

You were playing a round of Overwatch 2 with some friends. They forced you to play as a healer even though it was not your preferred role. So you queued in as Moira so that you could still get some eliminations. However, it quickly got on your teammates' nerves that you were entirely neglecting your role and completely focusing on getting damage. So naturally, the first round was a devastating loss. Your entire team started roasting you and saying that you should play Mercy.

The next round soon began, and you again selected Moira. A shock emanated from your PC and pulsed through your body. The shock hurt a lot. Your hair changed color to a light blonde and grew ever so slightly. Your face became pale white, and your eyes grew large. These sudden changes were making it extremely hard to focus on the match, but you needed to pay attention. Your clothing faded away into a tiny white dress which wonderfully showed off your growing tits. "What the hell is happening to me??" You asked.

A message soon came up in the game, "I need healing!"

You had an overwhelming urge that you couldn't fight. You switched your character to Mercy and ran over to assist. "God, it was gonna feel so good to heal them; maybe I'll get rewarded," you thought. You didn't notice as your room completely changed into what looked like a little girl's room with a streaming setup. Thousands of viewers started pouring into your stream. As you continued to turn into a heal-slut, mercy cosplayer. Your entire body continued shrinking, becoming quite petite and submissive.

Despite your newfound urge to heal, your team still lost. "Oh well, GG boys!" You said to the camera. "As always, thanks for watching my-" you were cut off by your roommate yelling, "Fucking heal me!" In the next room. Your eyes went crossed, your tongue fell out of your mouth, and all thoughts of anything except assisting him from under the desk faded away.

