

Monkey Business

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Summary: A love story between Tracer and...WINSTON! Yeah technically Tracer is gay in canon but fuck you. Also how is it beastiality if we evolved from apes?

**Chapter 1*: Monkey Business*

The Overwatch team just had completed their most important mission. They took down Osama Bin Omnic. By far their most challenging yet. The mission was accomplished by Winston's intellect, Tracer's reflexes and abilities, Torbjorn's amazing engineering skills and knowledge of technology, Mercy's will to save everyone and to be as helpful as possible, and Reinhardt's beef and power. They celebrated within the locker room of the ship, cheerful laughter bellowing throughout the body of the ship. "Ah me turret nearly died 3 times that mission! I'm lucky I had me molten core!" Torbjorn said with exhaustion. Everybody gave Torbjorn a mean glance knowing he has 50 extra turrets on standby. "Torbjorn, if you want, I could make a few modifications to your turrets to make them extra powerful." Winston said. He has always been a generous person, wanting to help out his teammates by using his inventions. "Aw Winston love!~ You're so kind!" Tracer piped up. The giddy Brit smiling wide at the gorilla, making him blush at her cuteness. "Well, I uh mean it is my job as a scientist..." The nervous gorilla couldn't keep his cool around the woman of his dreams. He always had a crush on Tracer, and never got the courage to tell her his feelings. He thought she'd reject him just because he's a gorilla. But humans did after all evolve from monkeys. "ALL ZIS STANDING AROUND, THERE'S CELEBRATION TO BE DONE!" Reinhardt's manly voice boomed through the entire room, making Mercy jump slightly from the sheer testosterone oozing from his voice. Tracer put on some music and everyone got up to party. Winston called out to all available Overwatch agents to come to the ship to help celebrate their achievement. About 30 minutes later the ship door opened and the party arrived. It consisted of D.va, Lucio, Mei, Genji, Soldier 76, Reaper, Ana, and Roadhog. They could finally get the party started. Lucio blasted his new album, D.va streamed the entire party, Mei and Roadhog had a tea party, Genji told stories about his childhood with Reinhardt and Torbjorn, Mercy and Ana were getting extremely drunk, and Soldier was trying to make Reaper actually socialize. But Winston and Tracer were somewhere else. They were alone together in the bedroom area. Winston examined Tracer's chronal accelerator with intent, making sure nothing was wrong and his favorite girl in the entire world would be safe. "Well it seems that everything is normal. Everything is operating at maximum performance." Winston was proud of his invention. Tracer looked up at Winston and smiled. "I'm glad it's running smoothly. But it's a bother to always be wearing this lil' ol' hunk a junk. It gets in the way sometimes. Especially when showering. My knockers get rather uncomfortable from time to time wearing this." Tracer sighed. Winston blushed slightly at the thought of massaging Tracer's breasts. Then he remembered his new invention he made just for her. "Oh uh Lena I forgot to tell you but I was working on this project a while ago. It's a modified version of the chronal accelerator that it implanted into your hand.

It took a while to make it but it's finally complete." Winston pulled out the small piece of technology and showed it to Tracer. Tracer was overjoyed with his invention. She could finally feel like a normal girl for once. "I'll call over Dr. Ziegler to help install it." An hour later the implant was complete. Tracer felt free. Her body no longer shackled by an anchor of metal and electronics and who knows what else. "Winston love.....this is amazing! I feel so free! I feel normal again. Thank you so much!~" exclaimed Tracer. She dashed over and hugged Winston tightly, making the gorilla blush. She blinked into the bathroom to change. "Yes! I'll finally tell her how I feel!" Thought Winston. He began to rock back and forth nervously as the thought of embarrassing himself at this moment may cost him his reputation. Tracer then emerged from the hallway. Winston was in awe. She came back wearing a loose baggy t-shirt that had Limp Bizkit printed on the front and a list of tour dates from 2016 on the back. Her nipples ever so slightly noticeable on the lightly transparent shirt. The shape of her C cup breasts were obscured by the size of the shirt (2 sizes too big). Her short shorts were rather tight and showed off her ass perfectly but were slightly covered by the shirt. Winston couldn't help but stare in arousal at the small little Brit. "Wot chya lookin' at?~" Tracer's voice finally broke the awkward silence. Her voice like a sexy Oliver Twist. "Lena....what's the gettup for?" Winston finally managed to say. "It's rather promiscuous to say the least. But it looks good on you!" He was so nervous to see Tracer wearing such revealing clothing around him. Blood began to flow into his genitals. He hid his growing erection the best he could. "Well I just felt like wearing some liberating clothing ya know? And love there was something I wanted to tell you..." Tracer said in a nervous tone. "What I want to say is that I'm in love with you Winston, I don't care that you're a gorilla on the outside but on the inside you're the perfect guy. Please don't hate me now that I say this..." Winston's heart nearly stopped as she said that. His dreams came true. "Lena, I was gonna tell you the same thing!" Winston said with pride. "I'm glad you said it first because to be honest I was quite nervous heh." Winston thought he was dreaming for a minute. Tracer slowly walked over to Winston, building up anticipation for him. "Winston love, I want you to fuck me. I've been wanting this for years, just give it to me please!" Tracer said sexily. Her body was hot and she could already feel the wetness in her panties. Winston was in pure shock. He had never seen this side of Tracer before. But it only made his erection throb more. Before he could say anything Tracer grabbed his massive gorilla cock and stroked it gently. It was nearly the size of her forearm. Winston let out a relieved sigh and let her work his shaft. She got down on her knees and started sucking on the tip, teasing him. She couldn't wait any longer and engulfed his entire cock in her mouth. She had no gag reflex so she took his entire length down her throat. She bobbed her head up and down rapidly, making Winston moan. Winston never had any sexual experiences before so he couldn't hold out much longer.

"L-Lena I-I'm gonna cuuummmmm ooohhhh!!!" Winston said before his man milk cannon exploded a nice thick coating of potential children down her throat. She drank all of it down hungrily like some ravenous animal. "Mmm love that tasted so good. Please tell me you're not done are ya?" Tracer said with a mix of moans. She took off her shorts and soaked panties to reveal her vagina. Her folds glistening with fluid. Winston licked his lips eagerly and grabbed a jar of peanut butter and began spreading the "creamy" treat all over her pussy. It felt good against her since her clit was extremely sensitive. He began to lap up the peanut butter without hesitation, sending shivers all over Tracer's body. She moaned with immense pleasure as her monkey mate ate her out. In a matter of minutes her pussy was licked clean of peanut butter. Tracer's legs slightly trembled from the pleasure. Winston positioned himself to finally enter Tracer. She spread her legs wide like the tarmac at an airport, his penis being the plane obviously. Winston's XL party sausage slid into Tracer with help of all the lubrication from foreplay. He started out slow, making Tracer want his full force. The faster he got, the louder she moaned. "Ohhh!~ Winston you're an animal!~" Tracer moaned and giggled. Winston moreso focused on making her cum than anything. He never had sex before but he knew how difficult it was to make a woman cum from online videos. But he believed he could achieve this strenuous goal. Suddenly Mercy and Ana stumbled into the bedroom, drunk. They were aggressively and passionately kissing each other, not noticing the monkey and Brit's presence. They began undressing and caressing each others' bodies. Then they noticed the two occupants who were already in the room. "Gotten himmel! I'm so sorry you two! We didn't mean to interrupt your coitus." Mercy said, slightly slurring. Her Swiss accent made it difficult to understand her. Ana said nothing since we was too drunk to process anything at that moment. She just sat there playing with her breasts like a child. "Ah it's ok really we're all partying here anyways heh." Tracer's voice squeaked slightly, nervous of any other unwarranted guests bursting into the room to turn the whole ship into one big orgy. "You two can continue your business with your monkey man, we will go somewhere else." Ana said, her soft aged voice soothed Winston and Tracer. Ana and Mercy then left the room, the sounds of their lips smacking on each other still audible through the hall. Winston then got back to work, pumping in and out of Tracer. Her breasts jiggled vigorously with each thrust. "Lena I think I'm going to cum sometime soon!" Winston struggled to speak with the intense pleasure and work he was doing.

"Winston love you can cum inside!~ I want to cum at the same time together!" Tracer moaned. She came as she said this but rewound her time so she could cum with her lover. Winston had an idea, he called over Ana from the other room. She walked over naked and confused, Mercy stared intently at the three wondering what was needed this time. "Ana I need you to give me a nano boost!" Winston said, but as quick as he said it he was shot with the boost. He went into his primal rage and started thrusting into Tracer even faster and harder than before. "W-WINSTON AHHN I'M GONNA BREAK!~" Moaned the helpless Tracer. She was about to pass out from the pleasure. "L-LENA I LOVE YOU!" Shouted Winston as his expanded dong exploded in her pussy. It was like an explosion of mayonnaise inside a taco. Tracer's eyes rolled back and her tongue stuck out of her mouth as she climaxed. Luckily the music in the main room was loud enough to drown out their loud orgasms. Tracer fell onto the ground shaking. Cum still poured out of her vagina, forming a rather impressively sized pool of seminal fluid. She passed out from the overload of pleasure. Winston was exhausted and fell asleep right next to her. Winston cuddled Tracer's small frame as the two lesbian doctors cleaned up the mess that was made out of courtesy. Ana's motherly instincts kicked in as she laid a large blanket over the two and turned out the lights. The next morning Winston woke up and felt sore after his intense love making with Tracer. He waked Tracer up gently. His touch was like a warm glove. He had to be gentle, he didn't want to end up like his cousin Harambe. The two got dressed and walked out into the main room. Everyone was fast asleep. Everyone except Reaper who was sneaking out of the window. He fell out of the window and ran away out of embarrassment. The two went into the kitchen to find Mercy and Ana making coffee. The aroma of freshly made coffee was overwhelming yet welcoming. "Good morning you two." Ana said in a sweet tone. Mercy was suffering an intense hangover and looked like she could kill anyone who dared to interrupt her coffee time. Winston and Tracer grabbed a cup for themselves and looked out on the rising sun. It's gentle glow caressing them. If only they could be so grossly incandescent...

AUTHOR'S NOTE: I need to be cleansed after writing this

