

The fall of Overwatch affected everyone differently.

For some, it meant losing everything. Family, friends, even their lives.

Some people were able to keep going, holding on to some small shred of themselves in the world that followed.

Angela Zeigler, better known by her codename “Mercy,” had a very different approach.

“Good morning, my little cupcakes. Let’s see what you got for the good doctor today!”

Angela was sitting in front of a web camera, half naked.

If her old colleagues could see her now, that would be only half the reason they were so shocked.

Angela had been the fittest of them all, a paragon of healthy living and exercise.

She made sure everyone kept in tip top shape, to be ready for anything the Omnic’s could throw their way.

The Angela they knew was now buried under several hundred pounds of flab.

A triple rolled belly, marked with various stretch marks forced her ham like thighs apart, its lowest rolls close to touching the floor. Her breasts were held in a white bra with golden trim that was a little too small, making her already stupendous tits look even larger.

She opened a box that was on her desk, then giggled like a schoolgirl when she saw what was inside.

“Oh Swiss chocolates, you know me so well!”

She unwrapped the tin foil of one and placed it on her tongue.

A dazzling taste erupted on her tongue.

Angela moaned, only having to play it up a little bit to show how turned on she actually was.

She scarfed down the rest of the chocolates, somehow finding the middle ground between graceful and ravenous.

Afterwards, she leaned back, one hand rubbing into her soft velvety gut, the other sucking chocolate from her fingers.

“Such wonderful treats you all send me... no wonder I am getting so... fat.”

Mercy looked at the picture she had next to her computer.

It was her dressed similarly to how she was now, except far thinner.

She had taken it before her first live stream, where people refused to believe someone as famous, and with so well defined abs, could possibly be interested in something like this.

Except she was. She very, very much was.

During her time as a student, Angela had been fierce, competitive, and motive driven. She was going to change the world with what she learned there.

But she was still human, and stumbling across this little subset of the internet during that time had been illuminating.

Something about the idea of her, a medical professional, doing this to herself was so taboo it got her flustered and biting her lip just by thinking about it.

She told herself it would remain just a fantasy, a pleasant dream that would keep her going when the world got colder, as she transitioned from merely being a doctor to being a hero thanks to her Caduceus staff and the rising Omnic Crisis.

But when Overwatch fell, she took her time to mourn, and then she saw an opportunity.

The world had very blatantly told them that Overwatch was not needed anymore, and her tech was seeing rapid deployment in doctor offices and hospitals around the globe.

She didn't need to be a hero anymore, so now she got to be herself.

And the pounds came tumbling in, sticking to her features like glue.

Mercy saw her physical fitness plummet, as someone who used to be able to run marathons now had to fight to waddle to the fridge.

She was so soft now, yet there was so much friction enveloping her body.

Where once she used to be able to do crunches and planks, getting dressed got her out of breath these days.

“I will be uploading some of my vitals to the website later, they are very delicious.”

Some health play also got her going. She was not going to eat her body to complete ruin, but some of her cholesterol levels were almost as good as porn to her and her followers. She had the technology to undo any damage before it became permanent, but it was still wildly erotic to see the swiss doctor acting so unhealthy.

“Until then, how about a treat?”

Mercy bit her lip and grabbed a plastic dildo from her desk.

With a certain degree of difficulty, which only turned her on more, she maneuvered it into place and flicked it on.

She let out an excited gasp, crossed her eyes.

The vibrations caused her blubber to move and rumble, and she slowly began to move it in and out. It amplified her lust a hundred fold.

She had a rather active sex life from college to Overwatch’s disbandment, but that had run dry soon after she started gaining.

Maybe one of her loyal followers was willing to pay a huge fee to come and fuck her brains out, but she also fantasized about previous partners, having their way with her after only having sex with the angelic bombshell she was before, and not the 627 behemoth she had eaten herself into.

Food and sex had become so intertwined that as she approached her climax she couldn’t help but grab a handful of chips from offscreen to smash into her face.

After her release, she panted for a bit, exhausted from the only exercise she got nowadays.

“That was... nice... I think ... I’ll sign.. off... and clean up... for the next... stream.”

Angela winked and blew a kiss to the camera, and began pulling herself up.

She needed real food now, and had placed an order for the greasiest diner food around.

Her body fought her like it always did as she made her way to her dining area, pulling out a liter of soda to guzzle down, trying to maximize the amount of calories she was forcing into her formerly petite body.

Sometimes, she was afraid that Overwatch would come back, and need her again.

She would be forced to lose all of this flab, and say goodbye to the lifestyle she always dreamed of.

But until then, she would grow, and grow, and grow.

If she was immobile, no one would ask anything from her ever again.

She could fill the walls of her apartment, and be taken care of by an army of servants, all devoted to enhancing her pleasure.

She sighed. Her dildo was all the way over on her desk, which might as well have been a mile away.

It would be harder, but her hand would have to do.