

*Overwatch: The Angel's Lunch*

“Now what do we have here?” Coed Angela, the barrel of her pistol pointed towards D.Va and Tracer, one out of her protective mecha, one with a busted Chronal Accelerator, and both without a single bullet in their weapons. Mercy flashed a wicked grin. Throughout this particular conflict, these two had made this gentle healer's life hell and now here they were, helpless under her thumb. It was already hard enough to keep a whole team healthy and dodging not just bullets, but passive aggressive remarks against your job, but to have these pests zipping in and out, pelting Mercy's backside with a spray of ammunition every chance they got, it should've been no surprise that the Doctor was at her wits end. Sure they were dummy rounds for training, but they ached all the same.

“Um...We're sorry love?” said Tracer, both shrugging with a shy smile.

“Oh, you will be sorry when I'm down with you.” retorted the doctor in a deceptively sweet german tone, pulling the hammer back on her pistol with an audible click and walking slowly towards the pair.

“Wh-What're you gonna do?” D.Va asked, her voice quivering.

“I'm about to give you a lesson on the digestive tract.”

Without warning, Mercy lunge towards her targets, hugging the both tightly together with surprising strength. Then, before D.Va and Tracer's horrified eyes, Mercy normally gentle smile parted into a cavernous maw that not only threatened to swallow them up, but quickly followed up on said threat. In a single bite their heads were both engulfed at once, Angela's tongue give them both a lick before they were pulled down into eager gullet. Together they were swallowed whole and alive, disappearing between Mercy's luscious lips and sent down her ravenous throat; pulsating around their curvaceous forms as it dragged them down and forced them into the stomach waiting immediately below.

Soon, Mercy was hoisting their flailing legs into the air, straining to gulp them down bit by bit as the drool seeped down the sides of her cheeks. Her stomach began to swell beneath that skin-tight suit, starting off looking somewhat pregnant and steadily blossoming into a stomach fat and as the women were deposited inside its hot, slimy depths. With a clack, her teeth closed shut over their feet and with a *glrk*, she sent them all their way, completely dumping both girls

inside their gastric prison cell. Despite now having stomach larger than that hamster's robotic ball, her suit managed to stay perfectly intact, so tight to her stomach that D.Va and Tracer's struggles were perfectly visible. A foot there, a hand here, the occasional face rising up in a muffled scream.

Chuckling, she teasingly pushed one of the faces back down into her belly until her finger sank into the bloated belly.

"Now pay close attention." she giggled. "Because you're about to learn more than any medical student would."

"Angela, we're sorry!" cried Tracer, her image briefly pushing outward.

"Ew, ew, ew! It's so nasty in here! Is that a chicken salad!" followed D.Va, trying to push herself away from the rising tide of stomach acids. Inside that pulsating cell, the acids were already breaking down their clothes, even the metals and electronics they had with unsettlingly ease. The pool at their feet was rising fast, their skin already beginning to tingle and burn. They fought with all her might, but they were quickly matched by Mercy's stomach, the compacting them tightly together. Every push was met with a harsh shove until the organ was hugging their every nook and cranny, the caustic flow rising up their bodies.

"This is all your fault." muttered D.Va as they watched the pool's surface get closer and closer.

"My fault!? This is yo-"

And their argument was quickly smothered with the juices rising over their heads. Outside, Mercy's swollen stomach steadily shrank, roaring with gurgles and groans as its contents were thoroughly broken down into fat and nutrients, packing on to the good doctor's body in just the right places. By the time the next round of training began, D.va and Tracer were no longer D.Va and Tracer, just Mercy's ass and Mercy's chest; co-opting a little bit on her stomach flab. With a dainty little smile, she came out from her hiding place and join her comrades, no one any the wiser.

Though did notice there was a bit more jiggle to Mercy's step.