Where There's Smoke...

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Where There's Smoke...

by soldmysoul

Summary

Junkrat may be obnoxious, but he knows that it's important to make you (the newest female recruit) feel welcome at Watchpoint: Gibraltar. And you know what? There's just something about that blond lunatic that you can't quite get enough of...
I'll try to update on a fairly regular basis (maybe once a week or so?). Totally unsure how long it will go on, but we'll find out together!

Notes

In which Junkrat ends up doing your laundry... sort of.

~This is my first fic ever, and I'm loving it. Enjoy!
Butt of the Joke

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Thud-clunk, thud-clunk, thud-clunk…

Oh, great, you think as you hear the sound coming down the hallway towards your workspace. The Rat is on the prowl again... Were a few hours of uninterrupted time to think simply too much to ask of that damned junker? You close your eyes and mentally prepare yourself to deal with his antics, taking a deep breath before he can foul up the air with that smell that always seems to linger around him. Moments later, the sound in the hallway has stopped – right at your doorway, of course. You don’t bother turning around, hoping that if you ignore him, he’ll just continue on his path and find somebody else to bother.

“Would ya lookit this bookworm, all ‘oled up inside on such a fine day!” You can practically hear the smirk in Junkrat’s voice. You may have only been here a short time, still a newcomer to the Overwatch team, but even you know that the Aussie likes to push people’s buttons. You internalize a groan and open your eyes, rolling them slightly before finally turning to face the doorway.

“Not sure how you can consider this a ‘fine day’ when it’s been raining for 3 days straight, but whatever floats your boat, Junkrat. You need something?” It’s hard to keep the irritation from your voice, but you don’t feel like dealing with him right now. It’s taken you a while to finally buckle down and get some work done today, and you don’t need him interrupting your already strained focus.

“Aw, just because a fella stops by ta see a pretty Sheila, does that mean he needs somethin'? I’m hurt, darl.” He dramatically falls against the doorframe and mimes like he’s been stabbed in the heart, the other hand draped over his eyes. He peeks out and sees that you’re not impressed, so he drops the act. “Actually, I just came ta get ya for dinner. We usually eat as a team, ya know? Just thought it would be nice ta get ta know ya a bit on the way. Whaddya say?” At this he offers his elbow in a manner he probably hopes is gentlemanly, grinning and raising an eyebrow to entice you further.

You let out a not-so-subtle sigh as you save your spot in your research, getting up and taking a quick peek in the mirror on your desk to make sure you look presentable. Being in your workspace all day meant that you didn’t care whether your hair was in a messy bun, but you at least want to be presentable for team meals. You tuck a few stray strands quickly behind your ears and straighten your clothes, some light grey sweats and an orange sweater, then turn back to face Junkrat. He’s dropped his arm and is looking pleased with himself for being able to pull you away from your work.

“Right! Now let’s go get us some grub!” He looks positively giddy, and you remember that he’s probably missed more than his fair share of meals living in the Outback, as is evident by his physique. He didn’t have to wait for me, you think. He’s probably just trying to be welcoming and friendly, I guess. You decide not to keep him waiting any longer, and walk past him into the hall, while he rapidly follows and joins you at your side.

As you walk together, your plain footsteps begin to fall in sync with his unique ones. Thud-clunk, thud-clunk, thud-clunk. His peg leg really doesn’t slow him down a whole lot, just gives him a limp that he’s clearly used to by now. You also notice for the first time that he’s rather tall. WOW, how did I miss that? It takes you half a moment before you realize Oh, that’s right. He’s usually next to Roadhog. Or crouching. Or both. He catches you watching him as you walk and you quickly look straight ahead down the hallway. He smirks and then tries to strike up a conversation.
“So, d’ya like it here so far? Pretty stuffy, if ya ask me. But it beats bein’ on the run all the time. And the food ain’t too bad, anyhow.” He looks at you expectantly, and you shrug a bit before saying “It’s not bad. A little cold, but at least I have some space to myself.” You think back to your earlier research days, having to share a lab with a dozen other people, all coming and going constantly. You don’t like dealing with people much, so you’re glad to have some research time and facilities to yourself.

“I hear ya, never did like the cold much meself, ta be honest. Nothin’ like some nice heat, amirite?” At this he glances over at you, waggling one of his crazy eyebrows, a devilish look in his eyes. Oh, here we go again, you think. But just then, you both round the corner into the dining hall.

“Ah, dinner is served, milady!” Junkrat bows and ushers you into the room. You smile and walk past him towards the rest of the team. But not before he gives you a stealthy spank, right on your ass. You don’t even have time to register what happened, he’s already racing across the dining hall to take his seat next to Roadhog, cackling like the maniac he is. You just stand there silently fuming for a moment, flashing a glare in his direction, before taking your seat at the opposite end of the table near Lúcio and Hana.

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Dinner is delicious, filling, and best of all, uneventful. The constant rain the last few days seems to have everyone in a mellow mood. It’s rather relaxing. Afterwards, Hana invites you to join her and a few others for a Smash Bros tournament. She’s been on a retro gaming kick lately, which is fine with the older team members, since it means they can join in for once. But you politely decline, promising to join the fun next time.

As you turn down the hallway towards your room (I think it’s this way… this place is a fucking maze), you hear giggles behind you from Hana’s direction. You turn around, and see her, Lúcio, and Lena quickly looking in any direction but yours. You look questioningly at them, and Lena tells you to have a great night, before they turn the opposite way and walk towards Hana’s room, still stifling laughter. I know I’m still new, but am I that weird for not wanting to play some games tonight? Sheesh…

You quickly arrive at your quarters and enter, kicking off your shoes as the door slides shut behind you. As you start to undress and get ready for bed, you take off your sweats and drop them on the floor. But a dark spot on them catches your eye. You pick them back up, inspecting them closer. And that is when you see the large black handprint right on the back of them.

You grind your teeth angrily, realizing that that is what the others were giggling about. Junkrat’s sooty handprint, right on your ass, for the whole team to see. And somehow you just know it won’t come out in the wash. I’m gonna kill him. These are my favorite sweats. I’m gonna fucking kill him. You throw them back onto the ground, quickly putting some other lounge pants on instead, and retrieve the sweats again before stomping out of your room towards the workshop. That Rat is dead!

You storm out of your room, heading down the hall in the direction of the workshop. If Junkrat isn’t on a mission or in the mess hall, he’s usually tinkering with explosives. A few team members still roam the halls, since it’s not too late just yet. But one look at the scowl on your face tells them they shouldn’t try to chat it up with you right now. You’re clearly on the warpath.

You take what you're pretty sure is the quickest route to the workshop, and soon enough you smell the fumes that never really clear out of that filthy place. You turn a corner, seeing the door wide open. That'll save me the trouble of breaking it down, you briefly think before barging into the space.

"JUNKRAT!" you bellow, stomping in without waiting for a welcome. He's sitting at his
workbench, a tool in one hand and a frag in the other. He spins around on the stool, looking incredulously at you.

"OI! Never startle a man when he has explosives on hand! What the bloody hell ya want?" He looks almost as perturbed as you feel. Almost. But you're pretty furious.

"You think this is fucking funny, you Aussie bastard?!" you yell, waving your stained sweatpants in his face. "You think just because I'm new, you can ruin these and make me the laughing stock of the team? I don't need rumors spreading that you've got your filthy mitts all over me already! And these are my favorite damn sweats! What the hell are you gonna do about this??" You finally stop to take a breath, a bit shaky from adrenaline and rage. He looks from you to the sweats and back to you again, visible confusion on his face. For a moment you think you might strangle him. But then...

"BAAAAHAHAHAAAA! Oh, darl, I thought you were goin' on about somethin' important!" He continues cackling, practically falling off his stool, doubled over as tears begin leaving little tracks down his sooty cheeks.

You clench your fists at your sides, letting out an audible growl of frustration. "It isn't fucking funny, you jackass! What the hell did I do to you?!!" You can feel hot tears start to prickle at the corners of your eyes. You rapidly blink a few times in an effort to make them go away, but it doesn't help much. You ball your fists up a little tighter, squeezing your eyes shut. 

"I didn't do anything to deserve this," you say, quieter now, not to anybody in particular. That's it, no holding back the flood now. Your shoulders start shaking a little, you feel your lip start to quiver. 

"Should I just leave? No, I don't wanna be the pushover... gotta tough this one out. You finally take a couple shaky breaths to calm yourself down before opening your eyes and relaxing your hands.

When you look at Junkrat, his mouth is agape, his eyes are wide and shocked, and he looks for all the world like you've just slapped him. You immediately regret coming down here, regret making a fool of yourself. I could have just bought a new pair of sweats, moron. Why did I have to make a big deal out of it? "Hey… Junkrat, I’m sorry. I… I didn’t mean to blow up at you. Seriously, it’s not the end of the world or anything. I’ll just find another pair. I didn’t… I didn’t mean to…” You can’t even look him in the eye, you just shift awkwardly and look at a spot on the floor near your shoe.

Then you hear him rise from his stool, peg leg creaking just a bit, and lift your head just as his hands comes to rest on your shoulders.

"'Ey now, dry those eyes, missie,” his voice much softer than you’d imagined it could be. He almost sounds… comforting? “I didn’t mean nothin’ by it, honest. Hell, I’ve done it to near everyone here, if it makes ya feel better. Simply Junkrat’s way of welcomin’ ya, that’s all. Just trying to make ya feel… like one o’ the team.” The pressure of his fingers is oddly relaxing on your shoulders, helping to ground you in reality. His eyes are no longer manic and mischievous, but calm, focused intently on your face as you look up at his. He’s trying his best to smile reassuringly at you, and somehow, it’s working.

“I… I just feel like I don’t belong here,” you say quietly. “I guess I thought I was the butt of some joke, like you were picking on me. I’m just still getting used to all of this, ya know?"" He giggles and replies, “You ain’t the butt of any joke of mine, darl. Not today, anyway.” He gives your shoulders a quick squeeze before letting go and grabbing the pair of sweats in your hand.

“Now, about this then. Tell ya what – Roadie’s a right genius at gettin’ stains outta where they don’t belong. Got too tired of me gettin’ grease and stains on ‘is clothes over the years, I s’pose. I’ll see what he can do ‘bout these, and I’ll get ‘em back to ya, good as new! Whaddya say, hmm?” He looks at you expectantly, eagerly.
“You don’t have to, Junkrat, it’s really not as big a deal as I made it out to be,” you say, trying to grab the sweats back from him. But he’s faster than you.

“Nah, I insist!” he argues, pulling them out of your reach. “It’s the least I can do, after causin’ all this fuss. ‘Sides, it’ll give me an excuse to come up an’ see ya again!” Flashing what you assume is his most charming smile, he quickly turns and hobbles away toward a mountain of laundry on the floor in the corner, adding your sweats to the pile. I probably won’t see them for six months, if ever again, you think briefly before he turns around to face you again. “I do have one question for ya, Sheila. What did ya mean, ‘already’?” A sly look is in his eyes, and now you’re the one visibly confused.

“Huh?” you manage, clearly not understanding what he’s getting at.

“Ya said ya didn’t need anyone thinkin’ I got my hands on ya already. Interestin’ choice o’ words, if I say so meself,” his voice is almost a growl, and his eyes are glowing with a fire that can’t mean anything good.

You sigh and laugh lightly before replying, “Oh, that. I was just caught up in the moment; I wasn’t exactly picking my words carefully. I just don’t wanna be a part of some silly rumor, is all.”

He narrows his eyes a bit at you. “Riiight… Well! Alrighty then!” He claps his hands loudly, apparently back to his normal energetic self. “Glad we cleared that up, eh?” He starts back towards his workbench, and you take the hint that it’s time to leave. “Come down ‘ere anytime! Just don’t scare the shit outta me when ya do, could be surprising for both of us, if ya know what I mean.” He smiles back at you again before sitting back at his station, picking up a pair of pliers and the frag from earlier.

“Right. Thanks, Junkrat. G’nite,” you say as you turn to leave.

“That reminds me,” he said, turning to face you one last time. “Call me Jamison. Just between you an’ me.” He winks and turns back to his work, already lost in his tinkering.

You allow yourself a small smile and finally head to your room. Jamison, huh? Nice name, I suppose. That went better than expected. Much better, actually. You stroll leisurely through the halls, taking your time, allowing yourself to process everything that just happened. Weird that he was so interested in that ‘already’. Arriving at your door sooner than expected, you enter and continue getting ready for bed.

As you crawl under the covers and turn out the light, you can’t stop thinking about ‘already’. It was just a slip of the tongue; I didn’t mean anything by it. But maybe – you think back to how kind he was in the workshop, even for just a few moments – maybe I do want his hands on me already? The thought swirls around your head as you drift off to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

That toasty goblin man is up to no good. He's gotta be... right?

Thanks so much for reading! This is my first ever fic so be sure and leave me some comments/kudos so I know if I'm headed in the right direction!
Chapter Summary

You repay a gift with a gift, and your feelings for Junkrat start to get... complicated...

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for the kudos and comments so far! They have encouraged me so much with this story, you have no idea ^_^ I hope you like this chapter as much as the first!

The lights in your room slowly come on while a dawn chorus quietly spills from the speakers. You aren't one of the fortunate team members with an ocean view in your quarters, or even a window, so Athena usually simulates a sunrise for you instead. It's a nice touch that Winston offered to you after you were here only a couple days, and you quickly took him up on it.

You try to blink the sleep away from your eyes, and realize that for once, you feel incredibly well rested. Huh, that's a nice change. You leisurely roll over in bed, snuggling into your extra pillows for another minute or two. Suddenly your eyes snap open. Oh. You remember why you were feeling so content. You had a dream. A steamy dream. A dream about Junkrat. About Jamison.

You shove your face into the pillows, bemoaning your overactive imagination. Why did it have to be about him? I don't need to get mixed up in that kind of crazy. You flop over onto your back, staring at the ceiling for a few moments. There's gotta be an explanation. I'm not actually attracted to him, right? You think back to what happened after dinner last night. That's it, you think, it's just cuz he's the last person I saw last night. Just my subconscious being a dick. That's all.

You brush it off your mind with a heavy sigh and sit up, ready to face the day. You're not as relaxed as you were when you first awoke, but you don't feel like devoting this much energy first thing in the morning to finding a suitable solution to this dilemma. You decide not to give it anymore thought, swinging your legs out of bed and going about your morning routine. Nothing to worry about.

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Breakfast is amazing, as is most of the food at Watchpoint: Gibraltar. Not as good as home, but pretty damn close. Your hunger satiated, you start thinking about your research, heading towards the exit as you do. Before you make it to the hallway, Lena blocks your path, an embarrassed look on her face.

“I, uh, wanted to apologize for last night,” she began, rubbing the back of her neck shyly. “That wasn't... I didn't mean to embarrass you, none of us did.” You see now that Lúcio and Hana are behind her, looking just as remorseful. “We weren't laughin' at you, love, honest. We were a bit relieved, honestly.” Their faces brighten a bit, noticing your look of confusion.

Lúcio steps forward. “You got the Junkrat stamp of approval... literally! I mean, we all have. It's his
way of accepting you, or at least saying he won't blow you up.”

“We really are sorry,” Hana tells you. “We never meant to make you feel like we were picking on you or anything.” They all smile at you awkwardly, and you can tell they mean it.

“Thanks, you guys. Really, it's okay,” you chuckle. They look incredibly relieved. “I went and gave him a piece of my mind last night when I finally figured it out. It's all good now. Next time, just tell me I've got something on my ass, alright?” You grin at them and they laugh with you, a previously unrecognized tension lifting from you all. You thank them again and say you have to be getting to your research, and you part ways to go about your own separate tasks for the day.

*That was mighty decent of them*, you muse as you make your way to your workspace. *Those kids are alright after all. I should make more of an effort to spend some time with them*.

As you turn into your doorway, your mind turns to chemical equations and how your team might use the products of myriad reactions in the field. The endless possibilities excite you - you're truly in your element. *Nice pun*, you think to yourself. The real challenge of your work is to sort through all of those endless possibilities and find what's practical. Is it even feasible to produce this and weaponize it? Will it even be useful? Would it be cost effective? You open your notes to where you left off last night before you were so suddenly interrupted. *Time to get down to it, then*.

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A few hours have passed and you've made little progress in your research. Even though you've managed to rule out a couple reactions, you've somehow come up with even more in the process. *One step forward, two steps back*, you think as you erase the whiteboard and clear your thoughts, moving on to the next mechanism on your list.

As you take a deep breath, you realize that your pleasant workspace suddenly doesn't smell so pleasant anymore. You panic for a moment, rushing around your lab, making sure all of your Bunsen burners are off and no reactions are simmering. *What on earth…?* And then you place the smell. You spin around to face your doorway, and there's Junkrat, leaning against the doorframe in sweats and a tank top, beginning to chuckle lightly.

“Better’n TV, you are, mate! Runnin’ ‘round like a chicken without a head.” He grins that sly grin of his, obviously proud he's managed to sneak up on you.

“How…?” you start, stopping immediately. *I must've really been in the zone to not hear his racket*. You internally scold yourself, making a mental note to shut your door next time. “Nevermind. What's up, Junkrat - er, Jamison?”

His face lights up when you say his real name. Not the manic thrill he gets in his eye following an explosion of his own making, but genuine, simple happiness.

“Oh, yer catchin’ on! Well, darl, I've come ta deliver a gift!” You didn't notice before, but now you see that his hands had been behind his back, and he brings them out with a flourish. “Ta-da! Good as new!” He's holding your sweatpants, neatly folded, looking quite pleased with himself. Your expression must surely show how shocked you are, because he starts talking again quickly. “Roadie took a bit o’ convincing, said he'd rather sleep an’ do it later, but I made ‘im remember that I'm his boss, not the monkey that runs this place, and what I say goes!”

You take the sweats from him, noticing that sure enough, the handprint is gone. “Wow, Jamison, thanks! And thank Roadhog for me too, please. I honestly wasn't expecting to get these back so
soon. It's a nice surprise.” You smile at him, *Which surprise is that - the sweats or him?* You imperceptibly shake your head to clear the thought, turning away from him. You refold the sweats and place them on one of the nearby tables. When you turn back to face him, he's much closer than before. A small yelp escapes your mouth, and he chuckles darkly. You attempt to regain your composure before you narrow your eyes at him.

“Damn, how are you so sneaky today? I can usually hear you coming a mile away.” You look at him quizzically, searching his mischievous face for clues. He mimes a zipper across his mouth with his fingers, wiggling his eyebrows at you. Your eyes travel down to the prosthetic leg, his right pant leg rolled up to his knee, and you examine it from where you are. “You don’t look any different. Did you put your leg on mute or something?” He’s starting to shake with silent laughter now, clearly amused that he’s stumped you. “Oh my gosh, just tell me! I’m not good at this shit.” You put your hands on your hips, trying to look intimidating.

“All right, all right, sheesh! Impatient and curious, eh? All I did was use some o’ this...” he produces a small tube of some kind of mechanical lubricant from his pocket “… that the cowboy gave me. Said it ‘elps his noisy joints all the time, thought I might test it out a bit.” He smirks down at you, “I reckon it works, hmm?” You roll your eyes and shake your head at him.

“I’m honestly just relieved that I’m not going deaf. Seriously, you’re a freaking ninja now! Gonna have to put a damn bell on you, if you keep sneaking up on me like that.” You both know that’s never going to happen, though. *Not like I could even catch him, let alone force him to wear something he doesn’t want to.* You smile up at him, “Thanks again for doing that, Jamison. And sorry again for blowing up at you last night. I’ll try not to let it happen again.”

He lets out a heavy, dramatic sigh as he turns to leave. “Aw, now don’t go sayin’ things like that, Sheila!” He swings around the doorframe, and right before his head is out of sight, he gives you a wink and a brief glance that you can only describe as smoldering. “I love things that blow up!” His face pops out of sight, and you can hear him chuckling to himself all the way down the hall.

When he’s finally out of earshot, you let out a breath that you didn’t realize you were holding. *What the hell just happened?* You try to ignore his last comment. *It’s just him being a weirdo. And I’ve gotta start shutting that damn door while I’m working.*

You make a lame attempt to get back to your work, but your thoughts keep going back to Junkrat. *He probably flirts with everyone. He is a guy, after all. That’s what they do, right?* But now that you think about it, you’ve never seen him interacting much with anyone besides Roadhog, let alone making special visits to see them. *And interrupting them,* you think, somewhat annoyed.

Abandoning your research for the day, because you’re clearly not going to get focused anytime soon, you decide the best thing you can do is get something to eat. *I hope he’s not in the mess hall …* All you want is some food, not more inner turmoil. On your way to the kitchen, you run into Reinhardt. You perk up immediately - he’s basically like a grandpa to you and most others on the team. The most badass grandpa ever.

“Ah, hello there! Hungry?” he asks when he sees you, giving you one of his wide, genuine smiles. “I was thinking of making some hot pastrami sandwiches with sauerkraut for everyone.” As you walk alongside him, he truly towers above you. It’s funny to think of this battleworn warrior in the kitchen, but you have a sneaking suspicion he makes some damn good sandwiches.

“Are you kidding me? I freaking LOVE hot pastrami! Can I help?” You eagerly look up at him, practically hanging on his enormous arm.

“Haha, but of course!” he replies as you both enter the mess hall, continuing through it into the
“The more the merrier, ja? I shall show you the recipe my grandmother used in the Old Country. She used to make it for me all the time when I was young. Come! This shall be wonderful!”

“Reinhardt, sir, that was absolutely the best sandwich I have ever had. Ever!” You sit back in your seat, your stomach incredibly content and full, and let out a loud happy sigh. He helps clear the dishes, clearly proud of himself, as your fellow teammates express their appreciation to him as well.

“Ha, you are all too kind! I relish the chance to share my skills off the battlefield with my friends.” He bustles about, depositing the mess in his arms into the kitchen sink. The whole team isn’t there for lunch since Winston only requires everyone to be at the table for dinner, but a good number of them are present nonetheless. Apparently Reinhardt’s monthly lunches are the talk of the base, and somehow you’ve only found this out just today. Definitely gonna be marking my calendar for these in the future.

As you all lounge about the mess hall, making jokes and passing the afternoon away, you begin to feel like this might actually be a home for you. This is, like, the whole package. I’ve got friends, a roof over my head, food on my plate, a job that actually does some good. Hell, I’m a freaking superhero! You stretch your arms behind your head, and close your eyes, fully content for the first time in a long time. After a few moments, you sit up and thank Reinhardt again, asking him if you can take one of the extra sandwiches for a midnight snack later. Of course he obliges, especially since he made more than enough to feed an army. You bid everyone goodbye, explaining that you have some work to get back to, and promise to see them at dinner.

Wrapped sandwich in hand, you stroll through the base, not taking any particular route back to your workspace. Your mind wanders over the pleasantries of the afternoon, and you hum a random tune as you walk. You’re not paying attention to where you’re going, and before you know it a muted BOOM jerks you back to reality. It makes you jump, and you nearly drop the sandwich you’re carrying before realizing where you are.

SERIOUSLY?! How did I end up outside the workshop? I blame you, brain! You stop in your path, considering your options. You can either keep walking and go back to your workspace, or you can descend into Junkrat’s lair. Your head lolls back, an enormous sigh leaving your body.

Fuck it, you decide, and turn to go down the stairs.

As you descend the levels, your mind races. What am I doing? I should turn around. But your feet seem to have a mind of their own, so you keep moving forward. You finally arrive at the door, which is once again open, and peek inside. There’s an aura of smoke in the workshop, most likely due to the small explosion you just heard in the hallway. You hear some tools being thrown around, clattering on the workbench across the room, followed by Junkrat muttering agitatedly to himself.

You decide against startling him, recalling what he said to you last time you interrupted his work. Instead you just clear your throat softly. “Ahem…” He doesn’t hear you though. Probably half deaf. You try again, a bit more emphatically. “AHEM.” He turns to the doorway, scowl and furrowed brow lifting in surprise when he sees you. “Hey, Jamison,” you give a small wave and smile.

“Twice in one day, eh? Well ain’t I a lucky one!” You start to approach his bench, and he halfheartedly sweeps some tools and scrap to the side. As he turns to look at you again, you can see that he looks genuinely happy despite the interruption. “What brings ya down here, darl? Just couldn’t resist me, is that it?” He raises an eyebrow and tries to look suave, and suddenly you’re very aware he’s shirtless, torso covered in soot and grease. You give a small, nervous laugh, shifting your gaze to anywhere but his toned body.

“Ha, actually I thought I’d repay your gift from this morning with another gift,” you begin. What am
I talking about? What freaking gift? For some reason your mouth is moving faster than your brain at the moment. But you've already piqued Junkrat's interest, so there's no going back now. Your mind races, and you scramble for words. “I, uh, well…” But your stuttering and fumbling only intrigues him more, it seems, as he takes a step closer to you, standing up a little straighter in the process. Finally you think of something. “I brought this for you, thought you might be hungry since I didn't see you at lunch.” You hold out the sandwich you've been carrying, offering it to him shakily. He looks elated.

“Ah, crikey, past lunch time already? Sure lose track o’ time down here. That's right nice of ya, didn't realize I was so hungry until now!” He takes the wrapped sandwich from you with his right hand, and his metal fingers brush yours. Even though they're not flesh, you feel a brief rush of heat between you, and you shudder involuntarily. Junkrat seems not to notice as he begins unwrapping the meal, his face getting excited. “Hooley dooley, did the big bloke do lunch today? He makes the best damn food outta near anyone here! I'da been crushed if I missed out on this beauty!” He looks from the sandwich to you, face gleaming with appreciation. “Really truly, thanks a bundle, mate. Usually Roadie makes me eat somethin’ a couple times a day, but I ain't seen him for a while. Ah well, at least somebody's lookin’ out for me!” He takes a massive bite of the culinary masterpiece and you think he might actually melt from being so overjoyed. “Mmmm, oh bloody hell, that's the good stuff!” he murmurs, mouth full of food.

You giggle and feel immensely relieved that you were able to save yourself from a potentially awkward situation. “No problem, Jamison. I figured you might need a short break anyway,” you say as you watch him enjoying his meal. “I'm gonna head back upstairs, I'll see you around, okay?” You try to sound confident and pleasant, but your mind is positively racing at the moment.

He swallows a bite, “Ah, if ya insist. I'm sure we'll meet again soon, darl. Thanks again!” His voice is upbeat, but his eyes look almost disappointed. You start to leave, then turn around at the door. “Hey, Jamison?” you ask nervously. “Maybe I could come see what you get up to down here sometime? I’m kinda curious, honestly.” You rub your arm shyly, fully expecting him to say no. He nearly drops his precious sandwich, he’s so surprised and eager to answer.

“Oh! Yeah, o’ course, Sheila!” He beams at you, food momentarily forgotten. “Stop in anytime, I mean it.” He grabs the sandwich again, tearing off a hunk of it with those sharp teeth of his. “Anytime,” he repeats with a wink, turning his attention back to his workbench.

You quickly exit, your thoughts running a mile a minute. Why did I ask him that? I'm not remotely interested in explosives. AGAIN with the winking! And WHY does it make me so flustered? There’s no way I’d actually date him. He’s my teammate for Pete’s sake, not to mention bonkers...

Wait a sec… Jamison washed my sweats?? But… he said Roadhog did. Why would he do that?
Before Roadhog gets any further down the stairs, you spin around and stop him. “Um, Roadhog? This might sound weird, but Junkrat flirts with, like, everyone, right?” Just say yes, you beg internally.

He stops on the stairs, pausing a moment. Without fully turning around, he glances over his shoulder at you and shakes his head. Oh. You suddenly feel like you need to be alone, turning and leaving without saying another word to Roadhog. He watches you go, then lets out an exasperated sigh before carrying on down the stairs to the workshop.

Oh no no no, this is not good. You hurry back to your quarters, thankfully not running into anybody else in the process. Your face is beet red, you don’t even have to look in a mirror to know it. You reach your door, quickly entering. It slides shut and you lock it, and you cross the room to sink onto your bed. Stop freaking out. Be logical. You take a few deep breaths, calming your nerves. Is this just because of the dream I had?

You think back on the last few weeks, having only been a part of Overwatch for such a short period of time. You haven’t even been on a mission yet, being somewhat more useful behind the scenes than out in the field. Plus you haven’t even finished training yet, you remind yourself. As a result, your only interactions with Junkrat have been during team meals here and there, and even then he’s usually at the opposite end of the table from you. He’s just a teammate, that’s all. Until last night, when things started getting much more complicated than that.

Is it really that complicated, though? You’re beginning to wonder if you’ve made more of an issue out of all of this than there actually is. He’s definitely… different. No, he’s straight up crazy, who am I kidding? But you know there’s more to him than that. You’ve seen a side of him in the last 24 hours or so that you never would have expected from the weirdo. He’s… nice? And even a little thoughtful? And he’s flirting with me, not with anybody else… You pull your knees up to your chest and rest your chin on them, trying to sort through all of these emotions. Maybe I want this. Maybe I need this. Would it be so bad? He’s my teammate, but maybe he could be… more? You lie down and stare at the ceiling for the second time today. That’s a shitload of ‘maybes’ and questions. I need some definite answers, sooner rather than later, preferably.

You wrestle with your thoughts as you lay on your bed, hopelessly abandoning all research for the day. As you do, you discover something. When you picture yourself simply being friends with Junkrat, your stomach feels like it drops just a little bit, like you’re missing out on something more. And when you picture the two of you as more than friends, like your dream from last night, your heart flutters and - Oh Lord, am I grinning like a fool? You bury your face in a pillow, Ugh, I’m a freaking schoolgirl. You sit up and heave a sigh, resigning yourself to the fact that you have a crush on Junkrat. On Jamison, you correct yourself. I have a crush on Jamison. You groan aloud, hardly believing what’s happening to you. As you fall face-first into a pillow, you think to yourself, I am so fucking...

Chapter End Notes

I'm loving this so much that I'm trying to write even just a couple sentences every spare moment I get, so I'm sure updates will be erratic until I really get into the rhythm of this (or figure out where it's going). Things will get steamy soon, I promise! hehe
An alarm blares, red lights flashing in your room and all through the base. You sit bolt upright on your bed, head pounding from being woken so abruptly. “WHA-?!” you exclaim wildly, completely disoriented. Shit, I fell asleep!

Athena’s voice sounds over the intercom system. “Attention. The following team members are to report immediately to the hangar for deployment: Symmetra, McCree, Lúcio, Junkrat, Roadhog, and Mei. You will receive further instructions en route to your destination.” Your head spins for a moment before you can register what’s happening. There's a mission. Must be a real emergency, to send so many people. You rub the sleep from your eyes and try to suppress the headache forming. And they're sending Jamison. Your stomach does a quick flip as you realize what that means. What if he gets hurt?

Your concern replaces your momentary discomfort at being woken, and you stumble across your room, slipping into a pair of shoes as you reach the door. It slides open and the hallway outside is a bustle of activity. Your room is fairly close to the hangar, so there’s a lot of traffic in your hall whenever there’s a mission. Thankfully, the door and walls of your room are incredibly soundproof. You join the flow towards the hangar, and soon enough you find yourself in the largest area of the base.

The transport ship is massive, large enough to carry a small army. Well, I suppose that's what we are, really. You watch as ammunitions and other supplies are loaded into the craft, noticing that a number of the containers have Junkrat’s signature emblem on them. All of the teammates who’ve been called are donning their gear while the others help to load materials. You see basically everyone in one place for probably the first time since you’ve joined Overwatch. And then you notice that not everyone is present. Where’s Jamison? Even Roadhog can be seen in the corner, inspecting the chain on his giant hook. You begin to worry, until you remember overhearing that he’s usually the last one on the transporter for every mission. Of course he is... You shake your head, stepping forward as you decide you should help carry some things onto the ship. As you pick up the nearest small crate, you feel a hand on your shoulder - and feel a familiar heat along with it.

“Lemme get that, darl!” You spin around and Junkrat is there, taking the crate from you with ease. He’s decked out in his usual mission attire - frags strapped across his bare chest, all manner of
explosives and triggers hanging from belts at his waist. Suddenly you don't remember how to speak, so you let him take the crate from you. “This one stays here anyways,” he chuckles and sets it down. “But this one can come. Been meanin' ta field test it, might as well give it a shot I s'pose.” He gestures to a large crate, a like a foot locker but bigger. He grins at you, “Wanna give me a hand?” He stands at one end and reaches down for the handle, and you move to the opposite side to mirror him. You both lift, and you discover that it's much heavier than you anticipated, but not unbearable. “Oi, you're stronger than ya look! Been keepin’ secrets, eh?” He chuckles and you roll your eyes, trying to suppress the blush you feel spreading over your face as you heave the container towards the ship with him.

You're busy looking where you're going, but when you glance in his direction you notice that he's watching your face intently. You both look back toward the ship abruptly and you can suddenly feel your face burning intensely. Great, just what I need right now. Finally reaching the transporter, Reinhardt sees you two carrying the large container and takes it from you both with ease, smiling and placing it in the cargo hold.

You return to where the cargo was sitting, Junkrat following you. But you now see that nothing else is marked for loading. Turning back to face the ship, you notice that something about Junkrat seems different. He's not his usual fidgety self; he looks calm but somehow nervous at the same time, rubbing his neck awkwardly. You're confused, Usually he's so damn eager to blow something up.

“Shouldn't you be getting on board?” you ask, hoping you sound casual and not like a bundle of nerves.

“Uh, yeah, s'pose I should,” he starts. “Just wanted ta -”

He's cut off by a bellowing shout from Roadhog, who stands in the open door of the transporter. “RAT. NOW.” Junkrat turns, giving his friend a murderous look. You can now see that everyone is indeed on board already except Junkrat. Those who aren’t going on the mission are already exiting the hangar, leaving the two of you looking a bit conspicuous. Junkrat faces you and opens his mouth to speak again before you interrupt him.

“It's ok, Jamison, we can talk when you get back. Sound good?” You attempt to sound normal, despite what you're feeling inside. His eyes look disappointed, but he nods and hobbles toward the ship. Before he's too far away, you softly call to him, “Be careful!” Still moving away from you, he turns and winks at you over his shoulder, smiling slyly. You feel like your heart skips a beat, and you turn to leave as you hear the engines on the ship start.

You go up to the observation deck to watch them leave. You've always loved watching aircraft take off, but this is different. Your teammates, your new friends, are leaving on this craft, putting themselves in harm's way to help others. Jamison could be more than a friend though, you think as you watch the ship take to the air and leave the open hangar. You sigh heavily, turning to leave. I hope it's a short mission…

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The next two days crawl by at a snail's pace. You find it nearly impossible to focus on your research, thoughts of Junkrat constantly drifting through your mind. Even team meals only distract you for as long as you're in the mess hall. You've taken to wandering the base, trying to kill time. Somehow you always end up in front of the stairs to Junkrat's workshop before you realize where you are and trudge back to your own workspace.

What did he want to tell me? It's the question that you've asked yourself countless times since he left. You've come up with dozens of scenarios about what will happen when the team returns, whenever
that is, you remind yourself. For what seems like the millionth time since Junkrat left, you face your whiteboard and attempt to focus on what's important - your work.

You’re halfway through writing a reaction mechanism down when you hear something outside the door, having finally remembered to shut it for once. You figure it’s someone walking past, until you hear a soft metallic knock. Weird, nobody ever comes to bug me while I’m working. Except… your heart races and you rush to the door, suddenly breathless. You pause and try to compose yourself before pressing a button on the wall panel. The door slides open, revealing none other than your favorite junker.

“Oh! Wow! Hey!” you exclaim. Did I really just say ‘wow’?... you chastise yourself. You ignore your inner judgmental self, continuing to address Junkrat. “How did it go? When did you get back?” You notice a number of small cuts and bruises covering his arms and torso. However, his eyes have their usual gleam to them.

“Just got in a minute ago, actually,” he grins and you’re surprised you don’t melt on the spot. “Eh, went about the same as it always does. Blew some shit up and then sat around for awhile.” He starts to take a step forward and then stops. “D’ya mind if I come in?” he asks somewhat shyly.

“Uh, sure thing!” Your mind is racing as you step aside and he enters your workspace, the door sliding closed behind him. He looks around as if really seeing it all for the first time. “Everything okay, Jamison?” you ask, almost afraid of what he might say. He spins to face you, an odd look on his face.

“O’ course!” He tries to reassure you, but somehow he’s only making you more nervous. “I just thought we could finish our little chat from before.” Ohmygosh what is happening?

You try to make your face remain neutral, but you can feel a blush starting to spread again. “Oh. Yeah, sure thing,” you reply, hoping to sound nonchalant. He scratches at something on his arm nervously before continuing.

“The thing is,” he starts, clearly unsure of his words. “I just… crikey, why’s this so fuckin’ hard?!” He can’t even look at you, but he takes a step closer. He smells like smoke and danger. He heaves a sigh and looks into your eyes. “I fancy ya, alright? An’ I know I’m not the cream o’ the crop, but I get the feelin’ that maybe ya might fancy me too.” He pauses, his expression hopeful, waiting for your response, but no words come to you. He waits another moment, face starting to fall. “I mean, maybe ya don’t. Haven't never been good at this stuff, meself, but I thought -”

Before he can finish his sentence, you silence him by covering his mouth with yours. He makes a small sound of surprise in his throat at your sudden action.

Don’t know, don’t care, replies another. Suddenly you can feel him kissing you back, and you stand on tiptoes to even reach him. Your hand comes up to cradle his jaw as his hands rest on your hips. His lips are softer than you expected, but firm and Wow, he’s a great kisser. It’s better than any of the scenarios that have played themselves out in your head in the last few days, mainly because you didn’t think you’d be the one initiating anything like this. You break the kiss, both of you stunned at what just happened. You look up at him and his eyes are wide, his cheeks blushing. It takes a moment for either of you to remember to take a breath.

“Wow…” you both breathe at the same time. You give him a small smile. “Sorry… if that was too sudden, I mean.” You rest one hand on each of his shoulders and look up into his amber eyes.

“Jamison, I… have no idea what I’m doing.” You chuckle and he looks at you, confused. “But right now I don’t care, because this is… you wrap your arms around him and hug him tightly “…amazing!” You feel his arms wrap around you, and your whole body feels like it’s on fire. You hear him giggling softly.
“Ya had me worried there for a sec, darl. Thought this was gonna get real awkward or somethin’.” His voice is low and you can tell he’s more at ease now, not as nervous as he was when he knocked on your door a few minutes ago. “I wanted ta tell ya before I left, but damn that Roadie had to go an’ ruin it.” He pulls away from you enough to see your face, his left hand caressing your cheek as he whispers your name. “There’s just somethin’ about you I can’t quite get enough of,” he murmurs, and you can see more than a hint of adoration in his eyes.

“I think I feel the same way about you, too,” you confess. “I can’t stop thinking about you, Jamison, not since the other night…” You remember something, and start giggling happily. “That reminds me, thank you.” He looks incredibly confused, so you tell him, “Roadhog told me you’re the one who washed my sweats. That you stayed up all night gettin’ ‘em done. How come you didn’t tell me in the first place, you dork?” A look of mock resentment crosses his face.

“Oi, who ya callin’ a dork?! I know more about laundry than ya think I do, I just… wanted ta do it for ya, ‘at’s all.” That mischievous glint comes into his eye as he smirks at you, “But I had ya fooled, eh?” You laugh and jokingly push him away, his hands gripping your hips to keep you close to him.

“Don’t toy with a girl’s emotions like that,” you berate him. You wrap your arms around his neck, bringing your faces closer together. “You might get burned,” you murmur as you raise yourself onto your toes again.

He chuckles darkly, his lips brushing your own. “Was that a joke? Cuz it wasn’t funny,” he quietly replies.

“Then why’d you laugh?” Instead of answering, Junkrat presses his lips to yours. You didn’t notice it the first time you kissed, but he tastes smoky and spicy and just so good. His right hand travels up your torso to the small of your back as he embraces you. You part your lips ever so slightly against his, wanting more of this incredible feeling, and his other hand goes to the back of your head, fingers curling into your hair, pressing the two of you closer together. Suddenly his tongue is in your mouth, and it’s hotter than you ever could have dreamed it could be. You groan quietly at this new sensation, prompting him to kiss you deeper and pull you closer. Your bodies are pressed so close to one another, his bare chest practically crushing you. Your own tongue slips past his lips, and you can feel that his teeth are more than a bit sharp. Oh, I want this mouth all over me, you think breathlessly as he sucks at your bottom lip, gently tugging it with his teeth. He hums contentedly, and you can feel his chest vibrating against yours. You bring your left hand up to the back of his head to run your fingers through his hair, but when you do, you jerk your hand away, pulling your face away from his in shock.

“Ow!” You look at your hand and it has a couple small red burn marks on it. You chuckle, “Heh, I guess you’re the one who burned me, literally. Let’s extinguish your hair, hmm?” You grab a rag from nearby, making sure it’s clean, and turn to him. He looks mildly embarrassed, but he lets you gently pat the top of his head, ensuring that his hair is no longer lit. He takes your hand and looks at it carefully, concern on his face.

“Shit, sorry about that, love. Never know when I gotta put meself out. Just used to it, I guess.” He examines your hand a bit closer. “I got somethin’ for this, I think it’s in me workshop. Let’s get ya taken care of.” He looks at your face, and his own breaks into a wide grin. “Hooley dooley, you’re so damn beautiful right now,” he says quietly.

You feel your face burning, and you turn briefly to look at yourself in the mirror on your desk. You’re blushing, of course, but he’s right. Damn, I do look good, you agree. Your eyes are sparkling, your hair is a sexy hot mess, your lips are pink and slightly swollen from kissing Junkrat so passionately. I could get used to this. “Thank you…” you respond shyly. After fixing your hair so
that you’re at least presentable, you brush off as much of the soot as you can from your clothes and turn back to him. “Alright, let’s go.”

You walk over to the wall panel, and he pecks you on the cheek whispering, “One for the road,” before you press the button that opens the door. He practically bounces past you into the hall, clearly ecstatic and giggling like the maniac he is. And now he’s my maniac, you think giddily. He bounds down the hall ahead of you, then stops. He rushes back to your side, eyes alight with joy. “I nearly forgot, where are me manners?” He takes your right hand in his left, threading his fingers between yours, and it feels wonderful. You close your eyes for a moment, focusing on the feeling of your hand in his. This feels so right... And his hands are rough, but his fingertips are so soft, you marvel. When you open your eyes, Junkrat is looking at you and absolutely beaming. “C’mon, we got somewhere to go, remember?”

He begins to guide you down the hall and you hurry to catch up. His legs are much longer than yours and, despite his prosthetic leg, he’s still much faster than you. Before you know it, you’ve arrived in the workshop. He releases your hand and begins digging through drawers in his workbench.

“Ah, here we are!” He triumphantly produces a container of some sort of balm. “The doc thought I should keep some on hand just in case. Guess she was right!” He gently takes your injured hand in his right, carefully applying some of the healing salve to the affected spots on your hand and wrapping a small bandage around your palm. “Better?” He looks at you hopefully and you nod, smiling at him. “Right! ‘Bout time for some grub, I think. Shall we?” He dramatically offers his arm to you, and you eagerly take it.

As you both ascend the stairs from the workshop, Roadhog finds you. You can see a large crate with Junkrat’s mark on it under his arm. All three of you stop when you see each other, awkward tension filling the air. He takes a step forward. Shit. Busted. He looks from you to Junkrat, and then back to you again. His free hand raises menacingly - and gives you a thumbs up. You sigh in relief, right before Roadhog reaches over and flicks Junkrat in the forehead with one of his massive fingers, almost making him lose his footing on the stairs.

“OW! What the fuckin’ hell was that for?” Junkrat looks pretty pissed. “We're together now, she an’ I, what business is it to ya?” He seems ready to lunge at Roadhog, but the bigger junker just walks past you both and down the stairs.

“Next time, get your own shit from the ship,” he rumbles, lumbering out of view.

While Junkrat still fumes, you can’t help but let a small giggle escape your mouth. He spins to face you. “It ain’t funny!” he pouts, crossing his arms like an upset child. You lean over and kiss his cheek, taking his hand in the process.

“C’mon, let’s get some of that grub you were talking about,” you tempt him. His face softens and he lets you lead him up the rest of the stairs. At the top, you don’t see anyone else in the hallway and take the opportunity to pause before heading toward the mess hall. “Hey, Jamison?” He looks at you questioningly so you continue. “It’s okay that everyone knows about... us... right?” You feel unsure, especially since you’re not absolutely sure about the Overwatch policy on relationships between teammates. And what will everyone else think? He reaches up to brush a loose strand of hair behind your ear, smiling sweetly at you.

“Aww, darl, don’t worry ‘bout them. Ol’ Junkrat’ll take care o’ all that. An’ if anyone bothers ya, you just tell ‘em ta piss off! HA!” You can’t help but relax and smile in response to his carefree attitude. He squeezes your right hand affectionately and you both continue walking.
In a few moments, you enter the mess hall hand in hand, your heart racing. *This is it, let's get it over with,* you think, prepared for the worst. At first, nobody notices you two, as some are already in line getting plates of steaming food. But then Lena sees you, and her eyes go wide in surprise. Hana looks at Lena, perplexed by the look on her face, and follows her path of sight to you and Junkrat. Her face breaks into an enormous grin, and she reaches behind her to grab Lúcio’s arm, tugging and pointing conspicuously in your direction. Soon enough everyone has taken notice of the both of you, and thankfully the response appears to be overwhelmingly positive. Junkrat doesn’t seem to notice though, instead making a beeline to the food and eagerly loading his plate with a mountain of meat and potatoes. You follow suit, not serving yourself nearly as much, realizing that the goofiest of grins is probably plastered on your face.

As you walk across the mess hall to sit at the enormous table, you catch Reinhardt’s eye. He gives you a big wink as you sit down next to Junkrat, who's already digging into his plate of food like he hasn't eaten in weeks. In a few more moments, everyone else is sitting along the table, devouring the delicious meal and occasionally sneaking cheerful glances in your direction. *I guess it's not such a big deal after all,* you muse as you listen to Junkrat prattle on about the recent mission.

“... didn't have a chance, just blew ‘em away! I didn't even get ta use my new toy!” He shovels a fork full of mashed potatoes into his mouth just as Roadhog takes the seat on the other side of him with two behemoth helpings of supper. Junkrat turns to Roadhog, waggling his fork in the masked face. “Ya couldn't just leave a few more for me, eh?” He narrows his eyes accusingly.

“Hmph. Not my fault you were too lovestruck to focus,” he grunts in response. You try to suppress your laughter and end up nearly choking instead. Roadhog raises his mask to uncover just enough of his mouth so he can eat, and you think you catch a trace of a smirk on his lips. Those who are sitting close enough to hear the exchange chuckle politely, afraid to find too much humor in it because Junkrat is, well, unpredictable. It certainly paints a comical scene in your mind: The team pinned down by enemies on all sides, all members firing precisely and effectively, and Junkrat sitting in the middle of it all, dazed and surrounded by cartoonish floating hearts.

As you take in the conversations and general ease of everyone around you, you can't help but feel at peace. And for the first time since you joined Overwatch just about a month ago, you feel like you actually belong. *Maybe this is what I've been missing,* you wonder as you halfheartedly listen as the table howls with laughter in response to one of McCree’s off-color jokes. *Could this be... home?*

Chapter End Notes

AHHHH I had such a hard time with the end of this chapter but I think it turned out okay? Things are going to pick up a lot from here on out (I rated this E for a reason hehe)!
Squeaky Clean

Chapter Summary

The dirty boy gets a well-deserved bath. Feels ensue.

Chapter Notes

Y’all asked for it, so here’s a cliche "Junkrat takes a bath" chapter! I also attempted to address why Junkrat isn't quite his usual hyperactive self around the Reader. And there's a line in this chapter shamelessly inspired by a fic from @Avocado (not sure how to tag other authors, terribly sorry!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So… I have an idea.” You and Junkrat are strolling through the hallways of Watchpoint: Gibraltar after dinner, no real plans for the rest of the evening other than spending time with one another. His left hand grasps your right, swinging as you walk. He turns his face to you and raises an eyebrow, clearly intrigued.

“Oh? An’ what might that be?” He rubs his thumb in circles on the back of your hand, his long fingers interlaced with yours. “Somethin’ fun, I hope,” he murmurs, practically bouncing as he walks next to you. He chuckles quietly like he’s got something in particular in mind.

“Depends on your idea of fun I guess,” you tease him. You’ve arrived at the door to your room and you enter the code that opens it, ushering him inside. As soon as the door is shut, he immediately wraps you in his arms, face nuzzling into your neck affectionately. You embrace him carefully, not necessarily wanting him to get the wrong idea about what you’re planning. “Jamison, c’mon, just gimme a sec,” you goodnaturedly push him away so you can look at him properly. There’s a hungry look in his eyes, but he stops his antics for the time being. You take his hands in yours, being careful not to put much pressure on your injured left hand, and look him in the eyes. “Okay, obviously we like each other quite a bit, yeah?” He nods enthusiastically, eyes wide and face beaming. You return the smile and continue, “Good. Then I think before things get real serious or anything, it might be a good idea if we lay just a couple ground rules…” At this he groans and rolls his eyes.

“Aw, darl, I hate rules! They take the fun outta life, it’s the only thing they’re good fer!” He pouts for a split second before you lean forward and abruptly peck him on the cheek. His face softens, “Do we really have ta?"

You squeeze his hands reassuringly before responding. “They’re not gonna to be actual rules, Jamison, just things for both of us to keep in mind. I’m still gonna like you no matter what, I just wanna make sure we’re on the same page. Okay?” He sighs and nods, so you continue. “Okay. First off, I don’t know about you, but it’s been nearly impossible for me to focus on my research lately, especially when you were on that mission. You’re constantly on my mind, and I want to spend all of my time with you, but we both need to get our work done too, right?”
“Eh, maybe. But all work and no play…” he trails off, a devilish look in his eyes.

“I know, I know,” you admit. “But we’ve gotta make sure to at least get something done on a regular basis. Deal?”

“Yeah yeah, whatever. Anything else?” He impatiently hops around in place. “I wanna get to the fun part!”

“And what makes you think there actually is a fun part, sir?” You cross your arms in your sassiest manner possible. Junkrat looks like he’s about to protest before you cut him off. “Well, maybe there is.” He perks up, visibly interested in the possibilities of what you’ve just said. You step back and gesture to your clothes, which have dark smears all over them. “See this? Unless you want to do all of my laundry from here on out, I’m thinking you’ll need to… take a bath.” You say the last part softly, more than a little afraid you might upset him. He stares at you for a moment, dumbstruck.

“You... want me to take a bath?” He looks at you questioningly, and you suddenly feel embarrassed for even bringing the up the subject. You give him a small nod, and he appears to be considering what you’ve said. For a moment he looks disappointed, until he starts chuckling. “Hehe, then how ‘bout we make it a little more interesting,” he says, pulling you closer so his hands are on your waist. “I’ll get in that tub, but only if ya join me.” You blush before answering, standing on your tiptoes to whisper in his ear.

“If that's what it takes to get this dirty rat cleaned up, then that's a price I'm willing to pay.” Junkrat growls softly, and without warning scoops you into his arms in a bridal carry. “OHMYGOD WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!” You panic before realizing there's no way he'll drop you. Damn, he's so strong.

“What's it look like I'm doin’?” he responds, heading toward your bathroom. You look at his face, and his amber eyes are practically glowing with excitement.

“Time out! I just need to get some things ready first,” you tell him, convincing him to put you down. He pouts for a moment as you turn on the bathroom light and clear the counter of whatever mess you haven’t bothered to put away before now. You grab two of your fluffiest towels and turn on the tub, making sure the water is just the right temperature. You search in the cupboard for a large bottle, dumping a generous amount of the contents into the water. “Bubbles always make baths better,” you explain to Junkrat, noting his questioning stare.

In a few moments the water is ready, complete with mounds of fluffy bubbles. You stand up and face him, suddenly quite nervous. He looks from the bath to you and moves toward you, face relaxed. His left hand comes up to softly brush your cheek and he kisses you sweetly on the tip of your nose. You can feel heat spreading across your face, emanating from the point where his lips touched your skin. His fingers find the hem of your shirt and he tugs gently.

“Ladies first,” he whispers, eyes on yours. You chuckle and shake your head slightly.

“How about we both go at the same time? Y’know, to be fair,” you say, hoping he’ll agree. Almost faster than you can blink, Junkrat has his shorts off and on the floor, and he’s standing before you in nothing but a pair of bright red boxer briefs and grinning like a fool.

“Heh, looks like it’s your turn,” he hums happily.

“Fine, goofball. Oh, and nice underwear,” you wink at him as you swiftly pull your shirt over your head and shimmy out of your pants. You toss them into a laundry basket in the corner and you stand in your bathroom in just your bra and panties. When you turn your attention to Junkrat, his mouth is
hanging open and his eyes are the widest you’ve ever seen. “Wh-what?” You stammer nervously, reaching up and removing your hair tie so that your hair cascades across your shoulders. Junkrat exhales heavily after a moment, finally remembering to blink.

“Must be dreamin’,” he whispers, almost to himself. You giggle and inch closer to him, taking his hand as you do.

“Not a dream, I promise,” you tell him, carefully running your fingers up and down his prosthetic arm. “You wanna keep these on?”

“Tell ya what, love. I’ll take off all me extra pieces, including these,” he smirks as he snaps the waistband of his underwear, “if ya take off all yours. Sound fair?”

“Hmm… only if you turn around until I’m in the tub. I’ll even close my eyes until you do the same.” He immediately turns his back to you, giggling uncontrollably. “No peeking, Jamison!” You undo your bra and slip off your panties, adding them to the laundry basket. You also remember to remove the bandage from your hand, tossing it into the trash before sliding into the bathtub. It’s the perfect temperature, the bubbles thankfully covering you up to your shoulders, and you relax for a split second before remembering your end of the bargain. You cover your eyes, “Your turn.” You hear him fidgeting with his prosthetics as you wiggle your toes under the water excitedly, humming a random tune to yourself. In another moment you hear a clatter on the floor and feel the water and bubbles shift and ripple as he enters the tub. You reposition yourself so there’s more room for him, feeling him plop into a sitting position in front of you.

“Well hey there, good lookin’,” you hear him say quietly. You open your eyes and he’s sitting at the other end of the tub eyeing you.

“Hey there, yourself,” you reply, giving a coy smile. “How about you come sit over here and I get you all washed up?” He smiles and moves closer, doing so somewhat smoothly despite the fact that he’s down a couple limbs. You maneuver yourself so that he can comfortably sit in front of you, his back to your chest. “Just relax, let me do everything,” you mutter, softly kissing the back of his neck. He practically purrs as he leans back against you, obviously enjoying what’s happening.

You grab the washcloth hanging from a suction cup on the wall and wet it in the bath water. Where to start… shoulders, I guess. You cup some water in your hand and spill it over his shoulders, beginning to softly scrub away the grime using the washcloth. As you do so, various bruises and scrapes take shape, sending a small ache into your heart.

“Is this okay? Does it hurt at all?” He hums contentedly in response.

“Like heaven, love, just like heaven,” he breathes.

“Good, you deserve to be spoiled once in awhile,” you tell him, rinsing his shoulders clean. You continue on to his back, then his upper arms, occasionally rinsing the washcloth as you go. Soon you’re ready to do his hair, and you spot your bottle of shampoo on the edge of the tub. “Ready for me to wash your hair? I promise I won’t get any in your eyes.”

“Whatever ya want, sweetheart,” he responds, leaning his head back ever so slightly more. You pause a moment, letting his words sink in. He opens his eyes, brows furrowed. “Sorry, I don’t have ta call ya that. Just sorta slipped out.”

You smile down at him, “I don’t mind, as long as I get to call you Jamie.” He looks at you, grinning from ear to ear. “Haha, I’ll take that as a yes,” you chuckle. “Now close your eyes, lemme wash your crazy hair.”
He does as you instruct, and you cup both hands together to pour some water over his head, wetting his hair. You run your fingers through, trying to tame a couple tangles, noticing as you do so that there are some patches that are scarred and thinner than other areas. I’ll be extra gentle then, you tell yourself. You grab the shampoo bottle and squeeze some of the fruity shampoo into your hands, rubbing them together to make a thick lather. You lightly apply it to is hair, massaging his scalp as gently as you can while still trying to get all the soot out. It feels like Junkrat might have melted, he’s so relaxed in your lap.

“What’s that song you’re hummin’?” he suddenly asks you.

“Huh? Oh, I didn’t realize I was humming out loud,” you reply. “It’s an old song, really old actually, I think. One of my favorites.”

“What’s it ‘bout?”

You consider explaining it to him for a second, then decide against it, beginning to softly sing instead. “When the rain is fallin’ in your face, and the whole world is on your case…” you bring some water up to begin rinsing the suds from his hair, “... I could offer you a warm embrace, to make you feel my love.” You pause, continuing to pour water over his hair, careful not to get any of the soapy runoff in his eyes. “When the evenin’ shadows and the stars appear…” pleased with the state of his hair, you rinse the washcloth again, “... and there is no one there to dry your tears, I could hold you for a million years…” you kiss his neck lightly, “... to make you feel my love.” You continue humming the rest of the song as you reach around to wash his chest, your own chest pressed against his back. He’s gotten quiet, and for a few moments you genuinely think he might have drifted off to sleep. “You okay, Jamie?”

“Ya’ve got an amazing voice, love. An’ that’s a beaut of a song.” Your heart swells at his praise.

“Thanks,” you mutter, never having been one who responds well to compliments. “How ‘bout we clean your face now, hmm? I don’t think I’ve ever even seen what you look like under all that grime. Turn around?”

He finagles his body to face you as you wring out the washcloth yet again, trying to get it as clean as possible. You sit up on your knees in front of him, foamy bubbles just barely covering your breasts as you lean forward. Sweeping a strand of now clean hair out of his face, you caress his face with the cloth, wiping away layer after layer of soot and residue. Soon enough you can see clean skin on his face, including...

“I never knew you had freckles,” you almost laugh. And I thought he couldn’t get any cuter. You wipe the last streak of dirt from his cheek and he opens his eyes to look up at you, a mixture of emotions on his face.

“Lots ‘bout me ya don’t know, sweetheart,” he whispers. His left hand lovingly strokes your cheek. “But do ya know how happy you make me ?” Your breath hitches and he takes a deep breath before continuing. “Ya know I’m a mess most of the time - hell, I know I am, trust me. Been like that long as I can remember. On the run so long it’s hard ta not feel like I gotta look over me shoulder all the time. But you …” his eyes light up when he looks into yours, “... when I’m with you, the rest o’ the world ain’t there.” He shuts his eyes for a moment, searching for the right words. “This is all new ta me, but it feels… right,” he confesses, and you can’t help but adore the man in your tub even more than you did before. You place a hand on either side of his face, focusing on nothing but him.

“Jamison, all I want is to help you feel safe, like you belong. Because that’s how you make me feel. You make me feel… like I’m home.” Your voice nearly falters while you speak, your vision slightly swimming. “And that's something I haven't felt in a very, very long time.”
He chuckles softly, “Then welcome home, love.” His left hand is suddenly in the middle of your back, and before you know what's happening he's pulled you toward him so your chests are pressed together, leaning himself back against the tub in the process. You're practically on top of him, trying not to dwell on the fact that you're both completely naked in your tub together. But his lips are already locked on yours, his hand still on your back, keeping you close.

At first the kiss is soft, almost chaste, your mouths barely touching one another. But soon Junkrat's sharp teeth are tugging at your bottom lip, and one of your hands reaches up to brush through his freshly clean hair. So soft, you think as you push your tongue into his mouth, earning a low growl from his throat. Your other hand is grasping the edge of the tub above his head, ensuring that you don't sink too low into the water. The bubbles have started to disappear by now, revealing water that isn't nearly as clean as it was when you started this endeavor.

While you explore his mouth with your own, Junkrat's hand strokes up and down your spine, coming to rest for a moment on your lower back before inching down further. As he does so, you feel a twinge of pressure near your hip. Holy shit, is that what I think it is?

You pull your lips away from his just enough to whisper, “Is that a frag launcher in your pocket, or you just happy to see me?” you grin against his mouth, giving a breathy laugh. His hand slides down a bit further to the curve of your ass, squeezing just a little bit and giggling as he does.

“Hmm, well, it can definitely be quite explosive, if ya know what I mean…” he responds, his eyes glowing. His pupils are blown wide so that only a thin golden ring is visible around them. He takes a deep breath, visibly trying to calm himself, and kisses you softly, “... but maybe we'll save that fer another day, eh?”

You'd be lying if you said you aren't a bit disappointed. No need to rush things, though, you tell yourself. Plenty of time for more fun later. You murmur in agreement, “Mhm,” before smiling widely at him. “Still can't believe you have so many freckles,” you say, staring at all the tiny spots across his nose and cheeks. You lean in, peppering tiny kisses rapidly across his face, making exaggerated kissy noises as you do. He squirms under you, giggling and trying to escape.

“Oi, no fair! Ya've got me pinned,” he protests, but his hand still holds your body against his. After a moment or two of splashing about, you both stop and catch your breath, eyes bright with laughter.

“Ready to get out? I've got a big fluffy towel waiting for you. Plus my fingers are getting pruney,” you tell him, making a face and holding up fingers that somewhat resemble raisins. He nods in agreement, and you start to get up before pausing. “How about I get out first, then I can give you a hand if you need it?” He nods once more, so you tell him “Alright, no looking now.” He pouts, but closes his eyes and places his hand over them, sticking out his tongue at you as he does. You quickly get out, trying not to slip or slosh water onto the floor, and wrap the towel around yourself. You're probably dirtier than you were when you got in, but it doesn't really matter; you can always take a fast shower later.

You reach for the other towel, barely having time to fully unfold it and turn around before Junkrat is suddenly on his one good foot, looking like he's about to fall out of the bathtub. “Jamie, wait!” Don't look down, just look at his face, you think, hastily reaching out to envelop him in his own towel. Didn't see anything, nope, nothing at all. He leans against you, his hand on your shoulder as he balances himself.

“I'm fine, sweetheart, ain't me first rodeo,” he reassures you. “Water's gettin' cold, anywho.” You wrap the towel around his lower half, kissing his nose again as you secure it at his waist. He's positively sexy now that he's clean for once. You help him sit on the edge of the tub so he can swing his leg around to the outside in preparation to reattach his prosthetics. When he's stable, reach down
to open the drain and empty the bath water, then step back to admire your handiwork.

“Wow, Jamie. Who knew you were so damn sexy under all those layers of grime?” You look him up and down, hands on your hips. “I could just eat you up,” you mutter seductively. You blush furiously, “Ha, sorry… didn’t mean to say that out loud.” He turns his attention from his peg leg to you, grinning mischievously.

“Guess we’ll save that for another time too, eh?” He finishes with his leg and moves on to his arm. It only takes a few moments; he could probably do it in his sleep. He stands to his full height - it seems like he’s been doing that more often lately, at least around you - and closes the gap between the two of you. He looks at you for a moment as if considering something, then embraces you, wrapping both arms tightly around your shoulders. He sighs your name, “Thank you. Fer all o’ this.” He lets go and turns to look at himself in the mirror. “Crikey! Didn’t recognize meself fer a sec there.” He strikes a ridiculous pose like a superhero or something. “You’re boyfriend’s a stud, sweetheart,” he teases, wiggling his eyebrows up and down yet again. You giggle quietly, relishing the fact that he just called himself your boyfriend. I could get used to that.

“And your girlfriend’s a BEAST! Oh yeah!” You pose like a strongman, flexing nonexistent arm muscles in what you can only hope is a spectacular way. You turn to him, sudden dismay across your face. “Jamie, I just realized, did you get your tickets?” A concerned expression crosses his face.

“Tickets? Wha-”

“Yeah, your tickets… TO THE GUN SHOW!” You yell dramatically as you curl your arms, kissing your biceps for added effect. You laugh hysterically at your own joke, and you look sideways at Junkrat just as he starts cackling alongside you.

“AHAHAHAHA! Ah, love, ya nearly ‘ad me there,” he laughs, wiping tears from his eyes. “That’s a good one, that is!” You chuckle with him, then remember something.

“Wait here a sec, I’ll be right back.” You exit the bathroom, shutting the door behind you. You find a pair of pajama pants and a tee, quickly throwing them on and discarding your towel on the floor, then track down a larger tee and extra pair of sweats. Satisfied with your selections, you make your way back to the bathroom, knocking lightly on the door before entering. Junkrat is inspecting his teeth in the mirror, and he looks up when he hears the door open. “I thought you might like to put some fresh clothes on. I think these should fit,” you say as you hand him the sweats and shirt. “I’ll be outside when you’re done.” You blow him a kiss after setting the clothes on the counter and leave to give him some privacy. Although I guess we might be past that point already, you muse as you shut the door behind you again.

While you have a few moments to yourself, you pick up some of the clutter on the floor of your living quarters. Stashing some laundry in the corner, throwing away random trash that you find - soon your room looks ten times better. You fluff the pillows on your bed and turn the screen in your room so that it’s easily seen from the bed, also remembering to grab a few extra throw blankets from various locations around the room. By the time the door to the bathroom opens again, you’re content with your efforts to spruce the place up.

You look at Junkrat in the doorway and feel your face break into a wide grin. The sweats you gave him to wear seem to fit well enough, as does the shirt, but they’re each about three inches too short for his lanky body. Your eyes travel to his lean waist, sweats hanging low on his chiseled hips, abs easily visible since the shirt is practically a crop top on him.

“Darl, that was the best damn bath I ever had!” He stretches his arms high above his head, absolute bliss plastered on his face, revealing even more of his taut stomach. Mmmm… another time, you
remind yourself. “If every bath was like that, I might just be inclined to take ‘em more often,” he
looks at you hopefully, dropping his arms to his sides.

Chuckling quietly, you reply, “I’ll see what I can do.” You hop onto the bed, making space for him
next to you. “I thought we could just hang out and relax, maybe watch something?” He joins you on
the bed, burrowing under some of the plush blankets and making himself comfortable.

Suddenly he looks much more his age - you have to keep reminding himself that he’s only a year or
so older than you at 25. But the way life has treated him thus far makes him appear much older than
he actually is. You suppose it’s a combination of all the scars across his body and the grime that
usually covers him. But now, nestled among your numerous pillows and blankets, fresh from a bath,
he looks more innocent than ever. **Innocent, my ass,** you think amusedly to yourself.

You boot up the entertainment system, thousands upon thousands of movies and TV shows
immediately at your fingertips. A classic action comedy piques your interest, and when you suggest it
to Junkrat he eagerly nods his head in agreement. As you select it from the menu and it begins to
load up, you make yourself comfortable. Junkrat repositions himself so that one arm is behind you as
you curl up against his side, one of your hands resting on his chest, your head on his shoulder. In a
moment the movie starts, and the vigilante antics of Marvel’s **Deadpool** take shape on the screen.
Junkrat’s never seen this one before - there are tons of films he hasn’t, really - but something about
the merc with a mouth’s style makes you think that the man lying next to you will be a fan.

About two hours later, you’ve both cracked up until your sides hurt, “ooh”ed at every explosion and
violent moment, and even held each other a little more tightly during the not-so-happy bits. And now
that it’s over, and the credits are rolling, you huddle against your favorite junker, vision starting to
blur from exhaustion. You hum contentedly as the screen goes dark, dropping your room into inky
blackness. You feel Junkrat kiss the top of your head tenderly and move to get off the bed, but you
wrap your arms tighter around his waist and mumble into his chest.

“Stay?”

He wriggles deeper under the blankets with you, wrapping his arms around your body and resting
his head against yours, your face buried in his chest. You feel him smile against your forehead,
kissing you gently once more. As you drift off to sleep you hear him whisper…

“Only fer you, love. Only fer you.”

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**Chapter End Notes**

> Was that sappy enough? Don't worry, smut is coming (pun intended hehe)! I'm just
terrible at writing it so bear with me while I work through my awkward ways >_<
You stir slowly from slumber, emerging through layers of unconsciousness as if coming through a fog. There’s a weight on your chest that’s making it difficult to breathe, and as you try to move your arm in the darkness you realize that Junkrat is sprawled across you. He’s heavier than he looks, you think sleepily. You’re not sure how long you’ve been asleep, but it can’t have been too long since your quarters are still dark.

You reposition yourself so that you can breathe a bit easier, careful not to jostle Junkrat in his sleep. There’s just enough ambient light from your computer in the corner that you can make out his sleeping form, limbs seemingly thrown haphazardly across your bed. You look at his face in the dimness next to you - it shows no trace of the manic paranoia that is so often present on his features.

You close your eyes, once again comfortable with Junkrat by your side, and briefly reflect on the previous day’s events. I can’t believe it all went so well. And things just… happened. But everything was good. Everything was great! You smile to yourself, relishing the feeling of being completely content for the first time in recent memory.

Jamie… he’s different when it’s just us. Do I really make him feel that at ease when I’m with him?

You recall his words to you last night in the tub and realize he has basically the same effect on you. I’m not sure why any of that is, but I’m done questioning it, at least for now, you decide.

You turn your head, gently pressing a kiss to Junkrat’s cheek, before slipping once more into sleep.

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The next time you wake, the lights have just begun coming on and Junkrat is in the process of shoving his head under one of the many pillows next to you. He groans and mumbles something incoherent as you groggily roll to your side and face him.

“Would you look at that, I guess Jamie’s not a morning person,” you tease, reaching for a remote on your nightstand to dim the lights a bit and turn off the canned chirping. You nestle yourself against his side, tentatively lifting the pillow from his face. You peek underneath it and see his eyes barely open, widening when they see you.

“I wasn’t dreamin’,” he whispers, more to himself than to you. He sits up and tosses the pillow aside, suddenly remembering where he is. He looks down at you as you blink sleep from your eyes, and wraps you in his arms, peppering kisses all over your face. You giggle and squirm in response until he finally stops and lies down, holding you close. He hums in contentment before loosening his grip around you and turning on his side to face you.

“Slept well, I take it?” You mirror him, smiling sleepily.
“Like ya wouldn’t believe,” he replies, rolling onto his back. Having kicked off the covers when he first sat up, he proceeds to stretch noisily, making almost inhuman sounds as his arms reach above his head. You chuckle a bit at the performance, loving the way his face scrunches up with the effort of this task.

Throwing your own blankets off, you get out of bed and walk across the room to the bathroom. Turning on the light, you see that your hair is a complete mess. You sigh heavily, then pop your head through the doorway. “I’m gonna take a super quick shower, make yourself comfortable.”

He’s still reclined on your bed and yawns loudly before answering, “Take your time, love, I ain’t goin’ nowhere.” You shut the door behind you, turning on the shower head above the tub and letting the water get warm. You strip rapidly and position yourself under the stream of water, letting the flow run over your body and wake you up a bit more. You hurriedly give yourself a thorough scrub and rinse off before stepping out and drying. After running a comb through your hair to rid it of any tangles, you realize that you haven’t brought a fresh set of clothes into the bathroom with you. You groan at your forgetfulness, wrapping the towel around yourself and opening the door to your room. Junkrat glances up when he hears the door open and practically does a double take when he sees you wrapped in your towel. “Well good mornin’ ta me!” he exclaims, propping himself up on his elbow.

“Not so fast, Jamie, I just forgot to grab something clean to wear,” you explain as you search your drawers. You quickly find a bright shirt and a pair of yoga pants, along with a bra and matching panties. You look at him over your shoulder as you unwrap the towel, speedily donning the underwear and bra in an effort to not let him see too much of you. “You hungry for some breakfast?” you ask, trying to distract him from, well, you. Now somewhat covered, you turn to face him as you pull on the rest of your outfit.

“Oh, I’m hungry, all right,” he growls, licking his lips. Closing his eyes, he shrugs his shoulders and giggles, “But I guess I’ll settle fer some grub.” Was he saying what I think he was saying? you wonder, more than a little aroused all of a sudden. No, we really should get breakfast. Plenty of time for things like that later.

Junkrat swings himself out of bed as you sit on the couch to put your shoes on. He locates his lone boot as he makes his way to where you are, plopping down next to you to secure it onto his foot. You both stand and make your way to the main door of your room. The door slides open and the two of you walk down the corridor towards the mess hall. As you walk, your hand slips into Junkrat’s, fingers threading between his affectionately.

“I was thinking after breakfast we could each maybe go work on our separate projects for a bit and meet up again after lunch. Whatcha think?” you ask him casually. He arches his brow in consideration.

“Not a bad idea, darl. I do need ta jot some things down an’ fix a few doodads after that blasted mission. Haven't had a chance yet on account o’... well, you know.” He glances sidelong at you with a gleam in his eye, giving your hand a tight squeeze. You giggle and blush in response.

“And we did agree we'd attempt to get some work done, if you recall,” you remind him. “We'll meet in the mess hall again around noon or so. Promise.” You place a quick kiss on his lips just before you both enter the dining area, which is bustling with team members and filled with smells that make your mouth water.

You promptly join the queue and grab a plate, eyeing the smorgasbord of breakfast items before you. There are so many options, you’re tempted to take one of everything, but you know your eyes are way bigger than your empty stomach. You settle for some eggs, bacon, and a cinnamon roll in an effort to not be wasteful with a mountain of food you’ll never be able to finish. Happy with your
selection, you head to the team table and see that Roadhog is already seated, mask slightly raised so he can dig into his own breakfast. You sit a few feet away from him, leaving space for Junkrat between the two of you. Even if he has given me his approval, he's still a bit... intimidating.

“Mornin’, Roadhog,” you spout cheerfully as you unfold your napkin. He grunts, his usual response to most conversation. You see his head turn slightly to glance towards Junkrat, still piling food onto his plate, then turn and face you.

“Bath?” he questions, clearly having noticed Junkrat's grime-free appearance, not to mention the fact that he's obviously wearing your clothes.

You nod enthusiastically, picking a piece of crispy bacon off your plate. “Wasn’t easy, but damn, he was a mess. Don't ask me how I managed it, though.” You wink at him before taking a bite of the bacon, savoring the salty smoky flavor. Roadhog huffs, scooping a muffin from his plate and devouring it in one bite. Suddenly Junkrat is seating himself between the two of you, balancing a tower of pancakes and all manner of breakfast items on his plate.

“They don't know much ‘round this place, but they do know how ta whip up some tasty grub, eh, Roadie?” he elbows his partner-in-crime before engulfing half a pancake in one bite. His lean frame might not show it, but he has a seemingly endless appetite. You smile to yourself as you continue to enjoy your breakfast, listening to Junkrat babble on to Roadhog.

Soon enough, breakfast is over, and Junkrat pecks you on the cheek. “Noon?” he asks you, starting to head in the direction of his workshop.

“Noon,” you affirm, walking toward your own workspace. He winks at you before disappearing through the doorway of the mess hall, leaving you shaking your head and smiling. As you turn and walk through the various corridors leading to your lab, you can’t help but think of Junkrat at his workbench, hunched over some trinket or other, figuring out ways to make it more deadly. Basically what you're trying to do with your research, but on a more macro scale. You pause for a moment, an idea striking you like a bolt from the blue. How did I not think of this before?

You excitedly hurry to your workspace, eager to work out the specifics of your newest brainstorm.

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Beep-beep, beep-beep, beep-beep …

You tear yourself away from your newest project to silence the alarm on your watch, having set it for ten to twelve a few hours earlier. Good thing I thought ahead to do that - probably would’ve lost track of time for at least a while longer. You look at the ceiling, stretching and rubbing your neck and shoulders, stiff from being hunched over for far too long. Good start, though. I have a little something to work with for now, at least. You place the beaker and its contents you were working with in a cabinet, saving all of your data before making your way to lunch. You practically skip down the hall, impatient to spend more time with Junkrat and pleased with yourself for actually being productive for the first time in almost a week.

Rounding the corner to the mess hall, you glance around rapidly, looking for your junker boyfriend. Your shoulders droop just a bit when you don’t see him, but then you feel metal fingers on your shoulder - cool and hot at once. Your heart flutters and you turn just in time for Junkrat to smooch you, right in the middle of the mess hall. A blush burns across your face as you kiss him back, then pull away smiling.

He giggles manically, “Hehehehe, I was hopin’ fer a chance ta do that!” He looks absolutely giddy. You playfully stick your tongue out at him, briefly noticing that he’s slightly more grime-covered
“I’ll just have to pay you back for that, I guess,” you tell him over your shoulder as you walk away toward the trays of food set out for lunch. He hurries to follow, catching up with you in just a few strides. “I dunno about you, but my time in my lab was very worthwhile today. In fact, I have something I wanna run by you, but not just yet. I still have to work out a few details.” You grab a plate and your brow furrows in concentration. “I just can’t figure out why that polymer won’t stabilize…” you trail off, selecting a few slices of pizza absently. You realize your last thought was out loud and you look up, a little embarrassed. “Oh, sorry, just nerd talk. I promise I’ll let you see what I’m working on soon though.” Junkrat chuckles, looking at you adoringly.

“Don’t be sorry, love.” He leans close to you and whispers huskily, “Maybe ya can talk nerdy ta me sometime, eh?” He quickly nips your ear with his sharp teeth, sending a shiver down your spine. You can’t help but let a sensual gasp escape your lips, blushing even harder immediately afterwards. You glance around, and luckily nobody else is near enough to have possibly heard the sound you just made. Junkrat grins widely, obviously proud of his ability to elicit such a reaction from you as he piles at least two-thirds of a pizza onto his plate.

You both go to sit down and eat your lunches, and you hurriedly eat yours having realized just how hungry your research had made you. In between bites, you question Junkrat. “So, plans for the rest of the day? Got more doohickeys to fiddle with?” you tease. He looks at you incredulously, mouth full and pizza grease dripping down his chin. He swallows hastily before answering.

“’Fiddle,’ eh? I got a system, missy, and it ain’t failed me yet,” he retorts, his expression defensive.

“Jamie, it was a joke. I know you’re a right genius with all those contraptions you come up with!”

You nudge his side in good sport, finishing off the last piece of pizza on your plate. A quick glance at him out of the corner of your eye shows that your compliment has had the intended effect - he's beaming, sitting up straighter and clearly proud of himself. “My point is, what are you up to the rest of the day?” you continue.

He looks contemplative, “Hmm, not much, I s’pose. Why, you got somethin’ in mind?” You look at him with your most obvious bedroom eyes, leaning in close to whisper in his ear.

"Maybe if you clean up first I'll show you. ” You take your empty plate and stand, adding, “I'll be at my place,” and kissing his nose.

As you walk away, Junkrat stays seated, staring after you as you place your dish in the proper receptacle. Just as you reach the doorway, you hear him: “Oh… OHHHHH! ” Now he gets it , you hear frantic knocking at your door. Speak of the adorable devil . You go to doorway, exhaling deeply and composing yourself before pressing a button on the panel and sliding the door open.

Junkrat is standing in front of you, eyes wide and nearly doubled over breathing heavily. He’s
definitely clean now, having obviously taken the world’s fastest bath in order to make it to your room in record time. All he’s wearing is your sweats, and the sight of his muscular torso makes your pulse quicken. In a moment he’s caught his breath, and he straightens up and closes the distance between you, slamming his fist on the door panel inside as he does so. There’s a downright ravenous look in his eyes, and as the door slides shut he grabs your waist, hoisting you up easily as your legs wrap around him and your arms encircle his neck. His mouth crashes into yours, sloppily running his tongue along your lip and sucking before pulling away noisily.

“Ya ready fer this, sweetheart?” he growls against your mouth as he carries you across the room. “Cuz I feel like I've been waitin’ forever fer you.” You stroke the side of his face, forehead pressed against his as you nod. “I wanna hear ya say it, love. Tell me what ya want.”

“Jamie, I want you. Right now. Please,” you murmur a bit shyly. His quiet chuckle reverberates in your chest. He proceeds to your bed, kneeling onto it with you still wrapped around his form, one hand supporting a thigh while the other presses onto the bed. He hovers over you, your back pressing into the mattress as your legs relax from around his waist. He looks down at you with an expression of utter adoration, which only proves to turn you on further.

A sudden look of concern and disappointment crosses his face and he pauses. “Shit, I just remembered… I don’t have-”

You cut him off, stating matter-of-factly, “I’m on the pill and I’m clean, Jamie. So unless there’s something you need to tell me about yourself in regards to that, please for the love of all that is good just make love to me.” No going back now, I need this too badly. And judging from the look in Junkrat’s eyes, he feels the same.

He nods reassuringly and presses another kiss to your lips, passionate and heated, before moving to place open-mouthed kisses to your jawline and neck. You moan quietly when he sucks at your pulse point, toes curling at the sensation. His teeth graze your collarbone, sending shivers through you, and you can’t resist squirming slightly under him. He nips your skin lightly in response, earning another small moan from your lips.

“Mmmm eager for somethin’ more, are we?” he teases, his left hand snaking under the edge of your shirt. You sit up abruptly, catching Junkrat off guard and flipping him over so your positions are switched and you now straddle his body. Removing your shirt in one swift movement, you lean down over his surprised face.

“You're a fucking tease, you know that?” you whisper, lips brushing his ear for added effect. His hands grip your thighs as you begin to grind against the bulge in his sweats, his head falling back and his mouth agape as a you elicit a loud moan from him. He looks up at you and brings his right hand to your back. In another second, he's unclasped your bra and tosses it to the floor, staring mesmerized at your breasts.

“Absolutely beautiful,” he breathes, reaching up to cup them in both hands. He massages them gently for a moment, then leans forward to flick his tongue across your left nipple, sending a shudder through you. He smirks and continues massaging the other with his left hand, now lightly grazing sharp teeth over the sensitive bud before taking it into his mouth. He sucks hard, causing you to gasp. You've all but stopped moving, and he takes your distracted state to his advantage, suddenly reversing our positions once again. You don't even care, it all feels so good. He turns his attention to your other breast, giving it the same treatment as the first and making you twist underneath him. He hums in satisfaction, clearly pleased to be seeing you come undone with such little effort. After a few more moments of driving you wild, he pauses, breathing heavily.

“What say we both get more comfortable, hmm?” He moves to the edge of the bed and removes the
sweats he borrowed from you. As the waistband moves down over his thighs, his already hard cock springs free, and you can’t help but blush at the size. Not enormous, by most standards, but definitely larger than average in length. *God, I can’t wait to know what it feels like*, you think as you feel a rush of heat between your legs. He wriggles out of the sweats the rest of the way, letting them fall on the ground next to the bed. “Your turn, sweetheart,” he encourages you, pulling you back to reality.

You reach down to your own pants and slide them down, panties and all, discarding the clothes onto the floor as well. You feel more than a little self-conscious now that you’re lying completely naked in front of Junkrat. He crawls back onto the bed and kneels between your legs, simply taking in your appearance.

“So fuckin’ perfect,” he grins, moving up so that he rests on his elbow near your head. His hand caresses your cheek, thumb trailing over your lower lip. He presses against your hip, eager for more. You lean up just a bit, kissing him softly, fingers tangling in his still damp hair.

“Please, Jamie,” you plead. He smirks and sits up tantalizingly slowly, fingers dragging down your sides as he does. Goosebumps appear all over your body and you shiver slightly, earning a dark chuckle from the lean blond above you.

“All right, love, as long as you’re ready,” he purrs. He strokes his cock a few times, his prosthetic hand resting on your thigh, and aligns himself at your entrance. You gasp as you feel the tip against you, rubbing up and down, spreading your wetness over your pussy. “Oh, darl, you’re soaked fer me, ain’t ya?” he murmurs, tongue running along his lips greedily. You open your mouth to respond, but he presses into you, and your words are lost in a sound somewhere between a whine and a groan. He proceeds slowly, his length stretching and filling you to just the right amount. Once he’s fully inside you, he pauses, breathing heavily as you are. He looks down into your eyes, his own ablaze.

“Holy fuck,” you manage, one of your hands reaching down to rest on his hip. He laughs breathily, leaning down to kiss you more. Your other hand grasps the back of his head, fingers threading through his hair, deepening the kiss further. As you do, you gently buck up into him, wordlessly urging him to continue. He understands immediately, beginning to slowly thrust his hips in rhythm with yours. You break the kiss and throw your head back, eyes screwed shut, moaning with pleasure. Changing the angle of your hips ever so slightly, and suddenly everything feels overwhelmingly amazing. The sounds coming from you heighten in pitch and Junkrat sucks harder at your collarbone, nipping and trailing his tongue along your throat and jaw. Your nails dig into his hip as your other hand clutches his hair, holding onto him for dear life as the pure ecstasy fills your thoughts.

“Mmm… sweetheart, ya feel so fuckin’ good…” he praises you, pumping into you harder and just a bit faster. He sits up slightly, your legs bent on either side of him, and reaches his left hand between the two of you to rub your sensitive clit with his thumb. Your head lolls to the side as he does, an extra layer of euphoria added to the mix. You can feel something building deep inside your abdomen, and you push to meet his thrusts with your own. Soon you’re at your limit, biting your lip to keep your pleasured cries quiet. You open your eyes and look up at him.

“Jamie, I’m… hng, fuck, so close… please, Jamie.” You’re a begging mess, desperate for release. He smirks down at you.

“Oh, love, cum fer me. Lemme feel that pussy squeeze so nice an’ tight,” he hums. His sudden dirty talk sends you over the edge, rapturous convulsions emanating from your core, curling your toes and tearing blissful moans from your lips. His thrusts slow, letting your ride out your orgasm, careful not to overwhelm you. After a few moments, he presses a gentle kiss to your lips, bringing you back to
reality. You’re still catching your breath, opening your eyes to see him looking at you with more affection than you’ve ever seen on his face.

“Ya alright, love?” he asks. You nod reassuringly, rubbing the back of his neck. He carefully pulls out of you, and you shiver at the slight overstimulation. He lies next to you, taking you in his arms and holding you close to his side. You place a hand on his chest, and after a few moments you inch it down to his waist. His breath catches and he glances at you out of the corner of his eye. “Whatcha doin’ there?” he questions you. You shiver at the slight overstimulation.

“Oh, I’m not nearly finished with you yet, mister,” you reply as your fingers wrap around his still hard cock, now covered in your juices. You stroke him a few times, a deep sigh leaving him, and lean across his chest to drag your tongue across one of his nipples. He shudders and bites his lip hard, muffling the delicious sounds he’s making, his fingers digging into your back just a little. Before long he’s bucking up into your hand, whimpering for more. You release him and sit up, moving to straddle his lap. His eyes stare at you hungrily as you lean one hand onto his muscular chest, the other reaching behind you to line him up with yourself. As you sink down onto him, your breath hitched just as he moans loudly.

“Ohhh, fuck, yes!” he cries, metal and flesh fingers grasping your hips, pulling you down as far as you can go. It feels completely different from a few moments ago, seemingly filling you to your absolute limit. You throw your head back, concentrating on the glorious mix of pain and satisfaction that rushes through you. You sit up completely, your hands on his, and slowly, so slowly, raise yourself up just a bit. You ease back down, and Junkrat hisses through his teeth beneath you. You lift up again, just a little higher, until only the tip of his cock is still inside you, then slip down his entire length rapidly. He bites back a moan, fingers surely leaving bruises on your hips from how hard he’s squeezing you. You quicken the pace, and soon you both are gasping and crying out as Junkrat meets you with thrusts of his own every time you fall onto him. You can feel a heat building inside you again, and before you can even consider saying anything another wave of bliss rolls over you. Your insides spasm uncontrollably as you hear a voice call out “Jamie!” and realize it’s your own.

As you come down from your exhilarating high, you glance down at Junkrat, noting a massive grin plastered to his face and tongue hanging out of his mouth in absolute bliss. You bend low over him, lips brushing his ear and biting his earlobe momentarily as you continue to ride him, breathing heavily. His hand slides up your back and he murmurs your name.

“I dunno... how much longer... I can last, love,” he huffs, still keeping rhythm with your motions. “Ya just feel so damn fantastic.” You chuckle softly, kissing his neck.

“Let me help then,” you purr. You sit up and gently lift yourself off of him. He whimpers at the sudden loss of contact, but you speedily reposition yourself between his legs, kneeling over his erection. You smile coyly up at him before running your tongue along his shaft, tasting yourself on him. He starts babbling incoherently, and as you take him into your mouth you think you catch something about “heaven.” You hum, stroking him with your hand in time with your lips, taking him as deep as you can without gagging. In another moment he’s bucking up into your mouth, his fingers tangling in your hair needily.

“Aa, fuck, love… I... heh... g-gonna...” he stammers. Your free hand reaches up, rubbing his hip with your thumb, silently reassuring him that you’re ready. You bob your head a few more times, and his breath hitched as you feel his fingers tighten in your hair. His cock pulses on your tongue, and immediately you feel hot liquid spill into your mouth, salty and sweet at once. He moans loudly, arching his back and calling your name like it’s the only one he knows. You caress him gently, eager for every drop, and swallowing discreetly before pressing a few soft kisses to his hips. You crawl
back up to his side, kissing his neck sweetly, draping an arm across his chest as it rises and falls. He pants heavily, smiling widely before turning to peck you on the forehead.

“Hooley dooley,” he breathes, petting your back lovingly. He cards his fingers through his hair, “Can’t believe how good that was, sweetheart. Ya didn’t have ta do that, at the end there.” You trace your fingers over his muscles, beaming.

“More than happy to, mate,” you tell him, making an audible smooch sound at him and snuggling closer to him. He giggles and holds you tight, sighing happily.

“Guess I’m rubbin’ off on ya, huh? By the by, you usually get off more’n once like that?” He raises an eyebrow, looking down at you slyly.


“Oh, just the opposite, sweetheart. I’ll have ta remember that fer next time, I’m thinkin’.” He chuckles darkly and a look of mischief flashes across his face before he presses another kiss to your forehead. You relax again at his words. Next time… mmm , you consider.

“Looking forward to it,” you whisper.

Chapter End Notes

WOW OKAY. IS THIS GOOD? DID I DO IT RIGHT?! This was my first time writing smut of any kind so be gentle and if you have any constructive criticism please shoot me a comment! *BLUSHES FURIOUSLY* I hope it was decent enough!!! >///<
The next few days pass in a blur. You and Junkrat spend almost every spare moment together while still somehow managing to take care of your various responsibilities. By the third day, you're practically inseparable, and he spends every night in your quarters. On the fifth morning, a fleeting thought makes you frown.

“Oi, what's with the face, love?” Junkrat is sitting beside you on the couch in your quarters and looking at you, his attention torn from the screen across from him. You look up at him, not having realized your thoughts had been broadcasted on your face.

“Hmm? Oh, I was just thinking… Roadhog doesn't mind you spending all this time with me, does he?” you ask, slightly embarrassed. “I know you guys are pretty close.”

“Pffft, ya kiddin’? He's prolly lovin’ this! He's been sick an’ tired o’ babysittin’ me since the day I hired ‘im.” He gets a far off look in his eye, like he's recalling that day so many years ago. *I'll have to remember to ask him about it sometime*, you tell yourself, feeling the concern you'd had a moment ago slipping away. You curl up into his side, relaxing once again.

“Good. I don't wanna be *that* girlfriend, ya know?” You heave a sigh of relief. He wraps his flesh arm around you, squeezing tightly. Suddenly you remember something, sitting up with a start. “Oh! I wanna show you something!” you tell him, standing and taking his hand. He looks at you questioningly, but you pull him towards the door to your room. “I can't believe I forgot, been working on it for days!” You practically skip down the hall towards your lab, you're so eager to show him your project. He giggles excitedly, actually struggling to keep up with you for once.

Once you arrive at your workspace, Athena greets you and the door slides open. You both enter, and you usher Junkrat to a stool near one of the many work stations. As you reach into a cabinet and pull out a couple sealed Erlenmeyer flasks, you turn and speak over your shoulder.

“Alright, so I've been working on a new compound to use in the field. I know I haven't even been on a mission yet, but… I just wanna feel useful.” You stand in front of him and hold up the larger flask,
showing him the contents. “This is a simple monomer. When it's sealed, it's harmless, just goop, really. But when it comes in contact with oxygen,” you open it, pouring it all over your foot and the floor as it foams and its volume practically doubles, “it polymerizes, effectively creating a substance that's impossible to escape.” You try lifting your foot, visibly giving it a good tug, then stop, looking at him. His wild brows are furrowed in confusion.

“Uh, that's all well an’ good, sweetheart, but how ya gonna get out?” He's starting to look concerned, but you're prepared.

“Well, with this,” you brandish the other beaker, “you can reverse the reaction, making it a useless pile of slime again.” You allow some of the liquid to trickle over your foot, and within seconds the seemingly unbreakable material that had previously anchored you to the floor is melting away, once again completely harmless as you lift your foot and balance awkwardly before replacing it on the floor. Looking proudly at Junkrat, you continue. “The thing is, I have no idea how anyone would deploy it in the field… that's where you come in, Jamie.” You murmur the last part quietly, almost shyly. “I thought, maybe, you could make some sort of little contraption that would burst open, like a little grenade or something. Except instead of being filled with lethal explosives, it would be filled with this,” you motion to the puddle on the floor. “It could be something we make together.” You look expectantly at him, nervously awaiting his response.

After a moment he stands slowly, careful not to step in the monomer at his feet. His eyes travel from the mess on the floor, to the empty beakers in your hands, and finally his gaze comes to rest on your face. The look he's giving you is a mixture of confusion, awe, and something else you can't place. It stirs something inside you, but you ignore it for now, more focused on his reaction to your secret project. After what seems like an eternity, he gently takes the glassware from you, safely setting it on a nearby table. He reaches up and caresses your face with his metal hand - it still sends a mysterious heat through you at the touch.

“Yer a bloody genius, darl,” he whispers huskily. He pulls you into a kiss, heated and passionate, and your arms wrap around his neck to deepen it. He breaks away, leaning back to look at you, absolutely beaming. “O’ course I'll do it! I'll work up a couple prototypes today, yeah?” You grin back at him in response, nodding excitedly. You lunge forward, embracing him and nuzzling your face into his scruffy neck. He holds you for a moment, stroking your back lovingly, before you let go.

“Thanks, Jamie! Lemme take care of this and we can go get started,” you say, pecking him on the cheek before turning to find a rag. Once you're satisfied with the clean state of the floor, you grab a few small flasks full of the compounds and turn back to him.

“Well,” he starts, offering his arm to you, just like he did before dinner that night when all of this started. “Shall we, darl?” You grin and loop your arm around his, and you both make your way to his workshop.

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It's been hours since Junkrat started tinkering at his bench, odd bits of springs and screws scattered all around him. He's asked you the occasional question about your monomer as he's worked. Each time you answer him he thanks you sweetly before focusing on the task at hand once again, muttering to himself as he tries various configurations of the pieces of scrap in his hands. You can't help but marvel at how nimble his fingers are as he manipulates the tiny pieces, and before you know it you're wondering about what else his fingers can do. You blush at the thought, burying your face in the book you'd borrowed from Roadhog’s plentiful bookshelf in the corner. _Time for that later_, you reprimand yourself, trying to recall where you left off on the page.
A short while later, Junkrat leaps from his stool ecstatically. “Ahahaha! I got it!” he exclaims giddily, holding two small orbs above his head in victory. You turn your attention to him, setting aside the book and approaching the bench. He faces you with an overjoyed expression, holding the spheres out to you. “I think these’ll work a right trick, love,” he tells you as he places them in your hands. “Go ‘head, try ‘em! Big one first, little one second.” You notice for the first time that one orb is indeed smaller than the other. They feel comfortable in your hands, easy to grip. Junkrat takes a few steps back, hopping from foot to peg and taunting you. “Take yer best shot!”

You pull back your arm and chuck the larger ball at his feet, the seemingly tough shell shattering as the liquid inside envelops his left foot. He immediately stops, suddenly attached to the floor. He steadies himself, arms windmilling for a few seconds before regaining his balance. He bends over and knocks on the hardened substance, then smiles up at you. You tentatively fling the second smaller sphere at him and the outer layer dissolves as the first did, spilling its contents. Junkrat wriggles his foot, now free once again. You and Junkrat look at each other for a moment before both your faces split into enormous grins, laughing and exclaiming joyously. You rush to him, leaping into his arms and wrapping your legs around his frame.

“Oh, sweetheart, ya know I love ya too,” he murmurs. You allow yourself a small smile, and you relax into his arms, his chin resting on the top of your head. He chuckles and it shakes your whole body. “I guess the real way ta yer heart is science stuff, eh?”

With some help from Athena, you and Junkrat have scheduled to meet with Winston in his office before dinner. You’re noticeably nervous, but it’s reassuring that you’re not alone. Your junker boyfriend winks at you confidently before you knock on the door, and it slides open. “Ah, perfect timing. Please, come in!” Winston looks up from the screen in his hand, setting it aside to welcome you. His smile is genuine - he really is a nice guy, once you get past his intimidating appearance. You both enter, greeting him in turn. “I understand you two have something you’d like to show me?” You gulp and glance at Junkrat, and he smiles at you, nodding subtly.

“Yeah, science stuff and you.” He presses a kiss to the top of your head, humming contentedly.

“Ah, we’ve been working on a non-lethal trap we might be able to use in the field,” you tell him, taking one of each type of orb out of your lab coat pockets and holding them up for him to see.
You briefly explain the principles, using more technical jargon than you had used with Junkrat. After all, Winston is a scientist. He sits forward in his seat, attention fully focused on you. “May I demonstrate?” you ask apprehensively.

“Of course, by all means!” Junkrat moves to stand across the room, and you lob one of the large orbs at his feet. Once the compound has expanded and hardened, he demonstrates how stuck he truly is by attempting to tug his left foot free with all his might, grunting with the effort. You brandish the second orb, throwing it, and within moments Junkrat’s leg is once again free. As he quickly wipes up the mess with a rag you had him bring, you hand your small tablet to Winston.

“All of the schematics are in my notes, if you’d care to look over them. Both formulas are straightforward and inexpensive to make. And Junkrat said he’s willing to assist in the assembly of the casings.” You look over at him fondly, and he crosses the room to you to stand by your side.

“’At’s right! More’n happy to help!” he says proudly, draping an arm over your shoulders. You blush heavily as Winston looks at you two, then to the tablet you’ve handed him. He scrolls through your notes, scanning quickly but surely gleaning plenty of details. After a few moments he returns the device to you and folds his hands.

“Well, I must say, young lady, I’m incredibly impressed!” he smiles, and you let out a breath you didn’t realize you were holding. “It’s not always conducive to use lethal force in certain situations, particularly when civilians are about. This might be a valuable tool to add to our arsenal. Well done, indeed!”

“Thank you, sir!” you beam. “I’m pleased to hear you approve. We can begin assembly and start stockpiling them starting tomorrow, if you’d like. I might need to restock my chemicals, but I should be fine for now.” He nods understandingly.

“That would be wonderful. Anytime you need something, just let Athena know and we’ll be sure you have what you require.” He pauses, face suddenly a bit more serious. “Now, as for the two of you,” the smile drops from your face, Oh shit, “I will be the first to admit that I was… concerned that you would still be able to focus on your respective responsibilities, what with this budding new relationship you clearly have.” You and Junkrat glance at each other, neither of you comfortable with where this conversation is heading. “However,” Winston continues, “it is obvious that I misjudged your tenacity. The two of you have teamed up to create something truly remarkable, and you’ve shown me that I should have a little more faith in you.” Both of you sigh in relief, smiling widely at each other and at Winston.

“Thank you, sir,” you offer, and Junkrat laughs loudly.

“Ha! Had us worried there fer a sec, mate. Thought I was gonna have ta clobber ya!” he smirks. “Ain’t nobody gonna keep me away from this one,” he proclaims, planting a kiss on the top of your head. You giggle nervously, and Winston sighs before he lets out a nervous laugh as well.

“Well, as long as you two can behave, I don’t see a problem with it. Keep up the good work.” He smiles at you, and you and Junkrat take it as a cue to leave. You make your way to the door before Winston stops you.

“Oh! I almost forgot,” he addresses you. “Jack’s informed me that you’ve passed all of your performance assessments with flying colors, well done! It’ll take a few days for the paperwork to be filed, and you still have to pick a codename, but after that you are clear to go on missions with the rest of the team.”
“Hmm… Sticky Girl?” Junkrat suggests. You're both lying on your bed, his body perpendicular to yours and his head on your stomach as you card your fingers through his patchy hair. After meeting with Winston, you'd both made your way back to your room, deciding to brainstorm operative codenames while waiting for the dinner hour. You snort with laughter.

“Jamie, that makes me sound like a superhero porn star. No.” You want a name that represents who you are, what you do for Overwatch. He pouts, but only for a moment.

“What about Stuckinatrix?” he looks up at you from the corner of his eye, smirking mischievously. You look down at him, an amused expression on your face.

“If I didn't know better, Jamie, I'd think you've got sex on the brain,” you chuckle. He sits up, a mock expression of dismay on his face.

“Who, me? Ya must be mistaken, darl. I would never,” he winks at you, lying back down in his previous position, giggling to himself. You roll your eyes, thoughts returning to your current predicament. You try to recall your Latin lessons from when you were younger. Verus, vera, truth, real. You try a few combinations in your head before deciding on a possibility.

“Convera,” you say quietly, and it rolls off your tongue nicely. “Cohn-veh-ra,” you repeat, savoring each breathy syllable. Junkrat turns his head and looks up at you, confusion on his face.

“Convera, eh?” He repeats the name, mulling it over. “Wot's it mean?” he asks curiously. You lean your head back against the pillows, closing your eyes.

“Verus, Latin for truth. Con, meaning with. Convera. With truth, reality,” you whisper. “For so much of my life, science has been the only thing that makes sense to me. It's real, it's the truth. Science can't lie to you, it simply presents the facts. And now I can use that truth to actually help people.” After a few seconds you open your eyes and look down at Junkrat, noticing his silence.

His golden gaze is focused on you, adoration apparent. He grins before turning back to face the ceiling, settling comfortably on you again. His head rises and falls with each breath you take, the weight on your stomach satisfying. “Convera it is, sweetheart.”

For two days, you and Junkrat work nearly nonstop to build up your arsenal of orbs, which you've decided to call redoxxers due to the nature of their reaction mechanism. Primary for the big ones, secondary for the smaller ones. The only reasons the two of you stop are for food, sleep, or bathroom breaks. By the middle of the second day, you're both exhausted, as are your supplies.

“Well, that's all for my part,” you declare, setting a couple large beakers of monomer and reversing agent on the table next to Junkrat's work bench. “I'm all out of reactants, so this is the last of it for now. How's it going, handsome?” you ask, peeking over his shoulder to watch him assemble a shell. He sits up and stretches, his bare shoulders and back popping and crackling noisily.

“He reminds me, I found this lyin' around, thought it might come in handy,” he tells you as he reaches under the table, withdrawing what appears to be a belt of some kind. You take it from him, consternation on your face. “Here, lemme help ya.” He instructs you to hold your arms straight out as he fits the belt across your chest in a cross-cross pattern, adjusting various straps. As he does so you notice small loops all along it, now beginning to realize what the belt is. He places a few finished redoxxers into the bands and takes a step back, admiring his handiwork. “Ta-da!” he exclaims, gesturing with wiggling jazz hands. You look down at yourself, suddenly a walking
arsenal, then look up at him excitedly.

“Jamie, this is fantastic! I hadn’t even thought about how I was gonna carry these on a mission!” you tell him, just a little embarrassed by your lack of foresight. He chuckles, moving towards you to show you how to easily remove it.

“My pleasure, sweetheart. Oh, an’ I figured out I can fit these in me frag launcher if we need ta really lob ‘em.” He affectionately pats his launcher which is sitting on one side of his work bench. “Wish we could field test ‘em already.”

An alarm abruptly blares through the base, red lights flashing. The two of you freeze, listening as Athena’s voice comes over the intercom system. “Attention. The following team members are to report immediately to the hangar for deployment: Tracer, Soldier 76, Convera—” your heart stops, “—Roadhog, Junkrat, and Mercy. You will receive further instructions en route to your destination.” As soon as you hear Junkrat’s name, you remember to breathe again, reassured that he’ll be coming with you. You glance at him, gulping nervously.

“I... guess you got your wish, Jamie,” you stammer, giving an awkward smile. He rests his hands on your shoulders and squeezes reassuringly, grinning widely as a manic look enters his eyes.

“Well, Convera, what are ya waitin’ for? Let's get goin’!” As he turns from you to gather gear, he says over his shoulder, “Ya might wanna go change. I'll get yer stuff from here an' meet ya in the hangar!” You nod, running through the doorway and making a beeline for your quarters.

When you arrive, your heart is racing, and not just from the running. Shit, this is it! You recall the training you’ve received since joining Overwatch, going over every survival tactic Jack had taught you in the past month or so. I’ll be okay. Jamie is coming too. I’ll be fine. Don’t freak out, you tell yourself as you slip into a fitted outfit, reinforced with lightweight armor plates. Winston had it custom made for you once you’d informed him of your codename choice, and it fit like a glove. The subtle tangerine and turquoise patterns popped vibrantly on the charcoal background, making you look like you’d been the victim of a colorful spill in your lab. It was perfect. You briefly admire yourself in the mirror before hustling out of your room to the hangar.

Junkrat is waiting for you at the entrance to the hangar. His mouth falls open when he sees you, eyes wide. “Hooley dooley! Ain't you a fuckin’ sight, love!” He giggles mischievously, eyeing your new attire as it hugs every curve of your body. You blush and snatch the redoxxer harness from him and put it on, adjusting straps as needed. As you finish, Jack approaches you, carrying a holster containing a small handgun.

“Looking good, newbie. You might be needing this,” he says gruffly, handing it to you. “Better safe than sorry.” He addresses Junkrat, “Didn't even have to give her much firearm training. She’s a natural marksman if I ever saw one.” He moves to board the transporter as you strap the holster and weapon to your thigh. Junkrat whistles low.

“Is that right? Didn’t know I was datin’ such a crack shot,” he chuckles. He hoists a crate full of primary redoxxers into his arms, and you grab the duffel of secondaries and sling it over your shoulder. “Ready, love?” he looks at you expectantly.

You sigh heavily. “As ready as I'll ever be,” you reply, walking up the ramp into the ship.

During the flight, Jack briefs you all on the mission at hand. It seems Talon has attacked a secure facility responsible for keeping some real nasty characters from the public eye, hoping to turn a few
to their malevolent cause. The prison defenses are still holding for now, but they're taking heavy casualties, and at this point it's only a matter of time before Talon is inside. And that's where we come in, you think anxiously. Your leg bounces repeatedly as you sit strapped to your seat, nerves twisted in your gut. Junkrat notices your unease and grabs your hand with his flesh one.

“Ya’ll do great, sweetheart. I won't let anything happen to ya,” he whispers. He jerks a thumb at Roadhog, who sits on his other side. “An’ Roadie won't, either,” he winks. Roadhog grunts in agreement and gives you a thumbs up. Knowing that the two ruthless junkers have your back makes you sigh in relief. I'll be fine, you keep telling yourself.

Suddenly the transporter starts its descent as Lena’s voice comes on the intercom. “Alright, loves, we'll be landing shortly. I'll have to put us down in the thick of it, so be on your toes!” she announces cheerfully. Your stomach does a few backflips with the abrupt drop in altitude, but you manage to keep your lunch down. You take a few calming breaths, gripping the edge of your seat tightly.

Junkrat leans over, his hand on yours.

“I'm here, darl. I've got ya.” His words fill you with a rush of confidence and you nod, mouth set in a firm line. In another moment you feel the transporter jerk and jolt as it touches down, and everyone quickly frees themselves from their seats, hurrying to gather their weapons and other gear. You stand at the door behind Jack while the junkers stand on each side of you. Team members check their weapons and you hear the clear sound of turmoil outside. You remove your handgun from its holster, checking the clips of extra rounds hanging at your hip. Jack speaks and you hear him in your earpiece as well.

“Remember, team, all we have to do is hold them off until they're out of men or ammo or both. Shouldn't take long, but watch your backs.” He emphasizes this last statement by looking in your direction. The door begins to slide open and everyone readies themselves.

“Hey, Convera,” Junkrat whispers. You turn your head as he presses a heated kiss to your lips, catching you off guard. “Love ya.” He winks, eyes blazing. It starts a fire in your gut, and you smile at him brazenly. Just as the door fully opens and your teammates dash out, he lets out a maniacal cackle, hobbling out quickly with Roadhog lumbering alongside him. Let's fucking do this! you tell yourself as you rush to catch up.

What awaits you outside is total mayhem, but you notice that Lena had landed nearer to the facility than to the band of Talon agents currently besieging it. You dash to take cover behind a massive hunk of concrete, feeling a few stray rounds spray up gravel and dirt at your heels. You follow Junkrat as he launches a barrage of fragmentation grenades towards the source of the shots, hearing distant explosions and a few agonized screams. He laughs gleefully as he makes his way through the rubble, Roadhog hot on his heels as he fires deadly shrapnel from his scrap gun. You’re nearly at the cover when you hear a snarl of fury from behind you. Turning, you pull a primary redoxxer from your harness and chuck it at the source of the sound, continuing to run. When you look over your shoulder, a Talon soldier is on the ground, half of his face covered in the rock hard polymer as he writhes in pain. I guess face shots hurt more than I expected, you think fleetingly. Makes sense, what with the eyes and nose and all. You throw another primary at his feet, firmly anchoring him in place. Just in case we need him later.

You run to catch up, finally ducking out of view and joining Junkrat and Roadhog. Junkrat pops up to launch a few more frags in the direction of the enemy, screaming trash talk as he does. “TAKE THAT, YA FUCKIN’ CUNTS! AHAHAHA!” He sees you crouched next to him and kneels to your level. “Doin’ alright, love?” You nod resolutely and he grins, baring his teeth. “Nice shot at that bloke, by the by. I guess our efforts paid off, eh?” He winks and jumps up to send more explosives flying, bellowing “FUCKIN’ DIE ALREADY!” Roadhog’s rumbling laughter catches your
attention as he hooks an enemy soldier and reels him in. As the man gets closer, his screams reach a fever pitch - until the hulking junker next to you raises his scrap gun and blows the man’s head clean off in a mess of blood, brain matter, and bone fragments. Your eyes widen in horror, and you feel bile rise in your throat as the corpse drops in a heap on the ground. You screw your eyes shut to block out the image, Focus, just focus, don’t puke, don’t do it. You force your eyes open, shakily holding your handgun.

A grenade drops in front of you, and time seems to slow down. “RAT!” Roadhog barks. Junkrat already sees the explosive, and he drops a concussion mine while simultaneously scooping you into his arms. Before you can even register what’s going on, he detonates his mine and suddenly you’re both flying through the air, and the grenade below has blown your previous cover to bits. You briefly catch a glimpse of Roadhog inhaling from one of his hogdrogen canisters before roaring into the enemy lines, no doubt causing more death and destruction. Next thing you know, Junkrat is landing haphazardly behind a cargo container, legs buckling under the impact of both your weight and his own. There’s a ringing in your ears and you can see his lips moving - even though you can’t make out the words, you can tell he’s concerned. A few seconds pass and slowly the cacophony of battle comes back to you.

“- freak ya out. I just couldn’t think of another way ta get us outta there,” he runs his eyes over you quickly, checking for injuries. “Can ya stand? I think we’ve got these buggers on the ropes, anyhow. Now that Roadie’s really in the fray, it won’t be long.” More screams and gunfire reach your ears, and you get to your feet. You look at Junkrat, swallowing the fear that had frozen you moments before.

“I’m sorry, I just… I’m fine now. Promise,” you tell him, reaching down to pull him to his feet as well. He nods, that bloodthirsty smirk gracing his features once again. Movement behind him catches your eye. “SHIT!” you exclaim, shoving him out of the way and leveling your weapon at the Talon soldier that’s appeared. You squeeze the trigger, feel the recoil, hear a loud pop, and the man falls to the ground, a wound in his shoulder bleeding profusely. You snatch a primary redoxxer from your belt and lob it at his hand as he reaches for his dropped weapon, eliminating his chances of escape or retaliation. You glance at Junkrat. “You good?” you ask, flashing him a wry smile. His eyes are wide.

“Wow that was great, darl. You really are a… oh no, no, NO!” He’s suddenly panicked, looking at your side. You follow his gaze and see blood trickling in a steady stream down your left hip, dripping onto the gravel. What? When did I…? You realize the Talon soldier must have gotten you at the same time you got him, and assume adrenaline prevented you from feeling the initial shock. “Fuck, fuck,” he fumes, pressing his hand to the wound in an attempt to stop the flow. As soon as he does it hurts like hell, and you hiss in pain through your teeth - your side feels like it’s on fire. “It’s alright, sweetheart, you’re gonna be fine. Just a flesh wound, eh? Fixed up in no time,” he babbles nervously. You sink to your knees and he catches you, cradling you in his arms. “Doc’ll be here any second, just hang on, love, everything’s fine.” He looks like a frightened animal, cornered and afraid.

But all you feel is a strange sense of peace. The pain is intense, yet you somehow feel numb at the same time, like the rest of the world is steadily being tuned out. “Jamie,” you whisper gruffly, “everything’s fine.” As you slip into unconsciousness, you hear Junkrat hollering for support, and then everything goes black.

Chapter End Notes
My hand slipped and CLIFFHANGER! Don't worry, you guys - "everything's fine" :3c
Taking It Easy

Chapter Summary

Lucky for you, Junkrat is quite good at taking care of you. You find a small way to repay him.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this chapter took so long to write, but life has been craaazzy lately! Thank you all from the bottom of my heart for all the wonderful comments and kudos - they give me LIFE! I'm so glad that so many people are enjoying this story so far!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything sounds muffled, like your head is shoved inside a pillow. You try to open your eyes, but it feels like your eyelids are weighed down with bricks. Your body isn't moving the way you want it to - in fact, it's not moving at all. A quiet yet urgent beeping reaches you through the haze, and you realize your heart is racing in panic in time with the beeps. Angela’s gentle voice graces your ears but her words sound garbled. Finally, you manage to force your eyes open and you're able to make out the spotless white room that surrounds you. The med bay…? You recognize it from your first day at Watchpoint: Gibraltar, when you got your physical. Angela comes into focus as she stands on the left side of your hospital bed, looking down at you kindly.

"Just relax, dear," she coos softly. "Take it easy." You attempt once more to move and a sharp pain shoots through you, emanating from your left side. You grit your teeth and inhale sharply, giving up for the time being.

"What-" you try to say, but it comes out a hoarse whisper and the words catch. You clear your throat and try again. "What's going on?" Your mouth feels like sandpaper, your head feels fuzzy, your limbs feel like lead, and your side still aches terribly. Angela checks the readout on the machine next to you, making a note of the numbers on her tablet. Before she can answer, it all comes flooding back to you. The mission, the chaos, Junkrat holding you… "I got shot," you manage huskily.

Angela turns to you, her expression indecipherable. "Yes. That was yesterday, you've been here recovering since then." You look down and see an IV in the back of your hand, tube leading to a bag of solution on a hook above you. Your eyes travel to your side, but the blankets are covering you, and you don't feel like exerting yourself to peek at your wound. She notices your glance and continues, "There was a gap in the armor of your suit. It was miniscule, but it was enough. Winston is having it remade with better specifications - he feels he is at least partly to blame. The good news is that I was able to remove the bullet fragments and patch you up as best as I could." She pauses, trying to find her next words. "You'll need to be on bed rest for a while longer, however. It seems Talon has taken to lacing their ammunitions with a poison that's incredibly difficult to detect. Not only did your body begin to shut down, but it also slowed the effects of my healing ability, which is why you're still recovering and not quite back to normal. I was able to develop an antidote to stop the progression of the poison’s effects last night, but your body will need to heal in its own time.”
finally gives a small, reassuring smile. “Just rest as much as you can, and you’ll be back on your feet before you know it.”

You listen to her explanation, groggy mind trying to absorb and understand each word. *I'm gonna be fine, then*, you finally comprehend. “Thank you, Angela. I'd hate to think what would've happened to me without your skill.” You give her a smile that you hope shows your gratitude, and she bows her head ever so slightly in acknowledgement. As you open your mouth to say something else, a commotion in the hall outside causes you to painfully turn your head towards the sound.

“Sounds like you have a visitor,” she sighs. “I've kept him out so you can rest, but if you'd like I can let him in now.” She doesn't even have to tell you who it is before you nod.

She crosses the room, looking back at you before she reaches for the control panel. “I’ll leave you two alone for a while. If you need anything, let Athena know and she'll notify me.” She presses a button and the door slides open, revealing Junkrat.

He looks awful. He quietly steps into the room, his hallway tantrum already forgotten, and Angela discreetly slips out past him as the door slides shut. He clears his throat quietly before taking another few steps toward your bed. You smile at him as best as you can, considering every muscle in your body feels stiff and uncomfortable. He whispers your name softly, finally reaching your bedside. His eyes are red and swollen - he's obviously been crying. As your eyes look over him, you see smears of dried blood on his torso and arms. *Is that mine?* He's even more of a mess than usual.

“Hey, Jamie,” you murmur, half smiling. “Guess I'm not such a crack shot after all, huh?” you joke, trying to lighten the mood. You chuckle but it turns into a fit of coughing that wracks your whole body in pain. When you catch your breath again, Junkrat is looking down at you with tears in his eyes.

“It's all my fault,” he stammers. “I… I didn't protect ya like I should've.” His left hand reaches down to your right, squeezing and then stroking with his thumb. You see more dried blood on his hands, crusted under his nails and in the creases of his knuckles. You manage to grasp his hand in response.

“We both know that's not true. This isn't your fault, love,” you smile at him, hoping your eyes convey what you can't find the words to say. His head drops to his chest, not looking at you.

“Ya saved me life… and ya coulda… ya coulda…” his breath hitches and he chokes out a sob as you see tears fall onto the covers. “I… I can't lose ya.”

“Jamie, I'm not going anywhere anytime soon,” you say as you squeeze his hand reassuringly. “You're stuck with me.” You attempt a smirk and hear him cough out a quick chuckle. He looks up at you, amber eyes bright and shining with moisture.

“Wouldn’t have it any other way, darl,” he manages, gripping your hand again and staring at you with a mixture of emotions on his face. He tears his gaze away and glances around, spotting a chair nearby, and reaches over to pull it to the bedside without dropping your hand. He sits and scooches forward a few more inches, trying to get as close to the bed and you as possible without disturbing you. His thumb caresses your hand, just watching your face as your head sinks back onto the pillows. After a few moments, the silence is too much. You need to hear something other than the beeping of machines and your own labored breathing. Junkrat is far too quiet, for once.

“So,” you croak, “what happened? After… y’know.” You turn your head slightly to watch his reaction, not wanting to upset him further. But your curiosity is eager to learn about the events that transpired after you lost consciousness during the battle. “Did everyone else make it out okay? Did we hold off Talon?” you ask hopefully. Junkrat looks at you, but his eyes are unfocused, recalling
what occurred. His memory is usually pretty shoddy, but this is different.

“Everyone’s fine, place was just a wreck after. Doc came over right away, o’ course, tried ta work her mumbo jumbo on ya… but it didn’t do shit. That [fucker] who got ya,” he practically spits the words out, his face twisting in rage, “he was still there, moanin’ and groanin’ where ya stuck ‘im on the ground. Started laughin’ about how it’s useless, how you were as good as dead… nearly offed the cunt meself, but then 76 showed up an’ said we’d need the bastard alive. Roadie an’ the others had already finished off the rest of ‘em, so we packed up an’ headed back. A couple of us took turns grillin’ ‘im about wot he said - that’s how we found out about the poison.” He pauses, face softening and his eyes regaining their focus as he takes in your features. “Doc wouldn’t let me see ya once we got back, Roadie had ta stop me from breakin’ down the door a few times. I didn’t wanna leave ya alone…” He heaves a shaky sigh, “I’m just glad yer alright, love.” Smiling softly, he gently runs his fingers along your arm, careful not to apply too much pressure. “Now how’s about I quit gabbin’ and ya get some rest, hm? I’ll be right here, won’t budge from this spot. Promise.”

Now that he mentions it, you feel your eyes getting heavy once again. You yawn, jaw popping uncomfortably, and wriggle your fingers in his hand. He stands and leans over you to press a soft kiss to your forehead, smoothing your hair with his prosthetic hand. “I love you, Jamie,” you whisper as your eyes close.

He takes his seat again and murmurs, “Love you too, sweetheart.”

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The next evening, Angela allows you to continue your recuperation in your personal quarters.

“The worst is over, and you’re healing remarkably well. I’m sure you’re looking forward to sleeping in your own bed again, also. I’ll come check on you each afternoon to make sure you’re still mending properly.” She smiles and moves a hovering wheelchair closer to your bedside as you pull back your covers. As you swing your legs over the edge in preparation for transfer, Junkrat steps forward.

“Allow me, m’lady,” he says with a flourish before scooping you up effortlessly in his powerful arms. Your muscles are still pretty weak, so you welcome the help, pecking him on the cheek as he leans to deposit you in the chair. He grins and moves behind you to guide you into the hall, but Angela stops you both at the doorway.

“Just remember, nothing too… er, strenuous until you’re completely healed. Understood?” You have a feeling you know exactly what she’s talking about, and simply nod in agreement. Junkrat, however, looks more than a little disappointed.

“So we can’t have no fun, is that wot yer sayin’, Doc? Ah well, I guess it’ll be better ta take it easy, eh, love?” He winks at you then spins your chair around and you’re out the door, leaving Angela with an exasperated expression in your wake. Suddenly you’re zooming through the halls, Junkrat cackling joyously in your ears, and you can’t help but smile and laugh with him as you whiz past a few very confused looking people. In another moment, you’re at your quarters and Athena opens the door at your request.

Junkrat pushes your chair inside and towards the bed. You realize you had left a mess in your room - between the hustle and bustle of producing all the redoxxers before the mission, and the hasty mission prep, your room looks like a bomb went off. You chuckle to yourself at the thought. I suppose that’s true in more ways than one, you muse as you watch Junkrat pile the pillows onto your bed, fluffing and arranging them the way he knows you like. Finally satisfied with his handiwork, he turns back to you and moves to pick you up again. You shift a little to make it easier for him, and in another second you’re being deposited into the nest of comfort he's prepared. He's
been humming and muttering to himself since you came back to your room, and now that you’re settled he looks at you eagerly.

“Anything else I can get ya, sweetheart? You just say the word an’ it’s yours,” he says. You contemplate a moment before responding.

“Some ice water would be nice,” you tell him. He rushes to your mini fridge in the corner, pulling the tiny ice tray from the miniscule freezer portion, and before you know it you’ve got an ice cold drink in your hand. He looks so proud of himself that you can’t help but smile. “Thanks, Jamie. All those meds have really dried my mouth out. It sucks big-time.” You take a small gulp, relishing the cold sensation that travels down your throat and through your chest. As you savor the feeling, Junkrat hits his forehead with the heel of his flesh hand suddenly.

“Can’t believe I nearly forgot!” He dashes to the door, turning and yelling, “Back in a jiff!” before disappearing into the hallway. Huh. Alright then, you think, a bit disappointed. You set the glass in your hand aside, settling a bit deeper into your pillow nest and reclining your head to breathe deeply. Your body still aches, but you can tell you’re improving. Just gotta take it easy, you remind yourself. Just as you’re considering how that will be easier said than done, Junkrat bursts back into your room, huffing and puffing, and holding something behind his back.

As he approaches your bed, he attempts to catch his breath. “Roadie wanted… ta make sure that… I gave this to ya…” he gasps, pausing every few words for air. “He said it’s ta help ya get better soon.” Regaining his composure, he reveals a pachimari plush. It’s no secret that the big guy has a soft spot for the strange little onion-like creatures. As he hands it to you, you notice that this particular pachimari has a patch that looks like a bandage on the side of its bulbous head. Your heart swells at the mental image of Roadhog picking this out especially for you - even if he did steal it, which is more likely than not. It’s so soft, you can’t help but smush your face into it as you hug it to your chest.

“It’s adorable!” You look at him, grinning. “Tell him thank you, that this will get me feeling better in no time!” You hold it close to yourself, squishing it giddily. It doesn’t matter to you that the action makes your side hurt just a tiny bit more - this thing is fucking cute and you’re gonna snuggle it, dammit… at least for a moment. You release your grip and nestle it next to you in the blankets, as Junkrat crawls onto the bed and positions himself at your side. You notice that he’s relatively clean now - no longer coated in soot or grease. Or blood, you think fleetingly. He must’ve washed up a bit during one of your many lengthy naps recently.

You let yourself sink back into the pillows again and sigh, comfortable in your own bed after what feels like an eternity away. Junkrat settles on his side, watching your chest rise and fall as you breathe, zoning out at the ceiling. His eyes flit to your face, simply watching you be. It’s rather endearing, and you can tell that his nerves are beginning to relax. These last few days have had everyone on edge, worrying about your well-being, but none more so than the lanky blond lying next to you.

“Thank you,” you whisper, feeling yourself start to nod off yet again. His hand rests on yours and you look at each other, unspoken emotion passing between you.

“I’ll always be here fer ya, love,” he whispers in return. A small smile plays across your lips, and as you drift off, you know he means it.

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A week later, you’re practically back to your normal self. All that physically remains of the incident is a mostly-healed scar on your side, and just the slightest tightness when you stretch the wrong way.
Occasionally the fear you felt on the battlefield will enter your mind, but all it takes is a touch and a look from Junkrat and it’s forgotten once again.

What would I do without him? you wonder briefly. He’s been more helpful and caring to you than you could have imagined while you’ve recovered, assisting with everything from bringing you food to giving you a hand in the shower. And through it all, he’s been nothing but sweet and patient, never pushing you to do too much, always attentive to exactly what you need. Definitely never going to be able to pay him back enough, you think, but I’ll try.

You walk down the corridor to your room, having just left the med bay for one last checkup on your status. “I’m incredibly pleased to say you’ve made a full recovery,” Angela had told you, smiling. “The scar is unfortunately permanent, but none of the other effects of the poison remain in your system. And the muscle itself is fully healed, according to my scans. If anything changes, although I don’t anticipate it doing so, simply let me know. Otherwise, you’re cleared to return to duty and other normal activities.”

You hum cheerfully to yourself as you round the corner of the hallway, nearly running into Jack. “Oh! Sorry, sir,” you stammer, stopping to stand somewhat at attention.

“Ha, at ease, soldier,” he says lightly. “Glad to see you up and about so soon - had us scared there for a bit.” His concern, although expressed in his own stoic manner, warms your heart. “You really did a great job out there, by the way. Haven’t had a chance to tell you in person yet, but the mission report reflects your skill in the field. I made sure of it.” He moves around you to continue his route.

“Wow, uh, thank you, sir,” you call after him, face flushing red. You watch him stride away for a moment before continuing on your own path to your quarters. Not bad, I guess. Just have to avoid getting shot next time. You finally reach your room and the door slides open. You freeze in the doorway, eyes locking with Junkrat’s - he’s hunched over with arms full of laundry. “Uh, what’s up, Jamie?” you say, breaking the awkward silence.

He straightens up abruptly, dropping various clothing items onto the floor and looking like he’s been caught red-handed. “Hahaha, wot? Nothin’, wot’s up with you?” he giggles nervously, rubbing his neck.

“Are… are you cleaning???” you ask incredulously.

“Wot? Nah, just lookin’ fer somethin’ I dropped, that’s all,” he says, looking at the floor. He attempts to kick aside a shirt but it gets caught on his peg and proceeds to hop awkwardly on one foot trying to shake it off. You try to stifle a laugh but it comes out a snort instead, making you laugh even harder. “Wot’s so funny?” he pouts, finally removing the shirt from his leg and looking in your direction.

“Ahaa, oh, Jamie,” you cross the room to him as the door shuts, the last giggles leaving your system breathless for a few seconds. You stand in front of him and wrap your arms around his neck, studying every little freckle and scar on his face before looking into his wide eyes. “You’ve done so much for me already - just leave the laundry. I’ll do it tomorrow.” Your hands drop to his and you lead him to the bed. “For now, let me do something for you,” you tell him, turning and pushing him onto his back as you straddle his lap on the edge of the bed.

His eyes go even wider and he attempts to gently hold you back. “Whoa whoa, darl, ya need ta take it easy. Remember what Doc said?” He’s obviously a little disappointed at thinking he’ll have to wait longer to be intimate with you again, but your well-being is his number one concern at the moment. You grin widely.
“Actually, I just came from Angela’s,” you murmur as you lean down. “And she just said I’m cleared for all normal activity,” you breathe into his ear, teeth grazing his earlobe. When you sit up and look down at him, it’s clear he’s still registering what you’ve just said. But another second later, and his eyes are glowing with a hunger that’s been lying dormant as of late.

“Well why didn’t ya just say so, ya bloody tease?” he growls, his hands finding their way to your hips as you bend to kiss him. His tongue is immediately in your mouth, hot and aggressive. You groan quietly, starting to grind down on his lap. He lets out a needy whine, breaking away from your lips and giggling breathily. You kiss along his jawline, sucking and licking down his throat, trailing down his bare chest and running your tongue along his bony hips. He moans and continues making little throaty sounds of pleasure as you hook your fingers under the waistband of his shorts, easing them down over his thighs and knees and off his foot and peg. Kneeling between his legs on the floor by the bed you see that he’s already nearly fully erect. You hum in anticipation, caressing his thighs as he lifts his head to look down at you.

“You’ve been taking such good care of me, Jamie,” you whisper as you pepper soft kisses up his inner thighs, his cock twitching slightly in front of you. “Now it’s my turn to take care of you.”

Your fingers wrap around his length, and his head thumps back onto the bed as he moans loudly, his metal fingers gripping the bedspread. You stroke softly a few times before you sit up a little more, your tongue flicking over the head before licking a stripe from the base of the shaft all the way to the tip. Junkrat keens loudly, bedspread gripped tightly in his fist. Finally you take him into your mouth, swirling your tongue around him and beginning to pump your fist over him as you bob your head in time with your hand. His flesh fingers move to the back of your head, clutching hard but not painfully so.

He’s already breathing hard, and considering the two of you haven’t done anything strenuous, as Angela put it, for at least a week now, you’re sure he won’t last much longer. His hips start to buck instinctually, and you can feel his cock nearly hitting the back of your throat. You try your best not to gag, and so far it seems to be working. Your cheeks hollow a bit with each pull, and he pants heavily at the suction it causes.

“Ah, fuck, love… fuck ,” he hisses through clenched teeth. “Bloody perfect, jus’ like that,” he manages, glancing down at you. He props himself up on his elbow, fingers still tangled in your hair. He moans loudly as you pick up speed, gripping his length a little harder. His head lolls back, twitching eyelids not fully closed. He inhales sharply and looks down at you, his metal hand clutching the bedspread as if for dear life.

“Gonna… ah, hell … FUCK!” he practically yells as he cums, his hips thrusting sporadically a few more times as he spills down your throat. It’s so much you nearly choke, but you pump him through his orgasm as he stammers nonsense and chuckles giddily. He finally falls back onto the bed, exhausted and spent, and you manage to swallow before he looks down at you.

You grin up at him, crawling onto the bed to join him, hand resting on his chest as his arm wraps around you. He’s still catching his breath and your hand rises and falls in time with his heaving chest. “Hoo! That was somethin’, that was ,” he huffs. Turning his head to face you, he smirks and says, “Gimme just a mo’ and I’ll kindly return the favor, sweetheart.”

You chuckle against him, shaking your head subtly. “Don’t worry about it, love. I just wanted to thank you for taking such good care of me lately.” You crane your neck a bit and kiss his cheek, catching the slight look of concern on his face.

“Ya sure? Doesn’t seem fair ta me,” he murmurs. You smile reassuringly at him before curling closer to his side.
“I’m sure. Besides, it’s really the least I could do.” You pause a moment before adding, “Thank you for being such an amazing boyfriend.” You nuzzle against him lovingly, and his arm tightens around you.

“Whatever ya say, sweetheart,” he chuckles quietly. “But next time, I’m gonna rock yer world,” he growls, pressing a kiss to the top of your head. “Then, maybe, we might be closer to being even.” You’re tempted to say that it’s not a contest, but you decide to drop it.

Because right now, everything is as it should be.

Chapter End Notes

See, I told you "everything's fine" :D I would never lie to you lovelies. No idea when I'll have the next chapter up, but I'll try for within the week!
Under Fire

Chapter Summary

Talon is up to something, and it's up to Overwatch to stop them.

Chapter Notes

HI I'M BACK! Sorry this chapter took so long - I was 100% stumped for a continuing plot for a good two weeks, but I think I'm set for a while now! Thank you for being patient with me :D And THANK YOU immensely for all of the kudos and supportive comments you guys have left, they make my day every day!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Gunfire echoes around you, reports reverberating off of the concrete barriers that litter the battlefield. Your breathing is harsh and ragged in your own ears, racing heartbeat all but drowned out by the ricocheting rounds. Your eyes dart back and forth, desperately searching for a break in the chaos through which to escape. You clutch your handgun shakily, knowing that you’re out of ammo, out of redoxers, out of backup - out of options.

The crunch of a boot on gravel nearby causes you to whip your head around to face the source, instinctively raising your weapon even if it is empty. Your blood freezes as you recognize the face of the Talon soldier who shot you, and he sneers at you as he takes aim in seemingly slow motion. You can hear yourself shouting, but nobody is there to protect you - you’re in this alone. His finger squeezes the trigger…

A wordless scream escapes you as you sit bolt upright in bed. Your naked body is covered in a layer of cold sweat, heart pounding as you pant heavily, gripping the sheets on either side in tightly clenched fists. Junkrat scrambles to sit up in the darkness, hurriedly untangling himself from the sheets and accidentally knocking his prosthetics off the end of the bed as he hastily checks the room for intruders. When he sees none, his attention shifts to you, concern etched into his features.

“Wot’s wrong? Wot happened?” he asks, suddenly fully awake and running his eyes over you. You can feel tears running down your cheeks and your next breath turns into a sob. Junkrat gently pulls you to him, understanding and sympathetic, and you bury your face in his neck, unable to say anything for a few moments as you cry yourself out and hold him tight. He rubs your back as you shudder, whispering reassurances in your ear. “Hey now, it’s alright, love. Bad dream, eh? Had me fair share of ‘em over the years, too. ‘S alright, shhh, I’ve got ya, I’ve got ya.” He repeats the comforting words until you feel your pulse slow to a normal pace and your last sob leaves you as a shaky sigh. You sit back and see that his face is streaked with wetness as well, even though he attempts to smile at you. You sniffle weakly, realizing that Junkrat’s obviously been crying while he’s held you.

“There we go, ain’t nothin’ ta worry about, yeah? Just a dream,” he murmurs, his thumb reaching up to wipe some of the tears off your face. He puts his hand on the side of your head and leans so he
can press a soft kiss to your forehead before looking into your eyes again. “Ya wanna tell me ‘bout it, sweetheart?” he asks.

You hesitate a second before answering him. “You know,” you say quietly, unable to look him in the eyes. He sighs and grasps your hand, fingers stroking your skin.

“The mission?” You nod in response, looking ashamedly at your hands clasped together. After a few moments of silence you manage to look up at him and see fresh tears on his cheeks, eyes closed. You reach up to swipe some away and his eyes practically glow in the dim light as he opens them to look at you. He whispers your name hoarsely, “I’m sorry… I’m so sorry.” You feel your heart break as you look at him, and you can’t help but start crying again as well.

“Jamie, no, no no no. This is not your fault,” you emphasize through your tears, cradling his face in your hand. “I was just overwhelmed, I was scared, I had never been in a fight like that before. Ever. It wasn’t anything like I expected, and I’m just… still dealing with how intense it all was.” You take a deep breath and sigh. “It’s not like they show it in the movies, ya know?” He huffs out a short chuckle, leaning into your touch. “I’m gonna be fine, it just might take a little bit, okay?”

He nods and turns to kiss your hand and you feel your worries melt away. As long as I have him, I’m fine. “I’ll be here fer ya no matter what,” he promises, as if he can read your mind. He lies back on the bed, pulling you to his chest, wrapping his good arm around your torso to hold you close. The steady rhythm of his heartbeat eventually lulls you into a dreamless sleep.

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A few hours of rest do a world of good to calm your mind. When you wake the next morning, the soft lights have already come on in your room, and Junkrat is snoring softly next to you, having rolled over in his sleep so his face is pressed into the pillow. You smile to yourself, the terrors of the night nearly forgotten. Your eyes travel along his form, from his defined shoulders to the perfect curve of his ass just under the edge of the sheets. You feel a twinge of lust in your belly, and you remember how you’d declined any sort of reciprocation of your efforts the night before. Time to fix that, you think giddily.

You move your body closer to his side, draping an arm over him and humming pleasurably. Your fingers trail lightly down his spine, and he stirs slowly from slumber, giggling softly. He stretches briefly and rolls onto his back, his bulge already visible beneath the sheets.

“Well good mornin’,” he purrs, eyes still bleary and having difficulty focusing. “Somethin’ I can help ya with, love?” he teases you. You giggle and kiss his jaw, answering him by snaking your hand under the sheets to palm his growing erection. He moans and moves his hips into the contact, arm wrapping around your back to bring you closer. “I’m thinkin’ I could go fer a hot cuppa ta help me wake up proper,” he growls.

Laughing, you pause in your movements. “You want coffee? Now?” you ask, looking at him incredulously. He chuckles darkly, throwing off the remaining covers.

“I never said coffee, love;” he replies as he rolls you onto your back to straddle your body, grinding into your heat. “I was thinkin’ I’d like a hot, steamy, fresh cuppa you.” You roll your eyes and he snickers, catching your mouth with his before you can say anything else.

When he pulls away you're already breathless, but you manage to sneak in a quick “You're such a dork, Jamie.” He laughs breathily against your neck.

“ But I’m your dork;” he reminds you. He's got you there. And oh, you're so thrilled that he's yours,
all yours, all you need in this moment and maybe forever. And suddenly his teeth are on your neck and you’re gasping at the sharp feeling, the reminder bringing you back to reality. He moves further down your torso, stopping to drag his tongue over each of your nipples and suck momentarily, eliciting delicious sounds from you as he does.

When he reaches your waist, his movements stop abruptly. His eyes are on the scar on your side, still pink and fresh. His fingers tense on your hip and you envelop them with your own, giving a soft squeeze. Amber eyes meet yours and he mutters almost more to himself than to you, “Never again.” He presses his lips to the spot, gentle yet firm - a promise.

He peppers more kisses across your hip, running his tongue down your thigh and giving little love bites as he goes. They make you squirm, which only causes Junkrat to be a little more forceful with each new bite. You gasp as he sinks his teeth down on your inner thigh particularly hard, but the sound is quickly followed by a moan of pleasure as he sucks on the spot, soothing it with his lips and tongue. He moves down further, hooking your legs over his shoulders and spreading you wide. He looks up at you, a primal hunger in his eyes and a wicked grin on his mouth.

His thumb slides over your folds, already slick with arousal. You hum at his touch, eager for more, and he circles over your clit, sending a pleasurable jolt through you. Without warning, his head dips down and he drags the flat of his tongue across your sex, and your head collapses onto the pillow as he begins sucking and licking.

“Oh fuck, Jamie, that feels… ah!” you jerk suddenly, his teeth nipping at oversensitive flesh. You lift your head enough to meet his eyes and he chuckles apologetically.

“Hehe sorry, love,” he breathes, chin covered in a mess of bodily fluids. “Yer just too delicious ta pass up.” He flicks his tongue again and it just feels amazing; you can’t help but forgive him. Your hips roll up to meet his motions and pleasure floods your body, making you gasp. You lose yourself momentarily, eyes closed to focus on what Junkrat is doing between your legs as a tension builds inside you. His hand squeezes your thigh and pulls you even closer so that his face is buried in your soaked entrance, panting heavily as you wriggle under him. Before long you’re tumbling over the edge, your fingers tangled in his unkempt hair as he holds your hips to the bed. When you manage to catch your breath a bit, you look down and see him grinning up at you, juices dripping down his chin obscenely.

“Mmm, most important meal o’ the day,” he titters, licking his lips and dragging the back of his hand across his face. You roll your eyes and let out a short breathless laugh, resigning yourself to the fact that your boyfriend is, indeed, a humongous dork.

He sits up and his leaking member twitches in anticipation as he gazes down at you with those piercing amber eyes of his. He wraps his fingers around his shaft, keeping eye contact as he does, and fuck if that isn’t the hottest thing you’ve ever seen. He bites his bottom lip to hold back the sound that’s attempting to escape him as he pumps his fist a few times. “Ooh, love, ya look so good fer me,” he growls, eyes roving over your naked form. He teases your slick entrance with his swollen tip, and as it presses against your oversensitive clit you can’t help but moan at the shock it gives you.

“Jamieeee,” you whine, hooking a leg around his hip and trying to pull him closer, hungry for more contact. Without further ado he obliges and sinks into you. You gasp sharply at the sudden fullness and he leans down, softly kissing your neck and shoulders while you adjust. Your eyes focus just enough to see him looking at you.

“Ya good?” he asks hesitantly. Your hands grip his hips tightly and you buck up to him.

“Move, Jamie, for the love of- fuuuuck YES,” you all but yell as he pulls back to thrust into you.
“Holy hell, that's... wow,” you breathe. He repeats the motion with a bit more force and now you can't control the sounds that leave you, all coherent thoughts abandoned in favor of the ecstasy that Junkrat is making you feel.

He thrusts into you repeatedly, head thrown back and panting as he enjoys the feeling of being inside you. It's tricky for him to balance without his prosthetics, but he seems to be managing well enough. Suddenly he maneuvers you so the backs of your legs are flat against his chest, toes up in the air next to his head as his arm wraps around your legs to keep them in place. When he pumps into you again, you feel fuller than you've ever felt before.

“Oh God, you feel... fucking huge, Jamie,” you manage to moan. You look up at him and his eyes are squeezed shut, heavy breaths hissing through clenched teeth.

“So... fuckin’... tight,” he growls, accentuating each word by driving his member deep inside you. You can feel that familiar pressure growing inside you, waiting to reach that incredible point of release.

“So close... ngh, just a bit more...” you tell him, desperate for climax. As soon as you say it he slows, petting your legs and kissing your ankle sweetly. “Pleeeeeease, don't stop,” you beg. He smirks mischievously and slowly removes himself from you.

“Hmm, not just yet, I think.” Fucking hell. “Gonna make this last,” he purrs, easing your legs down to a more comfortable position. “Now, on all fours,” he commands, and the stern tone he's now using makes you shiver in all the right ways. You whine but do as you're told, wiggling your ass just a bit as if you don't already have his full attention. You can't see Junkrat's face in this position unless you twist to look over your shoulder, but you can hear him hum appreciatively at the display before him. His rough hand caresses the curve of your backside before withdrawing and returning with an abrupt smack. The contact surprises you and you inhale sharply, reveling in the sting it leaves in its wake.

“Mmhmmm, seems ya like that, dontcha?” he hums, gently massaging the spot. You moan in response as his fingers knead your flesh. “I'll take that as a yes.” He brings his hand down swiftly, spanking you twice in quick succession. You can feel the rush of blood to the surface of your skin, most likely in the shape of his hand. You press back against his length, impatient for more, still aching with pent up need. Without another word he lines up and presses into you, and you both groan. You can feel each inch sink into you, agonizingly slowly. Pushing back against him gets you another quick spank. “Impatient little thing, ain’t ya? Hmmm, if ya insist.”

His hand grips your hip as he slams into you, making you cry out with pleasure. You tilt your hips slightly, your face pressed into a pillow below you, and when he does it again the tip of his cock hits that spot inside you that’s pure magic. A moment later and he’s pounding into you, giggles and animalistic grunts proof of his enjoyment. A fleeting half-formed thought of thankfulness passes through your mind that the pillow seems to muffle your breathy moans quite well - until Junkrat leans forward and firmly but gently grasps your ponytail to pull your face away from the fabric.

“Nuh uh, sweetheart,” he titters, still thrusting. “I wanna hear ya,” he whispers huskily in your ear. His hot breath gives you goosebumps and you whimper loudly. “Ahhh, yeah, just like that, love. Yer such a good girl, hmm?” He punctuates the question with another firm thrust, causing a high-pitched moan to pass your lips. A few more moves like that will have you cumming again, and you're pretty sure he knows that. You just can’t help but submit yourself to his control - something about it is just so pleasurable. His hips smack against your rear and you push back to meet each one, more than desperate for release. He brings you to the edge once more and then slows almost to a stop, sensing how close you are.

“P-please, Jamie,” you mumble.
“Wot’s that? Have ta speak up, darl.”

“Please…”

“Please, what?” he teases, easing in and out of you so so slowly.

“Please, let me cum, please,” you beg frantically. “Please, I need to, I want to so bad.”

He chuckles evilly, pleased to have turned you into a begging mess. “Hang on tight, love.”

He bucks into you with wild abandon, grunting and panting, and in a matter of seconds your body shudders uncontrollably as your orgasm hits you, harder than you’ve ever felt before. He releases your hair and you squeeze your eyes so tightly shut that you see stars, clawing the bed beneath you so hard you might tear the sheets. It feels… indescribably good, like every orgasm you’ve had until now was just a hint of this true potential. You can feel your walls clenching around his cock as you ride out your high, and you can hear in his voice and his breathing that he’s close too. Suddenly he grasps your hip and pulls out abruptly, resting his length on your ass. He strokes himself just twice and you can feel the hot spray of his cum on your lower back. His breathing is ragged as he spasms a few times and you turn to look over your shoulder at him. You catch a glimpse of his mouth hanging open in a grin, a bit of drool hanging from his lolling tongue. He laughs breathily and looks at you, affectionately patting your butt before sitting back to catch his breath. You hum contentedly, remaining where you are - if you move you risk getting jizz all over your bed, and you don’t have it in you to do laundry today. But the mess on your back is quickly becoming uncomfortably cold and you squirm just a bit to get his attention again.

“Oh, sorry ‘bout that, love. Be right back.” He moves to the edge of the bed and promptly attaches his peg leg before shakily hobbling to the bathroom. You can hear the faucet running and a moment later he returns with a warm damp washcloth. You practically purr when he caresses your back with the cloth, wiping away the aftermath of your lovemaking. Finally able to move, you flop onto your side, your joints screaming at you from being stuck in the same position for too long. You sigh happily and Junkrat lies next to you and takes you in his arms, holding you tight.

“Ya alright, sweetheart?” he whispers, nuzzling your neck softly to kiss you.

“Jamie, that was… I can’t even describe how good that was.” He giggles lightly and hugs you closer. “That was seriously... wow,” you laugh, brain still slightly scrambled from the intense euphoria.

“It wasn’t too rough fer ya?” He sounds slightly concerned.

“It was perfect. I guess I like when you have your way with me,” you confess. He growls softly and kisses you again.

“Good.”

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Life carries on in the same way it always does at Watchpoint: Gibraltar. A few small missions scatter the following two weeks, requiring only two or three agents apiece. Talon has been keeping their activity off the radar since the prison incident, but that doesn’t mean the rest of the evil in the world has been doing likewise. Other than that, the base feels calm as agents and staff go about their daily business.

In that short amount of time, your nightmares thankfully haven’t revisited you, and with Junkrat almost constantly by your side you don’t feel the fear nearly as often. It still flashes across your mind
from time to time, but a look from him dismisses it quickly.

While working in your lab one afternoon, Athena’s disembodied voice comes over the loudspeakers. “Attention all agents: Please report to the level 2 conference room immediately.” You stop what you’re doing, setting aside your notes and removing your lab goggles. *Huh. That's a little weird*. No alarms blaring means no new mission, but what on Earth could you all be meeting for? *Whatever it is, if must be important to be so sudden.* You save your work and walk into the hallway, almost running into Junkrat.

“Was gonna see if ya wanted ta grab some grub, but I guess that'll have ta wait,” he shrugs before draping his lanky arm over your shoulders. You smile, happy as always with the physical contact, and you fall into stride together towards the meeting location. He whistles a jaunty tune that sounds familiar, but you can’t seem to place it. Just as you open your mouth to ask him, Lúcio, Hana, and Lena round the corner and join you.

“‘Ello, luvs! Any idea what all this business is about?” Lena asks. Her voice sounds cheerful, but her face as well as the others’ looks mildly concerned.

“No idea, but I'm sure we'll find out soon enough,” you say. A hint of worry has crept from the edges of your thoughts, growing steadily as you get closer to the conference room. As you draw nearer, more teammates converge on the location, equally as confused and concerned. You file through the door and gather around the table, some sitting while some remain standing. Speculations are murmured around the room, and you see that Winston and Jack are already present. You stand at the back near Junkrat, who waves Roadhog over when he arrives as well. In another moment everyone is accounted for, and Winston clears his throat, silencing the chatter.

“Sorry about the interruption, everyone, but thank you all for being so prompt in your arrival. This is a matter of the utmost importance, and I think it's best if everyone is made aware of the situation.” Nods around the room, and Winston continues. “I'm going to hand things over to Commander Morrison, who has all the details.” He steps aside and the grizzled soldier nods and faces everyone.

“We’ve received intel through multiple channels that Talon is planning an attack on a massive scale in two days. Multiple locations across the globe, all major metropolitan areas. Athena?” A hologram of a world map flashes into the center of the table, beacons indicating at least half a dozen cities. “We have yet to learn their intentions, but we do know that they plan on targeting major landmarks and racking up civilian casualties. Obviously, that’s where we come in.” He pauses to let his words sink in. “There’s some speculation that this could just be one giant trap, an attempt to make us force our hand and show our full numbers in the open. However, our primary objective is to protect the people of this world. No matter the cost.” Solemn nods from everyone in the room. You all knew the risk when you joined the Overwatch recall. Groups of names pop up next to the globe floating above the table, your code names grouped into teams. “The plan is to send a small team to each targeted city while still protecting our bases. We'll need all hands on deck for this.” He glances pointedly at you and you nod, fully aware of what that means. “Try to prevent as much collateral damage as possible. If we end up with some answers, all the better. Any questions?” Nobody makes a sound, so he continues. “Departure is at 1200 hours tomorrow. That should give each team plenty of time to arrive and set up a perimeter at each target location. Let me know if you have any questions before we head out. You’re dismissed.” The briefing was short and to the point - Jack’s usual M.O.

As your team members consult the still-hovering list to see who they’re teamed up with, you move to do the same. *Please please please*, you find yourself silently begging. Your eyes dart to find your code name, and you sigh in relief when you see Junkrat’s name above yours, as well as Roadhog’s and Lúcio’s. *Thank goodness*. You move out of the way towards the door to make room for others checking their team assignments and feel Junkrat’s metal fingers on your shoulder. You turn and he
smiles at you reassuringly - you know you’ll be okay.

The dining hall at dinner time is more somber than usual, everybody’s minds occupied by the possible outcomes of tomorrow’s encounters. You can hardly sleep that night, and after just a few hours of slumber you take the opportunity to prep your gear for the upcoming confrontation. Your new and improved armor is as light as ever, but it’s definitely more protective. And although it’s not meant to be stylish, you can’t help but appreciate that the colorful pattern on it is just as it was on the other version. Junkrat busies himself by stockpiling frags and mines, as well as tinkering with a few other odds and ends that comprise his arsenal. It comforts you to have him nearby, soothing your nerves, and before you know it, it’s time to move out. You don your suit and redoxzer belt as well as your sidearm. After you secure your boots you stand, and Junkrat crosses the room to you, RIP tire already fastened to his back and harness full of explosives.

“Hey,” he whispers before saying your name. You look up into his amber eyes, seeing the concern there. He cradles your face with his flesh hand, glove rough but somehow comforting. “I made a promise, remember? Ain’t nothin’ gonna happen ta ya out there. Got nothin’ ta worry about, alright?” How had he known you were feeling so apprehensive? Because he loves me, you remind yourself.

You nod and take his hand, standing on tiptoe to kiss him chastely. He pulls you against his body and makes the kiss something else, something hungrier, and you melt into him. You both stay like that for a moment before you pull away, recalling that you both need to be getting on the transporter in a matter of minutes. You wrap your arms around his neck and whisper, “I love you, Jamie.”

He hugs you tight for a moment before answering, “I love ya too, sweetheart.” He separates and grins at you maniacally. “Now let’s go save the world!”

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The flight to San Francisco feels like it takes an eternity, and your team arrives in the middle of the night. The other teams are simultaneously en route to London, Numbani, New York City, Paris, and Hong Kong, their respective objectives clarified on the way. Compared to the other international landmarks being targeted, the Golden Gate Bridge seems a bit superfluous to you as a target at first, almost petty. But you recall that not only is the bridge a marvel of engineering, even after all these years - it’s also in one of the largest and most densely populated cities in America. I guess Talon can’t resist a bloodbath, you muse darkly.

It doesn’t take long to secure the immediate area, even in the dark. The local government had been notified and had promptly issued an evacuation for the corner of SF closest to the bridge. It would have been safer if it was for the entire population, but something like that is easier said than done in a place like San Francisco. Rather than split up the team at either end of the bridge - you all agree that there’s safety in numbers - you hunker down in one of the many abandoned batteries that scatter the hills above the bay, Battery Spencer. It provides the perfect overview of the bridge, and for once the fog that constantly blankets the area is nonexistent, allowing a clear view all the way to the other side. As the sun begins to peek over the horizon, making the bay sparkle with reflections, you remember being taken on a road trip with your family when you were younger to the crumbling military posts. Even back then, the old concrete bunkers had been covered in graffiti, and now it’s so overlapped it’s hard to make out any of the tags. Your favorite place had been the Nike Missile Site, just a short distance from your current location, although you’re uncertain if it’s still open to the public or even still there. Once this Talon threat is dealt with, maybe you can check it out with Junkrat and the guys. You chuckle softly to yourself at the thought. Roadhog grunts from his lookout position, long-range binoculars held to his mask. You can imagine him raising an eyebrow at you, and you wave off his confusion, shaking your head slightly.
“Don’t worry about it, Hog. Just trying to think happy thoughts,” you reassure him. He huffs and resumes his lookout towards the City just as Junkrat and Lúcio round a corner, cracked concrete overgrown with wildflowers.

“I gotta say, this is a prime spot to wait. We’ve got a perfect vantage point,” Lúcio says. You nod your head in agreement.

“I figured they’d probably stick out too much if they tried to come from the City side, so this seems more reasonable. At least, that’s where I’d come from if I were them,” you explain. “Element of surprise, and all that.” Junkrat cackles loudly, almost doubling over.

“Aahahaha, you an’ yer puns, love. Element. Love it!” He mimes wiping a tear from his eye and you stick out your tongue at him teasingly. You hadn’t even considered the joke until you heard him laughing, and you silently chastise yourself for being so obviously dorky in front of your other teammates. It doesn’t seem like they care much, however. Just as Junkrat’s giggles fade, Roadhog’s body stiffens.

“Incoming,” he rumbles. Your attention shifts to the hills below you, and you can just make out a small caravan of armored black vehicles on the twisting road towards the Golden Gate Bridge. Your heart starts pounding as you all hustle to Roadhog’s chopper. The Junkers hastily mount the bike while you and Lúcio manage to squeeze into the sidecar, and in another moment you’re roaring down the road in hot pursuit of the enemy. You swiftly catch up, and as you pull up level with the rearmost vehicle, Junkrat stands up behind Roadhog, clutching the larger man’s shoulder pads to steady himself. He chuck a concussion mine and it sticks to the hubcap of the rear wheel. He pulls out his detonator and turns to wink at you with a wicked grin as he presses the button, and suddenly the armored car is veering wildly. Roadhog deftly maneuvers his bike out of the way of the vehicle as it loses control and Junkrat tosses a few more mines onto the careening deathtrap as your party whizzes past it. It rolls, tumbling repeatedly, and when it finally comes to rest in the distance behind you, Junkrat hits the switch again and it all goes up in flames. He yells something celebratory but you can’t understand him above the roar of the wind in your ears. One down, two to go. You turn wide-eyed to Lúcio, who’s equally as blown away as you are.

The other two vehicles have pulled ahead and are now screeching to a halt, perpendicular to the road to create a barrier, but there’s just enough space between the two that you might make it through. About a dozen Talon soldiers in all pile out onto the roadway, readying their weapons. “Hang tight,” Roadhog bellows, and you fumble to hold onto the edge of the sidecar as Lúcio does the same. He activates his speed boost, and the chopper accelerates towards the enemy, narrowly scraping between the two parked vehicles just as the soldiers open fire. Roadhog turns the hairpin corner, tires squealing on asphalt, and you come to an abrupt stop. The enemy is momentarily out of sight, but at least there’s some boulders by the roadside you can use for cover. Roadhog hops off the bike and barrels towards the rocks and the three of you follow, and once you’re secure Lúcio’s music switches to the soothing sounds of his healing tunes. You draw your weapon in preparation for a fire fight, adrenaline pumping hard through your body. This time, you’re ready.

“Come an’ get us, ya cunts!” Junkrat laughs evilly and launches a few frags just as the first enemy soldiers round the corner. They don’t stand a chance. More soldiers step over the bodies of their fallen comrades, blood pooling on the blacktop. You level your weapon and take aim, squeezing the trigger and exhaling. You catch one soldier in the shoulder, then the neck, and he collapses. You turn your focus to the next closest, but right before you can pop off another round, Roadhog’s hook catches the man about the waist and yanks him close, nearly tearing him in half from the force and the sharp edges of his weapon. By the time the soldier reaches the boulders, reeled in by the one-man apocalypse, he’s already long dead. You lob a handful of redoxxers at the curve in the road as more soldiers appear, and some of them are immediately anchored in place. One or two catch the orbs on
their heads and fall to the ground, half blinded or being partially suffocated by the polymer.

“I think that’s almost all of ‘em,” Lúcio says, loud enough to be heard above the conflict. Just as he does, a black fog descends on the scene.

“What the fuck?” you say, as the visibility plummets. The sudden heavy silence makes your breathing sound too loud in your own ears as you search in vain for the source. You can feel your teammates nearby more than you can see them, their own breathing tense.

The curling black fog solidifies about thirty yards from you as you hear a deep, dark laughter coming from everywhere at once. Red eyes and an emotionless white mask come into focus and your blood turns to ice. Reaper.

His hooded form stalks towards the boulders, thinning haze making it easier to see just how menacing he is. You glance quickly at Junkrat out of the corner of your eye, registering that he’s aware of the turn the situation has taken by the “Shit” you hear him murmur under his breath.

Roadhog whips his blood-covered hook at the elite Talon agent in an attempt to subdue him, but his body simply wisps into swirls of dark smoke and the hook passes straight through him. Your behemoth teammate roars with rage and hurdles over the boulder in front of him towards the oncoming threat.

Reaper raises his clawed hands towards your teammate, and without a word the black fog rushes to meet Roadhog. It envelops his head and you can see his mask go flying, pried off by wraith-like fingers. His forward motion stops as his massive hands attempt to get a hold on the smoke. Unable to grasp anything tangible, he stumbles to his knees and you realize that Reaper is slowly suffocating him.

“No!” you scream, chucking a redoxzer at the tall dark figure as Junkrat snarls and launches a volley of frags. Just like Roadhog’s hook, the orbs and explosives pass through Reaper’s body as if it wasn’t even there, shattering and exploding on the road behind him.

“Nice try,” Reaper sneers, his inhuman voice gravelly and chilling. Roadhog’s arms fall to his sides and he collapses onto the asphalt, the vibration easily felt from where you stand. As the black fog rushes from Roadhog towards you, Junkrat, and Lúcio, you raise your weapon and desperately empty your clip in Reaper’s direction. Of course, none of the rounds make contact.

True fear grips you as smoke swirls and wraps around your head. Everything is black, light and air immediately lacking in the makeshift void. You can hear Junkrat’s launcher clatter to the ground next to you, can hear both men beside you gasping and choking for air as you do the same. Your chest starts to burn, aching for oxygen, and your thoughts blur as your knees buckle. Certain that you’re mere seconds from death, your last half-formed thought is of Junkrat…

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Your body aches, and you slowly drift back into consciousness. Head swimming, you groan before you remember where you are. Your eyes snap open and you sit upright. Lúcio is kneeling next to you and he rests a hand on your shoulder.

“Whoa whoa, easy. Just breathe,” he says. Your chest and throat are killing you, and you remember that you were deprived of oxygen for who knows how long. His healing music plays softly around you, but you don’t even hear it as you whip your head around. Relief floods you as you see Roadhog leaning against a boulder, mask securely covering his face once again, head resting forlornly in his heavy hands. You scramble to your feet, searching for Junkrat, and the relief quickly turns to dismay.
“Jamison?” you call. No answer. Carnage still litters the area, but none of the bodies are who you’re searching for. You panic, breathing coming hard and fast as you run to the curve in the road. No, no, please no. You round the corner, the wreckage of one of the armored vehicles still smoldering in the distance. And there’s the other one - Wait, there were two before... “Jamison!” Your voice is frantic and you can feel tears forming in the corners of your eyes. You dash back to the boulders, hollering as you go. “JAMIE! JAMIE, PLEASE!” When you still don’t hear his giggling reply, his lighthearted voice responding to you to let you know he’s alright, you sink to your knees, sobbing uncontrollably. He’s gone. Jamie’s gone... You can feel the dread consuming you, the hopelessness overwhelming you.

You don’t even hear Roadhog lumber up behind you, unaware of his presence until he places a weighty hand on your shoulder. You start and turn to look up at him, tears streaming down your face. His expressionless mask stares down at you, and suddenly you jump to your feet and press yourself against his huge belly as his arms wrap around you. You sob into his skin, and he caresses your back gently, reassuringly. He sighs heavily and you can hear how shaky his breath is - you’re not the only one struggling with this turn of events. He holds you close, his voice rumbling resolutely.

“We’ll get him back.”

Chapter End Notes

DON'T HATE ME!!! Sometimes the best way to move a plot forward is with some good old-fashioned drama...

Also, I love the Bay Area so much, especially all the old batteries/bunkers over near Sausalito! All the details from that are actually based on my personal experiences there, so there’s a little Easter egg for ya!
Countless files flicker across the screen in front of you. Security camera feeds, news articles, police reports - none of them with any clues to Talon’s current whereabouts. Your bloodshot eyes dart back and forth, scanning for intel as fast as possible. It’s been four days since the remainder of your team returned from San Francisco, as well as the other teams from their own assignments. You can basically count the hours of sleep you’ve gotten in that time on one hand, but you can’t bring yourself to pause your search for longer than you deem necessary - Junkrat is still out there somewhere.

You reach for your coffee mug and lift it to take a sip before remembering you need yet another refill. Grumbling, you rise and trudge towards the mess hall, empty mug in hand. It’s the middle of the night, so the corridors are empty. You don’t care what people think of your haggard appearance - hair disheveled, dark bags under your eyes, wearing the same clothes for the third day in a row - but you’re thankful for the lack of traffic simply because it makes it easier to avoid any pitying looks directed your way. *Already given up hope. Fucking cowards.* It seems that almost everyone has been avoiding you since your return, except Roadhog. He checks in and makes sure you remember to eat something, the one who makes you stop to get at least a few moments of shuteye now and then. If you’re reacting this poorly to the whole situation, you can’t begin to fathom how he must be feeling beneath that rough and tough exterior he continues to portray.

You know you’re not the only one working hard to find Junkrat, but sometimes it sure as hell feels like it. Winston and Jack manage to keep you in the loop, mainly just making sure everyone is on the same page. As soon as you had gotten back to the Watchpoint, Winston had informed you that Junkrat’s tracker, the same kind every Overwatch agent has, had been deactivated somehow so they weren’t able to track his location effectively. As if you hadn’t already been scared shitless about Junkrat’s whereabouts and fate.

You sigh, more than exhausted, as you fill your mug from one of the ever-present carafes of coffee in the kitchen. You pause, reconsidering, then take the entire pot with you as you leave. There’s two more sitting there, and it’s not like anyone else is waiting to get some. Halfway down the hallway, you hear a gruff voice behind you.

"Burnin’ the midnight oil, darlin’?" You turn slowly and see McCree, wearing a pair of old school Jack Daniels lounge pants and a white tee, standing at a hallway junction nearby. You grunt in
response, the energy required to continue walking suddenly eluding you. He steps forward, weariness and concern etched on his face as he rests a gentle hand on your shoulder. At least he doesn’t look sorry for you. “I know it’s hard, but ya need some rest. I’ll be at it fer a few more hours, so don’t worry about all that. We’re not lettin’ em get away with this, sugar.” It takes you a moment to comprehend the meaning behind his words.

“You… you’ve been looking too?” you stammer tiredly.

“O’ course.” He looks surprised by your response. “We all have, to one degree or another.” You realize now that the base has been incredibly quiet the last few days, fewer people in the halls than usual - you didn’t put two and two together until now. The entire base has been looking for him. You chastise yourself for not thinking of it sooner. You look up at the cowboy, squeezing his hand on your shoulder lightly in thanks.

Maybe this isn’t so hopeless. “Don’t wear yerself out too much. He needs all of us.” You nod, and he drops his hand to turn and head the way you just came from, no doubt getting some coffee for himself.

As you watch him saunter away, you can’t help but feel a tightness in your chest at the thought of everyone pulling together to help find the lost member of their flock. I guess that’s what family does.

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The next day, Athena notifies you that Winston wants to see you immediately in his office. Your heart races as you hustle to meet with him, anxious for some kind of news. As you approach the office you see Roadhog coming from the opposite end of the corridor, moving with great agility despite his size. You both convene on the door at the same time, breathing heavily. The door opens and Winston motions you both inside, the door sliding shut behind you. Jack is there also, and you stand at attention while Winston focuses on the three people in front of his desk.

“Let’s get right to it. We think we know where Talon has a current location. They move around so much it’s hard to pin them down, but we’ve learned that they have a small hideout in Chile. The foothills of the Andes near Santiago, to be precise. It’s our best bet at the moment to gather some intel firsthand. It’ll be just the three of you, and Commander Morrison is in charge.” He pauses, looking from Roadhog to you before continuing. “I realize that you two are closest to Junkrat, and I also realize that emotions are running high. But, I believe that could prove to be more motivating than anything else at this point in time.” His voice is stern yet kind, understanding. “You leave as soon as possible. Good luck, you three.” Roadhog huffs and leaves the room, and you follow suit. Jack hangs back to discuss something with Winston, but it doesn’t concern you at the moment.

Once back in your quarters you rapidly prepare your gear and change into your armor, then make your way to the hangar. Roadhog is already walking up the gangplank into the dropship, and you can see Jack finishing a pre-flight checklist around the rear of the vessel. You board quickly, eager to be underway. Your body and mind are drained, the many days without proper rest catching up with you, but adrenaline courses through you as Jack takes his seat in the cockpit and flips a series of switches that starts the engines. All you can think is that this mission will bring you one step closer to saving Junkrat.

The flight is quick - you managed to doze off once or twice thanks to the comforting lull of the engines - and before you know it Jack is landing the ship in a minuscule valley amid a landscape that looks more like actual mountains than foothills. The sun has just about set, and over the nearest rise you can see the soft glow of a security light as you disembark. Bingo.

Jack motions for you and Roadhog to move silently and follow him, his weapon at the ready. You draw your own sidearm, gripping it tightly and flicking off the safety. Roadhog brings up the rear, his hulking form a mere shadow trailing behind you. Creeping along the ridgeline, you can now
make out a small warehouse at the base of the hill. A single guard stands under the security light mounted over the doorway. Jack raises his weapon and takes careful aim. His weapon fires just once, and the guard falls in a heap to the ground.

The three of you move quickly down the incline to the door, but before anything else happens, Roadhog barrels through the entrance with a roar, ripping the door from its hinges. You hear unintelligible shouts of panic from inside followed by gunfire, which is quickly drowned out by sounds of Roadhog’s scrap gun and his hellish booming laughter. Jack moves forward and you follow his lead, senses on edge. Three bodies, riddled with gaping wounds, lay on the floor, as well as a table tipped over with its playing cards scattered. *Must’ve really caught ‘em off guard. Good.* Roadhog stands near a stack of crates and he has a glaring and bloody Talon soldier on the end of his hook, scrap gun pressed into his chest. Jack joins Roadhog and looks at the soldier as if considering something.

“Take him to-go,” he orders, and Roadhog growls in disagreement. Jack looks up at the man towering above him. “We can’t stick around for too long, but we still need answers.” Roadhog huffs in annoyance before punching the Talon soldier full in the face, knocking him out instantly. He slings the limp form over his left shoulder and makes his way to the exit, which is now just a gnarled hole in the wall. Jack addresses you over his shoulder as you both follow. “Almost could’ve sent him alone, I bet. But it’s easier with a team.” You nod in agreement. Roadhog might’ve let his emotions get a little too out of hand if the two of you hadn’t been there, and then you’d all be back to square one. Still, you’d be lying if you said you weren’t a little disappointed - you were so much hoping to shoot one of the Talon bastards.

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Back at the Watchpoint, the prisoner had been confined to the interrogation room. You imagined it hadn’t been used often, if ever, but it was as good a place as any to keep the guy. It was agreed that Jack would conduct the interrogation, being the only one who had previous experience in… civil lines of questioning. You grumbled at the idea, having a feeling that a member of Talon wouldn’t give up info so easily, but held your tongue at the time.

Now, standing on the other side of the two-way mirror alongside Winston and Roadhog, you watch as Jack enters the room and seats himself across the table from the Talon soldier.

“I don’t need you wasting our time, so let’s get to it, shall we?” he says matter-of-factly. The man across from him shifts in the metal chair, hands and feet secured with cuffs. “Where is he?” Jack asks as calmly as he can manage.

“Dunno what you’re talking about,” the man sneers. Jack sighs and rises to walk around the table to the opposite side. Reaching for the back of the chair, he drags it away from the table and stands in front of the soldier. He looks down at the man for a moment before decking him on his already bruised jaw. The man’s head swivels from the blow, but he remains conscious, turning back to glare up at the Commander. *Jack must be going easy on him for now,* you muse as you recall just how strong Soldier 76 really is.


“Fuck. You,” the other man replies coolly. You hear Winston sigh beside you as you watch Jack shake his head on the other side of the glass. The older man throws another punch, this time to the prisoner’s gut, causing the man to double over and choke on his breath. Jack heaves him back upright and crouches down so the man is looking straight into the Commander’s glowing visor.

“Sorry, didn’t catch that,” Jack seethes through his mask. “One more time.”
The man groans and then spits blood at Jack. As it drips down his visor and mask, he growls angrily. “I said, *fuck you*.” Jack waits a moment to wipe the filth away, cleaning his glove on the other man’s shirt before sighing and standing. He looks pointedly towards the glass and Roadhog huffs, his dissatisfaction tangible.

“Lemme have a go,” he rumbles. Winston considers the options for a moment, very much aware of the possible outcomes should the massive Junker set foot in that room. There’s a strong likelihood that their prisoner would be annihilated, but there’s also a chance they could get some real answers flowing.

“Alright,” he sighs. He presses a button that activates the comm link with 76 and tells him to take a break. The white haired super soldier steps towards the door calmly.

“Heh, givin’ up already? What a pussy,” the bound man taunts. Soldier 76 knocks lightly on the door and it swings open as he walks out without another word. Before the door closes, Roadhog hunches to get through the doorway, and suddenly all the blood drains from the prisoner’s face as he recognizes his captor. The door shuts securely and a moment later Jack joins you and Winston on the other side of the glass.

“You sure about this, Winston?” he asks hesitantly.

“No, but at this point we don’t have much choice,” Winston sighs, at a loss. “Roadhog has a very extensive background in getting what he wants from people who are unwilling to give it up for more… *conventional* methods.” Images flash across your mind’s eye as you recall Roadhog’s brutality in the field. He doesn’t have a reputation for being ruthless for nothing.

Your attention turns back to the room, where Roadhog stands still, mask impassive as always. He takes a single step forward and the Talon soldier makes no reaction. Another step, and the table stands between Roadhog and the man. A single swipe of his arm and the table is flung across the far wall, crumpling slightly on impact. He continues forward and the man’s throat bobs noticeably as he attempts to swallow his fear. More likely than not, this is gonna get ugly, yet you can’t bring yourself to look away.

As he towers over the prisoner, his voice rumbles menacingly. “Where. Is. He.” The man looks as if he’s considering his options before he goes for the one that’s pretty stupid, as far as you’re concerned.

“Up yours, fatass.” Roadhog chuckles darkly and turns to grab the other chair behind him. He strides to the door, propping the high back against the handle to ensure he won’t be interrupted. *Oh shit.*

“Goddammit.” Jack grumbles as he leaves the room, no doubt in an attempt to go open the door. Roadhog growls and approaches the man again, grabbing him by the front of his shirt, easily lifting him and the chair he’s tied to into the air.

“You’re making my job harder than it already is,” he says coolly, his massive fingers tightening into fists. “Tell me where he is. Now.” The man’s eyes are wide, but he refuses to let his inner terror manifest itself just yet. Roadhog snorts when he receives no response, dropping the prisoner and chair with a metallic *thud.* The chair rocks backward momentarily and Roadhog pushes it the rest of the way with his steel-toed boot, letting gravity slam the man onto his back on the concrete floor. He grunts, clearly pained, and stares resolutely at the ceiling until Roadhog leans down over him ominously. His hook glints wickedly in the light, throwing a shadow across the man’s face. He presses the point into the man’s shoulder. “Start. Talking.”

The Talon soldier lets out a choked laugh, attempting to bolster his own courage. “Heh, why the
fuck would I wanna do that? If I tell you anything, Talon kills me. If I don’t, you kill me. I don’t have much choice here, do I?” Roadhog tilts his head slightly, his lenses shining brightly.

“Because if I’m the one who kills you,” he says calmly, digging the point of his hook ever so slightly into the man’s shoulder, “you can bet I’m gonna take my goddamn time with it.” The man squirms beneath him, a tiny amount of blood seeping through the cloth on his shoulder. He grimaces but stays silent except for heavy breaths through clenched teeth. “Now, for the last time, before things get real… messy … WHERE. IS. HE.” He punctuates the last three words by twisting the hook’s point deeper into flesh, red blossoming into the cloth and shining grotesquely. The prisoner grits his teeth and tries to stifle his pained moans as best as he can, but it’s obvious that Roadhog is wearing him down.

“You think, nng , I’m gonna tell you where your trash rat pal is, just cuz you made me bleed a little?” He glares up at Roadhog’s unreadable mask. “Gonna have to do better than that, piggy.” He snickers but it’s cut off abruptly when Roadhog removes his hook and steps on the man’s shoulder, effortlessly yanking on his arm to dislocate it. The man screams in pain for a brief moment before steeling himself again, breath hissing in and out to control his reaction.

You’ve been watching closely this whole time, but your focus is broken when Jack walks back into the room. “No use. Unless we wanna break the damn thing down and find ourselves without a secure interrogation room, there’s no way we’re getting in there.” He stands with his arms crossed, and you detect just a hint of satisfaction in his voice. Maybe he thinks this is the only way we’ll get what we want. Winston heaves a sigh and looks at you.

“Agent, I think it might be best if you, uh, take your leave now.” He glances sideways through the glass, where the prisoner lies shuddering on the ground while Roadhog looks on emotionlessly.

“What comes next will be enough to unsettle anyone, I’d imagine.” You weigh your options quickly. You definitely have a weak stomach when it comes to stuff like this. And Roadie can handle this , you think briefly. You nod to Winston and 76, leaving the observation room and heading down the hallway. As you pass the door to the interrogation room, you can’t help but hear a sickening crunch followed by a pained cry of anguish.

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A light knock on your door draws you out of your current stupor. You don’t feel like getting up from the bed, sitting half-asleep against the wall with your knees huddled to your chest, so you tell Athena to open the door. It slides open and you have a clear shot of Roadhog’s inked belly before he ducks his head into view. “Oh, hey, Roadie. C’mon in.” He ducks through the doorway and you stand, stretching momentarily before walking across your quarters. “What… uh, what’s up?” You try to remain calm but can’t help but notice the smatters of blood visible in various places on his person, particularly his knuckles. Thank the Lord he’s on my side . He takes another step forward and sighs as if a weight has been lifted from his shoulders.

“Got a location. Chechnya. We leave in an hour.” Your heart pounds and he turns to leave. As the door slides open again you call out to him, making him pause.

“What about the prisoner?” You have a feeling you might know already, but your curiosity gets the better of you. Roadhog hesitates a moment before ducking through the door. Without turning, he answers you as the door slides shut.

“He didn’t make it.”

Somehow, that doesn’t really bother you as you proceed to once again prep your gear, trying to keep your nerves under control. We’re coming, Jamie. Just hang on a bit longer. We’re coming for you.
Roadhog sits beside you on the dropship, slightly more cleaned up than when he came to your room. It doesn’t matter much to you since A) he’ll probably get bloodier in the coming hours, and B) your mind is on much more important things at the moment. Like whether Junkrat will still be alive when you arrive at the Talon base. Or whether they’ve managed to fuck him up like Widowmaker in such a short period of time. You take a deep breath and try to rid yourself of such awful thoughts. There’s no way of knowing what awaits you until you get there and find out for yourself. *Hope for the best, prepare for the worst*. The old saying keeps bouncing around in your head as the flight draws on.

Jack sits across from you, Angela at his side. They’re deep in whispered conversation, no doubt going over the details of the mission yet again. Nobody knows what to expect, but you’re all going in armed to the teeth just in case things turn out to be crazier than anticipated. Thankfully, based on past intel, this particular Talon base isn’t one of the main ones, so the five-person team you’re part of (including Lena, who’s today’s pilot) should be sufficient. The key word here being *should*.

“Prepare for descent, everyone!” Lena’s voice rang over the intercom, just slightly more somber than usual. It wasn’t often that Overwatch sent out rescue teams for their own members, so this mission was… unique. You check your handgun for what seems like the millionth time since takeoff, and you can feel Roadhog’s gaze on you. You look up at him, close enough that you could just barely make out the shape of his eyes behind those dark lenses. You hesitate, then rest a tentative hand on his thick forearm, squeezing lightly but reassuringly. Not to say that Junkrat isn’t well-liked by the rest of your teammates, but you two undoubtedly have the most to lose if this all goes south. He grunts in acknowledgement, and somehow you know that no matter what, you’re getting Junkrat back.

Your body registers the drop in altitude as the transport vessel descends amongst dark clouds, hidden from view as it touches down behind a small outcropping. You all stand near the door as Lena joins you as well. Before opening the door, Jack turns to address the team.

“I don’t think I have to tell you, but be on your guard. Follow my lead, and if all goes well we’ll be in and out quickly. Any questions?” You can’t bring yourself to ask *What if we’re too late?*, so you simply nod instead. “Alright, let’s move out. Watch your six.” The door slides open and you file out, weapons at the ready, senses on high alert. Jack and Lena first, then you and Angela, and finally Roadhog. At least you know nobody will be sneaking up on you very easily.

Your group makes its way towards the back perimeter of a somewhat large compound surrounded by a wall topped with razor wire, but Roadhog steps forward and brutally smashes a sizable hole in it before you can even wonder how you’ll surpass the obstacle. Jack motions everyone through, and just as you reach the rear entrance of the largest building an alarm starts blaring somewhere. *Shit, guess they know we’re here now*. Jack kicks in the door and immediately fires at the shocked Talon operatives who are caught completely off-guard. Their lifeless bodies collapse and your crew hastily makes its way through a maze of hallways, mowing down those who oppose your progress. Angela’s Caduceus staff constantly relieves any injuries to your leader, who takes the brunt of the damage as Lena zips around, distracting the enemy’s focus.

At one point, the group’s progress is halted, as enemies close in from all sides. Amidst the sounds of gunfire and death, you recognize that by now you must be in the heart of the compound. And that must mean you’re close to Junkrat. If it’s even possible, your pace quickens as your eyes scan the plethora of doorways for any hint that might point the way to your goal. A door just a few yards away from your current position looks more reinforced than the others, and you dash to it as Roadhog covers your movement with defensive fire of his own. You try the handle, and of course it’s locked, but you shoot out the mechanism and shoulder your way inside.
Suddenly your world is quiet. The man you love kneels in the center of the dark room, light from the corridor just enough to make out his form. Were it not for the single amber eye that glows up at you, still so full of life, you might not have even recognized him. Covered in bruises, cuts, and blood, one eye swollen shut and sporting a hideous black eye, prosthetics missing, left arm twisted at an awkward angle and hanging limply at his side - you feel your knees nearly give out from the shock of seeing him like this. As you stumble forward to him, dropping to your knees, he gazes up at you and attempts to crack a toothy grin, mumbling your name as he does.

“Hey, lovie,” he somehow manages, dried blood on his lower lip splitting as a fresh bead of blood threatens to trickle down his chin. “Long time, no see, eh?” He coughs, wincing in pain and doubling over to regain his breath. A metallic clatter draws your attention, and you see that they’ve chained him to the floor in this position. *Like an animal*. It makes you sick, and you try to push away the tears that spring to your eyes.

“Jamie,” you breathe, and he looks up at you again, smile gone, desperation in his eye. “Let’s get you home.” You grab your weapon, previously dropped in your stupor, and bellow into the corridor behind you. “ROADIE, I NEED YOU!” A glance around tells you that your team has Talon on the ropes, and another second later Roadhog is pushing past you into the small room. He pauses when he sees Junkrat, and you hear a heartbroken gasp from behind his mask before he pulls himself together and steps towards his boss. He kneels and effortlessly yanks the chains from their housings, then quickly unwraps them from around Junkrat, taking care not to jostle the smaller man more than he needs to. When he finally picks up Junkrat, gingerly holding him securely against his chest, the man breathes heavily and coughs before speaking softly.

“Mate, me gear. They took me gear. I need it,” he chokes, spitting up blood and gasping for air. Roadhog huffs and quiets him with a large hand softly cradling his face.

“You need to stop talking. You can make more gear. Only one of you,” he chastises. You can’t help but agree on that point. You tentatively poke your head into the hallway, noticing that the enemies have definitely thinned out, and wave to get Jack’s attention, giving a quick thumbs up. Lena pauses nearby and you grab her.

“Tracer, think you could zap into wherever the armory is and see if you can spot his gear?” You jerk your thumb over your shoulder and when she glances at Junkrat she goes pale, but nods quickly and before you can blink she’s nothing more than a bright streak down the hall. You turn back to the Junkers, and your heart nearly stops when you see that Junkrat is limp and unconscious in Roadhog’s arms. You rush to his side, but Roadog just rumbles softly.

“Just passed out. He’ll be fine. Let’s just get the fuck outta here.” You can hear the hint of anxiety in his voice and move toward the door, sidearm drawn. By the time you leave the tiny room, Jack and Angela are already clearing a path back the way you all came. Angela sees the three of you enter the hallway and rushes to Junkrat.

“Scheiße! We must get to the ship immediately,” she says, already using her Caduceus staff to direct a healing aura at the injured man. As she does, Lena whizzes back to your current position, a duffel bag slung over her back. There’s not nearly as many Talon soldiers remaining in the corridor, so it doesn’t take your group long to reconvene outside. Moments later and you’re on the dropship once again, and Lena fires up the engines and promptly jets away into the darkening sky.

Roadhog places Junkrat gently on a cot in the corner, and Angela sets to work healing him as best as she can without full use of her extensive medical facilities. You pace back and forth, watching for any signs of physical progress. Some of the smaller cuts and bruises disappear in moments, and Angela pauses her ministrations, turning to Roadhog.
“Before I continue I need to set his arm, but I need your help holding him down,” she says matter-of-factly. Roadhog grunts in agreement, and moves to pin Junkrat’s right shoulder and his hips to the surface of the cot. Angela counts under her breath, “One, two, three-” crack. As soon as she snaps the bone back in place, Junkrat’s eyes fly open and a scream tears from his throat before his eyes roll back and he once again loses consciousness. Angela quickly and calmly affixes a temporary splint to his arm and continues her process of healing, wiping away grime and blood as she does so. Junkrat’s breathing evens out and deepens - you wouldn’t be surprised if he hasn’t slept since his abduction. But seeing him so peaceful finally lets you breathe easy as well, and you sit in one of the seats across from Jack, constantly looking over at Junkrat not far away. You glance at Jack to see his attention fixed on you.

“Thank you, sir,” you say, once again fighting back tears. He nods solemnly before heading to the cockpit to converse with Tracer. Roadhog’s massive body eases itself into the seat beside you. Looking up at him, you can see more blood splattered and smeared across his front - some of it Junkrat’s, no doubt. You both decide to stay out of Angela’s way as she tends to Junkrat, since she’s his best bet for survival at this point. He lifts his arm, a wordless invitation, and you lean against his side as the same arm wraps around you, its weight comforting in the chaos. You feel your eyelids get heavier, and soon his rumbling breathing lulls you into a dreamless sleep.

Chapter End Notes

I TOLD y’all everything would be okay ;D Also gonna be trying something different either next chapter or the one after - haven't decided yet. Teehee. As always, thanks for reading! Lemme know what you thought in the comments if you have a moment!
Not Alone

Chapter Summary

Junkrat's been rescued. Now what?

Chapter Notes

Hey, peeps! This chapter is a bit shorter but I just wanted some cute fluff after the last few chapters, how about you? Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Once you’ve touched down safely in the hangar at Watchpoint: Gibraltar, a few of Angela’s medical assistants rush to meet your team with a stretcher and other miscellaneous bits of equipment. With the help of Roadhog, they carefully transfer Junkrat onto the hovering platform and hastily make their way towards the med bay, spouting medical jargon hurriedly at each other en route.

You and Roadhog follow at a short distance, he carrying the duffel bag retrieved by Lena earlier. You had chanced a glance inside as the descent to the Watchpoint began, and sure enough Junkrat's effects lay inside. The only way you knew the items belonged to him was from the flashes of bright orange from amongst the wreckage of his former prosthetics, dried blood clinging to various bits and pieces. It had made you shudder, but you knew he'd appreciate at least having the pieces back.

As you approach the med bay, Angela motions for you and Roadhog to wait in the hallway. You stand awkwardly for a moment as the doors slide shut, then look around and spy a cushioned bench a short way down the corridor. You make your way to the seat, exhaustion overtaking you. He's home. He'll be fine, you keep reassuring yourself. As the backs of your legs hit the edge of the bench and you sit, your body seems to collapse in on itself as you cradle your weary head in your hands. He's home. The tears you've been holding back the last few days flow freely now, and you don't care who sees. The only other person in the hallway is Roadhog, anyway, and you know he's probably fighting back his own emotions. Relief, anger, appreciation - a mix of complex emotions washes over you as the fact that Junkrat is finally home really sinks in. It's been the longest week of your life, and now it's over at long last.

After a few moments you're able to stow the waterworks just as Jack rounds the corner. “Winston wants a quick debriefing, if you two can spare a few minutes.” You hesitate, and he clearly senses your concern. “He's in good hands with Angela and her team. Trust me.” And of course, you trust him. He's your commanding officer, after all, and he's known Angela probably since before you were born. You rise shakily to your feet, your body protesting every movement, and suddenly Roadhog is at your back, lending his physical and emotional support should you need it. The Commander leads you both down the corridor, and you find yourself hoping this doesn't take long.

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Half an hour later, you take up your position once again on the bench outside the med bay. The debriefing was straight to the point and thankfully pretty short, since it was a straightforward mission.
There would be more to discuss once Junkrat finally woke up enough to carry a conversation. For now, all anyone can do is wait.

You don’t have to do it for long before Angela comes through the doorway and towards the bench. You and Roadhog both tense and straighten up as she approaches, but her positive expression gives you reason to relax just a little.

“Finally stabilized, and he’s going to be just fine, at least physically.” Her exhausted smile wavers momentarily before she continues. “We have no idea what Talon did to him, but I did find traces in his system of the same poison that you had in yours. Thankfully I still had some of the antidote on hand from before. Of course, he's been under its effects for a longer period of time, so it'll most likely take him longer to recover. But he won’t have to go through all of this alone. He’s resting now, but you’re welcome to wait with him until he wakes up.” Hardly before she finishes speaking, you stand and embrace her without warning, hugging her tightly as you feel her pat you comfortingly on the back.

“Thank you, Angela,” you murmur into her shoulder, trying to keep yourself from breaking down again. You pull away and see that she’s smiling genuinely at you - no more words needed. As you turn to look at Roadhog, he gestures for you to walk through the door ahead of him.

When you see Junkrat lying in the bed, the first thing you notice is how much better he looks already. No cuts, no bruises, blood (and ever-present soot) meticulously cleaned away - just a scattering of new scars that seem to match the one on your side. You note that his arm no longer sports the splint from earlier and looks normal again as well.

Man, that staff of hers really is freaking amazing.

The second thing you notice is just how peaceful he looks. No doubt Angela has given him something to relax - even in your most intimate moments with him you've never seen him look quite like this.

A glance around reveals two cushy chairs nearby, one much larger than the other. As if Angela hasn't done enough already, you smile. You plop yourself down in the smaller one and watch Roadhog for a moment as he simply stands and looks down at the smaller form of his friend. There's no way of knowing what he's thinking behind that impassive mask of his, but something in his body language tells you he's gonna be alright.

“C’mere, Roadie,” you say, patting the chair next to you. He turns his head to you but doesn't move. You sigh and stand, taking hold of one of his enormous hands with both of yours and tugging him towards the seat. Heuffs quietly - was that a chuckle? - and allows himself to be led over and seated. “You just rest, I'm sure you need it. Want anything from the mess hall? I was thinking of making a run while we wait.” After a moment of consideration he replies in a quiet rumble, his attention still on his friend.

“You got it. Be right back.” You look at Junkrat once more and smile, taking a mental snapshot of the moment, before exiting the med bay.

Once you reach the kitchen, you put the kettle on and find a clean mug in one of the many cupboards, as well as the canister that holds the tea bags. While waiting for the water to come to a boil, you peruse the commercial size fridge for something to eat. Now that Junkrat is out of the woods, your stomach has seen fit to remind you just how long it's been since you ate a proper meal by growling loudly. However nothing really piques your interest until you see the bowl of fruit on the counter out of the corner of your eye. You abandon the fridge, opting for four apples instead. Soon the kettle is whistling, and it only takes a moment to prepare Roadhog’s tea. Just as you turn to go you get an idea, and grab a knife and a jar of peanut butter from a nearby cupboard. Heading
back towards the med bay, you run into Reinhardt, his presence taking up a good portion of the corridor.

“Ah, there she is! I wanted to say how very happy I was to hear of the success of your rescue mission! No doubt you are glad to have Junkrat back, as are we all.” He smiles kindly, and as tired as you are, you can’t help but appreciate the sentiment.

“Definitely. He's got a ways to go, but at least he's here now.” He nods understandably, and steps aside to let you pass.

“You should get some rest, my dear. Let me know if you need anything!” His booming words of kindness echo through the hall as he strolls away, intent on not keeping you from your task. You make a quick detour to your quarters for some reading material, tucking the books under your arm before continuing on your path.

As you enter the med bay once again, you glance at Junkrat, still asleep. You stand there absorbing his peaceful appearance once again, until a reverberating rumble grabs your focus. Your eyes snap to Roadhog, whose head rests on his chest, hands folded across his belly. I figured he’d be a snorer.

You chuckle softly to yourself, finding it curious that Junkrat wasn't woken by the loud repetitive noise. Probably just used to it from all the years together on the run.

You plop yourself into the chair next to the sleeping giant, setting aside the books you'd grabbed. Your attention turns to the perfectly ripe apples you’d snagged, and you grab one to begin cutting slices from it, proceeding to dip said slices in peanut butter before devouring them. The first bite makes you groan happily - this always was one of your favorite comfort snacks as a child. The sweet and tangy crispness of the apple a perfect complement to the salty creamy peanut butter. The perfect marriage of flavor. You save three of the apples for Roadhog in case he’s hungry when he wakes up, and continue to snack as you reach for the closest book.

You lose track of time, absorbed in the plot of your story, and a rustling from the bed snatches your attention. You raise your head and your gaze meets Junkrat’s, who blinks sleepily at you as he stirs. Placing the book on the side table, you go to his side, smiling down at him.

“Hey, darl,” he whispers huskily, still clearly a bit disoriented. You gently take his hand, and he clings to the touch weakly. Glancing past you, he notes his sleeping bodyguard and smiles. “Big lug’s really conked out, eh?” he jokes quietly. You nod, feeling your eyes brimming with tears.

“Thought we were gonna lose you,” you murmur, a tear spilling down your cheek before you wipe it away. He grins.

“Ya won’t get rid o’ me that easily,” he chuckles breathlessly, the end of the laugh turning into a hacking cough. The sound drags Roadhog from slumber, and he stands abruptly when he sees his friend is conscious. “Oy, Roadie, tryin’ ta get outta our deal, mate?” he smirks and then shakes his head. “Only kiddin’, big fella. Thanks fer the rescue. Dunno how much longer I’d’ve lasted with those cunts.” Roadhog steps closer to the bed and you move aside a bit to give him space. He stares down at Junkrat for a moment before wordlessly reaching out to gently ruffle his patchy hair.

“Glad you’re okay, Boss.” He lets his hand stroke Junkrat’s scalp a few times before returning to his seat. You see him glance at the apples and the tea.

“Sorry your tea’s not hot anymore. I didn’t wanna wake you.” You grab an apple and hand it to him. “Thought you might be hungry though.” He grunts a quiet “thanks” as he accepts the fruit. You turn back to Junkrat. “Anything I can get you, Jamie?” He looks thoughtful for a moment before eyeing the other apple on the table. His stomach growls loudly and you giggle. Grabbing the apple and
knife, you cut a few slices for him. “Peanut butter?” He nods eagerly as you spread a thin layer on each of the slices before handing them to him. “Go slow, don’t make yourself sick.” He nods and takes a bite of the first slice with a loud crunch. His eyes light up as he chews.

“Roadie! This shit’s great! Ya ever had it like this before?” You glance at Roadhog, who has yet to eat his own apple and shakes his head. You offer him the peanut butter laden knife and he spreads some on his apple. Raising his mask just a few inches to free his mouth, he takes a bite.

“Mmm. Not bad.” You beam at him then Junkrat, who’s halfway done with his second slice already.

“Well while you two enjoy the snack, I’m gonna go shower real quick. I feel disgusting.” You shudder overdramatically, and Junkrat looks at you forlornly. “You still need to rest, and you’re already squeaky clean,” you jokingly scold him, able to read his expression easily. He continues to pout as you walk towards the door. “I’ll be back soon, promise.” You blow a kiss from the doorway and wave as you leave.

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Feeling fresh and invigorated after your shower, you head back to the Junkers. As you approach, you can hear Junkrat’s voice, already stronger, arguing with Roadhog about something. The door slides open and the scene that greets you is so bizarre you can’t help but laugh sharply. Roadhog stands next to Junkrat’s bed, both of them grasping desperately at one of your books, clearly in the midst of a tug o’ war. They quickly scramble to look innocent but you know better.

“Ha, what’s going on, guys?” You stand with your hands on your hips, still chuckling. Junkrat points accusingly at the bigger man.

“He won’t let me see yer book! I just wanted ta look at the cover!” he whines.

“It looked fragile, I didn’t want him to damage it,” Roadhog states. Junkrat looks stricken.

“Damage it?!?! It’s a bleedin’ book, mate! I-”

“Alright, alright, don’t worry about it. Either of you,” you smile as you stand between them, gently taking the book. It is indeed worn and ancient, some of the pages practically falling out. You don’t even need to look at the faded cover to know which one it is. “My great-grandma gave me this when I was little,” you tell them. Roadhog takes his seat and Junkrat looks at you with wide citrine eyes.

“It’s one of my favorites. The Princess Bride.” You hand it to Junkrat, who gingerly takes it, studying the cover intently. He can just barely make out the figures of a man and woman holding each other romantically in front of a picturesque sunset.

“Wait, so it’s a corny love story? Nah, nevermind,” he hands it back to you and you hear Roadhog huff in annoyance.

“Jamie, it’s not a love story. I mean, it is, but that’s not all.” His wild eyebrows raise in disbelief so you continue. “Pirates, sword fights, scheming, miracles, giants, rat monsters-”

“Wait, did you say giants and rat monsters ???” He asks incredulously. You nod. “Roadie, it must be about us!” He cackles and Roadhog chuckles deeply as well. “Alright, love, ya got me. Do ya think…” he fiddles with the edge of the sheets, suddenly shy, “... think ya could read it to us?” He gives you that puppy dog look that’s impossible for you to say no to, and you sit down in your chair.

“Alright, get comfy, you two, and prepare for a tale of high adventure!” You smirk as you flip to the first page, worn and much loved by you over the years. Junkrat hunkers down in his bed and Roadhog leans back in his chair, propping his feet up on the edge of Junkrat’s bed.
Chapter one, The Bride,” you begin. “The year that Buttercup was born, the most beautiful woman in the world was a French scullery maid named Annette…”

Hours later, the Junkers hang on every word that leave your mouth. After a few chapters, you attempt to stifle an enormous yawn and fail miserably.

“Aw, it was just gettin’ good! She doesn’t actually marry that twat, does she?! Don’t stop yet, darl, I gotta know!” Junkrat pleads. You chuckle and place a bookmark between the pages, yawning again.

“I just can’t keep my eyes open anymore, I’m sorry, guys,” you smile apologetically. Roadhog quietly reaches over and takes the book from your hands, setting on the side table.

“Go get some rest. We’ll be here,” he murmurs. You grin sleepily up at him as you stand, not having realized how incredibly exhausted you are until you rise to your feet. You move to the side of Junkrat’s bed, taking his hand and leaning down to kiss his forehead. He hums and releases your hand to cradle the back of your head, bringing you closer so his lips meet yours. You feel a jolt of energy and press into the contact. The combination of fatigue and the rush of hormones makes you feel lightheaded. You groan and Junkrat’s fingers tangle in your hair, holding you against him for another moment, before Roadhog clears his throat to remind you both of his presence. You pull away, blushing furiously as Junkrat titters mischievously.

“Don’t be such a prude, Roadie. Feels like ages since I’ve had me a proper snog,” he murmurs against your neck. You kiss him once more on the forehead and straighten up, trying to ignore the heat rushing through your core.

“I’ll be back later, you two,” you say as you stroll out the door. “Behave!” You wave over your shoulder and enter the hallway, heading towards your room.

Once you arrive, you kick off your shoes and flop onto your bed, not bothering to change clothes. You’re still exhausted, but no matter how you toss and turn you can’t seem to find a comfortable position. Knowing that Junkrat is safe has you feeling more relaxed than you’ve felt all week, but the fact that he’s not by your side makes it difficult to fully ease into sleep. You doze half-conscious for what seems like hours, but when you look at the clock by your bedside the numbers show you it’s only been about forty-five minutes. You groan and consider your options. I can either lie here for who knows how long, probably not getting any real rest. Or I can just head back to the med bay and still not get any real rest, but be closer to Jamie. It seems like a no-brainer, but your brain is still pretty fried from everything that’s happened this week. Regardless, you don your shoes and return to the med bay.

Upon arrival, you see that Roadhog has dozed off again, and it seems that Junkrat has as well until you step closer. His eyes open and he fixes you with a quizzical stare.

“That can’t have been enough rest fer ya, love,” he says concernedly. You shrug and sit in your chair, speaking quietly so you don't disturb the sleeping giant.

“Couldn't sleep, knowing you were here,” you admit, not taking your eyes off him. He sighs, smiling sweetly at you as he does his best to scoot to one side of his bed.

“C’mon, sweetheart,” he pats the space next to him. He's not hooked up to quite so many tubes and wires as before, so you imagine Angela must have come in while you were gone. You accept his invitation, easing yourself carefully onto the bed as he wraps his arm around you, pulling you to his side. It seems like he’s already regaining quite a bit of strength, which is very reassuring.

The warmth of his body comforts you and you immediately feel more at ease as sleep embraces you,
despite the fact that the bed is hard and slightly lumpy. You can feel his strong heartbeat under your head as your breathing evens out, matching his, as you both get some well-deserved sleep.

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By the next day, Junkrat has made considerable progress. He’s still low on energy and complains of sore muscles even when Angela gives him something to help manage the fatigue, but he’s steady on his feet (rather, his foot and a crutch) and his appetite and demeanor are back to normal. So Angela releases him from the med bay to continue his recovery in his own quarters - which translates to your quarters, of course. But before he gets settled he needs to be debriefed.

You and Roadhog are permitted to sit in on the debriefing as well as Angela and Tracer. Winston and Jack sit across the table from Junkrat while you and the others sit off to the side.

“Good to see you up and about, kid,” Jack begins. Junkrat is hunched forward leaning on the table, fingers tapping anxiously on the surface.

“Yeah, thanks, mate. Look, let’s get this over and done with, eh?” He fidgets and glances at you, receiving a small reassuring smile.

“Right. Well, we know all the details of what happened in San Francisco so… why don’t you start from there.”

Junkrat sighs and begins. “I remember Reaper smotherin’ us all with that damn smoke shit o’ his, and I passed out just like everyone else. Next thing I knew, I was in that hellhole where ya found me. Didn’t know where I was, but I could tell they drugged me or somethin’, couldn’t get me bearings at all.” He pauses and looks at you again. You attempt to put on a brave face for him, nodding slightly to encourage him, even though in your heart you’re terrified to hear what he has to say. “They just left me there fer a while, dunno how long. But then Reaper came back. Seems like all those attacks were just ta get ahold o’ one o’ us. Wanted ta know all sorts o’ stuff. I told ‘im to piss off.” He chuckles darkly. “He didn’t like that. Asked about where our Watchpoints are, all our agents’ names, where we get our intel, and oh-” he raises his head to look directly at Jack, smirking slightly “- he had some real sappy shit ta say ‘bout ya mate. Said he knew ya ‘back in the day’ and wot a great pal ya were an’ all, but that ya’ve let everything go ta yer head. Dunno wot that was all about, but it was right weird, if ya ask me.”

“But you didn’t tell him anything?” Jack chooses to ignore the last bit from Junkrat, refocusing on the main line of questioning.

“Nah, course not! Just because me name’s Junkrat don’t mean I rat out me teammates. Give a bloke more credit,” he pouts slightly before a shadow crosses his face. “It’s like that fucker don’t even sleep. Didn’t let up a bit once he got started. Thought I saw him dippin’ those claws o’ his in somethin’ a few times, but everything’s a blur when I think too hard. Guessin’ it was the same stuff Talon’s lacin’ their ammo with.” He grimaces, closing his eyes for a moment, continuing to speak. “Worked me over good, he did. Just kept askin’ the same things, didn’t like takin’ no fer an answer.” He opens his eyes, staring at Jack intently. “But I swear ta ya, I didn’t say a word.”

“We all appreciate that, Junkrat,” Winston speaks up. “More than you know.”

Junkrat shrugs. “Just glad ya found me when ya did. It was rough goin’ there, mate.” He chuckles briefly before Jack interrupts him.

“What about Reaper?”
“Dunno, frankly. Smoked out not long before you lot showed up. Creepy bastard…”

“We'll track him down, don't worry,” Jack reassures him. “Is there anything else we should be aware of?”

Junkrat stares at the table top, focusing intently and wracking his brain for any other details he may have missed. “I've still got bits an’ pieces missin’, so it’s hard ta say. But nothin’ comes ta mind.” He lifts his gaze to meet Jack’s, who nods understandingly.

“Just let us know if that changes. Other than that, I think that’s all we need to know.” He stands, signaling the end of the debriefing session, and everybody else stands to leave as well. Junkrat looks tense, clearly not a fan of having to remember what he went through. You move towards him, but before you reach him Roadhog is at his side. He rests a heavy hand on the smaller man’s shoulder, drawing his attention.

“We’re gonna make ‘em pay, Boss.”

A fire lights in Junkrat’s eyes as he looks up at his bodyguard. “Yer fuckin’ right, we will,” he snarls menacingly. Not for the first time, you find yourself thankful that the two Junkers are on your side.

Chapter End Notes

Does anybody else like peanut butter & apple slices, or am I just crazy? I have a headcanon that Junkrat really likes fresh fruit because it's so rare in the irradiated Outback. More stuff in the works, just needed to get some of this out of the way! Thanks for reading!
The following days bring with them a return of relative normalcy. Junkrat’s strength and mood are practically back to normal, the only change being that he sports a number of new scars that refuse to fade, much like the one on your side. That, and he’s still without his prosthetics. They were barely recognizable after being rescued with their wearer from Talon, and Junkrat had been incredibly upset with the turn of events.

“Bloody oath!” he’d exclaimed upon seeing the remaining bits and pieces. “Fuckin’ pricks… gonna take me ages ta get ‘em workin’ right again.” He’d sulked for hours, struggling to work on both pieces with only one good hand, before you had tentatively made a suggestion.

“I bet Törbjorn would be able to give you a hand with that, Jamie.” Junkrat had paused in his labored fiddling to grin widely at you, and you’d immediately groaned out loud, realizing what you’d said.

“Gimme a hand ?” he’d cackled, waving his stump at you and practically wheezing with laughter. “I thought jokes like that were my job, darl.” He’d admitted that the Swede’s expertise would probably be quite helpful. And that’s how you came to find yourself trailing after Junkrat as he hobbles quickly down the corridor with his crutch, the small crate in your arms containing miscellaneous tools and the remainders of his prosthetics as you near Törbjorn’s workshop.

Upon entering the space, your first impression is that the workshop is the polar opposite of Junkrat’s. A place for everything and everything in its place, minimal clutter and no buildup of grease or oil in sight. You’re impressed, to say the least. Törbjorn is humming to himself as you both enter, and turns to face you when Junkrat announces himself.

“Oi, how’s it goin’, mate?” he inquires jauntily.

“Ah, well hello there, m’boy. Feeling almost yourself again, eh?”

“Actually, that’s what I’ve come ta talk ta ya about.” You step forward, brandishing the broken
prosthetics amongst the other tools in the crate. “Been more than a touch tricky ta sort this shit out when I’ve only got me one hand, now ain’t it?” He waves his stump with a chuckle and a grin, which causes Törbjorn to chortle goodnaturedly in response as you roll your eyes. The crate is heavy and your biceps are aching.

“Well let’s see what we can do, shall we?” He gestures to a clear spot on a workbench, and you gratefully deposit the container and its contents before stepping back, as the two busy themselves with shop talk. Before they get too engrossed in their conversation, you lay a gentle hand on Junkrat’s shoulder to get his attention.

“I’ll leave you boys to it, then,” you tell him, pecking him on the cheek briefly. He smiles and nods his head, already excited by the possibilities of working with a renowned engineer to fix his beloved prosthetics. You slip out the door, leaving the boys to their toys and smiling at the camaraderie to be found between the Swede and the Aussie.

You resolve to get some chores done while Junkrat is occupied, returning to your quarters and picking up enough dirty laundry to fill two large baskets. You haul one towards the laundry facilities, wishing you hadn’t let it all pile up quite so much while Junkrat has been recovering. Thank goodness there’s like twenty machines in there, you think as you approach the doorway. You can hear some of the machines churning and making a racket, and once again you’re thankful for the plentiful washers and dryers in the base. Rounding the corner, you see Roadhog pulling a load out of one of the dryers, carefully folding each item of clothing before placing it in his basket. He turns his head, grunting to acknowledge your presence. You smile and offer a quick “Hey, Roadie” before plopping your laundry basket onto one of the washing machines behind him, opening the lid and beginning to load your clothes.

The silence between the two of you hangs heavy in the air. Why is laundry so embarrassing in front of other people? A pair of silky royal blue panties tumbles out of your basket and onto the floor and you quickly snatch it up, praying that Roadhog hadn’t seen. Right. That’s why. You feel a blush creep across your face, despite the fact that his back is facing you. You finish transferring your clothes into the machine, adding detergent and setting the knobs appropriately before shutting the lid. You set a timer on your phone so you don’t lose track of time, and turn around just in time to see him folding a pair of pale pink boxers covered in cartoon piggies. You freeze, the blush on your face deepening, unable to move as a mental image of him wearing nothing but those boxers springs unbidden to your mind. He glances up at you and the tops of his ears turn beet red before he hurriedly shoves the rest of his clean clothes into his basket, leaving you frozen in place as he hastens out of the room with a huff.

Once he’s gone, you rush back to your room, slamming your hand on the control panel as if it will make the door shut any faster than usual. You stand there for a moment, mind reeling. What the actual fuck just happened?? Why did I just freeze? You sink onto the sofa, the rest of your chores forgotten as you try to get that image out of your head. That was just... weird. You try to brush it off, ultimately deciding that the best course of action is to busy yourself with cleaning the rest of your quarters. It works, for the most part, and before you know it the bed is made, everything is tidied, and you’ve even managed to clean the bathroom. You even brave the laundry room again to switch your clothes over to the dryer and retrieve them once they’re completely dry. You glance at the clock as you finish putting the freshly laundered clothes away and realize it’s almost time for dinner.

You head back towards Törbjorn’s workshop, certain that the time has slipped away from him and Junkrat as well. When you arrive, however, they’re nowhere to be found. You instead decide to try Junkrat’s workshop, and in a few minutes you’re walking down the stairs to the sound of clattering tools and swearing. Found him, you smirk to yourself. You enter the cluttered space, grinning when you see that his right arm is reattached, brighter orange than ever.
“I’m guessing it went well?” you say cheerfully, approaching his bench. He spins to face you, smiling and waving his repaired prosthetic arm excitedly.

“Check it out, darl! Good as new! Even better, actually!” He flexes his fingers and twists his wrist, showcasing the dexterity. “Now that I’ve got two workin’ hands again, finishin’ me leg will be a cinch.” He turns back to the workbench, and you now see that his peg leg, although still in shambles, is definitely looking better than it did earlier. You approach him and press your chest against his back, draping your arms down the front of his torso as you kiss the top of his head. He hums and tips his head back so he looks up at you, fiery eyes glowing with enthusiasm.

“I’m glad things are going smoothly,” you say softly. “But I think a break for dinner is in order.” He looks up at you as if considering something before an evil grin slides across his face.

“Hmm… only if I get whatever I want for dessert,” he growls, chuckling mischievously. “If ya know what I mean, love.” You roll your eyes and giggle. You know exactly what he means.

“I think as long as you’re a good boy, Jamie, that can be arranged.” His eyes light up and he looks overjoyed. “C’mon, dork, let’s eat.” You start towards the stairs and hear him scramble for his crutch as you wait at the doorway for him to catch up. He grabs your hand with his prosthetic one, crutch tucked under his left arm as you continue up the stairs.

“So, uh, Roadie stopped by earlier,” Junkrat begins as you two walk hand in hand. Your entire body stiffens and you feel yourself turn about a dozen shades of red before you side-eye Junkrat, who’s grinning like a fucking idiot at you. “Get some laundry done today, love?” It’s a good thing you love him, because that shit-eating grin is going to be the death of you.

“As a matter of fact I did,” you reply. You can still feel him watching you teasingly as you continue down the corridor. He says nothing, and his expectant silence finally breaks you after a few more yards. “So I saw Roadie folding his piggy boxers and got all flustered, alright? It was just… very unexpected and I froze. I hate when people see my unmentionables and I could tell he was embarrassed when I saw his and it was just… I don’t know, Jamie, stop looking at me like that!” He was biting his lip to keep from laughing, little snorts escaping his tightly clamped mouth. He finally stops in the middle of the walkway, letting out a howling peal of laughter which echoes off the walls around you. You’re pretty sure it’s impossible for you to blush any harder, and he finally stops long enough to catch his breath and wipe the tears from his eyes.

“Ah, darl, don’t worry ‘bout it. Not a big deal, just thought I’d tease ya a bit is all.” He hobbles past you, entering the mess hall as you try your best to regain your composure. Roadhog is already sitting in his usual spot, quietly eating a salad loaded with all the fixings. Junkrat is already piling his own plate high with mashed potatoes and chicken fried steak, topped off with a river of gravy. You’re tempted to follow suit but you’re frankly not hungry enough to down such a heavy meal at the moment so you opt for a salad as well, complete with your favorite toppings.

As you follow Junkrat to your seats, you try your best to ignore the fluttering in your stomach as you sit across from the Junkers. Junkrat shows off his new and improved arm to his bodyguard, who grunts “Nice,” and gives a brief thumbs up before turning his attention back to his own salad. The rest of the meal passes in relative silence, aside from Junkrat’s wild noises as he inhales his supper. After dinner, Junkrat practically races you back to your room, and as soon as you’re in the door he’s pressing you into the wall, hungrily kissing along your neck and jaw.

“Jamie, wha-“

“Ya said I could have whatever I wanted fer dessert, love, remember?” He pulls away to look at you and you suddenly remember your earlier words.
“Yes, but only if you were a good boy, if you recall,” you tease. “And I think you were pretty mean, embarrassing me like that on the way to dinner…” You trail off, glancing at him to gauge the effect. His mouth is hanging open and his fluffy brows are knit together in confusion as he stares at you incredulously.

“Wot?! I was only teasin’ ya, I thought ya knew that!” He sulks over to the couch and flops down, his head leaning back to stare at the ceiling dejectedly. You chuckle quietly before going to join him, curling up next to him and kissing his shoulder.

“And I thought you could take a joke,” you murmur.

He throws his arms up in the air in defeat before exclaiming, “HOLY FUCK, women are weird!”

“Hey, I resemble that remark, sir,” you feign indignance before smiling at him and now you’re both laughing good naturedly. You lean your head against his shoulder as he wraps his arm around you.

You bite your lip nervously before the next words come tumbling out of your mouth. “I may have thought about Roadie wearing those boxers when I saw them,” you admit, once again blushing furiously and burying your face in his chiseled shoulder. There’s a moment of dead silence and you think This is it. There’s no way he’s okay with that. When he bursts out laughing, you let out a breath you didn’t realize you were holding.

“AHAHAHA oh my God, love! That’s wot ya were so embarrassed about?!” He continues cackling as you shove a pillow into his face.

“SHUT UP, why is that so funny?!” you demand.

He stops, pushing the pillow aside, still smiling as he says, “I’m the one who got him those, ya goof! Back when we was in Oz!” He giggles a few more times before settling down, a reminiscent look crossing his face. “Ah, the big guy an’ me had a right good time together before we left that dump of a place. That’s for sure.” He shakes himself out of his reverie to turn his attention to you once again. “That reminds me, guess I shoulda told ya sooner, but… eh… well, how do I put this…” Suddenly he’s nervous and fumbling for words. “Me an’ Roadie, we used ta… well, ya know…” You continue to stare at him expectantly before he huffs out a breath and says, “We used ta be together. Like, together together.”

Your mouth is agape in shock, the words registering slowly as he continues.

“Not much ta do in the Outback other than try and survive, ya know? Lucky if ya can find someone who don’t wanna kill ya, let alone a mate who sticks around fer a while. And Roadie an’ me, well… stuff just happens when yer in the middle of nowhere fer years on end, I guess.” He shrugs nonchalantly while you still try to absorb what he’s just told you.

“Wait, so you… and Roadie? I thought he was just your bodyguard.” Your mind is reeling and you ask, “Did you two… ya know-”

“Root? Oh yeah. Plenty o’ times. One thing just leads to another sometimes, I s’pose.”

You’re still absorbing this new information when the next question comes out of your mouth before you can stop it. “What happened?”

Junkrat shrugs again and sighs. “Just sorta… cooled down, I guess. Other priorities once we got here. Not like we were ever ‘exclusive’ or whatever the fuck people say. Just kinda stopped.” A melancholy look passes briefly across his face before he turns and looks at you, smiling sweetly. “But then you showed up. Best thing ta ever happen ta me, ya are.” His flesh hand cups your face
softly, tucking hair behind your ear. “Nobody’s ever treated me like ya do. I didn’t even know this is what love could be like, darl.” You smile back at him, his words easing the anxiety that had risen in your gut. You pull him to you and embrace him, feeling a bit of tension leave him as well.

“Thanks for telling me, Jamie.” He pulls away and smirks at you before wiggling an eyebrow.

“So… Roadie in those boxers, eh? Have any fun thoughts about that, love?” You groan and shove the pillow back in his face as he howls with laughter. He calls after you, “Oi, you can tell me! Chances are I’ve thought the same thing before!” He giggles to himself as he hops over to the bed, detaching his arm along the way and dumping it on the desk as he crawls into bed with you. You pout and turn towards the wall as he snuggles up behind you, wrapping his good arm around your waist and pulling you against him. “I’m only teasin’ ya, darl,” he kisses your shoulder. “I think I’ll take a raincheck on that dessert, by the way. The look on your face was treat enough, hehe.”

Your blood is pumping loudly in your ears and you’re still so incredibly embarrassed by the whole ordeal. At least he’s being a good sport about it, you consider.

“Love you, Jamie,” you whisper as you hear his breathing even out.

“Love you too, baby,” he smiles into your skin.

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Weeks pass and life goes on as usual at the Watchpoint. Groups get sent out on missions every few days, mostly to gather intel on Talon, and unfortunately mostly come up empty-handed. Everyone avoids Jack as best as they can - whenever things don't go his way for long enough, he turns into a real grump.

You and Roadhog have thankfully been able to move past the laundry incident, your friendship still intact. Every once in awhile your subconscious deems it necessary to sneak the image of him in those boxers into your dreams, and somehow Junkrat is always able to tell when that happens, much to your chagrin. His merciless taunting always manages to banish any guilty feelings you might have, oddly enough. For the most part, you push the matter from your mind as best as you can.

As for you and Junkrat, life is good. You assist each other on projects, he's still his same adorkable self, and the sex is out of this world. Practically on a daily basis, you catch yourself wondering what you did to deserve this crazy loveable blond who loves you to the moon and back.

One evening you and Junkrat are lounging in your room, each absorbed in your own pastime, when a thought strikes you.

“Jamie, when’s your birthday?”

He glances up at you with a blank expression that quickly turns to puzzlement. “Hmm… couldn't tell ya!” he proclaims after a moment.

“Wait, what? Really?”

“Well yeah. I mean, I know about how old I am, but me memory's always been a bit off what with all the radiation and shit. Roadie an’ me just decided we'd celebrate each other's birthdays every summer. Any day’ll do, doesn't make that big a difference, really. Why ya ask?”

“Just curious, is all.” That gives me a few more months, then. You turn back to your notes, going over data you'd collected earlier in the week.
“When’s yours?” he pipes up.

“Oh… actually,” you glance at the good old fashioned paper calendar on your wall, adorned with a cute baby animal for each month, “mine’s in about… wow, two weeks.” That snuck up fast on me.

“Heh, forgot yers too, eh?”

“Shush, I’ve been busy,” you retort, sticking out your tongue at him.

“Well, anything in particular ya might fancy, Miss Birthday Girl?” He sprawls dramatically on the couch, spreading his legs wide and humping the air. He smiles lewdly at you.

“Oh my gosh, you have no chill,” you chuckle. “Like I said, it’s two weeks away still. I’ll think of something,” you reassure him as he resumes his previous position, tittering at his own display.

“Oooh, I bet I know whatcha want… naughty thing, you.” He smirks knowingly, which only confuses you further.

“And that would be…?”

“I seem ta remember that a certain someone let a certain somethin’ slip when we was playin’ a drinkin’ game a while back.” What on Earth is he talking about? “Some fantasy ‘bout bein’ in the middle of a three-way, if I recall.” He raises an eyebrow and looks at you from the corner of his eye, and it all comes flooding back to you.

Drinking game. That old movie about pirates. And I told him I'd fantasized about being in a threesome. Shit. You groan and remember how incredibly hungover you'd been the next day, how miserable you'd been. “Jamie, I wasn't being serious,” you try to play it off.

“Oh weren't ya? Seemed like ya'd given it quite a bit o’ thought, love.” His wolfish grin is spread ear to ear, and you couldn't help but consider what he was saying.

“So you're telling me… that for my birthday… you wanna give me a threesome. Is that what I'm hearing?” You cross your arms, not believing for one second that he's being serious.

“Abso-fuckin-lutely, darl. And, methinks I've got the perfect candidate fer the third member of our little party. As long as yer actually on board, that is.” He pauses, as if he's suddenly unsure if it was a good idea for him to bring this up. You think on it for a moment before answering.

“I mean… as long as you are, too, obviously,” you smile shyly. He whoops with excitement and bounces off the couch towards you, gathering you in his arms and spinning you around.

“I'm gonna make sure it's absolutely perfect fer ya, love. Wanna make that fantasy of yers a reality.” He kisses you long and hard, nearly taking your breath away, and giggles when he pulls back. You can't help but laugh, his excitement contagious, resting your forehead against his as he holds you.

“So, who exactly did you have in mind, Jamie?” You have a feeling you already know, but you're curious now.

His devilish grin and chuckle are the only response you need to confirm your suspicion.

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Before you know it, there’s only two days left before your birthday. You’ve tried to busy yourself with research in an attempt to stave off the ever-present butterflies in your stomach, but it’s only been
partly effective. Most of the time you find your thoughts bombarded with images of both of the Junkers looming over you seductively, and often these intrude at the most inopportune times. Just the other day, you’d accidentally let an experiment boil over in your lab, distracted by your fantasies until you’d smelled the acrid smoke and hurried to turn on the fume hood.

The anticipation is slowly killing you, and Junkrat’s constant teasing and innuendos aren’t helping. At dinner one night, he’d playfully offered you a pork chop from the buffet, wiggling his bushy brows and snickering before you rolled your eyes and walked away, leaving him doubled over in laughter. Another instance, you’d caught him practically deepthroating a banana, which might have been hilarious, if Roadhog hadn’t just walked into the kitchen, seen what was going on, and promptly turned around and left. Which of course sent Junkrat out after him, sputtering banana everywhere as he tried not to choke while giggling maniacally.

You’d assumed Junkrat had already approached Roadhog with his unorthodox proposition, and much to his credit, the larger man acted like nothing was out of the ordinary between the two of you. He still greeted you in the halls, you still sat together at meals, and basically the two of you acted as if everything was totally normal. It was Junkrat and his lewd behavior that constantly reminded the both of you of your upcoming birthday “get-together,” as he kept referring to it.

As you relax in your room for the evening, Junkrat walks in with a knowing smile plastered on his features. You don’t even bother asking - you know he’s been working out the details of your “gift” all week. He eventually plops onto the couch next to you, snuggling to your side as you continue reading. After a few moments you realize you’ve gotten to the bottom of the page and haven’t absorbed a single word, so you put your bookmark in it and set it aside.

“Jamie?”

“Hmm?”

“Do… do you miss Roadie?” you say, choosing your words carefully. He sits up and looks at you for a moment before answering.

“Not like that, no,” he shrugs. “I mean, we went through a lot together back then. Stuff that changes a person. He’ll always be me best mate. But that was then,” he smiles reassuringly at you, “an’ I’ve honestly never been happier or more relaxed than when I’m with you, darl.” He wraps an arm around you and presses a loving kiss to your forehead. You sit like that for a moment, head on his shoulder, before he speaks up again. “Y’know, if yer havin’ second thoughts, that’s alright, love. Won’t hurt either of our feelin’s none.”

“Wha- no that’s not it at all, baby. Just making sure you’re 100% okay with this. That’s all.”

He chuckles softly and kisses you. “I don’t like the idea of sharin’ ya, that’s fer sure. But I don’t mind if it’s Roadie I’m sharin’ with as long as you don’t. As long as I get ta be with ya. Promise,” he mimes an X across his heart and smiles.

“Alright then. I won’t worry any more,” you cross your heart as well, “Promise.” More smooches, which gets him giggling uncontrollably and soon his hands are wandering over your form as you gasp at his heated touches. Until, however, those alarms you’ve grown to hate start wailing all over the base.

“Fuckin’ shit ,” he moans against you. “Better not mean what I think it means…”

Before he can say anything else, Athena’s voice rings out with her announcement. “Attention. The following team members are to report immediately to the hangar for deployment: Lúcio, Roadhog,
Junkrat, and Tracer. You will receive further instructions en route to your destination.” Junkrat chucks a pillow angrily across the room, dissolving into a fit of rage as he stomps around the room collecting his gear.

“ARE YA FUCKIN’ KIDDIN’ ME HERE?!” he seethes. You turn to him, somewhat concerned.

“You never told me you got cleared for active duty again, Jamie.” His hunched shoulders fall and he spins to face you.

“Wot? Nah, coulda sworn I did, love. Shit, this fuckin’ sucks…” he mumbles distractedly as he pulls on his boot.

“You're gonna be fine, babe. Roadie’s got your back,” you reassure him, rubbing his back softly.

“I'm not worried ‘bout that, love. What if we're not back in time fer yer birthday?” He sounds apologetic and frustrated at this sudden turn of events as he fumbles with his laces.

“Jamie, it'll be okay. Just be careful, okay?” You pick up his harness and help him into it before he straps his RIP Tire onto his back, his shoulders rippling with lean muscle.

“Yeah yeah, I will be, sweetheart.” He moves to the door and you follow, grabbing his free hand as he hefts his frag launcher to his shoulder. You can't help but feel a small tremor of fear deep in your gut. Roadie’s got him. Everything's fine. As the two of you make your way to the hangar, the others are already loading up supplies and equipment. Junkrat turns to you, setting his launcher down momentarily. “Hopefully this shitshow’s short, but in case it ain’t…” he grabs you by the waist, supporting your head with his metal hand, and dips you low, kissing you with all the fervor he can muster. His lips are pressing so hard against yours that by the time he returns you to an upright position you're seeing stars. When your eyes focus once again he's grinning at you like you're the most beautiful thing he's ever seen. “I love you. Happy birthday, love. I'll be back soon.”

“Love you too, Jamie. Don't get into too much trouble.” Your heart flutters as you watch him pick up his weapon and turn towards the drop ship.

“Don't worry, I'll be on me best behavior!” he calls as he blows you a kiss. You make a motion of catching it and smile, watching him hustle up the ramp to join the others. Roadhog sticks his head through the doorway just before the door slides shut, giving you a double thumbs up and you immediately feel more at ease.

The engines fade into the distance after takeoff and you return to your quarters, suddenly feeling very alone. You put minimal effort into refocusing on your research, but it's hopeless, so you decide to hunt for comfort snacks in the kitchen instead. Upon entering, you find McCree in the process of making what appears to be grilled cheese sandwiches.

“Fancy meetin’ you here, darlin’,” he drawls before turning his attention back to his sizzling food. “What brings a gal like you to these parts?”

You sigh as you take a seat on a stool at the counter. “Team just left. Just trying to not be bummed out, I guess.” You’re trying to brush off your disappointment, but you have a feeling there’s no way they’ll be back in two days. “And it’s my birthday this week.”

“Well I’ll be damned. That sure is rough timin’, sugar,” he says, flipping over one sandwich then the other. “Need a pick-me-up snack, huh? I know how that goes.” He flips one sandwich onto a plate and slides it across the counter to you, serving the other to himself. You smile as he sits across from you and takes a bite of his sandwich with a satisfying crunch. “Tell ya what,” he says, talking
around his food, “you tell me yer favorite cake, and I’ll make sure ya get it for yer birthday. Then ya still got somethin’ sure to look forward to!” He finishes chewing momentarily and swallows, grinning widely at you. “So out with it, pick yer poison!” You consider a moment before telling him, and when you do his eyes light up. “Oh man, now I’m lookin’ forward to your birthday, that’s my favorite kind too!” He laughs loudly before taking another bite and you follow suit.

“Holy shit, Jesse, this might be the best grilled cheese I’ve ever had…” you tell him with your mouth still full. He laughs and mimics a bow while remaining seated, continuing to devour his midnight snack. The two of you joke around for a bit longer, talking about nothing in particular, before you have to stifle a yawn. “Man, I should head to bed or I’m gonna be a zombie tomorrow.”

He chuckles as he puts the plates and cookware away. “Same here, darlin’. Thanks fer keepin’ me company, at least. Always nice to share a laugh or two over some grub. Good fer the soul.”


“Haha, no sweat. You go get some rest, I’ll see ya ‘round.” He leaves and goes one way down the corridor while you head the other.

When you’re back in your room, the lack of Junkrat’s presence attempts to bring you down again. Instead, you change into pajamas, crawl into bed, and curl up with his soot-scented pillow wrapped tightly in your arms, and soon you’re fast asleep.

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You busy yourself in your lab the next day and the time flies by, much to your bliss. Hana and McCree join you for dinner, helping to keep your mind occupied as they argue good naturedly about which of them would best the other in an arm-wrestling contest. Their friendly bickering is soon silenced when Zarya’s shadow looms over your table, a glint of competition in her eyes. Your friends quickly change the subject, causing you and Zarya to stifle an outburst of giggles as she strolls away. Once they get over their embarrassment, Hana suggests a few rounds of video games, to which you and McCree happily agree. You’re fairly certain you won’t be able to sleep tonight anyway with all your nerves on edge as they are.

Once you get to Hana’s room, you’re overwhelmed with just how much of the space is taken up with video games and technology. Consoles nearly a century old, all looking practically brand new, sit alongside the newest in state-of-the-art gaming. It’s enough to make any geek weak in the knees, and you stand there with your mouth agape as you take it all in.

“Holy shit, Hana… this is… incredible!” You feel like a kid in a candy shop. She and McCree chuckle as your wide eyes fall on the wall-to-wall shelves housing her collection of hard copy games.

“Thanks!” she says proudly. “It’s taken a long time to accumulate all of this. Now then,” she plods down on a beanbag and motions to a few others for you and McCree, “what shall we play? You guys are goin’ down no matter what, so I don’t have a preference.” She smirks and McCree picks out some sort of racing game you’ve never heard of before where the cars are all weaponized.

You each grab a controller, and it takes you a few moments to figure out the buttons, but soon your vehicle is zipping past McCree’s and giving Hana a run for her money. Of course she wins the first race, but only narrowly. The three of you cycle through a few more games and when you next look at the clock it reads 3am.
“There’s no way it’s that late,” you mutter in disbelief. McCree stifles a yawn and Hana simply scoffs.

“Sleep when you’re dead, noob. C’mon, one more round?” she begs.

You stand and stretch, shoulders and back popping loudly. “I wish I could, but I feel like I’ve hit a freakin’ brick wall. I’m turnin’ in.” As you stagger towards the door, McCree makes a sound of surprise.

“Hey wait, it’s after midnight! Happy birthday, darlin’!” You turn back to see a sleepy grin on his face as he and Hana approach you and smother you in a group hug.

“Oh man, thanks, you guys,” you say, your tired emotions threatening to overwhelm you as they squeeze you tight. They release you and Hana promises there will be more celebrating in store once you’ve all gotten some rest, and McCree agrees wholeheartedly. You thank them again and trudge down the hall to your room, yawning every few moments.

You don’t even remember getting to your room and falling asleep, but when you wake you feel fully rested. Your room is still dark, and when you look at your clock it tells you it’s 10am. I wonder if Athena purposely let me sleep in today, you think, still half asleep. You zone out at the ceiling, trying to fully wake yourself. Another year older. Yippee. Dragging your body out of bed, you treat yourself to a long, hot shower, and follow it up with some miscellaneous pampering. By the time you finish, it’s nearing 2pm and your stomach grumbles loudly to remind you that you have yet to eat something today. You pull on a pair of your favorite yoga pants and an AC/DC shirt you’d hijacked from Junkrat a while ago, and go in search of sustenance.

You find a number of your teammates in the kitchen scrounging up a late lunch as well. Reinhardt is leaving as you enter, a mountain of a sandwich balanced on his plate - it looks practically cartoonish. Angela is putting the finishing touches on a fresh salad, Hana is impatiently heating up a cup o’ noodles (apparently she only has a few more minutes until she has to rejoin her tournament online), and McCree is stirring an enormous pot of chili on the stove. They all greet you and when the cowboy offers you a bowl of chili you happily accept. As Hana rushes to her room to continue her competition, the rest of you join Reinhardt to eat your afternoon meals. They all wish you happy birthday and overall make you feel very loved and accepted. Not for the first time you find yourself thinking how much you love your new home and family.

Once you all finish eating and you’ve complimented McCree handily for his superb chili-making skills, you sit for a while chatting aimlessly. At one point McCree excuses himself, taking everyone’s dishes to the kitchen, and returns moments later with two huge pitchers of margaritas and a stack of glasses.

“I figured, why not get the celebration started early, y’know? And don’t worry, I made PLENTY” he grins, pouring some for everyone present. Other team members trickle in, most likely summoned in advance, and before long the drinks are flowing and the impromptu party is hopping. At one point someone turns on some of Lúcio’s latest mixes, and now it's really a party.

“Happy birthday to an amazing member of our little family!” Reinhardt’s voice booms over the thumping bass beats. Everyone who’s got a drink raises their glasses in cheers, and you can feel the alcohol coursing through you as you finish your third glass. Since it's approaching the dinner hour, some food gets set out but the celebration doesn't even seem to slow. True to McCree’s word, a cake of your favorite kind is brought out, complete with candles, as everyone sings Happy Birthday, each in their own language. It’s a beautiful cacophony of sound. You make a silent wish and the cake is sliced and passed around and it’s the best cake you’ve ever tasted. Pretty soon the margaritas run out and McCree is too far gone to make more, so someone has the grand idea to transition to shots.
instead, having produced a few bottles of bona fide Russian vodka courtesy of Zarya. You're definitely feeling more than a little tipsy by now but you take a shot alongside Zarya, McCree, and Angela. You can tell it's the good stuff because it hardly burns going down and you can almost instantly feel it hitting your system. As you back away from the table, a solid wall seems to materialize behind you, stopping you short. You crane your neck upwards and find yourself face to face with Roadhog’s mask, which is cocked quizzically to one side.

“Roadie!” you spin to face him, nearly losing your balance. Junkrat comes into view from around the side of his bodyguard and you throw yourself at him giddily. “JAMIE! Wha- when did you guys get back??” He laughs at the way your words slur just a little and wraps you in his arms.

“Just now, darl. Hooley dooley, got the tunes so loud in here ya couldn't hear the ship?” he shakes his head in disbelief. As if on cue, Lúcio appears and takes over the job of party DJ, mixing some fresh beats as he goes. Junkrat surveys you as you stare up at him starry-eyed. “Crikey, I think ya’ve had enough, love. McCree made margaritas, didn't he?” he snickers.

“Hehe, how’d you know?” you ask, feeling the heat radiating from your body onto his.

“Eh, lucky guess,” he replies, eyeing the cowboy who seems to be having difficulty remaining upright. He refocuses on you and his gaze makes you even hotter. “Wot say we continue your little celebration a little more… privately, eh, love?” He lowers his voice and watches you through his lashes as you suddenly remember exactly to what he's referring. Oh. Oh shit.

“Y-yes, please,” you stammer meekly, and he laughs and nods to Roadhog, who picks you up effortlessly and puts you over his left shoulder. As the Junkers walk away, you wave at your friends. “Thanks for everything, you guys! I had a blast!” you call giddily.

Others wave back at you, wishing “Happy Birthday” one last time as you’re carried away. You catch a glimpse of McCree taking a line of shots with Zarya and can't help but chuckle at the red glow on his face as he forces down another gulp of vodka. Then you're carried out into the hallway - but not towards your own room.

“Guyssss, where are we goin’?” you whine. Junkrat giggles and you feel his hand smack your ass lightly, making you jump a little in Roadhog’s grip.

“You'll see soon, love. Just be patient.” You can practically hear the smirk in his voice. After a few more moments of being carried in silence, you realize that the three of you are actually making your way towards Roadhog’s quarters. After what seems like forever, you hear the door slide open and Junkrat says playfully, “Close yer eyes and don't open 'em 'til I say so.” You oblige, the sudden rush of adrenaline and anticipation helping to sober you up slowly but surely. It takes a minute or two but when Roadhog finally sets you down and turns you around, you're practically buzzing with excitement. “Alright, ya can look now,” Junkrat purrs in your ear.

You open your eyes and are greeted with a scene that looks like it's from a movie. The floor around Roadhog’s giant bed is strewn with white rose petals, at least a dozen lit candles are scattered around the room, and strands of twinkling fairy lights are hung on the walls. It takes your breath away. You tear your eyes away to look at Junkrat, who’s beaming at you, already stripped of his gear.

“All of this… is for me?” you ask, dumbfounded. He nods and steps forward, blushing slightly as he hugs you tightly.

“Roadie thought we might have more room fer, uh, activities in here, so we wanted ta spiff it up a bit,” he says proudly. He takes your hand and leads you to the bed, sitting you on the edge and seating himself behind you. “Now ya just relax, sweetheart. Got one more surprise fer ya. Roadie?”
You feel Junkrat’s slender, strong fingers begin to massage your shoulders, right in the spots that he knows always bother you. You sigh happily and Roadhog steps forward slowly. He stops a few feet in front of you and you gaze up at him nervously, noticing that the bigger Junker has also removed his bulky gear.

Without saying a word, he reaches up to the straps of his mask and unbuckles them. Your breath catches as you watch him lift the edge of the mask past his mouth, up further, until he removes it completely, letting his silvery white hair fall around his face. You’ve tried to imagine what lies beneath his mask so many times, but none of them have come close to what you see right now. You've seen his strong jaw peppered with grey and white stubble, as well as his full lips and tusk-like lower canines - he always has to uncover that much to eat, at least. But everything else is new to you. His broad nose, clearly broken a few times over the years. Caramel colored eyes that shine under thick brows. A large scar that runs from the end of his left eyebrow down to his cheekbone, flesh gnarled and shiny. Your eyes are wide as you try to memorize every detail of his face. He smiles and you feel your heart race faster.

“Wow…,” you mumble. He tosses the mask aside and looks at Junkrat.

“Why don’t we clean up a bit first, Jamie,” his voice rumbles, not nearly so gravelly now that it’s not coming through the layers of leather and air filters.

“Too right, mate. We’ll only be a sec, love,” he kisses the back of your neck and scoots off the bed as they head to the bathroom. “Make yerself comfy!” The door shuts behind them and you’re left alone, basking in the romantic atmosphere of the room.

While you have a few moments to yourself, you distract your nerves by admiring Roadhog’s room. Everything is neat and orderly, and you imagine it's probably easier for him to keep it relatively tidy now that Junkrat basically lives with you. You spy a corner of the room completely overrun with pachimari plushies of every style, size, and color. I knew he was a giant softie, you chuckle lightly to yourself. His and Junkrat’s gear sits discarded in a pile near the door. But other than that, there’s not much to look at. Of course, there's the gaping hole in the wall leading to what you imagine is Junkrat's actual room, but it's shrouded in darkness so you can't see anything past the jagged edges of the makeshift doorway.

Soon enough the door to the bathroom swings open and the Junkers rejoin you, grime from the last few days wiped clean and each of them wearing some comfortable-looking lounge pants. Your heart is pounding against your ribcage. This is it. Here we go. Junkrat sits on one side of you and smooches your cheek, while Roadhog sits opposite him. The bed creaks slightly with his weight and the sudden dip in the surface causes you to lose balance and tip towards him, leaning against his massive arm. You look up at him and he smiles sweetly at you before wrapping both you and Junkrat in his arms and flopping backwards onto the bed.

You both maneuver yourselves so you lay on your stomachs on his gut, Junkrat wrapping his arm around your back and kissing your shoulder. Your eyes are transfixed on Roadhog’s face, still in awe that you've finally been deemed worthy of seeing what he's hidden behind his mask for so long. You hesitantly reach your fingers towards his cheek, and when he doesn't make a move to stop you you trace your fingertips over his rough face, detailing every wrinkle and minute scar with fascination. His eyes twinkle at you and he chuckles, shaking both you and Junkrat.

“Roadie… you’re so handsome,” you whisper, feeling the scratchy stubble across his jaw.

“Call me Mako,” he rumbles. You feel a rush of heat to your face and you smile.

“Mako.” His name rolls off your tongue pleasantly. He hums happily and Junkrat turns your head to
capture your lips with his. You just barely feel the buzz of alcohol in your system now, your head clear and wanting to focus on everything that's happening, burning the events into your mind.

“Well, love, d'ya have anything particular in mind?” he murmurs against your mouth.

“Umm… I… damn, I have no idea, I never thought I’d get this far,” you giggle nervously. “I think I’ll be fine with anything, really.”

“If you change your mind, make sure you tell us, we won’t be upset,” Roadhog says reassuringly. You and Junkrat both nod and Roadhog places a hefty hand on your lower back, rubbing small circles comfortingly. Junkrat grabs your chin and looks into your eyes before kissing you again, but this time you can feel a hunger in his actions. He nips at your lower lip and you open your mouth slightly to allow his tongue entrance, Roadhog’s warm hand still massaging your back. Junkrat moans against you and you realize that Roadhog is gripping your boyfriend’s tight ass with his other large hand. Something about that makes a pleasant feeling rise in your gut.

You break away from Junkrat’s kiss and reposition yourself higher on Roadhog’s broad chest so that you’re nose-to-nose with him. He smirks as you lean in to press yourself to his plush lips, so soft yet so firm, and he tastes so good. Junkrat growls seductively from your side, and you feel him move directly behind you. A second later you feel his grip on your ass, making you gasp which gives Roadhog the perfect opportunity to snake his thick hot tongue into your mouth. It all feels so good already, Junkrat’s fingers kneading you from behind as Roadhog makes out with you so passionately that you see stars. Soon you feel Junkrat sneak his fingers under the waistband of your pants, easing them and your panties down as he peppers light kisses across the skin that’s exposed as he goes. He nips lightly at the back of one of your thighs as he discards the clothes, earning a surprised yelp from you which causes both of them to chuckle mischievously.

“Hmm… let’s switch this up a bit,” Roadhog suggests, as he easily lifts you from his chest and lays you gently next to him on the bed. He turns on his side as Junkrat gently helps you remove your shirt and bra, leaving you completely naked. You had thought that you might feel embarrassed to be so exposed in front of Roadhog, but you find that you frankly don’t care right now. All you care about now is Junkrat’s lithe body pressed against yours as his lips find your breasts. Roadhog resumes kissing you, not quite so slow and gentle now, and you tug his lower lip between yours, biting softly. Your fingers trail up to his chest, thumb rubbing against one of his pierced nipples as he growls hungrily against your lips. It’s difficult to focus on what you’re doing when Junkrat’s tongue is driving you wild, dragging across your nipples between sucking hickies across your chest, and your other hand cradles the back of his head as he does.

You break away from Roadhog’s mouth, gasping for air. “Holy shit, Mako,” you say breathlessly and Junkrat lifts his head.

“Ain’t he a magnificent bastard?” he titters, crawling up your body from his current position to reach Roadhog’s face. You continue to caress Roadhog’s nipples, tweaking the rings gently and watching him bite his lip, and the next thing you see is Junkrat fervently kissing Roadhog and holy fuck, that’s hot. Junkrat’s left hand is still groping your breast, massaging and playing with your nipple as he moans into the larger man’s mouth. You simply stare wide-eyed at them as Junkrat sloppily tongues his way past Roadhog’s lips. He pulls away with a loud smack and they both direct their gazes to you, grinning widely as you feel heat rise up your neck to your face. “Doin’ alright there, love?” You nod mutely, inexplicably turned on by the display you’ve just witnessed. He kisses you quick and hard, then moves lower, tongue trailing down your neck, your torso, across your hips, until he's positioned between your thighs, his eyes like fire staring up at you before focusing on your sex and growling hungrily. He softly drags a digit down your folds and your breath hisses sharply when the tip of his tongue swirls around you and holy hell, yes. You can’t contain the breathy moan that rises
from your throat and Roadhog hums deeply, his large fingers, so easily capable of crushing bone, carefully and gently tipping your face towards his as Junkrat’s tongue circles your entrance, tasting and teasing.

“So beautiful,” Roadhog murmurs, and somehow it makes you blush more than everything else that’s currently happening. He shifts slightly and suddenly there’s a bulging pressure against your hip, making your eyes widen in surprise.

“Is that…?”

He chuckles darkly before kissing you again with those impossibly wonderful lips, and you can feel his hips shift a little more as he presses his huge erection against you. Just as he does so, Junkrat thrusts his skilled tongue inside of you and you moan loudly into the bigger man’s mouth. Junkrat’s tongue is driving you wild already, and one of your hands sinks to card through his blond hair while the other palms Roadhog’s massive erection through the front of his lounge pants. You only get to do so for a moment, though, before you’re distracted by Junkrat moving to sit up and remove his own pants, tossing them to the floor and revealing his throbbing hard-on. He and Roadhog share a look as he kneels on the edge of the bed, and then Roadhog stands to take his off as well. You can’t help but stare.

He really is, as Junkrat said, magnificent. His cock is already rock hard, probably about nine inches or so, and damn if it isn’t the thickest you’ve ever seen. Not only that, but he’s got a frenum ladder of four black barbells running along the underside of his shaft. You gulp down your nervousness at handling such an impressive member, and when you glance up at Roadhog he’s regarding you sweetly.

You bite your lip and sit up on your knees, looking from one man to the other, unsure of what comes next. Luckily they seem to have something in mind, as Junkrat smirks at you and gestures for you to come closer. You crawl seductively towards him and you can feel a dip in the bed as Roadhog moves behind you. He lays on his back and when you look back at him he’s patting his belly invitingly, licking his lips. You figure out what’s going on, and in a moment you’re lying on his stomach, still facing Junkrat at the foot of the bed as Roadhog hoists your lower half closer to his face. Junkrat perches between Roadhog’s legs, inching closer to you as you feel Roadhog’s strong hands on the backs of your thighs.

“Such a good girl, ain’t ya?” Junkrat coos, stroking the side of your face with his rough fingers. All you can do is nod, not sure whether to focus on the slender twitching cock at eye level or the throbbing massive one below you. One of Roadhog’s hands disappears for a moment to come crashing down with a sharp blow to your ass, causing you to cry out in a mix of pleasure and pain. “Wot was that, love? Couldn’t quite hear ya,” he snickers. “I asked if ya were a good girl.”

“Yes! Yes,” you breathe, making sure he hears you this time.

“What a good pet,” Roadhog rumbles behind you. You can feel his breath on your lower lips, and it’s making you squirm on top of him. Junkrat titters and strokes his length a few times before you place your hands on his hips and pull him towards you. Flicking your tongue over his slit you taste the salty fluid already leaking from his member, and you lick from the base of his shaft to the tip to elicit a groan of pleasure from him.

“Ah, fuck, sweetheart…” he says softly, fingers stroking through your hair lovingly. You look up and lock eyes with him as you take him into your mouth, and watch as his amber eyes roll back in ecstasy. “Fuuuck yeah.” Just as you do, you feel one of Roadhog’s fingers graze your entrance, slicking himself with your juices before prodding your entrance teasingly. You attempt to push back onto it, eager to be filled, but he holds you firmly in place, pressing a kiss to your thigh instead.
You reach down between his legs to gingerly grab his enormous dick, realizing that he’s so big that you can’t even wrap one hand completely around him. He sighs contentedly behind you and slowly, so slowly, pushes his finger into you, causing you to grip tighter at his manhood. You can only groan around Junkrat’s cock in your mouth, unable to say anything, not that you’d really be able to form a coherent sentence at the moment. Something to the effect of Ohhhh hell yes resonates in your mind, but you’re already having difficulty focusing on the both of them at the same time. You bob your head and take Junkrat deeper, expletives and breathy delicious sounds spilling from his lips above you, and Roadhog’s finger sinks into you at such an agonizingly teasing pace that you can’t help but back yourself onto it. This earns you another quick smack to the same spot as before, and you already know you’re going to be bruised tomorrow but right now all you can focus on is being stretched by just one of his thick fingers while you suck hard at Junkrat. Being filled from both ends like this is such pure bliss - you can already feel the heat in your gut growing quickly. Roadhog begins to thrust his finger in and out of you in time with the bobbing of your head on Junkrat. Please never let this stop runs through your head as lewd sounds get caught in your throat.

Without warning, Junkrat grasps your hair and pulls you off his cock, a thin strand of your saliva tethering the two of you together for a moment. “Just so good, love,” he huffs, catching his breath. “Wanna make this last a bit longer, though.” Roadhog pushes his finger in one last time, crooking it just so and making you whine and wriggle, before slowly pulling it out. You hear a suggestively wet sound from behind you and crane your head just in time to see him sucking your slick off his finger with a hum and fuck, does that make your insides clench marvellously.

You realize that your hand is still on his member when it throbs in your grip, and you let go momentarily to slide off his stomach before repositioning yourself between his knees. He sits up slightly, propping himself up on pillows and settling comfortably, and you kneel in front of him, placing open-mouthed kisses and biting softly at his big tattooed belly, across his hips. Just as you dip your head towards his thick length, Junkrat aligns himself behind you, squeezing your hips gently and angling them just a bit. You drag your tongue along Roadhog’s cock, making sure to lubricate it as best as you can. He rumbles and breathes heavily, as Junkrat grinds against you from behind. You hesitantly wrap your lips around the head, the tip of your tongue toying with the first barbell on the underside of his shaft. He sucks in a breath and moans loudly, and you swirl your tongue around the tip.

Before you can do much more, Junkrat presses himself into your entrance, already plenty soaked from, well, everything that’s happened so far. He slides in easily, both of you groaning and shuddering at the sensation. Even though Roadhog did a great job of stretching you with just one finger, Junkrat still feels plenty big inside of you. He gives you a moment to adjust before pulling back and thrusting into you a little deeper, and Roadhog’s dick muffles the whine that rises from your throat. You try to take more of him into your mouth, but goddammit he’s just so big . You can feel the second barbell against your lips and your mouth is already full, jaw already aching. You bring up one hand to stroke him, hoping to provide at least a little more stimulation, and as your fingers slide along his shaft he growls, hips twitching subtly. Junkrat’s grip on your hips hardens, and he slams into you, pushing you closer to your undoing, forcing Roadhog’s cock even further into your mouth and causing you to gag slightly. You feel tears forming at the corners of your eyes as you pull off of him, sucking in a deep breath while you continue stroking.

“Mmmm you alright, pet?” he purrs, reaching down to caress your hair.

“Mhmm -aaahhh ;” you try to reassure him but Junkrat pistons into you again and you can feel yourself tumble over the edge, your orgasm washing over you as your walls spasm around him. “Oh fucking hell, Jamie,” you pant, resting your forehead against stomach, your entire body shuddering. Junkrat stills behind you, breathing hard and petting your back, easing you down from your high. He gently extracts himself and you slowly sit up, smiling dazedly at the two of them.
“Need a breather, love?” Junkrat rubs small circles on your cheek with his thumb, a hint of concern in his voice. You shake your head and grin, giggling quietly.

“Nah, I'm good,” you smirk. The two of them glance at each other and share a knowing look, smiling mischievously.

“Hmm… think you’ll be able to handle me, beautiful?” Roadhog’s thick fingers wrap around his length as he strokes himself lazily. You feel a twinge of apprehension in your gut but it’s immediately overpowered by the urge to know what he feels like inside of you. Biting your lip, you nod slowly and crawl up to him seductively. Junkrat titters and grasps your ankle firmly, pulling you backwards towards him as you squeak in surprise. He roughly flips you onto your back and you giggle shrilly before he plants a hand on either side of your head, his gaze dark and intimidating.

“Wot’s the magic word?” he growls, sending a shiver up your spine.

“Please, Jamie?” you coo, employing the use of your most convincing puppy dog eyes. You know he’s just teasing you, but you play along anyway.

“Please wot?” he mouths at your neck, teeth grazing your pulse point and making you arch off the bed, whining quietly.

“Hnnng… please, I… I want Mako’s cock…” you moan, blushing at your own words. Junkrat’s sharp teeth bite at his lower lip as he suppresses a groan and nods subtly. You sit up, pushing your mouth against his and kissing him passionately for a moment before you feel Roadhog’s hot hand on your lower back. You break the kiss and smile coyly over your shoulder at him, turning and once again moving up the bed. He sits up and you switch positions, you now on your back while he towers over you. Junkrat sits up against the headboard next to your head, content to watch what’s about to happen as his fingers grasp his length leisurely.

Roadhog settles himself between your legs, spread wide to accommodate his size, and looks you up and down hungrily. “If you need me to stop, don't forget to speak up, pet,” he rumbles patiently. You nod and drag a foot across his hip, urging him closer. You feel Junkrat move next to you and he digs through the nightstand before producing a small bottle of lube. He flips the cap and dispenses a small amount onto his hand before capping it and tossing the bottle to Roadhog. The bigger man catches it easily and pours a generous amount on his fingers, rubbing the liquid for a moment to warm it up before dipping a finger into your sex.

You don't realized how empty you'd felt until that thick finger is inside you again, so slick and smooth now. His other hand grips your thigh tightly, holding your leg open, and you just know you'll have some lovely bruises tomorrow. His one finger isn't quite as big as Junkrat’s cock, but it still feels heavenly, and soon he gently presses a second finger against you and you suddenly feel more full than any toy has ever made you feel. You throw your head against the pillow, breathing heavy as small sounds of pleasure escape your throat. You turn your head to the side and catch a glimpse of Junkrat stroking himself, staring at the scene before him with heavily lidded eyes. He glances down at you and tucks some hair behind your ear with his free hand.

“Doin’ alright, sweetheart?” he huffs quietly, hand resting on your cheek. You nod and smile, turning to kiss the palm of his hand just as Roadhog scissors his fingers inside you and shit, that's amazing . You gasp and arch off the bed as he curls them against your sweet spot.

“Ahh , yes, right there… fuck , Mako, please… I'm so close,” you beg. He smirks and pumps his fingers in and out twice more before pulling them out completely. You whine and pout before you realize he's slicking up his cock and oh my God, how is that going to fit inside me goes through your head. You swallow heavily and Junkrat leans down to kiss your head.
“It'll be fine, love. He'll go nice an’ slow an’ soft. Won’t ya, Mako?” He looks up adoringly at his bodyguard.

“Of course,” he purrs, thumb rubbing gentle circles on your thigh. “Gonna make you feel so good, pet.” He readjusts himself and you can feel the thick head prodding your entrance, teasing. The lube helps immensely, and even with everything up to this point you know it’s going to hurt a fuckton but you don’t care. He presses slowly, so slowly into you and you gasp at how much he’s already stretching you.

“Holy fuck, Mako…” you manage, and he pulls out minutely to push back in, just a little further than before. You can feel the first barbell barely breach you and it feels so strangely good. He pumps out and in again, so gently, so slowly, and the barbell slides into you. “Ohhh … th-that’s new,” you stammer, and Roadhog stills above you.

“Is it ok? Do I need to stop?” he asks, voice laced with concern.

“I love it,” you tell him breathlessly. “Don’t you dare stop.” He lets out a huff and carries on, pulling out and pushing in repeatedly until you’re down to the third barbell. Junkrat keeps making little mewling sounds of pleasure next to you, struggling to keep his eyes focused on the two of you as he fondles himself. You can see precum leaking down his shaft between his fingers and you know he must be close. You’re about to say something but the words are lost on your lips as Roadhog thrusts once more and you feel the final piercing pop into you, and fuck you feel like you’re going to tear apart at the seams. “Fuck… hurts so good,” you breathe, hot tears pricking the corners of your eyes. You glance down and see the hint of a bulge in your lower abdomen and it makes you dizzy with pleasure. Directing your gaze to Roadhog’s face you see his tender eyes are locked on yours, and he’s biting his lip hard to control his urges. “You alright, big guy?” you chuckle, purposefully clenching your walls around him. He moans at your action and his eyes roll back a bit in ecstasy, black painted nails digging into your thighs as one hand moves to rest on your hip, gripping tightly. His hips twitch and you roll yours invitingly, and suddenly he’s all but pulled out of you before slamming back into place. You cry out gaspingly, and he does it again, hitting that spot inside you that lights up your whole body with fire, and you can feel another orgasm building, just barely out of reach. He’s grunting above you, skin glistening in the low light, either from exertion or holding back, you can’t quite tell, but you wish you had a camera so you could remember this view forever.

“Gh… fuckin’ hell ... heh,” Junkrat pants heavily beside you, hand sliding over his cock and gripping tightly. Roadhog pounds into you repeatedly, his piercings rubbing deliciously inside you as his skin slaps against yours. It feels incredible, so different from what you’re used to, and your focus wavers as you lose yourself to the sensations. Suddenly your body is tensing, and you’re so goddamn close.

“Ah, Mako, please… please,” you plead, absolutely desperate. Roadhog’s pace quickens and he leans over you, voice low and rumbling like thunder.

“Squeal for me .”

And that does it for you, more than the punishing and pleasurable thrusts into you, more than anything else so far - that voice, making every bone in your body rattle with the heavy bass and the powerful tone. You spasm around him, practically screaming his name, unable to control whatever other words spill from your lips. You arch off the bed into his hulking form, supersensitive to every massive inch of him inside you. He stills and pets your thighs lovingly, massaging and easing you through the aftershocks. You turn your head slightly, eyes barely able to focus as you watch Junkrat gasp out your name and Roadhog’s before strands of white shoot across his belly and up his chest. His tongue lolls out of his mouth as his chest heaves, and you have to remember to breathe as well, still recovering from your own orgasm. You turn your attention back to Roadhog just as he begins to
ease himself out of you, making you wince just a little and moan as each of the barbells slips past your entrance. He leans down a bit further, careful not to crush you, and kisses you softly.

“You good?” he whispers, voice tense. You nod, still unable to form coherent thoughts, breathing heavily. Junkrat reaches blindly for a stack of neatly folded towels on the nightstand and briefly wipes himself down before bending over you to kiss you lazily, still riding his own wave of euphoria. Roadhog sits up and moves to the edge of the bed so he’s sitting with his feet on the floor, and tosses a couple pillows down for good measure. He doesn’t even need to say anything - you and Junkrat grin widely at each other before transitioning to the floor, legs still shaky.

You both kneel in front of Roadhog, you placing one hand on his knee while Junkrat mirrors you. Your fingers wrap tightly around Roadhog’s length, still slick with your juices and now leaking a considerable amount of precum. He moans above you and as you stroke him Junkrat leans forward to swipe his tongue across the head, causing Roadhog to shudder and clutch the bed covers at his side. Junkrat places his hand on yours and you both pump faster, and he moves his mouth to tongue along the side of the shaft as you move to do the same. Roadhog’s hands come up to rest on each of your heads, encouraging you as he growls animalistically, his hips thrusting subtly in front of you. Junkrat continues stroking and you feel Roadhog’s fingers tighten in your hair, making the both of you moan happily around the girth between your mouths. Suddenly your heads are both pulled back and Junkrat presses his cheek to yours as the two of you stare up at the larger man in open-mouthed anticipation. Roadhog’s mouth hangs open and he grunts loudly as his cock pulses suddenly in your and Junkrat’s grasp, a roar of ecstasy escaping him. You close your eyes as thick cum lands across your faces and lips, hot and sweet and bitter all at once. His fingers clench and unclench in your hair as his breath catches a few times, still spilling himself onto you as his body jerks with pleasure. When he finally ceases he flops onto his back on the bed, and you can feel his seed dripping down your cheeks, your lips, your chin. Somehow he thankfully managed to avoid your eyes, and you peek through your lashes at Junkrat, face dripping, grinning ear-to-ear and staring at you hungrily. He lunges forward and his lips crash against yours, tongue snaking into your mouth, and you moan against him contentedly as he bites your lip, sucking hard to taste the mess on your mouth. When he pulls back he licks his lips lewdly.

“Damn,” Roadhog growls in an impressed tone from the bed. The two of you turn simultaneously to look at him, and see that he’s propped up on his elbows, still catching his breath. His cock twitches in interest at what you and Junkrat were just doing, but you’re sure it will be a while until he’s ready for more. Mmm… more. Now that’s an interesting thought. Junkrat takes your hand and helps you to your feet as Roadhog repositions himself higher on the bed, and one of you crawls to each of his sides. He grabs another towel from nearby and you each use one end of it to clean yourselves up a bit before settling down onto the bed. The colossal man wraps a heavy arm around each of you as you curl against his side, listening to his heartbeat, still racing but slowing to a normal pace as the seconds pass. Junkrat grasps your hand across Roadhog’s belly, fingers interlocking with yours. You all let out a collective sigh, followed by tired giggles. Now that the adrenaline is wearing off you feel just how stretched and sore you’ve become, and you struggle to keep your eyes open. Roadhog seems to recognize this and rubs your shoulders comforting.

“Happy birthday, beautiful.”

“Yeah, love. Many happy returns,” Junkrat chimes in, sounding utterly spent. Your face splits into a dopey smile and you yawn loudly. You snuggle against the wall of flesh that is Roadhog, too exhausted to care how sticky and sweaty you all are, and squeeze Junkrat’s fingers.

“Thanks, guys. Love you,” you mumble as you drift off. If you had stayed awake another moment longer, you would’ve heard two voices respond in unison.
"Love you too."

Chapter End Notes

WELL THEN. THAT HAPPENED! Pretty great birthday, right? IT IS RATHER TRICKY to write threesome smut, okay?? Also, I'm still toying with whether I'm gonna have these three stay together as a poly couple, or just go back to the way things were and possibly have some occasional fun on the side. Thoughts? Will you hate me and stop reading if I keep it this way? Cuz damn, I love this dynamic...

Anyway, thanks so much for reading this monster of a chapter! Don't forget to leave me some feedback!

EDIT: HOLY FUCK you all seem to LOVE this chapter! I'm working on responding to comments (THANK YOU), and I have taken your suggestions very seriously! As a result, I've decided to keep this fic just as Junkrat/Reader, with perhaps some more threesome fun popping up another time or two, but I will definitely be devoting an entire fic to Roadrat/Reader sometime in the future! So fear not! Hopefully this way everyone is pretty content, although I know it's impossible to make everyone 100% happy lol
Training Grounds

Chapter Summary

Birthday aftermath. And Jack decides you need some more training.

Chapter Notes

Hey, lovely readers! I am SO sorry it's taken me so long to update. This chapter... I'm not super thrilled with it, but it is what it is. Enjoy, anyway!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Pain shoots through your legs and lower body, causing you to groan as you roll over. *Ugh... what the hell?* Your joints are stiff as you attempt to stretch, a series of crackles and pops accompanying the motions, and a dull ache settles between your legs. As you yawn groggily your eyes creep open and you find yourself in an unfamiliar setting. Dozens of unlit candles line the room and you realize you're lying naked on an enormous bed, tucked in under a blanket adorned with pachimari faces. And just like that, it dawns on you, and you recall the events of the previous night. At least you think it was the previous night - feels like you've been asleep for ages.

Just as you sit up in the plush bed, the door slides open and Junkrat and Roadhog enter, each carrying trays laden with all manner of breakfast food.

“Ah, sleepin’ beauty seems ta be awake!” Junkrat crows happily. You smile sleepily and stifle another yawn before waving at the two Junkers. They approach the bed and set down the trays, sitting down carefully on either side of you so as not to topple the glasses of orange juice balanced carefully on one tray. “Thought ya might like some belated birthday breakfast in bed, even if it ain't yer birthday no more.” He snickers before adding, “Or yer bed.”

Roadhog lightly smacks him upside the head, earning him a non-threatening glare from Junkrat. The bigger man turns to you, handing you a glass of juice and a plate with pancakes and cinnamon rolls. “You sleep okay?” he murmurs.

“Like a log,” you answer, hungrily accepting the plate and plastic silverware before digging in. You're quite aware of how naked you are beneath the blanket and tuck it around yourself more. “Pretty sore now, though,” you admit. They both huff out a laugh before dishing up their own servings from the mini buffet.

“Yeah, I figured that'd be the case. Sorry ‘bout that, love,” Junkrat says sheepishly. You wave your hand dismissively, laughing as well.

“Don't worry about it, Jamie. Totally worth it,” you smirk as you take a large bite out of a cinnamon roll. It's gooey and sweet and exactly what you need right now. “Definitely the best birthday gift ever. Thank you both so much,” you beam at them, still a little too tired to care if you're talking with your mouth full.
“Anything fer my sweetheart,” Junkrat replies, leaning over to plant a syrupy sticky smooch on your cheek.

Roadhog huffs and removes his mask - you're still not over the fact that he's deemed you worthy of seeing his face. He's smirking as he reaches for a blueberry muffin. “Glad it wasn't too much for you to handle,” he says as he removes the paper lining and pops the entire muffin in his mouth. You can't help but blush slightly as your brain does a rapid replay of some of the things that happened between you three last night. You turn your attention back to your breakfast once your stomach makes a sound of hunger, happy to have a distraction.

“Ya shoulda seen McCree in the mess hall, love. Pretty sure he never just passed out there last night. Looked like he got hit by a truck, poor bloke,” Junkrat tells you through a mouthful of toast.

“That's his fault for making so many margaritas and then challenging Zarya to a drinking contest,” you chuckle. Part of you feels sorry for the cowboy, but you know he brought it on himself. “But I will have to remember to thank him. He knows how to throw one hell of a party!” The three of you chatter over the remainder of your meal - well, you and Junkrat chatter while Roadhog mostly listens - and it strikes you how pleasant it is that nothing seems very awkward after what happened. You smile at the thought, watching Roadhog berate Junkrat for getting crumbs on his comforter. Dorks.

It doesn't take long until Junkrat offers to take you back to your room as Roadhog gathers your clothes, previously flung to the far corners of his room. He hands them to you shyly, ears slightly reddening as you offer a small “Thanks, Mako,” which has him smiling warmly at you.

As Junkrat guides you to the door, you both wave to the bodyguard. “I'll catch up with ya later for debriefing, big guy!” Roadhog grunts to acknowledge him and returns the gesture, grinning at the two of you before the door slides shut. You're still so wobbly on your feet and you ache everywhere, so Junkrat wraps an arm around you in support. “I guess we really did a number on ya, eh darl?” he chuckles quietly.

“Indeed you did. Holy shit, that was something. I feel like I can sleep for a week!”

“Ya did great, sweetheart,” he murmurs, punctuating the statement with a kiss to the top of your head. You beam at him, slowly but surely making your way down the corridor to your room. Once you reach it, Junkrat ushers you inside, and scoops you up, heading to the bathroom. “I think we could both use a good scrub up after all that excitement. Time fer me ta return the favor I owe ya.” He deposits you gently on the counter before kneeling to turn on the tub faucet, adding an adequate amount of bubble bath before he stands again. He helps you strip, peppering your skin with soft, chaste kisses as he does, then carefully eases you into the tub. It's just the right temperature, and you practically melt on contact with the water.

“Ahhh… now that is what I needed,” you sigh, closing your eyes and sinking into the foamy water. He hums and removes his own clothes, balancing on the edge of the tub to remove his prosthetics.

“Scooch on over, love,” he nudges your shoulder before joining you, sliding in behind you and nestling you against his chest. “Just relax, and let me take care o’ ya.” His chest rumbles behind you and you lean back against him, letting his lithe fingers massage away all your aches and pains. He wraps his stump arm around you and pulls you close, kissing gently along your neck as you close your eyes, before tilting your head back slightly. Cupping water in his hand, he pours it over your hair, fingers carefully combing through tangles, and reaches for the bottle of shampoo on the edge of the tub. “Keep those pretty eyes shut, darl,” he husks, squeezing out a generous amount. His fingertips massage the gel into a thick lather, nails just barely scratching your scalp.

“Mmmmm…” you purr, melting against his touch. He chuckles and continues his task for another
moment before pouring more water over the suds to rinse your hair clean, careful to avoid your eyes. When he's satisfied that all the shampoo is gone, he grabs the loofah and you help by squirting a small amount of bath gel onto it. He caresses your body, gentle and tender, as if trying to erase any and all soreness left in your body. As he does, you ohhhh and sigh, reveling in the soft but firm touches. “There ya go, sweetheart. Just let ol’ Jamie work his magic.” You chuckle at that and he helps rinse you clean.

Your body definitely feels less painful than it did when you first awoke this morning. He precariously pulls himself out of the water, balancing awkwardly on the tub while he grabs a towel and dries off before reattaching his limbs. He picks up the fluffiest towel in sight and turns back to the tub.

“Alright, love, let’s get ya dried off,” he says cheerfully, and you stand carefully so as not to slip in the slick tub. He wraps the plush fabric around you and helps you step out before hugging you closer, tousling your hair with a corner of the towel and doing his best to dry you. His fingers tease your sides as he does, and you giggle quietly at the tickling touches. Thankfully, his doesn’t persist, instead scooping you up to carry you out of the bedroom. He deposits you on the bed and turns to pull some fresh pajamas from your chest of drawers. “Still feelin’ okay?” he asks over his shoulder.

“Yeah, just a little out of it. The bath helped though,” you say as he returns to you, holding out the clothes. “Thanks, Jamie. For everything.” He smiles and helps you into the cozy lounge pants and t-shirt before reclothing himself as well, tucking you into bed and settling beside you.

“More than happy ta spoil me girl on her birthday. Even if it is a bit late,” he says. “Glad we made it back in the nick o’ time.” He cradles you against him, inhaling the sweet fruity scent of body wash surrounding you. “Now, I hafta go get debriefed, but I’ll be quick. Anything I can bring ya?” He sounds hesitant, and you can tell he doesn’t want to leave you right now.

“Just yourself,” you smirk, and he smiles back.

“Right. Be back in a jiff,” he leans in and kisses you briefly before he’s hustling out the door. As the door slides shut behind him, you turn your attention to the entertainment screen on the wall. You pick a lighthearted comedy from the database and hit play, hunkering down amongst your pillows and blankets. Before you know it, you’re fast asleep.

When you wake, Junkrat is lying next to you, watching some corny action flick on the screen with the volume down low, tittering quietly to himself as an explosion engulfs some bad-looking dudes. You yawn and stretch, catching his attention, and he pauses the movie to look at you.

“Sorry, sweetheart, didn’t mean ta wake ya,” he whispers sheepishly. You snuggle into his side and press your lips to his chest before answering.

“You didn’t, don’t worry;” you say as he wraps an arm around you. You both lay like that for a while, relaxed and happy, before you decide to vocalize something that was on your mind earlier. “So… as absolutely incredible as last night was, can we talk about it?” you ask timidly, sitting up a bit in the bed as he does the same.

“Uh, yeah. Somethin’ wrong?” he sounds concerned as he turns to face you more directly.

“Nothing’s wrong, just wanna make sure we’re on the same page with a couple things.” You pause and twiddle your fingers nervously before you begin. “So, Roa- … Mako,” you correct yourself, “was that just, like, a one-time thing?” You look up at him and can tell the wheels are turning in his head, and you begin to wonder if you should clarify. “Don’t get me wrong, last night was… mind-blowingly good, it’s just… I’m not sure if I’m ready for it to be a regular thing, y’know? That’s a big
step for me.” You stop, unsure how to continue, but he reaches for your hand and holds it securely in
his.

“Sweetheart, ain’t nothin’ wrong with that. I don’t think any of us expected fer some big change ta
happen. And yer right, it would be a huge step. One that ya don’t have ta ever take if ya don’t
wanna.” He looks at you with understanding in his golden eyes, “Just wanted ta give ya a great night
ta remember, is all.” You return his smile and lean forward to kiss him tenderly.

“I will definitely remember it, Jamie.” You lean back and he looks less anxious than he did a moment
ago. “Besides, you’re more than enough for me to handle on a daily basis... at least for now,” you
smirk at him and a wicked glint shines in his eyes. “That being said, I wouldn’t necessarily be
opposed to, uh, the occasional repeat of last night’s events.” You blush a little at that confession, and
he chuckles darkly before pulling you closer.

“I’ll try ta remember that, ya naughty thing, you,” he murmurs against your neck before nipping you
lightly. You gasp and whine before he lies down with you in his arms.

“Jamie, I wish I could go another round right now, really I do, but - ahh - I’m so sore still, baby…”
you say apologetically. He groans and grinds against you once before he flops onto his back in a
huff.

“Ah, yer right, sorry, love.” He glances at you from the corner of his eye and takes a few deep
breaths to calm himself before turning his head towards you. “Yer just so damn irresistible. Ya know
that, right?” He beams at you and you blush deeply at his praise. Most times it’s difficult for you to
appreciate your body - more often than not you feel like there’s things about you that need altering.
But in Junkrat’s eyes, you’re absolute perfection. It definitely helps your self-esteem, especially on
your down days.

“If you say so,” you mumble, fumbling a bit to grab his hand. He props his metal arm behind his
head and winks at you.

“I do say so. So there!” he proclaims, and you can’t help but giggle and roll your eyes slightly.
“Wanna finish me movie? Just gettin’ ta the really good bit where the whole buildin’ comes down!”

Of course that’s his favorite part, you think to yourself, more than a little amused. “Sure thing.” He
hits play and turns the volume up just in time to capture the screams of some poor soul meeting his
demise at the hands of a rocket launcher.

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Jack has decided that you should step up your training in the off-time not spent in your lab. Not only
does he want you to familiarize yourself with a wider variety of firearms, but some hand-to-hand
defensive tactics are on his agenda for you as well. It’s just as well, since you’ve basically hit a
freaking brick wall in terms of your research. You’ve spent days on end now in your workspace,
absolutely stumped and unable to come up with any practical or usable reactions. It’s left you irritable
and frustrated - something Jack clearly thinks some physical training will help with.

And so you find yourself knocked onto your ass for what seems like the hundredth time today while
the grizzled soldier reaches a helping hand towards you. How can he be so old and yet so fit? you
wonder as his muscles ripple under a tank top and compression shorts. You gratefully accept his help
getting to your feet, feeling the aches deep in your bones despite it only being your first day of this
new training.

“Gotta watch that left side of yours, Agent. You keep leaving yourself wide open,” he chastises you
as you catch your breath. “But you seem to be getting the hang of it.”

“Thank you, sir,” you breathe heavy before taking up a defensive stance once again. Feet wide but not too far apart, balancing on the balls of your feet, hands clenched into fists and arms raised slightly in front of your torso. He acknowledges that you’re ready to continue and prepares to make his move. Decades of combat have honed his abilities, and you know he’s taking it slow since this is your first exposure to this sort of training.

He slides a foot along the floor, moving to circle around you, and you adjust your stance to keep him in front of you. Aside from your own heavy breathing and heartbeat pounding in your ears, the room is silent. Jack’s glowing visor is unreadable, and suddenly he darts forward, his fist raised to strike. You nimbly sidestep and he ducks to sweep his leg at your ankles. You hop over it and land a well-aimed kick to his shoulder before creating more distance between the two of you. He huffs and rolls away, standing and resuming his previous stance.

“Not bad, Agent. But let’s pick up the pace, shall we?” you can hear the smirk in his voice and it only eggs you on further.

“Oh, bring it, grandpa,” you reply snarkily, and immediately regret the words as soon as they’ve left your mouth. He’s in your face in an instant, swinging for your head as you duck in a panic. *Shit shit SHIT*. As you duck, you turn so your shoulder is facing his chest and push up and into it *hard*. It gives you the tiniest bit of breathing room before he’s on you again, and this time his thick leg is coming at you in an arc and his shin connects with your side. It knocks the air out of you with an “*Oof*” but you have just enough presence of mind to grab his leg and swing him with all your might, managing to knock him off balance and away from you. You both stumble upright again and your head is spinning slightly, huffing and puffing as he squares up across from you. Your eyes narrow and a sound disfigured by his mask reaches your ears. *Was that a laugh? Oh HELL NO*.

A low growl escapes your throat as you lunge at him. You fake a punch and spin to the side as he reaches forward to intercept you, instead elbowing him forcefully in the ribs. He attempts to spin and catch you as you move, but you kick into the backs of his knees and he collapses to the floor. You set yourself up for an elbow drop to his back, but he rolls away just as you near the ground. You instantly realize your mistake, and your elbow strikes the floor and you see stars for a second from the pain. Even though the practice mat is thickly cushioned, it still hurts like hell. You glance up just in time to see him diving towards you, and you put up your hands to grab his shoulders, digging your toes into his gut and straightening your legs, using his own momentum to flip his form over your head. Somehow he manages to twist mid-air and lands more or less on his feet. You scramble upright just in time to feel his shoulder make contact with your left hip, body-checking you with such force that you slide across the mat on your right side.

You try to get up but your elbow buckles underneath you and chin hits the mat, rattling your teeth. A groan leaves you and you notice after a split second that Jack isn’t coming after you. You turn your head swiftly and see him striding across the space between you, reaching down to help you stand.

“Grandpa, huh?” he teases, and you accept his help sheepishly. “Don’t feel so bad, Agent. You’re actually doing great so far.” His compliment catches you off-guard and you find yourself at a loss for words. “I think that’s enough for today, though. Off to a good start, but you’ve still a long ways to go. We’ll alternate these combat training days with a few days at the shooting range, so meet there tomorrow at 0700 hours. Understood?”

You snap to attention before responding. “Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.”

The smile is clear in his voice when he dismisses you. You hobble back to your room, muscles begging you to stop moving and just lie down. But you make it to your quarters, where you
immediately collapse onto the couch, despite the pile of laundry waiting to be folded at one end of it. *I need to shower… you think dazedly. If I don't get back up soon, inertia will take over and I'll be stuck here forever.* It's a tempting idea, but your sports bra is soaked with sweat and it's beginning to get rather uncomfortable.

Groaning loudly, you sit up and manage to make it to the bathroom, peeling off articles of clothing along the way. Once you get the shower going, you just stand under the stream of hot water for a few moments, trying to find the willpower to move and actually wash yourself. After simply zoning out and staring at the tile wall for a few minutes, you finally get the process started. Pretty soon you're dry and dressed in a fresh set of comfy clothes, flopping down on the couch moments before Junkrat enters.

“Hey, love. How’d it go?” You can't even lift your head to look at him, simply grunting in response to his greeting. He chuckles and you hear him making his way toward you before his face comes into view above you. “That well, eh?”

“I'm not moving another muscle as long as I live,” you mumble dramatically. He gently lifts your legs and sits down with them in his lap, lightly massaging your thighs.

“He's a tough one, 76. Just remember, darl, the pain ain't forever. Just gotta push past it, yeah?” he says encouragingly. You hum in agreement and close your eyes. “Range tomorrow?” he asks after a moment.

Your brows come together in confusion and you actually raise your head to look at him. “I didn’t tell you that yet…” you say, narrowing your eyes at him. “How did you know?”

He grins widely at you before replying with a wink. “Cuz I'm yer trainer fer tomorrow!”

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The next morning, Junkrat heads to the shooting range before you to make sure everything is set up. By the time you arrive, aimbots are standing at the ready downrange, and everything looks to be in order. Jack and Junkrat seem to be finishing a conversation as you approach. Jack turns to you, all business.

“Good morning, Agent. Today you'll be working on explosives and similar offensive weapons and how to properly deploy them in the field. At least the basics, anyway. A well-trained field agent should be familiar with all weaponry at their disposal. Any questions?”

“No, sir.”

“Alright, you two, I'll let you get started. I'll be watching from the observation deck, so… do try and stay focused.” He turned to look directly at Junkrat with that, who giggled mischievously.

“Yessiree!” You could practically hear Jack’s eyes rolling as he strides away. Junkrat sticks his tongue out at the retreating back of the Commander before looking at you and clapping his hands together. “Right! Let's get this train rollin’, shall we, love?”

He directs you over to a table that has a wide variety of devices on it. Most of them are recognizable, but some you've never seen before. “Now, for many reasons, we won't be usin’ most o’ these today. Overkill fer the bots, and all. But 76 wants me ta brief ya on ‘em all anyway. So, first off…” he dives into a long lecture about the deadly gadgets you see before you on the table. Projectiles, traps - you name it, he has it. He even goes so far as to explain how each type is constructed, and why every device’s anatomy is unique to its purpose. As enlightening and informative as it all is, what makes it
so interesting is watching Junkrat’s face light up with every word, every explanation, his eyes glowing with excitement as he so eloquently describes his creations. If it was possible to fall in love with him all over again, you would right now.

When he finally comes to the end of his lesson, he turns to you expectantly. “Ya got all that?” You nod and he beams. “Great! Now onto the fun bit - target practice!” he reaches under the table and pulls out his frag launcher. But wait, now that you look at it, it's not actually his frag launcher. It's smaller, and the barrel is a bit different, and the ammo…

“Are those my redoxxers?” you ask in disbelief. He nods enthusiastically and hands you the weapon, showing you how to hold it comfortably. “Wait, did… did you make this for me?” you ask incredulously.

“Sure did!” he says proudly. “Jack thought it might be a good way fer ya ta get ‘em a lot further into the field than just chuckin’ ‘em. I basically made it just like mine, but a bit easier ta handle. Plus, since yer ammo acts sorta like tiny explosions, it’s better ta start off slow ta get yerself used ta the aiming mechanics and such,” he lowers his voice, “We'll get ta the real explosives later.” He smirks and you can't help but blush as you force your attention back to your new weapon. He goes over each part, making sure you're following along by having you repeat things back to him along the way. Soon you feel like you know this launcher really well, and he steps you up to the shooting range.

“Right, I also modified the casings on yer redoxxers so they bounce a few times like mine, too. Better practice fer the actual thing, if ya ever have ta use live ammo. Might take some gettin’ used ta, but you'll get the hang of it,” he pats your back reassuringly. As you bring the launcher up to your shoulder, the bots begin moving back and forth. You flick off the safety, somewhat surprised he'd even included such a feature, and squeeze the trigger to get a feel for the recoil. The butt kicks into your shoulder with a decent amount of force, but not enough to throw you off-balance or anything. The orb bounces once, then twice, then explodes into goo on the third bounce, causing one of the bots to get stuck in place.

“Not too shabby, love. Think ya can hit two with one shot?” You scan the range for a few bots that seem to be somewhat closer together, and aim your launcher so that you think the bounces will be timed perfectly. And they are. You manage to stop three bots in their tracks and you smile triumphantly. “Atta girl! Lemme see what else ya got.” You spend the next hour or so finding various ways to bounce the redoxxers off of every surface available, discovering some really interesting angles of attack in the process. Your timing is impeccable, and by the time you’re ready to move on, even Junkrat is impressed.

“Wot say we move on ta somethin’ a bit stronger,” he says as he grabs another item from the table. He begins instructing you on the proper usage of real explosives. The first one you set off is one of his mines. You chuck it into the path of a group of bots and when they're right on top of it, you press the detonator he had handed you. The resulting damage is incredible, as mechanical bits rain down onto the smoldering crater left on the range. Your body buzzes with adrenaline and excitement, and you spend the next few hours getting comfortable with a wide range of the deadly devices. By the end of your training session, you’ve actually worked up a sweat with the exertion of throwing the explosives and feeling the rush of heat in your face as they detonate. As the flames die down, you feel Junkrat’s hand on your shoulder.

“I think that’s enough fer today,” he grins down at you proudly. “Ya did fantastic, ya really are a natural with the timing and everythin’!” He turns and brandishes a thumbs up toward the observation deck above the shooting range, and you see Jack nod at you through the glass, indicating that you’re released for the day as he steps towards the exit. You breathe a heavy sigh, able to relax a bit now
that you know you’re allowed to do so.

“That was… actually really fun. And I still can’t believe you made me my own launcher.” You pat it affectionately as you return it to the table with what’s left of the other explosives. As you turn to face him you see his eyes dart to the window of the observation deck before he pulls you to him roughly, lips finding yours and kissing you passionately before you can say another word.

“Fuck, darl, ya look so hot blowin’ shit up…” he growls as his teeth graze your neck. You gasp and wrap your arms around his neck as his hands grasp your hips. “Made it so hard fer me ta focus… watchin’ ya like that…” His breath is heavy as he kisses you again, his tongue pressing between your lips and smothering your moans. Suddenly he pulls away, leaving you breathless, and hoists you over his shoulder like you weigh nothing. “Time ta continue this lesson in private ,” he chuckles, slapping your ass lightly.

Oh. You feel heat rise in your face, and suddenly you’re very eager to get back to your room.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter Summary

Time for a little one-on-one training

Chapter Notes

Hey folks, sorry this chapter took a bit. I got really inspired right in the beginning but then kinda... got overwhelmed with life. But here it is! Enjoy!

Junkrat practically flings you onto the bed and you bounce lightly from the force, both of you giggling excitedly. He crawls across the bed towards you seductively as you simply watch, his predatory gaze locked on yours.

“Ya’ve no idea what ya do ta me sometimes, sweetheart,” he purrs as he approaches you. You smile coyly before he kisses you.

“Why don't you explain it to me then?” you whisper against his mouth. He nips at your lip and sighs, tittering and eager.

“Was thinkin’ I might show ya instead. Ya know, more of a hands on lesson.” He reaches for your hand and guides it between his legs, and you can feel his shorts already tented over his twitching erection. You palm him through the fabric, nails scratching over the rough canvas as he moans over you. Suddenly he pulls away, fingers hooking in your waistband and removing your pants and underwear in one smooth action. You scramble to discard your shirt and bra while he hastily strips himself of his shorts as well, his member springing free. You both simply stare at each other for just a moment before he lunges at you, uneven teeth clattering against yours as he smothers your mouth with his.

It's hot and heavy and just what you need after the last two days of this gruelling new training regimen. Junkrat drags you out of your train of thought by sucking hard at your lower lip before thrusting his tongue deep into your mouth. Without separating from you, his hands reach down to spread your legs apart so he can settle between them. You're already so slick with arousal, he slides one of his flesh fingers into you easily. You moan loudly and he breaks the kiss, letting the sounds you make fill the room. He runs his tongue over your bottom lip, panting heavily already as he works his finger in and out of you. Soon he adds another, and you can feel the stretch of your walls around them as he pumps them in and out. His thumb circles your clit and his fingers curl inside you and oh God, it's so much already... so much...

“Jamie, I'm so close, I—”

He withdraws his hand, now placing one on either side of your head and leaning over you. “Nuh uh uh, love. Not just yet,” he whispers in your ear. “You'll cum when I say ya can,” he punctuates the statement by dragging his tongue up your jawline, sharp teeth pulling at your earlobe. You squirm
and whine beneath him, but decide that it might be in your best interest to do as you're told. He kisses and sucks hard along your neck, and you just know you're going to have a collection of dark hickey

spots after he’s marked you. He makes his way down your chest, leaving a trail of deep purple blotches along the way.

His metal hand reaches for your breast, kneading and squeezing as his mouth sucks hard at your nipple, jagged teeth brushing against the sensitive spot pleasantly. Your hand grasps at the back of his head, fingers tangling in wild blond hair in an attempt to ground yourself. His other hand finds its way between your legs once again, fingers sliding against your soaked entrance as his thumb massages your clit more.

“Such a nice wet cunt fer me, love. So slick, so nice and tight.” Two fingers press into you and you gasp at the sudden insertion. His tongue swirls around the firm peak before softly biting at the fleshy nub. You keen loudly and jerk your hips against his hand.

“Did such a good job out there today, darl. Such a good girl,” he praises you as he thrusts his fingers into you, roughly and repeatedly. “So good at followin’ instructions.” You barely hear his words, feeling your orgasm building once again deep within you.

“Please, Jamie…”

His motions slow to a stop, making you whine needily. You attempt to roll your hips against him but he pulls his hand away and pins you forcefully to the bed, lifting his amber eyes to look at you reproachfully.

“Now now, wot did I just say, hmm? Ya gonna listen and behave, or am I gonna have ta punish ya?” he growls, as if he's eager for you to disobey. One part of your brain tells you to do as he says, but the part of you that's desperate for release bucks your hips up towards him as you whine needily. “Hmm, looks like I'll have ta teach ya some manners,” he says menacingly as he sits up. He settles himself on the edge of the bed before commanding you, “C’mere.” The tone of his voice makes you shudder but you do as he says this time. He guides you to lie across his lap and suddenly you know what's coming.

You position yourself and he rubs your ass with his flesh hand. “Only good girls get ta cum,” he whispers in your ear, and it makes you squirm across his knees. “But yer not bein’ a good girl now, are ya?” When you don't respond, his metal hand comes down on your plush rear with a sharp smack. You gasp and he says “I asked ya a question. Are ya bein’ a good girl?”

“No…” you respond timidly.

“Tell me wot ya are then,” he goads you as his flesh hand rubs over your thighs tenderly.

“I'm… I'm a bad girl,” you stammer. He places another biting slap on your ass, making you jerk slightly.

“That's right, yer a bad girl. Tryin’ ta cum without permission. Such a naughty thing.” He spanks you again, harder this time, and you can feel the heat rise to the surface of your skin where he strikes you with that smooth metal. You keen quietly, Goddamn, it hurts so good. He kneads the tender flesh momentarily before smacking you again, harder, and you moan breathily. “Are ya gonna be good from now on?”

“I'll be good, I promise,” you whisper, just loud enough for him to hear. He spanks you roughly one last time, making you cry out, before lifting you and tossing you back onto the bed so that you're
lying on your back.

“Good girl,” he smirks at you. He leans forward and presses one more sloppy kiss to your mouth before he positions himself between your knees. You can feel his breath on your sex and he drags a finger across your lower lips. You can’t help but marvel yourself at just how wet you are, and between that thought and the sting on your ass, you’re more aroused than ever.

Without another warning, he latches onto you, tongue lapping at you hungrily, and you throw your head back and groan in delight. His hot mouth works at you and you fist the sheets in your hands, crying out from just how incredible and overwhelming it feels. Suddenly he adjusts his angle and begins tongue-fucking you roughly, the thick strong muscle twisting inside you. Holy shit I'm not gonna last if he keeps this up.

“Ah, baby… hnnng … I can’t… fuck … Jamie…” you gasp, muscles straining to hold back your release. Junkrat withdraws his tongue and instead reinserts his fingers, pumping in and out at an incredible pace, and curling right in that spot oh fuck. You look down, locking eyes with him as he grins up at you.

“Cum fer me, sweetheart.” He leans in to suck hard at your clit, never breaking eye contact, and it’s your undoing. You claw at the bed, scrambling for some sort of purchase as your body spasms and you cry out, overwhelmed; your walls clenching around his fingers rhythmically as it all washes over you. Your head lolls to the side as you gasp for air, and when you come down enough you look and he trails his tongue across you seductively, making you shudder. He pulls away and a thin string of your collective fluids tethers you together before it breaks. The entire lower half of his face is shining with your slick as he turns his smoldering gaze to you. “Mmmm… there's me good girl,” he murmurs, dipping his tongue once more against you and tracing your swollen clit. You squirm with the overstimulation and he kisses your inner thigh softly before swiping his arm across his face. He sits up and drags you upright against him, pressing his ravenous lips to yours and you can still taste yourself on him. It's heady and he's riling you up all over again.

Junkrat pulls you closer across the bed towards where he sits and you straddle his lap, his member throbbing against you. You grind against him eagerly, and he grasps your thighs hard enough to leave bruises. Your hands grip his shoulders as he lifts you slightly, lining himself up before pressing you down to his lap.

“Ah! F-fuck!” you cry as his cock fills you in one swift motion, your fingers digging into his back. His eyes are screwed tightly shut and his brow is furrowed in concentration. After you both take a very brief moment to adjust, he lifts you again before impaling you on his length. You both moan and he repeats the motion, this time harder. Soon the sound of your gasps mingle with his breathy giggles as the two of you find the perfect rhythm, your thighs straining to help you rise each time he lifts you almost completely off of him. It feels incredible, to feel yourself sinking roughly onto every hard inch of him like this. He mouths at your collarbone and bites your flesh, just short of breaking the skin. You moan loudly and he pistons into you faster, laving the spot with his tongue to ease the pain. He captures your lips with his, and it's all such a dizzying combination of sensations that your breath catches in your throat.

Suddenly he adjusts his grip on your thighs, hooking your knees with his elbows, causing you to hold more tightly to his shoulders, as he rises to his knees and maneuvers himself to the edge of the bed so that he's standing while you cling to him. He carries you across the room, still inside you and still making out with you. He reaches the wall and pins you against it, pressing his body against yours, trapping you. He thrusts into you experimentally and the new angle is… it's… absolute heaven.
“Ohhh,” you groan, completely overtaken by pleasure as your head falls back against the wall. He chuckles darkly in your ear.

“Mmm ya like that, do ya?” He drills into you roughly again and your nails scratch his back, making him growl deliciously. “Ya love when I throw ya around an’ just have me way with ya, hmm?” He punctuates his question by slamming into you, sending a tremor through the wall.

“Ah! Yes, Jamie,” the words spill from your lips as you lose yourself to the pace he's setting. His hips slow a few moments later and you can't help the drawn out whine that escapes you.

“Mmm wot’s the magic word, love? Lemme hear ya… wanna hear ya beg fer it,” he says as his tip teases at your entrance, just barely slipping inside before pulling out again.

You bite your lip so hard you're sure you're about to taste blood. Even just that feels incredible… goddamn, he's so good. You clutch at his shoulders, and you can't take the teasing touches any longer. “Please, Jamie, please … just fuck me, please,” you plead, desperate to be filled again. Without another word he obliges, sheathing himself in you rapidly and roughly. He happens to hit that spot inside you that makes you see stars, and your whole body vibrates with the pressure. “Fuck! Oh God, yes… right fucking there… oh fuck please don't stop, Jamie…” He pounds you against the wall, your hip bones surely bruising but you really don't give a shit because holy hell this is incredible. He's grunting and giggling and panting against you and it's all so much you can barely contain the growing heat inside you.

He seems to sense this and grips you tighter, his fingers digging into you almost painfully. You look at him and his pupils are blown wide, his eyes glowing passionately. “Are ya gonna cum fer me again, darl? Wanna feel ya around me… squeezin’ me while I fuck ya senseless… wanna hear ya scream my name.”

His words send a shock up your spine, and whether he wanted you to or not, you're screaming his name repeatedly as wave after wave of your orgasm hits you, your walls clenching tightly around him as he continues to fuck you through it all. Your nails scrape his back harshly, nerves on fire as ecstasy overwhelms you. But instead of slowly floating down from your high, it seems to build to another crescendo as he keeps slamming into that spot within you, and you feel something in your abdomen, pulled tight like a band, suddenly snap. You didn't know anything could feel this incredible, this unbelievably good, this fucking great. All you can do is hold on for dear life as you feel a gush of fluids from your groin and a mind-bogglingly good new sensation, and suddenly there's a lot more liquid dripping from you and it squelches obscenely as Junkrat's skin slaps against yours with his motions.

After a few more thrusts he slows and stops, kissing you briefly before carrying you back to the bed as moisture drips down his thighs. When he pulls out of you, you wince slightly, but it's only a brief feeling of discomfort.

“Think ya can handle some more?” he asks, lazily stroking himself while you regain the slightest bit of composure.

“I… fuck, I can't even think straight,” you laugh breathily. He hovers over you and presses a kiss to your lips, slightly less frenzied than before but still with a weight of hunger to it. When he pulls away, you sit up to follow him but he pushes you forcefully back onto the bed.

“Nah, ya stay riight there, love. I know just wot I wanna do with ya.” He climbs up your prone form until he's straddling your waist, just below your ribcage, and your hands settle on his thighs. He presses his hips forward until his flushed tip barely brushes your lips. “Get it nice an’ wet fer me, there's a good girl.”
Even in your blissful stupor you're pretty sure you know where he's going with this as you begin sucking at him obediently. He purrs contentedly above you, fingers stroking your jaw and clutching your hair. Once you've drooled over him enough he settles back slightly, grasping your breasts and pressing them together around his slick cock. You feel his muscular thighs flex under your fingertips as he thrusts experimentally and you both moan at the new sensation.

“Awww *fuck* yeah, darl,” he hums, head tipping back in ecstasy only momentarily before he turns his attention back to your face. His eyes practically glow with the faint trace of gold around his dark pupils, blown wide with arousal. He squeezes the mounds of flesh in his hands, thumb flicking deftly over a stiffened nipple to elicit a whining moan from you as you attempt to arch your back under his touch. “So nice an’ sensitive fer me… ya like when I fuck yer perfect tits, eh?” He emphasizes the question by thrusting deeper, so that the tip of his reddened cock peeks from between your full breasts. You smirk up at him before leaning forward, tongue swiping at the glistening precum smeared across his slit. He shivers and bucks into your mouth, pinching your nipples teasingly. “*Oh*, does my girl want somethin’?” You nod, open-mouthed, tongue hanging out expectantly. He kneads your breasts appreciatively before growling, “Tell me wot ya want.”

You’re too turned on to be shy about your reply. “I wanna taste you… feel you dripping down my throat… *fuck.*” He thrusts faster into that tight space and you bring your hands up to press your breasts together tightly as he leans forward to plant his hands firmly on either side of your head, gripping the sheets desperately. “Want you to make a mess of me, Jamie.”

He groans and bites his lip hard as you watch him start to lose control, pistoning his hips with wild abandon as he nears his climax. The force of his actions causes your breasts to bounce almost painfully, and with each forward motion his weeping cock brushes against your tongue. You gaze up at him, his eyes tightly shut and when he opens them… the sight beneath him is so overwhelming he simply can't hold back any longer. He gasps for air and his member pulses against your flesh. Your eyes close as you feel his hot thick cum on your lips, dribbling down your tongue as you feel more land across your cheeks, the bridge of your nose, your chin. Junkrat shudders above you, his breathy moans and whimpers like music to your ears as his motions stutter. You can feel his seed dripping down your neck now, starting to cool rapidly and giving you goosebumps.

Finally his hips still, and you can feel his arms shaking, struggling to hold him up, as he rolls off of you and flops onto his back next to you. He's breathing heavily, and you open your eyes to find his arms shaking, struggling to hold him up, as he rolls off of you and flops onto his back next to you. He's breathing heavily, and you open your eyes to find his hand and grasp it in yours. He manages to tilt his head towards you, still in a daze, and he grins and chuckles softly.

“Ain't ya a sight…” he mumbles, and you can't help but blush now. You lick your lips and taste his essence, grinning wickedly as you swallow it down. He hums at the display and squeezes your hand before you rise to go clean up.

When you look in the mirror the state of your face makes you do a double take. *Wow, that's actually… really hot.* You take a moment to gaze at yourself, at all the bite marks and hickeys that decorate your skin. before you wash your face and neck in the sink, using a towel to wipe away the water droplets once you're clean. As you return to your room you glance over to where Junkrat had fucked you against the wall. “Holy shit, is that from me?” you ask as you note the dark patch of carpet on the floor. He snickers from the bed in response.

“I'll admit, I wasn't expectin’ *that*, sweetheart. But fuck, it was somethin’.,” You blush and crawl onto the bed into his open arms. They wrap around you as he presses a warm kiss to your head. He's sighs happily before he asks you, “Ya ever do somethin’ like that before?” You shake your head subtly, a little embarrassed. “Well it was incredible, love. First time fer both of us, I s'pose.” He giggles excitedly, murmuring to himself, “Can't believe I made ya squirt.” You blush harder and
lightly smack his chest, making him twitch at the unexpected contact and giggle louder. You look up at him and he looks so incredibly happy it nearly breaks you. He notices your gaze and returns it, his citrine eyes ablaze with light. “Glad ya wanted me ta finish like that, though. Ever since Roadie made a mess of ya before I've wanted ta give it a go meself.”

You recall the image of yourself in the mirror moments before, face streaked with translucent white, and you grin up at him. “I like it when you make me filthy like that,” you admit, and you watch his Adam’s apple bob as he swallows hard. “And I love when you fuck me rough and hard. When you're in control. I'm not sure why, but I do.” You lean forward a bit, craning your neck to press your lips to his. “I love you, Jamie. I love everything about you,” you murmur against his mouth. He practically melts beneath you, humming as his fingers trace your back. “I loved watching you talk about all that stuff today, too. It was the best lesson I've ever had.” You sit up minutely to look at his face and he's downright blushing.

“Ah, ya don't mean that…” he mutters, but you cup his face gently and look him in the eyes.

“I do mean that. It was… inspiring,” you beam at him, recalling everything he'd taught you today. “I love you so much,” you say again, fingers playing with his hair idly.

His eyes well up with tears and one falls down his grinning face as he pulls you closer. “I love ya too.” You kiss and, though it's not wild and heated, it holds all the passion that can't be expressed in words alone.

Chapter End Notes

Nothing like some good dom!Rat now and then, right? ;3 I hope I didn't jump around too much in this chapter, it was a bit hard to focus on but I'm pretty pleased with the outcome. Thanks a ton for your patience and for reading!!!
Your in-depth training begins to plague your waking hours - it seems Jack was simply taking it easy on you those first few days. Running drills for agility, stamina, power, weapons efficiency; you name it, he’s made you do it all so many times you’ve lost track by now. If it weren’t for the muscle memory you’ve started to acquire, your fried brain and body would have given up long ago. Well, that and the fact that you’re pretty sure you wouldn’t be able to face anyone on the team if you decided to call it quits. *If they can do it, so can I, dammit!* you keep telling yourself whenever it gets especially rough.

Winston has told you to take a break from your research until this advanced training is over, which takes a bit of weight off your sore and aching shoulders. After the daily hours of metaphorical torture, you’re grateful that at least you don’t have to force your brain to piece together coherent scientific thoughts.

“Ngh… not that hard, please,” you murmur, utterly drained for the umpteenth day in a row. Junkrat’s sitting behind you on the bed, attempting to massage away your aches and pains just like he does every night. No matter how late you return, he’s always waiting up for you, ready to comfort you any way he can.

“Sorry, love,” he kisses the back of your neck. “Sometimes I still forget how strong this one can be.” He flexes his metal hand and smiles before returning to his task, notably gentler than before yet still effective.

“’S okay. I just hope this hell is over soon. I can’t remember what it feels like to wake up in the morning not aching all over.” He chuckles and presses his lips to your skin again.

“Hmm… I think I might have a bit o’ somethin’ ta help with that. Need ta check with Roadie first tho…” he trails off and you groan loudly.

“Jameee… I admit, that was fun, but I am in no shape for more of that anytime soon. My body would literally fall apart.”
“Wot? No no, not that!” he laughs and pulls you into his lap so he can wrap his arms around your waist. “I was just gonna see if his grow in the greenhouse is ready yet, that’s all. Might need ta restock the stash.” It takes you a few moments of intense thought before you catch up with what he’s telling you.

“Wait… stash? Are you saying what I think you’re saying?” You turn your head to watch his face as he fails to hide a grin, feigning innocence. “Jamison Fawkes, is there weed in the greenhouse?! You crawl out of his lap just enough to turn and fully face him, his eyes wide at your use of his full name.

“Uh, well… yeah? I mean, it’s not like we don’t have permission for it. ‘S good ta have around. Ya know, ta relax every now and then,” he explains nonchalantly.

“Hmm. Well, I’ll take your word for it. I wouldn’t know.” You shrug and he chuckles.

“Aw c’mon, love. Yer tellin’ me ya’ve never had a little whacky tabacky?” he drawls humorously, wiggling his eyebrows, but your only response is a shake of your head.

“Nope, can’t say I have. Just never had the opportunity, I guess.”

“Well, if yer up fer it, I think it’ll really help ya, sweetheart. Honest and true, it makes all the hurtin’ go away like that,” he snaps his fingers to emphasize his point. “Well, maybe not exactly like that, but it definitely helps. Whaddya say?” he looks at you expectantly. It’s true you’ve wondered what it feels like to be high, and how can you say no to those orange puppy dog eyes?

Sighing, you agree. “Alright. Let’s do it tomorrow after training. I’ve gotta get some sleep for tonight. Deal?”

“Deal!” He hunkers down next to you in the bed, pulling the covers around you both as you settle into the least painful position for your sore body. “Now get some rest, love. I’ll be here when ya wake up.” You barely hear his words as your exhaustion catches up with you and you fall asleep.

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You shower as quickly as your worn out muscles allow once you finish training the next day. Jack had surprised you at the end of today’s session by telling you that other than practicing what you’ve learned the last few weeks, there’s nothing more that he or the other agents can teach you - at least for now. The relief that washed over you at his words felt almost as good as the hot water now cascading down your back. Toweling dry, you throw on your comfiest pair of sweats, which just may or may not be plastered with pachimaris, as well as a cozy sweatshirt. As soon as you pull it on, Junkrat bursts into your room with grocery bags fit to burst with every kind of junk food imaginable, Roadhog in tow.

“Ah, perfect timin’!” the smaller of the two men proclaims, dumping his snack offerings on the coffee table. Roadhog ducks into the doorway and waves a greeting in your direction. You notice that his other hand grips a small black canvas bag. “Can never have too many munchies on hand, ya know?” Junkrat begins separating the packages into piles: sweet, salty, sour, crunchy, etc. It’s quite an impressive selection.

Suddenly you’re wondering if you really should try this. I mean, it’s not like it can kill me. Roadhog settles on one end of the couch, Junkrat at the other, and then the bigger Junker begins to unpack the paraphernalia from his little bag onto the cleared off space on the table. Junkrat turns to look expectantly at you, patting the seat between him and Roadhog invitingly.

“C’mon over, love, let’s get this party started!” he grins. Mako slips his mask off and smiles at you
You hesitate for just a moment, then hunker down between the two, fingers picking at the edge of your shirt.

“You don’t actually have to, you know,” Roadhog’s voice rumbles quietly next to you. You look up at him nervously and Junkrat rubs a hand on your shoulder.

“Oh yeah, darl, absolutely! Won’t be upsettin’ me any if ya change yer mind. Just thought ya might enjoy it, is all.” His eyes search yours for an answer. You breathe a deep sigh.

“Well, I suppose this can be my way of celebrating the end of training,” you tell him with a smirk.

“End of training? Why didn’t ya say so! Course that’s somethin’ ta celebrate!” he cackles giddily. Roadhog reaches forward and retrieves a small glass pipe from the table. It’s really quite beautiful - ribbons of colored glass are swirled throughout the body of it. It looks absolutely miniscule in his massive hand. You watch closely as he opens an airtight jar filled with dried greenery, and your nose is assaulted with the pungent smell.

“Holy crap, that’s strong,” you raise your eyebrows and try to breathe normally. He chuckles and plucks a tiny amount from the jar, placing it in the bowl of the pipe.

“Special strain. Developed it myself.” He watches you watching him for a second before continuing. “Real smooth high. Promise.”

“S the truth, sweetheart. Shit’s good,” Jamie chimes in, hugging you around the waist as you both watch Mako’s methods. It’s incredible how daintily he works with such big fingers. In another moment the bowl is packed and ready as Roadhog passes it past you to Jamie. He takes a few moments to show you how to use the pipe with the lighter, taking a quick hit and holding it in for a few seconds before releasing it. “Ready fer a try?” he asks, offering you the lighter and pipe. You take them shakily from him, still unsure of what you’re doing.

“So, like this?”

“Yeah, just don’t burn the whole bowl at once. Make it last. There ya go.”

You inhale a bit too sharply, and despite trying to stifle a cough you end up spluttering smoke and gasping for breath. Jamie takes the items from your hands and places them on the table, patting your back gently and rubbing circles until your breath stops hitching in your throat.

“Yeah, that almost always happens the very first hit. Just try an’ breathe, love. That’s it.” You wipe the tears from your eyes, more than a little embarrassed, but the two of them smile and you realize you have nothing to be ashamed about.

“Tastes kinda… sweet,” you finally manage. “Am I supposed to feel anything yet?”

“Give it a bit. Or you can take another hit while you wait. Up to you.” Mako takes it from the table and takes a long toke, holding his breath for quite a while before releasing it in a thick cloud of smoke. You watch enraptured, still amazed that anyone can do this shit without hacking up a lung every time.

“I’ve got an idea!” Jamie exclaims, making you jump just a little in surprise. He snatches the pipe and lighter from Roadhog then looks at you squarely. “Now, just breathe nice and easy, alright?” You’re confused for a second until he inhales deeply from the pipe, then holds his breath as he sets the items aside. He turns your head so you’re facing one another, then leans in, his lips barely parted as he kisses you. You understand now, and breathe deeply as he exhales, pushing smoke into your mouth. It’s definitely a lot smoother this time, no more coughing, and you can taste more of an earthy
bitterness now. He pulls away and tendrils of smoke slowly dissipate into the air. “Better?” he asks expectantly, his grin wide.

You turn to exhale away from his face. “Way better. Great idea, baby. I dig it!”

“Hmm… you dig it?” Roadhog chuckles and after a moment adds, “Groovy.” He winks at you before taking another hit and settling further into the cushions of the couch. Jamie snuggles up to you, reaching over and snatching the pipe for another turn.

“I think this is the best batch yet, Roadie. Can’t wait until it kicks in!” He lounges against your side and blows a few smoke rings that drift into nothingness in a matter of seconds. “So ya really done with all that extreme trainin’, love? I want me girl back… feel like I’ve barely seen ya fer weeks now…” he pouts.

“Yes, my dear, I’m all done. Finally. Not sure I could’ve taken much more, honestly.” You drop your head to the back of the couch, closing your eyes in exhaustion.

“I think you might be able to stand a bit more of this, though,” Mako rumbles beside you. You don’t even get the chance to open your eyes before you feel his plush lips press against yours, shotgunning another plume of smoke into your lungs. Your lids lift enough to see him smirking at you, and you take the opportunity to reach up and remove his hair tie, letting his silver hair fall around his face. He gives you some space and you exhale a moment later.

“C’mon, Mako, let your hair down and relax a little,” you tease. He blushes and tucks a strand of the loose hair behind his ear, settling back into his seat. You elbow him and snort out a laugh before addressing both of them. “You guys wanna watch something?”

Junkrat lunges for the tablet on the coffee table and scrolls down until he finds a compilation on the web of various explosions gone wrong, flicking up on the screen so the video appears on the large display across from the couch. He giggles manically as a firework goes off earlier than planned, and you and Roadhog settle back and watch the lanky blond’s reactions to the mishaps. Once that ends, Mako leans over and grabs the tablet from Junkrat, deftly pulling up a previously bookmarked video full of baby animals. Every new clip elicits an even higher pitched “Awww” from you, which your boyfriend turns into a game by taking another hit every time your voice raises an octave. By the time the compilation is over, you feel… something.

“Hey guys, are my fingers suppose to feel a bit, uh, fuzzy?” You rub one fingertip across all your others, relishing the odd sensation that intensifies with every pass. Mako and Jamie share a knowing look, smirking at your reaction.

“Yep, I’m startin’ ta feel it too. This shit’s even stronger than I remember, Roadie, heh,” Junkrat chuckles. He looks at you, taking your hand gently in his. “Just try not to overthink it, alright, love? Enjoy the ride,” he murmurs into your ear, sending goosebumps down your arms.

A few more videos, shotgunned hits, and bags of snacks later, you really feel the full effects throughout your body. Lightheaded, your eyes can’t seem to really focus on anything for very long, jumping from one sight to the next rapidly. It’s either that or you find yourself zoning out at nothing in particular, snapping to attention only when one of the Junkers addresses you directly.

“What’s that?” you mumble, blinking slowly as you turn to Junkrat.

“Ya doin’ alright there, sweetheart?” he asks with a giggle.

You can’t help but respond with a giggle of your own. “A-fuckin’-plus, baby,” you reply in what
you hope is a winning Australian accent. You flop over into his lap and poke the tip of his nose, complete with self-made “boop” sound effect. One thing’s for sure - all your aches and pains are gone, as are any worries or cares you had about an hour ago. Man, this stuff is great.

“Right? Roadie’s a right genius with this kind o’ shit,” Junkrat says. Wait, did I say that out loud? “Uh, yeah, love. Filter goin’ a bit wonky there? Haha!”

“You’re one to talk,” Roadhog rumbles with a laugh, which reverberates through you like it’s thunder and sets your nerves ablaze.

“Mako… Mako, do that again,” you look up at him pleadingly with wide eyes.

“Heh, do what?”

“Heeheehee, that. That’s it!” you giggle uncontrollably, which only makes him laugh harder while Junkrat stares at you both in confusion.

“The fuck’s so funny? I don’t get it!” he exclaims, desperate to be in on the nonexistent joke. You place a hand on Roadhog’s big belly, intensifying both your laughter and his. By this point, you’re wheezing for breath and so is he, so he reaches for his mask and grabs a can of hogdrogen from his bag to ease his breathing. Once you wipe the tears away from your eyes and Roadhog breathes easier, you crawl into Junkrat’s lap and plant a big sloppy kiss on his cheek. “Oh, so he can make ya laugh but I can’t? Let’s see whatcha think about this!” His fingers dig into your soft sides, tickling relentlessly. You squeal in surprise as he hits all your most ticklish spots, having memorized them early in your relationship.

“AH! JAMIE, NO! AHA- STOP- AHAHA! OH MY GOD HAAAAA PLEASE HAAAAHA I CAN’T HAAAA CAN’T BREATHE AHAHAHA JAMIE!” you kick and scream as he picks you up and lays you on the couch so your flailing limbs don’t strike him with such force. The whole room feels like it’s spinning, his fingertips feel like fire wherever they touch you, and goddammit I can’t stop laughing. Finally, after what seems like hours but is likely only seconds, his fingers still, but your chest is heaving as you attempt to stifle your laughter and breathe normally again. He falls back and leans his head back to stare at the ceiling.

“That’s whatcha get,” he tells you matter-of-factly, smirking at you. “Oi, Roadie, this shit’s hittin’ me fast and hard, mate. Bravo.” He gives a thumbs up which Roadie returns before a comfortable silence falls over the three of you. “Fuck.” His pupils are wide and his eyes bloodshot. “Fuck. Good shit, mate.” Mako hums in appreciation of the praise.

“This feels like the time I got my wisdom teeth out in high school,” you say to nobody in particular. “Like everything feels… weird. And different.”

“Everything is different, you’re a different person than you were then.” Mako is waxing philosophical. “Seen different things. Different experiences. That’s what life is.” You nod your head as you attempt to follow what seems like sound logic, stuffing another handful of chips into your mouth. “Things change. But we move on, the world keeps turning, just like it always has.” He takes one last toke to finish off the bowl, setting it aside as smoke swirls around the room. “Some things we remember, some we forget. Whether we choose to or not. ‘S what makes us who we are.”

He stares into the distance like he has something specific in mind. You briefly consider who Mako was before the Omnium blew, what Jamie must have been like. Who they’d be today had the world not gone to hell all those years ago. Your heart aches momentarily for “what could have been” for the two of them, until Junkrat interrupts your thoughts.
“Well, I may not remember much, mate,” he says with a far-off, dreamy look on his face, “but I remember the Alamo.” It takes you a moment to register what he says, and by then Roadhog is making no attempts to stifle his booming laughter and you double over, snorting hard from laughing so heartily.

Roadhog wipes a tear from his eye before taking a deep steadying breath. “How the fuck can you remember the Alamo? You've never even been to Texas, idiot.”

“And it happened, like, two hundred years ago!” you add, chuckling even more. But one look at Jamie’s face tells you he’s not even listening anymore - he’s humming some sort of made up tune under his breath, and it’s all so adorable that you lean over and hug him tight. “Didn't know my boyfriend was a time traveller, did you, Mako?” you say over your shoulder. The bigger man just shakes his head with a low laugh. “What am I gonna do with you?” you ask Junkrat sweetly. His eyes finally focus a bit on you before he answers.

“I’ve got a few ideas,” he says devilishly.

“You're right, lover boy. Right now, that popcorn has my name on it.” You reach over for it accidentally grab from the wrong end, dumping the contents all over floor. The three of you silently stare at it for a moment, as if mentally willing time to reverse, before you let out a long, drawn out “Fuuuuuuuuuuuck…” You slump back onto the couch, defeated. “Oh well. I probably don’t need it anyway.” You try to ignore the craving for snacks, but the thought is lodged firmly in your head and you can’t resist an any more when Mako dangles a candy bar in front of you knowingly.

“Calories don’t count when you’re high, pet,” he murmurs enticingly. You stare at the sugary treat for no more than a second before you snatch it from him and he chuckles low. He takes a big bite out of his own snack and Junkrat selects his own treat from the table. You never imagined a candy bar could taste so damn good.

The next thing you know, junk food wrappers are strewn all across your living space. You struggle to sit up, head swimming, but you’re altogether more sober now that a good chunk of time has passed. Roadhog snores quietly beside you on the couch, large hands clasped over his belly, and Junkrat is zoned out watching a How It’s Made video on matches. Of course he is. You snuggle against his side and he wraps his arm around you.

“Doin’ alright, love?” he looks at you with bloodshot eyes and a half grin. You nod and he kisses the top of your head. “Was I right, or was I right?” he asks cheekily.

“You were right, baby. That was pretty damn relaxing. Feel like I’m gonna be out of it for a while though,” you admit. “Not sure what I was expecting, but that stuff packs a punch.” He nods in agreement.

“Yeah, maybe next time we’ll just make ya some edibles. Roadie’s a damn good baker, but ya didn’t hear that from me,” he winks confidentially. You wink back, vowing to keep that tidbit of information to yourself - at least for now.

Nuzzling closer to the lanky Junker, you practically purr as he squeezes you close. “It really did help, though. Thanks, Jamie. That was definitely something.” Roadie stirs and stretches before tipping sideways onto the couch, sprawling across both you and Junkrat and crushing the air out of you. “Mako! Mako, c’mon!” your laughter muffled by his thick bicep.

“Roadie! Mate, yer killin’ us!” Jamie gasps dramatically between bouts of giggles. He smacks the broad shoulder blanketing the two of you, and Roadhog cracks an eye open to smirk, pretending to snore comically as he slightly adjusts his position to not quite crush you. You all settle down and sigh
contentedly, comfortable and happy to not do anything in particular.

What a perfect end to the day.

Chapter End Notes

Well... first time for everything, right? I realize that everyone experiences highs differently, so just... take this with a grain of salt, yeah?

I'm thinking there will only be a few more chapters to this fic - I'd kinda like to wrap it up so I can work on some other ideas I have. But nothing is written in stone yet, so fear not! Hope you enjoyed this chapter!
Changes

Chapter Summary

Sometimes change is good

Chapter Notes

Oh look, it's been another month since I updated. Woops. Anyway, I wrote and edited most of this while I was sick and taking like 4 kinds of cold meds so... if anything seems amiss just let me know!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“GET YOUR ASS BACK HERE!” you bellow as you careen around a corner. Your socks slide across tile, your feet threatening slip out from beneath you. You barely manage to steady yourself, windmilling your arms for balance. A high-pitched cackle echoes from around the corner up ahead and you growl low in frustration before following it.

You reach a four-way intersection in the hallway, no trace of Junkrat in sight. Shit. Where could he have gone? You notice a smudge of grime on one wall. Of course... you chastise yourself as you jog towards Roadie’s quarters. The hiss of the door sliding shut greets you as you approach, and you roll your eyes as you knock on it. When the only response is muffled arguing, you tap the intercom button.

“Mako, let me in, please. I know he’s in there...” you sigh, trying to keep the anger from your voice. The door slides open and Roadhog’s gut is blocking the doorway. You press a palm to his skin and he moves aside immediately. “Alright, where is he? This is between me and him,” you explain matter-of-factly as you stride past him into the room.

“Fine by me,” he huffs with a chuckle. An indignant squawk comes from under the bed and you reach under it and drag out your boyfriend by his ankle.

“Roadie! Don’t let ‘er take me alive!” he squeals, not really fighting back as hard as he could.

“You probably deserve it,” the larger Junker rumbles from behind you.

“Some bodyguard you are! It was just a cookie!” he grins and shrugs.

“Just a cookie? JUST a cookie?!” For a split second there’s true fear in Junkrat’s eyes as you grip his collar tightly.

“Now you’ve done it,” Hog grunts.

“Jamie,” you begin, taking a deep breath, “that was one of Ana’s oatmeal cookies. The amazing cookies she only bakes once in a blue moon, and that taste exactly like the ones my grandma used to make when I was little.” His eyes are wide as he listens to you, and there’s a little voice in your head
telling you you’re overreacting but it’s kinda too late to turn back now. “I was really looking forward to it, and you took it without asking me, so now…” you pause, searching for a threat, before you grin evilly at him. “Now you need to be punished.”

Junkrat’s expression changes quickly from shame, to confusion, to eagerness in the span of a second as he stares at you. Roadhog chuckles behind you and turns to rummage in a drawer.

“That reminds me, here’s that thing you and I talked about the other day. Seems like perfect timing.” He hands you an inconspicuously wrapped package, much to Junkrat’s bewilderment.

You clutch it to your chest, blushing just a bit, before pushing Junkrat ahead of you towards the door. “Thanks, Mako! If I need any help I’ll let you know,” you tell him, kissing his belly as you pass by and earning a low hum from him.

“Wait, wot’s goin’ on, darl? What’d you two talk about? Roadie, mate, help a fella out, eh?” He frantically tries to peer back over his shoulder but the door slides shut, blocking his view into the room. You guide him back to your quarters, locking the door behind you before turning to face him.

“Jamie,” you purr as you approach him. He giggles and bites his lip. “You’ve been a bad boy, haven’t you?” He nods eagerly, eyes wide. “So now you need to learn a lesson. Do you understand?”

“Y-yes, mistress,” he breathes, and his whole body seems to vibrate with excitement.

“Good. Then go strip, and sit down on the bed. Can you do that for me?” There’s an edge in your voice that you’ve rarely used before, but it makes you feel… powerful. It’s clear that Junkrat is a fan of it, too, because he shucks off his shirt and shorts faster than you’ve ever seen him do before. His enthusiasm is apparent by his partially erect member, and when he’s done he sits patiently on the edge of the bed, hands folded politely. “Good boy. Now stay right there, and don’t move.”

You step into the bathroom, unwrapping the package and skimming the instructions booklet tucked into the wrapping. After getting a general idea of how the device works, you uncover a harness inside the box. It looks bizarre, yet unmistakable in its purpose. You hurriedly remove your clothes and step into it, cinching it to the proper size around your hips and groin. It feels so foreign against your body, but then again, you sort of expected that. One more glance through the manual and then you press a button on the included remote. Almost immediately, a cock of hard light glows to life, protruding from the crotch of the harness and standing at attention. A buzz of energy jolts through you, the interface on the inside of the harness connecting to your nerves and making you gasp. You press a few more buttons, customizing the size and appearance of your new toy, before gingerly rubbing along the length.

“Ohhh …” you moan quietly, gripping the new appendage more firmly and relishing the sensation. *This is something I could get used to…* You force yourself to regain some composure, stilling your hand and taking a deep breath before exiting the bathroom.

When you step out, Jamie’s eyes are wide and you notice that his half-hard member twitches in interest. You close the space between the two of you, slowly and purposefully, before halting before him. He still hasn’t said anything, simply staring at the glowing orange cock you’re sporting. Your resolve wavers slightly as you clear your throat to get his attention.

“Um… Jamie? Is this… okay?” you ask, trying not to blush. His eyes, seeming to glow from within, flick up to meet yours and a devilish smirk graces his features.

“Yes, mistress,” he whispers, restoring your confidence with ease. You smile down at him, fingers
cupping his jaw so he can't look away. He nuzzles into your touch as you stroke his cheek, his eyes still on yours. Waiting. Obedient.

“Good. Now get on your knees.” He slips from the edge of the bed as you take a step back, positioning himself at your feet. “Go nice and slow for me, Jamie.” You hold yourself against his lips, and his hot breath ghosts across you. Damn, this interface is so sensitive… You never knew that hard light could be adapted this way until Roadhog had mentioned it the other day - swapping stories of sexual encounters after Junkrat had passed out. Hog’s special strain had done quite a number on your boyfriend, and you were more than content to have some quiet time to just talk with the larger Junker. Now that you think about it, you can't quite remember how the two of you had gotten on the topic of sex toys, but it doesn't really matter because now you can feel Junkrat’s tongue on the tip of your… Dick? Toy? What the fuck do I call this damn thing? It feels so… real...

You suck in a breath through your teeth, this new feeling all but overwhelming you already. “Ah fuck, baby… yeah, more of that.” You rest a hand on his head, encouraging him to do more of whatever that was. He seems eager to show you what he can do, reaching up to grasp you as he slides his lips over you. You push gently against his head and he backs off, a confused look on his face. “I just gotta... adjust this… too much,” you explain as you turn down the sensitivity setting with the remote. You pump the contraption with your hand and immediately feel more comfortable with it. “Good boy, keep going.” He slides his mouth over the tip and you can still feel everything, just not as sharp. Perfect.

Soon enough your fingers are tangled in his hair, and you're just short of face fucking him as he obediently gags around the toy in his mouth. Your moans fill the room and suddenly you pull out, leaving Junkrat agape and drooling. You breathe heavy as you command him, “Get on the bed.” He blinks and follows your instructions, until he lies on his back and you straddle his thighs, eying his swollen cock with interest. You lean forward and your toy brushes his member, making his breath hitch for just a second before you capture his lips with yours. It's passionate and heated, and Jamie lets you lead as you press your length against his, grinding down hard. He opens his mouth to gasp and you press your tongue between his sharp teeth, drawing a groan of pleasure from him. Biting his lip brings forth more noises that make you hungry for more, and suddenly you sit up just enough to reach between you and grasp both cocks in your hand.

“Ooohhhmygod,” you murmur, the sensation beginning to build inside you. He throws his head back against the pillows and breathes an airy laugh. Your free hand finds his and you guide it to your occupied one, and he wraps his long fingers around your fist, helping direct your movements just a little. His hot flesh rubbing against yours feels so familiar and yet so new and exciting, like nothing you've ever felt before.

You lean forward and kiss Junkrat hard, stealing the breath from both of you momentarily. When you pull away and sit up, he whines at the loss of contact. “Are you ready for your real punishment?” He nods mutely as you reach over to dig in the nightstand drawer, finally coming up with a bottle of lube. “If you're going to take what's mine without asking,” you murmur as you coat your fingers with the slick stuff, “then that means you have to take everything I'm going to give you now. That's what bad boys get.” He spreads his knees instinctively and you sit back on your haunches before him, his lanky legs bent around you. One of your hands goes to grip his cock lightly while the other slides between his legs, a single slick fingertip brushing against his entrance toyingly.

“Guess it's a good thing I showered this mornin’, eh, mistress?” he teases.

“I didn’t tell you to speak, Rat,” you reprimand, pressing your finger into his hole without warning. He arches his back and moans, high pitched and breathless. His muscles are so tight around your digit that you momentarily wonder how you're going to fit your toy inside. You withdraw minutely
and press in deeper, curling your finger just slightly and making him buck his hips. Simultaneously pumping his cock with your other hand, you elicit a litany of moans and gasps that he just can’t seem to hold back. Without saying anything, you withdraw the first finger, only to slowly reinsert it alongside a second. It’s so much tighter than before, but it’s worth it to see him bite his lip so hard in an effort to keep quiet. “There we go. Being such a good boy now, Jamie.” He keens quietly before you, fingers clutching the bedspread frantically. You scissor your fingers inside him and feel his cock twitch in your other hand - looking down you notice precum beginning to dribble down the head, over your fingers, adding to the slick sounds as you jerk him off. After a few more moments of that, you feel the tight ring of muscle begin to relax as you stretch him out, and slowly remove your fingers to wrap them around your own length. He raises his head just enough so he can watch you prepare, spreading more lube over the glowing girth.

“You’re gonna take all of this aren’t you, Jamie? Is that what you want, to have this cock stuffed deep inside you?” You prod his entrance with the tip, rubbing circles around the slick mess already there. He nods eagerly, golden eyes begging you to go further. “I wanna hear you say it. Tell me,” you command as you buck softly into your fist, doing your best to hold back a moan that rises in your throat.

“Please, mistress… I want ya in me,” he pleads, “Wanna… wanna feel ya.” You smirk down at his blushing face, his narrow chest heaving in anticipation. You push into him, slowly, his tight heat enveloping you more with every inch. Your breathing is shallow, trying to hold back your release that’s already threatening to overwhelm you. Glancing up, you see Jamie biting his lip so hard that a bead of blood forms.

“Let me hear you… let me hear how much you love this, baby,” you breathe. Immediately, his moans and whines of pleasure fill the room, and in another moment you bottom out inside him. You both rest for just a split second before you pull out and slam back in, the both of you crying out with pain and pleasure. “Fuck, you’re so tight… not gonna… last long,” you grunt as one hand grips his thigh, nails leaving marks and nearly breaking the skin.

“Please, mistress… ngh … give it all ta me,” he gasps, his needy words sending a powerful jolt straight to your clit. You brace yourself and jackhammer into him, watching as he practically falls apart at the seams. “Yeah yeah yeah, right fuckin’ there, FUCK, YES,” his praise quickly devolves into nonsense as you grip his cock hard, still pistoning into him.

“Good boys cum when they’re told. Are you a good boy, Jamie?” you ask, making him growl in frustration before he nods at you, fingers tangled in the bedspread, knuckles white. You thrust into him a few times more, relishing the sound of skin slapping on skin, before looking down at him commandingly. “Then cum for me.”

His cock throbs in your hand, spurts of white painting his toned stomach and even reaching up to his chest, all while his muscles spasm and twitch around you. It’s enough to send you over the edge as well, your inner walls fluttering deliciously as the sensations are translated from the toy to your own nerves, lighting you on fire from within. You both cry out, gasping for breath and clinging to each other as you ride out your orgasms. Your eyes come into focus enough to see Junkrat’s head fall back onto the pillows, his energy spent as he recovers from his climax. Gently, you withdraw from him, both of you wincing just slightly, oversensitive and raw. As soon as you do, you reach for the remote and turn off the hard light appendage, slipping out of the harness now covered with lube and bodily fluids. You return to the bed, fully exhausted yet satisfied, and huddle to your lover’s side. He cracks an eye open to peer at you as you drape your arm across his chest, not caring about the mess just yet.

“You alright?” you breathe, placing a small kiss on his cheek. He hums and pulls you closer, his arm
wrapped around you tightly.

“Abso-bloody-lutely, sweetheart. That was… hooley dooley, that was aces.” He chuckles and grins at you, turning his head to face you. “Did ya like it, too?”

“It was… weird. But good weird. Felt amazing once we got going.” You blush slightly. “I didn’t know such a thing existed until Mako mentioned it to me the other night. And then we got to thinking that you’d probably really enjoy it. So he got his hands on one for me, just to try it out.”

He giggles and raises an eyebrow. “So I’m not really in trouble?” he teases. You poke his side and he squirms away from you. “Ahaha hey! What? Was just a cookie, darl. I’ll ask Ana if she can make some again soon, just fer you.” He presses a soft kiss to your lips, holding you close in the afterglow. “Besides,” you can hear the teasing tone in his voice already, “if that’s my punishment fer takin’ a cookie, I might have ta take one more often.”

You groan in annoyance, but internally you can’t help but feel a bit of excitement.

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“Your presence is requested in the conference room,” Athena’s cool tone says through the intercom in your room.

Great, just as I was getting to the good part, you think as you set aside your book, being sure to mark your place for later. You stretch and head that way, noting that nobody else seems to be heading the same way as you.

Weird. Guess it’s not a team-wide meeting. When you stride through the door, however, Junkrat is talking animatedly with Roadhog but cuts himself off when he sees you enter.

“Ah, there ya are, darl! Now we can get this party started.” He slides his arm around your shoulders, pulling you to his side and smooching the top of your head. Looking around the room you see that Winston, Ana, and Jack are all present and talking in hushed tones on the other side of the table.

“Thank you for joining us, agent. We’ll get down to business now,” Winston smiles. “As you three may be aware, when Overwatch was in its prime it had Watchpoints scattered across the globe. As of right now, obviously, only the base here at Gibraltar is active. But since we have more and more agents joining our league, we need to consider expanding our reach once again. Which brings me to the point of this little meeting.” He taps a few buttons on the screen in front of him and a glowing map of Australia suddenly hangs in the center of the room. You can feel both Junkrat and Roadhog tense beside you. “Our goal is to revisit the bases that have been abandoned, evaluate them and, if all goes well, reopen them as viable Watchpoints.” A blinking dot appears in Queensland, practically on the coastline. “We plan to send out teams to many of the major locations but the first wave of this starts with you three.”

Ana speaks up at this point. “The base at Gold Coast should never have been abandoned. Overwatch did no favors to the Australian citizens by abandoning them in the wake of the Omnium incident.” Now you can feel the Junkers practically bristling, and you slip your arm around Jamie’s midsection in comfort. “We realize that this is far too little, far too late, but Overwatch needs to make this right.” She looks pointedly from one Aussie to the other, her expression and tone sincere. “We need to make this right.”

“So ya want us ta go in and try ta patch it all up?” Junkrat sneers. “Sorry, mates, but wot the fuck d’ya think we was doin’ fer the last twenty years?! Oz begged the world fer help, and the world turned its back on us!”
“It’s true, the UN didn’t help when it should have, and neither did Overwatch.” She and Jack share a look and for once the supersoldier shows more than a hint of emotion, his eyes downcast in shame. “Nothing in the past can be undone, but… perhaps we can work towards a better future. Together.”

Her words sink in, the silence and tension in the room suddenly palpable. Junkrat glares across the table at the three commanders. After a few moments, Winston speaks again.

“The reason we think that you three would be ideal candidates for this are hopefully obvious. Junkrat and Roadhog, you know the mindset of the continent better than anyone else here. If anyone can help to spread this message of, for lack of a better word, hope, then we think it’s you. As for you, agent,” he turns his attention to you, “your scientific and personal skills are more indispensable than you know. Between the three of you, we have absolute faith that a road to recovery is more than attainable.”

Silence once again permeates the room before Ana clears her throat. “We know this is more than a bit of a shock to you all. We’ll give you a few days to think about it. Unless you have any questions, you’re dismissed.”

You let out a breath you didn’t realize you were holding, taking the Junkers by the hands and leading them out the door. Junkrat is uncharacteristically quiet and on an instinct, you lead the group to his workshop. As soon as you reach the bottom of the steps, he walks to his bench and plops down on the stool, silently seething. Roadhog eases himself onto the couch in the corner, staring at the floor. After a few moments, you cautiously approach your boyfriend.

“Jamie, I-”

“Who the fuck d’they think they are…” he mutters, cutting you off. You pause in your steps, sensing the imminent storm. His shoulders heave with his breathing. “Just who the fuck do they think they are?!?” he shouts, hurling the nearest object on his bench (a screwdriver) at the wall. He stands and kicks his stool across the room, and you retreat to sit next to Hog, letting Jamie get the rage out of his system. The smaller Junker throws materials to the floor, slams his fists onto the table, punches a small crater in the concrete wall with his metal fist. Screaming, grunting in frustration, cursing and shouting obscenities aimed at Overwatch. “So fuckin’ kind of ‘em, gracing us with help. WELL IT’S TOO FUCKIN’ LATE, YA FUCK CUNTS! YA FUCKED US ALL, AND NOW YA WANNA SWOOP IN AND SAVE THE FUCKIN’ DAY, EH? FUCK ALL O’ YA! WE DON’T NEED YA!” His tirade dissolves into unintelligible shouts and cries of anguish as tears begin to flow freely down his grimacing face. He sinks to his knees, sobbing openly.

Through it all, Roadhog sits next to you, seemingly in a world of his own. When Jamie finally seems to have run out of steam, the larger Junker sighs and stands, crossing the room to his friend and kneeling beside him on the floor. He slips off his mask and sets it aside, focusing his attention on the broken man in front of him. A large hand rests on Junkrat’s shoulder, seeming to shake him from his daze. He looks at Mako with eyes red from crying, breath trying to even out.

“Jamie,” he rumbles. “They can’t make you do anything you don’t want to. You and I both know that.” Junkrat sniffs as his bodyguard continues. “But the Omnium? That’s all on me, and we both know that too. I fucked up. And I can never undo that. But… I think I need to try.” His voice nearly breaks at that, and Jamie puts a hand on his arm to steady him. “I just… I can’t do it without help,” he admits. It’s unlike Roadhog to say so much at once, but you have a feeling this topic has been weighing on his heart and mind for far too long. He and Junkrat simply look at each other for a few moments, an unspoken conversation between them, before Junkrat sighs heavily and nods.

“Roight,” he says, wiping the drying tears from his face. “I’ll do it. Just so long as ya remember that I’m the boss over there, yeah?” Mako nods, a hint of a smile on his lips. Junkrat pauses and looks
around before his eyes fall on you. “And you! Get over here, love.” You cross the room to him and sit on the floor next to the two of them. “What’s yer say in all this?”

You take his hand in yours, picking your words carefully. “Well… I know that the past can’t be changed, as fucked up as it was. But, I don’t see anything wrong in trying to help make the future better. And honestly, as long as I get to go with you, anything is fine with me.” You smile at him and he beams back at you.

“I guess it’s settled then, Roadie,” he smirks. “We’re goin’ back ta Oz.”

Chapter End Notes

Things are happening! And I think there'll be only one or two more chapters until the end of this tale, but we'll see! Thanks for reading~
Oz

Chapter Summary

Time to relocate. And a new adventure begins.

Chapter Notes

Here we are... at the end. It's been such an exciting journey! I've never really written a fic before this, let alone a multichapter one, but I thoroughly enjoyed every moment of it. So please, enjoy this final stretch!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Once the decision has been passed on to Winston, Jack, and Ana, anxiety claws its way into your belly. Uncertainty of the unknown Outback and its countless dangers make you feel like life as you know it is going to be different from now on. And in some ways, that's accurate. Bandits running rampant, lack of readily available food and supplies, not to mention the weather will be much more severe - am I ready for this? You try not to let it get to you, try to put on a brave front, but Junkrat can tell something’s been bothering you.

“C’mon, love. Just tell me wot’s up. Please? Ya know it helps ta talk about things,” he smiles at you understandingly.

*Can I tell him this, though? How scared I am to go to Australia? The place that made him who he is?* You catch yourself at that thought.

You fiddle with the edge of your shirt, afraid of offending him. He hums low and wraps a lanky arm around your shoulders.

“’s gonna be just fine, love. Sure, it'll be tough, but we're tough too, right? We can handle this.” He squeezes gently.

“You and Hog are, yeah. You're used to the way things are out there. But me?” You snort derisively. “I'm just a nerd who plays at being a hero…” Your head drops, avoiding eye contact as you feel tears forming. *Goddammit, not now*.

Junkrat shifts next to you and his left hand comes into view, fingers cupping your chin to gently tip your face towards him. “Sweetheart, yer the great Convera! Yer so much stronger than ya think,” he says lovingly. “Ya helped save me, in more ways than ya know. We can do this. I've got ya, Roadie's got ya. We'll all have each other's backs out there.” He gives a small, encouraging smile, thumb brushing away a tear that had dared to fall. “I know it's not gonna be easy, but we just gotta stick together, yeah?”
Your hand covers his, gripping firmly as you nod. You sniffle, giving a short laugh. “Yeah. Besides, someone has to look after you dorks, right?” you tease, feeling a bit better.

He snickers softly and leans forward to press his lips to your forehead, pulling you close and wrapping his arms around you. “It's a dirty job, but someone’s gotta do it.”

We can do this, you reassure yourself as he turns back to the screen, watching some cartoon you haven't been paying attention to. As long as we have each other, we'll be fine. Because what scares you more than enduring that bloodthirsty Outback is losing the lanky blond you love more than anything.

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After a few more meetings with Winston, Ana, and Jack, your trio has a better idea of what exactly is on the agenda for when you arrive at the old Watchpoint. First you'll need to settle in and make note of what's in order and what needs attention. That tech is no doubt decades old and in dire need of some TLC - well, what hasn't been looted by scavengers, as Junkrat had pointed out. Take inventory (you're guessing that'll be a very short list), clean the place up (Jamie isn't looking forward to that)... basic “arriving at an abandoned site that's now going to be home” stuff. At that point it'll be a matter of waiting for other members to join you, as well as any materials and supplies from headquarters. Then, the three of you will need to start a bit of “outreach”, as Ana put it.

“The locals will doubtless be… difficult to work with at first,” Ana had said during one meeting. “They probably won't trust you, but hopefully you'll be able to gain that trust with the help of Junkrat and Roadhog.”

“First rule of the GAFA is don't trust anyone, sheila. Gonna be tricky ta get anyone ta forget that.” Junkrat had tried to hide the snicker in his tone, but Roadhog spoke up.

“We'll do our best,” he rumbled. The three leaders nodded in acknowledgement.

That was weeks ago. Now, as you finish packing and look around your empty room, it feels like this is the turning point. No going back now.

“Knock knock!” Lena’s voice chirps from your doorway.

“Oh hey!” You turn, wiping your dusty hands on your pants.

“Was wondering if you'd fancy a bite before you go. Gonna be a long trip, you know.” She walks towards you, eyes roving over the empty walls.

“Yeah sure thing! Who knows what I'll be eating soon, might as well enjoy the good grub while I can,” you smile bittersweetly.

You chatter with one another through the halls, hoping to yourself that Jamie has managed to pack up his workshop by now. As you round the corner to the mess hall, a huge banner greets you. GOOD LUCK, it reads in brightly colored letters. Your name is alongside Junkrat's and Roadhog’s beneath the large letters, and you notice a plethora of kind messages scrawled in your teammates’ handwriting. “We'll miss you, good luck!” “Can't wait to come see the new base!” “Don't get bit by anything!” A grin nearly breaks your face as you look around at all of your team members. Your friends. Your family.

All of them stop what they're doing and turn to you, cheering and whooping and hollering. You feel the tears slide down your cheeks as you laugh, and Lena’s arm curls around your shoulders.
comfortingly. In another moment you feel a presence behind you, and turn your head to see Junkrat and Roadhog there as well, the cheers boosting in volume at their arrival. You smile up at the two of them, and are soon surrounded by well-wishers.

Lost in the sea of faces, Lena reminds you that you should eat, so you and your Junker companions make your way to the food, and what a feast it is. All of your favorite foods, prepared by some of your favorite people. Your heart swells, and by the time you sit down you've got two towering plates of steaming food. Your friends come and go, chatting with you between bites and hugging you tightly, making you feel that you truly will be missed. I wonder who else will get stationed with us eventually. The thought flits through your mind but you know it'll be a while before you see some of these people again. The fact saddens you but you try not to dwell on it for now.

By the time you finish eating, you've laughed, cried, and eaten way past your fill. All that's left to do is load the carrier with your belongings and go. Everyone lends a hand, making the work go quickly, and the last thing to be loaded is Hog's massive chopper and sidecar. He and Reinhardt wheel it up the steep ramp and secure it in the cargo hold, and suddenly... that's it. There's nothing left to do. No more excuses for putting off the inevitable.

You look one last time to see everyone but the Junkers in the doorway to the hangar. Some people are waving, some are smiling, some have tears in their eyes. Your heart feels like it's about to break but you smile and return their waves, feeling the men behind you do the same. Finally, you turn and walk up the ramp, taking your seat as Roadhog presses a few buttons on the command dash to start the engines and bring the autopilot system to life. Winston had reassured the three of you that Athena’s AI would be good enough for takeoff and landing, since a real pilot couldn't be spared at the moment. And Jack was sure that you were in no danger of being attacked before you arrived at your destination. You hoped he was right.

As the aircraft lifts off and moves out of the hangar, you buckle up next to Jamie, who holds your hand comfortingly.

"Here we go, darl. Another new adventure fer us.” Mako sits on the other side of you and removes his mask, since it's just the three of you aboard. He smiles at you and pats your hair, his hand nearly engulfing your head. “’s gonna be just like old times, eh, Roadie?” Junkrat grins up at his bodyguard.

“Hmm. ’cept better.” His eyes twinkle at you and you can't help but feel a bit thrilled at the prospect.

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Lena was right - it is a long flight. Probably the longest you’ve ever been on, now that you think about it. You and your companions have dozed on and off for hours, always making sure someone is awake in case the autopilot malfunctions. Junkrat’s just starting to go a bit stir-crazy from being cooped up too long when Athena’s voice informs the three of you that your destination is a mere thirty minutes away. You look out the window, eager for your first view of the continent, but even in the darkness all you see is ocean, the moonlight twinkling here and there on cresting waves. I’ll be seeing plenty of it soon enough, you reason, beginning to gather your belongings from where they lay scattered about the passenger bay. Athena’s announcement seems to have set Junkrat on edge more so than usual. He fidgets nonstop - tapping his foot and peg on the floor, eyes darting around, breathing unevenly.

“Jamie?” you say quietly, trying to get his attention. He doesn’t react, so you gently lay your hand on his arm, and he jerks his head to look at you, eyes wide. “Jamie, are you ok?” He grins suddenly, clearly trying to put on a facade.

“Me? Course I am, love!” he titters nervously. “Nearly there, ain’t we? Back where it all started...”
His smile falters, a far-off look coming into his eyes. He stays silent for a moment before focusing on you again, a toothy grin replacing the fleeting look of fear on his face. “Just gotta use the loo before we land.” He stands and walks brusquely past you towards the onboard restroom, slamming and locking the door. You stare after him for a few seconds, concerned, before turning to Hog.

“Is he okay?” You can’t help the worry in your voice. Roadhog sighs, giving a small shrug.

“He had it rougher than most before we met. The whole damn continent wanted his hide, wanted his treasure.” He shakes his head. “More bad memories than good in this hellhole. But I guess that’s why we’re here.” He pauses for a few seconds before noticing that you’re watching him. “He’ll be fine. Just something we both need to work through.” You consider the big Junker’s words while you wait for Jamison.

I’ve never even asked him about his treasure before… I don’t want to pry, though. You decide to bring it up some other time, maybe once the three of you are settled at the new - well, old - base. The door slams open and Junkrat strides back to his seat looking slightly more at ease. The rest of the flight goes smoothly, and in no time at all, the sky begins to lighten and you can see landscape through the windows as the ship begins its descent to the coast. You have to remind yourself that just because the coastal landscape appears normal, Australia’s interior will not be that way. A breathtaking sunrise bathes the city of Gold Coast in its rosy hues, making the tangle of canals beneath you sparkle. The flight path adjusts slightly so that the transport carries you along the coast, and Athena notifies the three of you to return to your seats and fasten your safety belts. Within minutes, the ship slows and you see a large structure seated on the cliffside come into view. Another moment later and a bump tells you that you’ve landed safely. You notice that Junkrat stops gripping his seat as he lets out a sigh of relief.

“Well… here we are!” he stands and stretches, picking up a duffel bag and his launcher before heading towards the exit. You and Roadhog follow suit, both grabbing your weapons as well, waiting for the ramp to lower before disembarking. When you finally get a look at the Watchpoint, you’re taken aback. You had thought that since the city below looked relatively civilized, that the base would be in much better shape. But the dilapidated compound in front of you looks to be in ruins.

As the three of you warily walk through the hangar door, jammed open with a large piece of scrap, Junkrat levels his weapon, ready for conflict should it arise. You do the same, listening for any sound that would give away the location of an intruder. The darkness inside is chilling, and it takes your eyes a moment to adjust. When you can make out the shapes of your companions, your head swings this way and that, looking for some sort of control terminal. You find one against a far wall, trying any and all of the switches. Predictably, nothing happens.

Junkrat motions for you to follow him while Roadhog splits off. The base needs to be cleared of any potential squatters, if indeed there are any there. It’s a good thing Ana had made the three of you study the blueprints of this base time and time again before you left. You already feel like this is somewhat familiar territory for you. In half an hour, the three of you meet back in the hangar, having found no intruders during the sweep. A tension leaves your shoulders as you finally breathe easy.

“Alright,” you sigh. “Now that that’s done, let’s try and get some power on in here. Jamie, do you remember where the control room is?”

“Sure thing, darl. In the subbasement. I’ll have it on in a jiff.” He takes his duffel with him, scrap and parts jingling with each step. You send up a silent prayer of thanks that Winston had insisted on sending some basic repair parts with your supplies. That sort of foresight just might be the reason you end up having electricity later.
You and Roadhog begin unloading the cargo, setting it all to one side of the hangar until rooms can be divvied up and inventory taken. His motorcycle comes out first, being the last item to have been loaded, and he wheels it carefully down the ramp, thick fingers squeezing the brake handles so gravity doesn't take it away from him. After that comes the rest of the cargo. Of course he unloads half of the baggage and crates by the time you manage to heave your third box into the hangar, but at least you try to lend a hand. “Hey, Mako?” He looks towards you in response, a large crate in his musclebound arms. “Why would this place be such a dump if the city looks… fine?” you ask curiously.

“Hmm. Easy pickin’s.” He grunts as he sets down the container and you follow him to get more from the ship. “When everyone realized Overwatch wasn’t comin’ back, there wasn’t anyone to stop the looters up here. Gold Coast wasn’t really affected much by the radiation and shit, so they still had people lookin’ after their own. Why bother with somethin’ that’s gonna take more effort?” He huffs and you pick up a box as he stacks four or five in his arms.

Makes sense, you muse. It's what I would've done to survive. Just as he sets the last container of supplies on the floor, the lights flicker on and you hear a muffled hoot of joy echo through the base. “Looks like we have power,” you say cheerfully, and Hog grunts in agreement.

Now that the Watchpoint is no longer shrouded in darkness, you dig through your pockets until you find the small device that Winston had given you. “This is Athena,” he’d told you solemnly. “Or at least a version of her. The systems at Gold Coast are so out of date I doubt any of you would know how to work them. So we might as well rewrite them all for simplicity’s sake. You just need to plug this in, and she’ll do the rest.” You walk over to the control panel you’d spotted earlier, assuming it’s as good a place as any to install the base-wide AI. Junkrat returns through the doorway, visibly proud of his handiwork. You glance hopefully over your shoulder at him and Roadhog, who watches you intently. “Here goes nothin’,” you say under your breath as you plug in the device. For a few moments, nothing happens, and you fear that you’ve either done something wrong, or the technology is so outdated that it’s incompatible. But then...

“Welcome to Watchpoint: Gold Coast, agents. How may I be of assistance?”

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The next few days are a flurry of activity for you, Junkrat, and Roadhog. Frequent trips into town for supplies quickly makes you the popular new arrivals with the local businesses. The first time the three of you go down into city limits, the roar of Hog’s engine sends some of the inhabitants into a frenzy. Apparently some of them recognize the former Enforcer and his partner-in-crime, but whether it's from their Wanted posters or news coverage of their international crime spree you're not sure. When it's clear that the Junkers mean no harm to Gold Coast or its citizens, the looks of fear and hostility give way to curiosity, especially when people notice the young woman accompanying them.

Some are not so keen to have Overwatch as neighbors once again, but for now your plan is to be as friendly as possible until the base is back in action. The tactic appears to work with most people, seemingly unused to such kindness from outsiders, and soon enough some of the shop owners even know you by name. Of course, some people still look at you distrustfully, but nobody said this assignment would be easy. Besides, being a goodwill ambassador is hard when your cohorts are known murderers and thieves.

Within a week, Watchpoint: Gold Coast is looking spick-and-span. You and Jamie have claimed the largest quarters as your own, with Mako next door in a room nearly as spacious. There'd been discussion of creating a doorway in the wall between the two, but other projects take priority. Junkrat
had already fixed the hangar door and begrudgingly worked with Athena to beef up security, just a few things on the long to-do list. To him the AI was just one step away from being an omnic, and after all this time he still didn't enjoy interacting with her.

Hog's cooking keeps you full and nourished. You had no idea that his big hands could be so nimble in the kitchen, but you're grateful for his willingness to cook for the three of you every day.

“Oh yeah, the big lug’s a great cook,” Junkrat says almost proudly when you mention it. “Before I met 'im, I thought ya couldn't get nothin’ tastier than barbecued lizard. He kept me alive in more ways than one, I'll tell ya that, love.” You smile at that, continuing to scrub and rinse the pots and pans as your boyfriend dries them. You figure that since Roadhog does all the food prep, the least you and Junkrat can do is clean up afterwards.

After you finish washing the last dish, you turn to tidy up some of the other counters as Jamie dries the final few items. Wiping a stray smear of marinara sauce from the counter, you feel muscular arms snake around your middle and warm breath on your neck.

“Hey there,” you smile, feeling him press against your back.

“Wot's a nice sheila like you doin' in a shithole like this?” he murmurs against your neck, pressing his lips against your skin. You smile lazily, loving his habit of using corny pick-up lines even after you've been dating for so long.

“Oh, you know,” you reply. “Just trying to make the world a better place.” You chuckle softly as he hums against you, sending minute vibrations through your entire body.

“Mmm… how admir'ble.” His teeth graze your neck and you shiver, making him smirk mischievously. Suddenly he spins you to face him, pressing your lower back against the edge of the counter and pinning you with his hips. His lips find yours and you realize the two of you haven't had an intimate moment together since before you arrived in Australia.

“Jamie,” you breathe after he moves to mouth at your jawline. “We shouldn't do this here.” You hate to put a stop to this because it feels so good. But… “Roadie could walk in any second.”

His golden eyes glint up at you. “Nah, he'll be busy readin’ fer a bit.”

“But… we just cleaned this place up.” You moan softly as he sucks the sensitive spot under your chin. He snickers and his hot breath feels so enticing on your skin.

“Perfect reason ta get it filthy again, darl.” His words go straight to the fire being stoked in your core, and suddenly you don't give a shit about the cleanliness of the kitchen. He kisses you hard, and this time you wholeheartedly kiss him back, his tongue swirling around yours and stifling your moans. Without warning, his strong hands pull you even closer against his form, lifting you so your legs instinctively wrap around his waist. You can feel his erection straining at his shorts as he grinds against you, carrying you with steady steps to the opposite wall and pinning you there.

“Mmm, been wantin’ ta root ya since we got here, sweetheart,” he growls, working your shirt over your head. “Been workin’ so hard… I just need ya so bad. Need ta feel ya.” He reaches between the two of you to undo his belt, button, and fly, freeing himself and gyrating against you as he removes his own shirt as well. He presses his face into your cleavage and you can feel his tongue dragging across your skin, sending goosebumps up your spine.

“Please,” you mumble, desperate for more. He nips at you and slips his flesh hand down the front of your shorts, cupping your sex and rubbing slow circles with his fingertip. A broken moan escapes
you as one slender finger strokes your folds before pressing inside of you eagerly. He crooks his finger and your hips unconsciously buck into his movements. “Fuck… **mg**, Jamie…” you keen as he picks up his pace, even adding a second finger to your slick entrance. You can feel the tension inside you building, and your panting mingles with his as he grinds against you in earnest. Just as your breathing hitches and signals just how close you are to your climax, he withdraws the digits suddenly. You whine but the sound stops in your throat as you watch the show he puts on of licking your slick off his fingers. You’re about to beg for more when his mouth captures yours. You can taste yourself and it somehow manages to feed your inner fire even more.

He continues kissing you as he grips your ass with firm hands, turning so your back is once again at a counter. When he breaks away, you're breathing hard and aching with need. He sets you down and your knees wobble alarmingly. He clutches you tightly, keeping you upright, before turning you around so your back faces him. “Want ya so bad, love,” he repeats. You feel him crouch behind you, pulling down your sweats and soaked panties as he goes, baring your ass and thighs. “Fuck, ya look such a treat. Perfect fer dessert,” he chuckles, and you can feel his hot breath on your extremities. His hands grip your cheeks and squeeze, pulling them apart so he can access your dripping entrance. Suddenly his silky hot tongue is lapping at you, and you practically collapse onto the counter before you. He kneads at your mounds of flesh as he eats you out, tongue flicking over your clit before plunging into your pussy. He hums against you and the vibrations threaten to send you over the edge.

“J-Jamie, I'm **ah** so c-close,” you stammer, trying to hold back just a bit longer. The sounds coming from between your legs are obscene, but it only adds to your arousal. He finally pulls away, giving your ass a harsh smack as he stands. You're so close it almost brings you to tears that he stops so abruptly, but just as suddenly as he had withdrawn you feel him aligning himself against you, one hand gripping your hip softly. You crane your neck to look back at him, and his wild gaze sends a jolt through you. “Please, Jamie…” you beg. He bites his lip, sharp canines nearly drawing blood, as he sheaths himself inside you with no warning. “**Aahh!**” Your sharp cry echoes off the stainless steel appliances, mingling with the growling whine that rises from Junkrat.

“Fffftuuuck, darl,” he hisses, holding his position deep within you for a few seconds. You can feel his cock stretching you, twitching ever so slightly, eager for more. Both of his hands grip your hips relentlessly, no doubt leaving bruises. He pulls out and slams into you, making you see stars. **Almost there.** He quickens the pace, forcing you against the counter with every thrust. “Nng… fit so fuckin’ good around me cock, love. Fuckin’ perfect… made fer me, ya were.” He pants heavily, one hand moving up to hold your shoulder to the counter, pistoning into you with unforgiving force. The movements snatch the breath from you before you can even cry out, and your vision goes white from the intensity of your climax. Convulsions of pleasure wrack your entire body, and if you could form a cohesive thought you’d probably be thankful for the support of the countertop right about now. You distantly note that Jamison’s rhythm has become erratic, and he sucks in great heaving breaths as he stills inside you, hips twitching and spasming. A gush of heat pools inside of you, and through the haze of your orgasm you realize he's finished without pulling out. In another second he seems to come to the same realization as he rapidly removes his softening cock, eliciting a slight wince from you.

“Ah… shit, darl… I, uh… got a bit carried away.” He's still panting to catch his breath, but you can hear the guilt in his voice. You heave yourself upright, pants still around your knees, and as you do you feel some of his cum dribble down your thigh. When you turn to look at him he's chowing his lip nervously, face red with exertion and embarrassment. “I didn’t mean ta… yer still on the pill though, aren't ya?” he asks hopefully. You stand on tiptoes to peck his lips, smiling sweetly.

“I think it'll be okay, Jamie. And yes, I am.” He seems to relax at that, letting out a small sigh of
relief. “Besides,” you continue, bending to pull up your sweats and retrieve your shirt from the floor, “Angela and I have talked about it a bit.” His questioning silence prompts you to face him. “Because of all the radiation you grew up with, it might not be something we need to worry about.”

“Wh… what's that mean?” his confused frown deepens and you realize this might not be the best time to discuss this matter. “Is… is somethin’ wrong with me?” The look he's giving you nearly breaks your heart, and you take his hands in yours reassuringly.

“Jamie, I promise nothing is wrong with you. And I love you no matter what.” You struggle for words, not having thought of this being a sensitive subject for him. “When people are exposed to radiation like you were, sometimes it affects their bodies. Sometimes that means that… you might not have… your sperm might not be very strong.” You caress his face tenderly, trying to make him feel your adoration for him through every fiber of your being. “But that doesn’t matter to me. I know we haven't really talked about it before, but… kids aren't really a high priority for me.” His eyes glisten with unshed tears that he attempts to hold back, but once he blinks, the dam is broken.

He draws a shaky breath. “I guess… I just always figured I'd be a dad someday…” he admits. And now you swear you can feel your heart shattering.

“Maybe you still can. It just might take some extra work. For both of us,” you add, not wanting him to blame himself anymore than he already probably does. “But for now, I just want to be with you, just the way you are.” Wiping away one of the tears on his cheek, you continue. “I love you, Jamie. I always will.”

He stares down at you for a moment, seemingly at a loss, before he gathers you in his arms, holding you so tightly you struggle to breathe. “I love ya too,” he whispers, voice cracking slightly. And a moment later… “I'm sorry, sweetheart.”

You squeeze him tightly, lovingly. “It's alright, baby.” Pulling away slightly, you look up at his tearstained face. “C’mon, let's go get cleaned up.” Taking his hand, you lead the way to your quarters. A nice hot shower will do wonders for both of you.

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The holoscreen falters for a split second, causing Winston’s face to flicker. Junkrat and Roadhog stand on either side of you, not really at attention, but at least they’re present for the video call.

“It’s astounding how quickly you’ve managed to get the Watchpoint squared away. Athena has been keeping us updated with progress reports since the three of you arrived. Well done, indeed!” Winston beams at you, clearly proud.

“Thank you, sir.” You’re always a little unsure of how to react to praise such as this, but his comment makes you feel good about all of your hard work. It reassures you that you’re off to a good start with this assignment. “There’s just a few things that we still need in terms of supplies. And unfortunately, Gold Coast can’t help us out with these items.”

“Just make sure Athena gets your list and we’ll send out a shipment as soon as we can. In fact, we might send some other members to keep you all company and lend a hand as well.” He sounds excited, and it’s no small wonder why. Just a short time ago, Overwatch was dead and gone. But now its revitalization has reached such heights that many never would have dreamed possible, and that fact alone is enough to stoke the fire of hopefulness inside you and many others. While you dwell on the thought, Jack steps into frame, his stern visage reminding you of your true mission here in Australia.
“In the meantime, some scouting missions might prove useful.” His gruff voice matches his no-nonsense demeanor. “Much of the Outback has unfortunately fallen out of the eye of the rest of the world, but we need a clear idea of what we’re dealing with if we really want to make a difference for the better. It’d be a good idea to reach out to the locals sooner rather than later.” His eyes soften just a fraction, bordering on concern. “Just remember all of your training, and you shouldn’t have anything to worry about, agent. And another thing,” he now directs his focus to the Junkers. “There’s safety in numbers, so whatever happens, look out for each other out there.”

“You’ve got it,” Roadhog rumbles, resting a heavy hand on your shoulder.

“O’ course, mate. We ain’t lettin’ her outta our sight!” Junkrat drapes his arm around you, reassuring both you and the Commander.

“That’s what I wanted to hear. Keep us posted with your plans, and we’ll do the same with you. Soldier, out.” With that, the video feed cuts and you’re left staring at the holoscreen. A few moments of silence pass before you turn to look at your companions.

“Well… guess we should go get ready, right?” They both nod in response, something about their demeanor helping to ease the nerves taking hold of you, and the three of you go about your individual tasks to prepare for the first major outing of your assignment. They agree that travelling by night would be best, avoiding the sweltering heat of the day by resting in the heat-resistant tents that Torbjörn had designed especially for your deployment. They collapse to a conveniently small pack, and set themselves up at the press of a button, recharging the mechanisms daily with the use of paper-thin solar panels built into them. You’d be lying if you said you weren’t looking forward to using them. You check and recheck the packs containing food and water, debatably the most vital supplies on the checklist. One look at the rations and you already miss real food. Including everyone’s weapons and personal effects, it’s a wonder that all of it manages to fit onto Hog’s chopper. Once the inventory is checked at least three times, you finally allow yourself to breathe a bit easier, banishing the unease settling in your belly. Junkrat finishes tying one of the packs to the back of the bike before coming over to where you stand.

“That’s everything, love. Sun should be settin’ pretty soon and then we can head out.” He studies your face for a moment, easily discerning the anxiety there. “’s gonna be just fine, darl. Just gotta scout some stuff out, just like 76 said. Remember, brand new adventure, right?” The smile he gives you fuels the adventurous side of your soul, and you can’t help but return it.

“Adventure... yeah. Yeah!” You grab your small personal pack and slide your harness over the new version of your suit that Winston made before you left Gibraltar. Lightweight, more breathable, shorter sleeves and pants, goggles - so much better suited for the unforgiving climate of Oz. Junkrat leads you to the sidecar and you climb over the side, settling into the cramped space as he does the same next to you.

“Oi, Roadie! Let’s get goin’, yeah?” Jamison hollers. Roadhog finishes his cup of tea and sets the mug on a table, lumbering over to his bike as the hangar door slides open. The sky outside is painted in reds, golds, and purples as the sun sets in the distance. The engine roars to life, and the two Junkers look at you for final confirmation. You look from one to the other for a moment, memorizing this feeling in your chest. A new adventure...

“Onward!” you yell over the motor, pointing outside with a grin plastered to your face. Roadhog revs the engine with a deep chuckle, and the motorcycle rolls forward. As soon as you exit the hangar, Athena activates security measures, ensuring that the base will be safe while you’re away. Down the curving path, away from the Watchpoint, and soon you’re on the open road towards the heart of the continent. Roadhog opens up the throttle, and Junkrat cackles into the deepening night,
wild hair whipped by the wind.

Perhaps you could get used to this.

Chapter End Notes

The End! Or is it?
No really, I'm planning a sequel for this, have no fear! I hope you all enjoyed Where There's Smoke as much as I enjoyed writing it. It's been so amazing to get so much positive feedback from this story, I never imagined so many people would enjoy my writing. Anyway, before I get too sappy, thank you. And keep an eye out for more adventures from these three in the sequel!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!