

Janet was surprisingly nervous about the modelling. It came as a surprise to her, since it was not the first time doing something like this, in fact, her debut had been some time ago already. And yet, here she was, in the company of other two models and quaking in her shoes. She had been contacted to model nude for an artist, or at least that was how the woman introduced herself.

She had definitely left quite the image, with that long maroon hair and her violet eyes, dressed in an impeccable dark blouse and skinny pants with high-heels. Everything about her screamed beauty and confidence, her voluptuous figure only adding to that. And by the way she conducted herself, she had this magnetic aura that had caused her to agree to modelling for her. Or perhaps it had been the exorbitant sum of money that had been promised, yeah, that was it most likely.

She wasn't a bad looker by any means, having fair skin, shoulder-length auburn hair and a figure she considered pretty good. Or so she thought, and that was usually how it had gone with those that had dealt with her before. But she couldn't help but feel slightly intimidated by the other two models that she shared the waiting room with. Both tall, lean and voluptuous, with generous cleavages and sensual curves that were hinted at by their clothes. One of them with long and wavy dark hair tied in a long ponytail and the other blonde with a bob-cut of sorts.

- Don't worry, everything will be fine. -Said the blonde with a warm smile.

- Yeah, sure.

- Sandra. – Said the blonde offering a hand.

- Janet. – She answered, shaking the offered hand.

- Pleased to make your acquaintance Janet. Don't worry, do as she says and you'll be golden.

- On the other hand, you could follow our lead. It *is* in the best interest of all of us to make this work. -Intervened the third woman, walking up to them and offering her own hand.
– Pamela.

- Pleased to meet you Pamela. -Said Janet.

- Didn't expect to see you here Pam.

- Not the nickname in public, *please*. – Said Pamela, stressing the last word.

- You two know each other?

- Yes we do. In fact, we go way back. Isn't that right?

- Yes Sandra, it is. We have seen each other time and again, but each goes her way. – Explained Pamela.

The conversation with the two women helped her relax, seeing that her peers were much friendlier than they let on at first glance. Despite their veterancy, they were still like her, just better able to control their nervousness and keep a calm exterior. It was rather pleasant, the conversation going on as smoothly as possible, which did help her ease her mind.

But their patron and contractor entered the scene, as stunning as the first time she had seen her, or maybe even more. She was dressed in an elegant dark gown, a single piece and form-fitting sleeveless dress that only revealed her curvy figure underneath. Her glossy high heeled shoes clacked against the floor as she walked to them, a playful smile on her face and three objects in her right hand.

- Good evening ladies! If you follow me, we shall proceed.

Enthralled by her... well, everything, Janet followed suit, the other two models coming along. The room they would be posing in was not what she had expected, as it looked like something out of a museum rather than a studio. Or maybe a blend of elements belonging

to both. The door that led into the room had decoration around it, mimicking the old classic temples. Two graceful columns, Corinthian style if she recalled correctly, standing each on a pedestal while holding above them a frieze, tympanum and other elements of a classic architecture façade.

Right behind them were three small poles, the red band that connected them unhooked to allow their entrance. The door and the classic door frame that accompanied it were also surrounded by some small pictures. Depictions of different images, but two of them caught her eye as she looked at them for a moment. A lone windmill, its dark silhouette becoming one with the ground and contrasting against a clear grey clouded sky; and a mountain of sorts, the dark outline of it visibly contrasting with a fiery red spot and the white sky and purple haze behind it.

Besides that, there was also a lone record player standing in one side, nothing really out of the ordinary. But in the middle of the room was a lone square stone pedestal, the white stone looking slightly rugged. This was simply a trick though due to its porous surface, as upon a closer look it was smooth and polished. And finally, there was a simple wooden folding screen that separated part of the room, as well as a lone stool and an easel, a blank canvas waiting on it and some supplies next to it.

- Before we start, please, undress yourselves behind the folding screen. And put one of these each.

A chorus of affirmations came back, as it was what had been agreed. The woman offered each a diadem of black metal, curvy and elegant while ending in blunt horn-like decorations. The three of them were identical, and each took one as they stepped behind the cover. As agreed, they disrobed themselves and let their hair free, each donning her diadem. Now that they were ready, they stepped on the pedestal, awaiting directions.

- Lovely. Now let's see your poses...

It didn't take long for the three of them to strike their poses, after some moments of trial and error to iron out details. Was that arm better that way or the other? Hips cocked to a side or better not? Small details, but it warmed her heart and eased her nerves seeing the

woman so focused on the poses, disregarding their nudity completely as she worked. When she finished, the three women looked to where she would be painting.

Janet would be on the left, hands to the sides and in mid-step. Left leg flexed while the right one was slightly forward, as if she had been taking a stroll and then was frozen in the spot. Sandra was in the middle, standing as tall as she was and with her hands at the sides, as if she was posing for a photo and had been left immobile in place. A simple pose, but it would do fine. Pamela would be to the right in the painting, her left arm slightly flexed while she looked over her shoulder. She looked like she was doing something else, minding her business, and someone had called her. The moment she had looked that way, she had been frozen in place.

- Lovely! Now hold the pose, darlings, while I work...

They didn't answer, fully committing to it. The woman sat down, took up her supplies and started working. The silence was absolute if one didn't pay mind at the noises that came from the canvas. It was soothing and calming, the woman working diligently and steadily, not to keep them waiting for too long. She would occasionally peek over the canvas, her violet eyes looking at their forms before going back to the canvas.

She really was beautiful, in plenty of different ways. Yes, one could simply stop with her physical appearance and they would be absolutely right calling her gorgeous, but, from where she stood, there was something more. It was not just her voluptuous figure, but her smooth voice, that of a seductress; or the way she moved, every single of her steps or gesture having an ethereal and otherworldly grace to it that made the three of them look clumsy and awkward in comparison. But she didn't have to worry about that, none of them had to. They just had to focus on maintaining the pose for her, that way the sooner she would be done.

"I really would like to see the result; legs are getting a bit tired..."

There was a tingling feeling spreading through her, not one of tiredness, or so she thought. How long had they been like this? It wasn't annoying, but a simple stretch would be enough... but she couldn't break the pose, she didn't want to. That would compromise

the end result, and that would be... unthinkable. Wherever the tingling spread, it felt a bit numb, but nothing special. In fact, once the numbness went away, it was actually feeling surprisingly nice. Her legs felt long and graceful, and her body... she felt renewed and refreshed.

Her rear in particular felt oddly tingly, but it was a surprisingly pleasant feeling. She could almost imagine the shape of her butt cheeks becoming round and shapely. And her bust felt... heavier? The breasts feeling playful and tingly, her mind swearing she could feel her nipples harden. She was sure her chest was lighter and smaller before... Her arms felt wonderful, as graceful as her legs, but it wasn't until she focused her mind on her head that she noticed something.

Her face felt... odd. Her full lips remained in the expression flawlessly, never wavering the tiniest bit. But her left eye was partially obscured by long and wavy purple hair. Had it always been like this? Images flashed in her mind about a different hair, shorter and auburn coloured. But that... that couldn't be, right? More images flashed by, repeating themselves in a cycle. It took some time, but she figured out what they meant.

A short haired woman riding a winged horse, wielding a lance of sorts with unparalleled skill and expertise. Two different landscapes, one sunny and warm, the other dark and brooding, separated by an immense gaping chasm. And yet, the dark landscape had a charm of its own, causing a slight tinge of nostalgia in her heart. But one stood above the rest, or rather two images, one superimposed on the other. It was a young woman, slightly younger than her, with a long light colour hair and a rather unique outfit. She recognized that armour, but the other image... it was familiar too.

It was an adult woman, older than her and with fair skin and maroon hair. It was a long and flowing mane, one that had a ponytail blending into it and a braid that went from the forehead to her back. She was dressed in a beautiful dress, a revealing outfit that mixed purple, gold and black. She also carried a staff of sorts, her lips curling into a playful smile before blowing a kiss towards her. She was beautiful, she was gorgeous. She would keep her safe, keep them safe.

It was only then that she noticed a cracking noise, as well as the tingling intensifying as it bloomed into a pleasant and lovely feeling. The noise came from nowhere and everywhere, and the tingling intensified from every direction. It took her higher and higher, barely noticing her purple hair losing its colour as it became white. She also felt... different, dense and sluggish, but that only enhanced the pleasure. She looked at the woman before her, before them. She was the one from the image, and for some reason, she knew she would keep them safe.

She wasn't alone either, as she felt someone else. A presence, two of them, incredibly similar and yet different in their own ways. She couldn't think of a way to put it, but they felt incredibly alike to her, but, at the same time, they had something unique. One had a darker feeling, but accompanied by a warm and triumphant touch; while the other felt calm and accepting, feeling like a gentle watery caress. She herself felt different, a light and radiant presence, but that nonetheless carries the feeling of loss. It had to be related to the images that she saw, but it was comforting knowing that she was not alone.

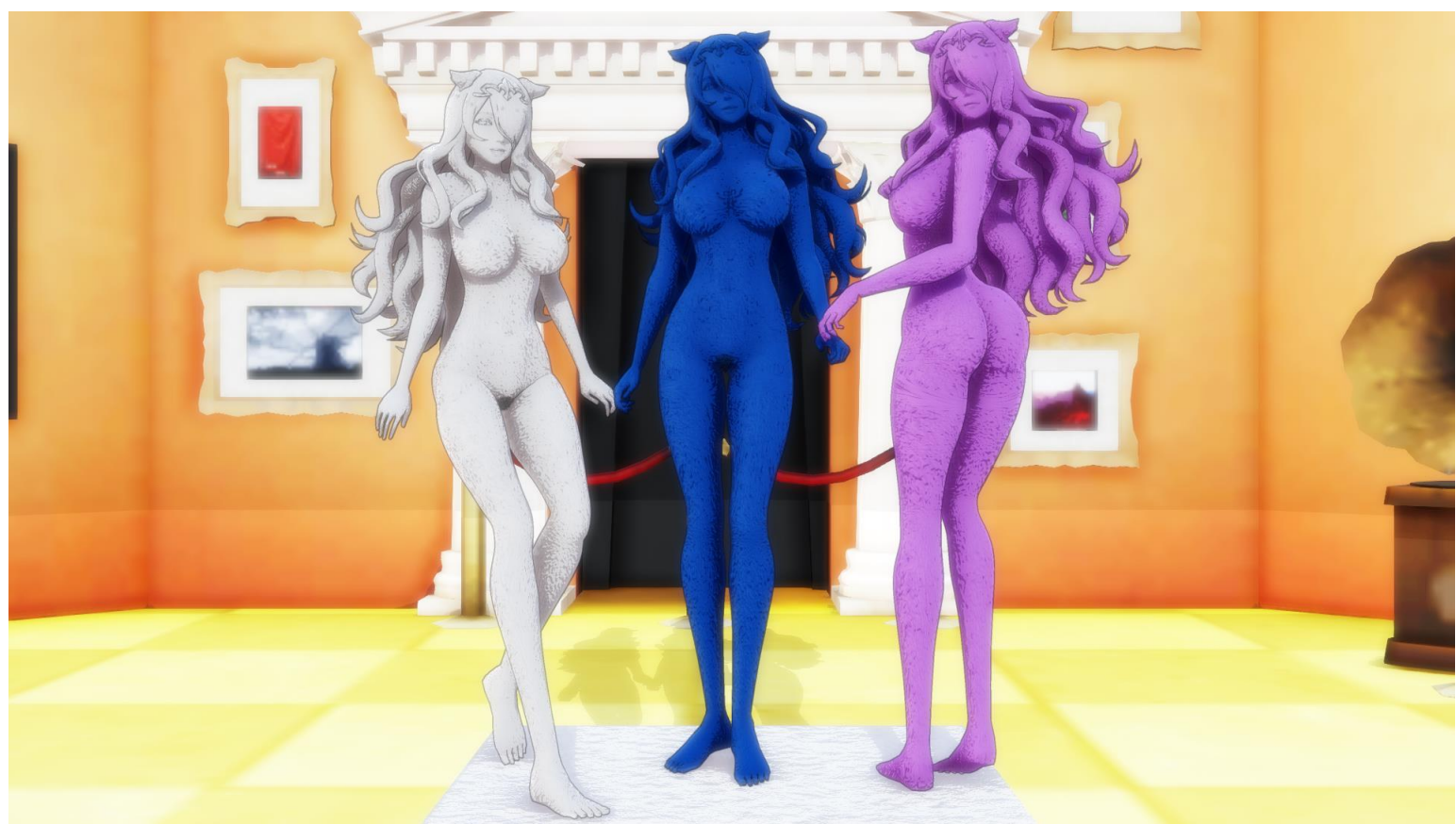
Loki finished the painting. She had long noticed the abundance of purple haired heroines in the summoner's army, each wielding a different weapon, some rather direct while others carried certain elegance. Others, for their part, were just outlandish, but delivered pain just as swiftly as the previously mentioned ones. But there was something with that woman that really captured her attention. Despite being the same, each of them came from a different world, where history had run a different course. She had peered into these worlds, finding out what happened and how it ended.

So much change at the hands of a single individual, and she had managed to pull through all of them, unlike other royals of her world. She had made a decision, she would have one of each world, bring them together and keep them in her lair. They would be a monument to the power of change, how they could be so similar and yet radically different. But, out of fear of being discovered by her dear divine partner, she had chosen a rather unorthodox approach. Why pluck one woman from each course of the story when she could enact change? The promise of riches had immediately attracted volunteers, and putting together the transforming diadems had been easy enough. Sure, Thorr might not

approve of it, but she had made the three women into formidable warriors, even if they were to fulfil a rather particular role back home.

- A change for the better, wouldn't you say, darlings?

Of course, there was no answer, the three transformed models having been petrified into flawless statues. She looked at her models and then at her canvas, which depicted the exact same image. Not bad, not bad at all. She had even captured the room rather well too, although it was rather obvious where she had put much more effort and attention to detail, even making sure their porous surface was properly rendered.



- Lovely! Now let's take a closer look...

With a seductive giggle, she stepped away from the canvas and approached the three statues. Each of them was as alluring as the other two, the three of them making quite the set. But she had taken good care to have each be unique, a representation of what could have been in each of those worlds.

- Oh, let's start with you.

She walked towards the one on the left. She had been posed in mid-motion, or they had tried doing so at least. But the pose looked a bit awkward, not fully natural. Maybe a pedestal would do the trick... yes, something she would lean on. But other than that, she was flawless, as much as her sisters. Lean and curvy body, with a generous bust and a bubbly rear; while her long and wavy mane had petrified into a single solid piece. The diadem had become part of her, fusing with her stone hair. Her lips were parted slightly, a final sight of pleasure before transforming.

It had been quite something to look at, how the model transformed into a woman and shed her old self away. Her auburn hair and previous body shifted and morphed, growing bigger breasts as her curves became more pronounced and her hair grew, changing colour and style. She had the suspicion that the model was rather intimidated by the rest of the women, but she didn't have to worry about it anymore. In fact, she could say she was no more, being changed into a completely new woman in mind and body. Loki gently caressed the curve and the form of her body, a single hand going from the white stone thigh to her shoulder and hair.



- You were quick to accept... Janet was it? The promise of money and riches is always effective with mortals, although the

amount may vary... But worry not about the money dear, you are now part of something entirely different.

She had stepped onto the pedestal, facing the white stone woman as she gently caressed the unmoving stone mask that was her face.

- From now on, you are Camilla, doting lover. Despite your best efforts, the war was lost and you never managed to find someone to have by your side. But don't worry, your other selves will never abandon you, tee-hee!

With a graceful spin, she directed her attention towards the one in the middle. Formerly a blonde beauty with already a sensual physique. She was tall, lean and well-endowed, so she wouldn't change much on that side, but her hair... her blonde hair was kept short and seemed almost... helmet-like? It would have looked quite like one if transformed unchanged, but she had not done so.

Similar to her new sisters, her hair had grown and changed, becoming a wavy cascade of purple that fell behind her and around her. It had invaded her face, covering the left eye as two locks made their way down towards her bust, not quite reaching her chest. Just like her white sister, or self, the diadem had become part of her, fusing with her now much longer hair. And the extent of the changes on any other side was rather... limited. Her curves had become more apparent, and her breasts had also grown somewhat in size, but that was it. She was already plenty gifted before, and the transformation showed that.



- Sandra if I'm not mistaken... trying to claw your way to the top. I respect that, but that eagerness and drive was also your biggest flaw, turning into urges and impulses that would translate into trouble later... even if you only realized it too late.

She playfully touched the blue stone statue's nose, before giving her a caress that went from her face to her belly, sailing across her bust curvy figure.

- But now you do not have to worry anymore, tee-hee! You are Camilla, peaceful revelation. The story changed drastically when you were forced to join forces with the enemy to defeat a new foe, one that moved unseen. You had no luck with love, but your peers will never leave your side.

With a second spin, she moved towards the last statue, stepping to the side to see her face. She was looking over her shoulder, her arms flexed and now permanently frozen in

mid-air. She looked like she was doing something else, her attention elsewhere, and someone had called her. The moment she had turned her head to look, she had been frozen in place. She had been the one that had undergone less changes, but she was now the third triplet of the set.

She had been almost perfect, thus changing the least. She was already a beauty that exuded sensuality and grace, blessed with a voluptuous figure and a very well-endowed bust. She was tall, lean and graceful, and her beautiful dark hair was already a flowing wavy mane. She had been tempted to not transform her, maybe petrifying her into glossy

obsidian or some other material that could represent the beauty of that dark hair. But she had decided otherwise, instead turning her into the third matching statue of their little set.

Unlike the other two she had a serious expression, looking over her shoulder almost as if she knew what was coming. That made her wonder, what if she knew? Would have she tried to run? To warn the other two of their fate?

- Pamela, correct? You are- or rather, were, different from them. You had it all, fame, riches, a life of luxury. But you wanted more, never satisfied with what you had. And you had other worries, didn't you? You were blessed with intelligence and beauty, but time would eventually take all away.

She put a hand on the purple statue's left shoulder, both understanding and mocking her. If there was something that was immutable, that was change. It would always come, whether one wanted or not. And on that side, she was incredibly alike to the woman she had become.

- Now you are free of worries, any and all. You are Camilla, conquering beauty. You overcame everything history threw at you, eventually seeing the end to the war, and yet, love still eluded you. You will never experience solitude again, although maybe you haven't changed that much on that side, tee-hee!



Stepping off the pedestal, Loki looked happily and proudly at the three statues. Three possible futures in one place, due to the change enacted by a single mortal. She smiled, wide and radiant, admiring her own work both on the pedestal and the canvas, the latter perfectly portraying the former. She walked off the studio, in search of a drink, a toast to herself and her work.

She also had to admit that this world was nothing short of amazing. No magic or sorcery, and it had progressed without ever needing it. She was living comfortably, and she would remain for a little while in it, taking good note of everything for when she returned home. She would eventually go home, bringing her statues and painting with her; but meanwhile she would look further into the possibilities the different devices could bring, in any and all possible ways.