

On an isolated region of the swiss mountain range, within a lavish modern mansion, was the laboratory of the famous Angela Ziegler, better known to the rest of the world as Overwatch's main medic, Mercy. The insides of her lab were dark and broody, nighttime covering the entire home in deep darkness, with only a small lamp illuminating a microscope in the corner of the room. Nearby sat a coffee cup, with coffee stains sticking it to the table, its contents dry and consumed long ago. The doctor sat on top of a lab chair, intently observing the small sample contained in her microscope. Her eyes had bags underneath them, her mood was less than stellar. If only she could figure this sample out... Only five more minutes, she told herself. Just a bit longer and it would all make sense to her. But that's the same thing she'd told herself hours ago, and it was clear she was getting nowhere.

Angela slammed her fist hard on the table, making the coffee cup jump and the microscope wiggle. No matter how hard she tried, she still couldn't manage to understand this... thing. Those Talon scientists were getting very good at their jobs. It was clear enough to her that this sample consisted of mutagenic nanomachines, able to reconfigure anyone's genetic material in a matter of seconds. However, what Angela couldn't decipher how each change was programmed, and more importantly, how to stop them. The sample currently being observed was dormant, so she wasn't in any sort of harm. But were someone to be affected by an active sample, she would be powerless to do anything about it.

A large sigh left through the medic's mouth. Angela didn't understand why she wasn't able to figure it out. Did her years of knowledge and advancement in medical research mean nothing? These nanobots were new of course, but Angela scarcely came across a problem that she couldn't solve. Maybe she was starting to get too old for this... Maybe the time she spent helping others through Overwatch and her discoveries had worn her out...

No, there was something else. Something greater. Angela just couldn't concentrate. Ever since the disappearance of operatives Lena "Tracer" Oxton and Hana "D.Va" Song, she'd been unable to focus on anything at all. It was all so sudden, so unexpected. One day they were both here, joyously interacting and participating with the team like a family, and the next day they were totally gone. The Overwatch team even performed a thorough search of Lena's apartment, but not a trace of them was found. No clues to their whereabouts, no indications to their states. Nothing. For all intents and purposes, Lena and Hana were essentially dead.

This hit Angela very hard. When Lena first joined Overwatch as 'Tracer', she'd looked up to 'Mercy' as a mentor. However, it was Angela who learned more from Lena than anything. It was hard being the 'mom' of the group, making sure everyone behaved, followed the mission, and got along together. But 'Tracer' showed her how important of a task this was, and how significant of a role she was playing. Her cheery and upbeat nature, which showed despite the bleakest of circumstances, taught her to smile more often. Plus, her goofy antics always seemed to put everyone in a good mood. Angela enjoyed spending time with Lena, so much so that when Overwatch broke apart, the two still kept in contact. And when Overwatch was rebuilding, were it not for Lena, 'Mercy' wouldn't have even thought of rejoining. The girl kept a special spot in Angela's heart.

And oh, that 'D.Va'! Quite accurate to her codename. She reminded Angela of herself when she was younger: confident, abrasive and stubborn. Though the two didn't talk too often, Angela always found their interactions very fun and interesting. More than anything, she hoped to breach through the gamer speak and rudeness to find a heart of gold, and to help 'D.Va' grow and mature into a positive

meaningful figure for social change and good. 'D.Va' was the embodiment of the current youth, so 'Mercy' wanted to do her best to leave a lasting impact on her.

But now, the two of them were gone, missing, maybe never to be seen again. Angela felt like her heart was in shambles. To see such crucial members of her group missing was like having a family member die. Though the whole team was in mourning, 'Mercy' was probably the most affected of them all. She felt partially responsible, for no real reason really, but she did. She kept thinking of times where she made them upset, or when they had disagreements, as if that would explain why the two were completely gone. But the world doesn't have neat explanations like that. Sometimes people just disappear, and you never get to see them again.

Angela sighed one more time. It was getting too late. If she kept going like this, she'd probably have to pull out some ice cream and a drama flick. Slowly standing from her chair, she turned off the lamp and meandered out of the unlit lab with her head turned down. Each step echoed through the room in a thunderous clack, serving as dim background music to Angela's internal thoughts.

As she stepped out of the lab, Angela started making her way through the obscure hallway. The moon shone brightly through the window in the back, indicating to her that it was way too late to be awake, while the end of the hallway was illuminated by the living room light. Angela's house was usually beautiful and bright. Being a famous doctor and part of Overwatch brought in the big bucks, so she'd modeled it into the perfect palace of modern architecture. However, at times like these it looked very somber and grim, a fitting comparison to the Angela's current emotional state. But she didn't want to think about any of that right now. What she needed was a warm bed and a good sleep, so she made her way towards her room.

However, as she passed the living room table, she caught glimpse of a very peculiar sight. On top of the lean white table, was a plate with a slice of pizza on it. The slice contained a variety of meats, sausage, meatballs and pepperoni. And despite looking like it had been there for some time, it still appeared to be pretty warm. Beside it, was a quaint note neatly written on a fancy set of white paper. It read:

"Dear Mercy

I know how diligent and fixated you are with your research, so I won't try to stop you from doing it. But please try and take care of yourself a little bit more. I wouldn't want you to get all thin and weak :)

Yours, Pharah"

Angela audibly cooed as the sweet gesture, a wide smile spreading onto her face. Fareeha was always so caring and kind to her. When she first joined the new Overwatch group as "Pharah", 'Mercy' had taken a specific interest in her. She was the daughter of one of Angela's close friend and old teammate, so 'Mercy' thought it'd be appropriate to mentor her closely. Whenever 'Pharah' needed help or advice, 'Mercy' was always there to support her. Oh, she was so cute back then! Feeling the weight of her mother's previous contribution to the team, she always felt nervous and anxious, having a hard time making friends and talking to others. But thanks to Angela's help, she was accepted as a member of the team, fulfilling her dream of becoming part of Overwatch, like her mother.

Before long, the two became inseparable. Since 'Mercy' was the only one with the gear to keep up with 'Pharah' in the air, the two ended up being paired up together for work. And because of Angela's lack of skill in combat, 'Pharah' would always protect her closely in the air, not letting any harm come to her. Although they also spent a lot of time together off the clock as well. Fareeha became like a little puppy to Angela. Wherever she would go, 'Pharah' would follow. During breaks, after her shift ended, on off days, you name it. Not that Angela minded, she quite enjoyed spending time with her. Fareeha was cute funny and charming. And despite her young age, she was very serious and dutiful.

Which made it all the more surprising when Fareeha suddenly confessed her love to Angela. Angela always thought she was too busy for love. She'd never found anyone she cared for enough to spend the rest of her life with them. But it was different with Pharah. She was constantly thinking about Fareeha and was always eager to their next meeting. Whenever they got sent to missions together, she could feel a spike of joy jolt through her system, and when they were close together her heartrate increased. There was, of course, the question of age and the fact that this was her friend's child. But when the two were together none of those things mattered. The only thing of importance was their relationship.

Another sigh slipped through Angela's lips, though this one not from sorrow but from joy. 'Pharah' was the only thing keeping her afloat at the moment, honestly. If it wasn't for her love and kindness, Angela was sure she would've broken down by now. Looking down at the warm piece of pizza on the plate, she could only think about how much 'Pharah' cared for her. Even though pizza wasn't a very healthy food, especially at this time of night, she just had to eat it. Besides, she hadn't eaten all day. One slice should be fine.

Lowering her hand towards the plate, Angela took the slice of pizza into her hand. Surprisingly, it was pleasantly warm, not too cold and not piping hot, the best temperature for a pizza to be. As Angela lifted the piece into the air, she could see grease and sauce slip off the slice and onto the plate. She grumbled at the sight. This had to be one of the unhealthiest pizzas she'd ever seen. Still, the expectations of her girlfriend were weighing heavily on her shoulders. Nothing could make her turn down this slice of pizza.

She lifted the pizza up and brought the tip of the slice into her mouth, biting a small section of it off. The cheese was soft and chewy, which made for a pleasant texture in Angela's mouth, but also kind of elastic and sturdy, as she had to bite multiple the cheese multiple times to get the small piece in her mouth to separate from the rest of the slice. The sauce was also quite divine, Angela could taste the freshness of the tomatoes and spices mixing together very gracefully. The meats were astounding. Though she was more of a vegetable person, these meats had to be of the highest quality. They didn't feel like packaged frozen crap, they tasted like fresh natural goodness. And despite the fact that Angela despised grease, the oil perfectly complimented the taste of all the ingredients.

All in all, Angela found it to be a very delicious pizza. After carefully chewing through the piece in her mouth, she quickly bit off another piece from the slice, this one much larger than the last one. Although even with its larger size, Angela consumed this piece much faster than the last one. Then she gave another one, and another one, and another one. Soon it seemed less like Angela was eating and more like she was just shoveling food into her mouth. Her teeth shifted up and down violently, her tongue flopped around in spasms. Angela continue to shove more of the pizza into her mouth with disregard, not even waiting to swallow what was already in her mouth to put more in.

In a matter of seconds, the entire slice was gone, not even the crust remained. Mercy opened and closed her sticky hand over and over again, almost as if she was hoping another slice would materialize in her grasp. She continued to chew until she swallowed the rest of the garbled mess in her mouth, giving a sigh of satisfaction as it passed down her throat. Instantly, she began to scan around the room, eyes wide open and looking like they belonged on some sort of wild animal. More, was the only thing in her mind. Not 'More pizza', just 'More'. Mercy spun her head in every direction, desperate to find any more of that glorious substance to sustain her appetite. But unfortunately, there was nothing. All Mercy had to satiate herself was the grease on her fingers and the little bits that fell on the plate, which she quickly licked up like a hungry animal. She grunted with disappointment, and smacked the table hard with her fist, before she started to stomp angrily towards her room.

The further she marched away from her living room though, the fuzzier her head began to feel. Angela placed her hand on her forehead, a sick and confused expression appearing on her face. Why did she think of herself by her codename? And did she... Did she just lick up the plate? And her hands? And smack the table? It was so strange... Angela had never experienced a loss of control this severe. And it happened so quickly too... Maybe she was getting too tired. No, scratch that. She was *definitely* too tired. A good sleep is all she needed now. And it would help her forget that strange episode she just had as well.

Pushing open the door to her room, Angela found Fareeha fast asleep under the covers on the left side of the bed. Of course she was asleep, Angela thought, it had gotten so late. She let out a joyous sigh. Seeing her cute little darling sleeping adorably made her feel so much better. Regardless of how rough of a day she had, her little puppy was always there waiting for her. She couldn't wait to join~

Angela quickly slipped off her robes, leaving only her white belt and her underwear. She didn't feel like putting clothes on right now. It wouldn't be the first time she went commando to bed anyways. Then she quickly sneaked towards the right side of the bed and slinked into the covers. The bed was comfortable and warm, thanks to her little angel warming it up for her. But it was warmer closer to Fareeha, so Angela slowly skittered towards the sleeping beauty.

She passed her hands over Fareeha's body, gently caressing her dreaming lover. She specially took care to feel around Fareeha's muscles. Angela just loved the way her dainty girl had trained so hard to become muscly and strong. Strangely enough, they felt tougher and more defined than usual, which thoroughly enflamed Angela's arousal. Her vagina quivered with need. For someone who had been up all day, she suddenly felt a strange burst of energy at the thought of sex with Pharah, quite similar to what she felt during the pizza event. But she couldn't bring herself to wake her puppy, so she'd just have to settle with sleep. Rolling onto her back, Angela closed her eyes and calmly slipped to dreamland.

"And so we are gathered here today to thank the amazing Overwatch team for the great service they have done for our city. If not for their noble effort..."

Some random speaker began to drone on and on about the wonders and amazingness of Overwatch. This entire city had decided to set up a major celebratory event for them as a form of thanks for dealing with a rogue Omnic army. The whole gesture made 'Mercy' groan. They didn't need parades or

celebrations. This was their job, to defend the world and make it a better place. But because of political reasons, the team had to attend these trivial events anyways.

The entire Overwatch team was gathered on the podium on a straight line. To 'Mercy's' right was 'McCree', who seemed to be enjoying the crowd's attention and flirting back with some of the girls. And to her right was... 'Tracer'? Angela felt her heart stop for a second. Wasn't Lena missing? The whole team had spent countless hours searching for her to no avail, and now she suddenly appeared here in this ceremony out of nowhere? How did- Why was she here?

No... Lena obviously couldn't have gone missing. She was right here! What on earth was Angela thinking? The stress from work must have been getting to her head. Still, she'd seriously believed that Lena had gone missing for a second. There was a lot of sorrow and anxiety built up in her from that single thought for some reason. It felt nice to see some of that tension be released, to not have to be worried about the disappearance of a close friend.

And the two were very close. They were closer to each other than to anybody else in the team- no, in the world. Angela could just palpably feel the strength of their intimate relationship, especially now. She stared wistfully at the oblivious Lena. She couldn't explain it but just being close to Lena made her happy. She wouldn't know what she'd do if Lena went missing. Lena was the center of Angela's world.

Seemingly noticing Angela's gaze, Lena turned her head towards the doctor. "Oh, hey brother!" She shouted cheerily. "Is everything alright?"

Mercy gave a soft nod. "Yes, everything's-"

Wait, Tracer just call her brother? Mercy's world suddenly began turning and changing drastically. One moment regular old loveable Tracer was there, cheery and pretty as ever, and in the blink of an eye she was completely different, transmogrified into something much more corrupt and grotesque. The thing standing where Tracer once stood had Tracer's head, but the body of a morbidly obese man. Her massive manboobs hung down, bigger than Tracer's old bust. Her fat gut looked like it contained the combined body weight of three Tracers. Her thick extremities lumbered down like massive heaving logs. And her cock was massively long, girthy and erect, capable of putting any man to shame, with two heaving baseball sized nuts drooping below it.

Mercy couldn't believe this vulgar amalgamation that stood before her eyes. But there was something more, something different. Mercy could feel it. Her body was not the same. Looking down, Mercy gasped as she met a similar sight to what she had just observed. She too, had the body of a morbidly obese man. All the flabbiness, all the extra weight... Even the privates. Her body looked just like Tracer's except with a little bit lighter skin.

But the worst part of it all was that, despite her current situation, she was immensely aroused. This much was obvious from the massive erection she sported, just a few inches short of Tracer's. All this extra weight she had on her body felt good, making her feel bigger and grander. And having a penis felt natural, as if she was supposed to have one all along. No matter how hard she tried to deny or rationalize it, it was clear that she was enjoying the current form of her body.

With a wide cocky grin on her face, Tracer placed her hands on Mercy's dick. "You want some help with this bro?"

Mercy knew she should be horrified and disgusted. She knew she should be panicking, backing away from Tracer, and trying to find a way to fix things. But the only response that came to her brain was 'yes'.

Jolting upwards from her bed, Angela awoke from her dream with loud scream. The woman panted heavily, sweat pouring down her face, trying to recover from her sudden fright. What a terrible nightmare she'd had! Something about fatness and men. Although it had been so vivid and clear just a few seconds before, she couldn't quite remember the details. The only thing that remained within her was this sense of primordial fear.

Rays of sunlight coursed through the closed curtains of Angela's bedroom, as the spooked doctor breathed slowly in order to calm her nerves. It had only been a dream, but it felt so real. Whatever it was she saw must have really affected her profoundly. Angela turned to her right to see if she could find comfort from her girlfriend, but unfortunately Fareeha was nowhere to be seen. A sigh left through Angela's lips. It was only dream, there was nothing to be afraid of.

All she needed was some cold water to clear her head and a cup of coffee. She couldn't let some bad dream ruin a good day of research after all. Sliding to her left, Angela slowly began to slump herself off the bed and onto her feet. For some reason her body felt a bit more sluggish and heavier than normal, but everything felt sluggish in the morning before she had her coffee, so she felt nothing was out of the ordinary.

Walking around the bed, Angela made her way towards the bathroom. She opened the door and stepped inside, quickly flipping the switch on with a flick of her finger. Her eyes drifted down to the faucet, hand moving onto the handle. One swift motion and the cold water she so desired began flowing freely. She moved her hands under the stream, letting it pool a little bit before splashing it all over her face. The cold water felt good against her warm skin, it was like her worries were washing away. Reaching left for a towel, she wiped off her face, opening her eyes with a sigh to see herself in the mirror when...

Wait, was she fat?! Angela looked at her reflection with surprise and shock. She didn't look morbidly obese, but there was a completely noticeable bump in her tummy, as well as extra flabs on her arms. How could this possibly be? She was completely normal yesterday. If anything, her lack of nourishment thanks to the grueling hours of research should make her lose weight, not gain any. The only thing that could possibly come close to explaining such brisk and complete genetical change was-

Angela gasped. The nanomachines! She thought the sample she'd been studying was dormant, but, these being man made robots, there was always the possibility that they could be reactivated at any time. Oh god, this was terrible! Angela had to find a way to stop them- No! She first had to find Fareeha and warn her about it. With the two spending so much time together, it was possible that she had gotten her infected. They would have to be quarantined to prevent further inspection, their bodies would change in bizarre and unpredictable ways, and if things got really bad, they would even be dissected and investigated. She had to- She had to find Fareeha!!!

With the speed of a flying bullet, Angela bolted out of the bathroom in search of her beloved. She ran as fast as she could in her thicker body, the ground thumping loudly and her flab hopping up and down with each footstep. Angela felt a terrible sense of desperation course through her veins as she made her way down the hallway. Fareeha was the last thing she had, the only true joy in her life. If Angela was to lose that... No, she couldn't even consider such a thing. The possibility of it was too dreadful to imagine. She had to prevent something bad from happening at all cost.

Crossing into the living room, Angela felt a smile cross over her face as she glimpsed at a humanoid looking figure. She stopped dead in her tracks, a bit relieved to have found her lover. But soon she realized that she'd found more than just Fareeha. Instead of just one humanoid figure, Angela realized that there were four people in her living room, three of which she'd never expect to find there.

First and most outstanding was Lena, sitting on Angela's white modern couch with an air of authority surrounding her. But this wasn't the Lena she knew and loved, it was a vulgar yet somehow familiar obese version of the cheerful British girl. She had huge man breasts and a bloated stomach that rested against the cushions due to the force of gravity. She was so big and large it was as if she'd swallowed another person. And she had a cock! It stood massively erect and tall for all to see, larger and girthier than any dildo or dick that Angela had ever seen, with two supple plentiful balls hanging proudly below it. And the stench, oh god the stench. Angela could smell it from here, it smelled like sweat, grease and sexual fluids, a completely repulsive smell that was somehow also alluring.

Behind her stood the somewhat familiar face of Emily, Lena's girlfriend, rubbing Lena's shoulders like she was some kind of king. Though Angela hadn't spent too much time with Emily, she could definitely tell something was not right with her body. Just like Lena, she had become morbidly obese, though she appeared thin compared to how thick Lena was. Since she was behind the couch, Angela couldn't tell if she was male or female. But her big meaty fingers and broad shoulders told her all she needed to know.

To the left of Lena, kneeling before her was Hana, sporting a body as deformed and disgusting as the other two. She was considerably shorter than Lena, and considerably fat too. But what she lacked for in height, she made up for in strength. Her body was somehow toned and fat at the same time. On her big belly Angela could see the markings of a six pack, and her chest was completely solid and tone. Her arms and legs were completely firm, seemingly strong enough to carry the big fat Lena. And her cock, although not as big as Tracer's was still a thick long penis that could put any man to shame. She licked Tracer's pole up and down excitedly, a look of ecstasy on her face as she covered Lena's dick with her saliva.

But the worst part of it was the person kneeling down to the right of Lena. It was none of than her puppy, her darling, her love... It was Fareeha, also licking Lena's massive erection with a dutiful yet pleased look. Her body... It too had changed. Her muscly pecs bulged outwards almost as big as breasts. On her chest a toned built six-pack was beautifully displayed. Her shoulders sustained sick guns that looked like they could crush anybody, and her strong legs showed no appearance of skipping leg day. But she was also- She had been turned into- She'd become a man! Her sweet amazing girlfriend was now a buff dude. And though her penis was not as large as the ones around her, it was still pretty good for a guy.

The scene as a whole was entirely grotesque, like something out of some kind of fetish flick. Angela couldn't help but watch with abject horror, and though she wouldn't have liked to admit it with a little

bit of lust as well. She wouldn't stand there staring all day though, before long, the big man herself noticed the presence of her unannounced guest.

"Hello Mercy!" Lena bellowed from across the room. "Glad to see you've finally arrived."

Lena's booming voice echoed loudly through the wide room, turning attention away from her and towards Angela. Angela gulped as she felt the eyes of the other three come over her, staring daggers at her as if she was the reason why their fun had suddenly stopped. Time stood still for a moment. She had no idea what she wanted to do. A part of her wanted to go towards Lena to confront her about what the hell was going on, and maybe to stop and fix things. Plus, there was something strangely enticing about the whole situation, a very primal voice called from within her. 'Mercy~' It cooed, 'Go towards Tracer~'. But Angela recognized something else was afoot here. Were she to approach Lena at this moment, she did not know if she could keep full control of her faculties.

"Don't be shy Mercy!" Tracer added. "Why don't you come on over." She motioned flabby arm for Mercy to come closer, patting the cushion next to her as a sign of where Mercy should sit.

In that instant, Mercy's decision was made. Angela was going to give Lena a piece of her mind. First, she and Hana disappeared out of nowhere, and then not only they come back as fat dudes, they turn Fareeha into a man as well. It was unacceptable. Angela was boiling with anger. Its not that Mercy wanted to get closer to that gross and exquisite male stench. And she definitely didn't want to take a closer look at Tracer's full beautiful belly. No, she was just walking to get some answers (and maybe something else~) from Tracer.

As Angela stepped closer and closer to Lena, the other three backed away from the large fat man. Hana in specific shot her a very unapologetic look of contempt, as if she was truly angered that Angela had interrupted their time together. Mercy scoffed in response. The little bitch... So what if she wanted to spend some time with Tracer? She had every right to do so. D.Va was just being a jealous little cunt.

There were more important things than D.Va's jealousy at the moment, however. Now standing before Tracer, Mercy could feel the musky manly smell being emitted from her body. It was kind of intoxicating and disorienting, Angela found that she was having trouble keeping her thoughts together. And her organ greedily twitched with desire. But she knew what she had to do at the moment. In order to save herself and her girlfriend, she was determined to and ready to do what needed to be done.

"Lena!" Angela started firmly. "What the hell is-"

But before she could even finish her sentence, Lena responded by patting the seat right next to her again. Angela shot her a look of confusion, which did not seem to affect Lena one bit. She kept on her goofy cheery smile, staring at Angela without saying a word.

"Lena, I'm not going to-"

Once again, Lena interrupted her by tapping the seat beside her. Angela gulped. For some reason Mercy had an irresistible urge to sit next to Tracer. She couldn't really do that thought. The way things were now, Angela stood tall above Lena, she had a position of authority. If she wanted to successfully confront her, she needed to keep firm and not give into Tracer's demands. She needed to show her that she was in control, and that she wouldn't let her just waltz in and take over her house.



“I said I’m not going to-!”

Tracer tapped the sofa a third time and Mercy instantly sat down next to her. It was clear she wan’t getting anywhere standing there, so the smartest option was to sit next to Tracer. Sitting eye to eye with her would make Angela seem more amicable and make Lena more likely to answer her questions. (Plus, this was she also so much closer to the big fat man~).

“Ok, I sat down. Now Lena, please tell me-”

Suddenly, Tracer brought one of her fat gloved fingers onto Angela’s lips, making her shut up immediately. “Shhhh~” She cooed sweetly. “You don’t have to say a word Mercy.” All desire to speak instantaneously drained from Mercy’s body, along with her combativeness and aggressiveness. The only thing that remained was a strangely strong sense of admiration and wonder towards the huge bellied boy in from of her.

“Pharah tells me that you’ve been very upset and anxious ever since I disappeared.” Tracer continued. “Is this true?”

“Y-Yes!” Mercy piped up. “The whole Overwatch team has been mourning your loss. They’ve really missed you...”

“I don’t care about the Overwatch team.” Tracer answered matter-of-factly. She placed her hand on Angela’s chin. “I want to know about you, Mercy. Did *you* miss me?”

Mercy, Angela, Mercy, Angela... The names danced around Angela’s mind like synonyms, similar, but not the same. It was as if Mercy and Angela were two different people fighting for control of Angela’s body, and Angela wasn’t winning. Tracer’s words made Mercy’s heart beat faster within her chest. She fluttered at the mere sight of the fat man, unable to remind herself of her original purpose for speaking with her. “I- ... Yes Tracer!! I’ve missed you so much! You don’t know how much I’ve yearned for you to come back. I thought I’d never see you again.”

Tracer caressed Mercy’s hair gently, her smile as goofy and cheery as ever. “I’m sorry Mercy. I’m sorry that I’ve caused you so much pain and discomfort. But I promise never to leave your side again, *brother~*”

The words filled Mercy’s heart with Joy, her womanhood quivered with desire, while Angela faded into obscurity. Nothing would make Mercy happier than to stay by Tracer’s side for the rest of her life, she didn’t need to think about sudden disappearances and changes. Even if Tracer was a gross fat blob of a man, Mercy could still feel a deep sense of affection to her, a type of connection she’d never felt towards anyone else in her life, not even to Pharah. And that final word... *Brother*. It ignited all of Mercy’s strongest emotions like some kind of bomb.

“Here, I have a present for you.” Said Tracer. Turning around, she pulled a big pizza box from behind her. The sweet smell of the delicious treat entered through Mercy’s nostrils despite the fact it was closed. And once Tracer opened it Mercy’s mouth watered at the sight of that liquid-y gold. “Here *brother*. This pizza is just for you.”

As Tracer pulled one of the gooey slices from the box, a sudden realization came to Angela. This pizza... It looked exactly like the one she’d consumed last night! The one that made her enter a fit of madness.

The one that she'd eaten before her body fattened up overnight. This pizza was the cause of everything! It had to contain the nanomachines she was studying!

But it was too late, she'd already become infected. There was no way she could resist the temptation before her. The only thing she could do as Tracer slowly brought the drooping pizza towards her was open her mouth with a dumb smile and accept it. Once the flavorful slice hit her taste buds, all her cares melted away like the cheese in her mouth. She didn't have to worry anymore, her brother would take care of her~

Without thinking twice about it, Mercy chewed the food that entered her mouth. She happily ingested it all, accepting everything that Tracer gave her. Slice after slice disappeared into her stomach. It was like she was an endless void, no matter how much Tracer shoved inside, she continued to eat without pause or choke. And with each chomp and swallow Mercy did, her body began to change more and more.

Her belly swelled and bloated outwards, gaining mass like an expanding star. The fat piled on at an alarming rate without stopping, until her stomach was so large and massive it reached down to the cushion she was sitting on. Her breasts began to grow larger as well, though they did not become round and firm. Instead, they became flabby and saggy, losing all their sensitivity and definition in the process, and growing so large that they snapped Mercy's bra and sent it flying across the room, before resting calmly atop of her gut.

The arms came next. Her thin dainty arms quickly engorged into thick baggy extremities that were soft and plentiful. Her thin slender fingers turned into large sausages that were coarse and callous, while little hairs began appearing all over her fat arms, and specially under her armpits. Her legs, once shapely and womanly, blew up with so much fat and flesh they looked like they'd never been thin. Her ass and hips grew and grew, though not in a way that would be considered conventionally attractive. They became saggy and shapeless, growing so large that they snapped Mercy's panties right off. The only reason her belt survived was due to the miracle of modern engineering, and even then, it was mostly obscured by her fat belly flopping over it. Her thighs fattened into poles that were as thick and long as tree branches, complete with little brushes of hair to adorn them and the strength to support her new body weight.

Once the pizza box was empty and all of Mercy's food had been consumed, the previously lithe and attractive medic's body now looked like an exact copy of Tracer's body, except for the skin color, which was still Mercy's light white, and an important little tool between her crotch. Tracer looked at Mercy's process with contentment.

"Very good..." She said, tossing the box in her hands aside. "You're coming along very nicely. But there is one thing missing, *brother*. Spread your legs!" Tracer commanded authoritatively, which Mercy followed without question, pushing her legs apart and pressing her back against the backrest. Tracer lowered her body with a deviant smile. "It's time to make you a real man~"

The fatty slowly crawled along the crouch until her face was just a few inches from Mercy's pulsing organ. She licked her lips, she could smell Mercy's palpable arousal. But more than that, she could smell a small tinge of male essence coming from her cavern. Her little clit twitched with excitement. A little push was all she needed, and then she'd become perfect. Mercy felt her heart throb and her vagina squelching. Seeing Tracer's face so close to her crotch was the most arousing thing she'd ever

experienced in her life. She could feel her warm breath caressing her womanhood, her thick fingers gripping her legs. Oh what she would give to be taken by Tracer~

Not that she would have to wait long, for Tracer soon dove into Mercy's crotch and started slurping on it merrily. Her tongue swirled about the pussy intensely, diving in and out of the hole with speed. But most of all, Tracer focused on massaging Mercy's clit. The little appendage constantly quivered with need, and every time Tracer so much touched it shuddered and trembled alive, slowly gaining inch after inch. Though normally Tracer didn't like the female anatomy, she thought women were restrictive and annoying, Mercy was looking like enough of a hunk that she didn't mind. Plus, she absolutely *LOVED* the transformation of the little clit into a thick penis, and she wanted Mercy's gift to come as soon as possible. So Tracer ate Mercy's pussy out the same ravaging and unforgiving effort she ate any tasty article of food with.

Effort that would soon bear fruit, as Mercy's clit began to grow while within Tracer's mouth. The little member snaked its way through her throat canal. At first, barely able to enter the hole at all, but with inches of length and girth piling on and on, it started to make its way past her teeth, through her tongue, and all the way to the amygdala, until eventually Tracer couldn't keep the whole thing in her mouth. Releasing the enlarged member from its mucous prison, Tracer was finally able to admire Mercy's new appendage. The cock was almost as fat as her arm, its length larger than any other man's in Earth. A thick layer of meaty, veiny skin covered the entire pole magnificently, and a gorgeous fat head with a slit in its tip capped the masterful tool. It was truly beautiful, equal in size and power to Tracer's.

But it wasn't enough. There was one final piece of the puzzle missing, and Tracer was determined to get it. Acting quickly, she dove forward and began licking Mercy's still present pussy once more. This time though, she sucked on with more vigor and force, biting and slurping its insides intensely as if she was trying to pull out something that was stuck deep inside. Mercy for her part, felt a gripping void as her new member grew cold. She didn't understand what it was, nor did she know how it got there. But what she did know was that she needed some release and she needed it now. Shooting her arms forward, Mercy grasped her massive cock between her meaty claws and began to jack it off desperately.

The two were now moving in unison, their bodies rushing towards the common goal. Mercy thrust her hips into Tracer's face, while rocking her cock up and down. Her face spelled pure ecstasy, eyes rolled back with a dreamy expression. She could feel it, two massive bumps traveling down her birth canal. Every time she pumped her dick it felt better and better, the two large pebbles dropping further and further. It was truly incredible. Mercy could feel her body reaching a zenith she never thought she could reach, a level of pleasure that should not be achievable by humans. Even Tracer could feel it, the extra gushing and contracting of Mercy's pussy pushing her more and more. Just a little bit and-

**PLOP!!!**

With a loud luscious plop, a fat set of balls popped out of Mercy's, pussy closing it forever. Mercy's entire body stiffened as her dick shot out a squirt of clear liquid, the last female orgasm she'd ever experience. In that moment where her body was rocked by the lustful daze of climax, her mind began to undergo irreversible changes. All of her memories of being Angela Ziegler, world renowned female doctor and researcher, and one of the most critical members of Overwatch were swiftly flushed away from her body along with her last female juices.

Instead, **he** was Mercy, Tracer's overweight, slob and lazy twin brother who didn't care for anything but being pampered and having gay sex with men. While Angela had gotten multiple PhDs and award recognitions, Mercy hadn't even finished high school. He much preferred to go out with studs that treated him like their 'little princess' and then let him fuck them and boss them around at his every whim. Of course, he still loved Tracer more than anything in the world. His twin brother was so lumpy, loveable and sweet that he couldn't help it. But Mercy wasn't no beta bitch, he was the second king of the house. Which is why he and Pharah made such a good couple. Pharah would always do exactly what Mercy asked him to do, and he would never argue, complain or disobey. He knew who was in charge.

Proud and exhausted from his labor, Tracer sat up and collapsed against the seat rest. He wasn't used to putting this much physical activity into anything, but it had been worth it, now Mercy had become part of his family. Unfortunately, he wouldn't get to rest for too long, for Mercy lunged towards his brother and wrapped his arms around Tracer's dick. Mercy kissed and licked the pole passionately, as if it was a long lost boyfriend he'd never seen in years. He made an expression of yearning, whiffing deeply Tracer's scent to burn it into his mind.

"Oh brother, you don't know how I've missed you~" Mercy cooed between licks. "Don't ever leave me again, you understand?"

Mercy slobbered all over Tracer's dick. He wrapped his mouth around the tip, sucking it like a lollipop while he licked its length and girth up and down like an ice cream bar. It was as if he was playing with Tracer's dick, trying to savor it as much as possible for himself instead of making Tracer actually feel good. It made sense, really. He hadn't seen his brother's delicious cock in so long, he wanted to make sure he never forgot about it again, revering it the same way you would a religious symbol.

Still, something was missing though. Mercy was pleasing his brother, which made him very happy. But... Who was pleasing him? His own enormous penis hung proudly erect off the couch, yet no one was paying attention to it. Not one touch, not one lick, not even a single stare. How the hell could that even be possible?! Mercy was the best man here (after his brother), it was a disgrace that the others weren't lining up to feel good.

"Why the hell isn't anybody sucking my dick?!" Mercy suddenly complained into the ether, interrupting his own time with Tracer. He scanned over the room until his eyes focused on Pharah, to whom he shot an angered expression. "Pharah!" He yelled angrily. "Come over here and suck my penis!"

Without second thought or even a sour face, Pharah got up from his seat and began moving towards the couch. He walked with serenity and grace, without hurry but also without any delay, his toned muscles glistening in the sunrays that passed through the windows. Stopping before the two, Pharah promptly got on his knees and encased Mercy's engorged member in his mouth.

Mercy cooed in joy as he felt Pharah's warm chamber wrap around his dick. His little boytoy was quite diligent and proficient at pleasuring Mercy's member. He had to after all, otherwise Mercy would have kicked him to the curve a long time ago. Pharah eased the member in and out of his mouth with efficiency. Despite its tremendous size, he was repeatedly able to fit more than three quarters of it into his mouth. And it felt pretty good too. Pharah's mouth was tight but also deep enough to fit a lot of Mercy in. And his mechanical motions hit all the most sensitive spots on Mercy's pole.

Now content that his dick was being pleased, Mercy moved on to worshipping the only better dick in the family. He slurped and sucked it with even more vigor than before, feeling motivated by the pleasure his own body was receiving. And in the midst of this show, a 'small' boy began to approach the scene. The young D.Va slowly sneaked towards the trio, his own penis hard and in need. He stared at Tracer's dick wistfully. His dad's cock just looked so delicious, he wanted to be where Mercy was, slurping it up. Even a little taste would be fine, having the aftertaste of his dad's cock in his mouth was more than enough. He slowly inched his way towards Tracer, stretching his hand to touch the member-

When suddenly, Mercy slapped his hand away with force, shooting a deathly look at the boy. "Go away you little cunt!" Mercy reprimanded him. "I haven't had this dick in way too long. It's all mine for now!"

D.Va crossed his arms with anger. He really didn't like his uncle, always obsessing over Tracer despite the fact that he had his own boyfriend. And he was always so rude too. He treated D.Va as if he was some sort of child. All D.Va wanted to do was love his father, he didn't need to take this shit.

Noticing his son's discomfort, Tracer placed his hand on Mercy's shoulder, trying to calm his brother down. "Don't scold my son like that, brother. He only wants to join. Please~ Do it for me."

Mercy sneered at the idea. Still, he couldn't deny his brother's request. He gave D.Va a look of disdain. "Fine. You can have Pharah's asshole. But Tracer's cock is mine today!"

Of course, D.Va wasn't happy with this decision. He didn't want to fuck Mercy's ugly boyfriend, he wanted to fuck his papa. If anyone should be fucking Pharah it was Mercy. Still, his dick was throbbing with need, and it was clear that Mercy had no intention of relinquishing Tracer at this moment, so D.Va would just have to settle with the scraps.

With a huff and a puff, D.Va stepped closer to Pharah. He inspected the black man sharply, wondering why the hell Mercy would want to date someone as fit and gross as him (being fat was beautiful after all). Nevertheless, boy ass was boy ass and D.Va was horny. So, taking hold of his dick, D.Va aimed his penis towards Pharah's asshole and impaled it with one single thrust.

Pharah barely reacted to the action, merely giving a simple upwards jolt. But D.Va groaned out in pleasure as his dick was encased in Pharah's warm delectable cavern. Ok, he understood why Mercy was dating Pharah, this guy's ass was amazing! Not as good as Tracer's, nothing is, of course. But pretty damn close. Pharah had such incredible control of his body that he could regulate the tightness of his ass and movement of his inner muscles at will. It felt like D.Va was fucking a living sex toy rather than an actual human being. His dick was being treated to an expert massage of the likes he could have only dreamed off. Before long, all of D.Va's angry and confrontational thoughts dissipated, replaced completely by mindless pleasure-seeking thrusts.

On his end, Mercy was also getting very invested in his blowjob. His head moved around with more energy, bobbing up and down Tracer's pole violently. It appeared like playtime was over. Mercy didn't want to tease Tracer's dick any longer, he wanted to get serious- He wanted to have sex. The thought of Tracer's sweet cum fueled his mind and revved his engines. Not only did he want to make himself happy, Mercy wanted to make his brother happy. Because when Tracer felt good, Mercy felt good. The two were so interconnected that they could cum at the same time just from being in the same room.

Tracer patted Mercy's hair gently as his brother moved his head up and down like a madman. His throat felt pretty marvelous. Although Mercy wasn't the best at giving head, his thorough attempt when trying to please him more than made up for it. But more than that, Tracer felt happy at the show of affection Mercy was giving him. These feelings of love, though artificially instilled, were completely real. The desire and love that Mercy felt within his heart was one hundred percent true. The joy he was experiencing, Tracer could palpably feel it. And just that was enough to make him happy.

She looked down on the fuck train that had formed with a smile. All of them had been different before. Stressed, upset, anxious. But Tracer had given them something better. He had given them bliss. Despite their new bodies, genders and conditions, they looked like they were really enjoying themselves. Even Emily, who Tracer spotted sitting in the back, was masturbating happily to the scene. It told Tracer that he was making the right choice. It told him that he could make his friends happy, which is all he really wanted to do. Content with his work, Tracer picked a slice of pizza from the pile of boxes to his right. He promptly brought it up to his mouth and took a bite, as a sort of reward for all the good he'd done, and cooed as the gooey cheese melted in his mouth.

The delicious pizza, Mercy's pleasurable blowjob, and the warmth and love spreading through the room... This combination of feelings was more than enough to make Tracer groan. His penis throbbed wildly, balls aching for release. He was about to reach climax. The way Mercy's throat encompassed his member was divine. But he never went too deep, he always stopped at about the middle. For Tracer to cum, he needed Mercy to take all his length, he just needed a little push.

Accidentally dropping the slice on the couch, Tracer took both of his hands and placed them on Mercy's head, pushing his brother down to the base of his cock. There he felt it, true ecstasy, the feeling of Nirvana. Tracer began to release a sea of sticky seed right into Mercy's stomach as orgasm overcame his body. Mercy's eyes rolled to the back of his head. He couldn't breathe, he was choking on Tracer's dick. But he was loving every second of him. The fact that he'd pleased Tracer's massive cock so much that it reached the deepest regions of his mouth, pumping gallons upon gallons of cum made him ecstatic. Ecstatic enough that he too began to release his sperm into Pharah's mouth.

Pharah felt a bit surprised as Mercy's dick began to climax unexpectedly, but he wasn't caught completely off guard. The lean man continued to suck on Mercy's penis without problem. No choking, no gagging, no stopping, he drank every last drop of Mercy's seed like he was a cleaning machine. Still, this mechanical behavior didn't mean he wasn't enjoying. Seeing his hubby explode in joy before him made Pharah quite happy as well, his dick bobbed up and down in glee as it expelled globs of spunk. Even his ass contracted completely, becoming so tight that D.Va couldn't move his member at all. This all-encompassing tightness was enough to make him cum, and D.Va couldn't help but shoot out his sperm into the tasty boy ass.

As his orgasm subsided, Mercy slowly pulled his face from Tracer's dick and looked up at his brother with a dumb smile. He was so happy right now, to get to do this with the person he loved the most in the world. He couldn't help but jump up and plant his lips on Tracer's. Tracer was surprised at first, but he eagerly accepted his brother's cum drenched mouth without question. As their tongues darted into each other's mouth and their lips massaged each other gently, Tracer's cum and the slice of pizza Tracer had consumed a few seconds ago mixed together for the best thing either of them would taste in their life. Tracer's eyes rolled to the back of his head, his mind being consumed by the taste and love from Mercy's kiss.

There was a delightful haze of arousal, pleasure, and joy that surrounded them all. Even Emily seemed to be affected, for he started to blast out jets of sperm where he was in the corner. Everyone was off in a little corner of their minds orgasming while also being connected to someone else. Tracer felt her heart being filled. What a perfect idea he'd had, constructing the perfect family for himself. He just couldn't wait to add more~

"Mmmm... Yes, I think 20 Pizzas will be enough. Wait actually..."

Emily took his face from his phone to look over at the couch, which was creaking from the weight of four men endlessly humping on top of it. On the left hand side was D.Va, riding on top of Tracer's dick like one of those arcade motorcycle games, while on the right was Pharah, thrusting his body up and down along Mercy's dick with intense motions like some sort of complicated artifact. The two boys huffed and puffed, racing along their partner's dick in a competition to see who would be able to get their fatties off first. Emily smiled.

"Yeah, 20 will probably not be enough, but we'll just get more later. Anyways, what did the boss say about setting up a new shop here in Switzerland?" Emily pumped his fist as the other person gave him an answer. "Amazing! That's another locale in just-"

Suddenly the voice began talking again, Emily went completely quiet. A blush came upon his face. "A p-p-promotion?! But I had one so soon, are you sure that-"

Again, the voice interrupted her. "Yes, I have been working very hard, but..." He looked over at Tracer on the couch. "I'll have to think about it."

After saying some quick goodbyes, Emily hung up and left his phone on the counter. He quickly rushed towards Tracer, his dick hardening at the sight of his hubby having sex with his son. A smile beamed on Tracer's face as soon as he saw Emily approaching him.

"Soo, ugh- how was work?" Tracer asked in between grunts.

"Its going well. I got offered another promotion so I might be able to get more pizzas for my piece of lard~" Emily cooed, pinching Tracer's cheek lovingly. "I wanted to ask though, how much longer can we stay here?"

"Aughhh- Probably around a week." Tracer responded. "Mercy doesn't go out often because of research. And Pharah just hangs around him."

Emily made a thoughtful expression, going over the next steps of their plan in his mind. But Tracer broke off his concentration by slapping his big behind. "We have time, so don't worry about a thing. Here-" Tracer spread his asscheeks with both hands. "Why don't you get your fat ass over and fuck me?"

A smile crept over Emily's face. Tracer was getting his dick massaged and he still didn't have enough. That was his Tracer~ Slowly sliding towards, Tracer, Emily pushed his penis inside his husband's cavity and began pumping hard, hugging D.Va as he hopped up and down Tracer's cock. Now this was a loving family.