

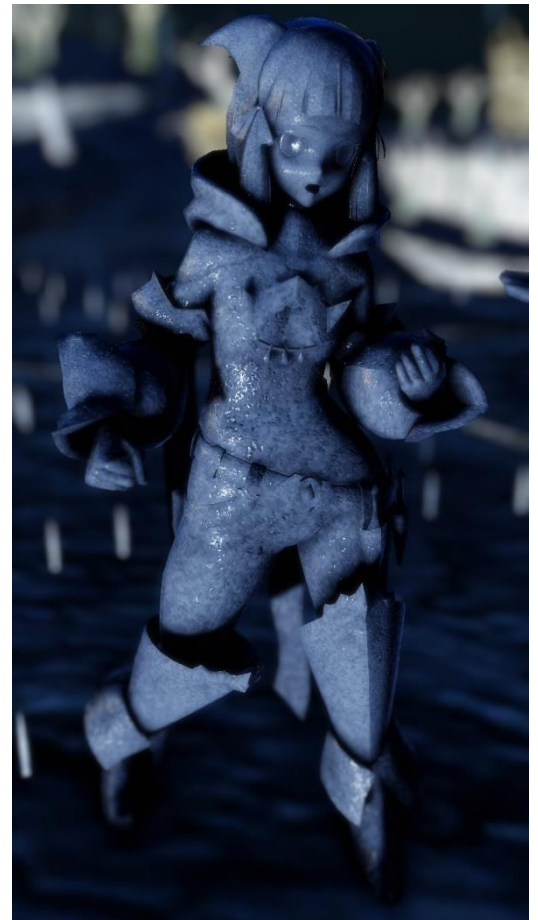
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Forgotten relics

I... I can remember my name. There are many things I have forgotten, and many others on the verge of the same destiny. Or rather, we have been forgotten. We have been here for... I don't know how long. Maybe that's a testament to the passage of time, and that no one has found us yet means we will most likely never be. And yet I appreciate that I can have some company in this existence, even if we cannot communicate with each other at all. It's sad and twisted in a very particular way, as it means dragging someone to this fate of mine, to remain unchanging and unmoving, her mind trapped within her own body. And I know she is there, next to me, as it's one of the few things I remember clearly. I cannot tell how we ended up like this, but I know she was there with me when it happened. Ever since we have stood in this forsaken and forgotten corner of the world, together, but completely isolated from each other.

I have gotten used to it, long ago, but I can only imagine the anxiety and the madness I would have felt long ago, shortly after it happened. A twisted company in sight, but not being able to interact between us, silently looking at each other. She's young, or rather she was young, and she will look the part as stone. There is something familiar about her. Petite frame and rather short stature, a short hair that blends with her feline ears... those traits have always seemed familiar, and even important for some reason, but I cannot remember why. Her jumpsuit, complemented with armour, gives away that she was involved in some rather... rough lifestyle, and with her clenched fists and tense body she was most likely ready for a fight. Shame she ended like this; she seems she would be rather capable in a fight. And next to her is a rather particular looking rock, definitely standing out among the surroundings. My memory is hazy, but I see images of her, of a past time. She fights next to someone else, a beast that surpasses her in size, not a difficult task, but regardless. They fight like one, revealing quite the previous experience and veterancy her appearance would conceal quite well. A nasty surprise for anyone that would get on her bad side.



But there is something else too, memories that don't line up. I see a different shape, but it's definitely her. She's much taller, and rather than feline her ears are longer and seem... vulpine. Her hair is much longer, tied in two twin tails. And she also dons a different outfit, delicate and revealing, but one that enhances her elegant and almost regal appearance. But this does not match the silent companionship I have. Is this true, or maybe a delirium of my mind, eager for some distraction and giving imagination some room?

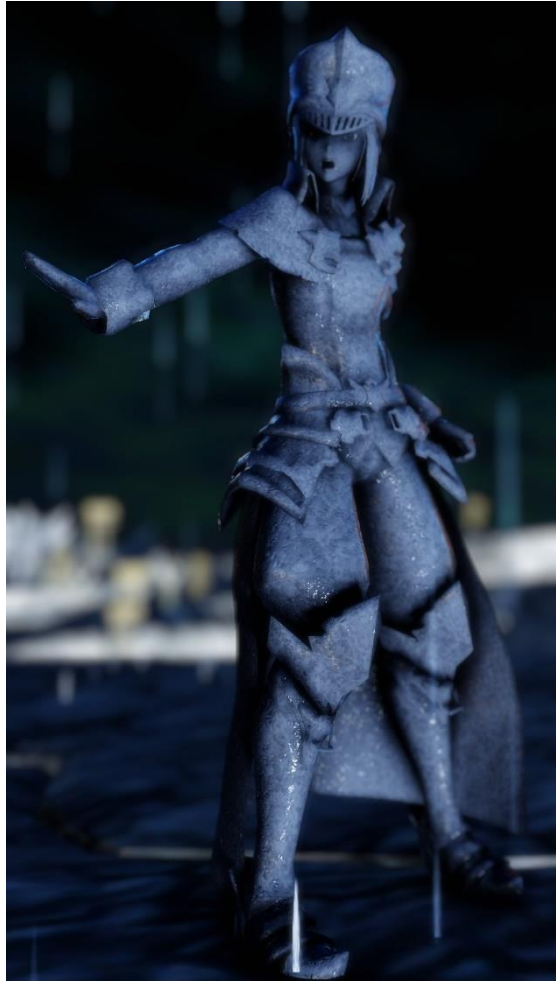
Regardless, there are also more images. More memories. Most of them are hazy, and I cannot tell truth from fantasy, but it doesn't matter much. They keep me company, and I have come to treasure them all. I see a city, perched in the shoulder of a wandering giant. It's made of steel and metal, with countless pipes pointed skyward as they vomit smoke and steam. It's hot, almost as hot as my current surroundings. But the skyline of the imposing city fades away, and in its stead two figures battle for the spotlight of my mind. One is a young man, dressed in white and gold, with a crown on his dark hair. Despite his young appearance his body language suggests a much wiser personality, surpassing his own age. He is talking with someone about something I can't make out, the voice muffled and distorted, but then he turns to me and approaches. He has a friendly and warm smile on his young face, looking up to me. But when he opens the mouth the image fades again.

This time the one in the memory is a woman. She is tall, as tall as me, and she irradiates might and power even without speaking a word. Her long purple hair flows behind her, turning blue at the end while the two buns at the sides of her head are ablaze with azure flames. She has her eyes closed and a stern expression in her face, but she betrays warmth and affection as she approaches me. Her sensual and curvy figure is only enhanced by her long dress, revealing just enough of her front and complementing her crystalline blue arms. And just like before, the moment she is opening her eyes and her mouth, the image fades away, pulling me back to reality.

I can't tell which are true and which are fantasy, but regardless, it would matter little, as everything could have been long gone. But it keeps me calm and... ah, it seems the rain has returned. As I focus on my outstretched right arm, I see the rain start to fall on both myself and my silent partner. As the storm strengthens, we are both soaked again, our stone bodies glistening in the dark. It may have been unsettling before, but such phenomena help me keep calm and can be even soothing. The water running down my stone body is almost like a gentle caress, different from the wind and the sun, but standing out in its own right. The booming of thunder sends shivers through me with the sound, while the flash of lighting helps me see both our forms in the dark. We both glisten with each flash, our forms drenched in the downpour. And I will take it all in, as each storm, even with its threatening presence, is something to behold. The feeling of being drenched in water, the boom of thunder and the crack and flash of lightning. It might make a memory of its own, joining the rest and blurring the line between reality and fiction in my mind. I can only hope my companion keeps some of her own.

Rain. Again. Well, it's not the first time that we are drenched again in water, not by a long shot. And the storm itself might be somewhat entertaining, although it's far from the first one I witness and for sure it won't be the last. Or rather, it won't be the last one that we witness. It has been a long time, I think, and my silent companion certainly isn't telling. But I can't remember, not for sure at least.

What I can tell is that most likely no one is looking for us, and if they are, they sure are doing a piss poor job at it. I don't speak for myself, but for my partner next to me. I'm... no one, literally now. I don't remember much, but something about trying to keep a low profile definitely rings a bell of sorts. The same can't be said for the woman that stands with me, with her armour, her looks and her hat. She's tall, or taller than me, and she looks someone important, someone that would hold an important position in an organization of some sort... not that it matters, nor has mattered for some time, but one



has to distract herself somehow. She is standing still, left arm in her hip as if she was holding something, and the right one stretched out near me. Was she giving an order when she petrified? Maybe she had been ambushed? Maybe we had been ambushed, given that she has been next to me for almost as long as I remember. Maybe she really has always been there... And in a sick way, I'm grateful to her. It's horrifying, the thought of bringing someone to such an existence so that you don't feel lonely, but I can't help but be partially glad of it.

The hand on her hip holds something, and although I can't see it well, we have been next to each other long enough to figure out what it is. A rock, a fancy looking one, and by the way she holds it, it must have been important. Well, she won't let go of it for the time being, and in a way, it's comforting to see that she still holds on to it. Maybe it was important, maybe not, but I would bet that it was. Or so I imagine, as my mind blurs the line between reality and imagination to avoid me going completely nuts. Or maybe I did and sometime after I recovered my sanity, who knows, but it would explain why my memories are a jumbled mess.

Starting with my partner to my left. She looks young, but with that uniform of hers... she seems familiar, very familiar. But something doesn't add up. I see images of her,

definitely, no way I wouldn't recognize that hat. But there is something missing. People line up before her and salute, and is she... accompanied? A woman as tall as her, in blue and purple and able to manipulate fire. They seem quite close, able to fight as one with ease. But why isn't that woman looking for her missing partner? She looks like she would have gone looking for her once she noticed she was missing, right? But she is still here, right next to me, and of that I'm sure. It might just be my imagination, trying to distract me, and while I'm grateful, the woman in purple and blue seems very familiar too. But whatever, she hasn't shown up until now, no reason she would do so in the near future. Or in any future for that matter.

But that isn't the only image I remember. There is this... one. A quadrupedal feline of sorts, white furred and bigger than me and more than capable of putting up a fight. But when it approached me his piercing blue eyes are not those of an enemy but of a friend. Different images flash by, all of them bound together by his presence. A forest and clearings, a cliff with vistas to the sea below, narrow passages under massive flora, a crackling fire under a starry sky... sometimes I'm really close, touching him and leaning on him. I can feel the warmth of his fur, and the wind in my face as I ride on his back, taking me swiftly across the distance on surroundings I don't quite recognize. It's liberating, but eventually the memory fades away, bringing me back to my reality. Luckily it doesn't last much, as I'm taken into another place, with someone else.

The big white tiger is replaced with a young boy, worry clear in his face as we rest next to a campfire. The white tiger is there too, as I lean against him, taking the chance to enjoy the fur once again. The kid is... just a kid. Young, excitable and with enough energy

to think it can take on the whole world. He's fairly short, nothing strange at his age, with short brown hair and golden eyes that look at everything with curiosity and optimism. One of those I guess, those that see the good even in the most screwed up situations, places and people. In a way I envy him, who wouldn't like to keep that innocence untouched. Next to him is a young girl, his age or maybe a bit older. She's red, or crimson, and acts much more mature than him. She's almost motherly, as she takes care of his wounds and keeps the fire alive with little effort with her own flames. And she's... well, she's got quite the body. Part of me is envious, part of me tells that I could rival her if I wanted to. I don't know how, but whatever. But there is something about her that is... different. I don't know what it is, but the comfortable atmosphere of the campfire slowly has me drift off to sleep. I try to stay awake, but the warmth of the campfire and the tiger's fur, as well as the muffled chatter of the pair always work. And as my eyes close the memory fades away, bringing me back.

I don't know how much of this is true, and how much is fantasy, but these are things I cherish and hold dear. More than one would think. As I focus on the storm, I feel the water run down over me, sliding over my drenched stone form, and when lightning flashes and cracks, I see my partner in the dark. Light reflects on us, only for a moment as the electricity fades, but the thunderous roars of the thunder linger for longer. Each thunderous boom sends a chill down my body, which remains until it dissipates. It might take longer or shorter, but it always does. But I will take it all in. In a way it's exciting, standing in the dark in the storm, feeling the elements against me. It might give way to some new memory, one which I won't know if it's reality of fantasy, but as long as it's pleasing and distracting, I don't care. Sometimes I have this thought that I wasn't too keen on water, but I have long come to terms with it. Not that I could have done much else, but now the rain, the thunder and the lighting, among other weather phenomena, it's soothing and calming in its own way. Almost like a dream, not that different from some of my memories. I hope my partner has some of her own too, otherwise... well, she better have some of her own too.



Me, myself and I

The new world was... weird. Well, not exactly weird, but more along the lines of unknown. That was a good way to describe it, a big unknown. The titans had stopped wandering, instead fusing with the newly discovered landmass. It was supposed to be a time of joy, a change for the good, and it most likely would be. More than enough land and room for all, and with plentiful resources. Some would not have to worry about their homelands dying, others could face with some ease the harsh nature of their lands and many were itching for adventure. New lands awaited to be discovered, mapped and, in due time, claimed. But the destruction of part of the world tree, as well as the general uncertainty of the whole deal had caused plenty of scepticism among the different nations and peoples. Which was good, as the leaders met to organize and form a plan of sorts to follow before anyone started going overboard. All sorts of important personalities would be at the meeting. Emperors, queens, kings and the head of the trade guild were present, as well as the driver of the aegis. Rex had become quite the personality, and his exploits and adventures had spread far and wide. Accompanied by Morag and Zeke, he had left to attend the meeting, despite being nothing else than a formality.

The same couldn't be said about Pyra and Mythra, who had chosen to stay behind. It was extremely rare for the boy and the girls to be separated, more so for such a large distance and for an unknown amount of time, but the two women took the chance to calm down and settle some of the doubts and ideas. They were back, much to everyone's joy, but in private they shared their concerns. Why had they come back? And why in such a seemingly spontaneous way? They had talked about it through many nights, while Rex slept, and after much discussion and talking, they had decided that some questions were better left unanswered. They were just glad they were back, and while Rex was away, they had decided to have some time for themselves. Particularly to use the bath they had in their house for themselves. They had settled down in the region where Rex had grown up, and despite him not liking excesses or luxuries, they had managed to convince him to build a sizable house. They were three of them after all, and they would need some space. The bath had been a luxury, but one of the few they had. It was rather simple, a stone basin surrounded by a wooden wall and partially covered with a wooden roof should it rain.

Both women sat on the water, completely quiet and enjoying the stillness of the ambient. The warm water let out steam that only added heat and threatened to have them fall asleep. It was quiet, warm and they had each other's company. It was nice, and much better than what they had to endure in the past.

- Mythra?

- Yeah?

- It happened again last night.

- I know.

- Any idea why?

- I, uh... got nothing.

Both of them fell silent again. They knew exactly what Pyra had brought up, but none of them wanted to really know what it could entail. Since some days ago their core crystal had started acting strangely. It would blink rapidly, sometimes slowing down the pace, and neither of them had any idea why. Given they were connected by it, as they shared the core, the moment one had noticed the other had too, rushing to find the other and talk to her, so that none were out of the loop. And the idea of disappearing once again, leaving Rex behind was enough to have kept them awake at night. It was another reason why they were in the bath, surrounded by warm steam and water, where they could relax and let the warmth and the water wash the concerns and worries away. And it worked, leaving both girls at peace and giving them some room the breath. But their core crystal was having none of it this time, as it started acting up again, blinking once more as it sped up.

- Mythra?!

- Yeah, I know!

- What... What do we do?

- I don't know! Ask for help?

- Mythra wait!

With the sudden blinking of the crystal, the blonde girl had forgotten both of them were completely nude, and as Pyra's red eyes looked at her a blush crept on her face, the woman letting out an eek and covering her breasts and crotch as well as she could. As Pyra stood up too, the core crystal blinked at a breakneck speed. On, off, on, off, time and again. But before they could take any meaningful action, be it by themselves or with someone else's help, a green light engulfed the bath. It was completely innocuous, or so it seemed at first glance, but they could both tell there was something different about it. There was a gasp and the sound of splashing water, followed by a brief moment of silence that didn't last as it was followed by more gasps. Pyra and Mythra had come to terms with their new existence as twins, a simpler way to put it and an easier way to introduce themselves in any situation. They were exactly identical to one another, fair skinned, slender and well-endowed. The main differences that set them apart were the colour of their hair, eyes and their hairstyles; in the physical side of things at least. If one looked at their personalities, they were opposites that complemented each other. Mythra, long haired blonde with green eyes and a rasher, bolder and rather aggressive attitude; and Pyra, short haired redhead with crimson eyes and a calmer, more insecure and an almost motherly attitude. And in a moment the twins had become triplets of sorts, as the third woman that gasped for air in the water, was exactly identical to them. Fair skinned, slender and well-endowed, with the notable difference of her long green hair tied in a ponytail and her green eyes that looked around in confusion.

- Pneuma?

Reacting at her name, the green haired woman looked up at the blonde and the redhead, both of them looking back just as confused. Three almost exact copies looking at each other, as Pneuma had taken a form of her own. There was however one common trait they

all shared, as the exact same core crystal glowed in their chests, the green crystal having seemingly stabilized.

- What... how?
- I wish we could tell you.
- Sadly, we are just as lost as you are.
- I see... I understand.
- You do?
- Indeed. And I also know about the... malfunction of the crystal you talked about.
- Then that saves us time. Any ideas?
- No, I don't have any more information than you do.
- That's... unfortunate. -Said Pyra. – But more importantly, are you alright?
- I'm a bit... sore.

Taking the hand Pyra offered her, Pneuma stood up, only to sit on the warm water a moment later. Flanked and watched by both Pyra and Myhtra, she closed her eyes while she sighed loudly. She was confused, disoriented and sore, although that last part was slowly disappearing thanks to the warm water and the calm ambience. However, she couldn't help but feel somewhat sad, as she had left the other aegis alone again. But on the other hand, she was able to see her driver again, although he would not return for some time. It was good to be back, even if it had certainly been in shock, and it would be even better when she stretched her body. She stood up, and looked around, searching for a spot that she found comfortable.

- Anything the matter Pneuma?
- Just a bit sore and stiff. I'll be fine the moment I stretch a little.
- Why don't you step up and stretch there?

Mythra had pitched in and now pointed at the stone circle in the centre of the bath. It had been thought so that they could sit there if they didn't want to remain in the water, and it would do perfectly. Following the blonde's advice, she stepped on it, standing in all her nude glory as she stretched her arms above her head, taking the chance to stretch all of her body. She stood and stretched, tensing her body before relaxing for a moment and then repeating. She did this several times, finishing with a sigh of satisfaction.

- You look great up there Pneuma! Doing better?
- Yes, thank you Pyra.
- Good to know. Now come down, miss statuesque.
- Want to take the spotlight, Mythra? - Asked Pneuma while hiding a small grin.

- Huh?! Excuse you?

- We should bet on equal grounds, but it is fine if you don't want to. Maybe Pyra can have a go?

- Eh?

- Huh?!

- Up you go.

Taking the initiative, Pneuma stepped down and she pushed the redhead on to the impromptu pedestal. Embarrassment was clearly visible on the redhead's face, a bright blush claiming her cheeks while she covered her bust and crotch with her arms. However, both Mythra and Pneuma took notice that she didn't try to immediately step down, instead remaining on top of it. She was embarrassed? Yes, but she was also not backing down and standing her ground, which amused Pneuma and slightly miffed Mythra.

- You look great Pyra! – Encouraged Pneuma.

- Ugh! I'll show you two!

As Mythra stood up, Pyra stepped down, as she knew better than playing with her sister's temper. The same could not be said about Pneuma, who took great amusement in their reactions. Mythra might have been the original, Pyra a persona she created and she herself was a combination between the two. Now each was her own woman, and while Pyra was far more careful, she had taken after both. And she did enjoy teasing her blonde sister.

As Mythra stepped up, she stood as tall as she could, hands clenched in fists and planted on her hips. She looked down at them, in a pose and gesture that mixed confidence with mild annoyance, decided not to be outdone nor outshone by the two of them. She displayed her well-endowed figure with a rather inspiring confidence, but the blush was visible in her cheeks regardless of how tough she tried to look.

- So? How about it?

- Oh, you look great! -Said Pyra. – Now please come down. Please?

- Imposing. – Admitted Pneuma.

- Then you admit defeat?

- Not at all. In fact, I'll do you one better

- Huh?!

Having her step down, Pneuma took the blonde's place. With a small grin, she stood up and bent her torso forward, so that the other two could have a perfect view of her bust. Putting her right arm on her hip, she winked an eye at them and blew a kiss, puckering her lips in the most playful way she could muster. The reaction was what she expected, as Pyra covered her mouth with a hand but had her eyes glued on her, only to go to a pissed off Mythra and back to the green haired woman. Mythra, for her part, looked

positively incandescent and about to murder the nearest living thing. And Pneuma amused herself with her sister's reaction to no end.

- So, what do you think?

With a low growl, Mythra stepped up on the pedestal too, having her break her pose as she tried to either push Pneuma down, strike a pose of her own or both at the same time. Meanwhile her green haired sister kept teasing her, unstoppable, and Pyra tried to have them stop, eventually stepping up on the pedestal too. It got too hectic, as Pneuma teased Mythra, Mythra tried to do anything to either have her stop or have her step down, and Pyra tried her best to have both of them stop. Maybe because of that they didn't notice their core crystal blinking again, as the flickering light steadily sped up the process, going faster and faster.

And then everything happened at once. Pyra tripped on the wet stone, falling under Mythra while clinging to her as she tried to hold on. This caused Pneuma to lose balance, also holding on to Mythra, the last and only one that kept some stability of her own, who tried her best not to lose balance and fall. They were engulfed by the same green light as before, and while they felt their bodies changing, their voices faded, surprise giving way to silence. They felt themselves become immobile, while also feeling their bodies become... dense, to put it some way. It was odd, but it was also a source of unexpected pleasure, as the warm steam that surrounded them felt oddly nicer than before.

When the light faded, they could see the result and the situation they were stuck in, and their reactions were as different as one could expect. Mythra was standing up, right arm in the air and face frozen in mid surprise. Her left arm was under Pneuma's ponytail, and her legs spread while trying to maintain balance. To her left was Pneuma, who had lost balance after Pyra. She was kneeling her right leg, while the left stood trying to hold her up along with her right arm around her sister's waist. Her left arm was flexed above her head, hand under Mythra's long hair and hidden from view. But most amusing was her head, right next to Mythra's left breasts that was squeezed against the side of her head, her face with a small amused smile. Finally, Pyra was on her knees and between the legs of her blonde sister. Having lost balance, she had turned her torso to the left, using the left arm to get a hold of Mythra's waist while her right arm stood in mid air awkwardly. It had also caused her breasts to lean against her sister's leg, particularly the left one, while her face reflected her thoughts at the moment with an expression that mixed both confusion and surprise. The three of them had petrified, now standing in the bath as an improvised tableau of stone statues.

However, it wasn't all that bad, as their sudden petrification had amplified their sensitivity in exchange for their mobility, the warm steam feeling so much better on their new stone bodies. They were also able to communicate with each other with a telepathy of some sort, most likely due to them sharing their core crystal. The warmth kept them in a mild stupor, only to snap out of it as they felt the condensation of their bodies as the water drops slid down their curves.

-Hm... I could get used to this...

- Pneuma! Don't joke about it! We need to tell Rex about this!

- I completely agree, Pyra.

- *Aren't you two a bit too calm?!*
- *Mythra, no need to panic.*
- *You came back out of nowhere, and we turned into statues, Pneuma! I think we have a reason to panic!*
- *Mythra has a point. We can't leave Rex out of this; we have to tell him about the malfunction when he comes back.*
- *Yeah.*
- *Definitely.*
- *And besides, us petrifying? All of a sudden and without warning? I'd say it has urgency.*
- *Thank you! Finally, some common sense!*
- *Well, until we either revert or her comes back, there is not much we can do.*
- *You... are right.*
- *Until then how about you tell me about... well, everything.*
- *Well, it will be a nice distraction...*
- *Pyra! Don't just go along with her!*
- *I'm just as surprised, Mythra, but she has a point.*
- *Oh dear, embarrassed Mythra? Don't be, we are all together after all. And you do look beautiful.*
- *Y-you...*
- *Or maybe you are worried about something else? Don't worry, I won't keep him all for me.*
- *UGH!*

The three girls were certainly not going anywhere, but that did not mean they would be bored at all. Mythra's anger and frustration was a source of seemingly limitless amusement for their newest sister and rival, Pneuma working out how far she could push her before she really angered her. She didn't want to do it in bad faith, but she would be lying if she said it wasn't entertaining, and she had taken such a trait from her, while her more formal side was from Pyra. Pyra, who, despite her shock and her thoughts about the situation and how unpredictable the core crystal was seemingly becoming, couldn't help but giggle at her sisters' antics. They had a weird sisterly relation, three distinct women that shared a core, as well as the same love interest, but if she and Mythra had worked things out, they would find a way to do so with Pneuma. But until then they were stuck as statues, as she hoped they reverted before he came back, otherwise Mythra would die

of embarrassment, and Pneuma would never let her forget about it. But all in due time, and there was plenty they could share with the newest sister about their past exploits. They certainly would not be bored.

