

"Oh, I've got butterflies about this one." Mei muttered to herself as she sat in the assembly room.

She always got nervous in these kinds of missions; Overwatch had been disbanded for years, and now they were back in action. This meant she was thrust into the action at all times of day; she barely even had time to listen to music anymore, but it was for a good cause at least. Their current mission, though, its importance was a bit suspect. They'd been tasked with escorting a special drone to the point of Gibraltar and launching it into a rocket, going off to who knows where. It wouldn't be so bad if the enemies weren't so dedicated to stopping them from delivering it. Peering out the window of the staging area, she could see the figures skulking about the tunnels and pathways. Flashes of purple and blue rang out in places just out of sight, their remnant illumination being the only evidence that something was happening there. Staring at it too long made Mei nervous; she could feel her heart rate rising.

"You alright there, luv?" Tracer piped up, snapping Mei out of her spiraling anxiety.

"Yeah, just...gathering my nerves." Mei pushed up her glasses as she answered, lightly holding the frost gun in her hands.

"Don't sweat it too much; if anyone gives you trouble, well, I'll give them trouble right back." Tracer put a hand on Mei's pack, shaking it for some affirmation.

Bweeop

Tracer's little gesture woke up the robot on Mei's backpack, Snowball, her self-made companion and the source of her combat prowess. The little blue drone blipped happily, turning into Tracer's pats as its blue eyes lit up.

"Aww, see, this little guy's not that worried. So just be like him." Tracer smiled as Snowball's eyes closed in comfort.

"Yeah, just be like Snowball. Thanks." Mei's mood was lifting a bit as she looked back outside.

"Not a problem. Now, heads up, we're gonna be out in the line of fire soon." Tracer gave a small wink as she blinked away from Mei.

Mei looked at Tracer with a bit of envy as she flitted about the staging area, conversing with their teammates and scoping out the enemy. She was a ball of energy, while Mei was more of a shut-in. She'd spent a fourth of her life literally shut in a tube, so she guessed the definition was more literal. Honestly, it was hard to believe she was a combatant at all, as she looked far more at home in a lab than the battlefield. A short and chubby brunette with glasses as thick as a cola bottle, Mei looked ready for the couch. Her button nose barely held up her frames as she clutched her weapon, her thick winter gear doing enough to keep her bulk concealed. Most

people didn't know how chubby she was, chalking it up to her incredibly padded clothing, but she couldn't fool herself. She just hoped her calisthenic deficiencies wouldn't hamper her too much.

Her moment of self-reflection was cut short as the lights above them began to pulse, little blue timers indicating that the action was about to start. Mei looked at her comrades, seeing their methods of preparation in hopes to mirror them. Tracer was braced against the wall, her back pressed into it to shrink her profile as much as possible. Their big guy, Reinhardt, was moving to the front of the line, his heavy hammer held at his sides as he braced to shield them. D.V.A. was at his side. The mech-riding gamer was able to lock in to a surprisingly effective degree, cutting her chatter and banter to a minimum as conflict closed in. Their healer, Mercy, was the only one unperturbed. She had a seemingly unflappable air of care about her, her focus not wavering a bit as her staff chained to the heavy hitters in front of her. Their presence was enough to calm Mei's nerves as she steeled herself, the light pulsing quicker before the door ultimately fell.

Mei's nerves immediately shattered as she saw the hail of gunfire coming their way, bullets and lasers flying their direction as they slowly advanced with the drone in tow. Reinhardt led the charge with a large shield deflecting and blocking the fire, with the rest of the team filtering out. Mei panicked, stumbling out of the doors and barely avoiding an incoming bullet from some unseen angle. Things were becoming a haze as she ducked from cover to cover, looking for the source of the fire. On the ridge above her stood a shadowy and imposing sniper, her long ponytail swaying in the breeze as she lined up a shot. Mei had enough wherewithal to know she had an open line on Tracer and was about to fire.

Swallowing her nerves, Mei squeezed the trigger of her gun, letting an icicle fly out like a dart. It sailed through the air, spiralling towards her target before embedding itself in the barrel of her gun before she could pull the trigger. In the same moment the barrel froze over, the sniper had pulled her trigger. The gun immediately jammed and backfired, spurring out energy left and right as it looked ready to blow. The sniper threw her rifle down in anger and shock, undoing her headpiece and revealing her face: Mei recognized her. With her face revealed, Mei recognized her as Talon's assassin, Widowmaker. She was a blue-skinned woman with a shapely figure that could rival Tracer's on a good day, clad in a body suit that made Mei self-conscious by comparison.

Mei watched for a little longer as the woman fiddled with her rifle, content with her service and in the fact that she'd saved someone's life. With renewed confidence, she ran down the way, backing up D.V.A., freezing targets with her gun's mist function. Turrets and sentries were turned into blocks of ice as clouds of cold fog spurted from the weapon in her hands. The pack on her back gently hummed as it poured coolant out of the tube, turning the air frigid around her as they advanced.

Unbeknownst to the Overwatch crew, a saboteur was watching them move, observing them from the shadows. A figure in cloaked technology watched Mei with particular interest,

taking note of how her weapon worked before hearing commotion above her. She looked to see Widowmaker still fiddling with her iced rifle, performing a bit of her own percussive maintenance.

"Merde. Stupid thing, how can a little ice do all of this?" Widowmaker spat in frustration as she threw her rifle to the ground.

The machine crackled and spurted, sparks flying out in all directions as the machinery failed. Widowmaker pulled out her pistol, gauging if she could hit her targets from this distance, but her focus on the enemy left her ignorant to what was going on with her rifle. One of the gas grenades she stored in the lower portion of the weapon had gotten lodged in the launcher, pushing against the metal and making it mushroom out from the force. It was an impending misfire that she'd let escape her notice for a bit too long, as the barrel gave out and a small metal orb went shooting for her. Whether by luck or by misfortune, the bead did not hit her skin or pierce her body, but it did nestle itself inside of her. Punching a hole through her suit, it found its home up her ass, traveling up into her digestive tract.

Click

Click

Fwoosh

Widowmaker dropped her pistol as she felt an immediate wave of pressure hit her guts, the sound of hissing air filling her sternum as her stomach began to balloon out. Her toned tummy ballooned out into a bubbling hill in a matter of seconds. She was inflating with her own knockout gas, her stomach bloating out enough to make her look like she had a pot belly. Her leather suit parted around the expanding curve as it pressed against the confines of her suit, pushing the tapered V outward. There was a sound of hissing air as her compressed tummy kept filling, her stance getting shaky as she struggled with the sensation. Widowmaker could feel the knockout gas flooding her stomach, pushing out the bounds of her gut and stretching her skin. Her midriff was starting to resemble a ripe blueberry as her navel poked over the low-cut ridge of her bodysuit. It shuddered with the filtering chemicals as they profused through her system. The knockout gas was starting to have an impact on her, making her woozy. She'd never had to experience it from the inside, so her training was having little effect in resisting it.

Ouuurrrll

She slowly put herself on the ground as her stomach growled unhappily, the pumping smoke bomb still wreaking havoc on her insides. Her gut was lurching out in rhythmic pumps as the device ran amok; each pump was another few inches on her waistline, pulling her sight tight around her body.

"Someone been hitting the wine a bit too hard?" Out from the shadows came the voice of Sombra, the figure shimmering in the light as she approached.

"The rat came back, tired of scurrying *hnnngg ooof* about?" Widow tried to keep her smugness, but it was hard when her stomach suddenly leapt out of her suit.

"Careful who you're talking to. I'm about the only one that can access the controls of that little bomb in your gut." Sombra spoke threateningly as she fiddled with the dial on her wrist.

Oouurrrrl

Bwoomph

Without a second of warning, Widowmaker's stomach leapt out, breaching the confines of her latex and surging out onto her lap. It was an oblong and fecund swell, making her look pregnant from how tight it was; its surface shone like rubber. From Widowmaker's core, the device whirled, pumping Widowmaker full of so much knockout gas that she could barely stay awake.

"You have two minutes before I pass out. What do you want?" Widowmaker scowled at Sombra as she spat her words.

"Not much; I just wanted to know if I could see your rifle? That ice girl did a number on it, and I wanted to see if I could do a number back." Sombra picked up the gun in her hands, fiddling with the electronics.

"Fine, take it. Just leave me alone." Widow leant against the wall as her ballooning stomach bubbled.

Sombra didn't need a second offer; the moment she got her permission to leave, she was gone. Vanishing back into the shadows with her cloak active, she had a few ideas for that new ice girl.

"Be careful of that passage over there. I nearly got fried." D.V.A scrambled to the backlines, her bodysuit smoking from some kind of fire.

The passageway she ran from was a circular doorway, nothing fancy, just a small lab room that had been abandoned for the conflict. Mei looked at it with curiosity, moving away from the frontlines as the payload passed under a cliffside. As she looked back to her companion, who was already getting healed by Mercy, she got curious. She peered through the doorway, at an angle, it seemed completely normal until she saw a mechanical arm clasp the frame. It was a small thing, built from white metal and emitting an odd blue light; Mei took a step closer to get a better view of it. The moment she did, the machine whirled to life, a small emitter on the

top of its legs snapping towards her location. She froze, staring down the mechanical ball as it looked back at her, ready to spring into action.

"I think I know those devices." Mei spoke out loud as she ran back towards Mercy, stumbling over the incoming fire.

Explosions and gunfire rocked her position, creating craters where she once stood; the storm of battle raged around her as her legs pumped. She was starting to regret all those extra helpings of ice cream, as her rotund body was definitely weighing her down; by the time she got to the backline, she was panting and sweating.

"Is something amiss?" Mercy looked at her with a bit of concern, holding up her staff to heal the new recruit.

"Back there, in that door, that is Vishkar tech, isn't it?" Mei was doubled over on her knees, catching her breath as her generous chest rose and fell.

"Vishkar? If it is, that would explain a lot." Mercy put her hand to her chin, thinking back on her knowledge of the combatants she'd faced.

"Is Vishkar funding Talon? What's going on?" Mei was severely lacking context as she tried to make sense of it all.

"Not directly, but one of their engineers likes to test out her technology wherever she can. Sometimes it means she works with Talon." Mercy was distracted while she talked, her eyes furtively glancing back at the front line, looking for the injured.

"Should I worry about her? Who is she?" Mei finally caught her breath; her questions were still worried and panicked.

"Just, don't worry about it. She's usually away from the frontline; just be mindful of any doorways, and you should be fine." Mercy gave Mei some assurance before flying off to the frontline.

"Okay...just be mindful of doorways." Mei put her hand on her chest, steadying her heart rate as she trucked forward.

Mei passed through the battlefield, using her ice to cut off exits and block her enemies from advancing. She didn't have it in her heart to hurt anyone, so she focused solely on disabling, freezing weapons, freezing people in place. She was acting as an annoyance and a deterrent, enough of one to give her allies time to push the payload closer to the hangar. Mei passed through the side passages, keeping out of the main line of fire as she worked to block anyone trying to come in. During her bout of support, she'd also been freezing teleport entrances and turrets alike, turning the constructs into useless balls of ice. The corridors behind

her were rife with loose scrap and metal, to her, it was a sign of a job well done. She was clearing out the passageways so people like Tracer could move safely through the field, but it was catching the ire of a yet unseen engineer.

As Mei's little trail of destruction crept forward, she moved further into the enemy base, passing from sun-seared rock to darkened metal. A shadowed chamber that led to the rocket coordinate she and the team had been given, she stepped over the precipice of stone and into the main entrance. The passage ahead of her was dark, hidden in the overhang of a cave mouth, a carved bunker of stone. She cautiously walked forward, her hand holding onto her ice gun with a trembling grasp. Her inexperience had led her to overextend, leave the safety of her team and venture too far into enemy territory, but she couldn't sense any danger. Most of the enemy were too distracted with their frontline to pay attention to a small girl like her. Approaching the entrance to the hangar, she poked her head out, confident that she could freeze anyone she could see coming. It was unfortunate for Mei that the enemy that had been stalking her was unseen.

Sombra had been following her since the moment she stepped foot into the cave, her cloak keeping her hidden from prying eyes. In her hands was Widowmaker's rifle, successfully de-iced and fitted with an enlarged barrel. The device looked hobbled together from scraps and different battlefield equipment; remnants of destroyed turrets lined it as she took aim. Her sights were set on Mei's rather generous behind, aiming square between her plush cheeks as she steadied her aim. Her cloak was running out, but that didn't matter; she'd already gotten her target in sight.

Fwomp

A hollow sound rang through the air as Sombra squeezed the trigger, firing a grapefruit-sized ball of white steel launched from the barrel of the rifle. It flew through the air with all the grace and balance of a cannonball, tumbling towards its oblivious target. Sombra had been working with Symmetra a little to enact her plan, goading the woman into revenge for her little toys. It had been polished to a mirror sheen, made to be as non-lethal as possible so it could accomplish its true mission, humiliation. Before Mei had taken notice of the projectile, it had already found its home, colliding and passing by her blubbery cheeks. Passing between the meaty mounds and diving deep into her insides, the ball shot embedded itself in Mei's backside.

Mei let out a yelp of pain as she stumbled over herself, falling into the hangar and tumbling head over heels. Falling down the slanted ramps, her equipment knocked around, loose metal bumping and rocking as electronics failed. Her weapons sputtered as small bits of frosted air crept out from the cracks in her tank. Mei landed on her face, smacking into the metal floor with her ass jutting up into the air. Wearily she tried to reach for her backside, feeling for whatever was sticking out of her ass, but she was still woozy from the fall. She could barely move; her legs ached, and whenever she tried to stand up, her ass burnt like it was on fire. As

she clamored for the offending object, she felt a foot stamp down on her backside, pushing the plug even deeper.

"Damn, you're a tight one, aren't you?" Sombra smirked as she planted her heel on the ball.

"Hhnnngg Who... who are you? What is this?" Mei stumbled over her words, grunting in pain as Sombra stomped on her ass.

Sombra repeatedly stamped on the ball, pushing it deeper with each footstep; the white ball peeked out from Mei's ass like a fancy buttplug, slowly vanishing into Mei's ass as Sombra pushed down. She ground her foot on the orb, digging it deeper and rocking Mei's hips back and forth as she did. She pushed and pushed until the oversized project had fully vanished into Mei's body and her foot was now pressing into bare flesh. Mei was helpless against the assault, left to quiver from the stiff sensation.

"There we go. Looks like it's in there pretty firm." Sombra gloated over Mei as she struggled to get her bearings.

"I...I won't let you." Mei had defiance in her voice as she rolled forward.

There was a small rush of adrenaline, a moment of defiance as she faced her target, her gun still in her hands. Synapses flew at a mile a minute as Mei squeezed the trigger of her freeze gun, spraying a limp fog of freezing mist towards her assailant. The mist hopelessly fluttered to the ground, turning it to ice as her gun malfunctioned; Sombra simply smiled at the attempt, simply stepping out of the way of the mist before it hit her heels.

"That's a shame; somebody broke their toy. Lucky me, mine still works." Sombra clicked a button on her wrist as she taunted Mei.

Vrrrrr

Mei shot up straight as she felt a mechanical rumbling deep within her core, the plug was starting to shake inside of her. The vibrations carried through to her front, stimulating her senses in a way she didn't know they could be stimulated. It was a mixed feeling of pain and pleasure that rocked her body, paralyzing her as she felt a tingling run through her spine. There was a small electrical current tickling her insides, a current followed by a pressure; something was pushing against her. Mei could barely open her eyes, her hand falling off her gun as she doubled over into a wobbling mess. There was something growing in her stomach, pushing against her insides and stretching her. It felt hard, but not of any material she'd ever felt; it perfectly conformed to her and pushed outward.

"Ohhh, looks like someone's got a fun little something going on. You know, I have a view of it. Want to see?" Sombra had a taunting curl to her voice as she walked over to Mei.

Clutching her by the chin, Sombra made her look as she held a small teleporter in her hands. The portal was opened and gave her a more in-depth look at her insides than she'd ever hoped for. Mei winced as Sombra stuck her hand in, pushing around her digestive tract, fisting it with her whole arm. Mei's stomach bulged out as Sombra inserted herself inside of it, a fist-sized protrusion that stretched her skin. It was forceful enough that it could be seen through Mei's padded coat. Over and over, in and out, Sombra played with her prey, enjoying this little bit of control. She had a bit of a sadistic streak to her, and this was the first time she'd ever been able to rearrange someone's guts. It made her wish she'd removed the gloves from her hand just to feel the wriggling flesh beneath her fingertips, but hindsight is 20/20.

Schlorp

Without warning, Sombra pulled her hand out of the portal, making the bulge in Mei's insides retreat. There was a wet suctioning sound with her withdrawal as Mei's muscles reflexively clenched around Sombra's fist as she removed it.

"First time? I can tell." Sombra smiled a wicked smile as she looked Mei in the eye.

Bwweeppp

Sombra's taunting was cut short by a mechanical whirring, the sound of Snowball coming to life. The small drone buzzed out of its holster, looking around for the source of all the commotion. Like a pet, the drone saw its master in discomfort and saw a stranger at the source and attacked. Without a second thought, it rushed towards Sombra, its motor whirring as it prepared to unleash a freezing maelstrom on the assailant.

"Wait, Snowball." Mei tried to warn her assistant, but it was too little too late.

Shompf

All it took was a simple flick of the wrist, and Sombra had redirected the little assailant, moving the portal into its path and sending it right into the depths of its master. Constricted by tight flesh, Snowball found itself lost and confused, unable to move; thinking it was in danger, it continued its sequence as it expelled the frozen fumes. Mei could only see it for a moment before Sombra closed the portal, the barest hints of mist frosting the tip of her nose.

"You know, I was just gonna start shoving random stuff in there, but this works too." Sombra's smile was as much disbelief as it was pleasure.

Mei was paralyzed, her body stuck in the lurch as she contemplated what to even do in this situation, and the cold wasn't helping. There was a frigid chill rising up inside of her body, a whirling cold that felt like the tempests of the north. She had expected to be frozen solid, turned into a block of ice from the inside out, but something about her biology prevented it. Maybe it was the time in the cryosleep or her constant experimentation with frozen technology, but she

wasn't freezing. That didn't mean she was receiving no ill effect from having her drone whirring about her insides; she could feel herself bloating. It was like she'd eaten far too much sugar in one sitting, a heavy and guttural bubble that pressed against her insides. Unlike eating too much sugar, this bloat wasn't going away; it was actively being fueled by a machine pumping frigid gas into her system.

I started as a small bump on her stomach, a little curve that barely poked through her flab, but it wouldn't stop. Snowball's icy payload was filling her up like a balloon, filling her out like she'd been hitting up too many buffets. Going from a tiny bubble to a visible bulge under her suit, she sped past a normal bloat and was starting to look pregnant, a rounded and springy curve. Her padded jacket was pushing against the curve, attempting to restrict it and conform it to a shape. Mei's belt was digging into her belly, creating distinct curves that hung over the padded band as her abdomen kept inflating, filling with frigid air.

"My goodness, look at this little thing. The files didn't say anything about you being an upcoming mother. I almost feel bad." Sombra interrupted Mei's struggle by cupping her hand under the growing curve, her accented voice turning to a more domineering tone.

Mei had gotten to the point where her padded outfit couldn't perfectly conceal her bulging belly; the frigid balloon was pressing out against its prison. Sombra's hands wrapped around the bulge, gripping it in her fingertips, pulling at the flab. There was a nice dichotomy in Mei's stomach, a gap between soft fat and ballooning flesh that was addictive to play with. She pinched it, pulled it, played with it as best she could. Feeling the difference was difficult with Mei's winter jacket in the way, but she wouldn't dare strip the girl, not when she was about to burst it off on her own. The straps around the sides of the jacket were tensing, growing tighter as her little friend pumped her up with refrigerant.

"Could you stop, please?" Mei's voice was shaky, her face red with blush as she felt Sombra jiggle her stomach.

The frigid cold was making her teeth chatter, her eyes barely able to focus on what was happening as she dealt with the worst brain freeze of her life. There was only one thing keeping her warm at the moment, and that was the overwhelming sense of embarrassment. Her cheeks were turning bright red as she imagined her teammates finding her like this, a helpless balloon in the field. Her feeling of being a balloon was becoming truer by the second as the liters of endless cold flooding her stomach were making her gut bulge out even further. She was past any point of normal pregnancy, save for women who overdosed on fertility drugs; now she was a real blimp. Her coat was starting to ride up over her stomach as her belly pushed out from under the fabric, the lower frills rising over a curve of blue-tinged flesh. The lower tails of her coat were rising over the growing blimp as she reached the size of a beach ball. The bit of skin that crept out from under her coattails was shiny and smooth, tensed and pulled tight against an incredible mass of coolant. Not only was her stomach growing outward, it was starting to grow inward as well, spreading past the realm of just her stomach.

Mei's flanks were starting to round as the constant influx of coolant filled her body, making her develop a rounded look to her form. Her gut was bulging around her flanks, pushing into her tensed elbows as she tried to press against the growth. The growth kept coming, the refrigerant kept pumping, Snowball had so much air to give, and it was just too confused to know when to stop. Mei's belt was coming undone; the tools in her pouches were pressing into her inflated flesh as they dug into it. She could hear vials and glass cracking, metal bending as her belly enveloped the leathery flaps. As she grew, the fasteners on her belt began to loosen; the metal hooks creaked as they bent around each other. Clasps were coming undone one by one as her gut continued pressing against it, fighting for freedom. Every second was a mounting strain that she couldn't fight against; the pressure only increased with each hum of Snowball inside of her.

Vrrrrrrr

Crkkkkkk

Snowballs humming coincided with the creaking of her belt; the leather band thinned with each pump that whirled inside of her. Her growing body pulled the leather, tighter and tighter, pressing so tight against her skin that she thought it would tear her in two. The crescent of flesh peeking out from the underside of her coat turned a frigid blue as her belt distended the bulge. It grew at an odd angle, at an odd shape, poking out from the front of her coat like a distended mattress. The belt trembled, the clasp undoing itself from the back, the metal snapping into pieces as the fastener finally broke away.

Snap

The belt finally snapped, flinging off of Mei's ballooning gut with fantastic speed, whirling about and smacking Sombra in the face. Without the belt to keep it contained, her gut sprang forward in a great surge. Her coat wasn't up to the task of keeping her girth in shape; in an instant, the loose buttons popped, the zippers undid themselves and her full size was revealed.

"My oh my, I didn't think this would happen. Honestly, I thought you would have popped like a balloon, but I think I like it better like this." Sombra pulled the belt from her face as she walked up to Mei.

No longer veiled by a coat, her stomach was a massive bulge, a great airbag of coolant-filled skin that touched against the ground. Her stomach was tinged with blue, the pooling coolant inside of her pressed so hard against her skin that it gave it an azure hue. Her form was billowing out now; her gut had gotten large enough to encompass the whole of her torso, gradually lifting her upper body upwards. Her curving inflation spread up from her gut, creating a smooth curve of flesh that strained her tank top. Without her coat on, Sombra could appreciate just how curvy Mei was. The way her breasts rested atop her looming mountain of a stomach, the way her hips jiggled with the constant puffs of air inside of her. Her thighs on their own were thick enough to make Sombra feel a bit envious.

"This, this feels wrong. People don't inflate like this." Mei looked down at her own bloating body as it rose up into the air.

"You got me; this should be impossible, but I'm not going to look a gift horse in the mouth." Sombra looked up at Mei's ballooning form. "I think we can keep having fun."

Sombra didn't hesitate as she ran up against Mei's gut, wrapping her arms around the ballooning torso. It was so cold that pressing her face into it made her stick; she pulled away and repeated the process. Being so close to a balloon had an appeal she didn't know was possible. Maybe because it was living and breathing? Maybe it was due to the balloon being someone she forced into the shape? Sombra couldn't place it, but she loved it.

Frost welled up in Mei's chest, the feeling of frigid air climbing higher in her frame, spreading to her oversized breasts. An icy crust began to form on her cleavage as the coolant filled her bust. Her already generous bust jumped out in leaps and bounds, pushing out against the thinning straps of her tank top. Creamy expanses of flesh that bloated into great blimps of flesh, massive yoga balls of coolant that pressed against her top. Flesh flowed over the rim of her tank top, seeping over it like a waterfall as she continued to inflate. The numbing cold of the coolant inside of her made her nipples perk up like little peaks; their stiffened surface poked out from the shrinking patch that covered them. Snowball hummed away inside of her as she continued rising higher, her rounded flanks pressed up into her arms. Her sternum began to curve and round; the boundless girth of her stomach rose up into her chest.

The portal held fast, spread so firmly in her ass that the gathering gasses only made it bulge. Her booty surged out in leaps, going from thicc mounds to bulging rear to chair-crusher. They bulged like blue balloons, stretching her leggings until the stitches popped and revealed her luscious cheeks. As the growth encompassed her ass, it wrapped around to her hips, adding to the rounded shape she was taking on. Her legs were being pushed apart as her crotch rounded, a curvature of flesh that dug into her padded garments. Mei quivered as her pelvis pressed into the ground, her puffy nethers pressing into the floor as fluid began to seep out. Her legs could barely touch the ground; she was pushed onto her tiptoes in an attempt to keep her balance. She teetered back and forth, grinding against her privates in rhythmic tilts.

"Hnnn." Mei let out a small squeal of pleasure as her cooch ground into the hard metal, her lips trembling as she felt a shiver run up her spine.

"Ohh, is someone a bit sensitive? Maybe I can help with that?" Sombra snickered as she bent down.

Mei trembled as her body burgeoned, looming like a massive globe on the floor; her circumference grew. Sombra could feel Mei's underbelly brushing against the top of her head, rubbing against her hair as she knelt lower. Mei's rounded body stood in front of her, her lower lips trembling as they pressed into the ground. Every rock of her body resulted in a small squish

of liquid; the puddle of freezing pleasure that gathered at her loins was melting and frosting in a repeating cycle. Sombra snickered, reaching out to put her fingers against it. Mei's flesh was cold, it was tense; her muscles were bound into knots and wound so tightly that a single touch brought forth a gush of ecstasy. Sombra watched in curiosity as the wave seeped over her hand, covering it in ice that she snapped with a clench of her fist. Sombra stared at it for longer than she planned, letting her eyes linger on Mei's ballooning crotch with rapt attention. She didn't know why it fascinated her, what about Mei's bloating body drew her in, but it did.

"Don't worry, I'll jump ahead. She can't have gotten too far." Tracer's voice echoed in the distance.

"No time for fun." Sombra held out her wrist, ready to press the cloak and vanish into the thin air.

She hesitated. Sombra felt her hands refuse her orders, trembling as she looked back to Mei's expanding body. The great ball of flesh was starting to roll back and forth; her legs and arms had been drawn into the spherical expanse, leaving little more than flapping and useless limbs. She grew wider, grew taller; she was larger than a transport truck, twice as tall and wide as she had been a few minutes ago. Her stomach had grown, expanding into a vast band of exposed flesh that separated the blue of her top and her leggings. Frost accumulated on her belly button as the continuously pumping coolant fogged against her insides. Every time she rocked, Sombra could hear the slight sloshing of liquid inside her; the refrigerant was pooling along her insides as it condensed in her flanks. Mei should have been dead long ago, and maybe that's what fascinated Sombra? This girl was hopelessly resilient, somehow clinging on to herself without any real reason.

"Hey! Hands off the....Mei?" Tracer looked at the growing blimp with confusion, her voice trailing off as she looked up the great expanse.

"I'm up here! Help!" let out a cry of help, shouting down to Tracer in hopes that she could rescue her from her assailant.

Mei's head just barely poked out from the top of her body, a little dot that was shrinking, being drawn in. She couldn't see past her body anymore; the plane of flesh was too wide. She felt big as a barge, like she was some parade blimp ready to be rolled out in the streets. Every few seconds that passed, she felt her body lurching out, ready to roll away if she breathed too hard. Her coolant-lined breaths were fogging up her glasses, creating a small cloud of fog above her as she expanded. She could feel her fingertips tapping against her body; her skin felt like rubber as she rebounded off of it. She didn't know how she had gotten so big, but she knew she was getting tight. Her skin was stretching with every pump from Snowball, and with no way to reach her pack...

"Tracer! Grab my backpack!" Mei shouted as she made a realization about how she could stop this.

"In a minute, luv. I've got a bit of a problem of my own." Tracer shouted up to her blimping friend as she zipped about the hangar.

Sombra wasn't willing to give up her toy without a fight; producing a compact machine pistol, she opened fire. A hail of bullets sprayed out from the barrel in a wide arc, sailing over Tracer's head as she ducked and bobbed around them. Trailing by a blue after-image, she circled Mei's circumference, hoping to move from Sombra's line of fire. Tracer let herself get distracted by Mei's expanding body; she was too large to fit through the hangar doors anymore, like a hot balloon in the flesh, and still growing. That moment of distraction was enough to throw her off her pace, just enough for a bullet to graze the front of her shin. Her suit tearing open and sending her tumbling across the ground, small dribbles of red following her path as she came to a stop across the room. She held her leg in pain, trying to soothe it enough to get moving again.

"I know, she's pretty grand, isn't she? I could barely take my eyes off her long enough to see you ogling her. Was it the butt? The Gut? The boobs? Or maybe you liked the undercarriage. I know I do." Sombra sneered, her gun still pointed at Tracer as she bent down.

"Keep your hands off of her." Tracer grunted in pain as she pulled a gun from her hip, pointing it at Sombra.

"Or what? Think you can hit me without popping this big balloon? Feel free to try." Sombra snickered as she hit a button on her wrist.

Like the wind, she vanished. In a shimmer of light, Sombra had become invisible, cloaking herself in a wreath of bent light. It wasn't hard to see where she moved; her footsteps and handprints were all over Mei's body, she was scaling the globe higher. Her hands pulling down the front of her top and playing with Mei's bloated breasts before perching herself on top of the massive blimp. Mei couldn't see her, but she could feel her, feel the grind of her heels on her tensing flesh.

Crkkkkkkk

Grnnnnnnnn

Tracer knew there wasn't much time; she could hear Mei's body creaking under the strain. Balloons could only get so big, and Mei was about the biggest balloon she'd ever seen. Out of the corner of her eye, Tracer could see the pack Mei had been talking about. It was a cracked cylinder of metal; the mechanics whirled about wildly as it went on the fritz. If she could reach it, then she could definitely shut off Snowball and give Mei a chance to deflate.

"You could just let me go. There's no reason to let me pop." Mei pleaded with Sombra as she traipsed around the top of the massive girl.

Each of Sombra's punching footfalls pressed into Mei's skin with a dainty force that felt like a puncturing needle. Her turgid body trembled with every step the woman took as her body kept inflating; Snowball was still running inside of her, filling out her body. Every few seconds there was another hollow pump and a flow of frigid air that pushed out against her insides. Her skin was sensitive, tense, running out of room. With each second that ticked by, she grew tighter, her looming body towering above everyone like a blimp. At this point, she was probably as large as one, an oversized balloon filled to bursting.

"I could let you go, but then I wouldn't see what happens if you get too large." Sombra decloaked herself, letting Mei get a glimpse of her manic expression.

Sombra's expression was twisted into a wicked smile, her eyes alight with morbid curiosity as she got down on her hands and knees. She lay level with Mei as her body rose up around her, slowly swallowing her head. Sombra couldn't get enough of it; she adored the feeling of Mei's bloated flesh, pulling off her glove to feel flesh against flesh. Mei's skin trembled as Sombra traced her finger across it. Her skin was as tense as leather, pulled so tightly over the airy payload inside that a pin could rupture her. Mei was so cold, frigid like ice, and throbbing like a bomb. Feeling her body heave in and out as it tried to make room for all of the coolant that was being pumped into her was fantastic. It felt like she was riding the tides, rolling along Mei's curved body as it struggled to hold together.

"Please just *mmpnhhhh*." Mei's pleas for help were cut off by her own body as it rose up around her.

"Sorry, I couldn't hear you. Maybe you could speak up." Sombra cackled, kicking her feet against Mei's turgid skin.

Her toes rebounded off the surface with each impact, making her body tremble with quaking pressure. Mei could still hear Snowball rolling about inside of her, pushing out coolant like a good little drone. There wasn't anywhere for the coolant to go; every inch of her body was occupied with freezing mists. Around her navel, icicles were starting to form; the cold temperature froze bits of loose humidity as they trailed down her body. The icy expanse grew stiff, a layer of frost encircling every inch of her as her drum-tight skin trembled.

Just stay together. Don't pop. Tracer will fix this.

Mei tried to visualize her own rescue, hoping that Tracer would be true to her name and save the day, but Tracer was having trouble. Her wound slowed her down, turning her pace into a crawl as she tried to drag herself over to the malfunctioning container. She could see the coolant that sloshes inside was far from empty; the dense liquid caked around the cracks and froze them over. Tracer's blinks couldn't get her any further; they could only leap her a few feet closer, and that wouldn't cut it. The only option she had would be her weapon; she pulled the pulse gun from her hip, steadying the barrel as she took aim. She could see Mei's body looming above her like a great blimp, top completely out of view. Despite their mission taking place in a

desert, the whole place was turning as cold as the Arctic. Frost was forming around the surface of Mei's body; anchors of ice dripped down from her nethers, forming a stand of ice that kept her suspended in place.

Gnnnn

Tracer's focus lapsed as she heard Mei's mammoth body groan in discomfort, her skin turning a mixture of creamy white and icy blue. The only spots that were concerning were the bits of red that were forming, the strained bits of flesh that indicated she was close to blowing. As the cacophony from Mei grew louder and the sounds of Overwatch grew closer, Tracer had to make a choice. Her hand steadied on the trigger as she fired, letting loose a single bead of energy.

"Come on, just let this work." Tracer murmured under her breath as she watched the bolt fly through the air.

The blue energy's flight path seemed to move in slow motion, trailing through the air and landing against the tank. Tracer hoped for a moment that it would break, that the glass would shatter, but she wasn't that lucky. Her shot had struck electronics, putting the machine on the fritz and doubling the output.

Rmlblblblbl

Mei was out of room. The increased frostflow only served to make her skin tense, make her body grow denser. The equator of her stomach mushroomed out, adding to her width as it cracked through the icy band that had been forming. Her skin began to vibrate as the tension rose; the sound of snapping elastic filled the air. A sound akin to metallic bands cracking against each other as the tension inside of Mei began to unleash itself. Things inside of her had broken, little bits of muscle that were needed to keep her intact. Without them to keep her form, she was simply a bag, a sack. She began to billow out of control, flowing over the floor like a great wave. Frost crept across the floor as she surged out, the last bits of her body falling atop of Tracer before she ultimately gave out.

Bwoooooosh

There was a wave of cold air that washed across the room as the equator of Mei's body ruptured. Splitting apart like fragile rubber, her skin splintered and tore, sending out the frozen mist that she had been holding back. Large flaps of skin fluttered out with her like a parachute as Sombra came crashing down to the ground, ice gathering around her like a comet as she was encased in it. Tracer was also frozen in a solid block as the whole of the hangar froze over, leaving the rest of Overwatch to barge in on the aftermath.

"Look, there was nothing you could have done. She ran off on her own." Mercy tried her best to console Tracer.

They had managed to get Tracer and the frozen Sombra back to the base and were slowly thawing them from their icy prisons. Tracer had been frozen from the waist up, while Sombra was trapped in her own meteor of ice, a frantic expression plastered on her face.

"It's my job to manage the flanks, to scout ahead. I should have kept an eye on her." Tracer simply shook her head, still unable to accept it.

She looked over at the maddened visage of Sombra. What twisted thoughts must be running through her head? Whatever they were, they paled in comparison to what Tracer was thinking of. Once they'd thawed the hacker, she was going to visit upon her the same fate she'd given to Mei. She'd inflate her over and over, hook her up to hoses until she was ready to pop, and then reset her back to normal and do it all over again. Maybe she'd enjoy it, but it's all Tracer could think about in this moment, revenge.