**D.Va’s Tournament**

**By Elfy**

“Five minutes!” Shouted a producer in a busy backstage area.

D.Va took a deep breath as she nervously fidgeted with her hands. This was the day of the big *Starcraft* tournament and D.Va was about to go on stage for the semi-final. She had won all of her group stage games and advanced to this round with surprisingly little difficulty, it turns out her *Starcraft* skills were still very much up to par.

“Stay calm…” D.Va whispered to herself as she looked around and saw her opponent getting a talking to from his manager.

D.Va walked a few feet to the side where she could get a little bit of alone time and she felt her diaper pushing against her skin. It was wet but not as much as she would’ve thought before coming here. It was still distracting to her but she was doing her level best to keep her mind in the game.

With nerves threatening to overwhelm her D.Va pulled her phone out of her bag and checked her social media feeds. She scrolled through all the inane posts until she one that both surprised her and sent her heart fluttering.

“Here supporting my good friend.” Mercy had written as the caption of a selfie of her in her seat in the audience. D.Va could see the stage behind her head, the very stage she would soon be stepping on to.

D.Va left a comment which was simply a bunch of exclamation marks. She had no idea that the person most dear to her had travelled to see her play in this contest. Mercy was the only one who knew about D.Va’s love of diapers and in the recent past they had experienced some very interesting times together.

D.Va was quite certain that Mercy had no idea what was going on and didn’t know how the game worked but the fact she was there at all meant a lot to D.Va.

As D.Va heard the stage introductions starting she relaxed the muscles in her bladder and felt her diaper warming up around her. The pleasant feeling of heat did a lot to temporarily ease the butterflies that were threatening to overwhelm her. She stared in front of her at the middle distance making the potty face all mothers knew well.

“And his opponent… Hailing from Seoul… Hero of Overwatch and idol to people around the globe… Ladies and gentleman, D.Va!” The announcer called over the loudspeaker system causing the people in the audience to start cheering and clapping.

It was D.Va’s moment to walk out on stage and she felt a small push in the back from one of the producers prompting her to stumble out into the bright lights. She saw a stage with two booths, one of them was already occupied by a serious looking American man who was currently adjusting all his computer’s settings. The other booth had D.Va’s name emblazoned above it and she started walking across the stage to it.

As D.Va walked she looked out into the audience. She smiled and waved but couldn’t make anyone or anything out clearly with the lights blinding her. She knew Mercy was out there somewhere and it made her heart flutter, she became extra determined to win just for her.

As the door on D.Va’s booth closed nearly all the sound of the audience suddenly stopped. It was quite eerie for the young Korean to suddenly be immersed in silence. She sat down in front of her computer and started adjusting things as she tried to control her breathing and go over her game plan.

When D.Va got to the team select page she did what she always did. She moved her mouse across to the “Random” button and clicked it. Although she couldn’t hear anything she could see out the front of her booth that the crowd were cheering wildly. Some were holding signs in the air and waving and D.Va saw at least one person who was cosplaying as her.

D.Va was just about the only person who played professional *Starcraft* without a favoured team. There was no one else who would go up on stage and let fate decide what race they would play. D.Va loved playing Random though since it gave her so many more match-ups to learn and she liked the variety that came with it.

D.Va was fully dressed up in her jumpsuit and face make-up. After she had finished adjusting settings and she was waiting for the game to begin she placed her hands down in front of her. She could feel the plastic of her diaper underneath the pink suit and her first instinct was to press the padding against her body. She had to suppress such urges though because there was a camera on top of her monitor broadcasting to the world. As soon as the game started she found it a lot easier to leave her diaper alone and concentrate on the game.

Just a minute into the game Mercy felt the call of nature and despite being in front of thousands of people she relaxed herself. Her eyes unfocused and she looked up from her screen slightly, there was a couple of seconds of anticipation before heat burst into the diaper. As D.Va felt the trickle intensify she sighed and felt her cheeks going a little red. The hot urine splashed around the padding and collected at the bottom before spreading towards the front and back.

D.Va smiled and sighed as she finished wetting and after a second of blissful enjoyment she heard a unit die in her game. It brought her back to reality and she looked back at her screen again, she gave her head a little shake to bring herself back to the present. She felt a small tingling in her crotch but, for once, she ignored the feelings, the game was much more important right now.

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Mercy had no idea what was going on. She had landed in South Korea the previous morning with the plan to go to the tournament the next day, she was well travelled but still found herself suffering a bit of culture shock.

The Swiss nurse was now surrounded by a lot of younger people who had been going crazy at what she assumed were awesome plays. She could only sit there and smile as she had no idea what was really going on.

When Mercy came on stage Mercy smiled and watched as the young woman walked across the platform. It may not have been obvious to anyone else but Mercy could clearly see she was wearing a diaper. She leaned back in her seat and watched the camera that was trained on D.Va’s face. Mercy barely looked at the actual matches taking place because it was all nonsense to her, D.Va’s face was where the entertainment was for the nurse.

Mercy couldn’t help but giggle as she watched D.Va’s sweet little face suddenly change in the middle of the game. She watched the camera as the Korean looked up a little and seemed to stare into the middle distance. It was very obvious to the Mercy that the woman she was there to see was currently wetting herself.

Mercy sat forwards in her chair and took a more active interest in the screen. D.Va’s red face was the cutest thing and Mercy somewhat wished she could run up on the stage right away. In between her legs she had a bag with her packed with diapers and changing supplies, she didn’t plan to only be in Korea for a day after all.

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D.Va found herself sweating slightly as her semi-final opponent proved to be much harder than the ones earlier in the tournament. In a best-of-five scenario it took D.Va four games to eventually overcome her opponent. As she finished blowing up her opponent’s base in the final game she felt a wave of relief wash over her. She stood up with a fist pump and walked out of her booth to hear the wave of applause from the crowd.

D.Va was quite glad to have finished the match when she did because she was starting to feel a grumbling in her guts. She knew she needed to poop and she didn’t want to do that here, like a toddler she wanted to hide away from people whilst doing her shameful business.

After waving to the crowd for a few seconds D.Va started heading for the side of the stage and the backstage area. She could feel herself releasing some gas as she walked and it wouldn’t be long until she would be having a full accident in her pants.

“Miss. D.Va, please come on over!” The sound of an announcer over the loudspeaker system stopped D.Va in her tracks.

D.Va turned around and looked towards the centre of the stage where a young man in a suit was waiting with a microphone. He was waving for the Korean woman to come over and was smiling, he was waiting to do an interview.

Reluctantly and with a feeling of anxiety D.Va turned back towards the stage and walked back out. The thick padding between her legs was forcing her thighs apart and she was trying to work out whether others could see her small waddle, it didn’t seem anyone suspected anything since they were still cheering.

“So D.Va a tense match there with a couple of games that could’ve gone either way. Do you have any comments?” The interviewer asked.

“I, well… I’m happy with how I played.” D.Va stuttered. She was usually good with interviews but she was very distracted here. The pressure was building inside her.

“You are renowned as a “Random” player but the final will be very tricky. Will you continue to play “Random”?” The interviewer asked.

D.Va felt a cramp in her belly and she breathed in sharply before slowly letting the air out through her nostrils. She waited as the cramp rose to the point where it seemed intolerable before it slowly faded leaving behind a further increase in pressure in D.Va’s bowels. The silence was odd and D.Va could hear people in the crowd whispering.

“Yes…” Was all D.Va could gasp.

“Oh… OK.” The interviewer seemed a little concerned but didn’t let it dent his professional exterior, “Well, I wish you good luck in the final.”

D.Va didn’t wait for the interviewer to finish before she turned away and started walking hurriedly towards the edge of the stage. She didn’t even get to the curtain before she felt her body expelling her waste, she couldn’t stop it.

The first instinct of anyone filling their pants is to squat down to make it easier for the body to expel. D.Va bent her knees slightly as she felt her resistance give in, she stopped on the spot and knew that the crowd could still see her. She knew a lot of eyes were on her back. She straightened her legs with a little difficulty but it was too late to stop the messing which was taking place.

D.Va could feel people looking at her as her face flushed red and her body pushed down with all her tummy muscles. She couldn’t have stopped what was happening even if she wanted to and the familiar feeling of poop started spreading around the back of her diaper. The warm stickiness started in the middle and spread out as the bodysuit didn’t give it much space, it spread in every direction acting like mud to stick the padding to the Korean’s skin.

D.Va imagined her diaper bulging out behind her like an abstract cartoon. She knew her diaper wasn’t doing that really but as her body continued to push out her poop it was hard to imagine there was no visible change. She wondered what people must be thinking and suddenly the room seemed to get much warmer, she normally loved this feeling and although she didn’t mind it now it was certainly nerve wracking.

“Are you OK?” A male voice from behind the curtain spoke. A head emerged with a headset on, it was one of the producers.

“Yes.” D.Va said in a strained voice as she felt her bowels continuing to try to empty into a diaper that was already getting crowded.

“Well… Come on back here then!” The producer motioned with his hand impatiently.

D.Va realised she must be holding up the entire show which did nothing to make her feel less self-conscious. She took a step forwards and looked over her shoulder to see a lot of people looking at her and muttering to the people around them. As D.Va walked slowly behind the curtain she continued to mess herself, small lumps of fecal matter dropped out with each step until she was finally finished. Somewhere out there was Mercy and D.Va knew she had just witnessed everything and would know more than anyone else in the audience.

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Mercy watched D.Va stand up and celebrate her win with a smile and some polite applause. She still had no idea what was going on but with the help of the announcers she could work out that it had been a good game. When D.Va walked up for her interview Mercy noticed something was wrong, the young Korean was quite as bouncy as Mercy would’ve expected after a good win.

Watching the interview itself only continued to confuse Mercy as D.Va’s answers were short and she seemed very distracted. As she started leaving the stage Mercy considered calling her or sending a message to ask if she was alright, just as she was pulling her cell phone out she saw D.va stop right before the curtain.

“She isn’t…” Mercy muttered to herself as she saw her diapered friend bend her knees slightly.

As the crowd around her muttered and whispered to each other Mercy watched from afar. She quickly realised what D.Va was doing she was just shocked to be watching her do it right there on stage. Mercy couldn’t help but wryly smile as she looked at D.Va’s padded rear and knew exactly what was happening…

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D.Va waddled backstage and made a beeline for the dressing room she had been given. Her face was red and she bit her lip, a lot of people wanted to speak to her or get photos but D.Va was determined not to be stopped. She had tested these diapers out before during her marathon stream but she wanted to be sure there was no issue with them before the final. She could only imagine what would happen if others found out what she was wearing and what she had done, it would be all over the news.

D.Va saw the red door with a gold star on it. She hurried across and into the room beyond. When she closed the door she allowed herself a deep breath. A lot had happened since she left for the stage and now she finally had a chance to digest it all.

Making sure the door was securely locked and walking across to the mirror D.Va twisted and turned from side to side. She was pleased that even though she knew what she was looking for it wasn’t at all obvious what she had done. She reached around with her hand and pressed the back of the diaper against her body, she could feel the squishiness but it didn’t show visibly. D.Va finally allowed herself a smile.

D.Va sniffed the air and it seemed completely clear of any foul odour. The diapers were doing their job admirably which made D.Va feel a lot calmer. She reached behind her and pulled down the zip on her familiar jumpsuit. She pulled it down and slowly stepped out of the clothing leaving her naked except for her diaper and bra. There was a thin layer of sweat on her skin but nothing that bothered D.Va, she’d experienced much worse in that suit.

D.Va looked at her diaper in the mirror and was pleased that it still looked in great shape. If she hadn’t been wearing it the only way she would know it was used was the slight discolouration. Her immediate thought was to sit down at the computer and search for some images of diapers. She wanted to reach down and into her diaper to touch herself. It was almost a learned behaviour by now, if her diaper was used she would masturbate. It’s just what she had always done.

“No.” D.Va told herself. She pulled her hand away before it even reached the top of the diaper.

Despite D.Va feeling like she should be rubbing herself she forced herself to load up *Starcraft* on the computer. She loaded up a game and continued to practice for her final, there was at least half an hour to wait. She considered changing her diaper but figured she could do it just before going out on stage if she wanted to, there was plenty of time and these diapers were designed to withstand a lot of punishment.

D.Va machine gunned the games as she tried to practice some of the things she knew she was weakest with. She allowed herself to become entirely absorbed in the game and the only other thing she thought about was her diaper. Every little shift in her seat meant the mess spread further and each movement reminded her what she was wearing and what she had done. It was quite distracting and a burning desire in D.Va’s erogenous areas had to be constantly ignored.

A knock on the door made D.Va jump suddenly. She was in the middle of yet another game when she was suddenly brought back to reality from the sudden noise.

“Hello? Miss. D.Va?” It was the voice of a production assistant and he sounded nervous.

“Yes?” D.Va said as she quickly quit out of her game.

“It’s time for the final.” The assistant called.

D.Va’s eyes went wide as she looked around at the clock. She had completely lost track of the time and she felt nerves and adrenaline flood her system.

“I, erm, just need a few minutes…” D.Va said as she subconsciously pawed at her diaper. She really should change before going back out on stage.

“I’m afraid you’re needed out there right away.” The assistant called, “… Sorry.”

“OK.” D.Va said with a sigh.

D.Va’s messy diaper would have to stay on and she would have to make do with it. She grabbed her suit and slipped herself back into it, as she zipped it up she felt it forming against her body again. D.Va could feel her thick padding as well as everything inside it get pressed against her body, she shuddered slightly but almost like an automatic reaction D.Va’s bladder emptied. The gushing heat did a lot to re-warm the diaper and make it more comfortable.

D.Va opened the door to see the young assistant looking quite stressed. He quickly pointed the way for D.Va who walked along behind the stage listening to the crowd getting hyped up for the grand finale.

Yet again D.Va’s name was called and she stepped out on to the stage with a smile that was much more timid than earlier. She would be sat in this used diaper for a while and whilst she didn’t mind that she still worried about others finding out. In the back of her mind was the fact that her diaper at home had eventually leaked some of the smell, if that happened here it would be a disaster. As D.Va walked across the stage she shielded her eyes from the bright lights to try and spot Mercy, it was a futile effort in such a raucous room.

D.Va entered her booth and sat down at her computer. She did her usual stretches as she waited for everything to get set up, in the silent booth she could hear her diaper quite clearly and she reminded herself to be careful if anyone came in.

The final was D.Va’s toughest match yet. It seemed like she had only just sat down at the computer when she found herself two games to zero down in her best of five. She was finding it hard to concentrate and a collection of silly errors had led to her falling behind and on the brink of losing.

There was a small break before the third and possibly decisive game and D.Va was using it to try and shake the cobwebs out of her head. She closed her eyes as a small window in the booth was opened by an assistant out on the stage to let some air in. D.Va lowered her headphones and heard the announcer on stage talking to the crowd whilst the third game was set up.

“Of course we have a lot of special guests tonight and I would like to introduce one of them right now.” The announcer hyped the crowd as spotlights shined over all the full seats, “Ladies and gentlemen, all the way from Switzerland and no doubt supporting her fellow Overwatch member we have Mercy!”

D.Va suddenly perked up as the big screen hanging from the centre of the roof switched to show Mercy who was standing up and waving to everyone. Just seeing the Swiss nurse’s face was enough to calm D.Va down and as she stared at the beauty in front of her she saw Mercy turn to face the camera. For a second it was like Mercy was looking deep into D.Va’s eyes before she raised a hand and blew a kiss into the lens.

Despite knowing Mercy was blowing a kiss for all her fans D.Va’s heart pounded and her stomach seemed to flip over when she saw it. D.Va stared at the screen like there was nothing else in the world until the closing of the window on her booth brought her back to the present. She was filled with a renewed vigour and as the third game loaded D.Va was determined not to lose.

The third game was still tough and it was one of her worst match-ups. She was playing as Protoss whilst her opponent was on Zerg, D.Va almost lost the game early but was able to tenaciously hold on to squeak a victory. The fourth game that followed was much better and D.Va went into the fifth and final game full of confidence.

Before the fifth game started D.Va felt a pressure building in her bowels. She decided to do something as the game was loading that was potentially very reckless. She lifted her bottom off the seat slightly, closed her eyes and pushed down with her tummy muscles. She was rewarded for her efforts by what felt like an explosion into the back of her padding. It was a rush of soft poop that seemed to just pour out of her and she was sure she could feel the back of the diaper expanding this time.

When the screen changed from loading to the game D.Va lowered herself down and felt the crap in her diaper spread over yet more of her diaper area. D.Va felt a mixture of relief, excitement and embarrassment as she focused back on the game just as it started. She took a deep breath and began the most important *Starcraft* game she had ever played.

It was a tough battle and the game went back and forth as the two players tried to wrestle control and victory from their opponent. D.Va had to employ all the tricks in her bag including some very unconventional strategies before she finally saw a weakness in the other player’s game. She pounced at it like a tiger before the chance had been lost.

The game ended up lasting nearly an hour before D.Va finally and decisively got the upper hand. She pushed her whole army through in an all-out assault that would either win or lose the battle, she had just enough to destroy her opponent’s army and when the “Victory” screen popped up she closed her eyes and sat back in her seat. A small smile crept across her face as she basked in the moment.

“Congratulations!” A stagehand had come by to open the door but she didn’t stay any longer than that.

The noise of the crowd engulfed D.Va and she stood up to see the crowd were going crazy. They had just witnessed one of the most entertaining tournament finals ever and they certainly knew it.

“Ladies and gentlemen, your winner and world champion… D.Va!” The announcer called out.

D.Va emerged from her booth as confetti started spraying up from the stage. Pink and blue fired into the air and came fluttering down as D.Va walked towards the centre of the stage, the young Korean could feel her rear end swaying to and fro as she walked. Her diaper was very full and she started worrying about it’s capacity for the first time that day.

“Good game.” D.Va’s opponent met D.Va halfway across the stage with a hand extended.

As D.Va smiled and shook the young man’s hand she saw him suddenly smell the air with a small frown. D.Va’s eyes went wide with shock, was it her diaper she could smell? D.Va’s joy quickly turned to concern and she wanted to get the ceremony out of the way as soon as possible before her secret got out.

D.Va hurried away from her opponent and was hoping to be able to go backstage but she was quickly grabbed by the announcer who was standing near a podium with a large trophy on it. As D.Va squelched to the podium she felt extremely self-conscious of her poopy diaper. Her smile was rather forced as she saw lots of people taking photos.

“Congratulations to our champion, D.Va!” The announcer called out to a crowd giving D.Va a standing ovation.

D.Va waved awkwardly with one hand whilst the other went behind her back. As secretly as possible she tried to prod her diaper area and assess damage. There was definitely a small bulge there.

“You were two games down and that must…” The announcer paused for a second with a look of confusion.

D.Va watched in horror as the man with the microphone sniffed the air. This was worse than she thought and she realised she had to act fast and get out of this situation before the announcer said anything. Before he could say another word D.Va grabbed the microphone and pulled it towards her.

“Thank you everyone.” D.Va said rather hurriedly, “I want to thank all my fans for believing in me and *Nano Cola* for sponsoring me. Thank you all!”

D.Va stepped forwards and although she knew she was ruining the carefully choreographed presentation ceremony she picked up the trophy and held it in the air. She waited for a couple of seconds so people could take their pictures and then turned away. She mouthed an apology to the confused announcer who was waiting for an interview as she exited the stage as fast as possible.

“Congratulations!” Dozens of people backstage had gathered near the curtain and were all congratulating D.Va and patting her on the back.

D.Va was desperate for a moment to breathe and to get a change before her secret or her diaper leaked. She smiled as she tried to push past people constantly worried that her messy rear would brush against someone and they would know what she was wearing. It was a crowded corridor and as much as D.Va hated being rude she had to nudge some people out of the way.

“Sorry!” D.Va called out, “Sorry! Excuse me! It’s an emergency! Thank you!”

D.Va could smell herself by now and she knew she must be leaving a trail which was why it was important to move as fast as she could. Her dressing room was just at the end of the hallway and it offered sanctuary from the chaos. She hated being so rude but it was her only option as she moved people out of the way. If only she had her mech with her, everyone would get out of the way of that!

Finally D.Va reached her door and without any hesitation she pushed through and closed it behind her. The sound of the hallway outside was immediately muffled. She took a deep breath as she leaned her forehead against the door and closed her eyes, the last few minutes had been an absolute rollercoaster of emotions.

“GG.” Came a voice from inside the room. It was a very familiar voice, the only voice D.Va was happy to hear inside her dressing room, “That’s what the kids say, isn’t it?”

“Mercy…” D.Va turned from the door and stumbled across the room. The physical, mental and emotional toll of the day made the Korean feel suddenly exhausted.

D.Va opened her arms and gratefully fell against Mercy who held her up with her taller and stronger frame. D.Va closed her eyes as her face rested against the Swiss woman’s breasts, she wrapped her arms around Mercy’s waist and held on tightly.

Mercy ruffled D.Va’s hair before leaning down and giving her a very gentle kiss on the forehead. She couldn’t help but smile as D.Va pulled herself away with a blushing face, Mercy could smell her friend’s diaper but she didn’t want to say anything, judging by how D.Va came into the room she was already well aware that the smell of the diaper was leaking out into the air around her.

D.Va took a couple of steps backwards towards her bag. She picked it up and briefly looked inside, as expected she saw a spare diaper as well as the rest of her changing supplies. She stepped forwards and with a playful smile thrust the bag towards Mercy.

Mercy smiled widely as she took the bag and looked inside. She pulled out the diaper and placed it on the table, the baby wipes soon followed.

“You suck at subtlety.” Mercy laughed as she dropped the bag.

D.Va looked embarrassed but she didn’t move as Mercy walked forwards and turned her around. D.Va felt the zip up between her shoulders get pulled slowly down until the suit she was wearing practically fell off her body. It felt wonderful to feel the cool air on her slightly sweaty body and she sighed as she felt Mercy’s hands run down her sides.

“I really need this.” D.Va sighed as her head bent back and she looked up at the ceiling.

“I can tell.” Mercy replied, “I could tell whilst you were up on stage…”

“It was that obvious?” D.Va asked with audible concern.

“Only to me.” Mercy replied softly.

As D.Va stepped out of her jumpsuit she bent over to throw it to the side. Whilst she was leaning over she felt Mercy’s hands on her padding. D.Va shuddered slightly and froze on the spot, she felt the other woman’s hands poking and prodding her diaper and each touch felt like a bolt of lightning going through her crotch and out through every nerve in her body.

“Lay down.” Mercy ordered the Korean woman after pulling her hands away.

D.Va didn’t need to be told twice. When the jumpsuit was thrown to the side of the room she slowly eased herself down on to the floor which was thankfully covered in a soft carpet. She looked up into Mercy’s angelic face as she walked round to the spot between D.Va’s legs, her smile never faded for even a second.

D.Va could barely suppress a shiver of anticipation as the tapes on her diaper were noisily pulled off. She looked over to the door and hoped no one would suddenly burst in, she could only imagine what someone walking in at this moment would think!

Mercy brought D.Va back to the here and now when she lowered the warm front of the diaper. D.Va was left exposed to the air as Mercy pulled out a handful of baby wipes, D.Va braced for the usual cold touch of the cleaning wipes but still jumped as she felt her sensitive area get brushed. She tried not to show Mercy how much she enjoyed this but it was impossible.

“You really have ruined this diaper.” Mercy said with a chuckle as she wiped the stale urine and faeces from D.Va’s skin.

“They… They’re custom made.” D.Va said from the ground, “Supposed to have a really high capacity.”

“And I can see you’ve tested how far that capacity stretches!” Mercy shook her head in a playful way.

D.Va blushed and offered no resistance as her legs were lifted in the air and the laborious process of cleaning her backside began. It took several minutes and even the nimble D.Va was feeling the strain of the awkward position as she felt herself slowly getting cleaned. When Mercy’s hand went between the Korean’s cheeks the woman being changed shuddered and let out a small moan.

“Oh my, it seems you like this.” Mercy said as she finally pulled the used diaper away, “What a naughty girl…”

D.Va didn’t know what to say as the wipes were thrown into the diaper. The diaper was balled up and taped closed before the new diaper was unfolded, it was yet another of D.Va’s custom diapers and it was soon slipped under her waist.

D.Va relaxed and lowered herself on to the fresh padding. She wriggled a little bit on the thick underwear and giggled when Mercy put her hands on her hips.

“Lay still young lady.” Mercy gently chided, “I want to get you taped up before you pee all over me.”

D.Va blushed and stopped as the diaper was pulled up between her legs and flattened across her belly. D.Va adored the feeling of a fresh diaper after so long in a used one. She almost felt herself sinking into the padding as Mercy finished taping it tightly closed.

When Mercy stood up D.Va sighed yet again. She was both happy to have been changed but also sad that the bliss of the moment was over.

“Get dressed.” Mercy said as she disposed of the used diaper.

D.Va didn’t need to be told twice and she pulled her spare clothes out of her bag. She quickly pulled on some baggy pink pants and a white t-shirt with her own logo on the front. She stood up and looked into the mirror, these clothes did a great job at hiding the diaper underneath.

“What do you have planned?” D.Va asked as she did her best to sound casual, “You can’t have come all this way just to watch a silly game.”

“Absolutely not.” Mercy said as she grabbed her handbag, “I was going to do some sightseeing. The only problem is I don’t have a tour guide…”

D.Va’s eyes widened and she looked over to the woman whom she was starting to think she loved. She was desperate to spend more time with Mercy.

“I’ll do it!” D.Va practically yelled, “I’ll show you around!”

“That could work.” D.Va said with a nod. It had obviously always been her plan to suggest her and D.Va stick together , “But it wouldn’t make sense to stay in a hotel room if we will be together most of the days.”

D.Va’s eyes lit up and she practically bounced on the spot.

“Stay with me!” D.Va excitedly yelled with all the enthusiasm of a toddler being told she was going to *Disneyland*.

Mercy laughed as she looked in the mirror and moved some hair out of her face. She took her time responding and seemed to enjoy keeping D.Va in suspense.

“I guess that would work…” Mercy said as she turned to face her new tour guide. No sooner had she put her foot down then she felt D.Va practically leap on her for another hug.

“Come on, we should go.” D.Va said quickly as she pulled away feeling the excitement of what was to come coursing through her.

“Already?” Mercy asked, “You don’t want to stay for the party and celebrations?”

“Not if the alternative is spending time with you.” D.Va replied with a mixture of adoration and embarrassment.

Mercy smiled and gave D.Va a kiss on the forehead. She nodded her head and the two of them started walking towards the door.