

# S-Files: Next Try

## The New Saint Dossiers

Von abgemeldet

### Kapitel 2: Dossier 2: Pegasus Seiya

[SIZE=4]Dossier 2: Pegasus Seiya[/SIZE]

**Monday, 1987/08/17 -- 4.30 p.m.**

Himiko browsed listlessly through the list of the Saints they still had to examine. "Do you want to call him?"

"Of course not. If it was for me I would leave him out altogether."

"So do I -- but unfortunately it's Athena who pays our wages, and she doesn't pay us too badly."

"Yeah, I would hate to be fired -- this job has some good sides after all."

"Indeed. My Camus-sama..." Himiko produced a medium-sized pink heart. "*He* is in her service, too."

"Would you please stop bugging me with Camus? I can't hear it anymore!"

"But I was sooo close to convince him to marry me!"

"I think I'd better call Seiya before I have to listen to this one minute longer." Makoto went to the phone.

Himiko sighed. "You are cruel!"

"No," Makoto sighed. "But I don't want to argue with you about Camus. You have your opinion about him and I have mine. We should better examine Seiya instead, then we don't have to bother with him later on."

"Okay..."

The doctor called at the Kido Mansion and despite her suspicion that Athena might

want to accompany him or worse, Seiya arrived alone and only a few minutes later. He wore the Pegasus Cloth, and Himiko immediately asked him to give it to her for the examination.

Seiya shrugged and complied. After all, Saori had briefed him before the examination. Of course he wasn't exactly enthusiastic about it, but Saori's wish was his command.

Himiko marvelled at the fact that Seiya suddenly wore a full set of civil clothing after his Cloth left him. The Gold Saints usually only had leggings on after removing their Cloths.

While Himiko put her attention to the Cloth, Makoto waved Seiya towards the scales. "First you'll be measured and weighed," she explained.

Seiya nodded and followed her orders.

"Height -- 1.68m, weight 55kg... A bit too light, you should put on a little weight!" Makoto said while she noted everything down. This time she finished the medical examination in record time, but it was no wonder -- she wanted to turn to the next *interesting* subject as fast as possible.

"This armour is comparatively light," Himiko said from her corner. She even had been able to lift it onto the scales without help.

"But it protects me nonetheless."

"I think that's absolutely amazing," Himiko exclaimed. "After all, most of your body doesn't have any protection with it."

"I guess much of it is magickal," Seiya shrugged.

"I really hope that at least one of you Saints knows how your Cloths work," Himiko sighed. "It's really frustrating that I still haven't any clues."

"You might ask Aries Mu -- ahm, the Kyoukou," Seiya suggested. "He repaired our Cloths more than once. Or Kiki -- I mean Aries Phrixos. Yikes, I really have to get used to the fact that Kiki is now the new Aries Gold Saint. He's far younger than me and a Gold Saint now..."

"I'm astonished that one so young could become one of the Gold Saints," Makoto said.

"Oh, I heard that the other Gold Saints also were only seven or eight years of age when they attained their Cloths..."

"My Camus-sama, too?"

Yeah, with 21 he is one of the youngest Gold Saints, and I was told he already wore his Cloth 14 years ago when Saga tried to kill Athena. Just like the others..."

"That's *amazing!*"

"Well, I got my Cloth when I was a bit older," Seiya pondered. "I really wonder why the Gold Saints didn't have to train as long."

"Maybe they are prodigies?" Himiko asked.

"Dunno. But somehow I think it's unfair."

"Let's get on with the examination," Makoto urged. She wanted to get rid of Seiya as fast as possible to continue with the really interesting subjects.

Seiya complied (Athena had threatened to cut his pocket money if he didn't), and so the examination went on right on schedule. Himiko didn't have much to examine, just as usual. The Cloth withstood almost all of her attempts to measure anything. At least she could write down what parts it consisted of. She was glad that the Pegasus wasn't as aggressive as the Swan Cloth.

Makoto wrote down all data. 1.68m, 55kg, blood type B... "I think I have everything. Now about your curriculum vitae..."

Seiya sighed, but at least she didn't want to prick him anymore. "There is not much to say. I was born at December 1st, 1972, in Tokyo, Japan. My mother died -- dunno why, no one ever told me anything about it -- and my sister Seika and I were put into the orphanage. When I was about five or six or so, some big baddies from the Graude Foundation kidnapped me and took me into Kido Mitsumasa's house where I trained for a while with the other boys until I was sent to Sanctuary in Greece to bring back the Pegasus Cloth."

"And how did you get the Pegasus Cloth?" Himiko wanted to know.

"When I arrived at Sanctuary, they gave me to Aquila Marin as disciple because she was the only other Japanese person around. It wasn't very nice there -- the Greeks teased me because I was no native." Seiya sulked. "But I showed them! One after the other, I defeated all the arrogant Greek guys who dared to compete with me! And in the end I even triumphed over that brute Cassios and won the Pegasus Cloth."

"I think I remember," Makoto said. "I was at the arena with Shura when you battled Cassios. It was gross!"

"You watched my fight?"

"But I didn't like it at all. All that blood and gore... Disgusting!"

"Pah, it was Cassios' fault. *He* wanted to rip me apart limb by limb. I just returned the favour -- and I must say I was really humane, I only ripped off his left ear!"

"And you call *him* brutal!"

"But then, in the end he really surprised me," Seiya said, a tone of awe in his voice.

"Why that?"

"During the Sanctuary fight, when Aiolia had me at my knees at Leo Temple, Cassios sacrificed himself for me. I would never have thought..."

"That's really amazing," Makoto nodded.

"Okay, I guess he didn't do it for *me* after all. You see, it was an open secret that he was hopelessly in love with his teacher, Ophiuchus Shaina. Much to my chagrin, Shaina seemed to have fallen in love with *me* -- it's somewhat flattering, she is three years older than me! But then, I don't want anything of her -- and Cassios decided to save me so that Shaina wouldn't be sad."

"Really? So Shaina is one of the female Saints, isn't she?"

"Yep. She looks pretty cute, but I must admit I'm a little afraid of her at times. She repeatedly tried to kill me, and she's not the weakest Saint around. I guess it all began when I broke her face mask..."

"I heard about this strange custom," Makoto frowned. "Is it true that it's worse for a female Saint to be seen without her mask than naked?"

"It seems like this. The girls are all really touchy about their masks. Allegedly there is one female smith around at Sanctuary who forges them from a secret alloy and who passes on the secret of the masks to female apprentices only. But that's only hearsay, of course. None of the girls would tell anything about it to the men."

Makoto made a note to ask the first of the female Saints she had to examine about them.

"The only thing I know for sure is what Shaina told me -- if a male Saint sees a female Saint without her mask, she has only two choices -- either to kill him or to fall in love with him. So Shaina at first tried to kill me but when she failed several times, she went for the second option. On the other hand, recently Shaina decided to get rid of her mask for good. She said that by now most of the people had seen her bare face anyway, and to kill all the male Saints would be just too tedious."

"You have some pretty strange traditions at Sanctuary! By the way, how do male Saints handle all the naked faces of the non-Saint girls?"

"I never had a problem with that. I guess it's just the female Saints who have the problems. Some of them claim they wear the masks to make sure that the guys aren't distracted during the fights..."

"That at least I could understand -- at least when some of them are beautiful," Makoto laughed. "I just think of certain Gold Saints and their desperate attempts to get the attention of certain women..." If she remembered correctly, only Aphrodite, Shaka

and Camus had been completely unaffected by their presence when they first started examining the Gold Saints at Sanctuary. The others had been really busy flirting around, even DeathMask, although the social skills of the Cancer Saint left much to be desired.

"Well, somehow I admire Shaina, too," Seiya mused. "She threw herself into the way of one of Aiolia's Lightning Bolts to save me! And on several other occasions, she also almost sacrificed herself to save me, for example when she took the arrow Poseidon deflected for me."

"In my opinion, Saints are really strange," Makoto stated.

"And female Saints are far worse," Seiya nodded sagely.

"So far I haven't talked with any of the female Saints."

"Marin is very nice. And she speaks Japanese, too!"

"We'll see. -- Now let's return to the Pegasus Cloth. Can you explain why all the parts of it know where they have to go when you put it on?"

"To be honest, that's something I never thought about. But then, in the beginning I wasn't allowed to put it on anyway. The Kyoukou and Marin both stressed that it was just to defend Athena and to fight for justice and so on..."

"So when did you wear it first?"

"At the time when Shaina tried to kill me the first time."

"And how? Did you just will it to fly to you?"

"Yes, somehow. It was very strange -- I pulled the handle of the box, and suddenly I found myself floating in the air, and suddenly the parts assembled around me. I thought it took quite awhile, but in fact it wasn't longer than a fraction of a second, I'd say."

"So all the parts knew of their own where they belonged?"

Seiya nodded. "But don't ask me how!"

"I really want to know how the parts do it. And why they always fit," Himiko wondered. "When Camus was a Gold Saint with seven years, and he wore the same Cloth at that time, it must be able to grow with him. Or are there different versions for the different age levels around?"

"No, there's always only one Cloth for every constellation."

"That's too fascinating! -- By the way, could you please put on your Cloth for the record? Then we can try to analyze the assembling process more closely," Himiko

suggested and set the cameras to record everything. Seiya called the Pegasus Cloth, and it flew around him.

"This is so amazing!" Himiko exclaimed. "I really wonder how this feels. And there are definitely no motors or other gimmicks whatsoever."

"I told you it's a kind of magick."

"It's the only explanation that sounds logical," Himiko sighed. "It's this Cosmo of yours, isn't it?"

"I think so," Seiya nodded. "But I wouldn't make such a fuzz about it. Cosmo is natural, and *everybody* has it, in varying degrees. At least that's what Marin taught me. Only most people can't access it at all because it is deeply buried, while we Saints are trained to use it at will."

"Unfortunately, we haven't managed to measure this Cosmo so far," Makoto mused. She recorded an EEG reading of Camus during one of her numerous tests on him, but it had been fully within the normal parameters, even when he told her he had activated his Cosmo. In fact, she had been able to see a soft golden glow surrounding him, but nothing showed on her devices.

"I don't think you can measure Cosmo," Seiya told her.

"That's not scientific," Makoto protested.

"Who cares about science?" Seiya shrugged. "I have been told repeatedly that no human being can move at the speed of sound or faster. I do -- am I not a human being?" He put on a cheeky grin.

"This is thoroughly frustrating," Makoto complained. "I really should ask for a payrise to compensate this frustration..."

"Payrise," Seiya said enviously. "At least you get some real money and not the meagre pocket money Athena gives us Saints!"

"I have the impression all of you Saints are continuously broke," Makoto grinned.

"Well, we poor Bronze Saints get the least..."

"That's life!"

"Yeah, absolutely unfair. Just as unfair as the fact that Ikki gets more pocket money than me or Shiryu or Hyoga..."

"I guess he is not afraid to demand more money from Athena," Makoto laughed.

"Pah. -- By the way, I'm sure you have a lot of fun when you have to examine *him*. He is not as patient as I am..."

"I will manage," Makoto promised. After all, Seiya wasn't the incarnation of patience himself either.

"Good luck. He has this nasty Phoenix Gen Ma Ken..."

"And I have my orders signed by Athena."

"I heard the Phoenix Cloth is absolutely unique," Himiko looked up from a photo of Camus. "It allegedly returns to life no matter whether it was completely destroyed. And so does Ikki, like the Phoenix of the legend..."

"Right!" Seiya nodded. "It's quite practical as long as he fights on your side. -- Are you finally finished?"

"Nope. Next thing we need is a demonstration of your fighting techniques. Just for the record, no panic. It will not be disclosed to other Saints; it's merely for Athena."

"Okay. Where? Here?"

"Aehm, no, of course not! The testing area is outside."

Seiya followed the scientist outside and waited until she activated her recording devices before he demonstrated both Pegasus Ryu Sei Ken and Pegasus Sui Sei Ken.

"Thank you very much," Makoto said finally. "This completes our session. You may return home now."

"Fine! Do I get the results of my examination, too?"

"Sure, as soon as we reviewed all the data ."

"Cool." Seiya returned his Cloth into its box. "Bye-bye!"

He left the lab and decided to jog home. He was faster than any car, so why should he tarry.

Hey, it's 6 p.m.," Himiko exclaimed. "Time to return home!"

"At last," Makoto breathed. "Today we really did enough."

"Exactly. What a pity that I couldn't invite my Camus-sama for dinner. He teleported away too fast."

"He obviously wanted to get out of your vicinity."

"Pah. I would have *loved* to cook for him! -- Do you think he might follow an invitation some other time?"

"If I remember correctly, he loves a good meal like any other Saint around. Just try it."

"Wonderful! Then I will invite him as soon as we are done with our examinations."

"But right now I am starving," Makoto laughed. "Let's return home."

[SIZE=5]\* \* \*[/SIZE]

After their trip to Greece, Makoto and Himiko had gotten a note by Professor Asamori that their 'Saint Research' department would be continued. As this meant they had the same work hours, the two women had decided to look for a nice little house near the Graude Foundation Research Labs, so that they didn't need to go there all the way from the middle of Tokyo every day. Moreover, housing outside the city of Tokyo was noticeable cheaper and they could save some money that way.

After only a short ride, they arrived at the small, traditional looking house that was surrounded by a well-kept garden and even had a small pond in the backyard.

"What shall we cook tonight?" Makoto asked when they entered the house. "Which reminds me, do we have any food at home?"

"I'm not sure," Himiko admitted. "You were to buy new supplies yesterday, if I remember correctly."

"I was? I thought it was your turn!"

"Me? Oh dear, that means we don't have any fresh vegetables and fish at home!" A short look into the refrigerator verified the fact.

"I'm afraid you're right." Makoto yawned. "I'm too tired to go to a restaurant this evening. Let's call a delivery service."

"Good idea. Which reminds me -- doesn't this Arythar guy run a courier service?"

"He does. But I don't know if he delivers food, too. Furthermore I guess he won't be too inexpensive."

"I've got an idea! We'll simply call Hyoga. He will certainly fetch us some food, and at his speed we should get it while hot."

"Himiko, do you think that's proper? He's a Saint of Athena, and you let him run errands for you..."

"Hyoga wants a family, so he has to do some family duties, too."

"Good point," Makoto laughed.



"And then he can eat together with us. He certainly doesn't eat properly when he's together with the others." Himiko called the Kido Mansion. After a short while she hung up. "He'll be here in a sec."

"Good."