

# Duty

## Drabble from the 'Dove of Sanctuary' Universe

Von Zpan\_Sven

THE DOVE OF SANCTUARY - DRABBLES

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DISCLAIMER: I do not own Saint Seiya, only the characters of my creation, this story, and the alterations I have made to the characters, histories, ect. No profit is being made from this; this is being written solely for the enjoyment of myself and others whom like to indulge in the scenario of 'what if?'

AUTHOR' NOTES: One of my infamous 'What If?' fanfics, where I take some of my ideas, an original character or two, the plot of an anime and throw them in the blender set on puree just to see what happens. For these drabbles, I blame Plantress! And DaHaloChick. »;

"Some believe it is the ability to speak that separates us from the animals..."

'I think, there for I am...'

:Our minds are as one...:

SUMMARY: A series of drabbles connected to my fanfic, which is an AU retelling of Saint Seiya, mostly from the view point of the Bronze Saint of Columba, Angie, telling the world from her eyes and showing how much difference a 'minor' character can make...

CHAPTER SUMMARY: Starring child!Angie and teen!Shura. Wanting to know what it is to be the best Saint possible, the young Trainee seeks out Athena's most loyal...

RATING: K+ to T (PG-13)

WARNINGS: Violence, swearing, and sexual innuendo and situations...and my depraved sense of humor XD

GENRE: Action & Adventure/Drama/Supernatural/Humor

ARCHIVE: FanFiction(dot)Net, FicWad(dot)Com, Zpan Sven's Works, others please ask -

Duty

Angie was of the opinion that Master Capricorn was amazing. Of course all the Gold Saints were remarkable in her young eyes, able to move as fast as they did and to be able to perform such feats as they did. They had astonished her as a toddler and they continue to astound her even at a very mature six-years-old, if she said so herself. It

was easy to find him in the Capricorn Temple because all one had to do was follow either the sound of him training outside the temple or locate the source of the off-key singing within.

Master Capricorn loved music, especially that Opera stuff, often singing it as he cooked and cleaned inside his spotless temple. Master Lyra had told her she had a natural gift for music and perfect pitch, so sometimes in the temple she could only put up with it for so long due to how his voice would echo. She never had the heart to correct him; he was Master Capricorn after all and he could use the mighty Excalibur, move at the speed of light, and do all those amazing things...

But damn -- and what a fun word that was, she'd have to thank Master Cancer for saying it in front of her when he dropped that pot on his toe -- he couldn't carry a tune, not even in a bucket. Sometimes, if she thought she could get away with it, she wanted to jab him in the diaphragm and tell him that was where you sang from. But then she'd remember Master Lyra and Mama Eurydice and her chest would hurt again. So she tried to forget because it made her chest hurt less and if she forgot she wouldn't cry.

Trotting through the Capricorn temple, she followed the sounds of training to find the Gold Saint. Pausing at the doorway, she just watched as the teenaged Saint stood poised, arm upraised. He appeared so calm, collected and at peace with himself and all around him. A breeze ruffled his green hair and drying sweat gleamed on his tanned skin. Angie stared at the Gold Saint, convinced once more they must be demi-gods to wield the power they did.

Then his arm blurred, the cry of his attack -- "Excalibur!" -- ringing about before the boulder before him was sliced perfectly in two, without leaving a gouge in the earth beneath. The smooth faces of the cut boulder gleamed like the marble floors of Capricorn Temple and the kitchen countertops of Cancer Temple.

'Power, tempered with precision, honed with control,' he had told her before. 'Power in and of itself can do a great deal of damage, to both the wielder and the opponent. It is when you know how to control it, to hone it with precision that it is truly a tool, a weapon.'

When Shura turned, he found the wide-eyed child holding up his sweat-towel to him reverently. Smiling, he took it from her hands and wiped his face. "Bebé! What brings you here?"

She pouted up at him as he draped the towel around his neck. "I'm not a baby any more, Master Capricorn. I'm almost all grown up!"

"I'll stop calling you bébé when you get a Cloth, Angie. Then you'll be grown up, because then you'll be a true Saint, not a little hatchling anymore."

"That's why I'm here!"

"Here at my temple? You're a Libra, not a Capricorn. And you're not quite trained

enough to try for a Gold Cloth just yet."

"No, no, I'm here because His Excellency said that you are one of the best and truest of Saints and I want to know how you did it so I can be just like you!"

A far away look came over his face as he seemed to look out in the distance. "The Pope told you? Alright then. Would you like to hear a story, Angie?"

"Yes please!"

She clung to his hand and with a wistful smile, the teen lifted up, and the muscles under his tanned skin bunching even as he effortlessly lifted her. Tucking his other arm beneath her rear, he carried her over to the steps leading into the rear of his temple. Sitting with her on his knee, he cleared his throat, buying time to find a starting point.

"Once, not too long ago, I had a friend. He was a lot like a brother to me – he was a fellow Gold Saint, the Saint of the Sagittarius Cloth – named Aioros." Shura began, the little girl sitting on his knee eagerly awaiting his every word. "I am not sure why he did it, no one really does, but he betrayed us..."

He didn't give overly long descriptions of what was really a short tale of betrayal and battle. It was recounted in a clear, concise manner how he had been dispatched to deal with the traitor, even though they had been so close. Her young eyes were wide, almost seeming to fill her round face as he concluded.

"...and despite that friendship, my duty – every Saints' duty, past, present, and future – is to Athena. So I did what had to be done. I killed him, as quickly as I could to make his death painless. When a Saint kills, bebé, and a Saint eventually will have to kill, there should be little suffering as possible. Kill them and move on, don't prolong it."

His voice wavered, then cracked in a way that it hadn't done since he reached puberty. Shura's eyes closed, clenching tightly against the burn of tears; the Capricorn Saint had never told anyone but the Pope what had happened that night and then he'd been too emotionally drained to cry after. The salty tears seemed to burn as they seeped from beneath his eyelids, cutting gleaming trails through the sweat and grime covering his face.

She'd never seen one of the Gold Saints cry before. In a mixture of awe and disbelief at what she was seeing, Angie shifted on his lap, a small hand braced on the powerful bicep and the other lifting to his face. The tears were so hot under her cool fingertips that they seemed to burn, but they were real. Pressing her palm against the angular cheek, she could feel the coarseness of the faint stubble developing on his face.

The gentle touch, soft and compassionate made him shudder as the wall he had erected around his grief at Aioros's death to hide it away from the others began to crumble. Pulling the child against him, he rested his cheek on her head, cradling her like he never really had the chance to do with Aiolia after that cursed night. The boy was afraid of him and who was Shura to blame him? He'd killed the only family Aiolia

had, had returned to Sanctuary with Aioros's blood literally on his hands.

So there he sat, clutching the little girl to him like a lifeline. She smelled sweetly, like the breeze of spring, washing away his self-hatred and she felt so small in his arms, rousing the protective urges the Saint had. He'd never seen Athena before; certainly she'd be around the size of this girl by now. Then again, only the Pope and the Nurse had seen her, the fear of another traitor in their midst keeping her away from her loyal Saints.

For Angie, the child knew that while they were so powerful and strong, the men who were like demi-gods were still men, still human. She cuddled against him, on some level seeking to sooth her superior, a silent promise she'd not tell if he cried, that it was alright if he did, just like it was alright if she cried for Mama Eurydice and Master Lyra.

They were Saints and they had a duty, to their Goddess and to each other. And even if it hurt to do it, they had to carry out their duty.