

S-Files: Next Try

The New Saint Dossiers

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 5: Dossier 4: Scorpio Milo

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Tuesday, 1987/08/18 -- high noon

The two scientists, Milo and Hyoga still stood at the frozen test range. The Saints didn't have any problems with the cold, but the women shivered.

"Let's get in again," Makoto urged. "My feet are getting cold."

"You're right," Himiko nodded. They went back into their lab where Hyoga sat down on the corner of a table and let his legs dangle.

"Okay, let's get to the next examination." Makoto looked for a new data sheet and wrote down Milo's name on top of it.

"What do you intend to do with *these*?" Suspiciously, Milo pointed at the syringes on the table.

"What do doctors usually do with them?" Makoto asked back with a grin.

"That's the point," he said indignantly.

"Hey, that serves him right for once," Hyoga laughed. "After all, *he* is the one usually attacking with *Scarlet Needle*, stinging people badly in the process!" He didn't like to remember his duel with the Scorpio Saint during the Sanctuary Battle. After all, it had definitely been the most painful experience in his life so far. No other attack he endured had ever caused such a level of pain.

"Humph."

"Don't panic, I save the needles for the end," Makoto told him with a mean glint in her eyes.

"Oh dear, oh dear," Milo muttered.

"Milo, why don't you get out of your Cloth first?" Himiko asked him.

"So that she has even more unprotected parts where she could put her syringes to? -- Okay, okay..." Milo commanded his Cloth to leave him and return to its presentational form.

"This is always too intriguing," Makoto commented. "Who told this thing how it belongs together?"

Milo shrugged. "It just knows."

"Why can't anyone explain how this works?! Ah well, let's begin with the measurements..."

"Be my guest."

Makoto featured her tape measure. "1.85m and 87kg -- Milo, you put on 3kg of weight since the last examination!"

"Now he weighs 11kg more than my Camus-sama," Himiko pointed out.

"That's okay -- after all, I'm taller than Camus," Milo said nonchalantly.

"But not 11cm," Makoto told him mercilessly.

"Indeed. For his size, my Camus-sama is just perfectly built."

"I'm better," Milo said in a huff. "My extra kilograms are muscles, not fat!"

"I prefer a slimmer build," Makoto stated.

"Me, too," Himiko sighed.

"Pah. I have a very healthy and athletic body."

"Yeah, healthy you are -- you have a constitution like a horse," Makoto grinned.

"I'm a Scorpio, not a horse!"

"But you *are* a horse, at least according to the Chinese horoscope." Makoto grinned.

Himiko frowned and dug through a drawer where she pulled out a little book. After checking one page, she shook her head.

"He's a Snake, not a Horse. My Camus-sama is a Horse! As I'm a Rooster, he's the *perfect* match for me!"

"Yeah, I read something like that," Makoto grinned.

"And what about *us*?" Milo wanted to know from her.

"Monkey-woman and Snake-man will never get along," Himiko read after looking up the combination. "I'm sorry... -- But I have to tell my Camus-sama about *us*!"

"I don't think this will convince him," Makoto tried to stop her colleague's enthusiasm.

"I don't mind," Himiko muttered stubbornly. "He's my future husband and father of my children."

"Waaa...?" Milo doubled over from laughter.

"Too bad that Camus is ignorant of that fact..."

"He knows it," Hyoga contradicted, "But he hasn't come to terms with it yet. Too bad, as I would love to have some cute little siblings..."

"I thought you already had 99 half-brothers," Milo pointed out.

"Well, 90 of them are dead by now, and the others... You see, I have a mama again and soon a father, so I want some real siblings who will grow up with me in a true family."

"And if I remember correctly, you want a *sister*, don't you?" Makoto asked.

"Oh, yes," Hyoga nodded. "A cute little sister whom I can take care of!"

"You have to work harder to get Camus, or Hyoga will stay alone," Makoto told her colleague.

"Of course!" Himiko nodded and her goldblonde ponytail bobbed up and down. "I'm sure my Camus-sama will be a wonderful father!"

Milo couldn't stifle a giggle. "Good luck!"

"Let's get back to the examination," Makoto urged. "I want to finish it *today*."

"But be careful with these things!" Milo pointed warily at the syringes.

"I only want a little blood of you," she tried to soothe him.

"So you're a vampire!"

"Exactly," she grinned and took her samples. "Okay, I'm done. You may start to breathe again. The next tests are without pricking you, by the way."

"What a relief!"

They went through the list and Milo complied without complaining.

"And now the curriculum vitae," Himiko said.

"Yeah, yeah," Makoto sighed. "These examinations are pretty exhausting -- and this is only the fourth of them!"

"May I comfort you?" Milo volunteered.

"I'm too tired to offer real resistance," Makoto yawned.

"Great!" Milo took her into his arms and grinned like the proverbial Cheshire cat.

"But still I have to complete the curriculum... Date and place of birth?" She had notebook and pen ready.

"November 8th, 1965, in Athens, Greece."

"Where did you grow up?"

"My family lived in the outskirts of the town. My dad was a farmer, and I had four brothers and two sisters. I was the second youngest son and got bullied by my older brothers a lot. I really hated it! I wanted to become stronger than they were and so I secretly trained until a strange man appeared... This guy told me that I could become *really* strong when I followed him and joined the Saints of Athena. Of course I didn't think twice and followed him..."

"I can imagine that," Makoto nodded. "This man -- was that this Triangulum Saint Astreya?"

"Exactly. He brought me to Sanctuary where I was put into a school class with some other boys, and we learned to read and write Greek. As most of the other boys weren't from Greece in the first place, they had to learn the language from scratch." Milo made a wry face. "This was pretty lucky for me as reading and writing have never been my strongest points... In that respect, I envy Camus -- he has always been a fast learner, even though he only spoke French in the beginning."

"So Camus was there, too -- and who else?"

"Camus, Shura and Aiolia were in that class with me, and we soon became good friends. Aiolia was a very cheeky boy at that time and he even played practical jokes on the Pope," Milo grinned.

"Hm... I think Camus said the same thing about *you*!"

"*Me*? Hey, I was a diligent student, and the Pope was *the* most respected person in Sanctuary. Do you really think *I* would play jokes on him?" Milo put on an angelic smile.

"Sure I would... I'm curious what the others will tell... So what happened next?"

"Shortly after, we were given to our Masters to train. Camus went to Siberia with Aquarius Hyperion, Aiolia stayed in Sanctuary to train with his elder brother Sagittarius Aiolos, Shura went to Spain to train there with -- I can't remember his name now, sorry -- and I was called to Milo Island where Scorpio Antares became my teacher."

"I suppose you were a good student?"

"Of course! I mastered everything right away and Antares was very proud of me."

Makoto frowned. She had only now noticed that Milo talked about 'Milo Island'. "Milo isn't your original name, is it?"

"Nope. You see, almost all Saints take up a new name after they attained their Cloths. At least we Gold Saints do."

"Hm, it never occurred to *me* to change my name," Hyoga pondered.

"And what is your birth name?" Makoto asked curiously.

Milo blushed deeply. "You don't want to know!"

"But I do! And it's only scientific curiosity of course..."

"But it's embarrassing!"

"Please, tell me!"

"Only if you promise not to laugh and not to put it into your files."

"Okay, okay..."

"My former name was Menelaos Aristarchos Georgopoulos."

Both Makoto and Hyoga couldn't help but laugh at the unwieldy name.

"I told you not to laugh," Milo sulked. "I told you it's embarrassing, even though it's a perfectly good Greek name. But it's definitely no name for a Saint..."

Makoto tried to be serious and nodded. "'Milo' is really better..."

"Told you!"

"Okay... How did you get your Cloth?" Makoto decided to change the subject before she had to laugh again. Menelaos Aristarchos Georgopoulos...

"I had to fight my Master and win," Milo said with a dark mien. "I won." It was pretty obvious that he didn't want to elaborate, and so Makoto refrained from asking

deeper.

"And then you returned to Sanctuary?"

"Of course. I had to present myself to the Pope as the new Scorpio Gold Saint."

"And afterwards?"

"Well, I met my old friends again, but somehow they weren't the same anymore either after they attained their Cloths..."

"Getting their Cloths seems to change most Saints," Makoto pondered. "But then, it's not easy to get them..."

"If you knew," Milo said quietly. "Well, when we met again, we renewed our former friendship. Somehow we all tried to act as if nothing had happened, but this wasn't the case... Camus had become notably darker and even more serious than before, and Shura had also lost his easy-going nature. Aiolia was still fun, but at the time Aiolos supposedly betrayed the Pope and Sanctuary, he was spit on by all the others. We couldn't help him as that would have put us in bad standing, too."

"This doesn't sound too nice," Makoto commented. "To be a Saint seems to be even less fun than I thought."

"It's no fun. It's a duty and a calling."

"By the way, have you ever had a disciple?"

"A disciple? No. There was no new candidate for the Scorpio Cloth, and I was never given anyone to train for any other Cloth."

"Why not?"

"Dunno. I never asked the Pope about it." Milo frowned. "Maybe he thought I was too impatient?"

"Well, somehow I have difficulties to see you as a teacher," Makoto had to admit.

"That's unfair! Camus isn't better than me and he got *a lot* of disciples," Milo sulked.

"Maybe you will get some over time..."

"That would be cool. I'd love to train a Silver Saint..."

"Maybe you were simply too discriminating and demanding."

"It's still unfair."

"What exactly were your duties here when you didn't have to train other Saints?"

"I did some jobs for the Pope. He ordered me to take care of those who broke the laws of Sanctuary."

"Did this happen often?"

"Well, about once a month."

"And what did you do in your free time?"

"I ...played a little around in town," Milo said with a grin, before he turned serious again. "I need to do something else for a change once in a while. I may be the best assassin of Sanctuary, but I prefer not to think too much about this job."

"I guess... That's a job I certainly wouldn't want to have."

"Someone has to do it and I'm the best," Milo shrugged. "DeathMask enjoys killing too much to be a really good assassin."

Makoto couldn't understand how anyone could enjoy killing. But then, DeathMask *was* strange, to put it mildly. And Milo... He was far more complicated than she had thought at first. Especially as there were some things he obviously didn't want to talk about.

"Is the interview finished now?" Milo asked impatiently.

"I'm afraid not. There are still some questions left."

"Then ask!"

"You seem to be pretty convinced that the Bronze Saints are much weaker than you Gold Saints. So what did you think when they actually reached your temple during the Sanctuary battle?"

"Well, I was surprised. You see, not long before the Sanctuary battle, the Kyoukou wanted to send me to eliminate Seiya and the others. I refused because I thought it was honourless to kill mere Bronze Saints -- and when Aiolia accepted the task right away, I was slightly annoyed. Of course I was sure he would do away with them in no time, so it took me by absolute surprise when I learned they were still alive!"

"And why didn't you stop them at your temple?"

"I did -- at first. Seiya and Shiryu were absolutely no match for my Restriction attack, and it took no more than one Scarlet Needle to strike them down. Pityful! But then Hyoga appeared, carrying Shun. He told the others not to lie around and act like cowards. He wanted to take me on alone while they were to move on. When I tried Restriction on Hyoga, he simply shook it off. I was intrigued, but then, Camus had told me of him and praised him very much."

"Camus did praise me?" Hyoga was amazed.

"Yeah. He likes you a lot, even though he usually doesn't show it. Actually, Camus is a very caring man, but don't tell him I said so. He prefers to be viewed as the proper Ice Saint..."

"My sensei..." Hyoga smiled soulfully.

"Yeah. Shortly before you and your friends arrived, Camus visited me and told me that he put you into a Freezing Coffin to make sure you wouldn't be killed by any of the other Gold Saints. He feared you hadn't developed far enough to stand against them. When you appeared in my temple later on I really wondered how you had gotten out of the Freezing Coffin." Milo turned back to Makoto. "Hyoga gave Shun to Seiya and Shiryu and challenged me to a fight. I let his friends go because I knew they'd be stopped by Shura if they went on and decided to test the mettle of Camus' favourite disciple. But in the beginning he fought truly pitifully, and I wondered about Camus' judgement..."

"Pah. I just never encountered the Scarlet Needle attack before and wasn't prepared that it was *so* painful," Hyoga sulked.

"But he improved, didn't he?" Makoto asked.

"Well, at first he didn't even fight back properly. I could easily hit him over and over again with the Scarlet Needle and he lost a lot of his blood. My whole temple was messy with it!"

"Don't blame *me* for your bloody attack!" Hyoga grumbled.

"Okay, okay, when I find the time I'll try to create a new and cleaner attack," Milo promised. "Anyway, he was almost dead and still he didn't give up. I got more and more impressed, especially when during his last attack, he managed to activate his Cosmo to the fullest and hit me at light speed with a temperature that froze my Gold Cloth! If it hadn't been for the Scorpio Cloth, I would have been killed! So I ceded victory to Hyoga and healed his wounds before he spilled all of his blood on my precious marble floor. And guess what -- he still didn't give up, but started to crawl towards the exit of my temple to join his friends! Thus I began to wonder if maybe he fought for the right cause after all..."

"Amazing. Did you try to follow the happenings in the other temples after Hyoga's departure?"

"More or less. Before I felt the Cosmo of DeathMask and Shaka disappear, and then first Shura's, then Camus' and Aphrodite's Cosmo vanished as well," Milo said and a shadow fell over his face. "It hurt so much to feel them die, especially Camus and Shura..."

"I'm sure it was terrible," Makoto nodded. She couldn't imagine at all how something like this might feel. This Cosmo was a strange thing and far beyond her

understanding.

"It wasn't their time to die," Milo exclaimed in anguish. "Of course, we knew we probably wouldn't survive the upcoming war against Hades, but I always thought we would fight side by side against the Specters. But no, there had to be a senseless battle between Saints who were supposed to fight *together!*"

"I think battles are senseless in any case," Makoto stated. "But who listens to me...?"

"Would you prefer to let Hades throw the world into darkness and then utterly destroy it?"

"What could I do against it?"

"Maybe you can't -- but Athena does, and we are her sworn Warrior Saints!"

"But this doesn't mean I have to like fights!"

"Hm... I really wonder what we are to do now that Hades is defeated," Milo pondered. "It'll take two or three hundred years before he returns, but there were never as many Saints left as this time after the Hades war..."

"Who knows? Athena will certainly find something."

"I hope so. I wouldn't find it exactly satisfying to guard a certain stone temple for the rest of my life, especially when there is no enemy due and Athena doesn't stay in Sanctuary anyway!"

"I agree, this sounds a bit boring," Makoto said wryly.

"But I wouldn't want to settle down and become a farmer like my father either... I need fun and adventure and danger..."

"What else... But I'm sure there is a reason that so many Saints have been revived."

"Earth Mother Gaia wanted Athena to justify herself and see whether the things done during the battles were appropriate. So she revived us, and somehow she didn't want to kill us another time."

"Gaia? Oh dear, there are so many Greek Gods around that I lose the overview..."

"Gaia is -- or rather was -- Athena's grandmother. As Saint of Athena you have to know about the Gods or you'll get the same problems Aphrodite got..."

"What problems?"

"His name, for example," Milo grinned. "I overheard once when he told Misty that his master mixed up things badly when she was supposed to teach him about mythology..."

"I think Aphrodite suits him perfectly."

"Well, his master told him Aphrodite was the God of War..."

"Slight error -- but then, Ares wouldn't have suited him at all. Someone called Ares should look fierce and very manly..."

"Like me?" Milo grinned. "Well, Aphro presented himself to the Pope as *Pisces Gold Saint Aphrodite* -- and as the Pope accepted it, he couldn't back out when later he was told it was a girl's name."

"Was it that bad? Many Saints have weird names, if you ask me."

"Sure. But the really funny thing is, that Aphro later on tried to live up to his name. I mean, he was always far too beautiful for his own good, but then he began to style himself thoroughly..."

"And now he truly embodies the 'beautiful warrior', indeed."

"Yeah." Milo didn't want to talk more about Aphrodite. Okay, their deaths and resurrection had slightly glossed over their differences, but he still didn't like him too much. "By the way, I'm hungry. You don't happen to have something to eat here?"

"Sorry, we had to feed our lunch to Shun and Hyoga," Makoto apologized.

"Then you have to cook something for me now."

"Huh? You're dreaming! And anyway, we haven't finished yet. We need your attacks for the file."

"My attacks are secret!"

"Don't worry, I know them already," Hyoga said.

"I might be convinced to get you some food if you show us your attacks," Makoto lured him.

"Okay." Food was always a good bribe. "Shall I use them on Hyoga for the demonstration?"

"I *knew* it -- you're a sadist!" Hyoga exclaimed. "You will not use me as guinea pig!"

"What a pity..."

"You'll not lay your hands on Hyoga," Makoto warned the Scorpio Saint. "Or you won't get any food for the next two weeks."

"Exactly. Don't you dare touch my little adoptive son," Himiko was heard once more.

"Wow, you already begin to complete your family," Milo grinned.

"Sure. Now I only need to marry my Camus-sama..." When she mentioned the Aquarius Saint's name, three hearts appeared above Himiko's head.

"Come on, Milo, let's record your attacks, then we can finish for today."

"Okay." On the deeply frozen test range, he demonstrated Restriction and Scarlet Needle including Antares.

"That's all?" Himiko wondered.

"It is. After the 15th strike with Scarlet Needle, my victims are dead for sure. And very painfully so."

"Except for my son," Himiko beamed with maternal pride.

"Humph."

"Okay, that's it for today," Makoto stopped the recording. "Let's get something to eat."

"Do you cook something for me, too?" Hyoga looked pleadingly at the two women.

"Of course," Makoto nodded. "After all, you are to grow and put on some weight.

"But not too much," Himiko cautioned. "I want him to be in *perfect* shape, just like my beloved Camus-sama."

"Let's return home now," Makoto urged.

They shut down all devices, turned of the lights and returned to their house.