

Phen, Nov. 2016

Oversized Overwatch

Tracer heard the angrily stomping footsteps through the wall before their owners reached her room in the sprawling Overwatch base.

Her apartments were pretty spacious, given the para-military nature of the outfit, and the cheerful brunette had wasted no time in covered every inch of wall-space with posters, at least half of them featuring the Union Jack. Tracer herself was loafing around on her bed, lying on a mound of pillows in nothing but orange underwear (with a stylized 'Over-Waifu' on the front of her panties) and her gaming goggles, with a Playstation controller and a twinkie in her hands.

The rushed footsteps stopped in front of her door and, in place of knocking, kicked it open in one try despite the extremely expensive lock. Zarya, the pink-haired, Heavy, strode in without a word of apology and took up a position in front of the wall-mounted TV. She wore a sleeveless, navy tanktop and a pair of baggy sweatpants. Zarya crossed her beefy arms over her likewise beefy chest and spoke in her thick russian accent. "Tracer, quit game. I need your help."

Tracer threw up one arm and tried to peek past her. "Hey, come on, I almost got my achievement. I've spent hours to get this far, gimme 5 more minutes!"

The second figure from outside stepped inside: Widowmaker, the faintly purple-skinned femme fatale followed after Zarya. Despite not wearing her combat gear, her purple color scheme remained intact, with a thin top with the deepest V-neck that Tracer had seen in a while, and yoga pants that hugged her heavenly booty. She stepped gingerly over the dented door at the threshold to stand beside Zarya, a hand on her hip. "Later, cherie. We have something to settle. Something important."

Tracer sat down her controller and gave the pair a thoughtful look. Then she threw the rest of the twinkie into her mouth and ate it noisily. "Alright. You two wouldn't be showing up if you could avoid it, so it's gotta be good." She rubbed her hands together and sat up on her knees. "So, what's the mission?"

Zarya and Widowmaker cast sidelong glances at each other. Whatever secret they shared, it was clear that it agitated both women: Widowmaker's expression in particular shone with disdain, while Zarya looked more stubborn than anything.

"Simple," Widowmaker said. "We need an *impartial* judge."

"Da," Zarya said. "Is simple proposition. Who is biggest and best?"

Tracer raised an eyebrow. "Uh, in what way? 'cuz Widow, unless you're planning to enroll in some serious body building, that's Zarya, hands down." She gave Widowmaker a curious look. "Unless... Oh, is this about the size of your guns? Sniper rifle versus that big... Laser thing?"

"You could say that," Widowmaker conceded with a slight smile, while Zarya let out a brief, boisterous chuckle. The tense atmosphere between the two softened somewhat. Widowmaker continued. "Tracer, dear. We need you to determine who is best armed."

At that, both Widowmaker and Zarya acted in unison. Zarya hooked her thumbs around her sweatpants and pulled them to her knees, while Widowmaker slit the crotch of her yoga pants

with a tiny blade concealed between her thumb and index finger. In both cases, the result was the same: A pair of enormous cocks came out into the open, thick and meaty like coke cans and hanging most of the way to their knees.

Tracer almost choked on her twinkie and spent a few embarrassingly anticlimactic seconds composing herself before the brutally hung dickgirls. "Bloody hell!"

"Correct," Zarya said, with a slightly bemused nod. She grabbed her turgid cock - too big for even her hand to close around - and gave it a few strokes. There were differences between her and Widowmaker's manhoods, overwhelming as they were. Zarya's shaft was thicker, her veins more pronounced. Widowmaker, on the other hand, had length on her side, and her smooth, round balls were bigger than even Zarya's fist-dwarfing pair. She had an almost feminine look to her cock - if anything, it made it even more daunting, a promise of many, *many* hours of hot, sweaty lovemaking before any girl could even hope to satisfy it.

Tracer caught herself drooling. "Oh. I get it." She wiped her chin and offered a goofy smile at the 'girls' as she crawled to the edge of the bed, far enough to wrap her slender fingers around the pair of cocks. "Golly, they're so warm! So... You need to me get out the measuring tape, eh?"

"That won't be necessary, ma cherie." Widowmaker put her hand against Tracer's and helped the girl give her a firm stroke down the inhumanly fat inches of purplish cockflesh. "We have your fingers."

"And your mouth," Zarya said, taking a step closer that brought her tantalizing cock mere inches away from Tracer's face. "You have experience, yes? As a good judge."

The brunette couldn't help herself. She buried her face in Zarya's crotch, murmuring. "Oh, I've gotta taste that delicious-looking dick."

Zarya chuckled. "Tasting is not a concern. Tasting anything **else** after, that is the issue."

"Don't caaaare," Tracer said, her voice muffled by the enormous pair of balls that she decided to explore with her lips. The sounds of her worshipful kisses were wet and lewd, and she put her excess saliva to good use coating up that potent, brimming cumsack.

"She's boasting," Widowmaker said, a faint edge in her words, as she stepped close as well, hip to hip with the russian bodybuilder and with her burgeoning cock all but jousting against Tracer's cheek. "You'll find that I present a perfectly workable solution, dear. After tasting me, you'll never want to have anything else... And indeed, I see no reason why your lips should ever let go of me."

"I got one!" Tracer giggled. She caught Widowmaker's eyes and switched to tasting her cock, running her tongue up and down the swelling, purple length in slow strokes. "To give you a moment to fuck my ass, too?"

Zarya's lips split in a slow grin. "This is, what you say, the jackpot?" She gave Tracer's spiky, brown hair with a gentle stroke, before grabbing her wrist and leading her idle hand up to caress Zarya's thick, erecting dick. "The girl is a complete cock-hound. I guess rumors were true."

"Hey!" Tracer said and craned her neck to look at Zarya, with her chin resting against Widowmaker's bulging shaft. "I'll have you know, I only go crazy for quality cocks. You should

be happy for my mark of approval.” She turned back and placed a kiss on Widowmaker’s glans, as she pulled back the frenchwoman’s foreskin with an almost religious reverence. “You should know, *you* came to *me* to be judged.”

With that, Tracer gave Widowmaker’s cock an appraising glance - almost a foot and a half of throbbing dick, an inhuman slab of fuckmeat. Tracer’s lips curled upwards in a little smile. Then she wrapped her lips around the massive crown and started to push it inside her, inch by inch sliding down her throat.

Widowmaker was caught mid-quip. “It’s alright to be scared, my dear. It’s not every-” Her eyes went wide with a pleasant mix of shock and arousal, before her expression settled into a lustful, tongue-lolling mask. “*Putain!* Yes, go for it, you little slut!” She slid her hands into Tracer’s hair, wrapping her digits around her scalp like a spider’s legs and forcing the girl to choke even more cock.

Tracer’s sheer enthusiasm made it less ‘being forced’ and more of a helping hand. She gleefully gobbled up the first half of Widowmaker’s hot, quivering cock and gave a deep, throaty moan. True, with her lips utterly stretched and her tongue pinned to the bottom of her mouth, ‘throaty’ was really the only sound she could make. That did not stop her from mumbling an unintelligible serenade to the wonderful dick in her mouth, while her hands reluctantly left Zarya and Widowmaker’s balls, to wrap around Widowmaker and get a good grip on her perfect ass as the raven-haired assassin throat-fucked her.

“To this *this* would be your excuse to grab *ma petite derrière...*” Widowmaker mused and ran her tongue along her plump upper lip. “Mmm. Such a good girl.” She took it slow, stretching the moment as she pushed the final inches of her cock down Tracer’s throat.

The girl seemed bottomless, like she’d done it a thousand times - and still there was resistance, to be oh so slowly overcome, while forced herself forward with watering eyes, until she sat with her lips firmly planted at the root of Widowmaker’s shaft.

Widowmaker released Tracer’s head and ran a finger slowly down her cheek. “Congratulations, dear. You so wholly deserve the prize I’ve saved up for you.” Widowmaker’s eyes shone with mischief. “Do you have any *idea* how much a lady like me can cum? My girls down here,” she said and brushed her orange-dwarfing balls with her palm, “are begging, pleading to release in you. To coat you, to drown you in my seed. Do you want that, *cherie?*”

Tracer managed a faint nod.

“Mmh...” Widowmaker moaned in response, a erotic sound that sent a chill down Tracer’s spine and heralded Widowmaker’s explosive orgasm. Her cock throbbed like crazy in Tracer’s mouth, as her monstrously fat balls tightened up and released, shooting far, far more piping hot cum than even their size should allow.

Tracer gasped and shook in her effort to breathe, as her flat belly swelled and sloshed with Widowmaker’s bounty.

A loud exclamation brought Zarya back into the fray. “Enough waiting!” She announced and circled around the bed, her rock-hard cock swinging between her legs. She seized Tracer by her ankles and pulled the kneeling girl back onto all fours, casually grabbing the waist of her panties and tearing them off in the same instant. “Tracer, brace yourself.” Zarya said, as she lined up her veiny manhood against the brunette’s cunt.

Tracer went stiff for one moment. She arched her back, then slowly relaxed as she felt Zarya’s glans spread her sopping wet lips and push her monstrous cock inside. “Fucking hell, mate...”

She mumbled against Widowmaker's cock and nearly gagged on the frenchwoman's continuously pumping loads of cum.

Zarya's cock radiated power, a steel bar of unquestionable sexuality that poured precum by the bucket as it invaded Tracer's soft neithers. The pink-haired woman seized Tracer's hips with a strong grip and brought them together in one fluid motion, simply cramming the smaller girl full of cock on an unprecedented scale. Her muscles played in the light, but although Zarya's lust-driven actions had her full strength behind them, they were gentle, in her own way.

Still, having a foot and a half of cock invade her pussy sent Tracer into something resembling spasms, the brunette shaking violently in ecstasy as Zarya's massive balls bumped against her thighs. Her pussy clenched and quivered, coating Zarya's shaft with one cunt-wrecking orgasm already, and the russian had not even started to fuck her yet.

But she did. Like a pussy-destroying machine. Zarya moved her hips, winding up to slam back into Tracer's slit like a piston, spreading her innermost walls and kissing her cervix again and again. Virile dickgirl jizz sprayed into her like from a broken hose long before Zarya even so much as hinted at her climax.

Widowmaker gave a small scoff and began to move as well. She had cum so incredibly much that Tracer resembled a pregnant woman, yet her cock had hardly shrunk at all and remained mere degrees below 'rock hard'. She slapped her fat balls against Tracer's cheeks with a flick of her hips and stroked the woman's hair. "Use your tongue, *ma cherie*," she said and added a lusty purr. "The two of us aren't done yet."

Tracer's eyes rolled around in her head, trying to meet both Widowmaker's gaze and deal with the sheer magnitude of dicking that Zarya gave her. Both overhung women acted with more enthusiasm than Tracer could ever imagine seeing from them, their competitive spirit the only thing that kept them from moaning like a compilation of porn clips.

If Tracer had her mouth free, she'd happily have provided the moans. As it were, her muffled gasps of pleasure reverberated along Widowmaker's cock and made the purple-skinned assassin murmur in excitement, while Zarya grunted and worked up a sweat as she violated Tracer's willing pussy.

Time seemed to blur. That wasn't entirely unusual for someone with a complicated relation to the timestream like Tracer, but this time there was only cock to blame. So much fat, delicious cock. She became aware of heavy breathing above her and craned her neck in time to hear both Widowmaker and Zarya's slack-jawed orgasms. Their cocks throbbed inside her like they were going to explode - and indeed they did, detonating with literal gallons of molten cum, so much that the excess sprayed from her orifices and soaked into her bed, onto the floor and onto the dickgirls themselves.

Tracer milked them for all they were worth. And then, after many mouthwatering minutes, they slid free of her. Their cocks were covered with thick coats of cream, and they gave a satisfying, wet *schlorp* as the plugs, as it were, were pulled... And their dammed up cum sprayed from both of Tracer's lips.

She sank down onto her bed, breathing hard. "Golly, you guys..." Tracer wiped her mouth and gave them a lucid, goofy grin. "I think... That's really a tie. Sorry."

Zarya fell back to idly toying with her turgid shaft as walked up next to Widowmaker, putting Tracer between their burgeoning crotches once again. She narrowed her eyes. "That is not acceptable outcome."

"Non," Widowmaker agreed. "It's not. One must win. However..."
Zarya talked over Widowmaker. "Fortunately, I have secret weapon."

"I have a trick up my sleeve," Widowmaker continued.

Both women ignored each other. Both seized their fat cocks in their hands and spoke virtually the same words, one in sultry, french tones and the other in harsh russian. "When I cum..."

Their eyes met.

"I get bigger."

Tracer look up in rapt attention as Widowmaker and Zarya shot daggers at each other. It was slow, insistent strokes of their cocks that drew Tracer's attention, though. True to their word... They grew.

An inch. Two inches. Widowmaker's dark purple crown filled out with blood, throbbing with the lurid phenomena of not only growing erect again, but growing beyond her previous full size, beyond the 1½ foot of monstrous fuckmeat that had so gleefully stretched Tracer's throat.

Zarya's veins bulged as her cock expanded with every slow, insistent squeeze. The large woman's fingers dwindled in comparison to her manhood, her pink nails digging into her thickening foreskin. Her cock pushed two feet long before she spoke, her length grazing Widowmaker's like a swordfighter testing her opponent. "So... We are the same."

"You wish." Widowmaker taunted. She ran her hand along the underside of her elegant cock and licked the taste from her fingers. "There's a reason we're here, Zarya. I'm bigger than you." Her smooth ballsack sunk down her thighs, bloating bigger with an audible churning of cum and pumped more pre through her bulging urethra to leak from her almost 2½ feet of dick.

Zarya remained undeterred "We'll see." Another brisk couple of strokes and her cock finished swelling at a mammoth 3 feet long. There were now more inches of cock in the room than of Tracer herself; a fact that made the spunky brunette squirm to no end.

"You don't believe me?" Widowmaker's laugh was sharp and stereotypically french. Her massive tool came to a rest as well, roughly six inches longer and just as thick. "We'll have to ask the judge..."

Tracer picked herself up and sat at the edge of the bed. She looked back and forth between the two. "What... Another round?" She paused for a beat. "Sure! Can't get any messier, anyway... Maybe we could grab a shower first, reset?"

Zarya nodded. "Shower."