Darkest Web

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by zippy

Summary

As the youngest member, Hana Song understood the reservations Overwatch had about having her out on the field. To prove herself, she launches on a lone mission in hopes of bringing down a major Talon operation.

Notes

This fic is plot heavy, although there will be explicit scenes in future chapters. It's upsetting how much this fandom greatly lacks Som.Va fics! I'm a sucker for opposites getting on each others' nerves and then falling for each other. D.Va and Sombra seem to fit that bill quite perfectly.

Hope you enjoy. :)


“Captain Ray speaking. We’re T-minus thirteen minutes away from the base. Those aboard prepare for descent and stay alert for any future announcements. Over.”

The flight to the scene was nerving. Winston’s armor dragged against the metal floor and sent shivers up Hana’s spine as he clambered between personnel. His face was stern, creases cutting deep across his forehead as he glanced at clipboards and whispered to the workers, hushed words and frustrated sighs occasionally slipping through the carrier bustle.

Jack stood in the pilot cockpit hovering over shoulders, his back tense and face worried under the visor. His aged hair was jostled, sticking up at odd places due to the amount of times he had run his hands through it.

The rest of the team kept to themselves.

Jesse leaned against one of the plane’s windows, staring off. The sun shining through glinted off his belt buckle, sending reflections of yellow across the cabin. Lena sat at the edge of her seat, her leg jogging up and down as her eyes stayed low, deep in thought. Hana was the only one strapped into her chair, fingers running over the belt and clips.

They had been called in for an emergency mission.

“We need Overwatch, now!” A distant boom of a grenade going off could be heard in the background of the call, Hana remembered. “There are items here they can’t get their hands on. But they’re overtaking the facility, its—”

The call had cut off before the whistleblower finished, but Winston was able to trace the location. A European base that held foreign technology was being attacked by who they only assumed was Talon. The last thing the organization needed was their biggest enemy making creative use of the new tech.

Hana rubbed at her arm, the muscle underneath still slightly sore from a mission the previous week. She frowned as her attention to the pain only made it intensify.

“Here.”

Hana suddenly felt relaxed and refreshed, the pain in her arm and mild anxiousness quelled. Angela sat beside her, staff glowing gold and humming. The blonde woman gave her a soft smile.

“Are you nervous?” She asked.

Hana huffed and dropped her hands into her lap. “I don’t need to be babied.”

“I am not babying you, I’ve asked Jack this question more times than I can count and I bet he’s older than me and you combined.” Angela joked. When Hana cracked a smile she continued, “It’s okay to be…we don’t know what to expect. I think we’re all feeling a little uneasy.”

Hana held the healer’s gaze for a moment. She wondered how many times Angela needed to reassure the others. She gave a small smile, her lips thinning. “I…I know.” Hana gave an assured nod.

Angela smiled, satisfied with Hana’s reply. Her staff returned to normal, the disappearance of the
light and hum gave Hana an odd, empty feeling. Still she couldn’t deny that the healing effects made her feel better, both physically and mentally. Angela placed a hand onto Hana’s shoulder. “With you with us, there’s no reason we should worry.”

This time, Hana smiled wide.

“Attention!” Jack entered the main cabin of the carrier, his heavy boots thudded as he moved to the center. The chatter within the aircraft lowered considerably.

“In a few minutes we will be landing on site of the attack. I want all general military personnel looking for survivors and helping clear out Talon forces. Overwatch members will be in charge of engaging Talon agents and securing items. Clear?” A low murmuring of understanding followed. “Good. Mercy, Winston, and I will be heading towards the main containment facility. McCree and Tracer will stay outside in case of stragglers, both friendly and not.” Jack turned to glance at Hana. She felt herself tense in anticipation.

This was her first mission against Talon, and she had learned enough to know they were dangerous. At least, dangerous enough to keep Overwatch on its toes. After countless battles against the omnics in South Korea, she now had an opportunity to face challengers even more intense. To bring change not just to her country, or even Europe, but to the world. Her heart swelled at the idea.

“D.Va will stay with our medics and engineers to make sure the survivors stay safe.” Hana’s face dropped. “Thank you, dismissed.”

As everyone went back to work, Hana frowned. Her hands flew to her seat clips, the pieces rattling as she struggled to release herself.

“Wait, Soldier!” Hana started, pushing past Angela’s warning hand. Her reflection stared back at her through Jack’s visor as she approached. “Why are you taking me out of the action?”

Jack turned his head and ran a hand through his snowy hair. “I’m not taking you out of the action. Your job is as important as all of ours.”

“But it’s stationary work.” Hana challenged. “You don’t think I can handle myself against Talon?”

Jack sighed and stepped closer to Hana, urging her to lower her voice. “This is your first encounter with Talon, directly. To make it worse we barely know the details of this mission. We don’t know what agents they sent, what they’re after, how many soldiers they’ve brought. We’re going in blind…I don’t want to throw you into shark infested waters…at night…covered in fish guts.”

Hana chose to ignore the analogy.

“Wouldn’t that mean we should be playing more defensive? Winston and I with you and Mercy tending to the survivors? You’ll need some more brawn at the containment facility.”

Hana would’ve thought it was funny, staring up at a taller, more fit Jack and referring to her smaller, slender self as brawn if she wasn’t so annoyed.

Jack’s brows lowered. “You don’t make the calls here.”

“It’s just—“

“You can tend to the survivors or you can stay on board the carrier, those are your options. If you don’t like them…then turn in your Overwatch badge and we’ll send you back home tomorrow morning.” Jack bit. They stood for a moment. Hana’s eyes widened, taken aback and unsure of how
to respond. The aged super-soldier shifted his weight, as if debating on what he should say next. He settled for crossing his arms, and gave her a curt nod before walking away. She stared after him, her vision blurring.

*No use getting riled up in front of everyone now.*

She could feel Angela’s sympathetic stare. It only seemed to make her feel worse.

On all the previous missions she had been on, she could tell the group was wary. If she got in on fights, she was told to stay behind Winston and Jack. Never had they entrusted her to lead or take opponents on her own. Yet she had been apart of MEKA for years, and thrown onto the front-lines with no hesitation.

“*And I survived…with honors.*” Hana thought.

She was no amateur, and yet Overwatch acted as if she had never gotten her hands dirty before …

The plane trembled as it landed and when the doors opened, the members rushed out. They were a bit aways from the base itself, and Hana watched as soldiers ran towards the site. The right side of the base compound was on fire and the smoke that rose blackened the sky. A few Talon vehicles sat at the edge of the base and Hana’s body tingled at the thought of a fight.

She exited the plane, enjoying the sound of the hard-packed dirt beneath her feet as she loosened up her legs. Her teammates rushed past, and she watched with slight jealousy as Jack and Winston gave out orders to the rest of the squad. Hana sighed and looked around as medics and technicians set up stations outside the plane. Her brows winkled, and she felt slightly guilty for pestering Jack to put her elsewhere. He was right, this job was just as important.

She walked away from the group before calling her mech.

“Suiting up!” She announced, and pressed lightly at the thin MEKA watch around her wrist. The watch flashed green and a quick ‘cllllnk’ sounded in confirmation. Within moments, her MEKA fell from the sky. The large bot boomed at landing, dust and dirt swooping into the air. Her body fell into a familiar rhythm as she pulled herself into the suit with ease, familiar parts clicking into place. Once situated she scanned the surrounding area, staying alert as she helped set up camp.

She checked in with the medics and engineers and carried larger crates and equipment from the carrier out onto the makeshift site. After a long while, soldiers began to come back with survivors. Rightfully, things began to pick up, but from what Hana could gather, events were quite hectic within the base as well.

“There’s a larger battle going on at the main chamber. Soldier: 76’s team is attempting to take down the Talon agents there.”

“Mercy left ’76 and Winston to aid us against the Talon soldiers.”

“Tracer and McCree are helping troops that're havin' trouble pinning down Talon forces.”

All seemed to be going well, which was great for Overwatch, but Hana also knew that meant she most likely wasn’t going to be fighting anyone that day. She watched as soldiers came to and from her area, starting to feel content with standing guard. She was going over an apology to Jack in her head when a soldier ran up to her directly.

“D.Va, there’s been a breach at the far left of the base. We pinned Talon operatives but they managed to blow a hole right through to the other side.” The Overwatch soldier looked distressed.
Hana raised a brow. “That means-“

“Talon forces are going to catch sight of this area and they may engage. We’re spread too thin to be able to send more soldiers to cover right now.”

Hana nodded, her adrenaline pumping. She was going to have to leave her station. That left the people here vulnerable, but if she didn’t help, the battle was eventually going to come to them…and there were a lot more casualties at stake here than there.

“I’m on it.” Hana replied, and she was off.

Engaging her boosters, she approached the far end of the base quickly. A big chunk of the base’s back wall was scattered before it, and a few Overwatch soldiers were using the larger bits as cover to keep the enemies at bay. Hana analyzed the scene before her quickly.

*Seven Overwatch troops, eighteen Talon soldiers. Talon’s pushing, but we're doing a good job at holding ground.*

Seconds before arriving, she pulled up, her mech launching into the sky with a whirl before landing heavily in front of the blasted hole. The force of her landing made several Talon soldiers fly back into the facility and distracted others enough to allow them to be shot down. The defending Overwatch soldiers behind her gave a cheer of triumph, and Hana’s pride swelled as she felt their morale rise.

Hana’s mech-cannons easily found their marks and Talon soldier after Talon soldier fell.

*Eleven…ten…nine remaining.*

She pressed forward, her mech suit pounding against the ground as it went. The shots directed towards her were easily deflected with the defense matrix, and within minutes the opposing troops began to fall back into the breaking base. Hana knew she should’ve let them retreat, but she couldn’t let the rush she felt go.

Hana pursued the troops, knocking them out as she went deeper and deeper into the base. Down to the last few remaining, it became much harder to get them down. The soldiers ended up splitting and dispersed themselves as they exited the base’s long hallway and entered a large supply room. The room had random machines, broken and damaged by a previous battle, scattered throughout. Crates were stacked all around them and the pilot struggled to maneuver her mech through the tight aisles. Hana stopped as an aisle cleared into a wide opening and, with a skilled tug of the mech’s joysticks, lined the crosshairs on her screen up with a Talon soldier rushing his way towards an exit.

“Too easy.” She thought.

Hana gasped as several shots hit her from her left side, throwing off her aim and causing her own shots to land way above the soldier. She whirled around and fired aggressively, her mech beeping as the triggers locked to allow her fusion cannons to cool.

Her eyebrows raised curiously as she saw her shots had hit no one.

“Looking for me?”

Hana turned to see a woman standing before her, semi-gun pointed into the air. Despite the haphazard state of the base she radiated nonchalance, as if it was just another morning. The shaved part of her head leaned against the gun as she studied Hana, and the glowing implants within her scalp reflected lightly off the metal. On the other side, her hair came slightly down and over her
shoulder, the ends fading from brown to purple.

The woman pointed her gun at Hana once more and let several shots rip. Hana blocked them in time but couldn’t help her surprise as the woman disappeared before her very eyes in a mystifying shimmer of violet.

*Teleportation? Invisibility?*

She whirled her mech around, eyes darting, waiting for the woman to show herself again.

“Interesting tech you’ve got here.” The woman appeared again before Hana, her Spanish accent now apparent. “Mind if I borrow it?”

Hana gritted her teeth and readied her cannons, her fingers at the trigger. Before she could fire, the woman held out her hand. Several small, purple hexagons floated over her glove, then stretched to flit over Hana’s mech. Her fingers moved, and Hana jolted as she felt her mecha begin to shut down.

“What-” As her mech suit completely shut off, her assailant emptied the rest of her bullets into the suit. Hana gaped in horror as the inside of her mech began to glow red, an indicator that it was about to blow. “Oh, f-

Hana ejected herself from the suit, easily flipping back onto her feet as her mech blew only seconds later. When the smoke cleared and the pieces stopped flying, her opponent began to make her way over.

“Oops,” the woman said.

“Don’t look so smug, there’s more where that came from.”

But that would, of course, mean Hana would need to stall for the next half minute before her new mech would be ready for her. The younger girl reached for the light gun at her belt and pointed it at her enemy. Her attacker tilted her head thoughtfully, but paused her movements.

“Your outfit.” The woman commented. She placed her finger under her chin thoughtfully. “It’s got…character.”

The woman started to circle her. Hana followed, her aim lined perfectly up to her head.

“So pretty, and your mech-suit...pink? I, too, enjoy being bright and noticeable.” She gestured to her own hair and outfit. The woman gave a smile before she raised an eyebrow. Hana took that time to notice the slits threaded into them.

Alright Talon, we get it, your members are edgy.

“Is that what you want? To be noticed?”

Hana tried to conceal the rest of her uneasiness as her face flushed. She wished to be in her mech-suit, not because she felt stronger, but because at least then she would be hidden from the girl’s prying gaze.

*Because I noticed you, bonita. Your big bunny suit making my soldiers run for the hills.”* The woman gave an unsettling laugh. Her gaze then turned playful. “But...how comfortable is that uniform you’re wearing? It doesn’t look practical at all. I don't think it'd protect you from a fly, let alone a bullet."
Hana felt her skin prickle. “Why don't we test that theory?” She bit back, finger trembling over the trigger. The woman stopped circling and tilted her head, amused. They then heard a shout come from the other end of the facility. A small blast followed by powered shots echoed into the storage room.

Soldiers were coming, and to Hana’s relief, it sounded like Overwatch.

“How sad that our time together ends here. I’ll leave you with a parting gift.” The woman raised her gun and Hana only had a moment to move out of the way.

The shots landed on the machines behind her as she rolled, leaving behind dark spots from heat and force. Hana returned with shots of her own, her blaster firing rounds of compressed energy at the attacker. The woman disappeared once more, appearing again to Hana’s right. Hana didn’t hesitate to fire as the woman disappeared and reappeared. A shot to my left, three shots to my right. Her confidence rose as her blaster landed a shot to her opponent’s shoulder.

The woman reappeared instantly. She groaned, falling onto a knee as she grasped at her shoulder. She gave Hana a sharp look before disappearing once more. Hana assumed she was going back to her zig-zag, but to her surprise, the woman appeared right before her. Hana’s eyes widened as the woman landed a hard kick to her stomach.

She grunted as she flew back, hitting thick, wooden crates at full force. She let out a pained noise as her body cracked against the hard material and slid to the floor. The back of her head throbbed and pain coiled in her abdomen, the force of the kick leaving a clenching feeling that led from her stomach to her throat.

She felt dizzy, and she raised her hand in defense only to realize in horror that her gun had been knocked out by the attack.

Her mech.

It was certainly ready by now…she just needed to call…

Hana warily reached towards her MEKA watch, but gasped as her assailant grabbed her by her suit’s collar, pulling her up and roughly pressing her back against the crates. Hana groaned in pain as the tender flesh at the back of her head was put under pressure once again. Brown eyes blazed into hers as her attacker came close, their noses almost touching.

“You put up a good fight, D.Va.” The woman’s warm breath ghosted over Hana’s skin. Hana tried her best to stay alert, but her adrenaline had begun to wear out, and the woman's voice began to sound far away. “Talon’s been watching you, though I’ll admit I wasn’t expecting to go toe-to-toe with you so soon.” The woman’s hands quickly moved from Hana’s suit to around her neck, and Hana’s eyes widened as she began to apply light pressure.

Her hands shot up to grab at her attacker’s fingers, attempting to pry them off before any real damage was done. But the woman didn’t apply enough force to cut off her air supply, just enough to keep Hana in her already light-headed state. The woman stared at her intently, and Hana focussed on the sweat beaded at the bridge of her nose.

“You impress me. I think with a bit more training and experience we could really have a rivalry. Now, I don’t want you to leave this place with a bad attitude and a bruised ego. You did well…” The woman smiled and unwrapped her hands from around Hana’s neck, sliding them up to clasp at her face. Her thumbs briefly brushed over her cheeks, the rough material of her glove scratching over them. “I think this is a gift you rightfully earned.”
And with that the woman leaned in, taking Hana’s lips between hers. Hana’s eyes widened, and in her weak state she could feel herself on the precipice of passing out. Heat exploded across Hana’s body, to her cheeks, to her chest, and to regions much, much lower. She felt overcome with shock, embarrassment, attraction, and lust all at once. The woman’s lips were soft and warm, the tender action such a huge contrast to their encounter only moments before that her body became confused, and Hana felt herself give in to exhaustion. Her eyes almost flitted closed when the woman pulled away.

“Good-bye, D.Va.”

Hana only saw the gun being slammed into her head. In the next moment, all she saw were stars.
Hana woke to a firm bed and a flimsy gown. The room looked as if it had been turned into a temporary medic, the bed and equipment having come from the plane carrier. She moved to sit up, groaning as the side of her head reminded her of her recent woes.

“Agh,” she attempted to reach up to further inspect the damage, but her left hand tangled in wires leading to various machines by the bed. She made an effort to untangle herself, growing frustrated as she ended up even more tangled, and opted to disconnect herself instead. She regretted it when the machines began to beep.

Angela appeared almost instantly, her eyes, initially wide with concern, dropped to annoyance.

“God, Hana, I thought you had flatlined.” Angela sighed and fiddled with the machines, silencing them.

“Pfft, I wish.”

Angela shot Hana a disapproving look.

“I’ve prescribed you some medicine that should help with the swelling and soreness on your head. There’s no internal bleeding anywhere so we can give thanks to that, however you’ll probably feel some tenderness across your body.”

“Mmm, yeah, change that ‘probably’ to a definitely. My legs are like bricks.” Hana complained and her free hand rubbed at her thigh. Angela leaned against the bed.

“Your clothes are waiting for you in the other room.”

“You don’t like the hospital gown look?”

Angela didn’t look amused and Hana cracked a smile.

“Where are we?” Hana asked as she made her way off the bed. The room, although sporting the medical equipment, looked to have been in the midst of construction. The walls were half painted and tarp was lied down in certain areas.

“Our German base.”

Hana’s head fell back as she let out a long groan.

Overwatch was far from what it used to be. After it’s reinstatement, they needed to quickly raise bases across the world. Hana enjoyed the spaciousness of the American bases, the South American ones always seemed to be loaded with food, and their base in Hong Kong was stacked with amazing
Their German one was…still under construction. Meaning it was barren and boring and quite literally made Hana feel as if she were living in a prison.

And yet prison would’ve still left me with more things to do.

After Angela checked her vitals once more, Hana made her way out into the other room to pull on her MEKA uniform. Hana winced as the tightness of the suit irritated her muscles, but the pain wasn’t anything she couldn’t ignore.

She exited the room and made her way down the hall to the gathering area. The large area contained stairs that led up into Winston’s office, or as he liked to call it, ‘Athena’s Realm.’ Hana had told him several times that it just made him sound like a weirdo, but she quickly retracted her statements when he launched into a long, draining speech about the similarities between A.I.s and living life forms. If she hadn’t surrendered she was sure he was going to get around to the Omnic Crisis…and then she’d have to cancel her sponsorships and retire from gaming altogether because she’d be there forever.

Overwatch protocol called for each member to meet with Winston after a mission to give their personal report. He had it typed up, recorded, and archived in the Overwatch database for future referencing. Hana used to enjoy going through the files and reading everyone’s reports. It helped her appreciate the roles everyone on the team played…but she especially loved seeing mentions in the other files.

‘Thought we were going to be overrun but D.Va blew her mech just in time’ Yep. You’re welcome.

‘The cannon fired straight at me but D.Va flew in and had her matrix eat up the blast.’ Oh, it’s nothing. Just doing my job.

‘…I don’t know how she noticed it, but D.Va threw herself onto the bomb, her mech taking the brunt of the blast for us.’ That one was actually an accident. Didn’t know the explosive was there until it detonated, but hey, what they don’t know won’t hurt them.

“Winston?” Hana called out as she made her way into the room. The large computer hung intimidatingly over her and the attached complex machinery glowed. She was tempted to go to town on button-pressing.

Winston sat in front of Athena and paused at his name, turning around. “Ah, Hana! Glad to see you awake—sit!” He pulled out the chair beside him and Hana sat.

“Athena, prepare to type up Hana’s report and file it under ‘British Base #1737’. Attach date and time of file as well, please.”

“Understood.”

“Thank you.” Winston gave Hana his full attention. “How’re you feeling?”

“If you think I look bad, you should see the other guy.”

“Hmm.” Winston’s brows lowered.

“I’m feeling a little sore, and I’ve got a headache, but no major injuries.”

Winston nodded. “That is good news, I was very worried when we found out you were hurt. This could’ve ended very, very badly. I’m extremely grateful to have you sitting here with me.” Hana said
nothing. “Could you walk me through the mission from your point of view?”

Hana began to give her rendition of what had happened at the European base. As much as she joked, she never skipped over any essential detail. From her brief conversation with Angela, to her argument with Jack, and the bits of information she received from the soldiers coming to-and-from the base; she told it all.

“I entered the base’s left-side storage facility to take out the remaining Talon soldiers, but then I ran into an agent…” Hana paused.

Winston nodded and leaned forward. “And which agent did you run into?”

“In all my fantasies I’ve always imagined that it’d be Widowmaker…but it wasn’t.”

“Wha-what? Athena, don’t put that in the report.”

“Tsk, never thought you’d be the one for censorship Winston.”

Winston groaned and rubbed at his face.

“I need you to be serious. We know that you encountered a new Talon agent. This is going to be one of the first reports we put into her file.” Winston folded his hands. “It’s essential for you to be thorough so that we have a better idea of what we’re dealing with in the future.”

Hana fidgeted in her seat, suddenly uncomfortable as she remembered the fight. She really did hate losing. “She, uh, took me by surprise. She had a semi-automatic gun and…was able to disappear and reappear almost at will. She was able to power off my mech-suit with this tech, and…” Hana mulled over her next few words, “and overpower me.”

“Could you explain how she was able to do these things?”

“You just like having me pull my own teeth out, don’t you?” Hana teased, but continued. “She had these sharp gloves on…think like, Freddy Kruger but more practical. And it created these holographic lights that affected my mech. Like it was messing with the program.”

Winston nodded.

“We went back and forth for awhile after I detonated, but then she got the upper hand and knocked me back into some crates. I became dizzy, and…” Hana swore she could hear the record scratch in her head as she recalled the next intimate moment. She couldn’t put that in the report! Could she?

“She, um…” Hana shook her head. Winston looked at her with concern.

“Is everything alright?”

“Yes, its just…” Hana gave a frustrated sigh. “She started choking me and then she—she knocked me out with her gun.” She finished with a quick breath.

Winston remained silent and stared at the girl intently. Hana became uneasy and her back tensed. He knows, he freakin’ knows. Ugh--this guy’s a genetically enhanced monkey. Would I really be surprised to find out he could read minds? She almost dropped to her knees to beg for forgiveness.

I’m sorry Winston I was just embarrassed, please don’t give me another philosophical lecture, like seriously, PLEASE Winston!

Before Hana could bust out her award winning tears, Winston chuckled.
“There’s nothing wrong with failing a mission Hana, it’s always a win when you walk away with your life. You shouldn’t be so reluctant to talk about your losses. It helps us grow.” He looked up at the ceiling.

Or...maybe not.

“Thank you, Athena. Put this transcript in my ‘To-Read’ folder, we may need to do some redacting.” Winston gave Hana a pointed look. The pilot gave a small sigh of relief.

“So, who’s the agent I fought?”

Winston turned back to his computer, pulling up a file. Hana watched as the screen filled with pictures of her assailant and she shifted uncomfortably as the memory of their kiss flew to the forefront of her mind.

Is it a damn requirement at Talon to be attractive?

“Olivia Colomar, alias ‘Sombra.’ Highly skilled hacker and cryptographer.” The screen changed to show a short clip of her disappearing in a disintegration of purple in what looked to be a museum, and reappearing behind a guarded exhibit. She stole an ancient relic before disappearing once more.

“She took those skills to the next level after implanting a cybernetic graft along her spine, which allows her to do all those things you’ve just described on the go. Specializing in intelligence assessment and espionage…it’s not surprising that she would catch Talon’s eye.”

Hana nodded solemnly. “Did we at least kick the rest of Talon’s asses?”

“Sadly they’d already seemed to get what they had came for. They were only stalling until reinforcements arrived to pick them up. We are working with the UN to uncover what it was that was taken from that base, but they’re being quite…difficult.” Winston looked irritated. “It makes no sense as to why they would be so secretive, yet expect us to roll over and help them at their every whim. There were hundreds of unreported weapons in that facility!”

“What else do you expect from the British?”

Winston huffed. “Hana, you can’t go around saying things like that when we have people on this team that could take it.”

What were they after?...and if most of the Talon agents were on the other side of the base, what was Sombra doing by herself on the left?

“And Lena is a very nice woman, probably the kindest woman I’ve-”

And if the UN was being difficult then that meant they had to be working on some highly secretive stuff. If Talon got their hands on it, Overwatch was in for a treat.

“-pushing past stereotypes and rumors are the only way we can truly achieve peace in this world. That’s what Mondatta preached, and its apparent that without-“

Hana’s eyes grew wide at the mention of Mondatta and she snapped back to reality. She had about five seconds before Winston went off about the Omnic Crisis.

He really knows how to turn all his lectures towards that.

“You’re right Winston, I’m sorry. I’m just so used to being in my streamer mode I forget to put on a
filter. Lena is,” she pretended to think, “My not least favorite person on this team.”

Winston’s face twisted in confusion at her wording.

“Thanks for the chat Winston, we should do it again sometime!” Hana quickly rose out of her chair and made for the stairs. She ignored Winstons half-hearted attempt at calling her back with a smile of her own.

“Like…can you believe that? She just kissed me.” Hana spoke into her room as her fingers methodically pressed against the portable game device. Soft explosions and noises spilled from the gadget.

“She was all ‘Oh, don’t feel bad about getting your skull smacked around. Here’s a kiss. Muah.’ as if that makes it all better.”

Another reason she disliked the German base: her room had ZERO furniture save for a bed, a desk, and a cardboard cutout of Pharah wilted in the corner.

*It was funny at the time.*

She sat crossed legged on her bed, her phone nearby on speaker. Her MEKA uniform was thrown over the desk chair and had been replaced with cotton shorts and a wrinkled ‘Don’t Mess With TEXAS’ shirt. She and Jesse had bought matching ones in America after he refused to buy the ‘Save a Horse, Ride a Cowboy’ one with her.

“That’s pretty scandalous.” Lúcio responded on the other line. “Good thing Overwatch files are classified otherwise this would be all over the blogs.”

“Ah, yeah. Good thing, that.”

“…you didn’t put it in your report, did you?”

“What’s the point? I’d say it and then Winston would have a heart attack and then I’d have to explain it to the others…then they’d have a heart attack. It’s a vicious cycle.”

“Here I am, having a heart attack.”

“I mean, I’m sure we’ve all had a similar fantasy with Widowmaker. Y’know, you’re fighting, you get close, she says something, like, ‘I’m going to rip your limbs off and hang them over the town square’—but in French so its sexy—and then you’re both all over each other.”

Lúcio chuckled. “Riiight. Difference is, is that if it was Widowmaker you’d be in a casket right now.”

“And I’d still call you from beyond the grave to brag about it so tough luck.”

“Well, regardless this is obviously bothering you...You sure you’re okay?”

“Yes, I mean, no. It’s not really the kiss that bothers me,” Hana was thankful they weren’t video chatting, her face felt on fire. “It’s the teasing. She was mocking me. I just wanna—like—kick her ass you know? Settle the score.”

“Ah,” She could imagine Lúcio’s smile. “D.Va plays to win.”

“Errgh, cheesy.” Hana threw her game to the side and flopped back onto the bed, letting out a
pleased groan as she stretched her legs across the soft blanket. She listened to the ‘Game Over’ noise that shortly followed and rubbed her eyes.

“Maybe I just need to get-“

“Laid?”

“Sleep.” Hana gave the phone a look. *Maybe they should be video chatting so she could stab Lúcio with her eyes.*

But after a moment, “Probably that too, though.”

Lúcio snorted and Hana mulled over the other thoughts in her mind.

“I wish you were here, dude.” Hana admitted. “They treat me like I’m some kid. I’ve been on more missions than any other pilot in South Korea and I saved my country. I’m good at what I do, and I feel like they don’t see that.”

After a beat, she continued. “And then this hacker comes along and makes it worse. There’s no chance they’re letting me out of their sights now. I’m practically a benchwarmer. The water boy. ‘Wow, nice shot out there Jack! Want a refresher?’” Hana sighed and Lúcio laughed.

“What’s the point of me being stationed here with them? I could be out there with you, helping you and Fareeha and Ana with…whatever.”

“You’re meant to be there, Hana. If you didn’t believe that yourself you’d be in Seoul right now.”

Hana stayed quiet. He was right.

“Well I do miss my parents…”

“You can’t fool yourself.”

Hana sighed. After a second, “Thanks, Lúcio. I’ll come visit you soon. Maybe we can finally collab on an album.”

Hana smiled when the boy sputtered on the other line. “*Hell* no. I love you…but your last name truly is wishful thinking.”

“Ehh, I’ll convince ya.” Hana followed the lines on her ceiling with her eyes. “Love you,” she ended in Korean.

“Love you, too.”

Hana smiled. She had said it enough times for him to remember its meaning. After the end-call beeps sounded, Hana was left to her own thoughts.

*Som-bra. Judging from the information Winston gave she seemed to already have an established past. What did Talon offer her to get her to join? What motivated her to sell her soul?*

She went over her conversation with Lúcio.

“If it was Widowmaker, you’d be in a casket right now.”

Hana’s brows wrinkled. He was right. In fact, if it was any other Talon agent she’d be irritating Mondatta instead of Winston in the afterlife. Sombra spared her, but why?
She wanted a rivalry? Somehow, Hana didn’t buy it. She felt something tug at her brain. The answer was right in front of her, she knew it. She just had to connect the pieces.

She sat up.

“Athena?”

“Hello, Hana.”

“Finally, a good thing about this base,” Hana muttered. “Could you pull up Sombra’s file along with British Base #1737’s mission report?”

A small part of her ceiling slid open and a few cameras floated around the room before projecting the files before her.

*She just needed to dig a little deeper.*

For the rest of the night, Hana walked around her room, flipping through holographic files and taking down notes.

She confirmed that Sombra was the only Talon agent on the left-side of the base, but she learned that Sombra was with the other agents for a large majority of the fight. It was only towards the end of the mission she seemingly slipped away. For what reason? Talon usually didn’t care if their soldiers were pinned or in trouble, they were only there as a nuisance.

“How,” Hana hummed. “Athena can you show me a map of the base?”

“Uploading.”

The map appeared before her and Hana raised her hand, moving and enlarging different parts of the facility.

“Where did you scurry off to…” Hana whispered to herself. “Athena, pull up the inventory of the base for me.”

*Inventory is incomplete. Do you still want to see it?”*

“Yes.” The inventory list appeared beside the map and Hana scanned it before she found what she was looking for. She grinned.

“I going back to Seoul for a little while.”

The noise in the room stopped and a spoon clattered. Hana could feel all eyes boring into her as she sat in their break room at the dining table, a spoonful of cereal halfway to her mouth.

Jack scratched at his chin, and blinked. “Why? Is this about what I said on the carrier? Because that—”

“No, no.” Hana feigned nonchalance. “My agent has been bothering me nonstop. Apparently a few of my records have been knocked out and my lack of presence in the gaming community has led several magazines to say I’m on a comedown.” *Lie.* “I want to go back and set everyone straight. Probably do events out of the country, too. Plus I think I need a little time to recover from this last mission.”

Angela placed her hand on the table in concern. “Are you feeling more pain?”
“Errm…emotionally, I mean?” Hana cringed. Wow, she really needed to take a few more acting classes.

“Overwatch isn’t just some hobby that you can go back and forth from whenever you please.” Jack scolded, his scarred face frowning.

“Oh, give her a break.” Jesse turned from where he poured his coffee from across the room. “At least she’s telling you where she’s goin’. I used to fuck off more times than you could count without any warning beforehand.”

Hana chewed her cereal. “I take Overwatch seriously, I don’t want you guys putting me in a mission thinking I’m fine when I’m really not. I barely left this last one with my life, and I don’t want to be put in a position like that prematurely again.”

Her teammates stared at her as if she had three eyes.

“Who are you and what have you done with Hana?” Lena blinked over, leaning in to stare suspiciously at the girl’s face. She closed an eye and poked a finger to the girl’s cheek.

“If you get any closer I’m telling Emily you tried to make out with me.”

Lena laughed but stood straight.

“I’ll be gone a month, at most. And then I’m back.” Hana explained. “And if you really need me, you know I’ll be there.”

“Mhph,” Jack muffed. “Maybe Angela can find something that-“

“Nonsense.” Winston finally spoke. “Hana, of course you can go home. Spending time with family and doing the things you love—besides saving the world, of course—is a different type of healing science can’t replicate. This is very mature of you.”

“Yep, that’s me.” Hana nodded, a pang hitting her in her chest. Screw these guys for actually caring about me.

Jack grumbled, and then, “I’ll prepare a private plane for you.” He finally relented.

Hana stared out the window, the lush green of the fields below distracting her from her thoughts. But now she thought, long and hard, about what she planned to do.

Did she really want to do it? Was she crazy?

Yes, to both questions. She looked over at the bag on the seat next to her. Tucked into the bottom, she knew, was her MEKA uniform.

She could always just stay in her seat and enjoy the flight. Really end up back home and heal from…everything since she joined Overwatch. She imagined getting back into Smash and Starcraft, meeting her fans, doing interviews and photoshoots. Maybe even stream some League.

She cringed.

She really was going crazy.

She sighed and closed her eyes. Olivia, Olivia, Olivia. That’s all she’d been thinking about since the mission. Her tech was impressive, and she could hold her own. Hana imagined all the ways she
could blow her mech and annihilate her.

“Idiot…she should’ve killed me back there because I don’t go away that easily. Not if I’m still kickin’.” Hana huffed to herself.

Stupid Spanish accent and cocky grin. She swears she’s hot stuff! She played dirty…but what can you expect from a hacker.

Hana riled herself up, but then her mind went back to the kiss.

Firm, and soft, and wet. Her lips moved over Hana’s with undeniable skill. The light suck at her bottom lip. The feel of her fingers flexing against her neck. Combined with her light-headedness, all Hana could feel was her…

Well…she was a good kisser.

She went back to the memory, playing it over in her head.

Pressed against the containers, her body against hers. Mouth hot, and heady…and a tongue slipping into her mouth. Hana bit her lip, acutely aware of the memory morphing itself into something dangerous. No longer was she pressed against the crates, instead she was on a nice, big bed, her opponent over her, kissing her again, and again. They weren’t in their uniforms anymore either…Olivia’s shirt was off, and Hana’s hands squeezed at the woman’s shoulders.

Hmm, probably firm.

Hana felt heat creep up her neck.

Olivia’s hand moved to rub at her thigh, massaging the tense muscle there. ‘Are you feeling sore here, Hana? I’ll make it all better if you be a good girl for me.’ That Spanish accent would wrap her brain in a noose, leaving her no choice but to surrender completely. Hana let out a shaky breath, her eyes squeezing shut even more, concentrating on the fantasy. Her clit pulsed at the anticipation and her stomach clenched, wetness seeping onto her underwear. She would nod desperately, and eventually Olivia’s hand would slide higher, disappearing under her skirt.

By this point she was positive her underwear was ruined.

She’d rub her through her underwear and disconnect their lips before leaning down to bite roughly at her neck. Hana let out a soft noise, her own hand moving from the plane’s armrest to run over her skirt.

Then she’d pull her underwear to the side, look into Hana’s eyes, and say-

Ding. “We’ve now reached optimal altitude, please feel free to walk about the cabin, thank you.”

The voice washed over Hana like a bucket of cold water and she gasped, her eyes flying open. Hana stared blankly in disbelief before letting her head bump back against the seat. She pressed the heels of her hands over her eyes before letting out a loud yell.

“Fuck!” Hana gave a frustrated sigh. “Maybe I really do need to get some.” She dropped her hands into her lap and stared out the window once more.

Okay, new plan. 1.) Stop Talon. 2.) Come back, get laid.

She tugged at the end of her skirt before deciding she really was going to go through with her plan.
She pulled out her phone and typed out a tweet.

‘hola, Mexico! i’m seriously missing u! :3 <3 how about a free screening of Hero Of My Storm so I can see all of ur beautiful faces? i’m already omw! \(^-^\)▽^(-^▽)^\’

She then sent a quick text to her manager and agent before making her way to the pilot cockpit.

“Captain?” The pilot and co-pilot both turned to look at her with surprise.

“Oh, hello Ms. Song. Something wrong?”

“Um, yeah, actually…” Hana hesitated on her decision a final time before moving forward.

“There’s been a change of plans…head for Mexico. I’ve got a last minute event I need to be there for.”
“You think you can just hop on a flight and send a tweet promising something to your fans without running it by us first? On a time crunch, no less!” Mrs. Yeun, Hana’s manager, yelled at her from the speaker phone.

When she landed in Mexico City, Hana wasn’t expecting such a big welcome so soon. Fans and paparazzi lined the sidewalks of the airport and it was difficult for her to make it to her hotel. With a whole lot of security and quite a bit of pictures with fans, she eventually made it out.

Now she stood at the edge of her bed, her bag on the mattress and her clothes thrown all over the sheets. Planning out her outfits were a good distraction for the time being. She had narrowed an outfit down to two shirts when her phone rang, her manager clearly frustrated on the other line.

“I know, I’m sorry. This is just really important to me.” Hana responded in Korean. She held up one of the two shirts to her body and turned to look at the mirror across the room.

Hmm, a little too bright for the pants.

“And you are what is important to me. None of our team is there with you, do you know how worrying that is? At least in Germany you had Overwatch.”

Hana paused and tossed the shirt back onto the bed. Although she was being scolded, hearing and speaking her native language created a longing in her heart. She questioned her plan once more.

“I’m sorry Mrs. Yeun, you’re right, I’m reckless. Book me a flight back home and I’ll be back in no time and you can sign me up for my usual appearances.

It would be that easy to back out, Hana contemplated.

"Give me one good reason as to why I shouldn’t book you a flight back here this instant.”

“Bad press?” Hana tried.

“I’m getting you a flight to Seoul.”

“Wait, no. Mrs. Yeun, please.” Hana grabbed her phone. “When I was in Europe…I met a fan who was from Mexico. She was really passionate. Started shaking, cried, had a mental breakdown, the whole thing. She said she was so glad she was able to meet me and that she thought she’d never have the chance because I never make my way over to Latin America. It touched me.” Hana was lying out of her ass.

“I can’t be neglecting my fans on the other half of the world just because it’s far.”
Hana held her breath as no sound came from the other line. Maybe she played the sympathy card too hard…

Then a sigh, “So how are we going about this?”

Hana had to hold back a squeal.

“A free screening of Hero Of My Storm in every city across Mexico. And I’ll be doing a viewing party tour! Just me, the fans, and the 87th best movie ever made.”

Mrs. Yeun laughed in disbelief. “Are you trying to tell me that you want to go to every single city?”

“…maybe.”

“You’re funny, Hana. Too bad I’ve never been one for jokes. You get five free screenings, that means, at most, five cities.”

Hana sputtered, “N-no, wait how am I supposed to meet all my fans if I’m only holding five events? Think of all the people I’m going to be missing out on seeing. Like-

“Enough, Hana. I’m already letting you stay there. Let me know your cities by tomorrow morning or else you’ll end up having all your screenings in Mexico City.”

Hana felt the income of a stress headache. “Alright, I’ll let you know.” She knew there was only so much you could argue with her manager.

“Thank you. Stay safe.”

“Always.” When the line disconnected Hana placed her phone on the bedside table and sighed.

She originally planned to go to every major city in Mexico in the hopes that one of them would be Sombra’s hometown. The hacker wouldn’t be able to ignore Hana’s presence in her home, would she? She’d do some snooping, ask around for her…the whole thing until Olivia just couldn’t ignore her. She’d have to come…right?

Hana dropped back onto the bed and frowned. Her plan began to sound more strewed and ridiculous as she thought about it.

“Am I just an idiot?” Hana said to no one. She turned her head and made eye contact with the kitty plushy sticking out of her bag. Its silence offended her. “Oh yeah? Well screw you then.” She waved her arm to knock it onto its side, its judging stare gone.

Hana thought about calling Lúcio and telling him the entire plan. She thought about flying him out to help her, to support her, to keep her sane. But the idea was selfish. Lúcio had a job to do, he couldn’t drop everything just for her. The same in the way she couldn’t drop everything just for him, even if she really wanted to. Life didn’t work out like fairytales. There was no nobility in being a deserter.

Isn’t that what you are?

Hana pushed the thought away.

This is different. I’m still working, even if no one knows it yet.

As her eyes traced the bumps on the ceiling she thought about her first battle in MEKA. She remembered the fear that coursed through her as she stood at the front-lines for the South Korean army, staring into the East China Sea. The air was cold and the spray from the sea speckled her
mecha’s window. She remembered she had been streaming, and regretted it, for she felt she was filming her own death. Did she really want to put her parents through the social aftermath when the video would no doubt go viral? She imagined the stupid YouTube variations.

“D.Va’s Death [TRAP REMIX] DJ Mistie Version ((1 HOUR LONG))”

Ugh…it would probably be good too.

When the omnic rose from the sea…she didn’t move. She contemplated running, moving away, finding a low-intensity job like basket weaving. But she watched as the other MEKA soldiers flew into the robot with no fear. Her teammates, who she had spent the better part of the last year with in bootcamp, went down like flies. The omnic’s large, metallic arm, swept MEKAs to the side like ants. Some flew into the sea, large bursts of water splashing up towards the clouded sky. Others hit the ground like missiles. Booms and dust filled the air as the army gave the enemy their all, and mech parts fell from the sky like the ocean spray. Hana’s blood turned cold as she maneuvered out of the way of a mecha’s flying leg. What was the point of fighting when you were just going to lose? Why were they still charging when the omnic would never be defeated? For the last twenty years, it would slink back into the sea only to rear its head again a few years later, new and improved. Hana’s hand hovered over the switch to turn off her stream, but her eyes flitted over to the comments.

“thank you D.Va! u guys allowed my family to escape Busan <33 praying for ur safety”

“can’t wait till u knock his robotic ass back into the water. yea he’s faced the entire power of the south korean army, but he ain’t face u yet ;)”

“ahhhhh, stay safe T__T you’ve always been my hero, and now you are everyone’s!”

Hana’s eyes glossed. Just because the onnic wasn’t dead didn’t mean they continuously failed. The army being there allowed the citizens to escape. They prevented the omnic from wreaking havoc on the rest of the country. If the omnic needed to knock shit around before it went back into the ocean, it was better that it was them than their homes.

For the first time, winning didn’t matter to Hana.

“Allright, guys, if I die, I want this to be my memorial picture.” Hana pulled a peace sign up to her face and winked. She laughed, “JK, I’ve got a Smash tournament in a few weeks and there’s no way I’m letting Mew2King win on resignation. So, let’s kick some giant omnic ass!” And then Hana engaged her boosters for the first time of many.

When the memory faded away, Hana was surprised to feel her cheeks wet. She quickly wiped her face.

I’ve grown too soft. I need to stop watching K-Dramas.

Nonetheless, she was now filled with determination and rose to dig through her bag once more. From the bottom, she pulled out her MEKA suit and placed it neatly onto the mattress. Then, she opened a zipper and fished around inside the compartment until she found a flash drive. Grabbing her laptop, she placed the computer atop her clothes and plugged in the drive. After a few moments…

“Hello, Hana.”

“Hi, Athena.”

Winston gave every member of Overwatch a version of Athena that fit on a flash drive, just incase
they needed to access her, or the Overwatch archives, on the go. Hana thought it would never come in handy.

She made a mental note to hug Winston more often.

“I need you to do some data analyzing for me.”

“No problem. What do you need analyzed?”

“Go into Olivia Colomar’s criminal record file. I want you to create a list of the top five cities she’s committed the most crime in, in Mexico.” Hana paced around the room, thinking.

The places she’s committed the most crime are destined to have people that know her in them. If Hana made enough noise, it was bound to get back to Olivia sooner or later.

“Criminal record not on Overwatch file. Accessing through UN database.”

“Yeah, yeah.”

It was a few minutes before Athena spoke again.

“Data analyzed. Uploading list now.”

Hana crouched in front of her computer, heart pounding as the list appeared on the screen.

1. Cancún
2. Guadalajara
3. Mexico City
4. Tijuana
5. Zapopan

She smiled. Bingo.

Hana pulled on the bottom of her shirt as she examined herself in the mirror. Her appearance at the airport yesterday got the blogs talking once again as the paparazzi pictures were released.

COSMO had reported her as a “-sexy little bunny whose time in Overwatch definitely shows. She better have her mech handy because its hunting season and we’re all ready to pounce.”

Idiots.

GQ followed tastefully with, “RED Alert! Hana Song spotted in Mexico City. Is she taking a vacation? We sure hope so, cause we’re waiting on those bikini pictures D.Va!”

Hana looked away from herself in the mirror. The last thing she wanted was to second guess her outfit.

Why couldn’t the tabloids just say, ‘Hey, you look good today!’, instead of being ridiculously extra.

The only good thing about the reports was that it was now popularly known that she was in Mexico, meaning Olivia may begin to take notice. Her phone buzzed, and Hana was informed that her driver
was outside the hotel waiting for her.

Tonight was the night of her first free showing of Hero Of My Storm in Mexico City. She had been told that hundreds of fans were waiting outside the theater and the ones that made it in were ecstatic and excited. Hana couldn’t help but feel the same, she loved meeting her fans.

As she approached the sleek, black car, the driver exited and rushed to open the door for her. When she entered the car, she was surprised there was already someone in there.

“Oh, hi.” Hana said carefully as she sat.

“Hello Ms. Song!” A short, stubby man with a slight Spanish accent greeted her. He smiled.

“I am Miguel Llamas, your translator and temporary manager. Mrs. Yeun hired me to help you navigate around Mexico and keep everything running smoothly for your events since she can not be here.” He extended his hand and Hana shook it gratefully.

The car began to move and Hana nodded, “Pleasure, Mr. Llamas. Feel free to call me Hana.” Miguel began to read her her schedule and run her through what was to happen at the theater. She half-listened, the larger part of her mind on Olivia. Hana wasn’t expecting her to be there tonight, but what if she was? Would she be ready? What if Olivia endangered her fans?

Hana realized her plan was reckless.

When they arrived, security opened her door and Mr. Llamas grabbed her hand, leading her through the crowd of admirers and reporters. Hana smiled and reached her free hand out, touching as many fans as she could as she sympathetically smiled.

The rest of the night went smoothly. Hana couldn’t tell if that was a good or bad thing. As Hana sat in the theater, she began the other part of her plan. She looked around, the people in her row were hired by her manager to keep her safe and run her event, her fans filling the other seats in the theater. Everyone seemed to be engrossed in the movie.

She leaned into Miguel, “I need to go to the bathroom.”

Miguel nodded and patted a man that sat beside him and whispered to him. The burly man looked over and nodded, beckoning Hana to follow.

They reached the bathroom and the man turned to look at her.
“Mexico City is home to over 8 million people.” He gruffed. “I do not know her.”

“Oh, right.” Hana blushed. “You ever heard of her?”

The man seemed to grow annoyed. “No.”

“Okay…” Hana stood awkwardly. “I’ll go pee now.”

As the rest of the week went by, the other cities went off without a hitch. Hana’s fleeting conversations with the security teams only led to dead ends and awkward moments. She grew depressed on the ride to the final city’s theater.

Hana pulled out her phone and typed out a tweet.

“Zapopan! im so freakin excited to see u guys ahhhh. i don’t want to leave after this T_T”

And once again, the night went smoothly.

Hana felt weak as she entered the black car to head back to her hotel. She failed. Her plan didn’t even work, not in the slightest.

Miguel sat ecstatic beside her. “Amazing job, Hana. Mexico is so happy to have had you here!” He beamed. Hana gave him the best smile she could muster.

“Couldn’t have gone so well without you, Mr. Llamas. Thank you.” She leaned to give him a hug.

The walk back up to her room felt entirely too much like the walk of shame. She sighed when she entered the empty place, she had half hoped to see Olivia sitting on her bed, ready to blow her to smithereens.

Hana made her way over to her bag, placing it onto her bed as she began to pack her things. By tomorrow night, she’d be back in Seoul.

Maybe Overwatch was right to treat her the way they did. As much as she knew, there was still so much she wasn’t capable of yet.

Like blackmailing a Talon agent and ending a Talon operation on my own.

Still, Hana felt disappointed. She thought she’d at least get something.

She went for her laptop last, her eyes falling onto the Athena drive still connected to it. She reached to unplug it when it hit her.

“Holy shit.” Hana gasped, and opened her laptop. Her leg bounced as she waited for her computer to boot up. “Come on, come on, come on.”

Her heart pounded when it came to life, the bright screen nearly blinding in the dim light of the room.

“Athena, where did Olivia Colomar commit her first crime? Include things kept off her permanent record.”

“Looking.”

Hana could feel her hands start to sweat.
“Records not in Overwatch archive. Accessing UN database…”

“Okay, OKAY! Just…” Hana grew impatient. This had to be it.

“Uploading result.”

Hana bit her lip as the file loaded onto her screen, windows popping up like flowers in bloom. Her eyes brightened.

Hana had to beg Mrs. Yeun to let her add a final city to the list. She almost didn’t, but when Hana had promised to do the next four appearances of her manager’s choice…she got her way.

Definitely not without consequence.

Hana was sure she was going to be booked to do painful interviews with awkward dudebros and pervy men just to be spat. She needed to be right this time.

Mrs. Yeun was surprised at Hana’s choice for a final city. Actually, less city, and more small town.

Dorado, a small town off the coast of Mexico. Olivia’s first crime was committed nearly 15 years ago there, and expunged from her official record due to her being a minor at the time and the mild case of the crime.

Olivia had hacked into the cameras of the bank there and turned off the security that locked the doors. The action tripped an alarm however, and the police apprehended her shortly after. She pleaded that she had only been testing out her new gear, and wanted to see how it worked with no intention to rob the bank. The judge believed her, and gave her the lightest sentence.

Olivia was ruled to 30 days community service with 15 on probation, and she needed to turn all her technology over to the court. If she completed it all with no slip-ups, the charge of criminal intention would be dropped from her record.

And it was.

Thankfully, Athena was able to access that.

Winston seriously deserved a hug.

When Hana was alerted that the car was waiting for her outside, she felt giddy. She felt…right.

When she entered the familiar car, she paused. Mr. Llamas was not waiting for her. Instead a younger, tall, lean man sat quietly in the backseat.

“Um…,” Hana began to back out of the car, “Sorry, wrong car.”

“Oh, no, no! Ms. Song.” The man reached out his hand. “Come, come. You are going to Dorado, correct?”

Hana nodded, “Yes…” She glanced at his hand before taking it, stepping into the car.

Once situated, he spoke. “Mr. Llamas couldn’t make this event, he assumed you were only doing five cities and booked other events he couldn’t get out of. He hired me to help run this one. I only hope to do as well as he did with the others…Oh, I’m sorry! I didn’t introduce myself.”

“I am Edgar Flores.” The man paused and glanced out the window. “An interesting choice to go to
Dorado…not much is there.”

Hana shrugged, “I may have seen a fan or two tweet me about it…”

Mr. Flores smiled, “Well, they are extremely excited for your arrival.”

And he wasn’t lying. As the car drove through the town Hana could see posters of her pasted up onto the sides of the colonial buildings, and pink streamers decorated with her bunny symbol hung over the streets. Adults stopped in their tracks and waved as they drove by while kids ran beside the car, craning their necks to get a peek of the gamer inside. Hana felt her heart swell.

When they arrived at the villa, Hana was surprised that Mr. Flores followed her inside. She looked at him curiously when they both entered her room.

Still, she began to unpack her things.

“There’s a bathroom down the hall, across the street is a, hmm,” The manager searched his brain. “Bakery, I believe it is called in English. It’s very good, I can have someone get you a couple pastries if you like.” Hana hummed. It seemed he was nervous he wasn’t going to do as well as Mr. Llamas, so he was over-pampering her.

“Sure, Edgar.” Hana looked over her shoulder and gave him a smile. “That’d be awesome.” The man beamed, and told her he’d be back before leaving.

Hana sighed when she heard the door shut, and she stretched. She made her way over to the window at the side of the room and stuck her head out. The town was beautiful. The dusted color of the buildings were easy on the eyes, glowing as the sun radiated off them. Dorado sat overlooking a bay, the blue of the ocean glinting with the light. The smell of baked bread wafted through the air and the pilot felt content standing there listening to the bustle of the street below. Hana smiled as the sun warmed her face.

Where are you, Olivia? Because I’m right here.

Hana grew weary once more as the night went off without a hitch. She did thoroughly enjoy herself though, as the town welcomed her sweetly. The fans she met and their words of gratitude helped to keep most of her negative thoughts away, but on the ride back to the villa, she could feel her shoulders sag.

“Something wrong, Ms. Song?” Edgar looked concerned.

“Oh, ah…yes. Tonight was wonderful Edgar. I just think I…miss home.” Hana gave. Edgar didn’t believe her, but he nodded anyway. She was thankful for that.

When they arrived he followed her into the home once more, and Hana noted that the car drove away. Edgar was sleeping over? He really worried too much. He answered her curiosity.

“I’ll just be sleeping in the other room. None of the security could stay through the whole night so,” Edgar smiled, “Here I am.”

Hana gave a small smile. “Alright.”

Still, he followed her into her room.

Damn, I really wanted to be sad and alone right now.
Hana turned to study him standing by the door, looking around.

“You don’t have to worry so much,” Hana said and turned to begin packing her things. “No monsters are hiding under my bed.”

“Maybe.” She could hear Edgar walk further into the room. “But perhaps they are hiding elsewhere.”

Hana had only a second to move before a bullet wizzed by her. She whirled around.

Edgar pointed a gun at her, his face snarled.

“You fly too close to the flame, Ms. Song.”

Hana grabbed for her MEKA uniform and dived to the other side of the bed, using the furniture as cover as Edgar shot at her some more. She snatched the MEKA watch attached to the suit and wrapped it around her wrist and pressed it.

Within moments, her mech busted through the ceiling, debris flying everywhere. She could hear Edgar’s yell of surprise.

_Ah shii, the damage fee is going to be killer._

Hana pulled herself into her mech, lining the crosshair up to Edgar. He stood valiantly, reaching into his pocket to pull out a remote.

“Your time is up, D.Va. I’ve got this place rigged.” He gave a crazed smile. “I’m blowing us both up.”

Hana shouted as his finger moved over the button and her fingers clenched over the triggers.

He moved out of the way, her shots barely missing.

_It was done, she was dead. She should’ve just went back to Seoul._

Hana shut her eyes, waiting for the large blast to come.

But instead, a shot rang out.

When Hana opened her eyes, Edgar was on the floor, body limp and remote on the ground.

“What the…”

Hana’s eyes grew wide when her mech gave a jolt and her joysticks locked in place, shutting down. It was a second before her thoughts caught up to reality.

_Sombra._

Hana gave a yelp when her mech ejected her and she landed roughly on the floor. She was in the midst of pushing herself up when bright boots appeared before her.

She looked up into the face that had plagued her thoughts for the last few weeks.

“You’ve been causing me a lot of trouble, Hana.” Hana’s mouth gaped, unable to form words.

_This was not how her plan was supposed to go._
Olivia crouched down, flipping her gun around so the butt faced outward. Olivia grabbed Hana’s chin. “Now, let’s find somewhere more private to talk.”

Hana cursed as Olivia’s arm drew back.

_Oh, fuck not again._

This time, when the gun hit Hana’s head, she saw oversized bunnies and purple trees.
Hana’s eyes opened slowly, the side of her head pounding from the earlier impact. She felt nauseous.

“Agh, fuh…” Her groan trailed as her head lolled around to take in her surroundings. She missed Angela and her super science-y healing.

The room she was in was rundown and barren. A single lightbulb dangled from the ceiling and illuminated the room in a dingy orange. The room’s wallpaper was ripped in several places showing the wooden slats beneath, and the floor was soiled, littered with debris and trash. The broken windows at the side of the room told her it was night, and the moon shined high above the town, the freedom of it’s light spilling in and teasing Hana.

What I would give to be outside right now.

The next thing Hana became aware of was the ache in her arms. Her arms were placed behind her back, handcuffs slinked between the slats of the chair she was in to keep her in place. She moved her fingers to touch blindly at her wrist, her heart dropping when she realized the MEKA watch had been removed. She let out a slight noise and wiggled, noting that her ankles had been tied to the legs of the chair as well. She didn’t have much range.

Great.

Hana’s head perked up when she heard footsteps behind her.

“I thought I heard you squirming.”

Hana froze at Olivia’s voice, groaning in pain when the Talon agent whirled the chair around roughly. The noise the chair made as it grated against the floor sent shooting pains through Hana’s head. She blinked as her eyes became blurry.

Hana laughed wearily when her eyesight returned. “It’s about time you showed up.”

Olivia examined her briefly. She ‘tsked’.

“The moment you accessed my file through the UN database, I knew. I just didn’t care…you think I go running to everybody that comes looking? But you’ve got a big mouth, and asking around for me didn’t make my past clients so happy. Having an Overwatch dog sniffing around makes certain people very nervous, and coming to Dorado? That was the last straw.” Olivia eyed her. “I don’t know whether to call you stupid or a genius.”
“Funny, my mom says the same thing.” Hana joked. Olivia didn’t laugh.

“So now’s your time to convince me not to kill you.” Olivia stated, standing up straight and crossing her arms.

It took Hana a few moments to collect her thoughts as her headache subsided.

“I know…” Hana began. She cleared her throat. “I know about you.”

Olivia didn’t look fazed.

“From the base, I know Talon’s building something.” Hana’s heart pounded. “They took powerful tech. Telecommunication devices, flexi-steel, IFF tracking.” Olivia’s brows lowered and she frowned, still unimpressed.

Alright, get to the point, Hana.

“But you took something too…and it wasn’t for Talon.” Olivia’s face twitched. “I analyzed the map of the base. The storage facility we fought in harbored alternative energy containers. Fusion energy, solar energy, electric…you have your own plans, and judging by Mexico’s struggling power grid and infrastructure, I think you’re holding quite a bit of fusion energy somewhere. I don’t think Talon would take so kindly to one of their members being so secretive and scraping things away from right under their noses.”

It was silent for a second, then Olivia scoffed. She shook her head. “Ay pendeja, you’re an idiot.” The agent reached behind her and pulled out her gun. She pointed the barrel to Hana’s head, “If anything you’ve convinced me to kill you.”

Hana’s eyes widened and her heart felt as if it was going to explode.

Shit, shit, shit. Think…

“You don’t want to do that.” Hana said quickly. She put on a brave face. “If I don’t check in with Overwatch by the end of this month, our A.I. is set to expose your little side-job to Talon. You’ll have both of us on your ass.”

Olivia’s face didn’t waver, although she didn’t pull the trigger. She seemed to contemplate Hana’s words. The two stared each other down, Olivia’s eyes searching for something in Hana’s. Hana cleared her mind, afraid that somehow Olivia would be able to see the thoughts in her head. She held her breath when Olivia’s eyes narrowed and pushed the gun closer to her face. Her gun shook slightly…then the agent dropped it down to her side, sighing. Hana didn’t hide her breath of relief.

“Then why are you here? Why not just turn your information over to Talon now?”

“Exposing you doesn’t stop Talon from building whatever it is they are. As much as I want you gone, I want Talon even more so.” A half lie. Olivia raised an eyebrow.

“You want me to help you stop the organization I work for?”

Hana nodded.

“And what do I get out of this?”

“Immunity.” A lie. “And more fusion technology. You clearly have your own agenda. We both get to recuperate, and then I kick your ass later on. A fair game.”
Olivia’s mouth curled. “And why should I believe you?”

Hana frowned. “I’m the good guy here.”

“Hmm, depends who you ask.”

“Well then keep asking until someone tells you I’m the good guy.”

The two stayed in silence for awhile, a breeze from the window wafted through and made Hana shiver. She wished Edgar allowed her to change before trying to blow her brains out.

Olivia placed her gun back into the holster behind her.

“If I ever see an opening, you’re dead.” Olivia pulled a key from her jacket and went to release Hana from the handcuffs.

“Understandable.” Hana rubbed at her wrists and bent down to untie her legs from the chair. She paused when Olivia handed her her MEKA watch. She eyed the agent warily as she took it. “Want to explain to me why you killed Edgar executioner style? I mean, real intimidating, but couldn’t you just tell him to stand down?”

Olivia looked at her oddly. “Excuse me?”

“Didn’t you send him after me?”

“I can fight my own battles.” Hana felt the confusion in her rise.

“Well, then who tried to kill me?”

A strange expression came across Olivia’s face for a quick second before it disappeared. “That sounds like a you problem. Perhaps you just have a face people want to shoot.”

Hana’s forehead wrinkled and she gave Olivia an annoyed look. When she clipped the watch to her wrist, she stood.

“Did you happen to-”

“Your belongings are in the car outside. I was hoping to sell them after getting rid of you, to be honest.”

Hana frowned. Olivia didn’t wait to turn and exit the room, and Hana found herself rushing to keep up.

When they exited the rickety building, Hana didn’t expect the sight she was met with. An aged pickup truck sat on the street, the trunk bed holding three armed men with skulls and bones painted across their bodies in colorful, phosphorescent paint. They shifted in the bed, lifting their guns towards Hana.

Gang members?

“Eh, Sombra?” A man exited the driver’s side of the truck. He, too, had his body painted to appear as a glowing, teal skeleton. “¿Qué es lo que veo?”

Olivia waved her hand, calming down the members. “It’s fine.” She shot an unfriendly look towards the gamer. “She’s with us for now.”
The driver looked to Hana and stepped towards her, sizing her up. He snarled, “Why are we working with a government toy?”

Hana returned his look with one of her own and stepped even closer to him. She refused to be intimidated.

“Did nobody tell you Halloween’s over, Ghost Rider?” Hana shot back.

The man turned to Olivia and a slew of Spanish words raced out. Olivia looked irritated and raised her hand in an attempt to cool him, but he continued, seemingly chastising her. He then turned to Hana and pointed, insulting sounding words spilling out of his mouth. Hana’s blood boiled.

*Who does this guy think he is?*

“Say it so I can understand, pussy!” Hana’s fists clenched.

The man let out an angry grunt. *Pinche puta, I can snap your neck with my bare hands!*

“Enough,” Olivia grabbed the man by the fabric of his tank top and shoved him against the car. “Just drive.”

He let out a displeased noise and shot Hana a dirty look, but reentered the truck.

“Your bag’s in the trunk, so hop in. We’re taking you back to the base.”

Hana glanced towards the angry looking men in the truck bed. *If anyone touches me they’re getting their fingers broken.*

“Who’s we?” Hana questioned as she climbed into the trunk. She wasn’t surprised when Olivia didn’t answer.

The truck made its way down from Dorado towards it’s bay. Hana watched as the moonlight highlighted what looked to be a fort.

She noted that the further they got from the town, the more questionable the people began to appear. More and more she caught sight of skeletal men, women, and omnics glowing in the alleys and streets. She wondered how a town so sweet and lively in the day could turn so dangerous and cold at night.

The truck pulled into the fort, the lit stronghold made Hana squint her eyes until they adjusted. When the car stopped, the gang members exited the truck bed and Hana was free to grab her bag. She felt the car shake as both the driver and passenger exited and slammed their doors. She distantly registered an exchange in Spanish, and then the driver made his way towards the base. Olivia rounded the car and leaned against the trunk, watching as Hana threw the strap of her luggage over her shoulder.

“What?” Hana swore she could see something close to amusement in Olivia’s eyes.

“Follow me.”

Hana climbed out of the truck and stepped with Olivia. They soon entered a dark room that ominously glowed purple. Computers were set up all across one side of it, and papers littered a desk that sat in the center of the room. It didn’t take a genius to figure out what it was.

“This is where you operate.” Hana stated and stepped about the room.
Olivia nodded. “Welcome to Castillo, the official Los Muertos festering ground.”

Hana’s eyes widened. *Los Muertos.* She distantly recalled a lesson on them back in South Korea. They claimed to be revolutionaries representing those left behind by the Mexican government after the Omnic Crisis, though they were mostly seen as an opportunist gang.

“Oh…and here I was just thinking none of you guys knew how to read a calendar.”

Olivia walked towards a door at the side of the room. “Here is where we’ll stay for a few days until we can get a plan figured out.” She opened the door to reveal a nicely sized room and a large bed in the center.

“We?”

Olivia shot her a look.

“My apologies princessa, we weren’t expecting royalty any time soon.” Hana bristled at the teasing. “Learning how to share a room might be a scary experience for you, but I promise you’ll get through it.”

Hana scowled as she entered the room and placed her bag down. She unzipped it, ruffling through the items inside and going down her mental checklist.

“Sharing a room doesn’t scare me,” Hana ran her fingers over the top of her laptop, “I’m just a little nervous to be sharing a room with you. What if I wake up and you’re trying to suck my face again?” Hana held back a grin when Olivia halted her movements around the bedroom.

“Oh, I see.” Olivia responded after a moment.

“Sure you’ll be able to follow a plan? Made a bit of a mistake with letting me go last time around. I’m not sure if I can trust your judgement.” Hana finally smiled and she turned, eager to see the look on Olivia’s face. She had to hide her look of surprise when she came face to face with Olivia. The Talon agent didn’t look amused.

Her eyes flicked down Hana’s body before she stepped closer. Hana suddenly felt as if her shirt was just a little bit too short.

“What’s the Spanish word for back off?” Hana narrowed her eyes and held her ground. *Olivia could fluster her once, but she couldn’t do it again.*

“Ay coqueta, ¿eres graciosa, hmm?”

Hana’s eyes narrowed. “Don’t think that’s the word…”

Olivia squinted and tilted her head. “I don’t really believe you want me to leave you alone…” The woman came impossibly closer. “Maybe you really did all of this because you wanted more. Wanted to see me again. I wouldn’t blame you.” Her fingers came to play at the end of Hana’s shirt, the sharp tips of her glove brushing slightly over her skin. She flinched at the ticklish sensation.

“You must think about the kiss a lot, hm? Do you go to bed at night and close your eyes, trying to remember how it felt?”

Hana’s heart pounded and her skin tingled. “I said back off, Bill Cosby.”

The hacker smiled and leaned in. “I think what the websites say about you are true.” Olivia’s hand
curled around the hem of Hana’s tight shirt and she pushed it up slightly, her other hand coming to
slide slowly underneath it. Hana’s skin felt afire as the rough material of her glove scratched against
her ribs. “You’re just a cocky little girl that needs to be put in her place.” Olivia bowed even closer,
Hana’s bones felt as if they had been locked together. Her breath came out raggedly. She couldn’t
tell if it was from anger or…something else.

How many times had Hana been insulted and demeaned by the tabloids? How many gross tweets
and comments did she get a day from her own fans? Hana realized Olivia didn’t tease her like that
because she was attracted to her, she teased her because she wanted to embarrass her. She wanted to
get a reaction, just like everyone else.

Hana was a war hero; She was the best gamer anyone had ever seen, and she would be damned if
she ever let someone disrespect her like that to her face.

The girl’s eyes burned. She was angry, not at the world, but at herself. She wanted more of whatever
it was Olivia was doing to her. But not like this. Not when Olivia didn’t respect her. Not when she
was no better than the Internet itself.

When Olivia’s lips brushed hers, Hana regained control of her body and a loud smack rang
throughout the room.

Olivia’s eyes were wide as a hand came up to touch at her blazing cheek. She pulled back.

Hana’s chest heaved and her eyes glossed.

“Did a hearing aid not come with your cybernetics? I said to get away from me.” Hana shoved
Olivia back and hovered her hand over her MEKA watch. Olivia glanced down at the device, the
threat was clear.

The woman’s eyes flickered with an odd emotion before they narrowed.

“…you should stop starting fights you don’t want to have.”

And with that, she left the room.

Hana was glad Olivia didn’t return that night, and when she woke the next day she couldn’t help but
feel uneasy.

Would it be weird? Maybe…but would it affect the plan? Olivia was probably going to have me
burned at the stake now.

When Hana got ready for the day, she put on her MEKA uniform, relishing the comfortable
familiarity it brought. She stretched and gave herself a mental pep-talk.


She glanced at herself in the vanity at the side of the room.

And there’s no reason for you to feel bad for what you did last night. If anything Mrs. Yeun would be
proud of you.

Hana let out an audible gasp. Mrs. Yeun! She pressed a hand to her forehead and groaned. She was
probably so worried. Or annoyed. Or both.

Hana went over to her bag and fished around until she found her phone. She gritted her teeth as she
turned it on, afraid of what she would find.

32 Missed Calls and 12 texts from Mrs. Yeun. 10 Missed Calls from her mom, 4 from her dad.

But nothing from Overwatch, which meant she was still flying under the radar.

Hana mentally prepared herself for the verbal onslaught she’d receive when she called back. The phone rang two times before her manager picked up.

“Hana Song if you don’t get your ass back to South Korea RIGHT NOW-“ Hana pulled the phone slightly away from her ear, the angry Korean woman really knew how to project her voice.

She let her manager finish yelling at her before she spoke.

“Joesong haeyo, I can’t come back.”

“What?”

“I’ve come across an opportunity that would put a stop to a terrorist group.” Hana looked around the room. “…two…terrorist groups.”

“I DON’T UNDERSTAND?” Mrs. Yeun audibly groaned. “You need to call your parents, I told them to call you.”

Hana frowned. “Of course you did.”

“They worry about you too, you know.”

“Well tell them I’m fine. Look, this is something that is essential for well being of the world.” Hana could hear the pleading edge in her voice. “I need you to cover for me…I…” Hana shook her head.

“I need you to believe in me.”

It was silent on the other line for a moment.

“Agh, Hana, I could never forgive myself if you didn’t come back from this…” A beat. “So make sure you come back from it, I’m booking you for so many interviews you’ll regret saving the world.”

Hana grinned. “Who said you didn’t have a heart, Mrs. Yeun?”

“Be safe, Hana.” She could hear the smile in her manager’s voice. Hana contemplated calling her parents back as well, but decided against it. With the phone back off, she tucked it deep away in her bag.

When she exited the room, she wasn’t expecting to see the glowing teal driver from the previous night. They made eye contact, and both sides growled.

“Where’s Sombra?” Hana stepped further into the room.

“I don’t answer to you.” The man responded, turning his back towards the girl and leaning against the desk at the center of the room.

Hana clenched her fist, mouth ready to agitate the man further, but then she sighed. Not worth it.

She made her way over to the desk and her eyes scanned the plethora of paper. There were several newspapers strewn about the mess.
LúmeriCo Exposed! Should We Be Afraid of This Hacker?

Los Muertos Calls for President Potero’s Arrest

Potero Resigns! LúmeriCo’s Power Plant Shuts Down.

Hana curiously picked up the last paper.

“A hacker, going by the name of ‘Sombra’, led the Los Muertos gang in its mission to dethrone Mexico’s former president, Guillermo Potero. After his emails were exposed (see page 7) Potero resigned and stepped down from office as public opinion turned against him. But what does this mean for LúmeriCo? Following the protests of it’s power plant in Dorado, the company (continued on page 3)...”

Hana began to turn the page when she caught sight of the newspaper that had sat under the one she currently read.

D.Va joins Overwatch! What Does This Mean for South Korea and the UN?

She squinted and tried to read the article under the headline, but there seemed to be water damage.

“Anybody ever tell you not to touch other people’s things?” Hana jumped when the newspaper was taken out of her hands and placed back onto the table. Olivia did not look amused.

“Manners aren’t exactly my strong suit.”

“Really?” Olivia said sarcastically and turned to look at the driver.

“Ivan.” The teal man looked over his shoulder and then turned back. Olivia scowled. “Ivan. Necesitas madurar, the sooner we get this done the sooner things go back to normal.”

“Hmmph,” but Ivan relented and turned, placing his hands onto the table. “So what are we doing?”

“If I may…” Hana interjected. The other two looked at her warily. “I know Sombra is looking for more fusion technology.” Ivan looked to Olivia once more.

“For the power plant? I didn’t know you were still working on that.”

“Shh.” Olivia shot Ivan a look. Hana frowned.

“If we want this to work…and benefit all of us, then we need to be transparent.” Hana crossed her arms. “What’s going on?”

Ivan rubbed at his chin, but didn’t speak.

“Did you not retain any of that information you read in the papers?” Olivia said condescendingly.

“I didn’t exactly get to finish.” Hana could feel the familiar anger in her rise again.

“After LúmeriCo’s power plant here got shut down, the place was abandoned. Potero wasn’t able to call for it’s demolition before he resigned, so now Los Muertos wants to claim it.” Olivia nodded towards Ivan and he started sifting through the papers. Eventually, he pulled out a folder and opened
it. Inside there was a blueprint for a generator.

“These are plans for a super-sized generator. If we can get enough fusion energy we’ll be able to power Dorado and about three neighboring towns for free. That power plant is going to make Los Muertos a serious force to be reckoned with, governments are going to have to start taking us seriously.”

Hana made to grab for the blueprints but Ivan shut the folder.

*I swear I’m gonna kick his ass.*

“Okay…well can you also tell me what it is Talon is building?”

Olivia bit her lip and contemplated, unsure of the girl before her. Then she sighed. “I don’t know all the details. The device is huge and needs a lot of power to run. It’s supposed to help them intercept digital transmissions, however they haven’t found a satellite big enough to successfully test it out yet. They’ve tried to have their engineers build one but, no luck.”

Hana hummed. “If Talon succeeds, all government and Overwatch information will be in danger.” Olivia nodded.

Hana thought for a moment then nodded her head.

“Okay, here’s what we’re gonna do. First, we’re going to get you guys your fusion energy.” Olivia and Ivan looked at her with surprise. “In exchange for your complete and total loyalty in this mission. I don’t need a betrayal halfway through.”

The two gang members looked at each other in agreement.

“If you get us the energy, you’ll have Los Muertos’ loyalty,” Ivan said. *That’s probably the nicest thing he’s said to me since I’ve been here.*

“Good.” Hana couldn’t believe what she was about to do. “One of the warehouses Overwatch buys fusion from is a few cities over. We can go and steal one of the shipments, but no killing.”

“How exactly are we supposed to steal the energy then?”

“Stunning, incapacitating. Sombra’s knocked me out all two times we’ve met.”

Olivia stifled a laugh.

“As for Talon,” Hana looked to the hacker, “can you convince them to bring their device to Canada?” Olivia looked at her curiously. “There’s a popular radio station there I went to once, they’ve got the largest satellite I’ve ever seen. It’s the only station that’s able to broadcast clearly to any part of the world. If you can convince Talon that it would be a good idea to go over and hook the device up to their tower, we’ll be able to wait there and stop both the device and them.”

Olivia thought for awhile and then raised her brows.

“That’s…not a bad plan at all D.Va.” Olivia looked to Ivan. “Gather everyone, we leave for the fusion energy late tomorrow. I’ve got some calls to make.”

——

Hana paced around the hacker’s den, distantly hearing Olivia talking on the phone. She walked over to one of the computers. She felt that if she touched a single key, half the world’s classified information would be leaked.
“I believe I should apologize.” Hana turned and was met with Ivan. “Perdóname. I may not like much about you but I am not so hardheaded as to pretend you aren’t doing us a favor.”

“Thanks…” Hana pressed her lips together, “Though for future reference try not to tell the person you’re apologizing to that you don’t like them right after.”

Ivan smirked. “Well, most government lackeys see Los Muertos as a criminal organization. Terrorists.”

Which you are…

“I assumed you, with your government technology and Overwatch affiliation, would think the same…I don’t like that you work and advertise for whoever gives you the most money, but I respect that you fight for your people.”

Hana blinked.

“We fight for ours too, and that means stopping the corporations and corrupt politicians that are trying to exploit Mexico in its weak and vulnerable state. Potero’s power plant was going to run Dorado’s residents out of town…now we’ll be able to freely deliver power to them rather than overcharging and rendering them homeless.”

“There are better ways to get your messages across…”

“Coming from someone who beats people up all day. Overwatch isn’t as squeaky clean as you all try to make it seem.”

Hana’s brows lowered, her mind briefly recalled Blackwatch. Ivan seemed to know his point had been made.

He tipped his head. “I will see you later.” And then he left to go round up members for their heist.

Hana went to reenter the connected bedroom, mulling over the conversation.

Was he right? Should she feel bad for wanting to bring Los Muertos down with Talon? She shook her head. No, she couldn’t let herself be influenced. These were bad people. The world was better off with them behind bars.

…right?

“Don’t think so hard, you might hurt yourself.” Hana looked up to see Olivia laid down on the bed, changed from her usual attire. Seeing her in casual clothing made her pause. When Hana didn’t respond, Olivia continued.

“I left some clothes on the vanity for you to wear. Put those on, I don’t need the Dorado residents swarming us when we go into town.”

“We’re going into town?” Hana walked over to the clothes and lifted a large poncho. She turned and scowled at Olivia’s amused face. Of course.

She pulled the poncho over her MEKA uniform, the large item hanging over her body like a blanket. It was much too big, but at least it hid her outfit. She then put on the sunglasses.

“I need to do a few things and I don’t trust you here by yourself.”

“Lucky me.” Hana muttered. The silence that followed made Hana slightly anxious. She faced
Olivia.

“If you’re waiting for an apology, don’t hold your breath. I’m not here to play nice.”

“Clearly.”

Olivia sat up, a retort on the tip of her tongue. She opened her mouth but then closed it again, looking away angrily.

“Be outside in five minutes.” She huffed. Without another word, Olivia left.

Chapter End Notes

IVAN: "¿Qué es lo que veo?” - What is it I see?
OLIVIA: “Ay coqueta, ¿eres graciosa, hmm?” - Oh [you] tease, you're funny, hmm?
The start of the ride into town was quiet. The rattle and hum of the truck’s engine mixed with the voices and bustle of the streets, serving as a distraction from the tension between the two girls. The humidity made the air heavy, and Hana shifted uncomfortably in the seats. She leaned her forehead against the window and sighed, watching the condensation of her breath fog-up against the glass and then fade away. It could’ve been Olivia, or the fact that Hana was sweating in places she didn’t know she could sweat in, but she was incredibly irritated.

Hana couldn’t help to be upset at the hacker, the gamer’s pride was half of her personality after all. It just seemed the two couldn’t go more than a few sentences without getting on each other’s nerves. Hana’s mouth turned down as she replayed the last few encounters with the girl. The nerve.

She focused on the noise of the engine for awhile and closed her eyes, willing herself to calm down. It worked briefly, but the loss of her sight heightened her hearing, and the drumming of Olivia’s thumbs against the wheel pushed it’s way to the auditory front of her mind.

Oh for—to what freakin’ beat? The radio’s off.

Hana squeezed her eyes tighter as her brows furrowed angrily. The bum-bum-bum seemed to get louder and louder. The air from her nose came out aggressively, fogging and clearing up against the window, over and over. The fact that Hana was aware of all of these things irritated her further, and she knew she needed another noise—a louder noise—to drown out all her thoughts. She opened her eyes and reached for the old radio on the dashboard.

“Don’t even think about it.” Olivia swatted her hand away as it brushed against the volume button. Hana pulled her hand back as if it had been scorched, and the blood rushed so fast to her head she might’ve passed out had it been any hotter.

Hana closed her eyes and took a deep breath, fists clenched. “I want to listen to some music, that’s all.”

“Well I don’t.” Olivia replied, the upturned corner of her mouth possibly the source of Hana’s rage.

“Alright! Okay, I get it.” Hana blew. “You don’t like me, I don’t like you. But do you have to make this all harder than it needs to be?!”

Olivia’s hands tightened around the steering wheel at the outburst, her mouth falling. Amusement turned to annoyance. “Not everyone’s going to treat you like a celebrity, Hana.”

Hana’s mouth opened just enough to suck in some air. She felt at this point her face would be permanently stuck in a snarl before the mission was over.
“So is that what this is about? You think I’m just some spoiled brat?”

“Think?” Olivia let out a laugh. “You’re not exactly hiding who you are, like your teammates. There’s hundreds of bytes of information on you online…it’s quite clear what type of person you are.”

Hana gritted her teeth. “And what’s that?”

“You’re a government pawn, glorifying war and reeling in loads of money just because you know how to play Pac-Man better than everyone else.” Olivia raised her hand and folded her fingers into a mock puppet.

“‘Hi, I’m D.Va. Welcome to my stream, today we’re playing ‘stop the omnics from destroying this town!’ Oh, did you all see that house collapse on that little girl? LOL!’” Hana was appalled as the hand opened and closed.

“You don’t understand the severity of anything.” Olivia continued. “You want me to be nicer? We’re not working together. We’re not partners. I’m doing this because if I don’t, I’ll be dead. So suck it up.”

Hana took off her sunglasses, her cheeks red and steaming. *Forget trying to stay calm.*

“You think I glorify war? Billions of people around the world sit on their ass all day not knowing what’s going on right in their backyard. Its easy to pretend everything’s fine when you don’t see it. I’m bringing awareness to nations that are affected by this every day!”

Hana’s voice rose above the noise of the truck and the street. The sickly heat was no longer an issue for the pilot. All she could feel was the bubbling anger and jittering energy under her skin, begging her to release all of it into the woman before her.

“You think I got bored playing games one day and decided to join the military? *No!* I had to join because if I didn’t, my country would be destroyed. So don’t tell me I don’t understand, and don’t act like you know me because it’s clear you don’t.”

Olivia laughed once more, humorlessly. The sound poked Hana’s brain, each ‘ha’ driving her annoyance a decibel higher. Olivia’s head shook slightly. Did she even hear Hana’s response? Did she care? Hana felt sweat bead on her forehead. All the words that came to her mind flew out with little thought.

“Is that why you tried to kiss me? You thought I was just another bimbo thinking with their crotch? That all you had to do was whisper in my ear and pinch my cheek and I’d melt in your hand? You still think that, *Olivia*?”

“You think you can call me that?!” The woman’s voice pierced the air and Hana flinched at the volume. The truck stopped abruptly, driving both girls hard into their seatbelts. Olivia’s eyes blazed as her head whipped towards the younger girl.

They stared at each other with burning intensity, their breaths seemingly the loudest sound in the city. Hana could feel her fingers twitching, itching to call her mech and obliterate the hacker.

A honk from behind pulled them out of their mini-battle. A car pulled up and a man leaned out the window, yelling angrily in Spanish. Olivia threw up her hands and yelled back, her voice aggressive and sharp. The man’s face twisted and he flicked her off before moving his car to squeeze past her on the narrow street. The woman’s eyes followed the car as she looked at it with distaste. When it disappeared, she returned to driving, her shoulders vibrating.
“I think it’d be good for both of us to only speak and interact when necessary.”

“Sounds fantastic.” Hana muttered and turned to look out the window once more, putting back on her sunglasses. She used the end of the draping poncho to wipe at the sweat that had accumulated on her temple.

The truck pulled into an alleyway and Olivia shut off the car, exiting without as much as a glance towards the girl. Hana grudgingly followed.

Once on the street, Hana couldn’t help but look around. She had seen Dorado during her event, but then it had been crowded and decorated. Now, the quaint town had calmed, only a few ripped posters and streamers remained as a memory. Adults and children alike roamed the streets and street merchants sold knick-knacks and food. Besides a couple omnis, the town hardly seemed touched by the normal modernism seen in other cities. The colonial buildings were a dusty orange with complimenting splashes of reds and greens, and their streets were lined with aged brick.

They turned into the town square, the area being the most crowded since the two arrived. If it wasn’t for Olivia’s distinct hair, Hana was sure she would’ve lost her in the crowd. They pulled into a store, the wooden ‘Mercado’ sign on the front faded and worn.

The inside of the shop was surprisingly empty and smaller than she expected, with only a few customers lazily looking over the fruit and treats in the back. The wooden fruit stands were piled high with ripe foods and a sweet smell Hana could only attribute to her grandmother’s house tickled her nose. She would’ve enjoyed the shop, had Olivia not also been there.

The woman turned to look at Hana for the first time since their argument. “You need to be on your best behavior. Don’t say anything, don’t touch anything, don’t look at anyone. Understand?”

Hana crossed her arms and turned away, feigning interest in a mop leaning against the side of the entrance. Olivia rolled her eyes and turned back around.

“Alé!” She called out.

Once the hacker shifted her attention, Hana sighed to herself and pushed the dark glasses up her nose. The woman went up to the market’s counter and rang a bell to bring out the cashier after her shout provided no response. When she felt Hana’s eyes bore into her back she looked over her shoulder.

Olivia motioned to the market, “You can wander.”

Don’t have to tell me twice.

Hana glanced around the shop and went to examine the stands of fruit and vegetables. The pleasant smell only increased as she roamed, and she could feel her bad mood ebbing. She picked up a lemon and squeezed it, turning the citrus around in her hand.

Nice, good produce.

She made her way around the stands, looking at the food and reading the signs.

Naranja, orange. Fresa, strawberry. Sandía, watermelon. Mango, uh well, that one was obvious.

Once she was content that she’d be able to say, “I want an apple,” someday, she turned her attention to the shelves against the wall of the market. Candy and small toys were lined up nicely. Hana picked up a plastic frog figurine that held a microphone and turned it around in her hand.
Damn Lúcio, didn’t realize you were in town too!

She smiled to herself and put it back, wishing she had her phone so she could take a picture and send it to her friend. The thought gave her a weird ache in her chest. She could use any friend, really. Hana felt a weight on her shoulders press down. She had spent the last three weeks away from any familiar face, and the last 12 hours arguing and being upset. She could use a laugh. And a hug.

She followed the shelf down until she reached the back of the store. Tucked away against the corner was an arcade machine. Hana’s eyes brightened, and she lifted the glasses to rest on her head.

“16-Bit Hero!” Hana said in awe to herself. She approached the box and ran her hands over the machine. It was a little worn and dirty, but what truly mattered was on the inside. She pressed one of the buttons, her face falling when the screen directed her to insert coins into the game. She pouted. Damn.

“Didn’t I say not to touch anything?” Olivia stood behind her, arms crossed. She tilted her head to see what it was Hana was distracted with. The woman raised an eyebrow.

Hana sighed and lifted her hands in resignation. Not my fault it’s my job to play games.

Olivia frowned. “Put the sunglasses back on, we’re leaving.”

“I can’t believe this sorry excuse of a disguise actually works.” Hana mumbled but followed the orders, following closely behind the hacker.

As they left, Hana caught sight of the clerk. It was an old man. He had scraggly, white hair and his clothes hung limply over his thin body. However it was his injuries that made Hana pause. His left arm was replaced by a couple metal joints and a claw. The appendage’s colors were dull and worn, likely from age, and dark rust collected at the joint. Wires peeked from below the top of his shirt, sprouting from an aged and amateurly made pacemaker that glowed beneath.

Olivia tugged aggressively on Hana’s poncho, snapping the pilot out of her analysis. After a hushed word, the two moved out onto the street. Gone was the sweet smell and the calm. Olivia didn’t lessen her grip on the girl’s clothing.

“God, you are like a puppy.” Olivia huffed and the two seemed to head back towards the truck. Hana squinted as her mind replayed the images of the man.

“That man…”

Olivia glanced back at her and shook her head, weaving them through the square.

“I shouldn’t be surprised that you’re judgmental.” They turned into an alleyway and approached the truck. Olivia threw a grocery bag into the trunk before moving to the drivers side.

Hana shook her head. “That’s not what I meant.” She stopped before they got into the car, looking at Olivia over the hood.

“I’ve seen those types of injuries before, in South Korea.”

Olivia sighed. “Didn’t we just agree to only speak when necessary?”

“He got those from fighting omnis, right?” Hana continued. Olivia frowned, contemplating if she should reply.
The hacker sighed, but nodded slowly.

There was a moment of silence before Hana took off the sunglasses. “It’s hard going back to my country and seeing the coastal towns. As much as we try, the colossal omnic still leaves so much devastation in its wake. A lot of people don’t make it out alive, and the ones who do end up…like that, too.” Hana looked towards the street of the town. Her palm reached out to run over the side of the car.

“I forgot, you know? That Mexico was one of the main battlefields for the First Omnic Crisis. Traveling here…you guys have rebuilt so beautifully, I just couldn’t tell. And seeing him…” Hana tried to blink tears away, but when that didn’t happen she slipped the shades back on. “It gives me hope for my country. Since the omnic comes back every few years it’s been impossible to rebuild, and it’s been hard to picture that we could recover at all…but…” Hana trailed. She sniffed and Olivia stared at her oddly.

“His prosthetics are…dated. Does Mexico not update them regularly?”

The hacker scoffed. “They don’t even provide prosthetics. If you want one, you’ll need money or find a way to build it yourself.” The woman turned away and looked angry, then, her shoulders sagged.

“Our government thinks that if they fix the outside, the inside will follow. But that isn’t the case. There are millions and millions of people still feeling the effects of the war. They are homeless, injured, sick…and all our politicians and corporations want to do is build another skyscraper and raise taxes. My people need someone on their side, and I mean truly on their side. People who won’t stop just because some things are against the rules.”

Hana rubbed her wrist. She was beginning to understand.

Olivia opened the door to the car and got in. “Get in, llorona. We’re not going to get anything done standing here feeling sorry.”

Hana entered the car, the squeak of the door as it closed a change from the pleasant sounds of the town. The tension was still suffocating, and the girl looked towards the radio once more.

She resisted.

It was a short ride to the abandoned LúmeriCo power plant, and Hana gave Olivia a curious glance. The plant stood tall and intimidatingly over them, the sleek steel of the structure a contrast to the aged buildings of Dorado.

Several Los Muertos members guarded the facility as they approached, and one of them yelled for another to open the power-sealed door. The large entrance groaned as it slid open slowly, and Olivia took that moment to exit the truck. She got out and one of the gang members approached her.

“Bag’s in the back.” Olivia stated and she looked at Hana over her shoulder. She motioned for the girl to get out.

Several gang members crowded around a man who grabbed the grocery bag from the trunk. Hana pursed her lips.

*What’s in the bag? Guns? Bombs? Drugs? A market is a good front-cover for a business like that…*

She couldn’t hide her surprise when the members started pulling out candy and dried fruit pieces. She heard Olivia chuckle as the pilot rounded the car to stand beside her.
“That market has the best dried fruit, try not to look so shocked.” Olivia knowingly said. Hana flushed.

The two entered the plant and Hana noted the difference of the building once again to the rest of the town. The futuristic inside was a complete change to Dorado. The floor glowed and the minimalistic white and black of the inside made Hana feel small. If LúmeriCo had been successful, there’d be no way the town would have been able to afford to live by it.

This time, a woman led the two to a large generator towards the back of the building.

“She’s been going over the map and the inventory of the warehouse we’re raiding tomorrow and it’s got more than enough to get this up and running.”

Olivia nodded. “Are we missing any other components?”

“No, we should be fine as long as…”

Hana tuned out as the women talked. She took a few steps closer to the generator, her hand reaching out to run over the cool metal. She felt conflicted as she caught her distorted reflection in the machine.

Was Los Muertos really that bad? They wanted to help their country…and with better leadership and planning, they could be something great.

She glanced towards Olivia. The hacker nodded as the woman spoke, her hand tapping at her chin as she ran her eyes over the device. She look engaged. Serious. And…hopeful. When Olivia’s eyes flicked over to her Hana looked back to the generator, cursing her heating cheeks.

What am I saying? One of their members works for Talon and they blackmailed their president into resigning. They’re just another organization that believes their ideas are the best. Power hungry. Blind. Evil.

She was jostled out of her thoughts when Olivia came to stand beside her.

“It’s amazing, isn’t it?”

Hana looked up at her warily. Olivia’s mouth curved upward.

“Hm, come on. You get to spill your feelings and cry but I don’t?”

Hana huffed and crossed her arms. “Thought we only speak when necessary.”

Olivia nodded, amused. “I guess we both say things we don’t mean.”

Hana turned her head away. She knew what she meant: truce. That was probably as close to an apology as she was going to get.

“This generator is going to change lives. And we did it all on our own…” The woman’s eyes glinted. “For Mexico.”

Hana studied the woman’s expression, then examined the generator once more.
“So what comes after this?”

Olivia tensed for only a second. Hana thought she imagined it.

“Maybe a revolution.”

Hana’s spine tingled. Lúcio flashed in her mind. The same passion behind her voice, Hana had heard elsewhere.

“Maybe.”

It was silent between the two for a few more moments, the both of them eyeing the generator in all its glory. Eventually, Olivia sighed and clasped her hands.

“We should head back to Castillo now and prepare for tomorrow.”

Hana nodded, and when the two made their way out of the plant, she found herself not dreading the ride back to the fort as much as before. Still, the silence plugged her ears, and she hated how acutely aware she was of every movement and breath taken between the two. When the truck pulled away from the power plant, Hana gazed out the window.

Well…I can count the number of cars on the way back to pass the time.

Once the facility was out of eyeshot, Olivia shifted. Hana’s eyes narrowed.

I swear if she…

Her brows raised when low music filled the car. She glanced over at the woman, her hand on the shifter the only indication that she had moved at all. Olivia kept her eyes on the road, ignoring Hana’s gaze. The younger girl turned back to the window, a tiny smile on her lips.

That night, the fort’s square was alive and well with festivities. Los Muertos members drank and danced to music as the bright moon overlooked Dorado. Hana sat on one of the staircases leading back into the fort. She got FOMO sitting inside, but didn’t feel comfortable enough to join the party outside either. So, she sat at the sidelines, people watching and getting in her head.

Why celebrate before a mission? What if it failed?

Regardless of her thoughts, Hana found the event lively and wonderful. Confetti littered the floor and laughter filled the air. The phosphorescent paint of the gang members blended together beautifully as their bodies twisted and turned with each other in the square. Perhaps there was something beautiful about celebrating the unknown.

“Hola…not your type of party?” Hana scooted as Ivan came from behind and joined her on the steps.

Hana gave an awkward laugh. “Oh, I don’t know, it’s just…” She shrugged. I’d feel bad partying with you guys now and then sending you all to prison later.

“How on, have a little fun. Tomorrow’s going to be a stressful day. I don’t think I’ve seen you really smile since you’ve been here.” The gangster grinned, his glowing facepaint stretching with his cheeks.

Hana offered an exaggerated smile. “See?” She said through her teeth. Ivan laughed.

“That’s not gonna cut it with me, flaca.” He grabbed her hand and pulled her into the square. Hana
gritted her teeth as people bumped into her and yelled in their direction. Eventually, they came to a group crowded around a piñata.

“You think you can break it open for us?” Ivan challenged and let go of her hand.

“Pfft, think? I know.” The two smiled at each other and the gangster pushed the girl through the crowd.

“Move out the way, comin’ through, move it!” Ivan yelled as the two pushed their way through the people.

When they got to the small clearing in the middle, one of the other members handed him a bat.

“You know how to use this thing?”

“Oh, just give it.” Hana grinned and swiped the weapon from him.

He held up his hands and backed off.

Hana jumped when someone pulled a blindfold over her eyes and began to spin her around. The crowd counted, and once they got to ten she stopped, feeling off balance. Someone grabbed her wrist and guided her to tap on the side of the piñata, then she felt them step away.

“Go for it, D.Va!”

And then she swung, the first hit barely connecting as the piñata was hoisted up. She laughed, and swung again, higher. It connected and the crowd cheered. She swung, over and over, yelling along as the crowd hooted and hollered. When a particularly strong hit connected, the container busted open and candy and confetti flew everywhere. Hana yelped as the crowd rushed in and jostled her around. She lifted the blindfold, laughing and reaching out to keep herself steady. She felt large hands set onto her shoulders.

“Nice job!” Ivan squeezed her shoulder and they turned to one another.

“Pshh, too easy.” Hana shrugged.

“You’ve got quite a bit of power in that little body!”

Hana flexed her arm, “Yeah, ya know been workin’ out. No biggie.”

Ivan laughed. “Come, now we dance.”

Hana protested half-heartedly as the man pulled her into the larger crowd in the center of the square. Bodies jumped and danced to the beat of the loud music and she felt her spirits rise with their enthusiasm. Ivan pulled another man towards himself and the two began to dance, clapping and jumping with the beat.

“Come on, flaca. Show us your moves!”

Hana tensed and shook her head, suddenly feeling shy. The two gang members gave her a pointed look. The other man shook his head and reached for her. He clasped her hands in his and began to jump around, pulling Hana with him. The girl laughed.

She nodded, “Okay, okay…alright.”

She let herself dance, fueled on by cheers and claps.
Olivia looked over the crowd through a window from the fort, watching Hana as she danced and laughed. She smiled slightly.

“Sombra.” Olivia’s mouth fell again.

“Yes, yes, Gabe. I’m still here.”

“Well get on with it, I don’t have all day.”

“Lots of people on the list to yell ‘Die’ at, I presume?”

She heard Gabe grumble on the other line. Olivia stepped away from the window, slinking back towards the darkness.

“The plan is still a go. She’ll have no idea.”

Chapter End Notes

OLIVIA: "Llorona" - Crybaby

IVAN: "Flaca" - Skinny
Morals

Chapter Notes

Since it took me awhile to get the previous chapter up, I figured I shouldn't make you guys wait too long for the next one. Thanks again for your comments and kudos!

Translations at the end. Enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next day, the fort teemed with activity. Cars and trucks filled the square and gang members cleaned and repaired their guns and weapons. Olivia and Ivan were giving briefings to the Los Muertos members all morning, so Hana had been left to her own devices.

She yawned.

She didn’t get much sleep the night before, and was surprised she made it back to the room at all. She was so tired, she didn’t even have the energy to gripe over the fact she had scoot in next to Olivia (facing opposite ways, obviously).

She mulled over the rest of the day as she sat on the stairs of the fort once more.

Their plan was simple, and if executed correctly, things should go smoothly. Once the members were within range of the warehouse, Olivia would hack into their security system and shut it off. The members would then engage the on-foot security. Bullets had been replaced with rubber ones in honor of Hana’s ‘no-kill’ rule and melee weapons were to only be used to incapacitate. Once inside, the members would have twenty minutes to grab as much energy canisters as they could and load them into the trucks. Then...profit!

In, and out. That’s how it needed to be. Hana had little intention of making a scene. She was there to observe, making sure Olivia didn't cut any corners under her discretion. She nearly didn’t wear her MEKA uniform, wary of associating herself with the criminals.

As far as she knew, Overwatch was unaware of her current whereabouts, and the less interested they were in her, the better. If the police showed up...Hana would have a lot more things to worry about.

There was a tap at her shoulder.

Olivia stared down at her, eyes squinted against the sun. Gone was her casual attire, the familiar uniform of dark colors and magenta in its place. From here on out, Hana realized, it was going to get serious.

“Walk with me.”

Hana clambered up, keeping in stride with the agent as the two made their way through the fort square.

“Are we ready?” Hana asked, huffing as her shoulders continuously caught against others.

How was Olivia just slinking through these people?
“A few more hours.” Olivia replied. The two cleared their way to the beloved pick-up truck. A dull thud sounded as Olivia tapped it’s hood. “You’re with me.”

Hana groaned, a slick remark against her tongue. She opted for something more friendly.

“We’re taking this?”

Olivia nodded. “She hasn’t let me down yet.”

Hana glanced around and examined the decked out cars and trucks that surrounded them. Then she looked to the truck. Rusted in some places, and chipping paint in others. She sighed.

Well, she’s definitely trying to kill me.

Olivia opened the door of the car, reaching inside and pulling out a gun. She turned the weapon over in her hand.

“W-uh, no.” Hana waved her finger. “No killing, remember? Don’t even think about bringing that unless you’ve got rubbers in there.”

Olivia tutted and tucked the gun underneath her jacket anyway.

“Relax, it’s just a precautionary.” Hana’s forehead creased and Olivia rolled her eyes. “Trust me. I want this to go as well as you do.”

The two faced each other and Olivia stuck out a clawed hand. If Hana concentrated hard enough, she could hear the low humming of the cybernetics underneath.

“I promise.” Olivia wiggled her fingers. Hana glanced down.

“Okay.”

She took it and they shook, both wondering how the other would react if they truly knew what the future held.

The warehouse was unexpectedly easy to over take. Hana made a mental note to tell Overwatch to update the security on their suppliers. Olivia was able to loop security footage and disable the locks on the power-sealed doors effortlessly, and the dozens of Los Muertos members pouring out of the cars intimidated the amateur security enough to have them surrender almost immediately.

Hana felt guilty as she watched a guard get on his knees, his hands folded behind his head as he begged a few gang members to spare him. They cursed at him, and with a skilled knock of their gun the guard fell over, unconscious. A queasiness settled in her stomach.

Still, she followed Olivia and Co. as they entered the large inventory room. Canisters upon canisters of fusion energy were grouped together, going up and out as far as the eye could see. Hana was in awe, the bright blue glow hypnotizing.

“Let’s go, let’s go!” Olivia shouted and began waving her hands, directing members to parts of the warehouse. It took only half the allotted time provided for the gang to load their cars to the brim, and by the time they had all gotten into their vehicles and drove away, Hana barely registered what had happened.

That easy, huh?
She smiled, relieved and anxious at the same time as she sunk into her seat. Olivia was beaming, the radio loud and windows rolled down as she sped along with the other cars back to Dorado.

“I can hardly believe it!” She breathed and glanced at Hana. “We’re about to power a city. For free. It’s going to make history.”

Hana nodded, afraid to say anything and ruin the mood. She looked out over the desert plains and vehicles, watching tan dust fly into the air as cars sped along the sand. She could see members standing in the truck beds and leaning out the windows, yelling and whistling in victory.

Turning them in was going to be a heartbreaking experience.

Then, in the distance, a small, cylindrical object approached the group. Hana squinted, and Olivia’s voice drowned out as she focused on the item. It grew as it came, the back end of it seemingly flickering. Hana reached out and gripped Olivia’s shoulder, cutting her sentence short.

“What is that?” Hana asked, voice gravelly.

Olivia followed her line of sight, squinting as well. “I’m not…”

Her eyes widened. “Oh-”

Olivia turned the car sharply to the left, the missile hitting a truck a few cars to their right. The boom nearly burst their eardrums, the explosion rocketing the vehicles beside it into the air. Hana yelled and gripped onto anything that would keep her upright as Olivia sped wildly in a zag. The once grouped Los Muertos now spread out wide, making it harder for several to be taken out in a single attack.

Olivia tapped at the radio, tuning to a frequency that connected her to the other cars. Spanish words flew out too fast and high for Hana to even try to decipher. She stared out the window, eyes looking around frantically for whatever, or whoever, attacked them. At the horizon, Hana could see several military-grade cars stationed in their way.

“There!” Hana pointed.

Olivia increased her speed, still speaking at the radio, yelling orders. Another missile flew by them, hitting the truck behind. The vehicle flew into the air and exploded, the fusion energy in the truck causing several smaller explosions. Hana felt the heat of the flames lick her skin, and she could hear little else over the heart beat in her ears.

“What’s the plan?” Hana finally found her voice. Olivia’s hands only tightened over the wheel.

“What’s the plan?” Hana tried again, leaning forward to catch Olivia’s eye. Another couple missiles, another couple cars gone. Dust and metal littered the air, and the truck swerved as it did its best to avoid scraps and get into clearer sight.

When the hacker only squinted and leaned closer to the wheel, Hana realized they were merely going to try and get past the group, hoping a missile didn’t take a liking to them. Hana gaped and leaned back into the seat, staring at the sleek, armored vehicles just sitting, growing as they sped towards them.

*Half this group’s going to die before we make it back to Dorado.*

She thought of Olivia’s loaded gun…and the others’ rubber bullets.
There’s nothing they can do about it.

Without a word, Hana unbuckled her seatbelt.

“What are you doing?” Olivia said, head turning to and from the road and the girl.

“Saving our asses.”

Hana pushed against her door, keeping it open against the wind.

“Get back in here!” Olivia reached out for her, but Hana ignored it.

She used her free hand to tap at her MEKA watch, the green glow signaling that her mecha was on its way. She stared up into the sky and grinned as a pink speck fell. Several feet before it hit the ground, its boosters engaged, and the force exerted sent sand flying behind it. It slowly caught up to the truck, keeping in speed with them as it’s back capsule popped open, ready for Hana to hop in. The pilot smiled.

I missed you, girl.

She registered Olivia calling her name once more but she lunged, her hands gripping the top of her mech. She pulled herself up, shielding and squinting against the wind and dust as she looked towards the dark vehicles. She situated inside, the back closing behind as she pushed the joysticks as far forward as they’d go. Her mech lurched, speeding past the truck and other Los Muertos vehicles.

Come on, focus on me.

She weaved as missiles began to come her way, bullets followed as she got within their shooting range. She didn’t bother blocking, grimacing as the bullets pelted her mech. There wasn’t going to much of a fight this time.

Once she got within several feet of them, she took a deep breath. Letting go of a stick, she ran her hand apologetically over the inner-mech ceiling.

“All you, baby.” Then she pressed her favorite red button.

She yelped as she was ejected from the MEKA, hair whipping all about her face as she flew back. Her mech sped into the opposing vehicles, knocking away soldiers and cars alike before it slowed. It glowed green, the metal breaking down and collapsing in on itself as the reactor overheated. She saw some try to run before a large blast obliterated the entire congregation.

"YES!" But her triumphant shout was fleeting as the ground approached quickly. The pilot’s eyes grew wide.

“Oh shit —NOBODY RUN ME OVER!”

She blacked when she hit the ground.

Hana held an ice pack to her temple, the cold keeping her head from swelling and ebbing her headache. The good news was that her blast took out most of the attacking forces, and the others were easily taken care of. The rest of the Los Muertos members also made it out.

The bad news was that she jacked herself up.

Dark bruises started at the middle of her back and curled up her left shoulder. Her arm felt stiff, her
head pounded, and her lip was split. Nothing was broken, thankfully, but her shoulder did need to get popped back into place.

Hana sat in the hacker’s den, elbow propped up against the papers on the large desk in the middle. Her eyelids felt heavy, and she longed for sleep. Low murmurs could be heard all around her as Los Muertos members made their way in and out, speaking to each other whilst grabbing files and supplies. She let her eyes fall shut, focusing on the icy coldness against her head. The cold hurt a little, but after a while the pain gave way to numbness and she could feel her breathing start to even as fatigue caught up to her. She was halfway to Blizzard World when a chair pulled out beside her.

She let out a displeased groan and pried her eyes open. Olivia sat next to her, appearing stressed. The hacker seemed smaller in her casual clothing. More normal. Less intimidating. She held a towel in her hands.

“You can’t sleep, not until you take this.” Olivia unwrapped the towel, presenting a small vial. Hana pressed the watery ice pack harder against her face.

“No,” she mumbled. She’d rather sleep.

“Yes. Unless you want to keep looking like you got jumped working the corner.”

Hana glared at her from the corner of her eye, unamused. Olivia pulled out Hana’s free arm, placing the open vial into her palm. Hana gave another complaint, but the thought of the aching pain being gone overpowered her laziness, and she pressed the vial to her lips. The taste wasn’t pleasant, but she’d had worse things in her mouth.

Hana sighed and placed the vial down, already feeling a little better.

“You could’ve poisoned me just then.” Hana said, staring at the empty vial. Olivia chuckled.

“Too easy, mami. Your death would come from my bare hands, so I could feel the life slip out of you.” When Hana raised her eyebrows, Olivia grinned. “JK, as you say.”

Hana smiled weakly.

“JK.” She echoed.

Olivia had given her the rundown when she first woke. As found out through interrogation with one of the attacking survivors (read: now deceased), the attackers weren’t Mexican military, thankfully, but actually units employed by Vishkar. Vishkar, the multinational, hard-light corporation. Apparently, Hana’s announcement to do a screening in Dorado not only ticked off Sombra, but the large company as well. After LúmeriCo’s power plant was abandoned, Los Muertos had several run-ins with Vishkar forces attempting to claim the building for themselves. After many failed attempts, months passed, and they had seemed to give up. Or so they thought.

Hana’s presence near the plant however, made them assume Overwatch wanted to claim the building for themselves, and they planted Edgar to take her out quietly. When Edgar didn’t check-in, Vishkar decided to try a different approach. She guessed that approach was ‘blow the heads off of D.Va and Los Muertos at the same time.’

Hana thought her brain was going to explode the first time she heard the information. Vishkar, Los Muertos, Talon. There were too many players in this damn game and she didn’t know how much longer she could keep it under wraps before something got back to Overwatch. Hell, she might even tell them herself.
Her original plan still stood, but there were branches breaking off left and right.

Take down Talon, yes of course. Oh wait, Los Muertos is here too? Might as well knock out two birds with one stone. OH! Vishkar, also? Well...don’t think I’ve got a stone big enough for that...

In the end, Hana decided to keep the focus on the original matter at hand.

Take down Sombra. Take down Talon.

And Los Muertos?

That one teetered on the edge.

“Do you want to go and see the town?”

Hana broke out of her thoughts when Olivia leaned closer. “We got the generator up and running. People are out there celebrating...and mourning.”

Hana saw a brief flash of pain under Olivia’s eyes. Los Muertos did lose many members that day. She figured Olivia needed to get out a lot more than she did, but she couldn't leave Hana in the den unattended.

The only thing she could change into that wouldn't put stress on her recovering muscles was her D.Va tracksuit (queue: Olivia making fun of Hana for only owning things with her brand name on it), and with some difficulty, she was ready. They then left for town, and for the second time, Hana was blown away by Dorado.

It was late at night, but the power the generator provided lit up the town square in a dazzling array of lights and flashes. Colorful bulbs hung between the shops and the fountain at the center came to life for the first time since they had been there. Residents and gang members alike drank and danced, and candles lined the entrance of stores, an honoring to those who gave their life for Dorado to thrive.

Hana was in awe, and Olivia even more so. The hacker’s eyes glinted with emotion and Hana pretended not to notice. The two mingled with people for awhile, with Olivia engaging enthusiastically with gang members and citizens alike as Hana smiled supportively.

Since Hana was not the focus of attention, they mostly spoke in Spanish. Occasionally, Olivia would notice and say something in English to try to make her feel included. At one point she caught sight of Ivan and roped him into their group, but he didn’t stay long, more preoccupied with other things. Hana didn’t mind it, she wasn’t feeling chatty much, but it did cause her to lose interest as she stood there and listened to the group laugh and point at each other.

Eventually, she slipped away, slinking through the crowd of people as she headed for the Mercado. She decided she could pass the time by playing a few rounds of ‘16-Bit Hero.’

She slowed as she realized the lights in the shop were off, but the market had no doors, and the faint light of the arcade machine in the back was too tempting to resist.

I mean, I’m paying for the game anyway. It’ll be quick. I’ll breeze through it like nothin’.

Hana stepped tentatively into the shop, squinting around to see if the owner was standing in the dark somewhere, like a weirdo. When she detected zero creeps, she made her way towards the machine. The wooden floor thudded and creaked against her sneakers and she could hear her own breathing. Had it not been for the celebration outside, she would’ve been a tad-bit scared.
She smiled to herself when the light of the game illuminated her face, and she dug into her pant pocket, pulling out a coin. She inserted it, and her hands fell familiarly into place as the game’s theme song began to play. The little pixel soldier jumped and fired along the screen. She had played the game enough times to do the first few levels with her eyes closed.

The later levels required more concentration, and she was acutely aware of the soft footsteps behind her, but she didn’t dare turn away for a second. Besides, she had a pretty good idea of who it was.

“Only you could nearly split your head open and then play games like nothing happened hours later.”

Hana shrugged, eyes trained on her character. “I’m a girl of many talents.”

“Is ‘annoying’ a talent?”

“If it is, you’re a natural.”

Olivia stepped closer to her, and Hana could feel her breath brush over the back of her neck. She contained a shiver, and the woman looked over her shoulder to watch.

“What do you have more coins?” Olivia asked when Hana let out a string of curses as her player was hit by a bomb, 75 percent of his health gone. Hana shook her head, raising her shoulder to press back against the woman. She needed space.

Olivia stepped back, letting out an amused snort. She watched with rapt attention as Hana jiggled the joystick back and forth, her fingers tapping against the buttons in calculated order. If Olivia knew anything about gaming, she was sure she’d be impressed. She laughed lightly as Hana’s health decreased and the girl let out a frustrated grunt.

“Enojona, calm down. I have more coins.” Olivia came closer again, hovering over the pilot’s shoulder. Hana ignored her, the tap-tap-tap the only noise in the market. The agent lingered there, her breath tickling Hana’s ear. The longer the gamer went on, the more distracting the feeling became. The barely there sensation set her nerves on high alert, and her body tingled.

The hacker smiled when Hana’s rhythm faltered, and soon a bright yellow ‘¿CONTINUAR?’ popped up on the screen. Hana turned around, a frown planted firmly on her face. She leaned back onto the machine as Olivia stepped closer.

“Do you really have more coins?”

“No.”

“Ugh, why’d you lie?”

“You shouldn’t trust me.”

“I don’t.”

“Then why’d you lie?”

Hana huffed and looked off to the side. “Bullet caught me off guard.”

Olivia laughed, “Mentirosa.”

“Okay, liar.”
“That’s what I said.”

Hana sighed and rubbed at her eyes.

“You’re like an annoying fly.”

“And you’re… a more annoying fly.”

Hana paused, eyebrows raising. Then she laughed.

“Woah, woah. Don’t take it too far now.” The corner of her mouth turned up.

They stared at each other. Olivia’s eyes ran over Hana’s face, lingering on the cuts and bruises before her expression lightened.

“Thank you, for what you did today. I know you didn’t have to do that.” A small smile. “You could’ve died.”

Hana’s heart gave a hard beat. “You know, I keep trying, and yet I wake up every time.”

“You joke when you’re nervous?”

“Oh, never.” Her breathing faltered when Olivia stepped closer, hands grazing her cautiously before curling around her hips. When the girl didn’t protest, her body pressed Hana more firmly against the arcade machine. The edge of the box dug into Hana’s back, and if she hadn’t been preoccupied with other emotions she might’ve registered the small pain.

“I think I might’ve been wrong about you.” Olivia whispered, her face coming closer.

“A lot of people are.” Hana’s breath ghosted over the woman’s lips. Olivia grinned.

“Do you need to have the last word?”

“Do you?”

Olivia chuckled, her head shaking slightly. Her eyes slipped shut, and she closed the gap. Firm lips pressed against soft ones, and the two relaxed into the kiss. Hana’s cheeks blazed as Olivia sucked lightly on her bottom lip, and her hands came up to squeeze at the agent’s shoulders, running over them slowly. She hummed when the hacker’s arms wrapped around her waist, pulling them closer together. The muscle underneath Hana’s fingers tightened, and she smiled against the kiss.

Hmm, definitely strong.

Olivia’s tongue pressed into her mouth, coaxing a small noise from the younger girl. Her stomach fluttered as the wet muscle slid against hers, playfully pressing before returning and running gingerly over her bruised lip. Hana’s face burned, the tips of her ears no doubt red. Olivia broke away, and Hana had to stop herself from pulling her back in. Her skin felt hot, and a low throb pulled her attention.

Here? Now?

Olivia’s head ducked to kiss at her neck, her hair tickling Hana’s skin. The gentle peppering turned into light nips and sucks and Hana couldn’t help the soft moan that escaped her lips. Heat rushed to her cheeks and her body tingled. Her mind clouded as the throb intensified, and she could feel her clit pulsate. Her hand moved from Olivia’s shoulder to the back of her neck, her fingers wrapping over it to pull her closer. Olivia took the hint, and she sucked sloppily at her pulse point before biting
down, hard. The action made her ache, and her hips jumped, desperate for any sort of touch. Hana let out a louder groan, her head falling back to expose more of her neck.

*Here. Now.*

Olivia’s hand snaked its way between the arcade machine and Hana’s body, running lightly over her ass before squeezing. Hana shuddered. Her head felt light, her skin prickled. Olivia’s lips trailed up her neck to breathe hotly into her ear.

“I’m going to fuck you so good.”

The words went straight to Hana’s clit, sending a jolt across her body and pooling in her underwear. She could’ve came off those words alone.

“And you’re gonna come *all* over my fingers.”

Her stomach clenched, a tight coil beginning low in her abdomen. Her mind began conjuring up the dirtiest scenes imaginable. She whimpered in response, her body arching into Olivia’s.

“*Mmph* - yes.”

Olivia sucked behind her ear, coaxing another breathy moan out of the girl. Hana’s nails dug deliciously into the back of the woman’s neck. Olivia nipped at her earlobe. “Tell me, mami. How much do you want this?”

Hana’s mind was in a daze, she could hardly comprehend the words.

Another squeeze to her ass. “*Tell me.*”

The girl let out a squeak, Olivia’s head coming into view to look into her eyes.

*How much do I want this? How much do I want you, Olivia?*

Her mouth parted, ready to profess all the filthy things that had ever come to her mind. The purple cybernetics at the edge of the hacker’s skull glowed dimly. Hana’s eyes widened.

*Not Olivia. Sombra.*

Hana’s mind cleared, her hands moving to push against Olivia’s chest. The woman pulled off of her, a look of mild confusion on her face.

“How much—” Hana’s hands reached back to support herself against the machine. “We shouldn’t—I can’t do this.”

Olivia’s fingers twitched at her sides. Her face furrowed. “Why not?”

A million reasons raced through the pilot’s mind. Hana’s voice shook, “We’re just… you’re a terrorist.” Barriers needed to be put up, *and now.* Hana could feel herself scramble for words.

“You lie… steal, cheat, kill—all of it, so long as it means you come out on top. You’re— you’re... bad. I can’t…” Hana trailed, premise clear.

Olivia’s expression fell momentarily, and her lips parted. She let out an incredulous laugh and crossed her arms. “I don’t…”

A silence passed. Then the woman sighed.
“Are there really just bad guys and good guys?” She finally said, her eyes steeling as they bore into Hana’s. “Have you ever done something just because you believed in it? Because you wanted it? Does that make you a bad person? If so, then yeah, I’m the worst person in the world.”

Hana said nothing, but looked away.

The Talon agent muttered something under her breath, frustrated at Hana’s lack of response. She shook her head. Hana could feel the anger growing under the hacker’s skin with each passing second. The younger girl readied herself for the onslaught of insults Olivia would no doubt throw at her, prepared for the familiar coldness and restrained rage. Olivia trembled, like a bomb ready to blow. But then…

“Okay, Hana.”

The anger was gone. The pilot didn’t look back until the woman had exited the shop and disappeared into the square. Her lip trembled and her eyes burned as a heavy weight settled over her head and heart, the telltale signs of an emotional breakdown. Hana took a shaky breath and blinked frustrated tears back.

Had she ever done something just because she believed in it?

Every day.

Because she wanted it?

That’s all I’ve ever done.

Was there only good and bad?

Hana felt the cool air nip at her skin. The celebration faded away.

She was a hero, and heroes did good things.

Her hands trembled as she reached into her pocket, pulling out her phone. She privated her number, and noticed it took longer than usual to dial the digits she had remembered.

The phone rang.

This had to be done.

“United Nations tip line.”

Hana swallowed. Her hands were sweaty.

“Hi, I have some information about a Los Muertos hideout.”

The man on the other end audibly perked up.

“Oh okay, we’re recording the message now.”

Hana let out a breath, her eyes running over the scene outside of the shop. People danced and sang. Laughed and drank. She thought of the members that died just hours before. She thought of the residents that lived with little light and electricity for years until then. She thought of the greedy capitalists whose lust for power and money trumped over the very wellbeing of their own people. She thought of Olivia, and the tears in her eyes, as she saw progress for the first time in years. She thought of South Korea. She thought of Overwatch. She thought about what it truly meant to be a
hero.

“Hello...are you still there miss?”

She stayed quiet. The air stilled for just a moment.

“Yeah,” she nodded, “I think...I think my information is wrong. Sorry for wasting your time.”

She ended the call, pushing herself off the arcade machine and making her way towards the entryway. She slipped her hands into her jacket pockets, her chest feeling lighter. Olivia was wrong about a lot of things. Many, many things. But maybe she had this one. Not everything was so black and white.

Some things were a little grey.

Chapter End Notes

Oops blue balled?

Translations

OLIVIA: Enojona - Angry [female]
O: Mentirosa - Liar [female]
MISC: Continuar - Continue
Hana woke to the morning sun crawling it’s way into Olivia’s room. She stared at the light, watching the soft yellow creep its way up and over the carpet.

Time; passing even when her world felt still.

She stretched, her arm extending out. She flinched when her hand pushed against warm skin.

“Mmmph.”

Hana looked over to see an irritated Olivia rubbing her cheek. Sleepy eyes peeled themselves open.

“Uh, sorry.” Hana pulled her hands in. She was surprised. Usually by the time she woke up, Olivia was long gone.

She must’ve returned late from Dorado.

Hana had left the lively town shortly after exiting the market, catching a ride back to Castillo in a very packed, very drunk, truck full of gangsters. Sleeping off the event seemed to be the smarter thing to do. She didn’t trust herself to be around Olivia any longer that night.

Olivia grumbled, her eyes closing again as she pulled the blanket up further to her chin. Hana sat up slowly, her eyes studying the woman burrito-ed in blankets.

She always seemed smaller.

Hana stretched again, reaching upward. She groaned lightly, her muscles burning. Although a lot better, her body still ached from the previous battle. She sighed, the action morphing itself into a yawn. The pilot watched as Olivia’s face scrunched, her head turning into the pillow beneath her.

“Cállate.” The woman mumbled irritably, voice muffled.

Hana closed her mouth. “Sorry.” She whispered out again.

But maybe she shouldn’t have, as Olivia’s face twisted once more. The woman groaned.

“Jesus.” Olivia pulled the blanket up over her head, obscuring her from view. Hana could hear the soft grunt underneath. The girl grinned in realization.

Hangover.

By the time Olivia and Hana met with Ivan, the hacker had managed to get herself out of bed and into decent clothes. Still, the circles under her eyes and the constant press of her fingers against her temple was a reminder of her drinking the night before.

It wasn’t an issue, most of the fort held the same symptoms.

But business was business, and they didn’t have time to sit and waste.
It was time to take down Talon.

They sat at the den’s large desk, the piles of paper from before were now gone, and only a few folders and pens sat in the center. The relevant files were strewn out, littered with notes of their plans and ideas.

This felt different. Serious. Daunting.

Hana had to forcibly stop her fingers from tapping anxiously against the wood.

“The route is a little complicated. The jet can take you into the States, but American airspace is very strict, so you’ll have to drive up into Toronto to remain undetected.”

Olivia tutted. “How long is the drive?”

“About a day if you don’t stop.”

The woman groaned.

“I’d say, give yourself a week to get there. Obviously some healing needs to be done before,” Ivan gestured to Hana’s battle bruise peeking out under her collar. His hand then waved over to Olivia. “All this is better.”

“A week?” Hana sighed. She rubbed her eyes. Did she have a week?

“You want to fight Talon jet lagged and tired?” He shrugged. “Your life, not mine.”

“When do we leave?” Olivia inquired.

“If you want, tonight.”

Hana’s heart pounded. She felt blood drain from her face.

That soon? Holy shit.

The reality of the situation was beginning to dawn on her.

Olivia looked over to the girl, gauging her reaction. Hana steeled herself.

Come on, you've got this.

“I’m good with that.” She said, throwing confidence behind her words.

Olivia hesitated. Then, “Alright.”

Ivan knocked against the table, smiling. “¡Bueno! I’ll prepare the plane.”

He got up to leave, collecting the folders. Hana stood, thinking about going into town and buying something from the bakery. A nice stroll on her own would do good to calm her nerves and clear her mind. When Ivan piped up again, Hana was nearly checked out.

“Oh wow…” He exhaled. The pilot looked to him curiously. Ivan laughed and squinted at the girl, “Conejita, did you get mauled last night?”

Hana furrowed her brows. “Huh?”

The gangster tapped at his neck. “Unless those are from Vishkar?” He gave a teasing look.
All the blood that rushed away from her face before? Yeah, it came back. She could feel the tips of her ears burning. She slapped a hand over her neck.

“Oh, what? No, that’s—“ She gave a short laugh.

Ivan leaned his hip against the table. “Sombra, you see this? I think she likes it here!” He laughed again. Hana gave Olivia a fearful glance but blushed at the woman’s knowing smirk.

_Welp, there goes my dignity._

“Tell me, who was it?” Ivan’s eyes grew comically bright. Hana couldn’t help a laugh at the interest in his voice. “Oh, come on. Men talk, I’ll find out sooner or later.”

Hana shook her head, rubbing at the faint bruises, as if wiping them away. “No, no, I…”

Ivan huffed. “Okay, was it Dominic? He’s had his eye on you.”

Hana’s eyes grew wide. “Uh—“

“Lucas?”

“No?”

“Fredri—“

“Okay, Chismoso. Enough.” Olivia smiled, leaning against the table. She opened her mouth but then paused. She raised a brow. “All those men have their eyes on Hana?”

Ivan shrugged and Olivia frowned, hand waving him away.

“Prepare the plane, hm? You can probably ask around once you’re out there.”

Ivan laughed again and left, giving Hana a final wink. Once he disappeared, she turned to Olivia.

“Now everyone’s gonna know!” She gritted and Olivia rolled her eyes.

“No one knows anything. But if you keep looking at me like you’re gonna faint they just might figure it out. Wouldn’t want anyone to think you’ve been bad, now do we?”

Hana’s cheeks tinged and she dropped her hand, watching as Olivia picked up a file left on the table. Memories of their conversation the night before came to the forefront of the gamer’s mind, and she felt a sickly pull in her stomach.

She shook her arms out and took a breath.

“I’m sorry.”

Olivia paused for a second and turned the paper over in her hands, eyes pretending to scan the words.

“For?”

“For saying those things last night. I didn’t…” Olivia looked at her expectantly. “-didn’t mean it.”

“Didn’t mean it, hm?”

“I was just trying to...I don’t know...hurt you, I guess.” She bit the inside of her cheek. “I was
scared.”

“Ah…” Olivia shrugged. “Okay.”

Hana blinked. “Okay?”

“Yes, I wasn’t thinking you’d apologize. People have said much worse, believe me. You not wanting to fuck me isn’t something I’d lose sleep over.”

Hana blanched.

Subtlety is seriously not her thing.

“That’s- that’s not-“

“That’s not what?”

Hana paused.

She saw the game Olivia was playing. It was right there, swimming in her eyes. Etched into her brows. Hanging at the edge of her mouth.

Widowmaker, you’ve officially been replaced as Talon’s tease.

Good thing Hana loved games.

The pilot crossed her arms. It took all her will to not look back as she brushed past the older woman.

“¡Ándale, ándale!” Olivia waved her hand, pushing the back of a gangster’s head to rush him into the jet. The large man carried several bags with him, and struggled to fit them all through the door. Hana couldn’t believe Olivia had so much luggage.

With the way Olivia went about boarding and packing, the pilot didn’t feel as if she was going on a dangerous mission. She felt as if she was going on a trip. A vacation. The environment was completely different from what embarking on an Overwatch mission was like.

Several gang members surrounded the jet to see them off and many had given her gifts. Bracelets, necklaces, flowers, even a little skeleton figurine one of the members had carved. They were grateful for her hand in bringing Dorado to life.

She felt a small sadness in her chest as she took her first steps up to the jet door.

She slung the bag over her shoulder, slightly heavier after storing all her new items away, and looked back over the group. Ivan stood at the bottom, his glowing face smiling. He raised a hand.

“¡Adiós, Hana!”

The first farewell of many, as the rest of the members broke out into their own variations of goodbyes. She felt her eyes water, the threat of tears becoming very real. Sometimes, she really hated how emotional she was. She clambered back down the stairs still, throwing her arms around the Los Muertos member.

Ivan laughed in surprise, coming in to squeeze her tightly. Hana closed her eyes for a moment. She had learned more about herself this past week than she had in the last few years. She was grateful, oddly, for the colorful gang. They opened her eyes to new perspectives and experiences. She had
seen their passion for their country. Their drive. Their love. There was a lot more alike between them than she initially thought.

*Focus. Mission.*

Hana pulled herself away, quickly wiping her face as she gave the man a smile. She walked back up the steps and waved.

“Adiós.” She said finally, and Olivia laughed lightly behind her.

“Your first Spanish word! Estoy orgullosa de ti.”

Hana rolled her eyes. “Kay, cool it.”

She gave the crowd one last look, searing it into her mind. At night, the gangsters glowed brightly under the moon. The crowd of oranges, blues, pinks, and reds blended to create a masterpiece worthy for the Met. It was a moment you’d experience only once.

She made the right decision.

Mexico was better off with Los Muertos around.

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**8 DAYS UNTIL TAKEDOWN.**

[ MEXICAN AIRSPACE ]

Hana didn’t realize how nervous she truly was until the jet was in the air.

By the end of the trip, she’d either be standing in front of a press conference with the rest of Overwatch, or six-feet under, watching the world burn from beyond. Her fingernails clawed lightly at the jet’s armrests.

Olivia sat beside her, watching a sporting match on her holophone. Hana didn’t understand how she could be so calm.

“You excited to see Talon?” The girl finally said. She inwardly cringed at the dumb question. Olivia only spared her a short glance.

“Hardly.”

Hana nodded, then pursed her lips. A few seconds passed.

“Are you guys close?”

“As close as criminal agents can be.”

“Ah…” They fell into silence again, the voices of the commentators pulsing from Olivia’s phone. The MEKA pilot looked out the plane window.

Flashbacks came back from the plane ride that started it all. She’d been flying over Germany, bag in the seat beside her, contemplating if she had the balls to pull off what her mind came up with. Now she sat a month later, Olivia Colomar beside her, and Talon within her grasp. A weird sense of foreboding came over her, but she shook it off, eyes flicking over to the hacker.
She could kill me if she wanted. Here, she could easily take us both out. It’s what I would do if someone were making me betray my friends.

She thinned her lips.

But I guess you don't really have friends living a life like hers.

The sad thought dissipated when Olivia clicked off her phone. She lolled her head to the side, giving Hana an irritated look.

“If you stare at me any longer I’m going to move seats.”

Move seats?

Right. They had the jet all to themselves, why had Olivia sat beside her? With the woman’s face inches away, Hana vividly remembered her fantasy not too long ago.

Of Olivia over her. Touching her. Heat singed the tip of her ears.

God, not again.

This time was worse. This time, she had memories of Olivia’s lean muscles beneath her fingertips. Of Olivia’s breath against her ear, dirty words husked out into the air. The feel of her… everywhere.

She let out a shaky breath, eyes traveling down the tanned face to where her lips rested. She watched as they stretched into a grin.

Right. She’s playing games.

Hana gave the woman a smile of her own.

Let’s play.

“Can’t seduce me from three seats away, can you?”

Olivia’s eyes widened momentarily, then, something flashed. Her grin broke into a smile.

“Guess not.”

Hana leaned into her seat, staring at the back of the chair in front of her. She closed her eyes. “Couldn’t even do it with your hand on my ass and teeth on my neck.” She stifled a laugh when she felt Olivia stiffen beside her.

Then the woman shifted, likely to get up and leave.

D.Va: 1. Sombra: 0.

She squeaked, her eyes opening when a strong hand came to squeeze at her thigh. She didn’t need to turn her head to see Olivia staring at her, eyes low and lips curled.

“Really?” Olivia whispered, her lips coming down to rest by her ear. “I don’t believe you one bit.”

Hana's heart thudded in her ears, her skin tingling.

She needed to recover.

“Talk about trust issues—“
Hana’s reply was cut short as the woman’s hand began to rub her thigh, occasionally squeezing. Her heart rate picked up when Olivia pressed her lips to the side of her face. A chaste kiss.

“I think,” The woman moved lower, placing a kiss to the edge of her jaw. “You get wound up at the sight of me.” Hana’s breathing wavered, each word sending shivers down her spine. Olivia’s lips dragged lightly down over her skin, hovering over a purple mark. The woman licked her lips. Hana’s eyelids fluttered.

Recovery failed.

She moved in, her mouth closing lightly over the bruise. Hana’s lips parted, a sharp sigh escaping. Slight pain mixed with pleasure as the pressure of Olivia’s suck alighted the sore nerves. Her skin felt on fire as prickling heat crept up her throat.

Olivia’s hand moved higher, coming to rest at her center over her jeans. Hana’s legs spread slightly on their own accord, her body descending into a hazy spiral. The woman pressed her fingers against her, no doubt feeling the heat radiating through the layers underneath. The girl's eyes slipped shut, no longer able to keep them open as she began to surrender. She leaned her head back, exposing more of her neck.

Olivia pulled away slightly with a small pop. Hana could feel her smile against her, a light laugh tickling her flushed skin.

“Eager?”

Hana’s cheeks burned, but she could care less. Olivia’s hand rubbed her over the denim, her touches firm enough to send shockwaves up her back, her clit pulsing from the blissful friction. Hana’s legs spread further, and she sunk down into her seat to press more firmly against the hand. She was rewarded as Olivia pressed back harder, earning a low moan.

She rubbed wide, rough circles over her, and Hana could feel herself throb. It had been too long since she felt that tight winding in her stomach. Too long since she had something to come around.

Yes, that's why she felt like she was going to combust. It'd been months. Nearly a year, if she was being honest with herself. It had nothing to do specifically with the woman. This would've happened with anyone.

She didn’t think about how the pants between the kisses on her neck made her want to pull Olivia against her ear, just so she could hear her clearer. She didn’t think about how her fingers twitched, tempted to grab the woman and make her feel just as much--no--more. The thoughts made Hana ache, and her head felt heavy.

But it wasn’t enough. There were too many layers, and soon Hana found herself growing increasingly frustrated. The heat pooling in her stomach began to level off, and she let out a soft whine as Olivia continued to nip at her neck. Hana ground against the hand slightly, signaling to the woman that she wanted, needed, more.

Olivia didn’t torture her. She slid her hand up, finger toying with the button before flicking it open with a promising pop. Hana let out a breath. God, she had never wanted anything so bad. The girl’s clit pounded as the zipper lowered.

“Yes.” Hana breathed as Olivia’s hand slipped one layer lower, over her underwear. The material was much thinner, and the girl jolted as the woman’s fingers brushed so closely to her clit.

Olivia moved her fingers down once, then up again to rub tight circles over the girl’s hard clit,
feeling it through the panties. Her lips moved up, sucking at the sensitive skin behind Hana’s ear. The girl gasped, her own hand moving to grip at Olivia’s arm, feeling the muscle move as she continued her ministrations. It was insane, Olivia felt so strong, and she’d never know that just by looking at her. The girl bit back a particularly loud groan thinking about the good end of that strength going towards a place that definitely needed it.

Hana’s body felt on fire, her senses clouded. The only thing she knew was Olivia and her talented fucking fingers.

“That’s the thing about you, mamí.” Olivia’s voice was breathy, her own skin warm and perspiring. The words strung Hana higher, her stomach tightening. “You always think you have a chance…”

Olivia’s fingers moved lower once more to press against the wet spot over her entrance. It’s no surprise Hana had soaked through. She let out a groan, her hips jumping, hoping the fingers would somehow slip inside. She imagined them pumping in and out. Would she be slow and gentle? Fast and rough? The girl couldn’t wait to find out. She could feel Olivia smile against her ear. The woman traveled up again, playing shortly with the band of her underwear.

*God, please…*

Her fingers mercifully slipped underneath and Hana couldn’t help the sigh that fell from her lips as they touched her heated flesh for the first time. Olivia’s teeth clenched, holding back a groan.

“*Fuck, Hana.*” Olivia breathed as she ran two fingers through the folds, coating them in wet heat. Hana bit her lip, her stomach tightening at the way Olivia said her name. Longing? Desperate? The thought that Hana was affecting her just the same was almost enough to send her over the edge. Now that’d be embarrassing.

“You- you always think you’re winning.” Olivia continued, her wet fingers coming up to rub the sensitive bundle of nerves. Hana’s back arched slightly, her forehead glowing from sweat. She could almost see stars behind her eyelids. The circles were tight and fast, sending bursts of energy up throughout Hana’s body. Olivia’s fingers moved down again, two prodding lightly against her entrance. Wetness seeped out to coat the fingers even more.

She **was** winning. This…this was most definitely winning.

Hana let out a breathy moan, her hand tightening around Olivia’s arm. The woman let out a quiet grunt when Hana's fingernails dug in.

“Even when-,” Olivia's fingers pressed inside. Hana’s body trembled and her mouth fell open, the stretch relieving and torture all at the same time. Her walls fluttered around the digits, wanting more. Faster, deeper, *anything*. She had never felt so good in her life. The wet heat made Olivia pause, and she took a few moments to continue.

“Even when,” Olivia said again, her fingers pulling out and then pushing in roughly. The lewd wet sound made Hana moan, the strung out coil in her stomach ready to burst. Olivia couldn’t believe how tight she was. Hana was ready to experience Nirvana, Olivia’s fingers the ticket there, but when the fingers pulled back, they continued until they pulled out completely. Hana protested, her eyes opening slightly.

Olivia pulled her hand out of the girl’s pants, holding wet fingers in front of her face. Hana let out a noise.

Olivia spread her two fingers, the wetness sticking together, splitting into clear, thin strings. If it was
possible Hana’s face turned even more red.

“You’ve already lost.”

Hana had never experienced anything crueler than Olivia getting up, a smirk on her flushed face. Hana’s hand fell away from her arm as the woman stood in the aisle. She watched in disbelief as the hacker winked, moving to sit exactly three seats away. The woman wiped her hand against her shirt and Hana snapped into reality.

“You- you can’t-“

Olivia pulled out her holophone, the same sport game filling the jet with low sound. “I can.”

And so Hana sat, disheveled, rosy, and so, so horny as she leaned back into her seat. She rebuttoned her jeans, the zip hammering the embarrassment down her chest as she tried to settle in.

\[
D.Va: -99999999. Sombra: 0.
\]

7 DAYS UNTIL TAKEDOWN.

[ HOUSTON, TEXAS ]

Hours later, the jet landed in an empty Houston airfield. A few shady looking men came to see them down from the plane, their hushed mutters with Olivia sending an odd fear into Hana’s veins. Hana pulled her bag closer to her and watched as Olivia grabbed a single bag, giving the rest to the men.

They were no longer playing at home. Out here, they only had each other.

If Olivia decided she was done playing nice…

Hana shook the thought out of her head.

Olivia walked to where Hana stood nearby. “Ready to get the show on the road?”

Hana nodded. It was all she trusted herself to do. If she spoke, she feared her voice would tremble.

But apparently places meant for those wanting to fly under the radar meant shady inns on the wrong side of town.

A few blocks over from the airfield, was a strip that contained a dingy motel and a couple 24 hour bar and breakfast places. A rundown gas station could be seen at the end of the street, but the homeless man peeing on the side of the building made Hana realize she in fact had a preference for gas stations.

“Hungry?” Olivia pipped as they approached one of the diners. She looked to Hana.

“I could eat.” Hana spoke, pulling her jacket around her tighter. She didn’t want to complain about the quality of the place. She wouldn’t let Olivia take a jab at her if she could help it. Leaving her high and dry was bad enough as it was, and the way Olivia acted as if it hadn't happened made her feel small.

The woman shrugged and they headed towards the eatery, the dim lights from within highlighting the few patrons inside. They approached, and Hana let out a gasp as Olivia’s arm pulled her back.
They watched as an omnic stumbled past the door onto the sidewalk, an orchestra of clangs and screeches sounding as the robotic man slid against the concrete. A visible dent could be seen on its arms and the top corner of its head. The omnic held out a hand in defense as a worker followed outside, a bat clenched tightly in his hands.

“Get the fuck out here, metalhead! We don’t need y’alls kind bringing problems here.”

The omnic waved his arm. “Please, I’m just looking for work. He started it! H-how could I let him say those things? Why don’t you throw him out too?!”

The worker stepped forward and the omnic crawled back.

“Your kind tore this world apart and you’re asking me why I threw you out? GET!” The worker drew the bat back and watched as the omnic scrambled to its feet. He turned to the worker, then glanced to the women. Hana swore she could see a helpless look on its minimalistic face. The omnic took off.

The worker looked at the girls as he turned to go back inside. He did a double take, eyes raking over them.

He scoffed.

“This fuckin’ town, I swear. If y’all here to cause trouble I ain’t afraid to kick your asses too.” He roughly pushed open the door and disappeared inside.

Hana closed her mouth once it had begun to go dry.

“On second thought, I’m not so hungry.”

The motel was anything but amazing, but it’d do. Low-key and sketchy, the white lights within the room gave the forest-y wallpaper an eerie feel. Olivia plopped onto the bed and pulled out her phone.

Hana stood at the end of the bed and let her bag fall to the ground. Her cheeks heated as she watched Olivia lay comfortably on the big bed. She’d be lying if she said her body had fully recovered from their…session earlier.

That’s probably what she wanted.

Hana frowned, determined to hide how much she was truly affected. She laid down beside the woman, making sure to leave some space between them. She stared at the ceiling, distracting herself with the diner scene from before. She had never seen omniphobia with her own eyes before. She was aware of it, of course, but never…actually seen an omnic be treated that way. Heard of it, read about it, but see it? Not like that.

Sure, in the military her teammates said some things, but it was war, and Hana didn’t take it seriously. They were things said in the heat of the moment, in grief, in pain, and never to an omnic.

But that. That was hatred. Pure and ingrained.

“You still thinking about the omnic?” Olivia questioned, fluffing her pillow.

Hana turned over.

“Yeah…”

Olivia hummed. “Can you blame them?”
The pilots eyebrows shot up.

“I mean, these people are most likely scarred by the war. It’s not right, but…they can’t help it. They’re traumatized. At least…that’s what I think. Imagine being around machines that could turn on you at any moment. Machines that already have.”

Hana frowned. “Doesn’t make it okay.”

A beat.

“Yeah.” Olivia turned around, her back facing the girl as she closed her eyes. She let out a tiny groan, exhaustion taking over. “It’s fine, Hana. No one’ll worry about that soon…” The woman mumbled the last few sentences into her pillow, slowly drifting into the abyss.

“Hmm,” Hana mumbled, her eyes also closing, “Yeah.” She sniffed.

“How…” She buried her head further into her pillow, a faint something pulling at her mind. “How’dya think that’ll happen?”

She was met by silence. Olivia had fallen asleep. Soon enough, she did too, the questions floating around in her head gone.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for all the support, guys! Sorry for so much delay. Life gets crazy :)

How much longer can I go blue balling our girls? We’ll never know. Any ideas for what’s in store for our troubled agents?

TRANSLATIONS:

OLIVIA: Cállate - Shut up.
O: Chismoso - Gossiper.
O: Ándale - Hurry up.
O: Estoy orgulloso de ti. - I’m proud of you.
IVAN: Conejita - Little bunny (but you all knew that).
Let's Get the Show on the Road!

Chapter Notes

Wow, it's been awhile huh? We'll talk more about that in the author's note at the end, but first I want to link two amazing artists who created beautiful works of art based on this story! I can't even express how honored I feel, seriously. :)

Thank you gtsdiamonddust:
Their art.

And thank you anonymous-avrl:
Their art.

Check it out and show them some love!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

7 DAYS UNTIL TAKEDOWN.

[ HOUSTON, TEXAS ]

“What’s with you and trucks?”

Hana scratched at the faded pick-up, watching small paint flecks spin to the pavement. Olivia tugged at the cloth draped over the hood, grunting as it fell to the ground. She wiped at her forehead.

“Oh, sorry. Did one of your sponsors decide to get us a car?”

Hana raised a brow, sensing comments to follow.

Olivia held up fingers, “Two things,” and rounded the car. “The junkie we bought this from isn’t going to run his mouth strung out on whatever drogas he’s managed to scrap together with what we paid him.”

She grasped the handle, a smug look making its way onto her face.

“And…I like trucks.”

She opened the door, the rusted hinges making themselves known. Hana grimaced at the noise and Olivia didn’t hide her amusement.

“Anyone ever tell you if you keep making ugly faces, your face’ll stay like that?”

“Anyone ever tell you to keep your comments to yourself?” Hana said. She slipped into the passenger side, considering it a small victory when she wasn’t met with a response.

The car groveled as Olivia turned the key, and she muttered to herself before trying again. The truck made a noise similar to a sink disposal, but then roared to life. Her triumphant smile quickly
disappeared when the low-tank light popped on.

“Pinche-” Olivia gripped at wheel, smoldering embers in her eyes. With a glance at the radio clock and a sigh, the threat of a fire fizzled out. “It’s fine…we’ll just have to stop by the station.” Hana watched the passing expressions with tantalizing curiosity. She couldn’t tell if she was impressed at the suppression, or amused by how easily ticked the hacker was.

Thankfully, the truck held its own for the short ride down the street.

They exited, and Hana leaned against the pump as Olivia fitted the nozzle into the car. A faint blue glow travelled through the tubes, and her eyes followed the flow until it halted against the tank.

She remembered the first time she refueled her own: she was 16, had just gotten her license, and her parents bought her a cute little navy car. They made her pose for a picture, with the nozzle in one hand and driver’s license in the other. She thought it was stupid documenting feats as mundane as that.

Now, maybe not so much.

“Time for the fun part.” Olivia said as she brushed past her. “Snacks.”

Hana glanced at the truck.

And leave the car out here?

With a quick once over, she realized nobody gained anything from stealing the junker.

The connected store was unsurprisingly empty that early in the morning as the two flipped through the chips and candy. The faint buzzing of the fluorescent lights kept Hana’s mind from wandering completely as she stood in the cheap chocolates aisle watching an ant crawl its way over the edge of a candy box. She wondered if it knew where it was going, and how it ended up there. Did it planning on bringing a whole bar back for the queen? Hana cracked a smile at the thought.

Biting off a little more than you can chew there, bud?

After a second, her face fell. Maybe that thought was a little too close to home.

The young girl squeaked as something heavy plopped onto her head. Reflectively she reached up, her hand curling around something akin to cardboard. It was a second before she recognized the feeling.

“Hats?” Hana asked. She turned around and Olivia nodded, several snacks under her arm.

Guess she didn’t have any ants distracting her.

Hana brought the hat down in front of her, the cap sporting what she assumed to be an American sports logo. She gave Olivia a disapproving look.

“Well,” Olivia pulled a chip bag out from under her arm and held it up to Hana’s face. She squinted. “We might need you a little less recognizable…”

Hana swiped the bag from her, turning it over. Beside the brand name her likeness stood, decked in a customized MEKA flightsuit.

Nice. The ‘Omni-Crips’ sponsorship.
Hana laughed lightly, “I see.”

“Think you can get us a discount?”

She shoved the bag into the woman’s chest.

“Ow—joking, gruñona.”

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7 DAYS UNTIL TAKEDOWN.

[HIGHWAY; ARKANSAS]

No one had told Hana how hot the Mid-West actually was. The pair had the windows rolled down and radio blasted as Olivia sped, or as she claimed, “The other cars are just going slow,” down the highway. She could feel an itch from where the hat met her perspiring forehead, and she rubbed at the edge, wiping away some sweat in the process.

They sat mostly in silence, comfortably listening to the radio and passing bustle of American society. Hana thought it was interesting. How easy it was to forget where they were—who they were—like this. Listening to the radio, speeding down a highway, not not enjoying each other’s company. She wondered if in another, parallel, universe they were exactly like this; traveling from Mexico to Canada—except there they weren’t tangled up in any opposing organizations.

There was no Talon. No Overwatch.

It was just them. And they were…

Friends?

Out the corner of her eye, she studied her.

Yeah. They’d be friends.

It was another half hour before the silent spell was broken. An exit sign signaled diners and fast food places off the highway, and with a shared look, they decided to stop and eat.

The diner was worn, but quaint. Authentic retro posters clung to the walls and the blue seats were faded with time and use. It felt inviting, and the scent of the food made Hana’s stomach growl.

“So,” Olivia started once they’d sat and ordered. She folded her hands on the table. “Let’s talk logistics.”

In their parallel universe they’d talk about movies.

“Alright. Have you been keeping in touch with Talon?” Hana asked.

“Somewhat. With how much you run your mouth I’m afraid you’ll be squawking in the back while I’m on call.”

The look on the pilot’s face seemed to be just the reaction Olivia was looking for.

“I told them to meet at the tower the day after we’re set to arrive, and I’m periodically updated on their location.” She continued.
“And they…don’t suspect anything? You guys don’t have eyes on Overwatch agents at all times—or something.”

Olivia rolled her eyes.

“You overestimate your importance to us.” She paused, watching as a server passed by. Her voice lowered.

“So mamí, say all goes well. We get to the radio tower before Talon. They show up, its me and you, and then…what?”

The pilot’s hands began to feel twitchy. She reached for her water, hoping the sip wouldn’t come across as time-wasting as it felt.

“Well…when Talon arrives, it should just be you waiting. I’ll be…disguised. Carry on as usual, watch for my signal and get out of the way.”

“And that signal will be…”

“Gee, I dunno, how about a big ass mecha falling out of the sky?”

Olivia looked a cross between amused and annoyed.

“Don’t patronize me, Hana.”

She stuck out her tongue, the juvenile act sure to get on the woman’s nerve. But Olivia merely leaned back into the booth with a small grin on her face, their food arriving.

“You really are a treasure, hm?” Olivia wiped her utensils down with a napkin, her voice easy and uncaring, as if it was only a passing thought. She paused after noticing the odd look on Hana’s face.

“-to MEKA, I mean.”

“Oh,” Hana adjusted her cap, hoping her cheeks didn’t look as warm as they felt. She felt slightly embarrassed. “Yeah…”

“And you’re expecting to take down Talon on your own?”

She met the woman’s eye. Was Olivia offering to help? It was one thing to get her to where she needed to be, but to go past that. To finish the job along side her…

Hana couldn’t come up with a scenario where she could ever betray Overwatch. These were the people you ate with, lived with, fought with. They weren’t your peers or your coworkers. They were your family. They picked you up. They saw you at your worst, and wanted you at your best. If Talon was anything like that for Olivia…this would be an empty promise.

She couldn’t fall for it.

“That’s the plan.”

Olivia raised a brow.

“I’m really starting to think you have a death wish,” she chuckled, “Does this mean your little super friends aren’t planning on being there too?”

Hana squinted, her pride flaring. “You don’t think I could pull this off?”
“Can you?”

“No question.”

They both stared, gazes guarded but digging. Neither got anywhere.

Olivia broke away first, taking a bite of her eggs. “Well you’re letting me off then, correct?”

At this point Hana was sure Olivia knew more than she was letting on.

“Maybe if you pay the bill.”

Olivia’s gaze, though amused, turned curious and Hana’s heart thudded against her ribs.

“Bueno. You know, I always heard about how nice Canadians were,” another bite, “but I don’t think they’re ‘look past charges of cyberextortion’ nice. So congratulations. You might be nicer than Canada.”

The pilot hid her reply with a bite of her own. Olivia seemed to accept her responses. Still, she needed to be careful.

Overwatch would be showing, and Olivia was not slipping through the cracks.

Maybe there was an alternate universe where everything was easier.

That wasn’t here.

She needed to remember that.

“Pass the salt, mamí.”

6 DAYS UNTIL TAKEDOWN.

[ TENNESSEE ]

“After all this, I don’t ever want to drive again.” Olivia groaned as they entered the hotel room. Hana sighed and leaned against the rickety holo-screen stand, dropping her bag onto the carpeted floor.

“The faster we get there the less you’ll have to suffer.”

Olivia only groaned more, and fell face down onto the bed.

Hana pushed away intrusive thoughts at the realization there was only one—again, and made her way over, gingerly sitting on the edge as she dug into her duffel for cleaner clothes to change into.

“I’m thinking we do the opposite. A rest day.” Olivia’s muffled voice said through the blankets.

Hana frowned, taking off her hat before tugging her shirt over her head. “Seriously?”

“You’re not the one driving.”

“I could.”

“We want to make it to Toronto, sí?”
Hana pulled on a sleep shirt before glaring over her shoulder. Olivia, now on her back, flashed a cheeky smile. Her eyes glinted.

“Oh, by all means, continue.”

Hana whipped around, a familiar burn on her cheeks settling.

“Perv.”

“I’ll show you mine if you show me yours.”

Hana shook her head. Instead, she grabbed shorts and kicked off her shoes.

“I bet you’d love that.” She grumbled and made her way into the connected bathroom.

When she came back, she was disappointed to find Olivia still awake, eyes trained on the ceiling. The only evidence that she had moved at all came from the sleepwear she now adorned. She braced herself for some foolery, and Olivia looked to her when she felt the bed dip.

“Have fun in there?”

“Faucet’s jank. I give this dump two stars.”

“I’m sure they’ll be devastated.”

Hana squeezed at her pillows, fluffing them out. A warm hand reached out to run lightly against her back, and she twitched.

“I thought you were tired.” She said.

“I am.” Olivia’s hand slipped lower, grazing the skin between her shirt and shorts, "But I heard the sleep after a certain physical activity is amazing…“

Olivia trailed off, premise clear. Fingers massaged her tense muscles. Her head became fuzzy, the feeling both relaxing and arousing. “You know, I feel guilty for leaving you high and dry on the plane.”

The hand snaked higher, shirt rising with it. The touches sent light ripples of pleasure across her body, dissipating into a comfortable warmth. She let out a small sigh as her nipples hardened and brushed against the inside of her top, face flushing at the mention of their previous endeavor.

“And you’ve been moody since…”

Hana squeezed her eyes shut tighter, attempting to keep herself from falling completely into the haze. She was losing her grip on the situation.

Did I even have one in the first place?

“Ow-“ Hana let out a noise when she pressed particularly hard against a healing bruise. It was enough to snap out of it. She turned, the hand slipping out from under her shirt.

“What’s your deal?”

The smug grin sparked Hana’s anger, but then Olivia sighed, as if the question was a disappointment.
“So serious, Hana. Just think we deserve some fun after a rough few weeks.”

Hana let out a frustrated grunt, cursing to herself in Korean. She pinched the bridge of her nose and took a deep breath. Olivia’s eyes briefly followed the pink hue from her cheeks down to the collar of her shirt, and smiled at the girl’s annoyance.

“And I’m a little confused, mamí. Because to me, it seems that you want this just as much.”

Hana ran a hand through her hair. She really did not have the energy.

“All right, okay? You got this round. I’m turned on and tired. Ten points to Sombra, can I sleep now?”

Olivia’s face wavered.

“Giving up so easy?” Her voice dropped to a rasp, sending heat low into Hana’s underwear.

“I…” Hana’s eyes flicked down to the woman’s lips. Get a grip. She sighed and shook her head, steadying herself. The rest of the response seemed to settle itself in Hana’s throat, tucked away into an area she was purposefully overlooking. “Pretty sad playing against someone who isn’t even trying. Do you only play games when the odds are in your favor, or are you just afraid of a challenge?”

Olivia’s eyes narrowed, even if just momentarily, before she rolled her eyes.

“Oh, no,” she said, and her mouth curled. “I love a challenge.”

Hana only watched as the woman turned over, slipping under the covers. The room fell into an odd silence.

A few more moments, and Hana was ready to sleep it off too, her body slowly returning to equilibrium. Just a couple more days, and the mind games and confusing feelings would all be over. She pulled the covers open and slipped under, ready to drift, but a faint glow caught her eye.

Small, purple dots glowed dimly through the back of Olivia’s shirt. She blinked. It was still there, and she could faintly see a contraption curling up the length of it. She recalled Winston telling her about the cybernetic graft. She studied the indentations, imagining what it looked like beneath. If touched, would she feel the whir of advanced technology, or would it be softer, like a buzz of human energy?

Her hand slowly reached out. She wanted to touch.

Then she remembered.

She didn’t.

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5 DAYS UNTIL TAKEDOWN.

[ EDGE OF TENNESSEE ]

They’d stopped in a city square to get out and stretch. The quaint, country town paid them little mind as they passed through, but the mom-and-pop shops looked too inviting to resist. A ten minute break
turned into an hour relaxation, and the two sat on a bench beside the main road. For the most part they people watched, and halfway through Olivia got up to buy more snacks for the road.

“Want some?”

Hana reached into the chip bag, the tangy flavor God-sent.

“Thanks.”

“De nada.”

They shared odd smiles, and Hana caught herself daydreaming of another universe once more.

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4 DAYS UNTIL TAKEDOWN.

[ MID-KENTUCKY ]

“Oh, turn this up!” Hana said as the radio played the unmistakable beginning beats to Lúcio’s newest song. She danced in her seat, singing along as best she could over the wind coming through the windows. Olivia pretended to gag.

“Glad you didn’t decide to pursue a career in music.”

Hana only sang louder and Olivia shook her head, pressing her palm against her ear in mock pain. Still, she turned up the volume.

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3 DAYS UNTIL TAKEDOWN.

[ EDGE OF OHIO; KENTUCKY BORDER ]

“I should be there in about three days.” Olivia reported into the phone.

They’d pulled over in a residential area, the night air warm and the sky glittering with stars. Hana could see shadows of people through the windows and the colorful glow of holoscreens. She leaned against the truck, arms crossed, watching the woman pace around.


Hana took a breath when she made her way over. “What’d they say?”

“They’re finishing up the device and running small tests. Should be there in four days. Could be five.”

Hana groaned.

“Five?”

“Does it matter? Better later than earlier.”
It did matter. Overwatch needed to be told when to come.

“Let’s—just stay updated on that, alright?”

Olivia shrugged and went over to the driver’s side. “Fantastic, more driving.”

“I can drive you know.”

They shared a look and Olivia swallowed a joke.

“It’s fine. We’ll get there faster anyway.”

The route took them out of the neighborhood and into the main downtown area. They were surprised to see it crowded. Vendors lined the sidewalks and shabby, but seemingly fun, rides peppered the square.

“Damn traffic.” Olivia sighed and her head bumped back into the headrest.

“We’ll get there faster’, huh?”

Hana eyed the structures and faces that filled the square. Happy screams and fair music filtered their way through the glass in muffled waves. Hana said nothing, but the small sigh she expelled caught Olivia’s attention. They moved slowly behind the other cars, and fifteen minutes had passed before they were even halfway through the main square. Olivia’s fingers tapped impatiently against the wheel.

“How’d you feel if I asked you to call your mech and blow these cars out of the street?” She turned to Hana, who still stared out the window.

“Hana.”

“Mm-“ She turned to look at her, eyebrows raised. “Sorry, what?”

“Hm—nothing.” Olivia frowned, but turned back to the road. She cursed when a previously-parked car forced itself between their truck and the car in front of them. Her eyes flickered over to the now free street parking. She sighed, looking back to the road. She was beginning to grow agitated from all the driving and wouldn't mind being able to stretch her legs. She looked back to the spot. Hana shifted restlessly in her seat.

Olivia shook her head. Nope. Back to the road.

She tapped her fingers against the wheel again, her eyes darting to Hana once more…

They turned into the parking spot, the car behind them no doubt ecstatic at the new ten feet of space. Hana looked at her, confused.

“What-“

“This traffic isn’t clearing up anytime soon. Why sit in here, when we could wait for it to clear out there?” Olivia said.

Hana stared at her before breaking out into smile.

“Right.”

+++
They stood before an awful magic show, watching a teenage boy play card tricks on the group that surrounded him. Hana held onto a half-eaten cotton candy, the pink edges beginning to wilt. Olivia had her hands stuffed into her pockets, watching disinterestedly.

Hana bumped her arm.

“What?”

“Ferris wheel?”

“No.”

“Kay, then I’m going.”

The halting tug at her shoulder was expected.

“Pendeja, if we split up here, we’ll be lucky if we ever find each other again.”

Hana smirked. “Sounds good to me.”

Olivia looked off to the side, face furrowing. She gave a defeated sigh.

“Okay, one ride. Then I think I’d actually rather be in the traffic than this.”

Hana beamed.

+++

“Going up!” The ride operator called and the cart the two girls shared jolted up before stopping. They swung lightly.

“Absolutely amazing.” Olivia deadpanned at the lackluster view before them.

“Just wait.”

Stopping few carts below the top, they were finally able to just see over the town. The colorful blobs of people and the array of lights calmed Hana. Here, she felt like she was in her own little bubble. The fair was everything. It was the only thing.

“What do you think’ll happen if I hack the operating machine?”

Hana gasped, reaching for Olivia’s raised hand. The woman laughed.

“Not funny.”

They ascended.

They stared out over the town in comfortable silence, enjoying the slight breeze at that height.

“Thanks for stopping here...”

Olivia looked over at Hana, who gave a smile.

“We stopped because you knew I’d want to check it out, right?”

Olivia shook her head. “If you want the truth, it’s because I couldn’t stand hearing you sing under your breath for another five hours.”
“Oh really?”

Olivia crossed her arms, uncomfortable at the sentimentality. Compliments weren’t really their thing.

They ascended.

Hana didn’t understand how Olivia could do it. Be so brash and annoying one moment, and in the next, thoughtful and kind. It sent her head for a loop. She adjusted her hat, feeling fidgety from the weird tension that settled over them.

“I can’t believe this has kept you hidden.” Olivia reached to pull the cap’s bill down low over Hana’s forehead, grinning when the girl tried to swat her hand away. “You sure you’re as famous as you think?”

“Shut up.” She laughed and readjusted her cap. “If anything you’re taking the attention away from me with your-,” she motioned to the cybernetics within her scalp.

Olivia shrugged, looking away before coughing.

“Mn, yeah. The sights are nice up here. Maybe I’ll set up base in middle America.”

“Good idea.”

Olivia looked over to the girl, a mischievous smile spreading onto her face. She was being too nice to Hana, they almost felt like friends. So she feigned a sigh, stretching her arms to rest against the back of the cart.

“Or maybe I’ll set up one in Seoul.”

Hana gave her a knowing look.

“Seoul, huh?”

“Well, wouldn’t want to make you fly across the world for a booty call every time now would I?”

Here we go.

She bit her lip.

This time, though, it's game on.

She glanced at the arm slung behind her and her eyes lowered. She scooted closer, settling into her side, and held back a smile when Olivia stiffened.

What’s the matter, can give but not take?

“Sounds about right. They always come to me.”

Olivia nodded, quickly relaxing. “Do they?”

“Mhm.”

The woman raised a brow, “Must be worth it.”

Hana shrugged, lips curling, ”Wanna find out?” Olivia didn't try to hide her bewilderment this time, and she looked to her curiously.
Her lips pressed lightly against Olivia’s, the distinct taste of cotton candy evident. She smiled at the noise of surprise. *Point for me.* Olivia’s lips, pillowy soft, were easy to get lost in. But she’d be in control this round.

A cautious tongue slipped into Olivia’s mouth, the sound of approval egging Hana on. She pressed forward, the muscle sliding against hers. A low throb started deep in Hana’s pants, and she continued, sure Olivia was feeling the same as her fingers tickled the back of her neck. Right as Olivia attempted to pull her closer, she pulled away.

It seemed to be enough, as they disconnected with a pop. Their faces were flushed. Olivia, eyes dark, leaned in again, and Hana pressed her hand against her shoulder. She froze, analyzing Hana’s wiry smile, then shook her head.

*Bingo.*

“You just don’t know when to quit, do you?” Olivia's voice was airy, her chest rising unevenly. Then the cart jerked, they were descending.

Hana smiled, equally winded. “Never.”

Then a thought crossed her mind, and it held the same weight of the ideas she used to have periodically in e-sport games. It was an idea that was unconventional, an idea that was, in theory, stupid. Stupid, but…could work. An idea that the other team never saw coming.

And she always won in the end.

“Why don’t we settle this?”

Olivia titled her head. “Settle?”

“A final round. One, true, winner.”

The woman’s eyes brightened. “Oh? And how do we find that?”

Hana narrowed her eyes.

She leaned in, mouth coming close to Olivia’s ear.

“I think we should get back on the road.”

---

**Chapter End Notes**

**TRANSLATIONS:**

Drogas - drugs
gruñona - grouch

**AN:**
Hi all! Sorry for the wait, University started, and I was feeling maaaajor writer's block on this particular story. I knew where I wanted to be, but not how to get there, thus this chapter took a very long time to get out. Rewrite after rewrite, I finally got it to where I want it, and most importantly I feel good about it! I'm excited for what's to come, and hopefully it doesn't take as long. :)

I really want to thank you all for your comments and (I still can't believe it) art and good wishes, it keeps me coming back and I found myself rereading them in the times I felt discouraged! As always, I hope you enjoy, and I send you lots of love for the holidays <3.
The traffic had cleared…*mostly* from the street after the two made their way back to the truck. Olivia seemed to make it her goal to piss off every driver they passed as she swerved in and out of lanes, eager to get them out of town.

Hana almost thought it was cute.

“Excited much?” Hana’s voice was teasing, a tone she had perfected tilting even the most level-headed opponents, “I knew you were a fan.” She wanted to irritate her, unable to resist capitalizing on the upper-hand. For the first time *she* held the gun and she could see Olivia ever so clearly in her scope.

The agent’s brows wrinkled, almost as if she was confused at the events. Was it excitement? Lust? Fear? *No, no, not fear. Why would it be?* Olivia flexed her fingers against the wheel, like a cat testing its claws.

“Let’s see you keep that smirk with my fingers up your—”

**Brrrrrrrrnk.**

A honk from another driver cut Olivia’s sentence short, and Hana gripped her seatbelt as the car jolted, adrenaline pumping. *Oh, she’s not giving up easy.*

Hana felt…pleased about it. Heat bloomed in her chest and her skin tingled. That was their thing, right? They push and pulled at each other’s minds and bodies until something gave. A back and forth until right looked wrong and up was down and Hana’s thoughts were in disarray. *That* was the appeal, wasn’t it? Mixing battle and pleasure so much so until the lines blurred…

*Damn, what was that saying during basic? ‘You mustn’t fight too often with one enemy, or you will teach him all your art of war.’* Hana blinked, wondering what her old commander would say to her now—fraternizing with the enemy…again and again and again. *He’d probably tell me I’m a dead man.*

Still, the implication proved Olivia was fighting for that lead. Dodging her bullets, trying to get close enough to land a hit, to turn the tide. Hana wouldn’t let her, but it was hard. Olivia liked to play too and… *No, no. Don’t lose sight of it now.*

Hana steeled herself, pushing away the part of her that wanted to submit. To let Olivia push her against whatever surface and just…

*Sheesh, dude. You’re your own worst enemy right now.*

She blinked the thoughts away. *No self-sabotage.* She’s played too many strategy games for this.
She leaned onto the center console between them, wetting her lips.

“You talk big game Sombra, are you sure it compares?”

“Ah-ah, remember the plane?”

“I remember not finishing. That normal for your partners?” Olivia blinked then suddenly changed lanes, lips curling when Hana slid and thudded against the door.

‘Kay, maybe that was a little mean—but that’s war baby.

“If it bothers you that much I’ll pull over and finish you now.” She said, eyes coming to Hana’s. The way she looked at her, as if she knew her secrets, set her nerves on edge. It was a reminder that she was dangerous, and yet the aching within her only intensified. That was just like her, to say stuff like that…to try and fluster her. Her dominance teetered at the edge.

She knew Olivia meant it. She’d follow through and rock her world, Talon and Overwatch be damned. Damn, she was good—she was always good. She knew what to say and how to say it… So how do you do it? How do you beat someone at their own game?

EZ. You study their moves, and find the cracks.

It was just as the saying said. They had played around one too many times.

“Hm, what if I’d rather you watch?” She paused, seeing Olivia look at her from the corner of her eye. There it was again, the wrinkled brows. Boom. Headshot. I knew you liked that. “You know, right here.”

Hana leaned back into her seat, legs moving apart ever so slightly. Her hand came down to play at her belt loop. “Show you how to really do it.”

The truck’s speed increased, and Olivia breathed out heavily from her nose. “Ergh, you really—“ She changed lanes again, and Hana could feel the agent’s fight ebb, not completely, but it seemed she was curious as to what Hana would do next.

“I could just…” Her finger came to play at her button and Olivia’s fingers tightened over the wheel. “But I won’t,” her hands fell away from her bottoms. “We need a winner for tonight, and I’m not forfeiting.”

Olivia didn’t respond, only merging when a dim motel sign off an exit caught her attention. Challenge accepted, that meant. Hana felt electric as her heart beat in her ears. She was doing this. It was completely selfish—it had absolutely nothing to do with the mission but she didn’t care. It had been weeks of bickering and teasing and fighting. This felt fair. Just. She deserved it if anything. And she wanted to be done with it—whatever it was between them.

The truck halted before the motel, but she had little time to verbalize her (negative) opinion on it before Olivia shut off the engine and pulled her in by the shirt. She kissed her, aggressively this time, all teeth and irritation. Hana smiled against it, that means I’m winning, and was barely able to return it before they broke apart, Olivia’s hands coming up to cup her face.

“Let’s go.” She said, challenging, as if she was expecting Hana to back out. Hana only lowered her eyes.

Not this time.
She exited the truck, following Olivia into the dimly lit inn office.

“Here,” Olivia slammed crumpled bills down onto the counter, and the sleepy man at the desk jumped at the sound. Hana watched amusedly as the man rubbed at his eyes, grumbling.

“Hey,” Olivia snapped her fingers, “Key, por favor.” She said, growing irritated as the man looked around, trying to recall where he was. He then made a noise and scrambled for one of the keys behind him.

They jingled as he handed it to Olivia, “It’ll be forty-five a night.”

“It’s enough,” Olivia cut off, motioning to the money before them. She smiled, “And keep the change.”

To Hana’s surprise the woman reached for her hand, pulling her along as they went to find their room. The contact felt…nice, like it wasn’t something Hana was doing, it was something they were doing. The repercussions, whatever they might be, they shared, and—okay, who doesn’t love shared blame?

It didn’t take long—up a flight of stairs and a few doors to the left, they stood, the tap of their shoes against the floor and their shallow breathing amplified in Hana’s ears. Hana felt the key slip into her hand, warm from Olivia’s, and she looked down for a second before the agent pressed her against the door, another kiss seared onto her lips.

“I want you to unlock the door.” Olivia breathed, teeth coming to nip at her bottom lip. Last chance to back out. Hana shivered and attempted to kiss back, humming in reply. The kiss felt sloppy, and at whose fault, she couldn’t tell. She felt warm, regardless of the cooling night air, and fumbled with the key, preferring not to break their kiss until needed.

She felt it’s ridges with her fingers. When she opened this door, she’d be making a choice. There would be no going back. She gripped the key when Olivia ran her tongue over her lip, like she was tasting her. She didn’t know how she did it, how she made her feel so…raunchy. A small sigh escaped as her tongue slid in, clit growing heavy at every press within her mouth.

GL. HF.

Hana turned around, breaking the kiss and slipping the key into the lock. Olivia made a noise of discontent but pressed closely against her back, nibbling at the girl’s ear as if she couldn’t stand not touching her for a second. The thought made Hana shudder, and she took a breath, attempting to steady herself so she could open the damn door. It mercifully clicked open, and the two stumbled inside, door slamming shut behind them.

Hana dropped the keys, barely turning around before Olivia was on her again, lips against her cheek, then her mouth. She carefully pushed her back until her legs hit the edge of the bed, and the girl yelped as she fell back onto the mattress. Olivia was over her once more, the kisses becoming more purposeful and aggressive. Is she trying to get that power back? Hana nearly felt overwhelmed, grinning at how strung up Olivia was.

Too bad, you’re right in my hands.

Olivia slowed down as she noticed Hana’s grin, a mumbled “What?” making its way to Hana’s ear as she left her mouth to kiss at her neck. Hana sucked in a breath and bit her lip, eyes closing at the pleasurable nips. Her hands came to rest at Olivia’s shoulders, and she squeezed them lightly before answering.
“The game.” She panted, and let out a small groan when Olivia answered with a pressured bite. But she pulled back, hovering over Hana. The only light in the room filtered through the slats of the window, but it was enough for Hana to make out Olivia’s features. Her lips were swollen, eyes dark, and her cybernetics cast a soft glow down the side of her face. Her chest rose and fell unevenly, evidence of her desire. Hana could feel her own nerves bubbling in the pit of her stomach, and she squeezed at Olivia’s shoulders again.

_No, no get it together._

Olivia took the pause to pull off Hana’s hat, the brush of the woman’s fingers over her hair oddly tender, and she shifted her legs, trying to ease some of the need within in her. When her hat thudded against the floor, she realized her tongue felt too big for her mouth.

_Speak, idiot._

“Ten minutes.” Was all Hana could get out. She mentally slapped herself and Olivia cocked her head.

“Ten minutes?” Olivia repeated. A smile made its way onto the hacker’s face and Hana had to look away to collect her thoughts.

“Yes. Ten minutes, you and me.” She gathered the courage and looked back to the woman. Her arms wrapped behind her neck, pulling her closer, her cheeks turning pink at what she was about to say. “You have…ten minutes to make me come.”

Olivia’s eyes closed momentarily and Hana swore she felt her tremble against her.

_She likes dirty words. I knew that._ She opened her eyes again.

“Oh?”

“If you can do it by then, you win. If you can’t, I win, and this whole…sexual teasing thing doesn’t happen again, got it?”

Olivia looked displeased. “So what do I get if I win?”

“You _got_ to bed me.”

She let out a short laugh. “That’s cocky, even for you.”

“You trying to tell me that’s not what you wanted this whole time?”

Olivia hummed. “I still want to add something.”

Hana pondered it, _not a good idea_, but she brushed if off. _I’m going to win anyway, let’s hear what she has to say._ She nodded for her to continue.

The agent leaned down, lips grazing her ear. “If I win…you send me pictures of your _hot_, _little_ body whenever I want.” She emphasized her words by dragging her hands up under Hana’s shirt and squeezing lightly at her sides. She pressed into the warm hands, breath faltering. Olivia’s hands moved higher to run over her breasts, small tremors spreading across Hana’s body as her nipples rubbed against her bra.

“Oh,” Hana breathed, struggling to keep her eyes open. Ten minutes was a short time, and she’d definitely last.
Olivia chucked, “Then let’s begin.” Hana braced for hands, but was surprised when Olivia pulled off of her, leaning to the side to grab at the holo-clock on the bedside table. She craned her neck, looking back as she watched the clock turn so it faced them.

“We start when you’re naked.” Olivia said as she settled back over her.

“Mm…then no-” Hana began as the woman started sliding her hands under her shirt again. Olivia paused. “—no foreplay when I’m still clothed.”

She looked as if she’d protest, but then rolled her eyes. “Fine.”

She gripped the bottom of Hana’s shirt, wasting no time in pulling it over her head. Hana shuddered when the air touched her exposed skin, heat pooling in her underwear as she took in the scene of Olivia sat between her legs eyeing her body, her shirt in one hand. She’d be lying if she said that wouldn’t be fantasy fodder for the rest of her days. Hana sat up and reached behind her, making quick work of her bra. She flung it off to the side, most likely joining her hat, and blushed under Olivia’s stare. Her eyes ran over her dusky nipples and the sight of her tongue peeking through her lips sent a pulse down to Hana’s clit as she imagined her mouth against her chest, licking a nipple, closing around-

The thought made her hot, and there it was again, the look—as if Olivia knew all her dirty, dirty secrets.

Olivia discarded the shirt and pressed Hana back into the bed, hands coming to cup her breasts. Hana moaned when she squeezed, palms rubbing against the stiff peaks and sending heat down into her underwear and up into her cheeks. Olivia’s grip was firm and commanding, and Hana would be lying if she said it didn’t turn her on to no end.

“N-no foreplay.” She reminded, and grabbed at the hands, reluctantly pulling them off and guiding them lower toward her pants. She cursed herself, the action itself making the coil within her tighten. Olivia made a displeased sound, but complied, and popped open the button on her jeans. The sound of the zip sent Hana back briefly to their tryst on the plane, and she couldn’t help the small whimper at the thought of Olivia’s fingers inside of her again.

She glanced at the clock. 12:31, okay. Calm down. You got this.

Olivia hooked her fingers into her pants and underwear, pulling them both down and off. She shivered at the air hitting her most sensitive place, and when Olivia sat back to look at her completely she couldn’t help but feel vulnerable.

“Hana,” Her voice was almost gentle, her eyes traveling over her nipples, and down towards glistening lips. She was sure she was pink all over, fidgeting as the woman drunk her in. She’d be lying if she said she wasn’t nervous for how the woman would react. Hana had her fair share of stories. Partners who desired her because of her status, her fame. They wanted her for bragging rights, to stroke their own ego, maybe to check something off their bucket list. And if she said those thoughts hadn’t crossed her mind already with Olivia...but when she saw the hungry look in her eyes, it only made the throbbing below intensify. No, not this...this was...she wanted her, Hana, and that was enough. Olivia’s hands came to rest on her thighs, the short nails scratching up and down lightly.

“Ten starts now.” Hana said, trying to maintain control. She looked to the clock.

12:32.
Olivia laid over her again, lips against hers. She sucked on her bottom lip as her hands came to play at her breasts again, palms rubbing against her nipples before pinching them slightly. Hana moaned into her mouth, Olivia using that moment to slip her tongue in.

Hana’s legs opened wider and Olivia pressed closer. Her clit ached and she ground up into the body above her, searching for friction. She made contact with the material of Olivia’s pants and whined, nerves alight, stomach clenching. It was not close to enough.

Olivia broke away, coming to rest her mouth against Hana’s ear. The girl’s arms wrapped around Olivia’s shoulders, her eyes shutting as breath tickled her earlobe. She tried to calm her breathing.

“You gonna tell me what you like or am I gonna have to find out?”

Hana bit her lip. She felt Olivia smile, then a small laugh.

“Calientahuevos.”

Olivia sucked behind her ear, sending tremors across Hana’s body. The woman’s fingers ran patterns across her stomach, nails occasionally scratching against the toned plane of Hana’s abdomen, and she tensed, the sensations going straight to her core. She was sure she was wet.

_God, she’s good at this._

Olivia nipped at her earlobe and her hand dipped lower…

_Fuck, she’s gonna-_... 

She couldn’t have stopped the moan if she tried.

Olivia touched her heated flesh, fully, for the first time, and her hips to rise into the hand. The woman groaned into her ear at the wetness found, but continued. She ran over her clit, sliding along either side of it, milking the sensitive nub between her fingers. Hana’s mouth fell open in a choked out moan, and fisted the fabric of Olivia’s shirt, stretching it. Wetness seeped out of her, no doubt out onto the bed below.

“Oh, fuck.” Hana panted. How long had it been since the last time? It felt so good. _Too good._

Olivia’s chuckle barely registered in the girl’s mind as the woman’s face came back into view. She leaned her forehead against her’s, her free hand coming up to push stray hairs out of the younger girl’s face.

“You like that?”

“Mff…” Hana shut her eyes, teeth coming to close over her lip. From the tightening in her stomach she knew she couldn’t engage in Olivia’s dirty tricks if she wanted to last. It was turning out a lot harder than she imagined.

“Bad girl. I think you do.”

A sharp pant escaped Hana’s lips as Olivia switched, her fingers changing to rub wide, slow circles over her clit. Waves of pleasure ran over her, her clit pulsing with every touch. Her hips pushed up into the motions. She could feel Olivia’s breath brushing against her face and she struggled to keep her noises at bay. Olivia’s fingers stopped briefly to dip lower, a single digit teasing, running over her entrance. Hana whined.
“Let me hear you, mamí.”

Hana groaned, the words making her feel on fire. It made her hot, all the talking. *Fuck her, honestly, for that. Wasn’t even my thing before.* She managed to open her eyes, glancing over to the clock.

12:37, she could make it…but she really wanted…

“*In.*” She panted. *Foolish. Selfish. But…*if Olivia was going to lose, why not make her feel like she almost won.

Olivia complied, two fingers pressing in. The stretch was welcome, and Hana’s body trembled from both relief and pleasure.

“*So hot and tight. I bet it feels good, hm?*” Olivia breathed, knowing full well the reaction she’d receive from Hana. When she trembled and slickness seeped out onto her palm, the woman smiled. That’s when Hana knew she had it wrong the whole time. That upper-hand, that gun, the bait. *This game.* It was hers, only because Olivia let it be. She was the predator, *always,* and Hana was prey. But worst of all, Hana realized, was that it turned her on. It kept her on edge, guessing, fighting…she craved it. It was the reason Hana fixated on her so suddenly, so aggressively. She was threatened—*no,* it was more than that. She was…fascinated. No one else challenged her as mentally…morally…physically…

*And that’s…hot.*

Olivia studied her features as she pumped into her, taking note of what places made Hana whimper and flutter around her. She curled her fingers forward, pressing against the swollen wall and grinned when Hana bucked into her, a loud and surprised moan ripping its way out of her throat.

“*D-do that again.*” Hana said, the coil in her stomach going from tightening to nearly bursting. Olivia did, each motion drawing another beautiful, breathy sound from the girl below. Olivia looked to the clock: 12:40. Time was running out, but from the way Hana’s walls clenched around her she was sure she was close. Olivia pulled off of her slightly, following the pink hue of her cheeks down her chest and to her breasts. She watched as they rose and fell with every ragged breath and whine Hana took, and without faltering her rhythm, bent down to wrap her lips around a stiff nipple.

The reaction was immediate. Hana arched up, pressing her chest further into her, a hand coming to grip at the back of Olivia’s head as a jolt of pleasure ran over her body.

“*Fuck, fuck, fuck…*”

Olivia increased the speed of her thrusts, fingers pumping in and out of the girl quickly. Lewd noises filled the room and Hana trembled underneath her, mouth falling open as electric waves started to flow closer together. She felt as if she was burning from the inside out. But through blurry, lust-hazed vision, Hana could barely make out the time.

12:42. *One more minute. If I could just hold…*

When Olivia’s teeth came to graze at her nipple and her fingers curled to hit the spongy spot inside of her, Hana’s eyes rolled into the back of her head. Her clit throbbed, her stomach tightened. It felt so good. So, *so* good.

*No, no, no. I’m…not…losing.*

Hana snapped her mouth shut, teeth coming to bite at her bottom lip, breaking the skin. She groaned, the pain blazing through her lip and dispersing throughout her body in a quick shock. She faintly
tasted copper, but it worked, the action pulled her out of the haze long enough for the clock to turn to 12:43.

She gave a sigh of both relief and pleasure as Olivia continued to finger her. She didn’t seem to notice the time had surpassed, that or she didn’t care, and she switched breasts, the silky heat of her mouth wrapping over her other nipple. Hana moaned, fully succumbing herself to the feelings. *I won...I won, I won.* Olivia’s thumb came to rub at her hard clit, and she jerked, walls fluttering around the digits. Hana arched into the toned body above her, suddenly wishing she had made Olivia undress too as she gripped at her shirt.

“*Ughh—Sombra.*” Hana could feel the coil within her stomach begin to break.

“Olivia.” The woman came back up to look into Hana’s lust-lidden eyes, the contact pulling the girl out of her own mind for just a moment. “Say-say Olivia.”

Hana’s eyes widened momentarily, but then the woman’s fingers pressed against her spot and her thumb nudged her clit in just the right direction. She clenched around Olivia’s fingers, wetness coating the woman’s hand as her body shuddered. She saw stars and her eyes fell shut. The coil within her burst, and heat exploded everywhere.  

“*Olivia.*” She moaned, wantonly, unabashedly—*whatever*—it didn’t matter. All that mattered was how amazing she felt. How amazing Olivia made her feel. *That was good. So damn good. GG, BB.*

Olivia’s body came to lie completely on top of her, pressing her into the mattress. Hana felt lips press against hers, and she tried her best to reciprocate through the orgasmic haze. Small tremors continued to wrack her body, Olivia’s fingers still buried snugly in her, the slightest movements making her quiver. She kissed her through it until the shakes gave away to a satisfying pounding within her clit. She shuddered when Olivia pulled out, and listened to their breathing for a few moments. Then...

“You...lost.”

Olivia chuckled, her sticky hand drawing glistening shapes onto Hana’s skin. She’d be embarrassed, but...they were past the point of embarrassment by now.

“And you cheated.” Olivia’s eyes flicked to her bruised lip, and Hana only smiled.

“*Whaaaat, that? No, pretty sure that’s from the Vishkar thing.*”

Olivia only mumbled, regardless, seeming...content. She moved on. “So you’re quite a vocal one.”

Hana felt her cheeks tinge. “Idiot.” She pinched lightly at Olivia’s shoulder and Olivia bent down to place a small kiss to her neck, then rolled over. Hana shivered when the air hit her heated skin.

“You liked it.” Olivia said.

“So did you?” Hana intended it to be statement, but instead it came out as more of a question. *God damn it.* There was a pause.

“Very much.”

Hana felt conflicted. Part of her wanted to tease her more, shame her for her honesty, but the other part wanted to return the favor—have Olivia come undone for her just the same way she had...

Hana hadn’t realized she tensed until Olivia turned to gaze at her.
“Okay, mamí. You won, congratulations, blah-blah, but we’ve got a long next couple days, so…”

An arm came to wrap around her midsection, with a blanket to follow. It wasn’t meant to be tender, no, no, it was just her way of telling her they needed to get to sleep. Right? They just needed to get comfortable. She looked at the woman beside her. She wasn’t sure how she expected to feel after everything, but this. The contentedness. The…sincerity beneath the teasing and deflecting. She wasn’t expecting to regret it right away but she did think she’d have guilty thoughts…

But she found herself snuggling closer for warmth.

And she let me call her Olivia…

The last time she had done that the woman had become enraged. Hana wasn’t worthy. She wasn’t allowed to use her real name…and even then, on rocky footing, she never crossed that line again. But this was probably just a one time thing, something that happened because it was sex and she wanted her name, her real name, moaned out into the abyss. Can’t blame her for that. She closed her eyes, body exhausted, and the heat from the woman beside her fogged her conscious.

But deep inside, she hoped it wasn't.

Chapter End Notes

TRANSLATIONS:

Calientahuevos - Tease. (More accurately, cock-tease.)

+++++

There are just a few more chapters left of this bad boy so I just want to prematurely thank you all for reading! Our girls finally got it on. I bet you thought Olivia was going to win, eh?

Happy New Year, and may 2019 bless us all. <3
To: jmorrison@ovw-access.net

Subject: URGENT

**IMPORTANT**: Overwatch agents needed at the CNDA Radio Station in Toronto, Canada within two days time. SEVERAL, HIGH-LEVEL Talon agents set to arrive.

CONFIRMED APPEARANCES: Sombra.

CONFIRMED ASSETS: Digital Transmission Device.

notes: If unable to seize, device will allow forces access to classified government and private organization files.

All Talon units must be apprehended. Expect a fight. You will not hear from me again until after. I promise to explain.

- D.Va

Hana’s eyes ran over the message for the hundredth time, staring at the words until they looked alien. She hadn’t sent it yet, her finger resting just above the send button. Her formatting was poor, clear that it had been written in haste.

Yes, because that was the problem with the message. Jack would be upset at the clumsy way she’d written it, nothing else, surely. Hana’s heart thudded, leg jittering.

The notice was late—very late—so there was a chance Overwatch wouldn’t be able to make it in time.

And then what?

She turned her hand over, instead wiping the condensation that had built up over the screen with the back of her hand. She was in the bathroom of the motel, using the privacy and shower noise as cover. Olivia had still been sleeping when Hana rolled out of bed that afternoon (they’d slept through the morning, exhaustion clearly catching up to them) and went down to the truck to grab her bag.
Turning the phone on itself was nerve-racking.

She’d had tens of unread texts and missed calls over the last week, but she didn’t have the time (or the stomach) to check them. She needed to be quick.

So then why was the text still sitting there?

Her finger tapped along the edge of the holophone as she worried her lip between her teeth. Was it fear? Nervousness? Guilt?

Hana was no stranger to regretful acts—*she’d been in a war damnit*—but this…was new. She and Olivia had crossed a threshold the night before. It was clear she felt hesitant, but why?

She let out a heavy sigh.

The message sent, her finger disrupting the condensation against the screen again. She hurriedly turned off the device, unable to tolerate whatever message may be sent back. She didn’t linger on the foreboding feeling within her, chalking it up to lingering post-sex feelings. Hana was no stranger to one-night stands, but…

*But this felt different.*

She hoped she’d feel sated, the itch she couldn’t reach finally scratched. But instead, waking with Olivia still curled around her, the strange warmth and security…the urge to kiss her, to touch her—it was still there. She shook the thought out of her head. It didn’t - *couldn’t* matter now.

She made her way out of the washroom after showering and changing, making sure to wrap the phone in her towel. Olivia was awake but still lied down, eyes up towards the ceiling, contentedly distracted.

Hana bit her lip and averted her eyes.

“Evening.” Olivia said and Hana dipped her head, awkwardness and uncertainty making her stiff. The girl slipped the phone back into her bag, then walked around the room, gathering her clothes. Olivia chuckled when Hana placed the cap back onto her head.

“I don’t know if I can look at you the same with that hat on mamí."

Hana frowned, her cheeks doing their usual, annoying blush routine. She didn’t reply, instead stuffing the rest of the clothes into her duffel.

“Oh I see. We’re pretending it didn’t happen.”

The pilot sighed, zipping up her bag. “No one’s pretending anything.”

“Really? I can’t tell.”

Hana slung the bag over her shoulder. “You should shower, too. We need to get going.”

Olivia got up onto her elbows, brows lowering. “Hana.”

“What?”

The woman stared at her, long enough for Hana to grow uncomfortable. The girl gripped her bag strap, feeling defensive.
“What do you want me to say? Sorry if I’m less than 48 hours away from fighting Talon and can’t find it in myself to provide some pillow talk.”

Olivia squinted, her lips thinning as she pressed them together. She could feel herself being analyzed, as if Olivia’s program could tinker around in her head. Hana grew passive, knowing she was coming off just a bit rude. But the woman only laughed.

“You…” She wagged her finger, “Are something else.” She swung her legs off of the bed, amused. “I’ll meet you inside the car in twenty. Try to get that stick out of your ass in the meantime.”

Olivia was relaxed as they drove. Her sunglasses perched comfortably on her nose and her arm slung out, situated behind Hana’s headrest. The wind filtered through her short hair as she nodded along to a song Hana hadn’t heard of and the pilot found it hard to brood.

Crazy how Jack does it so well.

“How can you be so calm?” Hana decided to voice her thoughts. Olivia turned to her momentarily.

“Oh wow, la princesa gruñona finally decided to come out of her castle.” Hana cracked a smile at that. “What is there to worry about?”

“Huh?”

“I mean, right now, what is there to worry about? I don’t see Talon anywhere.”

“Okay sure, but they will be. Your teammates-“

“And I’ll deal with it when I get there. For now, I’m enjoying this.”

Hana tried to ignore the undertone ‘this’ provided as her chest tightened. As if Olivia appreciated the time spent between the two, when she probably referred to the travel or the lack of work.

“It’s not stressing you out?” Hana tried again, shifting in her seat. Did Olivia not feel the severity of the situation? The woman frowned.

“It does. But the cool thing about brains is that we choose what we get to think about. Crazy, right?”

Hana snorted at the snip and fell back into her seat, letting the words echo around in her head. She was right. What was there for her to worry about right now? She’d notified Overwatch, Talon was on its way, and the two of them were on schedule. Everything else was out of her control.

She studied Olivia’s features again, but this time with more positive thoughts in mind. “So…when are you going to let me drive?”

“Never.”

“Why not? You should rest.”

“Oh, I got enough rest.” Olivia’s suggestive grin sent an inappropriate shiver down Hana’s spine. The woman’s face then fell. “Sorry. No more flirting. You won, if I remember.”

Hana laughed, “It’s fine.”

Olivia pushed up her glasses to reveal curious eyes squinting at the girl. Hana shrugged.
“The teasing is fine. But, uh, that…that was a one-time thing.”

Olivia lowered her glasses and nodded, “Okay, whatever you say,” the smile playing on her lips suggested she might’ve believed otherwise. The small tension disappeared gradually between them.

Hana realized she didn’t need to dream of alternate universes to imagine she and Olivia were friends. They were friends here, in this moment.

She knew it wouldn’t last forever, but ‘not forever’ and ‘ending now’ were two very different things.

1 DAY UNTIL TAKEDOWN.
[ TORONTO, CANADA ]

Olivia had asked Hana to wait by the car while she went to buy their room. The parking lot was crowded that morning, and she thought they may need to find a different motel to crash at for the night. But Olivia came back, dangling two keys in her hand.

*Wait, two? Since when?*

Hana couldn’t hide her disappointment if she tried.

“Um-“

Olivia motioned for the girl to follow her back inside, cutting her short. The younger girl obliged, adjusting the duffel strap over her shoulder.

“Why did you get separate rooms?” Hana asked when she caught up to the woman.

“Oh, getting clingy, are we?”

Hana rolled her eyes, “That’s not what I meant.”

Olivia stopped in the lobby to examine the keychains, handing the one labelled 135 to Hana. Olivia’s was labelled 152.

*Not even next to each other.*

They started walking again. “This might be a surprise for you, Hana, but I need to rest for tomorrow.”

Hana scoffed. “So do I.”

“I mean really rest, I can’t get a good sleep with you in the room.” Maybe Olivia had intended it to be humorous, or teasing, but Hana felt a pang in her chest. She must’ve grimaced, as Olivia’s remote expression relaxed.

“It’s not…” The woman’s lips thinned again, “I just mean you’re distracting - *in a good way*. Well, sometimes in a bad way, but…”

She sighed and looked away, gathering her words carefully.
“I need to clear my mind before tomorrow. It’s not…because of last night.”

Hana shook her head, the tinge of pink on her cheeks an added response. “We still have a lot to go over.”

“No need. I have the plan up here.” The woman tapped her head with her finger. “Wait for your signal, and get out of the way. Simple, really.”

“Olivia, I’m serious. This is actually the worst time possible for us to be apart. We need to go over everything, thoroughly.”

Olivia waved her hand, brushing her off.

“Like where do we meet? What are you going to be doing? What happens if things start to go south? Who’s coming…”

They stopped abruptly in the hallway as the woman turned to her, her hands gripping the girl’s.

“Hana.” Olivia stared at her intently, but then her gaze softened. “Everything will be fine. Trust me on this.”

Hana half-listened, still anxious. “I don’t think-“

“Look.” The woman’s grip tightened, and she pulled Hana closer. “I will be there. At the radio station, tomorrow. 10 AM. I’m there - with you.”

The emphasis made Hana pause, and her stomach fluttered. Still, she worried her lip and sighed. She pulled her hands out of Olivia’s, nodding in resignation. The woman frowned, playing with the key in her hand. She studied the younger girl, then looked to the floor, as if contemplating what to say next. After a few moments she came closer and leaned in, hesitating slightly before pressing a kiss against Hana’s cheek.

“Te lo prometo.”

The tips of Hana’s ears burned.

Could I just not, for once?

“…Okay.”

The look on Hana’s face didn’t seem to satisfy Olivia, and she shifted her weight, her expression taking on a faux indifferent manner.

“Well…it’ll be a nice day out. I think I could afford a few hours of sunlight before resting, and it’s Toronto…probably interesting things going on.” She looked at Hana, silently extending out an invitation. It warmed her.

Olivia Colomar, esteemed, hardened criminal, vulnerable to puppy eyes? Definitely going to take advantage of that one.

Hana grinned, “It is.”

After parting to put their bags away, they left the motel. The two spent the rest of the day walking the streets, enjoying the city, and the plethora of people and omnis alike.

They ate at a cafe, and Olivia told Hana a story about how she’d ended a corporation down the block
because the chairman called her a coward in a few emails. Hana was amused, both at the woman’s reaction and justification. It was weird, to listen to her implicate herself and…not do anything about it. To not feel like she had to do anything about it, because they were friends, and she knew they’d both left their work for tomorrow. It wasn’t D.Va and Sombra today, or yesterday, or for the last week even, it was just Hana and Olivia.

What was supposed to be a few hours out-on-the-town turned into the rest of the day, neither quite ready to return to the motel and face the morning. But the hours wound down, and the glowing sun gave way to a somber moon. The two stood outside of an ice cream shop, discussing the fashion choices of those that passed by. Hana licked at the frosty scoop as silence came, unspoken words settling between them.

Olivia waited for the girl to finish her dessert, a tiny smile making its way onto her face.

“We have to go back.”

Yes. Back to the motel, back to reality. Back into their respective, agent shells. Hana nodded.

“Yes.” She ran her eyes over the woman one more time before turning towards the direction of the truck. “We have to.”

At the motel, the two parted, and Hana found her room a few minutes later. Silence settled in around her as she sat on the bed, staring at the dark holoscreen before her. In less than twelve hours, Overwatch would come, Talon would fall. She’d win. And Olivia...

\textit{Olivia would be in a cell.}

No, for her crimes, probably executed. The thought made Hana’s stomach turn, and she grimaced. If Talon went down, Olivia did with it.

Olivia...\textit{Olivia}. Olivia, who wreaked havoc across nations. Olivia, who killed without remorse. Olivia, who would stop at nothing to get what she wanted. Olivia, who overthrew a government. Olivia, who restored a generator. Olivia, who went above and beyond for those she cared for. Olivia, who...

Trusted her. All those things, and she trusted her.

Olivia, who was aggravating, sly, and obscure. And Olivia, who all in the same, was perceptive, nurturing, and enticing.

She was loyal. To herself, to Los Muertos, to Mexico, to Hana.

\textit{Well—not to Talon...}

The attempt to humor herself felt flat, and Hana squeezed her eyes shut, letting out a noise close to pain. It all began to feel a lot more like betrayal, than justice.

The heels of her hands pressed into her eyes, colors flashing behind the lids.

\textit{I can’t do it. I can’t. Not to...}

Not to Sombra. Not to Olivia.

Hana stood, determined to tie up the one loose end left before the mission. She would tell Olivia not to go the radio station, and she’d tell her about Overwatch. She shouldn’t be there. She didn’t
Hana closed her eyes again, knowing her reasoning was biased. 

And so what?

Olivia’s karma would come to her, but it wouldn’t be for Talon’s woes. She exited the room, Olivia’s room number at the forefront of her mind. Olivia wanted to be alone, but that wouldn’t matter, because Olivia wouldn’t need to be there tomorrow. She didn’t need to ‘relax,’ or prepare - for anything! She smiled, almost excited for Olivia’s annoyed expression. A teasing, flirty remark about how Hana ‘just couldn’t stay away,’ and an amused expression to complement. She imagined after the confusion, and possible anger, Olivia would understand, she’d appreciate her. She’d shake her head and…and kiss her. Relieved, frustrated, wanting.

Hana paused the thoughts there. Not the time.

Yet.

She stopped before the door and took a deep breath. Her knuckles rapped against the wood, and she called out for the woman inside. There was no response.

Hana tried again, “Hey, it’s me. I…I need to talk to you. It’s important—actually important, so…”

Still nothing. Hana sighed.

“I know I shouldn’t be here, but I promise this won’t take too long.” She hoped it would take forever.

She pressed her ear against the door, hearing nothing within.

“Olivia?” When there was no response, Hana rested her forehead against the door, feeling dejected. Of course she isn’t here.

But then where was she? Hana thought maybe she went for a drive. She could wait for her to come back…if she came back. Hana panicked only for a moment at the thought of Olivia spending the rest of the night out, showing up at the station the next morning, unable to heed Hana’s warning.

But then Hana stepped back, jumping as the door clicked, unlocking. She smiled.

She carefully opened the door, peeking inside. The room was empty, but the bathroom door was cracked, yellow light seeping through. The sink was running, and Hana could see Olivia’s shadow within. Hana sucked in a breath before stepping inside.

“Thanks for letting me in…” Hana laughed nervously and walked over to the bathroom.

“So…I need to tell you something.” She repeated, reaching for the door handle. But she pulled back, unsure if she could face Olivia head-on just yet. “And you might be mad at me but…I owe it to you to be honest. I want to be honest.”

The sink turned off, and the woman’s shadow shifted within, listening. Hana waited for more of a response, and when there was none she sighed.

“Olivia…” She understood she didn’t want her there, but Olivia could at least acknowledge her.

“Can you stop being an ass for just one second?” Hana joked, attempting to quell her nervousness.
She pushed open the bathroom door, ready to look into bemused eyes. She wasn’t prepared for what she found instead.

“Hello, chérie.”

Hana gasped, a strangled cry getting caught in her throat. She stared up into golden irises, cold fear shooting straight into her veins. Widowmaker leaned against the sink counter, a predatory expression resting against her pointed features.

Alright, yup. Any and all Widowmaker fantasies have just been officially terminated.

Hana bared her teeth, reflexively reaching for her mecha watch.

“I don’t think so.”

Hana cried out as a strong hand gripped her wrist, whirling her around. She froze. A shadowy, dark mist emanated from the remnants of a man before her. A skull-like mask stared back at her under his hood and the clawed hand around her tightened, pain shooting throughout her arm. She gritted her teeth and punched his face with her free arm. It connected with a crack and he groaned, but his grip didn’t weaken. He squeezed harder.

That brought her to her knees, the pain increasing to unbearable heights. Any harder and she was sure her bones would’ve snapped.

Reaper released her, but not before ripping off her watch. She watched through teary eyes as he tucked it into his pocket, and she clutched her bruising arm against herself.

The front door then opened, and familiar magenta made its way into Hana’s line of sight.

“Alright pendejos, I bought some tamales for me and Gabe, and for you—“

Olivia froze when she saw Hana, the bag in her hands crumpling as her fingers tightened around it.

“What happened?” Olivia said—not to her, clearly. Hana hated to admit that that hurt.

“She came looking for you. Said she had something to tell you.” Widowmaker stepped around Hana, dragging the barrel of her sniper-rifle along Hana’s face. The pilot flinched. “Peculiar, since I thought you said she got away.”

Olivia’s eyes narrowed, gaze never leaving Hana. “She did.”

“Seems like she came back.”

“I see that.”

“Now that Sombra’s here, do you want to finish what you had to say?” Widowmaker’s sniper barrel pressed under Hana’s chin, forcing her to raise her head. Hana’s eyes met Olivia’s for only a second before she looked away, squeezing them shut.

Stupid. Dumbass. Idiot.

Her eyes burned with the threat of tears and her heart felt as if it’d been torn out and beaten right in front of her.

She shook her head, “I have nothing to say anymore.”
Reaper tisked. “How sad, we ruined her confession.”

“You’re disgusting…”

“So what do we do?” Olivia said. Her demeanor changed. Her eyes left Hana, and her back relaxed. The way Hana’s did when she was back home, hanging out with Yuna and Dae-Hyun.

Hana watched her heart be fed to the wolves as the trio fell into a familiar state.

“We,” the cloaked man seemed to glide around the room, “take her to the radio station. We make her watch us fire up the device, find out all her friends’ dirty little secrets.”

“Then,” Reaper crossed him arms, and Hana sensed that a wiry-smile rested under his mask. “We kill her.”

Widowmaker raised a brow, eyes narrowing. “And why not just kill her now?”

“You clearly have no appreciation for theatrics.” Olivia chided. “We should get going then, and set up.”

Every word Olivia said sent a shooting pain down Hana’s chest. She felt humiliated, manipulated, used; And she berated herself for everything she’d done the past month.

“Yeah. And you’ll be explaining this later.” Reaper pointed a finger to Olivia’s face. The woman glanced at it and rolled her eyes before brushing it away with her hand. Reaper rumbled, but headed towards the open window anyway. He turned to Widowmaker, gesturing for her to follow.

“Oh, we must stay for the end.” She turned to Olivia, “Would you mind?”

Olivia set down the food, reaching for the gun tucked behind her. She turned it over, so the butt faced outward. The woman didn’t tremble. She didn’t blink. She seemed void of any emotion that implied she and Hana had any sort of relationship at all. But Hana steeled her gaze, red, glassy eyes conveying every emotion she felt in that moment. She hoped Olivia understood. She hoped she knew. And she hoped Overwatch would catch her and throw her into the deepest, darkest hole they could find.

Olivia crouched down, her free hand coming to rest on Hana’s chin. The girl jerked away, breaking eye contact. The touch was hot and unwelcome, like a brand.

Then it was there, so quick that Hana may have imagined it. The woman’s aloof demeanor faltered, and a dismal expression flashed behind her eyes. Hana didn’t have time to process it, a sharp pain exploding against her temple.

She blacked.

Chapter End Notes

TRANSLATIONS:

La princesa gruñona. - Grumpy princess
Te lo prometo. - I promise you.
Thank you all for your comments and kudos! Things are starting to feel bittersweet as I write the last few chapters, but overall I'm excited and I hope you are too. Thanks again for all your patience and support :)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!