

The S-Files

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

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 27: File BS04-Cyg-T001 - Enter Hyoga! Surprising Discoveries

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Enter Hyoga! Surprising Discoveries

For the hundredth time, Hyoga looked at the letter that ordered him to report to Aquarius Temple at once. With the paper in his hand, he climbed the stairs towards the temple of his Master. It was still early in the morning, the sun had just risen and shed golden rays over the beautiful white temples.

Finally he reached the small round building with the symbol of the eleventh Zodiac Sign on the front. To his surprise, Camus didn't await him on the steps. Tentatively, Hyoga entered the temple. The great hall was empty, so Camus was probably somewhere in his private rooms which were located next to the hall.

"Master?" His voice sounded hollow in the spacious room.

Suddenly an unintelligible sound came from one of the doors, followed by a shocked exclamation.

Bewildered, Hyoga looked in the direction of the noise. What could startle Camus like this? He remembered his teacher as being calm and reserved, just like the eternal glaciers of Eastern Siberia.

The Cygnus Saint decided to save his Master from whatever had befallen him and stormed into the room. The picture that spread before him made him stop in his tracks, and Hyoga gaped at the scene.

Camus sat upright in his bed, his indigo coloured hair standing on end, as he stared in horror at a gold-blond young woman who returned his gaze in rapture.

"Master?!"

"Er..." Camus blushed deeply when he became aware of his favourite disciple. "It's not how it looks like," he stuttered in utter embarrassment. Not only that he wasn't 100 percent sure what had happened that night and how Himiko had managed to sneak into his bed, it grew even worse as Hyoga had seen this ...groupie in here!

"You called me, Master?" Hyoga said, diplomatically ignoring the compromising situation, although he examined the woman closely. She looked very much like Mama, he thought. His wonderful Mama who had drowned on the ship that should bring them both into the Land of the Rising Sun to his father, who later on had turned out to be a cruel bastard... Mama! He missed her so much...

"Ah yes." Camus glanced at Himiko and decided to tug the coverlet over her so that he didn't have to face her for now. If he only knew what had happened after they left Athens...

"So what are your orders, Master?"

Camus let out a deep sigh. "Actually I wanted you to take care of *her* and see to it that she returns to Japan and *stays* there!"

"Hm." Hyoga lifted one corner of the coverlet and looked right into Himiko's eyes.

"The cute rubberducky!" Himiko chimed.

Hyoga let the coverlet fall down again. "Huh?" he asked perplexed.

Himiko wiggled out from under the coverlet. "But you are the Rubberduck - ahm, *Cygnus* Saint, aren't you? You're really high on my list of Saints to be examined, too!"

"You want to examine me?" Hyoga asked and eyed her suspiciously.

"Sure. I'm Dr.Shizukawa Himiko from the Graude Foundation Research Labs..." She explained her job to Hyoga, while she tried to keep as close to Camus as possible. The Aquarius Saint, on the other hand, moved away until he fell out of his bed.

Hyoga watched this in great confusion. Was Camus truly afraid of this petite woman who looked so much like his Mama? "And why should I agree to this examination?" he wanted to know.

"Because it's for the good of Athena's Saints," Himiko claimed. "My Camus-sama, why don't you return here?" She gave him a dazzling smile.

"What's your opinion to this, Master?" Hyoga asked.

"Well, it's okay..." Camus said. When Himiko examined Hyoga, he would be rid of her and she wouldn't harass *him*.

"It's okay? You make me a very happy woman, my Camus-sama." She pointed at the

empty space next to her.

With great interest, Hyoga looked from Camus to Himiko and back. He still missed his Mama sorely, but then, Himiko looked a lot like her - and if his Master and she were truly a couple, maybe they could live as a happy family in Eastern Siberia when these silly Galaxian Wars were over.

Camus hung his head, but recovered fast. He shouldn't show weakness in front of his disciple. On the other hand, if he sat down right there, his reputation would be totally ruined. It was a lose-lose situation, he concluded and sat down after all. At least it was more comfortable there.

Himiko looked raptly at Camus and suddenly a large, pink heart appeared above her head and floated towards the ceiling. Hyoga's eyes followed the rise of the incredible object unbelievably.

"What is this, Master?"

"A heart." Camus said matter-of-factly. He was almost resigned to his fate. "What else does it look like?"

"Is this some kind of Cosmo, too?"

"Well, I suspect it is indeed a strange kind of Cosmo. After all, she managed to pass the Veil without help. On the other hand it's totally useless, or can you imagine a Saint fight someone with a pink heart attack?"

"Not really," Hyoga admitted with a grin.

"The only thing they do is tickle," Camus reported. It had been a weird feeling when he was hit by one of the things.

"Well, I would *never* hurt you, my Camus-sama!" Himiko assured him and wrapped her arms around him. The Aquarius Saint sighed.

"Would you please refrain from doing so?" He tried to pluck Himiko off. Hyoga silently stared at his Master. "Hyoga, you see, it's not as you might think... I'm still a dedicated single - *she* chose to do this..."

"Whatever you say, Master." Hyoga could barely stifle a grin, especially when Himiko put her head against Camus' shoulder and another heart floated upwards. They would certainly be nice new parents for him.

Camus frowned deeply when he saw Hyoga's wistful smile. Whatever the boy was thinking about, the Aquarius Saint was sure it would certainly not be to his liking.

"Why don't you get up and dress properly?" Camus asked Himiko gruffly.

"I guess I'd rather wait outside..." Hyoga left the bedroom.

"You totally ruined my reputation," Camus grumbled at Himiko.

"Did I? Why don't we just marry, then everything is legally settled."

"Graaa! Marry whomever you want but no *me*!" Camus jumped up and stormed into the bathroom. At least *there* he had his solitude. Himiko's gaze followed him lovingly. If he would just realize that it was destiny that they should end up together.

Hyoga waited patiently in the hall, until Camus appeared, now properly attired in his shining Aquarius Gold Cloth. His tiara he carried in his hand. Finally. Hyoga had already begun to count the stone tiles of the floor.

Camus gazed behind him. "Good. She's still in the bathroom... I wanted you to come here to get her out of Sanctuary, as far and as fast as possible..."

"But why me?"

"Because I have more important matters to attend to," Camus said coolly.

"Whatever you say..." Somehow Hyoga still believed that Camus somehow feared Himiko.

"Fine." Camus breathed in relief, which immediately evaporated when the door opened and Himiko steered directly towards him. She was dressed in an orange-flowered yukata and had her hair put up in a classical Japanese hair-style. Even Camus had to admit that she looked quite pretty in it, but he wouldn't change his opinion.

Hyoga, though, admired her duly. "Are you ready?"

"Oh, yes. Please accompany me to Scorpio Temple where my colleague and I have set up our lab."

"At Scorpio Temple?"

"Exactly," Himiko nodded. She stood on her toes and gave Camus a kiss on the cheek. "Itte mairimasu, Camus-sama. See you."

"Hopefully never again," he grumbled sotto voce.

Himiko and Hyoga left for the eighth temple, a couple of pink hearts trailing the woman.

Camus only shook his head and returned to his living-quarters. He needed at least one glass of good wine to cope with the current happenstances.

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"Tadaima!" Himiko chimed when she entered Scorpio Temple. "I'm back."

Hyoga followed her and wondered why Himiko had her lab in Milo's demesne. Was she actually two-timing Camus? Then he could understand why his Master acted so coldly towards her.

"Makoto? Where are you?" Himiko called when she didn't find her colleague in their old room. The physician was still deeply asleep in Milo's room and thus didn't hear her. "Makoto? - Hm, she isn't here... But where else might she be?"

Hyoga shrugged. "Why don't you ask the Scorpio Gold Saint? It's his temple after all."

"Good idea. He'll probably know." Himiko steered towards Milo's bedroom. At the door she hesitated. "I really hope his pets don't run around..."

"I don't see any here."

"Fine. I do hate scorpions!"

"So do I," Hyoga nodded.

"Yeah, and my Camus-sama, too... - Hm... Hyoga, why don't you open the door? Just in case..."

"If you insist." Hyoga knocked at the door. A deep snore answered him.

"Milo seems to be asleep," he commented amused.

"Well..." Himiko tried her luck and knocked a bit louder than Hyoga before.

"What's up?" A sleepy female voice asked. "Don't break the door!"

"Makoto?!" Himiko asked incredulously before she turned to Hyoga. "She's in there!"

"Well, then tell her to get out," Hyoga said impatiently. He wanted this examination to be over soon so that he could carry out his orders and return Himiko to Japan, before he'd kill the other Bronze Saints who had decided to participate in this Galaxian Wars tournament.

"Makoto, does this mean that Milo managed to seduce you after all?"

"Pah, what do you think of me?" Makoto left the bedroom, already fully dressed, even though her clothes looked slightly wrinkled. "Oh, you brought someone with you?"

"Yeah, the cute Rubberduck Saint," Himiko piped.

"I'm the *Cygnus* Saint and no rubberduck," Hyoga complained irritatedly. "And if you didn't know - *Cygnus* means *swan*!"

"Hm. But the thingy on your tiara looks more like a duck than a swan, if you ask me,"

Himiko pointed out. "But other than that you're really cute."

Hyoga frowned at her, wondering whether it had been an insult or a compliment. Makoto looked closely at Hyoga, too. He was truly very kawaii.

"Where did you manage to get him, Himiko?"

"My Camus-sama gave him to me!"

"Really?" Makoto was surprised

"That's not true," Hyoga told her. "Actually, my Master gave me the order to return her to Japan."

"Well, if you put it like this," Himiko conceded. "But he also said it's okay that we examine you."

"That's why I accompanied you," Hyoga nodded.

"That's great!" Makoto said delighted. "Finally I get to do something again." She examined him closely. "This will be a pleasure," she smiled. He was really nice to look at - the unruly gold-blond mane, the clear, light-blue eyes and the nicely built body...

Hyoga gazed from Makoto to Himiko and back and wondered whether it was truly such a good idea to submit to their examination. But then, he was a Saint and he had survived worse - he hoped.

The women ushered him into the laboratory and asked him to get out of his Cloth. Hyoga shrugged and willed the Cloth off his body. It reassembled in the presentational form as slightly abstract kind of swan.

"Okay, what exactly do you wish to examine?" he asked. It occurred to him that it might have been prudent to ask this *before* he agreed to it.

"Well, a) your Cloth and b) yourself," Himiko explained. "It's all absolutely okay, I can assure you!"

"Never mind, we need the examination data," Makoto told him. "Sit down here, please, I'll begin with taking a blood sample..."

Hyoga sighed, but complied.

"*Ouch!*" The scream came from Himiko. "It bit me!" she shouted in surprise.

"What? One of the scorpions?" Makoto asked in alarm and tried to remember where she had put the antidote.

"No. The swan!"

"Huh? I thought these things are immobile when they are in their presentational state?"

"Me, too," Himiko whined. Hyoga tried to look as innocent as possible. He was sure the Cloth took its revenge because Himiko had called it a rubberduck.

"Iiiecks!!" The scenery that now unfolded in front of Hyoga and Makoto was utterly amazing. The Cygnus Cloth beat its wings aggressively and chased Himiko through the room, while trying to bite her wherever it could reach her.

Hyoga almost burst from laughter. He hadn't known what his Cloth was able to do other than protect him as armour.

"Fascinating." Makoto scribbled down notes while Himiko was running around.

"So *help* me, anyone!" the engineer screamed panicky.

"Sorry, I don't know how to stop it," Makoto told her and continued with her notes.

"Something like this never happened to me," Hyoga said and watched his Cloth with great interest.

"But it *bites*!"

"Bite back," Makoto suggested.

"Pah! - *Ouch!*"

"Well, I could try to call it back," Hyoga pondered.

"Yes, *please* - *ouch!*"

"But only if you answer me some questions, too. Truthfully!"

"I'll do anything, but save me from this rabid thing!" Himiko pleaded. She shrieked when the swan bit her once more, this time in the backside.

"Truly anything?" Hyoga asked curiously.

"Well, I'll answer your questions. But I'll never do anything that might harm my Camus-sama!"

"Okay." Hyoga concentrated and directed his Cosmo at the Cloth. To his relief it calmed down. Himiko fell into a chair.

"I'm dead!"

"Okay. And now you'll tell me what I want to know," Hyoga demanded.

"It was a deal... So ask."

"What's your relationship with my Master?"

Himiko blushed deeply. "I love him."

"And what's his opinion on this matter?"

"Well, I have yet to convince him that he loves me, too..."

"I see." Hyoga wasn't exactly surprised anymore when Himiko's statement was accompanied by another pink heart.

"We are destined to be together," Himiko said dreamily. "He's soooo gorgeous!" Now a steady stream of small pink hearts emitted from her.

"It's getting worse," Makoto observed. "Poor Himiko!"

"You'd better say 'Poor Milo'," the Scorpio Gold Saint groaned. The ruckus in the lab had woken him to a monumental hangover.

"Why?" Makoto wanted to know.

"I have a very bad headache and you are so loud that my whole temple shakes!"

"It's your own fault that you drank too much," Makoto said mercilessly. "And we weren't *that* loud."

"So? And what was that shouting about the Cygnus Cloth chasing Himiko?"

"That was fun," Makoto grinned. "It ran after her, furiously beating its wings and biting her."

"I didn't think it was funny," Himiko grumbled. "I'm black and blue all over!"

"Awwwww, don't panic, this will pass."

"But it *hurts*!"

"My head hurts, too," Milo groaned. "Don't be so loud."

"That bad?" Makoto asked with false sympathy.

"Don't ask!"

Hyoga still sat on the examination table and let his legs dangle. He wondered whether he could convince his Cloth to attack people he didn't like. Some paper rustled. Hyoga looked into the direction of the sound and saw Himiko sitting in her chair and unfolding a poster of Aquarius Camus.

Milo held his head. "Could anyone give me an aspirin?"

"I thought Saints don't know any pain," Makoto grinned.

"I don't mind, my head feels as if it explodes anyway."

"Camus didn't have a hangover," Himiko observed. "My wonderful Camus-sama..."

"No wonder. Milo drank at least three times as much than he did." Makoto shook her head.

"And Camus drank some *good* wine, not this cheap stuff that Milo seems to prefer."

"Pah. Cheap stuff," Milo snorted. "It was good enough."

"Yeah, good enough to give you this hangover."

"Humph."

When Makoto looked to Himiko, she discovered a new batch of pink hearts floating over her colleague's head.

"She's an absolutely hopeless case," she said to Milo, to distract him from his headache.

"Indeed. We should find a way to relieve her from the pain - but first you might relieve *me* of *my* pain, too!"

"Okay, I guess a little massage won't hurt. Sit down here, so that I can reach your neck!"

Milo sat down next to Hyoga, and Makoto began to work on his neck. It didn't take long and Milo purred like a cat.

"Why can't my Camus-sama let me comfort him like this," Himiko sighed, and one of the hearts above her head burst in two.

Hyoga looked slightly envious at Milo. Obviously Gold Saints lived a very comfortable life. He wondered what it might take him to attain Gold rank, too.

Himiko unfolded another large photo.

"Don't you dare hang all these Camus posters in my temple," Milo shouted at her. "If anyone sees them and thinks I'm responsible, there might be some serious misconceptions about our relationship!"

"Oh dear, who would think there's something between you and Camus when you so desperately try to chase the girls..."

"Maybe it's because he doesn't get any?" Hyoga snickered.

"If it wouldn't feel so great being massaged by Makoto, I would challenge you for a duel here and now," Milo grumbled. "But I'm sure there'll be another time and then I will pay you back for this comment! - *If* there are posters in my temple, they will be pin-ups of cute girls in short skirts or even less!"

"So why haven't you any?"

"Hm... Unfortunately the Pope isn't so fond of such ...distractions."

"By the way, are you finished with the examination?" Hyoga asked. It sure wasn't prudent to keep sitting next to the Scorpio Saint when he teased him like before.

"Yeah, I *am* finished." Himiko rubbed her backside again.

"And so am I," Makoto nodded.

"Fine. Then I can bring Himiko back to Japan as ordered."

"Hey, the girls are *mine* - I'm going to keep them," Milo frowned. "Especially Makoto."

"Huh? Why should you bring Himiko to Japan - and on whose orders?"

"My Master's, of course. Camus told me to remove her from Sanctuary."

Makoto laughed. "Ah, so now Camus needs support to get rid of her?"

"Actually, this puzzled me too," Hyoga pondered aloud. "Do *you* have any idea what might cause my Master to be afraid of her?"

"Other than that he wouldn't want to suffocate in pink hearts, no," Makoto grinned.

"Did you know that she looks a lot like my mama?" Hyoga suddenly changed the topic.

"Your mama?" Makoto looked at him in amazement.

Hyoga nodded. "Yes." Now he looked profoundly sad. "My mama died in a ship wreck when I was only six years of age..."

"That's bad. And Himiko looks like her?"

Hyoga nodded again. "It would be marvellous if my Master would decide to marry her - then I would finally have a family again..."

"Somehow I have the distinct feeling that Camus wouldn't like this idea even a little bit," Makoto said and flexed her hands.

"Hey, don't stop massaging," Milo complained.

"You had enough - and my fingers, too."

"You're mean!"

Hyoga was deeply lost in thought and didn't notice the little exchange between Makoto and the Scorpio Saint at all. "For seven years, Camus trained me in the icy landscape of Eastern Siberia. He was like a father to me. But I still do miss my mama!" A silent tear run down his cheek.

Makoto tousled Hyoga's blond mane. "That's really sad."

"And you really couldn't convince my Master that marrying Himiko might be a good idea after all?"

"Why me?"

"Well, whom else could I ask? - *Please!*"

"He won't listen to me," Makoto told him.

Hyoga sighed. "But I long so much for a real family."

"Well, who doesn't?" Makoto examined Hyoga. He seemed to have quite a problem with it, she thought.

"You see, most Saints are orphans from their earliest childhood on, but at least I had my mama when I was little. But I can't forget the picture of her drowning right before my eyes..."

"That's terrible," Makoto put her arm around him. Hyoga was indeed awfully traumatized.

"Well, that's pretty bad to hear," Milo said. "But whatsoever, it's not Camus' place to send my girls away!"

"*Your* girls?" Makoto asked him incredulously.

"Well, as you live here with me, of course you are *my* girls!"

"Never! I'm only Camus' girl," Himiko protested.

"And I definitely belong to no one but me," Makoto told him. "And certainly not to *you*."

"Well, but I got the order from my Master..."

"That's too bad. You see, if Himiko has to return to Japan, I have to go, too."

"No way," Milo protested. "You will stay here! - Please..."

"Himiko!" Makoto snatched the Camus poster out of her hands. "Why don't you say anything?"

"*He* wants to send me away..." A tear ran down Himiko's cheek. "It's so terrible..."

"And I want to keep you here," Milo said.

"You really start to get on my nerves," Makoto grumbled. "If I only knew how to convince Camus..."

"Oh yes, please do so," Hyoga pleaded.

"Why don't you try to devise a plan, too?" Makoto asked exasperatedly. "I'm pretty sure there's no way to force him..."

"Hm... This is a difficult choice for me," Milo pondered. "If I help you, then I'll lose my bet, but I keep Makoto. If I don't help you, I'll keep my money, but I will lose you two..."

"I guess you'll have to make a decision."

"You're right," Milo nodded. "I prefer not to lose my bet. I can still visit you in Japan, after all."

"So you're stingy, too!"

"Hey, Athena doesn't pay us much in the first place," Milo defended himself. And of course he didn't want to fall out with Camus either.

"Well, then let me take you to Tokyo now," Hyoga said.

"I'm very well able to get there on my own," Makoto replied.

"And how?"

"With the jet plane that we used to get here of course."

"A jet plane? Would it be possible that I could take it, too?"

"Why?"

"Well, otherwise I'd have to shoulder Himiko and jog to Tokyo."

"No, I can't allow that. I'm sure Himiko would get sick from such a transport. Okay, you come along anyway."

"Cool." Hyoga smiled at her. Carrying Himiko to Japan certainly wouldn't have been fun at all, especially if she'd have kicked and screamed all the way to get down.

"This means we'll be on our way back tomorrow morning," Makoto decreed.

"*Tomorrow morning?*" Milo squealed.

"Why delay longer? And anyway, we have to turn in our results to Professor Asamori."

"But..."

"Okay," Himiko sniffed. "I have to work on a plan to conquer *him* anyway. And maybe he'll find out that he misses me after all, when I'm not around."

"Then let's pack our equipment and carry it to the plane," Makoto suggested.

"Makoto! Don't leave me! Who else will cook for me?"

"Either you learn to cook, or it's back to fast food," Makoto said mercilessly.

"You're cruel!" Milo sighed. This was so sad... Finally he had found a girl with whom he could consider to share his life, and then she simply left him. "And who will comfort me in the evenings?"

"What about your 'cutey little pets'?"

"I prefer you for things like this."

"No way." Makoto fetched the first pieces from their makeshift laboratory.

"I can help you with your things," Hyoga offered.

"Fine," Makoto smiled. "Then I don't have to carry everything alone." Her petite colleague was not much help in the muscles department, and so all the heavy duty stuff usually fell to her.

"No problem," Hyoga said.

"At least I have some photos of *him*," Himiko sighed.

"Oh dear, we have to pack the photos, too," Makoto exclaimed. They had taken literally hundreds of them, if not more.

"But be careful with my Camus-sama!"

"If you're so worried, you can pack them on your own."

"Of course!"

"I will help you to get my Master's love," Hyoga promised her. "But I have yet to devise a plan to do so."

"You would really do this?" Himiko asked hopefully.

"Sure. I want a proper family again..."

In the meantime, Makoto had packed the first boxes of their equipment and passed them to Hyoga. With some directions where to find the plane, she sent him away.

Himiko packed her things, too. Now that Hyoga had promised to help her, she was immediately in a far better mood.

"Hey, you could help us a little, too," Makoto scolded Milo who stood in the way.

"But I don't want you to go..."

"Don't whine around." She gave him two large boxes. "You can visit us in Tokyo, remember."

With a sigh, Milo complied, and with the help of the two Saints they had their things in the jet plane in record time.

"But we still haven't examined *all* of the Goldies," Himiko pointed out.

"I think the professor will be satisfied with the results so far."

"Although I didn't get my Camus-sama. In either way..."

- File BS04-Cyg-T001 Closed -