

S-Files: Next Try

Von abgemeldet

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Prolog: Intro: Athena's Command! This Time Don't Forget Seiya

Intro: Athena's Command! This Time Don't Forget Seiya

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Monday, 1987/08/17 -- 10 a.m.

It was late morning in Tokyo, and doctors Terada Makoto and Shizukawa Himiko sat in their office in the Graude Foundation Research Laboratories to study their newest job.

"Wow! This doesn't come from Professor Asamori, but from Her Holiness herself!" Himiko said slightly disrespectfully. The petite engineer was clad in a simple white lab coat over fashionable red trousers and her long, golden blonde braid hung down to the small of her back.

"But nonetheless, we are to examine all the Saints *again*," Makoto sighed. The physician looked huge compared to her colleague; she was about one head taller and more massively built. She, too, wore a long braid, hers a fiery red, and she squinted her green eyes behind thick glasses to read the long list more easily. "This time Athena sent us an alphabetical list so that we don't leave out any of her precious Saints. It will take *years* until we are through with all of them!"

"An alphabetical list? Cool! This means that my Camus-sama is number 3 to be examined!"

"So what? Just look at the list what we are to find out: how they survived their being dead, a full curriculum vitae from their birth up to today, all of their attacks including their most secret ones - as if they would tell us! - any changes compared to the data of the old examination..."

"I'm just happy that my Camus-sama is alive and sound again," Himiko said dreamily and admired her favourite Camus photo that she always carried around in her pocket.

"...we are to assess whether there is still some trace of Hades in Shun..."

"I wonder if he still remembers me..."

"Hades? He doesn't know you in the first place, I'd say!"

"Not Hades! Who is Hades anyway? I talk about my gorgeous, beloved Camus-sama!"

"I'm sure he'll get a heart-attack as soon as he sees you and then he's dead for the third and final time!"

"Never! He loves me! He just hasn't realized it yet."

"Anyway, I refuse to chase the Saints over half the world this time. They will have to report to us to be examined!"

"Hm, and why should they?"

"Because we act on Athena's orders! They will have to obey."

"Sounds great to me. Please pass me the list, I want to take a look, too."

Makoto gave Himiko the paper, and the engineer read.

Alphabetical List of the Saints to be examined

1. Pegasus Seiya (Bronze)
2. Albatross Arythar (Bronze)
3. Andromeda Shun (Bronze)
4. Aquarius Camus (Gold)
5. Aquila Marin (Silver)
6. Aries Phrixos, formerly Kiki (Gold)
7. Aries Shion (retiredGold)
8. Bear Geki (Bronze)
9. Cancer DeathMask (Gold)
10. Capricorn Shura (Gold)
11. Cepheus Albiorix (Silver)
12. Chameleon June (Bronze)
13. Crystal Saint (whatever - and find out his real name!)
14. Cygnus Hyoga (Bronze)
15. Dragon Shiryu (Bronze)
16. Gemini Kanon (Gold)
17. Gemini Saga (Gold)
18. Horologium Kleio (Silver)
19. Hydra Ichi (Bronze)
20. Kyoukou Mu (Ex-Gold)
21. Lacerta Misty (Silver)
22. Leo Aiolia (Gold)
23. Libra Dohko (Gold)
24. Lionet Ban (Bronze)
25. Ophiuchus Shaina (Silver)
26. Perseus Algol (Silver)
27. Phoenix Ikki (Bronze)
28. Pisces Aphrodite (Gold)
29. Sagittarius Aiolos (Gold)
30. Scorpio Milo (Gold)
31. Taurus Aldebaran (Gold)
32. Triangulum Australe Astaros (Silver)

- 33. Triangulum Borealis Astreya (Silver)
- 34. Unicorn Jabu (Bronze)
- 35. Virgo Shaka (Gold)
- 36. Wolf Nachi (Bronze)

"Isn't that list supposed to be alphabetical? Then why is Pegasus Seiya on top of it? By my last count, 'p' was the 16th letter of the alphabet."

"But then, Athena wrote the list. She's the Goddess of Wisdom, and obviously she commands the alphabet, too."

"Well, is there any hint that we are to work through the list from top to bottom - beside the fact that Seiya is the number one?"

Makoto inspected the hand-writing. "Nope. There's just the demand that we are to work very carefully."

"Great! Then let us start directly with my Camus-sama!"

"Well, we can handle him after we took care of Seiya. You know that Athena is pretty touchy where he is concerned."

"Yeah, yeah, as long as she leaves my Camus-sama to me I'm content."

"I'm sure she doesn't want to catch a cold by being too long in his vicinity. But you are right, we might send the Goldies a note first. The only drawback is that they still don't have telephones at Sanctuary..."

"We could ask one of the Bronze Boys who stays here in Tokyo to carry our message to them. Hm... Seiya will probably not be available right now, I guess. Since she got him back, Athena hasn't let him go anywhere without supervision. Which reminds me, how are we supposed to examine him anyway if she won't let him out of her clutches? Ah yes, I think I will ask my cute Rubberducky Saint!"

Makoto shook her head in amusement. "Make it so!"

"I will! He should be at the Kido Mansion with the others, I hope..." Himiko stormed to the phone and called the mansion. Tatsumi answered the call and agreed to send Hyoga to the Research Labs when he was informed about the orders Athena had given.

"Why don't we start to arrange the appointments?" Makoto suggested. "Then Hyoga can deliver the invitations to all of the Goldies currently at Sanctuary."

They began to set dates for the examinations, and Himiko printed the letters.

"Anyway," Himiko mused, "as soon as I've convinced my Camus-sama to marry me, you'll have to calculate at least a 4-week-break for our honeymoon."

"You won't get any time off!" Makoto threatened.

"No honeymoon for my Camus-sama and me?"

"Of course not. I won't do all the work here while you have a great time!"

"Pah! You are just envious of me and my wonderful Camus-sama!"

"Certainly not. And anyway, he still struggles and tries to get away from you."

"Humph."

"Okay, I have completed the examination schedule for the first batch of Saints."

"Fine! Who's the first one after my beloved Camus-sama?"

"It'd better be Seiya, or we'll get into trouble with Athena."

"Agreed. And who's next?"

"Albatross Arythar, but I heard he is very hard to catch. He flies around as courier all the time. So let's ask Andromeda Shun to come here. Give the Goldies time to prepare and pack their things."

"But then I want to see Shaka again. The poor guy has to be fed properly, but I'm sure he continued to neglect his health during the last time."

"Indeed. I will write a short note that we have to design a proper foodplan for him."

"Good idea. And then I'd like to take a good look at DeathMask again, ah yes, and Milo and Aphrodite and Aiolia - oh, and at Aiolos, too, of course. After all, he was dead when we last were at Sanctuary. Ah yes, and I have heard the mushroom looks pretty nice now, too!"

"I wouldn't have examined a mushroom," Makoto laughed. "I'm a doctor, not a mycologist!"

"Well, Dohko allegedly looks like 18 now. And if I interpreted the list correctly, there seem to be some more changes now, most notably that Kiki became the new Aries Gold Saint and changed his name to Phrixos, while Mu became the new Kyoukou. And there is another Aries, too, but I heard he lives in Jamir, wherever this is. We can contact him when we are through with the others, I guess. "

"I wonder whether Mu has to wear this silly mask now, too, like the old Pope!"

"Probably. Poor Mu! I'm sure being the Kyoukou is a boring job."

Suddenly the door bell rang. Himiko jumped up. "This has to be Hyoga!" She ran to the

door, and the visitor was indeed the Cygnus Saint. "Hello Hyoga," she beamed. "We have an urgent job for you, on behalf of Athena."

"Hello Himiko, Makoto! - So what is it?"

Makoto took up the stack of letters. "We need you to deliver these to the Gold Saints living at Sanctuary."

"Hm... 'Living at Sanctuary' isn't the proper term right now," Hyoga said with a wry grin. "As much of Sanctuary has to be rebuilt at the moment, the Gold Saints got first-class accommodations in the best hotels in Athens. I heard some of them consider staying there as it's so much more comfortable than their temples..."

"I'm sure they'll reconsider when Athena stops paying for the hotels and they have to earn money to stay there," Himiko giggled. "But then, my wonderful Camus-sama doesn't need to worry, he can always stay with me."

"Okay, I'll deliver your letters as fast as possible," Hyoga promised. "Anything else?"

"Yes. Here's *your* appointment for the examination." Makoto gave him a letter with his name on the envelope.

"What examination? Haven't you examined me sufficiently the last time?"

"Well, Athena insists that all Saints who are alive right now have to undergo a new series of thorough examinations."

"Thorough?! But you won't get any more blood samples of me!"

"Of course I will," Makoto grinned.

"No! I hate syringes!"

"Awww," the doctor tousled Hyoga's hair. "Such a big boy and still afraid of syringes?"

"I'm not afraid, I just hate them!" Hyoga told her sulkily.

"This won't kill you, I promise."

"Hardly," Hyoga said wryly. "But you love to torture helpless, little Saints, do you?"

"Caught!" Makoto grinned broadly.

"Mako-chan! You will be nice to my future stepson!" Himiko told her.

"You still wish to marry my Master and adopt me?" Hyoga asked wistfully.

"Of course!"

"That's wonderful," Hyoga smiled. "I'm really looking forward to having a real family for once."

"But remember that Camus has a say in this, too," Makoto warned. "And I'm sure his answer will be an emphatic 'NO'."

"Sooner or later he'll give up," Himiko promised. "And when we live as a true family, then I'll prepare your bentou before you go into a battle..."

Makoto gave Himiko a very strange look. Sometimes her colleague had some very weird ideas.

"Cool," Hyoga beamed. "Then I don't have to go hungry during a fight. You see, the Sanctuary battle took twelve hours and we never ate or drank during it."

"No wonder that most of you Saints are so thin," Makoto shook her head. "You should put on one or two kilograms, too, Hyoga."

"As soon as my beloved Camus-sama and I are married, I will properly care for you," Himiko promised. "I'll cook all of your favourite meals for you..."

"But not too much, or he'll get fat," Makoto laughed. "In any case, I think Hyoga should go now to deliver the orders."

The Cygnus Saint said good-bye and went on his way with the incredible speed only a Saint of Athena could muster.

"Now it's waiting again," Makoto stated.

"Indeed." Himiko smiled soulfully, and suddenly a small pink heart appeared above her head and floated upwards where it burst when it touched the ceiling.

"And I had hoped you were cured," Makoto groaned.

"Sorry... They just ...appear when I think fondly of *him*..."

"Try to keep the number of them down, yes? I don't want to suffocate in ridiculous pink hearts..."

"I'll try..."

"Think of something different!"

But this was easier said than done, and so it happened that once in a while another heart appeared, floated upwards and burst when touching the ceiling. Makoto just sighed tragically, ignored it and began to prepare the first test series.

Kapitel 1: Dossier 1: Aquarius Camus

Dossier 1: Aquarius Camus

Monday, 1987/08/17 -- 11:45 a.m.

Himiko and Makoto were still deep in their preparations, when the Aquarius Gold Saint materialized at the coordinates Hyoga had given him. Camus was clad in his impressive golden armour and looked resignedly at the blonde engineer. Somehow he wasn't able to escape *her* for good...

"I'm here as ordered by the Goddess," he said formally.

"Fine," Makoto nodded. "And punctual at that!"

"It was 4 o'clock in the morning at Athens when Hyoga woke me from my well-earned slumber," Camus said grumpily. "You might have taken the different time zones into account when you called me!"

"You're a Saint of Athena, you have to hurry whenever she calls you," Makoto lectured. Okay, in Tokyo it was already seven hours later, but that was no reason to complain for him.

Camus grumbled something unintelligible.

"Isn't he totally kawaii?" Himiko breathed adoringly and produced a little swarm of half a dozen medium sized hearts.

"Oh dear, I really feared this," Makoto sighed.

"I'd be glad to leave if you would care to dismiss me..."

"Oh no, you'll stay. We'll just throw Himiko out while I examine you."

"You won't throw me out when my dear Camus-sama is right here in front of me!" Himiko protested.

"You can play with his armour!"

"But I don't want to play only with his Cloth," Himiko sulked. "I want to play with *him*!"

"No way!" Camus said panicky. "Athena's orders were only about an examination, not any indiscrete games!"

Makoto giggled. "Shall I tell you something? Himiko loves playing 'doctors and nurses'..."

"But only with *him*," Himiko pointed out.

"Dream on!"

"I'd like to begin the examination now. We have a tight schedule," Makoto urged.

"You have to get out of your Cloth for the examination," Himiko chimed cheerfully.

"Only if you promise to keep her away from me," Camus said to Makoto.

"Don't panic, I'll manage her."

"Good." Camus eyed Himiko warily.

"I don't have all time in the world!" Makoto said impatiently.

"Yes, yes..." Camus concentrated, and his Cloth left him to reassemble in its presentational form. Now he only wore his skin tight green leggings. Himiko virtually devoured him with her eyes.

"Himiko, your task is over there!" Makoto pointed at the Aquarius Cloth.

"What? Sorry, I'm fully occupied..."

"I'll throw you out of the lab if you don't at least pretend to be interested in his Cloth," Makoto threatened.

"But to be truthful, it doesn't interest me..." Himiko continued to drool over her Mr.Perfect, who looked like a Greek statue. Almost all of the Saints were well trained and nicely built, after all.

Makoto sighed and tugged Himiko to the other side of the lab where the armour awaited her. The engineer sniffed.

"Well, but there's one problem... Please, my Camus-sama, could you help me? I need your Cloth lifted onto the scales and then the examination table, but it's too heavy for me."

Camus hung his head, but complied. At least this was a valid request, Himiko was indeed petite and not very strong. And of course he didn't want his Cloth to tumble down to the ground; it had to be handled with respect.

"Wow!" Himiko exclaimed when she saw the numbers on the scales go up. "31 kilograms! And you carry that with you all the time?"

"I've gotten used to it," Camus replied matter-of-factly, before he put the Cloth onto Himiko's table. "So what now?"

"Well, I need *your* weight, too," Makoto said after looking into her checklist and

pointed at the scales in her corner of the lab. Camus stepped onto them.

"76kg. Hm-hm. Now your height..." She directed Camus to a measuring stick that was fixed to the wall to measure him up. Stoically, Camus complied. "Hm, I wonder if I shall put down your height with or without your mane..."

"Leave my hair alone!" Camus grumbled when Makoto began to tousle his indigo coloured mane.

"Hey, don't move!" Makoto chided him.

"Hey, he's cheating," Himiko giggled when she discovered that Camus stood on the tips of his toes.

"Shame on you!" Makoto gave him a very dark look, and Camus stood properly now.

"I only want to be a little taller than Milo," he said sheepishly, and Makoto shook her head.

"You are 1.84m, so this means Milo is only one centimeter taller than you anyway!"

"But that's the point. He teases me all the time with this."

"Sounds like Milo," the doctor nodded sagely.

"Indeed. He loves to be best in everything -- be it looks, be it size, be it whatever..." Camus sulked. "I thought he would have acknowledged by now that I am the best!"

"I think Shura, DeathMask and Aphrodite said just the same," Makoto pointed out.

"But Camus *is* the best," Himiko came to his help. The usual pink heart popped into existence.

"I knew it," Makoto sighed and fetched a tape measure from a drawer. "Now we'll measure the rest of you..." She put it around his chest, his waist, his biceps, etc., and wrote down all the numbers.

"Now I know whom to ask when I need a new suit," Camus commented dryly.

Himiko turned her attention to the Cloth once more, but she couldn't do much more than take photos of it from all sides. Later, she would review the surveillance tape to find out what parts it consisted of and where they belonged when Camus wore it.

"I'm not through with measuring," Makoto said. "Next thing is your blood pressure."

"Whatever you say..."

"Ah yes, 120/80 -- that's absolutely perfect!"

"What else did you think?"

The other results looked just as good, only the endurance ECG became a problem as the bike used for it didn't endure the strain put on it by a Saint cycling at light speed.

"Are you satisfied now?" Camus finally asked.

"Nope."

"What else do you want?" Camus wondered exasperatedly.

"X-ray and ultrasound scan."

"What for do you need *that*?"

"For the dossier on you, of course. Athena wants us to examine *everything*. Haven't you ever been to a doctor?"

"Well, as we Gold Saints have an enormous healing power, it was never necessary. And when I was dead after being defeated, it wasn't necessary either."

"Nonetheless I want some blood samples of you, too." Makoto readied several syringes.

"If you insist," Camus said weakly. But then, it was for the Goddess and for Sanctuary...

"If I have to look into such enthusiastic faces all weeks long during this examination, I'll get sick," Makoto complained.

"But he looks soooo cute nonetheless," Himiko commented from her position in the far corner of the room. "Just give him to me if you don't want to look at him any longer."

"*Don't you dare!*" Immediately, Camus tried to put on a more enthusiastic face. It was more a tortured smile, though.

"That's even worse," Makoto sighed. "I'm almost beginning to feel sorry for you."

"My poor, gorgeous Camus-sama! Please let me comfort you!" Himiko immediately volunteered.

"No thanks, I'm suffering enough right now," he grumbled, when Makoto put him through the remaining examinations.

"Okay, the medical examinations are over now," the doctor finally said.

"They are? Great, then I can return home!" Camus' face immediately lit up as if a sunbeam had fallen onto it.

"Not yet. We still need your curriculum vitae and some other information."

"Please, let *me* ask him," Himiko begged.

"Fine. Then I can go and fetch some coffee."

"No, please don't let me alone with her," Camus pleaded. "She might try to take advantage of the situation!"

"Oh dear, and a tall, strong guy like you can't defend himself from little weak Himiko?" Makoto giggled.

"Well, actually..." Camus grimaced and a faint blush appeared on his cheeks. In fact, he feared that maybe he could be tempted to give in to her -- Himiko was pretty cute after all -- but he had no intentions to give up his comfortable single life. Being one of Athena's Saints certainly didn't go well with a love relationship.

Makoto examined him closely. "My my... It seems you are not as much an icicle than I first thought," she commented with a grin.

"Pah!" Camus retorted gruffly.

Himiko brought a tape recorder into position. "Now, my dear Camus-sama, let's hear about your life..."

"I hate to talk about me," Camus stated.

Himiko ignored his complaint and started the recording device. "Let's begin with your birth date and place..."

"February 7th, 1966, in the west of France."

"Good. Parents?"

"I must admit I don't remember much of my early childhood. My father was a fisherman, I think. At least I remember that I loved to play at the beach and sometimes I was allowed to help my dad fishing. My mother... Well, she was at home most of the time."

"So how did you become a Saint?"

"One day a strange man with long, fiery red hair and a weird armour -- well, now I know it was the Triangulum Borealis Cloth -- appeared and lured me away. He told me I was destined to become a great warrior. I was intrigued by his stories -- he talked about mythical battles between Gods and the Saints who fought for them -- and I agreed to follow him. The stranger took my hand and teleported away with me. That was the last time I ever saw my old home..."

"Did you never return to tell your parents that you were still alive?"

"I wasn't allowed to leave Sanctuary during my training, and later I thought it was best not to disturb them anymore. I had developed so far away from the boy I was then, that I would have been but a stranger to them who only reawakened memories of a tragic loss. I wouldn't have been able to stay with them, and they had become strangers to me anyway."

"That's a sad story..."

"I guess that's why it was decided to look mainly for orphans later on to train as Saints. At least for the lesser ranks. There are not enough candidates at Gold level to exclude anyone because of his family."

"And did you never miss your parents during your training?"

"At first, yes, but then, frankly, I had no time for anything. After some initial lessons in Greek, mythology and history, I was given to my master Aquarius Hyperion for training. He was a very kind man, but also a hard task master. He told me he had to be hard to me so that I would learn to survive. In fact, I was the only one of his disciples to survive."

"I wonder how a Saint is chosen," Makoto joined the interview. She took a sip from her cup of coffee.

"You can best ask Triangulum Borealis Silver Saint Astreya about this. He has a powerful ability to locate children with promising Cosmo. Astreya travels the whole world to find candidates with the potential to become Saints."

Makoto checked the Saints' list. "Ah yes, Astreya is among our subjects, too. I think I will interview him thoroughly about this! And I will ask him why most of the Saints are particularly good-looking, too..."

"Hm," Camus pondered. "I never thought about this, but you seem to be right. Most of us look really good."

"But you are by far the most beautiful, my Camus-sama!" Himiko exclaimed and a new stream of pink hearts floated upwards.

"That's *your* opinion," Makoto commented.

"Well, even speaking *objectively*, he is the most handsome of them. Look at his hair! This gorgeous, silky, dark blue mane... Such beautiful eyes shining in the colour of the deep sea, then the cute snub nose..."

When he heard all of these compliments, Camus couldn't help but put on a content smile, no matter that it was Himiko who complimented him. Only when she came to the 'snub nose', he harumphed.

"I don't have a snub nose," he protested.

"Yes, you have," Makoto contradicted.

"Can't be. My nose is highly aristocratic."

"Sorry to disappoint you, but there is no mistaking it: you have a snub nose."

"Only children and girls have snub noses," Camus complained. "But I'm a *man*!"

"...with a snub nose." Makoto stated mercilessly, and Camus sulked.

"Don't sulk," Himiko tried to soothe him. "It looks adorable on you. Very inviting to put a kiss right onto the tip."

"Indeed. And when you're sulking, it makes you look even cuter," Makoto laughed.

Camus put on a more serious face right away, before *both* of the girls decided to jump onto him. Makoto giggled.

"Okay, let's get back to our job," she said. "Himiko?"

"Ahm, where are we now... Ah yes, how exactly did you become a Gold Saint?"

"I was trained by my Master Hyperion, and when he judged me fit, he let me take the Test of the Cloth."

"And how long did this take?"

"Well, I only trained little more than two years with Hyperion, before he passed on his Cloth to me." Camus' mien darkened.

He still remembered vividly how much it had hurt when Hyperion chose to end his life so that he, Camus, could become the one and only Aquarius Saint. In the time of his training, Hyperion had never been anything but caring and warm, even when he had put him through the most gruesome training. It was Hyperion, too, who had taught him to see the beauty in the deadly Siberian landscape, and who had given him all he needed to become a Saint.

"What happened then?" Himiko asked worriedly. Camus looked so sad.

"Hyperion sacrificed his life so that I could attain the Aquarius Cloth. There can be only one Saint wearing a certain Cloth at any given time, and when you train your successor, you do this knowing that the day he attains mastery, you will die to pass on your Cloth."

"That's cruel!" Makoto commented with a frown.

"It's the way it is. I accepted my fate when my Master gave his life for me."

Makoto looked thoughtfully at the Aquarius Saint. No wonder that all the Saints were a little weird. She wondered how it might feel to know that one faced death and sacrifice all the time.

"But can't you simply retire?" Himiko asked. "I mean, just pass on your Cloth and then go away and live a peaceful life somewhere else?"

"This happens only rarely. Usually it is part of the training that the disciple attains the Ultimate Cosmo in defeating his Master. On the other hand, Mu decided to give the Aries Cloth to Kiki -- pardon, Phrixos -- when he was elected to become the new Kyoukou, just like Shion did in Mu's case without sacrificing himself. Some of the Cloths can *only* be won through the death of the Master, though -- such as the Cancer and the Scorpio Cloth."

"You mean, Milo had to kill his Master? Somehow I can't imagine that... He's such a cute and easy-going guy," Makoto marvelled.

"That's only how he likes to appear to others," Camus said. "There is a great darkness and sadness within him that he tries hard to hide." Milo had come to Sanctuary about the same time when he arrived, and they became friends during the Greek and mythology lessons they were taught right in the beginning. At that time, Milo was in truth the open and easy-going person that he nowadays only imitated.

"Just like you try to hide that you are a far nicer guy than you want other people to know?" Makoto examined him closely, but in the same moment, Camus assumed his usual cold stance.

"Are you through with your interview?"

Makoto sighed. These Saints needed a thorough psychological treatment, she decided. Unfortunately she just didn't have the time right now to apply her knowledge as psychologist to straighten any of them when they were supposed to get the current examination done. "Well, there are still some things left... For once I would still love to know what this Cosmo is all about."

"Hyperion taught me that a Saint's Cosmo is a part of the Big Bang, an immeasurable source of power a Saint can draw upon and use for fighting and other things."

"But I can't measure it with my instruments, and this bugs me quite a lot!"

"Well, I still wonder what kind of Cosmo it is that *she* has." Camus pointed at Himiko and her pink hearts.

"If it is in truth a kind of Cosmo, it's something really weird," Makoto remarked.

"One should ask Libra Dohko to investigate it. He is the wisest and most knowledgeable among us."

"Can he help her control it, too? These hearts truly get on my nerves!"

"Hopefully. Hm... Maybe she can produce something else, too. Stars or flowers perhaps?"

"Don't give her strange ideas!"

"I'm really tempted to ask Dohko to look into it," Camus mused. "He might even be able to train her. Or Cepheus Albiorix... Since he's a Saint it was always his task to train the hardest cases."

"Pah! I'm neither a hard case, nor do I want to be trained," Himiko protested.

"Then do away with these ridiculous pink hearts," Makoto demanded.

"But I still don't want to be trained," Himiko sulked. "Anyway, it only happens when I think about *him*!"

"And when is it that you *don't* think of him?"

"Ahm..." Himiko blushed furiously.

"You mean she *really* never ceases to think of me?" Camus was perplexed.

"Nope," Makoto shook her head. "This goes on day and night without interruption."

"Somehow I'm flattered," Camus admitted. "But don't you think this is a little pathologic?"

"Tell it to *her*, not me!"

"Pah. It's not pathologic. It's just... I love you!" Himiko told Camus with large, tear-filled eyes. The Aquarius Saint sighed tragically.

Makoto shook her head again and decided to change topics. "Well, Camus, once more back to the interview. What happened after you got your Gold Cloth?"

"I continued to train and perfect my attacks, before I finally presented myself to the Kyoukou as new Aquarius Saint and guardian of the 11th Temple. I stayed in Sanctuary for a while and met Milo again. He, Aiolia, Shura and I became good friends, and we had a good time for a while. Aiolia and Milo loved to play practical jokes, and the Kyoukou was their favourite victim. It was near to impossible to stop Milo when he had one of his stupid ideas, but he managed to put the blame on someone else most of the time – mainly Aphrodite, that is..."

"So this rivalry between Milo and Aphrodite started very early, it seems."

"Indeed." Camus showed one of his rare grins and Himiko couldn't stifle a deep sigh of adoration.

"And what happened next?"

"When I turned twelve, I got my first disciple, Isaac, whom I should train to become the new Cygnus Saint."

"Only twelve? That's amazing," Makoto said. "I have the impression you Saints never had anything resembling a normal childhood."

"Not really," Camus admitted. "As a Saint one learns to do one's duties and one trains a lot. -- You don't have to look so shocked. We have a destiny. Most other people live long, but meaningless and dull lives. They only exist for their enjoyment. We, on the other hand, we fight for justice and the survival of the world. Our lives and even our deaths have a meaning and a purpose!"

"Has it never been a problem for you that you couldn't play around like other children?"

"No, I can't say that. I spent my childhood in Siberia under the magnificent light of the Aurora Borealis. My playground was the eternal ice of the North."

"Sounds a bit too cold for my taste." Makoto shuddered.

"You should see the unearthly beauty of the never-ending icefields, when the rainbow light of the Aurora bathes the plains in fairy light and the ice crystals sparkle like myriads of diamonds..." Camus said dreamily.

"I think I would have simply frozen to death."

"As a Saint you are soon beyond such frailties -- or you are indeed dead," Camus lectured.

"I prefer not to be a Saint at all."

"You are too old anyway. Saints begin their training at an age of 6 or 7."

"I heard about it. But at this age I played with my friends and had a lot of fun."

"I prefer the meaningful life of a Saint to that of an ordinary human," Camus shrugged.

"To each his own. And of course not everybody is destined to become a Saint."

"Indeed. You need a powerful Cosmo for that."

"Ah well, then I can't become a Saint -- I don't have any of this Cosmo."

"I'm not 100 percent convinced of that. Without Cosmo you would never have been able to cross the Veil."

"Whatever it is, it is hidden well."

"You might ask Libra Gold Saint Dohko to test you. Or Triangulum Silver Saint Astreya."

"I guess I prefer it to stay hidden... Just imagine I also start to produce ridiculous pink hearts!"

"Maybe it's just that you haven't lost your heart to any Saint like *she* has," Camus grinned.

"Maybe I should try it to find out if it works with me, too," Makoto pondered.

"But don't you dare put your attentions to me!"

"He's *mine*!" Himiko protested. "After all, we are going to marry soon and then we'll adopt Hyoga and live happily ever after..."

"Waaaa...?" Camus stared at her in shock.

"Oh, you didn't know?" Makoto asked innocently. "*Everybody* knows it."

Himiko went to Camus and smiled at him. "Camus-sama, love of my life, do you want to marry me?"

Camus stared open-mouthed at her.

"I think he's speechless," Makoto commented.

"She is really serious about this?" Camus asked Makoto.

"Yep."

"But I'm a dedicated single!"

"She doesn't mind."

"I'm a Saint of Athena and my duties lie with the Goddess!"

"Athena doesn't love you," Himiko said with bright eyes. "*I* do."

"Not it's your turn to say something," Makoto told Camus.

"Ahm, yes... -- I mean *NO*!!"

"He said *YES*," Hikimo piped overjoyed.

"It seems you're in trouble," Makoto laughed.

"But I said *NO!*"

"Before that you said *yes*. And what is said, is said. I have it on tape!"

"You have *what???*" Camus asked in shock.

"I only need to delete the rest of the sentence..."

"I won't marry you!"

"But my Camus-sama -- think of our son!"

"Gngngngn..."

"My beloved, you *know* that Hyoga needs some real parents."

"I just *love* this idea of this happy family," Makoto giggled.

"Exactly. And did you know that Hyoga loves the idea, too?"

"I can't believe that my favourite disciple betrayed me... -- You see, Himiko, I have more important duties than founding a family."

"What can be more important than *that?*" Makoto asked innocently.

"Serving Athena, of course."

"Why don't you serve her by producing the next generation of Saints? I'm sure Himiko would be delighted."

Camus looked at Makoto in utter horror.

"Oh yes, my beloved," Himiko chimed. "We will see to it that there is a full set of new cute Goldies!"

"Oh, you want a full dozen of children?" Makoto asked.

"Of course," Himiko nodded enthusiastically.

"No way!" Camus shook his head. "I refuse."

"But why?" Makoto wanted to know. "I think it's a great idea."

"Me, too," Himiko said dreamily.

Camus grumbled something unintelligible.

"Did you say something?" Makoto grinned at the Aquarius Gold Saint. Somehow he was more interesting than she had thought.

"You can't force me to marry anyone against my will," Camus said gruffly.

"Well, we might ask Athena -- I'm sure she'd like the idea of lots of cute little junior Saints." Makoto told him. "She's certainly very interested in love-stories and marriages..."

"Indeed! She would certainly take the chance to arrange a double marriage -- she with Seiya and me with you!"

"Neither Athena nor Seiya are of legal age," Camus pointed out.

"But you and I are!"

"Forget it, I have no intentions to marry. None at all!"

"But you are simply a perfect couple," Makoto declared.

"Indeed!" Himiko went behind Camus and put her arms around him. Camus immediately stiffened.

"Would you please let go of me?"

"Nope. Especially not now that you don't wear your Cloth." Himiko buried her face in Camus' silky, dark blue mane. The Aquarius Saint looked as if he had a toothache.

"Camus, why don't you smile for a change?" Makoto asked. "It can't be that bad!"

"But it is! I am doomed."

"You aren't, my beloved. I'd do *anything* for you!"

"Then go away!"

"That not!" Himiko decided to massage his shoulders. He looked so terribly tense.

"So there are limits to her doing everything," Makoto laughed. "But we should return once more to our examination..."

"What more do you need to torture me?" Camus asked resignedly. At least Himiko had returned to her work place.

"Well, we still miss a good part of your curriculum vitae, and we need to put down your attacks.

"Pardon? My attacks? Most of the Saints' attacks are well-guarded secrets!"

"On the list given us by Athena herself is a note that we are to examine all of the attacks as well."

"Hm... May I use them on *her*?"

"Of course *not*," Makoto chided him. "You won't freeze your future wife!"

"You are all against me!"

"Don't sulk! We set up a shooting range outside the lab."

"Okay." Camus called his Cloth, and miraculously it flew to him and covered him again.

"This is too amazing," Himiko marvelled. There were no hidden motors or other means that could move the parts.

They went outside to the free place they had set up as shooting range, and Camus froze the area with Diamond Dust and Aurora Thunder, before he enclosed an innocent bush in a Freezing Coffin.

"Gosh, it's getting cold," Makoto shuddered. Himiko didn't seem to freeze; obviously she was filled with a sufficient amount of warm thoughts.

Finally, he demonstrated his most powerful attack Aurora Execution, and the whole range was completely frozen all over.

"Hm, I hope this thaws until the next Saint comes for his examination," Makoto said, shaking her head.

"Hardly," Camus stated with a wry smile. "Remember, I'm the Aquarius Gold Saint who is also called the Magician of Water and Ice..."

"Well, if the camera survived the temperatures, I should have enough material for the dossier. Let's return into the house and continue with the interview."

They went back into the laboratory.

"So were did we stop?" Himiko looked into her notes which she had scribbled down additional to the recording. "Ah yes, I think we left when you mentioned your first disciple."

"My first disciple... That was Isaac, a very promising young man. I had great hopes in him. During that time, I was sent several boys to train, but none of them stayed longer than a couple of days or maybe weeks. Only Isaac persevered and I was sure he was to become the first Cygnus Saint in history."

"The first Cygnus Saint? I thought there were always Saints throughout the history?"

"Well, the Cygnus Cloth was born out of the eternal glaciers, and for thousands of years there had been no man strong enough to free it from its icy birthplace."

"But it is only a Bronze Cloth! Shouldn't you have been able to free it?"

"Of course, but it was not my place to do so. I am the Aquarius Saint, and to free the Cygnus Cloth was the Test of Cloth for the Cygnus Saint to be."

"So what happened to Isaac?" Himiko inquired.

"One day Hyoga arrived at the training place. He looked pretty frail in the beginning, and I thought he would give up like the others before him. But Hyoga was tougher than he looked."

"Hm," Makoto looked quizzically at Camus. "This training seems to be really hard."

"It is. Usually only one of ten young Saints-to-be survives it."

"Then it is amazing that there are so many Saints after all!"

"There are always some children who have a strong will and a Cosmo to match it."

"Like Hyoga? -- But what happened to this Isaac?"

Camus face darkened. "I was away for only two days on a mission on Athena's behalf -- or so the Kyoukou told me -- and when I returned, I learned that Isaac had had an accident and died."

"Just like that? An accident?"

"Hyoga told me Isaac drowned when they dived in the Siberian Sea," Camus said evenly, but it was still obvious that the event still held a great grief for him. "I had high hopes in Isaac. But when he was gone I put all of my efforts into Hyoga."

"Somehow it sounds strange to me that a Saint simply drowns," Makoto wondered.

"Well, Isaac wasn't a Saint then. And moreover, later I learned that Isaac tried to save Hyoga from drowning, but he was pulled into the very current that was about to kill Hyoga. He was saved by Poseidon, but this led to an even more tragic chain of events."

Camus stopped. He still felt guilty for not having been there when his disciples needed him most. Sure, Crystal also had neglected his duties then and didn't look after the boys, but first and foremost they had been his, Camus' responsibility, and so the downfall of Isaac was only his fault.

"Isaac forsook Athena and served Poseidon from then on," Camus continued the story. "He became Kraken Isaac, one of Poseidon's Marine Shoguns and he turned against Athena in the war. It was a cruel twist of fate that Isaac had to fight Hyoga in that battle, and Hyoga was forced to kill his former friend who only fell to Poseidon because he saved Hyoga's life."

"That's a really sad story," Makoto sympathized.

Camus sighed. "I sometimes ask myself which Gods I might have angered in some former incarnation that they led me onto such paths of great darkness. Some time after Isaac's disappearance, Hyoga indeed attained the Cygnus Cloth. Unfortunately I couldn't be there to celebrate the event, but I was ordered to Sanctuary by the Kyoukou. The Kyoukou told the Gold Saints guarding the Twelve Temples that a false Athena had arisen and tried to take over Sanctuary. I was given the order to send my disciple to Tokyo -- where the impostor set up her headquarters -- to kill all the Saints supporting her. If that failed, we Gold Saints were to defend the Temples against the impostor to prove her claim wrong. I was shocked beyond belief when I learned that Hyoga returned to support the false Athena..." Camus' face showed a profound sadness.

"But the worst thing was when I became aware that in fact Hyoga fought for the right side while I supported an incarnation of evil! Only when we were both struck down by the Aurora Execution we hurled at each other, I realized my mistake, but then it was too late..."

"That's really horrible," Makoto sympathized. She would have loved to comfort Camus, but decided against it.

"Indeed. I succeeded in teaching him to attain the Ultimate Cosmo, but we were both killed in the process." A single tear run down his cheek. He never wanted to kill Hyoga, he just wanted him to overcome his weaknesses and become a master himself. In any case, somehow it was a weird feeling to talk about his 'first death' from the retroerspective, now that he had been miraculously resurrected by the Mother Goddess.

"How terrible," Makoto said and put an arm around Camus' shoulder. She couldn't resist tears.

Camus stiffened. Now the other woman dared to touch him, too?

"Hey, / want to comfort my Camus-sama!" Himiko protested.

"I suggest *both* of you keep your hands away from me," he grumbled. "I'm a dedicated single!"

"But I only wanted to comfort you," Makoto sulked.

"It's nothing of your business. It's not *my* choice to tell you all of this. It's only because of Athena's orders, nothing more and nothing less."

"I'm not interested in your life anyway," Makoto retorted in a huff. "We also only have our orders."

"But / want to know everything about you," Himiko cooed. "Please tell me -- how were you revived for the first time?"

"By Hades. He promised us -- that is Saga, Shura, Deathmask, Aphrodite and me -- eternal life in exchange for bringing him Athena's head."

Makoto continued to grumble and began to tidy up the laboratory. She just couldn't stand this unfriendly and icy Aquarius Saint and pitied Himiko who obviously couldn't be helped.

"That's cruel!" Himiko exclaimed. "So what did you do?"

"Well, we may have been dead, but we were still Athena's Saints. We realized the only way to help her was to act as if we complied with Hades so that we could return to the world of the living. It was most horrible -- I was forced to fight my friends to uphold the act. But we needed to get to Athena, no matter what, to help her against Hades."

"And what did you have to do?" Himiko inquired.

"We fought the others... We even had to kill Shaka, using a technique expressly forbidden by Athena," Camus said with hanging head.

"I really hate all this killing," Makoto said with disgust.

"But it was the only way to allow Shaka to utilize his Eighth Sense and enter the Hades," Camus explained.

"Still it's senseless," Makoto insisted.

"Would you have preferred to let Hades destroy the world?" Camus said angrily. "That's exactly what would have happened, had Athena not intervened."

"Why don't those silly Gods go away once and forever?" Makoto wondered. "These wars among them are so totally senseless, especially when they are repeated every so-and-so hundred years with just the same results!"

"Ask Hades", Camus shrugged. "Athena only fights for the peace and well-being of the world."

"If you want peace, then you shouldn't fight."

"Who can live in peace when others don't let him live?" Camus asked her angrily. "Athena defends the world when the powers of evil attack. No Saint is allowed to use his powers for personal gain after all."

"But who would hinder you?"

"Athena, of course, and the Saints loyal to her."

"Hm." Makoto wasn't so sure about Athena's goals. It sounded pretty much as if the Goddess reveled in her powers as well.

"It's the highest honour to serve Athena and thus peace and justice."

"If you say so," Makoto shrugged.

"It's our destiny. That's what we are trained for from our earliest childhood on."

"To me it sounds more like child labour and perpetual brain-washing."

"Pah. It's our will to serve Her. It's an honour only very few chosen ones ever attain."

"But weren't there quite some Saints who turned against Athena?"

"Unfortunately, yes." Camus' mien darkened. "Gemini Saga, Capricorn Shura, Pisces Aphrodite and Cancer Deathmask turned renegade..."

"But that's a third of the Gold Saints of this generation!" Makoto exclaimed.

"On the other hand they reconsidered while they were in the Hades and then fought for Athena in the end."

"Probably they like to be on the stronger side..."

"At least Deathmask and Aphrodite do, yes," Camus nodded. "I really wonder why Athena pardoned them and let them assume their rank as Gold Saints again. Even someone as forgiving as the Goddess should show a little common sense..."

"I wouldn't trust any Saint, if you ask me," Makoto said, more to herself. "Ah well, maybe one or two of them..."

"And who would that be?" Camus asked curiously.

"Certainly not you!"

"I would trust him," Himiko told her colleague.

"No wonder. You are madly in love with him..."

Himiko didn't have to reply anything, the steady stream of small pink hearts betrayed her anyway.

"Through all of these silly hearts you can't see him clearly, that's your problem. And thus I have to be twice suspicious. It's better not to trust anything or anyone in Athena's service."

"But aren't you in her service, too?" Camus pointed out.

"She pays us. -- Himiko are you finished with the interview now?"

"I think so. The only thing missing is that he agrees to marry me..."

"No!" Camus said hurriedly.

"Well, I don't think I would like to wait for that," Makoto decreed.

"But I want him sooooo bad!" Himiko sniffed.

"Keep that to your free time", Makoto told her off. "I want to finish with him now."

"So I am allowed to go?" Camus asked eagerly.

"For now," Himiko nodded with hanging head.

"Great." Relieved, the Aquarius Saint teleported away.

"He's gone..."

"Fortunately," Makoto commented mercilessly. "He really gets on my nerves."

"But he's gorgeous and absolutely perfect. How can you say such mean things about him?"

"Be happy that I can't stand him."

"Hm... I guess you have a point. So he's *mine* all alone!" Himiko smiled and looked for their examination plan. "Who's next?"

"Seiya," Makoto replied unenthusiastically.

"Well then, so be it. *Everything* is worse than my beloved Camus-sama."

"But some things are even worse..."

Kapitel 2: Dossier 2: Pegasus Seiya

[SIZE=4]Dossier 2: Pegasus Seiya[/SIZE]

Monday, 1987/08/17 -- 4.30 p.m.

Himiko browsed listlessly through the list of the Saints they still had to examine. "Do you want to call him?"

"Of course not. If it was for me I would leave him out altogether."

"So do I -- but unfortunately it's Athena who pays our wages, and she doesn't pay us too badly."

"Yeah, I would hate to be fired -- this job has some good sides after all."

"Indeed. My Camus-sama..." Himiko produced a medium-sized pink heart. "*He* is in her service, too."

"Would you please stop bugging me with Camus? I can't hear it anymore!"

"But I was sooo close to convince him to marry me!"

"I think I'd better call Seiya before I have to listen to this one minute longer." Makoto went to the phone.

Himiko sighed. "You are cruel!"

"No," Makoto sighed. "But I don't want to argue with you about Camus. You have your opinion about him and I have mine. We should better examine Seiya instead, then we don't have to bother with him later on."

"Okay..."

The doctor called at the Kido Mansion and despite her suspicion that Athena might want to accompany him or worse, Seiya arrived alone and only a few minutes later. He wore the Pegasus Cloth, and Himiko immediately asked him to give it to her for the examination.

Seiya shrugged and complied. After all, Saori had briefed him before the examination. Of course he wasn't exactly enthusiastic about it, but Saori's wish was his command.

Himiko marvelled at the fact that Seiya suddenly wore a full set of civil clothing after his Cloth left him. The Gold Saints usually only had leggings on after removing their Cloths.

While Himiko put her attention to the Cloth, Makoto waved Seiya towards the scales. "First you'll be measured and weighed," she explained.

Seiya nodded and followed her orders.

"Height -- 1.68m, weight 55kg... A bit too light, you should put on a little weight!" Makoto said while she noted everything down. This time she finished the medical examination in record time, but it was no wonder -- she wanted to turn to the next *interesting* subject as fast as possible.

"This armour is comparatively light," Himiko said from her corner. She even had been able to lift it onto the scales without help.

"But it protects me nonetheless."

"I think that's absolutely amazing," Himiko exclaimed. "After all, most of your body doesn't have any protection with it."

"I guess much of it is magickal," Seiya shrugged.

"I really hope that at least one of you Saints knows how your Cloths work," Himiko sighed. "It's really frustrating that I still haven't any clues."

"You might ask Aries Mu -- ahm, the Kyoukou," Seiya suggested. "He repaired our Cloths more than once. Or Kiki -- I mean Aries Phrixos. Yikes, I really have to get used to the fact that Kiki is now the new Aries Gold Saint. He's far younger than me and a Gold Saint now..."

"I'm astonished that one so young could become one of the Gold Saints," Makoto said.

"Oh, I heard that the other Gold Saints also were only seven or eight years of age when they attained their Cloths..."

"My Camus-sama, too?"

Yeah, with 21 he is one of the youngest Gold Saints, and I was told he already wore his Cloth 14 years ago when Saga tried to kill Athena. Just like the others..."

"That's *amazing*!"

"Well, I got my Cloth when I was a bit older," Seiya pondered. "I really wonder why the Gold Saints didn't have to train as long."

"Maybe they are prodigies?" Himiko asked.

"Dunno. But somehow I think it's unfair."

"Let's get on with the examination," Makoto urged. She wanted to get rid of Seiya as fast as possible to continue with the really interesting subjects.

Seiya complied (Athena had threatened to cut his pocket money if he didn't), and so the examination went on right on schedule. Himiko didn't have much to examine, just as usual. The Cloth withstood almost all of her attempts to measure anything. At least she could write down what parts it consisted of. She was glad that the Pegasus wasn't as aggressive as the Swan Cloth.

Makoto wrote down all data. 1.68m, 55kg, blood type B... "I think I have everything. Now about your curriculum vitae..."

Seiya sighed, but at least she didn't want to prick him anymore. "There is not much to say. I was born at December 1st, 1972, in Tokyo, Japan. My mother died -- dunno why, no one ever told me anything about it -- and my sister Seika and I were put into the orphanage. When I was about five or six or so, some big baddies from the Graude Foundation kidnapped me and took me into Kido Mitsumasa's house where I trained for a while with the other boys until I was sent to Sanctuary in Greece to bring back the Pegasus Cloth."

"And how did you get the Pegasus Cloth?" Himiko wanted to know.

"When I arrived at Sanctuary, they gave me to Aquila Marin as disciple because she was the only other Japanese person around. It wasn't very nice there -- the Greeks teased me because I was no native." Seiya sulked. "But I showed them! One after the other, I defeated all the arrogant Greek guys who dared to compete with me! And in the end I even triumphed over that brute Cassios and won the Pegasus Cloth."

"I think I remember," Makoto said. "I was at the arena with Shura when you battled Cassios. It was gross!"

"You watched my fight?"

"But I didn't like it at all. All that blood and gore... Disgusting!"

"Pah, it was Cassios' fault. *He* wanted to rip me apart limb by limb. I just returned the favour -- and I must say I was really humane, I only ripped off his left ear!"

"And you call *him* brutal!"

"But then, in the end he really surprised me," Seiya said, a tone of awe in his voice.

"Why that?"

"During the Sanctuary fight, when Aiolia had me at my knees at Leo Temple, Cassios sacrificed himself for me. I would never have thought..."

"That's really amazing," Makoto nodded.

"Okay, I guess he didn't do it for *me* after all. You see, it was an open secret that he was hopelessly in love with his teacher, Ophiuchus Shaina. Much to my chagrin, Shaina

seemed to have fallen in love with *me* -- it's somewhat flattering, she is three years older than me! But then, I don't want anything of her -- and Cassios decided to save me so that Shaina wouldn't be sad."

"Really? So Shaina is one of the female Saints, isn't she?"

"Yep. She looks pretty cute, but I must admit I'm a little afraid of her at times. She repeatedly tried to kill me, and she's not the weakest Saint around. I guess it all began when I broke her face mask..."

"I heard about this strange custom," Makoto frowned. "Is it true that it's worse for a female Saint to be seen without her mask than naked?"

"It seems like this. The girls are all really touchy about their masks. Allegedly there is one female smith around at Sanctuary who forges them from a secret alloy and who passes on the secret of the masks to female apprentices only. But that's only hearsay, of course. None of the girls would tell anything about it to the men."

Makoto made a note to ask the first of the female Saints she had to examine about them.

"The only thing I know for sure is what Shaina told me -- if a male Saint sees a female Saint without her mask, she has only two choices -- either to kill him or to fall in love with him. So Shaina at first tried to kill me but when she failed several times, she went for the second option. On the other hand, recently Shaina decided to get rid of her mask for good. She said that by now most of the people had seen her bare face anyway, and to kill all the male Saints would be just too tedious."

"You have some pretty strange traditions at Sanctuary! By the way, how do male Saints handle all the naked faces of the non-Saint girls?"

"I never had a problem with that. I guess it's just the female Saints who have the problems. Some of them claim they wear the masks to make sure that the guys aren't distracted during the fights..."

"That at least I could understand -- at least when some of them are beautiful," Makoto laughed. "I just think of certain Gold Saints and their desperate attempts to get the attention of certain women..." If she remembered correctly, only Aphrodite, Shaka and Camus had been completely unaffected by their presence when they first started examining the Gold Saints at Sanctuary. The others had been really busy flirting around, even DeathMask, although the social skills of the Cancer Saint left much to be desired.

"Well, somehow I admire Shaina, too," Seiya mused. "She threw herself into the way of one of Aiolia's Lightning Bolts to save me! And on several other occasions, she also almost sacrificed herself to save me, for example when she took the arrow Poseidon deflected for me."

"In my opinion, Saints are really strange," Makoto stated.

"And female Saints are far worse," Seiya nodded sagely.

"So far I haven't talked with any of the female Saints."

"Marin is very nice. And she speaks Japanese, too!"

"We'll see. -- Now let's return to the Pegasus Cloth. Can you explain why all the parts of it know where they have to go when you put it on?"

"To be honest, that's something I never thought about. But then, in the beginning I wasn't allowed to put it on anyway. The Kyoukou and Marin both stressed that it was just to defend Athena and to fight for justice and so on..."

"So when did you wear it first?"

"At the time when Shaina tried to kill me the first time."

"And how? Did you just will it to fly to you?"

"Yes, somehow. It was very strange -- I pulled the handle of the box, and suddenly I found myself floating in the air, and suddenly the parts assembled around me. I thought it took quite awhile, but in fact it wasn't longer than a fraction of a second, I'd say."

"So all the parts knew of their own where they belonged?"

Seiya nodded. "But don't ask me how!"

"I really want to know how the parts do it. And why they always fit," Himiko wondered. "When Camus was a Gold Saint with seven years, and he wore the same Cloth at that time, it must be able to grow with him. Or are there different versions for the different age levels around?"

"No, there's always only one Cloth for every constellation."

"That's too fascinating! -- By the way, could you please put on your Cloth for the record? Then we can try to analyze the assembling process more closely," Himiko suggested and set the cameras to record everything. Seiya called the Pegasus Cloth, and it flew around him.

"This is so amazing!" Himiko exclaimed. "I really wonder how this feels. And there are definitely no motors or other gimmicks whatsoever."

"I told you it's a kind of magick."

"It's the only explanation that sounds logical," Himiko sighed. "It's this Cosmo of yours, isn't it?"

"I think so," Seiya nodded. "But I wouldn't make such a fuzz about it. Cosmo is natural, and *everybody* has it, in varying degrees. At least that's what Marin taught me. Only most people can't access it at all because it is deeply buried, while we Saints are trained to use it at will."

"Unfortunately, we haven't managed to measure this Cosmo so far," Makoto mused. She recorded an EEG reading of Camus during one of her numerous tests on him, but it had been fully within the normal parameters, even when he told her he had activated his Cosmo. In fact, she had been able to see a soft golden glow surrounding him, but nothing showed on her devices.

"I don't think you can measure Cosmo," Seiya told her.

"That's not scientific," Makoto protested.

"Who cares about science?" Seiya shrugged. "I have been told repeatedly that no human being can move at the speed of sound or faster. I do -- am I not a human being?" He put on a cheeky grin.

"This is thoroughly frustrating," Makoto complained. "I really should ask for a payrise to compensate this frustration..."

"Payrise," Seiya said enviously. "At least you get some real money and not the meagre pocket money Athena gives us Saints!"

"I have the impression all of you Saints are continuously broke," Makoto grinned.

"Well, we poor Bronze Saints get the least..."

"That's life!"

"Yeah, absolutely unfair. Just as unfair as the fact that Ikki gets more pocket money than me or Shiryu or Hyoga..."

"I guess he is not afraid to demand more money from Athena," Makoto laughed.

"Pah. -- By the way, I'm sure you have a lot of fun when you have to examine *him*. He is not as patient as I am..."

"I will manage," Makoto promised. After all, Seiya wasn't the incarnation of patience himself either.

"Good luck. He has this nasty Phoenix Gen Ma Ken..."

"And I have my orders signed by Athena."

"I heard the Phoenix Cloth is absolutely unique," Himiko looked up from a photo of Camus. "It allegedly returns to life no matter whether it was completely destroyed. And so does Ikki, like the Phoenix of the legend..."

"Right!" Seiya nodded. "It's quite practical as long as he fights on your side. -- Are you finally finished?"

"Nope. Next thing we need is a demonstration of your fighting techniques. Just for the record, no panic. It will not be disclosed to other Saints; it's merely for Athena."

"Okay. Where? Here?"

"Aehm, no, of course not! The testing area is outside."

Seiya followed the scientist outside and waited until she activated her recording devices before he demonstrated both Pegasus Ryu Sei Ken and Pegasus Sui Sei Ken.

"Thank you very much," Makoto said finally. "This completes our session. You may return home now."

"Fine! Do I get the results of my examination, too?"

"Sure, as soon as we reviewed all the data ."

"Cool." Seiya returned his Cloth into its box. "Bye-bye!"

He left the lab and decided to jog home. He was faster than any car, so why should he tarry.

Hey, it's 6 p.m.," Himiko exclaimed. "Time to return home!"

"At last," Makoto breathed. "Today we really did enough."

"Exactly. What a pity that I couldn't invite my Camus-sama for dinner. He teleported away too fast."

"He obviously wanted to get out of your vicinity."

"Pah. I would have *loved* to cook for him! -- Do you think he might follow an invitation some other time?"

"If I remember correctly, he loves a good meal like any other Saint around. Just try it."

"Wonderful! Then I will invite him as soon as we are done with our examinations."

"But right now / am starving," Makoto laughed. "Let's return home."

[SIZE=5]* * *[/SIZE]

After their trip to Greece, Makoto and Himiko had gotten a note by Professor Asamori

that their 'Saint Research' department would be continued. As this meant they had the same work hours, the two women had decided to look for a nice little house near the Graude Foundation Research Labs, so that they didn't need to go there all the way from the middle of Tokyo every day. Moreover, housing outside the city of Tokyo was noticeable cheaper and they could save some money that way.

After only a short ride, they arrived at the small, traditional looking house that was surrounded by a well-kept garden and even had a small pond in the backyard.

"What shall we cook tonight?" Makoto asked when they entered the house. "Which reminds me, do we have any food at home?"

"I'm not sure," Himiko admitted. "You were to buy new supplies yesterday, if I remember correctly."

"I was? I thought it was your turn!"

"Me? Oh dear, that means we don't have any fresh vegetables and fish at home!" A short look into the refrigerator verified the fact.

"I'm afraid you're right." Makoto yawned. "I'm too tired to go to a restaurant this evening. Let's call a delivery service."

"Good idea. Which reminds me -- doesn't this Arythar guy run a courier service?"

"He does. But I don't know if he delivers food, too. Furthermore I guess he won't be too inexpensive."

"I've got an idea! We'll simply call Hyoga. He will certainly fetch us some food, and at his speed we should get it while hot."

"Himiko, do you think that's proper? He's a Saint of Athena, and you let him run errands for you..."

"Hyoga wants a family, so he has to do some family duties, too."

"Good point," Makoto laughed.

"And then he can eat together with us. He certainly doesn't eat properly when he's together with the others." Himiko called the Kido Mansion. After a short while she hung up. "He'll be here in a sec."

"Good."

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

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

Monday, 1987/08/17 -- 7:20 p.m.

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 tenpura 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.

Kapitel 4: Dossier 3: Andromeda Shun

Dossier 3: Andromeda Shun

Tuesday, 1987/08/18 -- 6:30 a.m.

"Ohayou gozaimasu!" Himiko chimed. She had gotten up early as usual and already prepared breakfast. Singing merrily, she put the miso soup and rice onto the low table and poured green tea into the cups.

Makoto sighed. Not only since their trip to Greece she preferred coffee and toast in the morning, so she decided to prepare something for herself.

Hyoga entered the kitchen and looked around. Even though Makoto's coffee and toast beckoned, he decided to eat what his new mama served. If it was good enough for her, it should be good enough for him, too.

"Did you sleep well?" Makoto asked him.

"Sure. A Saint sleeps wherever he can," he said diplomatically. After the soft bed in Kido Mansion, the futon needed getting used to. But then, in the hut in Siberia he didn't have much luxury either.

"Fine," Makoto smiled. "You can furnish your room however you like, though."

"Thanks, but I think it's fine just as it is."

"I think it's a bit to spartan for my taste."

"You probably haven't lived in a wooden hut in Siberia for years," Hyoga laughed. "Compared to that it's paradise here. I mean, you even have a bathroom in the house!"

"Oh dear, I don't even want to imagine a house without bathroom!" Makoto gulped down her coffee. "Darn, we have to hurry or we'll be too late at work!"

"You're right," Himiko said in alarm. "Hyoga, will you accompany us?"

"Sure."

They went to the Graude Foundation Research Labs right away. Himiko and Makoto slipped into their lab coats while Hyoga was looking curiously around.

"And what can I do here?" he asked. Somehow he felt a little out of place.

"Help me," Himiko replied. "I can't lift those heavy Cloths!"

"If you find it too boring in here, you can jog a little around the block," Makoto suggested.

"Oh, I think I will watch what you are doing," Hyoga decided.

"Okay, who is next?" Himiko asked.

Makoto consulted their list. "Andromeda Shun."

"Fine! He's such a cutie!" Himiko said. "I hope he'll be on time."

As on cue, a spinach green head peered into the lab. "I hope I'm not late?"

"Nope, absolutely punctual," Makoto smiled. "Hello Shun."

The boy returned the smile. "Why do you want to examine me *again*?"

"Well, a lot of things happened since the last examination," Makoto answered. "Athena wants to make sure you're in perfect condition, and we are the ones who are to find out."

"Hello Shun," Hyoga greeted his friend.

"Hyoga! Are you being examined, too? By the way, Saori-san was a little upset that you weren't at the mansion last night."

"Indeed? Well, I decided to move in with my new mama."

"Mama? Interesting..." Shun looked curiously from Himiko to Makoto and back.

"Don't look at me -- he means Himiko," Makoto laughed.

"I see. -- Your new *mama*, huh?"

"Sure!" Hyoga told him. "It's not what *you* think again!"

"And what do you think it is that I think?" Shun asked innocently.

"Only the worst, as usual. And of course you manage to hide everything behind your highly innocent face."

Shun looked back at Hyoga as if he had just obtained a freshly polished halo. "But I would never do such a thing!"

"I don't believe you," Hyoga grinned.

"Pah." Shun stuck out his tongue at him. Unfortunately they knew each other much too good after all of their battles.

"Hey Shun, cut it out, I want to begin with the examination," Makoto told him. "First thing is to take your measurements..." She took her tape measure and wrote down the results. "1.70m! You have grown a bit since the last time!"

"Well, I hope I'll grow even a little more. Although I'm now a bit taller than Seiya!"

"Well, this can change over time... -- Please step onto the scales!" Makoto looked at the result. "52kg... This is not enough for your size. You really have to eat better."

"I do eat well. I just don't put on much weight, I'm afraid."

Meanwhile, Hyoga helped Himiko weigh the Andromeda Cloth. "Puh, 22.5kg! It's far heavier than the Pegasus Cloth."

"Well, there's more material to it, after all," Makoto commented.

"True, but still I'm amazed that a little boy like Shun has no problems carrying it around."

"I'm stronger than I look," Shun said proudly.

"He's so adorable," Himiko said soulfully. "Maybe I should adopt him, too."

"Oh dear, I hope you will not adopt all motherless Saints," Makoto groaned. "That would be about all of them..."

"Oh, only if they are cute," Himiko said and stood at the tips of her toes to touse Hyoga.

"You will not adopt any more 'children'!" Makoto warned her friend.

"Well, at least I have my kawaii Hyoga-kun..."

"He's more than enough."

"Are you finished with me?" Shun wanted to know.

"No, I need some more data," Makoto told him.

"But when I marry my Camus-sama I want some children with him, too," Himiko said.

"Oh, I'd love to have a little sister," Hyoga said wistfully. "After all, I have more brothers than I really need..."

"I'm sure you would be a perfect big brother," Makoto said amused.

"Of course," Hyoga nodded. "Now we only have to convince my master..."

"Convince Camus? To do what?" Shun asked curiously.

"You see, Himiko is deeply in love with my master, but unfortunately he hasn't found his love to my new mama yet."

"I see," Shun said thoughtfully. He didn't remember Camus well. After all, he had seen him only very briefly during the Sanctuary battle and knew him mainly from Hyoga's tales.

"My Camus-sama is such a wonderful man," Himiko sighed and a fresh heart appeared right above her.

"What is *that*?" Shun was amazed.

"A pink heart," Hyoga explained. "She produces them whenever she thinks of my master."

"Strange. Since when is she able to do so?"

"Since she discovered Camus. -- And now give me your arm, Shun. It's time for blood pressure and a blood sample."

"I'm sure this has to be true love," Hyoga stated.

"It's definitely unique," Shun admitted and tried to catch one of the hearts which burst on contact. "Oh, they seem to be very fragile!"

"They are like soap-bubbles," Hyoga nodded.

Makoto sighed and dragged Shun back to the examination table. She still needed his blood. "Be a good boy and stay here," she ordered.

"Okay..."

"Shall I help you?" Himiko volunteered.

"Do you think you can hold him?" Makoto wanted to know.

"I'll try." Himiko joined her at the table. "Just try to keep still," she soothed the boy and tousled his green hair. "Makoto will be careful."

"Somehow I don't believe this." Shun eyed Makoto and her syringe suspiciously.

"It won't hurt," the doctor promised as all doctors do.

"Shhh, Shun, relax," Himiko cooed.

"I don't like this," Shun complained and tried to get away, but Himiko put her arm around his shoulder.

"There, there, little one. Be a good boy and let the doctor do her work." Himiko tousled his hair again. Shun looked sulkily at her, but complied. Somehow this was a totally new experience for him.

"I wonder if you will comfort me like this when it's my turn," Hyoga mused.

"Sure I will. I adopted you as my son, didn't I? Too bad that Makoto won't allow me to adopt Shun, too. He's such a helpless, cute little baby Saint."

"I wouldn't be so sure about *that*," Hyoga said wryly.

Shun smiled contentedly and leaned against Himiko. Why shouldn't he get a mama, too?

"Be brave, Shun!" Himiko said when Makoto came with her syringe.

"Yes, mama," he grinned.

"See, Makoto? Why can't I keep him as well?"

"Because then it wouldn't take long and we have all the others with us, too," Makoto sighed.

"Indeed. You can't get Shun without Ikki weasling around," Hyoga pointed out.

"Ikki? That's this Phoenix Saint, isn't he?" Makoto asked.

"Yes, that's my nii-san," Shun nodded.

"I really don't need him to be around..." Makoto put her syringe away. "I'm finished now." She tousled his hair.

"But they are all so cute!"

"I don't think anyone could consider *Ikki* as *cute*," Hyoga laughed.

"According to my information he's dangerous," Makoto pondered. "But Shun is cute."

Immediately, the green-haired boy strived to look especially cute and fragile.

"Yes, I'm sure he'd be a very nice and obedient little son, won't you say?" Himiko smiled at him and he smiled back particularly sugary.

"Somehow I have the feeling that Shun isn't as nice and obedient as he acts here right now," Makoto frowned.

"Shun? He's absolutely sweet and innocent," Himiko was sure.

"You bet!" Hyoga laughed.

"You are just too credulous." Makoto shook her head.

Shun kept quiet and simply looked at Himiko with especially large, deep bluish green eyes.

Hyoga leaned against the wall and put his hands into the pockets. "Before we went to Sanctuary, Shun came late," he told them smugly. "And guess why? He had a girl with him..."

Shun gave Hyoga a dark look.

"Yeah, yeah... Cute and totally innocent," Hyoga teased.

Shun had difficulties to keep up with his cute face. If he told off Hyoga he would totally ruin his act.

"Don't say such nasty things about Shun," Himiko scolded him.

"Nasty? It's just the truth!"

"Is not," Shun sulked. "You are only jealous!"

"I'm not. After all, Himiko is *my* new mama."

"I want a mama, too," Shun sniffed.

"Why don't *you* adopt him?" Hyoga asked Makoto. If she didn't want Himiko to adopt another child, she might consider adopting one herself.

"Do I look as if I want to become a mother?"

"Oh yes!" Shun beamed at her.

"Forget it! And now we should go on with the examination." She wanted to get rid of Shun as fast as possible before Himiko got really some ideas. She fetched a tape recorder and gave the micro to Himiko. "You do the interview."

"Interview?" Shun asked.

"Yes. Your curriculum vitae." Himiko gave him a dazzling smile. He was so cute!

"I think I might become a little jealous after all," Hyoga muttered in a low voice only Makoto could overhear.

"Poor boy," she said. "So soon turned away by your new mama." She tousled his blond mane.

"No, she would never do that," Hyoga contradicted. "This little weasel tries to pry her

away from me!" He pointed at Shun.

"But Shun *is* sweet, one can't deny that," Makoto mused.

"Well, he works hard to make all people believe it. And moreover, he usually succeeds."

"Obviously."

Himiko started the tape recorder. "When have you been born and where?"

"September, 9th, 1973 in Osaka, Japan," Shun answered.

"And where did you grow up?"

"We moved around a lot while I was a child. I was told my mother took us to a lot of foreign countries -- Italy, France, Germany..."

"Us? Ikki and you?"

"Yes. I didn't have a father, though. Ikki told me that mom raised us alone, but she had an accident when I was little. He said we were given to many different people, but then there was some assault at the village we were living, and he had to flee with me. He must have carried me many kilometres, but eventually some strange guys in black intercepted him and we were taken back to Japan and put into the orphanage where Seiya, Shiryu and the others lived, too."

"This sounds indeed weird. Have you ever found out who was behind this assault?"

Shun shook his head. "Ikki has some suspicions, though. Arythar told him about some weird things that supposedly go on in the world, but I think they are a bit too gross for my taste."

"Arythar? You mean this Albatross Saint with the self-made Cloth?"

"The same," Shun nodded.

Makoto made a mental note to ask the Albatross Saint about it when they examined him. If she remembered it, that is.

"Okay, so you came back to Japan," Himiko continued. "What did you do here?"

"Nii-san, Seiya, Shiryu, Hyoga, I and the others were taken to the Kido Mansion every day to train there. It was really hard." Shun's eyes filled with tears at the memories. He had always been the smallest and most fragile, and so the others usually had used him as punching ball. Of course, only as long as Ikki didn't watch. "If nii-san hadn't looked after me there, I would probably never have made it."

"And when did you get to your training place?"

"One day, Tatsumi called all of us boys together and let us draw lots. I was supposed to go to Death Queen Island, the most horrible of the training places, but nii-san intervened. He took my place there, while I was sent to Andromeda Island. Not that *that* training place was much better... But of course, I had a very kind teacher, while Ikki went through a living hell with his master, as he told me."

"Who was this teacher of yours?"

"Cepheus Albiore. He was just and kind. If it weren't for him and June, I wouldn't have attained my Cloth!"

"Who's June?"

"Chameleon Bronze Saint June. She was the only girl at the island and my only friend during the gruesome training. The other boys only beat me up all the time because I was smaller than they and I didn't like to hurt any of them."

"The more I hear of the Saints' training, the more I have severe doubts about Athena..."

"But she's our Goddess!" Shun contradicted. "It's our duty to fight for her and with her for the peace and continuation of the world."

"Hm." Himiko decided to change the subject. "And how did you get your Cloth?"

"When I thought I was ready I demanded that Albiore let me undergo the Sacrifice. He was worried and at first he didn't want me to try it, but it was the Test of Cloth for the Andromeda Cloth since the dawn of time and so finally he complied. You see, Ikki had taken my place at Death Queen Island, and so it was the least I could do, to bring the Andromeda Cloth back to Japan."

"Why bring it back to Japan, by the way?"

"Well, when Tatsumi send us away, he told us to bring back a Cloth or die trying. And I had promised Ikki that I would succeed."

Makoto, who listened to the interview with great interest, decided to swallow her comment about Athena's methods. The Saints wouldn't let anyone criticize her, it seemed.

"Okay, but now back to that Sacrifice. What exactly did you have to do to obtain the Cloth?"

"Do you know the story of Andromeda?" Shun wanted to know.

"Yeah, wasn't she some King's daughter who was chained to a rock to feed some sea monster?"

"Sort of... She was given as a sacrifice to atone for her mother's sin... And just like Andromeda was chained to a rock, I was chained to a rock, too, with the chains of the Andromeda Cloth. When the flood came, the water slowly rose, and it was my Test to master the chains of the Cloth to free myself or I would have drowned. And I did it," he said proudly.

"That must have been horrible!"

"It was," Shun admitted. "But every Saint has to undergo some Test to attain his Cloth."

"Okay, and when you got it, you immediately returned to Japan?"

"Yes. I was taken to the Kido Mansion where Tatsumi told me and the other boys who had returned as Saints that they were to take part in a tournament with a Gold Cloth as prize. Actually, I didn't really want to fight the others, but Tatsumi *insisted*."

"Ah, yes. The Galaxian Wars. Seiya told us about it, too. Some fights were fought, and then Ikki stole the prize."

Shun merely nodded. The memory of his brother turning against him was still traumatic.

"I guess the following stuff until you got to Sanctuary was just the same as with Seiya..."

"Sure. We were together all the time. We were only separated when we reached Gemini Temple."

"That was real horror," Hyoga joined the talk. "I really hate to fight illusions -- you just can't grab them by the neck and punch them. The Gemini Saint threw us into Another Dimension with the idea to let us float there for all eternity."

"And how did you get out of it?"

"I used my chains," Shun took over again. "I shot them back into the temple and around a column, and so I could get back. But I lost Hyoga! I couldn't grab him, and so he floated away. It was terrible! I was so near, but not near enough to save him. Anyway, I managed to overcome the illusion of the Gemini Saint, and we went on. In Cancer, Leo and Virgo temple I couldn't do much, but when we reached Libra Temple, we found Hyoga in a Freezing Coffin. After Shiryu shattered it with one of the weapons of the Libra Cloth, I stayed and revived him with my Cosmo."

"Why was Hyoga in a Freezing Coffin in Libra Temple? I thought he floated in Another Dimension?"

"Obviously he fell out of it, and then he met Camus in the seventh temple and the Aquarius Saint simply froze him."

"Why should my Camus-sama do such a gruesome thing?" Himiko asked.

"My master did this to teach me a lesson. Sure, I was upset, too, in the beginning, but in retrospective I have to say, he just did it for me to make me achieve the ultimate Cosmo. That I failed him at first wasn't his fault," Hyoga explained.

"I think he just loves to show off and turn everything into ice cubes," Makoto surmised.

"That's not true! My master just didn't want me to be killed by any of the other Gold Saints."

"Well, at least he doesn't need a fridge."

"But didn't everybody say a Freezing Coffin made by my Camus-sama is unbreakable?" Himiko asked. "I mean, except for Makoto's hair dryer..."

"Theoretically, yes. But Shiryu used a weapon of the Libra Cloth, and he activated his ultimate Cosmo. -- By the way, how did this go with the hair dryer?!"

Himiko told Shun the story.

"Amazing." Shun gave Makoto a thoughtful gaze. The doctor looked at her watch.

"Anyone here who is hungry? It's time for a second breakfast."

"Yes, you two have to eat," Himiko agreed. "You are far too thin for your height. But still, first we have to finish the interview. Hyoga can start eating, and we'll join you soon. -- So what happened after you thawed Hyoga with your Cosmo?"

"Dunno. I was a little dizzy, I fear. Seiya told me he carried me all the way up to Sagittarius Temple, and there I regained consciousness. We fought our way through the temple against some tests Aiolos left there. Next was Capricorn Temple, but Seiya, Hyoga and I just passed it while Shiryu stayed to fight Shura. The same with Aquarius Temple -- Camus wasn't interested in fighting Seiya and me at all, and we went on, while Hyoga stayed to fight him."

"Huh? Aren't the Goldies supposed to guard the temples? How comes that Camus just let you pass?" Makoto inquired.

"My master wanted to test *me*," Hyoga mumbled with his mouth full of toast. "Seiya and Shun weren't his disciples."

Shun continued. "Then we reached Pisces Temple where I dueled with Aphrodite. It was a hard battle, but I managed to defeat him. Unfortunately, he struck me down with his final attack, a life force sucking white rose, but Athena revived me. We went to the Kyoukou's temple, and together we fought Saga. With much luck we managed to defeat him and his good side took over in the end. Then he took his own life before Athena, as he couldn't live on with his crimes, and he was afraid his bad side might

take over again."

"This sounds very tragic," Himiko said and a tear run down her cheek. She wondered how Saga was today, as he had been revived by Gaia, too. Was he still divided in a god-like good side and a demonic evil side? She hoped not.

"Next we fought against Hilda and her God Warriors who challenged Athena -- but we were stronger. Then there was Poseidon who was defeated within 12 hours, too. Hades was a bit more difficult, but in the end we triumphed, too. And now I'm hungry." Shun went to the table were Makoto put all of the stuff she had brought along.

"Well, I guess this was the short-short version," Himiko said amused. "But we can't let you starve, ne?"

Shun grinned and munched on a sandwich. Hyoga had reached the finger food now and dipped a maki sushi into the soy sauce before it disappeared in his mouth.

"I want to move in with you, too, when you always make such yummy food," Shun said.

"And what about me?" Another familiar voice could be heard. "I was to report here for some examination..."

"I *knew* it," Makoto sighed. "As soon as there is food around, *you* will be there, too!"

Scorpio Gold Saint Milo grinned broadly and snatched a sandwich from the table. "Delicious! -- So, where exactly do you want to move in, Shun?"

"Where Hyoga already moved in."

"If it's with Makoto and Himiko, then this is right where I will stay during the time of the examination."

"You are dreaming!" Makoto said incredulously.

"Well, in Sanctuary, you occupied my temple, so it's only fair that I stay in your house while I'm in Tokyo."

"I don't run a hotel!" Makoto protested.

"My temple isn't a hotel either, but still you occupied it," Milo shrugged. "So where can I put my things?"

"We don't have enough space!"

"I don't need much."

"But Mako, next to Hyoga's room there is some space left," Himiko pointed out.

Makoto gave Himiko a deadly stare. "We didn't rent a house to have a dozen Saints live with us."

"But they are sooo cute... And we even could accomodate my Camus-sama, too."

"We could put him into a wardrobe, sure. The house isn't *that* large!"

"No wardrobe! My Camus-sama will stay with *me* of course."

"Not if he has a say in it, I'm sure."

"I will convince him. You'll see!" Himiko produced some new pink hearts.

"This is truly amazing," Milo marvelled. "I thought it would stop after you left Sanctuary."

"No such luck. It just got worse."

"Fascinating. -- So Hyoga and Shun stay at your place?" Milo asked.

"Actually only Hyoga."

"But I want to move in, too," Shun told her. "It's definitely more interesting than living at Kido Mansion."

"Only if Ikki doesn't move in with you," Himiko warned.

"I'm sure he'll stay where he always stays," Shun promised and looked at Makoto and Himiko with a pleading look.

"Can't we keep him, too?" Himiko begged.

"Okay, I give in," Makoto moaned. "But that's it! No more!"

"And what about me?" Milo put on his best 'lost puppy' gaze.

"You are old enough to live on your own."

"But I want to stay with you, too!"

"Move into Kido Mansion. There are two vacant spots now."

"No way. I'm going to stay with you. You didn't ask me when you moved into my temple either."

"I did ask," Makoto contradicted. "You just said 'no'."

"So where's the problem? You said no, but I will stay anyway."

"I fear I can't hinder you..."

"Exactly. So where can I put my stuff?"

"Wherever you find some space. But not in my room!"

"I'll show you where you can stay as soon as we have finished here," Himiko promised, while Makoto didn't stop grumbling.

"And what about me?" Shun wanted to know.

"You will stay in Hyoga's room. There is still enough space for a second futon."

"Fine. I'll fetch my things right away," Shun beamed.

"Wonderful!" Himiko exclaimed. "All the cute Saints stay with us. If only I could convince my Camus-sama..."

"That'd be my dream come true," Makoto muttered.

"No *mine*," Himiko chimed.

"Bye-bye nice quiet home..."

"I won't disturb you," Shun promised.

"Me neither," Hyoga nodded.

"Let's wait and see," Makoto sighed and tousled Hyoga's hair. That was definitely something she could get used to.

Milo positioned himself next to Hyoga and looked expectantly at Makoto.

"Do you want something?"

"I feel neglected."

"That's your problem."

"You start being cruel again," Milo accused her.

"I never stopped."

"I really think you should be a bit more friendly to your man."

"My man? Who would that be?"

"Me of course."

"Wow! Two happy couples? How romantic," Shun exclaimed. "Now we do not only have Himiko and Camus, but also Makoto and Milo."

"That's absolutely none of your business," Makoto told him off. "I'm single and intend to stay that way."

"That's what my Camus-sama says, too," Himiko grinned. "But still he'll become my husband."

"What's *that* supposed to mean?"

"Maybe you'll reconsider."

"*Never.*" Makoto crossed her arms. "And now we should finish this examination. We still need Shun's attacks for the record. Let's go to the test range."

"Whatever you say," Shun said merrily. Now he would also live in that house with a real mama and nice food and everything!

They went outside. The area was still frozen from Camus' attacks.

"What am I supposed to do now?" Shun asked.

"Show us all of your attacks, so that we can put them on file."

"Really all of them? That can take a while..."

"Well, Athena wants it, Athena will get it..."

Shun shrugged and demonstrated everything from *Nebula Chain* to *Nebula Storm*. Still Camus' ice held.

"Cool," Himiko commented. "This means we don't have to rebuild the range after every Saint!"

"But it's slippery," Milo, who already sat on his backside, complained.

"You're here at your own risk," Makoto grinned.

Finally they had filmed all of the attacks. It was quite an amount -- far more than the others had. Asked about it, Shun shrugged. "I'm more creative than the others, I guess," he said with an insolent grin.

"How many attacks do you have, Milo?" Himiko wanted to know.

"Two. But I don't need more to defeat my opponents," he said haughtily. "One to immobilize them and one to strike them down."

"And you, Hyoga?"

"Five. -- But I like some variety..."

"I think it's amazing that the amount of attacks differs so much between you," Makoto pondered. "Is there someone who invented them and taught them, or do they come with the Cloth?"

"Partly," Milo said. "The Scarlet Needle attack, for example, is just the Scorpio Saints'."

"Many of my attacks work only with the chains of my Cloth," Shun said. "Although I have some where I just activate my Cosmo. I guess they could be learned by others, too, if they reach my power level."

"Hm... Are there different Saints with the same attacks?"

"Well, my masters Camus and Crystal both use about the same attacks as I do. After all, Camus taught his attacks to Crystal, and Crystal and Camus both taught me. So we all can use Diamond Dust and Aurora Thunder. Camus and I both use Aurora Execution."

"I really have to put together list after we're through with all of you Saints," Makoto said.

"May I go now?" Shun asked. "I need to fetch my things from the Kido Mansion."

"Sure. Milo is next anyway."

"Ja mata!" Shun left the test range and jogged towards Kido Mansion.

Kapitel 5: Dossier 4: Scorpio Milo

Dossier 4: Scorpio Milo

Tuesday, 1987/08/18 -- high noon

The two scientists, Milo and Hyoga still stood at the frozen test range. The Saints didn't have any problems with the cold, but the women shivered.

"Let's get in again," Makoto urged. "My feet are getting cold."

"You're right," Himiko nodded. They went back into their lab where Hyoga sat down on the corner of a table and let his legs dangle.

"Okay, let's get to the next examination." Makoto looked for a new data sheet and wrote down Milo's name on top of it.

"What do you intend to do with *these*?" Suspiciously, Milo pointed at the syringes on the table.

"What do doctors usually do with them?" Makoto asked back with a grin.

"That's the point," he said indignantly.

"Hey, that serves him right for once," Hyoga laughed. "After all, *he* is the one usually attacking with *Scarlet Needle*, stinging people badly in the process!" He didn't like to remember his duel with the Scorpio Saint during the Sanctuary Battle. After all, it had definitely been the most painful experience in his life so far. No other attack he endured had ever caused such a level of pain.

"Humph."

"Don't panic, I save the needles for the end," Makoto told him with a mean glint in her eyes.

"Oh dear, oh dear," Milo muttered.

"Milo, why don't you get out of your Cloth first?" Himiko asked him.

"So that she has even more unprotected parts where she could put her syringes to? -- Okay, okay..." Milo commanded his Cloth to leave him and return to its presentational form.

"This is always too intriguing," Makoto commented. "Who told this thing how it belongs together?"

Milo shrugged. "It just knows."

"Why can't anyone explain how this works?! Ah well, let's begin with the measurements..."

"Be my guest."

Makoto featured her tape measure. "1.85m and 87kg -- Milo, you put on 3kg of weight since the last examination!"

"Now he weighs 11kg more than my Camus-sama," Himiko pointed out.

"That's okay -- after all, I'm taller than Camus," Milo said nonchalantly.

"But not 11cm," Makoto told him mercilessly.

"Indeed. For his size, my Camus-sama is just perfectly built."

"I'm better," Milo said in a huff. "My extra kilograms are muscles, not fat!"

"I prefer a slimmer build," Makoto stated.

"Me, too," Himiko sighed.

"Pah. I have a very healthy and athletic body."

"Yeah, healthy you are -- you have a constitution like a horse," Makoto grinned.

"I'm a Scorpio, not a horse!"

"But you *are* a horse, at least according to the Chinese horoscope," Makoto grinned.

Himiko frowned and dug through a drawer where she pulled out a little book. After checking one page, she shook her head.

"He's a Snake, not a Horse. My Camus-sama is a Horse! As I'm a Rooster, he's the *perfect* match for me!"

"Yeah, I read something like that," Makoto grinned.

"And what about *us*?" Milo wanted to know from her.

"Monkey-woman and Snake-man will never get along," Himiko read after looking up the combination. "I'm sorry... -- But I have to tell my Camus-sama about *us*!"

"I don't think this will convince him," Makoto tried to stop her colleague's enthusiasm.

"I don't mind," Himiko muttered stubbornly. "He's my future husband and father of my children."

"Waaa...?" Milo doubled over from laughter.

"Too bad that Camus is ignorant of that fact..."

"He knows it," Hyoga contradicted, "But he hasn't come to terms with it yet. Too bad, as I would love to have some cute little siblings..."

"I thought you already had 99 half-brothers," Milo pointed out.

"Well, 90 of them are dead by now, and the others... You see, I have a mama again and soon a father, so I want some real siblings who will grow up with me in a true family."

"And if I remember correctly, you want a *sister*, don't you?" Makoto asked.

"Oh, yes," Hyoga nodded. "A cute little sister whom I can take care of!"

"You have to work harder to get Camus, or Hyoga will stay alone," Makoto told her colleague.

"Of course!" Himiko nodded and her goldblonde ponytail bobbed up and down. "I'm sure my Camus-sama will be a wonderful father!"

Milo couldn't stifle a giggle. "Good luck!"

"Let's get back to the examination," Makoto urged. "I want to finish it *today*."

"But be careful with these things!" Milo pointed warily at the syringes.

"I only want a little blood of you," she tried to soothe him.

"So you're a vampire!"

"Exactly," she grinned and took her samples. "Okay, I'm done. You may start to breathe again. The next tests are without pricking you, by the way."

"What a relief!"

They went through the list and Milo complied without complaining.

"And now the curriculum vitae," Himiko said.

"Yeah, yeah," Makoto sighed. "These examinations are pretty exhausting -- and this is only the fourth of them!"

"May I comfort you?" Milo volunteered.

"I'm too tired to offer real resistance," Makoto yawned.

"Great!" Milo took her into his arms and grinned like the proverbial Cheshire cat.

"But still I have to complete the curriculum... Date and place of birth?" She had notebook and pen ready.

"November 8th, 1965, in Athens, Greece."

"Where did you grow up?"

"My family lived in the outskirts of the town. My dad was a farmer, and I had four brothers and two sisters. I was the second youngest son and got bullied by my older brothers a lot. I really hated it! I wanted to become stronger than they were and so I secretly trained until a strange man appeared... This guy told me that I could become *really* strong when I followed him and joined the Saints of Athena. Of course I didn't think twice and followed him..."

"I can imagine that," Makoto nodded. "This man -- was that this Triangulum Saint Astreya?"

"Exactly. He brought me to Sanctuary where I was put into a school class with some other boys, and we learned to read and write Greek. As most of the other boys weren't from Greece in the first place, they had to learn the language from scratch." Milo made a wry face. "This was pretty lucky for me as reading and writing have never been my strongest points... In that respect, I envy Camus -- he has always been a fast learner, even though he only spoke French in the beginning."

"So Camus was there, too -- and who else?"

"Camus, Shura and Aiolia were in that class with me, and we soon became good friends. Aiolia was a very cheeky boy at that time and he even played practical jokes on the Pope," Milo grinned.

"Hm... I think Camus said the same thing about *you*!"

"*Me*? Hey, I was a diligent student, and the Pope was *the* most respected person in Sanctuary. Do you really think I would play jokes on him?" Milo put on an angelic smile.

"Sure I would... I'm curious what the others will tell... So what happened next?"

"Shortly after, we were given to our Masters to train. Camus went to Siberia with Aquarius Hyperion, Aiolia stayed in Sanctuary to train with his elder brother Sagittarius Aiolos, Shura went to Spain to train there with -- I can't remember his name now, sorry -- and I was called to Milo Island where Scorpio Antares became my teacher."

"I suppose you were a good student?"

"Of course! I mastered everything right away and Antares was very proud of me."

Makoto frowned. She had only now noticed that Milo talked about 'Milo Island'. "Milo isn't your original name, is it?"

"Nope. You see, almost all Saints take up a new name after they attained their Cloths. At least we Gold Saints do."

"Hm, it never occurred to *me* to change my name," Hyoga pondered.

"And what is your birth name?" Makoto asked curiously.

Milo blushed deeply. "You don't want to know!"

"But I do! And it's only scientific curiosity of course..."

"But it's embarrassing!"

"Please, tell me!"

"Only if you promise not to laugh and not to put it into your files."

"Okay, okay..."

"My former name was Menelaos Aristarchos Georgopoulos."

Both Makoto and Hyoga couldn't help but laugh at the unwieldy name.

"I told you not to laugh," Milo sulked. "I told you it's embarrassing, even though it's a perfectly good Greek name. But it's definitely no name for a Saint..."

Makoto tried to be serious and nodded. "'Milo' is really better..."

"Told you!"

"Okay... How did you get your Cloth?" Makoto decided to change the subject before she had to laugh again. Menelaos Aristarchos Georgopoulos...

"I had to fight my Master and win," Milo said with a dark mien. "I won." It was pretty obvious that he didn't want to elaborate, and so Makoto refrained from asking deeper.

"And then you returned to Sanctuary?"

"Of course. I had to present myself to the Pope as the new Scorpio Gold Saint."

"And afterwards?"

"Well, I met my old friends again, but somehow they weren't the same anymore either after they attained their Cloths..."

"Getting their Cloths seems to change most Saints," Makoto pondered. "But then, it's not easy to get them..."

"If you knew," Milo said quietly. "Well, when we met again, we renewed our former friendship. Somehow we all tried to act as if nothing had happened, but this wasn't the case... Camus had become notably darker and even more serious than before, and Shura had also lost his easy-going nature. Aiolia was still fun, but at the time Aiolos supposedly betrayed the Pope and Sanctuary, he was spit on by all the others. We couldn't help him as that would have put us in bad standing, too."

"This doesn't sound too nice," Makoto commented. "To be a Saint seems to be even less fun than I thought."

"It's no fun. It's a duty and a calling."

"By the way, have you ever had a disciple?"

"A disciple? No. There was no new candidate for the Scorpio Cloth, and I was never given anyone to train for any other Cloth."

"Why not?"

"Dunno. I never asked the Pope about it." Milo frowned. "Maybe he thought I was too impatient?"

"Well, somehow I have difficulties to see you as a teacher," Makoto had to admit.

"That's unfair! Camus isn't better than me and he got *a lot* of disciples," Milo sulked.

"Maybe you will get some over time..."

"That would be cool. I'd love to train a Silver Saint..."

"Maybe you were simply too discriminating and demanding."

"It's still unfair."

"What exactly were your duties here when you didn't have to train other Saints?"

"I did some jobs for the Pope. He ordered me to take care of those who broke the laws of Sanctuary."

"Did this happen often?"

"Well, about once a month."

"And what did you do in your free time?"

"I ...played a little around in town," Milo said with a grin, before he turned serious

again. "I need to do something else for a change once in a while. I may be the best assassin of Sanctuary, but I prefer not to think too much about this job."

"I guess... That's a job I certainly wouldn't want to have."

"Someone has to do it and I'm the best," Milo shrugged. "DeathMask enjoys killing too much to be a really good assassin."

Makoto couldn't understand how anyone could enjoy killing. But then, DeathMask *was* strange, to put it mildly. And Milo... He was far more complicated than she had thought at first. Especially as there were some things he obviously didn't want to talk about.

"Is the interview finished now?" Milo asked impatiently.

"I'm afraid not. There are still some questions left."

"Then ask!"

"You seem to be pretty convinced that the Bronze Saints are much weaker than you Gold Saints. So what did you think when they actually reached your temple during the Sanctuary battle?"

"Well, I was surprised. You see, not long before the Sanctuary battle, the Kyoukou wanted to send me to eliminate Seiya and the others. I refused because I thought it was honourless to kill mere Bronze Saints -- and when Aiolia accepted the task right away, I was slightly annoyed. Of course I was sure he would do away with them in no time, so it took me by absolute surprise when I learned they were still alive!"

"And why didn't you stop them at your temple?"

"I did -- at first. Seiya and Shiryu were absolutely no match for my Restriction attack, and it took no more than one Scarlet Needle to strike them down. Pityful! But then Hyoga appeared, carrying Shun. He told the others not to lie around and act like cowards. He wanted to take me on alone while they were to move on. When I tried Restriction on Hyoga, he simply shook it off. I was intrigued, but then, Camus had told me of him and praised him very much."

"Camus did praise me?" Hyoga was amazed.

"Yeah. He likes you a lot, even though he usually doesn't show it. Actually, Camus is a very caring man, but don't tell him I said so. He prefers to be viewed as the proper Ice Saint..."

"My sensei..." Hyoga smiled soulfully.

"Yeah. Shortly before you and your friends arrived, Camus visited me and told me that he put you into a Freezing Coffin to make sure you wouldn't be killed by any of the other Gold Saints. He feared you hadn't developed far enough to stand against them."

When you appeared in my temple later on I really wondered how you had gotten out of the Freezing Coffin." Milo turned back to Makoto. "Hyoga gave Shun to Seiya and Shiryu and challenged me to a fight. I let his friends go because I knew they'd be stopped by Shura if they went on and decided to test the mettle of Camus' favourite disciple. But in the beginning he fought truly pitifully, and I wondered about Camus' judgement..."

"Pah. I just never encountered the Scarlet Needle attack before and wasn't prepared that it was *so* painful," Hyoga sulked.

"But he improved, didn't he?" Makoto asked.

"Well, at first he didn't even fight back properly. I could easily hit him over and over again with the Scarlet Needle and he lost a lot of his blood. My whole temple was messy with it!"

"Don't blame *me* for your bloody attack!" Hyoga grumbled.

"Okay, okay, when I find the time I'll try to create a new and cleaner attack," Milo promised. "Anyway, he was almost dead and still he didn't give up. I got more and more impressed, especially when during his last attack, he managed to activate his Cosmo to the fullest and hit me at light speed with a temperature that froze my Gold Cloth! If it hadn't been for the Scorpio Cloth, I would have been killed! So I ceded victory to Hyoga and healed his wounds before he spilled all of his blood on my precious marble floor. And guess what -- he still didn't give up, but started to crawl towards the exit of my temple to join his friends! Thus I began to wonder if maybe he fought for the right cause after all..."

"Amazing. Did you try to follow the happenings in the other temples after Hyoga's departure?"

"More or less. Before I felt the Cosmo of DeathMask and Shaka disappear, and then first Shura's, then Camus' and Aphrodite's Cosmo vanished as well," Milo said and a shadow fell over his face. "It hurt so much to feel them die, especially Camus and Shura..."

"I'm sure it was terrible," Makoto nodded. She couldn't imagine at all how something like this might feel. This Cosmo was a strange thing and far beyond her understanding.

"It wasn't their time to die," Milo exclaimed in anguish. "Of course, we knew we probably wouldn't survive the upcoming war against Hades, but I always thought we would fight side by side against the Specters. But no, there had to be a senseless battle between Saints who were supposed to fight *together*!"

"I think battles are senseless in any case," Makoto stated. "But who listens to me...?"

"Would you prefer to let Hades throw the world into darkness and then utterly destroy it?"

"What could I do against it?"

"Maybe you can't -- but Athena does, and we are her sworn Warrior Saints!"

"But this doesn't mean I have to like fights!"

"Hm... I really wonder what we are to do now that Hades is defeated," Milo pondered. "It'll take two or three hundred years before he returns, but there were never as many Saints left as this time after the Hades war..."

"Who knows? Athena will certainly find something."

"I hope so. I wouldn't find it exactly satisfying to guard a certain stone temple for the rest of my life, especially when there is no enemy due and Athena doesn't stay in Sanctuary anyway!"

"I agree, this sounds a bit boring," Makoto said wryly.

"But I wouldn't want to settle down and become a farmer like my father either... I need fun and adventure and danger..."

"What else... But I'm sure there is a reason that so many Saints have been revived."

"Earth Mother Gaia wanted Athena to justify herself and see whether the things done during the battles were appropriate. So she revived us, and somehow she didn't want to kill us another time."

"Gaia? Oh dear, there are so many Greek Gods around that I lose the overview..."

"Gaia is -- or rather was -- Athena's grandmother. As Saint of Athena you have to know about the Gods or you'll get the same problems Aphrodite got..."

"What problems?"

"His name, for example," Milo grinned. "I overheard once when he told Misty that his master mixed up things badly when she was supposed to teach him about mythology..."

"I think Aphrodite suits him perfectly."

"Well, his master told him Aphrodite was the God of War..."

"Slight error -- but then, Ares wouldn't have suited him at all. Someone called Ares should look fierce and very manly..."

"Like me?" Milo grinned. "Well, Aphro presented himself to the Pope as *Pisces Gold Saint Aphrodite* -- and as the Pope accepted it, he couldn't back out when later he was told it was a girl's name."

"Was it that bad? Many Saints have weird names, if you ask me."

"Sure. But the really funny thing is, that Aphro later on tried to live up to his name. I mean, he was always far too beautiful for his own good, but then he began to style himself thoroughly..."

"And now he truly embodies the 'beautiful warrior', indeed."

"Yeah." Milo didn't want to talk more about Aphrodite. Okay, their deaths and resurrection had slightly glossed over their differences, but he still didn't like him too much. "By the way, I'm hungry. You don't happen to have something to eat here?"

"Sorry, we had to feed our lunch to Shun and Hyoga," Makoto apologized.

"Then you have to cook something for me now."

"Huh? You're dreaming! And anyway, we haven't finished yet. We need your attacks for the file."

"My attacks are secret!"

"Don't worry, I know them already," Hyoga said.

"I might be convinced to get you some food if you show us your attacks," Makoto lured him.

"Okay." Food was always a good bribe. "Shall I use them on Hyoga for the demonstration?"

"I *knew* it -- you're a sadist!" Hyoga exclaimed. "You will not use me as guinea pig!"

"What a pity..."

"You'll not lay your hands on Hyoga," Makoto warned the Scorpio Saint. "Or you won't get any food for the next two weeks."

"Exactly. Don't you dare touch my little adoptive son," Himiko was heard once more.

"Wow, you already begin to complete your family," Milo grinned.

"Sure. Now I only need to marry my Camus-sama..." When she mentioned the Aquarius Saint's name, three hearts appeared above Himiko's head.

"Come on, Milo, let's record your attacks, then we can finish for today."

"Okay." On the deeply frozen test range, he demonstrated Restriction and Scarlet Needle including Antares.

"That's all?" Himiko wondered.

"It is. After the 15th strike with Scarlet Needle, my victims are dead for sure. And very painfully so."

"Except for my son," Himiko beamed with maternal pride.

"Humph."

"Okay, that's it for today," Makoto stopped the recording. "Let's get something to eat."

"Do you cook something for me, too?" Hyoga looked pleadingly at the two women.

"Of course," Makoto nodded. "After all, you are to grow and put on some weight."

"But not too much," Himiko cautioned. "I want him to be in *perfect* shape, just like my beloved Camus-sama."

"Let's return home now," Makoto urged.

They shut down all devices, turned off the lights and returned to their house.

Kapitel 6: Chapter 2: Culture Shock! A Greek Guy in Tokyo

Chapter 2: Culture Shock! A Greek Guy in Tokyo

Tuesday, 1987/08/18 -- 5 p.m.

When Makoto, Himiko, Milo and Hyoga arrived at the house, they found Shun already waiting on the steps. He sat on his Cloth Box, a travel bag next to him, and looked around. The house wasn't too big, but it had a nice garden with a little pond in the backyard.

"I thought you wouldn't arrive anymore today," he greeted them.

"We had to finish Milo's examination first," Himiko explained and gave her second 'adoptive son' a motherly smile. "I'm sorry, little one!"

"Well, now it's our free time, though," Makoto added and opened the door.

"Do I get something to eat?" Shun asked eagerly. He left Kido mansion without bothering to wait for the dinner there.

"Sure! She's going to cook for us!" Hyoga beamed.

"And for me, too," Milo said to make sure that they didn't forget he was here and hungry, too.

"Before I begin with *anything* you will stow away your things and wash your hands. This house is a tidy and clean house," Makoto told them.

"And don't forget to take off your boots!" Himiko exclaimed when Milo stormed into the house.

"My boots?" Milo looked down to his feet. "They belong to my Cloth!"

"Then you will take off your Cloth. I'm sure I will find a fitting yukata and houseshoes for you," Makoto said. "You are not going to run around here in boots."

"But..."

"No way," Himiko told him off. The boys had already changed into the more comfortable indoors shoes.

Grumbling, Milo willed his Cloth to leave his body. It assembled in presentational form before it disappeared in its box. Milo was clad in his usual Greek tunic and trousers now. The dark look Makoto directed at him prompted him to get out of the slippers

belonging to this outfit, too.

"Fine," Himiko smiled. "Hyoga would you please be so kind to show Shun your room? You two will stay together there; it's big enough." She looked at the green-haired boy. "You can put your things there."

"And where may I leave my stuff?" Milo pointed at his Cloth box. If he stayed longer here, he had to bring some stuff from his temple, too, of course.

"Follow me," Makoto said and led him to the upper floor where the rooms of hers and Himiko's and the one designated to Hyoga and Shun were located. "This will be yours."

Milo peered into the room which was only laid out with tatami. "This is totally *empty*", he protested. "I need a bed and something to put my clothes..."

"I'll get you a futon," Himiko said. "And later we will see that we find some chest for you where you can put your things."

"A futon?" Milo frowned. "Is that something to eat?"

"No, a futon is a bed. Or rather a kind of mattress which is rolled out when you want to go to sleep," Himiko lectured. "It's very practical because it doesn't take up much space and the room can be used otherwise when it's stowed away."

"But I'm sure it's very hard..."

"Milo, I didn't know you're such a softie," Makoto teased.

"Am not," Milo pouted. "I just want the comfort due to me as Gold Saint and protector of Athena!"

"No one forces you to stay here," Makoto shrugged.

"Pah. You won't get rid of me so easily!"

"Then don't whine around. Be glad that you get a whole room on your own! You're lucky that this house is spacious enough, or we would have put you together with the boys."

"Hm... I might fetch my bed from my temple," Milo pondered.

"Do as you like," Makoto sighed. "By the way, Hyoga will explain to you how to use the sanitary facilities and the Japanese bathing customs. I'm sure you'll find it slightly different from the way you're used to..."

"Pardon? We do have a bathroom and a toilet in our temples in Greece!"

"But certainly not Japanese style," Makoto laughed. "Okay, if you would excuse me

for a moment. I want to change in some more comfortable clothes before I cook the dinner."

"But hurry! I'm starving."

"First things come first." Makoto disappeared into her room and got out of the street clothes. She didn't change into a yukata like Himiko usually did, but some old and washed-out jeans and a baggy violet T-shirt.

When she left her room, she bumped into Milo who had waited for her in front of the door.

"Milo!" She sighed. "Well, come on, I'll prepare the food now."

"Great." The Scorpio Saint followed her like a shadow.

Himiko already waited in the kitchen. She had begun to chop vegetables. Makoto looked at the large heap and hoped it would suffice. With three additional hungry mouths they had to buy much larger amounts... Maybe they could convince Kido Saori to pay them some money for housing Hyoga, Shun and Milo.

"Do you think that's enough tempura?" Himiko asked pointing at the vegetables. She began to prepare the dough to fry them in.

"Well, I'll chop some more carrots and zucchini," Makoto volunteered.

"Is the dinner ready?" Shun looked into the kitchen, Hyoga's blond head gazing over his shoulder.

"Soon!" Milo said cheerfully.

"Did you wash your hands?" Makoto asked sternly.

"Sure." Shun held them up for proof.

"Fine. Then you can sit down in the living room and wait there."

"Okay." Eagerly, the boys stormed into the living room and knelt down at the cushions surrounding the low table. This was different from Kido Mansion with its western style interior, but somehow really cool.

"And what about you?" Makoto asked Milo who still stood behind her.

"I thought I could help you carry the food..."

"We'll manage. You only stand in the way here."

"If you say so..." Milo looked longingly at the heap of tempura that Himiko fished out of the wok.

Makoto began to arrange the trays with miso soup, soy sauce, chopsticks and a portion of the fried vegetables on each. She sighed when she eyed the cheap wooden waribashi -- normally they had beautiful lacquered chopsticks, but they were still hidden somewhere deep in one of the unpacked boxes from their move and so she had bought a package of these for starters.

While Himiko brought the food and a can of green tea into the other room, Makoto began to cook the next course.

When the trays stood in front of the Saints, Himiko smiled and poured them some tea. "O-agari kudasai. -- Help yourself."

Hyoga and Shun took a sip from the green tea, while Milo eyed the tray in wonder. "Where's the spoon for the soup? And can't I get something *real* to drink? I mean, a beer or something like that?"

"I'm sorry, but we don't have any beer in the house. But we could fetch some when we have to buy supplies next time..." Himiko made a mental note to buy some French wine, too, just in case Camus came to visit them.

"Do you want me to die from thirst?"

"There's enough green tea for all of us," Hyoga grinned.

"I only drink tea when I'm sick," Milo complained.

"I could fetch you some water," Makoto offered him.

"Water is for washing! -- Ah well, I fear I have to try the tea..."

The others laughed and used their chopsticks to fish the vegetables out of the miso soup. Milo watched them incredulously.

"You eat *soup* with *chopsticks*?"

"How else? Maybe with our fingers?" Himiko replied.

"You might try to use a spoon," Milo suggested.

"Why? There's no need."

Milo grumbled something and took the chopsticks. Close examination of the others had told him he had to break them apart first.

Makoto observed Milo and tried not to grin too broadly.

"Do you have another pair for me?" he asked with a sheepish grin when he managed to break one of the sticks in the attempt to separate them.

With a suppressed snicker, Makoto gave him a new pair.

"Tha-hanx..." This time he was successful, but it didn't help him much. "Do you mayhap have a users' manual for them?"

"Sure. But I doubt you can read it..."

Milo sighed and watched Shun and Hyoga enviously who obviously were used to eat with chopsticks. They had finished their soup and expertly dipped their tempura into the soy sauce.

"Your soup is getting cold," Makoto pointed out.

Milo grumbled something and decided to drink the soup without eating the veggies in it first. Makoto shook her head. Milo was so ...unstylish.

Himiko smiled happily and poured tea for the others as soon as their cups were empty. She enjoyed having the boys to pamper.

Milo tried his luck with the tempura, but somehow his chopsticks just didn't work properly. Probably he had gotten a faulty pair, he thought, and when he was sure no one looked, he simply used his fingers and lightspeed.

Makoto looked thoughtfully at Milo's tempura that seemed to vanish without a trace. Milo grinned like a Cheshire Cat.

Finally, Makoto fetched the next course, fried fish with vegetables in a hot sauce.

When Milo saw the steaming sauce, he sighed. This would get a little more difficult. Thoughtfully, he examined his chopsticks again and tried to hold them like Makoto did -- albeit without much success.

Makoto couldn't watch his desperate attempts and showed Milo the proper way to eat with them. "See?" She took a piece of the fish and ate it. "It's really easy!"

Milo tried to follow her example, but the fish fell back onto the plate. "It's still alive," he claimed.

"Certainly *not*," Makoto grinned. "But it seems I have to feed you, or you will go hungry today..."

"Please," Milo begged.

"But only this time!" Makoto held a piece of fish under his nose.

"Aaaah!" Milo beamed at her and swallowed it right away.

"Hyoga, would you do me a favour, please?" Himiko asked him in a low voice. "Show

Milo how to eat with chop sticks, yes?"

"Sure, Mom," Hyoga nodded grinning.

"I bet he doesn't want to learn it," Shun commented when he saw Milo's contented smile while being fed by Makoto.

"Of course I want to learn it," Milo contradicted. He thought it was better to show some signs of good will. It was something completely different, though, if he would accomplish doing so...

"That's good to hear," Makoto nodded. "You are no baby after all."

"In the worst case you can still give him a spoon," Himiko pondered.

"Please! Gimme a spoon," Milo begged. "Then I will not be in danger of starving anymore..."

"If you insist..." Makoto went to the kitchen and brought a spoon of the kind used for little children who weren't able to eat with chopsticks yet.

Now Milo was able to devour his portion with the usual speed. "Do you have another course?"

"Pardon? Are you *still* hungry?"

"I thought this was just the appetizer."

"Nope. It was everything I prepared."

"We're still growing," Shun pointed out and looked at his empty bowl.

"But I don't want to cook anymore," Makoto told him.

"I have an idea," Himiko smiled. "Hyoga, why don't you join me in the kitchen? I'll teach you how to cook."

"Me?!"

"Exactly." Himiko beckoned him towards her. "Now come here and I will show you how you can prepare your food on your own."

"Hm."

"You agreed to help us with the household tasks," Makoto reminded him.

"Sure. But Shun and Milo have to help, too!"

"Of course. Shun will vacuum the house and for Milo we'll find something useful, too."

Makoto looked around. What could Milo do?

"But I'm *hungry*!" Milo squealed.

"It will take a while until the food is ready, and I will not allow you to idle around."

"But I'm a Gold Saint, sworn protector of Athena -- such jobs are far below my rank!"

"Well, then ask Athena to help in the household for you. I'm sure she'd be delighted..."

"Milo, why don't you take care of the garden in the meantime?" Himiko suggested. When Milo and Makoto argued they wouldn't manage to come to any conclusion, she feared. "You see, as we moved in only a few days ago, we haven't had time to arrange everything properly."

"How do I know what to put where?" Milo frowned.

"Just ask. I'll tell you," Makoto said.

"Okay. But don't forget my food!"

"Himiko and Hyoga will see to it."

The guys began to do their chores under the tight supervision of Makoto and Himiko. Finally Milo and Shun were finished, and Milo's stomach gave off some weird sounds. He jogged into the kitchen.

"How far is the food?"

"Ready," Himiko said. "Hyoga did very fine." The blond boy beamed with pride and carried a new heap of tenpura into the living room.

Makoto watched with worry how much the young men could devour. If this continued they would never manage with their money. They really had to ask Athena for some support.

"This was good," Milo said finally.

"I did them all by myself!" Hyoga told him proudly.

"Indeed. Very nicely done." Himiko tousled Hyoga's hair.

"And what about me? I cleaned all the rooms," Shun pointed out.

"Of course, you did fine as well." Makoto smiled at Shun and stroked his spinach mane.

"And me?" Milo demanded.

"You don't need special attention," Makoto said mercilessly.

"Of course I do!"

"Nope. You're already grown up."

"Pah."

"But I might reconsider if you wash the dishes..." Makoto pondered aloud.

"Wash the dishes?" Milo asked.

"Sure." Himiko gave him a dazzling smile. "You live here, you do household chores like the others."

"If you refuse this, there is still the laundry," Makoto said.

"Ahm, no, I think I'll wash the dishes..."

"Okay, then I'll do the laundry together with Shun, and you, Hyoga and Himiko will tidy up the kitchen."

About an hour later, everything was finished and they sat together in the living room again.

"Is there anything else to do?" Shun wanted to know.

"Nothing at the moment." Himiko yawned. She began to feel a little tired, but she wanted to watch at least the news on the TV. "Why don't you use the time to play or train or whatever else you do in your spare time?"

"Okay. I guess I'll check the surroundings a bit..." He wanted to take a look at the garden.

Hyoga switched on the TV set and sat down in front of it.

"Where do I get some beer?" Milo asked. "I hate watching TV without having some liquid nourishment!"

"I fear you'll have to manage. We don't have any at home. I could fetch you some tea or lemonade..."

"Ah well, I guess I will manage without." Milo sat down next to Hyoga. "Hm. Could anyone translate a little for me?"

"Don't you understand any Japanese?"

"I'm from Greece!"

"So what? I have learned Greek even though I'm from Japan."

"I didn't have time to learn exotic languages. I haven't even managed to learn English," Milo sighed.

"Well, now you have enough time..."

"I know Russian, Greek, Japanese and a little French," Hyoga said proudly.

"See, Milo? Take an example in Hyoga," Makoto grinned.

"And I know Japanese, Greek and a little Spanish," Shun added. Unfortunately the Spanish was limited to certain expletives Albiore had used, though.

"So why don't you two help Milo a bit?"

"Sure, Mom!" they said in unison.

"That's nice of you." Himiko tousled both of them. Milo sulked. Why didn't *he* get any attention?

"I think I can really get used to having you around," Makoto said. "It was far too quiet before."

"Indeed," Himiko nodded. "Now I only need my Camus-sama here, and we are a real family."

"True. Although I can very well live without him," Makoto laughed.

"*You* can. But I can't... And anyway, Hyoga wants a little sister."

"Sure," Hyoga grinned. "That would be cute."

"I only fear that then the house will be too small for all of us," Makoto stated.

"It's no problem," Himiko contradicted. "My Camus-sama will stay with me of course, and there is still enough room for one or two children."

"You sure Camus will comply with that?" Milo almost doubled over.

"Of course."

"She decreed that she will convince him," Makoto told him.

"Camus will be a real good father," Hyoga said. "After all, he trained me for seven years and taught me a lot."

"But you are a perfect son," Makoto pointed out and tousled him.

"Me, too," Shun added.

"Yeah. It was a good idea of Himiko's to 'adopt' you."

"I always wanted children," Himiko said wistfully. "Lots of them. But I never found a fitting father so far..."

"Well, for starters you have two children without father..."

"But I want some more *with*!"

"Hey, I feel severely neglected," Milo let himself be heard. "I admit, I'm not so keen on being another 'child' here, but what about a slightly different position?" He gave Makoto a winning smile.

"And what exactly do you mean by this?"

"Well, Himiko has Camus (okay, not yet), so I thought I might have *you*..."

"You *thought*..."

"Sure! I'm the perfect choice, you see? Handsome, strong and everything."

"That's *your* opinion."

"Hey, what is there *not* to like about me?"

"We don't fit together."

"Not? You're a Cappy girl, I'm a Scorpio man -- that's a *perfect* match."

"Not at all!"

"But he's right," Himiko said. "You look so nice together. Why don't we celebrate a double wedding?"

"You can't be serious!"

"Of course I am," Himiko contradicted.

"Never!"

"Milo, if you help me convince Camus then I will help you convince Makoto," Himiko offered.

"You are a fine friend," Makoto complained. "How could you help Milo?"

"But don't you think he is cute, too? Not as cute as Camus, of course, but he's certainly second best."

Milo grumbled something unintelligible. When he hated something then it was to be second best. There should be no doubt that he was *the* best!

"Sure he's cute-looking, but other guys are, too," Makoto thought aloud.

"Who else?" Himiko asked curiously.

"Well, about all from our list -- you know who!"

"Ah yes, those. But *no one* there is a match for my beloved Camus-sama."

"Yes, yes. But you don't see anyone else but your Camus-sama anyway!"

"Well, my kawaii little adoptive son certainly will become a handsome man, too." Himiko tousled Hyoga's hair and the boy smiled at her.

"Indeed. He's already very cute," Makoto nodded.

"And what about me?" Shun asked and put on his best sweet smile.

"You, too, of course." Makoto tousled the green-haired boy.

"It's really unfair," Milo complained. "I'm handsome and manly -- and no one notices me..."

He was ignored, as ever so often.

"Hyoga, Shun, don't you two have to go to school tomorrow morning?" Himiko asked.

"School? Admittedly, Saori-san hired some private teachers for us," Hyoga grimaced. He preferred training to boring school work.

"That's good. Then you should go to bed now so that you are fresh and awake in the morning."

"Now?" Hyoga squealed. "It's only 10 o'clock!"

"Yes, that's time for my boys to go to bed."

"Exactly," Makoto helped her. "After all, you certainly want to train a little before breakfast, don't you?"

"Do I?" Shun asked perplexed. He preferred to sleep late.

"Sure," Himiko nodded. "Don't neglect your fitness!"

Shun sulked.

"Go now," Makoto threatened, "Or I'll help you get into your bed!"

"But I'm a year older than Shun so I can stay up later," Hyoga pointed out.

"It's only 4 months, not a year. You will go to sleep, too!" Himiko said sternly.

"Okay, okay..." Hyoga followed his half-brother.

"Hey, I thought Hyoga would continue to translate for me," Milo nagged.

"I suggest you learn Japanese yourself," Makoto grinned sadistically.

"You're mean!"

"Exactly!"

As Milo didn't understand anything on the TV set now (actually one could switch to the original versions of the movies instead of watching the Japanese dub -- but he couldn't speak English either), he sulked and retired to his room, too.

The women followed suit.

* * *

Wednesday, 1987/08/19 -- 6 a.m.

In the next morning, Makoto wasn't awakened by her alarm-clock, but by a loud noise from the garden.

"What's up now," she grumbled and looked after the source of the noise.

Shun (clad in the Andromeda Cloth) stood in the garden and his chain was wrapped around a large stone that now lay some metres away from its original position.

"Good shot!" Hyoga called.

"Thanks. After all, it's difficult to train in such a limited space without destroying anything."

"Why do you cause such noise?" Makoto complained when she stepped onto the verandah.

"Nothing," Hyoga assured her. "Just a little training."

Now Himiko leaned out of the window of her room. "Ohayou!! -- Hey, don't startle my pretty kois!"

"Don't panic, the fish are still alive," Shun assured her. Just to be sure he looked into

the pond, but the large carps swam around like before.

"God. I wouldn't want anything happen to my Camus-chan..." Himiko looked at a colourful koi with large red and black spots.

"I still don't understand why you called this fish 'Camus'. I can't see any similarities," Makoto wondered.

"He looks just as haughty as my Camus-sama," Himiko explained.

Shun knelt down at the border of the small pond and looked curiously into the water. "How many fish are in there?"

"Four," Himiko answered. "Camus-chan and Aphrodite-chan are mine. Isn't Aphro beautiful, too?"

"Which of them is Aphrodite?"

"The beautiful red-golden one."

"Pretty!" Shun put his finger into the water to touch the fish. Camus-chan swam towards him and gave him a really cold glare.

"This one looks pretty icy..."

"Exactly like my Camus-sama, nee?"

Hyoga laughed. "And how are your kois called?" he asked Makoto.

"Well, so far they are fish 1 and fish 2. I haven't found any fitting names yet..."

"What about calling them Makoto and Himiko?" Shun suggested.

"If you like," Makoto shrugged.

"Sure! -- Okay, you are Himiko," he pointed at the smallest and mainly white koi, "and you are Makoto." This time he indicated the remaining red koi with a couple of black spots.

"Look -- even here Himiko chases Camus!" Hyoga almost doubled over when he watched the carps.

"Has anyone already seen Milo around?" Makoto wanted to know.

"He's still asleep," Himiko called from the window. "I can hear him snore."

"Such a lazy slob! Ah well, as long as he sleeps he won't get on my nerves."

"When do we get breakfast?" Shun asked. "I'm hungry!"

"Oh, just a moment, I'll prepare something for you." Himiko disappeared from her window.

About twenty minutes later, Himiko called everybody to join the breakfast table. "O-agari kudasai!"

"Hey, wait for me!" Milo came down the stairs, only clad in blue boxer shorts and white tennis socks and looking hopelessly disheveled.

"What happened to *you*?" Makoto asked amused.

"Oh, I just woke up and heard it's breakfast time..." He knelt down at the table next to Shun. This was really uncomfortable, especially that early in the morning. "Hey, where's the coffee? And the rolls and jam?" Milo eyed the miso soup and rice.

"You are free to cook some for yourself," Makoto told him. "The kitchen is over there, and coffee and stuff should be in the cupboard."

"Fine." Milo rummaged through the kitchen and was glad that he found the ingredients for a western style breakfast. Some minutes later he returned with a tray. "Tada! -- Finally some *real* food! Anyone else coffee and rolls?"

"No, thanks, I'm stuffed," Makoto said. Himiko politely declined, too. Hyoga and Shun took a second course provided by Milo, though.

"I'm finished now," Himiko put down her tea cup, a lonely, tiny heart floating idly above her head.

"It starts again," Makoto sighed.

Hyoga followed Makoto's gaze. "Oh, that! I think it's there for at least five minutes now."

"It seems I learn to ignore them..."

"Why don't *you* produce some hearts for me?" Milo asked Makoto.

"You are kidding!"

"Too bad..." He sighed. Why did *he* never get the girls? Maybe it was something about his approach. But then, which healthy girl in her good senses would *not* want to be together with a handsome, powerful guy like him? He grimaced. Well, Makoto didn't. "I don't understand what makes you reject me!"

"Have you looked into a mirror lately?"

"Sure! I'm tall, handsome, athletic..."

"But unfortunately not my type," Makoto told him.

Milo sulked. "And who *is* your type? Don't say you also moon after the quiet, cold and reserved type..."

"Certainly not!"

"Good." Milo breathed in relief.

"So what *is* your type?" Shun asked curiously.

"That's none of your concern. Didn't you have to go to your lessons now?"

"Oh yes, we don't want to make Kinoshita-sensei wait," Shun nodded. "That's the teacher who comes into Kido mansion to teach us Bronze Saints. Except for Ikki, who refuses to participate..."

"Does Ikki think he already knows everything?" Makoto wondered.

"Good question... Although I'm not even sure he ever learned to read and write properly," Shun said sadly. "I'm sure he just doesn't want anyone to notice it."

"Oh." Makoto looked at her wristwatch. "Dear me, we have to hurry, too, or we will come late to our lab."

"Indeed. I'll call a taxi for Hyoga and Shun -- I'm sure Athena will pay -- and we try to catch the next train."

"And what about me?" Milo asked. "Am I supposed to stay here and keep the house?"

"What else?" Makoto said joyfully.

"I'm a *Gold Saint*, not a house man!"

"You have a lot of time, so you can do something useful."

"Pah. I will accompany you to your working place."

"You will be in our way all the time."

"I won't. And I will protect you from all the bad guys you have to examine," Milo promised. Maybe then Makoto would see his worth and fall for him.

"We get along fine on our own."

"Even if you have to examine DeathMask?"

Makoto grimaced. "I'd prefer not to meet him again at all."

"I will protect you even from him," Milo declared theatrically.

"And who shall protect me from *you*? -- Ah well, I can't hinder you to accompany us anyway. So maybe you could do something useful and teleport us to the lab. But first you should dress in a way that we don't have to get embarrassed because of you..."

"Why --" Milo looked down on himself and grinned sheepishly. "Oops." He teleported to his room and returned seconds later in the Scorpio Cloth (carrying his boots in his hands).

"And now you two will go to your lessons!" Himiko gave each of them a bentou box.

"Yes, Mom," they said, both grinning and left the house. It was cool to have a mama again.

"I hope you did the right thing 'adopting' them," Makoto wondered.

"Sure. Aren't they just cute?" Himiko looked proudly after her two 'sons'.

And now they let Milo teleport them to their laboratory, first Himiko, then Makoto.

Kapitel 7: Dossier 5: Aries Phrixos

Dossier 5: Aries Phrixos

Wednesday, 1987/08/19 -- 8.30 a.m.

"I really could get used to this teleportation stuff," Makoto marvelled when they materialized in the laboratory, just in time. They slipped into their lab coats and Milo sat down on a corner of a desk which was otherwise buried with papers.

"All you need to do is stay with me," Milo gave her a particularly winning smile with gleaming white teeth.

"The other Gold Saints can teleport, too. And most are probably less annoying!"

"Yes, my Camus-sama for instance," Himiko sighed. "We could order him to Tokyo for another examination."

"But he *was* already examined..."

"A pity... So who is next?" Himiko leafed through their notes. "A... A... Ah! Albatross Arythar and Aries Phrixos. It seems the Aries Saint is scheduled for the morning."

"Phrixos..." Milo shook his head. "How could he choose such a silly sounding name. Even Kiki was better than *that*!"

"Pah! Phrixos is a very well thought out name," a high pitched voice suddenly said. The Aries Saint, who had just teleported in, was a nine year old boy with a shock of short red hair. He carried his helmet under his arm and grinned impishly.

"Sure, sure" Milo said, slightly patronizingly. He still could very well remember when he had been Kiki's age and had just attained the Scorpio Cloth. But at that time there had been several other boys of his age. Kiki was the youngest Gold Saint at the moment, more than ten years the junior of the others, and most of the older Gold Saints felt compelled to be a bit protective of him.

"Or have you forgotten the ancient myth of the evil Ino who robbed the twins Phrixos and Helle and of the Ram who was sent to save them?"

"Of course I know that," Milo sighed. Triangulum Borealis Astreya had bored him almost to death when he taught the future Goldies mythology, history and Greek. The Ram saved Phrixos while Helle drowned in the sea which then got the name Hellespond -- and afterwards the Ram was turned into the constellation Aries to honour him for this brave deed.

"So you are Aries Phrixos?" Makoto asked and looked at her still empty data sheet.

"Yep!"

"The Cloth fits perfectly!" Himiko breathed in amazement. "I can remember that Aries Mu wore it when we were at Sanctuary last year! -- Or is this a new Cloth in smaller size?"

"It is the same -- and not completely the same," Phrixos told her.

"Huh?"

"Well, when Mu passed his Cloth on to me I had to undergo the Test of course... And with the Aries Saint it's that the former Aries Saint 'kills' the Cloth and the new Saint has to revive and repair it. So actually it is the revived Aries Cloth."

"Revived? You mean the Cloths are really alive?" The engineer scrutinized the golden armour. "Makoto, lend me your stethoscope, please. I have to check that."

Phrixos almost burst from laughter. "They don't breathe or have a heartbeat... But they need a considerable amount of blood to be returned to life after they were 'killed'."

"Blood?" Himiko frowned when she realized that she never actually had asked the Saints about their Cloths.

"Sure. Shiryu, Seiya and the others have repeatedly killed their Cloths. And pretty often the Gold Saints offered their blood to revive them and make them even stronger."

"Indeed," Milo nodded. "I gave quite a lot of my blood to revive Hyoga's Cygnus Cloth..."

"After what I heard from your duel with Hyoga in the Scorpio Temple this was only a fair deal," Makoto pointed out.

"It was a pretty bloody mess," Milo said with a wry grin. "I'm glad I don't have to repair those things when they are virtually drowned in blood..."

"One gets used to it," Phrixos shrugged.

"What do the Cloths do with all of this blood?" Himiko wondered. "Are they vampiric or what?"

Phrixos scratched his head and grinned sheepishly. "I have to admit -- I never thought about this. After the Cloths get soaked in blood, they seem to absorb it and recombine their structure somehow. I think I'll have to ask my Master, I mean, the Kyoukou. He still knows a lot more than I do!"

"I just can't understand how it works that the Cloths are one-size-fits-all armours!"

Himiko knocked against the breastplate of Phrixos' Aries Cloth. "They are hard and not elastic! And is the weight the same or does it change depending on the size?"

"I never checked that, I'm sorry."

"So would you please take off your Cloth now? I have to begin my examination." Himiko activated the surveillance camera to record the disassembly and assembly process.

"If you insist..." Phrixos grinned from one ear to the other and willed his Cloth into the presentational form.

"Fine," Makoto nodded. "Would you please come over here for the physical examination?"

"Okay..."

"In this assembled form, the Aries Cloth looks as big as the other Cloths. And it's heavy, too! Far heavier than the Aquarius Cloth, if you ask me. -- Milo!!" Himiko looked to the Scorpio Saint, and promptly he was elevated to become her lab assistant for the heavy stuff.

In the meantime, Makoto tried to convince Phrixos to keep still at least for the time of her examination. It was a difficult task, but she got her results nonetheless. "1.35m... 38kg... Bloodtype B... -- Hey, your stomach grumbles -- don't tell me you forgot your breakfast?"

"Well, at home it was still deep in the night when I left." Phrixos looked around for something edible, but without luck.

"Milo, you have to teleport to our house and fetch something to eat for the poor kid," Himiko said worriedly.

"Why me?"

"Because you're the one who is able to teleport! And because you won't get supper if you don't comply."

"Okay, okay -- you win..."

"But I'm no kid!" Phrixos protested. "I'm a Gold Saint!"

"No chance," Makoto laughed. "For Himiko everybody under 20 is still a kid."

"Oh, then I'm lucky. I'm already 21," Milo grinned.

"But you're not in the least grown-up," Makoto told him mercilessly.

"I am! I'm a strong, handsome and very manly man..."

"...who behaves like a baby most of the time," Makoto completed the sentence.

"Hey, are you finished with me? I wanna go home," Phrixos interrupted their little quarrel.

"Finished? I merely began!"

"Too bad." The little Goldie sighed. "It's getting boring here!"

"I'll try to hurry," Makoto promised. "And soon we'll have a nice breakfast."

"Cool!" Phrixos beamed.

"Well, Milo? Fetch it!" Makoto ordered.

"Am I your servant?"

Himiko smiled sweetly. "Well, you are a guest in our house and so you have to do us at least a little favour once in a while..."

Grumbling, Milo teleported away.

"Okay, I'm through with the physical check-up," Makoto said finally. "Now we need your curriculum vitae."

"My *what?*"

"Well, when were you born and where, who are your parents, where did you grow up..."

"Oh, that. I was born on April 1st, 1978 in Tibet in a tiny village where the last descendants of the lost Empire of Mu live..."

"The Empire of Mu... I think I read something about it. But I thought it was a mere legend..." She grimaced. "Okay, I also had to come to terms that I work for a living Greek Goddess..."

"Indeed," Phrixos chimed. "Mu even decided to take up the name of our ancestor's empire so that he would never forget his roots. At least that's what he told me once."

"Do you have these spots-as-eyebrows because of your ancestry?"

"Sure! All of my people have them."

"It looks somehow cute," Makoto said and eyed Phrixos' bluish grey spots which exactly matched the colour of his eyes. "Okay, so you were born there... Who were your parents?"

"I don't know." Phrixos frowned. "I was raised by my grandmother, but when I was very little, then Mu appeared and told her I had a great destiny and was to accompany him to become a Saint of Athena. I think grandma was glad when he took me away because she was afraid of my psychokinetic abilities. I mean, PSI stuff is pretty common among my people, but not telekinetics and teleportation that manifests already in a newborn baby... Mu told me I teleported around even before I could walk and they had to search for me more than once because I had simply disappeared..."

"Intriguing. -- But it seems teleportation is something that comes with Cosmo, too, isn't it?"

"Sure. But my abilities are partly independent from my Cosmo."

"So how did you get along with Mu?"

"Fine! He was like a big brother to me most of the time. Although he even spanked me once in a while. That was very unfair! He is larger and stronger!!" Phrixos sulked. "But fortunately he let me train on my own most of the time"

"I see. Did Mu choose you specifically to become his successor or was this pure chance?"

"Well, I am Aries and he trained me to repair Cloths and taught me everything I needed to know to pass the Test for the Aries Cloth, so it seems logical to me that he wanted me to become his successor right from the start. Anyway, my Cosmo is far stronger than that of a mere Bronze or Silver Saint, so I had to go for Gold..."

"What else?" Makoto wondered whether this contempt for the 'lower' ranks came automatically with the Gold Cloth. It was amusing, especially as Seiya-tachi demonstrated that 'mere Bronze Saints' could very well beat even Saints of Gold rank.

"Fortunately Mu was elected to become the new Kyoukou after the Hades War, and so he decided to pass his Cloth to me just as the former Kyoukou Shion did with Mu."

"So the Aries Saints don't have to fight for their Cloths?"

"Not fight each other, no. But our Test of Cloth is perilous, too. After all, one has to sacrifice more than half of one's blood to revive a Gold Cloth. Throughout history many Saints-to-be died during this ordeal -- especially as the repairs are strenuous in addition to the blood loss."

"Hm... Kyoukou Shion, Kyoukou Mu -- it seems this jobs mainly goes to former Aries Saints, does it?"

"That just happened. Actually, Shion initially appointed Sagittarius Aiolos to succeed him to the throne. Unfortunately, Gemini Saga didn't like this idea and usurped the throne."

"When the former Kyoukou wanted Aiolos as his successor -- why wasn't the

Sagittarius Saint chosen now? I mean, Gaia revived him along with the other Saints..."

"Aiolos was asked, but he declined. Then Athena asked Dohko, Shaka and Aiolia, but they didn't like the idea either. DeathMask, Aphrodite, Saga and Shura definitely weren't on Athena's wanted-for-Pope list, and she didn't think that Aldebaran, Camus or Milo were fit for the job. So Mu was left and had to take up the robe. Although he decided to abolish the Mask so that no one could hide behind it and take over Sanctuary again."

"And I thought every Gold Saint would crave for the Kyoukou post!"

"Why should they? The Kyoukou only leads the Saints into battle in the times of the Holy Wars. In between he sits on his throne and gets bored while taking care of financial matters and such stuff. Okay, he has Triangulum Australe Astrios as aide in economical matters, but in the end it's up to the Pope to deal with all of this stuff."

"I guess then I wouldn't want to become Pope either."

"Well, the only good point about being Kyoukou is that he can use this giant spa in his temple all the time."

"Interesting or not -- someone has to do this job."

"I prefer fun and action," Phrixos grinned.

Right in this moment, Milo materialized in the lab, carrying two large bags with foodstuffs. "Here's everything," he told Makoto. "You may prepare my lunch now."

"And what do I get in exchange?"

"Let's see... What about a long and passionate kiss?"

"That's punishment, not reward!"

Milo pouted. "Today you are even meaner than usual!"

"Of course." Makoto took the bags and looked into them. Fortunately, Milo had not brought miso soup and rice, but the ingredients for a western style breakfast plus some burgers and cans of coke and coffee.

"Oh dear -- fast food again. What actually am I to *prepare* for you?! In any case, you will have to wait until Phrixos got his breakfast." The boy still needs to grow." Makoto put a roll with jam plus a croissant onto a plate and gave it to the young Aries Saint.

"Thanks!" Phrixos grinned and directed the croissant telekinetically into his mouth.

"I need to grow, too!" Milo pointed out.

"You are already grown-up," Makoto grinned. "The only thing that will still grow is

your belly!"

"By the way -- what did you bring *here*?" Makoto pointed accusingly at the canned coffee. "That stuff is *vile*!"

"But it's sold in vending machines at every corner -- I'm sure it can't be dangerous."

"You obviously haven't tried it. I think I will spare you this unfortunate experience..." The cans flew in a high arc into the dustbin.

"Makoto, could it be that you soften up after all?" Himiko giggled.

"Nope. I just want to minimize the risk that someone poisons himself with that." Makoto decided to cook some fresh coffee instead.

They ate their breakfast (Phrixos) respectively their lunch (Milo and Makoto). Himiko was glad that she had prepared a bentou for herself as she couldn't stomach burgers and related fast food.

"Do you want anything else?" Makoto asked the boy finally.

"If you have something sweet?"

"Sure..." Makoto rummaged through a drawer of her desk and found a couple of Mars bars, one of which she passed over to Phrixos.

"Thaaaank you!" Phrixos nibbled on the bar. "What's up next?"

"Your attacks."

"Only if Milo doesn't watch! My attacks are secret!"

"Okay... -- Milo, you stay here while we continue Phrixos' examination. Here, they will comfort you while we are outside..." She gave him the remaining Mars bars while Phrixos called his Cloth to return to him.

"Why, thank you," Milo said ironically.

Himiko, Makoto and Phrixos went to the test range. Phrixos almost slipped on the frozen ground.

"Oh, Camus has already been here," Phrixos giggled. "I guess you will have to live with it as it is now... So what exactly do you wish to see?"

"We have a camera here -- just execute your attacks for the records."

"Okay. But the first 'attack' is actually no attack but a defense." Phrixos assumed the proper pose. "Crystal Wall!"

A sparkling wall enclosed the young Saint. Phrixos put on his broadest grin and waved at the scientists, before he let the wall disappear.

"Cool, isn't it?" he asked proudly. "Mu-sama taught this to me! He also taught me his attacks."

Makoto smiled at him. "Fine. Just direct them at the far wall of the range."

"Okay." Phrixos went into the proper position again. "Stardust Revolution!" Without stopping, he added the second attack. "Starlight Extinction!"

"Wow! That's quite a spectaculum," Makoto said in awe.

"Sure. As Aries Saint I'm one of the strongest Gold Saints. And I'm the only one who can repair Cloths. Okay, except for Mu-sama... By the way, I'm working on an own attack at the moment, but it's not yet finished."

"As soon as it is finished, will you show it to us, too? Athena wants the dossiers on you as complete as possible."

"Sure."

"Let's return indoors," Himiko suggested. She took the film out of the camera and replaced it by a new one. "It's always pretty cold here."

"It was your Camus who froze the range!" Makoto pointed out.

"My Camus-sama..." Himiko sighed and produced a new pink heart.

"This is too amazing," Phrixos exclaimed. "I really want to know what kind of Cosmo can cause such funny things."

"You're not alone with this," Makoto said. "I only hope that it's not catching."

"We'll see," Phrixos giggled. "Maybe you will produce pink bunnies one day."

"You can't be serious." Makoto shuddered. Pink bunnies?! A horrible thought.

"So you haven't manifested any visible Cosmo yet?" Phrixos asked.

"Not yet. And I'm not exactly angry about this either."

"You just have to practice and try!"

"I'm far too lazy for that. And anyway, I'm a doctor, not a Saint."

They went back into the lab, and Himiko fetched a big mug of hot coffee to warm herself.

"Okay, now we have everything we need." Makoto said with a look onto her notepad.
"You can return home if you like."

"Fine! I need to work a bit more on my new attack. Bye-bye!" The little Aries Saint teleported away.

"He's cute, isn't he?" Himiko asked. "Too bad I couldn't adopt him, too."

"Don't you think Hyoga and Shun are enough sons for you?"

"But they are already 13 and 15. I want some smaller children, too."

"Well, you still want to convince Camus to marry you, don't you? You have to increase your efforts."

"I'll do!" Another pink heart formed above Himiko's head.

"I think I'll buy a fly-swat!"

"Sorry..."

Kapitel 8: Chapter 3: Hunger! Black Hole Milo

Chapter 3: Hunger! Black Hole Milo

Wednesday, 1987/08/19 -- noon

"What about a proper lunch now?" Milo asked. "I'm a little hungry, you know..."

"That's no reason. You are *always* hungry. You know, it's *expensive* to feed you all the time!"

"Doesn't the Graude Foundation allow for the provision of the Saints you examine?"

"May I remind you that we completed your examination a while ago? Anyway, I'd have to fill in tons of papers to get money for stuff like this."

Himiko nodded. "Yes, all the red tape is a real pain."

"You should do so anyway. I don't want to starve."

"And what about the burgers you ate just a moment ago? And the Mars bars?" Makoto asked with raised eyebrows.

"They didn't help much. I prefer the stuff you cook."

"Was this truly a compliment?"

"I guess so," Milo admitted with a wry smile, that he immediately replaced by his best lost puppy gaze. "And do I get something now?"

"Why can't I just say 'no' when you look at me like this? -- Okay, okay, what do you want?"

"Something tasty!"

"If you dress a bit more nicely, we could go to a restaurant," Makoto suggested.

"Yeah! Be right back!" Milo teleported away, and it took no more than five minute until he returned, again clothed in a nice Greek looking ensemble with with, blousy tunic and tight black trousers. Too tight black trousers, to be precise.

Makoto looked pointedly at them. "So you haven't put on weight?"

"Hey, that's in today!" Milo claimed. "Anyway, doesn't it look better than lose fitting trousers?"

"It depends..."

"I think it looks sexy," Himiko said and tried to imagine Camus in this outfit. Nice idea... Of course this caused a new pink heart to pop up.

"I don't get it -- she sees me and still only thinks of Camus?" Milo grumbled when he followed the heart's path up to the ceiling where it burst.

"No one can compare to *him*," Himiko smiled soulfully.

"Now I really need something to eat to get over this constant disrespect."

They left the lab for a small and not too expensive restaurant in the vicinity. Many of the scientists from the Graude Foundation Research Labs went there when they didn't want to endure the infamous canteen fodder.

They entered the restaurant and first took a look at the wax models. Milo found them highly intriguing. But at least this gave him the chance to make a choice even though he couldn't read the menu. On the other hand, both of the choices looked slightly suspicious -- one of the models showed a whole fish among soup, zensai and rice, while the other contained some not so easily recognizable ingredients (plus soup and rice).

"I'll take menu 1, as usual," Himiko decided. She loved fish in any variety.

"I'll go for menu 2," Makoto said.

"The same for me," Milo nodded. When he only got chopsticks, he would be totally lost with a whole fish.

They were directed to a low table, and a smiling waitress poured them green tea. Milo grimaced. Either he got used to green tea soon, he thought, or every meal would become an exquisite torture.

They waited for the food, and Milo looked impatiently around.

"Patience," Himiko smiled. "Comes time, comes food!"

"Comes time, comes greater hunger," Milo contradicted. He had to admit, though, when he sat down on the cushion, that his trousers were dangerously tight. He only hoped they survived this.

"Awww..." Makoto giggled and tickled him in the side.

"Yikes!" Milo started. "You like unfair attacks!"

"Sure. You're too strong that I could attack you directly."

"You two act as if you were almost married," Himiko said wistfully. "Why can't my Camus-sama do this with me, too?"

"Camus is picky."

"I'm, too," Milo claimed.

"Why can't I believe you that?"

"But I chose you!"

"Because no one else was around."

"Himiko was there, too."

"You don't have the tiniest chance with her and you know that."

"I'd have *every* chance. I just have to change my name to 'Camus'!"

"I'm afraid I have to tell you that there are some more differences..."

"Okay, okay -- He's Aquarius Gold Saint and I'm Scorpio Gold Saint..."

"I thought more of the fact that he's handsome, slim, intelligent and has good manners," Makoto enumerated. But still she couldn't stand him, she added mentally.

"But that's true for me, too! I'm at least as perfect as he is!"

"That's your opinion..."

"Himiko -- what do *you* say?" Milo asked sulkily.

"Only my Camus-sama is truly perfect. No one can match *him*."

"I don't get it," Milo groaned. "Just *look* at me! Don't you see my excellence?"

"Nope." Makoto said after a long look.

"Then you should get some stronger glasses."

"Pah. Even with stronger glasses one can't see what isn't there."

"Milo, can't you convince my Camus-sama to accept an invitation to lunch or dinner?"

"As soon as he realizes who is behind the invitation, he will politely decline."

"Indeed. I don't think you can trick him that easily," Makoto pondered. "You have to devise a real cunning plan."

"Too bad," Himiko sniffed. "But I want him sooooo baaaad!"

"This is unbearable," Milo grumbled. "Camus, Camus... I can't hear it anymore."

"That's just pure envy," Makoto grinned.

"Why should I be envious only because there's one girl thinking fondly of him?"

"If I remember correctly, it's more than only one girl," Makoto pointed out.

"At least *you* are *my* woman," Milo stated smugly.

"I'm no one's woman but my own!"

"Pah!" Milo sulked.

"You always look absolutely sweet when you are sulking," Makoto said and tousled his hair.

"Why don't you give in to me then? Tell me what you want to me so that I can show you that I have every quality you demand."

"It's simple. You are not my type."

"And who is?"

"Well, someone else. And you are too young for me anyway."

"Don't say you would prefer a guy like DeathMask!"

"Certainly *not*," Makoto said shuddering. "Anyway, he's not much older..."

"He's 24! -- Don't tell me you would like someone as old as Saga or Aiolos!"

"I think their age would be better indeed."

"Oh dear," Milo sighed. "See it from the other side -- I'm still fresh and very active..."

"Maybe that's the problem..."

Finally the lunch was served, and Milo had once more difficulties to use the waribashi properly. At least this time he didn't break them. Himiko delicately broke her chopsticks apart and began to eat in a far more civilized manner than the other two together.

"By the way, who is next for our examinations?" Himiko asked. Makoto usually kept the schedule.

"I think it was Albatross Arythar, but we still have to call him. I only hope he's currently in Tokyo. Ah, finished..." Makoto put her chopsticks away.

Himiko looked at her colleague and shook her head. She had just finished the miso soup and the zensai. Milo asked for a second helping.

Finally they had all completed their lunch. Himiko paid at the cashdesk and they returned to the lab.

Milo told them he had to train now and teleported away. Himiko shrugged and looked at her purse.

"He will really eat us poor," she complained. "We have to find some work for him so that he can pay for himself."

"But what kind of work? I don't think he is able to do any well-paying work."

"Maybe we could hire him out as aerobic trainer or something like this."

Finally they arrived at the lab. "And now let's call this Albatross Saint Arythar."

Kapitel 9: Dossier 6: Albatross Arythar

Dossier 6: Albatross Arythar

(c) 2000 by Arythar, Shavana and Stayka

Wednesday, 1987/08/19 -- 2 p.m.

Himiko sighed. "Why is it always me who has to phone the guys?"

"You have the cuter telephone voice," Makoto told her.

"If you say so?" Himiko said doubtfully. She suspected that Makoto just wanted to direct some unwanted work at her. "Moshi moshi! Shizukawa Himiko desu..."

"Yeah, ahm... Hello there. How may I help you?" On the other side of the phone, Arythar McShido, a young man in the twenties with short turquoise hair, was doing several things at the same time; among them putting a pizza in the stove, updating his delivery book and juggling with the receiver.

"Do I speak with Albatross Bronze Saint Arythar McShido?"

"Indeed you do." Arythar walked to the couch to fetch the daily newspaper, forgetting as usual that the phone wire was only of limited length. The receiver fell down. "Oops, sorry!" he called aloud, hoping the woman on the other side heard his exclamation.

"Huh?!" Himiko shook the receiver. "Are you still there?"

A moment of silence, then she could hear "Are you still there?"

"That's what I wanted to know," she said slightly irritated.

"Sure. I'm still here," Arythar answered.

"Fine. But we need you *here*..."

"Indeed? Tell me, do you belong to Jehova's Witnesses?"

"Who's Jehova and why should I be his witness?" Himiko asked puzzled.

"Okay, then nevermind. Anyway, I'm not feeling like being 'there' -- wherever this is. You see, I had a busy day and I prefer to stay *here* unless you can give me a very good reason to change my mind."

"But I have a reason! Athena ordered us to examine you. And 'here' is the Graude Foundation Research Labora--"

"Examine me? Sorry, I won't take any orders by strangers unless they are verified by Athena or any Saints personally known to me."

"But my orders *are* given by Athena herself!" Himiko sulked. "If you don't believe me, then ask *her*!"

"Okay. I will ask her. I have a delivery ordered by her anyway, so I will be here in the evening."

"In the evening? Ask her *now*! My normal working hours end at 6 p.m."

"Well, I can't be at your place before 9 p.m. I have a very tight schedule, and my deliveries definitely take precedence, especially when they are ordered by Athena herself. And now have a nice day." Arythar hung up the phone, noting the phone number displayed so that he could trace the address of this Miss Shizukawa who claimed to belong to the Graude Foundation.

"I don't believe this," Himiko muttered. "He said he'd arrive at 9 p.m.! Now we have to wait all day until he arrives!"

"Obviously. Why don't you review the data you collected of all of the Cloths in the meantime? I'll go into my office and take a look at the medical data..."

"Okay..."

While Himiko dug through her notes, Makoto lay down on the small bunk in her office and decided to sleep a little while. When they had to start the examination that late in the evening, they wouldn't get much sleep in the night. But it was better not to tell Himiko she wanted to sleep, because her colleague would consider this disrespectful to their superiors at the Graude Foundation.

Finally Arythar appeared at the Graude Foundation Research laboratories. He was mildly surprised that Miss Shizukawa had indeed told him the truth, especially when Athena ordered him to show up at the labs for a thorough examination.

He was given directions by a security guard sitting at the desk at the main entrance and soon found the door marked with the names Shizukawa and Terada. As there didn't seem to be a bell, he knocked at the door.

Makoto, whose back still hurt from the hard bunk, stormed to the door. "If this is Toshiro again asking me to borrow him something, then I won't guarantee for his health," she growled and forcefully opened the door. "*What do you want?*"

"Are you Miss Shizukawa?" Arythar asked slightly intimidated by the tall red-head.

"Do I look like her?"

"How am I supposed to know," Arythar retorted irritated. "Miss Shizukawa called me

this noon and Athena confirmed that I was to be examined here. Whatever this means..."

"Oh, I see. Then you are this Albatross Saint?" Makoto waved him in. He was about the same size as she was -- maybe a little taller -- had light skin, unruly, short turquoise hair and dark turquoise eyes.

"Indeed. I'm the Albatross Saint," he confirmed.

"How *could* you dare to come this late?" Himiko said in a darkly accusing tone of voice. "My poor Saint boys will starve because of you!"

"Excuse me, but when my schedule is set I can't simply move around me delivery jobs! Would you like me to return in two weeks? Then I might have another free timeslot..."

"We are busy, *too*, and *we, too* have a tight schedule," Himiko piped. "And now that you are here you will stay here!"

"Okay, okay, alright, Ma'am," Arythar tried to calm her down. "My goodness, haven't you ever heard of the term 'flexibility'? And anyway, when your little boys are Saints you don't need to worry about them starving. Saints can easily endure quite a while without food. They just eat a bit more when they have the opportunity to do so." Arythar looked sweetly right into Himiko's ice-blue eyes.

"But my little boys are still growing! They need their vitamins and minerals and everything!"

"*Your* little boys?" Arythar examined the petite blonde thoroughly, a huge question mark floating above his head.

"Of course. My adopted sons Hyoga and Shun!"

The question marks grew. "Ahm, fine -- but..." He was half amused, half confused. Hyoga and Shun adopted by *her*?!

"Can't we begin now?" Makoto asked impatiently. "I'm also hungry and want to go home."

"My goodness! Are you aware that you have regular working hours other people only dream of? Some people have to do 24 hour shifts, seven days the week! Including me, just for your information!"

"With our payment I won't do anything more than absolutely necessary," Makoto stated.

"I wish I had such working conditions," Arythar said wistfully.

"You're a Saint, and Saints are no employees. If I remember correctly, you are supposed to work for honour and stuff like this."

"That's right! And don't forget 'friendship', which is another important value for us," Arythar pointed out.

"Friendship..." Himiko sighed. "If only my Camus-sama could be convinced that there is something like 'love', too..."

"So *you* are the reason Aquarius Camus was so ...distracted the last time I had to deliver some stuff to him?"

"I guess he feels pursued," Makoto grinned.

"I don't pursue him," Himiko protested. "What is wrong in wanting to marry him and have lots of children with him?"

"Whoa. No wonder he's in panic," Arythar laughed. "By the way, as you might have noticed, I run a delivery service which often delivers pretty delicate stuff. I could deliver a love letter of yours to Camus if you like." He decided not to mention his delivery fees right away. A Saint had to find some means to earn some money after all.

"You would do that??" Himiko looked at him in utter delight. "Really? Oh *please!* I'm writing it right away!"

"No, you are *not!*" Makoto said sternly. "You can do that in your free time. Now we have work to do."

"But he would deliver my love letter to my Camus-sama!"

"So what? Right now you are not writing any silly letters. You are going to work."

"One side question -- are we perhaps in *Candid Camera* here?" Arythar looked for the hidden camera.

"*Candid Camera*? Nope. I only watch *Takeshi's Castle* anyway," Himiko told him. "And now I want to examine you so that I can get home and cook for my Baby Saints."

"Your... *Baby Saints*..." Arythar almost doubled over from laughter. Last time he had seen them, Hyoga and Shun were on the best way to become formidable young men.

"Enough talk now," Makoto said gruffly. "I want to start now! Sometimes I really hate this job..."

"Wanna swap with me and become a Saint instead?"

"I'm not so stupid that I would want to run around in such a silly armour plus a Mask!"

"Agreed, the Cloths of Athena's female Saints are not the riot, but maybe you could ask Poseidon. Thetis' Mermaid Cloth looked pretty neat, and she didn't even have to

wear a Mask."

"I'm not so keen on all the training," Makoto admitted. "And anyway, I don't have any Cosmo to begin with."

"Ah well, but if I understood it correctly, this little meeting is not about you becoming a Saint but about me being examined, isn't it?"

"Sure -- so if you please would get out of your Cloth?" Himiko urged. "I need to get back home as soon as possible."

"If you insist I can bring you back home," Arythar volunteered. "I can transport persons as well as my usual courier stuff."

"That would be fine. I can't let my poor babies starve."

"Your poor babies, huh?" Milo said from the door where he had appeared out of thin air. "And what about *me*?"

"You are too fat," Makoto said mercilessly. "I'll put you on diet, effective now."

"Hey Milo, old chap," Arythar greeted him, slightly surprised to meet the Scorpio Saint here. "How about drinking a beer or two after I'm finished here and while Himiko is feeding her 'Baby Saints'?" In his job as courier, Arythar had already delivered several crates of beer to Scorpio Temple, and hence he had also drunken some bottles with Milo.

"*Baby Saints?*!" Shun asked scandalized. It had taken him too long for Himiko to return, and so he had decided to check on her in the lab.

"Sure, you're a crybaby Saint," Hyoga teased him. Of course he also wanted to see what was keeping his new mama.

"Oh, Shun, Hyoga -- you're here, too?" Arythar greeted them.

"I'm starving," Shun nagged and tugged at Himiko's lab coat.

"My poor little one," Himiko cooed and tousled his hair.

"Didn't you say you'd return shortly after 6 p.m.?" Hyoga asked.

"I'm sorry," Himiko said with hanging head. "My work didn't allow me to return at an earlier time."

"But I'm hungry, too," Hyoga told her.

"I have an idea," Himiko said and fetched her purse. "Why don't you fetch us some sushi and tenpura?"

"But your cooking is soooo much better!"

"And fastfood is unhealthy and much too expensive," Makoto pointed out. "We have to save money, now that you all live in our house."

"I want some food, too!" Milo demanded.

"You are greedy and it shows." Makoto tickled him in the side.

"Greedy? Tell me, Milo, who else is fed by these girls?"

"At Sanctuary they cooked for me, Aiolia, Camus, Shaka and Shura."

"Ahm, and you are the only one who survived?"

"Don't mock them! Their food is *delicious*! -- Makoto, why don't you show Arythar your skills?"

"You just want to eat something, too,"

"So your examination is in fact about who will survive your cooking skills?" Arythar asked.

"Well, you still haven't gotten out of your Cloth," Himiko sighed. She wanted this to be over as fast as possible.

"Okay, okay..." Arythar willed his Cloth away from his body and it returned to its presentational form.

"Another bird," Himiko said warily. "Does it bite, too?"

"Bite? Usually it doesn't. And why 'too'?" On close examination, the Albatross Cloth seemed to scrutinize Himiko attentively.

"The Cygnus Cloth did bite me," Himiko declared in a huff.

"It wasn't my fault," Hyoga said hurriedly.

Arythar shrugged. "Basically, each Cloth has a life of its own. It reacts to outer influences. And if it bit you it surely had a reason to do so."

"It didn't have a reason!" Himiko sulked.

"From your point of view maybe -- but did you ask the Cloth for its opinion?"

"As if these Cloths would talk with us!" Makoto shook her head.

"There's only one person whose Cloth speaks with him," Milo stated. "That's Triangulum Borealis Silver Saint Astreya."

"Indeed? I *have* to examine this!" Himiko exclaimed. "I only hope it doesn't bite, too!"

"Triangulum Borealis? I think that's a bit farther down our list."

"Do I get something to eat now?" Shun nagged. "It's at least three hours past the normal dinner time!"

"Milo, you will go and fetch sushi and tempura for all of us here." Himiko gave him an appropriate amount of money.

"Why me?"

"Because you have nothing else to do."

"I want to stay here and watch!"

"Stop nagging around and do something useful." Makoto pushed him towards the door, and Milo teleported away before reaching it.

"Milo as a delivery boy," Arythar marvelled and shook his head. "A proud Gold Saint being sent to fetch something to eat! Geesh! I never thought I would see something like *this*. -- So what do you want to know now? I don't feel like staying her all night long. And when I look into the faces of Hyoga and Shun, I can tell they wouldn't want that either."

"No, I want to watch the rerun of Dragonball tonight," Hyoga remarked.

"You shouldn't watch so much TV," Makoto frowned.

"Hey, I'm training while I watch TV. Then it's not so boring to do push-ups and the like."

"What's 'TV' anyway?" Arythar wanted to know.

"It's *cool*, Ary," Hyoga grinned. It was fun to watch others beating each other up for a change.

"Would you like to go onto the roller coaster again, Hyoga?" Arythar had invited Hyoga to accompany him to the amusement park once in a while in the past, and they both had had a lot of fun.

"Sure!" both Hyoga and Shun exclaimed excited. "When?"

"Let's see... Tomorrow I have to fetch a parcel from Australia in the morning and deliver it to Tokyo by 1 p.m. So we have the whole afternoon."

"Cooooo!"

"Tell me, Hyoga, what exactly is this examination about? I still haven't gotten an answer of Himiko or Makoto..."

"That's easy," Shun replied. "Makoto will prick you and put you through a lot of highly annoying tests."

"That's true," Makoto nodded. "Everything is mostly harmless."

"Indeed?" Arythar looked threateningly at Makoto. "Nasty stuff? *Annoying* stuff?"

"Wow, now he looks really evil," Makoto commented and looked suspiciously at the Albatross Saint.

"When Shun says I'll get pricked and so on, you can't expect me to be overjoyed about it!"

"Sorry, it's all by Athena's command," Makoto told him.

"Just smile and get it over with," Himiko suggested. "And make sure your Cloth doesn't bite me when I examine it."

"Just be nice to it and it won't harm you."

"Now let's get started," Makoto urged.

Himiko asked Hyoga to help her put the Albatross Cloth onto the scales. "10kg! That's light! I could have lifted it myself," she marvelled.

"Indeed it is light," Arythar said proudly. "It's made of a special titanium alloy that combines light weight and strong protection."

"Titanium? Cool! I have to take a sample of it for further analysis."

"Grrrrrrrrrr!!" Arythar's gaze turned from normal to very threatening. Himiko squealed in shock and hid behind Hyoga.

"But I need a sample!"

"Not from my Cloth! -- Although, I could provide you with a sample of the same alloy from some remainders of its construction."

"That would be sufficient," Himiko said in relief. "By the way, are the different colours of your Cloth a special kind of paint? It looks as if it's the material itself."

"It is the colour of the material."

"Well, then I need samples of every colour version, too."

"For a complete collection you have to ask Mu. He has samples of everything from the

time when he tried to get used to work this material. He said it was weird because he was used to orichalcum and some other materials for the normal Cloths."

"Mu! But he is the Pope now. Does he still repair Cloths?"

"If I remember correctly, he passed this job to his successor Aries Phrixos. But he was the one responsible for my Cloth."

"Oh, I see. I guess we have to ask Phrixos then. He's such a cute little Goldie..."

"Indeed," Arythar nodded. "He had his final exams when I was last in Jamir."

"And now that the matter of the Cloth is cleared, I'd like to start with the physical examination," Makoto said.

Arythar gave her a sceptical look.

"Okay, we'll start with something really harmless," Makoto promised him. "The measurements!"

"That's fine with me. But I warn you -- I watch your every movement, so don't try anything funny!"

While Makoto measured every single part of his body, Arythar whistled to make the time pass by faster. Height... Weight... Torso... Arm length... Armpit to elbow... Elbow to wrist... Elbow to finger tips... Shoulder width... Neck... He sighed tragically. But then, when he needed new clothes, he could just ask Makoto for the correct numbers.

"1.83m and 81kg," Makoto nodded. "That's good. Milo should take an example in you. Now I need a blood sample."

"Why would you want to have a blood sample?"

"To examine it, of course! We need your blood type and want to check if you are healthy."

"Okay, if you absolutely insist..." He held out his arm and closed his eyes. He didn't like to watch doctors working on him with their torture instruments.

Makoto continued to go through all the demanded examinations. The only thing she had to leave out was the ECG, because after the third ruined bike, she wasn't given a replacement.

"We're through with the physicals," she said finally. "Now we only need your curriculum vitae and a demonstration of your attacks."

"I'm hungry," Shun said miserably.

"Milo has to return soon," Himiko hoped.

"A demonstration of my attacks?" Arythar lifted one eyebrow in amusement. "Who of you two volunteers to be my target?"

"Don't you dare!" Makoto threatened. "We have a test range for this."

"Isn't it a bit enervating that you have to build a new one after each Saint's demonstration of his attacks?"

"Actually we were lucky that Camus was the first Saint we examined. He froze it so thoroughly that it withstood all of the other attacks so far," Makoto answered.

"Great."

Himiko and Makoto led Arythar to the test range and turned on the cameras. Shun and Hyoga accompanied them. It was boring to stay in the lab alone.

"You may begin," Makoto said and tried not to slip on the ice.

Arythar assumed his attack stance. "High Speed Arrows!" he shouted, and bright bands of light emerged from his fist and crashed into the far wall. The ice wall didn't show any effects, even though the noise was overwhelming.

"Looks cool," Himiko said in awe.

"Too much noise," Makoto complained. "Why do all the Saints have to produce such a noise?!"

"Sorry, I can't help it," Arythar said. "Or have you ever seen a Saint running around with a sound absorption device covering his body?"

"You give me an idea," Makoto grinned. "Himiko, you're the engineer, why don't you invent something like this? Especially Shura needs such a thing -- when he trains with his Excalibur, one might get deaf..."

"Fortunately, my Camus-sama's attacks aren't that's bad," Himiko smiled.

"Do you want to see my other attacks, too?" Arythar asked. When Himiko started to moon over 'her Camus-sama', she seemed to forget everything else.

"Sure. Go on," Makoto nodded.

"Fine." Arythar closed his eyes in fierce concentration. Some loose ice particles on the ground floated upwards and began to whirl around Arythar, while his Cosmo started to glow, first in a pale white-blue, the glow first weakening, then intensifying to a deep royal blue. The air was filled by a palpable tension when Arythar crossed his arms in front of his chest, like the statue of an Egyptian pharao.

In his deep concentration, he thought the trigger sequences of his attack:

"Fragmented Partial Discharge!" His Cosmo flared up, and now one could discern two layers, royal blue inside with a shining white halo around. A circle on the ground began to surround the Albatross Saint, sucking up all colours and leaving only shades of grey.

The two scientists looked curiously at the spectaculum of Arythar's pulsating Cosmo energy.

"Fragmented Volume Discharge!" Arythar's thought triggered the next stage, and his Cosmo intensified once more, the air whirling around him with growing ferocity. The greyscale circle on the ground was now 50 metres in diameter, although it didn't fit completely into the test range.

"Loaded Particle Discharge!" Now Arythar's still increasing Cosmo began to show small eruptions like sunflares, and Makoto feared he might lose control over his powers any moment now.

"Loaded Volume Discharge!" This thought finished the start sequence, and the Cosmo of the Albatross Saint exploded with the shouted "*Wings of Albatross!*" attack. Uncountable sickles flew from the hand Arythar now pointed at the far wall and crashed into the ice.

"This is impressive," Himiko said in awe.

"I am still hungry," Shun sulked.

"Okay, okay -- if Milo doesn't appear in about one second, he will be severely punished," Makoto threatened.

"Do you have another attack?" Himiko asked. She wanted to see some more of the pretty light effects.

"No, I'm afraid not. Unless you want to see me reaching the Cubic Volume Discharge. But I'd have to warn you -- the consequences might be truly disastrous. *Very* disastrous."

"And that means?"

"You see, my initial training encompassed only the mental aspect. That is, the foundations of my powers lie in the mental aspect. The ability to use my Cosmo came later, when I was trained in Tibet. Thus I can use either my original mental powers or ignite the Cosmo powers of a Saint. For example, I do not have to access my Cosmo for my power of movement, this is merely done on a mental base. But the two different powers are where my problems lay: My mental powers and my Cosmo don't work together properly. I can increase my Cosmo -- no problem, but in any attack my mental powers are involved. My mental powers take the Cosmo and 'eject' it in a form of energy, which is a physical process. If I would try to do this in one step, it would get immediately out of control, so I have to set up my mental forces in several stages to harmonize the two conflicting powers. Every stage is accompanied by a stronger

discharge of energy, and for me it is more difficult to keep it under control and direct the energy. The Cubic Discharge would be the stage after the Loaded Volume Discharge, and I can barely channel *that*. You have noticed the disturbances when I increased my Cosmo, didn't you? They are in fact a sign of the disharmony between my mental powers and the Cosmo energy. When I would try to reach a further stage, then I certainly wouldn't be able to keep the energies in check, and I really don't want to imagine what would happen when they get out of control..."

"This sounds like a real problem." Himiko nodded sagely.

"Well, it's not really a problem -- I consider it a challenge to live with," Arythar smirked.

"Fine. I think we should get indoors now and start with the interview." Himiko shuddered from the cold.

"*More* examinations?" Arythar sighed.

"No real examination, just one or two questions," Himiko assured him. Or three, or four, she added mentally. They went inside again, and Himiko fetched a coffee to get a bit warmer.

"Let's begin," she finally said and turned on the tape recorder. "When were you born and where?"

"I was born on June 6th, 1966, in Scotland."

"Oh! A Gemini!" Himiko scribbled down some additional remarks about certain traits Geminis should have. "So you're 21 now -- just like Milo..."

Arythar nodded.

"How did you become a Saint?"

"Four years ago I had to make a delivery for some Athena who supposedly was in Sanctuary in Greece -- which she wasn't, as I learned later. Instead I was directed to the Pope who -- as I was told -- would take the parcel in Athena's stead. I didn't mind, as long as the parcel got into the right hands. Much to my surprise, he suggested I should become a Saint..."

"Oh, I see. But are you *really* a Saint? I mean, there is no Albatross constellation -- so how would you get an Albatross Cloth?"

"Okay, I know that there is no Albatross constellation. My Cloth has a completely different origin than the Cloths of the other Saints. My Granddad was a master of materials. He was able to virtually form and carve anything. He made this Cloth for me. And about being a Saint -- the question is: are you only a Saint when you wear a Cloth attuned to the constellation under which you were born, or are you also a Saint when you serve Athena and have mastered your Cosmo?"

"Well, the Steel Saints are Saints, too, even though they don't belong to the traditional Saints," Himiko admitted. "We have worked on improving their Cloths."

"Indeed, I know them. And they fight on Athena's side, too, if I remember correctly. But then, what's in a name? Poseidon's warriors are called Marine Shoguns or Generals, and Polaris Hilda had her God Warriors... Even if they weren't Saints they were faithful to their bosses. And talking of the Steel Saints, they don't even use any Cosmo and still they are called Saints..."

"Okay, so you are another additional Saint," Himiko nodded. "Why did your grandfather make this Cloth for you?"

"Additional Saint? This sounds a little disrespectful," Arythar complained. "Ah well. About my Cloth -- my Grandpa created it as special gift for my eleventh birthday and because I had reached a certain level of my mental forces."

"That's nice of him. Is it possible to meet this grandfather of yours? I'd love to ask him about your Cloth!"

Arythar hesitated a moment. "I'm sorry, he doesn't live anymore." He paused for another while. "He was assassinated."

"That's terrible! -- Assassinated? By whom?"

"By the Council of 13. A conspirational group."

Himiko frowned. "Never heard of them. Would you care to elaborate?"

"I'm afraid it's too complicated to elaborate on this. It would take too long as there are several more entities involved. -- Anyway, don't you think you should finally get some food for Shun and Hyoga?" Arythar changed the topic and to his relief the boys nodded.

"But we aren't finished," Himiko protested.

"Which reminds me of what Milo will be when he returns," Makoto said darkly.

"At least one more thing, Arythar -- what are your current jobs?" Himiko continued.

"I'm having a courier delivery service. When someone wants to send an item that is to reach its destination fast, discrete and safely, then I'm the perfect choice. Tomorrow morning I will have to go to Sydney for another delivery."

"Do you also deliver pizza?" Shun asked desperately.

Arythar laughed. "Normally I don't deliver fresh food. But if you can afford it I will certainly not decline such a job."

"I'm back!" Milo popped into existence, carrying two heavy bags with some Greek writing on them.

"You took quite some time," Makoto said reproachfully. "Where did you fetch the food -- from the other side of the world?"

"Not quite," he grinned and unpacked large portions of gyros, tzatziki, biftecki, souvlaki, moussaka and the like.

"Didn't we tell to to bring us sushi?" Makoto frowned. "I don't care for Greek fast food!"

"That's no *fast* food! It took the guys in the take-away quite a while to complete the order."

"I don't mind!" Makoto shook her head. "Why don't you just do what I tell you?"

"It seems you are finished now?" Arythar looked at the scientists. "Give me a snack for the way, then I'd like to return to my base."

"No problem. I think it's enough for all of us here." Milo took a portion of gyros and moussaka and gave it to the Albatross Saint.

"Thanks, old chap! -- Okay, then bye, ladies and guys!" Arythar left the laboratory. It was pretty late by now, and he wanted to get some sleep before tomorrow.

Shun and Hyoga enjoyed the late meal. Greek food was always very nourishing.

"I hate these tons of garlic in the Greek cuisine," Makoto nagged.

"I don't mind," Shun said and shoved the biftecki into his mouth. "I'm starving!"

"Garlic is healthy," Milo lectured and munched on a good portion of tzatziki which traditionally was made of chopped garlic, cucumber, olive oil, plain yogurt plus some herbs and spices.

"It smells badly."

"It prolongs life."

"Only if you don't get near me tomorrow, or I will dispose of you as toxic waste."

"Eat some, too, and you won't mind anymore."

Makoto fixed Milo with a deadly glare. "I don't have any intentions to poison me."

"It's your loss, but this leaves more for me," Milo shrugged.

Makoto grumbled while she watched the others eat the food with appetite. Even

Himiko munched on a piece of souvlaki.

"I'm so tired," Himiko yawned. "Do you think we could take tomorrow off?"

"Certainly not. We have to survive until the weekend," Makoto replied.

"Too bad," Hyoga said. "Then you can't accompany us to the amusement park with Arythar tomorrow."

"No, I'm sorry." Makoto gave him an apologetic smile. "But I'm sure it will be more fun if you go alone anyway."

"Maybe... Although I'd really love to do some family stuff together with my new mama."

"As long as you leave *me* out of the game I'm content," Makoto said.

"Of course. You see, my dream would be to do some things together with Himiko and Camus-sensei."

"I'm sure he will try to be elsewhere."

"Maybe not if I ask him nicely," Hyoga hoped. "I'll tell him that Himiko will buy him some good wine, then he'll join us for sure."

"He does almost everything for wine, doesn't he?" Makoto laughed.

"Yeah," Hyoga grinned. "Maybe he can even be convinced to marry her, if she promises him to set up a nice wine cellar for him."

"I don't think she has the money to buy the amount of good wines that might convince Camus to stay with her..."

"She will try it, won't you, mom?"

"Sure. I'll do *anything* for my Camus-sama!"

"That's cute." Shun smiled. "I think I'll help her with Camus, too, just for the fun of it."

"Why are you all so keen on setting up Camus and Himiko as couple?" Makoto wondered.

"Because they'd be *perfect* as my mom and dad!"

"Because it's fun to see Camus squirm and struggle to get out of this," Milo grinned.

"Just because," Shun added.

"I *almost* pity Camus. No one is on his side...."

"I am!" Himiko smiled soulfully, pink hearts floating up to the ceiling.

Makoto followed the hearts with her eyes and watched the burst when they touched the ceiling. They were amazing!

"Don't worry, we'll help you, *mom*," Hyoga promised.

"Let's return home," Makoto suggested. "It's far too late by now."

"Indeed." They shut down the devices and switched off the light, before they returned to their house and went to sleep.

Kapitel 10: Dossier 7: Aquila Marin

Dossier 7: Aquila Marin

Thursday, 1987/08/20 -- 6:00 a.m.

Himiko yawned. Three hours of sleep just weren't enough. But still, she had to prepare breakfast for her boys and some bentou, too. And while she was at it, she could also prepare a strong coffee for Makoto who wasn't exactly a morning person.

Makoto shuffled into the kitchen. She hated to get up that early in the morning, especially after only three or so hours of sleep. She slumped down onto a wooden chair and laid her head onto the table. "Why do I have to get up every morning?"

"Because otherwise you wouldn't have anything left of the day," Himiko chimed.

"I wouldn't mind if only I could sleep a little longer."

"*You* didn't want to take today off."

"I never said I didn't *want* to."

"Who is in turn anyway? Is there still a Saint left with 'A'?"

"You ask me to think before I had my first cup of coffee?"

"Well, then drink!" Himiko sipped at her miso soup.

Makoto downed the coffee. "I think the last Saint with 'A' is Aquila Marin."

"Oh, a female Saint! I never met one of them."

"When we were at Sanctuary last year I saw two of them from afar," Makoto remembered. It was when Shura had brought her into that arena to watch the fight between Seiya and some other guy for the Pegasus Cloth.

"I have to admit I'm curious."

"I'm interested in the reason why they wear those impractical masks."

"Masks? So far I only *heard* about this. How do they look anyway? Like Zorro?"

"Not at all. The masks of the female Saints cover the whole face, even their eyes. They look a little like the masks at the carnival of Venice."

"Is that not absolutely impractical during a fight?"

"I think so, too."

"We really have to ask her about this."

In this moment, Milo, Hyoga and Shun came down the stairs. Breakfast called them faster than anything else.

"Milo, could you do me a little favour?" Himiko asked.

"Yes, don't sit down in my vicinity," Makoto grumbled. The garlic odour from yesterday's late night dinner was a bit ...heavy on him.

"It depends. What do I get in return?"

Himiko pondered. "A home made dinner." 'Without garlic,' she added mentally.

"Okay. You cook well enough... What am I supposed to do?"

"Please teleport to Sanctuary and fetch Aquila Marin for today's examination."

"You sure? Aiolia might be suspicious if I fetch her. He's very jealous, especially since he has only Marin left as girl-friend." Milo put a finger to his lips in thought. "Maybe I should try to talk to Shaina again. She would deserve a cool guy like me as her companion." Milo still couldn't understand why on earth Shaina had decided to choose DeathMask as her boy-friend after the battle against Persephoneia.

"We need Marin here. You just have to tell her and Aiolia that it's Athena's orders. And about Shaina -- I'm sure she has better taste than to fall for *you*!"

"Pah! If she had good taste she'd have chosen me right from the start." It definitely rankled him that she had turned to DeathMask of all men and he decided he'd better not mention that to Makoto or she would get even better ammunition to tease him.

"If you had the same class Aiolia has, maybe..."

"I have *more* class than he."

"There is only *one* man with real class and style among the Saints: my Camus-sama!"

"Even though I don't like him, I have to agree with her," Makoto nodded.

"Class? Camus? He's a grumpy ice cube," Milo sulked. "He eats only in expensive restaurants and drinks exclusive wines... So what? And he reads boring books -- does that make a man of class?"

"Among other things, yes," Makoto told him. "But *you* are cute when you sulk."

"I'm *not* cute!"

"Yes, you are. And that's not my opinion alone."

"Indeed," Himiko nodded. "You're adorable. If there weren't my Camus-sama, I might consider *you* as my future husband."

"But of course there *is* Camus," Milo sighed.

Makoto giggled. "Exactly. And I don't think you can match him in Himiko's eyes or heart..."

"Why do I have to stay alone all the time?" Milo exclaimed. "It's unfair!"

"Life is rarely fair."

"But to me it's more unfair than to others."

"Actually, I wouldn't mind having Milo as a kind of uncle," Hyoga whispered to Shun. "Why not organize a double marriage? Mama and Camus-sensei and Makoto and Milo..."

"As long as they let me live here and cook delicious meals I'm content," Shun said.

"Are you nuts or what?" Makoto exploded. "I'm not going to marry, especially not Milo!"

"Why not?" Hyoga wanted to know. "You two are a perfect match, as much as you quarrel."

Makoto gave Hyoga a deadly stare. "We are no match at all!"

"Sure we are," Milo nodded eagerly.

"Stuff it," Makoto growled. "Your opinion concerning this topic doesn't count at all!"

"Hey, as your future husband, my opinion has to count!"

"Before I marry you, I will strangle you," Makoto threatened.

"A pity," Hyoga sighed. "You look so cute together."

"He gets on my nerves, that's all! Milo, why don't you look for someone who *is* a match for you?"

"But I do! It's so unfair -- neither Shaina nor you want me..."

"Well, most women don't like to be part of a harem -- and you seem to like this idea, too... Which reminds me, I wouldn't mind having a harem of male Saints..."

"Really? And who should belong to it?"

"Every Saint I like, of course."

"But my Camus-sama is mine alone," Himiko stated forcefully.

"Sure. You get Camus, and I'll take the rest. I thought we already agreed on that."

"Good. But my Baby Saints aren't free for the taking either."

"They are too young for my taste anyway."

"Hey, I'm fifteen!" Hyoga protested.

"You are still my Baby Saint," Himiko contradicted and tousled his hair.

"Fifteen, that would be like robbing the cradle," Makoto stated.

"I'm almost 22," Milo offered with a winning smile.

"I know. That's not much older than the little ones."

"*I'm a man!*"

"Okay, you are of age, but that doesn't say much."

"Pah! I'm a real macho guy who should be *the* choice for every woman!"

"That's what *you* think. *I* think you are at best cute and cuddly."

Milo gave her a scandalized look.

"Cute and good-looking, yeah," Makoto laughed.

"Himiko nodded. "But..." she began.

"Yeah, Mom, I know," Hyoga grinned. "My Master is of course far better looking..."

"How did you know?" Himiko asked in surprise.

"He has precognitive talents," Shun claimed deadpan.

"If you say it only a couple more times, I'll probably start believing it, too, that Camus is Mr.Perfect himself." Makoto sighed.

"Because he *is!*" Himiko smiled soulfully. " And the best about it is ...he's *mine!*"

"Don't you think *he* has a little say in this, too?"

"Well, I'm working on it."

"Why can't I be Camus?" Milo exclaimed exasperatedly. "All this hype about him is really enervating!"

"If you ask me -- one Camus is more than sufficient," Makoto told him. "Be glad you are yourself!"

"But everybody wants Camus and no one wants me," Milo sniffed.

"Poor Milo -- all alone... Do you want me to comfort you?"

He nodded strongly.

"Okay, if it helps you to feel a little better..." She tousled his hair.

"If only you would really mean it," Milo sighed.

"You are never satisfied, aren't you?"

"I want you *really*," Milo said, for once sincere.

"Then you have to put some more effort into your attempts."

"I'll do!"

"And then you'll live here together with him?" Shun asked curiously.

"Just wait and see," Makoto said.

"Cool! For once she didn't say 'no' right away." Milo grinned like a Cheshire Cat.

"Who knows what for I might need you in the future."

"I'm useful for a lot of things," he bragged.

"Indeed. Fetching the food, keeping the house and stuff like this."

"Pah! I thought of other activities."

"And what would that be?"

Milo whispered her his (x-rated!) ideas in the ear.

Makoto laughed. "You seem to be full of ideas."

"I hope so." He grinned seductively.

"You're really cute," Makoto said in amusement.

"You don't take me serious," Milo accused her.

"I do, I do -- but why don't you fetch Marin now? I want to get this examination over as soon as possible."

"Only if I get that homemade dinner you promised me."

"Himiko promised that, not I."

"And what do *you* offer me?"

"What about another meal?" Makoto was sure Milo was best baited with food.

"Yes! Lunch!"

"No problem."

"That's perfect! I'll be right back!" He teleported away in an exuberant flash of gold. It took him only 15 minutes until he returned together with Marin.

"Oh, already back?" Makoto was amazed. "Ah, hello Marin."

She examined the newcomer. Aquila Silver Saint Marin was a medium-sized, slim woman with a shock of red, shoulder-length hair, wearing a plain silver mask that hid her whole face. Even the eyes couldn't be discerned, as the mask covered them, too.

"Hello," she replied in a pleasant voice that hit an edge of steel behind. "So why exactly do you want to see me?"

Makoto and Himiko exchanged a short glance, determining who was to relate their cause this time. It was Makoto.

"We conduct an examination in the name of Athena," she explained patiently. "We are ordered to check your health and examine your Cloth."

"How long will this take? I don't want to leave Aiolia for too long. Who knows which ideas he might get when I'm not there to look after him..."

"So he's always up to some mischief?" Makoto inquired.

"What else? My proud lion is very difficult to tame." Marin smiled invisibly behind her mask.

"Okay, we will try to hurry," Makoto promised.

"Good."

"Then let's go to our laboratory."

"And what about me?" Milo asked.

"You'll be a good boy and stay here," Makoto replied.

"Watch some TV, maybe you can learn a little Japanese that way," Himiko suggested.

"Japanese? I'm Greek and proud of it!"

"Then do something else." Makoto thought a moment. "Yes, the floor needs vacuuming again."

"I'm not your maid!"

"You're a freeloader who stays at our house," Makoto mercilessly pointed out. "Do something to earn your stay!"

"Okay, okay," Milo gave in. Before they threw him out, he would have to comply a little. But only a little bit.

"And when you did all the chores, we will cook something really nice for you."

Milo smiled angelically.

"And you, my boys, will go to your lessons right away," Himiko told Hyoga and Shun sternly. "Makoto and I will earn our money now."

"Okay," Shun nodded. "We are already pretty late." The young men went on their way, too.

"And now that all the ruckus has calmed down, we can go, too."

They took their car which looked pretty old and didn't sound much better. But it brought them safely to the lab.

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Finally the three women arrived at the Graud Foundation Research Laboratories, and Makoto prepared everything for the upcoming examination.

"Okay, let's get it over with ASAP. The faster you'll get back to your Aiolia," she said.

"So what am I supposed to do?" Marin looked around.

"Please take a seat." Makoto pointed at the stool next to the examination table. "I'll take some blood samples, then you'll be thoroughly measured..."

"Would you please take off your Cloth and this mask so that I can have a look at them?"

"My mask?" Marin let out a sharp breath of indignation.

"Yes, your mask -- or is it some kind of taboo with you?"

Marin hesitated a moment and looked carefully around. "There are no men barging into this lab by accident?"

"Usually not." Himiko shook her head. "What is it about these masks anyway?"

"Wearing a face mask is a tradition among the female Saints," Marin told her. "In the past, when Athena first assembled her Saints, there were no women at all among their ranks. Athena refused to admit them, because they reminded her of the Amazons. You know the Amazons? They were a female warrior tribe fathered by Ares -- and he belongs to the Gods Athena dislikes most. The women who wanted to join the Saints never gave up, though, and one day Athena gave in, but only under one condition: her female warriors had to hide their femininity and cover their faces with those masks."

"I think that's pretty chauvinistic," Himiko accused. "I definitely wouldn't comply with having to wear such a thing!"

"Among the female Saints it became a tradition," Marin explained. "In fact, the masks give us several advantages. The material filters the air we breathe and thus we are not affected by poisonous gases. And as it can even filter oxygen from water, we can dive as long as we wish without drowning. Furthermore, our eyes are protected from all kinds of dangerous radiation, while infrared light is being enhanced so that we can see in the night, too."

"Hm, *this* does sound cool indeed," Himiko admitted. "But still I wouldn't want to wear such a thing! You can't simply take a snack or drink something without taking it off -- and if you don't take it off as long as any guys are around, that should be highly annoying!"

"You get used to it," Marin shrugged. "And it does have even further advantages. No one ever beat me in poker -- not even my beloved." Her voice sounded like a broad grin, but the mask looked unmoving as ever.

"So do you do me the favour and give it to me for examination?" Himiko inquired a second time.

"Okay. But only because you are a woman..." Marin took off her mask, and a stunningly beautiful face looked at the scientists. Marin had deep blue eyes, long, dark lashes and a radiating smile.

"It's a shame that you hide such beauty behind this mask," Makoto observed.

"My face is only for Aiolia to see."

"Aren't there any lady Saints who want to get rid of these masks?"

"Some, yes," Marin nodded. "But it's generally frowned upon. So far there is only one female Saint who defies Athena openly by not wearing her mask anymore -- and that's Ophiuchus Silver Saint Shaina."

"And what does Athena say?"

"So far she hasn't punished her for this insolence. But Shaina is a bit shameless in any case."

"Shameless?"

"Of course! Being seen without mask is far worse than being seen naked!"

"Is it?" Himiko asked incredulously.

Marin nodded.

"But why?"

"That's just the way it is," Marin replied. She couldn't really explain it, but the constant drill of her Master had so deeply ingrained this fact, that it had become a part of her self. In fact, she even looked with some contempt at the bare-faced women around who weren't Saints.

"And why did Shaina get rid of her mask then?"

Marin chuckled. "Well, Shaina said her mask was shattered so often that her face was no secret to the men anyway. And if she had to kill all the men who had seen her face by now, then she would be occupied for years and Sanctuary would be emptied of Saints."

"Sounds reasonable," Himiko nodded.

"Please hurry with your examination of my mask. I feel naked and vulnerable without it," Marin admitted. She felt so much safer with her mask on; it had become almost a part of her body.

"Okay." Himiko went to her examination table and tested it thoroughly. It was really amazing, she thought. Everything Marin told about the filtering capabilities of the material was true. In fact, the strange metal was very light, left oxygen through so that one didn't even sweat under it, and it seemed to be inherently adhesive to skin, too. Whoever created these things must have been a genius. The only drawback was that Himiko wasn't able to determine what kind of alloy or other material it was as it stubbornly withstood every examination method. Himiko sighed. It was the same as with the Cloths. She really wondered how much use she was in this project when all of

her test objects were so reluctant to reveal any information. She returned the mask to Marin who breathed in relief and put it back on.

Makoto finished scribbling down her findings. "Height 1.67m; weight: 52kg; blood type: A," she mumbled and turned over the sheet. Pen ready at the top of a pristine new sheet, she said, "now we can start with the interview! Birth place and date?"

"I was born in Japan; March 14, 1970."

"What about your parents and childhood?"

"My parents died in an accident when I was still a baby, and my Grandma took me in and raised me. When I was about five, a strange man appeared and abducted me. I was brought to Sanctuary, where I was taught Greek and everything about Athena and her Saints..."

"Were you trained together with the boys?"

"Of course not! That would not be proper -- sometimes it happens that we lose our masks during the training, and that would have been a catastrophe if there would have been boys around."

"How many girls were there when you started your training?"

Marin frowned and tried to remember. Shaina, Verdandi, Nimue Omiklea, Ariana, Alineth, Astara, Esther and Idurah were the girls who began with her. "Nine except for me. But only Shaina and Verdandi survived to attain a Cloth."

"What about this Verdandi? I don't remember seeing her on the list of Saints."

"Verdandi challenged our Master Regina for the Cassiopeia Silver Cloth and won. But this year she formally retired to found a family. As the Holy War against Hades was won for this cycle, the Kyoukou didn't see a reason to decline her wish."

"So this Cassiopeia Cloth is vacant now?"

"It is. Shaina took over Verdandi's job to teach the girls now. She already helped her in the past. I only hope she won't introduce her ideas to the girls that wearing a mask is nonsense..."

"Well, if they don't have to take up these masks, there might be some more girls willing to become Saints," Makoto pointed out. "I would refuse such a silly tradition, too."

"But it was good for generations," Marin defended herself. "Why should it be abolished now?"

"Well, times change, and sometimes traditions, too."

"Why is it anyway that there are far more male Saints?" Himiko wanted to know.

"I don't know. You might ask Astreya -- he's the one who chooses the candidates. Except for Dohko, Saga and Aiolos every single one of the current Saints was found by him."

"Well, that speaks for his tastes -- most of the guys are really cute."

"Indeed," Marin smiled. "Especially my Aiolia."

"Indeed," Makoto grinned. "He's cute like a kitten..."

Marin laughed. "Don't let him hear that. He's pretty touchy about being called something else but a proud lion!"

"Milo obviously doesn't care," Makoto pointed out.

"Milo, yes. But they know each other from the first days of their training. Even nowadays they often go out together and tour through pubs and bars. But if others call him a 'kitten' he gets pretty upset..."

"I'm sure he'll scratch and bite then," Makoto giggled.

"Only seldom -- he prefers to use his Lightning Bolt. And mind you, he is one of the strongest Gold Saints around."

"I see. Back to your curriculum vitae... How did you attain your Cloth?"

"The Aquila Cloth was hidden somewhere near the top of the highest mountain here. I had to climb up there together with three more of my fellow trainees and compete with them for it. I won." Marin still remembered vividly how Alineth, Esther and Omiklea had fallen to their deaths during their fights.

"And what about this mask of yours -- does it belong to the Cloth?"

"No. The female candidates get their masks right at the beginning of their training. After our introduction, we were lead to the Hephaesta who named us and who gave us our masks."

"Named you? So you don't get to choose your own names like the male Saints?"

"No. It's tradition, too."

"And what was your name originally? Or aren't you allowed to tell that?"

"It's not a secret. My former name was Sanae. But Sanae doesn't exist anymore -- I'm Marin, Aquila Silver Saint."

"I see. Back to the masks once more... Why exactly were they introduced?"

"To show that we are different from the accursed Amazon warriors."

"And that's so important?"

"Of course! Since mythological times, the Amazons were great enemies of Athena. After all, they have twice Ares' blood in their veins! But I have to admit, in my opinion the advantages of the masks outweigh the disadvantages by far. Aphrodite, for example, always gets very annoyed that his poisonous roses don't have any effects on the female Saints."

"I can imagine that! -- Talking about attacks, would you please show us yours now?"

"Sure. Do you want to see them here? That might be a bit unwise, though."

"Please follow me to our test range outside." The women left the laboratory and went to the test area. Marin looked curiously around.

"Did you deliberately freeze it, or have you already examined Camus and Hyoga?"

"The ice is courtesy of Camus," Makoto sighed. "But on the other hand, it's not impractical. None of the other Saints' attacks could ruin the test range after he so thoroughly froze it."

"Indeed. But it's still cold." Marin commented.

"I'm sorry, I don't feel like thawing it."

"It might be difficult in any case if it was *Camus* who froze it... -- So what exactly do you wish me to show you?"

"All of your attacks, please. We have a camera running so that we can put it to our files."

"Okay." Marin took her pose and shouted "*Eagle Tough Lash!*" A large eagle shape could be seen through the Cosmo she activated before the energy crashed into the frozen wall.

"Oh, a bird!" Makoto observed.

"The eagle is my guardian constellation," Marin explained.

"Ah. Do you have another attack?"

"Sure." She struck the proper pose. "*Ryu Sei Ken!*"

"This looks just like Seiya's attack!" Makoto commented.

"It was me who taught it to Seiya," Marin said proudly. Then she showed *Kuu Ken*, her

third attack, before Makoto declared the examination finished.

The women returned into the lab to get out of the cold.

"By the way, why do you wear such strange leggings?" Makoto asked the Aquila Saint. Marin looked down to the strip of bare flesh that showed above the left leg.

"Oh... You see, in one of my first great battles I ripped my tights like that. And as I won it even though everybody thought I would never make it, I left it like this as a kind of good look charm. And you see. I'm still alive."

"If you say so..."

"Indeed! One time I put on some new tights, and promptly I slipped and broke my leg. Since then I never wore whole tights, and it helped."

"It definitely looks unique."

"Yeah." Marin grinned, but only her voice showed her amusement. "And it distracts my male opponents, too."

"I can imagine that," Makoto laughed.

Suddenly Aiolia stood right in the middle of the laboratory. "Marin? What are you doing here? I missed you back home!"

"I was ordered to submit to an examination. Didn't Milo tell you that?" Marin sighed. Aiolia's protectiveness towards her sometimes was a bit much.

"Sure. But I don't trust Milo where you are concerned. And anyway, I'm a little hungry and thought you might cook something for me..."

"Saints are *always* hungry, it seems," Himiko giggled from her corner. "But it's true -- it's lunch time right now."

"In Greece it was breakfast time," Aiolia corrected her. "And I thought of a nice breakfast in bed..."

"You are impossible as always," Marin giggled. If she didn't wear the mask right now, she would have kissed him. "But I'm a bit tired and wouldn't mind relaxing a little, I have to admit."

"Why don't we just examine Aiolia, too, now that he's here?" Himiko suggested. "In the other room there is a bench where you can lie down a little, Marin."

"I won't submit to an examination before I haven't gotten my breakfast!" Aiolia told them.

"You should better comply," Marin warned them. "Hungry lions are dangerous."

"You heard her?" Aiolia asked Makoto. "So you'd better prepare something nice and tasty for me."

"Do you want some tea first?" Himiko offered him a cup of steaming green tea.

"No thanks. With that colour it can't be healthy," Aiolia shuddered.

"Try a large cup of hot cocoa," Marin suggested.

"Oh, he likes sweet things," Makoto commented.

"Sure. They give energy," Aiolia told her.

Himiko rummaged through a drawer and came back with a *Lion* bar. "Wanna have one?"

"Sure," Aiolia grinned. "Always."

Marin couldn't help but laugh. "They are his favourites -- how did you know?"

"Well, I thought *Mars* wouldn't be fit for a Warrior of *Athena*..."

Aiolia had just finished the *Lion*. "It's okay to destroy Mars, though," he pointed out.

"I see." So he got the *Mars* bar, too.

"It's always amazing how easily they can be tamed with the proper food," Makoto wondered.

"That's true," Marin nodded. The threat of not giving his lunch or dinner was also the best threat to convince Seiya to train hard.

Kapitel 11: Dossier 8: Leo Aiolia

Dossier 8: Leo Aiolia

(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 Apythar 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 darkend. "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 to 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 to 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.

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."

Kapitel 13: Chapter 5: Pink Heart Attack! The Unwilling Teacher

Chapter 5: Pink Heart Attack! The Unwilling Teacher

Friday, 1987/08/21 -- 1 p.m.

I really wonder how long this ice will keep," Makoto wondered.

"A Freezing Coffin by Camus cannot be broken," Milo lectured. "Not even the power of all Gold Saints combined can do it -- only a certain Bronze Saint armed with a sword of the Libra Cloth succeeded."

"And Makoto with her hair dryer," Himiko added and shuddered. She was still cold and turned on the heating. "Tomorrow I will bring my winter jacket."

"*Tomorrow* we don't need to work," Makoto reminded her. "But on Monday I will definitely take a warm jacket with me, too."

"Wow, this means we already worked a full week to examine the Saints." Himiko was amazed. "Evidently, it takes longer than I thought... How many of them are finished now? Nine of 35? That's barely a quarter!"

"Yep. And it's far less exciting than I thought."

"But my Camus-sama *is* exciting!"

"I think most of the work is mainly stress."

"You can say that," a new voice complained. "Because of you I had to get up at 4am!" Camus was still unkempt (obviously his time had only sufficed to rake his fingers through his mane) and he yawned miserably.

"Why did you have to get up because of us?" Makoto wondered.

"Express orders of Kyoukou Mu," Camus grumbled. "I am to investigate Himiko's so-called 'Cosmo'."

"Why *you*?" Makoto asked innocently. As soon as she discovered Camus, Himiko produced a steady stream of variously sized pink hearts.

"Don't ask me!" He grimaced. "The Pope just said 'Hey, it's *your* fault, now do something about it!'

"Well, he *is* right in a way -- it's all because of you."

"What? But it's *she* who produces them. I never asked her to!"

"She does it only since she saw you. So you are at the root of the problem."

"It could have been *anyone*!" Nonetheless, Camus observed the heart invasion with great fascination.

"These things really get on one's nerves," Makoto sighed and waved her flyswat around.

"Why *me*?" Camus groaned.

"Someone *has* to do it."

"My dear friend, just take it like man!" Milo suggested, almost doubling over. "Hello, by the way."

Camus just gave him a haughty glare.

"What about helping me a little?" Makoto turned to the Saints. "I'm not very keen on suffocating in this pink horror, and I'm pretty sure she will not stop as long as Camus is in view."

Indeed, Himiko wore an idiotic soulful grin on her face and raptly watched 'her Camus-sama', while the hearts floated steadily upwards and began to cover the ceiling. Camus looked helplessly at her.

"You will make her stop this!" Makoto demanded from Camus. "That's what you are here for!"

"Easier said than done..." Camus pointed his index finger at one freshly materialized heart and froze it. It fell down immediately and shattered on Himiko's head.

"Ouch! That hurt," she whined.

Makoto grinned. "Of course. Broken hearts usually hurt."

"It's amazing that I can freeze them in the first place," Camus commented and tried it with some others. Fortunately they fell down next to Himiko and left pink shards on the ground that dissolved right away.

"You are lucky that the splinters disappear. This spares us the cleaning of the floor."

"But it makes it more difficult to examine them," Camus pointed out.

"They behave like heart-shaped soap-bubbles."

"But soap-bubbles don't disappear without traces," Camus observed. "They leave residues of soapy water."

"Well, we can be glad that the hearts don't leave stains."

"You are right." Camus made a tentative step towards Himiko. "I wonder *how* she creates them."

"So do I! They just appear right above her head," Makoto reported.

"I see. Do you have a ruler somewhere?" Camus looked around.

"Sure." Makoto rummaged through a drawer and pulled out a simple wooden ruler.

"Thanks." Camus went to Himiko and held the ruler to her head. She was so absorbed in her rapture about *him* being *here* that she didn't notice anything else around. "That's a height of 5.5cm. They don't come out of her, they just materialize," he reported.

"Meaning?"

"How should I know?"

Makoto shrugged. "You know more about this Cosmo stuff than I do."

"But I'm no scientist -- I'm a *Gold Saint*!"

"But as Gold Saint you know Cosmo. Aren't Himiko's hearts right that?"

"Well, it feels somehow like Cosmo," Camus admitted. "But I know of no Saint who would manifest his Cosmo in such a ridiculous way."

"Himiko is no Saint, remember?"

"Fortunately that is true. With her getting a Cloth I would quit my job. It's too embarrassing if there were some Saints around producing *hearts*. No one would take us serious anymore!"

"Well, as there is no 'Heart Saint' around, you should be comparatively safe... Except if someone would invent such a Cloth."

"Don't give Phrixos funny ideas," Camus warned. "He might want to try and build one."

"I think I would like to see a Heart Saint," Makoto laughed.

"I wouldn't," Camus replied dryly.

"You are simply no romantic."

"Certainly *not*. Although some enemies might die from laughter if she would engage

her *Pink Soap Bubble Heart Attack...*"

"I wonder what might happen if one swallows one of them," Makoto pondered.

"Feel free to try," Camus invited her.

"No thanks. On second thought they might be bad for my teeth."

"And of course they are *your* hearts," Milo grinned broadly.

"I guess I should try to do something now," Camus said and looked at Himiko. "Would you please stop spitting out these hearts?"

Himiko awoke from her near trance. "Huh?! Oh, my Camus-sama!" The amount of hearts doubled.

"This idea wasn't so good," Milo commented.

"That's true."

Milo grinned at Camus' stressed mien.

"What about some *constructive* remarks of yours?" Makoto asked Milo, who grinned even more broadly.

"Of me? I'm just your friendly Scorpio Gold Saint from next door and no scientist."

"You *always* try to talk yourself out of things you don't like!"

"Sure." He gave her his best impertinent grin.

"I would really love to rip off your head ever so often," Makoto hissed.

"Don't panic," Camus tried to be helpful. "He needs that one in a while."

"He needs a sound spanking once in a while, if you ask me! Unfortunately he's a Goldie and far stronger than I am."

Camus shrugged and looked at Himiko whose heart output had normalized. Well, at least as long as one considered 20 hearts/minute as normal.

"I really wonder if she can produce things other than hearts," Makoto pondered.

"Let's see. -- Himiko, would you please try and concentrate," Camus asked. When he directly addressed her, the output of hearts increased, but nothing else happened.

"As long as you are here there will probably be only hearts, no matter what you try," Makoto said.

"I shall go outside then," Camus decreed. "Try to convince her to produce blue cubes while I'm not there."

"Whatever you say."

Camus left the lab and Makoto tried to talk Himiko into producing cubes.

"He's gone?" Himiko mouthed, completely ignoring Makoto. But she did produce something new -- broken hearts this time.

"Yes, he's gone. And he will only come back when you create some blue cubes for a change."

"Whaaa?" Immediately a single cube floated above her, not very elegantly, but a perfect cube -- and brilliantly pink.

"Almost... Try again!"

Himiko made a strained face and slowly, but surely another cube appeared, again in pink, though.

"Hm... So you don't seem to be able to control the colour of it... Now try a green pyramid!"

The next object was an upside down heart.

"Hm. Try again! A green pyramid!"

Himiko made a strained sound and tried to concentrate, and finally a pink pyramid materialized.

"And when you now manage to produce a sphere, I will call back Camus," Makoto promised. The mentioning of Camus, though, caused just another heart flood.

"That was no sphere, thus no Camus!"

Of course the next objects were broken hearts again.

"I would suggest you try a bit harder," Makoto demanded.

"What do you think I'm doing," Himiko sighed and continued to concentrate on spheres. Finally a monstrous pink ball appeared right above her head.

"Wow!" Makoto gaped. "That's a big one! And it's really round."

"That's how spheres are supposed to look like," Himiko commented dryly and wiped a bead of sweat from her forehead.

"So you can control your Cosmo after all!"

"Only for my Camus-sama..." The usual hearts popped up like mushrooms in spring. One of them hit the sphere and they both annihilated each other.

"Where is Camus anyway?" Makoto wondered. "I hope he didn't flee."

"He won't!" Himiko said with conviction.

"I wouldn't be so sure," Milo grinned.

"I'd better go and look where he hides," Makoto decided and set off to search for him.

Camus paced back and fro in the corridor, trying to collect all of his courage to face Himiko again. Why couldn't it be some powerful enemy? Poseidon and Hades together weren't half as terrifying as *that*... Against them he could at least use his mighty attacks in self-defence.

"Oh, there you are, Camus." Makoto beckoned him towards her. "With the right incentive she can produce other forms, too."

"Indeed?" Camus looking seemingly surprised. "Something useful among them?"

"If you consider cubes, pyramids or spheres to be useful?"

"It depends. Are they as volatile as the hearts?"

"Yes."

"Well, then they are not very useful."

"It's *your* place to teach her to do something useful with her Cosmo. For instance, let her produce solid objects."

"I'm not sure whether that is a good idea. These 'objects' appear right above her head, thus they would knock her out once they become solid... which on the other hand might be not so bad an idea after all..."

"This would give her a very good reason to stop producing them in the first place," Makoto remarked.

"You have a point there."

"Right. Would you return into the lab with me now?"

"If there is no other choice," Camus said with a graveyard voice.

They returned into the lab and promptly pink hearts were all over the place again.

"You are definitely at the root of it."

"I'm sorry," Himiko whispered.

"Teach her to suppress it!" Makoto demanded sternly of Camus.

Camus looked desperately at the tiny blonde. "Himiko, *stop it!*"

The effect was exactly the reverse of the intended.

"Ordering her obviously doesn't work," Makoto said dryly.

"*Please*, Himiko?"

The result was the same as with the command.

"This doesn't seem to work," Makoto sighed, and Camus hung his head. "I have the impression she creates hearts as long as you are within viewing range, no matter what you try."

"Then it might be best if I would leave."

"Oh no," Makoto glared at him. "You are going to make her stop it! It doesn't matter to me *how...*"

"But I don't know how!"

"Then you have to try and try again until it stops!"

Camus wrung his hands. "Himiko, *please*, try to stop it," he begged. To no avail.

"You have to offer her a reason to want it."

Camus gave Makoto a look of utter horror. "You don't mean what I think you mean? - No! I refuse to even *think* about it!"

"Well, if not that then you have to find another way."

"Milo, why don't *you* say something?" Camus asked his best friend, but the Scorpio Saint simply shrugged.

"It's all on Camus' shoulders. But *he* doesn't want to give in."

"Why are you all so stubborn?" Makoto looked from Milo to Camus and back.

"Stubborn? *You* refuse to give in to me, too, don't you?" Milo gave her a seductive smile.

"Thanks, but no thanks. It's sufficient if *Camus* gives in to *Himiko*. I don't produce any silly pink hearts of various sizes."

"Indeed, they are getting more and more numerous," Milo looked at the ceiling, before he waved away some stray hearts, whole ones and broken ones. "Camus, *do* something!"

"I'm trying," Camus said desperately and destroyed some of the hearts in his vicinity with some rolled datasheets from one of the desks.

"This method is futile," Makoto told him. "I tried that before. Do something else!"

"Maybe we just have to wait it out. There can't be a really infinite number of hearts..."

"I'm sure it will stop as soon as she is dead," Milo pondered and examined the suddenly pointed and very sharp nail of his right index finger.

"You will leave the poor girl alone," Makoto hissed. "No one is killed while I am around."

"I could put her into a Freezing Coffin again," Camus volunteered. "This shouldn't kill her."

"Do you think this will be of any use?" While Makoto completed this sentence, Camus had already begun to call upon his powers. Within seconds, Himiko was enclosed in one of the 'unbreakable' ice cubes in XXL size. Two pink hearts were imprisoned together with her.

Unfortunately she did not only wear her rapt impression still, but a hand's breadth above the Freezing Coffin, new pink hearts materialized in a steady stream. This time they were frozen ones, though, so they fell down right after their creation and shattered.

"So much for that," Makoto commented fatalistically.

"Sorry," Camus said with a raised eyebrow. One of the new hearts appeared above him and fell down onto his head. "Ouch!!"

"Obviously she does some target practice," Milo laughed.

"In any case, now it's more dangerous than before," Makoto said worriedly. "Camus, get her out of it again!"

"Ahm, sorry, I can only put things *into* Freezing Coffins," he apologized. "The Coffins are made to keep their content indefinitely."

"You have put her into it, you will get her out again," Makoto told him categorically. "Or you will have to do all of Himiko's job!"

"Me?" Camus asked her in shock.

"Who else? I have more than enough to do, and it's your fault that she's out cold."

"But it's impossible! My Freezing Coffin is so powerful that not even the force of all twelve Gold Saints together can break it!"

"Gold Saints, huh? With their powers, maybe. But a hair dryer is a completely different matter." Makoto began to rummage through the drawers.

"Come on, Camus," Milo grinned. "Do something for your money!"

"Money? If only I would get paid properly for *that*! I don't get a fraction of what I'm due for my suffering."

"No matter the pay, here's the hair dryer." Makoto gave Camus the device.

The Aquarius Gold Saint looked tragically at the hair dryer and sighed likewise tragical. "Why me?" he asked no one in particular. He got no answer, and so he positioned himself in a safe corner where only the occasional heart fell down onto him and began to thaw Himiko.

"Have fun!" Makoto wished. "I think I'll go home now. These things are a bit to dangerous for my taste, and while Himiko is locked up, our work is impeded anyway.

"I'll accompany you," Milo said. "Have fun, Camus!"

The Aquarius Saint heaved another deep sigh.

"Use the time to ponder on a way to teach Himiko to control her Cosmo," Makoto suggested.

"You bet on it -- ouch!"

"I hope you are robust enough to survive the hearts," Makoto giggled and Camus glared darkly at her. "I *almost* pity you."

"Ouch!" This came from Milo who also had the misfortune to be hit by another stray heart.

"Let's go now," Makoto beckoned Milo to follow her. "You will help me to tidy the house, now that Himiko is stuck in there."

Kapitel 14: Chapter 6: The Search for Cosmo! Willing, but No Teacher

Chapter 6: The Search for Cosmo! Willing, but No Teacher

Friday, 1987/08/21 -- 3 p.m.

Makoto ushered Milo out of the laboratory. The Scorpio Gold Saint looked at her in shock.

"Can't I switch places with Camus? I think I'd really prefer thawing Himiko instead of doing demeaning menial stuff..."

"Demeaning? It's what has to be done! -- And about Himiko... Camus put her into the Freezing Coffin, so he has to get her out again, too."

"But I *hate* housekeeping stuff!"

"I don't mind," Makoto shrugged. "When Himiko isn't there someone else has to do it."

"Well, *you* are there! Housekeeping is women's work."

"These ideas are old-fashioned. Anyway, without Himiko around who will cook, wash, iron and do the gardening?"

"You of course!"

"Oh no! Don't even think about that. This is my house, and you will make yourself useful -- that is, unless you want to pack your things and go back to your temple."

"What? You blackmail me? Me who fetches your food and teleports around with and for you?"

"The only thing you really do is appear punctual when you smell that there is food on the table."

"Isn't that of major importance, too?"

"Sure, but as you are on diet from now on, you have time for the *really* important tasks."

"You can't be serious -- depriving me of my proper food is life-threatening!"

"It's more life-threatening if you get fat."

"I am not fat. I'm only getting bigger and stronger."

"You'll never get bigger, just wider around the middle."

"That's all muscles! Just try!" Milo posed in front of her and pointed at his biceps.

"I don't doubt that you are nicely muscled *there*. I worry more about your belly. Ah well, what for do I argue with you anyway? You'll *never* listen to reason."

"Hm... I'm always reasonable," Milo claimed. "Which reminds me, when do we eat?"

"I'm sorry, I won't be able to cook -- as you don't want to help me I have other household chores to do and no time to prepare any food."

Milo stayed quiet for a moment, thinking hard. "Speaking hypothetically -- if I would help you a little, would you then have the time to cook something?"

Makoto just gave him a look as if he were some insect that was due to be exterminated. 'Hypothetical', hah! Either he did something, or he had to see where he could obtain something to eat.

Milo sighed. No food, that was a harsh punishment. And promptly, his stomach began to grumble.

"Did *you* grumble, or was it just your stomach?"

"My stomach!" he said accusingly.

"I cannot believe that you are already that hungry again!"

"I ate only some tiny tidbits in te morning," Milo tried to defend himself.

"In my opinion you ate a veritable mountain."

"I'm a Gold Saint and our enormous Cosmo needs a lot of energy, of course."

"I thought Cosmo *is* energy?" Makoto examined Milo closely. "Moreover, you haven't done anything today."

"But something has to power the Cosmo in the first place, don't you agree?"

"I cannot believe your Cosmo is powered up by you filling your stomach."

"No? I always thought it was just like that," Milo claimed.

"That's ridiculous. It would mean Saints just have to eat to increase their Cosmo..." Makoto frown. "Although, if I think of it, most of you Saints do indeed seem to eat all the time..."

"See!" Milo grinned. "Cosmo does indeed increase with good eating."

"And I thought it increases due to diligent training..."

"Well, training helps a little, too."

"Now I know what happened to *my* Cosmo. It simply starved," Makoto laughed. "And Himiko's went mad because of malnutrition as she only eats like a sparrow."

"Yeah, Himiko's weird Cosmo... It still needs to be examined. Who knows, maybe it's no real Cosmo after all?"

"I can't tell. So far I haven't understood this Cosmo at all."

"Camus should find out. The Kyoukou gave him the job to examine it."

"Whatever," Makoto shrugged. "I really wonder how it feels too produce these silly hearts."

"Dunno. It never happened to me."

Makoto grinned inwardly. She knew she had seen him do it at least once. But obviously that meant it wasn't really noticeable. "Well, so far I haven't had the misfortune to produce anything Cosmoish."

"Fortunately," Milo breathed in relief. Who knew what she would produce? Probably little nasty syringes... "But still you must have at least a little Cosmo or you couldn't have passed the Veil to visit Sanctuary."

Makoto shrugged. "But I don't feel anything."

"Maybe you need to concentrate hard to evoke something."

"And what if suddenly I start to produce silly pink hearts, too?"

"Naa, you don't look like the type for little pink hearts. Maybe you can wield Excalibur like Shura? Or you can throw people in Another Dimension like Saga?"

"But what for? I don't need any Cosmo."

"But I would love to train you!"

"I certainly don't want to be trained by you."

"Why not? I want a disciple, too. Why has it always to be Albiore or Crystal or Dohko or Camus who are allowed to train?"

"How should I know? I just know I don't want to train at all. After all I heard it's straining and dangerous."ai

"You should be excited that I, a *Gold Saint*, want to train you! It's an honour. And anyway, according to the rules of Sanctuary, everybody who shows some Cosmo needs to be trained."

"If you volunteer to do my job here at the Graude Foundation Research Labs? Otherwise I'd have no time."

"Is everything so complicated out of Sanctuary?"

"Sanctuary is not of this world, it seems." Suddenly Milo frowned and seemed to listen inside. "Camus asks if there is a way to set your hair dryer to automatic and let it do the work itself. He gets bored, he says."

"I don't mind if he gets *terminally* bored. Maybe then he thinks twice before freezing poor Himiko again. Tell him he has to live with it."

"I'll tell him..." Milo closed his eyes, then opened them again. "I'm sure Hyoga won't be amused when he learns that Camus froze his new mama again."

"Just don't tell him."

"But don't you think he'll notice that Himiko isn't here?"

"She is with Camus and they have to train. That's all he needs to know."

"And when he homes in on Camus and goes there?"

"I'm sure he will understand that Camus and Himiko don't want to be disturbed," Makoto said with raised eyebrows.

"Indeed, that's a good idea."

"Ah, finally we're back home..." Makoto opened the door and slipped out of her shoes. Milo did the same. He didn't want to be reprimanded by her for neglecting that.

"So what do you cook for lunch?"

"Don't you remember that I have other things in mind than cooking?"

"Not even canned food or maybe cup noodles?"

"That's something you can do yourself!"

"You are heartless!"

"Not at all."

"Puhlease, Makoto?" He looked at her with his best puppy dog gaze.

"You really can get on a woman's nerves..." She went into the kitchen, rummaged through a cupboard and found a portion of cup noodles. She hated this stuff, but for Milo it should be just perfect. It took only a few minutes and they were ready, and then they stood right in front of the hungry Scorpio who already sat at the table with a fork in his hand.

"I like food where I don't have to wait for long," he beamed. "Fast food in the literal sense!"

Makoto shook her head and tousled his blue-violet mane while the noodles disappeared in no time.

"So, now my stomach doesn't growl anymore. -- Why don't you eat anything, too?"

"Fast food isn't my kind of food, I'm afraid."

"I see. So let's now try to find out about your Cosmo!"

"And how do you want to examine that?"

"We could go into the garden and you will take a stone and try to smash it with your fist. It was the first exercise my master Scorpio Antares gave me, and I think I heard it's the first exercise for any new Saint-to-be."

"The poor stone! I don't like the idea."

"But it's how it has to be done! You have to learn to focus your energy."

"That doesn't sound like fun." Makoto looked at her hand. When was the last time she had smashed wooden planks and bricks in her karate training? She knew too well how much it had hurt in the beginning when she hadn't done it correctly.

"Training is training. It's not supposed to be fun. But when you have mastered your Cosmo you might become very powerful."

"I would prepare to hit something soft, I have to admit."

"But that wouldn't help you to focus your Cosmo properly."

"Okay, okay, I will fetch some bricks if it pleases you." Makoto went into the garden. Next to the house there was some rubble, among it some bricks and stones. She waited for Milo to join her in the garden and gave him a stone the size of two fists.

"Look closely!" he said. He took the stone, his hand began to glow golden and the brick crumbled to dust in his fingers. "That's what Cosmo can do."

"I don't think I'll manage to do that."

"Just try it!" Milo took another stone. "Here. Concentrate on the stone, feel the

matter and the molecules and atoms it consists of and make them break apart. It's very easy." This stone, too, crumbled to dust.

"If you say so..." Makoto took up a brick and looked at it darkly.

"Now concentrate," Milo encouraged her. "Make its structure break apart."

"It refuses to cooperate."

"You just don't concentrate enough!"

"What about if I hit it after all?"

"Well, that's the other option. Then you have to concentrate all your energy in this hit, and it will crumble, too."

Makoto lay the stone on the ground, concentrated like her karate sensei had told her and hit it with a loud scream. It broke in two nice parts.

"Not bad," Milo said in surprise. "But I didn't feel any Cosmo!"

"This works without Cosmo."

"Hm."

"I can break two stones on top of each other, but that's all."

"Hm." Milo frowned. "You were supposed to use your Cosmo!"

"No, you said I was supposed to hit the stone. I did it. If I knew how this Cosmo really works, I might try it, but I just don't know."

Milo sighed. This was harder than he expected. Cosmo was just natural for him, nothing to really think about. How should he *explain*? "Well, you just *do* it," he said helplessly. Maybe there was a reason that Albiore and Camus got disciples and he didn't... "Maybe you should ask Camus," he finally decided.

"I will if he has time. Which reminds me -- I have no time for this now. There are more important chores to do. You will now learn how to do the laundry and iron it. It's just fair that I will teach you something, too."

"Pardon? Washing and ironing? You can't be serious!"

"Of course. You make things dirty, so you have to learn how to clean them. I hate uncleanly things in my house."

"*You* are free to wash the stuff!"

"If you make me angry I will throw you together with your clothes into the washing

machine."

"I don't fit in there," Milo grinned.

"I will make you fitting!" Makoto went inside again and tugged Milo along. As her tone of voice sounded dangerously final, he decided to comply. *Watching* her doing the laundry was an okay option for him, too. "And you are going to help," Makoto added. "If you refuse it's no dinner for you."

"*What?!* But you *promised* to cook dinner for me!"

"If you don't help me this will have to wait due to lack of time."

"That's a mean trick!"

"No, just the brutal truth." Makoto began to sort the laundry.

Milo looked miserably at the choices in front of him. But the outlook not to get any dinner was worse than doing some menial tasks. "You will promise not to tell anyone that I did women's work," he demanded.

"Whom should I tell that?"

"Promise!"

"If you insist -- I promise."

"Good. Even being seen here would compromise my reputation..." He closed the door, and Makoto just shook her head. Men! Or rather -- Scorpio Gold Saints!!

* * *

Today Hyoga and Shun returned home early. Kinoshita-sensei, their teacher, had an important conference this afternoon and so part of their lessons were cancelled.

"Do you have an idea what we could do now?" Shun asked. "It's nice that we have the whole afternoon off for a change."

"Too bad that our mama will be still at work," Hyoga sighed.

"You're right. This means we have to wait until the evening to get some tasty meal." Shun echoed Hyoga's sigh.

"Let's stow away our school books, and then let's look for something in the kitchen."

"Oh yeah, maybe we find some sweets."

"And ice-cream!" Hyoga added.

"And cookies!"

"Let's storm the kitchen!"

When they passed the washing room, they were surprised that the door was closed. A loud crash from inside made them stop in their tracks.

"Milo! Can't you be a little bit more careful? Now that stuff is all over us both!" Makoto's voice could be heard.

"That was your fault, not mine. But you look really cute all in white," Milo's voice answered.

"Oh! That's Makoto and Milo in there -- together! And why have they closed the door?" Hyoga wondered.

"Good question," Shun agreed and put his ear to the door. "I wonder what they are doing in there -- together."

"Hey, you tickle me!" Milo protested from the other side of the door.

"Now keep still, or we don't get anywhere!" Makoto chided him.

"How can I when you tickle me all the time," Milo squealed.

"Don't be so oversensitive! I'm sure you will survive."

"You could be a little more tender to me, don't you think. It's the first time I do something like this."

"Are you hearing what I'm hearing?" Hyoga whispered to Shun in amazement, trying to keep his voice low so that he wouldn't be overheard by the two in the washing room.

"Sure," Shun said with big eyes. "Interesting, isn't it? Too bad we can't see anything..."

"Can't we? Have you checked if there's a key in the keyhole?"

"Just a moment..." Shun shifted position and looked through the keyhole. "Nope, no key inside," he grinned.

"What do you see?"

"Hm... That's interesting..."

"What? Spill it out," Hyoga hissed.

"Now let me look at it first!"

"But I want to see, too!"

"Hey, don't!" Milo protested.

"If you don't let me get your clothes off we can't start!" Makoto exclaimed impatiently.

"I think my clothes are nice just where they are..."

"I disagree. Now get out. Right away!"

"But, Makoto..."

"Shun, now tell me what you see!" Hyoga tried to replace his friend to get a good look himself. "Wow! Makoto just ripped the shirt off Milo," he reported.

"I wanna see, too," Shun sulked and nudged Hyoga in the ribs.

"You didn't tell what you saw."

"I was just speechless..."

"Hey, be careful," Milo gasped from the other side and suddenly dropped out of Hyoga's visual range.

"It seems now they are lying on the ground," Hyoga described dutifully and have the place back to Shun.

"Too bad that now there is nothing more to see," Shun said disappointedly.

"Don't struggle so wildly or I will bind you," Makoto growled from the other side.

"You are so brutal," Milo moaned. "Hey! Don't you dare rip off my... Hey!!"

"Wow!" Hyoga commented in awe. "Makoto seems to be a real tigress."

"And I thought she didn't like Milo..."

"Oh no, of course they are madly in love with each other. I mean, you certainly heard that the more people tease each other, the more they love each other, hm?"

"Sure. But I never believed it was true with those two!"

"Are you satisfied now?" Milo asked panting.

"Not in the least," Makoto replied. "I have not even begun properly!"

"What else do you want of me?"

"All that is left of you!"

"You are truly insatiable!"

"Of course, what did you think? I don't know any mercy in that respect."

"I feel somewhat suppressed by you here," Milo complained.

"I thought you were generally superior to me?"

"Actually I *am*. But as I said -- if you *ever* tell anyone about this little ...episode here I will kill you!"

"You can overdo things..."

"But it is *demeaning*! And now I am fully at your mercy as all my clothes are gone..."

"Wow!" Hyoga whispered to Shun. "We *really* should ask Milo for some hints about how to seduce a girl..."

"Indeed," Shun giggled. "They seem to have a lot of fun."

Hyoga nodded. "You see, my sensei always told me I'd better attend to my duties than run after girls..." He sighed. "But I can't help it -- I *like* cute girls!"

"And they like you," Shun said with an amused grin.

"Well, some of them." Hyoga blushed. "I really should ask Eri for another date."

"There are a lot of girls who asked me about you," Shun told him.

"Who?" Hyoga looked at Shun in amazement.

"Well, there is Sachiko-san, the leader of your fan club, and of course all of her friends..."

"She!" Hyoga shuddered. "If I remember correctly, she has an annoying high-pitched voice and a very silly grin on her face, especially when she clutches one of my autograph cards in her hands. And her friends are a bunch of chattering chicks... I really prefer cute blondes..."

"I know," Shun grinned.

"What did you tell them about me when they asked you?" Hyoga asked in a dangerous tone of voice.

"I just told them that you are not interested in dating any of them because they are

not blondes."

"Good," Hyoga breathed in relief.

"Last thing I heard, though, was that there was a dangerous shortage of blonde hair-dye in Tokyo now..."

Hyoga gave Shun a dark look. "My heart belongs to Eri. And Freya. And the cute blonde we met in front of the training hall last week!"

Shun suppressed a giggle. "Why is it suddenly so quiet in there?"

Hyoga almost flattened his nose at the door. "I can't see anything."

"But I want to know what's going on in there," Shun complained.

"Okay, that's enough!" Milo finally said.

Before the boys could react, he opened the door and wanted to storm out of the washing room. Unfortunately, they all toppled over and formed a knot on the floor, Milo on top. The Scorpio Saint was only clad in one of his boxer shorts (a red one with a cute scorpion printed on it), and some white powder stuck to his hair.

Makoto (fully dressed, by the way) examined the heap of Saints with great interest. "Do you also have some dirty laundry?" She began to put Milo's clothes into the washing machine.

"D-dirty *laundry*?" Hyoga asked incredulously.

"Yeah. Makoto *insisted* on washing all of my things," Milo grumbled. "Even the ones I wore right now. -- But hear me, Makoto: my shorts stay on!!"

"Sooner or later I will get them, too," Makoto threatened.

"So that means you two haven't--" Hyoga coughed discreetly while his face turned into a cute tomato red.

"Have what?" Makoto inquired.

"Ahm, *nothing*," Hyoga hurried to say. "I have to put my school books away..." He took his satchel and fled upstairs, closely followed by Shun.

"They boys are just cute," Makoto remarked when she watched them disappear.

"Hm. But don't you dare tell them that I helped you with the laundry!"

"Why should I? It would not even be true. The only thing you did was spilling the washing powder everywhere."

"I'm a warrior and not a house-man!"

"Gosh, we look horrible!" Makoto said when she got a glimpse of herself in the mirror. She, too, was covered by a thin layer of washing powder.

"Why don't we take a bath together?" Milo suggested seductively.

"We could. But we won't. Now get in there and get rid of that stuff -- *now!*"

As Milo still hesitated, Makoto cleaned herself first, wondering how long the boys had listened to them at the door. When she was finished, she looked at Milo.

"Hm... I wonder how we shall get that stuff out of your hair... I'm sure it will foam far worse than any shampoo."

Against all customs she put him into the bathing tub just as he was and tried to rinse the washing powder from him. As expected the amount of foam that resulted was enormous.

"The washing power is for wool and delicates," Makoto giggled. "I'm really curious what it will do to your mane of hair!"

"It'll probably get extra-fluffy," Milo said sheepishly.

"I always wanted to have a fluffy pet."

"I'm no pet," Milo complained. "But whatever, I definitely need some more rinsing."

"Hot or cold?"

"Hot of course," he said seductively. When he saw Makoto's evil grin, he hurried to add, "hot, not boiling!"

"You're lucky that I have my nice day today."

"Well, then you could massage my head a little, couldn't you?"

"I think drowning you in the washing basin might be a better idea..."

Milo decided to ignore the threat. "But women should serve their men!"

"Indeed?" Makoto turned the water to 'cold'.

"Iecks! That's *cold!*"

"Just what you deserve."

"Pah. I'm not Camus -- *he* would like ice water like this."

"He wouldn't get a shower here at all. And now we're done here." She turned off the water and threw Milo a large bathing towel. "Shall I tell you something -- I think you need a sound spanking..."

"Would *you* volunteer?" Milo asked her with a insolent grin.

"What? Don't tell me you like the idea..."

"If you do it personally?"

"Thanks, but no thanks! -- And now let me wash off the rest of the washing powder off me, too."

Milo made a step aside. "Shall I help you?"

"Better not. You would only worsen it, I'm sure."

Milo sighed. It was so unfair that Makoto still refused to give in to him. Longingly, he watched her while she tried to brush the powder out of her hair. As he wasn't allowed to help her, Milo wrapped himself into the towel and began to dry his hair with the hairdryer.

Finally Makoto shook her hear and began to wash her hair properly, too. There was no other way to get rid of that annoying stuff. "I know one thing -- I will never let you get near any washing powder again!"

"I just wanted to be helpful," Milo claimed. He hoped that now she would never bother him again with things like doing the laundry.

"I know what's going on in your mind," Makoto said darkly. "So don't think you are now freed from all household tasks!"

"Okay, okay..."

Makoto rubbed her hair a bit dry before she braided it. When she saw Milo trying to brush his mane, she giggled.

"What happened?" Milo looked in shock at his mirror image. His hair was not only unruly like always, but a wild, fluffy mop.

"You were thouroughly conditioned." Makoto tousled his hair. "Wonderfully fluffy!"

"But my hairstyle... I don't want to look fluffy, I want to look cool again!"

"Poor guy," Makoto laughed. "I suggest you stay at home until it's over."

"That's unfair." Milo looked into the mirror and sighed tragically. Why *him*? He grumbled something and tried to keep his hair down.

"Just cute," Makoto giggled.

"I gotta get outta here," Milo said desperately.

"You want to flee from me?"

"Not from you -- from the disaster that befell me here."

"Tomorrow it will be over, I guess. If you hadn't spilled all the washing powder that wouldn't have happened."

"But until then you seem to treat me like some fluffy pet. But I want to be treated like the man I am!"

"I treat you just like you deserve it."

"You don't," Milo sulked.

"How would you like it?" Makoto asked with great interest.

"Well... I thought of..." He whispered her some very rated things into her hair.

Makoto shook her head. "You are totally depraved!"

"I just read that in some magazine and would love to try it out."

"That's what I thought."

"Pah!"

Makoto laughed. "It shows that you are still very young."

"I'm almost 22!"

"And you spent most of it on some island or at Sanctuary."

"Well, sure. Most Saints do that. But now that I'm back from the big Holy War I want to *live* a bit for a change!"

"Who hinders you?"

"*You!* You refuse to give in to me."

"Why does it have to be me?"

"Because you are cute. And you are not easy to get."

"Pah, I'm not cute," Makoto frowned. "You seem to need some glasses, too."

"But you *are*. You have a merry smile and cool green eyes."

"I'm much too tall to be cute. -- I'm almost your size!"

"I think your size is very practical. You are not so fragile."

"I'm not sure whether I can consider *that* a compliment," Makoto shook her head and decided to change the topic to some less dangerous issues. She knew one thing that would work with 100 percent certainty to put his attention elsewhere. "By the way, would you like me to cook something for you now?"

"Oh yes!"

"Then come with me. And try not to spread the washing powder through the whole house."

"Okay."

"Do we get something to eat now?" Shun asked when Makoto and Milo went into the kitchen.

"Of course," Makoto nodded.

Shun examined Milo with great interest. "What happened to your hair?"

"I didn't know Makoto was so temperamental," Hyoga grinned.

"I used the wrong shampoo," Milo sighed.

"It is in no way my fault that Milo looks like a mop run wild," Makoto said while she assembled the ingredients for a tasty meal.

"You sure?"

"Absolutely. I'm always innocent concerning things like that."

"It *was* her," Milo contradicted. "She washed my hair with washing powder for delicates and conditioner."

"*You* put all of this stuff into your hair," Makoto pointed out.

"It was an accident when *you* ripped the clothes from my body!"

"It was necessary as you didn't want to let me wash them."

"Only because it wasn't necessary!"

"It was. They smelled!"

"Pah. That's a manly smell," Milo grumbled.

"More like a pig stable," Makoto shot back.

Milo glared at her. Why did she always have to have the last word? Women!

Shun still looked with fascination at Milo's mane. "Isn't it a strange feeling when the hair stands on end like that?"

"Don't remind me!" Milo growled.

"Don't growl," Makoto chided. "You are still alive."

"But my hair-do is totally ruined!"

"It's not *much* worse than usual," Makoto giggled.

"Pah!"

"Why don't you use some hair-gel?" Hyoga suggested.

"Don't!" Makoto said disgustedly. "Then I'd get sticky fingers when I tousle him."

"So you want to ...retire with him after all?" Hyoga asked and grinned sagely.

Makoto gave Hyoga a dark look. "What are you thinking again? Actually I would love to have a pet, but as I haven't, Milo has to do."

"I thought you weren't so fond of scorpions as pets?" Hyoga wondered dead-pan.

"As long as they are fluffy, it's okay," Makoto laughed. "I like everything soft and fluffy."

"Fluffy he is indeed at the moment," Hyoga grinned.

"Just you wait," Milo snarled. "I'll throw you into a bath of washing powder, too!"

"I wouldn't mind," Makoto said and tousled Hyoga. "I'm sure a blonde fluffy looks cute, too."

"Never! A swan is an elegant bird," Hyoga contradicted.

"Little swans are fluffy," Makoto pointed out.

"Am I not already a beautiful grown-up swan?"

"At best you are a duckling," Milo said mercilessly.

"A kawaii little fluffy swan chick," Makoto giggled.

"Pah," Hyoga sulked and looked really cute.

"You almost sound like Milo," Makoto commented.

"Like Milo? Wah! Camus is my big idol, not that fluff Scorpio!"

"Well, there is still much work before you until you resemble Camus," Makoto said.
"Not that I think it would be a good idea in any case..."

"Why not? My master is such a great person! Distinguished, calm, sensible and definitely the strongest of all of the Gold Saints -- all in all he's simply *cool*!"

"Camus is certainly not stronger than *me*," Milo frowned.

"But he is indeed *cool*," Makoto grinned.

"If only I could become as cool," Hyoga said wistfully. "Although I certainly wouldn't run away from the girls."

"I see." Makoto shook her head in amusement. So Hyoga had his own mind at least in that respect.

"Wouldn't I be a far better role model then?" Milo asked.

"Nope. After all, the girls don't run after *you*."

Milo gave Hyoga a deadly look. Fortunately Makoto had just finished the preparation of the first course.

"Don't fight. Here's some vegetable tempura for starters."

The Saints immediately started to devour the fried vegetables. Together with soy sauce as dip they were just excellent.

"You are all just insatiable!" Makoto sighed.

"We're are still growing," Shun said with a sweet smile.

"You and Hyoga, yes. But this big black hole over there doesn't have your excuse!"

"I need some sustenance to keep my strength," Milo claimed.

"You don't train, so you don't need so much energy."

"But I do train. You just don't see it because at light speed I'm too fast for your eye."

"Interesting excuse..."

"I'll show you!" Milo stood up from the table and began with some push-ups at light speed.

"What are you up to now?" Of course Makoto didn't saw anything, she just sensed the airwaves and heard the bang when Milo broke the sound barrier. "Which reminds me, I can't remember I ever heard such a bang since you were here..."

Milo stopped right away and sat down again, his face reddened in embarrassment. "Ahm..." He said, trying to find a good explanation for that.

"So you never even trained once so far!" Makoto harumphed. "Just what I expected from you."

"Pah!"

Hyoga and Shun grinned broadly. Makoto looked questioningly at them.

"I trained this morning," Shun hurried to say.

"Me, too!" Hyoga nodded. "I always train for half an hour right after I get up. And in the evenings while I watch TV, of course."

"I know. You almost train a bit too much."

"But I want to become stronger than my sensei, so that he can be proud of me."

"Aren't you already very strong?" Makoto wondered. "You should be a bit more careful not to strain yourself too hard while you are still in growth."

"That's not too much for me, don't worry. During my initial training to attain the Cygnus Cloth, Crystal and Camus let me work much harder."

"Humph," Milo made quietly. The boy certainly bragged like that just to make *him* look bad.

"I will watch you closely," Makoto finally said. "After all, it's my job to take care of your health."

"My health is *perfect*!"

"We will see. On Monday, right after school, you will report to me at the Graude Foundation Research Labs for a thorough check-up."

"Have mercy!" Hyoga begged. "No blood samples!"

"Of course. Don't tell me you are afraid of syringes?"

"I'm not afraid -- I just prefer not to encounter them."

Makoto laughed. "You will survive it. I just want to check whether you are really in perfect health. After all, Athena told us to do an examination of *all* of her current Saints, and you belong to that elect group."

"Okay, okay..."

"That's fine." Makoto tousled Hyoga's hair. "I'm sure Himiko will be very proud of you."

"I hope so." Hyoga smiled. He was so happy that finally he had a new mama.

Makoto looked at the cute boys and tousled both of them before she gave them some sweets as Himiko was not in the condition to pamper them today. Milo looked jealously at them.

"And what about me?"

"I only have two hands."

"Yeah," Hyoga grinned. "Sorry, you lose, Milo!"

The Scorpio Gold Saint sulked.

"Makoto, do you know when our Mama will return?" Hyoga wanted to know.

"Tomorrow morning, I think."

"She has to work that long?"

"Sometimes it can't be helped." Makoto didn't want to tell the boy that Camus had put Himiko into a Freezing Coffin again. She was sure Hyoga wouldn't like that at all. So she decided to do the most sensible thing and changed the subject. "What do you want to do this weekend?"

"Something nice that we can do together," Hyoga pondered.

"Yes! Let's visit the Hot Springs!" Milo exclaimed. Maybe he could get a glimpse of Makoto in a little less clothing there, he hoped.

"It doesn't sound like a bad idea," Hyoga agreed. He hoped he might get a glimpse on some cute blonde girls of his age.

"Well, why not." Makoto stretched. "The Hot Springs are good against my cramped neck." And when Himiko was thawed, she certainly would like a hot bath, too.

"Wonderful," Shun beamed. "A family trip!"

"I hope Camus-sensei will accompany us, too."

"We'll try to convince him," Makoto promised. It would be a just punishment for him

for freezing Himiko.

"I don't think he will agree," Milo contradicted.

"He owes it to Himiko for all this hard ...training he lets her go through."

"Indeed?" Hyoga looked questioningly at Makoto. "What exactly are they training?"

"Camus was ordered by the Pope to help her master her weird Cosmo."

"Poor mama. This can certainly be very hard. I think a bit relaxing might do her good after all of that."

"I'd say Camus will need it even more," Milo laughed.

"I really hope they will marry someday," Hyoga said wistfully. "They fit together just perfectly."

"I agree," Shun nodded. "They look cute together."

"My master really deserves some warmth and love."

"We will see what will develop," Makoto commented.

"Yeah. Tomorrow morning. -- Why *morning*, by the way? Does this mean my master and my mama will spent the whole night together?"

"Sure," Makoto answered with a wry grin. "They wanted to train very thoroughly."

"This lets my hopes for a complete family increase," Hyoga sighed happily. "After all, I still want a little sister."

"I fear you might have to wait a little longer for *that*," Makoto grinned.

"Nine months, I hope."

"More likely even a bit longer. But then, a baby can get on your nerves quite a lot," Makoto pointed out.

"I would take care of it," Hyoga promised. "My master wouldn't have to trouble himself with the little one."

"Just wait and see."

"Yeah." Hyoga was almost content. Now that he had his new mama, the dad and a little sister would follow in due time.

"By the way, did you do your homework already?"

"Ahm, not yet..."

"Well, then do it right now. Tomorrow you don't have the time."

"If you insist..." The boys fetched their textbooks and exercise books.

"Fine! Now you have some time to put your attention to me again!" Milo said when Hyoga and Shun began to solve their exercises.

"Time? Are you kidding? The kitchen has to be cleaned, the laundry isn't done yet, the floors need to be vacuumed, the bathroom needs some cleaning, too..."

Milo sighed. "That's unfair! Hyoga and Shun still get your attention, only I am ignored..."

"Awwww!" Makoto tousled Milo's fluffy mop.

"That's better."

"And now you will help me with all the cleaning stuff..."

Much to her surprise he helped her indeed a little. Finally everything was done, and the four watched a little TV (Milo desperately tried to make sense of the Japanese game shows he watched), until they retired to their rooms to sleep.