



## APHRODITE

Goddess of Love  
Aesthetic surgeon

A whisper to the ear, a glimmer in the eye, a tingling of the skin. Once upon a time, your domain extended to beauty, love and seduction; today, you've ended up the owner of an aesthetic surgery clinic, giving sparks of false beauty of those who don't love themselves enough.

Reshaping, embellishing, slimming and plumping. The poetry in your gestures is long lost, they are a mere daily exercise, a job like any other.

Apollo fought by your side during the Trojan War. You still remember how he guided the arrow of your ward, Paris, to strike at Achilles's heel. Who would ever take your side now?

And then there's that other thing...

### Enigmas

► Why are you so sure nobody would ever take the side of someone with your Silence?

► How would you change the object of your Hatred to make it less revolting?

Hatred

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## ARES

God of War  
Security guard

The smell of blood, the rush of adrenaline, the strain of muscle. Once upon a time, your domain extended to raging battlefields and combat arenas; today, it slithers quietly in the back alleys of dull city nights.

At once feared and beloved, you patrol each night, weather be damned, for whoever demands it and offers enough cash. Vandals and crooks experience your fury and your exuberance, but where's the honour in all this?

Once, Apollo confessed his envy for your savage allure and your terrible beauty. Would you still deserve it today?

And then there's that other thing...

### Enigmas

► How does your Silence risk destroying the very foundation of your terrible beauty?

► What is the best strategy to annihilate the object of your Hatred?

Hatred

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