

"OVERWATCH: THE GREAT SODA HEIST"

[Starring Ashe and Sombra]



The *barrios* of Mexico City were not an easy place to live, after the Omnic Wars. The government had grown incredibly corrupt, leading to a sort of anarchy--a Wild-West, devil-may-care attitude towards law and human life. Since then, things had improved dramatically... but the cities had never lost their rough edge. 'Peace' didn't necessarily mean a lack of war.

And in addition to the messy situation with the post-omnic cleanup, and the forces of Overwatch and Talon clashing all over the world, Mexico City was actually *sinking*. With its heavy buildings built on a marshy foundation, the city was slowly becoming a new Venice. With the Day of the Dead approaching and the city filled with lights and lanterns, the celebration was more... subdued than usual, due to flooding.

Which was exactly what Sombra was counting on.

In a remote corner of the city, the streets already filled with water, a purple-and-pink shadow flitted over the rooftops. Sombra *hated* running--hated doing anything, really, other than hacking. But her choice of a mercenary life required certain things... and physical activity was, tragically, among those things.

Leaping across a gap between two buildings, she pulled up the schematic of a large warehouse across the way. The building's lights were flickering, its power sources nearly shorted out by water... and its guards, hefty Omnic brutes with large taser-weapons, were not very happy about it.

Omnics were mostly waterproof, but these ones seemed to have an irrational fear of the water. They stepped further and further back as it encroached... and eventually, beeping and buzzing in concern, they fled. Abandoning their post.

Sombra grinned and fired a grappling-hook at the building, ziplining between them in a silent rush of color and dyed hair. She had expected those soldiers to desert--she had, after all, hacked into them herself. Planting the terror of water weeks ago, she'd waited for the flooding... waited, and waited. And finally, it was time.

The building wouldn't receive *human* reinforcements for another few hours. By then, she would have broken in and disappeared with the warehouse's contents--a secret biological weapon, developed by the Omnics during the Crisis and put on lockdown by Overwatch. They

had stored it here, far out of the public eye, in a nondescript building in a slowly deteriorating city--all for naught. Sombra had figured out their little game of hide-and-seek easily.

"Open sesame, *amigos*," she chuckled as she Hacked into the security system. The rooftop doors were easy to crack--they barely had any security at all. Ditto the hallway turrets, laser defense grid, and the blast doors leading to the central chamber. All of it was child's play.

But when she arrived in the vault, she was disappointed. An enormous chamber, stacked high with shelves and crates, it seemed to hold nothing at all... but endless, countless bottles of ordinary GOYA brand soda.

"*Hijo de cabron...*" Sombra cursed as she wandered the chamber, searching for something, *anything* that looked like an unstoppable biological weapon. But there was nothing. And her hacks hadn't told her what the weapon *looked* like, just that it had been built by omnics, and Overwatch had stored it here.

"Lookin' for something, partner?"

She whirled around, pulling out her machine pistol. Standing in the shadows of a particularly tall shelf was a woman she'd only heard rumors of... the legendary bank thief and outlaw, Ashe.

The woman was tall and slender, dressed in a pinstripe vest and a sugar-skull mask, with her jaunty ten-gallon hat tipped slightly to one side. Her spurs clicked as she moved towards Sombra, seemingly unconcerned despite the fully automatic SMG trained on her chest.

"Ashe! You two-bit run-and-gun *bruja*. What are you doing here?"

"Same thing as you, darlin' Sombra. Just checkin' out the goods." Her Midwestern accent echoed through the vault as she tapped a crate of soda. "But it looks to me like there ain't much here, worth taking."

"How did you--"

"Figure out where the weapon warehouse was? Honey, word of advice... next time, make yourself less easy to follow." She gestured at Sombra's outfit, a bright and garish Day of the Dead costume, glowing neon-green face paint and spiky pink hair. Her bulletproof skirt was glowing with strange pink patterns, form-fitting body armor hugging her broad hips beneath it. "If you glowed any brighter, you'd be a *pinata*."

"Why, you..." Sombra sighed, lowering her gun. "Whatever. I'd love to kill you, but it wouldn't be worth it. There's nothing here to fight over."

Ashe shrugged. "Looks like it. At least we got plenty of soda, huh? Ain't that nice for us. We're a real couple a' expert thieves--the Great Soda Heist! They'll be talking about us for years."

"Oh, shut up. Just because I followed a dead lead, doesn't mean you get to bust my *cajones* over it..."

Grumbling, Sombra pulled one of the Goyas from a shelf. She'd always had a fondness for the brand: it was one of the few her family was able to afford, growing up. Goya made

everything from canned food to soda to candy, a regular staple among anyone in Mexico who hadn't conned their way into corrupt government positions after the Crisis. But it was, as Ashe said, utterly useless.

"Well, I worked up a thirst getting in here," she said, shrugging and popping off the cap with her razor-sharp gauntlet. "Might as well have some of this, eh?"

Ashe rolled her eyes. "Them things will make you *fat*, you know."

"Whatever." Sombra tipped it back, slurping heavily at the sugary liquid. The carbonation was less than she expected--the damn soda had gone flat, or something. The gurgling, heavy sensation in her belly and the fake-lime taste on her lips conjured up a momentary burst of nostalgia... a moment of longing for days gone by, when she hadn't spent all her waking hours running from the law. And from Overwatch.

But then a strange, tickling sensation began to spread through her body. She burped softly, covering her mouth, and Ashe laughed as she inspected an inventory list.

"Hey, look at this. Overwatch says these sodas are 'highly dangerous' and 'not fit for human consumption.' Somethin' about a new-fangled molecule that the body..." Ashe frowned, her limited criminal education hamstringing her. "Met-ab-o-lyzes into fat? Huh. Guess I was right about soda..."

"**BURRRP**." Sombra covered her mouth. "Uhh... Ashe? **BRARLIIIp**."

"Mind your manners, dear." Ashe flicked back her pure-white hair as she scrolled through the database. "Oh, my. Looks like these things actually pack a punch. Recovered from a bunch of crazy Omnics that took over a Goya factory years ago..." She turned. "You probably shouldn't be drinkin' them things--"

"Yeah... I **urrrp**, I can tell!" Sombra watched in panic as her stomach, filled with that strange tickling feeling, began expanding under her clothes. Gas bubbled up her throat, and she felt herself sweating with mixed embarrassment and panic.

Ashe's jaw dropped. "I'll be a son-of-a-gun! It really *is* a bio-weapon... And you drank a whole bottle of it!"

"I didn't... Know... **Urrp**. Quick, is th-there a cure?" Sombra hacked into the inventory remotely, and scanned for keywords... but nothing came up. "*Dios mio*. They don't have a cure for it! That's why it's--**URRAP**, hidden here!"

"I don't see no problem with this," chuckled Ashe. "I told ya, that stuff makes ya fat... Just didn't figure on it workin' so *quick*! Ha!"

She watched as Sombra's gut ballooned underneath her gear. Straps strained and snapped, zippers unzipped and Sombra's pants seams began to groan and creak with the effort of holding in her expanding body.

"Shit, shit, shit..." Sombra frantically tried to analyze the molecular structure of the soda using Overwatch's data as her lithe, curvy frame was slowly destroyed by the flesh developing under her skin. "Fractally folded calories... Exotic-matter sugar compounds... *Madre de dios!* None of this makes--**urppphft**, any sense!"

"At least now I won't leave empty-handed..." Ashe grabbed a crate of the sodas, patting it. "This lil' fella will fetch a fine price on the black market... And I'm sure Overwatch will be happy to hear their *least* favorite hacker is getting easier to chase..."

"Oh, no you don't." Sombra gritted her teeth, reaching for her Translocators as Ashe began to dial up her getaway team. "If I'm going down... You're **urrrp** coming with me!"

ZAP. In an instant, Sombra was right next to Ashe... and she had popped the cap off another soda and was forcing it into Ashe's mouth. Shocked, the gunslinger's gag reflex kicked in, but Sombra spun around her and held her nose, forcing her to swallow at least once... or choke.

"Gulp... **GLKK!**"

Gagging and coughing, Ashe ripped the soda out of her mouth, only a mouthful reaching her stomach as she kicked backwards at Sombra. The agile hacker pulled away... only to stagger under the sheer weight of her new potbelly, the additional mass of it seeming to come from nowhere.

"*Put!* Ow!" She fell on her ass, which involved a lot of jiggling now that her rear and her chest were expanding to match her gut. Even her cheeks, decked with glowing makeup, were puffing out underneath her sharp, furious eyes.

"You're gonna... **URRP**, pay for that, you little varmint!" Ashe pulled her Coach Gun, sending a blast of pellets towards Sombra. But the chubby Latina, anticipating the attack, rolled away--even more straps and buttons bursting off her outfit in the process.

"I'm the vermin? Bitch, please. You were just going to **horrp**, leave me high and dry!"

"It's the little pleasures of life like that that keep me going." Ashe followed Sombra as she fled through the complex, firing with her Coach Gun, blasting soda bottles and containers into chunks. Greenish lime soda covered the ground, slippery and fizzy.

The two of them duelled across the warehouse, hurling soda bottles at each other, dynamite bursting in thunderous blasts. Soon the soda on the floor was three feet deep, mimicking the floods outside... but *this* flood could destroy a human waistline in moments.

"You look *parched*," said Sombra, teleporting behind Ashe and grabbing her by the neck, forcing her down into the soda-slime. "Why don't you have a drink? Mmm, looks good..."

"*Bllbbblb!*" Ashe thrashed and kicked as she was water-boarded with soda, much of it ending up in her mouth... and eventually, her stomach. By the time she managed to fight her way free, her stomach had grown swollen and sloshy, bulging out from beneath her vest and making her seem pregnant.

"You... crazy... **URRrrp**, lil' vixen..." Ashe pulled out her Viper, the ancient heirloom deadly even in close proximity. "I'm gonna fill you so full'a holes, yer gonna look like a keg in a gunfight!"

"Oh, I'm the keg?" Sombra snickered as she disappeared again, purple hexagons flickering, and Ashe's shot went wild--puncturing yet another enormous drum of soda. "Look at

yourself," she murmured from the shadows. "You're really going to pot... quite the little *gordita*, eh, you slutty MacCready knock-off?"

"*You take that back!*" Ashe fired wildly into the shadows, scowling as her belly flopped over her pants, its pale white expanse dripping with soda droplets as she splashed through the morass. "MacCready is a good-for-nothing cowboy LARPer! I'm an **urrapp**, a professional criminal!"

"Professional *fatass* is more like it--"

But then one of Ashe's dynamite blasts knocked Sombra into the soda pools, and in a stunned moment of disorientation, she found herself nearly drowning in it... and most of her gear was shorted out. As her broad, brown belly burst out of her seductive Dia-de-Muertos rave gear, she groaned and staggered upright, holding the vast globe of flesh and struggling to contain her belches.

"Damn it. This is going to take a while to... **URRRp**, work off... Reaper's going to have a field day laughing at me. And Moira..." She shivered, imagining the sinister scientist prodding and pinching her swollen fat. "I've got to find a cure for this, and quick..."

"The only cure you're gonna find is a bullet, pardner." Ashe appeared behind her, coach gun in one hand and Viper in the other. But when she pulled the triggers... *Click*.

Both of them had burned through their ammunition and supplies in a few minutes... and the soda was up to their waists now, and still rising. Worse, the liquid didn't seem to be stopping. Punctured pipes in the walls were leaking even more of it... Sombra realized with horror that the facility probably extended underground. They were going to drown in Goya, of all things.

"Hold your fire. We've got to get **URRp**, out of here--and we're too big to fit out through the vents now. Let me hack open a door for us..."

Ashe sighed, trying to holster her gun... but her holster had snapped off, under the expanding white dome of her stomach. Her flawless, Western-Goth makeup was smeared, and her pale cheeks were growing chubby and round.

"Y'all better hurry, then. Pity--I woulda enjoyed **URRRapp**, turning you in."

Beep. Beep. Sombra's repeated attempts at hacking produced no results--the power to the building was off due to the flooding outside, red emergency lights snapping on over them. "*Mierda*. We're stuck in here. And we're too big to get out the roof door..." She swallowed as her belly, rapidly surpassing beach-ball size, began to dangle and sway between her legs. "We're... We're going to have to drink it all to survive."

Ashe's eyes widened. "Beg yer *pardon*?"

"The cellular matrix the soda creates... it's **URRpff**, infinitely replicating. That's why it's so dangerous." Sombra's soft accent was marred by constant belches as she pulled up the data. "By my calculations, it will enhance our bodies to be able to exist at a *much* larger size, enough to take in *all* the soda... though there's no guarantee we could change back, after."

Her white-haired enemy groaned. "So it's either turn into the world's fattest criminals.. or drown in carbonated lime juice."

"Pretty much."

Ashe sighed, and unbuckled her straining belt, allowing her flabby gut to flop down onto her thighs. Her arms were thickening, too, the upper biceps growing dimpled and saggy. "Well... Time's a-wasting, partner. Let's git 'er done."

Sombra offered up a quick prayer to Saint Mary. "For what it's worth... I hope you don't explode."

Ashe tipped her hat at Sombra, and then tossed it onto a nearby lighting fixture, tying her hair back. "Same t'you... even if you are a nasty lil' troublemaker."

They looked down at the soda, now touching the bottoms of their inflated stomachs. "Okay," said Sombra, taking a deep breath. "One.... Two... Three... *Drink!*"

And they both dove beneath the surface.



Hours later, the cavalry finally arrived. Overwatch and all its mighty technology thundered down from the skies, dropships whirling over the flooded streets, the remote alarm from the weapons storage facility causing concern back at base.

The sentient gorilla Winston and bounty hunter, MacCready, disembarked from a hovercraft, regarding the green glow from inside the building with concern.

"Well, big guy, looks like someone found your lil' pet project," MacCready said, chewing on a toothpick. "And they had a party. Mutagenic readings are off the charts, in there."

"It's alright--I have a temporary solution, to avoid the worst of the soda's effects." Winston handed MacCready a small Goya caramel candy, chewing on one himself. "We have nothing to fear... except whoever broke in."

MacCready nodded, popping the candy in his mouth. "Let's go crash their party."

Winston adjusted his glasses. "Quite so."

Inside, they found the facility oddly clean... Patches of green soda littered the floor, but nothing that couldn't have been addressed with a mop. However, the soda cans and bottles were all shattered--and the piping system to the lower floors was entirely drained.

Winston peered at the soda puddles. "Odd... Where did all the fluid go? Our radar didn't detect any vehicles leaving the area..."

MacCready swallowed, raising an eyebrow. "Uh, Doc? You ought to take a look over here..."

Winston followed him towards a green, glowing light in the middle of the warehouse. What he saw made his jaw drop... but then he immediately pulled out a notebook. It was scientifically *fascinating* to observe what had happened.

In the middle of the huge, empty space sat two house-sized blobs of flesh--one a delicate, milky-white, the other a rippling, sensual brown. The two vast spheres of meat slapped and flopped against each other with a soft *whap-whap* sound.

MacCready whistled. "Are those..."

"People, yes. And quite nude. I expect their gear is... yes, here it is. Burst off them, all over the place." Winston picked up a translocator, examining it. "Hmm... Talon tech. As I suspected."

From the other side of the huge spheres, vast, rumbling belches could be heard. Winston and MacCready circled the blobs... and stared with amazement and horror.

Swimming in the undulating walls of meat were the faces of Sombra and Ashe, hugely distorted. Sombra's face was swollen with extra chins and cheek-folds, her attractive side-cut hair dyed pink and matted with soda. Meanwhile, Ashe's long locks were sticking to her flabby form, soaked in sugary paste and dripping with sweat and humidity.

Ashe grinned, riding the sugar-high of her life as she licked the last of the glowing green soda from her lips. "Well howdy there, old **BHURRRP** ol' friend. How you been?"

"My Gawd." For once, MacCready was speechless, reaching out to touch the undulating, wobbling mass of Ashe's body. "What in tarnation...?"

Ashe giggled as MacCready stroked her shapeless, blobby form, blushing in the throes of her sugar-soaked delirium. "Woah there, buy a girl a drink first. That used t'be my titty, y'know. Cept the nipple's in there in the folds somewhere... **BHELLLLCH!**"

"Fascinating. They've turned into some kind of... macro-organism." Winston turned to Sombra, taking furious notes. "I presumed the bio weapon would make its victims explode... I never counted on *this*. Why, it's positively groundbreaking!"

"They're breaking the ground alright." MacCready winced as the floor creaked under them. The sheer *weight* of the girls was slowly destroying the building. "We gotta get 'em outta here."

"I'll call in a hovercraft..."

"No need," slurred Ashe, belching again. "Now the door's open, I can get a signal out... B.O.B., get yer lazy ass in here! Momma needs help!"

Sombra groaned. "*Por favor...* Mister MacCready. Can you... rub my sides? The soda... she gave me indigestion..." This was proven by a titanic **FRUMPPTF** from her rear end, which filled the room with vaguely lime-scented fumes.

MacCready shook his head as Ashe's massive, bowler-hat-clad robot B.O.B. appeared in the doorway. "Winston... I've never heard tell of anything like this. What do we *do* with 'em?"

"Take them into custody, of course. They might be monstrously obese, but they're still wanted criminals." The gorilla chuckled as, in a moment of odd comradery, he helped B.O.B. to roll the colossal Ashe out the bay doors, her body sloshing and wobbling, exposing flab-coated privates to the air as she went. Her arms and legs seemed completely buried in fat.

MacCready sighed. "The things I do for Overwatch..."

"MacCready? *Escucha*, please... **URrrrp...**"

"What is it?" MacCready knelt so that his face was level with Sombra's. "You gonna pop? Because if so--no offense--I might clear the building first."

"N-not yet... **HORRRPhh**. I just wanted to know..." Sombra hiccuped, her whole body quivering, the luminescent paint all over her form stretched thin and pale. "How's my hair looking?"

The gunslinger rolled his eyes, and tucked Sombra's hair over to one side.

"It looks fine, darlin. Just fine."

Sombra smirked as the poncho-clad warrior sauntered away to help Winston load Ashe onto a hovercraft, the pale girl squealing and grunting in hog-like fashion as she was pushed into the vehicle's cargo bay. MacCready's fingers were stained pink with hair dye... which he casually wiped on his poncho.

But that luminescent pink glow wasn't just dye... it was an isotopic tracker. The Talon leadership would notice when Sombra went missing... and they would use the dye to locate her, and liberate her. Eventually.

Sombra might be a gelatinous blob now... but she could still put one over on these 'heroes' any day of the week. Though it would be difficult to hack security systems now, with her hands buried five feet deep in her own flesh.

"Ah, well." She shrugged, the motion of her atrophied muscles under several feet of flabby flesh making ripples spread up and down her gorged, glutinous shape. "*Que sera, sera...* **B'HULLLLIIIIICH.**"

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