

Synopsis: Free from Mother Viconia, Shadowheart tries to live her life as a new woman until she's captured and brought back to the one place she never wanted to return to.

Shadowheart missed traveling with companions.

It was a realization she came to relatively soon after everything happened in Baldur's Gate. She knew she was going to be traveling with them forever, but now that they went their separate ways, she also realized how much that time they spent together actually meant to her. But, she made do anyway.

Sure, she might have been lonely but she wasn't going to delude herself into that she would never find friends like that again. When she was following Shar, that's when she would believe something as ridiculous as that. Plus, with a new look on life, her demeanor lighter than it's ever been, things seemed hopeful. Although, one aspect of being alone that she didn't like in any case was the lack of anyone being on watch throughout the night.

Not only did she have to worry about the wild beasts that roamed the area, man or animal, but after the nightmare that was the House of Grief, she had to worry about rabid Shar followers who would love to make an example out of her. But she was trained by Viconia herself, so she had the capabilities to defend herself from any wide-eyed newcomer who thought they could get the jump on her.

But as exhaustion began to set in, and Shadowheart's eyes grew heavy, she knew she couldn't stay awake for long.

She needed to be more alert than ever now that she was alone. So, after finishing up her meal, she put out her camp fire and tucked into her tent. Of course, not before setting up several traps in the area. But once the cleric knew for certain that she was safe, she found herself finally beginning to doze off, unaware of the figures that made their way toward her.

They moved through the night like they were the shadows themselves. Silently, they didn't even make any sound as they approached Shadowheart's tent. It wasn't because they were ghosts or demons. They were Sharran Fidelians, some of the order's finest spell casters.

Once they were close enough, they all stood on one side of a tent and prepared a spell. That alone guaranteed the spell was going to be powerful enough to get the job done, but it was the spell itself they chose that was the final part of all of this.

Thunderwave.

One moment, Shadowheart's dozing off, the next she's hurdling through the air in her tent. She doesn't even have time to scream before she crashes down into the ground.

As she begins to pass out, she listens as footsteps approach. The last thing she hears, however, is what scares her down to her very core.

"Grab the traitor."

Shadowheart stirred.

She thought she was back with the group, figuring how the tadpole issue while dealing with the cult of the Absolute. It was such a dangerous time and yet, Shadowheart found a smile curling across her lips the more she believed hse was there. There was almost a certain kind of peace to it, that helped ease the burdens that had been haunting her mind.

"Mnnnnh...."

Shadowheart murmurs when she begins to feel how frim she was laying on actually was. As her mind slowly came back to her, she remembered going into her tent into the night, after that....

"Gods...."

The cleric's eyes snap open with both terror and outrage as she sits up on the stone surface she was on. She was in a small stone room. A purple flame hanging from the top of the room bathed everything in its suffocating light, Shadowheart included who noticed that she was no longer wearing her armor. She was back in her old Sharran robes.

"No!"

Shadowheart yells before she goes to tear the clothes off. The way the fabric snugly hugged her body, at the same time keeping her assets whorishly on display. She couldn't be back here. She escaped Viconia. She escaped Shar. She couldn't be back here again! But she could feel it in the air. The dampness of dread making it hard to breathe while sweat begins to bead at her forehead from the humidity in the room. She was trapped inside the House of Grief.

But as she struggled, her eyes noticed a mirror in the corner of the room. Shadowheart looked wide eyed at her reflection, more specifically her hair.

It was black again.

"YOU SICK-"

Shadowheart was about to start screaming to nobody when the door to the room suddenly opened and in walked Viconia Devir. The air seemed to freeze over in that brief moment as her eyes look over toward Shadowheart, who finds herself back to being that devoted acolyte in that brief moment before she gets a hold of herself.

"Shadowheart."

"Viconia."

Both women greet each other formally. They stare at each other closely, studying the others movement for any kind of tell. Viconia feels a surprising swell of pride in that moment. She taught Shadowheart so well. But as to be expect, the once devoted acolyte of Lady Shar lets out a furious roar and charges at someone who she once thought to be her mother. But the moment her fist is about to make contact with the smug Drow's face, a burst of power and pain rips throug her hand.

"GAH!"

Shadowheart screams as she collapses down to the ground, clutching at the hand that continued to simmer with power. It was Shar. Her grip was back over her, stronger than ever.

"W-What did you do-"

Viconia lets out a haughty laugh as she circles Shadowheart while she continues writhing on the ground.

"When you left the House of Grief, saved Baldur's Gate, and went on your merry way, did you really think there wouldn't be any consequences?"

"N-Nnnnnh-Not really.... I knew you twisted fanatics would come after me sooner or later, most likely while I was on my own. S-So, what now, are you going to back to trying to force me to be your successor?"

Shadowheart knew the deal as she forced herself to rise to her knees before the woman she thought was cruel, but was still her mother, that was, until she learned the truth. From the very beginning, when she left the House of Grief with her friends, she knew Viconia would come back for her. But something was different here, Viconia didn't look down at her like she was right on the mark, in fact, with the following haughty laugh that rumbled out of her, she quickly realized that she was quite wrong.

"No. That chance has long since passed. You will now serve as an example. More specifically, what happens to traitors to our lady. It will be a slow and painful process, but that is the price you pay when you turn your back on our lady."

Viconia begins undoing her robes, already setting off alarms in Shadowheart head especially since she was down on her knees before her.

"P-Please. Don't make me-"

"You lost your choice when you refused to kill the Nightsong. Now not only will your body pay the price, but so will your dignity."

At that, Viconia's cock comes flopping free, smacking the shocked cleric in the face with its sheer weight. But once she looks at it, she's terrified to see its massive girth on total display. A bitch breaker if there ever was one, it stood at a staggering 11 inches hard with the bulbous tip leaking out a steady stream of pre that dribbles down onto Shadowheart's legs.

"No!-"

Before Shadowheart could get another shout out, Viconia seized her by the hair, more specifically her high pony tail. She tried to resist afterward like anyone else would, but her hand suddenly erupts with that same pain that immobilized her initially. She goes to let out another scream, but Viconia only takes that chance to plug her cock past her lips, then from there, she thrusts the rest down her throat until Shadowheart's nose came bumping up against the thin stubble of white pubic hair at the base of Viconia's cock.

"Yes! It seems your mouth- ngh! Has found a better use than your petulant whining. Now- take- your- mother's- cock!"

Each word from that last sentence came with a thrust from Viconia. Oh how she relished the feeling of Shadowheart's throat clenching around her cock. She could feel the way it twitched and spasmed as it struggled to take it all. Meanwhile, Shadowheart herself gurgles disgusting waves of spit and phlegm that messily leak out of the corners of her lips before spilling down even further.

"GGGRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRLLLLLLLLGGGGGGG!!!!"

Shadowheart screams around Viconia's cock. She might have hated the woman, but she still once knew her as Mother Superior, someone she looked up to almost as a parental figure in those horrible years since the forest incident. Which made it all the more horrifying for the cleric that she was even capable of doing something like this to her of all people, at the same time, feeling her skin crawl with arousal mixed with disgust as her tastebuds and sense of smell are utterly overwhelmed by the monster that was Viconia's dick.

"All these years.... Mnnnh! I spent watching you grow into this.... Womanly body of yours. NNNnnh! You filthy little thing, trying to tease your own mother!"

Viconia moans. Already she was swinging her hips back and forth as widely as she possibly could. Her dark grey member was almost like a blur as she finally held nothing back. Her balls clenched meanwhile as they slapped against the cleric's chin, adding that extra layer of humiliation that Viconia was looking for once she gave the order to her loyal followers to return the lost sheep to the flock.

Shadowheart hated it but it was something that Viconia needed as she continued to moan with one hand still gripping her pony tail down below while the other begins undoing the rest of her robe. Soon allowing her sizeable double d tits to bounce out, along with the nipple piercings that glimmered under the light of the purple fire above. But to Shadowheart and Viconia themselves, their entire worlds were what was going on in that moment.

Shadowheart was mortified as that glowing pain in her hand burned as hot as it could before finally going out. But by then, she was far from having any energy or any chance of control with Viconia already pounding her hips away. With what little strength she had left, she tried fighting back. But with the lady of loss behind her, Shar, Viconia was an unstoppable force of repressed lust unrepressed that came in the form of scraping her massive cock around the inside of her throat.

"Lady Shar will- ngggh!- Teach you many thing in the coming months. We ALL have many things to teach you.~"

Viconia huffs as she reaches her limit. She had abstained from any form of pleasure for the last few weeks for this exact coming moment. It sent another pulse of arousal through her cock, all the way down to her balls which continue to endlessly bash up against the cleric's chin. It felt so good that the Drow even hunched over the head of someone she hated yet lusted after so dearly.

"GRLK! GLRLK! RRRLK! GGRRLK! RRRLKGLK! GRRRLK! GRAALK!"

Shadowheart meanwhile couldn't even bring her hands up to grab at Viconia's thighs. Shar's hold on her almost had her immoblie while her face was battered in several times over by the cock that would permantly burn itself in her memory once all of this was over. It fueled the cleric's hatred that she would have more trauma given to her by this horrible woman, but she also knew this wasn't over. Even while the cock slamming down her face

nearly made her vomit, she knew that Viconia also knew that this was only the start of things.

But Viconia was going to enjoy herself in the meantime as her pleasure finally peaked and she groans as her balls dump their contents down Shadowheart's throat. A throat that twitches and strains every second Viconia had her cock lodged down her gullet, of course, by design as she leaves herself fully hilted, balls against her chin, nose pressed into waist before the flow finally stops. Even then, she takes her time looking down at Shadowheart, who struggles desperately from the lack of air enough to the point that her eyes begin to water.

She looked pathetic, but Viconia could still see it. That defiance that would soon be broken.

"I am delighted to know you won't be breaking easily. It would be- nmmn- such a shame given everything Lady Shar has in store for you."

Shadowheart furrows her brow and lets out one final choked gag before Viconia wrenches herself free, stepping to the side as well so that the cleric could collapse forward as she fills her lungs with air. The Drow meanwhile, pulls out a piece of cloth that she then uses to wipe her cock dry before stuffing it back into her robe.

"Here."

Viconia drops the cloth once she's done with it down to Shadowheart, who manages to catch her breath. She turns to look at the cloth as it falls into her view, and when she turns to look at it, she recognizes what it is, even as it's covered in a layer of throat slime and cum.

"My mother's-"

"Your mother's handkerchief. Yes, the same mother you let die so that you could be further deluded by Selune's influence. Not a lot of good that did it seems."

Viconia's voice drips with smugness and Shadowheart lets out a rage-filled roar as she turns to attack her. But just like before, her hand erupts in pain as Shar's overwhelming

power flows through every fiber of her being. Something she shouldn't be able to do. Selune should have been able to protect her.

"She isn't here, my broken pet."

A new voice echoes through Shadowheart's mind. The pain in her hand is soon replaced by a something shifting deep inside her, like her very soul itself was being torn into.

"I have brought you closer than ever to my domain, far enough that her light won't be able to reach even you."

It was unbearable. Everything was unbearable. But through the agony that rocked her very being, another swell of rage blossomed through Shadowheart's mind that pushed her to fight.

"NNNNGGHHHH!!!! I-I'LL NEVER FALL TO YOU! N-NEVER AGAIN!"

Shadowheart roars. Soon after, the feeling is gone and she collapses down to the ground, a sweaty, violated, exhausted heap.

"You say that now, but we haven't even shown you to your new quarters."

Viconia's voice echoes above and Shadowheart can feel her body force her back up to her feet. The aches and pains in her body, combined with the rough control made her wince but she still stood defiant against Viconia, staring her dead in the eye. The Drow, however, is all too happy to meet her gaze since there was the fact that her stomach was now full of her cum.

"Oh, don't look at me like that, girl. You're hardly frightening after the work you did with your mouth."

Shadowheart sneers but chooses not to say anything. Her thoughts on the other hand were already working away figuring out what she would do to Viconia once she escaped.

Shadowheart tried not to look nervous as she followed after Viconia.

She didn't recognize where they were. The circular tunnels they walked through were of Drow design with dark grey stone being illuminated by glowing grey lights. If Shadowheart didn't know that they were at the very least far beneath the House of Grief, she would have assumed she was in one of the hollowed out stalagmite homes in Menzoberranzan. It would have been nothing Shadowheart herself couldn't handle if it wasn't for the path itself.

The path rose from the shimmering black water in a series of square platforms. Shadowheart couldn't tell how deep it was, that and combined with the fact that she still didn't know how to swim and that confidence she once had was beginning to wain. It was made worse by the fact that the path itself fell back into the water. She had to keep close to the woman that had just raped her face sickeningly enough. But all Viconia would have to do is simply push Shadowheart into the water, and that would be it.

With her being this deep within Shar's shadows, the cleric was practically harmless with no access to anything that she could use to help herself. All she had were these Sharran robes that she desperately wanted to tear off her skin. But she knew in the long run it would be better to have something actually cover herself with, especially when they went through door that let into a larger room.

In the middle of the room was a single square platform surrounded on all sides by water. It made Shadowheart's blood run cold as Viconia leads her forward, more path rising from the water until they come to the singular square.

"Here we are, girl. Your new home."

Viconia forces Shadowheart onto the platform.

"You can't be serious."

Shadowheart gawks, eyes falling down to the softly flowing water down below. But when she turns back toward Viconia, she had already stepped away with the platform sinking into the water behind her.

"W-Wait!"

Shadowheart shouts as she tries to leap to Viconia's spot but the moment she's about to do it, it was already too late.

"Y-You can't just leave me here!"

Viconia stops midstep and turns back around to face her.

"I won't. But I suppose since I'm here, I should explain a few things. Don't worry, it's all relatively benign for a simple sort such as yourself."

Viconia makes her way back toward Shadowheart but stops a few platform squares away. Frustratingly enough still farther than the cleric could jump.

"If you want to pay penance back to Lady Shar, such efforts, shall we say, will be rewarded."

As Viconia talks, a platform on either side, in front, and behind her rise from the water, giving her more space.

"But if you continue to be disruptive and disobedient, punishments will be dealt out including...."

Viconia trails off as ALL platforms begin to sink into the water.

"NO!"

Shadowheart scrambles as water laps over her platform as it slowly sinks inky dark abyss below. The cleric had faced demons, mindflayers, and even gods on occasion. But her heart nearly beats out of her chest at the prospect of drowning, flailing around in the water, and looking up toward Viconia who only meets her desperation with another lust/hate filled sneer.

"MOTHER! DON'T DO THIS! PLEASE!"

Shadowheart screams, the words coming out of her on instinct but they end up having the effect she was looking for as the platform suddenly stops and slowly rises back up, minus the extra platforms she had for that brief sweet moment. Not that it mattered, she soon realized her verbal mistake and instantly wished she had drowned. Meanwhile, she could almost hear the Viconia face grow as that wave of satisfaction hits her.

"Very good. Perhaps breaking you back in will be easier than I thought."

With Shadowheart having a single platform, Viconia turns around and leaves her ashamed, undignified, and most satisfyingly of all, the taste of her thick Drow cock and her thick spunk still on her tongue. The cleric tried to hide her stifled sobs as she collapsed into a heap, exhausted and violated. She knew Viconia heard somehow however as she soon begins laughing, filling the hollowed halls of this hell with her echoing amusement.

Shadowheart eventually began to calm down.

Prayers to Selune helped ease some of the mental burden, even if she couldn't feel her grace. Being limited to a single platform didn't help either with Shar keeping her company with regular bursts of pain through her hand, always when she was about to fall asleep. But she could also tell Shar was sustaining her as well.

What felt like days passed by in a blur, but Shadowheart had no need for food or water. It was damn near maddening as she sat there in silence, waiting for Viconia return. Viconia was a new thing in of herself to her now as well. She couldn't get the feeling of her cock lodged down her throat, the disgusting taste, and the absolute humiliation out of her mind. Sometimes she screamed to try and quiet chaos in her mind, but at some point, Shar always corrected her behavior with another burst of pain through her hand.

But throughout it all, Shadowheart still had one thing.

Hope.

The Mindflayer experience had opened her eyes in ways most couldn't even dream of. She's also beaten Shar once before and by the Gods she will do it again.

Shadowheart wondered if her friends would come looking for her. Why would they? They all went their separate ways. Perhaps they might wonder where she went, they might have even investigated if she hadn't been taken while isolated in the forest. With that, it was a matter of her simply being careless and dying in the middle of the forest, her body amongst countless others unclaimed. Selune herself wouldn't even know where she was.

It was really up to her. Wasn't it?

As that thought sinks into her mind, more path begins to rise up from the water, leading her back out of the room.

Viconia?

Probably. From that she considered simply staying put but like always, Shar was quick to get her walking, step by step making her way forward through new tunnels and ways as she's navigated through nothing short of a labyrinth. It felt like another nail in the coffin of an already screwed situation. The only real choice she had was to see what Viconia had in store for her and see how she could adapt.

As she finishes mulling that over, the path leads her through a door that when opens, a wave of warm steam comes pouring out. It choked Shadowheart as she made her way forward with the stone around her shifting to have places to sit. She also found that the steam was coming up from the ground, only then with the dark stone and dim lighting did Shadowheart realize she was basically walking through a Drow version of a sauna, and at the center of it, was Viconia.

She lay out across the wide stone ledge. No longer was she adorned in her robes, every part of her body from her large flacid grey cock that already oozed out a bead of pre from its bulbous tip, to her large chest and pierced nipples. She seemed to thrive in the thick steam that Shadowheart struggled to inhale and soon enough, her piercing gaze looks toward her after awaiting her much-anticipated arrival.

"Not that many people around, not surprised. You don't exactly have a sincerely magnetic personality. AGH!"

Shadowheart's snark earns her another burst of pain from Shar, who forces her down to her knees.

"Strip yourself, girl. Unless you would prefer heat stroke."

Shadowheart knows Viconia's right even though she knew where getting naked would lead her. But with another blast from Shar looming over her, Shadowheart opted to just get it over with and pulls off her robes, revealing her naked body that she tries to hide with her arms and hands.

"Come. Join me."

Viconia gestures Shadowheart over and she makes her way over, trying to stay defiant even while following her command until she takes a seat right next to her. From there, she could feel her perverted eyes scan over her body as she tries to maintain some level of dignity. She was amused by it, it also turned her on as she turns her attention down toward Shadowheart's chest.