

The S-Files

A Scientific Treatment on Structure and Workings of Athena's Saints (Well, sort of...)

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Kapitel 15: File GS04-Pis-T001 - Beautiful Roses! I'm Gonna Get You, Little Fishy...

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Beautiful Roses! I'm Gonna Get You, Little Fishy...

"I hate these stairs!" Makoto grumbled.

"It depends," Himiko mused. "I don't mind them at all when I'm on the way to Aquarius Temple. But in all other cases I hate them, too."

"I think they're all the same!"

"Well, but with Aquarius Temple I have a goal that lets me forget all obstacles..." Himiko paused and looked at the columns of the eleventh temple. Somewhere in there dwelled the most gorgeous guy of them all...

"Himiko, *this* way!" Makoto tugged her colleague along. "Remember, we wanted to finish the examination of the Pisces Saint before lunch."

"Okay, okay..." Himiko sighed and followed Makoto upstairs.

"I really hope we'll finish this one fast", the physician said. "These Gold Saints are definitely more difficult than the other ones."

"But also more handsome and interesting."

"Indeed, some are really cute."

"Why can't we just pack them up and take them with us?" Himiko thought especially of a certain guy with deep blue eyes and a gorgeous dark blue mane.

"I'm sure they'd struggle hard if you'd try to fit them into some parcel..."

Himiko sniffed. "Unfortunately."

Finally, they reached Pisces Temple, where they were greeted by a shining Saint in glittering golden armour. It looked as if he spent quite some time to polish it every day. But he certainly needed as much time to style his light blue curls properly and apply his perfect make-up.

"Great! There's someone at home," Makoto commented. "I would have been really peeved if I had climbed up all the stairs in vain."

"So you are the two girls who like to pester us Gold Saints?" Aphrodite talked absolutely clearly even though he carried a beautiful red rose between his lips.

"How does he do this?" Makoto exclaimed. "Or is he a 'she' after all?" She examined the slender Pisces Saints thoroughly after she had cleaned her glasses.

Aphrodite creased his forehead. "I heard that!" He sulked, and suddenly he started, "ouch!" He took the rose out of his mouth.

"Hm... He can talk with it, but obviously sulking is another matter," Himiko grinned.

"Pah." Aphrodite played elegantly with the rose to cover his little fauxpas. "But I can assure you - I am a *man*, albeit the most beautiful man in the world."

"The most beautiful man is my Camus-sama," Himiko pointed out.

"Camus? Do you want to mock me? He's never seen a hair-dresser's from the inside in all of his life!"

"Because he doesn't need to!"

"You'd better give up," Makoto told Aphrodite. "You can't argue with her about Camus."

"Oh. I see. Then I shall ignore her ridiculous statements." Aphrodite shrugged. "Someone who thinks that another person could be more beautiful than me can't be fully sane anyway. - So, what do you want of me?"

"We're here to examine you Gold Saints," Makoto explained.

"Examine? What kind of examination do you have in mind?"

"Lots of different tests... But don't panic. We just want to find out how your abilities work and the like. And of course we have to determine which place on our ranking list we should give you."

"Is there any question that I'm somewhere else than on top of the list?"

"Hm. You have to prove it first that you're the number one," Makoto demanded.

"No problem." Aphrodite waved them in with his rose. "I'll show you."

The scientists followed him into his temple.

"But he can't be better than my Camus-sama," Himiko muttered.

"Shhhh," Makoto silenced her. "Be quiet, or he might get angry."

"Okay, okay..."

"So what's the first of these tests?" Aphrodite asked. He put his helmet onto a table and looked curiously at the two women.

"Himiko - that's my colleague. I'm Makoto, by the way - would like to examine your Cloth."

"Actually, I would like to examine *you*, too", the blonde engineer pointed out. "But Mako doesn't let me."

"Of course not. You are not qualified for that."

"Pah. I know a lot about practical biology."

"That doesn't count."

"Aehm, ladies, I should mention that I'm not exactly interested in you in any case," Aphrodite said. Nonetheless, he willed his Cloth to return into its presentational form. Now he only wore a pair of navy blue tights.

"Great, we aren't either - well, actually we *are*, but only scientifically," Makoto grinned. But she had to admit that these Saints were really a sight - not an ounce of fat on their perfectly muscled bodies... She started with taking a couple of photos.

"Good." Aphrodite seemed greatly relieved. He didn't want any fights with Misty. "By the way, may I get some prints of the pics as well? They'd be a perfect present for my beloved."

"No problem. - But could we now begin? We'd like to be through before lunch."

"Sure. I have a date this afternoon, so I'd like to get it over with, too."

"Fine." Makoto examined his flowing mane. "Is your hair-colour genuine?"

"Of course! *Everything* about me is genuine."

"I think the colour is way cool." Makoto fished for a strand and admired it thoroughly.

In a corner of the hall, Himiko knelt in front of the Cloth that looked like a large, golden fish and tried to gather some information. She sulked that she didn't get as nice a look at the content of these things as Makoto always did.

"Thanks." Aphrodite beamed a smile at her and played with a shimmering strand of his sky-coloured hair as well.

"Almost all of you Saints have really gorgeous hair", Makoto marveled.

"Well, we are Athena's Chosen after all. Athena seems to prefer her warriors beautiful. Although there are some exceptions... Aphrodite thought of Jamian and shuddered. Whoever chose and trained *that* as a Saint certainly had been out of his mind. And worst of all - that guy had tried to stalk Misty! Aphrodite frowned. There were some Saints too many who were interested in Misty, he thought with slight irritation.

"I noticed that as well," Makoto agreed. "And I'm really not angry about it..."

"I'm finished here," Himiko called. "I will assist you in taking some more photos..."

"Today you were really fast," her colleague observed amused.

"Well, there's not so much difference between the Scorpio and the Pisces Cloth..."

"But there is," Aphrodite corrected. "My Cloth has far better protective capabilities. Milo doesn't even have a real helmet."

"True. I spent quite some time to figure out what keeps his 'tiara' on his head," Himiko told him.

"And? What is it? I always wondered about that, too."

"He uses tons of hair pins."

"Indeed?" Aphrodite grinned. "Well, my helmet has some drawbacks, too. It usually ruins my hairstyle. That's why I prefer to carry it around under my arm. You can't imagine how long it takes to get my hair back in order after I had the helmet on my head. But unfortunately I haven't managed to convince it to stay off when I call my Cloth to me in the first place."

"It seems all Saints have this problem," Makoto nodded. "Have you noticed that the helmets sometimes influence the length of the hair?"

"No, not yet. But I will certainly pay more attention to this. But my hair stays the same length, I think."

"Maybe it's something that only affects Bronze Saints... - By the way, is this genuine, too?" Makoto pointed at Aphrodite's beauty spot.

"Of course!"

"Hm..." Makoto fetched a cloth and some water, while Himiko put the 4th film into the camera. Aphrodite was no match for Camus, but nonetheless, he was beautiful.

"Don't you dare! I have very sensitive skin," Aphro protested.

"Sssst, don't move!" Makoto scrubbed at the beauty spot. "Hm. At least it's water-proof."

"I told you it's genuine," Aphrodite sulked. "My beauty is absolutely perfect!"

"If you say so... - By the way, way do you always play around with this rose of yours?"

"I love my roses. They are just like me - beautiful and deadly. Don't tell me you haven't heard of them?"

"Not yet. Why don't *you* tell me?"

"Well... Roses are my favourite means of attack. I have red roses - Bloody Roses -, black roses - called Piranhian Roses -, and white roses - Royal Demon Roses. The red ones are poisonous and kill their victims by their pollen. If you inhale the scent you fall asleep and never wake up anymore, unless the roses are taken away. The black ones virtually eat up the victims, and the white variety sucks up the victim's blood."

"Interesting. And where do the roses come from?"

"Well, I can conjure them up, of course. Although I also have lots of the red roses in my garden, where they grow and multiply like weeds."

"This red rose is really beautiful." Makoto looked at the flower. "And it seems it smells great, too."

"Thanks." Aphrodite smiled like an angel. "But be careful!"

Suddenly Makoto fell unconscious to the ground. Himiko ran to her colleague and slapped her into the face.

"What? Where?" Makoto shook her head dizzily.

"You breathed in too much of the fragrance of this Bloody Rose," Aphrodite explained.

"May I have it?" Himiko asked. "I'd like to examine it a bit more closely in my laboratory."

"Sure. But keep in mind that it's dangerous."

"Of course. I'll be careful," Himiko promised and looked for a plastic bag to stow it

away safely.

Makoto got to her feet again. "Pretty effective," she moaned.

"I guess you should better not visit my rose garden then," Aphrodite grinned.

"Probably not - although I would love to see them nonetheless."

"You might come back in a pressure suit some day... You really *have* to see my black Piranhian Roses!"

"Hm. If they bite, wouldn't it be better if I'd return in an armour?"

Aphrodite laughed. "May be a good idea."

"This sounds really dangerous," Makoto pondered.

"I am the most dangerous of all of the Gold Saints."

"Hm... Several other persons claimed the same. But you are certainly the most beautiful of them," she admitted.

Aphrodite beamed. "Didn't I tell you? I *am* the number one among the Saints."

"Up to now - but we haven't examined all of the Saints yet," Makoto pointed out.

"So? And who would dare to dethrone me?" Aphrodite frowned.

"Dunno. I haven't seen all of you Saints."

"Trust me - there's *no one* more beautiful than me."

Himiko opened her mouth to say "Camus!", but decided against it. They should keep the Pisces Saint in good humour when he was really that dangerous.

"I think we will leave you now and see to it that we find some proper protective clothing so that we can admire your roses," Makoto decided. "I love roses!"

"You do?" Aphrodite smiled beatifically. "That's nice. But if you wish to visit me again, tomorrow would be perfect. Today I'll be fully occupied."

"I see. Then we won't disturb you any longer. We'll try to come back in the next days."

"Fine. Until then!"

Makoto and Himiko packed their things, said good-bye to the Pisces Saint and returned to Scorpio Temple.

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