

Widowmaker's Slobby Animal Shots

Widowmaker had seen her fair share of combat. The blue-skinned sniper purposefully volunteered for multiple, dangerous missions for the sake of accomplishing Talon's goals. A single glimpse of her body clad in its purple suit was usually all her targets saw before they met their end. In spite of all of this, even she was a bit nervous to answer Moira's call to meet her in the lab.

Passing through the metal doors, Widowmaker found Moira seated at her desk. The red haired woman greeted the sniper with an eerie smile hidden behind her steepled fingers. The various tubes sticking out of her black coat and the metallic eye over her face were fitting with her role as a geneticist. Even if the woman was supposed to be working alongside her, that didn't mean Widowmaker was any less wary of the various "experiments" Moira was so fond of.

"Thank you for coming in today," Moira said, gesturing towards a chair in front of the desk.

"Get straight to the point," Widowmaker replied, continuing to stand.

"Straight to the point," Moira repeated back as she got up from her seat. "Well, that's what I get for trying to be casual. At least we can move things along quickly then."

"Why did you call me here?"

With a grin, Moira reached beneath her desk to produce a dart gun. Loaded into the weapon was a strange, pulsating vial with a grey tint to it. Picking up the gun, Moira caressed it like it was her own child.

"This," Moira began, holding up the weapon, "is the culmination of many sleepless nights of research. It is a genetic splicer serum. I've created it using a mix of human DNA, the genetics of various animals, and a couple of...additives I threw in just for the fun of it."

“The fun of it?” Widowmaker asked, warily eyeing the strange liquid. “What exactly are you planning to do?”

Widowmaker was prevented from getting an answer by the sound of the door behind her opening up. Managing to see Moira swiftly store the splicer behind her back, the sniper turned around to see Sombra stroll into the room. Clad in her purple jacket, the hacker slid her nails through her wavy, black hair before waving to her comrades.

“Hola,” Sombra said as she strolled up to the desk. “Didn’t see you as much of a tech expert, Widowmaker.”

“She is here for another purpose,” Moira explained. “I’ll continue the discussion with her after you’ve finished fixing my computer.”

Sombra let out an annoyed sigh as she rounded Moira’s desk. “I’m a hacking genius and you’re using me for IT work?”

“I know it’s a bit below your pay grade, but it’s a very important task,” Moira replied, stealthily gesturing for Widowmaker to remain silent.

“Important my ass,” Sombra said, rapidly tapping her fingers against the keyboard. “Everything here seems to be fine. What kind of problem were you having anyway?”

“The lack of a way to demonstrate my latest invention. Until now.”

Realizing what was going on, Sombra was a little too slow to avoid Moira shooting the serum into her back. Stumbling away from the desk, the hacker reached out towards where she had been hit. Coming away with leftover drops of the mystery liquid dripping from her fingertips, she gritted her teeth as she glared at the smiling scientist.

“I knew it,” Sombra said, pulling out her machine pistol and aiming it at Moira. “It was only a matter of time until you went completely loco on us. I’ll be doing Talon a favor by filling you full of-HEE HAAAWWWWW!”

The brey accompanied a shudder going through Sombra’s body. Her attempt to figure out what was going on was interrupted by the maniacal laughter coming from Moira. Taking aim with her gun, her barrage of bullets went far off of their mark as her hands began to morph. Dropping her weapon to the ground, she let out another, distressed HEE HAW as she saw her fingers merge together to form hoof-like digits.

“What did you do to her?” Widowmaker asked, watching as Sombra developed a set of buck teeth and her ears became long and floppy.

“I gave her a dose of a gene splicer I made specifically for her,” Moira explained, intently observing the tuft of black fur at the tip of Sombra’s new tail. “Although, I’m disappointed that the other effects haven’t...ah, there it is.”

Glancing over to where Moira’s finger was pointing allowed Widowmaker to see Sombra’s jacket burst open to make way for her grey, furred gut to bulge out and sink between her legs. Though the hacker tried to remain standing upon her hooved feet, it was all for nought as she was brought slamming to the ground thanks to the burden of her ass cheeks tripling in size. Hitting the floor, another brey escaped her lips; the sound much more fitting for the elongated, grey furred, donkey face she had gained.

“Hmm,” Moira hummed, walking around the dumbfounded donkey girl as the rest of her clothes were torn off of her obese body. “I didn’t intend for the form to be so bottom heavy, but I’ll call that a happy accident.”

“I call it a HEE HAWWW death sentence for you,” Sombra replied back. “Mark my words, you’ll pay for this you-“

Moira shoving her hand into Sombra’s gut interrupted the hacker by forcing a loud belch from her lips. Harder presses into the belly stirred up the donkey woman’s digestion even further to produce a rippling PHHHHHHHRRRRRTTTT that flicked around her tail. As the gas seeped into Sombra’s nostrils, the anger in her eyes faded away to be replaced with a different kind of sensation.

Tongue hanging out of her open mouth, Sombra parted her legs to slip her hoof fingers between her thick thighs. With no regard to who was watching, she proceeded to vigorously rub against her plump pussy lips. Losing herself to her own lust, she freely let loose a cacophony of breys, burps, and farts as she continued to masturbate.

“I see the aphrodisiacs are working as intended,” Moira commented as she rejoined Widowmaker. “They make me all the more hopeful for the field tests.” Reaching into her pocket, she produced a small case. Opening up the container revealed a wide assortment of differently colored vials similar to the one that had been injected into Sombra. “Overwatch is holding a training session next week. I’ll send you the coordinates of the location. I assume you know what to do.”

Glancing between Moira and the sight of donkey Sombra reaching her gaseous climax, Widowmaker accepted the box. “Of course,” she said, making her way out of the room just before a series of breys gave way to her teammate’s second round of self-pleasure.

Swinging atop the rooftops of the training area, Widowmaker had to be sure to avoid the spotlights illuminating the training grounds below. Using the cover of night to reach the center of the practice field, she took a moment to prepare herself. Instead of her usual weapon, Moira had insisted on only bringing a long range dart gun to administer the serum. As much as Widowmaker wanted to abandon the mission and take out the Overwatch members while she had the chance, she knew better. Any sign of rebellion against her so-called comrade would be seen through the various, near-microscopic cameras attached to her suit.

In fear of what would happen should she disobey the geneticist, Widowmaker looked through the collection of vials to decide which to use first. Moira had intentionally left the shots devoid of any type of labeling as a way to “surprise” the sniper with the results. All Widowmaker had to go off of was the different colored liquids swirling around in each bottle.

Widowmaker’s decision making was put on hold as she saw something flash in her peripheral vision. Recognizing the blue light from a previous mission, she peeked her head over the roof top to get a better look. Sure enough, she managed to watch one of the rare moments where Tracer was able to stand still.

Taking a break from her training regiment, Tracer stretched out her arms before letting her gloved fingers brush the sweat out of her spikey, short black hair. At the sides of her orange, skintight pants were holstered a pair of pistols that were her trademark weapon. Leaning up against one of the walls, she paid careful attention to the chronal accelerator that allowed her to have control over her time powers. Lifting up her orange goggles to give a closer inspection of the device, she jumped a little as her communicator began to ring.

“Tracer here, what’s going on?” Tracer asked, her voice carrying all the way up to Widowmaker’s perch. “Oh, hey Mercy. I was just finishing up my first run of the course. Winston did a banger job putting this altogether.”

The speedy girl’s excited mood faltered as Mercy replied on the other side.

Tracer let out a sigh. “I get that you’re trying to look after us as the team’s medic, but you don’t have to keep nagging me about proper stretching. It’s not like I’ve spent all of my free time sitting on a couch in front of the telly and eating chips. I’m as fit as ever.”

Watching Tracer continue to chat back and forth with Mercy, Widowmaker saw her opportunity. Going back to the collection of vials, she picked out one with a yellow tint to it. Shaking around the black particles swimming through the serum, she loaded it into her gun. Seizing the chance of Tracer having to painstakingly explain her workout routine, she took careful aim and fired her shot.

Though Widowmaker’s gun was as silent as a pin drop, there was little she could do to avoid the sound of Tracer yelling in pain as the serum hit her in the leg. Grabbing the vial and slamming it to the ground, the speedster kept looking back and forth between the strange goo on the ground and where she had been hit. Hurrying to address the wound through the tear in her pants, she paused as she watched yellow fur appear to close off the hole.

“What is happening to MEOW, I mean, me?” Tracer asked aloud.

The only response Tracer got back was the sight of her legs bulking up with layers of fat to split apart her pants. With the fabric drifting through the air, she was able to see that the fur was spreading rapidly across her skin; showing off the black spots that were interspersed across the yellow follicles. The blubber encasing itself around her backside was felt as her newly acquired, lanky tail slid across it. She was only able to break out of her stunned stupor as her

shoes were burst apart by her paw-like feet taking on the same increase in girth as the rest of her body.

“MEOWCY, I mean, Mercy come in,” Tracer said, trying to ignore the sensation of her mid-section bulging out as she spoke. “Something is wrong. I just got hit by some kind of shot and I’m BWOOOOOOOORRRRPPP!”

The resulting belch echoing out of Tracer’s mouth finished the job her expanding gut and engorging bosom started. With a follow up burp shortly after, her top was torn asunder to leave only her choral accelerator to cling to her chest. The device became squeezed between her meaty tits and belly to wedge it deep within her flesh. Though it was comforting to know her lifeline was secure, she wasn’t sure how long it would last sunken into her flab.

Tracer’s goggles were the next to go thanks to her furry face being fattened up. As the goggles bounced off of her feline muzzle, they momentarily got caught on her whiskers before hitting the ground. Perking up her rounded ears at the sound of glass cracking, she fought against her body’s bottom heavy figure to squat down. Looking at the broken goggles to see the distorted visage of the obese cheetah woman she had become, her first instinct was to desperately survey the area for her misplaced communicator.

A glimmer managed to draw Tracer’s attention towards the lost device. Though she attempted to bend down to grab it, she was dissuaded by a series of unruly groans from her lower body. Through her scope, Widowmaker got to see her target’s chubby face twist in discomfort as she fought against the building pressure in the process of inching ever closer to the communicator. Upon Tracer finally putting her paws on the device, that was the exact moment that her fortitude gave out.

Tracer froze like a statue as a loud BRRAAAAAAAPP PPPP erupted from her backside. While her feet didn't move, her body was still sent into a shaking fit thanks to the gas the continued to billow out. As the smell finally reached her nose, her hair stood on end as the aroma tormented her. The initial reaction of disgust made Widowmaker momentarily believe that Moira had made a bad batch. That was until she saw Tracer's eyes glaze over at the release of another belch leaving her lips.

Bringing her chunky rear slamming to the ground, Tracer spread apart her thick thighs to begin rubbing at her dripping womanhood. Going as fast as the creature she resembled, she showed no restraint in unleashing gas from both ends. Inevitably, her burps gave way to a mix of moans and purrs as she reached ever closer to the climax. When she finally orgasmed, it was accompanied with a powerful fart that Widowmaker could feel all the way from atop her perch.

Having to recenter her scope after the release, Widowmaker focused back on Tracer. Breathing in the leftover fumes of flatulence and ecstasy, the cat woman seemed to be in a state of pure euphoria. Ever so slowly, she began to let her paws drift back towards her womanhood. Just before she was about to indulge in another masturbation session, the sound of engines from nearby made her ears stand on end and forced Widowmaker to duck her head down to avoid being seen.

Cautiously peeking over the edge of the roof, Widowmaker spotted a bright pink, mech stomping its way towards the transformed Tracer. Even without her scope she could see the lingering smoke rising from the imposing figure's jet boosters. With the pair of guns attached to the robot's arms, she was certain that she would be quickly eliminated should the pilot zero in on her location. While her instincts told her to lay low until the coast was clear, she was urged to keep watching as she realized that the mech was approaching the gassy, horny cheetah woman.

“Tracer is that you?” a voice called out from the cockpit.

“MEOW don’t UUUUURRRPPP remember,” Tracer replied, showing little shame as she fondled her breasts with one hand while the other continued to pleasure herself. Reaching her second orgasm, she was more than eager to release another pungent fart to re-energize her body. “MEEEEOOOWWW only want more BWOOOOOOORRRPPP pleasure.”

“Hold on Tracer. I’m coming out.”

Powering down, the mech lowered itself to the ground as the cockpit opened up. Slipping out of the driver’s seat was a woman clad in a skintight, blue pilot suit adorned with a cartoonish bunny logo on the chest piece. Her wavy, brown hair was held back by a pair of headphones baring the same color scheme and branding as the rest of her robot. Stretching out her limbs to get rid of any cramps she had gained from her ride in the mech, Hana Song, otherwise known as Dva, made her way over to her indisposed ally.

“Tracer,” Dva said, making her way over to the cheetah woman. “Don’t you recognize me?”

For a moment, Tracer turned her attention away from her plump, hairy muff to stare into Dva’s face. Just as it looked like she was about to reach a type of epiphany, the cheetah woman opened up her mouth wide to let a powerful BWOOOOOOOOORRRPPP blast right in Dva’s face. Left dazed by the belch, there was little the mech pilot could do to avoid the follow up stink bomb of farts that spurted out as Tracer resumed indulging in her body’s urges.

Watching Dva stumble about the noxious fumes, Widowmaker saw her opportunity. Going back to the case to pick out a white vial, she slid it into her gun and took aim. Waiting for Dva to stop moving just long enough to get a clear shot, she pulled the trigger. She knew she had

found her mark when the pilot's attempts to hack out the foul air were replaced with a loud yelp of pain.

"What is this?" Dva asked, receiving no answer from Tracer as she knocked the vial out of her mid-section. Watching the remnants of the white liquid trickle across the ground she tried to think of what exactly she had been hit with. It was upon seeing another puddle of yellow goop nearby that she looked back towards the cheetah woman with an understanding of her fate. "Is this what happened to you? Am I going to transform too?"

"UUUUUURRRRRPPPP MEOW," was Tracer's only response as her paws played around with her chunky rear.

"Tracer, please. I need to you to focus on something other than--"

Dva let out a squeak as a pair of buck teeth emerged from her mouth. Noticing the similar mouth metamorphosis to Sombra, Widowmaker watched as the mech pilot developed a pair of long ears as well. The main difference was the stark white color of the fur that began to cover up Dva's skin. The pilot noticed this extra hair around the time that it covered up the hole created by the shot. Just as she reached out to touch the white tuft with her fingers, the tear in her suit became wider as her belly began to rapidly put on weight.

"Why am I sat fat and fuzzy?" Dva asked, pinching her thickening gut as it grew large enough to block the view of her feet.

Unable to accept what was happening to her body, Dva tried in vain to push back the fat rolls pilling up around her doughy belly. The constant pressing of her paw-like hands against her gut resulted in gas bubbles rolling past her throat to squeak past her enlarged incisors. Reeling back from the smell and sensation of the burps tickling the whiskers she had grown beneath her pink nose, she failed to look where she was going. This lack of vision and direction combined

with the sudden enlargement of her feet meant that all it took was a single misstep to send her falling backwards onto the ground.

Dva was cushioned from the impact thanks to her rear fattening up to better match with her enormous belly. The cost was that the heavy slam forced some of the pressure built up in her gut to rush towards her lower body. The resulting, prolonged PHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRTTT from her backside ripped apart the back of her suit and tickled the fluffy, cotton ball tail she had developed to better match her appearance.

“I’m a UUUURRRPP bunny?” Dva asked, trying to endure her stench as her hands tugged at her tail and elongated ears. “Why am I a-MMMMPPHH!”

An intense rumbling in Dva’s gut racked her body with shivers. The constant shaking helped her obese form tear apart what remained of her suit to leave every inch of her white fur exposed. More burps rolling up her throat finished the job by popping off the fabric that had clung to her udder-like breasts. An especially pungent fart cloud replaced her normal terror with a type of confusion that left her panting from an inner heat. Soon, her goal changed from dealing with her new body to giving it exactly what it desired.

Dva’s heavy panting gave way to moans and belches as she began to fondle her fuzzy flesh. Constantly kneading the barrel-like gut that had taken on the bulk of her weight resulted in more of the aphrodisiac farts leaking out of her back end. Libido becoming more and more unstable, she tried to get her thick paws beneath her gut to touch her womanhood. Unfortunately, her girth made it impossible to reach any further than the exterior of her thick thighs.

“SQUEAK come BWOOOOOORRRPPP on,” Dva said, chewing on her lips. “I just need a UUUURRRPPP little SQUEAK more...”

Dva let out a small scream as something lunged at her. Turning away from her belly, she spotted Tracer slowly crawling across her body. Looking into each other's eyes did the job of communicating exactly what they wanted without needing to say a word. Scrunching up her chins as she nodded her head, Dva began to shake in anticipation as the cheetah woman dove beneath her belly.

Moments later, Widowmaker's ears rung with the sounds of belches and moans leaving Dva's lips. Hazzarding to peek out a little further, the sniper had to stifle a laugh at the ridiculous sight of Tracer's head buried between the legs of her bunny companion. With the cheetah woman's paws wrapped tightly around the rabbit woman's fuzzy legs, she was able to fully dive in. Losing herself to the pleasure, Dva signaled her moment of peak euphoria with an echoing moan and a rumbling fart to bathe the area in her flatulence.

As the last of Dva's gas petered out, Widowmaker's ears picked up the sound of something making its way towards her location. Nimbly rolling out of the way at the last second allowed her to see several stray shots impact the spot she had been in mere moments beforehand. Hearing her attacker rush to reload their weapon, she wasted little time counterattacking. Though her gun may have been empty, she still managed to use her wire grapple as a whip to disarm the angelic person before her.

"Mercy," Widowmaker said, staring down one of Overwatch's main healers. "I thought people in your profession were better off staying away from the frontline."

"A medical professional goes anywhere she's needed," Mercy replied, her bright, blonde hair waving in the wind as she glared at Widowmaker.

“I must say, I never really understood your outfit,” Widowmaker teased, keeping an eye on Mercy as she slowly made her way back to the case of vials. “The white dress is one thing, but adding the halo and the wings is like you’re asking to be shot down.”

Mercy flapped her wings as she gritted her teeth. “They serve a purpose other than just showing off. Like getting over to you before you could do anymore damage.”

Widowmaker laughed. “Sorry, but you’re a little too late to play hero.”

Dva and Tracer seemed to be listening in on the conversation judging by the impeccable timing of their latest orgasms. Hearing the barrage of gas behind her, Widowmaker shuffled over to the side to give Mercy a glance at what had become of her allies. Anger became replaced with distress as the healer realized the sorry state of the people she was supposed to protect. This momentary distraction was the perfect opportunity for Widowmaker to begin reaching out for the serum case.

Just as her fingers were able to grab one of the vials, Widowmaker was knocked back by Mercy charging into her. Feeling herself get closer and closer to the edge, the sniper stomped her feet and swung her body around to toss off the healer. Stopping a few inches short of falling off the roof, she quickly surveyed the area to see that Mercy had taken flight.

“I’m not going to let you get away with this,” Mercy called out before making another charge towards the sniper.

“We’re far past the time for heroics,” Widowmaker replied, dodging out of the way of another tackle. “I highly doubt the woman who made the serum bothered to make an antidote.”

“That doesn’t mean I should at least I try,” Mercy shot back, hovering around the building in search of the perfect angle. “I’m not giving up on my friends.”

“Sorry,” Widowmaker said, loading the vial into her gun, “but your little team dynamic doesn’t mean much to me in the face of what will happen if I fail here.”

With her weapon loaded, Widowmaker was forced to make the shot count. With only one vial, she doubted that the healer would give her another chance to grab ammo. Dodging back and forth from each of the attempts to throw her off the roof, she finally found her moment. Waiting until just before Mercy made contact, she pulled the trigger to strike the healer square in her chest.

Still running on adrenaline, it took a moment for Mercy to realize what had happened. The first clue came to her as she watched the vial get pushed out of her body by the fat getting added to her bosom. Only barely able to see the splatter of leftover, grey goop on the ground, her vision of the shot became completely obscured by her breasts as they continued to swell. Upon reaching the size of a pair of beachballs, her tits ripped the front of her outfit asunder. Looking past the rain of scattered fabric, Widowmaker hazarded grinning at the sight of the healer’s plumped up teats and the grey down feathers starting to appear along her skin.

“You won’t get away with CAAAAWWWW!”

Mercy’s avian cry came out just as her lips reformed into a dark grey beak. She had to leave examining her modified mouth for later as her attention was better focused on the fact that she was gradually losing altitude. The immediate culprit seemed to be her massive breasts, but in truth it was a combined effort. The stretchmarks along her growing gut were only given a few seconds to show themselves after tearing apart the rest of her top before it too was covered in feathers. For the lower part of her outfit, it was ripped asunder by her widening hips and thickening rear, with the last few bits being pushed away by her new tail feathers.

As Mercy struggled to keep her obese form aloft, she was given some support in the form of her arms being transformed into a pair of feathery wings. When her mechanical wings gave out, she rapidly flapped her blubbery limbs to remain in the air. Her efforts managed to slow her down, but there was little she could do to stop her massive mammaries from dragging her closer to the ground. Holding out the pair of talons at the end of her thick legs, she managed to make a rough landing that avoided any major injuries.

Mercy didn't realize the true extent of the damage until the ripples from her crash cascaded through her feathery flab. Her beak opened up once more to let out a bevy of guttural belches. Her tail feathers flickered as if they were in the middle of a hurricane as she unleashed a powerful BRRRRRAAAAAAPPPPPP from her plump buttocks. From the rooftop, Widowmaker looked through the scope to see the same, hazy look in the dove woman's eyes that had claimed her companions beforehand.

Just like Dva, Mercy seemed to struggle to adequately pleasure herself with her feathered fingers. Shuddering from both constant gas releases and her building lust, the healer began to let out a series of song bird cries to all for help. Though the mating call was constantly interrupted by rolling burps, it was more than enough to earn the attention of her fellow victims.

Rushing as fast as the animals they currently resembled, Dva and Tracer wasted no time lunging at Mercy. The pile of flesh, fur, and feathers began to go wild with activity as the three women sought to pleasure one another. While Mercy's breasts were teased by Tracer's tongue, Dva was sure to show what she had learned from earlier by burying her face in the bird woman's snatch. Through the cacophony of various animal cries and gassy expulsions, Widowmaker managed to listen to the strangely alluring sound of the trio reaching their near simultaneous orgasms.

As Widowmaker watched the slobby trio get in position for another round, her communicator began to go off. “This is Widowmaker, come in.”

“Excellent work,” Moira said over the line. “That should be more than enough research material for now. Now hurry back. It’s only a matter of time before the other Overwatch members come to find their missing teammates. While I would love to see their reaction to my creations, I’d rather not risk having my serum stolen from me. Understood?”

“Of course,” Widowmaker replied, hastily picking up the vial case. “Returning to base now.”

The usual relief Widowmaker felt returning to base after a mission was nowhere to be seen as she made her way back over to Moira’s lab. Her fears weren’t sated as she stepped into the room to see the makeshift pen that had been created to house Sombra. The glass might have been able to block off the fumes that constantly rippled out of her massive, fuzzy rear, but the donkey girls euphoric breys and moans could still be heard interspersed between her belches. Turning away from her indisposed teammate, Widowmaker begrudgingly approached the geneticist’s desk.

“You wanted to see me?” Widowmaker asked as she stood at attention with her arms behind her back.

“Indeed,” Moira said, her focus centered on a screen replaying scenes from Widowmaker’s mission. Even having been there in-person, the sniper still found it hard that the horny, furry blobs used to be heroes of Overwatch. “You did an excellent job,” Moira

commented, finally turning towards Widowmaker. “Perhaps there is something I can do to reward you?”

“That is not necessary,” Widowmaker replied. “My reward is merely proving that your invention will be an invaluable asset to Talon’s future plans.”

Moira let out a sly laugh. “No need to lie to me,” Moira spoke, sending a shiver down Widowmaker’s spine. “I am well aware that you carried out my wishes more out of fear than duty. I’ve come to expect that type of reaction from my coworkers.”

“What is your point?” Widowmaker asked.

“Nothing really,” Moira replied, putting her hands behind her back as she strolled out from behind her desk. “Just a little conversation among teammates. Overwatch isn’t the only one that can benefit from trust amongst its members.”

“Right, trust,” Widowmaker commented, casting a side eye towards Sombra just as the donkey girl’s body vibrated from a prolonged fart. “If you have nothing else for me, I’ll be heading back to my quarters.”

“Ah, there is one more thing that I wished to speak to you about,” the geneticist stated. “Something regarding the care of my ‘pet’.”

“I will have to respectfully decline,” Widowmaker shot back. “If you want someone to clean up her pen, I’m sure there are some underlings that would be more suited for the task.”

“There is no need for that,” Moira commented stepping up alongside Widowmaker as they both stared out at Sombra. “I take care of that myself. It provides me with plenty of opportunities to see my work up close and personal. Because of these sessions, I managed to figure out exactly what my pet needs to reach her full potential.”

“And what is-“

A loud pang echoed through the room. Feeling a shot of pain in her side, Widowmaker looked down to see a serum shot sticking out of her. Knocking away the vial and seeing the purple droplets leak out, she turned back towards Moira to see a gun in her hand and a wicked smile on her face.

“What my mule requires is a playmate,” Moira said as Widowmaker’s body began to quake from the influence of the mixture. “I’m sure you’ll make a great friend.”

“I figured you BWOOOOORRPP do something like this,” Widowmaker said, struggling to stay standing as the front of her suit began to bulge out. “But I may not be enough.”

“Don’t you worry, I’ll be sure to add others to my collection in due time,” Moira said, licking her lips at the sight of Widowmaker’s blue breasts bursting out of her suit.

“Then allow me to UUUUUURRPP help you.”

Putting the girth of her widening rear to good use, Widowmaker managed to properly hide her own gun until she was in the perfect spot. Heaving up her blubbery arm, she managed to hit Moira in her gut with a vial of brown serum. Though Widowmaker was expecting either fear or hatred on the geneticist’s face, instead there was only delighted curiosity as Moira’s belly began to expand like the others.

A momentary haze obscured Widowmaker’s vision that made it impossible to see exactly what she or Moira were becoming. However, she could certainly feel the bristly, purple hairs that sprouted up along her flabby body as it continued to grow. She was also made aware of the extra set of blubber-laden arms that appeared beneath her original pair. There was also the odd sensation of something large and bulbous appearing right above her meaty ass cheeks. This new growth became a necessity for another pair of legs to sprout out in order to keep her obese form standing.

When Widowmaker did get her sight back, it was clearer than ever before. This improved vision allowed her to take in the enormous bear covered in red fur standing before her. The creature stood out from most other animals thanks to a pair of sagging, feminine breasts that jostled against a bulged out gut. Looking past the bear woman's wide hips and the fearsome claws, the sniper managed to see the set of metal sticking out of its chubby face that identified it as the mad scientist responsible for this mess.

Rumbles coming from inside of her own gut made Widowmaker break eye contact with the bear woman. Reaching out with one of her three-fingered hands, she tried in vain to calm down her purple, fuzzy belly. Her efforts led to a fart squeaking out of her rear to graze against the hairs lining her sizable abdomen. Wincing at the odor that drifted up to her face, it was the tears that formed around her eyes that made her realize she now had eight of them. Too concerned with realization that she had been turned into some kind of slobby, spider woman, she was a bit too slow to avoid Moira charging right at her.

As the obese bear enveloped Widowmaker with her thick, furry body, it became clear that it wasn't a sign of aggression. A rumbling BRRRAAAAAAPPPPPP that flicked about Moira's nub-like tail was more than enough to communicate to Widowmaker what the former geneticist's intentions were. While her own body cried out for her to give into these new urges, she had seen enough to know the fate that awaited her.

Putting her extra limbs to good use, Widowmaker managed to shove Moira off and get back to a standing position. Though she tried to run, having four legs and over 800 pounds of fuzzy flab proved too much for her. Unable to stop herself from awkwardly stumbling around the room, her wayward movement led to her slamming her gut into Sombra's enclosure. In the wake of the powerful PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTTTT that rippled out of her rear and the

BOOOOUUUUUURRRRPPP that shook from her thick neck, the last bits of her self-control began to waver.

Widowmaker's fate was sealed once she felt a set of paw wrap around her mid-section. Turning herself around, the tarantula woman welcomed the sloppy kiss of the bear woman. Using the make out session to grope their fatty bodies and sample each other's belches, the pair seemed to lose track of anything else in the room. This is what led to the combined force of their massive forms slamming against the control panel to break it open and let out their other playmate.

Upon feeling a set of hooves grab onto her ass, Widowmaker fully gave in to her body's urges. Releasing a series of clicking noises and belches, she managed to coerce the other girls into helping her reach her next phase. Getting down on the ground, she began to moan as Moira lapped up at her soaking, wet womanhood. In turn, she was sure to return the gesture by giving the donkey girl's well-used vagina the attention it desired. As the trio continued their work, they added to their arousal by unleashing a cacophony of gas as they gave into their pleasure. This all culminated in a symphony of farts, burps, and bestial cries as they eventually reached their release.

Collapsing to the floor, the sloppy animal women crawled across one another to revel in their lingering ecstasy. In the center of the pile of fur and flesh, Widowmaker was content to lay there and freely let out her gas without a care in the world. At the time, the fact that she would be stuck in this form didn't occur to her. All that mattered was that her playmates were more than willing to continue helping her indulge in the simplistic pleasure their bodies provided them.