

The S-Files

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

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 17: File GS05-Cap-T001 - Stunned Shura! Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood...

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Stunned Shura! Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood...

"He still seems to be unconscious," Makoto observed when they arrived at Capricorn Temple.

Well, then don't let us tarry too long and carry him down to our field-lab." Himiko inspected the Capricorn Saint. "This Cloth is pretty ugly. And whoever thought a Capricorn has horns like *this*! He looks more like the Longhorn Saint."

"I'm sure he's as heavy as an ox, too," Makoto complained and tugged at Shura.

"Is he?"

"Almost."

"Well, you'll manage."

"I don't have much of a choice, do I?" Makoto examined her slim colleague who was about a head smaller than her, then she tried to heave Shura over her shoulder. "Without this bulky Cloth everything would be far easier."

Himiko looked at the Cloth and tugged at the helmet. "At least this goes off easily," she discovered. "And it's pretty heavy..."

"Do you want to take my place?"

"Nope, you're stronger!"

Makoto stuck the tongue out at her. "When I signed the contract with the Graude

Foundation, I didn't know that they'd hired me as pack mule."

"Well, we have a job and you're suited. I'll carry the helmet and you'll carry the rest."

Makoto sighed and walked downstairs with her heavy load. Fortunately, it was only two temples down, and Sagittarius Temple was void, so they didn't have to answer any awkward questions.

When they entered Scorpio Temple, Milo frowned deeply at them. "I thought you wanted to examine him in *his* temple?"

"Well, it was carrying our instruments upwards or Shura downstairs. I decided on the downstairs version." Makoto let Shura crash down to the ground. Those Saints were robust, so she didn't have to be too careful.

"But I don't want that anyone gets any wrong ideas," Milo grumbled.

"Who might get any wrong ideas?"

"Certain inhabitants of Sanctuary, of course. After all, Shura was given a rose and now he's *here*."

"I carried him here, not you," Makoto shrugged.

"But there are already certain people who spread certain unsubstantiated rumours about me and Camus - the Goddess only knows why - and I don't need any more rumours along that line. Especially as I'm still looking for a suitable *girl*-friend."

In the meantime, Himiko tugged at Shuras Gold Cloth. "It refuses to come off," she complained.

Makoto gave Milo an amused look. "I don't think your reputation will suffer too much..." She turned to the still unconscious Capricorn Saint and examined the Cloth, too. "Hm. I'm sure there has to be a trick to get it off..."

"Sure - but I haven't found any opening yet. I fear I really have to fetch a can-opener." Himiko knocked at the breast-plate. "Sounds pretty massive."

Makoto tugged at the high boots, but they fit as if they were forged on to him. "Maybe we should try a cutting torch..."

"I'm not sure this will work. The Gold Cloths are supposed to be more durable than the Bronze ones, and I haven't even managed to get samples from the Bronze Cloths. We have to find another way."

"And it would be best if we'd find it before he wakes up."

"Indeed. Although I brought the rose with me again, just in case."

"Good. This might give us a little more time," Makoto nodded.

"Yes. But there's still that little problem..." Himiko tugged at one of Shura's bracers, but to no avail.

"I don't think we will succeed like this."

Milo grinned broadly. "Certainly not. Our Cloths are there to protect us, and if they could be removed that easily, they wouldn't be much of a protection."

"But still one has to be able to remove them somehow!"

"Sure," Milo said. At the moment, he wore some light clothing in Greek style (white, blousy tunic and brown, laced-up leather trousers), so it was really possible for the Goldies to get out of their Cloths.

"Don't grin like this! We *are* going to solve this riddle!" Makoto threatened.

"Good luck," Milo grinned even more impudently.

Himiko fetched a hammer and hit one of the joints of the Cloth with it. It rang loudly, but nothing else happened. "Milo, why don't you help us for a change?" the petite engineer demanded.

"Me? I'm not here."

"Indeed?" Makoto threw a screw-driver at the Scorpio Saint, but Milo caught it effortlessly.

"Don't expect me to help you strip Shura! Hm... I *might* help you if you decide to examine Shaina..."

"Well, she isn't exactly on top of our list..."

"Well, I guess, I wouldn't say no to Marin, either. It's still unfair that Aiolia managed to get them both!"

"A true lion needs a pride."

"Obviously. It's too bad that Marin didn't like my cutey pets... She told me it's either her or my scorpions. But I won't throw out my scorpions for any girl!"

"Poor Milo..."

"It's so unfair - not even my best friend likes my pets!" He sighed tragically.

"Well, that's sad to hear, but it doesn't solve our problem with Shura's Cloth." Makoto circled around Shura, who still lay on the marble floor. "At least this armour isn't spiky, but it also gives no target where to open it. It's really frustrating."

"Well, we could try something completely different," Himiko mused. "Why don't we wake him and ask him to cooperate?"

"I will not hinder you if you wish to try..."

"Why me? *You're* the doctor and psychologist? I'm only the engineer."

"My job is only to examine Saints without their shell."

"But what if he gets angry?"

"Then he'll kill you and not me."

"You're really nice today," Himiko grumbled. "Which reminds me - why don't *you* wake him, Milo? You're more robust than any of us."

"That may be, but I don't want Shura to be mad at me either. He's got a very nasty attack called Excalibur, you know..."

"I guess then we have to wait until he wakes up on his own."

Makoto lifted Shura onto Milo's table, and the two women sat down next to it and waited. Milo knelt on the ground and tried to teach Pope-chan and Marin-chan some new tricks.

About one and half an hour later, Makoto yawned heavily. "Slowly but surely he could really wake up, or I will fall asleep right here."

"Why don't you clear my dinner table now? I'd like to eat here and not on the ground!" With a frown, Milo looked at the unconscious Capricorn Saint.

"No chance as long as he stays asleep," Makoto said. "Hm, why don't you put one of your pets onto him? I'm sure he would wake up immediately."

"Not bad," Himiko agreed. "He certainly couldn't move fast with a scorpion sitting on him, lest it might sting. - Milo?"

"No! I won't put any of my sensitive little pets onto Shura! He might startle them, or worse, cut them in two!"

"Spoilsport!" Makoto sulked, and they waited in silence a little longer.

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Fortunately it didn't take *too* much longer, and Shura's lids fluttered.

"Look! He's waking up!" Himiko peered at the Capricorn Saint, safely hiding behind Milo.

Shura gazed around disorientedly. Where was he here?

Milo looked as innocent as he could. He wasn't responsible for anything.

"Why can't he be my Camus-sama?" Himiko sighed. She really would have preferred to examine the Aquarius Saint.

Shura discovered Milo and sat up. "How did I get here? What happened?"

"Don't ask me - I'm absolutely innocent. Ask *them*!"

Shura directed his gaze at the two scientists, who unsuccessfully tried to hide behind Milo.

"I'm innocent as well," Makoto claimed.

"Do /look as if I could have carried you here?" Himiko asked.

Shura frowned. "And who *is* responsible?" He rubbed his temples. "The last thing I remember was this guy with the red rose..."

"Well, I have to admit that this rose was actually a present for my dear Camus-sama," Himiko said and blushed deeply. "I wasn't aware that it might have such side-effects," she lied without missing a beat.

Shura climbed from the table. "I have the uncanny suspicion this was one of Aphrodite's roses. But this doesn't answer my question why I awoke *here*. Well?" He examined the three culprits with an icy glare.

"Ahm, you see, when I saw those beautiful roses in the 12th temple, I just had to pluck one to send it to my Camus-sama. But obviously the delivery guy got it wrong and gave it to you instead," Himiko explained, her teint now the colour of ripe tomatoes.

"Don't look at me, Shura. I just happen to be here by chance," Milo defended himself.

Shura folded his arms. "Wasn't it rather that you wanted to knock out Camus to kidnap him for whatever sinister plots you have in mind?"

Himiko looked as if she would faint right on the spot.

"So I'm not so wrong about it after all," Shura grinned. "But why have you brought *me* here?"

"Ask *her*!" Milo pointed at Makoto. "She actually managed to carry you downstairs to my demesne."

Makoto boxed Milo in the side. "Are you kidding? I can't carry such heavy things."

Shura's gaze wandered bemusedly from one to the other. Of course he had already heard the rumour that Milo tried to compete with Aiolia in the girl-friend department, and somehow there seemed to be quite some truth about it.

"Well, actually it's only that we would really like to examine you, Shura-san," Himiko said.

"What?"

"You see, it's our job to find out how you Saints function."

"And why should I agree to become your guinea pig?"

"Not our guinea pig - after all, we already had some of them - we'd like to verify our findings."

"And what would I get in return?"

"Hm..." Himiko thought hard. "What would you like to get as reward?"

Shura hesitated only one moment. "The Murasame blade!"

"Huh? This sounds pretty difficult." Himiko had heard of the famous Murasame blade, of course, but she wasn't 100 percent sure whether it was real or only a legend.

"No sword, no examination," Shura said, and it sounded pretty final.

"Don't you know anything that might be easier to obtain?"

This time Shura pondered a little longer. "Maybe you could convince me if you'd treat me an exclusive dinner."

"Why not? Do you like Japanese cuisine?"

"I haven't tried it yet," Shura replied.

"Well, then I will treat you to a proper Japanese meal with everything that belongs to it. I only have to go to the town and buy the ingredients," Himiko said.

"How long will that take? I'm hungry right *now*."

"Ahm, this *will* take a while... But if you don't want to wait, we could go to that Japanese restaurant I saw in Athens."

"But I want a *genuine* Japanese meal," Shura demanded.

"Well, we have a small jet-plane here, but it takes about 12 hours to fly to Tokyo," Himiko pointed out.

"We could teleport."

"What?" Himiko looked open-mouthed at the Capricorn Saint. It seemed that these Saints had even greater abilities than she would have dreamed of.

"Well, this should be the fastest way. Where's my helmet, by the way?"

"Ahm, here." Himiko pointed to one of the chairs.

"Good." Shura took his helmet with one hand, Himiko with the other and teleported away to his temple.

"Eh!" Makoto shouted. "Where are they gone?"

Milo closed his eyes and traced Shura's Cosmo signature. "Capricorn Temple."

"That's unfair. Now I won't know what they are going to do," Makoto complained.

"We can join them, if you like. But then I want to be invited, too."

"When this research project is over, we will be totally broke," Makoto sighed. "But before I die of curiosity..."

Telepathically, Milo asked Shura for permission to enter Capricorn Temple and jumped as well. They almost landed on Himiko who stood disorientedly in the middle of the vast hall.

"That's an absolutely weird sensation," Makoto commented and shook her head dizzily. While they were waiting for Shura to change into more inconspicuous clothing, they looked around. The main hall of Capricorn Temple was dominated by a large statue of Athena, who gave a young man a huge sword.

"That's Excalibur," Milo explained. "Shura is a formidable fighter, and his arms and legs cut like the legendary sword."

"I always thought Excalibur was King Arthur's sword that was given him by the Lady of the Lake," Himiko wondered.

"It's only symbolic," Milo told her. "And anyway, Greek history is older than the British, so we were first."

"If you say so..."

Finally, Shura returned. He was clad in an elegant black suit, although his hair still looked like he had just come out of a storm.

Himiko examined him closely. "Wow! This looks impressive - Ahm, but could you please return me to Scorpio Temple, so that I can change into something more befitting an elegant dinner, too?"

"No problem." Shura looked to Milo who nodded permission, then he took Himiko and materialized in the 8th temple.

"I guess we should follow them once more," Makoto sighed, and Milo took her along via teleport. "By the way," she continued when they arrived at Scorpio Temple, "It just occurred to me that it is early morning in Tokyo right now."

She looked around, still not believing that she had been transported to Capricorn Temple and back within instants. Obviously this was why the Saints didn't have any problems with the myriads of stairs - they simply didn't climb them when they didn't want it.

"You don't want me to get a proper Japanese meal, it seems," Shura commented. "Ah well, we could also visit my native country and go to a restaurant in my hometown."

"And this would be...?" Makoto looked at him.

"Sevilla in Spain."

"Well, I haven't been to Spain yet," Makoto said thoughtfully. "Why not. - But I should change into something more proper, too." She hurried to their room.

"Well, the other girl wanted to dress up a bit, too," Shura shrugged.

"Oh. Sorry. I forgot to introduce the two," Milo said. "The petite blonde is Himiko and the tall red-head is Makoto. They are a bit weird, but also somehow pretty cute."

"I noticed."

"But don't think they are my girl-friends!"

"They aren't?" Shura asked with a grin.

"Of course not! I'm no bigamist like Aiolia!"

"I see. Ah well, I never thought you'd be..."

"You didn't?" Milo made a slightly disappointed face. "I hope you don't want to imply that I'm not man enough to be together with two girls?!"

Shura's grin broadened. "I didn't want to imply anything."

"Good."

"But of course one hears a lot of things..."

"Oh. And what might that be?" Milo looked questioningly at the Capricorn Saint.

"The two girls are the conversational topic number one in Sanctuary at the moment..."

"Oh dear, oh dear... - And the worst thing is that they decided to move in with me."

"Indeed, this led to quite a lot of interesting rumours."

"Ah. Would you care to elaborate?"

"Well, the main rumour is that they know something about you and blackmail you to let them stay here... Another is that you decided to found a harem to outdo Aiolia..."

"Number two is pretty flattering," Milo said smugly. "Especially since Shaina seems to have decided that she wants to conquer Aiolia's heart to spite Marin."

"Don't tell me you're still after Shaina?"

"Well, she has quite a lot of fire," Milo said dreamily. "But unfortunately it seems that she cares more for Aiolia. Although there are recent rumours that she has an eye on that disciple of Marin's - but that's ridiculous, if you ask me. He's only a boy!"

"Women!" Shura shook his head. "Ah, there's another rumour about your two ladies. I heard someone say they might be two agents of Athena's who are sent to investigate the fidelity of Sanctuary's Saints."

"Make that 'to test their mental stability'," Milo sighed. "One of the girls is hopelessly in love with Camus, but he isn't overly enthusiastic about it."

"Indeed, I heard that Camus imprisoned someone in a Freezing Coffin - and moreover, that someone else managed to free his victim from it."

"That's true. Camus was totally shocked! - On the other hand, this means there is still hope for my poor iced pets."

Shura grinned. "Did Camus freeze some more of them?"

Milo nodded sulkily. "As if they would do him any harm! The poor little ones are perfectly tame."

The Capricorn Saint shrugged. "They haven't bitten me yet when they were on their way to Aquarius Temple."

"Scorpions don't bite!" Milo pointed out.

"Well, if they would they'd be cut in halves."

"You're cruel!" Milo complained.

"It's in my job description."

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"We're back! I hope it didn't take too long." Makoto and Himiko returned. The engineer was clad in a colourful traditional yukata and had her hair done up in a stylish knot. The doctor wore one of her usual outfits, but slightly more elegant.

"Nice," Milo commented.

"Fine. Let's go!" Telepathically, Shura sent Milo the coordinates, and each of the Gold Saints took one of the women with him. They materialized in a remote corner, and it seemed as if Shura knew the area very well. He led them to a more lively region of the town.

Himiko looked around. "It looks nice here."

"I like this teleportation stuff. It's very practical," Makoto said.

"Do you think you could teach me how to teleport?" Himiko asked Shura.

"That's highly improbable. Saints learn how to use their Cosmo from their earliest childhood on."

"That's a pity! I would love to be able to teleport!"

"Being a Gold Saint encompasses far more than only being able to teleport," Milo told her. "From ten children who start the training, maybe one might survive."

"Ahm, I guess, then I'd rather not begin this training..."

"It's safer, really," the Scorpio Saint nodded. "Until now none of the disciples whom I trained, so that one might become my successor, managed to survive his training. So far only Camus and Dohko were lucky enough to find a suitable candidate."

"It seems to be really difficult to become a Saint," Makoto marveled.

"Indeed! Although some of the Silver Saints seem to be a bit more lucky with their disciples - Cepheus Albiore even had two disciples who won a Cloth, and Aquila Marin's disciple also succeeded. Unfortunately it's even more difficult to become a Gold Saint. It's too bad that I haven't found a worthy candidate yet."

"Sooner or later you will, Milo," Makoto tried to assure him.

"I hope so. - By the way, have *you* already found a possible successor, Shura?"

"Nope. I mean, there is Canis Maior Sirius, but he's simply not Gold Saint material. And Lionet Ban is far too weak. I have to find someone else, but you know how difficult it is."

"Sure. But I guess we should better hurry, the next Holy War is coming up soon."

"Huh?" Makoto looked at the Gold Saints. "What Holy War?"

"Well, every two or three hundred years, Athena reincarnates to lead the Holy War against the evil powers that threaten Earth. We're just on the eve of another War, as Athena reincarnated thirteen years ago."

"Hm. Maybe this is why we are sent to research the Saints and their Cloths," Makoto mused.

"If your goal is to help our Goddess, then we will certainly support you," Milo promised.

"But nonetheless I want that dinner," Shura demanded.

"Okay, okay, I'm hungry, too," Himiko grinned. They entered a very expensive looking restaurant.

"I'm curious how Spanish food tastes," Makoto said.

"It's delicious, of course," Shura promised.

As everybody around spoke Spanish, and Shura was the only one of them who was able to communicate in this language, he ordered a table for them. The menu was the next challenge.

"I'm really hungry, but I just don't know what to choose," Milo sighed.

"Well, if you wish to eat something traditional, then you should go for a Paella," Shura suggested.

"Sounds fine enough to me," Milo said. He had no idea what exactly a Paella was, only that it seemed to be some Spanish national dish.

"Good. I will eat one, too. I really need some change from the usual Greek stuff one always gets at Sanctuary."

"Don't tell me you don't like Greek food?" Milo frowned at his fellow Saint.

"I like it - but it gets a bit boring if you don't get anything else."

"Well, I think we will also try this Paella stuff," the Japanese scientist agreed. Shura ordered for them all.

When the food arrived, they looked distrustfully at the bowls.

"Ahm, there's fish and clams in there and also chicken and some sausage - are you sure this is edible?" Milo inquired.

"Just try it! Paella always consists of a wide variety of different ingredients. The colour is from genuine saffron!"

"Hm." Milo tried it tentatively. "Hey that's *great*!"

"Didn't I tell you?"

"Yes, yes..." The Scorpio Saint munched the whole plate empty in almost no time (being able to move at lightspeed helped a lot). "Do you think they would mind if I'd order another helping?"

"Those Saints are uncanny," Himiko commented. "I haven't eaten the first bite yet and he already calls for second helpings!"

"I told you I'm hungry..."

When they had finished, Milo and Shura had eaten themselves through half the menu, from *croquetas de bacalao* over *atùn con salsa romanesco* to *besugo al horno* and *suquet de pescado*, and as dessert a *crema de albaricoques*.

"I love it to be invited into a restaurant," Milo grinned.

"If the people know how much you eat you will certainly not be invited too often," Makoto sighed.

"Unfortunately not. But it's only a proper payment - after all, you still occupy my temple. If I would ask rent, you'd have to pay more."

"I must admit I'm not 100% sure about this," Makoto said when she looked at the numbers on the bill. "Although I don't know the exchange rates between Pesetas and Yen..."

"Me neither," Himiko admitted. "Ah well, the Graude Foundation pays for everything..."

"So why don't you just rent an appartement and leave my temple?" Milo wanted to know.

"Oh no, it's more interesting to live in your demesne."

Milo sighed tragically.

Shura grinned. "Don't you feel lucky to have two cute girls in your temple who even pay your meals?"

Milo made a face. "If you'd know..."

"What should he know?" Makoto inquired. "Aren't we always very nice to you?"

Shura's grin broadened. " *Very* nice, obviously..."

Milo blushed. "It's not what you think it is!"

"And what do you think that I think?"

"Ahm, you look as if you think - ah, never mind!"

Shura laughed, and Makoto leaned against Milo's shoulder. "I would really like to know what you think what others think," she said seductively.

Himiko giggled. "He's almost as cute as my Camus-sama when he looks like this!"

"Of course I think that you only think the worst," Milo tried to wiggle out of the interrogation. "And remember one thing: *I'm not cute!*"

"We know, we know," Makoto said. "But it doesn't change anything."

"Really," Himiko mused. "If there weren't my Camus-sama, *he* would be my first choice."

"Well, thanks for your consideration, but I'm not used to be second best," Milo said gruffly.

Shura was highly amused by the exchange. They almost sounded as if they were a happy couple (or was that triple?) for quite a while now.

"You *always* wish to be the number one, do you?"

"I *am* the number one!" Milo sulked.

"Can't be. You live in temple Nr.8," Himiko pointed out.

"And you refuse to be considered cute," Makoto added.

"I don't need to be cute to be the number one!"

"But you do - at least according to my specifications."

"Well, then I'm the uncute number one."

"I think this needs some further discussion."

Shura almost burst from laughter. "Are they *always* like this?" he asked Himiko.

"Sure," the engineer nodded. "I think Mako and Milo make a really cute couple."

"We are *not* a couple!" Milo protested.

"Exactly," Makoto agreed. "How on earth did you get this absurd idea? He isn't even my type!"

"Finally- er, *what?! I'm not your type? What's there *not* to like about me?*"

"You are not cute."

"Ah yes. Finally you admit it. Although... On the other hand I think it's a bit demeaning that you think Camus is cute and I'm not...."

"Just a moment," Himiko interrupted. "Camus is *mine*. I think he's cute. Mako can't stand him."

"Does Camus know that you think he's yours?" Shura asked curiously.

"Well... Er... Actually..." Himiko blushed furiously. "I'm still in the process of convincing him of the fact."

"I see."

"Currently he only gives her the cold shoulder," Milo grinned.

"I always said he's an icy guy." Makoto shuddered. She still couldn't understand what Himiko saw in this unapproachable and in more than one way utterly cold Gold Saint.

"How can you say something mean like this?" Himiko sulked. "I'm sure deep within he has a heart of gold."

"Make that a heart of cold... I'm sure it's just a block of ice."

"I should mention that he can even be considerably colder than normal ice," Milo pointed out.

"Isn't normal ice cold enough? You Gold Saints always have to go to such extremes..."

"We *are* Gold Saints, after all - the most powerful men in the world." Milo grinned smugly. He liked to be powerful - it was an exhilarating feeling to have all of this power at his fingertips, even though he wasn't supposed to use it for personal matters.

"I would really like to know if you have to be born to be a Saint or if training can teach any person these powers," Makoto mused.

"Well, we Gold Saints were always something special, even when we were only kids. But the training was essential, too, to develop the full potential of our powers."

"I'm so curious what I will find out when I analyze the data of our examinations," the doctor said.

"What kinds of examinations exactly do you have in mind?" Shura asked with a slight frown.

"The usual."

"And what is 'the usual'?"

"Nothing harmful. Milo survived it, too."

The Scorpio Saint growled something.

"Well, and I want to take a look at your Cloth," Himiko told Shura.

"And what information do you hope to gain?"

"Information about your armours, your abilities and the like. You see, our department wants to create some better artificial armours for some additional fighters who will support Athena," Himiko explained.

"Don't you think the Saints currently at Sanctuary will suffice?"

"Well, we got the job and we have to do it, or our boss will get angry and fire us."

"And moreover, it's a lot of fun," Makoto added.

"Sure?" The Capricorn Saint looked doubtfully at them.

"It depends. But I'm still alive," Milo told him.

"We're very careful and don't break anything," Makoto promised.

"And I only get the Cloths," Himiko sighed.

"Right. Then content is mine."

"But you will *not* get my Camus! He's all mine!"

"Don't panic, I don't want him anyway. He's way too cold."

"Oh, I will see to it that he will warm up a bit," Himiko promised.

"Dream on," Milo grinned.

"Yeah, I would love to see that. I'm sure he'd melt away." Makoto only shook her head.

"Exactly that's is what I have in mind," Himiko said dreamily.

Shura laughed. "I'm convinced there's *no* way to thaw Sanctuary's coldest icicle."

"Pah! You will see," Himiko declared.

"Well, I have already reserved a space in my backyard among my poor frozen pets where I will put the Freezing Coffin Camus will eventually imprison you in."

"Himiko, I won't thaw you a second time," Makoto warned her. "It's tedious and takes a lot of time. You should better think twice what you are going to do next."

"I'll ask him out for a dinner."

"If you manage to convince him to listen to you in the first place..."

"Could be a problem. Camus hates girls who run after him," Milo said.

"You're so mean!" Himiko sniffed.

"Exactly," Milo grinned.

"Poor Himiko," Makoto tried to comfort her. "Why does it have to be *this* guy anyway?"

"Because he's simply *perfect*!"

"You'd think differently if you'd know him," Milo said. "Okay, he's a very good friend, but he also has some far less likeable sides."

"Pah."

"I have the impression all Saints have some pretty dark sides," Makoto mused. "And if you ask me - I don't want to explore them at all."

"I don't mind," Himiko continued stubbornly. "I want him, no matter what.."

"Then your life-expectancy has just dropped several decades," Milo commented dryly.

"At least this means the other Saints are safe from her." Shura grinned. "But what about you, Makoto?"

"I don't want to settle on one certain Saint."

"Unfortunately," Milo sighed. "And she doesn't like my pets either."

"Well, it's not easy to get used to scorpions..."

"Does this mean you don't think you might get used to them one day?"

"Well, somehow I got used to you, too, didn't I?"

"Fine!" Milo beamed.

"I see that she is not your girl-friend," Shura said ironically.

"Of course not!" Milo and Makoto said in unison.

"Obviously." Shura lifted one eyebrow in amusement.

"So you don't believe me?" Makoto wanted to know.

"No."

"Pah! You are all the same!"

"Are we?"

"No, they aren't," Himiko contradicted. "*No one* is like *him*."

"I am not like the others either," Milo sulked, "You forget that I'm *better* than them."

"Men," Makoto sighed. "Why haven't we stayed in Tokyo? I guess the almost complete lack of female Saints is due to the fact that they can't stand all of this machismo."

"Camus is different," Himiko claimed. "And anyway, I'm Aquarius, too, so he *has* to be mine. I'm entitled to move in with him."

"Very logical reason," Makoto said ironically.

Shura grinned. "If some Cappy girl decides to move in with me only because she thinks she's entitled to, she will find herself flying down the stairs faster than she can think."

"I don't think the Zodiac Signs are so essential," Makoto said.

"Well, for us Gold Saints they are."

"Even for the choice of a girl-friend?"

"I haven't thought on that." Shura admitted. "But no one who isn't Cappy can become Capricorn Gold Saint. Insofar, the Zodiac Signs *are* important."

"Why can only someone born under a Capricorn Sun become Capricorn Saint?" Makoto inquired.

"Every Saint has a Guardian Constellation. As the Cloths are each attuned to one of the constellations, one can't wear another Cloth. If you're, say Libra, your energies are incompatible with the Capricorn Cloth."

"Interesting."

"What would happen if I would try to wear the Capricorn Cloth?" Himiko asked

curiously.

"It would look ridiculous," Makoto grinned. "You're at least one head too small."

"Hm. This brings me to another question," Himiko mused. "Are your Cloths 'one size fits all', or is there a new Cloth created for every new Saint?"

"The Cloths adjust," Shura told her.

"And what about male/female versions? I mean, the design of your Cloths isn't exactly fitting for a woman."

"They adjust to that as well."

"Cool! These Cloths are a true marvel."

"I think they are much too impractical. Don't you feel like canned food in there?" Makoto asked.

"Sometimes... But the Cloths are very important. They protect us from attacks and a lot of other things."

"I don't have to like them, though."

"I like my Cloth," Shura said. "It's a great honour to wear the Holy Cloth of a Saint of Athena." Shura smiled when he remembered how proud he had been when he had won it so many years ago.

"But they are bulky and heavy," Makoto complained.

"The weight is neglectable," Shura told her.

"I don't think so..." Himiko thought about the Cloths she had examined. She almost hadn't been able to lift them.

"You are no Saints, that's all. We have trained from our earliest childhood on to become stronger, faster and more agile than normal human beings. Although it's the Cosmo that defines a true Saint."

"Hm. I still haven't completely understood what this Cosmo is all about," Makoto commented. "I haven't even managed to measure it."

"It's difficult to explain to a Non-Saint," Shura said with a deep frown.

"It seems we still have a lot of work in front of us," Makoto sighed.

"Hm, so why don't we start now?" Himiko asked.

They paid and teleported back to Sanctuary.

* * *

"Well, what are we going to do first?" Himiko wanted to assist Makoto with the physical examination this time. She had seen enough of the Gold Cloths for the moment - they were all heavy, and they withstood any material tests anyway.

"Hm..." Makoto looked thoughtfully at Shura. "The Cloth isn't here at the moment..."

"Exactly that's the point," Himiko beamed. "I'm going to assist you in the documentation of the examination and take the necessary photos for our files."

Makoto looked at her with amusement. "If you insist..."

"So you say it's okay? Wonderful!" Himiko fetched her camera. The only drawback was that Shura wasn't Camus, she thought. Okay, he looked quite nice, but he was definitely no match for her Aquarius Saint.

Shura and Milo watched the two scientists when they prepared their 'field lab'. The Capricorn Saint looked questioningly to his colleague, but Milo shrugged.

"Just do what they ask you to do and you will survive it intact," he grinned.

"If you say so..." Shura looked at the girls.

"Why don't you start while I supervise you?" Makoto suggested.

"Cool." Himiko looked at Shura. "Okay, I'd like to take these pics for our files now, please."

"Okay."

"Fine!" Himiko directed Shura to a corner where she asked him to pose a little - first in his suit, then with slightly less clothing. The Capricorn Saint also had a really nice body, she thought. Actually all Saints had, it seemed. Why couldn't she get any such photos of her Camus-sama?

Makoto thought it was nice that Himiko did some of her work for a change and simply 'supervised' her. So she had a nice view, too, but far less work.

"How many more pics do you want to take of him?" Milo asked with a slight frown, when Himiko inserted at least the fourth or fifth film into the camera. She shouldn't consider to take more pics of Shura than of him, Milo!

"Dunno... But I think he's definitely a sight, too."

"Indeed," Makoto nodded. "Really cute."

"But not as cute as my Camus-sama, of course. - By the way, Shura, you might consider

another hairstyle," Himiko suggested. "I think longer hair would suit you perfectly."

"Nope. Long hair is far to impractical", Shura disagreed.

"But I'm sure it'd be far cuter," Makoto told him.

"Shaka has really long hair, too, and he doesn't seem to have problems with it either," Himiko observed.

"Shaka doesn't move much," Shura told her.

"Hm. That's true. But what about my Camus or Milo? They don't have short hair either."

"Nice that you remember me once in a while," Milo said gruffly. "And even if it's only second to Camus again..."

"You see, I tried to grow my hair long once, but when it had reached a certain length it got in the way when I did my Excalibur move - and then it was a real mess! So I prefer to wear it short now. As I said, it's more practical."

"Well, but when your current hairstyle gets wet, you can't see anymore, so I think it isn't 100% practical either," Himiko pointed out.

"I see to it that I don't get wet during a fight."

"And what if it rains?" she wondered.

"I'm sure he puts cute little bows into the strands," Makoto grinned.

Milo laughed out loud while Shura sulked. "What do you take me for? Of course I don't do anything this ridiculous!"

"But you really should try to grow your hair longer," Himiko said.

"We'll see."

"You won't manage to replace Camus in her heart anyway," Milo commented. "Not even I managed to do this."

"And that means something?" Shura asked amused.

"Pah!"

"Okay, now it's my turn," Makoto said. "Here's the examination table, please take place!" She waved Shura to the makeshift examination table. "First we'll check on your condition..."

"I'm in very good condition," Shura assured her.

"That's for me to find out." She turned on several surveillance monitors and began a very thorough examination.

"That tickles!" Shura complained when she put on some gel for the electrodes on certain skin areas.

"Pull yourself together!"

"But I hate to be tickled!"

"Indeed?" Makoto put the statement to the test, and Shura squeaked in protest.

"Stop that"

"No, that's fun..."

Shura hung his head.

Milo grinned. It was fun to see someone else examined, he thought.

"Don't grin like this, or you're the next," Makoto threatened.

"I'm not ticklish," Milo claimed.

"You aren't?" Himiko put on an insidious grin and walked towards Milo. The Scorpio Gold Saint decided to take no chances and fled, closely followed by a giggling Himiko.

Makoto left Shura alone for the moment and watched the wild chase. "No chance, Himiko. Milo is definitely faster than you."

"Unfortunately," Himiko panted and stopped. "Ah well, never mind, he's not my Camus-sama anyway."

Milo stopped, too, and looked exasperatedly at Himiko. "Camus is my best friend, yes, but slowly and surely I come to hate him," he grumbled.

"So you actually liked to be chased by her?" Makoto asked with a grin.

"I think it's *always* nice to be chased by some cute girls," Milo admitted. "But I really hate to be dumped for someone else."

"Awww, poor Milo!" Makoto said. "I really do pity you."

"Me, too," he sighed.

"Poor boy. Unfortunately I'm occupied right now." She turned back to Shura and the monitors.

"I really hate to be ignored," Milo sulked.

"Gotcha!" While he was distracted, Himiko had stalked him from behind and now tickled him thoroughly.

Milo started violently. "Ieecks!!! - I really do hate this!"

"Awww..." Now Makoto just couldn't ignore him anymore and went to him to tousle his gorgeous blue-violet mane.

"Now *that* is far better," he grinned at her with his best winning smile.

"Hey, and what about me?" Shura complained. He still lay on the table within a tangle of cables and electrodes.

"You're free to go now. I'm occupied otherwise," Makoto told him.

"Just a moment..." Himiko freed him from the electrodes. She didn't want him to ruin the expensive instruments he was plugged in.

When he was unlinked from the cables, Shura sat up and fished for his shirt, after he had gotten rid of the gel of the electrodes. He watched Milo and that girl. 'No, they were *not* a couple,' he thought ironically, while Makoto continued to tousle Milo's hair.

Himiko watched them, too. "I want my Camus-sama," she sighed tragically.

"Hey, and what about *me*?" Shura asked.

"My heart belongs only to the noble Aquarius Saint!" Himiko told him dramatically.

"Actually your heart isn't exactly what I'm interested in," Shura said with an impertinent grin.

Himiko looked scandalized at him. "Pardon? - You are at least as impudent as Milo," she said haughtily.

"Well, without being a little forward one seems to be ignored here."

"Well, you see, it's not that I want to ignore you," Himiko said and blushed. "I mean, you are quite cute in a way, but frankly, I'm only interested in my Camus-sama."

This wasn't exactly what Shura wanted to hear. "I really don't understand how you could prefer such a frosty guy to me!"

"But he's simply *perfect*! His regal bearing, his coolness and the fact that he seems to be so fully centered in himself - and of course there are his gorgeous looks..." The hearts that blinked in her eyes were hardly to overlook.

"Humph."

"I hope I'll manage to convince him to like me at least a little bit," she said wistfully.

"Camus? Never." Shura shook his head. "Camus is very choosy."

"He is? And what type of women does he like?" Himiko wanted to know.

"Am I an information desk?" Shura asked her. He certainly wouldn't help her to conquer another man.

"But you know him, do you?"

"Well, it's not very easy to get to know Camus anyway. But don't think I'll give you any hint."

"You're mean!" Himiko sulked.

"Of course."

"Somehow I get the impression that *all* Gold Saints are really mean," she sniffed. "Except for my Camus, that is."

"Have you finished this examination? I want to go now." Shura said.

"Sure, sure, I've finished," Makoto told him.

"And I want to pay my Camus another visit," Himiko said. Talking of *him* always made her wish to take at least a little glimpse of him.

"Good luck," Shura said ironically and teleported away.

"Do whatever you wish. I'll try to remember to collect you tomorrow morning when he put you on ice again." Makoto commented.

"You're soooo mean, too!" Himiko sniffed and went upstairs again.

- File GS05-Cap-T001 Closed -