

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 its 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 firm 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 through 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 sense 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 espiciacally 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.

“GGGRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRLLLLLLLLLGGGGGGG
!!!!”

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 immobile while her face was battered in several times over by the cock that would permanently 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 at 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 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 its 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 Selûne'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. Selûne 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 teh 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 hardly frighting after the work you did with your mouth.”

Shadowheart sneers but chooses not to say anything. Her thoughts on the otherhand was 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. With walls of said room being sculpted and carved to honor both Shar and her deeds.

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 Selûne 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. Selûne 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. It was enough that she quickly pulled her into her lap instead of sitting beside her.

"There we are, right where you were always supposed to be. It's also wonderful to see how much you've.... Grown into this mature body of yours."

Viconia's voice rings out smug as her hands quickly begin to roam Shadowheart's curvaceous frame. That combined with what she said made the cleric shiver nervously as she also experiences the unmistakable sensation of feeling the drow's cock press up against her pussy.

Already erect, it was ready to get down to pounding already but Shadowheart herself knew Viconia would want to build up to something like that. And that she did as she turned her attention back toward her chest and her plump pair of breasts.

“Allow me to savor the fruits of your labor, girl.”

Viconia smiles before moving her head downward to Shadowheart’s chest. The cleric tried to prepare herself for what was about to come next, but even then, she couldn’t help but let out a short pathetic whimper when the drow began sucking at her tits, hungrily, lustfully. It made her stir uncomfortably and try to bite back any further moans that might have breached her lips, but as Viconia began to suck and nibble at the sensitive pieces of flesh, it was like trying to stop a flood with a sponge.

“Mnnnnh.~ Slurrrrp!~”

Viconia hums happily. The taste of Shadowheart’s flesh combined with her salty sweat drove her even more wild with arousal, making her bitch breaker all the more eager to get down to work already. But after working under Shar long enough, Viconia knew a thing or two about self-control and managed to hold herself to such a standard that had all of her focus on her disobedient disciples plump breasts. Even then, she worked with such skill as she went between sucking on both buds on her chest until her nipples were fully erect. From there, when she sucked and nibbled on one tit, she groped the other with a firm grip that made the cleric stir even more uncomfortably if that was even possible.

Shadowheart could only imagine bringing down a mace into the horrible woman’s head for what she had done. It gave her some peace when arousal flooded into her body from her chest. She wanted to deny it, pretend that Viconia’s efforts weren’t working. But whether it’d be due to Shar’s interference, or if Viconia was just that good with her mouth, the poor cleric’s fate remained the same as she could feel her cock pressing harder and harder up against her entrance. After the throat fucking, which her throat was still sore from, she knew it would have only been a matter of time until it got to this point, and now here she was, gritting her teeth and glaring down at the woman she almost considered her mother once as she drives her up the wall with pleasure and pressure.

Soon enough, however, with a pop of her lips, Viconia pulls her mouth free from Shadowheart’s chest when both of her nipples were finally erect. She looked satisfied at her work, if only for a moment, before finally turning back toward the cleric who herself managed to catch her breath as well after being driven to such a heavy point of arousal.

“Hmm.~ Despite your insolence, Shadowheart, I believe you still have a place among our- nnnf-ranks.”

Viconia grunts as she shifts Shadowheart over to sit directly on her lap. With one hand, she keeps the cleric in close while with the other, she reaches down slides her cock up against her

pussy in a much more comfortable position than before. At least, it was comfortable for Viconia while for Shadowheart on the otherhand, she had to fight the tears that welled up in her eyes as she oh-so desperately wished she was anywhere else at that point.

"I-I'll never join you- Ah!"

Shadowheart's words are cut off with a moan when Viconia's cock finally punctures past her folds. It sends a jolt of powerful arousal through her body, making her go rigid while also making the ability to stay calm nearly impossible when the drow slowly begins lowering her down, skewering her pussy even further across her member bit by bit, all without a comfortable amount of lube.

"You say that now. But once we are done with you, you'll be begging for Shar's embrace soon enough. Ungh!~"

Viconia grunts as her member sinks deeper inside Shadowheart's pussy. Her cock cut through the cleric's cunt like a katana, almost like she fucked her a million times before. But both Shadowheart and her Mother Superior both knew this was the first time they had gotten this close. It was a fact that disgusted Shadowheart as much as it could while her own arousal continues to build even further as Viconia keeps her sinking all the way down until she was fully hilted inside her.

"F-Fuuuuuuck!"

Shadowheart hated how pathetic her voice sounded when it came rumbling out of her. Viconia on the otherhand, loved every second of it as her face was right up against the cleric's pale breasts. It was the place she always wanted to be with the cleric as she returned her mouth back down to her teets, continuing to nibble and suck away while also dragging the poor woman in her arms all the way back up. Of course, not before reaching down a hand to slap her across the ass, leaving behind a handprint while the loud smack echoed through the halls of this underground nightmare.

"I always knew you'd be better here, serving me, than being out there. What's the saying- nnnf!- Mother is always right?"

"S-Shut up!"

Sweat beamed across Shadowheart's face. She knew how it sounded. Like someone on the verge of losing their mind. But she couldn't help it. The arousal in her body swelled alongside the cock inside her as it pushed all the way up against her cervix. The feeling of which was damn near indescribable as the thick grey rubbery head of her member felt like it was trying to go even further than that. Thankfully, nothing like that came to pass while she was in Viconia's arms. Instead, with her grip still firmly around her, the drow slowly pulls Shadowheart up.

“Help me out here, girl. Or else I’ll be having my way with that little rear of yours.”

Viconia’s was being truthful in her threat and it sparked another wave of dread throughout Shadowheart. She knew her ass was going to get rearranged eventually if she didn’t escape this place soon enough, but she knew the longer she could put it off, the better. Even if it burned what was left of her dignity, the cleric relented and “helped” lift herself up so Viconia’s cock could slide out of her all the way to the point that the thick head remained.

“Very good! Your learning your place already.”

Viconia’s praise does more for Shadowheart than she would ever admit. She thought she was past that point of looking for praise from such a horrible woman. Shar had to have been affecting her on a deeper level than she thought, which only made it more concerning that she might indeed end up losing herself after everything she sacrificed to escape this damned place. But those thoughts are swiftly lost when Shar sends a bolt of energy through her hand, causing her to shout and lose her footing. From there, it goes as you would expect as Shadowheart falls back down onto Viconia’s cock, roughly going all the way until she viciously bottoms out against her cervix once again.

“You will be relearning everything you have forgotten. Lady Shar may be a cruel teacher- nnnf!- But, as you will soon find it, the Goddess can be a cruel teacher as much as a loving one. Now.... Nnnnf! Take it!”

Shadowheart had a hard time understanding what Viconia meant in that moment. Her arousal had her mind fried to the nine hells and back, but another quick shock from Shar had her quickly getting down to bouncing herself up and down across Viconia’s cock. With the Goddess of darkness and loss only ever letting up her discipline when the cleric effectively worked herself up and down across Viconia’s length.

The hot steam in the sauna only made things worse as each gasp of air Shadowheart took into her lungs while her pussy was filled choked her and made it all the harder to focus on the task at hand. Which in of itself earned Shadowheart another shock from Shar, if this entire situation wasn’t already hellish enough. At least hellish for her, Viconia on the otherhand, took the cock milking with ease as she leaned back and allowed her to work, at the same time, getting an eye full of her bouncing breasts right in front of her face.

“Good girl.... Oh.... Yes!.... Keep trying to please your mother, just like that.”

Viconia moans as Shadowheart rides her cock to the best of her abilities. Having Shar in her corner really did make things a whole lot easier for her. The cleric was always.... Spirited in a way that always got under the drow’s skin. Now that she was under her’s as her cock brutally bashed and thrashed the inside of her once perfect pussy. It made Shadowheart almost wish for death if she wasn’t already fillked with so much rage in that moment as she peered down at Viconia’s smug gaze. Watching with great satisfaction as someone so proud debases herself

across her disgusting albeit pleasurable cock, with the only lube being the wetness that quickly comes from Shadowheart's cunt.

That wetness came from an arousal that was impossible to hide. Every time the massive thing came bashing up against her cervix, her pussy spasmed around her while also clenching down tight. It was one of the most horrible things Shadowheart ever had to feel, to be fucked in such a way by someone who raised her. She would have screamed if all of her focus hadn't been solely on bouncing up and down on her cock along with keeping herself from squirting like a whore. All the while, Viconia's hands trailed across her body, grabbing at her ass and squeezing it tightly between her fingers.

"Unf! Don't tell me your struggling already, Shadowheart. If you can't perform a simple action such as this, then I'm afraid you- mnn!- you won't be prepared for your trials to come. Anh.~ Perhaps that's what you desire, as your recompense to our Lady. Hah! That or your just a slut, deep down, nothing more, nothing less."

"S-Shut up!- Angh!"

Shadowheart couldn't help it. She snapped back at Viconia, which only earns her another shock from Shar, a shock hard enough to send her falling back onto the floor. Where from then, Viconia rises to her feet, looking disappointed in her. Something that shouldn't have filled her with as much dread as it did. But already she could feel her mind acclimating back to the complete obedience and devotion that guided her before she realized who she actually was.

"Filthy little thing, you don't even deserve to clean my cock."

Viconia spits. Meanwhile, her hand rapidly strokes herself off. A thick line of viscous seed leaks out of her cock while she uses her other hand to grab Shadowheart by the hair. The cleric fought all she could but while in her position, she could do nothing BUT panic when she sees Viconia's cock, slick with her sweat and glistening her nectar, swinging her way. And in her terror, she spat out the first insult that came to mind.

"Viscious bitch!"

SMACK

Mother Superior slaps Shadowheart hard enough across the face to send her back down into the floor. The ear on the side of her face that got slapped even rang just from how hard of it hit it was. But with the position she was in, Viconia took the chance she had to stand over her disobedient disciple and firmly push her foot down on the side of her face. Shar, like the terrifying deity she was, topped it off with a shock to the hand. Just a brief jolt to get her to shout before Viconia pressed her foot down even harder.

She takes the time to really grind it in, making Shadowheart groan as she writhed about underneath her.

“Your lucky I don’t find you disposable enough to lick my feet. Perhaps that role would better suit your friend, Tav, was it?”

“NNNnngh! Don’t you DARE hurt them!-Nnngah!”

“Oh, but what better way to show your failure than to display the one who let you astray in the first place.”

Shadowheart goes to spit out a response but Viconia grinds her foot in further.

“We already know of her location. I see where you learned such independence. But soon enough, we’ll have her brought here. When? Well, we wouldn’t want to ruin the surprise, would we?”

“GGGAAAAH!!!!”

Shadowheart manages to get out one last shout before Viconia moves her foot off her face and replaces it with her ass. Almost immediately smothering her to the point that she couldn’t breathe, all the while, her nose was pressed up against the drow’s taint and balls while her mouth below that was pressed into her rear-hole. On instinct, she kept her lips shut, but all that prompted Viconia to do was grind herself down even further against her.

“MMNNGGGRRRRHHHHHHH!!!!”

The cleric fought as viciously as she could. She called upon power, any power at all to give her the chance to fight back against the woman who wanted her to do the one thing she would die rather than do. But Shar rectified any disobedience, like she always did. Another jolt from her sends a mindnumbing wave of pain that blossoms into a deep heated arousal. It drove her wild the more she layed into her, nearly making her open her mouth with such a disgusting hole pressing up against it.

“NNNF- Get that tongue in there, girl! Unless you would rather stay down there.”

Viconia groans as she feels Shadowheart’s hot breath wash over such a sensitive region. It made her pucker tighten as she continued grinding herself down. Her cock, still hard as ever, throbbed with anticipation as she stroked herself off in the meantime, giving the cleric the clear message that she wasn’t joking in what she said, only sparking more outrage from Shadowheart herself. But with the musk making her mind grind to a stop, there wasn’t much she could really do. So, even if it disgusted her, she prepared herself one final time before opening her mouth, allowing all of that same heavy musk to flow down into her mouth before she does it and pushes her tongue up against Viconia’s anal ring.

“Yes! Much better.”

Viconia groans. She slows her grinding, allowing Shadowheart everything she needed to properly tongue out her asshole. That is, if she could even get her tongue in there with how tight it was. It made the cleric honestly wonder if the drow was just fucking with her, she wouldn't put it past the bitch. But knowing full well what kind of woman she was, Shadowheart knew she was being absolutely genuine. Despite that, she put in the effort anyway and slathered her tongue all across her sensitive rear hole, making Viconia groan with delight while Shadowheart can slowly feel her ass start to give in. It was disgusting, but once she had the chance, she forced her tongue inside. Even then, she had to fight for every inch afterward as Viconia's ass fights against her.

“SRRLKRRRMMGRRRGGGH!!!!”

It made her sick but she sucked and slurped for good measure. Shadowheart knew she had to go all out if she wanted to satisfy her Mother Superior....

CAPTOR!

Shadowheart startlingly enough had to remind herself of her position. She knew it was her mind already shifting back to those old routines. Oh Gods. Was that déjà vu she was feeling?....

As that revelation hits her, her tongue reaches as far as it can in Viconia's asshole. The drow herself moans happily as she grinds down across her face. So bad did she want to push her off, but all the good that would do is that she'd get shocked by Shar, lose her focus, and lose progress in actually getting Viconia off of her. She hoped that was her logical mind speaking, and that she wasn't already justifying giving in, but it was the best choice she had and she took it.

“Oh! Even better-nnnf- Shadowheart. You must.... Nnnnf.... Release yourself to loss and therefore-annn- our lady. This is one but many forward steps you will have to take. Nnnmh.... Don't fear it, instead.... OPEN YOURSELF TO IT.”

Viconia's final words ring out with true and absolute lust. Her grey cock was on edge, fit and ready to burst after so much anticipation. But the drow was experienced. She knew how to hold herself back just that bit longer. Shadowheart knew as much as her world spins around her, either from the lack of sufficient oxygen or Lady Shar's grip continuing to sink further into her. She tried to be strong, and she was, but deep down, there was a fear beneath that couldn't be denied. The fear of returning back to who she used to be, devoted to the cruel God who forced her to do such terrible things.

Everything was cascading together in a tidalwave of emotions with the only way forward being to end this. Even if it meant reaching up and jerking off Viconia's cock, with both hands. It was a

move that makes the drow woman herself jump but doesn't move off her. That was all the cleric needed to know she was going in the right direction as she continued working the massive member while also tongue fucking Viconia's asshole.

"Yes! Oh! Shadowheart! Yes!"

"SRRLLLLLRLRRRRRRPPPPRRRRRINGGGLRRR!"

Viconia's back arches as her cock spews out loads of thick gooey cum. It splatters across the floor, going mostly above Shadowheart's head. Meanwhile, Shadowheart herself felt her lungs burn on the thick drow musk they were still drowning in. That was before Viconia finally rose her ass back up, allowing Shadowheart to breathe after nearly suffocating on such mind-numbing fumes.

"Such wonderful service, girl. Far better than what you initially provided, *but* neither Lady Shar nor I will be granting any form of mercy in return. You must pull yourself back up anew, something that can be taught to others to show how they shall ultimately succeed. Now then, leave me."

Shadowheart shambles back up to her feet. Shar didn't even need to guide her as she quickly gathered up her robes under her arm and stumbled away. She didn't have to think hard about where she was going, the path itself led her all the way back to her space with nothing but a shattered dignity and disgusting taste in her mouth. Though, with the water around her, she was able to wash it out a little bit.

Soon after, she curls up in the fetal position. Her robe underneath her acted as the single form of comfort she had against the hard stone platform underneath her. She cried, but not for long. She ran out of tears which then had her thumping her head against the floor over and over again as she tried to force it all to just be a bad dream. But she knew there was no point in that anymore. It was all real, no matter how hard Shadowheart wished she could startle awake and find herself amongst friends once again.

She could imagine Gale prattling on in some anecdote to Lae'zel, who has her own attention split between him and the conversation going on between Minthara and a mutual Dragonborn friend of theirs. Wyll would probably already be planning their next move, with Astarion complaining the entire time. Meanwhile, Shadowheart would have taken a seat next to Tav and Karlach by the fire.

It was perfect. The life Shadowheart wished she still had. Now, one of her closest friends was going to be brought down to this hell. The only gift she ends up getting is another platform for her troubles. Something that she didn't make use of while wrapped up she verged on the edge of sanity and over an abyss of mindless devotion to a cruel and unwavering god and a teacher who was dead-set on burning her final lesson deep into her mind.

Soon enough, however. Exhaustion ended up claiming her and her eyes slowly fluttered shut. If sleep were the only way she could live such a life, she would take it.

Shadowheart sank, deep, deep, down in an abyss of pure darkness.

It reminded her of the time she was walking through a swamp and took a step in what she thought was a puddle. If she had been looking close enough, she would have seen that it was a deep hole, but instead she sunk down like an anchor with her armor. She remembered how she thrashed about, nearly making her drown in the process if her hand hadn't grabbed onto a nearby root which she then used to pull herself out.

Here, she didn't struggle. Shadowheart gave herself over to it until her feet eventually softly landed on a surface beneath her. There she stood, still not panicked, even when another pulse in her hand guides her forward. She knew it was Shar. She remembered the same kind of comfort she used to feel when she was more devoted. It had an intoxicating draw that a part of Shadowheart knew in her heart of hearts was what she needed. Which in of itself was all the more reason to resist. But in whatever this strange dream was, she followed it to the very end.

"Glk. Golk. Rlklk. Grrllk. Rllrg."

Through the darkness, Shadowheart could hear the horrible familiar sound of someone gurgling on what only could have been a cock. It made the nerves in her body stand on edge as she began feeling more apprehension to all of this as she continued to walk. The gurgling only got louder as she got closer, making her stomach twist as she prepared herself for whatever horror she was about to see. That was before she suddenly stops when her foot bumps into something solid.

Looking down, Shadowheart saw that it was her father's corpse.

"F-Father?"

The word tumbles out of her, barely anything above a whisper.

He was shriveled up on the floor, like a rotten dried out piece of fruit. It looked like he aged well beyond his life expectancy, but even then, the look of absolute terror on his face made it appear he died screaming his lungs out. But from the spot where Shadowheart bumped into him, his body decayed even further until it was falling apart in thick clumps of ash and dust.

The gurgling continued ahead of her and when she looked back up, saw her mother, back as she remembered her as a child. A woman full of beauty and grace, who loved her daughter everyday of her life. But now, Shadowheart saw her on her knees before Viconia and bobbing

her head up and down in her lap, struggling to take such a massive member down her throat but still does it eagerly anyway.

“Mother?”

Shadowheart calls out but neither women notice her. Viconia still looked smug at her mother as she tangled one hand in her hair, which she used to force her down roughly with every thrust. Even in the darkness of the void they were in, Shadowheart could see how the drow's cock glistened with spit as it was eagerly tended to. It was a sight that made the cleric want to launch forward in a rage and save the woman she cared about so deeply, but her body remained locked in place, even as Viconia's moans picked up and she started fucking her mother's face even harder.

“Yes.... Take every inch of it. Nnm.~ Such a perfect little mouth, when the time comes, I wonder if your daughter's will feel the same.”

Viconia's words make Shadowheart's ears feel like they had just been poisoned. Her will started to pick up as Shar's grip on her loosened. It gave her enough strength to pull herself free and make a desperate charge toward Viconia and her mother.

“LET GO OF HER!”

Shadowheart jolted awake.

This time around, she's quicker to recognize where she was. Bitterness swelled within her mind at that but soon her mind shifts to the wider problem at hand. She also now recognized she had another platform at her disposal. It put her just that bit closer to another doorway in her chamber. She knew that if she could swim, she would have been able to make her way over and open the door.

She couldn't believe that something so simple would be such an obstacle for her. Perhaps it was by design. Maybe from Shar. Maybe from Viconia. Whatever the case was, she was closer to that door than she was to the other two in there. But even if she were to try and jump for it, that would only send her plunging down beneath the watery surface. From there, she would either have to be saved or she would drown, an unfathomable dream for a cleric as accomplished as herself. The only time she really went “swimming” was with Tav during that special night they had together. But even then, they had their Ilithid guardian watching over them the entire time.

The worst part was the fact that she was given multiple chances to learn. Karlach was pretty adamant about teaching her. She even took her to a nearby lake, but even after leaping into the water herself and promising the cleric that wouldn't let her drown, Shadowheart couldn't do it.

She felt bad, even if Karlach was still understanding at the time. It looked so simple as well if she just let herself float like Karlach did....

“C'mon, Shaddy! All ya got to do is keep some air in your lungs and lean back.”

Karlach said those exact words to Shadowheart, and she also remembered how annoyed she got at being called Shaddy. But that advice, plus seeing what Karlach was doing at the time was all the knowledge she had. And by the Gods, she was going to use it.

The first thing she does is leave her robe behind. She might not know much about swimming, but she did know that wearing something while in water will make you heavier. Luckily for Shadowheart, she had nothing to take with her and therefor soon found herself at the ledge of her platform. Looking down into the dark water below, it reminded her of her dream, giving her an even deeper feeling of dread before she eventually shook it off.

“Just sink in....”

She told herself as she put one foot in the water. Thankfully, the water wasn't too cold and Shadowheart was then comfortably able to slip herself down. Even then, her nerves almost had her going back up as she imagined some dark creature reaching up from the depths to grab her. Or for Shar to send another shock her way. But surprisingly enough, the Lady of Loss is quiet for her, making the cleric almost believe that this might be easier than she thought.

That was, until she looked back and saw how far the door was. And with the water being up to her neck, it would be understandable enough for anyone to want to turn around, but Shadowheart knew she couldn't. At the very least, she would rather die drowning than fall into whatever Viconia's games were. She wanted to believe that, but with her adrenaline rising and her focus wavering, it was now or never and Shadowheart was done waiting.

She filled her lungs with as much air as she could and leaned back in the water, allowing the back of her head to be submerged in the process while the rest of her body comes up to float. It was working! She was actually doing it!

Shadowheart had to stop herself from getting too excited. She still used the excitement anyway to push herself off from the ledge while aiming herself at the door. She picks up great speed in the first few moments but that quickly slows sooner than the cleric was hoping, and soon enough, she's drifting away from her intended destination.

“No!”

Shadowheart shouts before kicking herself through the water one last time, pushing herself forward just enough to grab onto a nearby fixture on a wall. It was one of the many carvings and sculptures that were built into the walls themselves which depicted Shar in all her glory. The

irony was not lost on Shadowheart in that moment as she climbs across the walls through the water, getting closer and closer to the door before she finally reached it.

From there, it was a matter of getting to the handle itself built into the middle of the large stone door. To get up to it, Shadowheart would have to pull herself up from the water and grab the handle before pulling it out. The only problem was that she would have to release it after while half her body is sticking out from the water. There was a ledge, just big enough for her fingertips to grab onto, but even then, she knew she was going under.

“Just do it!”

Shadowheart nervously spits before releasing the handle, sure enough, plunging her down underneath the water. Not even to the point that it went over her head. It went right above her eyes, but that was still more than enough to finally push Shadowheart into full on panic. And with the door finally opening, she practically dove to the otherside, expecting full well for there to be more water. Instead, she roughly rolls across onto a firm stone surface.

The path ahead was already layed out for Shadowheart, a cause for concern in of itself especially when Shar was still silent even after she had come this far. She wanted to keep her faith that she was actually escaping, but she had been fooled too many times to completely believe such an idea. Even then, Shadowheart remained cautiously optimistic as she went forward, her wet naked feet slapping against the floor with each step as she moved forward to gods know what kind of place.

The pathway led her through a bathhouse. They were of the same drow design that Shadowheart remembered from her time in what she thought were the farthest depths of the House of Grief. Similar memories continue coming back to her the further she went in, filling her with both a sense of fondness and disgust. She couldn't believe she let them do the things they did to her, but at the same time, without any reasonable explanation, she understood why perfectly.

Shadowheart wandered around, gathering what supplies she could find to create the simple bar of soap wrapped in a towel. It wasn't exactly a flail but the cleric was anything but picky after being violated multiple times over. From there, feeling just a bit safer, the cleric found something that made her heart skip the moment she saw it.

A staircase, GOING UP!

It was a miracle for Shadowheart in her circumstances, but the cleric still knew better than to go charging up them. Each step she took going up was cautiously made as she kept close to the wall coming up to the corner. A single moment would have her launching the bar of hardened soap square into the side of anyone who tried to attack her. She knew for certan that she could get ONE good hit off.

Once she reached the top, she was in a luxury dormitory. Carved from dark stone, the entire area almost looked like a temple. The decor of dim lights and dark colors continued to scream drow, of course, with added bits of Sharran culture thrown in for good measure. But the place itself couldn't have been better for Shadowheart as her eyes quickly spot the glint of a mace through the open door to some barracks. It was next to a bunch of different weapons and scrolls to pick from.

She charged forward into the room, heart beating a mile a minute as she takes the next step toward her eventual liberation. But right as she extended her hand out toward the weapon, a hand snatches her wrist from behind, turning Shadowheart around to meet the dark-eyed gaze of a Sharran wearing one of their signature masks. But all the drow priestess earned was a bar of soap clean to the center of her face.

Shadowheart using all the pent up strength combined with anger to send her flying down to the ground, all for everything to suddenly go dark.

"Damn drow!"

Shadowheart curses, recognizing the darkness for the spell it was but in that moment she still swoops down anyway and remembering where the mace was swoops it up into one hand. One swing. One swing is all she needed and she saw it in the drow still on the ground. She knew she was going to lose, but she had to take at least one of them with her. And by Selûne she was going to do it.

She brings the weapon down on her head, as fast and as hard as she could, but the moment when she was perfectly beant over, her body freezes.

Shadowheart tries to fight. But if hold person could keep Karlach trapped, she had no chance. And indeed, for all her spirit, she was once again captured by someone who finally stepped out from the shadows once it was clear she was safely contained. Another drow, she looked startled as she should but that all quickly faded into relief when she gets a closer look at her. Mind you, still bent over with her mace mere moments away from crushing the other cultist's head.

The thumping of approaching footsteps broke the silence as a whole group of more Sharrans come pouring into the room. All drow. All female. All presumably packing an extra appendage. It quickly became clear just how to Shadowheart herself in that moment, just how deep she was in the heart of Shar religion. Deep enough where the only members are other drow. She could feel Shar's grip further sinking into her at that revelation along with the realization why the goddess didn't try to stop her.

Shadowheart wasn't any less outraged, however. She fought the spell as hard as she could until she felt herself start to grow exhausted. Which in this case was probably one of the worst things she could have felt, especially when they all began to recognize her.

“By Lady Shar!”

“It’s her!”

“The traitor!”

“Don’t mind her, I’ve got her held.”

The cultist who managed to get the drop on Shadowheart pulled the drow Shadowheart managed to knock out with the bar of soap out from under the mace she was about to bash through her head before taking the mace itself. Leaving her unarmed, naked, and unable to move unless directed. And as the topic of conversation changed, the cleric already began preparing herself for what was to come.

“We should bring her before Mother Superior, have her discipline the brat. That I might actually like to see as well.”

“Indeed. She deserves as much after harming one of us. We should flay the skin from her back and make her beg for mercy.”

“Let us not get ahead of ourselves, sisters.”

One cultist speaks above the rest. She had a voice of authority, even if it was a voice with a drawl like a veteran brothel matron and muffled by what could have only been another one of the cult’s masks. Someone who also proceeded to run a hand up across Shadowheart’s flank like she was a mule. It was then that the cleric realized she couldn’t even shutter in disgust, let alone speak as her tongue remained still like the rest of her body.

“With such a delicious body, to give her away so soon would be a waste when there’s so many lessons we can teach the insolent little thing.”

Shadowheart hears the other cultists murmur in agreement.

“Quite right, sister. I’m sure the whore traitor herself understands.”

Another drow speaks up as she moves up behind Shadowheart. Still perfectly bent over, she had no idea what was going on behind her, which had to be one of the worst feelings in that moment before her ears pick up the sound of robes being pulled aside, and for the thick bulbous head of a cock to press in at the entrance to her leaking pussy. She couldn’t even scream when she felt the tip of her fuck-staff get forced into her folds.

Everything she felt was trapped inside her, slowly bottling up to the point where she should have burst, especially when the drow inside her began hitting a rapid rhythm inside her. But none of it could come out. She couldn’t move, period. So all those times her body would have reacted

even against her will were trapped inside her, and Shadowheart felt all of it in painful unmoving detail.

“She’s taking it so well. How long does the spell have left?”

“Until our sister here reaches her limit. Which by my estimations seem to be soon.”

“Nnf! We’ll see....”

The drow cultist balls deep inside Shadowheart grunts after hearing her sisters chat around her. Shadowheart felt her fingers dig into her skin like iron cuffs, never breaching skin, but still hard enough to make her wince, or in her current case, mentally wince as the pressure continues to mount. Her body continued snapping back and forth up against her in the meantime with the same force and skill of someone who had broken plenty of bodies before that point. That was before she managed to drive herself to fuck her even faster, leading to the sound of her thick grey balls slapping up against her clit to ring out louder than anything else in the room.

“Ride her good, sister. Make sure she feels every inch of Lady Shar’s grief.”

“Nnnf! I am, sister. The girl’s body is clenching down tight around me. I can already- mmmnf- feel it! Lady Shar is already inside her!”

The cultist’s athletic grey body shined with sweat underneath her robes. As the minutes went on, she showed no signs of stopping, let alone slowing. She makes Shadowheart feel it all while also driving her up toward an orgasm that would never happen, at least wouldn’t happen when she was frozen like this. It had to have been one of the most maddening experiences Shadowheart had ever encountered, probably up there with like likes of dealing with devils and Mindflayers. There was just something so wholly unnatural about having all of that pressure inside herself stay inside her, even when she could have cum multiple times over at that point.

“She’s tight.... Nnnnm! By Lady Shar, she has one of the tightests cunts I’ve ever fucked!”

“Don’t hog her then, sister. We would hate for you to ruin her before all of us got our chances.”

“Ennnh! I wouldn’t worry! I know- fuck!- I know Lady Shar will keep her all nice and tight, just for us. Her godly glory will make sure she stays perfectly fuckable for however- LONG- we have her. Nnnf!”

The drow speeds up her thrusting even further. Shadowheart’s fat pale ass rippled with every thrust she fucked into her, a tantalizing sight that had the cultist raising her hand and slapping her across said fat pale rear over and over again. From there, she put more of her weight down on Shadowheart as she reamed into her, nearly making her fall over multiple times over if she didn’t pull herself back from making sure it didn’t go that far. Regardless, the feeling was damn near mind numbing, who felt that need to cum inside her grow into a screaming voice of

lust-filled fervor, at the same time sounding like it was coming from Shadowheart herself if the cleric didn't know for certain that it was simply Shar continuing to try and mess with her head.

"I'll kill all of them for this!"

Shadowheart's mind worked with pure rage. That was the only part of her that wasn't violently still, which only made the whole experience even worse for her if that was even possible. It was all like a tub being filled with water up to the point that it spills out, but once it reached that point, the water continued to rise anyway, even above the level of the tub itself. It was all wholly unnatural in a way that only magic or some sort of sick science could come up with. But while she mentally tossed and turned in her own agony, the rapid pace the drow had set inside her managed to go even harder.

"Yes! I can feel it! I'm getting close!"

The drow moans with delight. She kept increasing the strength behind every one of her thrusts all until she let out one final cry before her dick began spewing deep inside Shadowheart. The cleric could feel it in painful perfect detail as the cultist spews her hot seed and completely fills her womb and she wanted nothing more than to scream or even moan to let out some of the built up pressure inside her. But the spell was holding strong, even after the point that it should have ended when the drow roughly pulled her glistening cock free from Shadowheart's folds. In turn, allowing a steady but humiliating amount of thick gooey drow seed to come spilling out down her thigh that she herself couldn't do anything about while she remained perfectly bent over like she was.

"Huh. I believe you said the spell would finish when our sister here finished."

One drow remarks, already fishing her own cock out from her ceremonial robes, alongside the rest of the women in there who hadn't already stripped themselves naked to reveal their own physically and athletically impressive bodies. She, like the rest of them in there were curious as well, only for the same drow from before who managed to bring them onto this enjoyable idea to step up once again.

"Another gift from Shar. She wants us all to teach her about the pain of loss."

"Yes, sister. In turn, we must give our traitor here another gift."

"NO!"

Shadowheart mentally screams out in anguish as she hears them all come to their own conclusion, with the rest of the drow not wasting any time to agree to such an enjoyable idea. That was before, for the first time since she was first frozen, that she was moved, with the rest of the drow quickly maneuvering her to be in a standing position before them all, funnily enough,

at least for them, was the fact that her face was still twisted into its grimace of pure rage she had when she first tried to use the mace.

Every part of Shadowheart's body screamed in that moment. The pleasure that the drow managed to pump into her while using her pussy tried to claw its way out of her like it was the most important thing she had to do in her life. The cleric herself knew that it was illogical and just her arousal thinking for her, but with the things she felt, it was hard to deny when her body couldn't even tremble in anticipation while she face this massive group of horny drow ready to fuck her.

"Such a menacing scowl."

"No wonder Viconia had plans for her."

"In that case, Let us see if we can soften her demeanor before we TRULY begin our training."

Boldly, one drow steps up, presumably the ring-leader she heard all this time, and with both of her hands, directs Shadowheart's lips into a smile. From there, it was the simple matter of smoothing out her furrowed brow and soon enough, she looked happy to be there in disturbingly still and silent kind of way. But for all those in attendance, it was all they were looking for as all of their cocks throbbed even harder, even if it made Shadowheart herself feel like a doll with the way they were moving her.

"Such a beautiful little thing, isn't she? Such a shame that Viconia had to hide her from us for so long."

"She knew what would happen if she left her with us. But now that she isn't destined to be her little prodigy, we can now use her as we like."

"As I said before,"

The head drow steps up and cups one of Shadowheart's cheeks.

"We should use this chance while we still have it."

Tired of Shadowheart simply smiling, the drow spreads her lips and with a little bit more effort, manages to spread her teeth as well, giving the cultist the chance to then pinch her tongue between two of her fingers and pull it out just far enough for her to lean in and start sucking on. It was worst kind of kiss Shadowheart could have gone through as she tastes the flavor of wine on the other woman's tongue as she sucks and slurps face with her. As a result, easily stirring the band of drow even further as their fellow sister cultist ran her tongue up across Shadowheart's.

"So filthy, sister. You kiss her like she's a lover."

“Slmmmmph! How could I not, especially with a body as delicious as this.”

The drow's hot breath washes into Shadowheart's mouth. Strings of saliva still connected their mouths together when they parted until the cultist returned her mouth back to her's, while at the same time, allowing her hands to slip downward to grab at her plump body and firmly grope it between her fingers. That and the endless kissing drove Shadowheart close to insanity. Every instinct in her mind and body was telling, no, **screaming at her**, to do something, which only made the feeling of not being able to do so even worse.

But the drow didn't stop. She kept switching between kissing her and sucking on her tongue until it felt sore in Shadowheart's mouth. But soon enough, the cultist has her fill and pushes her tongue back into her mouth before closing her lips and forming them back into that perfect shining smile. She then takes a step back and allows her other sisters to quickly swoop in after her.

After that display from before from the other drow, many of the others were interested in what else they could do to her outside the obvious. Two such examples were the duo of cultist's who decide raise her arms up to get a good look at her pits. The cleric couldn't even begin to comprehend what they were thinking before one of them presses their face down against the sensitive area of skin and inhales, **deeply**.

“Mmmmmh! Freshly shaved, perfect.~”

The drow smiles with dumb lust as she ruts into Shadowheart from the side. Her massive cock throbbed with excitement as it smeared thick globs of pre across her skin. Just another level of overstimulation that the cleric was forced to keep bottled up inside herself. Which was already bad enough, but to feel someone's nose press into and inhale from such a sensitive area disgusted her to levels she didn't think were possible.

“NNNNGGGGGAAAAHHHHH!!!! PERVERTED CREATURES!”

It only gets worse when the other drow licks her other armpit. That was before she sucked on the hairless area of skin before pressing her face into to get a smell of her own. At the same time, also rutting her cock against her other side. But the moment her mouth made contact and she could feel her tongue rubbing across the skin felt more like a shock to the brain than anything else, especially when she kept pressing.

“She's clean over here as well.~ Perhaps our princess here pampered herself for us.”

“If she did, I doubt she would have knocked one of us unconscious.”

A third voice catches Shadowheart off guard as it comes from behind her. She then felt another cock slide between her legs, already slick with some sort of lubricant, until it's thick bulbous

head pops out the side, and the cleric can feel the drow the cock belonged to press up against her from behind.

“Perfect back here as well.~ This body.... It’s a gift from Lady Shar herself. To- UNGH!- show her what true grief is!”

The third drow doesn’t care that her dick was slathered in the cum of the other cultist who filled Shadowheart’s womb. Shadowheart didn’t expect her to, either. Like her time in the House of Grief, they were all part of the same team, or in this case, sisterhood. All of who worshiped the god who Shadowheart realized was responsible for the sustainment of the spell over her. A spell that continued to hang over her when even when both drow holding her arms up returned to messing with her pits.

“YOU TWISTED BITCH! YOU CAN’T LET THEM DO THIS TO ME! PLEASE!”

In her mind, Shadowheart pleaded with the deity. But all she got was silence. But she knew the message.

The message was this.

“P-Please! L-Lady Shar, don’t- AH!”

Shadowheart’s much more pitiful begging is interrupted when her senses are further assaulted by the drow behind her. The cultist had begun nibbling and licking at her ear, leaving the area behind wet and slick with her spit. Meanwhile, the cleric could feel her muscled hands gripping up her bare chest. It was bound to happen sooner or later with her walking around naked as she was, but even then, she was prepared for the volley of pain flashed with pleasure that filled her when she felt her nipples get pinched to full hardness.

“Surrounding her like a bunch of animals. You all ought to be ashamed of yourselves.~”

“More like a bunch of wolves. Oh! Sorry, Shadowheart.”

“Oh please stop teasing the poor girl. You’ll bring her to tears.”

The drow that playfully admonishes the other two who spoke was spot-on. If Shadowheart could have, she would have already broken down just from everything that was put up inside her. It was the most aroused and pleased filled she felt in her whole life, almost enough to the point that it was painful. She NEEDED to cum, now more than ever in her life. Her entire body was screaming that fact at her, but the fact remained, no matter how hard Shadowheart tried to will it to be untrue, if the hold person spell was on her, she couldn’t move.

Feeling such a massive cock grind up against her pent-up pussy felt like torture at that point. Shadowheart felt like she couldn’t take much more but she always did. Her own endurance both

mental and physical were used against her, a sickening extra touch to all of this while her arousal claws needily around inside her. The drow, all of them, just kept going, overstimulating her on all ends. Completely distracting her from the fact that the cultist behind her was building up to something quite spectacular.

“MMnnnh!~ I need you! All of you!”

The drow's hot breath washes across the side of Shadowheart's face as she moaned the words. Her hands below tightened their grip on her tits even further, driving the cleric's mind away long enough for her to then pull her hips back far enough to free her glistening slicked up member from her thighs. It was at the last second did Shadowheart finally catch on, with the next second that followed being the drow jamming her dick all the way to the base, inside her ass.

Each step Shadowheart took through the House of Grief reminded her just how sore she was.

It was another day of ruthless training under Mother Superior. She had been riding the cleric, more accurately soon-to-be cleric, harder than usual. Shadowheart understood as much. If she wanted to serve Shar dutifully, she couldn't allow herself to be anything less than the best. Still, she was happy to return back to her dorms so that she could hopefully get some rest. There was no doubt in her mind that Viconia had further trials ahead of her, so any form of rest would be good in the meantime before she had to eventually go through combat ritual or solve some impossible puzzle.

Perhaps she could talk to Nocturne for a bit. The two of them hadn't had the time to really talk to each other ever since Viconia increased Shadowheart's training regimen. On the otherhand, a part of her knew she couldn't allow herself to get too distracted. She couldn't fall behind, not in any case or in any situation. Still, a small chat with a friend wouldn't hurt either. Though Shar might encourage distrust and bitterness, Nocturne was always able to give her sound advice, with Shadowheart herself hoping she did the same for her.

Soon enough, however, she was stumbling through the door to both her's and Nocturne's dorm room. The room was disappointingly empty. The dark dominated room already made things dim enough even with the light gleaming in from a nearby window, it didn't help either that she and Nocturne had left the place a spotted clutter. At the very least, Nocturne had lit some incense which did put her at a bit more ease. But what catches her eye is the night orchid on her bedside table, joined by a small note with her name on it.

Her eyes light up when she sees the flower. Walking over, she picks it up and takes a smell out of it, just to make sure it was what she thought it was. Sure enough, the surprisingly strong herbel scent hits her and she's brought back to her younger years. It makes the day's training seem worth it, just to get this smell. Which only begged the question of who gave her this. Even

then, it didn't take long for Shadowheart to come up with a solid guess. Still, once she gets another good sniff out of the flower, she turns her attention down to the note left behind.

"Happy birthday, SH! Took me a while to find one of these for you, but after everything you have done for me, it was well-worth the trouble. I wanted to give it to you in person, but I'm needed elsewhere today. If you want, we could celebrate some other time. I managed to find this recipe for some spectacular fish with a special lemon seasoning if your interested."

NT"

A comforting warmth filled Shadowheart's body after reading the note. She would have to take Nocturne up on her offer. That fish sounded absolutely delicious. It also hit her soon after that it was indeed her birthday.

Twenty. Twenty years old.

Shadowheart absentmindedly thought back to her previous birthdays only to come to the startling realization that she couldn't remember them. For a moment, she believes she may have trained through them and not even realized what day it was, but she could distinctly remember **SOMETHING** happening during those days. It made the pit in her stomach sink even deeper the more she tried to think about it. There was something wrong. She knew she had her memories tampered with from time to time, just to make sure she remained effective, but why would her birthdays be tampered with? Especially recent ones?

But just as soon as she began to worry, a feeling pulses through her. From her right hand, that fear and confusion turns into resolve, helping to ease the burden on her mind and even get her to relax enough to sit down on her bed.

It was Shar.

Shadowheart could feel her from the way the power moved through her, drawing forward a comforting coldness that hardened her resolve. It also ignited something inside her, deep in her core. The feeling made her stir, but not uncomfortably. She runs a hand down from her chest, going all the way between her legs.

A soft moan escapes her lips when she begins rubbing at covered crotch. The training garb she had on allowed her just enough feeling down there to get a noticeable wetness going. That was before she removed it completely, that is.

She peels down the bottom half of her uniform, revealing her sensitive pussy that her fingers quickly begin teasing. More moans soon followed, steadily becoming heavier and quick as one hand remained between her legs while her other continued to hold onto the flower. It was when her fingers finally penetrated her pussy did she bring it back up for another sniff.

It would have been nice to talk to Nocturne, but her lack-of-presence may have just been a blessing in disguise. Besides, it was her birthday. She deserved the chance to relax now and again.

But just as Shadowheart's arousal began to swell, the feeling in her hand suddenly disappeared. It drew concern and confusion from her as she tried to keep going, hoping to push through without the assistance of her god. Another idea crept into her mind that maybe the Lady of Loss was teaching her another lesson, which made sense for a second before the door to the room suddenly opened, catching Shadowheart completely off guard as she wasn't able to see who it was.

"SOME PRIVACY, PLEASE!"

Shadowheart scrambles to pull her uniform back up. At the same time, she kicked herself for being so reckless as to touch herself like that. There was also the question of who would be so utterly bold enough as to open her door without even knocking first. Though she quickly got her answer when she finally finished touching herself up, right in time for Viconia herself to walk into the room, looking all too displeased that she would be spoken to in such a manner. It was one of the worst things she could have done, and now she had to rectify it.

"M-Mother Superior!"

Shadowheart, without hesitation, collapses down to her knees in a bowing position. That feeling of dread from before was back and stronger than ever. It was enough to make her feel sick as she awaited what her Mother would be saying to her.

"Such an unrefined girl, speaking to her own mother in such a way."

Shadowheart can hear the sneer in Viconia's voice. It only further off-set her already racing mind as she hoped and prayed to Lady Shar herself that she would have mercy over her. But knowing the draw for who she was, she knew that was nothing more than a fantasy in her case.

"I apologize, Mother Superior. Forgive my transgressions and disrespect. You...."

Shadowheart's voice wavered at the last part. She knew what she had to say, but the words were difficult to bring out of her. Even then, she knew what would happen if she didn't say them.

"You may punish me however you wish, my holy mother."

At that, Shadowheart's concerns eased when she heard Viconia emit an amused murmur.

"I am glad to see that your gratitude doesn't exceed yourself on a day such as this. Rise."

Shadowheart does what's asked and gracefully stands back up to her feet. It was times such as these where she was rewarded for her continued dedication and obedience. Such mercy as this was rarely rewarded in her case. Regardless, she still had to wonder what she was doing here in the first place. Thankfully, Viconia herself is more than happy to explain.

"I have been observing your training, Shadowheart, and I must say you have well exceeded my expectations. Such exemplary skill is more than worthy amongst the mistress of the night's finest."

Shadowheart wished she could cast hold person on herself in that moment to keep herself from jittering with excitement. It took everything she had to keep her face blank as she waited for Viconia to say it.

"After much consideration, I believe you are now ready to become a cleric of our almighty Lady Shar."

Shadowheart finally smiles. It's small and subdued, but behind it was a well of emotions fit to burst at any moment. But Shar help her, she held it together. She even managed to work out a calm but grateful thank you as well.

"Thank you, Mother Superior. It means everything to me that you and Shar deem me worthy. I hope that I won't disappoint- No, I won't disappoint you, either of you."

Viconia's smile deepened into something darker.

"I know you won't, Shadowheart. But even if you do, such failure will also be joined by such grief and loss for you to learn from. As you'll find, Lady Shar is in all aspects of life. And now, during such a momentous occasion, another test of devotion must be made."

Shadowheart knew what those words meant. Normally, she wouldn't enjoy what happened next, but Viconia's words rang true. This was a special occasion if there ever was one, and now the undoubtedly soon-to-be cleric was going to pay back this choice made by her Mother Superior, first by falling down to her knees before her.

"Good. Now, get it out."

Viconia gives the command and Shadowheart can feel her joy over being promoted waver. It takes her a moment, but she forces those feelings into lust, however twisted it may be. That feeling of cold comfort from before, Shar's guidance, begins echoing back through her hand as she does so, only confirming Shadowheart's belief that she was doing the right thing as she frees Viconia's cock from her robes, where it proceeds to grow to full hardness right in front of her eyes. The final touch being the drop of pre that then oozes out from the tip and drips down onto Shadowheart's lap as she kneels before her.

She stares down the dark shaft and how it twitches with excitement. She had been in this position many times before, but even now, it was like she was looking at it for the first time. It made her nervous, but she kept smiling anyway, just to prove to Viconia and maybe also to herself that she could handle it.

“I won’t be fucking that witty little mouth of yours, girl. I’ll allow you to prove yourself first.”

As Viconia’s words sink in for Shadowheart, she takes one last breath before opening her mouth and taking the head of her cock past her lips. Her tongue was assaulted by the bitter taste of both pre and sweat. It was a lot for her to handle, that and Viconia’s persistence handling as she didn’t waste any time sliding the rest further into her mouth. It was better than the last time she said she’d give her control, but even then, the drow insistence in getting her entire length coated in her spit was more than she could handle.

Regardless, she sucked and slurped as well as she could. She remembered all the lessons from both Viconia and other teachers who showed her how powerful her mouth could be. Her lips were trained to be a vacuum trying to suck the cock dry of anyone lucky enough to get head from her. It was far from anything dignified as far as Shadowheart was concerned, but at the end of the day she was always able to wrap it up as another lesson from Shar, just as this was another way for her to prove herself to Viconia as it always was.

That trust and admiration for her soured a bit when Shadowheart felt her hand creep down into her hair. She thought she was doing pretty good bobbing her head up and down in her lap, even going so far as to take a few inches down her throat as well. But she could tell it wasn’t enough for Viconia as her fingers dug into her scalp. She wasn’t taking control yet, however. She was continuing to give Shadowheart all the lead she needed as she rapidly increased her effort in the blowjob.

“Glk. Glk. Glk. Glk. Glkrl. Gllrk. Rrrlg. Gllrrr. Grrllr.”

While her gurgled slurping grew louder in the room, Shadowheart still hollowed out her cheeks, danced her tongue around the head, maintained a steady level of eye-contact, she did all she could to please Viconia. Increasingly not out of love or admiration, but fear. She hated the feeling of having her face fucked, the way her throat bulged every time she bottomed out in there made her skin crawl. But she could feel it in the way Viconia’s hand tightens in her dark hair, it was inevitable.

In response to the undeniable future, Shadowheart tried to prepare herself. With Viconia’s cock still lodged down her face, she steadied her breathing and calmed herself. Shadowheart made sure to relax as much as she could as well. She knew what would happen if her throat was all tensened up when Viconia started fucking it. The same went for her jaw as it already struggled to take on the drow’s length when it only had half sitting in there. And all she did was enjoy herself and laugh.

“Nnnm. What are you doing, girl? Don’t you have any faith in yourself?”

Shadowheart could feel herself simmer slightly at her words, but she knew it was simply Viconia attempting to garner some reaction out of her. It was another test and she passed it with flying colors, while also earning herself a reward that could only come from the Mother Superior of the House of Grief.

“Very well, if you wish for me to take over....”

The trap snaps shut. With a grip that felt like it was of divine power, Viconia pulls Shadowheart’s head into her lap, forcing her to throat every inch of her massive member until her nose came bumping up against her waist. Almost instantly as a result, every preparation that she took beforehand failed. The sudden penetration both cut off her breathing and made her throat constrict around her cock like a snake while lodged down it. Meanwhile her jaw explodes with sudden aching pains as it forced beyond anything it could usually handle.

“GRRRLKGGG!!!!”

A cock-choked scream tore through the room. It was a common reaction to taking a throat full of the kind of monster Viconia had between her legs. Her physical instinct was to reach up both of her hands to her legs to push her back, and Shadowheart had to stop herself from doing so. It was like fighting against her literal nature as Viconia took the time to enjoy the warm and wet tight embrace of her throat. To think, this was also the first completely plunge as well. Of course, Viconia was quick to drag herself back out soon after, making her poor protegee choke and gag on every inch until only half her length remained past her lips.

Viconia on the otherhand let out a slow steady breath as she settled inside her student’s throat.

“Deliciously tight as always, Shadowheart. Mnnnh.~ As always, you show great potenional in your- nnnh- *devotion*.”

Shadowheart was always happy to receive more praise from her Mother Supieioer. Though, such praise is always hard to take in when she’s trying to not to panic as was she purposefully choked across the cock of the woman who raised her. She hated her for it, at least she thought she did. After everything Viconia has done to help her become a cleric of Lady Shar, is it not proper to pay her back?

Such thoughts continued to mull around in her head while Viconia began sliding back and forth across her tongue. It was a slow and steady rhythm, but with the size of her member, Shadowheart still had to concentrate. She was waiting for the other shoe to drop. Even though she might have been looking at things in a new, postive light, past experience with the drow kept her on guard throughout the entire process.

“Find me predictable, girl?”

Viconia's question slices through the air and bashes Shadowheart's confidence down into a fine dust.

How did she know?-

Before her mind could wonder any further, Viconia pulls her head off her cock, allowing her to finally breathe clearly while also falling back. That was before she seized her by the hair and threw her over Nocturn's bed and by then she was full on panicking before she suddenly felt Viconia seize from behind and tear off her lower garments, revealing her slick folds to the cold air of the room. Something she discovers when she roughly turns her over onto her back, only fueling her supposed outrage.

"And bleeding down here, are you!? Dirty slut!"

"Mother!-"

SLAP

Viconia's hand swatted Shadowheart across the face while she climbed up onto the bed after her. From there, she pushed both of the younger woman's legs while positioning herself in front of her. The complete turn from total and absolute love, to utter fear had her thoughts completely scrambled, only making it worse when she felt the thick tip of her cock press up against her pussy.

But just as fast as she switched up on her, Viconia reaches out and snags Shadowheart by the throat. Her grip is tight as she squeezes her abused throat after everything it did for her cock mere moments ago. But as the moments passed and the drow remained silent, it became obvious she was considering something. Shadowheart just didn't know what it was, which only became worse when Viconia released her grip on her throat, reached down, and redirected her cock to Shadowheart's virgin asshole instead.

Shadowheart didn't even have time to say anything before she pierced the hole, all before slamming herself all the way in until she roughly bottoms out inside her. The sheer force alone knocked the air out from her lungs, muting her cries when Viconia unleashed the ass-shattering thrusts that followed.

"NNF! NNGH! YES! TAKE EVERY INCH! FOR LADY SHAR!~"

Viconia's voice sang with lust as she layed into Shadowheart with everything she had. It was so much in such a tight and inexperienced hole, making it almost feel like the drow was trying to kill her with her cock. As horrifying as that sounds, it felt like it for Shadowheart as her mind was overloaded with pain that transformed into something else alongside the feeling of utter

humiliation that such a private area was being used by Viconia. It made her want to vomit, but with her lungs steadily filling back up with air, she settled for screams.

“GGGGNNNOOHHHHHHHH!!!! SSSLLLLLLLLLOOOOOWWWWWW
DDDDDDNNNNNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOWWWWWW!!!!”

The screams that tore out of her made her sound insane, but she was disturbingly present in the feeling of her rear being split across a skilled and well-used cock. It rocked through her like the tidal waves of pleasure that washed through her body that then compounded in the pain in her ass to create something that pushed her well beyond her limits. The most she ever did was try and stick a finger up there, during a time where she was much more curious about herself, but even then she hated it. And now, feeling such a fat cock plug into it felt like a owlbear trying to fit its way through a mouse-hole.

“Oooooooh! Quiet, girl! Take your divine discipline! Mnnnnnnnnnaaagggh!”

Viconia’s voice picked up in a volume as she found a proper devastating rhythm. She would try and pretend that it was skilled or fluid, but even Shadowheart herself knew she was fucking her with hatred and hatred alone. But that loss and devastation was all part of Shar’s plan right? Even if her ass felt like it was going to be split in half just from how big she was and the ruthless pace that had her thrashing back and forth across the bed while the bed itself beneath them jumps and shakes with everything that was happening on top of it. But even then, it was too much for Shadowheart to possibly handle, even if it was all for Shar.

“FFFFFFUUUUUUCK! T-TOO MUCH! M-MOTHER!- AH!”

Shadowheart’s screams are stifled by a moan that flies out of her when Viconia reaches down a hand and begins rubbing a thumb over her aroused clit. It made her fingers and toes curl as overwhelming pleasure washed through every fiber of her being along with the immense pain that came from the seemingly endless anal eradication. But both feelings ended up combining together into a swell of emotion and arousal that made the world around Shadowheart fade away until it was just her and Viconia. She couldn’t comprehend, let alone even understand while she continues to scream as something builds up inside her.

“S-STOP! M-MOTHER!”

Shadowheart wails go unnoticed. Through the tears that welled up in her eyes, she could see it in the drow’s face how truly gone she was. She doubted she would be able to get her attention at this point, but she continued pleading with her anyway, with her voice jumping with every word that rattles out of her mouth that wasn’t overtaken by another terrified but noticeably pleased filled moan. It mixed with the sound of the drow’s thick grey balls slapping against her ass, as a result, creating enough noise that Shadowheart knew would be more than loud enough to be heard outside her dorm. It wasn’t an uncommon sound, especially in the House of

Grief, but even then, for Shadowheart to be making such noises wasn't a good look either, for her or for Nocturne.

It was all building to an explosive finish. Shadowheart could feel it inside herself as Viconia pushes her to the brink of sexual insanity. She tried to move or at least doing something at that point, but each powerful ass-quaking thrust from Viconia completely sapped the energy out of her. The feeling in her hand from Shar pulsed at the same time, helping to ease some of the mental burden enough to the point that Shadowheart felt like she was sinking down into the bed itself. Even then, the drow's cock, as it continued to pick up more ruthless speed, had her overwhelmed into a mental puddle of screams and moans, with her not even fighting back at some point.

"Nngh! Good! Now you're starting to learn.~"

Viconia sounded happy, amazing Shadowheart, who herself struggled to comprehend what was going at that point, enough that she was able to bring together a single sentence together while her warm, wet, and most of all tight ass clenched down around her. She wondered how long she could possibly last as she got faster, and made her thrusts harder. She hoped it wouldn't be long, but as the minutes continued to pass by, she lost hope along with any remaining bits of consciousness when she finally bursts.

"GGGGYYYYYAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!"

A final scream echoes out from Shadowheart when her pussy sprays out a blast of nectar that coats Viconia's crotch.

"Very good, Shadowheart! Mmnnh!~ Let it all out! For me! For your mother!~"

Viconia's words were barely comprehensible to Shadowheart as she keeps cumming. She knew they were both equally disgusting and arousing just from how her body reacted to them. Even then, her mind couldn't take much more, even during such devastating moments. Her eyes begin to roll into the back of her head and the world around her grows dark at the sides, nearly completely encapsulating Shadowheart's vision before another cry of pleasure cuts through the air. But it wasn't her that did it, it was Viconia.

She was getting close.

"Yes! Take it! Take it! Take it! Take every inch! Feel Lady's Shar's embrace! Oh!~ And her FURY!~"

The drow reaches her limit. Jamming herself down as deep as she could go, her cock begins to spill out seed that turns out to be just enough for Shadowheart to get one last squirt out. Meanwhile, her anal walls are flooded with hot and sticky seed which felt like molten iron across her stretched and sore walls. It was a feeling of absolute agony mixed with brain-melting

pleasure, and Shadowheart could almost feel it oozing out of her ears when Viconia eventually finished and the endless flow of seed happening inside her eased.

As cruel as she may have been, Viconia affords Shadowheart some level of mercy as she slowly extracts herself from her cum filled anal cavity before the excess eventually came spurting out. It leaked out across Nocturne's bed, but Viconia couldn't care less, and Shadowheart could barely comprehend what was going on when her Mother Superior slowly rose up from the bed and tucked her softening cock back into her robes. She took one last look down at her student as she lay across the bed and Shadowheart could see a smile flash across her face before she walks off. In the process, stepping on the Night Orchid gifted to Shadowheart by Nocturne.

"Happy birthday, Shadowheart."

Was all Viconia said. No comfort. No help. Nothing. The drow simply leaves the room and Shadowheart can't help but lean back on the bed, her gaze shifting upward toward the ceiling as she goes between feelings of pride and humiliation. She knew she should have been happy about passing another one of Viconia's tests, but deep down, that feeling of violation had her curling up into a ball.

Shadowheart woke up in the Hells.

Pleasure and pain like static electricity fills her body, nearly knocking her back to unconsciousness if she wasn't being thrust back and forth. Her mind raced a mile a minute as she realized what she had experienced was nothing more than another memory taken from her and was now trickling back into her head after all of these "Familiar" experiences.

"By Lady Shar! I'm getting close!"

A moan cuts through the air which ends up being just enough to remind Shadowheart where she was. Even after passing out, the Hold Person spell was holding strong as she was still fucked in the ass from behind. It was then she suddenly realized that the two drow obsessed with her armpits had now put her limbs back down just far enough for them to fuck her hands which had been shaped into perfect jerking positions. They made clever use of her immobile state, even if it disgusted Shadowheart to no end as both her hands are slicked up with pre, meanwhile, it sounded and felt like the drow in her ass was just about to finish.

"NNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!"

Shadowheart screams in her head. After that brief lapse of unconsciousness, her spirit had been retored back, even just a little bit. But just as it quickly as it shot through her once she remembered where she was, the contained pleasure STILL trapped inside her kept her bottled

up like a champagne bottle fit to burst. It was probably the best feeling of agony the cleric had ever felt in her life, enough so that she even began wishing for death. But such thoughts are quickly interrupted when the drow inside her rear bursts.

“OOOooooohhhhhhhhh!”

The dark elf moans as she spills her seed inside Shadowheart’s rear. After that memory of what Viconia did to her, she was somewhat a bit more prepared for the feeling, even then, as her sore anal walls are covered with hot cock-snot, she can feel her mental endurance breaking just that bit more. With the only break being when the drow slows herself down as the high of her orgasm begins to fade, a feeling that Shadowheart was genuinely jealous of, even if it was so utterly degrading.

“Nnnngh! Lady Shar blesses us all!”

One of the drow using her hands moans before her own seed spew out of her cock, the same for the other, leaving only the dark cock in her asshole that slowly and painfully pulled free from her gaping rear. Of course, what followed was a spurt of cum shooting out from the hole and leaking out, making the experience just that bit more humiliating as all the cultists behind her clamor to simply get a few of her ruined anus. If her body was allowed to, she would have curled her fingers and toes just at everything that was pent up inside her, which was quickly made worse when the next drow lays down on a nearby bed, taking Shadowheart with her where she then forces the cleric to straddle her cock.

“FFFFUCKING MONSTERS!”

Shadowheart’s mind was a world of fury and torture. The feeling of another cock stabbing into her pussy pushed her already sky-high arousal to levels completely unheard. It came with the help of Shar who pulsed more pleasure through her hand if all of this wasn’t already horrible enough. That was before Shadowheart heard another lust-filled voice cut through the chaos.

“Great idea sister. A much better position to- Nnf!- fuck this traitor in.”

Another drow huffs as she hops up behind on top of Shadowheart. Her cock was already at the ready, and after watching everything her fellow cultist did to the cleric’s ass, she was feeling inspired enough to give it her own go as she steps up onto the bed and lines her own fuck-staff up with Shadowheart’s still-cum leaking anus. She sinks herself in deep the moment she gets a proper feel, add another level of misery while Shadowheart’s face was stuck in that same humiliating silent smile.

“Don’t hold anything back!”

“Break the whore!”

“Destroy her!”

The other drow cultists watching cheered their two sisters on as they settled into a rhythm. It was slower, at least by their standards, as they worked themselves up to a faster pace. Shadowheart felt how they took their sweet time splitting both of her holes open enough to the point that she would have screamed if she could. It was all too much for one person to handle. That was probably the reason why Shar was being so active in all of this. It was one thing to fuck someone into unconsciousness, but to have it go on for as long as it did was disgustingly thorough in pushing the poor cleric back into submission.

“Give in and all of this will be over. Give yourself over to me and I’ll take away all the pain. You know you want it. You know you **NEED** it.”

Shar’s voice rings through Shadowheart’s head, cutting cleanly through the chaos of everything that was happening just so that her once loyal cleric could hear her. Of course, it came at the same time of the two drow picking up their paces even further. But Shadowheart, through the endless lustful pressure held strong. Strong enough to bark back a response of her own to the Lady of Loss.

“Do your worst, witch! You won’t break me! NNNGGAAHHHHH!!!!”

Shar sent another shock through Shadowheart’s hand. Like the pleasure inside her that would have her cumming multiple times over, she couldn’t react to it even as it made the world around her blur just from its sheer intensity of pleasure. Still, the feeling of pissing off Shar had to be one of the sweetest and most enjoyable things she could have felt in that moment. Her joy was only momentary however as the cruel god amplifies the feeling of pain and arousal in her hand. But she couldn’t help herself and feel just that bit better that she was able to annoy a literal god.

“Insolent child! I would have you skinned alive if you didn’t serve more appropriate purposes. You’ll be made an example out of soon enough. My disciple’s plans for you will prove to be cruel, even by my standards.”

Shadowheart, even through the chaos of getting fucked, felt her heart beat just that bit faster at Shar’s words. Though, the next ones are what caused her emotions to steer right into panic.

“I’m no longer maintaining the spell over you. It will run out as intended, and you will face TRUE LOSS.”

“WHAT?!”

Shadowheart’s mind goes to respond but she could already tell she was gone. But if she was telling the truth, and the hold person spell was soon to run out, the cleric might be in more trouble than she could have ever expected.

That doesn't stop the two drow inside her from speeding up even further. They didn't know what was about to happen. Neither the drow who cast the spell in the first place. Shadowheart was an orgasm bomb about to go off, and none of them knew it. Shadowheart herself would have found it almost funny if she didn't feel like she was losing her mind from the double pounding that added up to another orgasm inside her.

The cleric knew it was going to be BAD. So bad that she had no idea what the effects would be. The only thing she did know that it was going to happen eventually, but even then, it was a nightmare for her to consider. Even if she was completely alone, captive deep in enemy territory, far away from any light as she was viciously fucked, she knew she had to call upon HER goddess.

"M-Moonmaiden above. Even in these dark and twisted lands. I-I- ah!- I know you listen to my cries. G-Give me the guidance and strength to see through this. Oh heavenly lady, I commit myself to you, even in these dark times. With your- nnnh!- holy light, I-I see through this to the very end!~"

Shadowheart couldn't believe she did. It shouldn't have been possible, but through sheer force of will the cleric prayed to her god. There was silence in response, as to be expected within the deep darkness of Shar's domain. But she knew. She had FAITH she was there for her, even with the drow inside her reaching their peak speed and the spell about to run out. Her holes had long since been reshaped to fit the Lady of Darkness' standards, but those same holes have been reshaped before, and she lived to fight again.

"Lady of Darkness! Oh! Guide my seed to breed this traitor!"

"And allow me to burn my cock into her memory!"

Both drow cry out at once. They were close, about to cum right as the spell ended. It was almost poetic, but Shadowheart couldn't care about that. Like a lighthouse in a storm, she clung to her belief. All the while managing to muster out one last prayer to the great and powerful moonmaiden.

"SELÛNE GUIDE MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!"

Those were all the words Shadowheart could scream before the spell's effects wore off. For a small, almost unnoticable moment, she could feel both drow in her holes cum and begin to fill her. It would have been another physical violation like all the others she faced, but that was a drop in the bucket compared to the mountain of pleasure, arousal, pain, screams, moans, and desperate cries that were finally let loose out of her.

Just as fast as she could move her body again did it suddenly go rigid between the two cultists as they filled her. She could hear what sounded like cheering from the others, but she could barely hear anything besides her own scream as her cunt erupts in a little spray of fluids that

she could only assume sprayed everywhere just from how strong it felt coming out of her. Selûne help her, but Shadowheart feels herself piss as well if this all wasn't enough to make her wish for her death now more than ever.

But as a small mercy in an ocean of misery, her mind finally goes dark.

Living under Lady of the Grief didn't guarantee an easy life.

Amplified by drow culture, it was a religion of harshness and hardness that made life quite difficult for people like Nocturne as she returned to her dorm. But here she was, about to surprise one of her closest friends in the cloister. Turns out, she wasn't needed after all for the work they said was part of her required training.

She was in a chamber full of her sisters just as confused as she was as to why they were there until one of the masked priestesses pulled her out and proceeded to rather loosely but still with that tight drow tone that she would instead be needed elsewhere on a completely different time. It left her in a state of uneasy limbo that she tried to stuff down when she opened the door to her's and Shadowheart's room, only to find the birthday girl herself already in bed.

"Shadowheart?"

Nocturne silently called out, not wanting to wake her if she was actually asleep. But the soon-to-be cleric stirred before turning to look at her.

That's when Nocturne noticed how red Shadowheart's eyes were.

"N-Nocturne? I wasn't expecting you."

Shadowheart nervously smiles before wiping her eyes. She definitely looked like she was telling the truth in that she wasn't expecting her, but Nocturne also managed to see how relieved she was as well.

"Neither was I. But that's part of something I'll tell you about tommorow."

Nocturne returns with a smile of her own as she puts down her stuff. She then turns to look at her side of her room and like how she quickly noticed Shadowheart's eyes, also noticed that her bed sheets had been changed.

Almost instantly, what had already been a knot in her stomach twisted into something worse when she looks back at Shadowheart, who herself can tell what she's thinking by the look she's giving her.

“M–M–Mother Superior gave me... Nmmm.... A l-lesson in grief. A v-valuable one.”

Nocturne wants to reach out and pull her into a hug, but notices how tense she is. She was like a bunch of coiled springs about to burst at once. She hated that she wasn't surprised. She always had a feeling about the way Viconia looked at Shadowheart. But she never spoke out, since by all means, it was the true order of things, even if “brief visits” like these often times left her friend depressed for weeks on end.

And like all those times before, Nocturne knew Shadowheart would continue to force herself forward anyway.

Nocturne swallowed the spit in her mouth.

There were plenty of different ways the Tiefling could go about this. She knew she could confront it head on, but all that would do is push Shadowheart to blow her off. And right now, from what she saw of her, she knew she needed someone there for her. But at the same time, she couldn't just blow the topic off as well. By Lady Shar, or whoever Gods may be listening, she wasn't going to let her stew in those dark, dark feelings.

Nocturne didn't even care about her bed and what Viconia might have done to Shadowheart on it. Shadowheart was who mattered to her more than anything else.

“Do you want me to sit with you? Just for.... Company, on your birthday.”

Her voice is low and calm as she speaks. Shadowheart meanwhile musters up a nod that Nocturne took to move over and sit on the side of her bed, while Shadowheart herself shifted to lay back down. She could tell comparatively to when she first came in that she was a lot more at ease, which gave Nocturne just enough comfort to tell her she was doing the right thing.

It still broke her heart to hear Shadowheart sob through the night.

A warm feeling of comfort crept through Shadowheart's mind as she imagined Nocturne beside her.

Her presence was all the comfort she needed to truly feel at peace as she lay on that stone platform. But as the seconds continued to pass, reality slowly began to remind of what was going on. From there, all that joy and happiness began to fall apart into complete despair, only made worse when she opens her eyes and sees that she's back in her prison, and also back to one platform.

“No....”

Shadowheart sobbed as she rolled onto her front and peered down into the black water below. A part of her pushed her to cast herself in, to drown herself and escape this wretched reality.

The memory both physical and mental of being at the mercy of those ruthless drow cultists was just the final part of it all to want to push herself into finishing this already.

But that would just be another form of giving in, wouldn't it?

"It would."

A deep powerful voice ripples through her mind, shaking the very foundation of her consciousness when each word is spoken.

It was Shar.

"If you were to take such extreme measures, I would simply return you back to your home. Your Mother Superior has such an important test in mind for you."

Shadowheart bit her tongue, both physically and mentally. The god, no matter how elegantly she spoke, made her skin crawl with disgust. It was made all the worse when a new series of platforms rises out of the water, most likely to lead Shadowheart to her next terrible form of punishment for turning against her Lady of Sorrow. She didn't waste any time taking longer than she has to, both to avoid another shock from Shar, and also a new strength Shadowheart finds flowing through her veins.

The strength was familiar and comforting, reminding her of how Nocturne made her feel on that day so long ago.

"Take whatever comfort you want. All hope you have will be snuffed out and soon you will be living your true purpose."

Lady Shar's voice echoes through Shadowheart minds as she marches forward down a new path and eventually through a door she usually would have no chance of making her way over to like she did the other one. Even then, she was still just as unsure of what she should find in the coming moments when the path leads her to a door that slides up to reveal a small chamber of water with a single platform in the middle. The only light came from a brazier of purple flame that hung above, even then, it did little to quell the apprehension Shadowheart felt as she was faced with another mystery of this strange place.

Shadowheart's breath quickens but before she can second guess herself, she forces herself forward into the small chamber where the door then slides shut behind her.

The cleric REALLY hopes she didn't just get herself killed doing this, especially when the chamber rattles like its about to cave in itself. But just as fast as it had Shadowheart waiting for

the worst, it slows down to a complete stop before she began to notice that both the waterlevel and the platform were lowering, bringing her all the way down to another deeper chamber underneath the Cloister of Sombre Embrace.

It was in that moment as she descended that she saw other doors that were previously underwater, leading her to wonder just what kinds of horrors were truly held here as she kept passing floor after floor until she reached what could have only been the bottom.

The door down there was covered in locks and seals that slowly came undone, one by one. It made it look like it was the entrance to some sort of prison, which only concerned Shadowheart even further as the large door finally slid up, revealing Viconia herself, flanked on both sides by a pair of drow preistesses.

She stood at the end of a corridor lined with bars that leaked out the unmistakable traces of Darkness. As Shadowheart steps forward, she can hear what sounds like the faint traces of whispers and murmuring that make her ears burn a hot red as she stumbled forward only to fall down to her knees before her captor thanks to a sudden shock from Shar.

The bitch really was vindictive.

As another shock pulses through Shadowheart at her insolent thoughts, Viconia laughs at her once proud "pupil." Someone who strode with such confidence as she was made to perfectly fit Shar's image.

Now?

Shadowheart was someone who's holes would be forever burned by the feeling of being violated by countless cocks from her drow sisters, including herself, of course.

"Pitiful, but nevertheless still present for the trial I have for you. Rise, my fallen student."

The cleric can feel her body moving against her will as she suddenly stands before her Mother Superior, who grabs her hand and stuffs an amulet of Shar into it.

"You'll find that Lady Shar's guidance will prove to be ever vital in the task ahead."

Viconia's warning came with the sound of one of the metal gates rising, allowing more of the darkness to flow out along with whispers and murmurs that said such horrible things.

How they'd fuck her back to believing in Shar.

How they'd make her swallow thick loads of cum as her only form of sustenance for years on end.

How her mouth would be forced to clean both their holes and the holes of others they fucked.

Shadowheart's chest was throbbing with pain from the sheer anxiety. She saw how her fear only made Viconia savor this moment even deeper, at the same time already helping her to perdiciting what she was was about to ask.

"Who are they?"

"They are.... Fallen sisters. Sometimes the grip of Shar's favor can break the minds of those unprepared. But we don't let them go to waste. The ability to find such *lust* from such devastating grief can only be a gift from our almighty."

Viconia smiles as she beckons to the two priestesses to drag Shadowheart over to the open gate.

"No! You can't! They'll-"

"Have their fun and eventually spit you back out like they did to all the others. However crude it may be, our sisters need something to breed to keep themselves satisfied but they would rather parish under Shar than to break one of their stress toys."

Viconia's voice wrung out smug as ever as Shadowheart was forced to look into the darkness by the two preistesses. Her body strained as hard as it could, no matter how exhausted she felt but even then, the two drow were steadfast in making sure she couldn't turn away as they brought her closer. Meanwhile, Viconia leans in close until her wine scented breath washed against the side of Shadowheart's face before she muttered something that made her stop right then and there.

"If it gives you any spirit, your friend, Nocturne, I believe? Is somewhere in that darkness, waiting for you to come and save her. Oh, forgive me, save *him*."

Shadowheart quickly turned to meet Viconia's gaze when she muttered that final word. But before she could say any response, the two preistesses finally hurl her forward head first directly into the darkness, plunging her back into that same dark abyss she had grown somewhat accustomed to while being out in the battlefield. But something was different here. It was like the spell was constantly being cast over and over again by something.

The only thing that helps guide Shadowheart is the amulet of Shar as she held onto its chain. It produced a dark hue that absorbed just enough of the darkness, allowing the cleric to get a good view around her. But just as fast as she was thrown to the ground, she was just as quick trying to throw herself back against the gate, but when her body collides forward into where it should of have, she hits nothing.

The gate was gone.

“No! Blasted trial!”

Shadowheart curses as she scans around herself for anyone in this darkness around her. But like the whispers that once overwhelmed her mind, the area was uncomfortably empty, leaving the cleric to only feel more paranoid as she uses the amulet to check her surroundings. In the process, she notices how the amulet's dark hue grew stronger when she aimed in a certain direction. That alone gave her a good idea of what she now had to do, but however reluctant she was, she needed to save Nocturne.

After traveling with Astarion for as long as she did, Shadowheart grew to know a lot more about sneaking than she used to. She knew well enough to stay low and use the fact that she didn't have any armor to her advantage to stay quiet, with each bare foot step she took across the stone floor being carefully planned while following the increasingly stronger power coming from the amulet.

Shadowheart hated with all her being that she was forced to use such an infernal thing. She hated that it was the only thing guiding her toward Nocturne who.... Selûne help her, could be in gods know what kind of state at that point. It made the use of the amulet a necessary hit to her pride and dignity as a follower of the Moonmaiden, but so was getting raped as many times as she did.

She was about to shift to walking when her eyes manage to spot the silhouette of a hand lying across the ground. It brings Shadowheart to a dead stop as she brings the amulet closer to help reveal the seemingly dead body of a naked female half-elf, just like Shadowheart herself.

Her pointed ears poke out through her long red hair as she lays face first on the ground. Shadowheart was hesitant to get closer to turn her over onto her front, but she does notice the half-elf's average but still athletic frame. That and the lack of significant marks across her body help the cleric put it together that this was someone who trained for battle but never saw any.

Besides that, her body was covered in a thick layer of sweat, not from just herself. There was also the smell of sex that stung Shadowheart's nose, and when she got a closer look, she wasn't entirely too surprised to see both of her hole gaped and leaking out cum.

“I'm sorry you ended up down here.”

Shadowheart huffs before giving a small prayer for the lost soul. But as she gets a closer look, she sees that she's still breathing!

“Gods! Are you alright?”

Shadowheart doesn't waste any time shifting the half-elf to lay on her back, allowing her sizable DD chest to heave with each breath that silently rattles out of her. It was in that time that the cleric saw her pristine face, probably royalty of some kind, covered in thick webs of semen. She

still looked dead to a certain extent but Shadowheart's movement manages to rouse the half-elf into opening her eyes to meet hers.

"Y-You!? What are you doing down here?- Ah!"

Before the half-elf could cleanly finish her sentence, she's suddenly yanked by her lower half into the darkness. But just as fast as she was pulled, Shadowheart hopped into action and dove after her. After the nightmarish shit she had to go through, she wasn't going to let a possible ally in all of this slip through her fingers so easily.

"Stop!"

In her current condition, Shadowheart felt absolutely horrible, and yet she still put everything she had into reaching out and grabbing the half-elf's arm right as she comes to a sudden stop. It was also in that moment that all that gusto the cleric had was tested when her fellow half-elf is then lifted into the air by her ankle, and with the power of the amulet, Shadowheart could see the look of absolute terror on the other woman's face as she quickly recognizes what's about to happen.

"Gods! Not again!"

The half-elf screams as Shadowheart finally angles the amulet to see the massive 8ft tall drow. Skinny, and yet built with a body of hardened muscle littered with war scars, and yet, she sustained all of that pristine beauty that most drow had as well.

At least she used to.

Now, her long silver hair stuck to her sweat slick skin as it trailed all the way down her back to her ass. Her cock as well stood at a staggering length and mass and throbbed with uncontrollable sexual passion, with her balls twitch and throbbing with their thick disgusting loads of slimy spunk. At the same time, she had a thick bush of white pubic hair at the base of her dick that looked just as slicked with perspiration as it did cock grime.

But the part that horrified Shadowheart the most were her eyes.

Her eyes were so wide, almost to the point that it looked like they were about to pop out of her head. But her pupils were massive, taking up most of the eye-ball until there was a thin white ring around each one. However, it was the fact that her eyes were completely dilated that made Shadowheart unable to do anything and watch in horror as the beastly drow spreads both of the half-elf's legs while still holding her in the air before bringing the tip of her massive cock pressing up against her pussy.

Watching as the monster's cock began sinking into the half-elf's pussy, Shadowheart snaps out of her stunned silence and continues trying to help her.

“NNNNGGGAAAAHHHHH!!!! DON'T!-NNNNGGGRRHHMMM!!!! DON'T BOTHER! SHE'S GOT HER CLAWS IN ME! NNNNGH! GO! FIND HER!”

There was a noticeable bulge that grew in the half-elf's stomach as the drow sanked herself further inside her, and yet, her words were clear enough to tell Shadowheart that this wasn't her first time being forced to do this. And that more than anything else, she had to find Nocturne. Even then, she couldn't just watch as this poor woman was raped.

“GO!”

A final shout from the half-elf finally pushes Shadowheart to leave. She felt her heart throb as she could only listen to the half-elf's screams get louder when the drow began setting a faster pace once she finally bottomed out inside her. From there, she could only hear the woman's cries, the violent sounds of sex, and the beastly grunts that came from the mindless woman before it all faded away the further Shadowheart traveled into the darkness, the amulet her only means of easily navigating this place. But as it got stronger the closer she got to Nocturne, the more she could see just how big this place was.

The same kind of drow Shadowheart saw take that poor woman stood around in the darkness, in their own worlds as they muttered and mumbled to themselves all the while standing fulling erect with massive cocks. They didn't react to her as she snuck by, even with the amulet helping her forward.

Regardless, None were quite as massive as the first, however, but even then, the cleric knew to stay quite and not even come close to any of them. However, something that look would grow more difficult as the further Shadowheart went in, the more drow there were. Even then, it was all still deathly silent. They didn't even notice the power coming from her amulet as Shadowheart used it to guide her way forward.

Against what she wanted while she was trying to focus on avoiding the idle drow, Shadowheart's mind went back to that half-elf. She wondered if there were more like her, people still fighting against Shar even in a place like this. That gave her some hope that preserving wasn't just a fruitless task but even then, this was still far from anything easy as the amount of drow standing around continued to increase. The stench of sweat, sex, and cum grew stronger as well, nearly making Shadowheart cough when she was trying to remain as unnoticable as possible, even if it got to the point where she was having to sneak through the equivalent of a gala's worth of people, all without touching a single person.

But against even her own doubts, Shadowheart makes it through with the amulet getting brighter with each step she took. It gave her a strange sense of confidence and comfort, even in a trial with this kind of nightmarish nonsense. But the cleric knew better than to fully give into it. It was just another way Shar would control her, even if she had to use it in these circumstances. The importance of saving Nocturne weighed more than anything else, however. In her heart,

she knew the Moonmaiden would be understandable under these circumstances, but that could only do so much to lessen the burden of holding onto such a blasphemous object.

Nevertheless, it continued to grow stronger even when Shadowheart herself had to get down on her hands and knees to crawl between the legs of the countless mindless cultist drones that didn't move a muscle, even if the cleric accidentally brushes against one of them. Though, she still doesn't allow herself to grow cocky and remained ever determined to squeeze herself cleanly through them all, all before reaching the end of this twisted prison.

A wall.

Shadowheart's face bumps against the surface and she quickly panics. The amulet meanwhile in her hand grows as powerful as its going to get, even though Nocturne wasn't anywhere the cleric could see in the darkness around her.

"What!?"

In her shock, the single word bursts from Shadowheart's lips when all the tension inside her couldn't be held any longer. However, just as fast as the word came, echoed through the dark chasm, and then died off, Shadowheart herself knew the mistake she made as she looks toward the countless dark silhouettes that now all stood at attention,

Looking directly at her.

Despite that, none of them moved, or even whispered, at least as far as Shadowheart herself could hear as she kept her back to the wall and followed it. The amulet didn't strength didn't wain in the process, which only reaffirmed the idea she had as she continued following the wall, all until she finally felt it.

A gap.

Feeling the attention of all of the drow looking at her, Shadowheart didn't waste any time climbing through the gap, finding it to be more than wide enough for her to crawl as long as she side stepped the entire way.

It put some good distance between her and those broken souls, but she soon had her own problems to deal with when the pathway widens into a whole new series of cave tunnels. Tunnels that the cleric didn't waste any time but still reluctantly pushes into with the amulet growing stronger, absorbing more of the darkness enough to the point that she could make out more of her surroundings.

That's when she noticed the scratch marks across the cave floor, along with pieces of what appeared to be torn clothing. But the amulet had her going forward as the already prevalent scent of sex and gods know what else grows strong enough to the point that Shadowheart can

barely breathe. It's like her nose is pressed into the fat sack of some hung bastard who hadn't washed a day in their life, who also fucked any hole they could get their hands on.

The fact that one of her closest friends, someone who was there for her from the very start, was at the center of all of this only twisted the knot in her stomach even further. Nocturne was one of the sweetest and kindest souls she knew, even when they reunited after she had her memories taken away. It was instinct, pure and simple that Shadowheart would find a friend in someone like her.

Now she was in all of this, because of her.

Shadowheart promised herself that she'd make it up to her once she managed to escape this place. But for now, she marched forward until she nearly tripped over something that ended up being a someone.

It was a female orc. Her naked dark green skin glistened with both sweat and semen that was slowly crusting away. She had the look of a true warrior with a thick head of black hair that nearly covered her toned face and the long jagged scar that went across it. Her eyes were barely open, but they were completely lifeless. She wasn't even bound or tied up with anything. She just lay there, back to the wall, eyes forward, and mentally dead.

Whoever she was, she was no longer the warrior she used to be. Something that Shadowheart took as motivation to keep moving, in the process, finding more women of all different races and variety. And just like the orc Shadowheart came across, none of them had any fight left as they lay broken and abused, some more freshly fucked than others.

It took pushing past all of them to finally locate Nocturne, but the state she was in, it was far worse than anything Shadowheart could have dreaded.

Naked, she was forced to kneel over a stream of spurting water that washed out the cum in her ass and her filthy sore and abused cock. She forced her arms to her sides, even though she shivered at the feeling of the freezing water splashing over her gaping anus, probably out of fear for her captor's return. She was so focused on herself, she didn't even notice Shadowheart's presence as she kept her eyes clamped shut out of pure fear. The cleric thought for a moment about what she should do in this case, but the only thing she does is open her mouth and let a single word fall out.

"Nocturne?"

"Shadowheart!?"

Nocturne's head perks up the moment she hears Shadowheart's voice. When she opens her eyes, they widen to the point that they look like their about to pop out of her head, but that was pretty much a given after seeing her childhood friend for so long.

"What are you- Oh, gods! They took you too, didn't they?- Mnnh!"

The moment Nocturne starts getting a little too loud, Shadowheart shoves a hand over her mouth. She hated doing so, especially when she sees her eyes widen in terror, but nevertheless, she motions a finger over her lips, telling her friend to keep quiet while she turns to look back at the way she came in from. Even though the series of tunnels appeared to be empty, Shadowheart didn't take any chances.

"I'm getting you out of here, but you have to be as quiet as possible and follow me, alright?"

Shadowheart speaks cleanly toward Nocturne once she looks back toward her. That fear in her dark orb'd eyes flickers for just a moment longer until she nods her head.

"T-Thank you."

Nocturne silently mutters out the words once Shadowheart moved her hand from her mouth. Shadowheart gives her back a knowing nod before helping her back up to her shaking legs. She then had to help her over to the gap, but the moment they were about to start crawling through....

"I hear her!"

Nocturne whisper shouts into the darkness. Sure enough, once she listened close enough, she could hear the sound of bare-footsteps walking across the cave floor toward them. It pushed Shadowheart to look around the room, or at least try to when the power in the amulet begins to fade. Going from illuminating the entire chamber they were in, to allowing the darkness spell to creep back in further.

Nevertheless, she spots another gap to crawl through in the cave wall and pulls Nocturne along with her and forces them both inside. It isn't easy for either of them when they hear those footsteps getting closer, and once they were fully into the gap itself, listen as the beast steps into the chamber, expecting Nocturne to be right where she left her.

"Gnnnnnnnnngggghhhhh...."

A low feminine growl echoes from the chamber, only pushing Shadowheart and Nocturne to move even faster.

Eventually, they both come tumbling out onto a soft comforting surface in another cave chamber. With the waning power of the amulet, Shadowheart could see that the room was filled with torn clothes, both male and female. It was the place whoever this beast was dumped the clothing of her victims, but the part that made Shadowheart's face grow pale was the fact that it was a dead end.

“Gods. Not like this.”

Shadowheart scrambles as both she and Nocturne here the beast crawling through the passageway they just came through. It was only a matter of moments until they were both caught by whatever was after them. But just as Shadowheart was beginning to come up with a plan, Nocturne shoves her to the ground.

Before Shadowheart could fully question her, Nocturne begins throwing clothes over her.

“I can handle her. At least, I can handle another roust. You, on the otherhand....”

Nocturne throws one final dress over Shadowheart’s head, a dress that looked like it came from some plus-sized nobelwoman. Even with the amulet, it plunged her world into complete darkness until she could finally hear Nocturne finish and take a few steps back while the beast is about to enter the chamber.

“What about you?”

Shadowheart manages to call out, and she can hear Nocturne pause for a moment before giving her nervous response.

“Just stay quiet. And.... And no matter what you hear, just stay hidden. Please, Shadowheart.”

Like she did to her, Nocturne makes sure Shadowheart stays quiet, even when she manages to peek through the fabric just enough to see who they were running from. And for a moment, the cleric wishes she hadn’t since the creature that comes through the pathway isn’t some giant monster, but the same drow Shadowheart saw before, that FUCKED the half-elf she tried to help.

But just as she watched the smiling braindead drow stumble into the chamber, she walked out of view toward Nocturne.

“F-Fresh one.... Out of her home.”

“Nnnnggh! I apologize, I was simply- Mnnnnmnhhhhrrrrrrllpprrrrrrp!”

Shadowheart can hear Nocturne’s words get cut off when the drow pulls her in a sloppy intimate kiss. From her position, she wouldn’t be able to get a look without noticeably turning her head, so all she could listen to was the wet sound of the beastily elf woman tongue fucking her friend’s face, who’s panicked breathes make hiding nearly impossible for Shadowheart as she with every fiber of her being wanted to save her.

The wet forceful kiss continues on for too long before it was finally broken. Shadowheart could still hear Nocturne's panicked breath as she presumably stares into the wild-eyed view of a beastly drow cultist. Who's skinny body was still built enough to handle Nocturne like a toy when she suddenly hears Nocturne gasp along with what sounds like a bunch of movement.

"Wanna see.... If your ready for me."

The nearly incomprehensible words from the drow finally push Shadowheart to turn her head when she can only hope she isn't looking. Luckily, she doesn't. Unluckily, Shadowheart instead had to watch as the drow held Nocturne upside down, bringing her face to face with her massive grey cock that she stares at through terrified wide eyes. At the same time, the drow occupies herself by licking at Nocturne's cock, making the teifling gasp before she moves her mouth and nose further upward, toward her ass.

"Mnmnnggh- Plleassmmphsss brrreee genmeetel."

Even while being held upside down, her ass about to be devoured, and with this drow freak's cock in her face, smothering her mouth, Nocturne makes the last ditch effort to try and quell the drow's obvious lustful hunger.

Even then, she can't help but gasp when the drow moves her nose to her ass and takes a *deep* sniff.

Nocturne's eyes nearly bulge out of her head at that, though, her attention remained split between that and her own troubles as the drow tries to get her cock in her mouth more forcefully. Shadowheart could see the look of disgust on her face while her face itself was slathered in cock grime and the slime from whatever holes she had fucked beforehand. Even while across the chamber, Shadowheart herself could still smell the virile scent but she couldn't even imagine the taste, unlike Nocturne, who opens her mouth and allows the drow to plunge her cock forward.

"YESSSSSSSSSSSS...."

"GRLK! GRLK! GRLK! GRLK!"

The drow's moan is drowned out by the gurgled cries that came from Nocturne's stretched lips. No matter how much experience she might have had, the larger elf woman was still more than she could possibly ever hope of handling as she started thrusting herself back and forth into her face, all the while keeping her face close to Nocturne's ass. But eventually, or at least from what Shadowheart could see from her position, she watches as the drow finally digs in and begins eating out Nocturne's ass.

"GRRLKR! GRRRLKRRR! GRRRLK!"

Shadowheart choked back a sob as she heard Nocturne's cries. Even though the full majority of their relationship was lost to her when she had her memories removed, she still felt the embers of someone who felt sicker by the second as she watched someone so close to her, someone who had comforted her during some of her worst days, get violated so viseloucly.

Even while as far away as she was, Shadowheart could see the spit and throat gunk that was forced out of Nocturne's lips by the drow's cock that was then forced down her face. The drow's balls came flying in soon after and splatted against all of that residue while it went up her nose. The cleric could see how Nocturne's hands clenched together into tight fists as it took all she had not to completely break down.

"Moonmaiden above, with all your grace and glory, even in this darkest hell, please give Nocturne your strength. Give her my strength if you must. But please, help her through this."

Shadowheart throws out the prayer, completely unsure if Selûne would hear it.

The only god who did hear it was Shar.

Soon enough, both the drow and Nocturne hear it themselves in their own special way when the Lady of Loss sends a blast of pure electrifying pain through the cleric's hand. There was no pleasure behind it, only absolute agony that makes Shadowheart scream as loud as she can, at the same time throwing herself out from the pile of torn clothing, knowing full-well there was no point to hiding,

Not when Shar wanted her to fight.

"So you finally put it together."

The voice of Shar echoes through Shadowheart's mind as the pain in her hand suddenly stops. The amulet meanwhile goes from fading to flickering in and out, plunging the world into pure absolute darkness in brief blinks. But the cleric still had some hope as even while turning to face her, the drow doesn't stop fucking Nocturne's face. Instead, she keeps her close as her already wide smile seems to grow even bigger, still slick from slobbering over Nocturne's ass.

"Nothing but a brainless drone. Unless I won't be distracted, I can handle some such as her."

Shadowheart spits venomously, earning a chuckle from Shar as she omnipently watched closely.

"If my inaction gives you that much confidence, so be it. That spirit might even give you a chance if you're so eager about it."

Shadowheart's look of hate on her face deepened even further. Nevertheless, she charged at the drow, already putting together a battle-plan now that she wouldn't have to worry Shar getting in the way.

For a moment, she felt like she usually did under Selûne. Unstoppable, unbreakable, unmoveable. But that was when she was in her domain of purity and light. Here, she was back in the darkness with Shar. So with a single sudden kick, the drow sends Shadowheart flying back right as she comes running in.

"Blasted!-NGH!"

Shadowheart curses as she scrambles to get up, but the drow was already on top of her, forcing her down with a foot on her chest, all the while peering at this new guest as she continues fucking her cock down Nocturne's face. But eventually, her thrusts slowly come to a stop and Shadowheart can hear her friend finally catch her breath when the supposedly mindless drow pulls her dick free from her sore throat and lips.

"You bid a special pleasure, new-one."

The drow's voice is calmly excited as she flips Nocturne around in her arms. Nocturne herself looks barely coherent after getting face-fucked like that, so she herself didn't even realize what the drow was doing until she felt the thick of her cock press up against her ass as she held her to her chest. It's a sight Shadowheart gets a perfect view of inbetween those random blinks of darkness, and she can only watch on in despair as the drow forces her cock further up into Nocturne's ass.

"GODS!"

"No! Leave her alone!"

Nocturne's screams while Shadowheart struggles below. The disciple of Shar, who's crime was simply being associated with Shadowheart has her anal rim stretched by a cock that had already violated it countless times over. Her own cock throbbed while pressed up against the drow's stomach as she bottoms out inside her. It even leaks out a drop of pre that Shadowheart catches the smallest glimpse of while putting all the strength she had into trying to slip out underneath the drow.

"Please, mistress.... Not in front of-NNF!"

Nocturne's silent begging is muffled when the drow moves her mouth back over hers. As she kept working her ass, Shadowheart watched as she kissed Nocturne so dominantly, finally revealing to her what she had been hidden from her out of view recently. And by the gods and Selûne themselves, it was worse than she thought as the beastly but skinny elf woman slobbered over Nocturne's mouth, even after having just recently fucked it.

“Get off me! Nnnnngah!”

Shadowheart continued to fight as violently as she could. It was all fruitless, especially when the drow had Shar backing her as she picked up the pace of her thrusting.

Even while complete and total darkness flickered in and out, the cleric still had a clear view as the drow's thick grey balls came slapping up against Nocturne's bare purple shaded ass, forcing more come out of her already dribbling cock. Shadowheart honestly couldn't care less about seeing that, she remained more worried on Nocturne herself and the shame she saw in her from leaking like that. But if this wasn't already a stab through her heart, something new comes over the drow as she moved her mouth away from Nocturne's.

“Do you see it? Do you- nnnf!- feel it? The feeling of despair as I ruin your one light in this sea of darkness? It's only a pleasure to be violated by our goddess in such a manner, nnnmmhph! I will savor it as ruin this one right before.... Your.... Eyes....”

The drow's increasingly frantic words came with her thrusting even faster into Nocturne. Shadowheart could tell what was about to happen.

The drow was about to cum.

“NO! YOU SICK DISGUSTING FREAK! LET HER GO!”

Shadowheart screams but she can't stop the inevitable. She can only watch as the drow slams into Nocturne's ass, giving everything she had to make her ass suffer and yet also surge with pleasure as she takes things even further. It comes with more moaning from the teifling as even Nocturne herself can't help but give in.

“NNNGH! NNOOO! SSSTTTTOOOPPPP!!!! SSSSSHHAADOWHEEAARRRT!!!!”

Nocturne wails and the half-elf herself watches as her dick spews out a series of thick loads that falls down onto Shadowheart below. It makes the drow only laugh as she feels her bitch clench down tight around her while her own balls throbbed with anticipation. The tight grip of Nocturne's rear looked like it was trying to milk her cock, and even a psychotic braindead cultist such as her had her limits. Even then, it wasn't any easier for Shadowheart to watch as she begins putting all the strength she had into fucking Nocturne to the point that she was damn near brain dead herself.

“YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!”

The Drow snarls before she finally busts. It's a thick guttural sound that rumbles out of her throat while her dick begins spewing thick lines of seed inside Nocturne's destroyed anus. Shadowheart herself could watch as Nocturne's entire body tenses while the teifling herself

squeals with a mixture of horror and delight until the amount of seed inside her ass ends up overflowing and spurting out around the drow's cock. And like Nocturne's seed, it splatters down across Shadowheart's body, making her shiver with disgust as the warm gooey liquid streaks across her bare skin.

It feels like ages until the flow finally stops, but by then, Nocturne didn't even look conscious when the drow released down on to Shadowheart. She eases her foot off her, allowing the half-elf to slowly rise up to her feet. Her first instinct was to grab Nocturne in run, but instead she watched the drow closely as she took a few steps back, seemingly to catch her breath, that is, until she mutters a single word.

“Run.”

That single word is all Shadowheart needed to be set off as she quickly grabbed Nocturne, who was already trying to rise back up to her feet, and pulled her back through the gap in the cave chamber.

“Shadowheart!”

“Run, damn it!”

Nocturne calls out to Shadowheart, but she keeps pushing her along.

With the amulet continuing to flicker, it made bumping into the stone walls around them into a hazard. Still, Shadowheart could feel the drow's presence back to being behind them, coming at them the same way she did before. Only this time, the cleric could tell the beast was playing with her food as she kept herself just far enough out of reach as she barreled through the tunnel after them.

“Faster!”

The drow yells as both Shadowheart and Nocturne fall back into the chamber the former found the latter in. But with the amulet continuing to die out, Shadowheart is back on her feet forcing Nocturne in front of her through the final bits of maniac's lair. Both determination and fear fueled every step she took, even when everything suddenly goes into complete darkness.

It isn't until the both of them fall back into the main part of this place that Shadowheart realizes what happened.

She lost the amulet.

Spinning her head around, Shadowheart could see where she dropped it back in the tunnel as it continued absorbing the darkness. But even closer were the heavy-footsteps of the drow chasing them.

“We have to go!”

In the face of complete and total disaster which would be blindly running through a horde of hung drow, Shadowheart words huffed out of her mouth as she pulled Nocturne along behind her. There was no time to go about this carefully, not when they were being chased through complete and total darkness by a monster that could see through such darkness. And to be expected, both Shadowheart and Nocturne go plowing right into the horde.

“FRESH MEAT! FUCK MEAT!”

“DARKNESS GUIDES ME!”

“BREED YOU WITH DARKNESS!”

The voices erupt all around them along with the countless limbs that try to grab them both. But Shadowheart was putting EVERYTHING she had into dragging herself forward, her hand still gripping tightly onto Nocturne behind her the entire time, even when she felt sweaty hands cover almost every part of her body. Either still trying to pull her down or get a feel for her skin.

Desperate digits dug themselves into her holes, both down low and above. With some fingers going knuckle deep, like the two that rammed in and out of Shadowheart's cunny, nearly knocking her off her feet as she valiantly fought for each step she took. It was the same feeling the thumb in her asshole gave her as it slowly slid in and out of her flexing sphincter. But the worst, more than anything else, had to have been the fingers that forced their way into her mouth.

“RRrrrk! Grrlrk! Mrrrnk! Nggrrrk!”

Shadowheart coughed and sputtered around the foul tasting digits. The salty yet earthy taste of gods know what nearly pushed her to puke before she brought her teeth gnashing down, pulling a startled cry from the drow who pulls her hand free. And for a moment, with the taste of blood in her mouth, Shadowheart felt truly satisfied for a single magnificent second until Shar, of course, had to punish her.

But it wasn't another burst of pain that sent her falling to the ground. No, for this situation, all she had to do was send a powerful enough blast of pleasure,

Directly into Shadowheart's womb.

“GGGGGGAAAAHHH!!!!”

“Shadowheart!”

Shadowheart can hear Nocturne call out her name behind her when she goes down, cumming her brains out as a thick blast of nectar comes shooting out of her. It was in that moment that the cleric's body suddenly went rigid, tightening her grip on Nocturne behind her even further and taking her down with her when she collapses down, going from an unstoppable warrior to a half brain-dead pleasure slut in less than a second.

But the moment she ended up face down, ass up, they already lost.

"NO!-GRLKKLKK!!!!"

"NOCTURNE-NNGH!"

The sound of hearing her friend get her face fucked was more than enough to sober Shadowheart up from her recent orgasm. But just as fast as she was ready once again, a cock was already inside her, pounding away deep inside her pussy that still rang with pleasure. It came with the beastly grunting of the Drow woman behind her, just one of the many that now surrounded her and Nocturne.

"FUCK THEM!"

"MEATY HOLES!"

"MUST BREED!"

The voices of the brain dead cultists morphed together becoming nothing more than incomprehensible shouting between maniacs who wanted to stick their dicks inside them. Even then, Shadowheart could still distinctly make out the sound of the drow's body still crashing into hers while her cock stirred around inside her pussy. Such a disgusting feeling could only come from someone as beastly as these drow.

Of course, it was also with the sound of Nocturne's gagging and retching before Shadowheart could hear her gurgling moaning pick up even further.

PLAP *SLAP* *PLAP* *SPLAT* *PLAP* *SPLAT*

"GGRLKRRRKL!"

"NNNGGGGGH- Moonmaiden a-ah-above! Guide me- MNNGGRH!"

There was no rhythm or any way to get used to the feeling of how the drow on top of Shadowheart was fucking her. The cleric herself fought with all her might to keep her mind in one piece while her cunt felt like it was engulfed in a static-filled world of pleasure that only drained what little energy she had left.

But the moment she goes to try and pray to her god, her entire face is engulfed in a hairless, but sweaty and musky rear as one of the drow hears what she's trying to do and quickly takes care of that.

"MNNNGRRRH!"

Another cry erupts out of Shadowheart as the drow in her pussy picks up the pace even further. The muscled tip of her dick continued wildly slamming around inside her, managing to hit all those right places in the worst and roughest way imaginable.

Because of that, she went from fighting against the orgasm that was swelling up inside her, to trying to hold it off for as long as possible as she still managed to pull herself along with Nocturne behind her.

Shadowheart couldn't even begin to imagine what she was going through. All the plapping, slapping, gurgling, and crying gave her an idea but she knew it wouldn't come close to the truth. She could only hope Nocturne would be able to hang on just a bit longer, something she also applied to herself as much as she could when the cock in her pussy finally drove her over that edge, and in that moment, she loses her grip, not that she even notices when she's cumming her brains out.

"MMNNNNRRHHHH!!!!"

Another wet blast of fluids squirts from her cunny, covering the drow's cock in more lubricant as it gets even faster. Shadowheart could feel the drow's balls tightening at the same time. Though she didn't have to worry about pregnancy, the feeling of being trapped in this position still made Shadowheart feel like she was about to be bred by a bunch an animal. Someone who was probably was a valued member of the Sharran order, now reduced to this but still able to fuck a hole as tight as Shadowheart's as it clenched down tightly around her.

The thumb was still in her ass, working around in there for good measure in breaking Shadowheart's waning resolve. The only real miracle was the that the thumb itself didn't have a long nail, but that meant little to nothing while her pussy was still getting pummeled, and each breath she took was choked by the thick scent of sweaty ass and tesicals. She knew the easiest way to get her off in this position, but even then, she still wasn't proud when she finally found the drow's asshole and once her mouth was over it, plug her tongue inside and pull herself even deeper into a world of smell and taste.

"YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!"

She hears the voice of who she presumes to be the drow as she rides her ass even harder into her face. Meanwhile, her tongue burned with disgust as it slid back and forth inside the overwhelmingly tight sphincter, that clenched down across her tongue hard enough to make

what she was trying to do nearly impossible. And yet, with the will of someone who was giving everything she was, she inched just that bit further to the end.

It took her longer than she would have liked, but she eventually began to find a proper rhythm, even through the hectic fucking that seemed almost random. She had to strain as hard as she could moving once every few seconds after building up what strength she had left going for herself. But more than anything else, even while she felt revolved in all possible ways as she's violated on both ends, she still had Nocturne behind her.

Sudden heavier footsteps stir Shadowheart out of her rhythm however before it was the sound of sudden screeching as something made its way through the drow toward them. In the darkness, the feeling of dread was even worse as the footsteps got louder and the drow was pushed or even seemingly thrown out of the way.

Eventually, Shadowheart stops when the drow on her face is roughly pulled off her and before she can even say anything, a hand grabs her ponytail and forces her mouth over a cock. A cock slick with salty cum, like it had just been inside someone before it now found itself scraping its grime across her tongue. It isn't until her nose is buried in a forced of sweat slick pubes and she hears a familiar manic voice does she realize just how fucked she was.

“NNnnnggaah! Taste me, and your lover.”

The drow that fucked Nocturne, the one that kept her captive in that hole in the wall. The one who filled her ass with her seed, now had her bitch-breaker in Shadowheart's mouth.

“Delicious treatssssssss! For y-your precious traitor mouth!”

The way the drow spoke, even in the complete and absolute darkness of the nightmare she was in, Shadowheart began to realize just how much of Shar's power ran through her. She felt it in the way she kept herself balls deep down her throat, holding herself there as she chokes the life out of her, meanwhile tickling her nose in the white bed of pubes at the the base of her cock.

“GRRLLKG! GLKRL! GRRRL! KKKLRRRLKK!”

As the noises she makes get worse, Shadowheart feels her eyes begin to water and her head begin to feel light. Her lungs burned in her chest as well but the drow was cruel, keeping her well buried in there while the thrusting drow in Shadowheart's pussy went faster. She kept going faster until she couldn't go any further and with one victorious cry that cuts through the concofphany of choking cries, gargled retches, beastly groaning, and the thick sounds of sex, Shadowheart feels her womb as its filled with more drow semen.

The feeling like always, towed the line between breaking her mind from pleasure and agony. But Shadowheart was still going strong even then, by some form of willpower that even astonishes herself. Her attention on that could only last on that for so long before its once again split

between the cock in her mouth and the cock in her pussy. Though, she's given some relief when her pussy is soon emptied, albeit, at the cost of the thumb in her asshole being switched out for a member that knocks the air out of her lungs when it bottoms out inside her.

“PERFEEECT! NMnnngggggggggghhhh! LADY SHAR! Allow me to fill this traitor’s stomach with cum as thick as tar.”

The monstrous drow bellows. Even the all-consuming darkness that Shadowheart couldn't ever hope of seeing through shook at her might, giving her a small glimpse of the crowd of drow around her, all fallen cultist sisters each with cocks that she could break her down into insanity. But that was only when the beast in her mouth pulled her massive length back out from her gullet. Of course, always to then skewer it back down her mouth until her nose was back and buried in her pubes.

“DROWN IN IT! DROWN IN IT! DROOOOWN IN IT!”

The drow's voice vibrates Shadowheart's very soul as she cums. But the moment her thick chunky cum snot spurts down her throat, the cleric sickeningly enough feels how it really did feel like drinking down tar. At the same time, taking it up the ass by some viscious freak, with each second dragging on to the point of nearly being the final push Shadowheart needed for her body to finally give out, right when the flow of cum going down her stomach begins to subside.

But through either sheer stupidity or a spirit that could outlast a god's wrath, Shadowheart continued forward anyway, pushing herself to the limit when the drow in her mouth remained embedded as deep in her throat as she could go for a few still moments. Not that Shadowheart can even notice when countless grope at her body while the cock in her ass got even faster. But once her mind eventually comes around to the strange fact, the drow chuckled with a disgusting laugh,

Before she began pissing down Shadowheart's throat.

“Yessssssss.... Take the lady's-nmmph-s-shade.~ Feel its flavor burn itself into your tongue!”

The drow's voice rises with delight as the warm watery liquid shoots down into Shadowheart's stomach. That violation alone pushed her to vomit before Shar quickly forced everything back down. She wanted the traiterious disciple to digest all the horrible liquids that were now in her stomach.

Despair never quite hurt as much as it did in that moment.

Right then and there, Shadowheart wanted to die. To simply cut to the end of all of this endless nonsense. What was the alternative? Living a life with the memories of all of this?

The idea of erasing those memories crossed her mind but were shot down just as fast. Would she really ever be able to forget all of this, even if she tried to erase her memory? That wasn't even asking whether or not she would be able to escape this place at all.

Shadowheart hoped she could. But that was very fastly dying hope the longer each second had her about to lose her mind from everything that was forced on her. She doesn't even notice when the drow pulls out of her mouth, and yet, her body continues moving forward based on nothing else than pure instinct. It wasn't even disorientation. It was focus, pure and absolute focus that had her crawling forward even until she couldn't hear the endless drow behind her. Even when the only thing she felt was the cock pounding in and out of her asshole as whoever it was behind her laid on top of her back as she made each agonizing movement.

But she couldn't go on forever.

She only had seconds before she collapsed. And so, with everything she had, Shadowheart throws herself forward, sending herself tumbling down to the ground. But once her body collides with the stone floor, it's back in the blinding light, back with Viconia and the two Sharran priestesses, who looks quite amused at the state of her, being as "indisposed" as much as she was.

"Oh my. It seems not much has changed since your training, child. The things you'll put yourself through for your mission; it's almost admirable if it wasn't so idiotic. Nevertheless, you passed."

Those final words stir Shadowheart, even when the world faded into darkness around her. She only understands when the cock in her ass finally cums, and a familiar voice cries out in delight.

"OH! SHADOWHEAAAAAARRRRT!"

It was Nocturne. Nocturne was the one fucking her.

But she wasn't Shadowheart's friend, not anymore. Before she passed out, she looked toward her eyes, wide and dilated just like all the others.

"GODS ABOVE! D-D-D-DON'T DO THIS! T-THEY DON'T TELL ME ANYTHING! PLEASE! I DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE IS- Brlrph! Smmrrrplh!"

Piss streamed down the cultist's face as he struggled to breathe so high up in the air. A metal gloved gripped his ankle, breaking the bone down to dust. That was all the while still dealing with the shock of having just watched his fellow cultist, one that had been brought up there with him, fall to his death.

“Don’t worry, you’ll be down there with him soon enough. What you tell me determines whether I drop you here for something fatal, or down there for something.... Slower.”

Despite being the daughter of the Moonmaiden, a deity associated with life, Dame Aylin could be pretty damn brutal when she wanted to be. Now, she was wringing the piss out of one of these worthless little wretches, enjoying as he blubbers over his words, getting the exact information she wanted out of him before she did what said she would do,

And dropped him.

[illegible]

Aylin listened as the cultist's voice faded away into silence. It gave her a deep sense of satisfaction that she rode as she descended all the way back down to the ground, where certain adventurers pulled the pulverised corpse of the cultist she dropped over to where they dragged over the other she dropped.

“Anything useful?”

Aylin calls out, coming to the ground behind Tav as they quickly worked away with away with the scroll for speak to the dead.

“Nothing. Wherever their keeping her their keeping it a secret even from their own. The same for you, I’m sure?”

Isobel huffs as she turns to meet her lover's gaze. Aylin could see it in her eyes, the concern, not for the situation at hand, but for the state of their fellow companion who remained completely silent.

They had the look of someone who's entire life was fixated on a single goal. It's the same kind of look Aylin saw on some of the deadliest warriors she's met in her long life, but knowing what she did about Tav, and what they were capable of, things were uneasy as it appeared that the adventurer was going to tear reality itself apart in their search for Shadowheart.

"If they aren't in that den of theirs in Baldur's Gate, where else could they be?"

"I have a few ideas, none of them ideal in what we'll have to do."

Isobel sighs as she gazes toward the sky.

"We'll know in a minute."

Tav finally speaks up as they rise to their feet. The smashed corpse was finally prepared, but Aylin could see that the spell Tav had prepared wasn't the usual one.

Before they cast it, Aylin's eyes just barely made out the sight of a sygil of Myrkul, but by then, she was already sent hurdling back with Isobel. The power that erupted out of the destroyed corpse managed to do harm to the Moonmaiden's very daughter, and now it had Tav in its grasp, held up in the air as the corpse shambles back up to its feet.

“To call upon me.... You must truly be desperate, adventurer.”

The god of the dead holds Tav tight in its grasp, who remains unflinching even as the being's breath washes across their face, sucking years off of their lifespan. And yet, Tav didn't even blink. They stared Myrkul and their vessel down until it was the god who was the one flinching.

“TAV! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?”

Isobel calls out while Aylin was the one to remain silent. She understood what Tav was doing, probably more than she would have liked. But it was more than enough for Myrkul who offers the adventurer what they want.

“You have come far from what you once were. But you know the price you must pay if you truly wish to know where she is.”

“I do.”

Tav huffs, putting everything on the line while Myrkul only laughs before the vessel dissolves away into a green glowing power. It circles them, taking its time until Tav was breathing nervously before it suddenly struck, shooting into their head like a small bolt of electricity.

The moment it was gone, so was Myrkul's presence and both Isobel and Aylin could run to Tav's aid.

“What were you thinking?! You didn't have to make a deal with Myrkul of all blasted beings!”

Isobel, while helping Tav up, fumes as she checks the adventurer both physically and magically. The only thing that does is a contract between them and the god of death.

“Oh, Tav....”

Isobel huffs.

“I'll gladly bare this cost for her. I'd take worse given what she's going through right now.”

Tav avoids both their gazes. The effect of the deal on them was clear, but they both could tell that wasn't the main thing bothering her.

"Well, you better hope that filth's help was worth it."

Aylin sighs as she picks a more neutral route in all of this. She of all people knew the lengths love would push people to. And luckily enough, Tav looked satisfied for once ever since she approached them and explained that Shadowheart was in trouble.

"It was. But we're gonna need some help."

"Getting where, exactly?"

After Isobel asks the question, Tav points a thumb up to the moon. It shouldn't have been possible, but the adventurer helps her put it together by asking her a simple question.

"Have you heard of the dark side of the moon?"

"Shadowheart, if you need to talk-"

"I'll find you. Right. J-Just give me a moment to gather my thoughts."

Shadowheart stumbled off toward her tent after another long, nearly agonizing day of trying to save this damn city.

The events of the House of Grief played over and over again inside her mind, with her picking apart each and everything she could have done differently with hindsight, even a few days after the fact, with her and her allies forced to continue on the fight against Gortash and Orin.

She was being too hard on herself, but the traitorous cleric of Shar felt like she deserved it after choosing her own freedom over her parents. It was a choice that could have only come from a god like Shar.

A sudden sob jumps out of Shadowheart's mouth as she remembered how she felt when she was first reunited with them. Even if she couldn't remember them, there was some deep primal part of herself that did. Like that little girl in that forest was still alive inside her even after having been brainwashed to follow such a cruel deity. A cruel deity that gave her a choice no person should have to make.

The cleric stumbled into her tent, closing it and activating a sound glyph before finally collapsing into a sobbing heap. It felt like her very soul was being torn in two, it was something that hurt in a way no sword or spell could. It was grief, simple as can be. Not entirely surprising given the god she now PREVIOUSLY worshipped. Though, finding Aylin and realizing her actual past more than put her on that path.

She knew nobody blamed her, not even her own parents who encouraged her to make the sacrifice. But even if she didn't remember them, they were still her parents, two of the most important people in her life that she wanted to get to know again. And now she would never be able to, all because some insufferable deity wanted to use her.

Shadowheart flinched, expecting another shock from Shar. But when nothing comes, a new kind of ease sets over her, something that she felt like she hadn't felt in years. The feeling of not having a god looking over your shoulder, watching and judging every thought and action you make. Eventually, it becomes enough to help calm her endless sobbing to something more manageable but still natural to feel given everything that happened.

It wasn't the end of the world, Shadowheart knew that much. It was one of the things that bothered her the most in her mind, that everything, including herself would move on. Something that didn't seem at all fair for her parents. All those years trapped by Shar and forced to watch as she became her twisted soldier, they deserved the world as far as their daughter was concerned.

Eventually, the tears stopped and Shadowheart sat up again. She should get some rest. Even if grief was tearing her apart from the inside out, the Netherbrain still had to be stopped.

Peeling off her armor, she felt that much more at ease now that she was comfortable in her undergarments. It was another joy she took comfort in as each day passed, each more uncertain than the last. Regardless, Shadowheart would have loved to turn in there, with the sound outside her tent still cut off. But she knew it was always safer to always keep an ear and out, especially in times like these when they've had their fairshare of intruders in their camp.

From there, it was a simple check peeking outside her tent like she had done a million times over. This time around, when she pokes her head out, she nearly jumps out of her skin when she comes face to white-scaled face with Durge.

Shadowheart looked down into the water surrounding her two-platform home.

The almost inky black surface of the water made it seem like it went down forever into an enteral abyss. It shocked the cleric that she managed to swim her way out the first time, even if Shar wasn't breathing down her neck at the time. It was eerily peaceful if Shadowheart closed her eyes. But she knew she couldn't let herself get too comfortable, even if it felt like the one thing she needed after the endless torment.

She could still feel Nocturne's cock throbbing deep inside her ass as she spewed her seed deep inside her guts. The feeling of being fucked like that by someone who was always there for her messed with the cleric's mind more than anything else. She knew it was only Shar's corruption

that led her to doing that, but it made her skin crawl that she mistook her for one of the maniac drow just from how lustfully violent she was.

Shadowheart didn't know where they took Nocturne afterward. She woke up back here, in her prison. The only thing in her possession being the amulet of Shar that she clutched onto tightly, even if she knew she should have thrown it into the water. But everytime she went to throw it away, she couldn't bring herself to do so. It was humiliating having to return to the god you tried to escape, but at the end of the day, she always knew whether she liked it or not that her and Shar were always going to reunite after the House of Grief.

Her attention is only roused at the sound of one of her chamber door's open, and through exhausted eyes, she turns to see Viconia as she approaches, platforms raising out of the water for her while flanked by two priestesses. She was the person Shadowheart hated more than anyone or anything else. The sheer offence of her dragging her down to this level more than warranted such rage, but even while meeting the look of her smug grin, Shadowheart couldn't bring herself to care.

"My, what startling difference from the woman you once were. One might make the guess that your FINALLY beginning to realize that this is where you belong, here, with our Dark Lady."

"I... Yes. M-My allegiances.... Are to the dark lady."

Shadowheart was lying, and she knew Viconia and her cruel god knew as well, but the fact that she said it at all was more than proper progress in her "correction."

"Wonderful. Let that be lesson that one as defiant as yourself can be broken. But admitting it is only the first step of many on your path to refulfillment. You know you must PROVE your devotion to the grief that guides us all."

"I-I understand. I'll be willing to take on any requirements you need of me.... Mother."

Shadowheart feels bile rise up in her throat as she speaks that last word. But nevertheless, it only appeases Viconia even further before she turns to leave.

"Come, another trial awaits. Unless you require another day of recovery."

Viconia poses a simple offer such as that with malice behind her voice. It was pathetic, to see a woman with such potential be focused on something so beneath her. Yet, here she was, back within the fold of the religion that raised her. And now, after rising to her feet, she silently follows after Viconia and her two priestess as she's led back into the labyrinth of dark lust. Though, with the amulet of Shar still at hand, the task felt manageable albeit disorienting as the weeks of sexual torture take its toll on her.

Each step feels harder than the last, but she still couldn't bring herself to slow as she continued following behind her mother superior. She wondered how good she felt, having broken down a defiant young woman who was trying to leave an abusive religious order. Shadowheart suspected she felt pretty good with herself, even if she was following after her through the shadow-filled hell of elegant drow temple design.

Regardless, the further they go and Shadowheart realizes just how impossible it would be to escape as it kept going well beyond anything the cleric could remember, at least while as troubled as she was. But the deeper they went, she heard the echoes and cries of others trapped in this place, more often than not gurgled or joined by the thick clap of sex. At least, that's what Shadowheart hears as she looks around while trying to keep up with the others who didn't even notice the screams as they got louder as they came to a final door that slides open.

Stepping forward, it was difficult for Shadowheart to see inside the chamber with the thick gushing steam that rolls out of the room. But Viconia in front of her with her two priestesses finally steps to the side and gestures for her to go in.

"Words can only say so much as to your devotion. Your actions will provide the full truth we need to see if you TRULY believe in our lady of darkness."

Viconia made it seem like this was going to be some grand test, but Shadowheart knew what it would ultimately amount to. Regardless, she stepped forward anyway, into the steam. She heard the others follow in behind her, but she was still walking blind, wading her way through the steam until it finally clears, revealing that she was now surrounded by a masked Sharran cultists.

They all stood around wearing thick robes, covering their entire form as they silently judged Shadowheart as she stood in the middle of them all. It made her feel disgusting as she stood there completely naked, body now glistening with sweat from the warm steam that choked her thoughts as much as it messed with her lungs.

"The renegade has come for her retribution."

Viconia announces to her flock as she stands at the head of them, her gaze aimed on Shadowheart just like all the others in this ceremonial chamber.

Without needing to be commanded, Shadowheart falls to her knees, still clutching at the amulet of Shar as she bows to Viconia. She puts all the effort she has into trying to sell it, even if it was utterly humiliatingly on a soul twisting level, made worse when she forces out the next words from her mouth.

"What is it that you require of me, Mother Superior? How may I prove myself to you and to our god of darkness?"

"Hmm.... You remember your prayers, correct? The ones that guided your once prevalent belief in our lady?"

"I-I do."

"Recite them. A single verse will suffice. But the others will be testing your mettle to see if you can maintain such focus. A task that most can pass, unless their spirits have been fully given to our lady. Believe you can do that?"

"....Yes."

Shadowheart's voice is barely above a whisper, it's quieter than the murmuring that passes through Viconia's acolytes at her answer. It still burned her to go along with all of this, but enough exhaustion would make anyone pliable, and unfortunately enough, she was pliable enough to then bring her hands together in prayer, the amulet of Shar dangling by its chain wrapped around her fingers.

Even after having her memories erased time and time again, she always remembered the countless Sharran prayers taught to her by Viconia or any of the other instructors she's had in her life. It was almost hard to choose which one, but with pressure mounting as she knelt there, she didn't have much time and therefore simply picked that seemed at least good enough for this trial.

"O-Oh lady of sorrow, g-guide my life."

Shadowheart begins and the first cultists move in. One knelt down in front of her, bring her masked face close to Shadowheart's as her hands begin kneading at her tits, already difficult enough to deal with before another cultist behind her kneels down and grabs her by the hips.

The cultist's fingers dug into her skin, making her wince but she tried to continue anyway, even as the cultist in front of her grabs two handfuls of her tit meat and squeezes. It made an already exhausted Shadowheart fumble over her words as arousal rises within her. But with the amulet of Shar still in her hands, she felt herself have just enough strength to force herself to keep going, even as the two religious fanatics grow more aggressive.

"G-Guide me thr-through grief and darkness as I- nmmnh- commit myself to your name.-AH!"

Shadowheart suddenly shouts when she feels the cultist behind her reach down and begin rubbing two fingers over her pussy and asshole. Both holes were still sore after the poundings they took, and the cultist's fingers had each nerve in her body standing on edge as she tries to remain calm. However, remaining calm isn't when both of her tits were being tightly squeezed by the fingers of another cultist who Shadowheart's wished she could have head butt while she was so close, espically when she begins pinching her nipples and twisting the tight nubs between her fingers.

“Having difficulty concentrating Shadowheart? Perhaps some further training might suit you well then.”

Viconia’s voice cuts through the chaos and Shadowheart’s ears burn at her smug words. At the same time, it gave her spite-fueled energy to help keep herself going as the cultist behind her shifts her fingers to start pressing in at her sore, but still increasingly wet cunny.

The feeling made Shadowheart’s skin crawl, but through clenched teeth she continues the prayer.

“My life, my-my being, my-nnnnngh- my very soul are all-mmnnh- yours to use as you aid the coming night, mnnphrrm?!?”

Midprayer, the cultist in front of Shadowheart rides up her mask to reveal the bottom half of her drow face. Then, faster than the cleric can react while she’s trying to concentrate on a million things at once, brings their lips together in a tight and intimate kiss. Shadowheart’s coughs and sputters around her tongue as it pushes into her mouth but she knows she can’t do anything about it, like she can’t do anything when the fingers against her pussy finally puncture into her folds.

“Sssllrrrrppppppppp!?!?”

Shadowheart moans as she can feel her fingers and toes curl along with the fingers inside her pussy as they start sliding in and out. It felt like stimulating a sore and exhausted muscle, which made the pleasure that came from it feel all the more draining while also contesting with the cultist in front of her who continues to kiss her intimately, like she was a lover. It didn’t feel like it couldn’t get any worse as Shadowheart had to will herself to keep going, but as an extra effort that drove her nearly over the edge, the cultist behind her leans in while still fingering her pussy and begins licking at her ear.

The thought that she maybe should have prepared for this beforehand like Viconia offered crossed Shadowheart’s mind, but she was too deep to pull herself out now, especially when the cultist’s fingers inside her cunt are replaced by the head of the fanatic’s cock. She had pressed herself against Shadowheart’s back and was now taking the chance to get her cock fighting for purchase in her pussy. The thought of what might happen when it fully thrust into her terrified Shadowheart as not even she could imagine the overwhelming sensation that would be soon upon her as the cultist applies more pressure.

“Having difficulties, Shadowheart? You MUST already know that such devotion can only be tested by some of the STRICTEST measures imaginable.”

Viconia’s words manage to reach Shadowheart even in the middle of the mess she was in. The smug bitch always had a way to get under her skin even with just her words, but now she was

testing to see just how “broken” Shadowheart was, and as the two cultist’s grew more eager in their effort to overwhelm her, each moment that passed was a trial in of itself to see how long she could keep up with this. But for better or for worse, the cleric was managing to hang in there even while her body felt like it was about to fall apart.

Eventually, the cultist pulled her mouth away from Shadowheart’s lips, the only thing still connecting them being the strands of saliva. The same went for the cultist behind her with her ears.

“MWAH! Oh gods....”

Shadowheart huffs once her lips were free. She still had to contend with the cultist behind her however, whose cock breaches into her pussy when the pressure became too much.

“AH!?”

The cleric lets out a less than dignified cry when her sore, used, and abused cunny explodes in a world of painful pleasure made worse by her own nectar giving the cultist behind her all the leverage she need to then slide herself further in. It made an already overwhelming feeling that much more excruciating when her folds are filled, stretched, and fucked when the fanatic inside her begins sliding herself in and out of her.

“Focus, Shadowheart!”

Viconia’s scolding only threw Shadowheart off even further. She felt the urge to shout at her to shut up, but the fanatic in front of her grabs her by the hair and pulls her head back, making her wince. But, with the rest of the prayer still hanging over her head, Shadowheart forces herself to keep going.

“Bringing your et-eternal da-darkness to all life so they may live-Nnnngh!- s-sa-safely under your protection-GLKR! GLKR! GLKRLK!”

Right as Shadowheart finishes the next part of the prayer, the cultist in front of her freed her cock from her robe it shoved it down her throat, going all the way until she roughly bottomed out balls deep inside her gullet. Her churning testicals throb against her chin, their contents ready to spew down the cleric’s throat before the cock is suddely pulled back before being jammed down again when the cultist roughly throws her hips forward into Shadowheart’s face.

The only thing was that Shadowheart managed to get another chunk of the prayer out, but that felt quite small in the grand scheme of things when her strained, sore, but still tight pussy is getting fucked. The same for her throat after all the horrible cocks she had to swallow in the abyss of darkness. Now she was doing the same here, only this time with a cultist, who just by following Viconia alone didn’t made her any better than those lustfilled monsters she saw

“GGGLKR! GGLLOORRK! GRRRLK! GRRRLK!”

The undignified noises Shadowheart made along with healthy amount of spit came frothing out of her lips. The spit slick mess of throat gunk splattered down across her chest, still sensitive from the cultist's teasing. The cultist behind her made up for it by reaching around to get two handfuls of her tit meat while continuing to slam into the cleric's cunny, making each gagging, gurgling cry that was forced out of Shadowheart's mouth all the more satisfying for them to hear.

The dim purple lighting in the room made seeing what was happening around her, it didn't help either that her face spent the majority of the time between the cultist's legs, throating her fat cock while her grip in her hair remains tight as ever. The same for the cultist behind her railed into her in short but powerful thrusts, powerful enough to make her breasts bounce with every thrust she deals into Shadowheart from behind. It was all utterly agonizing with the cleric's cunt shouting in pain, but pain wrapped in addicting pleasure that nearly fried her mind stupid if the cultist in her mouth wasn't putting everything she had into reaming out her gullet.

It got to the point that Shadowheart had a white-knuckle grip on the amulet of Shar. She focused all of that excess pressure into holding onto it as tightly as she could while the nerves in her body stood on end from the relentless arousal that threatened to wipe away everything she was. But every day she spent in this place always taught that might not be a bad thing. And if it was just to escape the endless barrage of hung cultists, that was all the better.

Nothing would feel better than to just return to the life she once thrived in. But Shadowheart couldn't. No matter how much the need called out to her every time the cultist behind her bottomed out inside her pussy, the fat rubbery head of her cock bashing around wrecklessly like the one in her throat, but still short and controlled enough to drive Shadowheart's pleasure to its breaking point.

That was before Shadowheart felt the cultist in her mouth reach her peak and explode while the tip of her dick sat on her tongue. In just a few moments her mouth was overflowing with hot sticky drow cum, the drow herself moaning with delight as her testicals empty themselves across her tongue. But right when the cleric tried pushing her back, the cultist only thrust herself in further until she had her nose firmly against her waist, making sure she drank every last drop before tearing herself free. She coughed up chunks of cum that didn't make it down to her stomach, but both Viconia and the cultist in her pussy reminded her she still had a job to do.

“You aren't done, Shadowheart. Finish the prayer.”

“Gaaahhhhhh!-MmmMmmmmmost-of-a-a-all, all-ow me t-to de-de-destroy your ee-enemies as you vanquished Ibrandul-Oh fuck!”

Shadowheart can't help herself. Her cunt squirts out a volley of fluids across the cultist's cock as she continues packing in thrust after thrust into her. It was a gruesome kind of fucking that made

her voice jump as she stumbles over the last few parts of the prayer. One more time. All she had to do was open her mouth one more time and speak somewhat coherently.

“AAAAnaNNNDDD br-BReak th-the soOOOuuUUUuuuulsSSsss of anyone-NNnnngggghh!!!!”

She can't do it. The cultist's cock jumbled everything she said with each close up powerful thrust that batters up against her sore cervix, making that idea of simply giving all the more appealing when she felt the religious fanatic's sack thwap up against her clit overstimulated clit.

“She can't do it.”

“The cunt will keel over if they keep it up like this.”

“The monsters are going to kill her.”

The chattering from the Sharrans made Shadowheart want to scream when all of her attention was focused on finishing this damn prayer! The drow cultist rutting into her like a lusty animal on the otherhand pushed her to another orgasm after having just fuck fried her brains stupid with her thick dark grey cock that jabbed around inside her pussy, stirring up exhausted pain and pleasure after those freaks in that dark hell already had their fun with her.

The pistoning penis only got faster as more time passed. She was getting close, Shadowheart could feel that much in the way her grip tightened around her as well. She herself wasn't far behind either. It took almost the entirety of her will power to stop the dam from bursting and for her to squirt her brains out like she did in what felt like just a few moments ago. If she wanted to finish the prayer, now would be the time. The idea of forming together the last part of the sentence AFTER getting filled and letting out an explosive orgasm was laughable. But it would only be seconds until that time came, and Shadowheart was barely coherent enough to speak anything besides a humiliating moan.

“NNNGGGHHHHHH!!!! JJJJUST DO IT ALREADY!”

Shadowheart thoughts scream at her as a last bit of adrenaline forces her mouth to open last time.

“AND BREAK THE SOULS OF ANYONE WHO ATTEMPTS TO LIVE OUTSIDE YOUR ORDER!!!!-GOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHH!!!!”

The moment Shadowheart finishes the prayer she can't hold it back any longer. The world around her almost fuzzes over when her pussy spews out another burst of liquids across the cultist's cock as it continues pounding away. But Shadowheart didn't care, her mind was in another world of pleasure as she continued to scream in delight as that orgasm is dragged out for as long as it can go, long enough for the cultist to reach her limit and while bottoming out, spew her load directly into Shadowheart's womb.

She can even feel the thick semen as it overflows out of her folds just from how much was spewed inside her but still manages to find joy that she managed to pass another one of Viconia's tests. Even if she collapsed forward afterword when the cultist finished filling her and roughly pulled herself free. Leaving only Shadowheart to kneel before her Mother Superior as she stands above her, looking pleased as ever with how far someone as defiant as Shadowheart had fallen. The same joy she took in every time she saw the cunt squirm under the pressure of endless sexual torment.

"Another test passed, Shadowheart. Well done."

For what feels like the first time in ages, she felt genuine joy being congratulated by Viconia. But that same joy could only last for so long as she exhaustively pulls herself back to a kneeling position, cum still spewing out from her cunny between her legs.

"Your praise means everything to me.... Mother."

Shadowheart felt bile rise in her throat as she said that last word, more willingly than she would have liked. Still, she could see Viconia took great joy in it, which made it all the better for her when she gave another command.

"Do it again."

"W-What?!"

"You heard me, girl. Do as your mother asks and recite another prayer."

What had once been a vast knowledge of Sharran prayers was now destroyed from the exhaustion that was made all the worse by the fuck session that had just occurred. It burned Shadowheart inside that she couldn't bring herself to think of anything,

Besides a particularly LONG one. The only reason why she even remembered it in the first place was because of how many times she had to recite. It was one of those things singed into her memory that no amount of memory erasing will ever be able to completely wipe clean. Regardless, Viconia was getting impatient, so with whatever grace she had left she begins the prayer.

"P-Pay my p-penance to th-thy dark maiden-mother."

Viconia gives a nod to a few other cultists who step in around Shadowheart. They each adjust their cloaks, but as another surprise, the cleric shocked to see a thick green cock, a orange scaled cock, and another green cock, only a shade lighter than the other one but even then, she could still pick up on the pungent scent of gith sweat. That's when Shadowheart remembered

that for all the drow she had the displeasure of interacting with, Lady Shar's religion still accepted members of other races.

"Istick! You will serve my cock upmost dutifully in our dark lady's name."

The cloaked gith stepped forward first, her light green cock bobbing in her face. It's thick musk made Shadowheart's head spin when her hair was suddenly grabbed. Then, against what she was expecting, turns around, presenting her ass to Shadowheart's face before shoving her in, pressing her nose deep into her sweaty gith sphincter while her mouth gasped for air up against her taint and balls.

Despite being clean, the overwhelming taste was putrid to the cleric's tongue but she still fought against the urge to fight back. She was partially fascinated that a gith of a people managed to get this far into the cult, but for the most part, she was trying not to gag on the salty bitter smell she got when she tried breathing in through her nose. The worst part, above anything else, however, had to be the fact that her prayer was being stifled already.

Though, she has bigger problems to deal with when the orc cultist gets sick of waiting and with Shadowheart bent over with her face still in the gith's ass, she gets a look at the cleric's rear.

"Mnnnh. Nice rump back here."

The orc's deep voice rumbles out of her mask as she slaps a hand over one of Shadowheart's plump asscheeks.

"Mnnngh!?"

Shadowheart gasps against the gith's asshole as she feels her ass cheeks being spread. The orc's gaze was unmistakable as she felt it gaze over her holes, one filled,

One still unclaimed.

"Found it."

The orc smiles through her mask as she then grabs her thick green dick and presses it against Shadowheart's sore backdoor.

"MNNNNRRRRHHHH!!!!"

Shadowheart screams but her cries are still muffled by sweaty gith ass that starts grinding up and down against her face, completely bathing her senses in thick sweaty musk that nearly knocks her out cold if the dread of getting ass-fucked wasn't keeping her awake. But that nightmare swiftly becomes a reality when without any warning, she hears the orc behind her spit

and feels a thick glob of her spit land on her asshole. Then, with her dick ready to go, she grabs, angles, and punctures it in.

“NNMMNNNNRRRRHHHHH!!!!”

Another muffled scream leaves Shadowheart’s lips as her sore anus is stuffed full of green cock. Her already sore sphincter cries out in pain that mutates into a sickening form of pleasure that had her just about to cum her brains out. That was before the orc began slamming herself in and out of her guts, reaming her clenching hole as it struggles for dear life against her ruthless member.

“Keep screaming just like that, traitor. It feels good upon one’s rear.~”

The gith moans as she continues grinding her ass against Shadowheart’s face. The cleric remembered a dragonborn being present as well, but she couldn’t see anything with the green rear still blocking her vision. She does feel a pair of scaled hands grab her shoulders and for a large figure to loom over her, all before she feels a third cock get dragged down across her ass and up against the orc’s cock as it continues pounding Shadowheart’s asshole into a new shape.

“Think it’ll fit?”

The orc asks.

“It has to. ‘Else I’ll fuck a new hole into this bitch in our lady’s name.”

The smooth voice of the dragonborn above rumbles out of her as the orc slows down her thrusting to a eventual complete stop, giving the dragonborn the chance to then try and fit her dick alongside her’s.

“NNNRRRRMMNNNNH!!!!”

“Oh, quiet you. We’ll-nnngh!-make it fit!”

The dragonborn huffs as the stretch proves unimaginable to Shadowheart but disgustingly still works as her ass gives in, allowing both fat members to then slide balls deep inside her. The force, however, knocks the air clean out of her lungs while her ass is stretched in ways she couldn’t have even dreamed of. But to top it all off, the gith rear in her face, still utterly overloading her senses with her musk, suddenly pulls away, leaving Shadowheart to finally properly breathe, or at least try to while the most she could take in was small wheezes.

“Continue the prayer, Shadowheart! You aren’t even halfway done.”

Viconia chides Shadowheart like she wasn't going through her own hell of overstimulation. The orc and the dragonborn were already hung, so to have BOTH of them fucking her ass as hard as they could and as fast as they could while still under the difficult position they were all in almost made the cleric feel like she was dreaming just from how delirious everything was making her.

The only real universal concept that she could hang on to with her trembling mind was the two cock tearing into her but soon enough, against what everyone in that chamber believed, Shadowheart pushes herself to continue the prayer.

"P-P-PaaaAaaayyyy eEevvrreeerythttthing-nmlmmmn!- tt-tthhat I-I-I am to her so-so-Somber I-lo-llooss and emBRaacace! AAAIIILLlleviate M-me ii-into be-BE-being your-ohhhhohhh!- p-p-erfect BEING!"

It's messy half-gibberish nonsense, but it's good enough for Viconia as she listens to Shadowheart's warped cries. Meanwhile, the cleric can see her own erection sticking out from her own robes, not even touching herself and yet the sight of Shadowheart being violated alone more than made up for that as the two cocks inside her ramped up even faster.

It was soon pure and absolute sexual brutality that would have destroyed the minds of anyone lesser. But Shadowheart, with all her years of training burned into her instinct, she managed hold through like she usually did, even when the next orgasm inside her got ready to burst out of her like a volcano. All she could do at that point was brace for the inevitable when it happens,

Not before getting another part of the prayer out.

"G-G-Gu-GuldDe meE to-toward-nmmnnnh!- my co-correct FFFfffUuuuuTTreecture. In-Ensure that I stay t-ttrue to your tddd-ark!-and r-rightous p-path-AK! N-Not only as a s-solider of your army b-but as a-a cl-cleric preaching YOUR-NAAAAAAAAAAAAAME!!!!"

The final word comes out of her mouth like the geyser of fluids that sprays out of her pussy. Both orc and dragonborn cocks inside her continue to work away however, trying to reach their own peaks while Shadowheart was unfortunately stuck along for the ride. It didn't even seem possible that such pleasure could feel so horrible, but Shadowheart could feel it reshaping her soul along with her anal walls that could barely contain the amount of dick-meat pounding in and out of it.

Viconia let out an amused hum at the sight of it all. Along with being noticeably aroused, there was something *truly sweet* watching Shadowheart get broken in. The cleric herself knew she took pleasure in such from all the memories she had of her during her training years. But she could focus on such memories for only so long while her ass felt like it was going to split open. Yet, such a fate thankfully never occurs as the two cultists grew more wild in their thrusting, having much less of a rhythm and aiming solely toward fueling their own pleasure. It was in that same moment as well that Shadowheart realized she could force out another part of the prayer.

“M-May YO-your gr-RIEF-NNFG!- a-An-and gu-Guiddaaannce PU-SHHHhhh me to-toward the pr-p-proper pa-THHHH, and h-haave m-m-me sssss-s-TAY oo-on ttttTH-HA-hat path.... Nmmnh! FORR aa-as II-ILO-ong as I BREaTHE, WHhhhile N-N-nnno AAIIlly shssssh-shall co-come cl-cloose t-to tttttthe ho-HOld-nmmnnssh!- YoooYY-ou HHAave onmyheart-GGRRLK!”

Coming in for round two after smothering Shadowheart's face with her ass, the gith cultist this time slammed her massive light green rod down the cleric's gullet. It singed her tongue with its disgustingly thick salty bitter taste while also nearly snapping her throat open just from how face she shoved herself down.

Shadowheart's eyes nearly bulge out of her head from having her throat stuffed so suddenly. She nearly loses focus, her mind waning on finally giving out under itself, but she pulls herself together, even when the gith starts slamming herself back and forth into her face. At the same time, her thick steamy balls slap against Shadowheart's still spit drenched chin made only worse by her turn reaming into the once-powerful cleric's gullet.

“Make sure to swallow every inch, Kainyank! Nnnggaahh! Your traitorous mouth will suck my cock dry if it has to. Rnnnaah!”

“GRRLK! GRLKKL! GERRRLK! GRRKL!”

With her head stuck between the gith's legs most of the time, she could only feel the two thick monstrous cocks inside her asshole continue to plow away. Neither of them seemed even close to stopping as far as what Shadowheart herself felt while all of her other senses were otherwise distracted.

Even after finding a good rhythm, the feeling of being stuffed in such a way remained unnatural to Shadowheart, all the while her pleasure once again rebounds into another oncoming orgasm. Something that she focused every ounce of her attention that she could spare on while focusing on everything else. It was still a losing battle with the rising tide of arousal inside the cleric's body only getting harder to handle while her ass was double stuffed.

“Praise be to the nnnf-dark mother. Only a god as almighty as her could create such a delious treat.”

“Nnnnff.... Only a cleric guided by her god-nmmmm-would be able to take a pounding like this.”

The dragonborn groans while swiviling her hips to stir her cock around inside the cramped space she had inside Shadowheart's asshole. The orc on the otherhand cocurs the same thing while still roughly pounding her body up against the cleric's plump pale frame, making her meaty rear ripple and bounce off more droplets of sweat that had formed across her body.

Shadowheart herself needed to do something now that the prayer was almost finished. So, she separates hands from the amulet of Shar that connected them and grabs the gith by the hips, right when she was too caught up in her own lust too notice. It was damn near impossible to handle while her ass was stretched well beyond its limits, but she knew she needed to do the same way she knew she need to have the rest of the prayer ready to go. But once it was all set and she hardened her resolve just enough to focus past the cocks in her plump butt, she puts all of her strength into shoving the gith back just far enough so that she could continue.

"Mymindbodyandsoulareallforeverforyoutomoldbetweenyourdivinehandsintotheproperbeinginyourname!Inthydarklady'snameIcommitthispray-GGRRKL!"

The stream of words that poured out of Shadowheart's mouth is once again gagged as fast as the prayer itself flew from her lips.

"Spiteful little wretch! I would crush you underneath my boot if you didn't serve our dark lady's agenda!"

The gith now more than ever furiously fucks her cock in and out of Shadowheart's face. Going well and above anything she before, it almost felt like she was trying to kill her just from how aggressive her face-pounding was. But despite the absolute agony of that and the pain of her rear getting reshaped, she had some semblance of strange hope that Shar would pull her through this to the end. It was the same kind of religious faith that she felt back when she was a "true believer" and that terrified the cleric as much as she was bracing from the gith's faster paced thrusting.

But something began to change. Shadowheart could feel it in the gith's cock as she continued fucking her face. She was getting close, closer than even she herself was expecting. That alone was more than enough to give the cleric the idea to start sucking as hard as she possibly could.

"NNngh!? What!?"

The gith, caught of guard by Shadowheart's mouth tries to pull away, but the cleric reaches out and grabs her by the hips before pulling her in, going all the way to the point that Shadowheart was bringing her waist up against her face. And sure enough, the green bitch balls deep in her mouth spews her seed down her throat, all of which Shadowheart desperately swallows down.

"NNNGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!! G-Get her off me!"

"SSSSSSSSSLRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPPPGGGGKKKK!!!!"

For a single beautiful moment, Shadowheart doesn't even notice the two cock fucking her fat ass get even faster. Her entire world was sucking the gith's cock dry until she can't even stand, collapsing back onto her ass, cock falling free from her mouth in the process. It was just the exact thing she needed to muster those final words.

"I-In thy dark lady's name, I commit this prayer to you, Lady Shar! Nnnngggghhhhhh!!!!"

Shadowheart does it, at the same time squirting her brains out once again while her guts are filled by the dragonborn and orc cocks inside it as they let loose. Even in the cramped space they had, they both managed to finish inside her, filling her up with enough spunk that can't help but spurt out from her stretched anal rim and eventually spill out when both cocks are pulled free while Shadowheart lay there.

She looked up at them all. All the cloaked figures led by Viconia who was joined by the cloaked orc who comes to stand beside her.

"Another test finished, Shadowheart. Well done. But I believe you might remember who this is, won't you?"

Viconia smiles as the orc reaches up and pulls off her mask. While delirious, it took Shadowheart a moment to recognize who it was.

When she does, she can hardly believe it. But at the same time she isn't surprised either.

"H-Hello, Z'rell."

"Shadowheart? Sorry, I-I didn't mean to startle you."

"N-No! No. It's fine."

Durge apologizes while Shadowheart continues trying to catch her breath. There was something so simply terrifying in such a large person being able to move as quietly as he can. Though, of all people to run into, he certainly wasn't the worst, especially given the flood of emotions that went through her mind.

"I was just about to turn in for the night, is there anything you need from me?"

Shadowheart takes a huff, still trying to play things cool even with the emotional ache that still ran through her.

"If I'm not catching you at a bad time, I was hoping we could talk. I'm not one to make many assumptions in life, but after some of our recent excursions, I believe you may need it as much as I do."

Shadowheart didn't say anything because he was right. The only thing she did do was step to the side so that the dragonborn could join her.

"I hope you don't intend on staying long, I would rather avoid the ire of your two lovers during this *entanglement* you three finds yourselves in."

"Hm."

Shadowheart earns an amused hum from Durge as he takes a look around her tent. There's a moment of silence where she can see the dragonborn's usual stoic features strain as he tries to find the right words in what he wants to express.

Eventually, he brings himself back to fully look at her and ask one single question.

"How are you feeling?"

"I'm fine. Well, not entirely fine. Fine as anyone can be after just losing their parents."

The dry wit in Shadowheart's tone does not amuse Durge. He knew she understood his question. That alone triggered another rise in her emotions, but an annoyingly necessary one as she forces herself to find the words to respond.

"Fine as you, I suppose. Right? Not exactly sunny days when you have a *god trying to control your life."

"*Gods."

Durge corrects her as he takes a seat on the floor. Shadowheart provided enough space for both of them to sit a comfortable distance apart, with the cleric sitting on her bed.

"Right.... Well, with whoever or, I guess, *whatever* might be coming after us, doesn't seem things are going to go our way. Makes it almost feel like we're marching to our deaths. Though, at this point, that might not be a bad thing."

Shadowheart speaks candidly, stirring a noticeable reaction out of him with her hopeless additude. However, its what he says that has her the one caught off guard.

"I've been feeling the same."

There's a moment of silence. Shadowheart wasn't surprised but at the same time to hear someone that had grown so close to her say that was still had her reeling.

"We both know where we're going after all of this. If it ends here or not. We'll go home and face the ones who put us on these paths. Then and only then, will that be the end of us. It would be so much easier to just.... GET to that point, without all the nonsense."

“Yes. In my heart of hearts, I believe my soul belongs to the Moonmaiden. But after everything, it all felt too easy. I wish to believe that my path is set in stone, but I believed the same thing when I believed in Shar and look what happened there.”

“You want all of this to be worth it.”

“Y-Yes. To just know that after everything, I did the right thing. That sacrificing my PARENTS was the path I was always meant to take. Now, the faith they had in me keeps me from ever finding out if I’ll see them again, not until the end. W-Which could be tomorrow or centuries from now.”

Shadowheart’s voice shakes as more emotion overtakes her. Durge on the otherhand was always hard to read, but in this case Shadowheart, through tear filled eyes could notice a look of sympathy. Though, it’s not long until she’s completely blinded by them, not even noticing Durge when he rises to his feet and takes a seat next to Shadowheart on the bed, where she then leans against his larger muscled frame.

She can feel him tense for a moment but eventually he eases and even wraps his arms around her in a firm embrace as she poured out all of her emotions.

“I can’t offer you much, Shadowheart. The only thing I can offer is my company for as long as you need me. The same goes for the rest of us, even Lae’zel.”

A chuckle breaks through Shadowheart’s facade at that last part.

“Whether we die here against the Netherbrain, or centuries from now against some grander threat, you’ll never be alone.”

Durge’s hold on her tightened, and for the first time in what felt like so long, she felt something that made her treasure him and her friends all the more.

Hope.

“How are they on the moon?”

Why are they on the moon? That should be the last place any Sharran should want to be.”

Tav was baffled as they looked up at the sky. As the revelation set in with them, Aylin, and Isobel, the confusion started to come from the why than the how. In a world full of spells, magic, and gods know what else, nothing seemed impossible, along with the trio getting up there as far as Tav was concerned. Luckily enough, they also to just so happened to have an expert Sharran culture in their company.

"It's the one place the moonmaiden's light cannot reach. No matter how powerful she is, the moon will always have its dark side. It's also where Shar is at her strongest."

Isobel huffed as she already knew what was about to happen. She didn't know the how yet, but what she did know was that they were going to end up there, but it would be well-worth it for the sake of their ally. Shadowheart had spared Aylin and helped defeat her father, for her and Aylin, she had more than earned their undying loyalty. And from how things looked, Tav seemed to already have a plan.

Aylin catches on sooner than Isobel however and draws her sword, holding it to Tav's throat who now stood rigid.

"AYLIN!"

It ached Aylin's heart to hear Isobel say her name like that, the shock, the betrayal, but looking into Tav's eyes, she knew better to completely trust someone who looked that crazed.

"Another deal!? You already risked everything with that deal with Myrkul, I won't let you make that same mistake."

As Aylin holds the blade close, the pieces begin to click together for Isobel.

"Tav? You can't be serious. I know we need to get her back-"

"It's not a deal!"

Tav finally responds, catching both women off guard.

"It's a debt. A debt a demon has with me, a very powerful one. One that can get us up there."

Aylin peered in close to Tav's eyes, looking into their very soul if they even had one at this point.

"What demon?"

Shadowheart woke unable to move her arms.

That's the first thing Shadowheart noticed before realizing she couldn't move at all. Her entire body was paralyzed, but she could still feel the soft surface she was lying across, and the pulsing energy that spread through her body through the two rings that kept her arms suspended. Finally opening her eyes, she realized she was in some new chamber, lying across an alter thankfully cushioned as she lay facing up toward mural on the ceiling. That was if she

could keep her head held up long enough since there was no space to support her head, leaving her to ultimately dangle it upside down in a very vulnerable position.

It depicted Shar above all else, with every facet of life in all the nine realms eventually leading toward her, toward grief. The reminder of the cruel god and her current condition made Shadowheart stir with panic, but the only thing she could move was her head and with her limited scope of view, she couldn't see much besides peering down past her naked body and at the congregants all standing in silent waiting, led by Viconia.

"What is- Mother S-Superioer, this is-"

"Your final test, Shadowheart. You will finally take your place under Shar's rule as a martyr and an example of Selûne's wicked influence."

Viconia's explanation makes Shadowheart panic more when a pair of cultists remove her usual hair pieces, replacing them with pieces made from a darker metal carved with Sharran runes. In her panic, Shadowheart had to have her head held still as everything is fit into place, leading her to suddenly feel a direct connection from her very being to Shar herself in all her dark power.

"Mother Surperioer! I-I'm not ready for this kind of t-test. If y-you wish for me to serve effeniciently, at least allow me to prepare myself."

Shadowheart pleads, only earning laughter from Viconia.

"You lost your chance to prepare for anything the moment you decided to turn against Lady Shar, now you will pay the ultimate price by having your entire reality rewritten."

"Y-You can't!"

"Shhhh.... Do not worry Shadowheart, as a final honor to you and your sacrifice, WE shall give you a very personal preview of what is to come of your new future."

With that, Viconia drops her robes, revealing her dark naked body and long hard cock. Behind her, the cultists drop their clothes as well, revealing themselves all to be Drow, sisters of Shar some wearing the cult's masks while others don't. The only similarity between them all was that they were all stacked with fat virile pricks, ready to fuck, just like their Mother Superioer.

"Ready yourself, girl. For my seed shall only be the beginning for what you will be given."

Viconia was the first one to step up, positioning herself between Shadowheart's legs and wielding her massive cock to press in at her pussy. She loved the way Shadowheart's face twisted with disgust, and how horrified she was to feel pleasure bloom through her body as she was once again fucked by the same woman she despterely hated with her entire soul and being.

Shadowheart didn't know what to do, she couldn't hide the nervous moans and cries of pleasure that rumbled out of her as Viconia had her way with her sensitive pussy. She tried straining her body, but still couldn't move, but could feel the fiery pleasure that overwhelmed her body along with the desperate grief and terror that came from whatever was about to happen to her. The idea of having her reality rewritten could only anything, but as Viconia continued to lay into her, she felt that connection to Shar begin to grow even stronger, and only grew even more so with each thrust Viconia fucked into her.

Deep within the farthest depths of the Sharran temple, a fiery portal opened and four figures stepped through.

Tav, Aylin, and Isobel kept a watchful eye out, even if the area of the temple they were in was an empty mausoleum. They had all come armed and ready, willing to fight through an entire army of Shar cultists just to get Shadowheart back. They had even enlisted the help of a very powerful Cambion demon.

"I'll skin all three of you alive for this once I get the chance."

Mizora spits venomously as she stays hidden behind all three of them. Unlike her usual show of bravado and confidence, the demons as much more nervous now that she was well outside the reach of Zariel's might, leaving her to only use her own powers. But in a place like this, being led by frustratingly annoying trio, her hopes weren't high even once it became clear they were safe for now.

"From what I remember Mizora, the deal Wyll made with you promised each and everyone of us a favor. And unless you want to go back on your word AND the contract you signed, I suggest you make sure we won't be surprised."

Tav speaks clearly, at the same time not intimidated in the least by the being that one point had Wyll trapped in the same contractual nonsense Mizora was now trapped with.

"Perhaps it would be better if we all kept cooler heads, at least for now."

Isobel speaks up, trying to cool some of the tension inbetween making sure Aylin didn't cut Mizora's head clean from her shoulders. Though the demon might have been dangerous, she was more than a well enough ally to have by their side as they navigated this place, a place running purely on Shar's energy, leaving her to focus on protecting them by creating a barrier around them that was enough to spare them from the harsher effects of Shar's influence, but not enough to attract the god's attention since they were so close to the very beating heart of who she was.

“HAAAAANNNNNNNNGGGGGG!!!!”

Shadowheart squirts when she feels Viconia’s seed fill her womb. She can feel her thick Drow balls throb against her ass as she dumps thick endless loads of spunk that eventually overflows out of her, all the while Viconia herself moans happily as she grinds herself in there, stimulating Shadowheart’s already overstimulated pussy to the point of nearly breaking her mind right then and there.

“There.... A proper dose of my.... Nmmnngh, *essence*.”

Viconia huffs before pulling herself free, allowing Shadowheart’s pussy to spew out the excess spunk that couldn’t settle inside her as she steps away.

“Don’t think your done yet, girl.”

Z’rell steps up next. The half-orc’s green cock was already hard as she took up the same space between Shadowheart’s legs that Viconia once had. Her thick member throbbed with sexual excitement and oozed out a thick line of pre that she smeared across Shadowheart’s stomach. At the same time, her fat loaded balls churned and twitched, warm and ready for more action.

“Z-Z’rell.... I remember.... I remember the way you looked at me, back at Moonrise towers.”

Nearly incoherently, Shadowheart speaks the first thing that comes to mind when she saw Z’rell, along with her massive cock and the dread that came from knowing she was about to get fucked by it.

Z’rell herself meanwhile smirks and pulls Shadowheart in close, pushing the head of her prick in at Shadowheart’s cunny.

“I wanted to plow this elf-pussy the moment I saw. Now, after everything you’ve done, it’s going to be even sweeter.”

“NNngaah!”

Shadowheart’s cum-filled cunt is stuffed with another cock that goes all the way in and batters her already bruised cervix, the sudden spike in pleasure makes Shadowheart scream and for another orgasm to already be well on the way. It easily overwhelms her already frazzled mind, giving her no chance of fighting the pressure back all from a single thrust from Z’rell.

Then she kept thrusting.

"I can't locate your friend, but I can tell you where the majority of them are currently conglomerated."

Mizora focuses as she uses her Cambion powers to sense the presence of everyone in the temple. Her powers were strained enough as is, but now they finally began to waver, forcing her stop before she could fully understand what was happening with where the majority of the cultists were. It was all thanks to the fact that getting here in the first place left her nearly drained, and now the four of them were going to have to figure out how to save Shadowheart at the center of it all, and as things looked, that appeared to be where the majority of the cultists were located.

How fun!

"Can you make a portal?"

Tav asks.

"You just want to go charging in there!? You must know that's only asking for death."

"Silence demon, a plan such as that sounds appropriate, especially under circumstances such as these."

"Aylin...."

"I wasn't actually thinking about doing that. We need a distraction, something to draw all of the Sharrans in, at least the ones that can fight. That should leave the rest of this place empty enough to run, especially when we have the strength of a Cambion demon behind us."

Tav looks at Mizora who herself isn't pleased with this plan in the least, contrast to Aylin and Isobel who seemed ready enough.

"If you need a distraction, I volunteer for the task."

Aylin steps up before she begins glowing with Selûne's power, outside of what Aylin was doing for her.

"I can fight with my own light, long enough for you to split off and find Shadowheart."

"No! Even for you, that'll be close to suicide, at least if I'm not by your side."

Isobel rejects the idea instantly. She wasn't going to let the love of her life give away herself like that, even for Shadowheart, someone Isobel knew would understand.

“Ah, but I won’t be alone.”

Aylin reaches over and grabs Mizora by one of her horns and pulls her in close.

“I’ll have one of Zariel’s favorites by my side, someone who’s willing to give up their life as much as I.”

“WHAT!?-NNNf- Let go of me!”

Obviously, Mizora isn’t pleased with the idea and tries to pull herself free from Aylin’s grip. Isobel didn’t even seem that convinced, that was, until Tav decides to add something.

“You heard her, Mizora. Your willing to give your life away.”

“!!.... I am....”

Mizora relents, still under contractual agreement. There was no sympathy from any of the three other women. They knew who and what she was well enough to know that she had put countless people in this exact same position.

“Don’t worry, Isobel. I’ll have your back on this.”

Tav flashes Isobel a comforting smile which can only do so much in the desperate situation they were in.

“My love.”

Aylin pulls Isobel in close.

“I promise you, we’ll reunite at the end of all of this.”

The bloodthirsty warrior spoke calmly as she peered into her lover’s eyes, showing to her that she was genuine with every word she said. And with that kind of confidence, how could Isobel say no to that?

“Fine. But hear me, demon. I’ll smite you under my mother’s light for an eternity if you do anything to harm her.”

Isobel relents before turning her attention toward Mizora, who knew she wasn’t lying. She could have said that she was acting an awful lot like her father, but instead she got another portal ready for her and Aylin.

Shadowheart heard the rumors about having sex with an orc.

How rough it could be feeling physically dominant partner nearly breed her like an animal.

It would have and still did to a certain extent fill her with a sense of apprehension, but that could only go so far when she had Viconia as her main sexual partner. Still, she couldn't have prepared herself for the BREEDING she was getting from Z'rell who railed away with all the muscle and power she had in her body.

Z'rell fucked Shadowheart for the trouble she caused her, returning the favor for besting her in battle all that time ago at Moonrise towers. Her green body gleamed with sweat as she ruthlessly rutted into Shadowheart, making her scream and throw her head back in forced pleasure and pain, her dick stirring around the thick loads already spewed inside her by Viconia, something Z'rell was getting close to doing herself.

"TAKE EVERY INCH YOU DESERVE! TAKE EVERY DROP OF MY SEED! TAKE MY ESSENCE AND FEEL IT FUEL YOUR VERY BEING!"

Z'rell roars, her voice booming in the chamber alongside the sound of Shadowheart's cries and the wet sound of their bodies coming together. The sickening squelch of dick stirring around Shadowheart's cum filled pussy was music to the orc's ears as she rode away, holding nothing back from fucking Shadowheart to death as she railed away with all the rage and sexual passion she had.

"SSSSSSLLLLLLLLLOOOOOWWWWWW DOOOOOOOOOOOWN!"

Shadowheart screams as she squirts across the orc's cock as it continued pounding inside her. The alter itself shook from the sheer force behind her thrusts as Shadowheart even began preparing herself for death just from how hard she was being while also giving her the most pleasurable sex of her life as every nerve in her body screams with pleasure. That kind of feeling terrified Shadowheart as much as it made her brain melt just from how utterly overwhelming it is.

The rapid endless sex stretched on for what felt like hours before Shadowheart's suddenly brought back to reality when Z'rell suddenly stops as rumbling echoes throughout the temple.

Z'rell pulls herself free from Shadowheart's cunt, cock now slathered in Viconia's and Shadowheart's cum, and quickly stands by Viconia who looks just as off-put as she did along with the rest of the cultists.

"Go! Find out what's going on!"

Viconia gives the command and they all run charging out from the room, with Viconia close behind but suddenly stops when a familiar voice cuts through reality itself.

“It’s my sisters child, and her lover.”

Fear fills Shadowheart’s mind and body. If they were here, that could have only meant that Tav was too. A part of her was relieved but now she was petrified knowing that some of her closest friends were now in Shar’s domain.

“H-How!?”

Viconia snarls, cock once again rigid and oozing out pre.

“It appears they are being aided by a Cambion demon. They undoubtedly come for HER.”

“Right where we want them to be.”

Viconia adds after Shar.

“NO!”

Shadowheart screams, body filled with adrenaline as she thrashes around in place. Cum was still gushing from her pussy but that didn’t slow her, even when the fact that she wouldn’t be able to break free became obvious.

“It seems your friends have finally come for you, Shadowheart. Saves us the trouble of having to find them.”

“Mother! Please! Don’t hurt them!”

Shadowheart begs, sounding pathetic as she sobs, at the same time, the connection she had to Shar grew stronger and her mind began to fade. The last thing she hears is Viconia’s words as she says,

“You made your bed, girl. Now you sleep in it.

Sweet dreams.~”

“Do it, demon!”

Aylin gives the command and Mizora obeys, infusing the daughter of Selûne with energy allowing her to send out a devastating blast of power that utterly obliterated the temple’s armory. It was a fine series of weapons at that, plenty Aylin had experienced first hand but now she tore

through them all with her powerful energy, flying above it all as well, her wings allowed her to go at it from all angles, with Mizora trying to keep up behind her.

“Don’t push it! Save some of that for the battle ahead.”

“Only making sure everyone heard it.”

Aylin stops the attack and comes to stand next to Mizora. They heard countless footsteps coming their way, some of Shar’s finest warriors ready to destroy them where they stood. Honestly? Aylin couldn’t think of a better way to die, bringing down the foes of her mother in viscious and unrelenting fashion. Looking beside her, she saw Mizora wasn’t even half as confident as she was, but through all of it, she saw the inklings of determination above all else.

“Tav will owe a great debt to be after all of this.”

Mizora spoke bitterly, using that rage they had against them to motivate herself for the battle to come. It did the trick and she could soon feel her power growing, with her also making sure to syphone some of that power off to Aylin beside her. A move Mizora knew Aylin wouldn’t expect, but through that, still saw a look of respect cross her face, even if she would kill her at a moment’s notice if she strayed too far away from the mission.

“Don’t doubt it, but save some of that ravage for these meat things.”

Aylin speaks as the cult finally descend upon their location. That confidence continued until Aylin saw her,

Z’rell. Shockingly enough, she stood naked, green body glistening and slick cock erect between her legs. Mizora and Aylin were put off but only for so long for the latter of the two. Z’rell still had her handaxe, marking her as another victim of Aylin’s slaughter.

“You! You were Kethric’s underling, his puppet, his pet! To think someone could fall further than that, ”

“Yes, but now I’m free to do what he couldn’t. Break you down to size!”

Z’rell roars as Aylin comes charging at her, sword at the ready to cleave the half-orc in two.

The battle is viscous, with Shar powering Z’rell while Mizora had Aylin as the two came together a show of pure power. Mizora’s already strained powers waned even further but she pushed through it, she needed to since the only way she was going to get out of this was if she kept Aylin going. Something that seems easy at first until the cultists that came with Z’rell turn their attention toward Mizora.

“Aw, hells.”

Mizora huffs as she flies above the battle, trying to avoid the other cultists while keeping Aylin strong enough fight back against a foe directly powered by an otherwise unstoppable god. She has to dodge arrows and spells thrown her way, sometimes even having to turn her attention away from Aylin completely just to stop one of them from casting hold monster.

But Aylin more than made up for that as she met each of Z'rell's attacks with graceful brutality. She could sense the power coming off the half-orc however, and it made her sick, pushing her enough as result to have Z'rell completely on the backfoot, with her raising her sword to bring it down through her.

Tav and Isabel ran as fast as they could through the maze like structure of the temple, not helped by the endless shadows that obscured doorways and allowed the stray cultist to get the drop on them.

But they made it through, searching everywhere and pushing their way through the entire place. Tav was more determined than ever when they came across slaves, freshly fucked with their holes gaping from the endless fuck sessions that occurred. They knew Sharrans were horrible, monstrous cultists worshiping the god of grief. But they didn't know it went to this extent when she saw knights, princesses, aristocrats, saviors, foes, and fiends all made to serve the sick demeaning pleasure of these worshipers.

"We have to save them."

Isobel huffs, trying to catch her breath when she found one slave comatose but still set up to get fucked.

"We will. Once we find Shadowheart and get out of here, we'll come back with everyone."

Tav spoke, voice trembling with a mix of rage and nerves as they patrolled deeper, finding themselves at the entrance of a pair of large metal doors. Without thinking, Tav barged their way inside with Isobel close behind them, only to be mortified by what they saw.

Shadowheart, naked, lying across an altar with cum oozing out of her pussy. It made Tav and Isobel nearly want to vomit and at the same time tear Viconia and her flock to pieces, but they both quickly approached Shadowheart's side, quickly targeting the restraints keeping her in place as she seemingly remained asleep, head suspended up by some invisible force.

It was one of the last things Tav was hoping to see when they finally found Shadowheart and yet it was even worse then they expected seeing such a close friend after being violated for who knows how long. They would kill Viconia for this, but now they needed to get Shadowheart to safety.

“What the hell did they do to her, Isobel.”

“Gods.... They're completely rewriting her consciousness, trying to change her very identity!”

Isobel eyes widen in terror as she launches out a spell, to try and break the bonds. But there was only so much she could do when they were being directly fueled by Shar's power, making them nearly unbreakable and Shadowheart unmoveable from the alter. It only made the duo more desperate as they tried everything they could that wouldn't hurt Shadowheart herself.

“How do we get her free?”

“I don't-NNNngh!”

Isobel collapsed down to one knee as a darkness fills her, a darkness that could have only come from the god of darkness herself. It was dominating her mind with such ease, Isobel could hear the god herself speaking into her very mind, warping it away from being a worshiper of Selûne and instead something more twisted. It was something she could push away, but it required her to lose concentration on saving Shadowheart so that she could simply keep Tav safe as well. Even that begins to wane soon enough, with it only getting worse by the second.

“T-Tav! Get out of here!”

“W-What!?”

Tav is shocked by what Isobel says as she shifts to using the last of her energy to warp them away. They were about to say something further, but was cut off by a familiar grating voice, a voice that Tav should have silenced back at the house of grief.

“Did you really think it would be that easy?”

Turning, both Aylin and Tav saw as Viconia walked into the chamber, still naked with her cock gleaming with nectar and cum. She already knows Isobel's out for the count, and keeps her attention on Tav as they get a spell ready.

“I was going to use you as a way to torture the poor girl, but you're too late. She's already in her own personal hell.”

“NNngh.... Fucking witch! I'll kill you for what you did to her.”

Tav spits, at the same time straining from the force of Shar's will closing in on them.

“What I’ve done? She did this to herself by believing herself to be beyond Shar and her influence, now she will serve as an example to all those who come close to betraying this order. You? You’ll be history.”

With that, Viconia launches out an attack, divine intervention of the highest sort: sundering the maniac. A wave of violite shadows shoots Tav’s way, closing in in seconds.

But as fast as Viconia cast her, Tav did the same, launching out a scroll for fire ball that shoots forward into the inky shadows, causing the two spells to combine with each one fighting for dominance before eventually unraveling into a explosion of fire and shadow. There’s nothing but silence as the smoke slowly clears,

Revealing Viconia to be standing, and Tav gone without a trace.

Shadowheart woke up with a jump.

Fear and terror filled Shadowheart’s veins as her eyes snapped open, looking around only to find herself back in her room at the House of Grief.

It was.... Normal?

Shadowheart didn’t know why she felt so conflicted about that. She was always a proud cleric of Shar and not once did she ever feel this amount of.... Doubt. She would have to talk to Mother Superioer about it. Regardless, she was alone in her room, with Nocturne’s bed empty besides the usual cum stains that were soaked into the sheets. It made Shadowheart shiver with disgust but that’s what she got for rooming with a pervert.

Nocturne was always insufferable.

Wasn’t she?

Perhaps it had something to do with the length between Nocturne’s legs that Teifling herself couldn’t control. But more important than that, now that Shadowheart was awake, it was time to get ready for another day of brutal training with her Sharran betters. In particular, the powerful and all-seeing Mother Superioer....

Dread pooled in Shadowheart stomach as she rose out of bed and quickly got ready. She threw on her training garb and was about to walk out the door when Nocturne came stumbling through the door, sporting an erection and a cheeky smile the moment she sees Shadowheart in all her perfect prim and proper glory. It was a look Shadowheart had seen countless times over and each time knew it wasn’t anything good and now was no different.

“Heeeeeeey, Shadowheart.~”

Nocturne slinks up close to Shadowheart, with Shadowheart herself taking a step back in response as she kept an unamused look on her face as she stared down her roommate.

“Nmmnnhh.... Nmmnnnhhhh....”

Shadowheart moans as she lay across the alter as another cultist filled her already overflowing womb with more Drow spunk. That was before roughly pulling away as Shadowheart returns the favor by squirting out a small burst of her nectar, despite she was completely unconscious. Regardless, once the Drow was done, the next one stepped up, fishing her cock out from her robes to reveal it covered in various decorative Sharran piercings.

Besides letting out a moan when they bottom out inside Shadowheart, the cultist remains otherwise silent as they build up their rhythm, forcing more mumbling moans out from Shadowheart’s still body which bounced with every devastating deep-reaching thrust that was punted into her. The only miracle was that Shadowheart herself wasn’t awake for it, though, that could only mean so much when there was a line behind the cultist having her turn.

“Nnnnnnn.... T-Tav....”

Shadowheart continues mutter incoherently as the cultist inside her ramps up her rhythm. Soon enough, the cultist was going as fast as they could, stirring and pushing the excess cum that pooled down the alter. It was to the sound of the cultist grunting as she works herself as hard as she can, just like all the other cultists before her as her thick grey dick stabbed into Shadowheart’s pussy with a sickening squelching sound.

From behind the cultist, the one directly behind her in line steps out of formation and moves her way up toward Shadowheart’s head, which was still held-afloat but still moveable enough for the cultist to get her cock out and shove it down her throat. That doesn’t stop the other cultist, besides making them slow their pace just enough so that they can watch as the cultist in Shadowheart’s mouth goes to town, with her thick balls slapping against Shadowheart’s face and splattering the spit and throat gunk that was pushed out past her lips.

“Gik. Gik. Gik. Gik.”

The usual furious gurgling cries Shadowheart made were a lot less energized, even when her gag reflex was still begin irritated whenever the thick Drow cock in her mouth pounded around her throat. Soon enough, the other cultist in Shadowheart’s pussy was matching her speed as they used what time they had left with the traitor to really have some fun.

Meanwhile, the line behind them just kept getting longer, longer, longer,

And longer.

I feel your desperation. Your hate. I know what you want, and I know what your willing to give up for it. You may have killed my champion, but you may still serve in his place.

Aylin snarled like a wild beast as Z'rell wrestled her to the ground.

The same fate had befallen Mizora not that long ago. She went down kicking and screaming, using the last of her power but eventually a Drow cultist managed to grab her by the horns and shove her dick past her lips, silencing her fury into incomprehensible garbling as she choked on the Drow's meaty cock while it pounded in and out of her throat. The taste meanwhile was a mix of sweat and pre with heavy musk of body odor to go along with it, truly making her wish she had kill Tav the moment they saw them.

That was before her dress was hiked up and she had another Drow girl cock pounding her holes, this time in her pussy as the cultist went to town, dick already slick from pre. It was a small mercy in the ocean of darkness and misery as Mizora felt her cervix get battering while only able to watch as the only person who could get her out of this place was stripped by her armor, piece by piece by Z'rell, who's Shar infused body eventually made her unstoppable even to Aylin.

"TEAR YOU TO FUCKING PIECES! PULL YOU APART FEAST ON YOUR ORGANS!"

Aylin was ballistic. She had never been defeated this way and was humiliated as her armor was taken from her by Z'rell. Her thick, still slick cock slathered against her skin, revolting Aylin and only fueling her rage even further, only make the shame even worse when she isn't able to pull herself free from Z'rell's grip as she takes another piece of her armor, revealing her face and her long hair.

"They will see all of you, Nightsong, see you for what you actually are."

Z'rell roughly locks her naked body around Aylin as she continued thrashing about, soon enough tearing off another piece of her armor, this one the section covering her chest. The sight of Aylin's pale tits more than drew in the cultists who were watch, still, none of them were stupid enough to get in the way when Z'rell reaches up a hand and roughly gropes one of Aylin's breasts, making her scream even louder as she fought with furious disgust while trapped against Z'rell sweaty muscular frame.

"GET OFF ME!"

Aylin screams, the anger inside her was burning her from the inside out, the same kind of feeling she got when she was first confined to Shadowfell, where she was tortured for years on end. She fought with all her energy and spirit until her body finally gave out on itself, and it would be no different here, even as things got worse when Z'rell shifts her attention to the pieces of armor covering Aylin's lower half.

Aylin's thick pale ass cheeks were exposed to the cool crisp air of the temple, it humiliated Aylin to be exposed in such a way by some of her mother's mortal enemies no less. Foes that should have run screaming from her but were now sporting erection as Z'rell keeps her own physically impressive body wrapped around Aylin's while stripping the last pieces of her armor, leaving her just as naked as she was.

Z'rell ignored Aylin's screams as she forced herself down between her legs, eventually put her in a head lock with both of her thick muscled green thighs trapped on either side of Aylin's head. There was also the matter of her thick, slimy, green prick pressing into the side of Aylin's straining face, with her nose being assaulted by the pungent sweaty odor of sex that clung to Z'rell's skin.

"Yes.... Feel that burn of humiliation Nightsong. You will feel worse in the.... Nmmmn- days to come."

Z'rell huffs while her thick dick throbs against the side of Aylin's straining face. She could feel her trying with all her might to pull her legs apart, but even the daughter of the moonmaiden was no match for someone infused by Shar's power so directly. It was the kind of sick domination that she knew Aylin never had experienced before. Even in all her years being trapped in the Shadowfell. That thought alone caused her slimy cock to leak out a strand of pre that goes down Aylin's cheek, causing her to let out another oh-so entertaining scream of pure absolute rage to Z'rell as she kept her legs locked around her head.

If Aylin had the strength, she would have castrated Z'rell for the sheer audacity of doing this to her. Every fiber of her being was filled with nothing but rage, nothing else but that. She was still shocked she was beaten, which in of itself wounded her battle ego but this!? This was nothing short of a cruel nightmare for her as this all happened in front of an audience of erect cultist's, all who remain silent but watch closely and slowly feel their perception of Aylin change now that she was in such a humiliating position.

Both women were massive with bodies built of pure muscle, even better seen now that they were in the nude. The powerful angelic body Aylin had flexed, rigid against Z'rell beside her while her wings continued trying to find purchase as they were pressed against the ground, that was until Z'rell suddenly shifts and twists her legs far enough so that Aylin's wings were exposed.

"Now then, little bird. Time to clip your wings."

“NOOOOOOOOO!!!!”

Aylin screams as a pair of cultists run over holding a pair of gauntlets they clip onto her wings and back away as her wings begin to fade away in a bright flurry of light as the power is drained from her. It's an agonizing experience, not because of the pain, but the fact that they were being taken away from her a second time. It filled her with an godly fury that had to be stifled by the limitations of her powers now that she was completely wingless.

“FLAY YOU ALIVE AND TEAR YOU AND YOUR KIN TO PIECESSSSSS!!!!- NNGH!”

Wrapping an arm around Aylin's neck, Z'rell chokes off her screaming, finally silencing her cries as she settles on top of her. Z'rell pressed her used cock wetly against Aylin's rear, giving her a preview of the reaming to come as she held strong against Aylin's further outrage as she's choked. But eventually, the half-orc comes to settle with her mouth right by Aylin's ear as she says,

“Prepare that divine tongue of yours, Nightsong. It'll be licking my cock clean soon enough.”

With that, Z'rell begins shifting her body once again, putting Aylin in another hold so that she can get her face closer down to her crotch. Z'rell took her sweet time letting it sink for Aylin that her mouth was about to be violated, by a half-orc's filthy cock no-less. Her same divine mouth she only used to pleasure her lover, not made for a much besides giving her love to her, that would eventually be made disgusting and filthy as she chokes on the residue of Shadowheart's spunk filled snatch.

Aylin only fought harder, or at least as much as she could. Her nose was already burning from the smell like it did before as her face was back to being in close proximity of the thing as it spurted out a thick eager line of pre, the smell of which wafts up into Aylin's face, making it hard to breathe before Z'rell takes a position sitting right on her chest. Z'rell thick meaty green member wafted enough musk to make it hard to breathe, made only worse for Aylin when Z'rell pulls her head in to start beating her around the face with it.

The thick piece of green meat reeked as it was beaten around Aylin's face. It choked the air into a disgusting musk of thick sex and orc sweat, an utterly disgusting combination after Aylin cleaved apart orc scum like Z'rell countless times in the past.

“NNNNNNAMMNNAAAGGAHHH!!!! I'LL BITE IT CLEAN FROM YOUR WAIST!”

“Do that, and I'll take her teeth.”

Viconia steps into the room, flanked by a pair of more cultists,

and Isobel.

“My love!?”

Almost instantly, all that angry bravado was snatched out of Aylin when she saw Isobel sobbing. If Tav wasn't with her, then.... Gods. Viconia killed them.

Aylin felt another swell of anger rise within her at that revelation, that someone who had given everything to bring her and Isobel together was now dead. But she stops herself, feeling that anger quiver as she saw Isobel, still clothed thankfully unlike herself. Though, that didn't stop the shame from her seeing her on her knees like this, face pressed up against Z'rell's disgusting cock.

“And if you wish for her to remain safe, I suggest you do as I say.”

“Aylin....”

Isobel sobbed, barely comprehensible as the loss of Tav has her completely wracked with grief.

“I’LL PULL YOU TO PIECES IF YOU TOUCH HER!”

Aylin spits, but there was no longer any bite behind her bark, she was helpless while trapped like that and Viconia knew it.

“She'll serve her own purpose, Nightsong. As for you, her life is in your hands.”

Viconia continues and Aylin looks like she's about to open up another verberal barrage, but she stops, her anger falling into something much more quiet as she looked at Viconia like someone who would dedicate her entire life to her destruction.

“Good.”

Viconia smirks before turning her attention back to Isobel, who continues to sob pathetically before she turned her attention over to Mizora who was still pinned between the two cultist's who used the cambion's body with great ease.

“You two!”

Viconia calls out and the two cultists quickly stop what their doing. They don't pull themselves free from Mizora, however, instead keeping their fat cocks lodged in her as they turn to look at their supriroer.

“Bring her to my chambers, remain there with her until I return.”

The cultists don't waste anytime dragging Mizora off, who herself was falling in and out of

consciousness as she knew the hell this place would bring was just beginning. But she has her own fate waiting, as did Aylin and Isobel when Viconia turns back toward the two. While she was happy to now have Shadowheart back in the fold, having the Nightsong was sweeter than sugar.

“Now, as for you Nightsong, time for you to show your newfound devotion to Lady Sharr by pleasuring your Sharran better.”

Viconia’s command made Aylin bear her teeth like a wild animal, holding back from letting out a ferocious roar to avoid further punishment from its master. Beside her, Isobel eyes sobbed even further, completely unprepared to watch her love get degraded and not be able to do anything about it.

“No! Please!”

Isobel throws herself in front of Viconia. The feeling of humiliation she felt doing so was met with a heavy musk that wafted through Viconia’s Sharran robes. Her, a proud cleric of Selûne, fueled the temple’s dark energy, amusing the dark god who silently watched the proceedings.

“Isobel, don’t!”

As fast as Isobel threw herself at Viconia’s feet did Aylin’s tune change more drastically into something more panicked now that she faced the possibility of watching her love bebase herself for one of the most disgusting fiends she ever met. A rapist Drow cult leader who worshiped her mother’s demise.

Viconia meanwhile was overjoyed with the show of love. The passion between two sould bound lovers was truly sweet to *break*, especially between two of Shar’s most wanted enemies. She could feel that it was both a gift and a test from the lady of grief, a gift to break something so pure and true, but a test as well to break the daughter of Selûne and her divine cleric lover.

“You both have sacrificed much under your mother’s supposed glory. Now, either you or your lover will endure such further strife unless you make a choice, Nightsong.”

“....I’ll do it.”

“Aylin!”

“Please, my love! I can’t let them do this to you. In the Shadowfell, I faced monsters worse than this beast.”

Z’rell snarls before grabbing a handful of Aylin’s hair and uses that grip to press her face against her cock, continuing to cover her face in the revolting residue of sloppy sex.

“See if you’ll say as such after my taste has been burned into your tongue, Nightsong.”

“Do as she says, Nightsong. It’s what she commands.”

Viconia pushes Aylin to open her mouth, which she slowly and reluctantly does, allowing Z’reil to press her head and allow the pre oozing from her cock to pool across Aylin’s tongue, making her gag and open her wide even further so that Z’reil to shove the rest of herself in. It was an experience unlike anything most people have ever experienced in their lifetimes, getting head from an Angel.

“GRRLK! GRRAALK!”

“GODS! STOP IT! MAKE HER STOP!”

As Aylin violently gagged on Z’reil’s cock, Isobel screamed in agony as she tried diving forward to stop what was happening. Viconia catches her arm, pulling her back down to her knees as she forces her to watch as the love of her life has her face fucked by disgusting thick, green orc cock.

It was a sign of good fortune for Lady Shar and her order as Z’reil immense stamina allowed her to levy in thrust after thrust as hard as she could. Thanks to Aylin’s durability, she could take it all and then some, to the point that the rock ground beneath her began to crack break from the sheer force of what Z’reil was able to do. Viconia and the rest of the Sharran cultists watched on in pride as Aylin’s eyes bugged out of her when she realized just how much she was going to take, not even beginning to account the lack of air that quickly assaults her, making her struggle more while Z’reil gets ready to fuck her through the floor itself seemingly.

But eventually Z’reil ruthless rhythm evens out, still, she tears into Aylin’s mouth as hard as she can, with thick gooey spit and throat slime gushing out from her lips thanks to her violent sexual efforts in fucking Aylin’s throat like a pussy. And like Z’reil asked, it was cleaned to almost spotless perfection as she used Shar’s power to create a truly devastating experience for both Aylin and Isobel, with the latter of two still terrified and disgusted by the horrors she was seeing.

“AYLIN!”

Isobel shouts but her love can’t hear her. Aylin’s focus was on the task at hand and listening to her cries only made it harder to focus as unfortunate as that was. But Aylin knew what would happen otherwise and therefore began sucking Z’reil fat green cock as much as she was slobbering on it. She sucks and slurps as much as she can, swallowing down the mixture of cock grime and saliva until Z’reil’s dick was completely spotless while continued slamming in and out of her throat.

“Yes.... Your throat truly is divine.”

Z'rell huffs, building up her speed while trying not to come from Aylin's perfect tight wet throat. Her muscular green orc body worked as hard as it could while powered from Shar, but even then, arousal had its limits and Z'rell was reaching hers. But she keeps pushing anyway, plowing into the furthest depths of Aylin's gullet, with her thick balls clapping wetly against Aylin's chin. Z'rell made sure to make a good show out of it because of that, all so that Isobel can continue to watch as her lover is orally violated.

It was a battle Aylin truly couldn't overcome as like the ones before, but none of them had ever led to something this truly humiliating for her. The urge to gnash her teeth through the oral invader was stronger than ever now that it was past her lips, but the fact that Isobel's life and safety was in the balance of everything kept her subdued yet still struggling with taking on Z'rell's relentless cock now that she lay at the bottom of a small crater from Z'rell fucking her so hard.

"Stop this! Please!"

Isobel begs Viconia, even going so far as to pull herself out from her grip and stumble forward before she was suddenly caught in hold-person, directly facing the action between Z'rell and her love. She couldn't move. She couldn't blink. She couldn't anything to turn herself away from the depravity she was watching. That was before a chill runs up her spine as she hears Viconia laugh behind her.

"Such a foolish girl. That's what love can do to you, dampen any reasonable thought one of you Selûnites have. Now you'll have to watch as your love is violated,

Twice."

Viconia steps past Isobel frozen in place as she joins Z'rell right as she pulls her dick free from Aylin's ruined face before Z'rell thrusts her thick wet green cock sideways underneath Aylin's chin and grabbing it on the otherside. From there, Z'rell began fucking her cock under her chin, slathering it more in saliva while Aylin watches as Viconia approaches and drops her robes, revealing her dark-skinned body and slimy thick cock.

"Let's see how an Angel takes on two cocks at once."

END OF CHAPTER.

Aylin never felt this kind of dread before.

On her hands and knees, Aylin's body ached with exertion and tension as she remained kneeled in front of Viconia. Both of Aylin's large breasts were pressed in at the base of Viconia's cock while the rest of it stuck up in her face. The stench of sex and sweat wafted it from it the same way it did for Z'rell, who was now behind Aylin, lining her dick up with her pussy.

Z'rell prodded her leaking head against Aylin's entrance, putting more and more pressure each time she eases herself forward. She took great pleasure in teasing Aylin as that antipation inside her rises to a boiling point that Aylin herself has to keep suppressed for her own but more importantly her lover's life.

It was a difficult position to be in that could squeeze a being as mighty as Aylin, something that Z'rell herself took endless pleasure as her own anticipation rose. Every part of Z'rell's mind and body was telling her to breed the angel bitch, but she wanted to rub it in just tht bit more while she was also contending with the disgusting mess that was Viconia's cock. Aylin's mouth had already been acquainted to the kinds of tastes she could expect when Z'rell had it, but she had a feeling that blowing a Mother Supieroer of the Sharran would be a nightmare in of itself for Aylin.

Z'rell was right.

The urge to bring her teeth gnashing through cock was stronger than ever for Aylin when her face was pressed up against Viconia's disgusting length. But Viconia laughs at her reluctance and grabs a tight handful of her hair so that she can bring the tip of her dick to her lips.

"Don't give me that look, you'll be used to it soon enough. Now suck."

Viconia commands and Aylin wants to resist, but she already had her face fucked once by Z'rell, another wouldn't make much more of a difference, even if it burnt her dignity to ash as she opened her lips took the tip of her glistening dark grey dick into her mouth. From there, it was a matter of steadying herself as she gets another tongue covering of cock filth before she began sucking.

Z'rell was about to start fucking when she finally has enough playing. Getting herself ready, she lined her dick up with Aylin's cunt one more time before thrusting in, making those untrained gurgles from Aylin pitch up into gargled squeals, especially when Viconia starts pulling her head up and down in her lap, fucking her throa tand scraping the rest of the cock grime off into her mouth. But Z'rell had her own duties and she turned her attention back down to Aylin's pale rear where she begins violently thrusting in and out of her pussy.

"GRLK! GRLK! GRRRRRLAKL!"

"YES! THE CUNT OF THE NIGHTSONG, MINE!"

Isobel would have covered her ears to block out the terrible noise of Aylin getting her face and pussy fucked, alongside Z'rell's pleasure groans and Viconia's laughter. But Isobel was an

audience to it all as hold person continued holding strong over her, her eyes remaining open the entire time, not even blinking, as they witnessed the nightmarish sight of Aylin, her love,

Getting spit-roasted.

Aylin could handle many things in life. Battles that would leave most mortal brain dead, foes that could live forever, times of strife that would break the most formidable heroes. She could not handle this as she screamed across Viconia's cock as her entire body tremored and shook with pleasure while pinned between her and her half-orc subject.

The fact that Aylin's body could take the punishment was what made it as agonizing as it was for Aylin as her throat stretches alongside her pussy. This kind of duel fucking was even worse than what Z'rell herself had done. To be violated by a single enemy alone could almost be justified as a one-off failure, here, stuffed between two enemies, Aylin felt her very soul fuming with rage but still wetly sucked and gurgled across Viconia's cock as it comes bashing down her throat.

Z'rell was only making things worse as she rails into Aylin with her orc stamina. She had already gotten a taste of the tightness the angel had and now she was taking something so personal from Aylin, carving the memory of her cock into her untamed fuck-hole while in front of the love of her life. A fate not undeserved for the treacherous foe as far as Z'rell was concerned as she gripped her muscled hips and pounded away, making her body bounce and pale cheeks ripple with increased fervor and speed.

"GGRRLK! BRRRLKGGL!"

"Yes! No sound sweeter than the Nightsong choking on her failure."

Viconia moans, forced to hold herself back while Aylin continues working her mouth away across her length while gurgling pathetically. It was the same sounds that came from some poor tavern where getting railed at both ends by a pair of beastly warriors, and to a certain extent, that was true. It gave a visceral experience that made Viconia's cock throb while it kept going to town in Aylin's throat with her still pulling her head down and up from her lap.

Pulling back, Z'rell grabs spreads Aylin's pale cheeks, all the while keeping up her relentless rate of thrusts. Aylin herself hardly even noticed when the pleasure was fuck frying her brains, along with having to contend with Viconia's cock lodged down her throat. For Z'rell, it gave her a chance to peer down at the Aasimir's puckering asshole, completely virgin to any penetration.

"Nnnfaah.... Ever had anything back here, Nightsong?"

Z'rell's hot breath washing over Aylin's asshole told her what she was referring to and Aylin could feel herself lower to an even deeper level of dread. Her and Isobel had tried to see what they could do to her pucker and found that it wasn't much given her divine body. It was

something Aylin had always been saving for her love, and now that anal virginity was about to be taken by Z'rell.

“BBRRLKLLG! GRRRLK!”

Aylin's resolve strains especially when Viconia locked her legs around her head, pulling and keeping her close and her dick thoroughly lodged down Aylin's throat, which she held there even as her lungs burned. Viconia wasn't going to miss the chance to thoroughly enjoy the feel of divinity wrapped around her cock, even if it came at Aylin nearly breaking when her pussy was taking a brutal pounding a thick load of spit is spat down on her asshole.

What followed was Z'rell's thumb as she pressed it in at the hole, making Aylin's eyes amusingly bug out of her head as far as Viconia was concerned as she saw Aylin's reaction through the entire thing. From the look of shock and horror and last seconds of disbelief before it finally sets in for Aylin that her ass is about to get fucked. From there, it's strain as Z'rell, with all her strength sinks the digit in all the way to the knuckle. The violation had more tears of anger and agony pricking at the corners of Aylin's eyes as she screams bitterly into Viconia's cock.

“Best to get that anger out now, you'll be pleasuring our members on a repeated basis soon enough. The chance to spill their seed inside the Nightsong would be quite motivating I imagine.”

Viconia's voice rings smug as ever as she purposefully ponders the thought outloud. Z'rell lets out a low chuckle as she can feel Aylin's cunt clench when she hears Viconia. It was those small sweet moments of torment that drew up the pleasure amazingly while Aylin fell further into despair and grief. Rage was still the strongest thing above everything else. If Isobel were to have vanished to safety right then and there, Aylin would have unleashed a monster on these freaks.

For now, Aylin had to work with Z'rell sinking her thumb in and out of her asshole. That kind of violation took precedent over other most other matters with Aylin, but nothing was above the worry she had for Isobel throughout all of this. Her love was still forced to bear witness as Viconia's balls wetly slapped against Aylin's chin, and how Z'rell fucked her with her brute strength the same way Aylin did to her. The fact Isobel couldn't move made it all the worse, with her face frozen in utter strife reflecting what she felt inside, only for it to get even worse when Z'rell suddenly pulls her cock free from her pussy.

“GGRLK!?- GRRLK!”

“NNNFFFF!!!! YES! Keep trying to push me out! MAKE ME FIGHT FOR IT!”

In a single moment, Aylin went from getting her first thumb in the ass to getting her first cock in the ass as Z'rell rails herself forward. No teasing. No foreplay. Z'rell shoved herself in there until she bottomed out, with her thick cum filled sack slapping against Aylin's sore pussy if it wasn't

already bad enough. But above all and everything else, while she choked on Viconia's cock as it begins to throb down her throat, her anal virginity was roughly taken.

"How does it feel, Nightsong? To be defiled like this, to have your honor, your sanctity, your purity, stripped away from you. Yes!-Mnnnh! Let that grief overwhelm you!"

Viconia preaches and her pleasure explodes, shooting down Aylin's throat inbetween overflowing out of her mouth and nose. Aylin herself nearly passes out when the sudden penetration up her ass from Z'rell hits her in the best/worst way imaginable, with her already rising arousal spiking and squirting right when Viconia's disgusting cum hits her stomach. Of course, Viconia makes sure to keep Aylin's head in close the entire time as it happens until her balls are finally drained. Even then, when her dick begins to soften, she keeps it in her mouth as she watches Z'rell hit her stride while inside Aylin's asshole after making her cum.

"YES! CUM FROM YOUR ASS, NIGHTSONG! SHOW US WHAT A WHORE YOU ARE!"

Z'rell groans get louder as she really lays into Aylin. Even though the Aasimir's ass had a tightness unlike anything Z'rell had experienced before, she didn't let that slow her rhythm or pace with her thick green member going as hard and as fast as it possibly can with all her orc strength and the power given to her by Shar. It was the same kind of brutal fucking she gave Aylin's face as she nearly fucked it into the ground itself. Here, all that force was pounding against her cervix and soon enough, Z'rell can feel another swell of pleasure begin to rise from Aylin when she had already squirted like the whore she now was to these cultists.

Each second that ticked by painfully slow for Aylin, Z'rell got faster as she reached her peak. In all the chaos of the relentless body breaking sex, Aylin couldn't notice, but Isobel did from afar. Even in the white hot painful emotional torment trapped behind her frozen still body, Isobel saw how Z'rell couldn't go any faster when she was already at a staggering pace, leaving her to hang around that level and maintain it until she met her finish line. Something that was about to happen right when Aylin was about to cum for a second time in a row.

"GGRRRRRLKKLL!!!!"

"YEEEESSSSSSSSSS!!!!"

There's simultaneous cries from Z'rell and Aylin as the former shoots her loads into the latter's guts, triggering another burst of nectar to come squirting out from Aylin's cunt as both built beauties felt the peak of their orgasms before steadily coming down from the high. Something much easier for Z'rell who huffs as she pulls her softening member free from Aylin's now cum-oozing asshole, who herself collapses down, just about unconscious besides hearing the sound of Viconia laugh above her as she lays before her victorious enemy.

"The great and powerful Nightsong. Now a broken bird. Pathetic but to expected of a Selûnite."

Viconia tuts before turning her attention to Isobel, who was still frozen. Though, now that Aylin wasn't in the middle of brutal spitroasting session, she was much more at ease, at least until Viconia approached her as she remained kneeling forward.

"Here, cleric. Just so that you don't feel left out."

Viconia laughs as she bends over and presses her sweaty ass into Isobel's frozen face, sparking a great deal of horror and disgust through Isobel as the thick musk that wafted off Viconia's body wormed its way into her nose and burned it. That wasn't even beginning to account for the fact that Isobel's mouth had been frozen open, giving Viconia the chance to shove her sweaty sphincter into her mouth before her thick slimey balls, the taste of which for both made Isobel wish that she didn't have a tongue.

After witnessing everything she did, the feeling of finally being involved was one of the worst feelings of Isobel's life as she wanted to vomit right then and there. But the spell was still strong, going for a few more moments until Viconia moved her ass away from her face, only then did it end and Isobel could let out a scream as all of that agony that had been bottled up inside her comes rupturing out, along with the disgust of having her face get violated but more importantly the love of her life violated.

A quick backhand slap from Viconia to the side of Isobel's face knocks her down to the ground.

"Quite whining, girl. This is only the start."

Viconia leans in close, whispering those venomous words right into Isobel's ear while putting her robe back on and turning to address the cultists still watching everything.

"Take them away. It's far time I consulted with Lady Shar to find uses for these intruders."

"Thanks again for letting me do this, Shadowheart."

"Nnnmff.... Don't get ahead of yourself yet. Put it in first, SLOWLY."

Shadowheart emphasized the last word as she layed forward on her bed, ass upward with Nocturne behind her grabbing her hips to angle her thick Teifling cock at her puckering nervous asshole. This was after Shadowheart managed to get Nocturne to use some lube to get her dick ready. Last time had been an absolute disaster when they both thought her spit was enough after Nocturne fucked Shadowheart's face. Even then, she still sorely remembered Nocturne working all the way until finishing.

Here, Shadowheart was still nervous as she felt the pressure of Nocturne prick press in at her pucker. She tries to relax, to make things just a little bit easier for herself when the fat pre-cum

oozing head finally popped in. Still, Shadowheart's entire body jolted when entry was made, making her face burn from a hot shade of red as Nocturne giggles behind her.

"C'mon. I thought you would have this down by now. Especially with a rear like this."

Nocturne slaps a hand across Shadowheart's ass, making the cheek giggle while Shadowheart herself gasped from the shock and stinging pain that came afterward. That included the red hand print now left behind as well.

"Gentle! I said you could do it if you were gentle!"

"Ha! Sorry. Here, I'll be as gentle as lamb. Let me just-"

"What are you- ANGH!"

Rather ungently, Nocturne thrusts herself balls deep inside Shadowheart's ass, bottoming out in less than a second and sending Shadowheart jolting forward just from the force alone. It knocked the air out of her lungs long enough for Nocturne to keep packing in thrusts while Shadowheart wheezes beneath her, almost about to pass out from the endless rhythm she threw into her rear if she wasn't more than anything fueled by annoyance as her "friend" has her with way her.

"Aggggh! I said gentle! That's not-nnmnh! That's not gentle!"

Shadowheart wails as her fingers and toes curl. The cleric had been hoping for a softer anal experience and she was getting the exact opposite as pain lurched through her body almost as much as the pleasure did. All it did was lead to her cunt getting wet, making the upcoming clean up all the more time consuming when Shadowheart was already on the clock. The best thing she knew she could do was clench down tighter to hopefully make the process easier.

"Haaaahhhhh! You liar! Your ass is clenching down around me-Oh! Fuck! Shadowheart!"

"That's not- Ugh!"

Shadowheart gives up trying to clarify when she feels Nocturne reach the final stretch. She can feel Nocturne's tail reach down and wrap it around her ankle, just another way she claimed Shadowheart as hers while her balls twitched inbetween slapping wetly against her soaked pussy. Her own orgasm moments away as well which she tried holding back ultimately to no avail when Nocturne gives the last of everything she's got in a few seconds of near blitzing speed thrusts.

"OOOHHHHHH!!!!"

"SSSHADOWHEART!!!!"

Both women cry out at once with Nocturne spewing her hot spunk loads in Shadowheart's ass who squirts down across her bed, just another thing Shadowheart would have to clean up. But for right now, she was in the world of pleasure, letting that high take her for as long as it could before she inevitably fell back down to reality, alongside Nocturne who roughly pulls herself free when Shadowheart wasn't ready.

"Agh!"

"Sorry about that. Gotta get going again though, something about a meeting?...."

Nocturne backs up a few steps as she tucks herself back in. All before stumbling back to the door.

"Thanks for the shag, Shad."

"FUCK OFF!"

Nocturne dodges out of the way when Shadowheart throws a book at her, but her "friend" was already out the door, leaving her to clean up EVERYTHING with the feeling like some reckless idiot fucked her asshole raw. But.... Shadowheart swallowed her pride, like she had done countless times before. Just another way Lady Shar was testing her, at least, that's what Shadowheart hoped as she sorely rose back to her feet to grab some towels to clean herself up.

It took longer than she would have liked, but Shadowheart was eventually back to full form and NOW made her way out the door to the halls of the House of Grief.

Aylin woke up in a way she never felt before.

It was a form of soreness that was both physical and deeply emotional, deeper than its ever been. Memories of Isobel, Z'rell, and Viconia flow through her mind. The fact that Tav was dead and that their plan had gone completely wrong. All these disjointed thoughts flowed together into an incomprehensible mess of anxiety before Aylin finally opens her eyes, finding herself in a bed of all things, freshly cleaned on top of that.

The room was sparse, dark, and of generic Drow design, sparse enough with the only thing in the room being the bed and a nearby dresser. It filled Aylin with a sense of dread just looking at it as she rises up, the aches and pains in her body fading away to the back of her mind like similar injuries had countless times before. Perhaps that was one advantage in this situation with Aylin still reeling from everything. At the very least she was clothed in some simple slave garb, which wasn't that much better than nothing at all. Beyond that,

Nothing.

No collars, cuffs, or yokes.

A few moments later the door to the room slides open, allowing a subdued light to come in and also allowing Aylin to watch as a Sharran Fieldian walks into the room. Her round chubby body didn't stop her from having a level of beauty as she marched in, standing at least two heads shorter than Aylin and somehow the Drow looked at her like she was small as an ant. That kind of look could have only come from some snobbish Drow aristocrat, well pampered with well kept beautiful grey hair to go with her deeper grey skin. Even the cultist robes she wore looked to be of some high quality.

"You're awake, wonderful. Follow please."

The Drow speaks before dipping back out of the room, her voice honed and calculated as Aylin honestly considers tearing into this place, especially when it appeared to be a Sharran cultist bunkroom, with the room she woke up in just so happening to be joining into it. But she doesn't. Instead Aylin follows as this mystery Drow leads her out to stand amongst the best for what had to have been base level Sharran recruits.

"What is this?"

Aylin asks as she looks around the room, half-preparing for a fight while still considering snapping this Drow's neck. Still, Aylin knows better even in her burning rage that still fumed beneath the surface of the calm-ish facade she puts up to at least wait until she has a better idea of what's happening.

"Your new duty. I believe Mother Superior said something of the sort, about having you be motivated?"

The moment the last word leaves the Drow's mouth Aylin moves toward her menacingly only to be stopped when she raises a hand.

"First. Your lover is safe. Viconia is keeping a close eye on her for the time being. Second. Do something out of line and she'll suffer a fate worse than any death the nine hells could conjure."

"I'll pull that sly tongue out of your mouth soon enough. I'll castrate you as well along with the rest of your fuck-happy flock."

"So I'll take that as you properly understand your new position?"

The Drow doesn't even blink, even standing completely unarmed in front of someone who had pulled apart people who had looked at her the same way the Drow did now, that being with a

smile that deserved to be ripped off her face. But something like that doesn't even cross Aylin's mind when she knew Isobel was a moment away from some disgusting fate.

"Bold of you to assume that I can't just kill you and then find her before someone notices."

Aylin's hands tightened into fists, ready to reach out and pummel this smug Drow into pace. But both Aylin herself and the Drow both know she won't. Instead, the Drow finally takes the time to finally finish personal introductions.

"Myrae. Simple enough for you?"

Aylin grits her teeth together.

"I asked you a question."

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

There's another moment of silence where anyone could have seen that Myrae was pushing her luck, but she had the one thing Aylin couldn't argue with. There was no need for some secret special or magical collar. All the Sharrans had to do to control the Nightsong was threaten Isobel. It was the price of having such a connection in the first place, and it was costly enough for Aylin to swallow her pride.

"Yes, it was simple enough."

Myrae smiles smugly at the great and powerful Nightsong, like she finally knew everything she needed to know about Aylin as she promptly moves on.

"Now that we have that out of the way, I believe its time we moved onto the physical inspection."

"I'm not some piece of meat."

"You are, when your living under Lady Shar and her almighty rule. Now...."

Myrae gestures for Aylin to kneel in front of, which she firmly rejects for a few seconds before she prepares herself and does as Myrae asks and kneels before her, bringing her face to face with the Drow's clothed crotch. Thankfully, there wasn't a smell or even an erection poking out from her robes, but that didn't make it any better when Myrae began examining her face, looking at her like she was examining a new slave to buy at the slave market.

Eyes, nose, mouth, Myrae checked everything before gesturing for Aylin to stand, which she uneasily does when her chest was in the Drow's face, where she then reaches out a hand and

grabs a handful of her Aasimir tit-meat and squeezes it between her fingers. All before doing the same to the other breast, each time making Aylin wince as Myrae switches to pinching her nipples. Whatever the case was, Aylin could keep her mouth closed up until Myrae gives her another command.

“You have the body of a true Aasimir. Absolutely beautiful. Now then,

Bend over.”

“!!-”

Aylin catches herself after that single word gets out and she meets Myrae’s expectant gaze who herself clearly expected such an outburst but not for Aylin to catch it as soon as she did. It was a small victory in the humilastion of eventually doing what Myrae said as she finally bent over, pushing out her large pale muscled toned ass out in all its glory for Myrae to silently look at. That was before Aylin felt her hands reach out and begin examining her ass, and just like before, Myrae does it like she’s examining a livestock, a medical examination while seeing what she was worth. Regardless, Aylin also knew there was lust behind it when Myrae spread her cheeks.

After the brutal fucking Aylin got from Z’reil and Viconia, Myrae saw that Aylin’s holes had recovered quite well. That was to be expected given who Aylin was, even in her depowered state. But both holes looked well and ready for use, albeit dry as a desert, though that’s something Myrae herself could easily handle but for now she feels Aylin’s jump when Myrae’s hands moved to cunt where she spreads her folds, getting a further view inside divinity, and continuing to be impressed by what she saw, even when she pushes in a finger and feels the tightness for herself.

“-nnnn....”

Through Aylin’s strained near silent murmur as her still sensitive pussy reacts to intruder no matter what size it was, Myrae pushes her finger into Aylin’s cunt all the way to the knuckle. It wasn’t the deepest preview Myrae could have gotten, but it was still good enough for her and soon enough turns her attention to Aylin’s other hole.

“Mnnn.... Feel’s fresh like a virgin’s. Let’s see if your other fuck-hole is the same, shall we?”

“W-Wait- NNAAAAH!”

Aylin tries to slow things down but only gets slapped across the ass by Myrae’s surprsingly strong hand before that same hand reaches down and grabs her one of her cheeks and spreads it so that she can bring another finger up to Aylin’s nervous pucker.

“Good girls don’t say wait, no, or slow down. Don’t worry, you’ll learn soon enough.”

With that, Myrae presses in her finger, going in roughly and nearly making Aylin shout if she didn't stifle it through clenched teeth. Aylin's sore pucker still remembered the reaming it got from Z'rell, this was just making it worse as Myrae twists her finger around, getting Aylin herself to strain her entire body more and more before pulling her hand free and letting Aylin relax and rise back up to standing tall above her.

"Perfect form, as to be expected. But let us see how you yourself perform the tasks that will be asked of you. Kneel."

Aylin's brow furrowed as she took a step forward and looked directly into Myrae's eyes, trying to see if she could break Myrae's otherwise flawless focus. Focus that continues to be flawless no matter how hard Aylin silently lays into her. If Aylin was going to kneel, they were going to have to force her down.

"Oh my, are we going to have a problem already? In that case I'm sure Isobel would be happy to fill in for you, after this entire temple has its way with her."

"Mock me all you want filth, I'll free my love soon enough and then I'll tear a hole through your neck and pull out your disgusting tongue."

Aylin warns as she ultimately does what's asked of her and kneels in front of Myrae, bringing her face to face with her crotch. Myrae then reaches into her robes, does something around her waist, and out comes her thick cock, not even leaking pre at this point as it comes to bob in front of Aylin's face.

Thankfully, Myrae's cock was free of any abhorrent smell or filth. Though, Aylin knew that was soon to change once they got started, something that keeps repeating over and over in her mind as she watches Myrae's dick grow to full length. And as to be expected amongst a cult of well-hung individuals, Myrae was no different, even if it stuck out from underneath her soft belly and a pair of thick-cum churning balls further underneath that. Regardless, it made dread spike throughout Aylin's mind as Myrae lowered a hand and began stroking it off, finally getting that oozing head of pre-cum for Aylin to taste.

"I always keep my diet from causing any *unpleasant* tastes. Torture might come easy to individuals such as myself, but that is not what I wish to do here. Now open that mouth, and stick out your tongue."

Myrae gave the command and Aylin obeyed, albeit nervously as she opens her lips and extends out her tongue so that Myrae can grab her cock from its base and bring its slimey head right down on Aylin's tongue. And....

It wasn't bad.

There was a level of sweetness to it, at least from what Aylin could taste of it while she fumed at the feeling of another cock on her tongue. But unlike with previous partners, Myrae was giving Aylin the chance to become accustomed handling her cock as she keeps grinding her glistening dick-head against her tongue, letting her get more of the flavor without completely overwhelming her with it. Despite that, the violation still made Aylin want to kill everyone in this place, now including Myrae as she withstands the urge to bring her teeth down.

Eventually, Myrae pulled her dick back from Aylin's tongue, allowing her to take it back into her mouth and swallow down the residue, finding it to not be as bad a hurdle she thought it would be, just like the taste. Still, murder and violence were on the front of Aylin's mind as she looked up at Myrae as she reaches down a hand and rubs a finger across Aylin's cheek.

"Good. Now, see if you can handle it just like you handle those awfully heavy swords you used to use."

Leaning back, Myrae makes it clear she wants a handjob from Aylin, and while her mind was still back on the words *used to*, Aylin forced herself to focus and reaches up a hand to clutch around Myrae's warm prick. It throbbed from her touch as she held onto it and nearly began to squeeze it too hard before Aylin caught herself, with even someone like her having an idea of what to do here, however crude and disgusting it is.

Mentally preparing herself one last time, Aylin bit back the scream that desperately wanted to burst free and began stroking off Myrae's cock. It was the first handjob she ever gave and now the act was permanently tainted by this moment with this plump Drow cultist. Someone who had the exact opposite body type to Aylin's tall and muscular build, but still beautiful with that Drow elegance. Meanwhile, with someone as obviously perceptive as Myrae's, Aylin realized that Myrae must have been doing the same.

"You've always been a knight, haven't you? Never the princess. Slaying and saving, it's been your whole life. Your hands have always been for swords, nothing for something as *delicate* as this."

Aylin knew for a fact that Myrae was wrong. Her love for Isobel was what kept her from losing herself in the mindless fiery rage that called to her now. But Aylin kept her mouth shut, trying to focus on her lewd task as more pre oozes out from Myrae's prick and gets further slathered across from Aylin dragging her hand up and down across it, soon enough getting that thick pre smell that despite its favorable taste, is thick enough to make focusing just that bit harder, especially when Myrae keeps goading.

"Don't worry, we'll get you properly trained to be a *proper* partner soon enough. Now....

Suck."

Aylin hated the way Myrae said that last word. More than that Aylin hated that she moved her head back closer to the cock's glistening tip. She took one last moment to prepare herself, to treasure the last moment where she wasn't about to do something so disgusting, and once Aylin was ready, she opened her mouth and took the head of Myrae's dick into her mouth. After that, it was a matter of doing what Myrae said and when Aylin starts sucking, she has to swallow down the thick oozing lines of pre that leaks out of the fat Drow cock.

Myrae lets Aylin work with no interference on her part, something that Aylin herself finds to be horrible in its own way if Myrae had grabbed her head and went to town. It was the fact that Aylin had to do it herself, work her mouth up and down Myrae's prick, going deeper each time she bobs her head down into her lap. It was wet and sloppy, as to be expected when someone's entire giving oral experience was with pussy and not the massive Drow bitch breaker she was polishing with her spit.

"MMmmmmnnnnhhhhh.... Wonderful work. We'll get you used to handling bigger soon enough. Your Assimir body is going to be pushed to its limits."

We?

That part made Aylin more nervous as she kept sucking and working her mouth as best she could, at the same time wetly gurgling and coughing around Myrae's rigid lengths as it gets closer and closer to the back of Aylin's throat. It was one of the most humiliating things Aylin ever did, and even if she told herself it was for Isobel, with the flustered feelings of arousal and disgust mixing together inside her, Aylin didn't know how she would even be able to look at herself the same way again after all of this.

But when it finally happened and Myrae's dick head came colliding up against Aylin's throat, Aylin can't stop the forceful coughing fit that explodes out of her, completely ruining her progress as she pulls her mouth away from Myrae's member. She could hear Myrae scoff above her, but instead of grabbing her head and doing it herself, the Drow instead offers Aylin an alternative.

"Very well. If you can't pleasure me with your mouth, you'll have to use something else."

The offer sends a shiver up Aylin's spine as Myrae's reaches out brushes a thumb across Aylin's spit slick lip.

Aylin's body wasn't built for this.

This position that Myrae had restrained her in, it was for a far more flexible woman than Aylin with both of her legs forced up and forced apart. It strained her already sore muscles but more than that left her in position to face Myrae directly as she approached her, cock in hand and ready for fun. There was a gnarled feeling of disgust deep in Aylin's gut as she watched her take

great pleasure in her discomfort. She would have had to have been blind to notice how excited Myrae was in the fact that she was about to fuck the one and only Nightsong which only made her discomfort worse along with the ramping up tension that nearly made Aylin puke.

Aylin was still furious but with the prospect of getting fucked appearing more probable than ever, fear crept in as well. Before coming on this damned mission to save Shadowheart, her body had seen few visitors besides the partners she's had before Isobel, but now, her entire being felt rancidly violated far more than it ever did, even during her time in the Shadowfell made even worse by Myrae's disgusting words.

"Your body will be a delicious treat to our flock. I can only hope the grief will guide you to the proper conclusion."

Myrae speaks softly as she runs her hands down Aylin's thighs, going from her knees all the way down to her pussy where she brushes her thumbs across her waiting folds. The way Aylin tries to pull from her touch makes her chuckle under her breath along with sending another twitch of excitement through her already erect cock.

"NNNFFFF.... Just get it over with...."

Aylin huffed as her thoughts went back to Isobel. Doing this for her, for the love of her life, even if minorly helped ease the pain. The thought of what she was going through weighed heavier than concern for herself with the idea of her being violated filling her with a feeling of dread that made her almost wish for death.

But Myrae had other ideas.

"Ah, best not rush a moment a special as this, especially when we can enjoy ourselves."

Reaching over, Myrae grabs a bottle of green wine, a drow favorite drink that she pops the cork out of and takes a healthy swing out of. When she pulls it away, a line of the liquid drools from her mouth before she wipes it away, keeping her eyes on Aylin the entire time and her muscled aggressive form.

"Here. Why not have a drink yourself?"

Myrae chuckles as she proceeds to pour the rest of the bottle across Aylin naked body, disgusting her with its smell reminding her of the fungus of the underdark, what it was made from.

"S-Stop!"

Aylin shouts but Myrae merely laughs her off.

"And who says you have a say in things?"

Myrae asks as she reaches a hand back down toward her cock and finally presses its thick muscled head in at Aylin's cunny. It was still slick from her mouth, even then, it didn't seem like enough now that Aylin was looking at it as it was right about to plunge into her with the same violent motion Aylin herself used whenever she tore apart her foes.

"I understand you've already been busy before finding yourself in my possession. From an orc no less as well. That must have been a nightmare, or maybe, it was a dream come true."

"N-Never.... I only do this for Isobel."

"You tell yourself that now, but lets see if that remains the same after I'm done with you."

Myrae holds her cock forward and presses it in at Aylin's pussy, slowly splitting her folds and making Aylin suppress a scream as she feels it slowly push deep inside her.

"Oooohhhh....~ Still so tight..... *Mnnnnnnnnh*hhhh....~ Yes, we shall make great use of you, Nightsong."

"NNNNNNNNNNnnnnnnnnngggghHHHHH!!!!"

Aylin nearly snapped a tooth out of her mouth from how hard she was clenching her teeth together. It was impossible not to when her cunt is eventually stuffed full of thick disgusting cock, with Myrae's muscled pre-cum leaking cock head pressing into her cervix. It made her entire body stand on edge more than it already was, with the restraints even straining just from how far she pushed her body. But Aylin wasn't the unstoppable warrior she once was, she was Shar's plaything with Myrae simply being a puppet to the god's twisted desires.

Worst of all was the pleasure.

It was small unnoticable embers at first, but now with Myrae bottoming out inside her, she could feel herself well on her way to an eventual orgasm. It showed Myrae's prowess in breaking down some of the strongest spirits out there, but Aylin didn't stop resisting. Even if she couldn't directly attack this plump twisted drow, she wouldn't give her the pleasure of making her cum, at least not that easily.

Deep in the darkest heart of the temple Viconia walked among the shadows.

Each step Viconia took was silent as all sound and light were drawn to and through the large metal portcullis that she approached. Even in Lady Shar's near full glory, an air of tension held snug over Viconia as she felt her god's presence just beyond the metal barrier. On the otherside of which was a thick dark curtain that hid whatever nightmare was at the heart of this place.

Viconia knew what it was and still, her heart throbbed with nervous anticipation as she stopped before the gate and without even saying anything, the barrier rises up and allows Viconia through before closing behind her. That left the curtain that Viconia stops in front of where she takes one last breath before parting it and revealing the whirlwind of shadows and darkness on the otherside.

It was almost a complete dark abyss besides a staircase that led further down, something Viconia follows to come down to a single platform that stood out facing the darkness that appeared to go on forever. But Viconia could feel it, Lady Shar's presence shifting closer and closer toward her before she watches as her silhouette emerges out from the dark, standing as tall as a mountain above Viconia with her imposing presence shaking the very fabric of Viconia's being.

"Goddess of darkness and loss, ruler of the dark side of the moon, I kneel before you grateful for everything you have done and the future you have brought us."

"Do not overstep yourself, Viconia. This is but another test for you and your following."

"Of course, Lady Shar..."

Viconia falls to her knees. As much as she can feel her god's power, she can also feel her own power swelling as well with a comfort soon overtaking her which helps her turn to meet Shar's expectant gaze.

"Selûne and her petulant followers do not yet know what has happened to her spawn and her lover. I suspect it won't be long until word finally reaches them, which makes it important that you break the two's spirits before that time comes."

"The Nightsong is being broken in as we speak. In a matter of weeks, I suspect she'll be singing your praise and glory. As for her lover, I'll be handling her personally. Such a delicate girl requires a delicate touch."

"As for the Cambion?"

"She's with the broken, serving their desires for the time being until we can find a use for her."

There's a moment of silence from Shar, making Viconia think she may have misspoke before Shar ends up saying,

"Bring her to me. Someone such as her would do well serving within your flock."

"It will be done, mistress of darkness."

Viconia bows one more time and turns to leave, not before Lady Shar calls back out to her,

“What of the traitor? I trust you haven’t forgotten HER in all of this. In all of this time we’ve held here her, this is the first time your thoughts have been away from her and her body for so long.”

“O-Of course not. Her memories are still being rewritten, but it won’t be long until she’s broken like the Nightsong.”

Viconia kicks herself for stumbling over her words, but they nevertheless seem to appease Shar as she floats back into the darkness.

“Do not disappoint me, Viconia. Your very soul depends on it.”

Those words leave Viconia trembling before she manages to still herself once she’s finally alone on that platform,

The weight of her responsibilities matching the pressure of her lust.

Shadowheart slammed the door shut behind before sprinting through the halls of the house of grief.

Nocturne had completely screwed her over figuratively and literally given the pain in her ass and the fact she was now late for some of Viconia’s personal training. That alone was far worse than the anal ravaging she got as she could only imagine the punishment her Mother Superior had in mind for her. Of course, there was the chance she might be merciful but moments like those only ever came as a random miracle, which left her chances pretty slim as she eventually had to slow down when passing by a pair of drow priestesses who watch her closely as she walks by.

The way they looked at her made Shadowheart’s breath quicken and her cheeks to flush a hot red. Even though the duo wore the same cultist masks, hiding the majority of their emotions, Shadowheart could still feel the lust coming from them as they eyed her like a pair of predators.

If there weren’t other students and acolytes mulling about alongside them, Shadowheart had no doubt the priestesses would have grabbed and pulled her away somewhere before using her. Yet, the main fear on Shadowheart’s mind was still the idea of possibly disappointing Viconia and she soon enough turned away from the priestesses completely and speed walking off.

It was at that point that Shadowheart stopped paying attention to the people around her besides navigating her way around them. The ache in her ass from Nocturne only motivated her even further and the idea of having something else slammed up there until she was down in the cloister.

The air was still tense as Shadowheart navigated her way through before she was face to face with the large door to the dungeons.

Viconia would have Shadowheart's head for being this late, but she was here now and opened the door.

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

"GGGNNNNNNNNNNNGGGHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

A bellowing roar and a strained, muffled cry comes echoing out along with the unmistakable sound of bodies slapping against each other. It was something made Shadowheart's nerves stand on edge as she pushed forward, passing by cells full of broken souls about to be reaped by Lady Shar or given some other purpose such as whoever was getting her back blown out. Shadowheart had no pity for any of them, even the one that sounded like she was getting fucked to death, but it still wasn't easy to handle when it all added to the dread she was feeling.

Even then, Shadowheart remained quiet as she made her way forward, passing by more cloaked sisters of lady Shar, all of whom wear the same cultists masks and peer her way as she walks by. She tried to ignore them the best she could, but she still felt the stray hand travel across her frame as she moves through the crowd. It nearly broke her resolve on multiple occasions as the sounds of screams and sex get loud, but she pushes through until she comes out the otherside.

Bent over with her ass in the air and her legs tied down, a human woman took a ferocious anal dicking from the hulking tiefling behind her. Her long dark hair stuck to her sweaty face, with her glistening bronze skin clashing with the tiefling's red own that was almost on complete display with the slave garb that struggled to hold her toned muscles as she exerts herself into utterly destroying the human beneath her.

The tiefling had a wild mane of dark black hair that hung and flew around her face with every devastating thrust she dealt down into the human, making her thick bronze ass-cheeks ripple as she continues tearing into her. But the part that attracted Shadowheart the most were the glowing orange power coming from her chest and spreading to the rest of her body, at the same time emanating a heat that made Shadowheart sweat even while standing as far away as she was.

But standing above them both was Viconia herself, who watched with a smug grin as the human woman tried to fight back against the pleasure that coursed through her veins, only to fail spectacularly when the tiefling goes down on her even harder. Shadowheart could only hope that this would satisfy Viconia's more sadistic desires as she saw the straining erection she had but still had her doubts despite the hope she still had.

“Tell me, Selûnite, do you still believe your god will save you? Or are you finally beginning to see how weak she actually is?”

“NNNGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Viconia’s mocking voice earns a rage fueled cry from the human, only amusing Viconia even further.

Shadowheart couldn’t turn away, even as the tiefling bellowed one last time before filling the human’s guts with her steamy seed, forcing one last cry out of the prisoner as her pussy squirts before she passes out all together. The tiefling keeps thrusting into her, however. Like a breeding bull, the massive glowing woman doesn’t stop until her balls are drained, even then, they still pulsed with their thick contents while she finally pulls back and climbs off the human who now seemed comatose after that.

The beastly tiefling is then pulled by a collar around her neck back into a cell, escorted on all sides by priestesses ready to fight. Shadowheart then watches as the cultists grab the unconscious human and throw her into the cell as well, with the tiefling wasting no time getting right back to where they were, with her massive red cock swelling back to full size before she plunges it back in.

“Gods....”

“Intereseted in the same, Shadowheart?”

Viconia’s voice startles Shadowheart where she then realizes everyone is looking at her, making her cheeks flush a shade a red before she forces out an answer.

“O-Of course not, Mother Supeioer....”

Viconia continues to smile at Shadowheart for an unnerving amount of time, raising the tension Shadowheart felt inside her before Viconia gave her next order.

“Leave us.”

Those two words were more than enough for the rest of the sisters to pile out of the dungeons, leaving Shadowheart, Viconia, and few higher up preistesses that stood by and watched. Without even having to think too hard, Shadowheart knew this was due to the fact that she was late, but rather than come up with any sort of excuse for herself, Shadowheart falls to her knees.

“For my tardiness, I accept any punishment you give me.”

“MOTHER! ANYTHING BUT THIS! NNNGGGAAAAHHHHHH!!!!”

Shadowheart squeals when the tiefling’s massive cock pushes into her sore anus. Blinding moments of pain and pleasure shoot together at once, making each word Shadowheart said take the effort of a god. But with her body pressed up against the bars of the monster’s cell, there was little Shadowheart could actually do to meet those expectations while her cries are only met by Viconia’s sadistic smile.

“To become a proper follower of Lady Shar’s order, you must learn how to dominate your enemies. If you can dominate this freak, Karlach, I believe, you can control anyone.”

“NNNgghgggaAAAAHHHHHH!!!! III CC–CAN’T!”

“Not with that attitude, girl. Now then, you really shouldn’t be worrying about me when you have her inside you.”

“MMMOOOOTHER!-GGYAAAHHHHH!!!!”

Shadowheart can only watch as Viconia leaves and feel as her ass is permanently reshaped around Karlach’s cock. She wanted to cry, beg, scream, anything she could do to call out to her mother in that moment as she walks off, but another terrified moan overtakes her as her pale plump body meets Karlach’s rigid frame as she snaps it back and forth against her.

Along with Karlach’s cock, Shadowheart can feel her hot breath wash against her back with the tiefling unflinching in rutting into her like an animal. The putrid feeling of violation went far beyond the embarrassment of having Nocturne inside her, with her entire body feeling dirtied by this broken woman on her who pumped her angry red cock into her like it was her life’s singular purpose. And from what Shadowheart saw of her, that was almost undoubtably the case in her mind as she tried to stop the endless screams that poured out of her to no real success.

“Nnnngghh.... Nooo.... Mother.... Don’t leave- GRLK!”

Shadowheart’s incoherent muttering is cut off when another cock is shoved down her throat. The gith it belonged too hummed with arousal before getting to work viscerously thrusting herself back and forth down her throat, her thick sweaty balls slapping against Shadowheart’s face in the process while phlegm and spit spills down her face. It was the same sloppy face-fucking Shadowheart had been getting for days on end now, along with the reaming both of her lower holes were getting as well.

After getting creampie’d multiple times over, Shadowheart’s asshole and pussy were cum filled messes but still tight for the pair of gith who used them with the same reckless abandon their sharran sister in her mouth had. Directly on top of Shadowheart was one gith who had long

braided hair that went down her back and stuck to her sweaty skin. She bounced herself up each time she came crashing down against the traitor against her, keeping up a fast and wreckless rythem like the other gith in Shadowheart's ass. Her lean body snapped forward like a deadly predator, spearing her thick green cock deep into the cum filled sphincter of someone all three of them truly hated.

"A shame, I would have loved to hear her cries as- Nnnff- we use her."

"Take what you can get sisters, Mother Supioer has hidden this little flower away for long enough, and I don't intend on losing her."

The gith bicker among themselves as they keep going, at the same time still fucking Shadowheart with all of their strength combined. At some point eventually forcing out an orgasm that sprays from her cunny and only emboldens the three to keep going even further.

Overall, from what Z'rell could see, Shadowheart was in good hands.

Z'rell stood across the chamber, sporting her own erection that poked through her robes. Her attention was mainly on the three gith and how they worked in unison with each other. Despite what feelings Z'rell might have for their kind, she had to admire the work they put in utterly destroying all three of Shadowheart's once pirstine holes. But from what she had heard from Viconia, they hadn't been pirstine in a long time. Which only tried to convince her further to step in and have some fun herself, but for the time being Z'rell was more than content watching as the three gith ramp up their thrusting drastically.

"Nnmnnnnh.... I will savor the squeeze of this ass for as long as I can...."

"I- ah! Concur, sisters...."

The gith in Shadowheart's mouth shutters as her balls tense up and she slams herself forward as far as she can go before unloading. Her thick member pulsed down her throat while it shot line after line of thick disgusting gith spunk with Shadowheart's body working automatically and swallowing down everything, albeit while still hideously gagging and coughing around the gith's cock.

"GGGLKRRR! GGRLK! GRRLK! GRRLK! GRRLK!"

"Hear that-nnnuhhhh- she's practically begging for it."

"Then let's give it to her."

Shadowheart's gagging only makes the two gith in her lower holes pick up their own paces enough to get them over the finish line. It's still a grueling, brutal process that takes its toll on Shadowheart's body and forces her to cum right after the one she just had. That alone makes

her ass and pussy perfectly tight for the gith duo as they both explode inside Shadowheart together, adding to the already heavy mess there was. But none of them cared in that moment as their pleasures peaked and soon fizzled out.
