

Mercy for Fattened Pharah

Training day for Overwatch was going as expected. On the target range, Hanzo was making precise shots with his arrows while Dva took on a more chaotic approach with spray fire from her mech's guns. Winston and Reinhardt were pushing against one another in attempt to hone their strength. Tracer was zipping in between obstacles all while Winston moved them around in order to trip her up. Typically, Pharah would be more than happy to join in. However, she was there for a different reason.

The blue armor adorning the soldier typically made her virtually invincible on the battlefield. However, the woman with bronze skin and long black hair felt more vulnerable than ever. The reason being the small canister clutched in her hand with an eerie, green glow. As nervous as the mystery tube made her feel, she had made a promise to at least give it a shot.

"What do you need me to do?" Pharah asked as she turned around to face the creator of the serum.

"Just go about your usual training course," Mercy replied, the healer busy checking her notes on her pad. With a nod of her head, she reached her hair of bright, blonde strands to produce a stylus. "When I give you the signal, activate the serum and then we'll test the results."

"And you're sure this is safe?"

Mercy paused, taking a moment to tap her fingers on the pad. "Unfortunately, no," she admitted, flapping her metallic wings. "Like I said, I haven't had a chance to do any human testing with this mixture. In theory, it should be able to increase her physical prowess tenfold. If I can get this to work, then it would mean a lot for Overwatch in terms of efficiency. If nothing else, I should be able to intervene should something go wrong."

The claim from anyone else would've made Pharah reject the experiment on the spot. However, she had been on countless missions prior with the angelic woman. She had utmost faith in her medical abilities. For the good of both her and the rest of her team, she was willing to take that risk.

"I am at the ready," Pharah stated, putting on her helmet and warming up her jetpack. "Just give me the signal."

"You've got it," Mercy said, saluting the soldier to send her flying off into the air.

With her rocket launcher primed and her jets keeping her hovering in the air, Pharah went about her usual training regimen. As she flew around obstacles, she carefully aimed her weapon to shoot down any targets. Thanks to her repeated attempts at the task, she was going through as efficient as ever. She just had to compensate for the nervous twitches going through her fingers as she neared the end of the course.

"That was an excellent first run," Mercy commented over the comms.

"Thank you," Pharah said as she perched herself on top of one of the buildings. "Although I know I can do better."

"It was still impressive and more than enough for our purposes. Now, administer the serum. We'll have you run the course a second time, then compare your performances."

Pharah took a deep breath and held the serum towards her face. "Copy that," she said, opening the canister and drinking down the green fluid.

A surge of energy unlike anything she had felt before spread through the soldier's body. The initial shock of the serum gave way to an overwhelming adrenaline boost that made her

unable to sit still. Gritting her teeth as she felt the power surge through her body, she tried to keep herself steady until she heard the order.

“Now go!” Mercy called out, watching with bated breath as Pharah shot off into the sky.

Almost immediately, Mercy was able to notice a significant difference in the soldier’s performance. Though Pharah wasn’t known for being reckless, she had purposefully overcharged her thrusters to significantly increase her speed. While the thrust would be too much for most others to handle, she was able to make good use of her extra energy to easily maneuver through the course in almost half the time. The added speed didn’t take away from her accuracy as she easily shot down the targets like before.

So enamored with watching the show, Mercy didn’t realize the crowd gathering around her. Having abandoned their own training exercises, the other Overwatch members took a moment to gawk at Pharah’s performance. Hearing a few of the more vocal teammates call out cheers for the flying soldier, Mercy couldn’t help smiling. Not only was she receiving excellent feedback on the stimulant, but she figured it wouldn’t take much for her to convince the others to give it a try themselves.

“Magnificent, Pharah,” Mercy said over the comms. “That should be enough for now. Join me near the rest area.”

In a matter of seconds, Pharah complied with a perfect landing nearby. Removing her helmet, she shook around her hair to get it back into position. Upon seeing Mercy, she couldn’t stop herself from baring a proud smile.

“I could have easily done that course again ten times over,” Pharah commented.

“We’ll have plenty of opportunity later for further testing,” Mercy replied, walking over with a bottle of water in hand. “For now, give yourself a chance to rest. I’ll use this opportunity to run some diagnostics and-“

Mercy jumped as the bottle was snatched out of her fingers. Crushing the container in her hand in the process, Pharah proceeded to drain it of every drop within a matter of seconds. Letting the last of the water trickle down her throat, she licked her lips as her eyes scanned the area. Leaving Mercy stunned for the moment, she turned her attention towards the snack area.

“Pharah, are you feeling alright?”

Rather than answer the medic’s question, Pharah made a mad dash towards the table. Tearing open their packages with astounding speed, she made quick work of the collection of energy bars that had been left out. Her next target became the small plate of cookies meant to restore lost sugar. As the treat were reduced to crumbs in her stomach, she turned her attention towards draining the water cooler of its contents. Directly chugging down the entire container from the spout, her display succeeded in keeping her teammates at bay until she had cleaned up the area. Taking out the last few energy bars, she signaled her completion by collapsing to the ground.

“Pharah!” Mercy called out as she rushed over.

“So good... so... tight,” Phara said, the pleased look on her face going against the erratic way her hands were trying to pry off her armor.

Moving the soldier’s arms aside, Mercy took it upon herself to get rid of the outer layer. As she pulled away the chest piece, she was forced to pause at the sight of Pharah’s belly bulging

outwards. Having personally seen the chiseled six-pack that was there prior to this morning, she was left in awe at the sight of the rounded orb jiggling in front of her eyes.

“Reinhardt, get over here and bring her to the medical bay!” Mercy shouted out, a sense of dread filling her thoughts as she realized that she had found the potentially fatal flaw with her serum.

Mercy had been through her fair share of nail-biting battles and intensive surgery over her lifetime. However, at that moment the mere act of walking down the corridor filled her with an intense dread unlike anything she had felt before. The terror came from the knowledge that what awaited her at the end of the hall was all because of her. Worst of all, she didn’t know how she was going to fix it. Still, she pushed herself onward to step through the doors for the sake of her loyal teammate who had entrusted her life to her.

Pharah was found sitting on the edge of her bed, her vision focused on the floor at first rather than the entrance. No longer encased in her battle armor, she should have been able to show off her toned figure. Instead, she was left a shadow of her former self as the chub hanging off her body was poorly hidden by her medical gown. Just looking at the soldier’s doughy gut was enough to show that she had nearly doubled in weight. This very same pocket of fat was the reason that Mercy was unnoticed as she crept into the room.

“Pharah,” Mercy spoke up, turning the soldier’s attention away from the pudgy belly.
“Are you feeling alright?”

“Aside from moving slower thanks to this thing,” she replied as she pinched her belly fat. “I physically feel fine.”

“And what about mentally?”

With a heavy sigh, Pharah rested a fist against her chubby cheek. “Like a complete fool. I should have had better control over myself.”

“No, it’s not your fault,” Mercy said as she sat down next to her patient. “I shouldn’t have tested such an experimental serum on you. I don’t know what came over me.”

“You were just trying to help our team,” Pharah reassured. “Considering what groups like Talon are developing these days, you probably thought that it was the only way that we could catch up.”

“That’s still not worth this,” Mercy replied with a shake of her head.

“I let you use the serum on me because I believe in your abilities as a doctor,” Pharah said, placing a hand on Mercy’s shoulder. “That very same belief makes me sure that you’ll find a way to fix this.”

“Thank you,” Mercy said as she gently clutched Pharah’s hand. “I think I needed that. Now hold still. I’ll give you a thorough examination so we can figure out how to proceed.”

With a reassuring nod from her patient, Mercy got to work looking over Pharah’s body. Things started off as normal as she got a feel for the soldier’s arms and legs. However, something strange occurred once she shifted closer in order to get a better look. Her professional touch twitched for a moment as her fingertips slid across an exposed bit of flesh. She was left in a state

of pause as the softness of the momentary feeling sent a shiver up her arm. Shaking it off as just her own nerves, she proceeded forward.

Upon Mercy placing her hand against Pharah's chest, she swore she heard a soft moan leave the soldier's lips. Telling herself that she was hearing things, she continued to examine the bosom to feel the two extra cup sizes it had grown since the serum was introduced. Hearing the same sound again, she found it wise to move her study elsewhere.

Sliding a measuring tape around Pharah's hips had the unexpected side effect of leaving the healer dangerously closer to the larger, lower body. A slip of her fingers inevitably brought her into contact with the bubble butt peaking out from the back of the gown. Triggered by another shudder, Mercy felt her palms clasp against the doughy backside long enough to feel a strange urge to push its way forward to assert unthinkable actions for a medical professional.

Desperate to fight against this strange feeling, Mercy sought out any excuse to distract herself. Bringing her attention back to Phara's mid-section she pressed against it as she internally repeated to herself that this was just a normal examination. Her plan was foiled as another rumbling sensation cascaded from the tips of her fingers all the way to her own torso. Before she could try to will this strange sensation away, she looked up to see the nervous expression on Pharahs' face.

"Sorry," Pharah said as she nervously scratched her head. "I'm really hungry."

"Right, of course," the medic said, taking the excuse to back away as fast as possible.

"One moment and I'll fetch you something to eat."

A quick trip to and from the dining area had supplied Mercy with a platter of sandwiches. Bringing the tray into the room, she couldn't help noticing the drool starting to form around

Pharah's lips. Upon seeing how the healer was staring at her longing gaze, the soldier was quick to wipe her mouth clean.

"I apologize for not asking what you wanted before," Mercy said as she brought the sandwiches over to the bed. "So, I brought a selection for you to choose from. Please don't feel like you need to eat them all. You can simply choose your favorite and then we can save the rest for--"

Mercy had to jump back as Pharah descended upon the sandwiches like a starving animal. From the sidelines, she got to watch the soldier repeat the same feat from the training area. Without a hint of her former pride or self-control, she stuffed her face with bread, cheese, and meats at astounding speed. While Mercy was certain what the side effects of this indulgence would be, something kept her from stopping it. At the time, she was able to convince herself that she needed to observe Pharah's tendencies in order to come up with the proper cure. That lie was all she needed to suppress another part of her mind from taking control as she waited for her patient to finish the meal.

It had been several weeks since Pharah had last visited the training grounds. That time had been mostly spent in Mercy's office, going through various tests and measurements. Despite the state-of-the-art research and tools available to them, there didn't appear to be a fast way to counteract the effects of serum. With her condition growing worse and worse by the day, the decision was made to resort to a more old-fashioned way of shaving off her extra flab.

Only five minutes had passed since the start of Pharah's running session around that track. During that time, she had already been covered in a thick layer of sweat that dripped from her forehead to cascade across her two chins. The perspiration left its mark on the tight, white tank top they had managed to find to give some decency to her head-sized breasts. A similar tale was told in the set of black gym shorts that were constantly having to be tugged out of her double-wide derriere. Her attire went through their own workout as each step of her bulky legs and pudgy arms tested their limits. The result was an exasperated Pharah that wheezed with each breath as she struggled to finish a routine that had been trivial before the serum.

Sitting by the sidelines, Mercy's focus was focused solely on the flabby belly sticking out of her patient's mid-section. The globe of fat was no doubt the main contributor of the soldier's 400 pounds of weight. It also had knack for taking up the doctor's attention during checkups. Each jiggle of the fleshy orb made her reflexively clench her fingers as she recalled getting to grasp it during the pre-workout examination. As much as she struggled with these internal feelings, she had yet to talk to the owner of the fatty gut about these strange desires.

"Good work today," Mercy said, watching as Pharah collapsed several feet away from the finish line.

"B-but I'm not *wheeze* done," Pharah called out.

"This is just the first of many exercise routines," Mercy answered, walking over with a towel to help her patient cool off. "Take a breather for a while and we'll resume once you've recovered."

“Alright,” Pharah replied, her legs shaking like jello as she trudged over to a bench to sit down. Bringing herself down with an exhausted sigh, she attempted to close her eyes for a moment. Unfortunately, her rest was interrupted by a familiar growl emanating from her body.

“You’re hungry?” Mercy asked as another growl was heard. “I was certain that your morning meal would be enough to tide you over.”

“Sorry, but I can’t help it,” Pharah replied. “No matter what or how much I eat, it always feels like there’s a black hole in my stomach.”

“That’s fine,” Mercy said, brushing her hand through Pharah’s sweaty follicles to get a good look at her face. “It’s not you, it’s the serum. Rest up here and I’ll go get you something to eat.”

“Thank you,” Pharah replied with a nod, helping herself to large chugs from a water bottle as her comrade stepped away.

As soon as Mercy was out of Pharah’s sight, she let out a sigh of relief. The time spent walking to the dining hall gave her a chance to reflect on the conflict of emotions in her mind. She had to keep repeating to herself that these inklings to get more hands on with her patient were far past medical intervention. So much so, that they started to make each examination and test took longer as she had to take time calming her thoughts and fingers. However much she wanted to deny it, she had become fully aware of her developing adoration for Pharah’s continued growth.

While Mercy was struggling with this revelation, she didn’t notice what she was grabbing from the eating area. Halfway back towards the training field, she managed to look down at the package she had grabbed. Rather than the low-calorie nutrition supplements she had prepared

earlier, she had accidentally snagged up a collection of overstuffed wraps. The protein-packed meals were intended to be used by the bulkier members of Overwatch to further increase their mass. It was absolutely the worst possible thing she could bring to Pharah at this time. And yet, she kept moving towards the training area.

“Here you are,” Mercy announced, unsure of what she was doing as she handed Pharah the bag.

“These look kind of heavy,” the sweaty, pudgy woman commented.

“I think it will be the perfect meal considering how much energy you burned during your run,” Mercy lied, both to Pharah and herself. “Now eat up.”

Shrugging her shoulders, Pharah gave into her hunger and bit into the first wrap. As the soldier was enjoying the meaty packed into the meal, Mercy kept her eyes focused on how each chew shook around her chins. Seeing the belly jiggling in place, the same force that got her to bring the fattening food urged her to grasp a handful of flab. Keeping herself still for the time being, Mercy hoped her own indulgence of seeing Pharah stuff herself would be enough to keep these urges satisfied long enough to finish up the day’s exercises routine.

Mercy was bombarded with questions every time she visited the dining hall. Each of the Overwatch members were curious about Pharah’s status. Even more wanted to know why, despite the soldier’s constant weight problems, her intake of food was increasing more with each passing day. At the time, Mercy was able to shrug it off as “requiring the adequate nutrition and

calories to properly keep her patient in a stable condition.” The overly rehearsed line was used not only for her teammates, but for Pharah herself.

As Mercy strolled down the corridor with her latest cart of food, the pangs of guilt reared their ugly head. By now, she could no longer deny that what she was doing went against everything she once stood for as a medical professional. Even worse, she was doing it under the guise of still working on a cure for Pharah. Slowing her pace as she drew closer to her patient’s room, she momentarily considered that this would be the moment that she let the veil drop and spoke the truth. Leaving the cart outside of her door, she got ready to have a very uncomfortable conversation.

Too focused on her own apology, Mercy failed to knock on the door before heading in. This gave Pharah little reason to stop herself from continuing her squat session. Each repetition of moving her body up and down threatened to pop apart the thin panties that had been stretched into a thong by the girth of her jiggling buttocks. The same issue plagued the bra tightly wound around her back flab in a poor attempt to keep her melon-like tits from swaying around freely. As she reached the end of her work out, she slowly swiveled around to show off the sweat-slicked, flabby belly. Wiping her face clean with her pudgy hand, she managed to drag away the perspiration from her chins just in time to see Mercy’s awestruck expression.

“Are you alright?” Pharah asked.

“Er, yes, yes,” Mercy replied, shaking her head to dismiss some errant thoughts. “What are you doing? I thought you were supposed to be resting.”

“It’s fine,” Pharah replied, trying to hide her own exhaustion through a smile on her pudgy face. “I’m trying to make the most of what this body can do. Even if I can’t get my weight down, then I want to see about possibly making it into an asset.”

Mercy tilted her head. “What do you mean?”

“I’m thinking about that outlaw we saw on TV, Roadhog,” Pharah explained as she wiped herself clean with a towel. “Despite all of those explosions during the heist, he shrugged it off like it was nothing. If I can put my bulk to good use like him, then we might have found a good use for your serum.”

The explanation was a flimsy one for Pharah. Even saying it out loud, she knew just how crazy she sounded. The truth was that she could barely stand after less than twenty squats. Even still, she pushed herself to waddle her 600-pound self towards the bed and let the mattress creak under her weight. Her nervous smile was flimsy as she realized what she had just suggested. At any moment, she expected to receive a verbal lashing for such an outrageous suggestion.

Instead, Pharah watched as the angelic woman slipped out into the hallway. A moment later, the sweat along the soldier’s lips was replaced with drool as she saw her doctor bring in the food cart. The collection of steamed buns, egg rolls, noodles, and a variety of other cuisine was enough to make her forget the weariness of her workout. Whatever energy had been hiding inside of her bulky came to the forefront the moment her belly let out a rumble.

Ignoring the utensils Mercy offered to her, Pharah tore into her meal with her plump fingers. Careful not to bite her own soft flesh in the process, she ate anything that the doctor placed in front of her. Each bite was like paradise on her tongue; pushing her to keep on eating

alongside her gluttony rather than to try and fight against it. As excellent as this sense of liberated stuffing was, she couldn't help feeling that something was missing.

Pharah found what she was looking for as Mercy's slender fingers rested against her shoulders. Without even having to ask, she was granted a soft rub over the expanse of her exposed back. Allowing Mercy's hands to roam wherever they pleased across her pudgy form, she was able to continue eating in peace. Though the skinnier woman's fingers roamed over the doughy butt and breasts that plagued her at every turn, their touch brought a sense of much needed comfort.

A problem only occurred once Mercy's hands drifted their way towards the soldier's belly. Each slight poke and prod that Pharah received made her momentarily slow her eating. The doctor had explained to her multiple times that these massages were intended to aid in her digestion and ease away her pain. As much as Pharah believed that this was purely for a medical reason, that didn't stop her body from wanting something else from it.

As Mercy's fingers slipped into her belly button, Pharah's eating was interrupted by a soft moan. The sound was a release of built up lust she had dealt with ever since this ordeal had started. Though she had been able to take care of it herself for some time, her fat was starting to get in the way. Rather than try to slip away back to her own sleeping area to retrieve certain "tools" from her hiding spot, there was something else she desired.

"D-doctor," Pharah said, swallowing her pride in favor of fulfilling her needs. "Could you help me with my... my..."

Despite the countless hard battles the soldier had been through, she struggled with her own cowardice. Just before she could try to hide her attempt with another mouthful of food,

Mercy's fingers slid further down her body. The palms only stopped upon holding onto Pharah's thighs. Feeling the medic's own hands tremble with anticipation, she finally worked up the courage to speak up.

"Please... keep going," Pharah said in a hushed voice.

The words allowed Mercy to work beneath Pharah's belly to reach beneath the wet spot leaking through her panties. Brushing up against the budding pubic hairs, the healer managed to find her mark. Though the position was awkward thanks to Pharah's girth, the pair managed to make things work. This was clearly shown after just a few seconds of stimulation managed to get Pharah to moan once more. Having completely given up on eating for the moment, the soldier let Mercy's fingers dive deep into her pussy.

With her entire, flabby form jiggling in building lust, Pharah eventually marked her long overdue orgasm with a cry of euphoria. As she came down from her climax, she realized that any energy she had left was completely drained. Slumping onto her bed, she could feel her eyelids growing heavy. Through her hazy vision, she was able to see the angelic face of Mercy hovering over her. Calmed by the thoughts that she was in the care of loving hands, she was willing to allow her body to drift off to sleep until her next meal.

Considering that Overwatch's expenses were already so sizable, it was easy for Mercy to set aside the necessary funds she needed. The majority of this budget was used to keep up with Pharah's ever increasing appetite. However, there had also been money set aside to pay for quick renovations to the medical wing to provide a more suitable space for the patient to dwell. The

official report stated that the modified living quarters would only be used for keeping Pharah comfortable during the research for a cure. However, that was merely a lie that both she and her doctor had come up with to allow them to fully enjoy their new lifestyle.

Stopping outside of the double doors, Mercy checked that everything was ready to go. With several carts of food at the ready, she placed her box of special equipment on what little space was left available. Over the course of the past few months, the routine had become second nature to her as a way to properly take care of Pharah. No one ever questioned her methods now, even those that managed to catch a glimpse of what had become of the once noble soldier.

With the first cart in hand, Mercy stepped through the doors to be met with the familiar sight of Pharah's flabby gut jostling up and down. Though the shakes of hairs lining her belly button used to move a lot quicker, there was only so fast she could move under the aid of her motorized scooter. The device was already strained as it was with the burden of carrying around her triple-wide rear. Despite the edges of her ass cheeks hanging off of the sides, the fattened soldier showed no shame as she drove up to Mercy.

"Hello, doctor," Pharah said, pausing a moment to fish out a handful of crumbs from between her pillow-sized breasts. Opening up her mouth, she chewed the tiny morsels to keep her hunger momentarily at bay and make a show of her pudgy, four chins. "What have you brought today?"

"Mostly pasta dishes," Mercy said, as she wheeled in the first cart. "Don't worry, I made sure that they had plenty of protein packed in for you."

"You always know just what I need," Pharah said, her flab shuddering in anticipation as the first tray was brought over to her.

Taking off the cover, Pharah saw that her partner's words were true based on the numerous, overstuffed meatballs she saw balanced on top of a pile of spaghetti. Uncaring that no silverware had been brought to her, she showed little shame in stuffing her face using only her bare hands. While most would assume these bad manners were a side effect of her unhindered gluttony, Mercy was able to explain it away as merely the most efficient way to consume the necessary calories.

An entire tray of lasagna was brought over just in time for Pharah to finish chewing her last meatball. Diving in headfirst, she paid little mind to the way Mercy made a modest attempt at cleaning up the various spills she made. Rather than focus on the floor's stains, the doctor instead took her time wiping away any stray drops that fell on Pharah's flesh. While it wouldn't take long for her to become dirty again, the act served the secondary purpose of giving the overweight soldier one of her few forms of regular exercise she still participated in.

Halfway through the serving of lasagna, Mercy became more intimate with hundreds of pounds of flesh she had cultivated. As she let her hands clasp onto the meaty mammaries, she heard a moan interrupt her patient's feast. Waiting just long enough for Pharah to swallow her latest mouthful of meat and cheese, she proceeded on to tightly squeezing the pair of chunky, cellulite-cover ass cheeks. Leaving the backside behind for a moment, she shifted herself over towards the front to get her face right up against the ravenous belly. Hearing the stomach inside gurgle from the inundation of food, she kept up her fingers' dance across the rolls of flab until she was given the expected request.

"M-Mercy, I think I'm ready," Pharah stuttered out from her sauce-covered lips.

“Hold on a moment,” Mercy said, giving the gut one last squeeze before standing up. “I have everything just outside.”

Wheeling in the last cart, Mercy didn’t make much of a show as she revealed the stack of pizza boxes on top. While Pharah was obviously excited by the sight of more food, it was overridden with curiosity at the container amongst the collection. Seeing where her patient’s eyes were looking, Mercy left the food just out of reach as she held the out of place box out. Pharah let out a small gasp as she glanced at the “toys” that had been bought just for her.

“How did you get these?” Pharah asked, looking between Mercy’s face and the collection before her.

“It was fairly simple to hide these amongst the supplies orders,” Mercy answered as she took the box away. “After all, I’ve deemed them essential to giving your body proper stimulation during your recovery.” Putting the box down nearby, she pulled the tray within reach of Pharah’s blubbery limbs. “You just focus on your food while I take care of your other needs.”

With a nod of her chins, Pharah tore into her first pizza. As much as Mercy would have enjoyed merely watching the feast unfold, she knew that her true enjoyment lay between her patient’s thick thighs. Getting down on her knees, she shuffled past the blubber-laden legs with her first tool at the ready. With her blonde hair getting pushed down by the belly hanging above her head, she managed to eventually find what she was looking for. Pressing up against a collection of bristly hairs, she moved her face down until she came in contact with a familiar wetness. It was the sign that her patient was more than ready for the treatment.

Copying Pharah’s own ravenous eating, Mercy let her mouth run wild across the plump womanhood. Thanks to various sessions like this, it didn’t take long for the healer’s ears to be

treated to the first series of moans. Slowing down just enough to allow Pharah to take in a few more bites, she resumed her task with renewed vigor. The shifts of the soldier's body came with the sound of empty boxes being tossed to the ground as the event went on. From experience, Mercy could tell that none of the containers had been swatted aside without having their contents emptied first.

To reward her patient for being so good, Mercy shifted herself upwards to have her tongue focus on the clit. While this did leave the rest of the womanhood unattended for a moment, that was easily remedied. Shifting the girthy, pink toy into full vibration, she plunged it all the way inside of her patient. While earlier such a sizable device would have been too much for Pharah to manage, her special "training" made her more than receptive to the extra stimulation.

Calculating that Pharah was on to her last box, Mercy went in for the kill. Making sure to viciously circle and press against the clit, she shifted the toy back and forth to ensure the right rhythm. In response, Pharah attempted to work through her euphoric cries to finish the meal. Despite this, there was only so much the supersized soldier could do once her body gave out on her.

Coming away with her face covered in her patient's fluids, Mercy slowly crawled her way back out. Wiping the toy off along the ground, she set it aside next to the box to either be re-used or compared to the rest of the collection for later. Going back to the scene of indulgence, she got to see Pharah slouched in her scooter and testing the limits of its capabilities. Despite how exhausted she appeared; the patient still kept her gaze on the solitary slice of pizza that she had been unable to finish.

“Here you are,” Mercy said as she offered up the last piece of the indulgent meal. “I’ll bring you more in a while to help you replenish your strength.”

“Thank MMMPPPHH you,” Pharah said through her full mouth. “I don’t know what I would do without you.”

“All a part of my job as your doctor,” Mercy replied as she began to make her way back towards the exit.

“It’s more than just that,” Pharah said, getting the doctor to stop right at the doorway. “You’re always spending your free time with me. On top of all of the research of better understanding that serum. I’m sure that you’re on the threshold of finding a cure for this.”

“Y-yeah,” Mercy said slowing turning around to give off a false smile. “My research is progressing more and more each day.”

“That is excellent to hear,” Pharah said as she shuffled about on her scooter. “Once your serum is perfected, I’m sure it will mean a lot to the team.” Tilting her head down, she gave a nervous laugh as she clasped onto her bulky legs. “It would more than make up for my loss of movement. I doubt I’ll ever fly again in this state. Or join with the rest of my comrades. At this point, I would just be a liability.”

“W-we could still fix that,” Mercy said, quickly shuffling back to Pharah. “There’s still a chance I could completely reverse the effects.”

“It’s fine,” Pharah replied. “I… think I’m honestly too far gone. At this point, there’s no need to spend resources on me.”

“But you’re one of our best fighters.”

“I WAS one of our best fighters,” Pharah replied as she grabbed a handful of her belly flab. “The serum helped bulk me up, but I only have myself to blame for not sticking to a proper routine to keep myself mobile. You did everything you could do to help me, and I squandered it. I can’t even do basic exercise anymore.” A small snuffle was muffled but still made its way to Mercy’s ears. “It’s only right that I fail in the wake of my own mistakes.”

The parade of self-doubt on display ate away at the guilt Mercy had been able to push back over the past few months of feeder bliss. Though she had managed to keep her mind distracted with sex and stuffing sessions, it had always lingered in the back of her mind. Knowing what this path of self-hatred could lead to, she realized that she could no longer hide the truth.

“Pharah,” Mercy said as she closed the door and approached Pharah. “There’s something I need to talk to you about.”

Pharah was woken up by a timely rumble from her ravenous stomach. As her eyes opened up, her attempt to stretch out her arms shook about the wings of fat that hung from them. An attempt was made to do the same for her legs, but the most she could accomplish was a wriggle of her plump toes. The fat-laden limbs had gone a full two months since moving from their current position. That was to be expected considering she had completely crushed all forms of mobility aids with her sheer girth.

The yawn that shook the enormous woman’s rows of chins acted as a sign for the overhead lights to gently illuminate. As things became brighter, she was able to get a good view

of the trail of black hair that led from between her bean bag chair-sized mammaries all the way down to the deep depths of her belly button. Shifting herself back and forth upon her double-wide rear creaked the king-sized bed that had become her permanent place of residence for the foreseeable future. A year prior when she had first fallen under the influence of the serum, she would have been absolutely horrified by what she had become. Now, she couldn't be more pleased with herself.

Just as Pharah was contemplating calling out for someone to assist with the long locks of hair hanging off of her back flab, the door to her room opened up. Any lingering grogginess she had left over was completely washed away thanks to the smell of the usual breakfast being brought in for her. With enough pancakes, eggs, bacon, sausage, and various other food to feed the rest of Overwatch ten times over, it would be the perfect start of her day filled with near endless stuffing.

“Good morning,” Mercy said, looking just as eager to see Pharah as she stepped inside.

While the doctor was just as naked as her lover, in recent times she had taken to wearing a modified version of her wings during these visitations. The lack of clothing was supposed to make cleaning up easier. However, the added accessory was deemed absolutely necessary in order to complete her usual work in a timely manner.

Hoisting up the first platter of food, Mercy used her wings to fly towards the top of Pharah's figure. Using the set of enormous breasts as a makeshift tray, she laid the food out while she made numerous trips back and forth to fetch more. Once the entire feast had been spread out, she was quick to answer the call of the drooling mouth that had been patiently waiting for her to finish.

Pharah's eager expression was promptly rewarded with a set of pancakes doused in syrup and butter. She only had a few moments to fully enjoy the chocolate chips that had been baked in before she swallowed the lot and asked for more. The syrup that remained on the plate was cleaned up by passes of bacon and sausage to add to their greasy flavor. Though a few droplets managed to get past her lips thanks to the fervor of her eating, it was all absorbed with the help of the numerous platters of toast that had been prepared. Just as they were nearing the egg dishes and other pastries, that was when Pharah gave the signal.

Being unable to speak through her mouthful of food, Pharah still managed to communicate exactly what she wanted. With a flick of a switch, Mercy was able to activate the numerous devices that had been left inside and around her partner's womanhood from the previous evening. Their constant attention towards Pharah's sensitive areas ensured that each of her ensuing bites would be slowed by her coming moans. Even still, she managed to take care of the rest of her breakfast before she could reach her breaking point.

"I guess we were long overdue for another portion increase anyway," Mercy commented. "Let me reach into our emergency stash and we can--"

"No-MMMMPPPHH!" Pharah moaned out as she waved Mercy towards her. "I have something else to busy my MMMPPHH mouth with," she added, a subtle wink of her eye conveying exactly what she meant.

More than eager to let her own vices being indulged, Mercy floated her way over to Pharah's head. Grabbing hold of the sides of her lover's cranium, the blonde pushed forward to have her womanhood press right up against the hungry lips. In turn, Pharah let her tongue go to work showing off just how much she appreciated everything her loving feeder did for her.

Already having been brought to her peak from the feast leading up to the session, it didn't take long for Mercy to add her moans to the morning ritual. While Pharah still attempted to cry out with her husky voice, they became muffled by how close her mouth focused on sharing even a mere fraction of the intense pleasure she received on a daily basis. Though the mound of flesh inevitably was the first to finish, she managed to work through the tremors that cascaded through her flabby form to ensure Mercy followed soon after.

Drained from her own orgasm, Mercy's grasp slipped. Sliding down Pharah's body, she eventually came to a halt upon the various platters of food that had been emptied out. As she laid there, basking in the aftermath of her session, she failed to notice the bit of chub had managed to find itself around her once trim belly. Looking upon the bulge, many would say that it was payback for what her thoughtless care and serum had done to the one proud soldier. For Pharah herself, she saw the little bit of weight gain as a chance to truly demonstrate to Mercy the joys of fully giving into her gluttony. A lesson she was thankful every day for being shown by her beloved doctor.