

NOTE: This story takes place after the events of Moonrise Towers, and right before Act 3. Some canon has been altered to fit the story. As well, there will be no spoilers of Act 3 within.

(THIS STORY IS 18+ NSFW CONTAINS FEMDOM, BREAST EXPANSION, HEIGHT GROWTH, MUSCLE GROWTH, GORE, ABSORPTION, AND MORE! IF THIS AIN'T YOUR CUP OF TEA THEN DON'T READ. IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A NEW KINK, DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YA TRY IT.

ALL CHARACTERS IN MY STORIES ARE 18 OR OLDER. ALL CHARACTERS AND LOCATIONS BELONG TO LARIAN STUDIOS, AND I CLAIM NONE AS MY OWN.)

I wasn't sure what to do exactly. It was a moment we hadn't prepared for: to have Shadowheart free the Nightsong. To cast off her potential to be a Dark Justiciar, and face the trauma of her hidden past. While, yes, her decision allowed us to bring down the reign of Ketheric Thorm, and all whom would dwell within Moonrise Towers, I couldn't help but feel that something was...off.

Though, it was a long day, and we needed to rest. My wounds ached as the fresh air of the campsite hit them. My blood-soaked armor needing to be cleaned, and my blades, to be polished. The four of us were quick to go our separate ways – nothing out of the ordinary to be sure.

“Well, I'm glad to see that all's well that end's well...ish! However, this Wizard has earned a warm mug, and a soft pillow. Should you need me, I will be at my quarters. Ta-ra for now, and tomorrow, we make for the City.” Gale, our reliable, optimistic magic user, spoke out, making his way towards the far side of the site.

“I gotta agree with ol' Gale. I'm beat ta the Hells and back, so a good bit o rest will do me some good. By the way, Soldier; I had thirty-four today. What about you?” With a yawn, Karlach looked down to me, ruffling my hair with a smirk.

Karlach had always held an interest in my eye: her strong, muscular arms which only seemed to enlarge as she swung her great-axe. Her glorious, rageful cries of joy as she slashed down enemy after enemy along side me. As front-line fighters, we always had a bit of a competitive streak with the number of kills we could get. That wasn't all, as I enjoyed the way she had to actively look down to talk to me, as well as her smugness that came with her strength. Though, while she had her moments of egotism, she was still a Tiefling with a heart of gold.

“Soldier?” The Barbarian repeated, raising a brow.

“H-Huh? Oh, twenty-seven. Though, I swear, that Knight counted as three.” I responded with my own coy smile.

“Nuh-uh, you know the rules: doesn't matter a Dragon, or Goblin; one is still only one. Maybe better luck tomorrow, eh?”

Before I could respond, a voice could be heard from behind, speaking up with a soft elegance. “Hello, I'm still here, you know? Something you all wouldn't be able to say if I wasn't still keeping you up.”

Turning around, my eyes gazed over Shadowheart. Another woman that caught my eye – she had always been quite pretty, especially with her strikingly green eyes, and standoffish demeanor. Though, while aesthetically, I found her fetching, her build left a bit to be desired for me.

That being said, I would catch her glancing my direction from time to time. It only seemed to increase as of late; something that I tried not to think about too often.

Letting out a laugh, Karlach would give the woman a soft pat on the shoulder. “Ah, true enough! Though, I'm not sure how much healing is worth in terms of points. Sorry Shadowheart. Though, if you want, we can both take credit; if only to bully little ol Soldier here.”

“Excuse me?! I wasn't aware that teaming up was part of the competition. If so, then Gale's fireball had to get at least five more for me!” I exclaimed; crossing my arms as I took in the bitter taste of defeat.

“Settle down. I have no interest in taking credit for any kills that weren't mine.” Shadowheart blatantly replied with a twinge of annoyance in her breath.

“So, then, how many did that make it for you?” I asked, tilting my head in curiosity.

“...Hrm...let's see...there was the two I hit with sacred flame. Then the ones who walked into my spiritual guardians. Four? That's it, huh? Bit of a shame, but not surprising.” The black-haired woman spoke; the last line having a melancholy wrapped around it like a web.

It seems that Karlach could sense the tension rising. “Hey, buck up girl! Ts'alright to have a bit of an off day, yeah? I bet you'll use your magics to blow our numbers out of the water come tomorrow! You'll see!” She wasn't as close to Shadowheart as I was, but she was trying. Looking to me for an out, I gave her a nod. “Right, well, I'm off ta bed then. Night night, friends.” With that, the Tiefling was quick to make herself scarce, leaving only us.

The air was ripe with suspenseful silence. I would wait, and wait, and wait some more. Yet, it seemed like all Shadowheart had was a quivering lip. “Hey, I've noticed that you've been distracted late-”

“You like her, don't you?” She'd interrupt; her words like venom.

“E-Excuse me?”

“Don't play coy with me. I can tell. The grin you bare when you are slaughtering with her. It's obvious to everyone, except her, it would seem.”

I was shocked – what was once a saddened tonality had quickly transitioned into one of matter-of-fact. A blush of some kind must have been a giveaway, as she continued.

“I knew it. So tell me; what is it about her?”

I had just stormed a tower, and yet, this is the most attacked I had felt all day. “Why are you so interested? Seems like it's none of your business.”

“I-” A hesitant silence took over once more. “Sorry, that was...out of line for me. You're not the enemy, after all...you're all I have left, now that Shar has turned her back to me...”

She was obviously hurt. Obviously lashing out. Motioning to makeshift tree-stump chairs, she and I sat ourselves down. The warmth of the campfire might help her regain some composure as well. She was

next to me; closer than what I was expecting, in all honesty. “So, be honest with me. What's going on?”

“I...I have never felt so helpless before. I feel as if I'm as vulnerable as a newborn calf. I have no Goddess...no family...no lover...” The last sentiment...her eyes seemed to glance towards me, but for a moment. Could she really be...?

“Shadowheart, it's okay. We're here for you. We can be your family.” I responded, placing my hand delicately on her leg. It was warm, but slightly more toned than expected.

The woman's face would shift to a scarlet, placing hers own soft palm over mine. “I...I understand, but I am so tired of being little more than a healer. I wish to be strong, like Karlach!” Her face would slowly turn towards me, her beautiful eyes shimmering in the light of the fire. “Like you...”

I felt my heart begin to race. Though, I had to be reasonable; I couldn't let a moment of pure emotion cloud my heart's true calling. “Shadowheart, I see what you're getting at, but-”

An exclamation; one with a mix of anger and sadness burst out from her. “But what?!” Standing up, Shadowheart would step between me and the fire, looking downwards. “I have *nothing* left! Nothing at all! All I want is to have something – *someone* to be with! That I can call mine!”

I could feel droplets hit my pant legs. Tears were streaming down her cheeks as she continued to let her emotions pour out of her. “I've...I've seen you. You're incredible! The way you fight, the way you talk, it's all amazing! And yet, you have eyes for someone else! It's like the universe itself loathes me! I'm *trapped* in an endless loop of hell, watching the one I want gawk at another! So...*PLEASE!* Just tell me what it is that Karlach has, which I don't!”

...

A cold wind blew through the air as Shadowheart wiped her eyes. “I'm so sorry. Everything is just coming out the worst way possible tonight! I just can't control it. It hurts so much...!”

Was the right thing to do actually tell her what I found attractive? “It's...it's okay. I suppose if I tell you, you'll understand. Either that or laugh at me, which might lighten the mood at least. I...really enjoy muscular women. Powerful women.”

Looking down at herself, her reaction wasn't what I expected. Rather than a chuckle, or a witty quip, it was instead a frown. “I...I see. That does make sense. You're always looking at Karlach's arms after fights, after all. So, what you're telling me, is that I can get into better shape in order to be more appealing to you?”

“You shouldn't change yourself in order to be someone's ideal, Shadowheart. You should know that by now.” I would sigh, running my hands through my hair.

“No, no, wait. Hear me out, at least. This works to both our benefits! I've been feeling weak. Helpless. This whole time the answer has been right in front of me: to get stronger!” Even with reddened cheeks, and watery eyes, Shadowheart seemed to form the first genuine smile I had seen in a good while. “Answer honestly; if I were to get more powerful, would you at least consider being my lover?”

You could've given me a million chances to guess what I would have been asked today, and that

question would not have even come close. “Sorry, I’m a bit baffled by the question.” Whilst I took a moment to gather my thoughts, the Cleric would clasp her hands together. It was apparent she was desperate for a positive answer.

A larger Shadowheart? It was hard to imagine, but not completely out of the question. “I would at least *consider* it. Though, I feel we have more pressing matters to turn to rather than working out, wouldn't you say?”

Shadowheart's smile slowly faded as she was brought back to cruel reality. “True enough...” Finally, at least we could put the matter to res- “Wait a moment. An idea!”

I let out a sigh, already knowing where she was going with this. “Belts of Giant's strength don't count. Sure, they make you stronger, but you don't actually get bigg-”

“The worms.” She would put bluntly.

“...Pardon?”

“Don't you see? The worms can help us. Make us stronger.”

I felt like I was dreaming. Shadowheart had been so against using anything Illithid before, yet, here she was, considering it as a viable option. “What happened to 'One worm is bad enough'?”

“I admit, the idea of having more than one in me sounds...grotesque. However, we have a full trunk of them. Imagine, if one already gave us some abilities: what would that whole chest do to me?” Her face was quick to shift. An almost maddening grin formed as she looked even deeper into my eyes. “You have the key to the chest, as our leader. All we need to do is open it up!”

“Shadowheart, think about what you're saying. Those things are dangerous!”

“No, you think about it. I can be *unstoppable*. No more loss. No more sadness. Just you, me, and death to anyone that would dare stand before us.” I could feel her firm grip on my shoulders as she leaned forward. “Please...I. Want. Power.”

My body was heating up once again. Something about the obsessive madness in her eyes was almost persuading. As if it was contagious. “I...urgh. Okay, fine. Just *one*, though; do I make myself clear?”

“Crystal. However, you might change your mind when you see the outcome.” With a coy smirk, Shadowheart would lick her lips, before holding out her hand. “The key. Give it here.”

And so I did.

“You will not regret this.” With a quick turn on her heels, Shadowheart had made her way to the chest on the farside of the fire. I quickly followed, keeping an eye out for anyone else. Luckily, it appeared completely silent.

A lead ball formed in the pit of my stomach as I watched her open the chest like a child with a gift. As the lid creaked up, there they were. Placed carefully upon straw and cloth, wrapped tightly, there were at least three dozen jars of worms. Each one crawled and shifted around with reckless abandon. “Are

you sure you want to do this?"

Even Shadowheart looked a bit unnerved as she delicately grasped one of the specimens. "Whatever it takes."

Slack-jawed, I watched as Shadowheart uncorked the specimen. The worm would begin to float through the air, approaching her eye. Before either of us had time to react, the worm would slide into a small opening in her lid, much to her dismay. "Urgh!"

"Shadowheart, are you okay?!" I reached out to her swaying form, keeping her on balance.

"I feel...ngha!" Lurching forward, Shadowheart had let out a pained groan. Her teeth were clenching. I gazed as her veins became black as night, dancing throughout her skin. "I feel..." Suddenly, I felt my fingers begin to spread apart, as her shoulders shifted. "Strong...~"

My eyes widened as Shadowheart's traps were beginning to shift. Slow and steady horns of thickening muscle connected from her neck to her now enlarging shoulders. "Mmm!~ Tingles...in the loveliest of ways.~"

Shadowheart's arms were beginning to swell. Her biceps pumped wider and denser with each beat of her heart, slowly engorging into ball-sized mounds. The sections of bicep and tricep clearly defined by the amount of tone within the limb. Her forearms were shifting from stick-thin, to something with actual meat on it. The forms along her forearms were like tight knots, which grew each time she formed a fist. "Mmn!~ Hahhh, feels a bit hot in here...~"

Was she...getting off to this? Shadowheart's face was scrunched in pure bliss; biting her lip as the sensation continued. "My bust feels...a bit snug.~" It was true, as the woman's cleavage was beginning to pile up under her vest. Tight, CC breasts were pushing against her the fabric, with her exposed stomach shifting and strengthening. "Hahhh!~ M-More...~" She whispered, and the parasite gave.

In pure amazement, the woman's stomach was growing cobble along it in the shape of a four pack! Light obliques ran up her waistline, with her hips beginning to widen; accentuating her feminine figure. "This is the best, unf!~ I've felt in a long time! Hah...m-maybe ever!"

"K-Keep it down!" I muttered, only to feel a hand grip my arm, with the other on my shoulder. It seemed she was trying her best to hold in the pleasure, and was using me as leverage. Unsurprisingly, it was much more iron-clad than before.

Another whispered groan as the tight pants she had were beginning to tear. The once tight and soft thighs were now enhancing. The thickness that were carried in her limbs appeared to be at least twenty inches around, with a decent layer of soft skin above them. Yet, the flexing showed even more muscle growing along her legs, as her calves began to ball up into knots of strength! "Hah...almost...done!~"

With another audible tear, I could see Shadowheart's glorious-err, I mean, nice rear beginning to grow. Her cheeks swelled into large balls, which my hands would barely be able to wrap around - making her panties appear like a harlot's thong! The pale ass that she had swayed and jostled softly as her buckling, enlarged legs quivered with ecstasy.

"T-Taller...!~ I want to look down at you like *she* does!" And so it happened. Shadowheart's five-seven

height began to rise higher and higher, inching with her lengthening limbs. Slowly, the woman moved up to a whole six-two; easily dwarfing my five-ten stature. “G-Gods...f-fahhh!~ Mnn...g-gotta...be...quiet...!~”

With one last shiver, and an even grander tightening of her grip, I would be dumbstruck as Shadowheart would lean into my chest; moaning into my shirt as liquid dripped down her strengthened legs. “MNRGNNN!~”

A brief respite took over the environment whilst she quivered; a panting, huffing mess. Eventually, she would stand up straight. To say she was honey for the eyes would be an understatement. The woman had practically grown out of her entire garb; with her vest barely held together at the seams due to the amount of freedom her bust demanded.

Her tight waist bequeathed a series of subtle ridges; obliques. Not many at the moment, but definitely able to be seen. The cascade of toned, four pack of muscle led the eye towards her now enlarged thighs. So immense, that I doubt I could wrap the entirety of both hands around them. It was no wonder her pants were already coming apart, especially when complimented with a rear that would even make women of the night green with envy.

“That was...intense, to say the least.” Shadowheart finally spoke; looking over her form with a child-like smile. “However, I suppose the results speak for themselves – as well as your reaction.” As her gaze moved to mine, I was quick to glance away. I could feel the heat of my cheeks stinging my face, apparently, much to her amusement. “It's okay, no need to pretend not to be interested. I did do this for us, after all. So, be honest: what do you think?”

Finally managing to get my libido under control, I looked up once more at her. I was chest height, so it was quite fruitless to keep any sort of gawking or subtlety within my staring; not that I think she wanted subtlety to begin with. She was like a small titan, brimming with newfound strength. Something that I couldn't resist in a million years. “I need to be honest. I'm struggling to keep my composure at the moment. Though, to say that you look wondrous would be an understatement.”

A soft giggle left her lips, mischievously placing a finger under her chin. “Is that so? I thought you were having second thoughts before all this, hrm?” I watched with quivering hands as Shadowheart slowly spun herself around, giving me ample time to stare at the divine beauty of her silhouette. “Mayhaps you are starting to see things my way now?”

I could feel her manipulative aura wrap around me. I was clay in her hands, to be molded into whatever she desired, and we both knew it. “Alright, alright, you got me. I'm a bit smitten, at the very least.”

“Oh, 'at the very least', huh?” Raising a smug brow, I watched as Shadowheart leaned forward once more; giving me sight of her ample cleavage. “Then it seems we need to reinforce those feelings a bit more intensely.~”

I felt my throat become dry as she leered into my very soul.

“Hrm, I suppose I shouldn't expect you to fall so hard for me without me properly earning it. Though...” Turning herself around, Shadowheart eyed the chest once more. To ensure proper protection, it was made from steel, and had a reinforced arcane lock, which even the knock spell couldn't open.

“Hey, hey, we never set a limit on the worms, but I don't think we should push our luck.” I said, feeling a sting of guilt for letting things get even this far. Though, a part of me desperately wished to see what would happen if she continued to consume more.

“Ah, don't be silly, I simply wish to test my strength. After all, it took Karlach and Lae'zel both to carry this here, correct? Certainly I wouldn't be able to...” Was she insane?! There was no way she was going to lift it! Still, the determination in her eyes showed there was no talking her out of it.

I watched as Shadowheart braced herself, lowering herself down, and gripping the bottom of the container.

“Here goes!” With a grunt, I watched as Shadowheart's back flared. Strings were bursting from her vest as her traps swelled with pressure! Veins appeared on her lats, which were becoming tense, muscular hills. “Hrnggg!!”

I could hear more tears coming from her tight pants as her thighs clenched. Then, I saw it; the chest beginning to slowly lift.

“Dear Gods....”

I could hear Shadowheart mutter something to herself, but could not quite discern what it was. Regardless, a satisfied smile encroached onto her face as she pushed herself even further. Her forearms flared with strain; her hands were white hot as she heft the seven-hundred pound item higher and higher.

She appeared to be holding in her intense groans, instead, choosing to exhale silently as she finally straightened her back, successfully dead-lifting the chest! I couldn't believe it, even though I witnessed it happen right before me.

With another series of hefty grunts, Shadowheart quietly lowered the chest back down; sweat dripping from her face as she panted. “Hah...hah...Gods, what a rush! I must be stronger than both of them combined, and I don't even look it yet!”

Shadowheart turned around to sit herself onto the lid of the chest; seeing her large cheeks push out from behind her only made me more in shock. “Hrm? Seems someone is a bit slack-jawed. Don't worry, I would be too if I just witnessed a woman become so immensely strong, that she could lift this thing.” She would give the chest a gentle pat. “In only a few minutes, too. Quite the transformation. Now then, here's how this is going to work-”

“Excuse me?” Interjecting, I tilted my head. “I thought I was the assigned leader here?”

“Oh yes, yes, of course. You can keep your little title. It makes the others think you have me under control.” Approaching me, Shadowheart placed her hand atop my head, before slowly moving her hand down my cheek, eventually, settling her finger under my chin. I felt her strength press against it as she forced my head upwards towards her. I had never felt so helpless...and liked it. “Now then, as I was saying: tomorrow, when we reach Wyrms Crossing, I'm going to take all the tadpoles for myself. All. At. Once.”

“W-What? You can't be serious! That's way too-”

Suddenly, my legs were dangling. The campsite was spinning. Within moments, I somehow found myself pushed to one of the reinforced walls, albeit with a softer impact than I was expecting. Then, the tenseness on my chest; my shirt, to be exact. She was lifting me, pinning me up as if I was but a child!

“Way too much fun? That's what you were going to say, surely; and I am in agreement. It certainly will be.” Shadowheart's emerald eyes practically shook with psychotic desire. “You must feel so conflicted at the moment. Do not worry, I'll do all the thinking for us, 'Leader'. You will take us to Wyrms Crossing, while I store all the Illithid specimens in my pack. Then, I will absorb all of them; forcing them to obey me. To make me *divinely powerful!* Maybe even further!”

I didn't know what to say. If I really wanted to, I could alert the camp; try to stop her before she even thought of doing such a thing. Still, her pure lust for power – it was as if it resonated with me. “F-Fine...but what of me? And the others?”

The tightness of my shirt weakened, as my boots found footing once again. “You? It's obvious, isn't it? You will be my lover. Even in my egotistical gluttony, I surely cannot forget that you aided in this ascension. I consider both of us lucky that we met. Just...don't try to play hero and stop me, okay? We can both benefit from this.”

At least she was self-aware. “And the others?” I asked; dusting myself off and stretching out the soreness from the sudden movement.

“That depends entirely on them. I am not so heartless as to completely mutilate anyone. After all, what good is a Goddess without subjects? However, I am not above destroying anyone who wishes to stand against me. Everyone, that is, except you. Not only that, but our problems with the Absolute would be abolished in an instant. No foes to fight, just *us*, together.”

“I see...” It was a good offer, in all honesty. An ultimatum for the entire realm to answer, and be judged accordingly. To serve, or to die. “Very well. Pack up the specimens tonight, and be ready. I suppose tonight will be the last night of you as a mortal.”

“Semi-mortal.” Shadowheart corrected; flexing her bicep into an unyielding mass. “Though, if that is the case, no need to rush. I will get the tadpoles later. For now, I think you've had enough teasing.”

What did she mean by tha- “Whoah!” I felt myself being lifted once more, this time, to meet with the soft skin of Shadowheart's lips, as she embraced me. My body ached and churned with excitement as I felt her powerful arms wrap around me; her nails gently digging into my back. She wanted this as badly as I did.

“Now then, how about I show you what I can *really* do now?”

I couldn't think – only nod. The last thing I remember was being thrown onto my bedroll, before the night of heated passion commenced.

The morning sun came quicker than I would've liked. The sound of birds chirping, and scrambling around the site was one I was used to – at least – until I had realized that I was still nude under my

bedroll.

Sitting up, I quickly searched around for my clothes, beginning to dawn them. At this point, I worried that Shadowheart had fallen asleep alongside me, but such worries were quickly put to rest, as I appeared to be alone in my own bedroll.

Across the way, near the now snuffed fireplace, I saw the usual suspects gathering. Karlach was already donning her gear, and Gale was preparing his list of spells for the day. Good, they seemed none-the-wiser.

Getting my own gear on was a bit of a trial in and of itself. Bruises adorned my body, especially around my upper thighs; where Shadowheart's weight mostly rested on. I could practically still feel her, grabbing and slamming down on me with reckless abandon. I was surprised my pelvis even survived the encounter, in all honesty.

After slightly limping my way to the snuffed campfire, I gave a pleasantry wave to the two. "Morning everyone. Sorry; I seemed to have overslept a tad."

"That's putting it rather lightly. You were snoring away, like a hog right after dinner! Though, after the events that have transpired over the last few days; I'd say you've well earned a good rest." Gale responded with a chuckle. "That being said, we are missing our fourth. Can't really be a quartet without ol Shadowheart, eh?"

"S a good point, actually. Haven't seen her all morning. She was looking pretty drum the other day, too. Don't think she's the type to just walk out on us...I hope." With worry in her voice, Karlach gave a passing glance over the campsite once more. "Wait, 's that her over there?" I watched as the Tiefling's face went from squinting eyes, to completely wide with shock in a few seconds.

Turning around, I looked over to Shadowheart. There she was, just as muscular, and tall as I remembered her. Perhaps even more so, considering our night of debauchery. It was as if she had grown another inch or so, I was sure of it. Though, the most surprising thing to me was the heavy armor she wore. Surely she would not have managed to fit into her old gear, so how did this come to be?

"Sh-Shadowheart?" Karlach questioned, baffled. I'm not really sure how long it had been since Karlach was able to look anyone at eye-level, let alone Shadowheart. Can't say I blame her.

I noticed Gale take a small glance upwards, only to go back to his spellbook. That was, at least, until he had realized what he had seen – doing a double take. "Shadowheart? Is that really you? By Mythra, what happened? You're as big as...as..."

"As me!" Responded Karlach, giving an approving whistle as she looked her over. A tinge of jealousy stirred within me; something I think Shadowheart noticed. Oddly enough, her response wasn't to toy with me by showing off, but instead, giving me a reassuring smile. I suppose she still had only eyes for me, no matter who else was interested.

Still, she wasn't going to tell them so brazenly as to what happened, was she?

"Hrm? Oh, yes. You see, I had a vision last night. A beautiful one. A Goddess came to me in a dream,

and told me she would grant me great power if I were to show my faith to her. Seems my faith was rewarded.” Motioning to herself, Shadowheart continued. “It's not just my size, nor my strength that has been increased, either. My magic has shown exceptional growth as well. Hence why I was able to even alter my armor to fit my form.”

Scratching his beard, Gale's interest was piqued. Not only him, but Karlach herself even appeared to be considering the idea. “A Goddess that granted you exceptional power, eh? Not one I've ever heard of. However, if what you say is true, then I have two things to tell you: free power is never free, and, how do I join in on the fun?”

An enlarged Gale?...No thank you. That was an image I needed to burn out of my head.

Letting out a laugh, Karlach raised her hand. “Oh, me too! wouldn't mind packing on a bit more onto me. If it did *that* to you, then imagine what it could do for myself.”

I gulped, thinking about the idea of an even more vascular, muscular Karlach. A thought that, again, appeared to get Shadowheart's attention.

“Sorry, it's an exclusive religion. She must pick you. Something that I don't think she would do.” The last line held a tinge of snark within; something that the other two seemed to pick up on. “Regardless, I'm already packed. Been packed, in fact. I don't think I need to even sleep, nor even meditate. Quite the boons this Goddess offers.”

The three of us looked at one another. It was definitely out of character, for sure, but perhaps she was simply trying to fight her trauma. At least, that's what the others looked as if they were postulating. Me, on the other hand, knew what exactly was occurring.

More importantly, I knew what was going to occur.

Stretching, I did my best to break the tension. “Well then, shall we be off?”

I never really minded the walks. A long stretch of time thinking in silence is enough to put things back into focus. That's what I would normally think, but having a gothic woman's plump rear staring at you while she takes point tends to change your perspective.

Still, it was nice to not be at the forefront for once. It made me feel...safe. A feeling I hadn't been able to entertain in quite some time. Though, I knew the bliss wouldn't last. Soon, Shadowheart would ascend to Goddesshood, and then...well, and then whatever she wanted, I suppose.

Too late to change my mind now. Her pack was no doubt already filled to the brim with all the specimens we had collected over our journey.

Surprisingly, Karlach and Gale seemed to adjust much quicker than myself. I suppose their ability to adapt was one of the reasons I even put them as my main team.

Eventually, we could hear the sounds of people barking. Men and women yelling in a mix of joy, anger, and everything in between. Crossing the crest of the hill, we could see it; Baldur's Gate, with Wyrms' Crossing right in front of it.

The wall spanned at least sixty-feet in height, and was made from a dense, sturdy looking flakstone. The buildings that decorated the outskirts were no slouches in terms of sturdiness either; being made up of stone or wood, and reinforced with steel at carefully calculated anchor points.

It truly appeared majestic, as people walked about the area; buying at busy vendors, or enjoying the scenic views and parks. Flaming Fist Guards patrolled the streets, along with several large automaton knights. “Those are new...” I spoke up, pointing to hulking masses of metal.

“Gotta be some updated security system from that bastard. Don't matter none to me; I'll crush em with no problems!” Karlach responded; cracking her knuckles, with a devious grin.

Shadowheart seemed even more invested than our Tiefling; clenching her fists tightly, as if testing her own crushing capabilities. I could hear the sound of her metal gauntlets bending and groaning as her fingers dug into her palms. “I do enjoy your determination, Karlach. However, I intend to be doing most of the crushing here.”

“Sounds like ya want in on the competition, eh? Not a problem! Soldier and I could use a bit of new blood!”

Shadowheart's emerald eyes looked to me in smug satisfaction. “Very well. I see no harm in seeing who has the highest body count by the end of the day.” With that, she continued down the hill.

I gulped, trying to focus on not drawing too much attention whilst we made our way. A hard task to do with a half-elf the size of an Orc.

“I do not wish to waste much more time here. Let us make our way to the lower city entrance.” Shadowheart demanded, pushing aside anyone who would dare stand in front of her. I watched as large, scrupulous individuals would part their groups to let her go by. The air of authority seemed to only tickle her ego further.

It wasn't long before we made our way to the bridge; the entrance to the lower city. However, a problem arose, as several Flaming Fists stood, with another one of those ten-foot tall machines. As we approached, a woman would hold out her hand. “Halt!”

Surprisingly, Shadowheart stopped; though, with a look of malice upon her face. “We are going in. Can we help you?”

“No one is allowed to enter the lower city without proper papers. Present them, or get lost.” The woman glared up to our Cleric; a sneer on her face.

“I-” Before I could say anything, Shadowheart placed her arm in front of me. It seems she wanted to speak on behalf of us; and I reluctantly obeyed.

I could hear a mutter escape her lips. A whisper to me. “Good boy.” My heart nearly leapt out of my chest.

Clearing her throat, Shadowheart continued. “I will be entering, and these are my servants. Well, my lover, and two servants. We have no papers, so I will simply give you an ultimatum: let us enter, or

suffer.”

I nearly choked on my own spit; and I was not the only one it would seem.

“Servants? I ain't servin' anyone anymore. I'm my own woman.” Karlach interjected; punching her chest in pride.

“Servants? News to me. Had I known, I would've worn better boots.” Gale joked, but lifted a finger up to Shadowheart. “However; a warning, Shadowheart: it is not wise to claim something as your own which has a right to be free. A lesson that hits close to home.”

I'm not sure whether I should be offended or glad that no one questioned the 'lover' line...

Shadowheart simply scoffed. “You do not understand yet. That is fine; I can be patient with my comrades. Strangers, however, I feel no sympathy for.”

“Careful now, girly. Ya pick a fight with me, ya pick a fight with the entirety of the Flaming Fist.” The checkpoint soldier threatened; gripping her longsword's hilt.

The automaton, meanwhile, spoke – well, more like threatened. A feminine voice, but artificially so, spoke up. “Potential threat detected. Extermination of hostiles will be dealt with, with utmost scrutiny, should the threat level rise any higher. Recommendation: turn away, citizen.”

“Very well, then I suppose here is just as good as anywhere else.” Reaching into her pack, I watched in awe as Shadowheart pulled out a large bottle, which vibrated softly in her hand.

“My Gods...” I mumbled, astonished at what I saw before me. It seems that Shadowheart had taken all the tadpoles, and placed them into one container.

Before any of us could do anything, Shadowheart opened it in one swift motion; letting them all wriggle into her. “Now, watch me ASCEND!”

“Whoah, hol' up there, Shadowheart!” Karlach screamed, attempting to wrangle the woman back by gripping her shoulders.

The Fist was quick to act, taking her blade out. “Whatever the hells is going on here; I'm putting a stop to it!” With a mighty thrust, the woman's blade penetrated Shadowheart's armor, hitting her right in her namesake. Blood trickled down from her chest, as Shadowheart coughed.

“No!” I screamed, trying to wrangle Karlach away. It was no use though, I was made for speed, and Karlach was much stronger than myself.

“S-Soldier, stop! She's obviously not right in the head! M-maybe we can find a way to-” A sudden shockwave sent everyone around tumbling. Everyone, that is, except for myself, who instead, felt a crushing weight above me, forcing me to my knees.

I looked up, only to see Shadowheart's head tilted upright. The sword within her chest was slowly being pushed out, eventually, falling to the ground. “Heh...” A small chuckle from Shadowheart.

“Heheheh...ahaha....AHAHAHAHA!”

I gawked as Shadowheart opened her eyes; her pupils completely aglow with magic. Then, I could hear it; the sound was like rocks crushing rocks. A luscious moan escaped Shadowheart's lips as her stature began to morph.

“MMMM!~ YES!~” Giving a flex, Shadowheart's arms broke free of her vambraces. Snaps of chainmail was alight throughout the entirety of her body! The sight of her arms being free revealed dense forearms, which were only growing more powerful by the second. Veins pumped enhanced blood throughout her system, as they swelled from thirteen inches around, to a muscular twenty four! Then forty! Soon, it looked like she had wagon-wheels for forearms, which was nothing compared to her biceps.

“SO MUCH ECSTASY!~ I FEEL UNSTOPPABLE!~” The ground quaked as the ten-foot tall woman took a long stride to the equally tall automaton. Extending her arm out, she would grip its head, slowly applying more and more pressure. I watched as her biceps gorged on the power of the tadpoles. The chunky mound of beef became more and more pronounced as she grew stronger. “Hrmnn!~ Bigger! I would say this size is too small for someone as GRAND as me!~” With a howl of degenerate glee, Shadowheart looked to her bicep, which again, began to inflate and pump. Soon it went from thirty-inches to fifty! Then above even that!

Each slow gurgle of growth made her appear more and more absolute. Her biceps were already huge in relation to her body, but as her form expanded, they were larger than I was tall!

The automaton stood no chance as it was crushed within her deadly grip. Her other hand would then proceed to pick it up from the legs, having her slowly flatten it with her stone-like hands. I gasped as the entire thing exploded into a fireball-esc haze, which did not even dent her now colossal twenty-five foot form!

“Feels like scrap to me! Everything feels just so PUNY!” Her chest-plates quickly snapped away, revealing a bouncing, undulating, soft ocean of pure titflesh. Her skin radiated divinity; like silk against sunlight, which only made her six-pack abdominals look even more grand. “Still TOO SMALL!~”

I watched as everyone else finally got their bearings, but only a little too light. The Fists looked to each other; the Captain pointing her hand towards the titanic Shadowheart. “Soldiers! Stop her before she gets too large!”

The sixteen or so guards launched a volley of attacks. A mix of arrows and magic were shot out, only to hit against Shadowheart's massive thighs. Thighs that made tree trunks look shameful. Pillars of absolute girth that continued to expand outwards.

“Hrm? Oh, I'm sorry, did some roaches decide to fight? I see no issue with self-defense, then.” Looking down, Shadowheart's smile was predatory. I backed away, as did Gale and Karlach.

“Mngf!~” Another growth spurt, this one much larger than before! I watched as Shadowheart's body enhanced into sixty-five feet of pure muscle and feminine beauty! “HAHAHA!~ Mngf!~ I should have done this sooner! Now then, let's see if you can even handle this divine rear!” Watching her turn herself around, I braced myself as Shadowheart did the simple action of slapping her ginormous rear.

It was like an upcast shatter spell had gone off. Windows exploded, the ground trembled. What's more, I saw the Fists take the brunt of the hit. They were not launched, no, instead, I watched as the impact itself completely turned them into a red mist. A paste.

“HAHAHAHA! EVEN A SLAP OF MY GLORIOUS REAR WAS TOO MUCH!~ WHAT SAY YOU, ALMIGHTY BALDUR'S GATE?” A colossal step broke several chunks of ground under the mighty Shadowheart as she expanded once again. Her back became ridges and mounds of muscle, which compiled over one another. Her traps became house-sized bumps, with glorious lats that were more defined than the stonework of even the best statues.

Shadowheart's frame grew to one-hundred and twenty feet. Her breasts, two heaving mounds that could easily take up entire neighborhoods, yet swayed with delicacy and grace. At this point, people were screaming; crowds were gathering, and people were all watching in mixed emotions.

“Blood Hells, what is she gonna do?!” Karlach asked, taking a step back. I should have probably done the same, but it appears that I was enjoying the show too much to consider my own health.

“I'm afraid we're going to find out.” Gale responded.

“NOW THEN, LET US SEE HOW MIGHTY YOU ARE IN COMPARISON TO MY GREATNESS! ~” With a simple bend forward, we all watched as Shadowheart's breasts landed upon the wall of Baldur's Gate itself; the stonework breaking apart into large chunks under the intense mass. “BREAK FOR ME!~” Shadowheart commanded; lifting herself up, and repeating the destructive process once more. This time, the entirety of the sixty-foot wall broke apart; pieces flying all throughout the area.

I saw several tons of stone fly into homes, or unlucky onlookers, turning them into little more than red paint.

“MORE POWER!~ I DEMAND IT ALL!~” Shadowheart's body continued to grow larger and larger. Her dense muscles becoming monoliths of energy, which spanned over several city blocks. Her calves at this point were larger than the door to Baldur's Gate itself, and her body was ascending above the clouds!

An aura of pure purple energy began to surround her, her feminine form becoming even more irresistible as she fed on the power of the worms. Soon, her cascading shadow moved over the entirety of the land for several miles. “YES!~ YOU ALL ARE SO SMALL COMPARED TO ME!~ BUT IT'S NOT ENOUGH!~”

With a sway of her mighty hand, I felt myself become weaker and weaker. It appeared that I was not the only one; as everyone began to fall to their knees. Gale himself appearing exceptionally weak. “Shadowheart, what are you doing?” I asked, barely conscious.

“AH, LOVER, DO NOT WORRY. I AM SIMPLY TAKING THE WEAVE ITSELF FOR MY OWN PLEASURE. MAGIC ITSELF WILL SOON BE MINE TO COMMAND! I FEEL MYSTRA HERSELF FIGHTING MY GRASP, BUT WATCH AS I OVERTAKE HER!~”

Thousands upon thousands of beams of ethereal light moved to the several-mile tall woman. Pure magic...pure weave. As they moved into her, Shadowheart's orgasmic bliss could be heard radiating for miles; perhaps even the entire plane.

“YESSSS!~ IT'S ALL MINE!~ ALL THE MAGIC!~ ALL THE DIVINITY!~ FEED ME!~ MAKE ME A GODDESS OF GODSSSS!~” Veins of pure magic flowed within her body as she became more and more perfectly powerful. It was hard to focus, as if the entire world was changing around me.

I soon felt the realm begin to split, as the only thing I could see of Shadowheart was her calves, which expanded the entirety of the sky. Eventually, however, it was too much for me. My vision slowly faded, hearing only her voice. “Sleep well, lover...”

I soon woke up in a panic. The world around me appeared to be the same, but different. It was... hazy; misty. Was I even in the same plane anymore? Was this a mirrored version of the world I once knew? I looked to the sky above, and what I saw was...immense.

A rear, I think? It appeared to cover the expanse of the skyline; discolored from the amount of distance which it had to be. I could see moons in front of it; stars even. Yet, regardless, it was still the biggest overlooking object I saw. I was not able to discern the crest of it, instead, it lay over the land like a planet of planets. “My Gods...”

“That's Goddess to you...~” I heard in my head. I felt a tinge of pain; a dizzying high. The voice was a symphony of beauty. A melody of perfection, no, even beyond perfection.

“Ah, sorry. I am still becoming accustomed to ultimate power. It's...fantastical! Everything I've wanted, and beyond. My arms expand beyond the astral plane itself. My voice resonates with everything in existence. I can feel my breasts destroying and creating countless universes. It's...intoxicating!~ Yet, I still crave more. The endless power will always be growing within me. I shall always be expanding. My intellect and magic dwarf even Gods. And it's all thanks to you.”

I felt myself shiver. “I have not forgotten our agreement. Now then, I will ask you one last time: have you fallen for me yet?”