

Overwatch Wrestling League

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Submitted: June 17, 2018

Updated: July 28, 2018

A part of a wrestling RP that we grew to love. An alternate Overwatch universe where the organization is really just a wrestling league, with the women as wrestlers. Played as Soldier 76 and Reinhardt as announcers (Reinhardt is the CAPSLOCK voice, and Soldier 76 is the regular one)

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Chapter 1 - Tracer vs Dva	2
Chapter 2 - Mei vs Mercy	7
Chapter 3 - Widowmaker vs Symmetra	11
Chapter 4 - Symmetra's Punishment	18
Chapter 5 - Zarya vs Pharah	26

1 - Tracer vs Dva

Welcome fans to our next big show! Lot on the line here, Reinhardt. New fans and old dogs like us gotta admit, it's a hell of a lineup here. First up we'll be having Dva, the rough little gamer girl, up against Tracer, the infamous partner of the deadly Widowmaker. Then it's another undercard match as the ice-cold Mei takes on the merciless Mercy..."

"In our third fight, Symmetra faces an uphill battle with the mentioned Widowmaker, and finally, a the mountain of a woman Zarya takes on our current champ, Pharah the Warbird. Thoughts on the lineup tonight, yet?"

"ZIS IS VWHAT EVERYONE HAS BEEN WAITING FOR ALL YEAR, 76! AND ZIS OLD DOG AS LEARNED A FEW TRICKS FROM LAST SEASON! ZE FIRST MATCH IS GOING TO BE ONE OF ZE CLOSEST! BOTH DVA UND TRACER ARE LIGHT AND FAST AND BOTH AREN'T AFRAID TO GET DIRTY! BUT WIZ TRACER UNDER VIDOW'S TEACHING, I'M PUTTING ALL MY DEUTSCHMARKS ON HER!"

"Both girls are fearless like you said, but they're reckless, cocky, and aggressive. A solid hit might be all it takes to put either of them down until they work up a bit more on their health bars. I'm mostly concerned what Symetra's thinking heading into the third fight. She better have been hitting the gym more than she's been hitting the books if she's going to stand a chance."

"HAHA! ZAT OCD ARCHITECT DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE! SHE MAY BEND OPPONENTS TO HER VILL BUT VIDOW HAS BEEN DOING IT BETTER AND FOR LONGER! BESIDES, ZE LAST MATCH IS ZE ONE I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO! A MUSCLE BATTLE FOR ZE AGES!"

"Absolutely right. Two of the strongest women the league, hands down. I've heard Zarya's even given YOU a run for your money, big guy. Normally I'd say that if Zarya gets her hands on anybody, it's all over, but Pharah's probably the one I'd say could possible muscle her way out of that Russian's bear hug."

"TRUE! VHILE ZARYA IS STRONGER, PHARAH IS MUCH MORE AGILE UND FASTER! SHE MIGHT SPIN ZE RUSSIAN IN CIRCLES BEFORE LAYING IN VITH SOME EROTIC PUNISHMENT! OR AT LEAST I HOPE SO!"

"Yea, well keep your armored pants on, cuz we've got a show to do. Here she comes, and that chiptunes means it can only be one! Our first contender of the night, here comes the peppy, popular Dva! I still think she's a bit young to wear something so revealing, but can't argue with what the fans want. Just grumble about it..."

"AHHH BUT ZE FANSERVICE BUSINESS SEEMS TO BE IN FULL SVING! LOOKS LIKE SHE HAS CUT HER BODYSUIT IN TWO, LEAVING ONLY HER LEGGINGS ON! ZO TO BE HONEST SHE DOES NOT HAVE MUCH NACH OBEN!:"

"Lightweight packaging I suppose. And here comes the British punk music and Tracer's skipping her way of the ring. What used to be one of the biggest faces in the league is dolled up in her 'mistress' colors, with her purple tiny top and thong. She give the crowd a wiggle while she's on the apron before making her way in, possibly promising them some use of it in her match. After all, anyone in the league knows better than to go chasing that tail when they know who's name is stamped on it."

"VERY TRUE! ZE FRENCH VOMAN DOES NOT LIKE IT VHEN PEOPLE TOUCH HER ZINGS! ONE ZING ZAT SHOULD BE NOTED FOR ZIS MATCH, BOTH GIRLS ARE TRYING TO IMPRESS ZERE PARTNERS SO FOR ZEM, ZERE IS MUCH AT STAKE TONIGHT!"

"Reckless and aggressive, like I said. And the bell's hardly rung and here comes the trash talk. Two mouthy girls as much as they are tough, but OH! Dva gets first blood with a big slap to the face."

"I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW SOME OF ZOS VORDS EXISTED! BUT IT LOOKS LIKE TRACER ISN'T GIVING UP, SENDING BACK A SAVAGE BRIT-SLAP OF HER OWN, SENDING ZE LIGHTER GIRL SPIRALING INTO ZE ROPES!"

"Maybe because English wasn't your first language, and neither was L33T. The British bad girl already on her A-game, pushing Dva into the ropes and choking her on them. The ref gives her a warning, but Tracer gives her a shove. But it's enough distraction for Dva to deliver a quick reverse kick between the legs!"

"OOOOH RIGHT IN ZE MUSCHI! ZE BRITISH BOMBER GOES DOWN! UND HER HANDS HAVE GONE TO COVER ZE DAMAGE! DVA DOESN'T SEEM TO HURRIED, UND IS TAKING HER TIME BY GLOATING! I'D SAY ZAT IS BAD SPORTSMANSHIP BUT CONSIDERING WHO SHE IS FIGHTING, WHO GIVES A SHIT!"

"Bad sport indeed, she gets the downed Tracer by the hair, and gives her a bunch of knees to the face. She's seeing stars now as Dva lifts her up even higher and OOH! Drops her tits first onto her knees as she drops down."

"TRACER IS MOANING AND ROLLING SIDE TO SIDE IN PAIN! WE MIGHT SEE SOME MILK BUT ZE END OF THIS BUT ONLY A LITTLE FROM TRACER AND NONE FROM ZE TEEN! DVA COMES AROUND TO STOMP ON ZE POOR GIRL'S STOMACH. LOOKS LIKE DVA IS PERFORMING HER CLASSIC ZERG RUSH TACTIC!"

"No time for defense at this rate. It's paid off for her in the past, so let's see if it holds out, or if she needs additional pylons. ...is that how the game works? I just hear things... uh oh, Dva's got the ankles and she's spreading them out wide..."

Tracer is twisting that ankle like she thinks it's going to come off! Dva's clearly in a lot of pain down there as Tracer throws a few choice words down at her. And here I thought English WAS my first language... OH! And there's some spit to the face. Totally uncalled for on the bad Brit's part."

"HAHA! BUT IT'S SO ENTERTAINING! GET HER TRACER! GET HER GOOD!"

Dvas crawling for the ropes, but Tracer drags her back to the middle. She's going to her knees and looks like she's giving Dva's little opening some extra attention. The fans are loving that kind of lovin' but... owww! Watch those teeth, Tracey!

"NOW EVEN I ZINK ZIS IS STARTING TO GET DIRTY! ZE REF TRIES TO BREAK IT UP BUT SHE IS NO ANA AND TRACER JUST PUSHES HER AWAY BEFORE CONTINUING HER PUNISHMENT ON DVA! CAN VE GET A REF VITH SOME BALLS HERE!?"

"If they had em, Tracer would have bashed them by now. Dva just in tears while Tracer bounces back up. Licking her lips for the crowd like she was delicious. Dva goes to a corner to nurse some injuries, but Tracer's out to keep her from using that time too wisely."

"GOING INTO ZE CORNER IS TRAPPING HER LIKE A BRITISH SOLDIER IN DUNKIRK! ERRR I MEAN, LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP! UND NOW TRACER IS COMING IN TO LAY INTO ZE TEEN! OOOOH SHE IS BASHING HER HEAD INTO THE TURNBUCKLE!"

Dva getting some nasty whiplash out of this fight. Tracer knows how to lay down the hurt and where to put it as she's on a hot streak tonight. Hope Widow's enjoying all that attention grabbing she's doing. Dva's laid out in the corner as Tracer tugs up that thong, smacks the cheeks and there goes the stinkface! More humiliating than painful, but it's not exactly painless either."

"AH YES! TRACER HAS BEEN RATHER FAMOUS FOR HER BRITISH BEHIND EVER SINCE SHE FIRST JOINED! UND IT LOOKS LIKE VIDOW HAS TAUGHT HER HOW TO USE IT VITH A VENGEANCE! VWHAT A SIGHT!"

"A sight that Dva's probably too close to enjoy properly right now. Tracer gets Dva up for a quick British bulldog to the mats before she goes for the ropes. It looks like she might be setting up for a Pulse Bomb to finish this!"

"ZINGS AREN'T LOOKING GOOD FOR ZE TERRIBLE TEEN- VAIT! IS IT? YES IT IS! DVA'S "MECH" ZARYA IS COMING DOWN ZE RAMP BEFORE HER MATCH! UND SHE LOOKS PISSED! NOT TO MENTION BEING ONLY IN SHORT SHORTS IS REALLY SHOWING OFF HER MUSCLES WHICH SHOULD MAKE TRACER ZINK TWICE!"

"Tracer's definitely keeping an eye on Zarya, whether it's on the goods or the muscles she's on the lookout for. She's shouting at Zarya to try to keep her off her bounce y ass, when she should be keeping her eye on Dva."

"UND SHE REALLY SHOULD HAVE! DVA IS UP QUICK ENOUGH VITH SEVERAL HEAVY PUNCHES TO ZE SNATCH! ZAT HAS GOT TO HURT UND TRACER FALLS TO ZE MAT!"

"Long way down from that spot she had picked out for the launch pad! She's kicking her feet and a lot of

that fight taken out of her. Dva leans out the ropes to be sweet with her big brawny toy before going back after Tracer. She sits on her back and pulls on a boston crab trying to bend the flexible Brit right in half! This could be it!"

"TRUE! VAIT! WHAT'S ZIS!? VIDOW IS SAUNTERING DOWN ZE RAMP! VILL SHE INTERFERE! ZARYA MOVES TO CONFRONT HER BUT ZE BLUE WOMAN JUST LAUGHS AND SHAKES HER HEAD BEFORE TURNING TO VATCH THE FIGHT! LOOKS LIKE TRACER IS ON HER OWN!"

"Widow being around evens the playing field a bit, even if I doubt that's her real intention to make ANYthing fair. Dva cranks on the hold, and adds a crotch claw to the mix, digging under Tracer's shorts to get right to the meat of the problem. Is it me, though, or does Tracer look more afraid of Widow than even her opponent who has her trapped right now?"

YOU WOULD BE TOO IF YOU HAD HER VAITING AT HOME FOR YOU! DVA GRIPS AT TRACER'S THONG UND YANKS UP! OOOO, UND IT COMES OFF VITH A SNAP! ZE VHIPLASH HAS GOT TO HURT!"

"Yes, but that snap's just what Tracer needed. Didn't want, but needed. It gets her out of that hold when Dva loses her grip, even if Tracer's bottomless. She crawls quickly to the ropes, trying to get a moment to breathe away from the nasty Korean gremlin. Dva gives a little tribute to the fans as she throws the thong out to the crowd.

"VIDOW LOOKS DISPLEASED VITH HER LOVER'S PERFORMANCE VHILE ZARYA IS APPLAUDING! BUT VAIT! TRACER JUMPS ON ZE ROPES AND USES ZE SPRING BACK TO BACK FLIP A BODY SLAM ONTO DVA!"

"Dva did not see that coming! Tracer's agility paying off in spades. She heads for the ropes again, Dva barely up when ANOTHER flip into a splash. Tracer's all but running circle around her now. She pulls up the dizzy Dva by the hair and rakes those nails down her face and eyes while she humps on her tight little ass. Definitely something she must've picked up from her mistress."

"NO DOUBT! ZARYA IS LOOKING FURIOUS BUT IT SEEMS VIDOW IS ENJOYING ZE VIEW! VHILE ONE HAND CLAWS AT HER FACE, TRACER IS SENDING ANOTHER ONE DOWN DVA'S PANTS TO TOY VITH HER! NOW ZIS IS WHAT BRINGS IN ZE VIEWERS!"

Dva's in enough pain and humiliation that she's in tears again. Tracer give Zarya a little kissy face before she turns around and bounces her booty on Dva's head, banging her into the mat while she spreads out the barely-legal brawler's thighs for the crowd to see. And a big spank for the little opening!"

"ZARYA CAN DO NOZING AS ZE WHOLE ARENA HAS SEEN HER NOW! UND IT LOOKS LIKE TRACER IS GOING FOR A SEXUAL PIN! A FACESIT MIXED VITH A CROTCH CLAW!"

She counts the fingers off; one, two three before she stuffs them into Dva, and the ref counts the same. This could be it! 1! 2!"

"3! ZE DAMAGED TEEN COULDN'T TAKE MUCH MORE UND SHE IS DOWN FOR ZE COUNT! LOOKS LIKE TRACER VINS ZIS ONE!"

And she's sure to let Dva know it. The gamer just wants to curl up and heal, ubt Tracer's shouter in her face all sorts of shit talk. Ooh, and a bitter kick in the gut for good measure."

"IT ZEEMS TOO MUCH FOR ZARYA UND ZE MUSCLE MACHINE IS IN ZE RING! SHE MOVES TOWARD HER LOVER VITH A DEFENSIVE EXPRESSION ON HER FACE! TRACER BETTER GET OUT OF THERE UNLESS SHE VANTS TO DEAL VITH ZE ANGRY RUSSIAN BEAR!"

"And the British weasel does just that and slips out the other side, running to her mistress like a spooked child. While the real child she victimized is still a broken heap in the ring. Used to be a good girl, that Tracer..."

"VELL I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU BUT ZINGS HAVE GOTTEN A LOT MORE INTERESTING VITH HER UNDER VIDOW'S TEACHING! MEANVHILE, IT LOOKS LIKE ZARYA HAS PICKED UP HER PARTNER UND IS TAKING HER BACK TO ZE DRESSING ROOM. I VONDER IF SHE VILL BE ABLE TO PART HERSELF FROM DVA LONG ENOUGH FOR HER MATCH. DVA IS LOOKING IN SOME PRETTY BAD SHAPE!"

"Well can just hope that wasn't part of Widow's plan for something. She's crafty, but she doesn't even have a match with the Russian. But they're already cleaning up for Mercy and Mei's showdown, right after this!"

2 - Mei vs Mercy

"And we're back. We've got our airtime paid for and the stains cleaned up, so we're moving onto our next match. Ring veteran Mercy against the relative newcomer, Ice Cold Mei. Mei might have the weight advantage here, but not sure she'll know how to use it. Your thoughts, Rein?"

"VELL YOU KNOW ME! I'LL ALWAYS ROUTE FOR GUT DEUTSCH SPEAKING GIRLS! BUT TO BE HONEST, I HAVE NO IDEA WHO VILL VIN IN ZIS BATTLE OF ZE JOBBERS! MEI HAS LOST EVERY MATCH SHE HAS BEEN IN THIS EARLY SEASON, UND MERCY HAS BEEN ON A LOSING STREAK OF HER OWN FOR ZE PAST YEAR OR SO! IT IS HARD TO TELL WHO VILL BE ZE ULTIMATE JOBBER!"

"Bottom of the barrel match, eh? Well don't worry fans, because even the worst of the OWL are real pros in the ring, and lookers to boot. Rumors are that Mei's been hitting the gym, but Mercy may have some of her time with the champ rub off on her. Let's see which pays off. And here she comes, your blonde favorite on her way to the ring now."

"UND IN HER CLASSIC WHITE UND RED ROBE! WHAT DO YOU ZINK SHE IS VEARING UNDER ZAT?"

"Micro bikini at most, by the look of things. She gives the crowd a generous bend over as she wiggled her way between the ropes and gets ready to throw down. Leave it to a medic to know when to stretch."

"VELL IT LOOKS LIKE SHE HAS SOME COMPETITION FOR LOOKS! HERE COMES MEI IN A RATHER TIGHT FURRY BRA UND THONG! SHE IS A LITTLE CHUNKY BUT ZIS GIRL MAKES IT LOOK SEHR GUT!"

"Makes her gut look sehr gut, huh? Well the girl's got spirit, and that chipper attitude gets her some love from the fans. Our little Chinese eskimo's in the ring and both girls looking ready to fight. They know the status on the line by the looks of things, and neither especially sadistic or cocky. Looks like that's what it takes to get far in this league, one or both."

"UND MERCY DROPS THE ROBE! IT IS HER CLASSIC HIGH CUT RED ONE PIECE SUIT! BRINGING BACK ZE NOSTALGIA OF ZE OLD DAYS! REMEMBER VHEN SHE UND TRACER WERE A DUO? BEFORE VIDOW AND PHARAH CAME TO ZE LEAGUE?"

"Yea, better times, if you ask me. Real Baywatch look to her. She comes out with her arms up, with Mei coming out to meet her. They lock up hand to hand and tit to tit as they lean into the lockup!"

"QUITE ZE STRUGGLE! BOTH GIRLS SEEM TO BE IN A STAND STI- VAIT! MEI IS STARTING TO PUSH MERCY BACK! LOOKS LIKE ZE GEEKY GODDESS HAS SOME MUSCLE UNDER ZAT GUT! MERCY BETTER TRY SOMEZING FAST OR SHE VILL BE STUCK AGAINST ZE ROPES!"

"Almost there, but THERE'S the knee! Gets one into the side of Mei's belly and takes the fight out of her long enough to drop down and hip toss her to the mats. Right into a headlock from the doctor."

"OOOO ZAT HAS GOT TO STUN HER! ZE CHUBBY CHINA GIRL IS STRUGGLING IN ZE HEADLOCK, JUST TRYING TO GET OUT OF IT! BUT MERCY IS ALL SMILES! LOOKS LIKE SHE IS CONFIDENT OF ZE OUTCOME ALREADY!"

"She tips back Mei's head, and there she goes! A face full of hefty tits into the China doll's face. She gives her a rough motorboating while she takes the wind out of her. Mei pulls out, but she's panting and sputtering!"

"VHY IS SHE SO SHOCKED!? I VOULD HAVE GONE IN FOR MORE!"

"Because she's trying to stay in this fight, Hardy. Our resident angel's got her by the hair and pulls her back up, grabs that top to set her up for another trip back to the mats."

"OOOF UND VITH MEI'S VEIGHT ZAT HAS GOT TO HURT! SHE IS WRITHING ON ZE GROUND UN- UND ONE OF HER TITS HAS BEEN EXPOSED FROM ZE TINY TOP! ZIS MATCH IS GETTING BETTER ZEN I THOUGHT! MERCY DOESN'T LOOK TOO APPROVING THOUGH AND MOCKINGLY SHAKES HER FINGER AS IF MEI VAS BEING A NAUGHTY GIRL! VWHICH VE CAN ONLY HOPE SHE VILL BE!"

"If you didn't expect at least one breast out in the air, then you need to pay more attention to these matches. And Mercy tops off the naughty gesture with a smack to her own botom as she hops up and gives Mei a leg drop across those impressive tits of hers."

"ZAT IS VWHAT ZE SVISS MISS IS FAMOUS FOR! BUT I MUST SAY, MEI MIGHT GIVE HER SOME COMPETITION IN ZAT DEPARTMENT!"

"Mercy goes for an early pin, trying to prove who's bottom tier here, but Mei kicked out by two! MErcy none to happy, she gives Mei a spank of her own, and much harder than her little fanservice before!"

"UND IT SETS HER ASS TO GIGGLING! I DON'T ZINK ZIS OLD HEART CAN TAKE MUCH MORE! MERCY IS CLIMBING UP ONTO ZE ROPES! LOOKS LIKE SHE MIGHT BE TRYING HER SIGNATURE MATTERHORN DIVE!"

"Even Mei's having trouble controlling that ass right now. It gives Mercy plenty of time to get up there. She jumps but OH NO! Mei rolls over and brings those knees up! Mercy on the ground holding her gut after a crash landing on what might be the only non-soft part of our little eskimo."

"IT LOOKS LIKE MEI VAS PLANNING ZIS! SHE STARTS TO GET TO HER FEET! OH SHE LOOKS MAD NOW- OOOOF A SHARP KICK TO ZE TITS! MERCY'S MAMMERIES ARE FEELING IT NOW!"

Mercy doesn't look like she's sure what to do now! She's trying to crawl away for some time to think, but Mei grabs a foot and drags those big proud tits across the mats for a nasty bit of rug burn! This could be a big comeback for the big girl!"

"TRUE! MERCY IS LOOKING HURT BUT I DOUBT SHE IS DOWN UND OUT YET! BUT IT LOOKS LIKE MEI KNOWS ZE SAME THING! ZAT CHUBBY GIRL IS SITTING ON MERCY'S BACK! OH, SHE GRABS HER BY ZE HAIR UND IS NOW SLAMMING HER HEAD REPEATEDLY INTO ZE MAT!"

Mercy's being forced to kiss that canvas while Mei's not letting her get anywhere! Mercy curls up to try to cover up, but OH! A big butt bomb from Mei right on the back! You can't ignore a hit like that!"

"MERCY IS NOT LOOKING GUT! IT LOOKS ABSOLUTELY SAVAGE! MEI HASN'T

EVEN TUCKED HER TIT BACK IN! LIKE A CAVEWOMAN BEATING ON A RIVAL! VAIT... WHAT'S ZIS!? NOW SHE IS TRYING TO STRIP ZE SVISS FIGHTER!"

"Mercy's trying to tug of war out of this, keeping hold of her swimsuit. It's stretching more than she keeps it, but Mercy keeps it barely on. Mei let's go to drop on top of her and just slap the hell out of her head and tits to get her to stop resisting! Clumsy, but effective!"

"VERY EFFECTIVE! MERCY IS SO RATTLED BY ZIS ATTACK ZAT SHE STOPS GRABBING ZE SVIMSUIT... UND IT'S OFF!"

"Mercy is utterly naked in the ring! She's not even aware enough to cover up. Mei holds it over her head and shouts to the crowd like it's an enemy flag and throws it to the fans. Wow! She even takes it up a notch and finally takes her own top off to throw after it. Talk about generous."

"NOW ZOS ARE SOME HOOTERS! VAIT!? IS ZAT MILK TOO! IT IS! UND MEI TAKES ADVANTAGE AND SQUIRTS A BIT ON HER FEEBLE OPPONENT! IT'S LIKE SHE IS MARKING HER OR SOMZING! UND VE THOUGHT ZAT ZIS VOULD ALL BE IN GUT FUN!"

"Something's brought out the competitive side in Mei, that's for sure. She grabs Mercy by the hair and rubs those milk jugs into her face. Not just humiliating, but that milks in Mercy's eyes! She's just grabbing around her blinded from those heavy tits! Not many in the league who could pull that, you have to admit!"

"VELL I ZINK VE KNOW WHO ZE MAIN JOBBER IS NOW! VAIT! MEI DRAGS HER TO ZE ROPES AND TIES HER UP! SHE IS RUNNING TOWARDS ZE OPPOSITE ROPES! IS SHE GOING FOR IT! SHE BOUNCES OFF ZE ROPES AND COMES FLYING ASS FIRST TOWARDS THE BEATEN MERCY! UND ZE CHUBBY AS HITS MERCY RIGHT IN ZE CROTCH! ME JUST PERFECTED HER SIGNATURE "ICE VALL"!

Mercy looks ready to fall over to the mats, but the rope are holding her up! Mei's backing up and clapping to the crowd, psyching them up. She can't be serious.... Mercy's beat, but she's out to really show her who's the jobber here! She goes into the ropes again, and another big butt bump! Mercy looks ready to black out from that one, and more than a little wet from it too by the looks."

"VELL MEI JUST LOOKS LIKE SHE IS HAVING ZE TIME OF HER LIFE! SHE EVEN LOOKS DIRECTLY AT ZE CAMERA TO GIVE A KISSY FACE BEFORE SMOTHERING MERCY VITH HER TITS AGAIN! WHO DO YOU ZINK ZAT IS FOR?"

"Maybe just playing for the fans some more? Mercy's just a mess of tears and milk now as Mei smothers her out. No arms, this may be the end of the medic."

"ZERE IS NO VAY SHE CAN BREATH THROUGH ZAT SEALAGE! HER BODY IS GOING LIMP... UND SHE IS DOWN! MEI STEPS AVAY TO ADMIRE HER HANDYVORK UND QUITE ZE VORK IT IS!"

Mercy just a mess of sweat, milk, tears and drool! An absolute mess! The fans will be loving this and mocking it for ages! Mei is the winner, folks, and here we were thinking we'd never hear that phrase again! Here's hoping he can get some more of those under her extra wide belt!"

Pharah came out to the ring as Mei was leaving. The two traded begrudging looks, but didn't start anything as they passed. Pharah climbed into the ring to go to her KOed lover, lightly patting her cheek as she tried to untie her. "Wake up, angel. Are you okay?" All Mercy could do was moan out in pain. Her head was rattled, she couldn't see straight and could barely hear her wife's voice. "It's okay, love. I've got you," Pharah assured, starting to untie her and lifting her wife over her shoulder in a fireman carry, taking her back to their dressing room to try to revive her on her bed.

3 - Widowmaker vs Symetra

(we'd tried going with the regular narrative on this one rather than the announcers; we ended up going back and forth between the two as needed)

Widow leaned back in her chair as the match ended. Mercy had fucked up again... shown how vulnerable she was... and she felt she could use it as she looked down at Tracer who was doing the usual prep work for Widow's matches, worshiping her legs and feet that stuck out from her robe.

Tracer sucked hungrily on Widow's toes as if they were all she'd be allowed to eat all night, looking up at her with wide, content eyes. She'd been shown how weak she was in their old match, and she never wanted to leave her mistress' side when she could protect her so well. Even when they were scheduled for matches together in the ring, it was a sight to see that was more sadistic art than a match. She ran her hands over her strong purple thighs. "You've never looked so ready, mistress," she praised.

Widow just sighed as she used a foot to toy with Tracer's exposed tits, "I don't even need to be, Symetra is easy prey. I might bring her back her for a good penalty fucking..." "Mm, you know how jealous I get when you hurt someone besides me," she sighed with a smile. "Not that it doesn't turn me on somefin awful." She patted one of Widow's calves fondly. "Think these ladykillers are all good to go. Don't forget not to make her cry too fast this time. You know how we all love a show, roight?"

Widow just grinned before snapping her toned legs tightly around Tracer's neck, choking her. Slowly she bent forward with utter grace to place a kiss on the girl's gasping lips, "I am well aware..." before bending back and releasing the hold to stand over her. Tracer gasped and gagged, doing her best not to drool over the perfect and oiled legs. Her eyes went wide as she gasped, still a little sore from her match and shivering at how pathetically weak Widow always made her feel. She just nodded as best she could in the vice like grip, looking more like a seizure victim as she kissed at her thighs.

Widow gave a deft pat to Tracer's cheek before strutting away from the coughing girl and to the door to go to her match, "Have a bath prepared for my return, make sure it stays hot! If it is cold... I don't need to say... Oh, and put some of your juices in zere wiz rose water... I find it softens my skin..." Before she closed the door.

Symetra was in her classic, open-hipped dress, meticulously practicing her kicks and strikes in the mirror. The perfectionist architect was finding her blows were about 2 degrees off from usual, and she hated it. She'd have to up her carb intake to get her muscles back in line. But it was still most of the way, which was good enough for most. Symetra, win or lose, wanted to be sure that SHE was always at her best. Shaking it off, she thumbed a few last bits of lipstick from the edges of her mouth and started out for the ring. She was something of a lower middle tier overall, but she had her share of fans that flashed

"Symmetra is Perfection" signs and the like as she bent over low to flash some of her coffee-colored hips as she entered the ring.

Widow strut into the ring to a chorus of boos and a few solitary cheers. She waved nonetheless. These peasants wouldn't know talent if it jammed its pussy in their face. Her rope rustled about her as she slipped into the ring and eyed her opponent. Symmetra looked at her seriously and took a sturdy stance, her own toned legs and big hips spread wide. "Keep an eye on her, ref," she warned as Zenyatta came over to pat her down. "You know she's a sneaky little witch with some dirty tricks up her dirty twat." Some of the crowd laughed and cheered at the amplified warning.

Zenyatta just gave a nod, "I endeavor to make sure no rule is broken, regardless of the combatants." Widow just flipped her off from behind Zen's back. As the ref turned to her, Widow then dropped her robe to reveal her tight one piece suit which compressed her large tits to look like no more than b cups and showed off her winning legs. Zen patted her down as well as Widow just grinned at Symmetra.

Sym sneered back in a mock-smile as the omnic motioned for the bell, floating back to a neutral corner as they women circled, Symmetra careful to take up a precise circle to optimize her mobility. She didn't have the raw might or size of some of the others, but she worked hard to keep up all she could. She would finally rush in to lock up with Widow's shoulders, trying to power into her and push her back. After a few seconds of resistance, she'd go for her real target and try to kick the heel of her boot into one of Widow's prized and powerful thighs

Sym's first part of the plan worked well, forcing the two of them into a lock up, Widow grunting at the fact that she was now forced to use her less optimal upper body. But Sym's kick to the thigh was almost useless. The sheer muscle mass of the thigh deflected the attack and any force it might have exerted back into Sym!

Symmetra bounced off harmlessly, the crowd giving a brief cheer with a somewhat disappointed gasp. Symmetra frowned and tried another, not wanting Widow to use them on her in full force. When the three shots failed, she instead pulled on Widow's arm and leaned back, trying to force her into a short but tactical clothesline

Widow flew towards the Indian's arm but simply dodged under it like a game of limbo, giving a grin at Symmetra but not giving any indication that she was about to counter attack. It was almost as if this match was a joke to her.

Symmetra spun around quickly, but angered as Widow simply did nothing. "Don't get cocky, you walking corpse," she threatened, trying to throw a speedy backhand chop across her corseted purple tits

Widow just laughed and dodged away from the chop, spinning behind Symmetra and throwing her hand into the Indian's hair to muss it up, "Mmmm, right back at you, OCDyke"

Symmetra let out a shrill shriek of rage, fussing her hands through her hair as Widow likely expected for a quick fix. Her particular mindset was a topic of much discussion, but she had always set it aside as best she could by focusing on her wrestling. She grabbed for Widow's arm again, but rather than locking up, trying to zi behind her and pull a chicken wing up

behind her back. "You'll pay for that, you creepy bully!"

Widow did not expect Symmetra to recover so quickly and was quickly caught in the painful chicken wing, giving out a stifled scream as the cold metal of Symmetra arm pulled up on her.

The metal digits dug into Widow's wrist, steering her around the ring as the crowd popped for the start of the comeback. She'd give it one more crank before she'd run for the farthest corner, trying to smash Widow's tits into a ringpost as fast and precisely as she could.

Widow's mind began to race. This was unexpected. Perhaps the Indian had learned? In any case, this was now a fight. Widow gave out a yell as her already compressed tits were forced into the post accurately.

"Looks like that was right on target! Say what you will about Symmetra, but I think she just turned Widow's nipples from outie to innie on that one!" Soldier announced as Symmetra let Widow bounce off the ropes and let her go. Instead of following, she darted for the corner, making some fast calculations and jumping up, kicking off the middle turnbuckle and trying to spin kick at Widow's head.

Widow felt relief at being released and grinned to herself. Symmetra had gotten in close with her and had started beating her... but open fighting was more her style anyway. Ignoring the pain in her breasts, Widow dived under the spin kick while sending a fist to connect with the soft flesh under Symmetra's knee.

Symmetra landed gracefully when her kick missed, but the punch made her shout in pain and fell to her knee, clutching it painfully. "Oh SHIT!" she wailed, Widow basically employing the same plan she'd had for her. She turned and threw another kick at her calf, trying to return the favor once again

Widow grinned. Sym had obviously not learned her lesson from her first attack as her kick did minimal damage to Widow's toned calf. Widow had her weak points, certainly, but few were in her flawless legs. The French woman just laughed as she performed a painful looking leg drop on Sym's waist.

The dense thigh slammed down on Symmetra belly, making her flop on the mats and hug her stomach painfully. The crowd OOHed in sympathy pain as she tried to roll over and grab the ropes to get back up

Knowing Zen was watching, Widow let the Indian get back up. She was liking the girl's audacity. It would just make her more amusing to break... and make her hers...

Symmetra wiped some sweat from her face and turned back at her opponent, flexing her metallic hand a few times. She wound it up and rushed at Widow, trying to feint with the clearly stronger limb just to deliver a bunch of hard, quicker shots with her organic limb instead to her head

Widow fell for it, getting several quick shots to the head, making her moan in shock and pain as she backed up from the heavy attack.

Symmetra tried to seize the match again, grabbing Widow in a headlock and pressing her thumb against some nerves in her neck, trying to force her to her knees. "Come on, you fat assed blueberry! Give up!" she demanded. "Submit! Yield! Relent!"

Widow fought against the pain and, making sure it was out of Zen's line of sight, sent a

clawed hand up into Sym's dress to claw at her pussy.

Symmetra gave a high scream, the good-natured android not looking fast enough to catch the attack. Sym couldn't hold it for long as she jumped off, rubbing her crotch and pointing accusingly for the ref as her eyes watered.

While the Omnic just shrugged in confusion, Widow jumped on Sym's back, getting her python like legs wrapped around her waist and began to squeeze while her arms put her in a choke hold. She bent forward to lick at the Indian's ear and whisper, "You shouldn't have worn such a long dress..."

Sym gasped and fell over backward, clawing at Widow's arms and legs in a blind panic. She clearly knew the trouble she was in, caught on the mats in one of Widow's nastier holds. She tried to elbow back at her arm or ribs, whatever she could to try to escape

Widow continued to maintain her hold and laughed almost wickedly as she tightened her grip. A struggle was expected and she had prepared for any elbows that might come her way, making sure to stay toward the center of Sym's back.

Symmetra's breathing grew heavier as her stomach was squashed between the vice-like thighs, resorting to trying to drag herself towards the ropes with her robotic arm while the organic still scratched and bashed at Widow's knee. Zenyatta checked on her for a submission, and she shook her head with a vacant but focused stare on her face.

Seeing her prey was trying to get to the ropes, Widow dropped her legs from Sym's waist and planted them firmly on the ground to hold her in place, while one of her hands yanked down on one side of the dress, giving an uneven view of Sym's caramel breasts.

Symmetra gave a sharp gasp as the dress came down partly to one side, exposing one of her tits and half of the other. Symmetra struggled to try to fix it the fine but torn dress, cursing furiously under her breath before she tried to turn her weight onto one leg and mule kick back at Widow with a face of absolute, purest outrage. "THAT was my favorite dress, you cobweb cunted witch!"

Widow dodged the kick and brought a hand down and around to rip at the dress bit that dangled between Sym's legs. Widow laughed, "Well I must say you have very poor taste in fashion..."

The flap ripped out of her thighs as she snarled furiously, her calculating composure lost as she turned and clawed at Widow's cool skin in a frenzy. "I hate you! I hate you!" she ranted. "This is why EVERYone hates you! This is why you think slaves are friends!"

Widow just rolled her eyes and stuffed the flap into Sym's mouth, a grin on her face and whispered in her ear, "You're right on zat I don't have friends, but I was never under ze delusion that I had any... Why? Do you want to be my friend?" She placed a chilling kiss on Sym's pressure point, one of her hands grabbing the Indian's flailing claws and almost gently forcing it to her side.

Symmetra blood ran cold at the cool kiss to the tender spot, momentarily weakened and disoriented as she was forced to the mats again. Her breath came out with an involuntary shudder, a few tears coming from her eyes as the air hit her body unevenly and she choked on her own sweaty dress. She shook her head in a miserable attempt at defiance, her

unsteady breath too little after the crushing scissor before as her other hand weakly shoved at Widow's face. Her head games were clearly starting to take a grip on the fight.

Widow raised an eyebrow, "No? Pity... I would have liked to have you as a friend... But I suppose a slave will be just as good, I'll just have to BREAK you first!" With the word 'break' she sent a fist slamming down the Indian's stomach before rolling them over so Sym was forced face down on the mat and Widow sat on her back, lifting up her back flap and revealing her under garment covered ass.

Sym rolled onto her stomach with a groan, shaking her head rapidly. "No... no please... I'll be a friend. I barely have Mei at this point..." Constructs she knew, but people... her brown, thonged bottom was flashed to the crowd as she squirmed weakly. "Please stop. Stop stop stop I can't stand it... this fucking dress!" she hissed, as if that were the worst part of it all.

Widow laughed and yelled out to the arena, "Ze bitch is complaining about wearing her dress! Shall I take it off her!" Cheers of agreement erupted from the crowd but Widow just shook her head, "You are all ze perverts!" That earned her a bunch of boos in return before she whispered in Sym's ear, "You'll keep it on... you will until you beat me or I say... And I believe zere is only one real solution..."

Symmetra gave one last wild squirm of a struggle before tears ran down her cheeks. "You're heartless," she whimpered with a mix of frightened and angry glare. She reached out and tried to tap out, if she would be allowed.

Zenyatta simply shook his head, "I am sorry Symmetra but the match is to one fall, not including submissions..." Widow laughed, "See Symmetra? I'm simply obeying ze rules." With that, she stood and grabbed a hold of Sym's rather luxurious dark locks to pull her up with her, grinning to the booing crowd.

Symmetra yelped out miserably, forced to rise with the pull to minimize the pain and stumbling in her still off-center dress, spitting out the makeshift gag at last. She still struggled to cover one of her breasts better with the dress as she kicked frantically at Widow's legs again, shoving at her breasts hard

Widow simply through her roughly into the ring post to make her stop flailing and moved in to give several painful slaps to the face, tits, and some punches to the belly.

The body blows were too much for her to block, her dress still falling off her body. "What do you want already?" she cursed, clearly sweating and disoriented. "Stop it with your... UNF! Your games," she grunted, holding her stomach from the last belly punch

Widow leaned in and laughed, "But I have having so much fun!" She yanked down Sym's head to put her in a headlock before lifting the Indian into the air before throwing her to the mat behind her.

Symmetra was easily lifted up and suplexed back to the mats, bouncing off her round rump as she landed. She winced and held her back, her sharp-featured face twisting in pain as she saw she had no easy way out, trying to force herself to focus on at least fighting back enough to make sure Widow wouldn't just enjoy herself...

Widow strut over to her victim and lifted her off the mat by the hair again and sent her into the ropes to bounce off them, while running to the opposite ropes to bounce off them. The two sent towards each other with full force and Widow setting out her arm in a horrific clothesline.

Sym seemed set on course for the clothesline, but she ducked under it and swiftly turned back around. She raised one of her nimble legs and hooked it over Widow's arm, pulling back on her head and up on her arm, flexing the leg to try to force up Widow into the elaborate and angular hold to twist her out of shape

Widow, not expecting this, was caught and fell chest first to the ground as Symmetra pulled her arm back toward her. Widow's yellow eyes widened in alarm, realizing Symmetra was going for her signature move, The Ordered Knot! And though Widow knew it was mostly for submission, she also knew it would still hurt a lot if completed!

Symmetra pulled up on the one arm, wrapping her legs around the other as she pulled it back and pressed her chest and stomach against the back of Widow's head like a living set of stocks. "I will shape order from your chaos," she hissed, trying to stretch and bend Widow's arms back behind her back sharply.

Widow let out a yell as her back bent in pain as her arms were pulled behind her! Using all her willpower, she lifted her legs from behind her and in an amazing feat of agility, locked her titan legs around Sym's neck, yanking her back and freeing her arms from the move.

Symmetra yelped as the strange neck scissor threw her back down, Widow's inhuman flexibility and anatomy outdoing her otherwise punishing stretch. She landed hard and rolled a few yards, finally pulling herself up. Much to the fans' delight, she finally grew fed up and yanked the dress off over her head, wrapping it in her hands and trying to loop it around Widow's neck for a stranglehold. "This is punishment for your crimes, you witch!" she snarled as she lashed out

Widow had been having fun before. But now, it was over. As Symmetra attempted to strangle her with her dress, Widow threw an elbow back to collide with the Indian's head, with all the force she could muster.

The big, dense noise was heard far off as Symmetra's legs and arms went limp, her eyes rolling back at the elbow smashed into her temple and she fell to the mats. She looked utterly motionless, not out cold but her body rocked by the vicious and powerful hit to the sore spot. Her head throbbed and her body was sluggish to react now... she had to get up! Her plans were in ruins, and she had to salvage all that she could.

Widow, swift as a lioness taking down her prey, jumped onto Symmetra's stomach and began raining heavy fist after fist of cold fury onto the Indian's unprotected face, tits, and any other body part that got in their way. A harsh fury lit the yellow eyes ablaze as Widow began swearing out in French.

The crowd shouted and booed as she as Symmetra's defenseless face was beaten around, and her bare breasts mashed and squashed by Widow's fists. She put up her robotic arm in a pathetic guard to minimize the impact, but she was indeed slow and glassy-eyed as she was beaten and her lip split and her eye and nose swelling from the brutal blows.

Finally, Widow stopped her assault and sprawled out atop her opponent for a pin, whispering, "I offered you my friendship, now you will have my wrath... slave..." Sym had the last of the fight beaten out of her, tears running from her face as she laid in only her thong. She couldn't resist even the simple pin apart from a brief look of... perhaps it was sympathy? Strange as it was, she knew Widow wasn't quite right, and it struck a bit of a chord with her in a strange, defeated sort of way. She could call her whatever she wanted at

this point...

Zen finished the count and Widow's haunting theme played over the speakers to a throng of boos from the crowd. But the French woman paid no attention, instead, lifting Symmetra onto her shoulders and out of the ring, heading towards backstage. As she strut, she kept an almost gentle elegance as she carried Symmetra backstage with her.

Symmetra curled up defensively at her defeat, but she was carried along easily enough. She wriggled a bit on her shoulder as easily as some prop. "What are you going to do with me?" she groaned dizzily, her round hips pointed out for the displeased crowd.

The answer was simple, "Whatever I wish..." as the two entered the backstage. Widow's long gate brought them to her dressing room quick enough. Widow entered with a flourish and lay her out on the cot in her room, "Tracer! See to the slut! My bath better be ready!"

4 - Symmetra's Punishment

so we've been doing side-roleplays between most of the matches, but I've been leaving them out since they're nothing too important since these matches started. this one has a few notable character changes and some development, so thought I'd put this one in before the finale fight

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The answer was simple, "Whatever I wish..." as the two entered the backstage. Widow's long gate brought them to her dressing room quick enough. Widow entered with a flourish and lay her out on the cot in her room, "Tracer! See to the slut! My bath better be ready!"

"All fresh and hot as a spot of tea, luv!" Tracer chirped obediently. "Even added my own special flavor, just like ya said!" She turned with a chipper smile at Sym. "I saw how y a did out there, missy. Lucky me mistress called you first, or I'd have to take a piece of ya meself," she said with a smile. She lifted up Symetra's legs to slide off the thong without protest. "We leavin' this one starkers then, mistress?" she asked over her shoulder.

Widow was facing away from them, bending forward to push her bubbly ass out as she stripped off her tight suit and let free her heavy tits, "For now. I'll find somezing uneven for her to wear later..."

"Mmm. The arse on her, eh?" Tracer cooed to Symetra, getting a strange look from their captive. "Weren't you a face once? And SANE?" Sym grunted back. "When I was boring, sure! Didn't you have friends once? Oh wait. Nevermind," she chirped, getting a sour frown from Sym. "I'm sure they'll be along to save ya soon. Til then, best just do whatcha told." Tracer turned to give a kitten-like nuzzle at Widow's outthrust butt and gave it a firm little smooch.

Widow turned swiftly to give a smack to Tracer's face, "Mind yourself, slave... do only as you are told... set a good example for ze slut..." Her purple face soured slightly.

"Sorry bout that, mistress!" she squeaked sheepishly. "You got such a nice set of plums after all." She smiled over at Sym almost proud of the red mark on her cheek. Symmetra shuffled on the bed awkwardly, waiting quietly rather than make things worse as Tracer licked her lips to savor the taste of sweaty Widow buns

Now nude, Widow strut her flawless purple body to the tub and inhaled the attractive scent of roses and Tracer's arousal. Slipping into the steaming water she let out a sigh before beckoning with her finger, "Tracer, bring the slut here..."

Tracer smiled proudly at her mistress' unspoken approval, hurrying over and leading Symmetra by a hand. She resisted a bit, but followed her eventually to the tub's edge, Tracer giving her an approving pat on the butt for the trivial task.

Widow barely looked at them, pouring some water over her head, dousing her hair in water, "Kneel."

Sym hesitated in confusion more than anything, but nodded knelt, lowering her head but not daring to take her eyes off of Widow, both of her sorts of arms resting on her upper thighs.

Widow sat in the tub for a few moments before turning and gripping Tracer by the chin and pulling her into a quick cool kiss, "Everything is good in zis, Tracer. I am content. Now, would you mind telling Symmetra what you two are?"

Tracer nodded eagerly. "We're a right pair of bitches, we is! Pets, disposable cunts, fucktoys. Just about everythin' awful you could say, that's us!" She sounded rather chipper about the whole thing before adding in a loud conspiratorial whisper "cept I'm the favorite, I am."

Widow laughed, her cold hand vanishing back into the warm water, "Mmmm zat depends on how well Symmetra here, learns..." Her sharp yellow eyes focused onto Sym with a sharp intensity that had both cool rage and hot passion inside.

Tracer gave a quick bitter glare at Symetra. The cyborg wrestler shifted a bit in her position. "I... I am told I am a gifted learner," she admitted uncomfortably. "But I have not been told what it is I will learn."

Widow grinned at Tracer's jealousy and decided to feed on that, by bringing her hand back out of the water to trace Symmetra's sharp face, her fingers made warm by the water as they skated across the smooth skin, "Why... subservience..."

Tracer bit her lip to contain a bit of a pout as Symmetra shivered. She swallowed hard, shutting her eyes and nodded slightly. "I can learn," she repeated. "It's only logical. You've shown your superiority for now... but I promise you, I will fight twice as hard the next time I have you in the ring." She gave Widow an intense stare, but didn't make an aggressive move. For all the rowdy fighters in the league, Symmetra was one of the most well behaved, often keeping to herself in between matches rather than feuding, sparring or sleeping around like the rest of the roster. Tracer sat up and readied a backhand at the rather mild threat, just looking for an excuse to hit and looking to Widow for approval, of course.

Widow couldn't help but cackle softly at Sym's words, a single purple finger tracing her lips before diving into the Indian's mouth to toy with her tongue, "Such bold conviction... such fire... Mmmm, I knew I liked you... But do not assume any fighting on your part will stop me next time..." Her eyes focused into Sym's, as though they were the only ones in the room.

Sym was visibly off-put by the intrusion and the taste of Widow's mouth, the neat and meticulous woman almost gagging for a moment from just the probing finger. Tracer growled in frustration and paced back a few steps before tapping her foot anxiously, a part of her enjoying the teasing and tormenting of herself and the new toy, but the jealousy was very real all the same. Sensing her general demand, Symmetra did indeed learn quickly and ran her tongue over the finger gently, starting to suck on it despite her every instinct.

Widow let the finger stay in Sym's mouth for just a second before pulling it out and bringing it to her own mouth, licking at the saliva gathered on it before grinning. "Exquisite..." the words rolled sensually off her tongue. "Tell me, my lonely little slut. Do you have a lover?"

"No," Symetra responded plainly. "I have Mei as a tagteam partner, and some intimacy in the ring. I have some friends and allies outside the league, but overall.. I am alone. I am all that I need."

Widow simply rolled her eyes, "Well, I suppose I could just tell you to go fuck yourself zen... Tracer? Come here, slut..."

Symmetra looked perplexed, wondering if somehow being single had gotten her off the hook. Tracer all too eagerly darted over with her trademark speed, smiling brightly at her mistress. "Yes, my beautiful luv?!" she chimed, putting the flattery and pep in her speech on thick.

Widow leaned back in the steaming tub, "Slutmmetra here zinks she only needs herself. Do you zink she is being honest wiz me?"

Tracer grinned wickedly at her mistress before glancing at Symmetra. "Wot, this one? That sounds like virgin talk to me. You think humpin' that bit of metal you call an arm is somethin', then you've cleaaaarly never had any of my lady here." Tracer stepped over to the rear of the tub to start rubbing Widow's shoulders to continue her brown-nosing. Symmetra frowned at Tracer's teasing. "Masturbation messes with my focus. My hands are better used elsewhere, you cockneyed cunt."

The French woman moaned in thanks as her slave serviced her tired back and neck, "Mmm, you see Slutmettra... zere is so much zat masturbation cannot give you... But I can... I zink you are so OCD because you are turned on by beautiful chaos..."

Sym sneered back at the jab. "And what if I said I don't believe you?" she said in passive defiance. "Order has made many things, and it was the foundation of this league. And it is why you do not have the title, if I may say. You are dangerous, but it is order that keeps you in line."

Widow's eyes blazed as she flew open, standing to her full height in the tub, the water streaming from her glistening soaked body, "Order!? Order has done nozing! You proclaimed you follow order but here you are! In my realm! Pharah subscribes to order but she will be undone! Even my little slut here once believed in order... now she has my insight..."

Tracer stared a moment at the outburst, gently touching the side of Widow's leg. "Never seen clearer," she agreed quietly. Symmetra raised her eyebrows in surprise before calming down a bit. "So what have you accomplished with your chaos? You have my attention," she replied calmly.

Widow grinned and snapped her fingers for Tracer to bring her a towel as she stepped out of the tub, steam lifting off her skin, "Fear. You see ze way zey look at me... You know ze fear first hand... I saw it in your eyes. You, Dva, Pharah, even Zarya... you all fear what I could do to you... and rightfully so. I may not be champion yet... but I have a strangle hold on ze league..."

"You are a power, I'll admit," Symmetra admitted. "You are a boogie man of the league. So you are alone with detached servants. People trusting you out of hatred. Whatever did you do for a tag partner before you caught this one?" She was coldly interested, even fascinated by her train of thought as Tracer obediently toweled and wrapped her idol.

Widow's eyes seemed to stare into the distance at Sym's question. A voice came to her head... her voice... and yet not her voice... Quickly she shoved it away and sneered at Symmetra, "I was more zen capable of taking down two sluts in a handicap match... Tracer just adds to ze sensation now... A little to the left, slave..." she mumbled to the Brit.

Tracer quickly changed her position as instructed. "And yet you do not have a perfect

record. I almost had you in my finisher, you have to admit. My loss was against your power and some new factors... which I have made notes on, for the record." Tracer had bit back her backtalk enough. "Is not enough to beat my Amelie! She's the bleedin' greatest and nuffin's gonna change that!" she blurted out.

Swiftly Widow's hand shot out to grip Tracer by her cheeks, pushing them together while she pulled the Brit to look her in the eye, "Zat is not my name! What is my name!? What is it!?"

Tracer's eyes went huge as she realized what she's said. She whimpered weakly and bumbled out "Widowmagew," through her pinched face, staring and shivering at her mistress. Sym watched quietly, content to have the temper not aimed at her.

Widow's eyes stared hard into her slave's, "Do not forget it... keep... drying..." She pushed Tracer away roughly before turning back to Symmetra, her eyes now angry, "You were saying?"

Tracer fell to the ground on her knees before meekly returning to drying duty. "I was simple speculating... an attitude that you own and control everything, it is unpopular. Not only with the fans, but manipulation or coercion of officials and fellow fighters. You exist as a thing of fear, which makes it clear you are not to be trusted. What if you should need something out of sheer manpower rather than brute force?"

Widow chuckled, "What do you mean? Sheer manpower? Zere is usually two people in ze ring at a time, sometimes four. I have yet to see somezing require so many wrestlers to fight somezing..."

"There was the feud with the Omnic Wrestling League those years ago," Symetra rattled off quickly. "Famously concluded in the treaty of merging, though many omnic retired out of pride. The matches were famously rough based on the grudges. Reindhardt even lost sight in one of his eyes during a bad 'bump.' The only way he won his match was with the help of a half dozen other wrestlers, and the epic payperview involving nearly every fighter on each side in a lumberjack match." Tracer found herself staring at the walking history book, who actually looked a bit cutely embarrassed. "I have a lot of free time to study without any friends..."

Widow rolled her eyes, "Clearly... Stop spouting history at me. Ze only league is Overwatch. Zat is all. And zere is no possible threat to it, and why would I care, little slut?" She held out her hand to pull Tracer to her, stroking the naked Brit's body, "I already have what I want... if zere would be trouble, what reason would I have to stay?"

Tracer nuzzled into her, accepting the petting gladly with a little mewl. Symetra ignored her. "I am considering all options, that is all. Nothing comes of being surprised. And you own the people and things you want, but your power? That fear? That requires others."

Widow began peppering kisses on Tracer's face, but kept her eyes on Symmetra, "I can get it ozzer ways zen wrestling. Zere are plenty of sluts out zere, needy cunts like Tracer, and lonely ones like you, who I can trap in my web... I just prefer wrestling..."

"IF yo u say so," Symmetra conceded, eying Tracer quietly as she smiled and smugly smirked back at Sym to have reclaimed her place. The Indian looked at her thoughtfully. "So why this one? If you can turn any wrestler, and 'slut' into your pet like this, why a zippy little punk like this?"

Widow ceased her attentions on Tracer and laughed, "Because she was ze easiest! A soft little slut, eager to please, always looking for the approval of auzority... She was simply the first... I plan on adding more... delicious ones in the future... quite soon actually..." Her eyes glinted and seemed to draw Sym's gaze into her...

Symmetra's eyes met hers and nodded quietly, finding herself staring into the amber eyes. "Yes... I see. It sounds like it will be fascinating to see what comes of such an endeavor. Especially if it succeeds..."

Widow left her lover's embrace and slowly stalked toward her Indian prey, licking her lips as she looked down at the kneeling woman, "It will... it always does..."

Still on her knees, she stared up at her potential mistress. "I ah... my arm can get a bit glitchy with too much water exposure," she muttered, blushing like it was the last of her protests.

Widow knelt down, taking an almost gentle approach, her hand coming up to stroke her cheek as her purple lips brushed against Sym's, "You won't have to ever be alone..." Her eyes pierced into Sym's very soul, "You'll have me... And I... will have you..."

Symmetra gasped sharply as her lips touched hers, and her body shuddered. "I... I..." she mumbled through her gaping mouth. It was overwhelming... everything about the woman was. And when even her partner had been spending all that time around Zarya... the idea wasn't out of the question. She could use some friends... "I would like that..." she managed, staring unbreaking into the barely-human eyes

Widow pulled her into a gentle kiss, her cooling arms softly wrapping around the Indian, "You won't have to go to bed, cold and alone... You won't have to worry about wrestling alone... I remember your handicap matches when Mei was gone, stalking Zarya... I'd always be there... It's what you want... isn't it?"

Symmetra shivered at the cool touch, but not from the temp alone. "Yes... thank you," she breathed gently, almost hypnotised by the rich accent. Her hands wrapped around Widow's generous hips, and Tracer quietly rubbed herself in the background as she watched her work her magic. "I would give anything for someone like that... loyal and strong..."

Widow's hand moved down to the caramel ass and rubbed it almost lovingly as she continued to almost chastely kiss Sym's soft lips, "I am zat someone... You already know it... You know you love me deeply... Zat you would do anyzing..."

She kissed back, opening her lips and noisily rubbing together as she started to breathe heavier. "Would you love me?" she asked back, the painful lust and desperation in her voice at her rounded ass pushed back into Widow's hand. "Be someone to protect and keep me warm...?"

Widow smiled almost sadly, "I am cold chaos... I cannot warm... but..." her nose rubbed gently against Sym's while a wet tongue painted her lips, "I always protect what is mine..." Her cold hands tightened and flexed, revealing the lean but strong muscle hidden under them.

Symmetra shivered in her strong, cold grip, but parted her lips to welcome the kiss. "Yes... then I am yours," she muttered softly. "So long as my little sister does not mind," she added, glancing behind her a moment at Tracer.

(that day when Tracer finds out Symmetra got The Beast. just goes absolute psycho on her

for it)

Widow didn't even bother to look at Tracer, leaning into the kiss, "She will do as she is told... Lover..." The "r" rolled temptingly from the tongue as it toyed with Sym's. Widow smiled inward. The tactic had worked. Every woman has her weakness... and she was using Sym to her utmost. While she dominated Tracer, she would have to be gentler with Sym... but given time, the Indian would try to throttle the Brit to see who could kiss her feet...

Sym moaned loudly and arched her back, thrusting her body deeper into Widow's clutches at the tongue kiss. Her thick thighs rubbed together anxiously, and her secluded and fairly inexperienced body tensed as her nipples started to grow hard

Widow's fingers pushed into Sym's wet Indian folds, their coolness overpowering any heat that came from her pussy. She broke the kiss to whisper, "Repeat after me... zere is no order wizzout chaos..."

Sym let out a sharp whine as her pussy was excited but cooled. "There... there is no order without chaos," she yielded in a tiny voice, her breathing growing much more rapid and unsteady as she was touched. She licked her let lips, drooling a bit over her own breasts rather carelessly

Widow smiled at her prey's admission, "Chaos gives order something to build... Chaos makes order..." Her cool hands moved up and around to massage at Sym's perfectly balanced breasts, purple nails gliding across warm caramel flesh with a sensual stroke...

Symmetra all but purred at the stroking, arching her back to thrust out the hefty breasts on her slender body to mutely beg for more attention. "Yes... thank you, mistress. You're so... enlightening," she muttered, her organic arm twitching now and then as she leaned into Widow's touch rather than recoiled

A cool tongue snaked from Widow's lips to lap at Sym's large dark nipple, while her hands moved down the Indian's arms, real and artificial, with the same amount of care as she began to suckle from her.

Symmetra let out a long and high moan as she was stroked and suckled, taking strange but particular pleasure in how Widow paid no real mind to her otherwise well-made but obvious prosthetic that put off so many others. "Your every touch is beautiful, mistress. You are a work of art," she muttered between soft, squeaking breaths. "You must appreciate hearing it from someone without that outrageous accent now and then, eh?"

"Oi, wot!"

This caused Widow to chuckle darkly, "Mmmmm just a bit..." She turned to eye Tracer as she continued to lick at the breast, "But it can be pleasurable in some cases... especially when I get her screaming..."

not sure if you've got any rule or policy on it, but milk in her?

if you want

she's your character at this point :P

I rarely think to, I just assume most women don't lactate until they've been pregnant. I'm not against it at all, I just forget it can be a tool in hentai style rps

No prob, if you feel like it adds well

Symmetra breathed heavier as she leaned back, her heavy breasts wobbling against her tongue. She let out a long, quiet moan as her nipples began to swell and stiffen before rewarding Widowmaker with her sweet milk starting to trickle out, Symmetra biting her lip gingerly.

brb real quick

Widow's yellow eyes widened in surprise and delight as she suckled it, "Ooooooh, milk! Mmmm zat is a luxury I haven't had in a long while..." The French woman eyed her Brit from the corner of her eye, "But no surprise," a hand came up to squeeze the breast, bringing more milk to the mouth, "After all... how else would you keep zem so full and firm..."

Tracer frowned and shifted a bit, her relatively slim chest not nearly so bountiful. Sym let out a loud groan as her breast was squeezed more firmly, creating a fresh, warm squirt from her chest. Her fingers clenched at the ground, panting as she gladly fed her new mistress. "I am happy to serve your purposes, mistress," she mewled. "Anything to satisfy such a talented lover..."

Widow smiled to herself as she suckled. She loved the taste of Symmetra's warm milk on her cool tongue. Slowly she eased the Indian back and began to gently mount her. She made sure Tracer got a good view of her fine ass...

Symmetra followed her lead and laid back, thick thighs turning open and shadowed eyes fluttering gently. She ran her hands lightly up Widow's sides and then her still damp hair. "You keep me very warm, my cold mistress," she said gently, and with far more vocabulary and poetry than Tracer ever provided. The Brit still watched on, and grudge or not, she was still steadily fingering herself at the sight of her mistress at work on the curvy Indian.

Widow grinned at the words. Rarely could she ever have sex with a well spoken woman. One who knew sex wasn't simply fucking. One who saw it for the artform it was... One who spoke in poetry and not just "Fuck me up the arse, mistress!" The French woman brought her lips up to kiss at Symmetra's cheek, "And you keep me fed, my warm lover..."

Symetra's eyes closed appreciatively before she turned to kiss Widow on the lips, gently in her still somewhat explorative state. "You have much to teach me in return... and I've much to give you for it, mistress," she praised. "Take what you will of me."

Widow glowered in the hold she so quickly had over the Indian. If anything this showed her prowess in persuasion. She truly was a mistress. "You will learn... I'll make sure of it..." Her thrusts started to get harder as her hands moved up and down the dark skin of her lover.

Symetra grinded and grunted against her touch, breasts bouncing with her as she all but danced at her cool but warming touch. "Please... take of me, mistress," Sym urged her on, her pussy already damp and waiting

Widow cradled Sym's body up against her, thrusting her bare blue pussy into her lover's lightly haired snatch, their lower lips meeting in a sensual kiss, "I've already taken you..."

"Then I am yours," Symmetra breathed softly, meeting the heartless but gentle gaze of her new and first lover. Her level tone cracked as she let out a sharp wail, Widow hitting just the right spots as she started to keep her pace. Her tender clit blossomed and extended to meet Widow's, biting her lip as she was rapidly building towards a climax. Even with her minimal experience, or perhaps because of it, the teasing and seduction was winding her up until she was starting to leak on the floor with the firmer thrusts

Widow's cold lips latched onto Sym's and her thrusts increased, humping heavily into her lover's heat! Gently she drew away from the Indian's soft lips and pulled up Sym's robotic arm to lightly begin to suckle on one of it's metal fingers.

Symmetra's moans and cries came higher and louder inside Widow's mouth, peaking when she parted their lips and her voice was loud enough for both to hear. The sensual treatment of what she considered her least sexual parts made her shudder and bit her lip, whimpering and then turning into a cry as she came her warmth over Widow's cool loins

The French woman moaned in victory at the feeling of heat on her cold body. This experience with Sym was most enjoyable... almost more than with Tracer. She lowered her mouth to suckle on Sym's neck, "Mmmm, you like?"

Symmetra couldn't answer right away as she breathed in heavily and shakily at her first shared orgasm. She managed a rapid little nod and muttered "Yes... definitely. Wonderfully. It was like you wrote music inside of me, my impeccable mistress." Tracer whimpered in the background as she stroked herself faster, biting her lip as she closed in on her own orgasm from seeing Widow conquer her freshest victim

Widow sat up and pulled her new conquest with her, holding her to her body, "Slut," she addressed Tracer, "Turn on ze TV. Ze main event tonight is about to start..." She looked down at Sym, "Feel free to rest, lover... if you like..."

"I shall," Symmetra agreed while Tracer walked over and flicked on the tv. "But would it be alright if I waited for you before I went to bed?" The promise of her company had her quickly getting attached, or at least very interested. Tracer caught on and cut in. "So what's ya plan for the champ then, miss?"

Widow started to caress and whisper some soft nothing to Sym but glared when Tracer spoke up, "My "plan" is of no concern yet... slut. Are you suggesting I just interrupt a match between my biggest rivals?" Her eyes burned at being interrupted.

Tracer mouthed a few possible starts. "But... but you said... I thought... if we... yes, mistress," she muttered humbly, blushing between her freckles. "Sorry, mum." She settled onto the bed nearby to watch the big fight, though would keep glancing over uneasily at her sharp-tongued mistress.

Widow's eyes slowly moved from Tracer's to the screen as she petted her new slut...

5 - Zarya vs Pharah

(back to the matches and the announcer storytelling. to date it a bit, the character reveal near the end was at the same time as hers in the game)

"We're back one more time, fans, and here's the fight everyone's been waiting for. Pharah, the long-time champ and vet of the league, is going up against Zarya, the Russian bear that's held the rank of the heaviest and strongest wrestler in the league, if not the world. What's your weigh in on this, Harty? I don't believe for a second that you don't have some opinion on all this."

"YOU HAVE ZAT RIGHT, SEVENTY! ZIS MATCH VILL BE ONE FOR ZE AGES! BOTH WRESTLERS ARE STRONG BUT IN DIFFERENT VAYS! PHARAH CAN COME UP FROM BEHIND AND GIVE SOME AGILE PUNISHMENT VHILE ZARYA CAN SLAM YOU TVENTY FEET INTO ZE GROUND! ZIS IS A HELL OF A FINAL MATCH!"

"I know folks have been waiting for it for ages. Pharah's had a death grip on that title, and beaten just about every wrestler on the roster to keep it. Zarya and Widowmaker are generally her closest competition, with the two of them bumping elbows to try to get the number one contender spot. Zarya's going to be sure not to waste that chance."

"YOU KNOW IT! BOTH KNOW ZERE IS TOO MUCH ON ZE LINE TO MESS UP, SO THIS COULD GET UGLY VERY FAST... IF VE ARE LUCKY."

"Well there's nothing ugly about this one, because here comes our champion! The Warbird Pharah! Looking fit and serious as always in her deep v-neck bikini. Zarya's a beast of a woman, but she's showing she's the second most visibly muscled woman in the league. She shows off a bit of that agility as she climbs up the outside turnbuckle, salutes her fans and touches down in the ring."

"UND HERE COMES HER CHALLENGER! ZARYA IS SHOWING HER BODY OFF IN JUST HER BODYBUILDERS THONG! MEIN GOTT VWHAT A SITE!"

"Zarya showing she's here for business. The weightlifter's been strong enough to take on a tag team all by herself, especially if they go messing with her little partner Dva. Zarya bends the ropes out of her way and steps into the ring... and THAT'S what I like to see. Not the tits and ass, but Zarya offering a handshake. For all the rivalry between these two big time contenders, I can't think of a single word about bad blood between them."

McCree gets the belt and sets it aside, and there's the bell. Both women circling out, and

Pharah clearly on guard. Zarya's arms are up for a grapple, but Pharah's not letting her ego get in the way. She feints to one side and pegs Zarya with a kick to the side. Not much for damage, but still too fast for the Russian bear.

ZARYA VINCES BUT DOESN'T GO DOWN. SHE MOVES TO GRAB PHARAH BUT ZE EGYPTIAN DIVES OUT OF ZE VAY! SEEMS LIKE HER SPEED IS HER BEST ALLY IN ZIS FIGHT!

"Definitely. If you're a sitting duck against Zarya, you're dead meat. Pharah goes in and gets her with another hit and run, this time a one-two to Zarya's head. A smaller fighter would be reeling, but Z stays up and moving. She 's closing in, and Pharah may not be able to dodge forever. There's only so much ring for her to move in."

UND IT LOOKS LIKE SHE HAS JUST RUN OUT! ZARYA HAS HER BACKED INTO A CORNER! ZE BODYBUILDER HAS GRABBED HER BY ZE HAIR AND IS NOW PUNCHING HER REPEATEDLY IN ZE GUT!

"Even those famous abs are feeling it. The sweaty Rusky works her over and then lifts her up over her head. Pharah tries to squirm out of it, but Zarya slams her back down to the mats. Not her best landing, that's for sure!"

ZE CHAMP IS WRITHING ON ZE GROUND VHILE ZE MUSCLED RUSSIAN PLAYS TO ZE CROWD. SHE KEEPS SHOWING OFF ZOSE BICEPS! PROBABLY SENDING ZEM TO HER FANS AND HER LOVER BACKSTAGE!

"Hope Dva appreciates it, because Pharah is starting to get back up. Zarya's back on top of her, getting her ready for a full nelson to stretch out that body some more, but there's Pharah with a surprise heel kick behind her. No matter how much you work it out, a kick to the pussy will take the fight out of anybody."

UND VITH A WOMAN ZAT SIZE, YOU HAVE YOURSELF A BIG TARGET! ZE RUSSIAN LETS GO OF PHARAH FOR ZE CHAMP TO SPIN AWAY TOWARDS ZE ROPES, ONLY TO REBOUND AND CLOTHESLINE ZE BIG VOMAN!

"And Zarya finally goes down! Pharah looks from the ropes to Zarya... nope. Not confident in crushing Zarya from the turnbuckle yet. Smart move. She settles for a knee drop, driving that knee into Zarya's hard nipples."

ZARYA IS MOANING ON ZE GROUND, TRYING TO MOVE HER ARMS TO COUNTER ANY ATTACK ZAT MIGHT COME HER VAY! ZAT TIT ATTACK REALLY JARRED HER!"

"She's got to watch her soft spots with a body like that. Pharah hits the ropes and it's another acrobatic flip, locking her legs around the bear's neck. She's going for the scissor takedown... but she's not budging! Zarya's got her by the legs now!"

UND ZERE IS ZE PAYBACK! A RUSSIAN FIST TO ZE CROTCH! YOU WERE RIGHT VHEN YOU SAID SHE SHOULD LOOK OUT FOR HER SOFT SPOTS BUT ZAT GOES DOUBLE FOR ZE CHAMP! PHARAH IS NOT IN A GUT SPOT!"

Pharah looks ready to ragdoll from that kind of a hit, but Zarya's not letting go. She's playing her strengths as well, and not giving Pharah a chance to slip away. She locks her arms around the legs and spreads Pharah out in an upside down spread eagle. Oooh, and she's

twisting her thumb right into the champ's clit. That poor little thing's gone through a lot in trying to hold onto that title this long.

ZIS DOES NOT LOOK GOOD FOR PHARAH! WITH A MONSTER LIKE ZARYA OVERHEAD AND A THUMB ON HER PRIVATES, TWICE THE SIZE AS WHAT SHE IS PROBABLY USED TO, ZIS MIGHT BE THE END FOR HER AS Z PLAYS TO THE CROWD!

She lets one hand do the dirty work while the other flexes, showing off the kind of power she has over Pharah. The Egyptian can't do much but claw at the mats and scream, and doesn't look like if she's sure whether to tap out or to have an orgasm. In fact, her fingers reach for Zarya but just start to touch herself. The champ might have lost her cool on... NO WAY! Even as Zarya makes her cum, Pharah makes herself squirt through her fingertips and spray her in the face! Justice really is raining above the champ!"

ZARYA IS BLINDED! SHE ROLLS OFF THE CHAMP, GIVING PHARAH ENOUGH TIME TO ROLL AWAY AND UP TO HER FEET AGAIN! ZIS MATCH ISN'T DONE YET! WHILE Z IS STILL BLINDED, PHARAH COMES IN TO GIVE SOME PUNCHES TO HER EXPOSED BREASTS!

Zarya's tits are bouncing around more than usual from those punches. Pharah's clearly sweating from that orgasm, but she's wide awake after that little shock. And BOOM! A jumping heel kick to the temple! Zarya goes down like a half-ton of potatoes and Pharah hurries back up. Z has a lot more weight to get back up, but Pharah's going up the turnbuckle! The Warbird thinks she's ready to fly!"

SHE'S UP ON THE TURNBUCKLE! SHE TURNS TO THE CROWD! THEY ARE GOING NUTS! SHE TURNS BACK AN-WHOA! WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS!?

"This is ridiculous! Is Junkrat drunk back there again? This is a title fight for cryin'... Pharah's lucky if she's still standing up there! What's...? Wait, what's that purple glow going on? Not even Widow's usually this big on theatrics. There's the light... who the hell is that?!"

"Damas y caballeros, allow me to introduce myself..." ZERE IS SOME PURPLE WOMAN STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING! "I am your future campeón, Sombra!" I DON'T KNOW WHO SHE IS BUT WHAT A STUNNER IN A PURPLE BIKINI!

"And neon built into it. Pharah's down on the mats holding her head. Did she fall from the lights or was it part of her ambush. McCree's too busy staring to get any order in here, that meat-headed... can we get security in there!? Zarya's up and going after her now, forgetting about Pharah for now..." Sombra laughs and nimbly leans back from the tired fist of the dazed weightlifter. She leans back in past her guard and digs her thumb into a nerve right under Zarya's breast and the Russian freezes on the spot, mouth hanging open. "What's this now? Zarya's fist misses, but this Sombra chica's subduing her with one thumb. And is that... holy hell, Rein! She's got the challenger leaking without laying a finger on her pussy!"

NOW THAT IS WHAT I CALL A CHALLENGER! WAIT! ZERE GO THE LIGHTS AGAIN! WHERE IS ROADHOG WHEN YOU NEED A LIGHTBULB CHANGED!? THEY ARE BACK UP AND... AND ZARYA IS OUT COLD AND LEAKING ON THE MAT! NOW IT IS JUST PHARAH ON ALREADY SHAKY LEGS! WHAT DOES ZIS NEW COMER HAVE IN STORE NOW!?

"I'm about as scared as I am pissed off and excited for what's to come from this firecracker. But Pharah looks as confused as anyone. She might not have even set eyes on the newcomer while she was out. But with Zarya in dreamland, she's trying to figure out what's

going on! She's looking to McCree to bring some kind of order here, one way or the other."
I DOUBT ZAT VILL HAPPEN! ZE COWBOY IS LOOKING STUNNED! HE HAS NO IDEA HOW TO HANDLE ZIS! BUT IT LOOKS LIKE HE DOESN'T NEED TO! ZIS... SOMBRA, MOVES IN UND STRIKES PHARAH IN ZE SIDE VITH HER FINGERS A- DID SHE JUST SQUIRT AGAIN!? PHARAH TRIES TO FIGHT HER OFF BUT ZIS GIRL IS FAST! TOO FAST! SHE HITS ZE CHAMP'S ARM UND IT GOES LIMP!

"Pharah's just as vulnerable to her control, even if she's quicker. She squirts harder than before, staggered and losing her right arm. It's like Sombra is reprogramming her body with her strange techniques. Pharah shows why she's the champ and lands a kick into the newbie's stomach.. but Sombra holds the same foot! She pushes on the nerve in her sole, and Pharah looks like she's having a seizure! Sombra's got to be some kind of master of pressure points to make the champ just dance like that!"

"You're such a fun little puppet, pajaro!" she giggled gleefully

ZAT ISN'T JUST DANCING! IT LOOKS LIKE SHE IS IN CONSTANT ORGASM! LOOK! HER EYES ARE ROLLING BACK IN HER HEAD! PHARAH FALLS TO ZE FLOOR, STILL SPASMING IN HER ECSTASY! SOMBRA IS JUST TWIRLING AROUND HER LIKE IT'S A GAME!

Sombra's dance is Pharah's suffering. She's leaking out of every hole in what should be her championship match! She's at it again! SEVEN orgasms since she's got a hold of her foot! She's going to pass out from dehydration if nothing else! Sombra just does her sexy salsa dance around the girl as if Pharah's nothing more than her personal stripper pole. Dammit, Cree, she's having trouble breathing now!"

VELL IT LOOKS LIKE OUR COWBOY HAS FINALLY COME TO HIS SENSES. HE REACHES OUT AND GRABS AT HER TO- ZE LIGHTS ARE OUT AGAIN!? FOR FUCK'S SAKE- ZE ARE BACK ON UND... SHE IS GONE? MCCREE IS GRABBING NOZING! SHE IS GONE!

"That chaotic little witch... damn if she's not interesting, though. You can hear some fans already chanting for Sombra. McCree's just calling the match because they're both out cold. the match is void! Pharah's still the champ, but not in the way she must have wanted. The medics are coming out to clean up this mess, and the fans are more excited than disappointed. Keep an eye out for that sneaky little bruha, I tell you that much."