

"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 in 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.

Fppppbbbttttt

Urp

Widowmaker felt a breeze break past her cheeks, a misty purple wind that filtered through the air. Her swelling stomach was doing its best to expel all of the offending mist, but she wished it weren't so unbecoming. She felt the air rush up her tract as it exited her mouth in a tiny belch. The mist flooded her senses, and she could feel herself starting to get woozy as the knockout gas took effect. She eased herself to the ground before her legs gave out on her, her growing stomach forcing her thighs apart as she grew.

"Careful where you aim that thing, I'm standing right here." Sombra's voice echoed from the shadows.

The hacker slowly made her presence known; the shimmering block of light that was her cloaking device shimmered away like evaporating water. The encroaching line of light lifted from her feet up to her head, fully unveiling her. She was as shapely as Widowmaker, with wide hips and thick thighs, but that was where the similarities ended. Sombra was equipped for computer work, draped in a long coat and with a side-cut to match its length; the Latina was far from subtle. It's why she chose to use cloaking technology; it was much easier than sneaking and gave her ample time to do her dirty work.

"Go urp away. I don't need someone like you hanging around me." Widow could barely summon the energy to flash Sombra a disapproving glance as the hacker came into the light.

"Now now, is that any way to speak to a comrade? Especially one who has the keys to that little rumbler in your tummy." Sombra smiled as she clicked a button on her wrist.

Rlmbmbmbm

Fppppbbbttttt

Fffrrrrrtttt

Bbfffpppppttt

Widowmaker's gut shot out as the smoke bomb inside of her pumped out all of its fumes at once, making her gut leap out, splitting her suit open. The great whale breached her latex and plopped down on her thighs with an unceremonious thud. Widow was having trouble holding in all of her gas, the smoke bomb making her ass rumble as a barrage of farts slipped past her generous cheeks.

"You smart hnnrgggg oooooorrrup what do you want?" Widowmaker tried to curse Sombra's name but was cut off by a strained belch that sounded like a horn on the battlefield.

"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 whirred 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. Warily 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.

Bbp phh ttt

"I guess someone had a spicy lunch." Sombra smiled as a small gust of gas expelled from the portal exit.

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.

Hooouurrrppp

The pressure became a little too much for her aching gut to handle; the welling gas inside of her pushed out from her throat, tumbling out of her mouth in the form of a low burp. A little cloud of freezing mist that curled up into her nose, tinging it with a coat of ice that quickly melted. One belch simply led to another; now that the dam had been broken, a barrage of frosty belches and burps rolled past her lips, adding an icy tint to them.

Urrrp

Orrppp

Brroooooup

Mei couldn't stop them; every little expulsion was leading to another, a cascade of rolling burps that spilled out. The air around her was becoming frigid as the coolant dispersed about her, billowing in a cold cloud. Her hair was starting to frost over with the growing snow, dripping with water as the whitened snow melted. It was like the belches were leading to her growth, as each one led to another few inches on her straining tum.

"How cute? Did you know you're cute when you burp like that?" Sombra put a finger under Mei's chin, rubbing the girl in a taunting manner.

Mmhpphh

Mei's cheeks bulged as she tried to fight against the welling gas within her; her teeth felt like fire as coolant swirled about her mouth. Her face was turning blue from all of the wind that whirled inside of it, her lips straining to fight against the force as they pursed. Sombra was bent in close enough that it gave Mei an idea; she just needed to let go.

Hhoourrrrrpp

"Phew. Nasty girl, belching in Mama's face like that." Sombra recoiled, the frigid belch putting a layer of clear ice over her features.

The layer was thin enough that Sombra talking was enough to shatter it, her expression twisting into something wicked as Mei kept rolling out fumes.

Vrrrrrr

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.

Brruupp

Oouurrrllpp

As Mei lifted higher into the air, more frosty belches were pushing past her lips, firing out at a faster pace than they did before. Each one was a portent to growth, an indicator that something else on her body was growing. Her breasts were inflating with the fumes, her nipples pointing sharp and turning rock hard at the sudden influx of cold. They poked against her tanktop like tiny little mountain peaks; slowly, but surely, her bust was becoming massive. She couldn't keep track of her belly anymore; the great swell had become too much, too great to follow, but her tits were inflating out of control. Surging out like airbags, massive blimps of flesh that spilled over the edge of her top, were dug into by the straps of her clothes. They went from melons to blimps in a matter of seconds, oversized balloons of cold the size of yoga balls.

Fffttt

Ffffftt

Little puffs of gas were pouring out from her meaty cheeks as her ass grew around the plug; her bulbous cheeks inflated, filling with the frigid gas that was desperate for an exit. 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.

"Help hooouuuurrrp me!" Mei called out from her shrinking perch as another frosting belch passed over her lips.

Bruuuppp

Roouuourrrrp

She couldn't help herself; a blue mist was spouting from the top of her body like air from a leaking balloon. Expulsions of gas that rained snowflakes upon her form that melted into streams of water that flowed down her form.

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. Traced 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

Grnnnnnnn

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.

Bouurrrrrppp

Hrrruppppppp

"My my, what a gassy girl. It's really a shame, you know? I wanted to play a little longer, but your friend's not making this easy." Sombra taunted Mei as she wandered across the massive blimp.

Her invisible footprints impacted Mei's skin as she sauntered across the growing plain of her flesh, like a bug on a pond. She felt so small, so small that she wondered if Mei could just swallow her up. Every footfall she made was met with another reverberating groan and another geyser of gas from Mei's lips. Those belches were the only thing keeping the poor girl intact at

this point, little pressure releases. Feeling the growing storm beneath her, the polar vortex that whipped just under her feet, Sombra wondered if Mei would pop. Her skin trembled when she touched it, the massive blimp recoiled at Sombra's touch as if it were alive.

Grmbblblbl

Rooooourrrpp

Mei couldn't speak; she could barely think. The cold flowing through her body was mind-numbing, dulling her nerves to the point that she felt sluggish. She couldn't think as fast as she once had, her mind was being consumed by the overwhelming chill and pressure that mounted within her. Her frost belches were the only thing keeping her intact at this point; each blue expulsion was a little bit of relief, a slack in the growing tension. Mei was trying to force the belches out at this point, tense her muscles and expel as much of that refrigerant as possible, but it was getting harder. The more she belched, the more frost gathered on her throat; she could feel the thickening layer of ice coat her lips, coat the inside of her throat. It was a shrinking tunnel that only grew tighter as time passed. It was unfortunate for her that Sombra was paying such close attention.

"I guess this is the end of our time together, my little balloon. I need an exit." Sombra cocked her head towards the exit.

There was an encroaching sound of gunfire banging against the metal door as the forces of overwatch encroached upon them. As much as Sombra wanted to stick around, she couldn't wait any longer. Without a word, she pulled out the portal she'd opened the first time around; the tiny fist-sized opening was like a vortex. A rush of arctic wind poured out from it as Sombra directed the exit towards Mei's mouth. With a rush of cooled air, ice caked on Mei's lips; it was a thick coating that sealed her lips completely shut.

"That should do it. Adios, chica. Too bad our fun was cut short." Sombra waved Mei goodbye, becoming visible for just a moment as she hopped down the growing blimp.

Rmmbblblb

Grrnnnn

Without her belches to create an exit, Mei's gasses were trapped inside of her, the cool winds whirling about as she grew. Her cheeks bulged as she tried to expel the gas, hoping she could try and break the plug, but it wasn't budging. Lacking an exit, fumes kept piling up inside of her, making her tense body swell further out.

Down below, Tracer was still nursing her wound, crawling her way over towards the case on the ground. She hoped she could reach the device before Mei exploded. Tracer crawled across the floor, looking down at her anchor and gauging the distance. If she timed it right, she

could just reach the pack. Tracer blinked from existence, leaping forward in space, then she did it again. Three times she repeated this blink, each time getting a bit closer to the pack, but her injury was hobbling her. She could only move forward as fast as she could crawl, and on the third blink, the pack was just out of reach.

Crkkkk

Mei's body loomed in the distance, creaking like a straining balloon as her growth slowed to a crawl. She'd stopped just short of a full mound, a bobbing balloon of flesh that creaked and groaned with strain. Her skin was turning light blue as Snowball's mist pushed against her skin, the little robot working in a misguided attempt to protect its master. There wasn't any more room for the coolant to go; the frosty payload had filled up every inch of Mei's body, and now it was just adding to the pressure. Stone-shattering air pressure pushed out against her insides, stretching her thinner with each passing second. There wasn't a second without the feeling of ache in her nerves. Now she didn't care what happened; she just wanted it to end.

Rmbblblbl

Her skin trembled with the added pressure as her head shrank into her body, her form enveloping her like an all-consuming ooze. She felt so tight that she worried her body would crush her skull. Her flesh was an unyielding, drum-tight globe of flesh that loomed over everyone. She could barely hear the gunfire as the door was broken down; Overwatch had arrived a little too late.

Pop

Mei felt her stomach pop, sending all of that contained mist rushing through her form, stretching her out to an insane degree. She flooded across the room like water, flowing over the metal floor as her body lost all semblance of resistance. She was merely a container for the gas as it pushed against her confines, clawing at her confines in a final rush.

Fwoooooossh

Mei's body tore apart in a glorious explosion, flesh blooming like lotus petals as it tore apart with all of the fanfare of a rupture balloon. The coolant that had been whirling about inside of her washed over the combatants in a great flood, freezing them into solid blocks of ice. Little scraps of flesh fluttered among the falling snow; bits of cloth dotted the frigid breeze, mingling with the crystalline snowflakes.

"So, did you get her?" Widowmaker looked at Sombra with a stern tone.

Bwoooooom

"What does it sound like?" Sombra snickered as she approached her bloated teammate.

Widowmaker had just overcome her bout of gas; her stomach and ass had doubled in size, looking like great humps upon her tiny frame. She was a great purple blimp of flesh, letting out belches like it was her job. She was doing her best to try and deflate, but it wasn't working as well as she'd hoped.

"Good, do you think you could give me a hand then? I'm still a bit bloated." Widowmaker struggled to stand up, her massive gut and ass blocking her way.

"Oh, I think I can help you out alright." Sombra licked her lips as she held out a twisting hand.

Widowmaker looked in terror as Sombra pulled out a bit of industrial hose from her coat, snapping it like a belt before getting to work. She used her tech to paralyze Widowmaker, leaving her vulnerable as Sombra shoved the hose down her mouth, hooking the other end to Widowmaker's own ass. The gassy assassin was helpless as she began to fill with her own fumes, bloating into a balloon as Sombra watched. Sombra had ignited a flame inside of her, an obsession. She loved seeing round bodies filled with gas, and she was going to explore that love until she reached the inevitable conclusion, even if she had to pop Widowmaker to do it.