

HOLY BANGLE

FEBRUARY 2021 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Mercy, otherwise known as Angela Ziegler, did not often have chances to come home and relax these days. Well, as a medical professional she didn't have all that many chances in the first place, but with the resurrection of Overwatch on the table, the chances had lessened even more. How long had it been since she'd last returned to this apartment suite? **"Hm... Three months now?"**

On her way in, she grabbed the bundle of mail that had been left at her door. Envelopes and packets alike were included, each one meticulously vetted by the security division of the building. It was important to make sure this mail was screened, because there were plenty that wished her dead that would utilize any means necessary to see it happen. Be it a poison, a bomb, or something else entirely, there was always the chance she might be sent something unsavory.

Security in this building was great however, so she didn't really need to worry about it. She was completely at ease here. Something that would quickly become her undoing.

"Bill, bill, bill... Of course." It didn't matter how famous you were or how many lives you saved; companies would *always* be after your money. Mercy sighed and put it all down on her counter but slipped a package out of the pile. It was addressed from Reinhardt, and that wasn't all that unsurprising. He had a habit of sending her gizmos and gadgets he found over the course of his travels, and she'd gained quite a collection over the years. **"What did you send me now, you old upstart?"**

After tearing open the envelope, she gave it a quick shake into her other hand. A golden bangle fell out, the kind you typically wore on your arm. **“Jewelry? Is he trying to spoil me?”** It was certainly a pleasant surprise to receive something she could use for once. Not one to spoil herself with accessories, she even slid it up her arm since she was in casual wear: a white tank top and tanned shorts.

Adorning it was a mistake. Not one she could be faulted for, but a mistake, nonetheless. Because the sender hadn't *actually* been Reinhardt. The real sender had stolen the original package in transit and taken the label before planting it on their own, and that bracelet had actually been stolen from a tomb of sorts.

It didn't take long for Angela to begin to feel strange once the jewelry was in place. She almost felt... *hot*? She knew full well what arousal was like, for while she dressed up as a guardian angel, she certainly wasn't chaste, but never before had she felt such a feeling come on so suddenly and without warning. **“Hm? Did I eat something strange on my flight?”** A strange rationale for a medical professional, but it was possible that she'd been slipped some kind of aphrodisiac. No blame had been cast to the jewelry wrapped around her arm however, even though it very much *should* have been.

Angela tugged at the neckline of her tank top to cool herself off as she moved towards her living room, body eventually flopping against the couch as she weighed possible causes. **“No... Even on my private flights, everything brought on board is screened. Perhaps it's simply just been a while?”** Sexual depravation could lead to an increased desire to act, and considering how busy Mercy usually was? Well, it certainly wasn't farfetched to assume she might be longing in this way.

As she continued to cool herself however, making sure to keep her hands from her flesh out of concern for stoking things further, a number of irregularities had begun to pop up all over her body. For example? The color of the woman's eyes was a subtle one. From the moment she'd been born all of those years ago her eyes had been blue, and that was not something altered fundamentally. And yet? Speckles of greenish hue had begun to dance among the blue, slightly tapering the color off in that direction while leaving it largely consistent.

Of course, were one to look a little more closely at her face there was certainly more to discover. Plenty had wondered about what tricks Mercy employed to keep herself looking so youthful despite being in her thirties. Her complexion was always clear, her jawline thin – she was certainly the envy of most other women her age. But as the saying goes, *all good things must come to an end.*

It was first made evident by the weightiness of the woman's facial features. Somehow her cheeks appeared a little plumper, bulging with more fat than they typically did as the pores that decorated them grew worn, or at least more typically so for her age. Her nostrils flared and her eyes showed a substantial growth in width, but more tellingly, signs of fatigue decorated them. Bags appeared beneath her eyes where they hadn't been before. Oddly enough, her lips had grown thicker as well. Not quite to the size you'd expect of a stereotypical porn star but surely, they'd peaked at a size *just* below that.

“Hah... This just isn't going away...” Perplexed and no more comfortable than she'd been beforehand, there was an unintended but sensual hum to her voice that she didn't quite catch – or perhaps she did, and merely chalked it up to the fact that she was feeling hornier by the second. **“I guess I should see to it.”** Resigning to her fate she reached a hand to her breast through her top, but something stopped her just short of fondling it.

Even if you'd asked Mercy herself in that moment, she wouldn't have been able to explain it. But it was like a *voice*? *‘No, it's indecent for an angel to touch herself! I shouldn't!’* But of course, she wasn't a *real* angel. She wasn't even sure if such things exist, yet... Somehow, she felt more certain than she ever had that they did. *‘Am I not living proof?’* *Was she?*

Her hair had certainly lit aglow in a manner that was quite unusual, for her platinum gold locks took on a much richer, golden color that was assisted by a volume so enhanced that the crunchy holding it all back in a ponytail could hardly contain it. In fact, it ended up not having the resilience when all was said and done and it eventually snapped off, allowing the soft, golden mane to fall against her shoulders and down her back, newly born curls dancing around splendidly.

There was certainly a developing trend when it came to making her body appear softer. First it had been Angela's face, and then her hair, but now? It was time for the rest of her flesh. Her skin took on a glow that was both natural and not, aged skin glistening in a way that looked as if she had been oiled up despite the fact that she *hadn't*. The softness itself came in not long after, for the flesh beneath her skin took on a layer of advanced fat that ate away at her trim physique, seeing arms a little rounder and her belly just the slightest but plump to the point that her tank top rose slightly above it. Again, this spoke more to her age than her old form ever had, and while it was a dramatic change?

Mercy had *hardly* noticed. She was distracted by her own body in a completely different way, enduring the struggle between *wanting* to

touch herself and the resistance born from her sudden interpretation of being an angel from heaven, incapable of touching herself for it would be the wrong thing to do. “**How am I supposed to...? Oh...!?**”

Still laying on the couch, back thrown against the cushion with her tush planted firmly and legs draped over the side, her legs squirmed together as some strange force pushed her hips wider and wider. A popping feeling could be felt once they were locked into place, but the button on her shorts had no choice but to pop off as the waistline was tested. And that was before her own, personal cushion grew softer. The reference here would be, of course, *her ass*.

The seams of her tanned shorts were quickly tested as the cheeks of her derriere rose like muffin tops in the oven, fat growing so abundant that they couldn't help but peer over the top of the shorts as the clothing clenched around them. Each bun roughly the size of her head, they were soft and incredibly slappable, a kink that rooted its way into Angela mind along with a plethora of others. She was sexually active before this of course, but never before had she possessed such an elaborate arsenal of turn-ons. But even then? She wouldn't realize what they were, as a good angel wouldn't.

The excess plush her ass had earned likewise made its way into the woman's thighs, and in doing so saw to it that her shorts would be an excessive *chore* to remove. Beige nylon had no choice but to clench around the fat that made them girthy, each one almost as thick as her head itself (*which seemed to be a recurring reference point for size in this piece*). Naturally, tears formed in the shorts, but removing them? They'd require a pair of *big, strong hands*. From the front of her shorts, where the button had popped open previously, it was possible to make her white undergarments... and a tangled mane of blonde pubes sticking out from beneath them.

But still, Angela was oblivious. Rather, the more she changed? The more there was something fitting about her form. ‘*This is how it should be, and how it always had been*’. Whenever she wondered if something was awry, this thought repeated itself to steer her away again. The next moment she'd even noticed anything was awry was because she was touching her breasts with the hands that had been hovering above them. But not because they'd come down on them, and in fact she whipped them away immediately. Rather?

Her breasts had grown into her hands. Her tank top, already showing a little of her pudgier belly thanks to the additional fat applied to her form, was yanked up higher and higher as this excess weight found itself navigating into her breasts as well, but much like her ass it was *extremely* significant in content. Pretty as she was, Mercy's bust had

always been average, but within a matter of seconds the clip on the back of her bra had snapped, and the cups were being pushed forward uncomfortably by a pair of tits barreling readily towards the F-cup range.

It was an experience that was extremely intimate in feeling. She bit her lower lip as it took all of her self-control to not grope herself as nipples expanded into the size of quarters, and the shapes of her tits themselves were both shaped wider and brought fuller. It altered her posture, forcing her to lean forward while the front of her top ripped in slight down the front to accommodate. **“Ohhh! OHHHH!”**

But through moans of pleasure, her posture was inevitable corrected. Not by firming muscles – her body remained incredibly squishy – but because from the backs of her hips, a pair of extra appendages had grown. Long, feathered wings that likely should have allowed flight, but the angel’s body was a little too hefty of figure to do so effectively. If anything, they provided a means of balance as their weight pulled the base of her back just a little ways backwards.

“What do I do about this feeling? A proper angel shouldn’t feel so... mm... needy.” With her clothing disheveled, pushed to the limits structurally by her new curves and wings, Angela’s appearance was incredibly lewd. Her flesh was being squeezed like a sponge, and indentations would certainly be left in the aftermath once removed. She wanted to touch herself, but something also stopped her at the same time. An angel’s moral compass, albeit one soiled. It would be inappropriate to touch herself.

But what if she found someone to *touch her*?

What if it was an accident? What if her sexy body just happened to press up against theirs and, perhaps, a needy moan escaped her lips? What if her ample thigh pressed up between their thighs, completely accidentally? Then that wouldn’t be her fault, right? She could not be



blamed for such a thing! As an angel trapped on earth, what more could be expected of her?

“Heehee~! I’m going to have a lot of fun today!” If Mercy could recall correctly that cute security guard was on duty today. They needed to take responsibility for allowing that package to slip through in the first place, didn’t they?

Talon had just pulled off the weirdest, most successful attack on a member of Overwatch yet.