

The S-Files

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

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 22: File GS05-Cap-T002 - Close Examination! A Heart for Capricorns?

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Close Examination! A Heart for Capricorns?

"I won't let you simply go!" Milo protested.

"Why not?" Makoto wanted to know.

"Because you belong *here*!"

"Who says this?"

"Me. Who else?"

"I see." Makoto looked at him in amusement.

"If you really decide to join Shura in Capricorn Temple, I will not let you stay there alone. I'll move in, too."

"Didn't you want to save me from Himiko?" Camus asked desperately.

"When I thought about it, it occurred to me that you would only ice my poor pet scorpions. Shura never had any problems with them."

"That's because they simply ran straight through my temple towards Camus' and never actually bothered me," Shura pointed out.

"Why don't you stay here in *your* temple?" Makoto wondered. "Wouldn't your pets like it best in their usual environment?"

"I refuse to be bereft of the food you provide."

"You are greedy!"

"Your duty is to defend Scorpio Temple," Shura reminded him.

"Pah. There are seven other temples before anyone reaches mine."

"Why is it always *me* who is supposed to get rid of all the enemies?" Mu complained.

"That's because you protect the first temple," Milo grinned.

"Pardon? Mu is the one who spends all of his time in Jamir!" Aiolia shook his head.

"Be glad that DeathMask always wants to expand his collection and never lets anyone through who has hostile intent. Well, and sometimes even others who aren't enemies..." Milo said.

"Hm, have you already encountered any enemies since you are here?" Makoto inquired.

"Well, not in the last time," Aiolia admitted.

"But we're well prepared," Shura said with conviction.

"Indeed. If anyone tries to attack my temple, he's toast," Aiolia promised.

"You mean if you were actually guarding it instead of chasing girls down in the town," Shura teased.

"You're only envious because I'm more successful with women than you are. And anyway, I can move at lightspeed as you should know."

"Even when you're in deep clinch with Marin?" Shura teased.

"I seriously doubt it," Milo laughed.

"I doesn't sound so difficult to conquer Sanctuary," Makoto pondered. "One only needs to wait until all the Saints are occupied otherwise - and this seems to be the case pretty often!"

"Hey, I'm mostly in my temple," Milo said. "And I'm very dangerous to boot!"

"If you say so - I will pack my things now," Makoto declared.

"Me, too," Himiko chimed. "And then my Camus-sama and I will be happily together until death doth us depart..."

"Happily, huh?" Aiolia almost burst from laughter when he noticed Camus' desolate mien.

"Sure!" Himiko beamed at him and tousled Camus' hair.

"She seems to be happy enough for both of them," Shura grinned.

"Don't worry, I will convince him that I only want the best for him!"

"Why can't there be a major attack at Sanctuary so that I can die a meaningful and heroic death right now?" Camus sighed.

"You're a coward," Makoto accused him. "Preferring death in battle instead of facing Himiko!"

"It would be at least a clean death." Camus tried to shake off Himiko, but she kept her arms around him like a vise. "I hope she gets off when I want to go to the bathroom..."

"Fat chance," Makoto grinned.

"My life is ruined."

"Let's put it like this - it's enriched by one thing..."

"Why can't she enrich someone else's life?!"

"Dunno. It simply hit you."

Camus sighed and laid his head on the table.

"I can bear to watch this any longer," Makoto said. "Let's go, Shura."

"Help!" Camus muttered.

"Nope, pal!" Shura grinned and teleported Makoto and him to Capricorn Temple.

"I think I will leave now, too," Mu said. "There's this broken Hercules Cloth, and Albiore just brought me the Cepheus Cloth to fix... He told me the little Andromeda Saint he trained shattered it with one hit. I would never have believed this possible, especially not by a Bronze Saint!"

"Well, and I have to watch Shura so that he can't do anything unbecoming to my Makoto," Milo said and fetched his terrarium before he teleported after Shura.

"I shall return to my temple to continue my meditation," Shaka said soulfully and disappeared.

"Hey, and what about the poker game?" Aiolia protested. "Ah well, with Milo and Shura gone, we'd better move it to next week..."

"You can't leave me here alone," Camus pleaded.

"Sure I can. Marin and Shaina will be eagerly waiting for me... So why don't you enjoy the evening, too?" With a broad grin, Aiolia disappeared as well.

"Oh, my Camus-sama, now it's only you and me!" Himiko sighed, and hearts blinked vividly in her eyes.

"Exactly that's what I feared..."

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Curiously, Makoto inspected Capricorn Temple. Everything was astonishingly clean and totally tidy - and even the stone floor gleamed as if it was freshly polished. Makoto was impressed.

"Hi, Shura, where can I put my pets?"

"In your temple, what did you think? - What are you doing here anyway?" The Capricorn Saint frowned.

"Moving in of course. I won't let you take Makoto and vanish with her."

"You are quite persistent. Is there no way to get rid of you?" Makoto wondered.

"Not this easily! I'm a man and I don't let any woman simply leave me!"

"Pardon?! We have never been together, if I may remind you."

"Pah. You lived in my temple, didn't you?"

"So what? Himiko lived there, too."

"Himiko is not eligible. She's after Camus, and I wouldn't want any girl who's involved with my best friend."

"Hm... What would be if I told you that I also think that Camus is my kind of guy?"

"I wouldn't believe you. You already told me that you don't like him."

"What if I told you that I'm already taken?" Makoto asked.

"I'm better than any other guy," Milo told her. "After all, I'm Scorpio Gold Saint."

"And I'm Capricorn Gold Saint and if I might remind you - Makoto chose me over you."

"That's right." Makoto smiled.

"Your cruel words tear my heart like a butcher's knife," Milo declaimed.

Makoto giggled and put an arm around Shura who grinned broadly.

"Sorry, you lose, Milo," he commented.

Milo gaped at Makoto. "You hug him?! You who didn't want to kiss me?! That's soooo unfair."

"I think it's perfectly alright," Shura smiled.

"And what's up next?" Makoto wanted to know.

"Wanna see my stamp collection?"

"Sure!"

"Great! I have a lot of very nice stamps with a wide variety of motives..."

"This is the oldest pick-up line in the world," Milo muttered incredulously. "I can't believe that she falls for *this*!"

Makoto grinned at him. "Well, I have a stamp collection, too..."

"Really?" Shura looked at her with doubled interest.

"Yep. Mainly stamps with flowers, animals and landscapes."

"Great! You have to show them to me."

"But they are in my apartment in Tokyo."

"No problem. We could teleport there."

"Cool. But first I'd like to see your collection."

"Follow me." Shura led her into another room and rummaged through the drawers of a large cupboard.

Milo followed them. "By Athena, it's even worse - he really *has* a stamp collection," he grumbled.

"Of course. He wouldn't lie about something like this, I'm absolutely sure," Makoto said.

"You bet..." Milo had tried this pick-up line himself more than once, and he didn't have a stamp collection. Unfortunately most of his targets weren't amused when he had to admit that he maybe did not have a stamp collection, but told them that certainly his pet scorpions were a nice collection, too.

Makoto sat down on a chair. "Now show me your stamps, please. I'm really curious."

Shura presented her a heap of at least two dozen albums. "Here we go."

"So many? Wow!" Makoto took the first album which was bound in dark blue leather.

"These are Spanish and Portuguese stamps with flower images," Shura told her.

Milo sat down on a sofa. This promised to be really boring, but he wouldn't give Shura the satisfaction to teleport away.

"Don't wrinkle the cushions!" Shura told him with a frown.

Makoto browsed carefully through the albums. Each stamp was meticulously placed and aligned with the others. "This is a great collection," she said.

"Thanks," Shura smiled. "Milo, don't you dare put your feet on the table!"

Milo sighed and sat down properly. This was getting more and more uncomfortable here.

"If you really intend to stay in my temple, you have to adhere to some rules," Shura lectured. "First - everything has to be kept tidy and clean. Second - if you take something from its place you have to put it back exactly where it was..."

"Yes, Mom..."

Makoto laughed when she saw Milo's grimace as Shura added some more guidelines.

"I prefer everything to be well kept," Shura apologized.

"I won't complain," she grinned. "What would you say if I'd prepare some food?"

"Sure," Milo beamed. "Always."

"I'd be delighted," Shura agreed.

"Where's your kitchen?"

"There." Shura led her into the kitchen of his temple. Like all of the other rooms and halls it was perfectly clean and well outfitted. He showed her where to find ingredients, tableware and cutlery, and Makoto went to prepare some perfectly designed exquisite hors d'oeuvres.

"That's *perfect*," he said in awe. "Do you need something else?" He made a note on the list of his storage room that one package of bread and one package of cheese needed to be resupplied ASAP.

"A bottle of wine would be a good idea."

"What about some Rioja?" According to the list there were four bottles in the storage room.

"Perfect. Where do we eat?" She arranged everything nicely on an elegant plate. "It might be a good idea if you would lay the table."

"Of course." Shura led them into a large dining room that was empty except for a round table with twelve high-backed chairs and a cupboard containing dishes and cutlery.

"Looks like King Arthur's Round Table, if you ask me," Makoto said in amusement.

"Well, Shura's famous attack is Excalibur, after all. Although I haven't seen it myself yet."

"If you'd see it, you would know how to counter it," Shura said. "After all, no attack works twice against a Gold Saint. But I admit it - I'm a fan of King Arthur's..." Shura arranged the dishes on the table. They were simple, yet elegant, like everything in Capricorn Temple.

"Nice tableware," Makoto admired.

"Pah! Paraphernalia!"

"You wouldn't know style if it hit you right in the face!" Makoto accused the Scorpio Saint.

"Pah, if you like 'style' so much, why haven't you taken to Camus?" Milo snorted.

"Because Himiko wants him all for her own."

"It's always best when *one* man and *one* woman pair up," Shura nodded sagely.

"I refuse to be left out," Milo protested.

"But this wasn't what I meant - it's just that I let Himiko have Camus so that I can keep all of the other Saints..."

"*What?*" Milo shouted. "I refuse to be one among many!"

"As long as you stay here with me I'm content," Shura told her with a winning smile.

"Graaa!" Milo grumbled.

"Awww..." Makoto tousled Milo's stunning blue-violet mane, and the Scorpio Saint's smile returned.

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

Makoto complied and tousled Shura's hair as well. Now the Capricorn Saint grinned like a cheshire cat, too.

"Somehow you are all cute," Makoto found and tousled both of them simultaneously. Milo purred, until he noticed what the girl had said.

"I'm not cute!" he protested.

"But you are!" She sat down in his lap. "And now be quiet." To her surprise, he complied.

"Hey, but what about me? This is my temple!" Shura sounded so poutily that Makoto grinned and went to him for a change.

"Why don't you continue to put your attention to me? I feel severely neglected," Milo said. "After all, I'm the most powerful among the Gold Saints."

"Pah! I'm at least as powerful - and furthermore, this is *my* temple!"

Milo sulked visibly.

"Don't pout!" Makoto giggled. "I can't bear to see you sulk."

"That's why he does it in the first place," Shura pointed out.

"Do you think I could convince you to spend the rest of the night with me?" Milo smiled seductively at her.

"I don't believe it - you're in my demesne and try to seduce my guest?!" Shura was pretty peeved.

"Pah! I have the older rights anyway, and we could return to Scorpio Temple..."

"It's so cool that you two fight for me," Makoto said amused.

"Well, you haven't answered my question. *Would* you like to accompany me tonight?" Milo asked her.

"This would be pretty impolite, don't you think?"

"Just what I said," Shura nodded. "And by the way, you haven't seen all of my stamp collection yet." He fetched the albums and put them in front of him onto the table. "Well?"

Makoto chuckled. They seemed to be all alike... She decided to take place in Shura's lap so that he could show her the remainder of his stamp collection.

"Oh, fishes," she exclaimed.

"Fishes only remind me of Aphro," Milo grumbled.

"They are from the German Democratic Republic," Shura lectured, totally ignoring Milo. "The GDR published a lot of very colourful stamps of animals and plants, not to forget the space motives. Although the USSR had even nicer space stamps."

"Hm, Aphrodite only reminds me of roses and not of fishes," Makoto said.

"Well, Aphrodite is the Pisces Saint after all..."

"Aphro is a pain in the a...backside," Milo growled.

"I think he is very nice," Makoto contradicted him. "Just because he managed to trick you once..."

"Shut up!" Milo exclaimed.

"Hm... would you care to elaborate?" Shura looked curiously at the red-haired girl.

"What do I get in exchange for this information?"

"What about a nice bottle of Spanish wine?"

"Hm... And what do I get when I keep my silence?" she asked Milo.

"My gratitude of course!"

"Then I prefer the wine."

"You are bribable!"

"Of course."

Milo hung his head.

"I'm waiting," Shura said.

"First I want to see the remainder of the stamps."

"Hm." Shura decided not to press her too much, lest he would chase her away. It was really nice to have her so close.

Finally she closed the last album. "And what are we going to do now?"

"Well... Would you like me to show you my weapons collection?"

"A weapons collection?" Milo said with a frown. "Athena doesn't want us to use weapons, or did you forget?"

"Athena didn't say anything about *collecting* weapons..."

"Sure I'd like to see them," Makoto said.

"I really need to start collecting something, too," Milo sighed.

They went into Shura's weapons chamber. It was a large room that was decorated with swords, halberds, spears and similar weapons. Makoto looked at the walls in awe.

"May I take one of the swords down?"

"As long as you handle them carefully..."

"Of course." She took an exquisitely worked Spanish sword made of Toledo steel.
"That's beautiful!"

"Yes. That's why I obtained it."

"Swords fascinate me very much," Makoto admitted.

"My major attack isn't Excalibur for nought," Shura smiled.

Milo wondered what he could collect. He really needed something to lure the girls into his temple. Hm. If he decided to collect empty bottles of beer, he would already have a collection to boast about...

"Weapons are always exciting," Makoto said. "I have some at home, too. Not as many as you have, of course..."

"Swords, too?"

"A handful, yes."

"I guess Japanese ones?"

"Actually only two. The others are two-hand swords. Tanto and katana are a bit to delicate for my taste."

"Shura, would you assist me to assemble a weapons collection, too?" Milo asked.

"Why would you suddenly want to collect weapons?"

"Well, the girls seem to like it..."

"*Some* do," Makoto laughed. "But I love to collect stuff anyway."

"Me, too," Shura grinned. "Are you mayhap a Capricorn, too?"

"Yes. Is this so obvious?" Makoto asked in puzzlement.

"Oh, a fellow Cappy," Shura beamed. "Then you're really perfectly right in my temple."

"Hey, she isn't perfect for you but for me! Capricorn girls and Scorpio guys are the perfect match!"

"Forget it, both of you! I don't believe in this astrological nonsense!"

"But we do. I mean, we are not Saints of our constellations for nought," Milo said. "Everything is ruled by the stars."

"Where have I heard that before?" Makoto mused. "Ah well, but I still don't believe it."

"The truth can't be denied. But of course, Capricorns rarely believe in the occult."

"Graaa!" Makoto threatened Milo with the sword she still held in her hand and Shura laughed.

"You wouldn't want to hurt me, would you?" Milo looked at her with puppy eyes.

"If you continue to tease me..."

"Pah. You can't hurt me anyway. And sooner or later you will see the truth in the stars as well. I mean, we are Saints of Athena, who is a living Goddess..."

"Okay, okay," Makoto groaned. "I won't say any more..."

"Milo can get a bit touchy about occult stuff," Shura explained. "But that's probably because he's a Scorpio."

"Pah, I'm not like all Scorpions. I'm special!"

"You are conceited."

"I only know what I'm worth."

Makoto shook her hand and turned to Shura. "What kind of sword is this?" She pointed at a very large weapon.

"It's a Germanic two-hand sword." Shura elaborated a bit on usage and origin, and Makoto listened with interest.

"Well, you're right, it looks a bit crude."

"It's from far before the time of the medieval knights."

"And it looks pretty heavy," Makoto observed.

"Well, the Germanic tribesmen didn't care much about the weight and design as long

as it was useful to kill their enemies. - Ah well, as Saints of Athena we don't need such weapons anyway. Our bodies are far more powerful weapons than simple swords."

"Well, I guess I would feel safer with a sword..."

"That's because you are no Saint of Athena."

"Indeed, you seem to be really robust compared to normal humans."

"We're all trained to be. It's a great honour to be chosen to be one of the protectors of the Goddess."

"Well, she isn't my Goddess."

"Hm, so whom *do* you serve?"

"No one at all."

"That sounds strange." Shura looked bewildered at her. He was brought up with the belief of the reality of the Goddess Athena and deemed it very curious that someone could *not* believe in her or the other Greek Gods. "Well, maybe you'll meet Athena one day, then you will have to acknowledge her, too."

"Perhaps." Makoto yawned. It was getting late. "By the way, where can I put my stuff and everything? I'd like to retire for the night now."

"Just follow me..." Shura led her to one of the empty rooms in his temple. Contrary to the empty rooms in Scorpio Temple, everything was absolutely clean and tidy. Shura constructed a bed for her from two mattresses that were stored in another empty room.

"If you want to know what I need the stuff for," Shura said, "you see, sometimes certain Saints are so drunk after one of our poker matches that they would neither dare to teleport nor walk down the stairs to their temples..."

"Don't look at me!" Milo grumbled.

"Who does?"

"*You* do! - But I have to remind you that Camus drinks far more than I do," Milo grumbled.

"Probably you never noticed in your beer stupor that Camus drinks at least as much water as wine," Shura laughed. "He could never afford to drink too much of his expensive wines, or he'd be totally broke in no time."

"I really wonder how you can stay in such good condition when you drink so much," Makoto wondered.

"I'm in good form because I'm perfect!" Milo claimed. "And anyway, sometimes I just *have* to drink, or I wouldn't survive here. You are all sooo mean to me!"

"This says the guy who strives to be the meanest guy in all Sanctuary?" Makoto laughed.

"It is all pure self-defense." Milo sniffed. "No one understands that scorpions aren't that bad..."

"Well, prove it," Makoto demanded.

"Wait a sec..." Milo disappeared and returned with Shaina-chan and Pope-chan in his hands. "See? They are soooo cute!"

"Milo, get those monsters back into their box, or I'll cut them into slices." Threateningly, Shura lifted his arm.

"Indeed, hold them really tight, I wouldn't want them to crawl into my bed." Makoto eyed them suspiciously.

"But they are absolutely tame!"

"Only if you hold them. And I'm sure you're immune to their poison."

"Well, of course..."

"Get those scorpions back into their terrarium, into Camus' temple or into yours - but *get them out of mine!*"

"I agree."

"As I said - you *are* all totally mean..." Milo sulked and returned his pets into their terrarium.

"Finally I can sleep peacefully," Makoto sighed.

"I hope you have some space left here for me?" Milo asked on his return and fetched another mattress that he laid next to Makoto's.

"May I kindly inquire what exactly it is that you are doing?" Makoto asked acidly, arms akimbo.

"Well, I thought you might enjoy my company..."

"In *my* temple? Milo, you are a pervert! Get out! Now!" Shura fumed.

"Shura, would you please lend me one of your swords? I need to get rid of some insect..."

"No problem." Shura returned almost at the same second with the Germanic two-hand sword and handed it to her.

"Get lost!" She threatened Milo with the impressive blade.

"I'm no insect," Milo protested, but decided that it might be the time for a tactical retreat. Shura certainly wouldn't want his temple to be turned into a mess when he chased Makoto a bit around.

"You, too!" Makoto demanded and stared at Shura. "I want some quiet and solitude right now."

The Capricorn Saint sighed, but complied as well. He really had hoped that Makoto would be a little bit nicer to him as her saviour.

Makoto took a deep breath and put the sword next to her bed before she went to sleep. At last she could sleep without being threatened by certain obnoxious stingy pets.

* * *

The next morning, Shura was up with sunrise as usual. He showered, dressed and occupied himself dutifully with an early training session.

"*Excalibur*," he shouted and let his arm crash down onto a large chunk of rock. It turned to dust immediately, but not without a loud thunder.

"Waaaahhh!" Makoto was ripped out of her sleep, and her hair stood on end. What was up? Did the temple break down? Was there an attack? Still in her white nightgown, she shot out of her bed and decided to check on what was going on.

Outside she discovered Shura, who turned further rocks to dust and did some other exercises as well. He looked pretty impressive with his well-trained body, but this was no excuse...

"Did you have to wake me with this ruckus?" she grumbled and tried to smooth her unruly red hair that was totally messed up from the night.

"Oh, good morning, Makoto. Wanna join me and train some, too?" he asked in good humour.

"Do I look like this?" If looks could kill, Shura would be at least twice dead now.

"Well, now that you mention it..." He grinned at her.

"I guess I'd better get dressed now..." She didn't feel 100 percent comfortable barefoot and dressed only in the nightgown.

"Well, I don't mind if you stay like this..." Shura thought it was a pity that her

nightgown was so long, but it was nicely low-cut nonetheless, and so he examined her with interest.

"Humph." Makoto's gaze turned into daggers. "Don't tempt fate," she grumbled. "I'm absolutely no morning person, and I'm particularly grumpy when I'm ripped from my sleep like this."

"There's some coffee in the kitchen," Shura offered. Since he had encountered Camus in the morning once when the Pope had asked them for a meeting at a pretty early time, he was wary of non-morning persons. Not to mention that the Pope decided to call in meetings only after lunch-time from then on.

Wordlessly, Makoto turned and went straight into the kitchen of Capricorn temple. Shura shrugged and crushed another rock, before he decided to join her for breakfast.

Makoto sat at the kitchen table, a large mug of coffee in her hands and wondered whether it was better to brave some tiny scorpions than this horrible noise in the middle of the night.

Shura hummed a happy melody when he dug out some slices of toast bread and strawberry jam.

"Why are you so horribly awake at this time of the night?" Makoto groaned.

"Do some morning exercises, and you'll feel much better, too."

"I hate sports in the morning."

"But it's healthy." Shura stopped humming, but began to sing some arias from his favourite operas. Unfortunately his singing was far more enthusiastic than he was hitting the right notes.

Makoto pressed her hands against her ears. This was torture. "Please stop, this is terrible!"

"But I like to sing..."

"But I'm not even awake, and you try to kill me with this acoustic torture."

"Hey, you should be fresh awake for at least an hour now. The sun is up, the birds are singing..."

"Do me one favour: Leave the singing to the birds, yes?"

"If you absolutely insist..."

"I do. And now pass me the bread and some of the jam, please. I need to eat something." Shura complied, and Makoto ate silently before she poured another mug of coffee. "Do you always get up so early?"

"Of course. My motto is 'Rise and shine!'," he grinned.

"But do you have to cause such a noise so early in the morning? Next time wake me before you start, or I might not survive the shock."

"I'll try to keep that in mind. So what are your plans for today?"

"Dunno."

"What about if I show you a bit around in the town? Sanctuary isn't exactly exciting, but maybe you like sight-seeing."

"Oh yes, that would be nice. But I think I should dress for the occasion."

"Might be a good idea." Shura grinned. He had to change into fresh clothes as well after his training.

About half an hour later, Makoto wore jeans and a T-shirt while Shura was dressed in black trousers, a grey shirt and some pieces that looked like brown leather armouring.

Shura teleported them into the town that had a slightly Mediterranean look and feel with white houses, narrow streets and a market where fresh food stuffs of all kinds were offered, mainly colourful fruits and vegetables. The sun shone brightly from a clear blue sky and the temperature was already pretty high.

"So and what are the town's special attractions?"

"Hm..." Shura looked around. "Well, there's the market, over there's a spring, and from there you have a nice view at Star Hill. I think that was it... By the way, I need to buy some supplies at the market."

"Okay," Makoto complied. "But I'd really like to see some more entertainment."

"Well, we could visit the arena. If I remember correctly, today is the final fight to decide who wins the Pegasus Bronze Cloth."

"Huh? I thought this Cloth had an owner already!"

"Who says *that*?!"

"Well, there were these posters announcing the Galaxian Wars all over Tokyo..."

"Pardon?! And who should be the owner of the Pegasus Cloth according to them?"

"The name given was Pegasus Seiya."

"What?" Shura almost burst from laughter. "The little Japanese boy has not the slightest chance against Shaina's disciple!"

"Well, it was on the posters."

"Then we should really attend the fight. Cassios is a Titan and at least twice the size of this Seiya guy."

"Hm, but size does not always matter..."

"I saw once what Cassios did to Seiya during the training. He can crush him in one hand!"

Makoto shuddered in disgust. "This doesn't sound as if I needed to see it."

"But I want to see who wins the Cloth. It's always a nice entertainment as there are not so many Cloths around."

"If you insist..."

"Fine. I'll buy some food and then we can visit the arena." Shura bought some seafood, fruits and vegetables that he teleported into his temple, before they entered the vast arena.

Makoto looked around with interest. A lot of people - mainly men - in the light leather armours, which seemed to be the common clothing in Sanctuary, crowded the ranks. "Are these all Saints?"

"No." Shura's gaze examined the spectators. "They are almost all normal humans. The woman over there with the green hair is the Ophiuchus Silver Saint, though. She's Shaina, Cassios' Master."

"Oh, that's the first female Saint I've ever seen!"

"Indeed, female Saints are pretty rare. Ophiuchus Shaina and Aquila Marin are very apt warriors, though. Unfortunately, Aiolia managed to win them both..."

"They seem to be pretty well-liked, hm? I remember Milo sulking about the fact that they are already taken, too."

"Ah, but you should see them fight! That's poetry in motion..."

"If you like to watch fights, that is..."

"Well, but they are really impressive. Especially Shaina... She may very well be the strongest Silver Saint after Lacerta Misty." Shura sighed. "Oh, Cassios and Seiya have arrived!"

"This will be a really unfair fight, if you ask me," Makoto frowned. "This guy is almost thrice the size of the other one!"

"Both of them vanquished nine opponents each. Today it will be decided who is worthy of the Pegasus Cloth. - Over there, the man with the white cloak and the mask, that's the Pope, Athena's High Priest in Sanctuary and the leader of all of the Saints."

"He looks funny," Makoto commented.

"He's the most powerful man in all Sanctuary. Some people worship him as if he were a god himself. - Ah, the fight begins!"

Makoto watched the event doubtfully. She wasn't overly fond of fights. Shura was far more interested.

"They are *both* pretty good," he observed. "Marin's disciple shows an agility that Cassios lacks."

When the first time blood began to fountain of the ground, Makoto turned away in disgust.

"I'm impressed," Shura exclaimed. "Now Seiya actually managed to hit Cassios!"

"Great..."

The spectators shouted wildly around, and the two trainers called words of encouragement towards their disciples.

"I hope it's over real soon."

"We'll see. Hm, it seems there are quite some people who don't want the Japanese boy to win the Pegasus Cloth."

"Why?"

"Some people say the Cloths should stay in Greece as Athena is a *Greek* Goddess.

"But there are so many Saints who aren't from Greece..."

"But still they belong here. I heard that Seiya wants to win this Cloth only to return to Japan with it."

"Haven't they finished yet?" Makoto nagged.

"Not yet. Currently Cassios gets quite a beating from Seiya. It's really intriguing."

Makoto sighed.

"Why don't you look yourself? It's an exciting fight! Hey, this hit let Cassios fly at least twenty metres!"

"I hate such gory battles. Why do you have to report everything anyway?"

"Well, it seems you were right and Seiya really wins! Ouch, this must have hurt. Now Seiya managed to cut off Cassios' left ear! I wonder whether he'll recover..."

"I want out of here," Makoto demanded.

"But the fight isn't over yet!"

"I don't mind. I want to go *now*. If you refuse to let me go, something terrible will happen." Makoto looked pretty green in the face.

"If you *insist*..." Shura directed a last wistful look at the fight before he teleported them back to Capricorn Temple. They materialized right in front of it.

"Thank you very much."

"No problem." Shura sighed, and one could see that he really would have preferred to watch the whole fight to see its outcome."

Makoto shuddered. "Tell me, how can you *watch* this?"

"Hm? What's the problem?"

"I think it's utterly disgusting!"

"What is disgusting in an honourable fight?" Shura couldn't understand her problem. He had fought since he was a young boy. This was all completely normal, wasn't it?

"I'm not used to see such bloody fights."

"I see. Well, Saints fight from their earliest childhood on. And you don't have to worry, if they survive, they usually heal very fast."

"I really don't care as long as I don't have to watch."

"You seem to be pretty squeamish for a physician."

"Actually, I'm not very squeamish," Makoto contradicted. "I just don't like senseless brutal battles."

"They're not senseless. And if you intend to stay at Sanctuary, you will probably see a lot more of them."

"Yuck," Makoto looked disgustedly at the Capricorn Saint. "But I think we'll soon return to Tokyo anyway."

"You will? That's a pity." Now that he had found some cute girl for himself, she wanted to leave already. Shura thought that this was very unfair.

"We've got a lot of work left in our lab there."

"Hm. Maybe Pope gives me free for a couple of weeks. I'd like to see a bit more of the world."

Makoto grinned. "It would be cool if I could pack up some of you and take them with me to Tokyo..."

"I volunteer!"

Makoto laughed. "Let's wait and see... What are we doing now, by the way?" She wanted some entertainment, but it had better not be any fight in the arena.

"Hm... You cook so well - so what about some lunch?"

"Again? Do you want me to cook all day and all night?"

"Well, you don't want to train, you don't like to watch fights - so what else is left?"

"It seems my demands are far too high for the people living here at Sanctuary."

"What were you thinking of?"

Makoto shrugged. "I don't know, but I really don't feel like cooking right now."

"What a pity..." Shura sighed, then he took a look at the Fire Clock which could be easily seen from every of the twelve temples. "Oh, it's time for my second training session of the day."

"Feel free to work out..."

"Yep." Shura changed into a training outfit and started once more to do heavy exercises and destroy innocent rocks in front of his temple.

Makoto sat down onto a safe rock in the vicinity and watched Shura. These Saints were simply incredible - jumping dozens of metres up and down, pulverizing stones with their fingertips and more...

After a couple of minutes, Makoto got bored nonetheless, especially when the air was filled with the dust of the shattered rocks. She left Shura to his devices and looked for another piece of entertainment.

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