







4502



As they gaze into the mirror, they're struck by bewilderment. Not knowing it is their reflection they behold they imagine it to be a world of wonder and colour imprisoned in the confines of those glassy depths. They marvel at the beauty within, clad in threads of utmost magic.



4504





4503







4500





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If grace was weighed in gold, theirs would be priceless. As they realize their own value, they smile from their innermost core. And that enhances their beauty a thousandfold. All those who behold these nymphs in their splendor, clad in immaculate salwars bow their heads in reverence.



4501







4497







4497



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4502



4503



4504

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4500



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