

“Alright, I’ll have another!”

Karlach waved down the bartender in the Elfsong to fill her request.

Her gnomish companion, Tav, chuckled to himself.

“Quite the celebration, yes?” he asked looking up at the big red mountain of muscle that was his lover.

“Not everyday you fix your heart, Soldier.”

She was grinning like a mad woman.

Dammon had come to her and explained he found a way to make sure her heart didn’t burn out on the material plane, and she could in fact have a life here after so much toiling and pain caused by it.

So she was fucking ecstatic.

With the mind flayer parasite out, there was now nothing keeping her from spending most of her time with Tav inside her.

The two looked like an odd couple.

The small white haired gnome next to the big red tiefling, but they loved each other endlessly nonetheless.

And, being the heroes of Baldur’s Gate had earned them more treasure than they could spend in a dozen lifetimes, so as their fellow companions either returned to their old lives or continued to new ones, the two of them stayed in Baldur’s Gate, bought a decently sized home and fucked in every square inch of it.

They were refueling at the Elfsong before what was sure to be another marathon session.

“Hey, Soldier, can I ask you something?” Karlach asked, looking uncharacteristically sheepish.

“Anything, Karlach.”

Karlach placed her hand on her well defined musculature.

“When I was in Avernus, I tried thinking about what would be the one thing I could never be. Even coming back to the material plane, we had the Absolute to deal with, and for a long time I had no idea if a life for me here was even possible,, but now I think I know what I want.

Tav raised an eyebrow.

“Right, what I want to ask is are you ok if I maybe looked a little... different?”

He held her massive hand in his.

“No matter what or who you are, I will always adore you”

A tear rolled down Karlachs eye. Despite having a heart made of infernal iron she felt it all the same.

“Right, what I want to ask is, would you be alright if, I mean you can say no if you want that is perfectly reasonable, but would you be ok with me, potentially getting... fat?”

That was one of the last things he had expected Karlach to say and he coughed some of his drink.

“Sorry, sorry, forget I said anything.” Karlach said, returning to her own drink and her cheeks somehow becoming even redder.

“Karlach, if that is what you truly wish, then I would be delighted to help you achieve it.”

More tears welled in the tieflings eyes.

“Thank you, it's just... for so long the idea that I could even be able to allow myself to get.. Fat was impossible. But now.. It is?”

Tav put 10 gold pieces on the bar and signaled the bartender again.

“Can I have the whole pot of stew you have for tonight?”

The bartender took the gold and walked away, leaving behind a shocked looking Karlach.

“Well, let me make sure you get everything you desire.”

That night was another marathon of fucking once again, but now featuring a very stew filled Karlach.

A pattern emerged from all of this.

Tav and Karlach spent every day hoping to push more and more food into the barbarians eager and waiting mouth,

“Look Soldier! I have a pot belly now!” Karlach exclaimed with the same amount of glee that a child might make when given a new toy.

20 or so pounds had found their way onto her rapidly declining musculature.

She played with the small roll of crimson flesh on her middle, eager to see what it would look like as it grew and grew.

“Hmph, I think I'm...stuck, Soldier.” she said some months later as she attempted to maneuver her bulk through their house.

400 pounds of sweet cake fed lard was difficult to move, and Tav had to summon an earth elemental to force her through.

She was decidedly round all over, with a massive gut that was proceeding before her, and forced her squishy arms to slant downwards.

She still had that same smile on her double chin, however, and that only became bigger once she saw the feast Tav had prepared for her.

Sex had to become more inventive as the pounds rolled in and kept coming . Tav’s gnomish build helped crawl into the various nooks and crannies that made up his beloved Karlach’s body.

The end result of all this was that before long the feared Karlach, bane of the Blood War, was now an immobile pile of scarlet flesh, doted on by her loving husband.

“Hey.. soldier... think you can... find it under all of me?” Karlach wheezed out, face bloated with fat but still smiling.

“Anything for you, my love.” Tav responded, getting ready to make his most daring and dangerous delve yet.