

# S-Files: Next Try

## The New Saint Dossiers

Von abgemeldet

### Kapitel 1: Dossier 1: Aquarius Camus

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

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

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

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

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

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

Camus grumbled something unintelligible.

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

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

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

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

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

"You can play with his armour!"

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

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

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

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

"Dream on!"

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

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

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

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

"Good." Camus eyed Himiko warily.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well, I need *your* weight, too," Makoto said after looking into her checklist and pointed at the scales in her corner of the lab. Camus stepped onto them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Sounds like Milo," the doctor nodded sagely.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Whatever you say..."

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

"What else did you think?"

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

"Are you satisfied now?" Camus finally asked.

"Nope."

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

"X-ray and ultrasound scan."

"What for do you need *that*?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Pah!" Camus retorted gruffly.

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

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

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

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

"Good. Parents?"

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

"So how did you become a Saint?"

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

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

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

"That's a sad story..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, you have," Makoto contradicted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And how long did this take?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Are you through with your interview?"

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

"Don't give her strange ideas!"

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

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

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

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

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

"Ahm..." Himiko blushed furiously.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I continued to train and perfect my attacks, before I finally presented myself to the Kyoukou as new Aquarius Saint and guardian of the 11th Temple. I stayed in Sanctuary

for a while and met Milo again. He, Aiolia, Shura and I became good friends, and we had a good time for a while. Aiolia and Milo loved to play practical jokes, and the Kyoukou was their favourite victim. It was near to impossible to stop Milo when he had one of his stupid ideas, but he managed to put the blame on someone else most of the time -- mainly Aphrodite, that is..."

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

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

"And what happened next?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

shrugged.

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

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

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

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

"Whatever it is, it is hidden well."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Camus stared open-mouthed at her.

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

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

"Yep."

"But I'm a dedicated single!"

"She doesn't mind."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But I said *NO!*"

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

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

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

"I won't marry you!"

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

"Gngngngn..."

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

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

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

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

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

"Serving Athena, of course."

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

Camus looked at Makoto in utter horror.

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

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

"Of course," Himiko nodded enthusiastically.

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

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

"Me, too," Himiko said dreamily.

Camus grumbled something unintelligible.

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

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

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

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

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

"But you and I are!"

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

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

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

"Would you please let go of me?"

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

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

"But it is! I am doomed."

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

"Then go away!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You are all against me!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They went back into the laboratory.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"So what happened to Isaac?" Himiko inquired.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Just like that? An accident?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Still it's senseless," Makoto insisted.

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

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

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

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

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

"But who would hinder you?"

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

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

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

"If you say so," Makoto shrugged.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Certainly not you!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No!" Camus said hurriedly.

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

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

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

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

"For now," Himiko nodded with hanging head.

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

"He's gone..."

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

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

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

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

"Seiya," Makoto replied unenthusiastically.

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

"But some things are even worse..."