

## OVERWEIGHTCH - Overwatch WG Shorts

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### D. Bauched

“Please, Hana, you have to come out!”

“No! I'm happy in here!”

Mercy sighed. “It's not healthy. You haven't exercised anything but your thumbs in two months. Anyway, you can't stay in your mech forever.”

“Yes, I can!” D. Va grumped from her nest deep within the metal chassis. “I have everything I need in here.”

Mercy looked up at the twin fifty-gallon tanks of Mountain Dew Game Fuel on either side of the mech and the ammo belt of Dorito-stuffed burritos feeding into the front. “Thanks to your 'sponsors'. I know. That is not a balanced diet.”

“Right, mission's over, love,” Tracer said, rapping her knuckles on the mech. “Be a good girl and come on out.”

“No! I'm having dinner!” The burrito belt fed another burrito into the mech. “And you are both being very rude!”

“I suppose there's nothing for it, Lena. We're going to have to stage a medical intervention.”

Tracer grinned. “You take left arm, I take right?”

Mercy nodded. “On three. One, two, three...”

“Attack objective D!” Tracer said, her hand darting forward in a blue blur and seizing D. Va's wrist. “That's you, love, you're Objective D!”

“No!” D. Va shouted. “Let me go!”

“I'm sorry...Hana...but you need to come out!” Mercy pleaded, hauling on the other arm. “This is for...your own...good! You can't live in there full-time! Be reasonable!”

“I don't even want to know how you're going to the loo in that thing,” Tracer mumbled. “Errrgh! She's jammed in there like a hermit crab.”

“Give it up! Your weak old lady arms will never get me out, weak old ladies!”

Mercy's eyes narrowed. “It's not our arms that are the problem, dear. You're stuck in there so tightly because you've gotten too *fat* to slide out.”

“What? I'm not fat! You're just jealous, oldie!”

Mercy squeezed D. Va's arm, prodding her wrist with one thumb. “Yes...definite thicker. Stuffing yourself with grease and sugar does tend to put the weight on, dear, even if you're not an *oldie* like me.”

“I have a very fast metabolism!” D. Va objected.

“Wouldn't be so quick to say that, love,” Tracer said. “Not until you take a look in the mirror, at least. These cheeks are *pret-ty* chubby.”

“Ow! Stop pinching me!”

“Why doncha come out here and make me, chubby bunny?”

“Oh, *fine*! If that's the only way to shut you up. Ejecting!”

D. Va jammed her thumb down on the eject button. There was a heavy *schlumph* sound, and she lurched backward about three inches.

“What? Hey! Why—oof—aren't—oof—I—oof—*ejecting*?” D. Va mashed her thumb down on the eject button repeatedly and grimaced as the system struggled to push her out.

“Oh, she's in there *good*,” Tracer giggled.

“Don't laugh at me!” D. Va snapped. Her eyes were wide. “Am I—am I really stuck?”

“Aw, don't worry, love, we'll get you out of there.” Tracer glanced at Mercy. “There *is* a way to get her out of there, right? She's not stuck like Winnie the Pooh?”

"I certainly hope not," Mercy said. She gave D. Va another tug. "There's definitely something wedging her in—and I think it's her stomach. Hana, try sucking in your gut and *then* ejecting."

D. Va screwed up her face and jammed the button. There was another meaty slap as the system groaned with the effort of dislodging her.

"Tight as a cork in a wine bottle," Mercy sighed.

"What?" D. Va said. "No!"

"Thought you wanted to stay in there forever anyway," Tracer said.

"That was before I knew I was *stuck*, dummy!" D. Va moaned. "*Now I'm itchy!* I can't take this!"

The burrito belt fed in several more burritos, and the left Game Fuel tank bubbled as the liquid level began dropping quickly.

"Stop that!" Mercy cried, horrified. "Stop *eating!* You'll only make things worse!"

"I can't—*mmph*—help it! I—*gmmph*—I eaff wheff I'm streffed ouf!"

"Aw, you go ahead and eat, love," Tracer said, patting the mech. "I'll get you out the old fashioned way."

She drew her guns.

"What are you doing?" Mercy asked.

"Conventional medicine has failed, so I'm trying an alternative! If I can just loosen the lower front bulkhead, she ought to slide right out." She aimed her guns at the mech. "Right-o, Hana, keep your chin up and your mouth full, and I'll have you out in a mo."

"Mmmfph," D. Va grunted. Tracer unloaded her guns into the mech's front. Flecks of blue stippled the hot pink metal.

"Right, and now the other side and—there! Got it!"

The front of the mech fell away and D. Va tumbled out. A few months ago, the ultra-competitive mech pilot would have rolled with the fall and leaped to her feet again, but now D. Va just fell, face forward, with a wobbly, sloshing sound not unlike a plastic bag full of Jell-o landing on a sidewalk.

"You all right?" Tracer asked, rolling the girl face-up. D. Va groaned and squinted against the bright light of the hanger. "Fraid Mercy was right, love, you haven't half gotten chubby."

She patted the pillow of newly-grown flesh padding out D. Va's belly. The young gamer's jumpsuit was stretched tight as a sausage casing and nearly bursting at the seams.

"Stop it," D. Va groaned helplessly as Tracer prodded her gut. She tried to brush the hand away, but could barely lift her arm.

"Poor thing, she's weak as a kitten," Tracer said sympathetically. "Don't worry, we'll soon have you whipped back into shape."

"Do I have to?" D. Va whined.

"Fraid so, love," Tracer said, cocking her head towards the smoking mech. "If you want to fight, you're going to have to get yourself back into fighting trim—because, in your condition, there's no way you're getting back into *that!*"

## Dirty Bulk I

"One...two...three...*lift!*"

With one muscular arm, Zarya hoisted Mei high over her head. The plump climatologist wriggled, trying not to lose her perch on the steely hand supporting her backside.

"And one...two...three...four...f-fi..."

Zarya's arm quivered. Mei tottered. With a gasp, Zarya let her arm drop, and Mei tumbled. She squealed as the floor rushed up at her.

Then that massive arm snatched her out of the air and crushed her to Zarya's chest. "I am sorry, little one," the enormous Russian said.

"That's ohhh-kay!" Mei chirped, trying to hide the quiver in her voice. Her heart was still pounding

from the drop. Or was it from being pressed so tightly into Zarya? She was suddenly very aware that only the thin fabric of her tank top and the spandex of Zarya's sports bra separated their bodies. She could feel every bump and divot of the woman's rock-hard body flexing against hers.

*And she can feel mine*, Mei realized, and felt a blush creeping up her neck and into her cheeks. She was way too out of shape lately to be felt up. Her body felt fat and pudding-soft, and her belly was a little round cushion of chub that Zarya's couldn't have helped but notice. Her waist—where Zarya's hand was now!—sporting an inner tube of extra flesh.

“Should have been able to hold for at least ten,” Zarya said, frowning. She flexed her other arm and regarded the bulging bicep. “Am I becoming weaker?”

Mei blushed. “I—I don't know. It's still pretty impressive you can lift me one-handed.”

“The day I can't lift tiny little dumpling like you with ease day I resign myself to being second strongest. You think *Reinhardt* would have trouble lifting you with one hand?”

“Well—probably not, but—”

“There, is settled. If I can't lift you, there is problem.” She let Mei step to the ground and rubbed her biceps thoughtfully. “Perhaps I have hit plateau with current regimen.”

“But you already work out so much!”

“I need more mass to work with, and quickly. I guess it's time to try that dirty bulk.”

Mei blinked. “Uh, a dirty *what*?”

“In bodybuilding, clean bulk is when you add muscle mass by eating protein and other healthy stuff. Dirty bulk is when you just focus on adding size however you can—fast food, pizza, candy, pretty much anything and a lot of it.”

“But—” Mei asked. “Won't you put on fat instead of muscle?”

“Temporarily, yes, I might get a little fat. Does that bother you?”

“Yes! I mean, no! I mean—I just—I guess I...” Her blush deepened until she was as red as a snow plum. “I don't know if you noticed, but I put on a little weight recently.”

“Well, I lifted you, didn't I? I'd say you're up twenty, twenty-five pounds maybe since last year. That is not so much, certainly not enough that it should be giving me problems.”

“Maybe it's not much when you're—you! But *I'm* only five feet tall!” Mei looked down.

“Whenever I put on weight, I blow up like a blimp. I feel so...gross sometimes.”

“And you're worried about me becoming gross too? So you won't be attracted to me anymore?”

“No!” Mei said, shocked. “That's not it at all! Sorry, sorry, sorry, I'm not explaining this right... it's just...I get...a little self-conscious sometimes. Like everyone's staring at me, thinking about how fat I am. I know it's silly. I just...don't want you to have to feel like that.”

Zarya sighed. “Little one, I am not so good with words. All I can say is you are very beautiful, thin or fat. As for people staring at me—” She gestured to her massive frame and short-cropped pink hair.

“You think I have problem with people staring?”

Mei giggled. “I guess not.”

“So now I have two reasons to bulk up,” Zarya said.

“Two?”

“Yes. I am not—empathetic woman. It is hard for me to put myself in your place without *being* in your place. Maybe once I've bulked up, I can understand your feelings better.” She rubbed a hand over her steel-firm abdomen. “Well, is no time like the present. You up for a little shopping?”

“Sure! What are we shopping for?”

Zarya grinned. “Everything.”

She'd had some unusual contracts before, but this one took the cake. Literally.

*Target: The World's Largest Wedding Cake. It's on permanent display in the parking lot of the Chapel O' Love in Las Vegas. I want it dead.*

She really shouldn't have accepted without knowing all the details.

*Method of execution: Eat it.*

But Widowmaker never failed to fulfill a contract, even when that contract required her to gorge herself on a cake the size of a bounce house. It had taken her a while, but she'd completed her mission in the end. Now...

She looked at herself in the mirror and sighed. She'd had to ditch her usual skin-tight gear for a extra-large Talon t-shirt and her biggest, rattiest pair of sweatpants. Not that they weren't skin-tight on her too, now. The drawstring was pulled to its limit, and the T-shirt left a crescent of blubbery blue flesh exposed around her middle.

“*Mon dieu,*” she groaned. “I am a whale! What am I going to do?”

She practically jumped out of her skin when she heard Reaper's raspy whisper in her ear:

“DIET! DIET! DIET!”

## Speed Eater

The Panorama Diner clung to the edge of the canyon like an especially stubborn piece of sagebrush, still standing even though its doors had been closed to customers years ago. And yet, today, the long-unused grill smoked and sizzled, the old fluorescent lights flickered, and four would-be-diners stood on the cracked tile.

“All right, then, we have a bet, yeah?” Tracer said confidently.

“We do,” Symmetra said. She cleared her throat neatly. “Let me reiterate the terms. The challenger, Lena Oxton, states that she can beat the current record for most Roadkill Dogs consumed in one hour.”

“That's right,” Junkrat said, nodding. “The one set by my pal here!” He jerked a thumb over her shoulder at Roadhog. The massive mountain of a man stood over the grill, wreathed by steam from dozens of sizzling links. Periodically, he turned one with his hook.

“Would you like to back out now?” Symmetra asked Tracer. “You can't possibly consume more than that behemoth could in one hour. It's a hundred and five hot dogs!”

“Maybe not in one of *my* hours, love,” Tracer admitted, “but I can fit a lot of my hours into one of yours!”

“You still have to consume a repulsive amount of food.” Symmetra said, crossing her arms. “I don't believe it's possible.”

“Five thousand dollars says it is!” Junkrat giggled.

“Thanks for your support, Junkrat” Tracer said. “Your...unexpected support, frankly.”

“Oh, I don't think you can do it,” the singed man said. “I just want to see you explode tryin'!”

“There's the Junkrat I know and—know,” Tracer said. She slid her orange-spandex-clad behind onto a bar stool and slapped the counter with one leather glove. “Right-o, shall we get on with it?”

Roadhog slammed a sizzling hubcap covered with juicy Roadkill Dogs stuffed into charred buns in front of her. Tracer picked one up. “Well, here goes nothing.” *Voop. Vwoop. Vwip.* In a flash of blue, the hot dog vanished. Tracer wiped her greasy fingers on a napkin. “That's one.” *Voop. Vwoop. Vwip.* “That's two.” *Voop. Vwoop. Vwip.* “That's three.”

Symmetra raised a hand. “Point of order.”

Tracer paused, hot dog halfway to her open mouth. “Eh?”

"I feel that before this competition proceeds any further, we must address the elephant in the room," Symmetra said.

"Hey, 'e's got a name, you know," Junkrat mumbled crossly.

"I'm not talking about—" Symmetra glanced over at Roadhog. He waved one meaty hand at her. She shuddered. "*That*. I'm referring to the fact that, as we are not actually seeing you consume the hot dogs, it's impossible to confirm that the hot dogs are indeed being consumed."

Tracer's jaw dropped. "Are you saying I'm cheating?"

"I'm not accusing you of anything. I'm merely stating the fact that an unbiased observer might conclude that you were hiding the hot dogs somewhere, rather than eating them."

"What do you think I'm doing with them, putting them in my pockets? Stuffing them up my bum?" Tracer's brows furrowed, and she jerked her head towards Junkrat. "Stuffing them up *his* bum?"

"Well...I'm game if you want to give it a go," Junkrat mused.

"Please forget I even brought it up," Symmetra said, rolling her eyes.

"Gladly," Tracer said, picking up another hot dog. "And if it'll help—"

*Voop*. She was taking a bite. *Vwoop*. She was just finishing a dog. *Vwip*. She was starting another. She chewed for half a second, regaining her temporal momentum, and then—*Voop*. Now she was finished. *Vwoop*. She was starting another. *Vwip*. Chewing. *Voop*. *Vwoop*. *Vwip*. *Voop*. *Vwoop*. *Vwip*. *Voop*. *Vwoop*. *Vwip*.

"Done!" Tracer declared, pounding her fist on the table. "Twenty-one down. Next platter."

"1.41 minutes," Symmetra declared. "*Our* time. But if I'm calculating correctly, almost half an hour for you."

"No need for me to hurry, love. I've got all the time in the world."

"Time, yes, but what about space?" Symmetra asked.

Tracer patted her stomach, rubbing the stretchy yellow-orange fabric. "Plenty of that, too. Oi, Roadhog, next platter!"

The second platter disappeared in much the same way the first had.

"5.18 total minutes," Symmetra said. "Over two hours for you. Slowing down a bit, I see."

"I'm just pacing myself," Tracer said, leaning on the counter. She held up one hand and burffed into her fist. "Don't want to...finish too fast, right?"

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that." Symmetra flashed a small, smug grin. "You've barely begun. You've got almost an entire subjective *day* ahead of you. Twenty-two hours filled with nothing but eating and eating. How splendid! I must say it's a good thing you've got plenty of room, isn't it?"

"*Splendid*," Tracer agreed. "Next platter."

*Voop*. *Vwoop*. *Vwip*. *Voop*. *Vwoop*. *Vwip*. *Voop*. *Vwoop*. *Vwip*.

"D-done." Tracer gulped. "Think...I need...to stop a mo."

She hoisted herself up and paced deliberately back and forth across the cracked tile, hunched over, one hand to her side. Her face was shiny was sweat.

"Are you all right?" Symmetra asked. "I don't believe I've ever seen you looking so...slow."

"I'm fine." Tracer leaned her arm against the wall and rested her head against it. "I think I need a glass of water."

Symmetra fetched one, trying to touch it, and the faucet, and anything else in this grimy establishment as little as possible. Pinching it between her finger and thumb, she held it out to Tracer, who grabbed it and took a thirsty gulp.

"Ohh, that's good," she said. She belched. Symmetra wrinkled her nose and waved the smell of pork away from her face.

"Hey, you're burnin' minutes," Junkrat pointed out. "You gotta get back to it if you wanna win."

Tracer gave a wan laugh. "You just want to see me explode."

Junkrat eyed her bulging stomach and grinned.

"All right, all right," Tracer said, taking another sip. "Oof. Here we go."

She sat down heavily on the bar stool, the side-laces of her uniform straining against her fullness, and pulled the next platter towards her.

*Voop. Vwoop. Vwip. Voop. Vwoop. Vwip. Voop. Vwoop. Vwip.*

“Done,” Tracer groaned. She rotated glacially around on the bar stool and let herself slide off.

“Don't stop now,” Junkrat said. “You're halfway there!”

“She's four-fifths there,” Symmetra corrected, “but I suspect she'll be unable to proceed.”

“I just need to take a quick...coma,” Tracer said, flopping down in a booth.

“You can concede, you know. Wounded pride is better than a burst digestive tract.”

Tracer groaned. They couldn't see her face—only her lanky, splayed legs and distended stomach were visible from the counter—but there was steel in her voice when she responded. “No.”

“That's the spirit, girlie!” Junkrat cheered. “Show us why they're called 'bangers!’”

“And I'm not going to *explode!* I just...need to rest my stomach a little.”

Time ticked away. Junkrat juggled a few bombs. Roadhog polished his hook. Symmetra sketched a few designs for new buildings in hard light.

“You've got ten minutes left,” Symmetra stated. “You're going to lose by the default anyway. I told you it was impossible.”

With an agonized groan, Tracer struggled to a sitting position and scooted out of the booth. She waddled slowly over to the counter and collapsed onto the bar stool. “I'm not licked yet, love,” she panted. “Let me at them.”

*Voop. Vwoop. Vwip. Voop.... Vwoop.... Vwip.... Voop..... Vwoop.....*

“Eat! Eat! Eat! Eat!” Junkrat chanted, but the louder he chanted, the slower Tracer went. There were only five Roadkill Dogs left...four...three...two...one.

Tracer looked down at the last Roadkill Dog. One left. One...left. But her stomach was packed to its absolute limit. She could hardly breathe. Her whole body felt like it was soaked in grease, inside and out.

With shaking hands, she picked it up and brought it to her lips. Her mouth rebelled, refusing to open.

“One minute,” Symmetra said with satisfaction, leaning over the counter and looking Tracer straight in the eye.

“Come on, girly, either pack it in or—*pack it in,*” Junkrat said. “Are you gonna let this stuck-up sheila and the holographic stick up her butt win?”

Tracer shook her head. She forced her jaw open. She forced the end of the dog inside. She pulled it in, slowly, deliberately, like a boa constrictor swallowing a pig.

“Here comes the kaboom!” Junkrat chortled.

Tracer swallowed. “I...won. *I won.*”

She paused.

“Oh bloody hell, I'm gonna—”

She leaned forward and *heaved*. Symmetra tried to put her hands up to protect herself, but she was far too slow. Junkrat beamed in glee as a tsunami of stomach acid and half digested hot dogs broke over the screaming architect—

*Vwerrrrrrer.*

The universe rewound. Tracer perched on her stool, still full to the brim. The last Roadkill Dog sat in front of her.

Symmetra looked down at herself. She was dry. Quickly, she tried to composed herself. “Well, that hardly counts.”

“I *did* eat it,” Tracer pointed out.

“And then you used your time powers to un-eat it!”

“I'll be un-eating one way or the other no matter what I do.” Tracer sighed. She hauled herself up and pushed the last dog away. “Suppose that's it, then. Win or lose, it's over.”

"It's not win or lose," Symmetra snapped. "You lost."

"But what a loss!" Junkrat said. "She went down in a glorious fountain of chunder. Brings a tear to my eye, it really does."

"You know—honestly, I don't care right now. I just want to go home, pass out for a week, and never look at another hot dog again for the rest of my life. Let's call it here. Shake?"

She held out her hand. Symmetra glanced down at the grease-spattered leather and wrinkled her nose. Then she took it, gingerly, and shook it up and down. "Shake. Just promise you'll never...do *that* on me again."

"Fair enough. No more vomiting on Symmetra."

"Ever."

"Ever."

Junkrat pulled a large jar out from behind the counter and gave it an experimental slosh. "Who wants to try a pickled egg? They look like they've gone rancid, but there's only one way to be sure!"

Sweat beaded on Tracer's face. "Oh bugger—"

Symmetra screamed.

## Dirty Bulk II

Zarya turned to the side and looked at herself in the mirror. She hefted her belly and released it, letting it sag with a slight jiggle.

"I'm feelink very...chubby right now," she said.

"Looking pretty chubby too," Mei said, nuzzling her. "How does it feel to be a fat girl?"

Zarya thought about it. "Squishy," she concluded. "I don't know if I'd want to stay like this forever, but is...different."

"I kind of like it," Mei said, wrapping her arms around Zarya and burying her face in the taller woman's belly. "You're a much better pillow now."

Zarya laughed. "Finally, you begin to understand the many joys of a plump girlfriend."

"You know what's funny?" Mei said. "I'm been so busy feeding *you*, I've lost ten pounds myself." She stood up straight and thrust her chest out. "Look, I've almost got a waist again!"

"We will have to do somethink about that," Zarya said with a nod. "After all, now that you know joys of plump girlfriend, you know why I want to keep mine nice and fat."

She hoisted Mei into a full-frontal bear hug. Mei giggled. "Hey, I can sit on your beer gut now."

"I think that means butt is too small."

"Well, I like doing it, so if I'm going to get a bigger butt *you* need to get a bigger beer gut!"

"Wouldn't mind so much," Zarya said. "Is good for stamina, carryink all this extra blubber around." She patted Mei on the back. "Plus the weight I've gained myself."

"Hey!"

Zarya pinched one of Mei's plump, porcelain cheeks. "Is almost lunchtime, little one. I suggest we eat until we can't move and then snuggle until we can."

"Mmm." Mei buried her head in Zarya's shoulder and covered her neck with hungry kisses. "Good suggestion."