

## Saintober 2022

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# Saintober 2022

by [Andromeda\\_Nat](#)

## Summary

Drabbles for the annual Saintober! This is my first time doing this, I promise I'll eventually post all the prompts.

Not a couple in particular, just Saint Seiya characters.

# Wounds

Shun was coming and going again and again along the hospital hall. He was supposed to be in his own bed, resting and recovering, for his wounds were still healing. But he was uneasy. Perhaps because he couldn't distract himself from the tortuous thoughts that haunted his mind; he shared the hospital room with Seiya, but Pegasus was too injured to be even conscious.

Nevertheless, Seiya's injuries, though serious, weren't noticeable or gruesome to look at, consisting mainly of internal damage that could be covered with a few bandages; but there was another Saint, in the room at which Shun was waiting outside, whose wounds weren't internal, and would certainly have impact in his life.

The doctor came out of said room, and as she saw the concerned look upon the Andromeda Saint, the woman told him kindly that he may enter if he wished so.

"He's awake," the doctor said, delivering a soft smile.

Cautiously, Shun approached the room where Cygnus and Dragon recovered.

"Hi," Shun greeted Hyoga, the one responsible for his worries, he was acknowledged with a grin from the blond.

Bandages covered the Cygnus Saint across his face, concealing his left eye. Those perfect blue eyes, so beautiful and pure, would never see together again. Shun was sickened by this mere thought.

"Are you in pain?" Shun asked, sitting next to his friend. Hyoga denied with his head.

"I'll get used to it... I suppose..." Cygnus replied.

Shun had no idea what to say, so he rested his head upon Hyoga's shoulder, in complete silence.

"You'll be a great mummy for Halloween..." Shun dared to joke. Hyoga bursted into laughter. He would be alright.

# Heartbeat

## Chapter Summary

Sorrento will keep a very special memory from his companion and colleague.

## Chapter Notes

Sorrento / Kanon relationship  
Implied sexual content

The room was in complete silence, only the sound of the air and the waves breaking on the shore could be heard.

At least for anyone who entered the room; for Sorrento there was another sound invading his ear, one that was just as exquisite and delicate as the others previously described.

The steady heartbeat of his companion, Sea Dragon.

Twas the night before Kanon's departure to fill his brother's place as Gemini Saint. And Siren had been determined to make that night unforgettable, and after a lot of screaming and groaning the couple had finally got exhausted. But while Kanon managed to fall asleep almost immediately, Sorrento was unable to close his eyes; he was too troubled by the idea of not seeing Sea Dragon again, at least not in a regular way as they used to. And in the middle of all those thoughts and preoccupations, his very agudized hearing caught a rather particular, and comforting, sound.

Kanon's heart pumping blood again and again was hypnotizing for the General, and something that put him at ease as well. With his head resting upon Kanon's chest, the heartbeats synchronized with the latter's breathing. Sorrento closed his eyes to let his companion's chest movement and sound fill him completely.

He wouldn't be able to do this again in the short term, he might as well engrave that feeling very deep in his heart, that sense of peace and serenity, until it was time to meet again.



# Ocean

## Chapter Summary

Isaak and Hyoga enjoy one last moment together before becoming opponents.

Isaak was resting on the sand, staring at the horizon; his eyes were lost and deep in his thoughts. The training for the Cygnus Bronze Cloth had finally come to an end, with the last day dedicated to relax and have fun. Camus had always said that the secret to success was hard work and a mind at peace, hence the Gold Saint's insistence to his students spending the last day of training at the beach.

But Isaak's brain didn't allow him to set his mind at peace, not when he was aware that the next day he'd have to face his companion and best friend in a violent battle for the Cygnus Cloth. He had always known it, since the very first day he met Hyoga, he knew they would be put against each other in the end, but he never thought about it much, until now, when the day he had feared the most was inevitable.

"Penny for your thoughts," Hyoga said, surprising his friend as he sat next to him.

Isaak chuckled. "They're not worth that much..."

Both of them remained silent, apparently Hyoga was being haunted by the same ideas as Isaak.

The blond breathed loud. "Are you nervous for tomorrow?" He asked, his gaze fixed in the ocean waves.

Isaak nodded; they knew each other very well, that nod said everything Hyoga needed to know.

"I... I want you to win..." Isaak turned to face his friend, with widened eyes. "But I won't give in."

The green-haired grinned. "Same."

The two faced each other and then turned to the ocean in front of them, enjoying the sound and movement of the waves, as friends and equals, one last time before becoming opponents.

# Divinity

## Chapter Summary

Seiya stares at four reincarnated gods.

## Chapter Notes

In this story, Hilda is the reincarnation of Odin. (An idea that came to my mind one day...)

And apparently Shun and Hades can coexist together...

Seiya was awfully bored that particular day, he was trying to finish a mission report, but that was too hard a task for the Pegasus Saint; he was perfect at punching and beating the bad guys off, but when it came to write down what happened, he was blank.

As he was seated in front of his computer, waiting for the right words to come, his eyes stared at a group that proudly walked towards the elevator.

Saori Kido, Julian Solo, Polaris Hilda, and Andromeda Shun.

A far too important business to be put in the hands of mere mortals, ergo, it was put in the hands of gods.

Athena, Poseidon, Odin and Hades; three Olympic Gods and the supreme figure of Nordic Divinity. Whatever the case they were attending to, it was probably classified and extremely dangerous.

As the four figures crossed the hall to the elevator, Seiya couldn't help but to stare at them in awe. The way they moved, so elegant and dignified, he almost couldn't recognise Shun, the adorable and kind boy he knew, was completely changed when he took his role as Hades seriously. Divinity was emitted from the graceful gods at every step they took.

Seiya could be a very skilled Saint, one of a kind, according to Saga, and certainly one of the most powerful, given his rank, almost a prodigy. But his power and ability was left short in comparison to the people that now moved magnificently into the elevator.

Gods reincarnated. What a wonderful thing to observe.

As the elevator door closed, Seiya came out of his trance, looking around to check if someone had experienced the same feeling of admiration, or, at the very least, to make sure no one had seen him with weirdness.

Pegasus finally focused on his computer screen, he had wasted too much time already, and that report wasn't going to finish all by itself, unfortunately.

# Innocence

## Chapter Summary

There are similar traits that Hades' recipients often share, physical and in character.

Being a god has its perks, but for someone as clever and ambitious as Hades, it tends to be a little boring from time to time. Waiting for over 200 years to be reborn in a human body is something the Lord of the Underworld loathes the most. Sure, 200 years are like a blink for a god, but still, playing chess with Hypnos and Thanatos is something he promised himself he wouldn't do again. Why? It's terribly dull and he is positively sure they cheat, since he's never won a match.

But finally the time has come, the time to fight, yet again, against his niece for Earth's control, and this year's host is ready for business.

Hades' choice was a skinny but rather good looking young man, with big blue eyes and long blond hair. All his recipients are regularly good looking, and needless to say, naive. Pandora often says that those are normal traits in pure hearted people, and are more evident in the ones who have the purest soul on Earth.

"Do your thing, Pandora," Hades instructed, still focusing on what would become his own image in a matter of hours.

He wasn't sure why he picked out that kind of boys, but he liked the way their eyes emitted such beauty and comfort to others, those pure intentions that filled their souls and every room they were in, the way innocence was embodied in them as their physiques were the quintessentials of kindness and selflessness. That sensation was so thrilling for the god that it made the whole 200 years waiting worth it.

'No one will see that coming,' he murmured, as his face portrayed a dark smile, full of satisfaction.

Perhaps, that was the reason.

# Healing

## Chapter Summary

Aphrodite wakes up in the hospital, beside the only person that can make him feel better.

## Chapter Notes

Aphrodite / Deathmask relationship.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Aphrodite opened his eyes, slowly, he wasn't sure of anything at the moment, just one thing, he thought he had died.

Piscis had lost count of how many times he had awoken at a hospital, or waited by someone's bed hoping for a fellow Saint to recover. As well as the feeling of uncertainty between passing out and waking up, where he wasn't sure if he was dead or alive.

Once more, he was alive, and not only that, he wasn't alone either. Sitting on a chair, just beside him was Cancer Deathmask, the only one Aphrodite actually wanted with him, apart from Shura, maybe.

Piscis grinned, as he gently squeezed Cancer's hand; the latter startled and immediately turned to his partner.

"Now you did scare me, Dite," he added, smiling back.

"Förlåt, Angelo..."

"You know I don't understand when you speak German..."

Piscis chuckled. "It's Swedish, stupid."

"Whatevs. You've earned ourselves some nice time off, by the way, grazie."

"Us?" Aphrodite inquired, a bit confused.

"Yep." Cancer grinned, "I'm staying with you until you recover."

Aphrodite smiled, he usually was a rather serious man, but he had a soft spot for his partner, he loved him that much. Healing beside him was better, and certainly more enjoyable.

## Chapter End Notes

Förlåt - “Forgive me” in Swedish.

Grazie - “Thank you” in Italian (I think this one is pretty straight forward, but I’ll leave it here anyway.)

# Gala

## Chapter Summary

Hyoga is nervous about performing at the Ice Figure Skating Gala, but someone special will boost his confidence.

## Chapter Notes

AU where Hyoga is an ice figure skater.  
Hyoga / Shun relationship.

He was in the dressing room, seated on a bench, trying to pull himself together. His heart was pounding and his breathing was agitated, this was the first time he was asked to participate in such an event: the Ice Figure Skating Gala.

The beautifully crafted costume fitted him like a glove, colored in a deep royal blue with golden details, the black trousers made him look taller by combining themselves with his black skates. His blond hair was styled in a ponytail, he didn't like it much, but his coach often insisted that he should wear his hair up, so it wouldn't get in the way while jumping and spinning; only his long bangs covered his forehead and part of his face.

"Shuvalov! You are next." the loud voice startled him, making all the efforts to calm himself down useless.

"Nervous?" a soft voice asked. He grinned.

"A bit..." he replied, walking towards the figure by the door.

"You'll be great, Hyoga-chan"

"Will you watch me perform?" Hyoga grabbed the other's pale and soft hands.

"Hai! In the front row, thanks to the tickets you sent," the boy smiled, entwining his fingers with Hyoga's.

"Shuvalov! Now!" both of them turned to the dude in charge of calling the skaters.

"Good luck, Hyoga-chan"

"Thanks, Shun"

Their hands let go, as Hyoga put on his best smile as he greeted the crowd, Shun stood there, feeling proud of his boyfriend.



# Beauty

## Chapter Summary

Hyoga gets lost in Shun's beauty in a hot summer day.

## Chapter Notes

Hyoga / Shun relationship. (Because I looove these two more than anything)

It was a sunny and beautiful summer day, Hyoga was in the living room, reading a book, he was all in for sunny days and summer shenanigans, but in the inside he still rather go out on cold and rainy days, maybe because he was Russian, or maybe because it fitted his aloof personality.

The rest of the Bronze Saints were playing outside with balloons filled with water, hoses and the Kido's Mansion irrigation system.

Hyoga turned his gaze at the window, where his friends were laughing and running, in T-shirt and swim trunks; he chuckled, they seemed to be having such fun.

While Cygnus looked at his amused friends, his eyes suddenly fixed on one person in particular: Shun.

His shirt was too wet, marking his fit abdomen beneath, and everytime he moved while running or laughing, his green hair sent away little splashes of water. His smile was also radiant, full of light and joy, his eyes sparkled with the sunlight and drops of water. He was beautiful, like an angel fallen from the sky. Everything about Shun was perfect and gorgeous; and somehow, all his traits were enhanced by the magnificence of the summer days and landscape.

In the middle of all that admiration, Shun turned his eyes at the window, and when Andromeda noticed that Hyoga was observing him, with a rather amazed look, he gave him such a beautiful and radiant smile, one that was meant only for Hyoga.

Cygnus smiled back, a bit silly, for he was left in awe when Andromeda actually acknowledged him.

He didn't have a problem with sunny days, and could see the beauty in them, but if there was something prettier than that, it was definitely Shun.



# Faith

## Chapter Summary

Shiryu is about to leave on a mission, again. Shunrei is not happy about it.

## Chapter Notes

Shiryu / Shunrei relationship.

“Do you really have to go again?”

Shiryu didn't reply, only let out a loud and long sigh.

The room was filled with the same uncomfortable silence and atmosphere that always came when it was time to say goodbye.

Shiryu hated, as much as Shunrei, to leave for an uncertain period of time to an, often, uncertain place. But he had a duty as Saint, and he couldn't complain.

The usual serious attitude Dragon showed towards their parting always got on Shunrei's nerves, especially because she thought he didn't care. She knew he was all in for duty and honor; and his morals, as well as his personality, didn't allow him to show his full regret in leaving her, yet again, alone.

But deep inside, Shiryu was just as hurt as Shunrei; he was mad at Athena, at the villains, at the whole world, for separating him from his beautiful girlfriend.

Despite all that, Shiryu turned to his girlfriend with the most confident smile he could put on.

“I'll be back, whenever you least expect it, okay?”

Shunrei closed the distance between them.

“Do you promise?”

Dragon wanted to say “yes”, even if that was an absolute lie; but again, the rightful youth couldn't bring himself to tell such nonsense to his girlfriend.

“Have faith...” he said, kissing her softly.

Shunrei smiled, as she saw her beloved getting lost in the horizon, hoping she would see him again, shortly.

# Forgiveness

## Chapter Summary

Ikki underestimates his brother's kindness.

Ikki was seated in complete silence in the living room, he had not even turned the lights on. He wasn't there to draw attention, he was there to think. And he did that better in the middle of the night, when all was silent and dark. He used to do that regularly, but soon enough, Phoenix meditation was interrupted when someone turned on the lights.

"Nii-san?"

It was his brother, Shun, the last person he wanted to encounter at the moment.

"Shouldn't you be sleeping?" Ikki asked, trying not to sound too rude.

"I can't. I came to make myself a sandwich and watch some TV!" Andromeda replied, jolly.

"How are you supposed to get some sleep like that?" Shun shrugged his shoulders, the smile on his face never disappeared.

"We can watch something together if you want", said Shun, grabbing the remote.

Ikki sighed and stood up suddenly, he had had it.

"What 's wrong?" Andromeda pouted.

Ikki took a deep breath before he answered. "Nothing... it's just... How can you act as if nothing had happened!?" Phoenix yelled, he usually was cautious with his brother, but right now he was overwhelmed.

Whatever for?

Simple, when he appeared at the Galaxian Wars he had been nothing but an absolute prick towards Shun, he had even fought against him; and while Seiya, Hyoga, and Shiryu showed him no mercy when fighting him, Shun never treated him like a real enemy, despite all the things he had done. Now he was back, fighting on his friends' side, but he couldn't see how everyone, especially Shun, acted like they had no problems with him.

If it would've been anyone else, he probably wouldn't have forgiven them just as easily; but Shun wasn't Ikki, and while the Phoenix may have trust issues, Shun always saw the best in everyone, including his brother.

“Don’t you hate me, Shun? For everything I did?”

Shun denied with his head, stood up and hugged his brother as tight as he could. “You are my brother, nii-san, I could never hate you.”

Ikki hugged him back, letting some tears run through his face.

“Can you forgive me, Shun?” Phoenix sobbed.

“There’s nothing to forgive, nii-san.”

They remained like that for a moment, before Shun took the remote once again, as he got comfortable in his brother’s embrace.

# Fire

## Chapter Summary

Hägen prepares for battle.

## Chapter Notes

Merak Hägen / Freya relationship.

Shun / Hyoga and Hyoga / Freya relationships are mentioned.

Hägen was preparing for battle, settling the last details upon his Robe. He had one enemy he wanted to defeat in particular, for many reasons:

Cygnus Hyoga.

Not only was his duty as a God Warrior the one that commanded him to get rid of the Bronze Saint, or the fact that his ice powers made him the ideal opponent; there was also a more personal matter.

He knew about Freya's soft conduct and manners she showed to the Russian when he was held captive, he wasn't sure if Hyoga shared those 'feelings', but he didn't care, he wasn't going to give him a chance.

He heard footsteps, and smiled cheekily. He had an ace under his sleeve, for he could not only manipulate ice, but fire as well.

Hyoga was at disadvantage. Fire was a rather destructive force, not only when put against ice, but against any material, really. Perhaps that was the reason Hyoga and Ikki never actually got along, or maybe it was just his relationship with Shun; If Hägen would've known that, then he would not have been so keen on defeating Cygnus all by himself.

Hyoga was about to face a fierce opponent, whose powers were already grand, but were intensified by another great force: the burning feeling that invaded him when thinking of Freya's love, the fire in his heart.

# Vengeance

## Chapter Summary

Seiya will risk it all to save what he stands for.

## Chapter Notes

AU of the film 'Overture' where Shun, Hyoga, Shiryu and Ikki died after battling Apollo.

Seiya / Saori relationship is alluded.

He was not usually a vengeful person, but when it came to his friends' lives, he had no much choice left.

Seiya didn't see that as vengeance, but as justice. He had seen his partners fall one by one at the hands of Apollo; he still had Saori's power by his side, but was determined to finish the god by himself; he couldn't afford to lose her too.

"Guys, your death would not be in vain," Seiya muttered, as he saw his friends lying lifeless on the ground. He squeezed his eyes shut at the remembrance of his best friend, Shiryu, giving everything he had in order to give him an advantage.

Rising his Cosmo to the limit and gathering the strength he had left, with the help of his goddess by his side, Pegasus lifted his fist, preparing to launch a certain and destructive attack that could finish the god for good.



# Demons

## Chapter Summary

Shun is haunted by a traumatic experience, Hyoga knows exactly what to do.

## Chapter Notes

Shun / Hyoga relationship.

It was the middle of the night, everything in the room was silent, only the slight sound of Hyoga snoring could be heard. But that peaceful night wasn't meant to last, for Shun's dreams weren't that peaceful.

Suddenly, a soft moan could be heard from the Andromeda Saint, as his hand grasped the sheets tightly. It began to get louder and louder, until it was a sound of pure despair; unable to continue, Shun woke up violently as he screamed.

The scream was loud enough to wake Hyoga as well. "Shun, look at me, you're okay, you're here," he said, as he tried to grab Shun by the shoulders in order to make Andromeda look at him. He was cautious, since any sudden move or touch could make the situation way worse.

Shun was still in distress yelling and scuffling Hyoga's embrace.

That used to happen regularly, since Hades had taken possession of Shun's body, Andromeda had little episodes by night in which he revived that feeling of impotence and helplessness he felt when the god of the Underworld took control of his body. Some were worse than others and tonight was a bad one.

Cygnus had learned to manage those episodes, talking softly to Shun, making him see that he was, in fact, not Hades, he was safe and sound in their apartment.

When Shun finally came out of that trance, he stared at Hyoga and immediately threw himself to the Russian's arms and hid his face on his chest, crying and sobbing.

"It's okay Shun, you're here and you're okay," Hyoga repeated as he fondled Andromeda's hair.

"Gomenasai," Shun sobbed, clenching to Hyoga's shirt.

"Don't apologize, Shunny, it's alright"

As Shun calmed down, he began to fall asleep in Cygnus' arms.

# Passion

## Chapter Summary

Hyoga and Shun meet again after a year apart.

## Chapter Notes

Hyoga / Shun relationship. (Again because otp... ^^)

He was going in circles again and again, tucking and untucking his blond hair behind his ears, his heart was pounding and his hands were sweating; he was so nervous he was beginning to catch the attention of the airport security staff.

But he couldn't help himself, for that was the day he had been waiting for so long. After a long and horrible year, Hyoga was finally able to see Shun again.

Medicine is one of the most noble professions, but some doctors like to take that nobility to another extent, especially one as altruistic as Shun. The Russian had felt betrayed at the moment Shun told him he had enrolled himself in a Médecins Sans Frontières mission to the Republic of Congo, but there was not much he could do, when Shun had something on his mind, nothing could talk him out of it.

And finally, the time had come for them to see each other again, nothing else was in the blond's head except for the longing to feel those soft lips against his; to touch that pale, skinny, but strong, body; to caress that soft brunette hair; to lose himself in those deep green eyes...

The sudden bunch of people that emerged from the inside of the airport took him out of his thoughts. Hyoga saw himself in the middle of the multitude smashing into their relatives, being the victim of squeezes and pushes from others in order to get to their loved ones.

The blond stretched his neck like a turtle, looking for his partner, desperately. And after a while, he saw him, looking for him in the same pathetic way he was.

"Shun!" Hyoga yelled, raising his hand to make himself visible and heading to the doctor.

The latter turned, and when his eyes met Hyoga's he smiled.

Both of them run to the other, unaware of the complaints of the people that got squashed on their way.

Shun didn't hesitate and threw himself into Hyoga's arms, the blond received him with a tight embrace and lifted him from the floor.

That smell, that feeling of Shun in his arms... the Russian couldn't believe he was holding him once more.

Without further notice, Hyoga looked for Shun's lips and pressed them against his, enjoying the soft touch of them and the exquisite taste of his partner.

That kiss said it all: how much they had missed each other and how much they loved one another. Shun held tight to Hyoga, caressing his golden hair and the back of his neck, wrapping his legs around his waist. The blond tightened his embrace, as if not to let Shun go ever again, he closed his eyes and got himself lost in that passionate kiss.

# Regret

## Chapter Summary

Shaka wants Mu to show his feelings, but he fails to do so.

## Chapter Notes

Shaka / Mu relationship

Mu was staring at the sunset, it was his favorite part of the day and the view that he had from the Aries Temple was breathtaking.

He was so immersed in the beautiful picture that he didn't hear Shaka come in.

“Did I scare you?” Virgo asked, chuckling a bit at the Aries Saint response. He didn’t smile much, and his sporadic chuckles and grins were often reserved for Mu only.

Mu denied with his head, smiling back. “What brings you here?”

Shaka took his place beside the other, staring at the view. “I’m just here to say goodbye”, he sighed.

Aries was left speechless, he didn’t know anything about the blond going away.

“Are you going somewhere?” he inquired when he was able to speak some words.

“Athena’s command, I’m taking Shura with me.”

“Oh...”

There was a moment of silence, as if Shaka was waiting for something from Mu; Aries could sense it, but he was clueless.

“The view is much better from my Temple,” Shaka added just when Mu was about to say something, “imagine the view Aphrodite must have...”

Aries smiled, unable to say something again.

The Virgo Saint turned to his companion. “Will you miss me, Mu?”

Aries blushed at that comment, and began to babble. "I... I-I... amm... well, of course! You are... very... my... a good friend of mine," he mumbled, turning his sight elsewhere.

Shaka sighed a little disappointed, he was expecting another response from the Aries Saint, something he had been waiting for a long time and was unable to get, and apparently wasn't getting right now either.

"I'll miss you too..." the blond placed his hand on Mu's shoulder, leaving the Aries Temple immediately after.

The Aries Saint felt stupid the moment Shaka left the room, he had given him another opportunity to express his feelings and, once again, he had wasted it.

Mu only hoped he could gather the guts to tell him so when he returned, but for the meantime, he would regret this moment until they met each other again.

# Royalty

## Chapter Summary

Shun falls in love with a Russian prince.

## Chapter Notes

Shun / Hyoga relationship.  
Historical fiction AU.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

London, 1922.

Fujita Shun was heading his way to deliver some goods to the Russian refugees that had arrived in London.

Many people were eager to help, especially the peers and nobles; and as a friend and ally of the British, the Japanese Embassy in London would help the cause too.

“Excuse me... where can I put this?” Shun asked one of the ladies in charge. She indicated the way and the Japanese proceeded to deliver the box in its place.

He couldn't see much with the huge box covering most of his view, but on his way back he could see much better the conditions in which the émigrés were. They had lost everything, their way of life, status, titles, and riches, all of it, gone for good. Many of them had been parted from their families and the civil war was certainly written on their eyes and faces.

He felt his heart break, he didn't have an opinion on monarchy or democracy, especially when it came to another country he had never been to. Still, his good nature forced him to feel some empathy for those in there.

He was about to leave when his eyes met another's. They were blue as the sky and beautiful in every way. Shun was left in awe, and the man, whose gorgeous blue eyes belonged to, stared back at him.

The mere sight of those green eyes full of hope and kindness, made the Russian forget about his troubles. It didn't matter if he, His Illustrious Highness, Count Hyoga Kirillovich Shuvalov, had lost everything in the Bolshevik revolt.

Fujita couldn't leave like that, without knowing more about the man that was in front of him, so carefully, he began to make his way to him.

"Hi..." the Japanese said, feeling awkward for greeting in such a casual way. "My name is Shun... Fujita Shun... I..." Hyoga just smiled, neither of them was sure of what to say, they just wanted to stare at each other's beauty.

"I'm... Hyoga..."

"Only Hyoga?" Shun dared to joke.

The blond grinned. "It's the only thing that matters now..."

Shun never knew when exactly, but he lost nearly two hours chatting with Hyoga. In the end he made a decision, he wasn't going to leave him there just like that, he didn't want to.

Against all protocol and social rules, Shun asked the Russian the impossible.

"Would you... like to come and live with me?"

## Chapter End Notes

I came up with this AU a while ago for a songfic, and I'm obsessed with it haha, so here's a little sample of that universe.



# Memories

## Chapter Summary

Dohko recalls good times with Tenma.

“If you keep doing that, you’ll hurt yourself, Shiryu”

“I almost got it, Rōshi... just... one... more... time... Ouch!!!!!”

Dohko rolled his eyes at his student’s stubbornness. Shiryu was usually a rather decent young man, serious, strict and responsible. But there were times when that responsibility and strictness went out of control; then he became obstinate, unmanageable and very... very stupid.

Determination was alright in a Saint, there were moments in battle in which that was all you got in order to finish the job, but sometimes it was the line between a good judgment and blunt senselessness.

Dohko grinned at the sight of his student pouting and kicking rocks exasperatedly. That side of Shiryu reminded him of another dear student of his:

Tenma.

It had been an eternity since the last time he had thought of him. One of his first remarkable students, and certainly the most hardheaded one he had had under his wing. He never had a dull moment by his side, good times indeed.

The Libra Saint chuckled at the remembrance of his last student.

“Alright, Shiryu, again!” he ordered, visibly happy. Shiryu frowned, Dohko didn't smile much.

Nevertheless he obeyed, if Rōshi was smiling then he had certainly done something good.

# Bizarre

## Chapter Summary

Seiya, Shiryu, Hyoga, Shun and Ikki found themselves in the most wierd situations.

## Chapter Notes

Shun / Hyoga relationship.

Ryuhō (Saint Seiya Omega) is mentioned as Shiryu and Shunrei's son.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Catch it!!!”

Seiya was stunned, he wasn't sure where he was or what he was doing, he wasn't even aware of his existence. The sky was blue and that was all he could see, beneath him a soft and fresh sensation, like... grass? He tried to incorporate himself, rolling on the ground, he felt so tiny and puffy.

“Eeewww!!!!” Seiya overheard, a bit distant and confused; it was Shun's voice, and he was clearly in distress. “Nii-san!! The gopher!!!!” suddenly Shun began to cry uncontrollably, yelling and pouting in absolute fear.

“A gopher?” Seiya thought. Rodents disgusted him a lot, he began to sweat while he looked desperately for the creature that threatened Saori's garden and Andromeda's peace.

“It's over there! And it's moving!” Shun screamed again.

But where?

Seiya began to run, without a destination, hoping not to encounter the loose gopher.

“Nii-saaaaan!!! It 's running!!!”

That thing was running?! At that mere thought Seiya began to run faster, then something hit him. Ikki was chasing him at full speed with a broom.

“Ikki, wait!” Seiya tried to defend himself, but only squeaks came out of his mouth. He was stunned again by Shun's desperate cry and Ikki's furious broom.

He was the gopher, and the cause of all that shebang.

Seiya tried to run even faster, trying to escape the wrath of the Phoenix, he ran right into...

“Shiryu!!!!”

The Dragon awakened in the middle of Shunrei’s house in Lushan, a horrible sound filled the living room.

“You fell asleep, honey!” Shunrei said with her usual soft voice, leaving a tray with food on the table beside him. “Ryuho is hungry again, I’m afraid.”

Who was Ryuho?

Shiryu frowned, he didn’t remember anything about any Ryuho? Then he recalled he had a son. Of course! How could he forget about him!?

“Sure, I’ll make him a sandwich.” Shiryu went to the kitchen to make himself and his son a ham and cheese sandwich. “Where is he, love?” Dragon asked from the kitchen when he was done.

“In his cage, where else?”

Shiryu frowned again, his thoughts were interrupted by that horrible sound from before, a maniac laugh.

What was that? The Joker?

Shiryu went back to the living room, where a strange looking bird, a kookaburra to be precise, waited to be fed.

“Ryuho?!” he yelled, a little bit terrified. Soon after, someone knocked on the door.

“It must be...”

Hyoga was so excited to be there, somehow that specific place amused him a lot.

He entered confidently into the house full of mirrors, those were filled with his reflection as soon as he stepped in.

Perhaps it was his tremendously big ego that made that particular attraction so delightful for the Cygnus Saint.

“Shun is a very lucky man indeed...” the blond muttered, as he beheld his gorgeous physique in the mirror in front of him.

After a time that felt like an eternity, Hyoga came out and looked for Shun, who was eating cotton candy. But following the Russian Saint was another, and then another and finally... another. All in a straight line, four pretty duckies walking towards their precious bunny.

“Hi, Hyoga!” Shun greeted him normally.

“Shun, would you like to dance with me?” Hyoga offered Andromeda his hand, he looked pretty sharp in his tuxedo.

Shun blushed, and then placed his hand on top of Hyoga’s. When he stood up, he felt weird.

“You look absolutely stunning, my beautiful Andromeda...” the blond whispered in Shun's ear.

They began to dance a jolly foxtrot.

“People are staring...” Shun mumbled.

“Because you look fabulous, my dear, that’s why.” Shun frowned.

“No, because we are two men dancing,” the Japanese explained, “we shouldn’t do this, not in public, we’ll go to jail!”

Hyoga stared at him oddly, he was aware that homosexuality was illegal, but that was why they planned that in the first place.

“That’s why you are dressed like this,” Hyoga added.

Shun wasn’t following, and then he stared at a mirror that was conveniently placed in the room, a gorgeous woman was dancing with Hyoga; with her golden and luxurious flapper dress, white shoes and the most elegant art deco ornament placed on his head.

“That’s... That’s me...”

“It’s getting late, we should get going, I have to take the first flight in the morning to..”

“Bhutan! Land of the most astonishing and dramatic landscapes and more! You can see the breathtaking view of the mountains; an absolute beauty, no doubt.”

Ikki was having the time of his life. He had always wanted to wander around the world, and Bhutan was by far his favorite place at the moment.

He was deeply grateful to Mu and Shaka for giving him that ticket to Bhutan, it was a wedding gift from Aphrodite, but what the hell! As long as he could enjoy it, nothing else mattered.

He was taking a walk in the mountains, admiring the view they offered to him when he slipped, he was hanging from the cliff, trying to hold tight to a rock.

He cried for help, but there was no one around, neither the tourist guide nor the tourists, not even the locals.

Ikki felt that was it, his fingers couldn’t take it any longer.

“Esmeralda... here I come...” after saying those words, the Phoenix let himself go...

“Ikki!” he was abruptly woken up by Seiya, who was shaking his shoulder. “The movie is over, man. Let 's go!”

Ikki stood up, a bit confused, then everything became clearer. They were at the cinema, and were supposed to watch a rather boring documentary Shiryu was keen on. It must have been really dull, since he fell asleep almost immediately.

“You had a good dream?” Seiya asked, eating some popcorn.

“More like... bizarre...”

## Chapter End Notes

This one is the longest so far. I wrote this by giving each Bronze Saint a word from the dictionary. The words were chosen randomly:

Seiya- gopher

Shiryu - kookaburra

Hyoga - quadruplicate

Shun - flapper

Ikki - Bhutan

# Forest

## Chapter Summary

Siegfried, Hilda, Freya and Hagen go for a picnic in the woods.

## Chapter Notes

Siegfried / Hilda relationship.

Hagen / Freya relationship.

It was a lovely day in Asgard, so pretty that Hilda and Freya decided to have a picnic. Of course, Hagen and Siegfried had to be there, not only as the girl's companions, someone needed to carry all the stuff.

The place they chose was in the middle of the forest.

"What the hell?" Hagen thought; his idea of the perfect picnic, especially in that not so cold day, was to have it at a beautiful and open field, full of flowers and maybe a fountain, not in the middle of a dark and wet forest, where the tall trees covered the sunlight.

"What are you talking about?" Siegfried added. "It's perfect!"

Hagen raised an eyebrow, he was convinced that his mate was only playing along, no way he could actually think that was a good place.

Nevertheless, they were installed in the spot Hilda indicated them, and had a nice conversation along with some delicious snacks.

After luncheon was done, Hagen and Freya began to play with the remaining snacks, throwing them and catching them with their mouths.

"While the children play..." Siegfried chuckled, "would you like to go for a walk?" he asked Hilda, as he offered her his hand.

She blushed and nodded timidly.

Siegfried knew she enjoyed cold and cloudy weather, and opposed to what Hagen had thought earlier, he wasn't playing along, he actually enjoyed them too, just as much as Hilda; another thing they had in common.

There was no need to say a word, just hold hands and enjoy the fresh air of the woods in each other's company.

“This is perfect, Siegfried...” Hilda whispered as she laid her head on the blond’s shoulder.

# Sun

## Chapter Summary

The Gold Saints go the beach to spend their day off.

## Chapter Notes

Shaka / Mu relationship.

Everyone is alive here.

The sun reflected beautifully on his hair, after all, it was of a very similar color.

That day was the day off of the Gold Saints. Once a year, Athena granted her élite warriors a day for themselves, each Saint could do whatever they pleased during the following 24 hours, while the trainees for Gold Saints remained at Sanctuary guarding the Temples. Following Aioria's suggestion, the twelve gathered at the local beach, enjoying the sun, the heat and the fresh waves that broke on the shore.

Each was focusing on a particular activity:

Aphrodite and Deathmask were walking by the shore, picking up shells and other items; Camus was resting, while Milo covered him in sand, determined to bury him completely; Aioros and Saga were swimming; and finally, Aldebaran, Shaka and Aioria were playing a friendly volleyball match against Shura and Dohko.

Mu was invited to play as well, but he decided to pass, he was no good at sports and he rather enjoyed the weather and the sound of the waves than get himself covered in sand.

His attention immediately went from the idyllic sea to the idyllic figure of Shaka. The way the Virgo Saint moved was perfect in every way, his eyes, his hair, his body, all of him had the Aries Saint in absolute awe.

Shaka was gorgeous, and beneath the sunlight, he was flawless.



# Moon

## Chapter Summary

Second part of 'Sun'.

## Chapter Notes

Shaka / Mu relationship.

The moon reflected beautifully on his eyes, competing in beauty with the stars themselves.

After the rather amusing day at the beach, each Saint had their own plans for the evening and night. Almost all of them consisted of watching the sunset with their significant other, and spending the night in other business; except for Aldebaran, Aioria and Dohko, who decided to go to a pub; and Shaka and Mu, who remained at the beach.

Mu had thought of going back home and having a movie marathon, but Shaka insisted on staying, since he had been too busy playing volleyball and couldn't enjoy the beach properly. Of course, those were only excuses to stay beside Mu and admire him when he looked at his best, under the moonlight.

His deep green eyes, his pale skin, his soft hair... all of it was enhanced in beauty and perfection when the moon was above.

Mu was gorgeous, and beneath the moonlight, he was flawless.

# Peace

## Chapter Summary

Poseidon's Generals found themselves in an 'obligatory' meditation session.

"Breathe in... and now breathe out... slowly... Once more... feel the air filling your lungs as your mind is at... ¿What's so funny, Baian?"

Thetis interrupted her meditation session at the sound of one of the Generals laughing.

"Nothing..." said Sea Horse, still chuckling. The laugh was contagious and soon enough Isaak and Io were laughing as well.

"You know I'm doing this for free, right?" the blonde raised an eyebrow, feeling a little offended by their behavior.

"Yeah, I know, sorry. It's just... It's stupid!" Baian explained, "Why are we doing these anyway?"

"Poseidon's orders." Thetis crossed her arms in annoyance.

"He thinks we need to clear our minds and feel at peace," Sorrento added, "apparently that helps people to be more productive at work." The rest of the Generals gave Siren a rather odd look. "He read that in a magazine or something..." Sorrento replied, feeling observed.

"Great, the Gold Saints get a day at the beach and we get this crappy meditation session..." Isaak complained, "no offense, Thetis" he apologized, looking at her.

"A day at the beach?!" Kanon screamed. "When!?"

"Something Athena does every year to compensate them for their hard work..." Kraken explained.

"Your brother didn't tell you?" Io inquired.

"That bastard doesn't tell me anything," Sea Dragon pouted.

"Gentlemen!!!" Thetis shouted, getting the Generals' complete attention. "Shall we proceed?"

"Meh..." Io mumbled.

"The sooner we end this the better... I guess?" Caça replied.

“As a matter of fact, I find this rather entertaining...” said Kirshna, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath.

The rest of his comrades stared at him, some grinning, others frowning.

“Whatever,” Isaak grunted.

“Thank you,” Thetis added, with a smile on her face. “Now, close your eyes... Baian... close them. Now.”

Sea Horse sighed in defeat, closing his eyes.

“Breathe in... and now... breathe out... Good! One more time...”

# Dreams

## Chapter Summary

Hägen has been having a weird dream.

“Do you guys remember your dreams?” Hägen said all of a sudden, while he and the rest of the God Warriors spent a nice afternoon by the fire.

“What a weird question...” Alberich answered, frowning at Merak.

“Not all of them...” Thor added, without taking his eyes from his book.

“No comments,” Siegfried followed, changing the page from his own book.

“I keep a diary of them,” replied Mime. The rest of his mates looked at him oddly.

Bud raised an eyebrow and chuckled. “You?”

“It’s fun, and helpful sometimes.”

“I’ve heard it is a good therapy,” Fenrir continued, paying his full attention to Mime.

“Why do you ask?” Alberich inquired.

Hägen shrugged his shoulders. “Just curious.”

“Yo... Hägen... Hägen!!!” the blond woke up abruptly, he was at his desk.

“Falling asleep at work is so unprofessional, you know Merak?” Siegfried Dubhe, his boss at Asgard Corporation, stared at him in disapproval.

“Sorry, it won’t happen again.”

“I hope so.” The tall blond man made his way into his own office, while Hägen gathered his belongings to go home.

“What was that?” Mime Benetnasch, his friend and desk companion asked, noticing the boss’ attitude.

“Nothing, I fall asleep... again”

“You have to do something about that, Hägen.”

“I know.”

“And... you had that weird dream in which we are some kind of warriors again?”

“Yes.”

# Friendship

## Chapter Summary

Seiya, Shiryu, Hyoga, Shun, and Ikki prepare to say goodbye after years of being side by side.

They were at the airport, the environment was a bit depressing and dense. That was the first time in sixteen years that they were heading separate ways.

Seiya decided to remain in Greece, after all they had been through there, Athens felt more like home than Tokyo. Besides, Saori was staying, and he couldn't leave her just like that.

Shiryu was obviously heading back to China, Shunrei was the most important person for him, and being together was all both of them wanted since he left for Greece.

Ikki was moving back to Japan, he needed to stay in his homeland before traveling around the world as he initially wanted. He wanted to share that time with his brother, but he had other plans.

Shun was going to Russia with Hyoga, the blond wanted to live in his mother's country for a while, and he wanted to go through that in Shun's company. They would travel between Russia and Japan, to change a bit from time to time.

No one said a word, because it wasn't necessary, because if they said anything someone would cry, because they didn't know how to say goodbye.

For the first time in forever, they weren't going together, they wouldn't see each other everyday and share moments as they used to. But their friendship was stronger than anything, and even if they continued their lives apart, their hearts would be connected by the bond they had built over the past 16 years.

They hugged, only feeling each other's presence, enjoying that warm sensation one last time.

But farewell wasn't for good, they would see each other again; and until then, they would treasure their memories together.

# Storm

## Chapter Summary

Shun doesn't like storms, and due to the fact no one else is home, he would have to seek comfort in Hyoga's arms.

## Chapter Notes

Shun / Hyoga relationship.

This is a little something I had already written, but I thought it suited today's prompt perfectly.

It was around two in the morning, the Kido Mansion was almost deserted: the servants were sleeping; Saori, Seiya and Shiryu had flown to Greece a couple of days ago, to attend some Sanctuary business, Tatsumi had gone with them, to "protect Miss Saori", as the man had explained, and although none of those involved thought it necessary, Saori let him go so as not to make him feel bad. On the other hand, Ikki had gone to Spain to visit his most recent girlfriend, Pandora Zaragoza; the girl was charming, but none of the Bronze Saints had ever seen her; some unwary, like Seiya or Hyoga, doubted the girl's existence; the Phoenix had gone there with the sole purpose of returning to Japan with her, to prove to everyone that it was not his delirium.

In the end, Hyoga and Shun were left alone in the mansion, they had no idea when any of their friends would return; Hyoga didn't care in the least, as distant and serious as he was, he considered this as a kind of vacation, to replenish his "social battery", it was true that Cygnus did not consider Shun as a person, at least not one that drained his energy or the desire to be with someone. Andromeda was calmer and, dare he say, adorable; he felt comfortable with him, surely they would spend several moments of fun, just the two of them.

For Shun it was no different, he missed his brother, but he was already used to Ikki going back and forth more times than he could remember. Although the green-haired boy loved his friends equally, inside he was grateful that it was Hyoga who stayed in the Kido Mansion with him; Shiryu was somewhat serious and sedentary for the Andromeda Saint; while Seiya was too hyperactive, he wasn't sure if he could survive living alone with Pegasus; Saori was very friendly, but they didn't talk much; but Hyoga... Cygnus was perfect.

That night, Tokyo was hit with a thunderous and strong storm, and although Shun was a heavy sleeper, those lightning bolts were loud and close enough to wake the Japanese up. Unable to fall asleep, the Andromeda Saint prepared to read a book while he fell asleep again; but just as he settled down to begin his reading, a huge bolt of lightning lit up the room, immediately followed by deafening thunder, and then the lights went out.

Shun shrank in his place, the mixture of lightning, thunder and the lack of electricity made Andromeda's sensitive personality feel a chill; he tried to cover himself with the blankets, but it was useless when another lightning invaded the chamber.

“Damn...” decidedly, the green-haired got up from the bed, took a flashlight and left the room.

Hyoga had already been awake for a while, he couldn't blame the storm, that was like a blizzard for the Russian; snowstorms in Siberia were colder and louder. At that time, Cygnus simply could not sleep. Maybe he'd had too much coffee before bed, or he'd watched too much TV or something.

He was lying on his back with his hands behind his head when little noises caught his attention.

He instinctively turned towards the door, it began to open slowly; Hyoga's eyes widened and he panicked, who could it be at this hour? A villain without a doubt, and now he had him surrounded and defenseless, in his pajamas and without his Cloth at hand.

“That scoundrel, the bad guys have no shame now...” thought the Russian, but before he could devise a plan or even sit up in bed, the intruder showed his face.

“Shun...” the blond sighed in relief.

"Did I scare you?" Andromeda asked upon hearing the noisy sigh of his friend.

"Of course not," Cygnus lied. "What happened?"

“The storm...it won't let me sleep...” Shun muttered as he walked towards Hyoga's bed.

"Are you afraid?" the Russian asked as Andromeda sat on the edge of the bed. The latter shook his head.

“It's just that... there's no one and everything is dark and...” Hyoga arched an eyebrow.

“Shun, that's the definition of «being afraid»...” he interrupted.

“Okay, maybe I'm a little scared...” Shun blushed slightly and Hyoga giggled. “Normally I would go with nii-san for these things... but...” a thunder prevented Shun from being able to continue speaking, making him jump slightly. "Do you mind if I stay with you for a while?"



Hyoga smiled, he liked to think that he was Shun's second choice to go to in cases like this, after Ikki; It was clear that in those circumstances Hyoga was not the "second option" but the only one, but he decided to ignore that fact. He moved around on the bed and pulled up the covers for Shun to get comfortable.

"Thank you... and... sorry..." the Japanese whispered.

"Why do you apologize?"

"For the inconvenience..."

"It's okay to be afraid, Shun. No fear is stupid and we all fear something. And anyone who tells you otherwise is an idiot." Shun chuckled. "Besides, you could never be a bother." The Japanese felt his cheeks blush at the blond's words.

The tranquility he felt by Cygnus' side ended when another thunder echoed in the room. It was almost automatic for Andromeda to launch himself straight at Hyoga's chest. At that moment, Shun did not care in the least about the impression that he could generate in the Russian, the latter was stunned by the actions of the green-haired, however, he did not push him away. On the contrary, Hyoga put his hands around Andromeda's body.

Lightning bolts fell everywhere, making noise and illuminating the chamber. Hyoga noticed how from time to time Shun's thin white hand clung to his shirt. Cygnus hesitated, but eventually dared to caress the Japanese's soft green hair, and then, he began to hum a song that his mother used to sing to him to fall asleep.

Shun felt how calm invaded him, feeling Hyoga so close to him gave him a very comforting feeling. That hug was warm, no one would believe that an Ice Saint like Hyoga would be able to give that kind of hug.

Little by little, Shun began to fall asleep in the blond's arms, there he felt safe, and Hyoga was quite comfortable too. As Andromeda was lost in that embrace, he wished that feeling would never end, he wished he could stay like that forever.

# Forbidden Desire

## Chapter Summary

Albafica and Minos found themselves in a forbidden situation.

## Chapter Notes

Albafica / Minos relationship.

He looked at him from afar, so serious, so quiet, so perfect. Standing outside the Pisces Temple, watching over Sanctuary.

He was always alone, but that didn't seem to bother him, and if it did, he probably wouldn't show it. That was a good thing... maybe. At least he didn't have to worry about "another" who could steal Albafica's heart.

From time to time, Shion appeared at the Temple, and he could see both Gold Saints sharing a few words, and eventually some laughs. That made his blood boil every single time.

But Pisces was only alone at first sight, because in fact, he wasn't. His thoughts were always on another person, who lived rent free in his mind. His actions were also directed at the same purpose: being able to catch a glimpse of his love. His forbidden desire.

Albafica had a great view from Sanctuary and Rodorio, and he could easily discern Minos from that distance. In such a case, he should alert Sanctuary immediately, but he knew Griffon's actions were the same as his. He just wanted to observe him.

That was the destiny for them both; the only thing they could aspire to. No touching, not even talking, and absolutely no possibility to see each other from a much closer distance. If one of them were to stop with their cautiousness, then everything would go to hell.

Keeping oneself and each other safe, that was the main reason. Minos for belonging to a different army, the ultimate rival of Athena's Sanctuary; Albafica for possessing one of the deadliest poisons within his blood, a tradition that followed Pisces Saints.

That was the price to pay for loving a Specter.

That was the price to pay for loving a Pisces Saint.

# Music

## Chapter Summary

Mime and Sorrento prepare before a concert.

“Five minutes!”

Sorrento took a deep breath and closed his eyes, as he felt the air fill his lungs.

“Nervous?” Sorrento turned to see the one behind him.

“A bit... if I screw it at my solo everyone will notice,” he said, grinning at his companion.

“The Grand Sorrento making mistakes? Wasn’t ‘perfection’ your second name?” the redhead joked.

“I think that suits you much better, Mime.”

“Guys!”

The musicians’ conversation was interrupted by a jolly green-haired boy that approached them with two gigantic bouquets.

“Shun! What on earth is that?!” Mime exclaimed as Shun handed him one of them.

“Flowers!”

“Shunny, you are supposed to handle them after the concert, you know?” Sorrento giggled as he received his.

“I know, but they are too pretty to wait until then,” Shun explained, “besides, I thought you could use a confidence boost!”

“I’m fine!” Mime added, “It’s Mr. Siren the one who’s doubting his abilities.”

Sorrento sighed, and right after, they heard another voice screaming it was time for them to go to the stage.

“I’ll leave you now. You’ll be great!” Shun yelled, as he hugged his friends tightly.

“After you...” Mime said, taking Sorrento’s bouquet and leaving them on a nearby table.

“Thank you” the other replied, grabbing his flute on his way.

Once the concert began, both Mime and Sorrento did marvelously in their respective solos. Mime with the harp, Sorrento with the flute; making Shun shout in excitement a little too loud in the audience.

# Crystals

## Chapter Summary

Camus teaches his students a new technique.

Camus awaited his students at their usual training spot, they were already late, but what could be expected from two children?

He greeted them with his usual humorless expression, raising an eyebrow when his two little penguins arrived running and panting.

“You’re late...” Aquarius said, unamused.

“It was Hyoga’s fault! He overslept!” Isaak didn’t hesitate for a second throwing his partner under the bus.

“Hey! You said you wouldn’t tell!” Hyoga groaned. “He broke the figurine on your nightstand!” the blond added quickly.

“Silence!” Camus yelled, trying his best not to lose it over the figurine issue, it was a gift from Milo, but he’d deal with Isaak later.

“Now that you know the science behind Ice Cosmo, and I expect you’ve been practicing and on your way to have absolute control over it.” Hyoga and Isaak looked down, another disappointment for their master, “Today I’ll teach you your very first technique, the ‘Diamond Dust’”

His students’ eyes were lightened in awe and excitement, they had been awaiting this moment long ago.

To begin the lesson, Camus executed it himself, freezing the air around his hand and creating little ice crystals that flew right into an ice wall.

“Woowooooowww...” both, Isaak and Hyoga, stared in complete fascination the technique of his teacher.

After the demonstration, Hyoga and Isaak tried and failed several times to replicate such a technique. Firstable, it was too hard for them, since they had not practiced as much as Camus would have expected; sencondable, they had been captivated by the little crystals that had emerged from Aquarius fist, resulting in their inability to concentrate.

“Ammm... Camus?” Isaak asked.

“Yes?” the Gold Saint replied without looking at him.

“Could you show us the technique again?” Aquarius finally looked at him and frowned. “So we can learn better, of course,” the green-haired added.

Camus agreed, but deep inside he knew his students were up to something else with that request.

He performed the Diamond Dust once more, and after looking at the children's expressions he grinned.

“Again?” he asked. Hyoga and Isaak smiled and giggled, nodding with their heads.

They spent the rest of the day admiring the beautiful crystals that filled the air.

# Museum

## Chapter Summary

Shiryu and Shunrei have a date at the museum.

## Chapter Notes

Shiryu / Shunrei relationship.

Modern AU.

‘Nervous’ could not even begin to define how Shiryu was feeling in that exact moment. His hands were unusually sweaty, and instead of enjoying the beautiful pictures and portraits he had in front, his thoughts were devising an interesting topic of conversation and an entertaining thing to do afterwards.

He had met Shunrei a couple of weeks before, in the park while he walked his dog. That girl was perfect in every way, and Shiryu couldn’t believe his luck when she actually agreed to go out with him.

A week after their idyllic meeting, he met Shunrei at a nice café, where he ended up falling completely in love with her. She had the idea of going to the museum, she was a woman of culture, and Shiryu was always in for things people considered dull and boring; and two days later, there they were.

Shiryu had been so preoccupied he might blow things up that he had been acting weird and pathetic the whole day. Shunrei apparently didn’t care, instead, she found that side of her date utterly adorable.

Conversation wasn’t a problem either, since Shunrei used to frequent that museum regularly and knew by heart the pieces that were exhibited, telling Shiryu all the curious things she knew about them. Besides, Shunrei felt so comfortable with Shiryu that she didn’t find the silence between them as an obstacle, his mere presence was enough for her.

After a while, she noticed the awkwardness in him; she grinned and took his hand.

Shiryu almost passed out when he felt the girl’s hand entwined with his, and looked at her with a rather funny face.

“I want to show you something,” the girl said, pulling Shiryu by the arm and sitting down on one of the benches in the room.

Shunrei pulled out of her handbag her earphones and cellphone, and then gave her date one of the earpieces.

Shiryu still had that stupid look on his face, not fully understanding what was going on.

“I like to do this everytime I come here,” she explained, “the music mixed with the paintings really enhances the experience. Wanna try?”

Shiryu nodded, still unable to articulate words.

Shunrei selected one her favorite musical pieces: Swan Lake, Op. 20 : Act II, No.13 Danse des cygnes, VII. Coda, Allegro vivo.

“Don’t say anything, just listen and watch...” she added, squeezing Shiryu’s hand and smiling warmly.

Shiryu obeyed, and could finally feel relaxed, starting to enjoy his date once and for all.

He didn’t need an extravagant topic of conversation or a spendthrift activity to make that relationship work.

Being side by side with Shunrei was more than enough.



# Relic

## Chapter Summary

Hyoga shares with Shun something that makes him feel better when he is down.

## Chapter Notes

Shun / Hyoga relationship.

Hyoga was sitting on his bed, not doing anything in particular, just feeling sorry for himself as he observed his mother's cross.

Whenever he felt down, he held it in his hand, admiring it or placing it near his heart. He wasn't sure if that work, since that relic only made him miss his mother, and when the reason he was feeling blue was her absence, then that action only added more gloom to his situation.

Nevertheless, he always felt so much better after that. Having that cross close to him was like an embrace from his mother, and that never failed in comforting him.

He fell asleep, and when he woke up he went down to the kitchen to make himself a sandwich. In the living room he noticed Shun, who was curled up on the couch.

"Shun?" Hyoga asked, fearing Shun was sleeping and he might wake him up. Andromeda looked at him, his eyes were red and puffy. "What 's wrong?"

"Nothing... just... it's not a good day..." the green haired replied.

After they came back from the Underworld, Shun hadn't been the same. And there were days when he fell down, and worried at the possibility Hades might take possession of his body again and could hurt his loved ones.

Hyoga knew that, and also knew that the only thing he could do was to comfort him and be there for him.

Then he thought about something, something that surely would make Shun feel a little bit better.

"Here..." the blond said, handing Shun his mother's relic.

"Hyoga... this is yours... I can't..."

“It’s borrowed, until you feel better.”

Shun took the cross in his hands, and felt a warm sensation filling his body; he wasn’t sure if it was the object or Hyoga’s nice gesture, but it felt nice.

“Whenever you feel like you need a hug, you can take it,” Hyoga added, “it’s in my nightstand, first drawer.”

Shun smiled.

“Or... you can look for me...” Cygnus dared to say, blushing a bit as he spoke.

Andromeda placed his head upon Hyoga’s shoulder, as he held the cross near his heart.

“Arigato... Hyoga-chan.”

# Masquerade

## Chapter Summary

Aphrodite dances with a mysterious man.

## Chapter Notes

Aphrodite / Deathmask relationship.

Milo / Camus relationship.

Mū / Shaka relationship.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The ball had just started, the music filled the room as the couples dancing moved in synchrony throughout the dance floor.

The ladies looked beautiful in their long and puffy dresses, as those waved graciously when they walked or danced. The gentlemen appeared sharp with their full gala attire, frac and white tie. All of them were complimented perfectly with the gorgeous masks that covered everyone's faces.

That was one of the perks and disadvantages of the event. One could dance with anyone anonymously, no strings attached; unless you actually liked your companion, in such case, you were doomed.

Aphrodite Bjorklund enjoyed himself only observing the pairs dancing. He noticed uncountable ladies awaiting a fine gentleman who might want to take them to the dance floor. He knew that was his duty as a man, but he hated dancing. Not the activity per se, but the companions, who were often unlikeable.

He noticed another man across the room, not dancing despite the large number of ladies, he had a cup of champagne in his hand and grinned at Aphrodite when they made eye contact.

The latter looked away, blushing a bit. Then he noticed a figure moving cautiously towards him.

“Would you like to dance?” Aphrodite jumped in surprise.

“Are you teasing me?” he asked, chuckling.

“Is that a no?” the man replied.

“It would be inappropriate, not to mention impossible”

“Nobody would know who is responsible for such an outrageous act,” the man grinned mischievously.

Aphrodite laughed softly, then widened his eyes when the man offered him his hand.

“You won’t regret it, I promise.”

Aphrodite hesitated, but eventually put his hand upon the other’s.

They began to walk towards the dance floor, as the remaining public mumbled scandalized.

The moment the man touched Bjorklund’s waist and brought him closer, he felt an electrifying sensation through his body; he gasped softly.

“What’s your name?”

The man denied with his head. “Nothing specific, that’s the beauty in all this event. And our insurance at this precise moment.”

As the couple danced, flabbergasting the rest of the attendants, another pair observed them attentively.

“You were right, Shaka. We can be ourselves without the need to hide.”

“Because we’re already hidden. It’s not perfect, but it will give me the chance to finally dance with you, Mū”

The blond offered his hand to his companion, joining the other two men.

Little by little more untraditional couples joined the dance floor, enjoying the anonymity of the masquerade.

“Milo, wait...”

“C’mon! No one will know!!! Don’t be a coward, Camus! Take some chances!”

Milo grabbed his partner by the arm, dragging him into the dance floor.

After a lot of dancing and moments of pure joy, the man who danced with Aphrodite decided it was time to part.

“Can’t you stay a little longer?”

“I’m afraid not. But dancing with you was the most wondrous moment of my whole life.”  
The man held Bjorklund’s hand and kissed it on the back.

Before Aphrodite could say anything, the man disappeared among the crowd.

Still being thunderstruck by the man’s actions, he noticed something inside his hand.

He opened it slowly revealing a piece of paper with a word written on it with the most beautiful handwriting:

“Angelo”

## Chapter End Notes

With this, I finished Saintober. I can't believe I made til the end, I might have skipped a day or two, but all the prompts are now published.

Thank you very much to all the lovely people who read it, I hope you enjoyed them as much as I enjoyed writing them.

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