

“Merde” Widowmaker swore as she jumped back from the ledge; she had been perched on it just in time to avoid a barrage of rockets that had been sent her way. The purple-skinned assassin switched her rifle from sniper to burst mode and let loose a spray of bullets at the flying rocketeer, Pharah.

The Egyptian woman who sported one of the most advanced battle suits to ever be created nimbly dodged out of the way and fired off another rocket. “I’ve got her, Tracer, and Mercy move in on my position,” Pharah said while dropping out of the sky to keep eyes on Widow.

“Who has whom?” Widowmaker said as she tossed out one of her toxic mines before switching her rifle back to sniper mode and shooting the mine out of the air. Causing it to burst and a cloud of toxic vapour to enshroud Pharah. Coughing, Pharah cursed and pulled away from Widowmaker. The assassin fired out one of her grappling hooks. It hooked into a nearby building, and Widow was able to swing down onto the street below.

Widowmaker took off running, looking for the nearest alleyway to duck into, when a blue blur zipped in front of her. “Cheer’s love!” The spunky Tracer said as she stuck one of her sticky bombs onto Widowmaker’s rifle before zipping away in an instant.

“Fils de pute!” Widow swore before tossing her gun away from herself. She wasn’t quick enough, though, and the impact from the explosion sent Widow hurtling back, slamming against a wall. Falling into a pile, Widowmaker gasped as the wind was knocked out of her. There was a spark from her wrist. Widow’s eyes went wide, and she looked at the bracelet on her left arm. The light was still green, and she was okay. Feeling relieved, Widowmaker went to push herself to her feet.

Widowmaker grunted as she was struck and knocked back against the wall. “Ahh, ahhh, I don’t think so,” Tracer said as she trained both of her pistols onto Widowmaker. The armour-clad Pharah dropped in next to Tracer. She had a golden aura surrounding her, looking back behind Pharah. Widowmaker could see the Valkyrie Mercy using her medicinal staff to heal the poison from Pharah’s blood.

Pharah reached down, grabbing Widowmaker, and roughly pulled her to her feet. “We finally got you,” she said as she spun Widowmaker around. Pinning Widow’s arms together, Pharah’s hand touched the bracelet on Widow’s left arm. Another spark came from it; Pharah’s hand pulled back out of instinct.

The Egyptian woman’s eyes narrowed, looking at the bracelet. “What’s this? Another one of your traps?” Pharah said, reaching out with one of her metal-covered hands. She crushed a part of the bracelet with ease, breaking it away from Widowmaker’s wrist.

As the remains of the bracelet hit the ground in front of Widowmaker, the lavender-skinned sniper started to laugh. The once-skintight suit she wore shifted and fell loose around Widowmaker. The neck hole now wide enough for Widow to easily wiggle out of. “Blimey, what did you do, Pharah?” Tracer said, peeking down inside the suit at Widowmaker’s naked body. “I can see her bits and everything right now.” Tracer cocked her head to the side as she looked in. “Not bad,” she said with a smirk.

Mercy landed just behind the other two Overwatch members. “Still, this is hardly appropriate. We are out in public; cover her up; undo what you did, Pharah,” Mercy said, though not before taking a moment to appreciate the curvy body of the Talon member.

"Oy, what's so funny? Why is she laughing?" Tracer said, nodding towards Widowmaker. As she did, Tracer noticed something was a little off: "Ahhh, were those always that big?" She asked, pointing at Widowmaker's chest.

Widowmaker groaned as her breasts swelled out, growing plumper and fatter. Squirming against Pharah, Widow managed to wiggle her way out of her suit, letting it fall down past her shoulders, allowing her now-growing breasts to spill out into the night air. Her nipples grew hard, and small droplets of blue fluid started to form on the tips of her nipples. "You idiots destroyed the control bracelet," she said between moans. "It was the only thing keeping me in a stable form," she finished.

Pharah felt something pushing against her crotch, and looking down, she could see that Widowmaker was pushing her hips back against her. Grinding against Pharah's armor. Looking back up to Widowmaker, the assassin was looking over her shoulder, now chewing her lip and blushing. "Mon Dieu, it's been a while since I've felt this aroused," Widowmaker cooed, looking Pharah in the eye.

Shocked and embarrassed, Pharah released Widowmaker and backed away. "What's going on with you?" Pharah demanded. The rest of Widow's suit fell down around the now much curvier woman's body, giving the Overwatch women an eyeful of Widow's new curves.

Widow's hands went to her breasts, and she started to rub and fondle them. "Ohhhh, trust me, it's nothing bad; stick around and you'll find out what's going on," the woman said as she continued to explore her naked body. Her hips had flared out, growing almost two feet wide, and her ass cheeks were now the size of basketballs.

Her breasts were bigger than the juiciest watermelons; they were perfectly round and tight-looking. As the purple-skinned woman continued to gasp, sigh, and moan, her breasts and ass cheeks grew and grew, giving her an almost cartoonish-looking hourglass figure.

Widowmaker pulled on her nipples, making blue juice squirt from them. "Oui! Oui! Bigger! I want to be bigger!" The horny talon member cried out as she stuffed one of her breasts into her mouth and started to drink from her tit. Moaning into her breast, Widowmaker turned a deeper blue, and everything started to expand more. She continued to suck and swallow more and more of her juice. Her hips swelled wider; her ass cheeks were the size of yoga balls now.

"I swear I'd never cheat on the misses, but unnnppff those curves," Tracer said, unable to pull her gaze away from the expanding Widowmaker in front of her. The other two Overwatch women watched on, perplexed as well. It was like watching a train wreck. You knew you shouldn't, but it was too hard to look away.

Widow's breast was pulled from her mouth as it swelled so large that she couldn't keep it pressed to her lips. "Oui! Oui! OUI! THAT'S IT MORE! MORE! MOOOOORE! OHHH, MERDE BIGGER!" Widowmaker called out as her once flat tummy joined in on the swelling. It started out as a cute little potbelly but was rapidly inflating and growing rounder and rounder.

It wasn't long until Widowmaker looked like she was full-term pregnant. As time went on, Widow started to look less and less thin. Her once-narrow waist was now filling out. Her thighs swelled, becoming fatter and plumper. Her once-toned arms were now starting to look like plump blue sausages. It became clear that her entire body was filling up now.

From between her legs, a puddle of blue pussy juice started to form on the ground as Widow grew wetter and wetter from the sensations of the growth. "OHHHHH, EVERYTHING IS GETTING SO TIGHT! DON'T STOP! PUMP ME UP! FILL ME TO THE BRIM WITH JUICE! OHHHH, I FEEL SO GOOD!" Widowmaker said that as her arms were becoming so full now, she couldn't bend them anymore; they were stuck jutting out from her sides.

As Widowmaker continued to grow and swell with juice, her skin started to turn from lavender to a darker blue. "She's changing color?" Pharah said, "What the hell is this? People don't just blow up like balloons," Pharah added, taking another step back, not realizing she was boxing herself into a corner with every step back she took from Widow.

Widowmaker started to balloon out much faster now as her skin finished changing color. "AHHHHH YES! YES! THAT'S IT! OHHHHH, I'M BLOWING UP SO BIG AND ROUND!" The horny assassin squealed as pleasure overwhelmed her. "AHHHHH YES! I KEEP BLOWING UP FATTER! AND FATTER! AND FATTER!" She shouted as her arms started to sink into her body: "OHHHHH, IT FEELS SO GOOD! DON'T STOP! MORE! MORE!" She said this, encouraging her strange transformation. Bigger and bigger and bigger Widowmaker swelled.

Her expanding, naked body enveloped her arms and legs. Soon, Widowmaker was nothing more than a head, two enormous breasts, and a round ball of a body with her hands caressing what little they could over her skin.

"Ohhhh, I'M CUMMING! YES! YES! YES!" Widowmaker screeched as her pussy and tits sprayed juice all over. All three of the Overwatch women were so mesmerized by what they had seen. It wasn't until it was too late that they thought to jump away from the juice spraying Widowmaker. Mercy was the only one to not get splattered by the orgasmic juices of Widowmaker. She lifted off the ground and flew away from the round woman to ensure she was out of range.

"Bleeding hell, she just squirted all over us," Tracer said, trying to brush off the goop from her body. Looking over, she could see Pharah was doing the same to the small amount that had managed to spatter against her face. And that was all it took, it would seem, as Tracer's jaw dropped as Pharah's brown skin started to turn blue.

"Ahhhh, Pharah, love, you're lookin a little blue," Tracer said, pointing at Pharah's cheek. Pharah lifted off and flew over Widowmaker, landing next to Mercy. Tracer zipped over next to her two comrades, joining the group.

Mercy looked concerned at the two women. "Both of you are turning blue," she said, turning her attention to Widowmaker. "What's going on? What's happening to them?" She demanded.

Widowmaker just laughed. "Don't worry, they're just joining the fun!" she said before she let out another moan of pleasure and more of her juices squirted all over the ground. "UNNGHHH YES! YES! I CAN'T STOP CUMMING! MORE! MORE!" She shouted as she started to rock her body, rubbing her blueberry juice-swollen pussy against the cobblestones to make herself orgasm harder.

Pharah looked at Widowmaker and gulped, "You mean we're gonna end up looking like her?" She turned her attention back to Mercy. "You gotta do something to stop this! Use your staff!"

Maybe that'll fix it!" As panic started to grip Pharah, her pulse quickened, making the transformation happen all the faster. Her face was completely blue now.

"Don't worry, I will try!" Mercy said that as she pointed her staff at Pharah, the gold aura of the healing nanomachines surrounded Pharah, but there was no change.

Tracer looked down at her arms to see the blue colour seeping down them. "I got it!" She said this as she used her vest to try and turn back time. Unfortunately, Tracer didn't realize that her vest had been covered in Widow's blueberry juice as well. As her time vest kicked in, sparks shot out of it. "Ahhh, what's happening!?" Tracer said as her breasts and butt quickly quadrupled in size. Her skintight outfit was shredded from the raid expansion, showing off Tracer's now-blue skin.

"Blimey! No one said this would feel so good!" Tracer said as her hands went to her now-leaking breasts. Tracer was rewarded with pleasure as she groped her plump, juicy blue bosoms. She gasped and squeezed her new tits tightly. With blueberry juice erupting in all directions from her nipples, the speedster's knees buckled, and she landed on her considerably more bouncy posterior.

"OHHHHH, I'M GONNA CUM! OHHHH FUCK! IT FEELS TOO GOOD; I CAN'T HELP MESELF!" Tracer shouted as she pulled on her larger nipples roughly. Tracer continued to rapidly blow up all over as her time vest somehow flung her ahead in time.

Laying naked on the ground, Tracer continued to play with herself; her now plumper fingers went between her legs to rub her swollen pussy. The aroused Overwatch member squealed with delight as her pussy rewarded her with another powerful orgasm. With each orgasm, Tracer only blew up faster and faster. Soon Tracer's belly was billowing out, taking up more and more space.

Her sides pushed out, and her cheeks swelled plumper. Her arms were pushed back away from her breasts and pussy as they grew taut from the blueberry juice. "Unnnnghh, everything is getting so tight! But I don't care! I FEEL SO AMAZING! MORE! MORE! I WANT TO JUST KEEP CUMMING AND CUMMING! AND CUMMING!" Tracer bellowed as she came harder than ever.

Her body continued to balloon bigger and rounder until she was a round ball laying in the street. Her hands flapped and her feet kicked, but there was little she could do to stimulate herself. Looking over, however, Tracer could see that Widowmaker wasn't far from her. Rocking herself back and forth, it wasn't long before Tracer gained enough momentum to start rolling.

The cool, rough cobblestones were enough to make Tracer's arousal grow even more, and she was going to cum again in no time. As she collided with Widowmaker, the two women cried out with pleasure. Widowmaker, being no slouch in this game, quickly started to rock back and forth against Tracer so that the two of them could experience even more pleasure as their hypersensitive skin rubbed together.

Even though Mercy had seen what had happened to Tracer, there was little she could do to help. She already had her hands full with her girlfriend, Pharah. Plus, based on the sounds coming from both her teammate Tracer and the assassin Widowmaker, it seemed like neither of them were having a bad time. "My staff isn't working, Pharah; I can't stop this!" She said this while looking her lover in the eye.

Pharah groaned, "Unnghhh, I'm starting to swell up in here; I gotta disengage the suit," She said as she tapped at her armband to get the suit to release. "It's not working; some of that gunk must be shorting my suit out, Angela; you have to help me get out," Pharah said as she started to pull on the manual levers to release the components of her suit.

"On it," Mercy said while moving to another section of the suit. Dropping down to her knees, she started to release the leg parts one by one. Removing the plating covering the calves. Then the thighs. As she pulled the lever to release the crotch plate, it all but sprang away. The flight suit Pharah wore under her armour left little to the imagination now as the Egyptian woman's pussy was swollen and swelling plumper with more and more juice. "Herrgott," Mercy said in awe as looking at her lover's juicy pussy only turned the medic on.

Reaching up, Mercy rubbed Pharah's pussy out of curiosity to see the reaction she would get. The darker-skinned woman moaned loudly but stepped back. "What are you doing, Angela? This is no time to fool around," Pharah said curtly. "If I soon don't get out of this thing, one of us is going to pop; I'd rather it not be me!" She said, before groaning again, "Unnghhh, fuck, this is getting too tight!" Pharah said as she started to just rip pieces of her suit off, not bothering with the proper release anymore. "It's getting hard to breathe," she added with urgency.

Mercy started releasing the latches on Pharah's central body armour piece. With each latch released, the armour spread further and further apart. With the release of the latch, Pharah's chest plate shot away from her like a bullet and pinged against the ground nearby. Both of the women breathed a sigh of relief as Pharah could breathe properly again.

"That was a little too close for comfort," Pharah said with a sigh. She looked up to see Mercy looking down at her chest, wide-eyed. "What are you?" Pharah said, puzzled, looking down. "Ya Ibn el Sharmouta!" Pharah cursed, "My girls! THEY'RE HUGE!" She said as her hands went to her much larger tits.

Mercy watched in awe as Pharah's flight suite stretched out more and more as her expanding curves filled it to the brim. Pharah finished pulling off the arms of her armour and went to unzip her skintight flight suit, but the zipper wouldn't budge. Her breasts had ballooned too big to let the zipper come down.

"Unnghhh, my suit, it's squeezing my breasts so tight! I can feel the juice running down all over me," Pharah said as she pressed her tits together inside the suit. The cloth creaked and groaned, and then finally, with a snap, the zipper burst open, letting Pharah's much more ample bust spill out.

With nothing holding them back, Pharah's tits looked easily twice as big as they had been. Each one was fatter than a beach ball, and her nipples were long, thick, and perky. Mercy couldn't stop herself. Looking at those massive melons spill out in front of her, she had to suck on those behemoth bosoms.

Pouncing onto Pharah's chest, Marcy started to suck and suck and suck on Pharah's nipples. The sensation was so pleasurable to Pharah that she nearly came on the spot. Grabbing Mercy by the back of her head, the strong bombardier stuffed her nipple deeper into her blond-haired lover's mouth.

Mercy only responded with a moan and sucked even more greedily. The dark blue she was turning was a stark contrast to the usual creamy white skin the medic had. Mercy started to bloat up all over as every swallow of juice only hastened her transformation. Soon, Pharah was so full of juice that her arms couldn't bend anymore, and she could only watch as her lover continued to gorge herself. Mercy could feel her body stretching and swelling, and it only turned her on more. Pushing both of Pharah's tits together, the Swiss medic continued to suckle and swallow.

With every gulp, Mercy's suit grew tighter and tighter. Her skintight bodysuit groaned, and the buckles on her plates of armour creaked. Her breasts spilled out from under her chestplate as they ballooned fatter and fatter with blueberry juice. With a ping, her white chestplate shot away, exposing her black bodysuit underneath. Her hips flared out, and her calves grew fatter and plumper. Mercy's boots popped away as her calves swelled too large. A split formed down the side of Mercy's hip, letting her now-blue skin seep through.

Pharah stumbled back as Mercy continued to push against her until she was pinned against a wall behind her. The rest of her suit ripped apart as Pharah's body grew fuller and rounder; by the second, the only thing sticking out on her was her enormous breasts. Which Mercy was still attached to. "Ahhh Mercy! You're drinking too much! If you keep that up, you're going to pop! UNNGHH, BUT MY NIPPLES FEEL SO GOOD! OHHH GOD, I CAN'T HOLD BACK ANYMORE! I'M CUMMING!" Pharah cried out as her pussy and nipples sprayed out even more juice.

Mercy cooed with delight as her girlfriend's breast stuffed even more of the blueberry juice into her. Bigger and bigger, her body swelled. Mercy's arms and legs sank into her. Still, she kept sucking and sucking. Using her wings, Mercy pushed herself forward so she could continue to keep drinking Pharah's delicious juice. It was so sweet and tangy, she couldn't get enough.

With a loud, ripping sound, Mercy's tight bodysuit finally gave way, letting the woman's now-round body bounce and jiggle out freely in the night air. Mercy was getting completely intoxicated by the pleasure each swallow brought. Soon, her head sank into her swelling body. Her body started to close in around Pharah's nipples, and she was soon pinching them tightly.

Mercy's body continued to swell and swell and swell, to the point where her lover's nipples were pulled from her mouth. However, because Pharah's nipples were wedged into the cavity where Mercy's head resided, the medic had no choice but to keep swallowing and swallowing. It was that, or drowning in berry juice.

Not that that thought even crossed Mercy's mind; she was so pleasure drunk now that she just wanted more. She wanted to keep cumming over and over and over. She wanted to keep blowing up bigger and bigger and bigger. She loved being this massive, horny blueberry woman. She would just keep drinking and drinking and drinking until Pharah ran out of juice to give her.

The other three round, blue women watched in amazement as Mercy continued to expand and expand and expand until her body was twice as big as the rest of them. Mercy was growing so massively that her hands and feet could no longer be seen. Still, as she continued to swell out in all directions, she finally came away from Pharah's nipples with a pop.

Bouncing backward, Mercy landed on her back. With a high-pitched scream, she came harder than she had ever cum before. Her pussy shooting blueberry juice all over the other three girls

as Mercy came and came and came. It felt like hours before the massive Mercy finally finished her orgasm. As she lay panting, she could barely think.

Widowmaker looked at the massive ball of a woman and could only feel the bitter sting of jealousy. She had always assumed her current size was as big as she could get. Seeing the giant medic made her realize there was much more pleasure to be had. Once she got free from Overwatch, she was going to have to take some personal time.

As all three women lay there, exhausted from cumming so much, heavy footfalls could be heard coming towards them. The larger-than-life Reinhardt came thumping down the empty street where they all were. "Here! I've found them!" The old man bellowed. Looking at the three women, the old Crusader whistled, "Overwatch, I think we're going to need a bigger truck," he said as he made his way towards the four giant blue balls.

The End