

# Anyone Can Be Hacked

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*A story I will be working on, going through Sombra "hacking" the ladies of Overwatch, one by one reating a secret harem of her personal human toys.*

*It took a while but now the new Mercy chapter is out, I am curious how you guys like the new approach to the conversion I attempted with mercy and the lewd to story ratio.*

Provided by Hentai Foundry.

<http://www.hentai-foundry.com/stories/user/Eloy/28284/Anyone-Can-Be-Hacked>

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## 0 - Prelude - Project Widowmaker

Sombra sat in one of hideouts she “borrowed” from Talon. The organisation was nice enough to hire the hacker, of course they didn’t know that Sombra had her own agenda working for them. Sombra tapped away at one of the terminals while toying with her holographic keyboard using the other hand at the same moment. The security of those terminals was decent but still no match for the latina. Her lips carved into a smile as the terminal responded with an enthusiastic “ding” as her efforts paid off. Sombra began to shift through the files spread in the servers around the world, connected through the dark web as if she was browsing candies in a store.

Yet, Sombra was looking for one specific item. Something she realized that would come off more than useful after the last job in Russia that ended up in failure, for talon at least. Sombra had what she achieved, she secured a new friend in a high place. But still, there was something that kept her uneasy about her new acquaintance. The thought made her tap her foot with impatience a bit as she thought about acquiring more contacts in the future and about the potential of being double-crossed, that was a huge security flaw in her schemes that why she needed...

Her eyes snapped to attention as her search finally finished and the file “Project Widowmaker” popped up on the screen. Sombra almost squealed with glee as she copied the files off to her secure drive in case they have some other safety measure and began decrypting them immediately as she left the Talon safehouse without leaving and trace of her being there.

In her own safehouse, sombra began unpacking her new presents. She quickly read through the files, the obvious biological changes and their side effects that caused the assassin to gain her long youth and blue skin among many other things were of little interest to Sombra. sure, she could find an use for it later, maybe making herself live longer, yes. Although, blue wasn’t her type so she would have to find a way to improve on that.later on...

“Here we are~” She said softly, biting her lip, finding the video and data on the mental reconditioning that Widowmaker underwent. All the details, all the methods and more importantly all the means of control. With this data and her own research Sombra would be able to apply the mental conditioning more efficiently to anyone she wanted after figuring out what makes Widowmaker tick. She would kill two birds with one stone, finding out how Talon’s handywork works and acquiring a much needed assistant to fulfill her plans. And who would be better than a fully obedient, ruthless assassin?

### ***Unknown countryside, France.***

It's been years since Talon held Widowmaker on a short leash, these days the higher ups of the organisation were certain that her loyalty laid with them through programming or otherwise, she was allowed to have some kind of life, still on call whenever she was needed but elseaway, she was free to do whatever she wanted as long as it did not put the organisation in jeopardy

Right now, Widowmaker was just resting in one of the lounge chairs after taking a long bath, wearing a crimson, silky bathrobe, her dark hair loose over her shoulders and almost dry as she held up a book about the famous assassins in history the read was aiming to entertain her as well as to educate, no one knows how inventive were the medieval practitioners of the art of killing. Her small mansion allowed her peace and quiet away from any prying eyes. On the outside the building looked like it was mostly abandoned and only used to store antiques, but on the inside it was as modern as it could get while still remaining classy.

As Widowmaker flipped to the next page a small tune went off from one of the com devices. Normally she would take her time to answer any other call, not too much but enough to keep anyone waiting just a little bit. But this was different, she hadn't heard that tune in a while, her body to her dismay immediately dropped the book and went to answer the call almost tumbling over her feet. That was if her body was in her control, instead it was cold and collected movement, precise to pick up the call, it was the most important thing to her, more than breathing or basic needs, she had to answer. Widowmaker could hear a familiar voice on the other end but she couldn't pinpoint where did she know the feminine voice and the accent from in her hazed state, hell, she didn't even consciously know what her caller told her. She only knew that her body nodded along the words and that eventually the call hung up and she was already turning to the main entrance of her home, opening the door wide and opening the gate and then waiting. Widowmaker couldn't feel fear but she felt uneasy, annoyed at the odd call she received as her body would not budge and just stand there for a moment before an electric sound could be heard in front of her as well as purple light shining as a slightly smaller latina appeared before her.

"You... What is the meaning-" Widowmaker snarled with annoyance before she was interrupted by Sombra raising her finger and grinning at her.

"Protocol: Omega, Beta, Epsilon, Delta, Iota, Epsilon, Null, Celsius, Epsilon." Said Sombra, quickly yet with a practiced grace, going as far to even drop her accent for that to make sure it would kick in. And sure it did, Widowmaker's body relaxed, her arms went slack, the robe hanging slightly open, showing a bit of skin and the edges of her breasts and the gap between them, a sight Sombra was sure to take in before her eyes shot up to meet the unfocused, dilated gaze of the assassin.

"Now, let me inside and close the gate and the door after us." Sombra ordered as Widowmaker stepped aside, letting Sombra walk in, the hacker was quick to take in the surroundings, looking out for any hidden trackers, cameras or anything else that may cause a problem but was happy not to spot any, Talon really became lax with the assassin, oh well, their loss, her gain!

Widowmaker in the meanwhile carefully closed the gate and then went inside to close the door before standing idly at them before being called by Sombra who was now sitting in

Widow's lounge chair casually.

"Get on your knees so I can see you well." Sombra quickly ordered and then chuckled to herself, those buffoons at Talon were really easy to play. "Your new directive is to be my personal slave, you only answer to me and do anything I ask for no matter what, Talon is now obsolete to you on the basis off the override 669." She carefully explained as she knew every trigger word by heart now and every protocol that made Widowmaker tick. Now Sombra made sure that Widowmaker would only answer to her. The tune she used to call her, hell even the protocols, all were scrambled or deleted from Talon's databases. Anyone who may have known the said triggers was already and was about to die.

"Now, resume standard functioning my dear." Sombra cooed calmly as she was done with the formalities for now.

Widowmaker's eyes refocused,her body regained some tension and she looked up at Sombra, her mistress. What she just heard in her vulnerable state became truth to her as if it was that way always, she kept her personality from before the faithful meeting, she just knew her new place from the get-go and was in no place to question it. "How may I help you miss?" She asked Sombra with her professional look again, not moving up from the floor as she was not ordered to.

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This is the end to this nice prelude, nothing lewd in this part but I hope to anyone reading that you lot enjoyed that teaser of things to come. Next chapter will mainly focus on Sombra toying with her new catch and then we will go off on the road of expanding the collection with the Latina hacker!

# 1 - Trying out Widowmaker

Hello there! Here's my first take on writing lewd scenes in a long while. I hope you guys will like it! Please comment and give me your opinions on where I could improve and what would you like to see more of!

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Sombra smiled smugly after hearing Widowmaker's words and she reached to pet on top of the raven hair of the assassin, moving and feeling the silky, freshly washed hair between her fingers before leaning back in the chair. Sombra continued to observe Widowmaker for a moment of silence, tapping idly on the holographic keyboard, taking over the security as well as the other systems in the mansion, soon every system and screen was overwritten with her program and she swept the keyboard away to see Widowmaker still dutifully watching Sombra without being allowed to do anything else

"Get up, chica." Sombra finally said to Widowmaker, who quickly obliged and got to her feet, just standing and looking at Sombra, who in turn also good out of the chair and approached the taller woman slowly, undoing the belt of Widowmaker's bathrobe with grace and delicacy. She quickly tossed it back at the chair and then stepped closer to Widowmaker. Sombra let her hands slide beneath the spreading bathrobe, feeling Widowmaker's toned, firm stomach and her perfect waistline just slightly below.

During all this Widowmaker stood still but there were subtle tunes she heard from around the room, she couldn't pinpoint where they were coming from or what was their purpose she just consciously acknowledged hearing them. But something unlocked in her, while most of her changes regarding her body were purely biological and the result of biological engineering, Widowmaker was slightly surprised when she could properly *feel* the probing touch of Sombra who now proceeded to feel the underside of Widowmaker's breasts in her hands. More importantly, she felt her body react in the way it haven't for years. Her crotch felt an itch, slightly burning up, making her body tense. Widowmaker yelped as she felt Sombra's cold finger run over her groin.

"Turns out that your old benefactors turned off the feelings just in your head and now I have the keys." Sombra said, chuckling slowly. Her left hand gripped onto Widowmaker's sizeable breast and elaborately squeezed it, while her right hand wandered down to Widowmaker's exposed crotch, feeling that Widowmaker went bare undernet the robe made Sombra chuckle a little."Do you like it, my little arana?" Sombra asked with a warm breath against Widowmaker's ear, which made Widowmaker yelp once more as she felt that sensation too for the first time in a while. Widowmaker still answered with a shaky nod as she grew more accustomed to once again feeling the long forgotten feelings. Pleased with the answer, Sombra continued on, her finger tracing Widowmaker's groin, teasing her, massaging the tension away from the ladybit areas of her new property.

Then a tune played again, making Widowmaker unable to feel the sensations again, she groaned in frustration as her enjoyment faded from the back of her head and she looked desperately down at Sombra. "Don't worry, I will reward you for being a good girl with more pleasure. You want to be my good girl, don't you?" Sombra asked, giving Widowmaker the most devious smile that would make anyone else shudder. Widowmaker barely holding up her facade stared for a moment. She was frustrated, her pride was the only thing she had left and now her new mistress was trying to make her drop even it. She fought against herself in silence for a while, she just had to have more! Widowmaker never realized how much did she miss the feeling! Finally, Widowmaker nodded, letting her head hang, looking at the floor. "Y-yes, I will be your good girl, miss." She answered still slightly shaken from all the revelations.

"Very good girl." Sombra said as she unlocked Widowmaker once again and allowed her to feel the soft kiss that Sombra attacked Widowmaker's lips, pushing in her tongue and dancing around Widowmaker's tongue, daring her to put up a fight, but the assassin knew better already, she knew her place. Her place at the side of Sombra. The kiss was broken after a moment and Widowmaker could feel her senses fading once more as Sombra smiled at her. "Now, be good and drop that silly robe and carry me to the master bedroom." Sombra ordered. Widowmaker did as she was told, she slowly slipped off the bathrobe, she wasn't told to make it a show but she may as well have read Sombra's body language herself, as Widowmaker was also a trained seductress she could recognize those signals and work around them. The robe moved and stopped on her arms at the level of the elbows as Widowmaker turned her gaze to the side as an act of submission. The cloth slowly ran down from her breasts exposing the two round, blue mounds. She allowed Sombra to have a good look at her breast, framed in the cloth before straightening her arms to her sides and gently bowing, crossing her legs in the elegant manner as the crimson, silky robe dropped to the ground behind her, revealing her well toned, yet curvy frame.

Widowmaker carefully approached Sombra and picked her up bridal style, her tits pressed just below Sombra's face as Widowmaker held her tightly and carried upstairs to the masterbedrom where a huge bed laid tidied up with fresh, purple, expensive sheets. Widowmaker carefully put Sombra down. And Sombra took a moment to admire the classical and fancy furniture, running a finger as if she was looking for dust. She then turned to Widowmaker and did the same by running her finger up and down the woman's torso. Sombra then jumped on top of the bed, it was so damn comfortable, she prepped her head up and sighed, enjoying herself for a moment.

"What are you waiting for, slut? Come here and eat me out!" She called out to Widowmaker who was quick to oblige. She climbed up on the foot of the bed and pulled Sombra's bottoms down, revealing the creamy, caramel thighs. Widowmaker carefully discarded the pants and underwear, putting it away and then leaned downwards between Sombra's legs. She started carefully, kissing around the groin area and thighs, she then proceeded to run her tongue over the slit, circling it, spreading her salive a little. Her blue lips even closed on the still hooded clit in a semi pinch. She then tensed her tongue and forced the slit apart to lick Sombra's folds, causing her to moan.

Sombra squirmed a little and took hold of Widowmaker's head, letting her fingers sink into

Widowmaker's hair. "Listen to me closely, pet. You will be able to feel pleasure the more pleasure you give me." Sombra explained to Widowmaker, who in turn heard the odd distinct tune behind Sombra's words and something switched again. It almost felt as if she was licking herself, her body somehow adjusted to mimic Sombra's arousal. This made Widowmaker even more eager to please, she quickly upped the pace, lapping her tongue over Sombra's cunt, which even surprised the hacker a little who chuckled and braced for the incoming pleasure as Widowmaker alternated between kissing and sucking, and licking Sombra's clit to worshipping her slit by shoving her tongue as deep as she could and lapping up all the arousal she could get. Sombra responded by eagerly moving her hips against Widowmaker's face. Widowmaker herself barely could keep on going but she just had to, the sensations her body mimicked were just too great to let them stop now. Sombra moaned more and more as her thighs closed around Widowmaker's head. Widowmaker would do the same if she was allowed to but her orders were clear enough and she should keep going no matter what. As they kept going, Sombra finally reached her peak and splashed her love juices over Widowmaker's face who's hips buckled as well and face stayed burrowed between the Latina's legs. Widowmaker shook a little in her own orgasm, something she didn't feel for years but she still dutifully licked Sombra as she wasn't ordered to stop, which in turn prolonged Sombra's climax and the haze following it.

It took several minutes for Sombra to come to her senses fully. "Dios mio... You are really good at it Lacroix..." Sombra idly petted Widowmaker's head. "You can stop now." Widowmaker obliged immediately, the lewd juices still dripped off her face as she straightened, looking at Sombra, who rose a bit too and grinning, gave Widowmaker a long kiss, tasting her own arousal. "Huh, I don't taste too bad." She laughed a little and then stretched. "Alright, let's get cleaned up and I need to pick you a better outfit to go around the house.

After cleaning up the two were in a study downstairs, Sombra sat at the computer, back in her proper clothes, although she allowed herself to let a bit loose and drop the jacket around the house, wearing only a purple, sleeveless top. Behind her, was Widowmaker in her new home outfit, a french maid attire. Widowmaker was massaging her mistress' shoulders, pressing her chest against the back of Sombra's head in case the Latina wanted to rest against them. The outfit was typically revealing, showing off Widowmaker's best assets and leaving a little imagination while still maintaining the classy black and white maid cut. Widowmaker's long, dark hair were neatly tied into a high ponytail.

As Sombra tapped on the keyboard, Widowmaker noticed a familiar face appear on the screen. Sombra finished setting up for her new target with a few more taps and then leaned back against Widowmaker's cleavage, sighing. "This cocky chica was killing my fun online, I think it will be a great payback to test my new hacking abilities on her~" She thought out loud and then sighed, closing her eyes and enjoying the massage and the pillows, both provided by Widowmaker. "What do you think, pet? Feeling like going on a tropical island for some 'vocation'?" She asked widowmaker chuckling who was quick to respond. "Gladly miss, I am eager to please." Sombra chuckled at the response and closed off her laptop.... She will finally get back at D.Va.

## 2 - D.Va's Life Changing Vocation

Hana Song sat tired before her computer, finishing another one of her exhausting days. Life as D.Va was tiring, it has gotten that way lately for some reason. She had worked as she usually did, doing her MEKA training programs and assignments, piloting the exosuit as well as maintaining her online persona of the programmer through her stream and other social media interactions. Speaking of which, she was just done with one of her streams, a fairly long gaming session and was about to call it a night and go to sleep before browsing a few more of her regular sites.

An advert caught Hana's eye, the same one she saw for the past few weeks and once again she hung up looking up at it, zoning out reading it. It was the same as always, a simple advert for the Pacificana, an artificial island for people who look to have the best rest of their life and spare no expense. D.Va did not know why did she keep encountering such an ad time and time again, it didn't fit her search terms or anything closely related. She just shrugged off as the analytic tools getting better these days and just sighed leaning back. Leaning back in her chair and reading it over again, her eyes glazed over slightly transfixed at the advert. Maybe going on vacation wouldn't be such a bad idea? The place looks compelling and she could easily afford it. Hana turned off her PC and dropped to her bed, quickly feeling exhausted and falling asleep. She would definitely give Pacificana a try...

Few days later D.Va arrived at the island and it was all she expected, over the top yet nice. The hotel was great, definitely a five starer, the beach was clean and secluded, not overcrowded, she could just rest undisturbed by any fans or other people, as far as she knew everyone was someone more or less high profile or at very least loaded and respected each other's privacy. She spent the day enjoying the beach, sunbathing and going for a few swims. The evening swept over the island quickly and after visiting the bar and having a decent meal D.Va headed for her room and sighed quietly, listening to the relaxing music in the lobby, she wanted to maybe stream from her laptop or record a vlog for her channel but she decided to go straight to bed, satisfied with her first day of her holidays. Before going to bed she changed into simple short, shorts and a loose t-shirt.

After a couple hours into D.Va's slip a soft click of heels could be heard outside of her hotel room, not the patio, on the contrary, someone just touched down on the balcony of the hotel room. The curvy blue skinned frame, clad in the skintight suit slowly slid the balcony door open and adjusted her rifle, she pointed it directly at the petite frame in the bed and shot. Contrary to the usual rifles it soundlessly let the shot out, connecting with D.Va's neck, the dart that exited the rifle sunk into the skin of the Korean and slowly emptied the medicine in that ensured Widowmaker that her package would not wake up tonight. Widowmaker took D.Va over her shoulder like a sack of potatoes and silently stepped out to the balcony again, extending her arm and shooting out the grappling hook to propel her away with her grappling hook.

One of the wings of the hotel undergoing a sudden renovation was converted into a hideout for Sombra

and her tool Widowmaker. And that is exactly where Widowmaker took her precious cargo to. Sombra smiled her tool return perfectly on the clock. Her adjustments did not cause Widowmaker to become less professional, she was still stone cold when it came to her job and would perform it to the best of her ability.

Widowmaker put down D.Va on the hospital bed on the corner of the room as Sombra followed her, caressing her round rear, causing Widowmaker to shiver pleasantly, something that Sombra enabled in her to a limited degree but made working for her new mistress even more rewarding. What followed made Widowmaker sigh even more dreamily, after she put D.Va down on the bed, her mistress gently patted Widow's dark hair, she could barely contain herself, the changes were great, she could still be calm and collected on the job but didn't have to be that way all the time and that just made her almost collapse to her knees right there and then.

But all that had to wait as Sombra looked over D.Va, grinning. Her reasoning for picking Hana Song first for her experiment was a pity one, it was simply because she couldn't win in the games against D.Va even while cheating, that infuriated Sombra. But who gets to judge her? Surely D.Va won't after she is done with her. Sombra pulled the tight shorts off of D.Va's frame in one quick swoop and poked her finger at the crotch of the gamer which made D.Va's body quiver slightly in response. "Awww... So cute." Sombra said, with an amused tone, watching D.Va whirl in pleasure, the chemical that kept her sleepy also made her ever so slightly more responsive to touch in certain regions. Sombra then proceeded to pulling the oversized shirt off D.Va's chest, revealing the moderate breasts that complimented D.Va's body just right. Knowing that D.Va would not wake up, Sombra moved her hands over her sides, the cold touch causing the gamer to shiver under it, running over the firm stomach and ending on D.Va's breasts, Sombra squeezed her hands just under them taking the two fleshy orbs tightly into her hands, which caused D.Va to squeal and moan dreamily in response. Sombra chuckled, "I will have so much fun with her", she said and gestured for Widowmaker to help her out. The two picked D.Va up and tied her hands to the ropes hanging from the ceiling to keep her suspended in the air as they guided her frame, spreading her legs and lowering the frame onto a phallic object contained to a more complex machinery, the dildo slowly sank spreading D.Va's clit open and causing her to moan again until her body settled down on it and her legs were tied as well, keeping her position eagle spread on top of the device. Sombra took her time and circled D.Va once more, stopping behind her and cupping her ass slowly, giving it a nice rub and feeling the soft skin beneath, causing D.Va to moan again, and her hips even moved slightly into Sombra's hands. After letting go, Sombra picked up the final piece of equipment, a special helmet and she fastened it over D.Va's head, the rest happened on their own as the autonomous parts of the helmet came to life, small arms forcing her eyelids open and headphones fastening themselves to D.Va's ears. The whole device covered the upper half of the woman's head while keeping her mouth exposed. Two more wires descended from it and attached themselves to D.Va's nipples.

Sombra licked her lips, pressing a button on a remote while standing in front of D.Va, the complex machinery hummed to life, starting with the dildo between D.Va's thighs that started to gently vibrate, making Hana shake, then the wires buzzed slightly, sending stimulating jolts to her nipples and then finally the helmet flared to life, signs of bright colors came from under it as D.Va was bombarded with her new programming meant to rewire her subconscious. Sombra gestured for Widowmaker to take a

chair, put it with the back facing D.Va and sit down on it. “And it’s all thanks to you, my little toy~” Sombra cooed, straddling Widowmaker’s lap, who still calmly looked up at her mistress, containing her excitement. Sombra watched D.Va’s body twitch from the device buzzing between the helmet’s flashy lights on her head. Soft gasps and heavy, labored breathing escaped D.Va’s mouth as the device chipped away at her subconscious, reprogramming it, *hacking it*. Sombra couldn’t contain her excitement and looked down to meet Widowmaker’s gaze and run her right hand behind the woman’s ear, brushing a strand of now loose hair aside. Sombra leaned back slightly and started unzipping her jacket and letting it slide behind her as she kept watching the show unfolding with her device. Underneath the jacket she wore a black tank top, which she quickly disposed of and unclasped her sports bra to let it go and expose her perky breasts right in front of Widowmaker. “And as I said, it’s all thanks to you, you deserve a reward my little spider. I know how much you want to kiss my tits, so go ahead~” Sombra said.

Widowmaker shuddered once again and a heat flared up between her legs. Whatever her mistress changed in her it made it so that Sombra’s praise just made Widowmaker heat up, it was the best reward ever for her devotion and following orders. Her eyes flared up when she heard about her reward and she leaned in quickly, curving her lips into a first kiss out of many, leaving a dark lipstick mark on the side of Sombra’s left breast. The hacker responded by putting her hand behind Widowmaker’s head, petting it and guiding it closer. The gesture made her shiver even more and the crotch of her suit began to feel moist and even warmer than before. Her hips began to grind against each other involuntarily as she pressed her lips again on top of Sombra’s breast landing another kiss, locking the firm nipple between her lips and flicking her tongue over it while she was at it.

Behind Widowmaker the show continued and Sombra had the best front row for it. D.Va began to sweat and shake in her restraints, her breaths turned into soft, low pitched moans as a primal part of her dulled consciousness kicked in.

Sombra smiled as she noticed the change and her grin grew even further as she felt Widowmaker’s hands gather her breasts, squeezing them together and her mouth sloppily attempted to catch them both into a kiss mixed with another flurry of licks. Sombra continued to enjoy the treatment she was provided by Widowmaker, she just caressed the assassin rewardingly, she knew all too well what that did to her. Meanwhile, D.Va was reaching the final stages of her programming as the phallic device was soaked with her juices and her body covered with sweet and convulsing from the overload of pressure. Seeing that the process was nearing its completion, Sombra pulled Widowmaker away from her chest and grabbed her by her chin, kissing her deeply, forcing her tongue inside of the mouth of Widowmaker, making it twist and dance over Widowmaker’s own tongue. Widowmaker herself reached her peak, her crotch drowned in warmth as her moan was stifled by Sombra’s lips and substituted by D.Va’s screaming out in ecstasy as the program finished its run on her and finalized last bits.

The next morning Hana Song woke up in her hotel room, just as she had fallen asleep. Hana felt tremendously rested, she knew that she had an awesome dream as well, even though she couldn’t

remember it.

"I guess the holidays were something I really needed!" She thought to herself happily, heading for the shower and preparing to leave out for another relaxing day out. After showering she changed into a tank top and slightly longer shorts that would cover her up a bit more from the prying eyes if there were any. Hana then left the hotel but instead of heading for the beach she went to the town on the artificial island, she was curious if they had any arcades or noteworthy buildings to see, if not she would just pick up a souvenir or two. As she roamed the pristine white streets, something had been building up in the back of her head and down between her legs. Did she put on too tight shorts, or did she put on some weight that they start annoying her down there? She looked down and adjusted them before walking on, her clothes weren't the issue, sure the tingle subsided but it wasn't gone. She decided to ignore it assuming it was just odd but nothing bad. Eventually, she reached the arcade. It was a relief to enter such a place and not to be bothered by her fans, a few local nerds were there, chipping away at their games. She sat down at one of her machines, playing *Fighters of the Storm*, trying to score the highest score. But the burning, the heat did not let her focus properly. She groaned silently and after being defeated by the advanced A.I. she stood up and stomped away towards the toilets. If anyone paid attention, she would look as if she just rage quit the game, but in reality with every step she grew more desperate for release. She looked around the toilet to make sure that no one else was there but gladly for her the stalls seemed empty, she quickly hid in one of them and sat down, pulling her shorts and underwear down hastily and spread her legs upwards, bending her knees to fit in the tight stall. Her hand quickly wondered down between her legs. Hana wanted to start up as she usually did when she needed to relieve herself with just slow rubbing down between her legs around her clit. But the burning sensation was too much, she needed to be hasty. Instead of her usual routine she quickly went for her slit and spread it using two fingers and plunged in two others, pumping wildly in and out, her breathing grew more ragged and she quickly stifled a moan before covering up her mouth with the other hand and shakily hovering on the toilet seat, fingering herself. Her moans were now silenced by her hand. Her cheeks were reddened with embarrassment. What if someone walks in now, will someone hear her struggling with herself? If something like that would get out in public.... That would be a PR nightmare for her! She paused in horror as her thoughts of possible horror stories drowned her and listened to the silent buzz of the toilet room to not hear anything or anyone, she then hesitantly resumed her movements, squealing and fingering herself. She struggled for a while, annoyed. This didn't use to be so difficult! Hana groaned again in frustration as she began to work harder, pushing her fingers deeper, exploring herself more, she even gave up on covering her mouth and instead decided to squeeze her breasts with the now free hand to hopefully help herself achieve release. To her satisfaction, she felt her climax finally build up, that made her work for it harder, pushing her fingers deeper thumbing her clit and moving around even squeezing her breast harder. She finally bit her lip to stifle the moan of her climax that sounded as a half whimper and half as an actual vocalisation of pleasure. She panted for a moment, relaxing and then got up, cleaned herself up and left the toilet and the arcade altogether.

About an hour later Hana was browsing one of the more secluded gift shops way from the busy market. Sadly her escapade at the arcade didn't feel satisfying enough, disappointing even. Still, it was enough to quench the sensation that plagued her for now, usually she would be a lot more concerned about something like that happening to her, but something in the back of Hana's head made her not care about the issue too much, just shrug it off and hope it resolves itself, there is no need to make a fuss about it. As she browsed the souvenirs she noticed in the corner of her eye a man about her age, taller

than her, slight chub, glasses and long hair that could use a bit more care eying her, he was clearly nervous and surely a local. She dreaded the concept of someone recognizing her after all, that's when the heat assaulting her body doubled, tripled even when the fan finally mustered the courage and approached her as Hana was just done paying for her purchase and stuffing it into her back pocket

"H-hi there? Aren't you that famous gamer D-D.Va?" He asked clearly nervous. Normally, D.Va would be slightly annoyed give him the courteous answer, maybe an autograph and move on. But with the haze of lust overwhelming her for the reasons unknown her judgement was clouded, the need for release was bigger than before. Somehow D.Va knew that her fingers wouldn't be enough. "Yes, that's me!" She kept up her persona, answering her fan cheerfully but eying him carefully. She looked past him and around on the street, measuring her options but it turned out that the rush hour had passed and there was barely anyone at this moment. The fan would have to do. "May I ask for an autogra-" the fan was cut off mid sentence by D.Va grabbing his hand and looking at him with a clearly fake, yet desperate smile. "Sure, an autograph! But I don't tend to give those in public" she came up with the story on the go, desperate to get off the street "I, um, is your hotel nearby?" D.Va asked, trying to stop her voice from shaking. "Yes it's just around the corner bu..." the fan was cut off again as he pointed towards his hotel as D.Va started to drag him towards it. The two quickly reached the fan's room and D.Va closed the door behind them.

"Listen, consider yourself lucky, but try and tell anyone about what happened here and my lawyers will rip you a new one, get it!?" D.Va shot out a quick threat, her voice was now clearly shaky and showing her need on which the fan picked up on quickly and smirked. "Oh, I see what you mean" he chuckled and tapped his chin "But you know... I am not really hard enough for you, am I... Instead of using that pretty mouth of yours to threaten me, you could get me ready to 'help' you" the fan chuckled as she said. That demand made D.Va feel the rage inside her build up but was overwhelmed by that feeling in the back of her head again, the desire for release was just too much. She dropped to her knees with some degree of elegance and undid the fan's trousers. Something about obeying and caving in to the demand made her hotter, made it feel better for her, better than it should at least. She was slightly repulsed by the floppy, smelly dick in front of her but she hesitantly moved forward after an urging tug on her head by the now emboldened fan. She wrapped her lips around the slowly hardening shaft and began to wrap her tongue around it in the licking motion slowly going up and down around it. The debasing action was somehow pleasant to her as she felt the shaft harden and grown in her mouth as her head bobbed back and forth around it. She kept moving around licking the shaft, making sure its at its fullest before she gets to properly use it, she was using him not the other way around, right? ...Right? The thought was swept away as the fan stopped her head with his hand and pulled his cock out from her lips with a schlop sound. "That's well enough, slut" the fan said, D.Va was angry, or rather would be if her lust didn't grow even further throughout the encounter, all she could think about. Meanwhile, the fan tilted his head with a sadistic grin as he watched D.Va still on her knees, he stepped aside revealing the bed by which you could see how cheap this hotel was. He then pointed at the bed and spoke again "Show and tell me what you need you slut!". That made D.Va's cheeks flare red with shame but still the need burned away her resistance. She shakily got up to her feet and bend down over the edge of the bed. She pulled down her shorts and then her underwear, revealing her already wet cunt, her legs shook with anticipation. "I-I need you to fuck me..." she said silently, her face beet red. The fan tilted his head and exposed his ear "Sorry? I couldn't hear you, can you repeat?" he asked smugly. D.Va groaned out with frustration and then repeated, almost shouting with her squeaky voice "I

want you to fuck me as hard as you can, damn it!". The fan did not need to hear more, he held D.Va down by her sides and then pressed his hand onto her back as he shoved his length into D.Va in one go, letting it sink in around the gamer's folds. He began to pump his length into her as she moaned with moderate pleasure, it was better than her fingers sure, but it was still lacking, D.VA was getting frustrated by that. She turned her head under the fan's palm and looked him dead in the eye. "Harder, fuck me harder!" she demanded and the fan was more than happy to oblige, slapping his hips against her and getting caught up in his own motion. This was better and D.Va could feel her climax build up from there on, finally she would get some release! The fan kept ramming into her relentlessly from behind while keeping her pinned down, his panting was overshadowed by D.Va's increased moans. Her own hips began to play along with the movement in a desperate attempt to make the experience better for herself. Eventually, D.Va's cunt tightened around the member and she screamed into the sheets with the climax that overwhelmed her, she blanked out for a moment panting with her tongue out on the sheets before regaining her consciousness and a bit of clarity of her mind to truly feel embarrassed and angry. The fan was just finishing to ram her, as she felt his length throb inside of her pussy and the warmth of his load spread inside. Was he using protection? She was on the pill.. but that still made D.VA shudder in disgust. She was happy that this was over but as she was about to get up, she saw... or rather felt that the man that fucked her was all out of it and about to pass out. "Nonono..." she pleaded silently but the heavy frame of her fan collapsed on top of her, pinning her down under. D.Va was too weakened by the encounter to get out as well and ended up stuck in there for at least two hours.

D.Va left her fan's hotel room after freeing herself from under the sweaty body and leaving a note, reminding him of what would happen if he were to talk about their encounter to anyone. She doubted he would anyway, and even if he bragged, who would have believed him anyway? Regardless, she snuck out of the hotel and into the sleazier part of the town on her way back to buy some proper dildos and vibrators to hopefully stimulate herself in case she needed it. To keep the long story short, she needed it a lot, every evening to be quite honest. Still, D.Va managed to hold together and keep her new desires in check with the use of the more elaborate toys and occasional chookups after coming back from the holiday. She still couldn't really get herself to tell anyone about that, or do anything about it. Something in her just stopped her from doing it and reasoned with her that it wasn't too out of ordinary to make a fuss about, still.

Hana returned to her daily routine, she was in the middle of the test/training flight over Zone43, a test area for the MEKA pilots to practice, just a bunch of rubble and ruins after the Omnic Crisis hauled in one place. She wore her standard skin tight suit, with one simple addition added in her crotch that she managed to sneak around, a ball vibrator at her crotch with a battery and a receiver allowing her to control her remotely. She still managed to shoot all her practice targets down almost perfectly on her first flyby, then she noticed someone in the zone, maybe a scavenger? No, it clearly was a woman, a dark skinned one, what could someone like her do in there? She felt compelled to check it out and maybe warn the woman to leave the area instead of calling it in. She landed her MEKA next to the woman, far enough not to startle the woman. D.Va got out and gestured at her and finally got a better look at the woman's features, she knew that face it was familiar somehow... On the instinct she withdrew her gun "Sombra!" D.Va exclaimed "What are YOU doing here!?" she knew the damn cheater too well, yet she still managed to beat the bitch in every game even if she hacked the score afterwards. Still, the heat she

was experiencing since her holiday spiked up to the heights she hadn't experienced yet once she realized it was Sombra. "Speak, b-before I blow a hole in you!" D.Va barely could hold herself together as she began to sweat, the vibrator cranked up to the max and her suit felt too hot to be in but she managed to hold together, for now.

"Oh hey there, Hana" Sombra said smugly, turning around on one heel and giving D.Va a small bow, which angered the pilot even further. "I've heard you had quite the nice vocation, haven't you?" she asked with a smirk and pulled out the holo projection of D.Va in the toilet stall and then her encounter with the fan. Both of those images made her flare up red out of embarrassment and made her crotch burn. She didn't understand why but she still mustered some anger "You bi-" she was immediately cut out off by Sombra who carelessly strutted forward "Ah, ah, ah! You don't want this to accidentally leak onto your social media, do you?" that threat made D.Va gulp and zone out for a moment, her fans would see her? In such an embarrassing pose? Debasing herself? Why the thought feel so hot all of the sudden? Sombra snapped her fingers to get D.Va back from her deep thoughts. "No play nice and put the gun away" she requested and D.Va complied shakily holstering her blaster away. "Now, follow me and don't try anything funny or that video goes viral faster than you can sneeze!" Sombra reminded D.Va who for some reason felt anticipation rise in her body. Some soothing force in her head told her that everything will be alright. "What do you wa..." Sombra interrupted D.Va again, "Dear Hana, all in due time, now don't speak without permission, please" finally, the two reached a bunker in the rubble that Sombra retrofitted for her own needs.

"Now, I do believe you had a nice holiday, I picked the island myself, wasn't it lovely?!" What!? She was behind it!? But how, D.Va did not understand, what was even weirder was that she wasn't angry about it for some reason, she couldn't be, something stopped her from it. "Now, be so kind and take off that silly catsuit of yours, that will sate your lust for a bit." D.Va couldn't believe it but she quickly reached behind and undid the zipper of her suit and began to peel it off of her shoulders, revealing her creamy breasts with no underwear on them which caused Sombra to scoff. "Going commando under? Dirty..." She teased which made D.Va flush some more and the desire to burn in her but at the same time Sombra was right, D.Va felt satisfied following her directions. If she was behind it, it was logical to play along to not be exposed more to this unbearable heat. Finally she pulled the suit down over her hips, revealing the obvious lack of panties and the less obvious vib and it's battery taped to her thigh. She looked away embarrassed as her bald pussy glistened slightly and she stepped out of her suit. "I bet you are feeling better now." Sombra said, surprisingly D.Va felt better, being naked in front of Sombra somehow felt satisfying and natural, the thought made her shudder. She still could not understand what was happening. "Now I bet that during your holiday adventures you still weren't satisfied, not by your own fingers nor by the nerd's cock?" Sombra asked with curiosity flaring in her eyes "Come on, tell me." she encouraged D.Va. "Y-yes, it felt empty and lacking, it doused m-my lust but still didn't feel satisfying or right..." D.Va answered, her embarrassment mixed with arousal clear all over her body. D.Va's cheeks were red and even her breasts turned slightly crimson from her usual pale. Sombra chuckled and continued "I have the key to your satisfaction..." she paused dramatically and waited to meet D.Va's gaze and grinned at her "...you simply need to eat me out!" she announced with pride and began to undo her leather trousers. "But I am not into g-girls!" D.Va tried to protest but then she noticed the perfect pussy of the latina and her eyes went wide, somehow it became clear, she had to lick it, she had to kiss it, now! It would satisfy all her needs! D.Va dropped on all fours and pounced forward to be stopped by Sombra's hand touching her forehead. "Not so fast, what will you do

for me to allow you?" Sombra asked calmly and made D.Va freeze with the question. What would she do, she knew the answer and it rushed onto her tongue faster than it was registered by her mind "I'll do anything! I'll be your bitch, your property to use, anything!" D.Va almost screamed out and Sombra, satisfied by the answer let D.Va go who jumped forward and kissed Sombra's crotch. What did she just say? Anything but that... that would mean... Her doubts went away as D.Va reached out with her tongue and felt the taste of Sombra's cunt. Everything was as it should be, she would be Sombra's forever or at least until her mistress is bored with her. Hana Song's mind broke at that moment and let the sneakily hidden programming take full hold of her and let her begin her new life. Sombra leaned back and sat down on a small desk, spreading her legs for D.Va to access and enjoying the sloppy work of her new toy. D.Va was improving her technique with every lick and kiss between Sombra's legs as if she was getting a grasp of a new game. "Thank.. You... Miss..." she spoke between every lick. She felt the results of her own work in her own body, she felt so sexy, hot, aroused... but most importantly satisfied! Serving her mistress was so satisfying! She proceeded to make out with Sombra's lower lips as well as to try and wiggle her tongue onto her folds to lick her mistress proper. Sombra in the meanwhile easily hacked into D.Va's vibrator, kicking it into an overdrive which caused D.Va to moan out. Sombra leaned back and enjoyed the treatment of her new pet more and more as the technique gone from sloppy to almost a pro in the matter of minutes. Sombra herself let out a satisfied moan which was even more encouraging to D.Va who doubled her efforts, kissing, sucking and licking harder. Finally, Sombra's juices splashed all over D.Va's tongue and face. The experience made her convulse and shake into the biggest orgasm she ever experienced in her life. The bugging heat died down, she finally got to function normally, for her mistress no less!

"My, my, you are a fun one when you are not a stuck up bitch." Sombra said after getting off her own high after the experience. D.Va was still panting but her mind was mostly present and ready to hear her new mistress' wishes. "Now get on your feet and listen carefully." Sombra ordered, and D.Va instantly jumped to her feet, standing at attention, her small, yet perky assets jiggled from the motion and there were still Sombra juices dripping from her face. But her gaze was fixed on Sombra. "Yes, miss!" D.Va said enthusiastically to Sombra's amusement, the military training must have stuck well with D.Va. Sombra reached into a drawer and took out a small thumb drive. She then circled D.Va and held out one of D.Va's breasts in her hand while dangling the thumb drive in front of her eyes. "See this little thing? I know you have been called out to help overwatch and have the access to their facilities. I want you to sneak this thing into one of his mainframes, so I can get the data on every agent and their whereabouts. Understood?" D.Va simply nodded in response, still standing stiff. "Good, but it won't be as simple as just carrying it in your pocket, I know their procedures they would check you for that... But there is one place where they won't be checking~" Sombra moved the thumbdrive down between D.Va's thighs and using her fingers she spread D.Va's lower lips and slid the thumb drive inside. D.Va shuddered a little feeling her mistress' precious finger so close to her naughty spot but she stood still and waiting for further instructions. "Is everything clear?" Sombra asked and D.Va answered "Yes, miss, I am ready to carry out your will!" she spoke eager to please. "Good." Sombra let go of D.Va and spanked her which caused D.Va to jump up slightly and head for the exit in the nude. "AHEM, have you forgotten something?" Sombra stopped D.Va who quickly realized what she had forgotten and turned around to slide her suit back, none of the personnel must know that something was off. D.Va would continue her normal life until her mistress would call her back. She would also help her mistress to infiltrate the Overatch databases.

Sombra sighed and stretched after putting her trousers back up. Another one down, and with Song getting her into the Overwatch databases, she was free to pick her next target freely. She considered for a moment and decided that whoever, it would have to be someone with the brains to help her improve her methods....

### 3 - Mercy's Clarity.

Angela Ziegler finished another late shift working in her little private laboratory in a small city somewhere in northern Italy. Since Overwatch had been disbanded Angela moved on from the militaristic lifestyle, for the most part at least and went into hiding to conduct research on improving her healing technology. The nanobots were already top notch in how they could undo injuries and even bring people back from the brink of death, but still there was more she could achieve with them, undo deformities, heal some serious diseases that humanity struggled with for ages. Angela packed her newest research on her nanobots after testing it using her prototype stave on some mice. She managed to improve the healing factor, making it so that broken bones, torn skin, bruises and other injuries didn't just heal but resumed to the state from before the injury. She took the stave with her and carefully carried it back to her hover car. While no one in the facility knew what she was working on, she still wouldn't leave her tech in the compounds highest security vault. She locked and double checked the trunk before getting behind the wheel and starting up the car. The machine slowly hummed to life and delicately lifted itself off the ground. Mercy would soon roll the windows down when she would reach the warmer parts of the area to taste the evening breeze. Sadly for her she wasn't given that chance as her car shook briefly and it felt as if the centre of gravity had changed. She looked up through the window to see a black MEKA lifting her car. Angela frantically tried to access the car's main computer, but all that greeted her on the screen was a purple skull winking at her. The MEKA reached a steady altitude carrying the car, a small robotic arm extended itself and popped a small hole in the roof, letting a hissing sound, Mercy was quick to realize what was happening, it was sleeping gas making a quick work and knocking her out. "N-No... My research must not... Must call help!" Angela mumbled with her last ditch effort of staying awake...

In one of her more advanced, but still small hideouts in an unknown location, most likely somewhere in Europe, Sombra sat in a comfortable chair, her legs crossed and feet eagerly kissed by Widowmaker who moaned each time her lips touched the feet of her mistress, after all obedience was pleasure. Sombra was swiping through the holo display, reading through the Overwatch files her latest acquisition helped her retrieve. She was reading up more on Angela "Mercy" Ziegler and the good doctor's research, that woman was truly a genius. Sombra would have to take a different approach making sure not to damage that brilliant brain. Gladly her research on Widowmaker and how she came to be the way she is led her to discover a plenty of methods of hacking people to get the effect Sombra wanted to get. Her other foot poked at Widowmaker's crotch, making the assassin service Sombra even more eagerly as she kept flipping through the data just to soon be interrupted by a beep, announcing that the MEKA-01 had returned from it's assignment and just began the landing sequence. She smiled and dismissed the notification while patting Widowmaker's head with her free hand to get her attention. "Amelie dear, go unwrap the package and prepare it for the show." Sombra instructed and Widowmaker eagerly got up to her feet and strutted away towards the hangar bay, on her way she passed D.Va in the carbon-black skin tight suit, hardening nipples faintly visible through the skin tight fabric also indicating that she wore nothing under. Hana began to undo her suit as she was closer to Sombra's cozy dwelling, and as she entered the room she was bare naked, holding her suit neatly folded in her hands as she put it away on a nearby table and gently approached Sombra with a subtle sway in her walk. "Mission complete, mistress! The package was secured, it was a piece of cake!" Hana happily reported, she

wanted to please her mistress the most. When Sombra gave Hana an approving nod and motioned Hana to her lap, Hana almost squealed with joy but she held it back and just let out an awkward whimper as she gently slid herself onto Sombra's lap and snuggled her head against her mistress' chest. Sombra chuckled as she petted D.Va's head, getting a purr from her pet. It amused her how nice D.Va turned out to be after she got adjusted to her new way of thinking, from a loud mouthed gaming bitch to her own lap-kitten. Sombra's hand wandered through D.Va's hair and down the silky skin to caress the butt of the Korean while she resumed the browsing while waiting for Widowmaker to bring the package to her.

Widowmaker dutifully went to the parked car and took the still unconscious doctor and the experimental staff with her, carrying Mercy over her shoulder like a sack of potatoes. she carried her and laid Mercy down on the desk in front of Sombra, who reached out with hand that petted D.Va, causing the gamer to whine with disappointment as she reached to brush aside the lab coat of mercy and move her hand over the fuzzy underneath, stopping to squeeze the sizeable boob and chuckle as that caused a slight whimper and a moan from the still unconscious Mercy. She then quickly moved her hand, stroking over Mercy's hip, clad in a skin tight legging.

“Good, everything should be ready, take her to her cell and start up the program.” Instructed Sombra and Widowmaker was Quick to pick up Mercy once again. Sombra's eyes drifted to the staff, she hacked into all the notes regarding this project but no details on how it's built, the doctor must keep those secrets in her head, that's why she needs to keep her brain mostly... intact.

Mercy stirred an hour or two later to wake up in pitch darkness, slight cold breeze rolled over her body allowing her to quickly deduct that she was stripped from everything bar her lab coat, whoever captured her must have an odd sense of humor or fashion, or both. As she moved, three giant screens one on each wall flared up with blinding light that dimmed soon after, lighting up the dark room and momentarily blinding Mercy. Soon after she regained her sight and looked at one of the screen, playing a jingle of a familiar talk show, making her scoff at the oddity of the situation until she raised her eyebrow with a curious look to see where she knew the jingle from. It was a recording of one of the interviews she had given a few years back about her research and her work at Overwatch. She vaguely remembered the interview but kept looking on intrigued about the meaning of the display. It went as it should as far as she remembered it and then the anchor asked her a question about her life goals. The answer started as it normally would “I just want to help Sombra with all my abilities and everything I got.” but the answer shocked her after passing the first few words. That was not what she said! She said she wanted to help the world for it to become a better place! That's what she said! And who the hell is Sombra anyway!?

She thought hard about that name and all she could come up with some vague rumors about a cyber terrorist. No scrawny kid could do this from her basement, there must be something more to it!

Regardless, she decided to try and just ignore whatever that trick was meant to be, the rest of the interview went on as it should and as it ended it started all over again, the same change clearly apparent. Mercy tried to cover her ears and look away, but the audio was so loud she could still hear it

and wherever she looked, she saw the displays playing the video. With not much of a choice but listen, she got well acquainted with the video that matched her memory aside from that one simple, yet so different mention of that Sombra person. She tried to pay attention to that moment to hear any sign of audio tampering, confirming the obvious fake but that sounded, and more oddly looked natural, her lips synced with what she said and there was no difference in the quality, tone or volume, it just sounded so natural...

Without any real light source beside the screens that kept playing, Mercy could not tell the time, she just measured it by the approximate length of each replay. Eventually, after about five or six loops, Mercy's adrenaline died down and the exhaustion of her work day caught up with her finally. She curled up in the corner yawning, still trying to figure out who or what the Sombra person was. The thought carried onto Mercy's dreams and a figure appeared in them, a latina woman clad in a purple outfit, clearly augmented with some borderline illegal technology. A feeling of energy flushed her dreaming body, a typical feeling she connected with excitement of discovering something that could help Som... the world be a better place. Her sleep was continued with similar dreams until she woke up later on to realize that the screens kept playing and were just starting a new loop. She grew more accustomed to the situation as she could slowly repeat the interview word for word, she finally looked around the cell to notice a small toilet in the corner for her to use and a slit in the wall next to a small shelf where a food tray laid at. She was pleasantly surprised at the somewhat decent treatment her captors offered, it was humane at least. As the days passed, Mercy grew more accustomed to her cell, the recording began changing with time, more things seemed off at some point in the interview the reporter asked mercy about her morality and boundaries in research to which she originally answered by saying "We need to keep the lives of people in our minds and do not endanger anyone, my science is meant to help people not harm them", or at least she thought she answered that. The new answer that she heard was "To satisfy Sombra I am willing to do anything that is needed.". The interview kept warping itself day by day in a similar fashion. At some point the broadcast routine has changed. A news report began playing between the interviews, dated from quite a few years back, the anchor spoke about Overwatch capturing a dangerous criminal that was meant to undergo a new form of resocialization, it was weird, she did not remember anything like that by the organisation, she already doubted her memories after the days of exposure to the interview and this was even more odd as it kept going, she was shocked as the reporter finally brought up the photo of the captured criminal and it was showing a blonde woman, not any blonde woman but Mercy herself. This shocked the doctor to the core and made her look away and curl up in the corner, covering her ears in shock. This could not be, could it? She was not sure, losing it. Days kept passing on, sometimes there were just briefing audio files played with some evidence case files displayed on the screen. The audio implied that no matter what, the scientist wouldn't give out the elusive Sombra to whom she was loyal. The briefing ended with whoever was talking, was it Morrison and Reyes? They finally came to the conclusion that the scientist's talent is too valuable and they should apply the reeducation to her.

Four weeks later, Sombra stood outside of the cell where Mercy was put in. It was about the time where her careful plan came to fruition. The mental propaganda that blared for weeks in the cell, was supported by light subliminals that would help Mercy form new memories to normalize the situation and rationalize with what she saw. The subliminals would just guide her subconscious in the right direction

with subtle nudges while her imagination would do the rest. Sombra smiled and opened the door to the now dark cell to see Mercy sit calmly on top of her folded lab coat. Mercy turned her head to regard whoever was standing at the door as she was blinded by the light from the outside, she grew a bit pale from her time in isolation. As her vision cleared she leaped up to her feet and jumped to hug Sombra tightly. Her eyes glossed over slightly with tears, she looked at Sombra and squealed a little. "Miss Sombra, I am sorry for not being there for you all these years... I am so sorry!" Out of Mercy's sight, Sombra smiled widely, happy that her plan had worked. She patted Mercy's head in the hug and broke it. "Come, we need to get you washed" said Sombra with a smile, breaking the hug and leading Mercy away to the shower area of what seems to be an abandoned and refurbished military bunker. Mercy was calm and smiling a little to be reunited with Sombra. "Get the water running" Sombra said and Mercy hastily went into the shower area and started setting the water to flow after being pushed in by Sombra who disappeared, probably to take her clothes off. As Mercy was done with adjusting the water and got a little soaked, the layer of dirt that gathered on her in the cell quickly falling off, Mercy turned around to be disconnected from her moment of indulgence by Sombra entering the shower area once again, naked. Mercy's jaw dropped a little as she scanned the toned, shapely body, Miss Sombra surely kept herself in shape, but what really made Mercy have a double take was the metallic, bionic shaft attached to her crotch, no harness required as it seemed to attach itself to Sombra's clit and go a little into the slit. "M-m-miss Sombra... I did not expect..." Mercy mumbled and Sombra reacted by stepping closer, to Mercy's surprise the shaft began to harden a little probably somehow as a reaction to Sombra's womanly excitement, Mercy deduced while being amazed by the prosthetic in more than one way.

Mercy slowly dropped to her knees, transfixed on the faux cock "M-may I have a closer look Miss Sombra?" she asked amazed and Sombra was quick to answer. "Feel free to examine it any way you want, it is quite responsive..." Sombra teased. Mercy was quick to respond and reached with her hand to hold the shaft in her hand, slowly moving it up and down as it rose and hardened in front of her face to her slight amazement, of course Mercy was aware of knicks and knacks of the prosthetic, still her face went red as she was deprived of human contact for so long in the cell. and even longer when it comes to an intimate, sexual one through her research. She needed it, she craved it.

Finally, she caved and after moving her hand in slow strokes of the synthetic length that felt so, warm, so real. The way it moved in her hand and reacted to her touch made Mercy's head swim with lust. Her instinct kicked in and her mouth embraced Sombra's synthetic length in one go. She began to move her lips over the surface of it as her head bobbed back and forth. She finally heard a moan coming from Sombra that caused her to moan back, how could she live so long without doing this? Mercy let out a stifled moan as she felt herself grow aroused and wiggle her backside wanting to touch herself but not daring to do so without the permission of Sombra, instead she just looked up pleadingly up at Sombra while running her tongue skillfully around the faux-shaft. Sombra shook her head, denying the pleas of Mercy and pulled the blonde by the wet hair, making her mouth slide off of the false cock and meet her at eye level as Mercy rose to her feet. "You are still needy Angela, but you did such a good job I may just indulge you~" Said Sombra with a smirk, running one hand over the cheek of the doctor while still pulling on her hair. She then grabbed the rod stuck in her own cunt and directed it towards Angela's cunt and moved forward, inserting it as she thrust her hips forward. Mercy groaned with ecstasy, being filled up by her mistress felt just right and being embraced in Sombra's arms felt even better, her old life felt like a wasted time and full of resentment. Now she just had the mistress's pleasure rod that started throbbing and vibrating between them upping the pleasure in both cunt and as Sombra reached her

climax and tightened around it, spurting her fem-cum, it pumped it right into Mercy which overwhelmed her to the greatest, making her blank out briefly as she reached an overload of feelings and emotions feeling being filled up that way and tightened around the rod herself and almost fainted.

With that Sombra secured another pawn on her board of pleasure and schemes.