Mr.Pompous-I'm-Almost-A-God-Myself decided to mess up things -- and when I fought him, the Pope attacked me from behind and brainwashed me. I never even had the slightest chance! The next thing I remember from then was Cassios lying dead at my feet... Seiya told me what happened, and I was devastated. I mean, the Pope had used me over and over again! And this time he even raped my mind to take revenge both on me and on Seiya!" Aiolia clenched his hands to fists. Sometimes he thought he could come to terms with Saga being around, but right now he was in the right mood to kill him again, as he always was when he remembered this dark chapter of his life.

"So this spell the Pope put on you was broken when Cassios was dead?" Himiko inquired.

"Exactly. The Pope brainwashed me in a way that I would only get my senses again after I killed a friend. Of course the idea was that I should kill Seiya, but Cassios intervened and sacrificed himself."

"That's truly evil," Makoto said disgustedly. "If you ask me, Saga seems to be even worse than DeathMask!"

"Well, Saga had larger plans..."

"And still Athena pardoned him?"

"Yep," Aiolia said darkly.

"I can't believe it!" Himiko shuddered.

"Neither can I," Milo admitted. "Saga is an arrogant, cruel, useless bastard!"

"Hm... Is there any Saint you like?" Makoto wondered. "You seem to dislike most of them."

"Well, Camus is okay. And Shura. And I think I can cope with Aiolia, Shaka and Mu, too." Milo gave the Leo Saint an insolent smile.

"Oh, these are more than I thought."

"Sure. I'm an easy-going guy after all."

"Who says that?"

"Pah! Ah yes, I think Kiki is a pretty nice guy, even though he belongs to another generation and he can pretty much get onto my nerves once in a while..."

Makoto laughed. "You mean he is too small to be a danger to you..."

"No one is a danger to me!" Milo bristled.

"Really?" Aiolia decided to put the dark thoughts away. He couldn't change anything that had happened, so why delve in it. "I can remember the spanking the old Pope Shion gave you that day..."

"He did?" Makoto asked curiously. "Why?"

Aiolia grinned broadly. "When Camus, Milo, Shura and I were little, Shura often played tricks on the Pope and Milo got the blame..."

"Hm." Makoto frowned. "I think Milo said *you* were the culprit!"

"Me? Certainly not. Aiolos would have spanked me if I would ever done anything to the Pope! He revered him. It was Shura, and he was clever enough to imply Milo. No one could ever prove that Shura did anything..."

Milo grumbled something unintelligible.

"That's interesting," Makoto said. "I guess we have to ask Shura for his version of the story..."

"The bad thing was that I never managed to get back at Shura! There was just no proof at all," Milo growled.

"Exactly," Aiolia nodded. "Everything just pointed to Milo. Although I have to admit I have some doubts... I mean, some of the practical jokes were just too ingenious that it could have been Shura!"

"But who else could have been?" Makoto pondered. "Milo obviously wasn't the culprit..."

"Indeed! I was wrongly blamed!"

"Maybe it was one of the girls..." Aiolia looked pointedly at Marin.

"Who knows? Girls are usually more ingenious," Makoto agreed.

"Maybe it was Shaina?" Marin suggested.

Makoto laughed. "And poor Milo got the punishment... Although I'm sure he deserved it in any case."

"Pah. I deserved nothing like that. I was always absolutely nice."

"Why don't I believe that..."

"You're right," Aiolia grinned. "He was always very wild."

"Yeah, a big Baby-Saint," Himiko nodded.

Milo made a face, but was consoled when Makoto tousled his hair.

"Okay, are you finished now?" Aiolia wanted to know.

"I'm afraid not." Makoto fetched a new notepad and took over from Himiko. "There are still lots of questions..."

"Oh dear... What else?"

"What did you do after the Sanctuary War?"

"Well, first I had a nice time with Marin and Shaina..." A tug at his earlobe reminded him that Marin didn't want this to be mentioned anymore. Well, actually things were somewhat different than most people believed, but he definitely wouldn't explain this while Milo was listening. Shaina just had been fed up with Milo chasing after her, especially as the Scorpio Saint didn't even give up after having received her Thunder Claw attack repeatedly. So she told Milo she was together with Aiolia, and the Leo Saint considered this fun as it stroked his ego when all people thought he had conquered both Marin's and Shaina's heart, while Shaina was content that she didn't have to deal with any annoying suitors anymore. "Okay, okay! Later I heard that Seiya and his friends had to fight the God Warriors of Asgard, but as no one asked me or any of the other Gold Saints to intervene, we decided to keep out of it. The only one of us who didn't like the idea to stay home was Aldebaran, but that was because he was directly attacked. On the other hand, he was in no shape to fight."

"Hm... Obviously Athena thought her Bronze Boys were sufficient."

"They were - but barely... They should have taken some of us Gold Saints to Asgard, then Athena would have been saved much faster!"

A medium loud snore came from the far corner. Milo, who had felt somewhat neglected, was sitting on a lab chair and dozed. He was ignored.

"Probably," Makoto nodded. "But then, Seiya and the others managed to defeat the God Warriors and Hilda nonetheless... And after that Poseidon started his real attack?"

Aiolia nodded. "According to the Bronze Boys, Athena was just saved when Poseidon made his move and abducted her into his realm under the sea. They followed him right away to Atlantis, while on the Earth the heavy rains started..."

"You don't need to remind me! I almost drowned when trying to get to work during that time! All the streets were flooded..."

"Yeah, Poseidon tried to drown the whole world to clean it. And this time Dohko forbade us to help Seiya under pain of death. I was really furious, I have to admit! Mu was instructed to hold the others back."

"Was there a reason for Dohko's orders?"

"At that time I couldn't understand it at all. Later I learned that allegedly Athena had to undergo another test before the Hades War. If you ask me, this was the cheesiest argument I ever heard! I mean, if Athena had been killed then it would have taken at least another 13 or 14 years until her next incarnation would have been ready to lead the battle. And during that time, Hades would have had free reign!"

"I guess we have to ask Dohko what really was up," Makoto pondered.

"Do that! He refused to tell *us* his reasoning."

"I'm curious what he will say..."

"You are not alone in that."

"So you missed the Poseidon war --"

"*Missed* is not the word. We got dripping wet, and I can tell you, water in the Cloth is horrible!"

Marin laughed. "Neither lions nor other cats like the water, after all. But be glad that the Cloths don't rust."

"I am! -- So let's see, what happened then? Ah well, nothing of greater importance, I'd say... We won the Hades war, died in the process, were resurrected by the Great Mother Gaia..."

"And Shaina dumped you," it came from Milo's corner. Obviously he had woken up a short while ago.

"Actually I told her to leave Aiolia alone," Marin said sweetly. Well, to be honest, Shaina had gotten tired of her little game and decided to end it, but this way it sounded better to Marin.

"And she did?" Makoto wondered.

"Well, I was very convincing. And she was fed up with the arrangement anyway." At least finally she had found someone who had truly captured her heart, Marin thought, even though she was still puzzled over her friend's choice.

"So no harem for the lion king anymore..."

"Unfortunately," Aiolia nodded. "That was very depressing. But then, Marin has always been my number one."

"You sure?" Makoto said teasingly.

"Of course! I'm *dead* serious," he said hurriedly when Marin gave him an amused smile from behind her mask.

Makoto grinned. "This kitten is nicely tamed, I would say."

"Tamed?" Aiolia looked scandalized at her. "/am the man in the house!"

"Indeed," Marin said sweetly. It was always a good idea to make him look better in the public.

"Shall I really believe that?"

"Nope," Milo stated matter-of-factly.

"Shhhhhht!" Aiolia hissed.

Marin put her hands around Aiolia's neck and one could easily guess that she smiled broadly behind her mask. "Of course he is the man," she claimed. "I cook for him, I see to it that he is comfortable..."

"And what does he do?" Makoto wanted to know.

"He trains and protects Leo Temple, as he should do." 'And he does a lot of the household chores,' she added mentally. "After all, he is my strong and proud lion..."

"So it seems... When he shows us his attacks now, then you have him all for your own again."

"Fine." She made a step backwards and let him lose. "Well? Do your best and hurry, my beloved."

"Of course."

"Don't panic, we won't stay any minute longer than we need. The test range is awfully cold."

"I see. So you already examined Camus?"

"How did you guess?" Makoto laughed. "I wonder if it will ever thaw naturally."

"I don't think so. Camus' ice is very robust," Aiolia stated.

"In any case, it's practical. So the test range doesn't get destroyed from all the Saints'

attacks," Himiko said.

The scientists and Aiolia left the lab and went to the test range. Himiko turned the cameras on.

"I'm all set now," she said. "Please begin!"

Aiolia smashed Lighting Bolt and Lightning Plasma into the test range.

"The light show looks really impressive, but the ice holds," Makoto commented.

"Indeed!" Himiko's head bobbed up and down. "My Camus-sama is so great!"

Makoto decided to ignore the fresh pink heart. "Let's go back again. I don't want my feet to freeze to the ground."

Back in the lab, they completed their notes, and finally Himiko clapped her hands. "Wonderful! Now we can finish for today," she exclaimed happily.