

Smoke

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. »;

Note, according to my Babylon translator, 'piccione' means 'pigeon' in Italian, a play off Angie's nickname of 'human homing pigeon'. If I'm wrong, please tell me ^^;

"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!Deathmask in the days prior to Angie becoming the Tranee for the Columba Cloth.

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

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Smoke

It was hot. Normally he didn't mind, but it was so hot that even training or terrifying

the lesser ranked cannon fodder didn't seem appealing to the teenaged Gold Saint. The sky was such a bright -- almost glaring -- blue without a cloud in the sky; that made the wafting smoke from his cigarillo stand out really. The Cancer Saint lay back on the grass, having discarded just about all his clothes in order to escape from the oppressive heat and the dry grass prickled against his back.

"What's that in your mouth, Mista Crabby?" A small head suddenly poked into view; bright hazel eyes peered down at him from the eyeholes of the thin linen eye-mask the young trainee wore. To be truthful though, at four, she really was too young to be considered a real trainee.

Deathmask twitched visibly at that damn nickname Milo had managed to teach the little girl, who according to the Pope no one was to harm, not even the irritable Cancer Saint. He frowned up at the four-year-old leaning over him, peering at him. The pink ribbons in the braided streamers on either side of her head told him she'd been at Aphrodite's tender mercies already. For a half-second he debated telling her or ignoring her and repressing a sigh, rolling onto his side. Propping his head up with the heel of his hand, he grimaced when the tiny child took that as an invitation to climb on his side.

"Mista Crabby?"

She was persistent, he'd give the brat that.

"It's a cigarillo, piccione. And no, you can't have one, don't ever bother asking," he grumbled sullenly, watching the smoke curl wispily from the end as it drifted upwards.

Despite the heat of the day, the little girl's skin was blissfully cool where it pressed against his own as she sat on him and that was the only reason he didn't throw her across the side yard outside his temple for getting in his personal space. 'That's right,' he thought, recalling seeing Camus letting her trail after him, 'she has a cold Cosmo.'

Already she was being given pointers on channeling and manipulating her Cosmo and it was already affecting and altering her very core body temperature. Something inside his gut seemed to twinge - she must be feeling the heat worse than he was and yet she was draping over him, almost like she was trying to cool him down.

"Why do you have one, Mista Crabby? It's stinky." The childish voice was soft and pleasing to the ear; the girl's voice had never been high-pitched, something that many were thankful for.

"I like it. Don't need another reason than that, piccione," Deathmask grunted, the end of the cigarillo clamped lightly between his teeth.

"Why? It makes you stinky. Mista Scorpy says it makes you smell like burnt crab legs."

A vein pulsed in his temple in irritation. 'Really now? That damn ass...' Deathmask seethed silently.

"Mista Ditey said you have an add...addit..." she frowned, pausing over the big word, stumbling as she tried to get it right, "Addiction!"

"Well I don't. They aren't always right, piccione."

The little girl lay over his side, playing with a blade of brittle, brown-tinged grass before she shifted, looking at him. "Mista Crabby, why're there faces in your temple?"

"A reminder, piccione," he replied absently, his weight shifting before he rolled back onto his back, folding his hands behind his head; she moved with him, sitting on his chest.

She looked at the teenager, head tilted. "Of what?"

"Of why I need to be strong -- of what happens to the weak," he replied cryptically.

"Oh. Well, Mista Crabby doesn't need 'em. He's really, really strong!" Angie praised him, her small head resting on his chest.

His eyes lowered, peering down to where he felt the little girl curled on his chest. Yeah...he was strong. He was the Gold Saint of Cancer and could send anyone to hell with a mere flick of his finger. But...

But sometimes he was certain something was missing, something was seriously wrong with him. With all his power, with all his strength, he never felt completed or whole like the others would after mastering something, after doing something that seemed simple to them yet impossible for him, like making a friend or being civil.

Shifting a bit, his hand slipped from behind his head, hovering with the fingers spread over the little girl's head. It would be so easy to kill her, to just pull her soul right out. She'd not even fight back, she was already dozing. So what if he wasn't allowed to, since when did he care? He could always send the Holy Father to Hell.

But...

'I am Cancer...' it sounded like his voice echoing in his head, even as it faded before returning, sounding stronger and more confident, with a sort of confidence he wanted to actually have instead of what he projected. '...the Guardian of these brats.'

His fingers trembled, twitched and his hand lowered, resting lightly on the child's head. The braids and ribbons were so very soft under his calloused fingers and she snuggled against him, the silky, tender cheek cool as it brushed over the crisp, coarse hair developing on his chest.

"Piccione," he said softly.

"Mmmm....?"

"Why did you come here?"

Her head suddenly jerked up, pressing against his hand. "I forgot! Mista Crabby, Mista Lyre's gonna to play tonight afta dinner. You'll be there, right?"

"Lyra," Deathmask corrected, as he began to sit up.

"Lyra," she repeated and beamed when he nodded in approval. Scrambling up, she dusted off her tunic. "I gotta go tell Mista Aldybarn! Bye-bye, Mista Crabby!"

She darted off at a speed and grace normal four-year-olds would never be able to match and a faint smirk curled the Cancer Saint's lips as he watched the future Messenger dart off. Even if she was weak, she had her duty and her purpose and he'd have to put up with her while she was still as pitifully weak as she was.