

## SPOILERS FOR BALDUR'S GATE 3 AHEAD!

**[NOTE: This is a WIP Story. As such, anything below is subject to change, and has not been proof-read as of yet.]**

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!”

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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 rest- "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 bigger."

"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 legs.  
“MNRGNNN!~”