

To Kill A Waistline

Z.O.B. Industries



The skyline of Paris had changed in the post-Omic world: its legendary monuments had taken a beating, and several Omnic Hives were still being deconstructed. In a few places around the Sienne, Overwatch banners still flapped in the wind, the holdouts of a few die-hard freedom fighters who supported Winston and his oddball crew. But since the war's end, and Talon's rise, Paris had returned to prominence. The French people continued to prize what they always had: wine, fine discourse and—of course—food. Lots and lots of food.

Widowmaker had a front-row seat to the delicacies of France as she sat in the corner window of a café, wearing a blonde wig and watching carefully for her target. Her normally blue skin had been delicately covered with makeup to make her seem merely pale, and her infra-red visor had been replaced with librarian's spectacles. She looked for all the world like a very slender French *debutante*... just waiting for her date. Nothing more unusual than that.

The moment finally arrived when a blue streak of energy zipped past her to settle in the chair across from her, its wire-frame rocking. Café receipts and empty plates scattered as the residual energy of Tracer's Blink ability sent small shockwaves through the restaurant. “Cheers, love! Sorry I'm late. Time's a funny thing, and all that.”

“Yes... Time is a funny thing.” Widowmaker's quiet, flat voice betrayed no emotion as she stirred her coffee with a small silver spoon. “It's good to see you again, Lena. I've been longing for your company... How have you been?”

“Oh, this and that. Popped back into the Devonian Period to see what was what, nothing but a bunch of fish, though.” The Overwatch hero crossed her Spandexed legs as she waved down a waiter. “Oy, guv! Can we get a spot of tea?” There was a flash, and she vanished and reappeared with it. “Nevermind, got it from the future, put it on our bill.” *Slrrrrp*. “So, how's things with you?”

“My gallery is proceeding nicely.” Her cover story as a French art collector had appealed to Tracer's chaotic nature. Widowmaker knew Tracer coveted stability, and so she'd created the most stable identity possible for this operation: that of Ramona LeClerque, a steely-eyed critic and trader in rare paintings. A beacon of quiet solidity... with a hint of danger to her. Tracer had accepted the online match message instantly.

“Lovely! I once did art, y'know. Granted, they were just finger paintings and I was five, but it's the passion what counts!”

Widowmaker smiled. Talon's attempt to try and finally put Tracer in the ground had taken months of preparation, but so far, it seemed worth it. Tracer was sticking around longer for every date, her fear of commitment seeming to soften in the face of "Ramona's" conversation. She barely even Blinked away during their little chats, anymore. And she was... oddly charming, in her own way. If Marie LeCroix's heart was capable of excitement, instead of sitting dead inside her chest, it might have beat a little faster.

Still... a good assassin always went for the kill, eventually. And she would. But first, she needed to string along the target a little longer. "I had wondered... We always seem to go to restaurants. Maybe something a little more intimate next time?"

Tracer shrugged, her shock of brown hair bobbing. "S'alright with me, love. Though I have to say, I do like a good pastry. Keeps the carbs up, keeps you moving!"

"I... see." She sipped her coffee. "Still, *mon cheri*, we should invest in a more... romantic setting than this. All this processed sugar is making me..."

"Oh look, food's here!" Widowmaker rolled her eyes as Tracer waved down their waiter, who was carrying a platter of breakfast delights: *pain au chocolat*, croissants, *brioche*, and a half-dozen other treats. The assassin steeled her resolve as Tracer spooned a pile of the sugary confections onto her plate, then did the same for her date's.

They ate in silence, Tracer occasionally poking fun at the French pronunciations of food or remarking on the "booty" of a passing waitress. Widowmaker bore it all with patience... even though, inside her guts, her pastries were rapidly generating gas.

Her metabolism had been slowed to a crawl by Talon's technology, and although this allowed her to feel no pain and fight like a demon, it also had strange effects on her digestive tract. Already, from their several dates, the calories of Tracer's high-carb feasts had deposited on Widowmaker's waist in a soft and demure muffin-top. It bulged over the waistband of her pencil skirt, straining the buttons of her shirt.

It was humiliating... but it would be worth it. Tracer was one of Overwatch's fastest and most unpredictable agents, zipping through time itself to foil Talon at every turn. If they didn't take her out, the group's plans would grind to a standstill, held back by new heroes like Brigitte and the constant, endless cheerfulness of members like Mei and Reinhardt. They had to take out Tracer, and silence her cheerful, jabbering Cockney for good.

And if Marie had to sacrifice her waistline to do it... Well. Sometimes war required sacrifices.



Several dates later, Widowmaker sat in a beautiful hanging glass restaurant over the Sienne, waiting for Tracer. Who was late... Again.

You'd think someone capable of actual time travel would understand the value of punctuality, she thought. Against her better judgment, she'd already ordered an appetizer, a large plate of *canapes* with fresh fruit on top. Their sickly-sweet flavor made her gag, but she had to do *something* while waiting, so as not to appear suspicious. And truth be told, she had come to appreciate the food of her mother nation a little more, while dating Tracer. It almost recalled in her a passion for cooking, something her mother had imparted on her as a child.

Mother... She hadn't thought of her family in years. Not since Talon had taken her, broken her mind and returned her to her husband as... something else. *Something better*, she thought, her programming destroying all dissent against Talon immediately. But still, there was that yearning. That nostalgic, comforting desire for family.

She took another bite of her *canape*.

These little treats were doing serious damage to her body, she reflected bitterly as she swallowed. In the last few weeks as she'd struggled to find a chance to kill Tracer, the decadent cuisine of Paris had swelled her muffin-top into a small paunch, which currently stretched the limits of her long black sequined dress. Her rear pooched out over the sides of the elegant chair she sat in, and the thickness of her thighs rubbing together as she crossed her legs made her scowl in distaste. She rarely felt strong emotions, but tonight she was... annoyed. This new flesh was interfering with her mission.

And then, of course, there was the gas.

A small, pressurized *poont* of flatulence escaped her *derriere* as she reached for another mouthful of appetizers. Wrinkling her nose at the smell, she struggled to maintain control of her body. That was what Talon had trained her for, after all: complete control. Complete precision. And yet...

Pfrrrrrttfff.

And yet, these infuriating sounds kept leaking out of her! Socialites at the next table turned their heads at the noise, and Widowmaker tried to ignore them, burying her frustrations under more food. As the pile of half-digested sugar broke down into even more gas inside her, a familiar blue streak zoomed through the restaurant.

“Whoops! Sorry!” Tracer slammed into her seat with all the grace of a crashing jet, the *canape* tray wobbling as her momentum shook it. “Had to go punch Hitler for a bit. It’s the only way I could get this building to exist, in my timeline. Butterfly effect—sorry, love. Hope you can understand.”

“Of course...” Widowmaker didn’t usually have feelings; they’d been suppressed by her Talon brainwashing. But she was starting to get a little annoyed. She’d never taken a hit job that was so... frustrating. Between the gas, the extra weight and Tracer being a huge flake, she was just about ready to leap over the table and finish the girl right now... Maybe after a trip to the bathroom.

Patience, LeCroix. You will have your prey. She was death itself, Talon’s most deadly seductress. And death did not hurry. Death was patient, it was relentless, it was—

Pfurrtrf.

Gassy.

Tracer blinked behind her orange goggles, a smile tugging at her lips. “Was that you? Be honest, Ramona, 'cause I can always Blink back and check.”

“N-no.” Widowmaker shifted awkwardly in her chair, raising her softened chin to look away. A slightly blue-colored blush was rising in her cheeks, under the makeup. “It must have been... someone else.”

Brrrrpppt.

Tracer giggled and clasped her hands together. “Aw, you poor thing! Local nosh got you all mixed up, didn’t it? Here, let’s go somewhere more... Private.”

And Tracer took her hand, and Blinked them both away from the crowded cafe. A rush of blue light later, and they were at the top of the Eiffel Tower, the noonday sun beaming down on them from a rush of tumbled clouds.

“There. Ain’t that better? Oh sod it, I forgot the romantic stuff...” Another *whoosh*, and Tracer returned with a red-checkered table and a small basket of *baguettes*, along with some olive oil and red pepper flakes. The bread was warm and fluffy, fresh from some baker’s oven in the present... or past... or future. Widowmaker was having a hard time following her “girlfriend’s” path through Paris.

Sweating slightly, Tracer sat down across from her. “Sorry, love. I know dating me can be a bit... chaotic, sometimes.” She reached across the red-checkered tablecloth and took Widowmaker’s hand, her fingers smudging the makeup slightly. “I just want you to know... I really want to make this work. For both of us.”

She lifted her goggles and smiled, and inside LeCroix's chest a soft *ba-bump* vibrated her ribcage. The rush of blood to her cheeks and loins made Widowmaker fan herself, gas brewing up even quicker than before.

“My, Lena, you are... you really want this, don't you?” Widowmaker's mind was a storm of unexpected, unfamiliar feelings. Shame, fear of being discovered, and... a little bit of affection. Her brainwashing and Talon training weren't enough to suppress such a tide of emotion, and another limp *bu-thump* sounded from her chest as she struggled to keep herself under control. “Well... You should know, I too can be very... Unpredictable.”

She reached out to grip the lapel's of Tracer's flight jacket, pulling her in for a kiss. Maybe it was too soon, maybe it would blow her cover, but in the depths of her loneliness and heartless existence, something in LeCroix really *wanted* this. At least for the moment.

At least until it was time to go for the kill.

As Tracer leaned in to the kiss, her lips tasting of sweat and peppermint, Widowmaker reached behind her to draw a razor stiletto from the back of her dress. She wouldn't get another chance... The target was vulnerable, the location perfectly isolated... She would make it quick and painless, she thought. Sweet little Lena deserved that much, the adorable fool..

But as her grip tightened on the blade and she prepared to bring it around and strike, her overloaded body—stuffed with more carbohydrates than she'd ever consumed in her life—betrayed her. In mid-kiss, her chubby rump let loose with a blast that nearly shook the top of the Tower.

BRRRRPRRRAAppppptff!

Shocked, she actually let go of the stiletto... and it plunged neatly through a hole in the grating of the Eiffel's balcony, zipping towards the earth to bounce off metal struts and bury itself in the grass below. Absolutely mortified at both her failure and the *astounding* stench of the gas she'd unleashed, Widowmaker pulled away from the kiss.

“*Sacre bleu!* Lena, I'm so sorry. I didn't... I didn't mean to... *Mon deu*, I have ruined everything.” And she had, in more ways than one. Tracer was leaning back, her eyes wide and a little suspicious.

“Ramona, love. You *really* have something else going on right now, don't you?” Realization dawned on her innocent face, and Widowmaker tensed for a fight... but instead Tracer leaned forward to poke her in her newly chubby gut, the fat there squishing softly. “You have irritable bowel syndrome, don't you? Why didn't you say something! Cor, this whole time you've been suffering! I feel like such a ponce!”

“Yes, that's... That's it. I have IBS.” *And my internal organs definitely aren't a mostly non-functional diversion for melee combatants to attack.* “I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner. It's just so awkward... Every time I get nervous these days, that awful smell comes out... And the

stress is ruining my figure...” This part, at least, was true. The Tracer mission was destroying both her waistline *and* the stability of her unliving metabolism. She was still silent and dead, just... in a different way.

Tracer giggled, leaning back in her chair. The device over her chest spun with a dizzying blue aura, lighting up the two of them as the sun set. “Blimey, dear, you don't have to get all upset about it. It's kind of cute, really.” She smirked and pinched the dangling roll of Widowmaker's muffin-top. “I like a little extra on a girl, I do. And the smell ain't so bad. We just gotta feed you some roses once in a while, so what comes out ain't so... powerful!”

LeCroix paused, realized it was a joke, and smiled. *Well... At least she's kind enough to make light of the situation.* In a dim corner of her mind, she realized Tracer actually made a pretty good girlfriend. A flake maybe, and unreliable, but a sweet and kind lover all the same. And using that Recall power of hers, in bed... *My, my, what fun this could be.*

She was a Talon agent, of course. Fun wasn't on her list of priorities, and sooner or later Tracer would notice the makeup and glasses and wig, and she would be found out as Marie LeCroix, merciless assassin. But until then...

Well, even the best hunters play with their food, sometimes.

“I'll see what I can do,” she said, and leaned in for another kiss.

With musical accompaniment, of course.

Pffrrrrroomp.