Death of Lena Oxton

by AzraelOverlord

Summary

Team says their goodbyes but a small figure watches them.

Notes

This may end up as one off or I may continue it one day. Just had it in my head for a while one and needed to get it out. (Its not a one off.)
Death of Lena Oxton?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A small figure, clad in black from head to toes, stands in the shadow of a big tree. Barely daring to breathe to make herself as invisible as possible. The tree is on a small hill that overlooks the local cemetery. A cemetery where a group of people is laying someone to their final rest.

Winston places a white scarf and a pilot’s jacket on top of the casket with shaky hands. Inside of it only a broken pair of goggles and some metal pieces that were once a vital part of the equipment that kept his friend anchored in time. Tears flow down his cheeks like two rivers. But he has no intentions of hiding them. A big hand is placed on his shoulder and when he looks at its owner they gesture behind him where others are waiting to say their goodbyes. He nods, sniffles then gives the casket one last look before retreating back to the seats.

Angela is next to approach the casket. She flips up the black veil covering her face and places a flower in her hand on top of the jacket. With eyes full of tears, she places her hand on top of both, “Rest in peace and may your smile bring as much joy to the angels as it did to us.” She joins Winston and leans on his big shoulder, both seeking and providing comfort in this sad time.

Reinhardt kneels before the casket when his turn to say his goodbye comes up. Placing a plush toy, he gifted her years ago next to Angela’s flower, “Once again I lose a dear friend,” he sniffs loudly before continuing, “and as my master, you lived with honor and died with glory. May your final rest be peaceful, oh bravest of the brave.” He then stands up and joins the two that were done too.

Jack walks up next. He went to many of these in his time as the Strike commander but this one is probably the hardest one yet. After placing a pair of aviator shade he knew she loved to wear next to the toy and the flower, “Soldier,” he starts but the changes his mind, shaking his head, “Friend, you went above and beyond the call of duty. Made the ultimate sacrifice. Rest now and let us old farts try to keep it up just a little longer.” He straightens and salutes, but soon a sad chuckle escapes him as he imagines her shaking with giggles as she salutes him back. Others seem to pick up what he had in his mind and smile through their tears, nodding their heads when he turned around to head back to the seats.

A woman bolts to the casket and hugs it, “You promised!” she howls through her tears, “You promised you will come back,” she pounds the lid with her fist. Her legs give out and she falls on her knees next to the casket. “Please,” she pleads, whispering, “come back. I miss you so much.” Her loud sobbing echoes through the cemetery and beyond. After giving her her time and noticing her failed attempt to get up to her feet a strong arm hugs her around the waist, “Come, Emily,” Fareeha helps her on her feet and she thanks her with a nod, sniffling loudly.

After that Fareeha says her goodbyes as well and others line up too. The figure next to the tree can’t help herself but mutter an almost silent ‘I’m sorry guys, but it’s better this way.’ Her cybernetic eye zoomed in on the scene and her hearing sensors focused on what they were saying, “But I am no longer the Lena Oxton you knew.” She then looks at her gloved palm, servos in it whirling as she moves her fingers. “And I’m definitely not Tracer anymore.” Her sight moves back to the group, “They both died back then. Goodbye, my friends.” She says her farewell then turns around and walks away.

Angela as if sensing something, snaps her head towards the tree and spots the shadow move in a
way that it shouldn’t, “Can’t be.”

Chapter End Notes

This first chapter was inspired by the nightcore version of My funeral song.
Rogue has a hit list. She scratches the first target off of it.

2nd chapter of that I guess? No idea where this is going. I'm just dumping ideas I get into this one.

“Amélie, Olivia, you guys ready?” he asked over the comms.

“Do not-” Widowmaker tried to reply, “Shut it.” But he shuts her down. “Are you ready?”

“Ready for what Gabe?” Sombra asks.

“For fuck's sake, is it so hard to answer with a simple yes or no?” Reaper grumbles then continues, “We are getting out of here and she is about to make a perfect distraction for it. So,” and wraiths down the hallway, snapping the necks of a couple of Talon grunts along the way before he stops in front of the doors that lead to the hangar, “Are you two ready?” He barely finished his sentence when a large explosion rocks the entire facility down to its foundations. “Damn, she really did turn a new leaf.” Reaper murmurs to himself when he felt it.

“Cheers loves,” she quips as the main gate implodes from her bomb, “Cavalry is here to murder the shit out of you!” and she aims at the nearest grunts with her pistols. They never even got to level their sights before they were riddled with holes and she was at the doors that lead deeper into the facility. A massive thud from behind her captures her attention just as she was about to step through it.

Energy bolts crackled along his fist as he turned to face her, “Tracer,” he called as he started to walk toward her, charging his fist along the way, “I dealt with you before,” he clenches his fist and readies it for a charge, “I will do it again.” And charges at her.

But hits only wall, “Sorry love,” she quips from behind him and slashes over his back with her blade, “Tracer is dead,” then follows with her pistol aimed at his left shoulder, “Rogue will take you on this time,” and riddles it with so many holes that his left arm flops lifelessly down. He won’t be using it anytime soon again.

“Tracer, Rogue, who cares,” he grumbles, “You still make the same mistakes.” He shields himself from her pistol fire with his gauntlet.

“Haha,” she chuckles as she blinks behind him, “Nah,” and slices another line across his back, “Tracer cared,” then blinks in front of him and riddles his chest with her pistol, “I. Don’t.” Then blinks behind his back and slices at his Achilles tendons, cutting them both with a single swipe. As he falls to his knees, she blinks back to his front and cups his chin, “Talon,” she stares straight into
his eyes and winds her blade, “will fall with you.” And drives it through his throat. He gurgles for a second then his eyes turn into his head and he slides lifelessly off her blade. Dead and gone for good. Akande Ogundimu is dead. The first target on her list ticked off.

“Is that?” Widowmaker asks surprised at the brutality she sees as she boards the plane that will take her, Sombra and Reaper out of Talons base.

“Rogue, or as you two know her,” Reaper responds and start closing the ramp when she blinks next to him and, “Tracer.” Sombra finishes his sentence.

“Tracer is dead,” she looks at her, circles in her cybernetic eye swirling as she looks at her, “Better remember that or you might join her.” And she plops down in the copilot’s seat. “Doomfist down, Moira next.” She commands Reaper with a cold and emotionless voice that makes the blood freeze in Amélie’s veins.

“Chérie,” she tries to talk to the Brit, “Wha-” but a blink is heard followed by a hand that clamps her throat that is followed by lips sealing hers.

Reaper chuckles, Sombra only sits down and starts checking her nails as Rogue steals Amélie’s breath with her lips. If she didn’t have her modified lungs that required less oxygen the average person, she would have suffocated. Lucky for her, Rogue had less lung capacity then she did. “You three will help me kill a few people,” she says, still staring into Amelie’s golden eyes, “maybe after that I’ll let you know what caused this.” She releases Amélie’s throat only to gesture her entire right side that was mostly cybernetic now. She then walks back to the cockpit and finally sits down into the seat next to Reaper.

“For the record,” he chuckles, “I always knew you had it in you.”
Overwatch finds out

Chapter Summary

Angela looks at the video that was sent to her from an anonymous source. What she sees shocks her to the core and she takes action.

Chapter Notes

I just can't stop. Hope you like this chapter too.

“Lena,” Angela mutters into her chin, “did you survive that explosion?” as she looks at a few camera feeds that were sent to her computer from a mysterious source. It shows a small figure slaughtering their way through Talons soldiers. It doesn’t have any features that would convince Angela that it’s her, but something about how she moves, how she dances around the battlefield is very familiar. The lack of blinking also puts doubt in Angela’s mind. “Mein Gott.” Angela exhales, hands clamping her mouth when the figure turns her face to look sidelong at the camera but only the right side of it is seen. A matte black colored metal dominates it. A round device is where an ear would be and has a red ring of light on its edge. A cybernetic eye that glows red focuses on the camera. And the cybernetics don’t stop at the face. They seem to run down her neck all the way down and include her entire right leg. A pistol is aimed at the camera and its feed cuts when she fires it. Angela stares at the black screen, her mind blank, apart from the face and the eye. “Iiip!” she quips when a knock on her door startles her.

“It’s me, Fareeha.” The visitor calls out. She walks in when Angela opens them only to see the white sheet that is her face. “Hey,” she walks towards her with large strides and wraps her in a hug. “You look like you’ve seen a ghost.” She jokes to cheer Angela up, not realizing how close she is to the truth.

“I just might have,” Angela hugs her back and nuzzles into Fareeha’s shoulder.

Fareeha might be brawn, but she is also brain and connects the dots. Recent events still too fresh in her mind. “No,” she takes hold Angela’s shoulders and lightly pulls her away so she can look into her eyes.

“I’m not sure myself,” Angela turns back towards her computer and replays the camera feed for Fareeha. “But the way she moves,” she points out the figure clad in black that is slaughtering Talons grunts, “and when she looks at the camera.”

The scene soon reaches the pointed out moment, “It’s her.” Fareeha says, not a hint of doubt in her voice. She puts her arm around Angela’s shoulders and they both keep looking at the screen even went the feed cuts and it goes black. She looks at Angela, “We need to tell the others.”

“Maybe,” Angela doubts that it’s a good idea, “But I would like to have more proof first.” And leans on Fareeha’s shoulders, “Because Lena I know was not capable of such slaughter.”
“Losing half of their body can cause that kind of change,” Fareeha says with a gentle voice, taking Angela’s hand in her free one, then turns to look at her in the face, “You should know that better than anyone.”

“You are talking about Genji,” Angela hangs her head but Fareeha cups her chin and pulls it upwards so that their eyes meet. “You saved his life and from what I know he thanked you on more the one occasion for doing so.”

Angela couldn’t help it but smile when Fareeha looked at her like that, “Maybe you’re right.” She takes the hand that is cupping her chin into her hand and kisses the knuckles, “Thank you.” Then walks to her computer and sits down, “We will tell the others,” her fingers shoot over the keyboard, “But let’s gather some more information first. Starting with,” a web page shows up on the screen, listing all the cybernetic companies in the world, “who is capable of such extensive implants and modifications.”

Fareeha places her palm on Angela’s shoulder, “10 bucks say that it’s Ogundimu.” And smiles at her partner that found a new wind in her wings.

When Angela searches for the company Fareeha hinted at, their eyes go wide from surprise by the news they have displayed on their web page.

*Heir and owner of Ogundimu cybernetics Akande Ogundimu was killed by an unknown assailant last Monday while on a business trip in Italy.*

It then lists the date of his burial and the famous figures that will attend it. Reading through them Angela’s and Fareeha’s minds seem to synch, and there is a single word that they say when their eyes meet, “Lena.” Angel flies out if her seat and sprints towards the doors and through them towards Winston’s lab. Fareeha close on her heels.

Winston was scribbling something on the blackboard to keep his mind occupied when the doors open and the two women rush inside, shouting his name. “Whoa, whoa,” Winston turned to look at them and gestures them to stop and catch their breaths. “What’s the rush?”

“Haaa,” Angela exhales slowly, then inhales before speaking, “We need to go to Numbani as soon as possible.”

“Numbani?” Winston tries to figure out a reason why she would want to go there but can’t, “Why do you need to go there?”

Angela steps closer and puts her palm on Winston’s big biceps, “Lena.” She sees the look of shock she expected.

But after a second he shakes his head and turns away, muttering, “Lena is dead,” over his shoulder then slumps down on the floor, the painful memory still very fresh in his mind.

Angela walks to his side and hugs his big arm, nuzzling into his shoulder, “And if I show you proof that she is not?”

Winston’s eyes glow with hope when he looks at her, “Impossible. We combed that battlefield and found nothing but goggles and some pieces of her chronal accele-“, his eyes widen when he connects a few dots in his mind that he somehow missed before. He turns and hugs Angela then pulls Fareeha that was standing nearby into one too, “Lena is alive.” He says with a face wide smile and his eyes water. “Show me,” he gently tugs Angela along to his desk and computer.

Once there, she accesses her account and finds the video, “Word of warning,” she looks at Winston
next to her, mouse cursor hovering over the play button. “This is quite gruesome.” Winston looks at her with a questioning look but nods without saying a word.

As soon as the small figure starts demolishing the grunts he grabs the screen, “Lena,” he smiles, instantly recognizing his small friend. But his face falls when she looks sidelong at the camera and he sees the extent of the damage she received, “Oh, no.” He doesn’t stay down for long and jumps upright, “Athena call all agents on the base,” he leaps upwards at his swing tire and swings towards his combat equipment, “We are going to Numbani.” He looks at Angela and Fareeha, holding his Tesla cannon at the ready with a determined look on his face. They both smile and they all leave his lab and head for the hangar.
Emily gets the news

Chapter Summary

Emily gets a call from Winston again. And it couldn't be more different from their usual conversation since the funeral if he tried.

Since the funeral, Emily’s days melted into one another to a point where she couldn’t tell the difference between them anymore. Monday or Friday it was all the same to her. They were all empty, grey and quiet. Everything was quiet. Her workplace, the pub she went to after work and their apartment. That part was the hardest. When she came home, she still subconsciously expected to be greeted by her cheery laughter, her spiky hair that was all over the place no matter how many times she combed. And most of all she missed her eyes that were always so full of life that sometimes Emily wondered if they were capable of bringing back the dead if she looked at them. Too tired to stand or fresh out of bed, those eyes shined. Emily knew the risks, they both did, but nothing prepares you for that fateful call that tells you that the person you love most in the world is gone for good. She remembers it clearly, how she collapsed on her knees in the subway when he called and told her that Lena lost her life in their latest mission. She broke in tears right there and then, not caring who saw her. The sun of her life was gone. And for some reason, that same person is calling her again right now. “Hello Winston,” she answers the call.

“Hello Emily,” he greets her back and she notices there is something different in his tone. It’s happy. All the calls she got from him since the funeral were solemn and turned to sadness as they sought comfort in each other’s voice. “I have some news,” he started, taking a long and deep breath before continuing, “Lena is alive.”

Emily drops then phone and collapses on her behind in her kitchen. Her mind goes blank. She just buried her. He was there. They all were. She shakes her head to wake it up and scrambles to pick up the phone she dropped. “Sa-say that again,” her voice shakes as she presses the phone back against her ear, using both hands to keep it stable as they shake too much.

“I can’t quite believe it myself,” he takes deep breaths again, “But she is definitely alive.”

Emily drops her head and asks, “Where are you now?” overhearing the jet engines in the background.

“Just taking off from Gibraltar,” the ramp hisses closed and the outside noise quiets down. “We are on our way to Numbani.”

“Pick me up, please Winston!” Emily shouts into the phone, pleading.

“I’m sorry but I can’t. Can’t risk it.” He apologizes with a sad tone. “But I’ll send you the video and you can see for yourself why I don’t dare to risk it.” Taking a deep breath again before continuing, “She is not herself anymore. At least not how we knew her.”

Emily can hear him typing something and her laptop chimes that a message has arrived. “Got it. Okay,” she gives up, “Just promise me something. Bring her home. Please.”

“I wish I could make that promise,” Winston realistically replies, not giving her any false hope,
“But when you see that video, you will understand why I have my doubts that she will want to come back with us.”

“How bad is it?” Emily understands what he is trying to say.

“Pretty bad,” Winston sighs, “It looks like she lost most of her right side. Including both the arm and the leg, and from what I could see the right side of her head was gone too.”

“My god,” Emily inhales, imagining how that looks. “How is she alive then?”

“Don’t know myself. My best guess would be that in the moment of the explosion she got pulled back into the Slipstream when her accelerator broke, but not soon enough.” Winston guesses what could have happened.

“If I’m understanding this right, then someone patched her up. Who?” Emily’s brain goes into overdrive and she is thinking faster than she did for days.

“Yes. Someone did.” Winston confirms, “We deduced that it was probably Talon. But they made a mistake it would seem.”

“A mistake?” Emily wonders.

“Yes, they thought Lena would be an obedient attack dog, but from what we can tell she instead turned on them,” Winston tells her.

“What do you mean?”

“Akande Ogundimu is dead, Emily.” Winston says with a held breath, “Killed by someone in Italy. And our sources say that Reaper, Widowmaker, and Sombra that were last seen in Talons base there are missing as well.”

“You don’t think…” Emily starts to reach the same conclusion that Winston did.

“I do. Lena plans to singlehandedly destroy Talon. She killed one head already.” Winston sighs again, “And now when all the other heads will attend his burial she will probably strike there to kill them too. Tell me, Emily,” he starts to ask, “Do you ever remember Lena mad? Like really angry?”

“Hmmm,” Emily hums as she tries to remember something like that. “Wait,” she quips as something comes to mind, “There was this one time when this bloke kept on pushing her buttons for a better part of the hour, despite her telling him to bug off.”


“Well, when she finally snapped, she first cursed a storm then broke the bottle over the wanker’s head and then threw him out of the pub.” Emily recalls what happened, “I think if she was alone she would bash his head in, but seeing me and the others she calmed herself down and just ordered a fresh beer.”

“Thanks for telling me.” Winston sighs, “I think that is what happened. Only dialed up tenfold. Got to go. We are reaching Nigerian airspace. I will call you when I know something new.”

“Please do. I’m holding my fingers crossed for the best.” Emily responds.

“As am I, Emily, as am I.” Winston cuts the connection and the line goes dead.
Emily clutches the phone in her palm and hugs herself, “Please Lena, come back.” She looks upwards, praying that they succeed in bringing her back.
Team Rogue

Chapter Summary

While Winston and team Overwatch is reaching Numbani, team Rogue is planning what they will do once there. Sombra tries to defy Rogue but learns that that is not the smartest thing to do.

“So, boss,” Reaper jokingly addresses the Brit, who is pretending hard that she is taking a nap so that no one bothers her, “What’s the plan?”

“No, your boss,” she grumbles and straightens in her seat. “But the plan is that Sombra,” she points over her shoulder and raises her voice so that they all hear her, “will stealth her ass into that ceremony and keep track on Moira.”

“Forget it, rápida,” Sombra refuses.

Reaper can see Rogue’s eyebrow twitch but she takes a deep breath before responding, “Either you do it or I’m giving you an energy blade assisted manicure,” she deploys it from her right arm, “And for some reason, I just can’t seem to keep it stable right now. So it won’t be just the nails that go.”

“Now listen, rápida!” Sombra jumps to her feet having her fill with Rogue’s commanding attitude.

Rogue leaps from her seat and uses the plane’s dashboard as a launch pad to jump at her and before Sombra can react, Rogue’s left hand is clamping her throat and pressing her against the closed back ramp. “No,” she stares into her eyes, “you listen.” Sombra goes for her gun but gets it swatted out of her hand and that hand grabbed by the wrist and pressed against the ramp as well. Rogue holds her like that, “G’wan, try something else. See what happens when you press my buttons beyond the breaking point.”

After what felt to her like forever and she could only take shallow breaths Sombra shakes her head and in response Rogue releases her. She falls to her knees, coughing and rubbing her throat, “Fine rápida,” she looks at her, looming over her, “What do you need?”

“That’s better,” Rogue grin and scruffs her hair a bit before turning around and walking back to the cockpit. Sitting down, she continues explaining her plan like the last 5 minutes didn’t happen. “Sombra stealths and tracks Moira. Once she leaves the cemetery and I get confirmation that she is in her car, Reaper will fly us over it. Once there, I go in.”

“That’s it?” Reaper wonders.

“Yep, that’s it. Oh,” she looks at him with amused wide eyes. “You want some action too?” she tilts her head. Then looks back outside through the windshield, “Hmmmm,” she hums rubbing her chin, trying to think of a way she can give Reaper and Widow something to do as well. “Got it.” She quips and rubs her palms together with a grin. “You and Widow get to waste all the Talon grunts I’m sure will be there.” Then her eyes thin into slits when she looks at Reaper, “Don’t Touch. Overwatch.”
“You count on them being there?” he asks, nodding to confirm that he will avoid Overwatch agents.

“Yeah, I do.” She answers, sighing. “Thank Sombra for that.”

“How?” Sombra questions how she knows that she leaked the video to Overwatch.

“Look, Akande and the rest of the council planned to turn me into a combination of you, Widow there,” she points to the quiet sniper that is pretending to be busy with her rifle “and Tracer when Moira somehow pulled me out of Slipstream. And that’s all I’ll say on the matter for now.”

“Chérie,” the mentioned sniper now looks at her back, “A word please.”

“Fine,” she grunts, stands up and walks next to Widow, sitting down on the bench next to her, “Ask away. Though I probably know what you will ask.”

“Did they mess with your mind,” Rogue’s guess was right on the money, “like they did with mine?”

Rogue shakes her head, “No,” then runs her arm through what little of natural hair she has left, “They didn’t need to.” She clenches and releases her right palm, “It was all there in the first place. They just needed to press the right buttons for long enough.”

“How then?” Widow places her palm on top of the open Rogue’s cybernetic one, “This is not you. Not the always cheerful and smiling Tracer.” She recalls Rogue chasing her across the rooftops on multiple occasions and no matter how tired she got or how many hits she took, the glow in her eyes and the smile were always there.

“And if I told you that it was always fake?” Rogue looks at Widow, their eyes meeting, “At least since the Slipstream. Oh Widdy,” she smirks and leans on Widow’s shoulder, “You are not the only one that hides her true emotions.”

Widow lets a small laugh escape her and hugs Rogue over her shoulders, “It would seem not.”

“Mind if I take 5 like this?” Rogue asks with a softer tone than others inside the aircraft have heard from her before, “It’s pretty comfy how chilly you are.” Sombra chuckles and Rogue shoots her with a finger gun, finishing her with a wink.

The three ladies all laugh at that. “Not at all, chérie,” Widow lightly squeezes her hug, “Rest. I will wake you when we get there.”

Rogue’s eyes close and Widow can soon hear her breathing rhythmically. ‘*This part is still the same.*’ Widow smiles at her thought.
Rogue attacks

Chapter Summary

Rogue and her team strike. Target Moira. Overwatch is there too.

Chapter Notes

Your kudos inspired me to continue this. Well, I'll keep going until my head can come up with more ideas for it. Hope you will also like what I have in store for Rogue and the rest of the gang.

“Winston, I’m detecting a jet exhaust on very low altitude approaching the Numbani.” Athena reports while they are circling at a higher altitude waiting for him to give a go-ahead to deploy.

“It’s them,” Soldier who is sitting in the copilot’s seat next to Winston comments.

“You sure?” Winston asks, having his doubts that they would be so obvious.

“High speed, low altitude insertion. Blackwatch textbook.” Soldier chuckles, “Bet you 100 bucks Reyes is piloting.”

“Blackwatch? Reyes?” McCree grunts when he hears those words and raises the tip of his hat to look towards the cockpit. “Ah, shit,” he curses, raises to his feet and walks up to Soldier and Winston, “Reaper.” He says and leans on the backrest of Soldiers seat.

“That also means that Sombra and Widowmaker are probably not far behind.” Winston comments, then takes over the piloting from Athena, “Gear up. We are going in as soon as they make their move.”

“Rápida,” Sombra chimes over the comms, “Fairy godmother leaving the cemetery. Entering a black sedan.”

Rogue was just about to respond when Reaper jumps in, “Radar signature. It’s an Orca. Getting a visual now.” The camera on the top of their aircraft swirls around and zooms in on the high flying Orca. “It’s them, Rogue.”

“Tsk,” she clicks her tongue, “Still had a little hope they wouldn’t show up.” Her mind races as she tries to guess who is on board of that Orca, but all she gets for her efforts is a headache, “Fuck it. Plan stays the same but we move sooner. Get me in there, Smokey.”

Sombra and Widow chuckle at Reaper’s call sign, but he doesn’t seem bothered by it, “Wait for it.”

“Sombrero, you keep an eye on Godmother,” Rogue tells Sombra over the coms, enjoying the
pained grunt from her and Reapers cackles, “Blueberry, you take the high ground and keep the grunts busy.” She tells Widow and Reaper loses it. He is laughing his ass off in the pilot’s seat.

“Blueberry?” Widow snorts over the comms, “Chérie, I think we need to talk after this is over.”

“I had that or Sexy arse.” Rogue jokes, “Which do you prefer?” Reaper can’t take it anymore. He flips the autopilot on and leans on the dashboard, clutching his stomach as he laughs. Even Sombra’s chocked giggles can be heard over the coms, but she doesn’t dare to openly laugh as she is still stealth and following Moira.

“Sudden spike in communication traffic detected.” Athena reports then adds, “but is heavily scrambled so I can’t get anything useful.”

“They are moving,” Winston comments, “And so are we. Land us somewhere nearby, Athena.” He tells her as he moves out of his seat, followed by Soldier. “You all know the plan. Keep an eye out but don’t move unless civilians are in danger.”

“Let’s get Lena back!” Pharah shouts while making the final checks on her Raptora.

“Yes! Let us bring our friend back!” Reinhardt thunders as he stands up from his seat and grabs his hammer.

“Over the target in 30 seconds,” Reaper reports, “But Overwatch is making their move as well. They are landing nearby.”

“Copy that. Keep me posted.” Rogue responds and walks to the back ramp, cracking her neck and shoulders, unsheathing and sheathing her blade, checking her pistols and does an internal scan of her cybernetics. Everything comes out green. “Sombrero, sitrep.” She calls over the coms for an update.

“Godmother still driving along the main street. Apart from her driver, no one else is in the vehicle.” Sombra responds.

“10 seconds,” Reaper reports and turns off the internal lighting but no one on board has any trouble seeing even in pitch darkness so they move without any trouble.

“I’m gonna enjoy this.” Rogue grins when the ramp starts to open when Reaper brought the plane in position above the sedan Moira is in. She jumps out with a backflip, blade deployed.

“Got eyes on Lena,” Pharah who flew out of the Orca just before they landed. “What the?” she chokes.

“What is it?” Winston asks with a concerned voice, walking out of Orca, his Tesla cannon at the ready and looks towards Pharah.

“She just jumped out of something and is clearly aiming for a target but she is way too high and I’m not seeing any parachute on her.” Pharah describes what she is seeing.
“Fuuuuck yeaah!!!” Rogue screams with delight as the wind rushes past her as she plunges towards her target.

“Rápida, what the fuck?!?” Sombra yells over the coms looking at her dive through the air.

Rogue lands on her cybernetic leg, crushing the hood of the car and the engine beneath it. Her blade stabbed through the roof of the car and the driver, killing him in an instant. She pulls the blade out and leans down to look through the windshield as the car crawls to a stop. “Cheer love,” she greets the surprised Moira and grins wickedly, “Missed me?”

She blinks off the hood and next to the door, ripping them off with her right arm and grabbing Moira by her collar with her left. After pulling her out of her seat, she throws her towards the nearby building with a big glass front.
Rogue attacks part 2

Chapter Summary

Genji and Pharah witness Rogue as she works on Moria. Sombra decides to do something that she might come to regret.

“She got fast,” Genji who climbed the apartment building and is looking at the scene, says “and brutal.”

“What’s going on?” Soldier who is sprinting to the scene asks over the coms.

“She just landed on a car,” Pharah, who saw the whole thing answers, “Killed the driver, then ripped off the passenger’s doors and pulled Moira out.”

“Auch!” Genji grunts as if he got hit himself, “That’s gonna leave a mark.”

Rogue tried to throw Moira but failed as she Faded but knowing where she will reappear she blinked there and swung her right fist that hits Moira dead center in the face, but before Moira hits the ground from having her lights punched out, Rogue kicks her. Sending her flying through the window, through which Rogue planned to throw her in the first place.

“Rogue, you got incoming.” Reaper tries to warn her but gets only static. “Sombra?”

“Sorry amigo, but that’s not her and they deserve a shot of bringing her back.” She apologizes.

“You know you are dead for this after this is over.” Reaper sits down on the edge of the roof that overlooks the street where Rogue is demolishing Moira.

Rogue walks to Moira and after ripping off her kit off her back that enables her to Fade and throwing it outside she flips her around and steps on her chest hard enough to bring her back to consciousness. “Morning,” she cackles, shooting at Moira’s palms so she doesn’t get any ideas.

“T-T-­Tracer?!” Moira manages to get out with a stutter.

“Wrong answer,” Rogue growls and slices off Moira’s right arm. “Three more tries to go.” She moves her blade just under her chin and holds it there. “Not gonna try again?” she asks Moira, who is grimacing from pain but keeps her eyes locked on Rogue. “Fine by me. Made your peace?” she asks, slowly moving her blade closer and closer to her throat.

“Lena!” Winston roars, landing just outside the window after his jetpack assisted jump.

Getting startled by his sudden appearance Rogue drives her blade through Moira’s head, “Fuck!” she curses as this was not how she planned to do this. This was too easy for this bitch. “Damn it!” her cursing continues as she pulls out the blade, shakes the blood off of it and sheaths it into her arm.

“Lena,” Winston calls again, this time with a calmer voice.
“Sorry big guy, wrong number.” Rogue steps off Moira and turns around to look at him. “You guys buried that girl on that day.”

Winston’s eyes widen as he takes her in. He saw it in the video, but seeing it up close is something else. “My god,” he covers his mouth with his hand.

“Yeah,” she walks closer, “I thought it might have that effect on you guys.” She stops a step away and crosses her arms. “So. What do you want?”

“Lena,” he starts, but she interrupts him right away, “Eeeeh, wrong. Try again.”

Not knowing what to call her, he shakes his head and silently asks her to tell him.

“It’s Rogue now.” She answers.

“Alright, Rogue then. What happened? How are you still alive?” he reaches to touch her shoulder but she twitches away and he pulls back his hand.

“Slipstream saved my arse for a change,” she taps the inbuilt version of Winston’s chronal accelerator on her chest. “Then Talon pulls me out and when I wake up, I look like this,” she gestures at her entire body. “After that, Akande and rest of the lead fucks put me through such hell that it made me wish I was still stuck in Slipstream.” Her jaw clenches to a point where her teeth start to squeak, and she has to take two deep breaths before continuing. “Once I managed to convince them that I’m dancing to their tune they’ve set me loose.” A grin creeps on her face as she looks Winston, “Too bad for them that the first thing I did was to make a hit list with their names on it and I plan to tick every single one off of it. Every. Single. One.” After she punctuates her words with her index finger pointing towards Winston, she smiles and makes two invisible ticks on thin air, “Two down, few more to go.”

“Le-” Winston starts but coughs to correct himself. “Rogue, come back with us,” he pleads.

“No,” she shakes her head, and continues with a firm and determined voice, “Not a chance. Not until I’m done with Talon. And even then, it’s a maybe.”

Knowing full well that he doesn’t stand a chance of convincing her otherwise Winston gives up and changes his request, “Would you please at least come back to the Orca so that others can see you too?”

“I can do that, yes.” She agrees to that and follows Winston outside and they walk towards the landed Orca.
Target two on her list is ticked off. But after being asked by Winston, Rogue decides to meet the rest of the Overwatch that deployed in Numbani.

“Winston, got eyes on Widowmaker,” Ana reports, “and she is aiming at you.”

Rogue, who somehow has access to Overwatch’s coms now, denies her, “No she’s not. She is watching over me.”

“Lena?” Ana exhaled, surprised by hearing her voice.

“No,” Rogue growls, “Gonna say this for the last time.” She starts and Winston next to her hangs his head as they continue to walk towards the Orca. “Lena Tracer Oxton is dead. If you want to talk to me, the name’s Rogue.”

After a hum in confirmation, Ana asks again, “Winston, Widow still aiming at you. Can I take the shot?”

But Rogue answers with a low and angry voice, “First, she can probably hear you. Second, you pull that trigger and she will take your other eye and I plan to help her.”

“But she is aiming at Winston,” Ana defends.

“Is her finger on the trigger?” Rogue decides to try a different approach.

“Negative.” Ana can see that clearly through her scope and decides to trust Rogue on this, lowers her rifle and starts making her way towards the Orca.

Pharah decides to welcome Rogue in a way she knew Lena loved. She swoops in and cradles Rogue in her arms, “Hello Rogue.” She smiles when she sees the surprised eyes Rogue has as she pulls upwards and dials up the booster to the max.

“That wasn’t the smartest thing to do,” Rogue playfully bumps Pharah’s helmet, “But I like it.” and beams her a smile. And where there is one, there is the other and Rogue spots the golden wings from Mercy’s Valkyrie close in. “Hi doc,” she greets her, giving her a two finger salute then wriggles out of Pharah’s arms and dives towards the ground aiming near the Orca. “Fuuuck yeeaaaah!” She screams again only to turn around legs first and lands on the ground with a loud thud, raising a cloud of dust in the process.
She waves the dust away from her face and coughs when suddenly a large armored hand scoops her up and pulls her into a hug. “Whoa!” She quips, only to realize that it’s just Reinhardt bear hugging her.

“Little one,” he thunders, then spins around, “You live!” now holding her in his outstretched arms like a little child. Big tears flowing down his smiling face.

Seeing this giant of a man break in tears while wearing such an honest smile melts even the iciest hearts, “Yeah big guy, still kicking.” Rogue replies, smiling back then taps his forearm for him to put her down. Rest of the team that deployed soon trickle in as well and surround Rogue. Hugs, smiles and cheerful laughter fill the area.

“Told you,” Sombra tells Reaper, as she watches the scene from neighboring street, leaned on a bus station. “She is not one of us. Never will be.”

“Don’t be so sure,” Reaper responds with a flat voice, as he stands up on his feet and walks down the side of the building to the street level. “And bring back the coms already.”

Widowmaker does the same with her hook from her perch and lands near him. “She has been signaling me for a while now.”

As soon as Reaper hears the click that tells him that coms are back he calls her, “Rogue, Reaper.” Rogue smiles, others around her freeze in place when they hear him too. “What’s the plan now? You going back to Gibraltar?”

“Nah.” She shakes her head, mouthing a half meant ‘I’m sorry.’ to Winston when his face fell when he heard her. “Pick up in 10?”

“On it.” Reaper turns around and starts walking towards their aircraft. “You mind if Widow picks you up as we do a fly-by?”

“Great idea!” Rogue chirp with a face wide smile, “You up for it Widow?”

“Will be no trouble at all, chérie.” She answers her with a purring voice and again some of the people around Rogue twitch as they hear her voice.

“Rogue,” Winston decides to interrupt their exchange, “Can you please at least call Emily?” he asks when he steps closer and puts his arm on her shoulder. This time she doesn’t twitch away and only hangs her head.

After sighing deeply, she looks at Winston, “She knows?” And when he nods, “Damn it, big guy.” she curses, then shows him her right arm, “What do I do if she hates this?”

He asks the most obvious question, “Did any of us hated it?” then gestures to the rest, who are all wearing wide smiles that show that they are just glad that she is still alive. She shakes her head and tries to says something but he interrupts her, “Only you know how much she truly loves you and from what I saw when we’ve spent time together, I don’t think it will matter that much to her if you got some parts replaced.”

“Ah, fine.” Rogue surrenders, “I’ll go and say hi. Got some time to waste anyway.” A smirk shows up on her face when she hears something approaching and walks away from the group. Looking back at the group, “Winston, don’t call her. I’ll surprise her.” She has just enough time to wave goodbye when Widow swoops in on her grapple and grabs her around the waist, pulling her
upwards as they swing away.

“Bonjour.” She greets her catch.

“Heya love,” Rogue greets her back then leans on her shoulder, eyes closing as she enjoys the rush of the wind.

“Okay guys, time for us to pack up and leave too.” Soldier tells them as they all follow Rogue and Widow with their eyes until they disappear into thin air after being pulled upwards by Widow’s grapple.

After clearing his throat to get their attention, “Yes, let’s go. I think we might have overstayed our welcome here.” Winston tells them and they start boarding the Orca.

“Rogue, Reaper, Widow and Sombra,” Genji ticks them off on his finger, “Would hate to be targeted by them.”

“Right you are, pal.” McCree smirks, walking up the ramp beside him, “Even if the rest only set her in the right spot, Rogue is lethal by her own right.”

“Moira?” Angela asks Winston as they wait to board last.

“Dead.” He answers, “Nothing I could do.” He shakes his head, recalling how Rogue loomed over the fallen Moira, dead set on torturing her further if he didn’t startle her.

“I can only guess what they’ve put that girl through to cause her to become so vengeful.” Angela remarks as she walks with Winston up the ramp and Orca starts up and takes them back to Gibraltar.
“Where to?” Reaper asks Rogue when she plops herself down in the seat next to him and throws her legs on the dashboard. He could already give it a pretty good guess.

“Merry Ol’ London.” She sighs in reply, running her hand through her hair, “Got a bird to say hi to.”

“Emily?” Sombra, who joins them in the cockpit asks and leans on the backrest of Rogue’s seat.

“Yeah,” she nods. “By the way, did you guys knew about her before all this?” She looks at Sombra first then Reaper.


“Right,” Rogue realizes that if anyone knew, it’s her. “Talon?”

“No. And I swear on this,” Sombra looks at Rogue and gets serious, “Besides me, Reaper and Widow, no one knows about her.” Seeing how Rogue exhaled, relaxing, Sombra puts a hand on her shoulder, “And I will keep it that way.”

“Thanks, Sombra,” Rogue looks at her again, putting her hand on top of Sombra’s, but then smirks when she remembers something, “That almost gets you off the hook for that fuck up with coms.” Her smirk widens when Reaper chuckles, “Almost.”

Sombra rolls her eyes, “And what must I do to get off completely?”

“Nothing much,” Rogue shrugs, “Just pay for everything while we are in London and I will consider it settled.”

“This ought to be fun,” Reaper cackles and they can hear Widow laugh from the behind too.

“Gonna take a nap,” Rogue tells Reaper when Sombra leaves the cockpit after agreeing to her punishment. “Wake me when we reach Dover’s.” and slumps into her seat, arms crossed on her chest, legs crossed on the dashboard.

Reaper only grunts in response and thinking that Rogue is asleep, he takes off his mask and pulls
off the hood.

“Shit, mate,” she curses and when he looks at her, he can see her looking at him with wide eyes. “Does it hurt?” Rogue asks after seeing that there are deep scars all over his face and one of his eyes is black with a red iris.

“Sometimes,” he lies. It hurts and burns all the time but he keeps that to himself.

“Mind if I call you Reyes when we are in private?” she asks with a gentle look and smile.

“For as long you don’t add commander, sure.” He responds, refocusing on piloting. “Though that hardly seems fair,” he tries to add something but she interrupts him,

“Nah ah, mate. Don’t go there,” guessing what he wants she refuses right away. “I buried that name for a reason.” and slumps back into her seat, “One day I might tell you, but not now.”

Emily is pacing up and down the living room, shooting glances at her phone on the coffee table on each pass. She’s been at it since she came home from work an hour ago and saw on the news that Moira O’Deorain was killed in Numbani. ‘Why hasn’t he called? He said he will call as soon as there is any news. And he said Lena will surely be there. Has something happened?’ Emily’s mind raced as she thought of million possible scenarios why Winston hasn’t called her yet. ‘Okay, I’ll call him then.’ Deciding on what to do, she reaches for her phone when there is a knock on her front door. “Yes? Who is it?” she asks, walking towards the door. But instead of answering verbally her visitor knocks again. ‘Fine. I’ll see who it is anyway.’ Emily thinks and looks through the peephole on the doors. “Whaaaaa?!” She screams and stumbles backward, landing on her behind, when all she could see was a red cybernetic eye.

Rogue laughs when her prank works like a charm, “Hahaha, gotcha!”

Recognizing the laugh, “Lena?” Emily jumps to her feet and starts unlocking the doors.

“Sorry, sweet,” Rogue apologizes as she hears the lock being undone, “But the name is Rogue now.”

Emily swings the doors open and freezes in place when she sees Rogue. ‘It’s her. It’s Lena. It’s Lena. It’s Lena. It’s Lena.’ She repeats in her head like a mantra, trying to convince herself that it really is her girlfriend that is standing in front of her and not just her ghost. “H-hi.” She stutters.

“Hi,” Rogue says hi back and asks, “Gonna let me in?” scratching the back of her head awkwardly.

“Le-Le-Le-” Emily’s mouth and breath continue to give her trouble.

“Please,” Rogue shakes her head, “Call me Rogue. Will try to explain inside. You alone?” Emily nods in response, giving up on her attempts at forming coherent words. “Great,” Rogue steps out of the way as if to let someone walk past her and Emily does the same on reflex but can’t see anyone walk in. “Reaper, come up.” Rogue calls for him, then looks back at Emily, “And could you let the blue lady on the balcony in as well?”

Emily furrows her brow, “The blue lady on the balcony?” and turns her head to look only to see that there is indeed a lady with blue skin standing on the balcony waving a hello.

“Bonjour.” Widow waves and smiles.
When Emily turns back to look at Rogue, she sees a man forming from black smoke. “Hi,” he greets her.

“Hello,” Emily greets him back, blinking to see if what she is seeing is real.

“May we come in?” Reaper asks as both he and Rogue are still standing in the hallway.

“Yes. Sure. Come on in.” Emily responds on autopilot, gesturing for them to come in. *If they are her friends, it should be okay. Right?”* She thinks as she follows them after closing the doors and goes ahead to let Widow in too.

Rogue and Reaper stop just outside the living room and Reaper leans towards Rogue to whisper, “You sure this is gonna work?”

Rogue can barely keep a serious face, a laugh threatening to escape and whispers back, “Wait for it.”

After she let Widow in, Emily looks at the pair, wondering what they are whispering about when suddenly, “Been here all along.” Sombra appears behind her out of thin air. Emily spins on the spot and swings her fist, hitting Sombra dead center on the nose.

“Aaaaah!” Sombra yells, holding her, now bleeding nose, looking at Emily from the floor where she was sent by her punch.

Rogue and Reaper have to lean on each other for support as they explode into laughter so hard that they need to clutch their stomachs with their free hands. “I knew,” Rogue tries to talk, while laughing, “I knew she was gonna punch you,” tears start to flow from her left eye, as she laughs, “But that she decked you,” she tries but fails to catch her breath, “That was just too much!”

“Fuck you, rápida,” Sombra curses nasally, as she is holding her nose, “You tricked me.”

Hearing that just sends Rogue and Reaper into another laughing fit, joined now by Widow who gets a ‘Et tu Brute?’ look from Sombra.

Hearing Rogue laugh so joyfully plucks all the right strings in Emily’s heart and Reaper barely has time to dodge her when she barrels at her and hugs her.

“Ice for Sombra is in the fridge,” Rogue tells Reaper, returning Emily’s hug.

“Alright,” he grunts, helping Sombra on her feet and gesturing towards the kitchen with his head at Widow, “Let’s give those two a minute or two alone.”

“Can you let go?” Rogue asks Emily after those two and a few more minutes have passed, while gently running her arms up and down her back.

“No,” she murmurs and squeezes her hug as if afraid that if she let go, Rogue will disappear again.

“C’mon, Em,” Rogue nuzzles into her chest, “You have guests.”

“We.” She corrects her.

“Okay. We have guests. Can you let go now?” Rogue chuckles.

“If I do,” Emily leans backward to look at her, but doesn’t release her hug, “You promise you
won’t disappear again?”

“Yep,” Rogue beams her a face wide smile and nods, “Promise.” Cupping Emily’s cheek with her left palm, she wipes away a small tear the formed in the corner of her eye with her thumb. Emily adds her own hand on top of Rogue’s and presses it against her face. “You know,” Rogue lowers her head, “I was afraid.”

(Of?) Emily opens her eyes, which she closed to enjoy Rogue’s touch, and looks at her.

“That you might hate this,” Rogue raises her head and shows Emily her cybernetic arm, opening and closing the palm.

Emily grabs it with both of hers, “Never,” and brings it to her lips then kisses the metallic knuckles one by one, “It’s still you. Who cares if you got a few parts replaced.”

“Heh,” Rogue chuckles, remembering that Winston used almost the same words. “Let’s see if our guests want something to drink.”

After planting a kiss on Rogue’s forehead, “I’ll take care of that,” Emily turns towards the kitchen, “You park your cyborgish behind on the couch. Tea?” she asks over her shoulder, a smile tugging on her lips as she walks towards it.

“Yes, please.” She answers, smiling at her girlfriend that is still the best, then plops herself down on the couch.

Chapter End Notes

Teaser for chapter 10:

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Pulling back his hood and removing his mask, Reyes snorts, “Can you stop being a gay disaster for a minute?” He chuckles when Rogue looks at him with mock hurt eyes and points to herself, mouthing a voiceless ‘Me?’

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Team Rogue takes a breather

Chapter Summary

The gang talks about their plans for the future as they relax in Rogue's and Emily's living room.

Chapter Notes

New week, new chapter. Hope you like it.

And as I said, the action part will dial down as this week's chapters will be more of a domestic nature. If that's the right way to describe them.

“Cuddling time over?” Sombra, who is holding a bag of ice on her nose, teases Emily when she enters the kitchen.

“Sombra,” Reaper facepalms, then flicks the bag and Sombra yelps from pain. “If she decides to finish the job,” he gestures towards Emily with his head, “I’m not stopping her.”

“Nor am I,” Widow adds, and moves out of the way so Emily can get to the stove and put the kettle she filled with water on.

“I’m sorry for hitting you,” Emily apologizes to Sombra, turning on the stove. “But I grew up in a rough neighborhood and I had to watch my back all the time.”

“Not your fault, Red,” Sombra shakes her head, “Rogue tricked me.”

Emily nods, then smiled, “If it makes you feel any better, I would have done the same to Lena, I mean Rogue if she didn’t have her blinking.”

“You can call her Lena when she’s not around,” Reaper comments her correction then chuckles, “And I would pay good money to see you floor the world’s fastest woman like you did Sombra.” They all laugh at that mental picture.

“Where did that name even came from?” Emily asks as she moves a whistling kettle off the stove, “And why does she insist on not being called Lena?”

“My guess would be that the name probably came from when she busted out of Talons base, leaving destruction and death in her wake,” Reaper answers, “and the guard kept yelling over the intercom ‘Tracer gone rogue. Tracer gone rogue.’ As to why she insists,” he looks at his gloved palm, “Probably to separate what she is doing now from the name and the woman that was called Lena Oxton.”

“I remember that,” Widow joins the conversation. “She was like a woman possessed. Cutting her way to the armory first where she got her pistols and bombs. After that, she headed straight for the hangar and she was gone.”
“If you guys were there,” Emily starts while she prepares the tea for Lena and puts another kettle on for coffee for herself and others. “Why didn’t you stop her? I was under the impression that you work for Talon.”

“I never really worked for Talon, amiga,” Sombra answers, “And Gabe here,” she flicks her head in Reaper’s direction, “made the right call back then. She would have killed me and Widow on the spot if we tried to get in her way.”

“And probably left me half dead too,” Reaper adds. “She calmed down a lot since then. Her anger flips this switch in her and there’s no stopping her. Akande and Moira experienced that first hand.”

“She will kill again, won’t she?” Emily asks with a sad tone, looking at the coffee cup in her hand. A cup that Lena gifted her on their first date.

“She always killed.” Widow puts her hand on Emily’s, “But I know what you mean.” and adds, “Yes, she will.” when Emily looks at her and their eyes meet.

“Can you blame her?” Reaper comments, “After what those pricks put her through.” He, Sombra and Widow all shudder when they recall that. They all stand there in silence until the boiling water that starts to spill over brakes it.

“You guys go join Rogue in the living room,” Emily tells them, “I’ll bring the drinks. Anyone wants something to nibble on while they have their coffee?”

Rogue was spinning one of her pistols with her index finger on her left arm and unsheathing and sheathing her blade from her right while stretched out on her back across the whole couch. She hummed a tune that no one of the three that were coming from the kitchen could recognize.

“Playing with your toys again?” Reyes chuckles and sits down in the chair on one end of the coffee table. She stops humming and shrugs. Then puts away her pistol and her blade and flips herself upright in the center spot on the couch. She giggles when she spots Sombra holding, now half melted bag of ice on her nose. Sombra flips her off then sits down on the other end of the table, while Widow walks next to Rogue and sits down on her left.

“Will do,” Rogue grins, “Just not with you.”

“Perhaps with me then,” Amélie jokes, bumping shoulder with Rogue.

Raising an eyebrow, Rogue looks at her, “Put up or shut up.” She retorts and runs her teeth over the lower lip, already picturing in her head what she would do to the leggy French if she gave her a chance.

Pulling back his hood and removing his mask, Reyes snorts, “Can you stop being a gay disaster for a minute?” He chuckles when Rogue looks at him with mock hurt eyes and points to herself, mouthing a voiceless ‘Me?’

“That’s like asking the wind, not to blo—” Emily, holding a tray with coffee, tea, and some snacks tries to comment when she joins them but freezes mid-sentence when Reyes looks at her and she sees his scared face.

“Come on, Gabe,” Sombra complains, “Cover that up. You spooked the poor girl.”

“Heh,” Rogue chuckles, “It’s like Freddy Kruger and Wolverine played tic-tac-toe on his face.”
That breaks Emily out of her frozen state and they all laugh while she sets the drinks on the table and sits down on Rogue’s right.

Silence falls over them after that and apart from slurping and occasional snack being eaten, no one says anything. After he drank his coffee, Reyes reaches for his mask to cover his face, but Rogue snatches it from the table first and puts it on when an idea to lighten the mood blooms in her head. Sombra, seeing what’s coming next from a mile away already giggles, as Rogue pulls out her pistols, makes an X with her arms and with a lowered voice, “Death comes.” she impersonates Reyes then starts laughing, removing the mask and putting it back on the table.

“Do I really look like that?” he asks, laughing at the joke.

“She was spot on, Gabe,” Sombra, laughing her ass off, comments.

“It is a bit over the top, yes,” Amélie adds, laughing more reserved.

After sharing a laugh with them, Emily puts her cup on the table, “So, what now?” she asks Rogue. “And mister Reyes,” she looks at him, “You don’t need to cover up. I just got a bit shocked at first and if I’m honest, despite being so badly scarred you still look quite handsome.” Being complimented so honestly, Reyes looks down and Sombra and Amélie could swear that they saw him blush a bit.

Hearing that, Rogue gives her a sidelong look and jokes “Earth to Emily, you still gay?”

“Is someone jealous?” Emily purrs and leans her chin on Rogues shoulder, looking at her with upturned eyes.

Rogue looks upwards and whistles. When she looks back, Emily hasn’t changed her position, nor her look. So she scruffs her red locks for a bit, smiling, “About what now, I think we should lay low for a while. Taking down those two so fast between each other probably put the others on high alert and their guard will be up.”

“I agree,” Reyes nods, “Others will probably bunker down hard. And we should see a significant drop in Talons activity across the board anyway.”

“With those two out of the picture,” Sombra joins, “Talon is probably in chaos. Akande was the driving force behind it and losing Moira is also a big blow to them.”

“Mmm,” Rogue hums, nodding. She then looks at Emily, “We still have that bunk bed in our guest room?”

“Yes.” She nods.

“Great,” Rogue claps her hands, “Then here’s the plan. For the next week at least. We all stay right here.”

“What?” Sombra looks at her with surprised eyes, “Right here? In this apartment?” Reyes and Amélie have similar looks on their faces.

“Yeah,” Rogue answers, “The guest room,” she points to the doors on her right, “has a bunk bed. You and Reyes can sleep there. And our room,” she hugs Emily over her shoulders, “has a bed big enough for three.” Then pulls Amélie in with her other arm too.

“Chérie,” Amélie leans on her shoulder, “While I appreciate the offer, I wouldn’t want to impose.”
“No trouble at all. Right, Em?” Rogue looks at her girlfriend and can see her scanning Amélie top to bottom with her eyes.

“Nope,” Emily answers, her cheeks going a bit rosy when her mind imagines how she would absolutely love to squeeze next to that gorgeous body, “No trouble at all.”

“Now who’s a gay disaster?” Rogue chuckles, joined by Amélie and Sombra while Reyes rolls his eyes.

“This is going to be one long week,” he comments, smiling.

“You preach it, amigo.” Sombra fist bumps the air, sending them all into another laughing fit.
Reyes has a rough morning

Chapter Summary

Gabriel Reyes is rethinking his life choices. Especially when it comes to letting Sombra sleep in the same room.

Chapter Notes

Thought I would develop the chars a bit. Hope I did at least an okay job with Reyes on this one. Other two are getting their spotlight too. In one way or another.

Gabriel Reyes. Also known as Reaper. A ruthless killer, a mercenary and once upon a time a badass commander that lead the Blackwatch. Still, he would give all that up for a chance to take back his words from previous evening when he woke up or better said was woken up. His troubles began as soon as it was time to turn in for the night and he made a mistake of letting Sombra sleep on the top bunk. He could safely bet that the woman snores louder than a barracks full of army grunts. Because of that, he couldn’t fall asleep until late into the night. And when he finally did, he was woken up by angry yells from the four women he is sharing the apartment with soon after. From what he heard, he deduced that for some reason, the bladders on all four decided to be full at the exact same time. Rogue, by using her blinking managed to get to the toilet first and now other three are yelling at her to hurry up and she is yelling back that she is not done yet. He pulls off the blanket and sits up, giving up on his attempts to prolong his sleep for a minute or two. With a pained grunt, he holds his head. Too heavy from the lack of sleep. Once the cobwebs from his mind clear a bit he dresses up. Just the shirt, pants and boots and walks out of the room and to the balcony. Some fresh air will do his head a world of good and balcony door is decently soundproofed. Leaning on the fence he looks out at the city skyline. Its early morning and with the dawning sun the King’s Row is waking up. There are mothers leading their children to schools, men in suits rushing to work. And an occasional omnic assisting their master in their chores. No grunts twitching when he is walking past. No identical grey walls that seem to stretch to infinity. No sweaty superiors to bark orders at him, while afraid that he will snap their neck if they so much as look at him wrong. Talons base or this almost serene scene? He confirms again that he made the right decision back then. He will help Rogue get her payback and maybe along the way she will help him close a dark chapter in his life and start a new one. Signs of that happening are already starting to show. He, Olivia and Amélie all laugh far more and more honestly since they got together with Rogue back when she took down Akande. Even his constant pain is starting to decline in intensity.

And speaking of the devil, “Morning love,” she chirps when she joins him on the balcony and leans on the fence next to him.

“Morning Rogue,” he grunts back and looks at her.

She seems to realize his state when their eyes meet, “Not enough sleep?”
“How could I? When,” he points towards Olivia who is still waiting for her turn with his arm, “that woman has a trumpet built into her nose?”

“That was her?” Rogue chuckles, “Damn.” then cursed when something came to mind. Reyes raises an eyebrow, curious what that curse was for. “We bet who it was that snored so loudly and Amélie and Emily bet that it was Sombra while my bet was on you.”

“And?” he asks her to continue.

“And now I own them both a dinner.” Rogue slouches on the fence.

Reyes looks back at the skyline, “Just do it while we are still here,” he explains, “Olivia needs to pay for everything anyway, right?” He can hear her inhale sharply and then feels her arms around him when she wraps him in a hug.

“Reyes, you’re a genius.” She chirps and leans on his shoulder.

“Wouldn’t really call myself a genius,” he scruffs her hair and one of those honest smiles creeps on his face, “But I have my moments.”

She lets go of her hug but remains leaned on his shoulder, “What if after breakfast I take others to do some shopping and you can catch up on some shut-eye in peace?”

“Okay.” He nods, “But what’s for breakfast?”

“How do pancakes sound?” she straightens up to look at him.

“To that I say,” he straightness his back and turns completely to look at her, “That you didn’t have pancakes until you tried Gabriel Reyes pancakes.”

“Oh?” she tilts her head.

“Yep,” he crosses his arms and grins, “But we do it my way.” His posture reminds Rogue of the days she saw him in Blackwatch uniform.

Coming up with a funny joke, she straightens her back, arms glued to her sides and looks him straight in the eyes, “Rogue reporting for duty, Reyes.”

“Alright Rogue,” he mimics her, as he picks up on the joke, “Let the mission Pancakes begin.” And they both march inside and head towards the kitchen.
Cooking with Reyes

Chapter Summary

Rogue and Reyes make breakfast. Other three watch them.

Rogue and Reyes arrive in the kitchen while still keeping the army act up.

“Rogue. Secure eggs, milk, and flour.” Reyes barks his order then opens a few overhead cabinets, looking for the mixing bowl and the utensils he will need.

“Yes, Reyes.” Rogue responds as if responding to a drill sergeant, “Bowl in the right cabinet, utensils bottom left.” And guessing correctly what he is looking for she tells him where to find it. Once she gathers everything he requested she puts the items on the counter, “Supplies secured, Reyes.” She reports.

“Good job, Rogue.” He nods and starts adding the ingredients to the mixing bowl and getting the pancakes batter together. “Get a frying pan and heat it up on the stove.”

Emily took the second turn in the bathroom and when she came out she noticed Reyes and Rogue talking on the balcony, but decided that she should dress up first. But once that was done and she returned to the living room, they were gone from the balcony. Looking around the apartment, she tries to figure out where they could have gone. Then she hears their voices coming from the kitchen. She walks there but when she sees them almost dancing around the counter preparing breakfast she just leans on the door frame and silently watches. A smile tugs at her lips as her eyes follow her girlfriend. Her spiky hair bouncing with each step she takes or each move of her head. And despite the fact that the entire right side of her head is missing those cute spikes, she is still able to be so cheerful. And as it has always been, her cheerful attitude is still extremely contagious. Mr. Reyes next to her is wearing a face wide smile as well as they cook. ‘No matter how much you try to deny it, sweet, you are still Lena Oxton.’ Emily thinks as she remembers how she lit up her world when they first met.

Olivia who took the third turn went back to her room after she was done to try to prank Reyes, who she thought was still sleeping. But finding his bed empty she dressed up and walked out to search for him. Spotting Emily leaned on the door frame, “Hey Red. Did you se-” she calls but shuts up when Emily turns and signals a shush sign with her finger on her lips and waves her to come closer. Once there, she too sees Rogue and Reyes cooking and a whispering “Awww.” escapes her.

“I know, right,” Emily whispers back. “They look adorable.”

After she starts to add oil to the pan, Rogue leans towards Reyes, who is standing next to her, finishing the batter, “Don’t look. But Emily and Sombra are watching us.”

“I know.” He nods and gestures towards their reflection on a shiny surface of a metallic bowl in front of them. “You don’t always need to turn to see what’s behind you.” He gives her a tip he
picked up during his days as a soldier in the army.

“Pan heated and ready, Reyes.” Rogue reports with a loud and clear voice. They keep the army act up.

“Well done, Rogue.” He nods firmly, “Secure 1 large plate, 5 smaller ones and 5 sets of eating utensils.” They exchange position in front of the stove. Reyes sidestepping to the right. Rogue spinning behind his back and goes to get what he asked for. Once she has everything she needed, she places the large plate next to the stove and places the rest in front of her.

Emily and Olivia just watch in silence when Amélie who came from the room all dressed up, asks “What are you two doing?”

“Shhhh.” they both shush her, still thinking that they weren’t spotted yet. Then gesture towards the kitchen, almost in sync.

Amélie leans over Olivia to look and has the same reaction she had. “Awww.”

Emily wants to memorize this and pulls out her phone, setting it in Camera mode.

Rogue who silently watched Reyes as he is flipped pancakes one after another and setting them on the large plate she prepared, now leans towards him, “It looks like it’s photo time. Ready?” she whispers and they both grin as their thoughts seem to sync. They dip their hands into the batter and just before Emily manages to click the button they turn around. Reyes plasters his handprint on Rogue’s face and she, in turn, makes three diagonal lines on his. They both go cross-eyed and stick out their tongues and flash a V sign with their hands that are covered in pancake batter while hugging each other over the shoulders with the other one. The flash blinks and immortalizes the moment. Olivia explodes into laughter, joined by Amélie and Emily who first looked at the resulting picture then showed it to the other two.

“Perfect,” Amélie comments while laughing. Warm feelings waking up in her cold chest. It’s barely been a few days since Rogue boarded that plane. But ever since, she lit up her world like a bright sun. No more dark and grey days that seem to blend into one another and she would just wait for an order to kill this or that target then forget about what happened as soon as she came back to base, even if Talon didn’t wipe her head when they thought that her conditioning was slipping. Now, every moment is worth remembering. And she can see that she herself is not the only one being influenced by her cheerful personality. While they were in Talons base, she could count moments where Reaper smiled, let alone laughed on the fingers of one hand. But now, he seems like he’s really enjoying himself. Maybe someone like Rogue was what they all needed. But a different emotion now wakes in her heart. Fear. Fear that that larger than life happy smile on that small woman could be lost forever if she loses herself during her self-appointed mission to completely wipe Talon off the face of the Earth. She saw it happen three times already. The smile and the light in her eyes gone and a single thought seemed to occupy her head at the time. Kill. A laughter shakes her from her dark thoughts and it comes from a source she thought will never tolerate. Olivia. Someone who will never admit that she did, but changed too. She is far less of an insufferable co-worker, who you work with just because you need to and is becoming someone she could call a friend. She hugs her new friend over her shoulders and pulls her against her.

Olivia, surprised by her gesture looks at her. But when their eyes meet she nods and smiles knowingly. She looks back at Reyes and Rogue who are laughing while wiping their faces. She leans on Amélie’s shoulder and exhales in relaxation. ‘Maybe. Just maybe. Familia.’ A thought crosses her mind as she continues to smile at the scene, her arm wrapping around Amélie’s waist.
**Pancakes time**

Chapter Summary

The gang eats their breakfast. After they are done, Rogue puts her plan, that will give Reyes some peace and quiet, into action.

Chapter Notes

Not saying anything for sure, but there might be chapters over the weekend too.

Got something planned for the next week with this story.

Rogue finishes cleaning her face of pancake batter and an idea crosses her mind. “Alright maggots,” she barks at the three ladies that are looking at the picture on Emily’s phone. Reyes chuckles hearing that when he is done with his face and gets back to finish making a few last pancakes. And when they all look at her, they can see her staring at them with a serious look and doing her best to mimic a drill sergeant. “Single file and come up here,” she points to the ground just in front of her, “One by one.”

They all figure out what she is playing at and line up. Amélie first, followed by Olivia and Emily who had to put away her phone first. “You’re one tall maggot, aren’t you?” she tries to keep up with her act when Amélie, who is a full head taller than her, walks up. She chokes down a giggle that threatened to escape and Amélie seemed to have similar troubles. She then turns around and grabs the stack of plates and eating utensils and hands them to her, “You set the table.” With a nod and her hands now full, Amélie turns around and heads to the living room. The table in the kitchen is only big enough for two.

While Olivia was walking up, Rogue gathers a few pancake toppings of her choosing and hands them over, “What happened to you?” she tries to chew her up too, “Someone farted in your face and blew half your hair away?” and comments her shaved side. Olivia giggles as she grabs the stuff from Rogue’s hands and raises an eyebrow, ‘Like you are one to talk.’ as she too is missing half of her hair then turns around and follows Amélie.

Emily walks up next, “You’re a special bird aren’t you?” Rogue keeps up her act. “Lean forward a bit, will you?” Emily does as she was told and Rogue first pecks each of her cheeks then kisses her on the lips. “Grab some cups, I’ll prep some hot chocolate to go with the pancakes.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Emily does her best to salute and walks past Rogue who can’t miss on the perfect chance and swats Emily’s behind. “Cheeky,” Emily comments with a giggle, sashaying her behind as she grabs the cups. Reyes rolls his eyes at their antics when he finished making the last pancake and sets it on the quite a large stack that formed on the larger plate. As she said, Rogue heated up some milk and made a medium sized pot of hot chocolate. With that done, Reyes grabbed the plate of pancakes and she grabbed the pot and they join the three in the living room. Seating arrangement same as on the previous day. They each grab a pancake and pour some hot chocolate into their cups. Seeing everyone is ready Rogue says, “Bon Appetit” and they all bite into the
pancakes only to freeze when the taste hits them. All four women slowly turn their heads to look at Reyes with wide eyes. “Holy shit, mate.” Rogue is the first to comment. “Bloody ‘ell.” Emily joins her, followed by, “Mon Dieu.” Amélie and, “Hijo de tu puta madre.” Olivia.

Though already knowing the answer, Reyes keeps a poker face, “What? Are they any good?”

After stuffing her face with what she had in her hand, “This is amazing.” Rogue mumbles with a full mouth and grabs another from the stack.

“They are delicious.” Emily, also reaching for another compliments them as well.

“They are really tasteful.” Amélie tries to follow their examples and reaches for another only to be beaten by Olivia, “That’s it. Gabe is on breakfast duty for the rest of the week.” Other three hum and nod in agreement and they all attack the pancakes in earnest. The stack of pancakes soon disappears and the pot of chocolate gets cleaned up too. They all lean backward and slump into their seats, rubbing their full bellies.

“Paaaah,” Rogue exhales, “Ladies, you up for a shopping run?”

“I’m paying aren’t I?” Olivia lazily turns her head to look at her.

“Duuuh,” Rogue smirks. “You guys need some casual clothes. Those rags might be good for combat but if we went to a pub,”

“Or dinner.” Emily and Amélie comment in sync, reminding her that she owes them one.

“Or that,” Rogue chuckles, “You would stick out like sore thumbs.”

“And you are not just saying this because you want to see me in an evening dress, now do you, chérie?” Amélie teases her.

Rogue and Emily both gulp loudly at that mental image. “Nooo,” Rogue drags out, “Maybe.” then surrenders and peaks sidelong at Amélie.

“She has you two figured out already.” Olivia laughs.

“She’s… Pretty open too,” Emily looks at Olivia with a teasing smirk, shooting her a wink.

“Oh ho ho ho. Do tell.” Olivia leans forward when she sees Amélie blushing. Reyes only rolls his eyes, keeping his thoughts to himself.

“What happens in that bedroom, stays in that bedroom.” Rogue shuts Olivia down with crossed arms and a face-wide grin.

“Alright,” Reyes now claps to get their attention, “You ladies get ready for your shopping trip,” then stands up and starts getting the plates together, “I’ll clean this up.”

“Oh, you don’t have to,” Emily tries to interrupt, “You already made the breakfast.” and gets up to help him.

“No, no,” he lightly swats her hand away, “I got this. You guys go and have fun.”

Rogue knowing why he insists, shakes her head when Emily looks at her, “He’ll catch some shut-eye,” she whispers to Emily when she stands up too and flicks her head towards Olivia. Smiling knowingly Emily nods and they all head to their rooms to get ready.
Ladies get ready

Chapter Summary

Ladies get ready to hit the shops. But Rogue has a better idea.

Chapter Notes

Like I mentioned before, I'll be posting chapters over this weekend too. And clench your behinds because I got something good planned for Monday ;)

Any comments on this week's chapters would be great.

Amélie was probed and touched all the time by Talons doctors as they checked and re-checked how her body and her mind was doing. She hated it every time and wanted nothing more than put bullets into their head or wring their necks on the spot, but she couldn't. She was always heavily sedated and bound. So she feared that when Emily and Rogue suggested that she sleeps with them she would fight them off on reflex. But no. Both then and now, as they try to find her something to wear among Emily’s clothes that are most likely to fit her as both women are almost the same in height, she welcomes their touches. Even when Rogue gets grabby and squeezes at her behind almost every time her hand wanders there. And where Rogue goes for a quick squeeze, Emily seems to prefer a longer and slower caress where her palm pressed into her skin and lingers over a spot where her touch brings a happy sigh out of her. The problem they are facing now is that when Emily almost matches her in height, she is brawnier. So the clothes are too wide at the shoulders and too narrow at the waist. Emily just sighed in disappointment for the tenth time when another single piece dress didn’t fit properly when Rogue suddenly chirps, “I got it.”

And goes and digs in her part of the closet. “Em, find those jeans we bought for you last summer.” She instructs her girlfriend and, “Gotcha.” pulls out a black leather jacket that looks too big but would still look good on her. “Try this Amélie.” She hands it to her.

“And these,” Emily hands her the before mentioned pants. They fit.

“And where is that,” Rogue goes back to dig through the closet and tries to find her white scarf, “Oh,” she remembers and, “Right.” confirms that what she's looking for can’t be found anymore with a sad tone. But she cheers right up, “No biggie, this one,” she pulls out a yellow silk one, “will bring out your eyes.” And wraps it around Amélie’s neck.

“And this shirt,” Emily holds a dark red shirt in front of her, “you will look okay.”

Amélie dresses up and Emily and Rogue help her with her makeup and hair. Even if black leather jacket and jeans wouldn’t be her first choice she must admit it herself. With her hair loose over her back and the slight touches of makeup Emily made she looks more than okay. And the smiling faces of Rogue and Emily, who leaned on her shoulders only confirm that. Emily changes her clothes to the outgoing ones too and it’s only when Rogue strips to her underwear and she and Amélie see the full extent of the injuries she sustained does the cheery mood plummet. “Mon Dieu,
“chérie,” Amélie exhales when she and Emily both go wide-eyed as they look at Rogue’s back. They could feel it last night, but seeing it is something else. She lost most of her right side and now black and red cybernetics are replacing it. The injuries were most extensive in her upper body including the right half of the neck and head. Her entire right leg is metallic as well. Skin white where it meets the metal.

“What is it,” Rogue turns her head to look over her shoulder, “Oh.” And sees their looks and what they are looking at. She completely turns around and spreads her arms, “Yep,” she starts with a wry smile, “This is me now.” Emily and Amélie don’t even think, just react and wrap her in a hug.

“Does it hurt?” Emily asks, nuzzling into Rogue’s shoulder.

“A bit,” Rogue nods, “Sometimes. When I jump all over the place fighting.”

Both Emily and Amélie lightly squeeze their hug. And feel Rogue wrap her arms around their waists, “C’mon, you guys. I’m fine.” She taps with her hands for them to let go. They don’t release her. “Okay then.” She tightens her grip around their waists and with a strength that neither of the two expected her to have, she lifts them both on her shoulders.

“What? Hey.” Emily yelps, and demands “Put me down.” Amélie gave up as soon as she felt herself being lifted.

“Nope,” Rogue responds with a grin and walks outside of the room.

Olivia just walked outside of her room, dressed and ready when she sees them. Rogue in her underwear. Emily and Amélie dangling off her shoulders. “Rápida,” she laughs, “What are you doing?” Hearing her, Reyes who spilled himself on the couch after he cleaned up and was now channel surfing lifts himself over the couches backrest to look but spotting Rogue in her underwear he quickly retreats back behind it.

“Just removing some annoyances,” she purrs, mimicking Amélie as she bounces them on her shoulders, getting a pained yelp from both, “that keep me from getting dressed.” She lowers them on the ground, “Keep them busy for me, will you?” She waves over her shoulder after she turned around and walks back inside the room, closing the doors after she enters.

“Ungrateful little,” Emily grumbles as she mockingly pouts, arms crossed.

“And she dared to call me an annoyance.” Amélie mimics her. They look at each other, and after a second they both start laughing.

Olivia walks closer, “Uuuh, Araña,” and purrs, fanning herself with her hand, “You look good.”

“And me?” Emily asks when they turn around to look at Olivia.

“You look good, no matter what you wear Red,” she waves her off, “But seeing Araña like this, ay caramba.” She now pulls at her collar as to release the steam that built up under her shirt.

“Thank you,” Amélie almost shyly thanks her.

“Hey Gabe,” Olivia calls him, “Look at our girl.” He lifts himself again and looks, then drops back and gives them a thumbs up. “Meh, leave his grumpy ass,” Olivia comments his mellow reaction. Emily and Amélie chuckle, knowing the reason why he is so lifeless.

Rogue walks out of the room a few minutes later, wearing a similar outfit to Amélie’s. Only her shirt is black with a skull printed on it and she added a stubbed belt around her waist, earrings into
her ear, put on some aviator shades and has two open-faced helmets tucked under her arms. “Hey Em,” she calls, and all three turn to look at her. “Old gals still run?” She wiggles the helmets she now holds in her hands.

“Yes,” Emily smiles widely, “Yes they do.” And a happy memory of the days where she and Rogue sped along the curving roads of rural areas outside the main cities on their bikes wakes in her mind. Not the new anti-grav ones, but good old wheeled ones. The Triumph twin heads rumbling as they passed each other multiple times, enjoying the feeling of wind in their hair.
Olivia Colomar or better known as Sombra considered herself a brave person. But after seeing the two motorcycles in the garage where they went after saying goodbye to Reyes, all kinds of alarms are going off in her head. “Ah ah, no way,” she shakes her head, looking at Rouge while pointing at the bulky looking bike, “There is no way in the world that I’m going on that with you.”

“Fine by me,” Rogue just shrugs, “Then Amélie is riding with me. But you might come to regret picking Emily.” she grins wickedly as she mounts the bike and kicks away its support strut so that she now holds it upright with her own legs. Reversing out of its parking spot, she hands the helmet she had locked in the bike’s storage box to Amélie and turns the key to start it up. “Purrs like a kitten,” she exhales joyfully. Amélie mounts the bike and wraps her arms around Rogue’s waist. “Love how that feels,” Rogue, looking back at her, smiles. They wait for Emily and Olivia to get ready too and they are off into late morning Row’s traffic.

Olivia watched the road for exactly 5 seconds, then buried her face between Emily’s shoulder blades and started to pray for safe arrival as she shivered from fear when Emily opened the throttle and weaved between the cars. ‘Maybe Rogue was right,’ crosses her mind, but that thought gets obliterated when Rogue passes them, pulling a wheelie, missing cars by a hairs width. Face wide grins on both her and Amélie, who even has the time to wave hello, “Bonjour.”

“Emily,” Olivia, who looks when Amélie greets them, begs, “Please, please. I’ll do anything, just don’t do that.” Then her face is back digging into Emily’s back.

“Alright, Olivia.” Emily chuckles, “Here, I’ll slow down.” And eases off the throttle so they start to cruise more leisurely. “But try to take a look. You are really missing out.”

“No,” she shakes her head, “No way.” What Olivia doesn’t notice is that they rode outside the city limits and are now reaching a more rural area.

“C’mon, just take a peek for 3 seconds.” Emily encourages her.

After taking a deep breath, Olivia slowly pokes her head from behind Emily’s shoulder and looks at the road ahead. Gone are the tall buildings and bumper to bumper traffic. Gone are the traffic lights and narrow spaces between the cars, where she wouldn’t dare to try to fit between while walking, let alone drive a bike through it. All that is replaced by a simple two-way countryside road that curves now to the left, then to the right, surrounded by what seems like endless meadows, split by stone walls. “Wow.” Her eyes go wide as she takes in the scene.

“Told you,” Emily chuckles, “Rogue thought we could take you guys on a ride for a bit before hitting the shops.” She explains why they are no longer in the city. Olivia has seen some beautiful sights in her life. Her own home country has a few that will drop your jaw, but now, she feels more relaxed like she did in a long time. Is it because of the company? Maybe the swaying side to side as she leans with the bike through the curves? She can’t really tell. But what she is sure of, is that she is happy. Right here, right now. Of course, what Rogue and Amélie are doing still scares the ghost
out of her, but Emily has the right idea of how she enjoys her time off. Things are hectic enough when bullets whiz past her head and she needs to be moving fast all the time. No need for that in her time off. Speaking of the two that don’t know how to slow down, “Where are they anyway?” Olivia asks as she can’t spot them anywhere ahead of them.

“Wait for it,” Emily tells her and when they drive through a blind curve she flicks her head, “Right there.” And Olivia can now see Rogue and Amélie on the road ahead leaning so hard into a curve that their knees nearly scrape the road. Bike roaring as Rogue pushes the engine to its limits.

“Please don’t do that.” Olivia pleads.

“As much as I would love to,” Emily answers, “I won’t. I want you to enjoy this and not get you scarred for life.” Olivia lightly squeezes with her arms around Emily’s waist in gratitude and they continue to cruise at moderate speed, taking in the scenery that surrounds them.
Amélie rides a motorcycle

Chapter Summary

Once Rogue gets enough of riding like a maniac, she decides to teach Amélie how to ride as well.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is somewhat boring but I think it still has entertaining value.

Every motorcycle rider out there will probably cringe hard if they read this. Sorry. But I don't ride so I wrote this by logic and what I know from driving a car. Looked at some pic's to see where things are on the bike.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A complete opposite to Emily’s and Olivia’s leisure ride, Rogue was still pushing her bike to its limits, completely oblivious to anything but the road ahead. Curve after a curve is taken at breathtaking speed. And it’s only when they reach a straight part of the road that she eases off the throttle. “Hey Ame,” she calls.

“Yes?” Her passenger answers.

“You wanna try it?” Rogue lifts herself to sit straighter and looks at Amélie over her shoulder.

“Try what?” she doesn’t understand what she is asking right away. “Riding?”

“Yeah,” Rogue nods. “C’mon, give it a shot.”

“I don’t know,” she hesitates. “I never did anything similar.”

“Don’t worry, love,” Rogue starts braking and directs the bike towards the side of the road. “I’ll guide you every step of the way.” She encourages her as they come to a stop and she puts the bike into neutral. “Here, I’ll hop off, but you need to keep it straight.” And after Amélie nods, Rogue gets off and holds the handlebars so Amélie can move to the front. Once she moved and has her feet firmly on the ground Rogue lets go and walks to the front. “Okay, I’ll give you a crash course. This is,” she points to the right-hand handle, “the throttle. Give it a small twist to get a feel for it.” Amélie does as told and the engine roars and dies down to a rumble when she eases off. She repeats the same move a few times then nods. “Got it? Great. Next, this is the front brake,” Rogue points to a lever just in front of the handle Amélie just twisted, “And the rear one is the pedal next to your right leg.” Amélie looks at both then looks back at Rogue, “Again, front brake,” she points to the lever again, then “and the rear one by your right leg. Got it?”

“Yes.” Amélie answers with a nod after she looked at both again.

“Don’t mix ’em up or you gonna crash.” Rogue warns her then continues her explanation, “Next,
this is the clutch,” and points to the lever in front of the left handle, “You need to squeeze this when you want to shift gears. I just listen to the engine and when I think it’s the right time to shift, I do it. But to shift gears,” she points to the pedal by Amélie’s left leg, “by kicking up or pressing on that pedal.” Amélie, same as before looks at both then looks back at Rogue. “Give it a try, squeeze the lever,” Amélie squeezes, “Now first shift your weight so you can support the bike with your right leg alone,” Amélie leans slightly to her right, “Good, now press the pedal but keep holding the lever.” and she does that as well, “Did you feel that? The click when it fell into the gear?” Rogue asks her.

“I did, yes.” Amélie nods.

“Great. Now kick up the pedal so it goes back to neutral.” Rogue instructs her next. Amélie does as she was told. “Same question. Did you feel the click? It should be slightly different.”

“Yes, and I did feel the difference too.” Amélie smiles.

“Awesome, you are good to go. Just let me sit behind you,” Rogue gets back on the bike and holds Amélie at her waist. She leans to the left to see what Amélie does and instructs, “Now, same as before. Clutch, then kick up the pedal.” Amélie does as told. “Well done. Keep holding the clutch squeezed and first step down on your left leg too so the bike straightens upright.” Once she did that, Rogue continues, “Awesome. Now, slowly release the clutch but watch out for the kick. This girl is sassy and likes to kick before letting you ride her.” Rogue chuckles and so would Amélie but she is concentrating hard on what she is doing. And when she is about one third through releasing the clutch the bike jumps a bit but as she was warned she expected it and continues to release the lever and the bike slowly picks up speed. “Good job, now twist the throttle a bit and once we pick up enough speed lift your legs on the struts behind the pedals.”

‘We are moving!’ Amélie’s mind races from joy, as they pick up enough speed and she lifts her legs off the ground and on the struts. Twisting the throttle some more, they speed up even more.

“Yeah!” Rogue cheers, behind her, “You did it.” And wraps her arms around Amélie’s waist, “I knew you would. Now we are about as fast as we will go in this gear. So clutch, ease off the throttle a bit, kick up the pedal then as you release the clutch, twist the throttle a bit as well.”

Amélie does it on her first try and the bike picks up even more speed and when she hears that the engine started to get loud she does it again. They soon reach a decent cruising speed and she feels Rogue nuzzling into her back, “Great job, Amélie,” and she squeezes lightly with her arms. They reach a curve and Rogue gets a bit antsy, but Amélie just leans like she saw her do it and they drive through it without any trouble. “You’re a natural, love.” Rogue quips then looked behind as she heard another bike approaching them. It’s Emily and Olivia who caught up while she was instructing Amélie. She waves them closer and Emily pulls next to them and matches their speed.

“Wow, Amélie.” Emily smiles cheerfully as she looks at them, “Didn’t know you could ride.”

“Neither did I,” Amélie answers her with a smile of her own but keeps her eyes on the road ahead.

“She’s a natural, sweet.” Rogue grins. “I think there’s a rest stop just ahead and we can take a break there.”

Chapter End Notes
Okay, guys. Fair warning. Clench those behinds and hold on to your seats. Tomorrow's chapter is done and dusted.
Rest time is over

Chapter Summary

Sombra gets a call. A call that carries bad news.

Chapter Notes

As promised, this chapter will shake things. Maybe in a way you expected, maybe not. Hope you like it.

They pull into the rest stop and park near the shop. Rogue dismounted first then instructed Amélie how to kill the engine and pull out the support strut before she was wrapped into a hug by her girlfriend. “Sorry,” her emotions get the best of Emily, “But I thought I’ll never be able to do this with you anymore.”

“Heh,” Rogue returns the hug, “You know I always bounce back, no matter what.”

Olivia and Amélie let them have their moment before Olivia chirps, “Photo time!” then turns and looks around. Spotting what she was looking for, “Hey!” she calls for someone, “Yeah, you with a funny hat. Come here for a second.” And waves a man that was just about to enter the shop to come closer. “Emily, phone.” And after Emily hands it to her she walks to the man, “You know how to take a picture with this?” and shows the phone the man. He nods. “Good. Now take one of me and my girls.” They pose next to the parked bikes, in pairs that they rode together.

“Ready?” The man asks, pointing the phone’s camera at them. They nod. But just before he clicked the trigger and the camera flashed, Olivia’s phone buzzed in her pants pocket and she looked down.

Emily goes and gets her phone back and thanks the man. “Damn. Rogue and Amélie, you guys look like a couple, dressed like that.” She comments the photo and shows it to them. “Awww, look, love,” Rogue leans on Amélie’s shoulder, “We match.” They all giggle at that. Olivia walked a few steps away to check her phone. A string of angry curses in Spanish is what the other three hear from her next.

“Something wrong?” Rogue asks when Olivia comes back and wears an expression that tells the other that she is about ready to murder somebody.

“Yes, Rápida,” Olivia, looks at her with a serious expression, “We got trouble.”

“Tic-Tac trouble?” Rogue asks, using a code word they agreed upon for Talon.

“Mhm,” she nods, “and it’s domestic. Not import.” and confirms her guess and can see Rogue’s face grimace into something between anger and a wicked grin. Amélie with her sharp sniper eyes is the only one that notices the difference between Rogue’s usual anger and this one. Her best guess is that when Olivia told her that it’s domestic Rogue wants to protect Emily more then she wants to
kill Talon.

As if somebody flipped a switch in her head, “Alright. Wake the sleeping tiger and tell him to gear up. We got work to do.” Rogue growls with a low voice. All cheerfulness and smiles, gone. She mounts the bike and starts it. “Mount up. And Emily,” She looks at her girlfriend who twitches when she sees Rogue’s eyes. Eyes that scream *kill* and have lost their usual light. “Push it.” Emily nods and once they pull out of the rest stop, both Rogue and Emily open the throttle to the max. Their passengers holding on tightly so they don’t fall off as they take turns at even greater speed than before. Olivia doesn’t even have the time to be afraid as she is calling Reyes to relay the information and what Rogue told her.

Getting back faster than when they went, thanks to both traffic clearing up and Rogue and Emily pushing the absolute limits of their bikes they walk briskly up to the apartment and catch Reyes as he changed into his coat and combat gear coming out of his room. Emily goes to the kitchen to make some coffee and tea while the other four sit around the table in the living room. “Sombra,” Rogue, who took exactly ten seconds to change into her gear as well, “Pull out the plans for the nearest Talon base.” Amélie who changed into her Widowmaker outfit too and brought the Kiss with her sat down on Rogue’s right.

Sombra does as told and soon the space just above the table glows in a holographic projection of a Talon’s base. “Rogue,” she looks at her, “It’s here. In London.”

Emily, bringing the drinks, can see Rogue’s eyes narrowed into thin slits upon hearing that. She puts the tray on the table and sits on her left.

Looking at the displayed plans, Rogue starts laying down the game plan. “Sombra, you get me and Reaper in there and see if you can get anything useful off their servers. After that, join Widow who will keep a lookout from outside and watch her back.” Rogue grins as she looks at Reaper, “You,” she points at him, “and me,” then points to herself, “get to do the good stuff. Nothing in there,” she points to the projection, “lives to see tomorrow. You understand what I’m saying?”

He nods, “Perfectly.” and answers while cracking his knuckles.

“Wid-” Rogue wants to tell her something but cracking of glass grabs her attention and before she even has the time to look at the source of the noise Amélie shouts, “SNIPER!” and shoulders her Kiss and returns fire. She misses but manages to flush the shooter out of their perch.

“Everyone okay?” Rogue’s sight snapping from Sombra to Widow, then Reaper but before she reaches him, a voice that struggles to get words out catches her attention.

“Le-Lena, sweet,” Emily chokes, looking at her girlfriend as dull pain spreads through her chest and she has trouble breathing.

Rogue snaps her head towards her and can see a red stain that is getting larger and larger on her chest. “EMILY!!!” she shouts on top of her lunges and launches towards her. “Sombra,” she calls while setting Emily who already lost her consciousness on the couch and is holding her wound closed with one hand while checking for her vitals with the other, “Call Gibraltar and get Mercy here, NOW!!!”

Reaper who helped Rogue set Emily into lying position, “It went through.” reports that the bullet went through Emily and the couch behind her. Important to know when you need to apply first aid.

“Reaper, Widow,” Rogue, taking care of Emily, growls, “You catch that bastard. Alive. I wanna have a little chat with them.”
Reyes and Amélie stand on the balcony and their thoughts seem to be in sync when they look at each other and nod. They became Reaper and Widowmaker the moment they saw their newest friend lose her consciousness. The gentle and kind Emily. Emily, who accepted all three of them without asking too many questions. Emily, who probably never held a weapon in her hand during her entire life. If it wasn’t for Rogue telling them to keep them alive, neither of them wouldn’t want anything less than to squeeze the life out of that shooter. Nice and slowly. Savoring every second of the process.

“You got ‘em?” Reaper growls with a low voice as he scans the rooftops for any signs of the shooter.

“Yes,” Widowmaker, who pulled her goggles over her eyes and can now see through the buildings and sees the heat signatures of any and all living beings in her line of sight. “Five blocks ahead, 10 o’clock.” That’s all they needed to know and Reaper shadow steps three rooftops ahead and starts sprinting as soon as he forms up with Widowmaker right on his heels, swinging on her grapple. The chase is on and two predators are hunting their prey. Prey that signed their death sentence the very moment they pulled that trigger.

Back in the apartment, Sombra’s call gets through and Winston answers, “Yes? Hello. Who is this?” He asks because Sombra masked her caller id.

“Shut it monkey and listen,” Sombra growls angrily. “It’s an emergency and we need Mercy right away.”

“Now list-” Winston tries to retort, but Rogue grabs the phone out of Sombra’s hand, “Winston, love,” she dials her anger down a bit, “Emily got shot. Get Mercy here. Right NOW!” but can’t keep it down.

Winston, even though a storm of emotion starts to swirl in his head when he hears that, keeps his cool because he knows that panicking and getting upset will only make things worse and responds with a calm voice, “Patching your through.” And not even a two seconds pass when Angela picks up, “Hello?”

“Angie, Angie!” Rogue’s voice shakes from both anger and fear, “Emily got shot. Please get to our apartment as soon as possible.” She can hear a click that meant that Angela switched from the phone to her earbud that frees her hands.

“Tell me, Rogue,” she asks with a professional voice, “What’s the situation with Emily.” And Rogue can hear in the background that she is already getting her medical equipment together.
“She got shot in the chest.” Rogue describes Emily's wound when her training on how to give a medical emergency report kicks in. “The bullet went through. She has a pulse and is breathing but both are getting weaker by the second. She lost consciousness almost immediately.” She gives the details in a clear and loud voice as Angela taught her all those years ago.

“Alright,” Angela responds, “If she has a pulse that means that the bullet missed her heart, but the dropping vitals could mean that it hit the lungs. Keep monitoring. I will be there faster than you think.”

“Please hurry,” Rogue begs.

“Will do. Oh,” Angela remembers something, “Is your balcony door open?”

“Balcony doors?” Rogue gets confused by her question at first but still looks and sees that the two that she sent after the shooter left them open. “Yes, they are. Why?”

“Gut, gut. Because I plan to fly right in with my Valkyrie.” Angela answers, then Rogue can hear her calling for Fareeha, “Fareeha, gear up. We are testing the new Medical emergency protocol we practiced the other day.” Angela then switches her attention back to Rogue, “Don’t worry, liebchen. We will be there before you know it.” Then cuts the line. And true to her word, barely 5 minutes pass when Rogue can hear her wings deploy and she glides through the balcony doors into the apartment running for a bit to kill the momentum.

“Angie?” Rogue looks at her with a confused look, not recognizing the doctor right away because of the gear she wears. Sure, the wings of the Valkyrie are the same, if maybe a bit bigger, but the rest is far more robust and armored. Her face covered with a white helmet that has small golden wings on each side and a yellow visor.

She nods, “Yes,” then takes off her helmet, “It’s me,” and answers with a smile that turns into her professional expression when she walks closer. “What’s the status?” she asks as she takes off her armored gloves andunpacks her equipment when she kneeled next to the couch where Emily is lying.

“Pulse and breathing got even weaker but are still there.” Rogue answers, the hand with which she is trying to close Emily’s wound covered in blood.

“Alright. Let me take it from here.” Angela looks at her, and gently removes Rogue’s hand off the wound and starts working. Rogue stands up and moves out of the way, giving Angela as much space as she needs when she hears the jets on Pharah’s Raptora roar then shut down when she lands on the balcony and walks in too.

“Hello,” she greets them while taking off her helmet. Rogue notices that her Raptora is different too. Bigger wings and jets and the helmet encloses her entire face. She falls back on her aviation knowledge and makes a guess that they probably somehow attached Angela to Fareeha, who then blasted off from Gibraltar faster than any plane they have there could. Once over the Row, Angela detached and glided down on her wings while Fareeha had to lose some speed first before coming in for a landing.

“Angie, you got this right?” Rogue asks and her eyes narrow, her sight shifting between balcony and Angela.

“Yes,” Angela responds without looking, her hands busy, closing Emily’s wounds and checking her vitals. “She will need to come back to Gibraltar for surgery, but I can stabilize her here.”
“Good,” Rogue, who switched to her hunt mode upon hearing that, nods, “Sombra will come with you to keep me updated,” then points to Sombra who is watching from the side and her eyes go wide. But seeing Emily, her newest friend, lying there, she chokes down her fear of Overwatch’s finest and nods firmly.

“For as long as she behaves,” Fareeha, who realized from Sombra’s demeanor that they became friends, answers, “I don’t mind.”

“Marvy,” Rogue grins and slams her fist into her palm, “I got something else to do.” She sprints towards the balcony and blinks to the next rooftop and she is gone.

Seeing Fareeha’s eyes follow Rogue, Sombra offers an explanation, “Reaper and Widowmaker are chasing and probably already caught the one that did this,” she points to Emily. A grin creeps on her face before she continues, “And Rogue is about to have a chat with them.”

Fully aware what that chat probably entitles, Fareeha nods, “They sure picked the wrong people to piss off, didn’t they?”

“You have no idea, cohete,” Sombra smirks. She would want a go at the bastard that did this too, but if Rogue trusts her enough to ask her to watch over Emily, she is perfectly content with doing that. She is sure that they will make them feel her share of anger too.
Reaper and Widowmaker caught up with the sniper after just a few blocks. Seeing their gear, they both recognize them as Talons. ‘That means Sombra was late with her warning.’ Reaper thinks as he wraiths across another rooftop and hears a familiar click when Widow’s grapple digs into concrete and she comes flying in an arc already trying to snipe at their target. But for one reason or another, she never pulls the trigger. Just aims, curses in French, then shoots out her grapple and propels herself ahead. “No clean shots?” Reaper asks as now only a single rooftop separates them from the Talons sniper that is running ahead of them and is glancing over their shoulder to look at their pursuers.

“No,” she responds, swings and flies through the air then repeats the aim, curse and grapple again before continuing, “I have the shot, but I fail to aim for a non-lethal one.”

“I’ll cut them off,” Reaper now changes direction to attempt to flank. “You go for their footing.” And instructs Widow to try and trip the sniper. She comes close enough with the next swing and slides down the angled roof and digs her heel into the targets, successfully breaking their footing and they began to tilt backward but almost regain it when Reaper wraiths in and grabs them by their helmet and shoves them into the ground. Widow spins out of the way and while jumping to her feet she kicks away their rifle. A scoped rifle that resembles her Kiss, she notices. Reaper punches the sniper’s stomach hard enough for them to gasp and cough under the helmet. The high pitch of the voice identifies them as a woman and Reaper doesn’t lose any time and flips her on her stomach and binds her arms. He sits her up and pulls off the helmet. “Fuck,” he curses when he sees her face, “A kid.” The girl looked maybe 20 years old, but he and Widow both know that she sealed her fate when she pulled the trigger, so he asks, “Why?”

The girl just glares daggers at him, not saying a word. Reaper growls and wants nothing more than ripping her face off for what she did to Emily. But he decided to turn a new leaf and he will try his hardest to do so, plus Rogue told them to keep her alive. “Look, you can talk to us and maybe the one that’s coming after us will let you live.” He kneels down to look at her at almost the same level.

That makes her chuckle, “Who? Tracer?”

“Smart girl,” Reaper claps, then boops her nose with his index finger, mimicking Sombra causing Widow to chuckle. “Problem is, that she is no longer Tracer. The Tracer that smiled and cheered as she danced around the battlefield is gone.” He sits down before continuing, “She is Rogue. And she will tear you apart without a second thought just for the kicks. Especially after what you just did.”

The girl looks at Widow who is standing and is keeping a lookout on their surroundings and their eyes meet. Widow nods, “He is not joking. Who do you think took down Akande and Moira?”

“What’s your name anyway?” Reaper changes the subject in an attempt to get her to talk. But she clams down and it’s obvious that she won’t say anything more. “Haaa,” he sighs, “You really think
you are protecting someone by keeping silent?” He gets back on his feet, “I give up. Rogue will make you sing like a little bird anyway.” then picks her up and puts her on his shoulder. “Widow, found an empty warehouse?” He asks as they walk towards the edge of the roof.

“Yes,” she nods and points at the building two block away with her arm. “That one was abandoned since the Crisis.” They head there and bind their captive to one of many support pillars.

“I sure hope Emily is alright,” Reaper talks to Widow while they keep an eye on the captured girl and wait for Rogue to join them.

“That doctor is a miracle worker,” Widow answer and leans on the pillar, “If anyone can make sure she survives, it’s her.”

Overhearing them, the curiosity gets the better of the bound girl, “I didn’t kill her?”

Reaper looks at her, “You took a good shot at it,” then shakes his head, “but no. She is still alive.” He walks closer to her, “I’ll repeat my question. Why her? Why not one of us?” But she doesn’t answer. A thought that terrifies her, crosses Widowmaker’s mind but she doesn’t voice it.

Rogue was blinking from rooftop to rooftop, following the marks that Widow’s grapple left behind like a bloodhound. Her right eye locking on them. She reaches the spot where Reaper and Widow took down their target in half the time they took and spots the dropped weapon. Catching her breath, she goes and picks it up. Her eye immediately feeds her information about it. ‘This was used to shoot Emily,’ she thinks and her blood boils. “Reaper, Widow. It’s Rogue,” she calls them over the coms, “Where are you guys?”

“Where are you?” Reaper asks back.

“I’m guessing where you took the sniper down. I’m holding their rifle.” She tells him and starts looking around for any hints where they could be.

“Shit,” Reaper curses, “Forgot about that. Anyway, can you see the warehouse on 10 o’clock?”

Rogue turns on instinct. She perfected that system in her years in the RAF. “Got it. You there?”

“Yes.” He answers then chuckles, “And we got a guest too.”

“Good,” she blinks right off the roof and is pushing open the doors of the said warehouse when she finishes her sentence, “Job.” with a grin so wicked, that seeing it made Reaper and Widow twitch. As she walks closer to them, eyes locked on their captive, she throws the rifle towards Widow, who catches is and shoulders it, then continues towards the bound girl Reaper is pointing at. Taking long and slow steps, “Well, well. What do we have here?” she cackles as she closes in and swings her right arm and right hooks the girl in the face. Blood starts to flow from her brow and lip. The only possible result when metal fist meets the skin on someone’s face. She crouches and points at her, “You,” then at herself, “and I are gonna have a little chat.”
Rogue gets busy

Chapter Summary

Rogue *chats* with the captured Talon sniper.

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning: torture, maiming, execution.

You have been warned and I suggest if you liked the story so far but don't like the things listed under the warning, skip this chapter or parts of it. Rogue and her gang and the rest have plenty more of a story to tell. And there are at least two more Talon targets that Rogue needs to tick off her list.

Rogue stares at the girl’s eyes from point blank range. She’s been at it for the last 2 minutes without moving a muscle. “Alright,” she gets up from her crouching position and starts to walk circles around the pillar the girl is bound to. “I’m gonna ask you a few questions,” and smacks the top of her head every time she passes, “And you are gonna answer them.” After she did four rounds she stops in front of her, “Or,” and unsheathes her energy blade, “this will get busy on your limbs.” She turns so she is facing her, “Understood?” The girl only glares back. Rogue chuckles then while sheathing her blade back into her hand she backhands her with it, “I asked you something.” she growls pulling out her pistol and presses it against her forehead. Despite the blood now flowing from both of her brows and her lip, the girl only stares back, blinking blood out of her eyes. “Tight-lipped little fuck, aren’t you?” she grins then looks at her thighs and finds a perfect target, to begin with. “This,” she unsheathes her blade again and stabs the girl into her left knee, “should get you talking or,”

The girl clenched her jaw when it digs into her leg and grimaces, trying her hardest to cope with the pain but when Rogue twists the blade it gets the better of her and, “AAAAAAAAAAAHH!” she screams at the top of her lungs.

“That.” Rogue grins and pulls the blade out of her maimed knee, blood drawing an arc on the floor as she shakes it off the blade before sheathing it. “Now that we know that your vocal cords work,” she cups the sweating and teary-eyed girl’s chin, “Let’s talk. Shall we?” But the girl only clenches her jaw muscles again and blinks her tears away and goes back to glaring daggers at Rogue. “Oh, c’mom.” Rogue sighs in mock disappointment and rolls her eyes, “Do I really need to demolish your other knee too, before you talk?” And she grabs her hair and pulls upwards so she has a perfect target and starts punching her with her left fist. Rogue’s knuckles pulse from pain but she doesn’t care. This bitch shot Emily. She should skin her alive but she needs her to tell her something first. But that doesn’t mean she can’t have some *fun* getting it out of her. While switching her punching from the girl’s face to her body, “Hey Widow,” Rogue calls when her right fist digs into the girl’s ribs and she can feel a few go. “Is she right or left handed?” A fellow sniper should be able to tell from how they hold their rifle.
Widow swings the rifle she shouldered before back into her hands and takes aim at the wall, “Mmm,” she hums, “I think she is right-handed.” She answers Rogue’s question then puts the rifle back on her back.

“Okay,” Rogue stops punching and walks around to the girl’s back where her hands are bound and confirmed Widow’s words when her right hand’s glove is leaving her index finger uncovered. She learned that two things are important to snipers above anything else. Their sight and their trigger finger and hand. She grabs the girls right palm and holds it so that it’s top is facing the floor. Next, she pulls out her pistol and presses the barrel of it between the second joint and the knuckle of the uncovered finger. She pulls the trigger without losing another thought about it, shooting that finger off completely. Then she shoots the center of that palm for good measure as well. She just basically disabled the girl’s ability to snipe again. Some snipers learn to shoot with their other arm but that takes time. Time Rogue doesn’t plan to give her. She walks back in front of her and tilts her head, asking silently if she is ready to talk. But the girl still only glares at her, the only difference is that more tears gathered in the corners of her eyes. ‘One tough bitch, aren’t you?’ Rogue grinned, ‘Fine by me,’ then grabs hold of her destroyed knee and decides to attack at her weak point again and she was just about to push her blade through her right knee and was already through her pants, the blade making contact with the skin when the girl yells, “STOP!” Rogue stops and looks at her.

“I’ll talk, just...” she takes a deep breath, “Please, stop.” and looks down in surrender. Her face bloodied and swollen. Breathing taxed because of the ribs that Rogue broke.

“Alright,” Rogue removes the blade and sheaths it then sits down in front of her, crossing her legs and leans her elbows on the knees, supporting her chin with her palm. “Who sent you?” she asks, looking straight into her eyes. The girl gives the name of her handler and the location of her base. Same Talon’s base Rogue and others were planning to hit. “Good girl,” Rogue scruffs her hair and stands up before turning away from the beaten girl. She was just about to walk away when she stops mid-step, “But,” and taps her chin with her finger as if she just remembered something, “It was still you who pulled the trigger,” she says, still showing her back to the bound girl.

“Yes, I was,” she answers, thinking that if she answered honestly Rogue would let her live.

“Ssss,” Reaper inhales, and, “Wrong answer.” comments, predicting Rogue’s next move. She grins while giving him a sidelong look and does exactly what he thought she would do. In one spinning move, she unsheathes her blade, cuts the girl’s head off, sheathes the blade and starts to walk away. The blood spurts out from the neck and paints the pillar red while the head rolls away somewhere deeper into the warehouse. “We got work to do.” Rogue growls, her wicked grin back as she balls her right palm into a fist. Reaper and Widow join her on her flanks and they walk out of the warehouse. They came back on the roof where Reaper and Widow initially took that girl captive when Rogue suddenly chirps, “Shit,” and when her companions look at her, she pulls out one of her modified pulse bombs and spins it on her index finger, “I forgot to do something.” Reaper and Widow only chuckle and shake their heads. “Be right back!” Rogue quips and blinks back to the warehouse attaches the bomb to the corpse of the executed Talons sniper and Recalls back on the rooftop. She bows to Reaper and Widow just in time when the bomb goes off, “The performance,” she lifts only her head to look and winks at the two, “is finished.” when she steals half of Widow’s line with a grin. She straightens upright then gestures at them with her head to follow her and they are off. Running, wraithing, blinking and swinging across the rooftops back to the apartment.
When things catch up

Chapter Summary

The three hunters return to the apartment.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Rogue, followed by Reaper and Widow arrives at the apartment, only to find it empty. Everything the same. Even the cups with the drinks, Emily brought when they started to plan the attack on Talons base, are still on the table. But there is a large blood stain on the couch and a hole from the bullet in its backrest, bear a silent witness what went down. “Sombra,” Rogue calls her over the coms, “How’s Emily?” and gestures at Reaper and Widow to get comfy.

“Zeigler says she is stable but in critical. She lost a lot of blood.” Sombra answers and Rogue can hear a roar of jet engines in the background. “An Orca came to pick us up soon after you left.”

“On your way to Gibraltar then?” Rogue asks next, walking to the kitchen to check if there is any beer in the fridge. She fancies one right now.

“Yes,” Sombra responds, “And from what I heard they are preparing for an emergency surgery as soon as we touch down.” Sombra then whispers her question, “How did the chat go?”

“Very, very good.” Rogue grins and pops open the beer she found over the edge of the counter and takes a long and large drink from it, emptying half of it in one go. “Paaaah,” she exhales, “That hit the spot. Got some info out of her,” she then continues to answer Sombra, “then I tried to trim her hair a bit,” a chuckle escapes her, “But I missed and got her neck instead. Finished it with some little fireworks.” She finishes and leans on the counter.


“Heh,” Rogue chuckles, “Want some pointers? Anyway, got a name I want you to check for me and hit me back with everything you can dig out on it.”

“Will do,” Sombra responds, “And don’t worry. As soon there is something new with Emily you’re the first person I’m telling.”

“Thanks, Olivia,” Rogue responds, emptying the rest of the beer and putting empty bottle down on the counter.

“You’re welcome. Emily is mi familia too now.” Sombra responds with a gentle voice. There was something about hearing that, that made Rogue’s knees give out under her and she fell on the floor on her behind with a thud. “What was that?” Sombra asks in concern.

“Nothing,” Rogue palms her face, “It was nothing. Got to go. Bye.” And cuts the line. She looks at the ceiling, ‘Em, don’t you dare die on me.’ then takes a deep breath and gets up only to blink straight into the bathroom, locking the doors when she enters. She doesn’t even undress but only steps under the shower and twists open the cold water. ‘Emily is mi familia too now.’ Olivia’s words ring in her head when the water hits her face and again her knees give out. This time she
falls down on them and sits on her heels. Her arms hang limply by her side and she stares at the drain. Water, colored red from the blood that is washing off of her. Something else gets added to the mix. One drop at the time. This is the first time she feels afraid since Talons fucks put her through hell. She hugs herself when the scene of Emily collapsing flashes before her eyes and quietly sobs then all of sudden that turns into a maniacal laughing, now seeing the corpse of the girl she just killed and she is sticking the bomb on her. The reality and absurdity of the situation she is in right now hitting her all at once. But she was never one to stay down for long so after a minute or two of that she takes a deep breath, slaps her cheeks, “Come on Rogue,” and stands up, moving her wet hair out of her eyes, “You still got work to do. Don’t go soft already.” She psyches herself up and closes the water then steps out of the shower. Clothes drenched, water dripping off her. “Well, these are useless now,” she pulls at the hem of her shirt. “Let’s get changed first.” She unlocks the doors walks out of the bathroom only to be greeted by Reyes and Amélie with looks of concern on their faces. “Tell me you didn’t hear that?” she forces a smile while pointing at the bathroom with her thumb over her shoulder, looking more like a wet puppy then battle-hardened warrior that’s been to hell and back twice in her life.

“We hit a bar or should I get some beer and bring it here?” Reyes asks instead of answering.

“You sure drinking is a solution here?” Amélie asks him.

“Look, Mexicans pull a sombrero over their eyes and nap their worries away. Don’t know what you French do, but from what I hear Brits drink them away.” Reyes counters and Rogue laughs, light, and cheerfulness somewhat returning to her face.

“Let me get changed then we will go to this pub I love. They have the best beer.” Rogue chirps and winks at Amélie who still looks at her with worrisome eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry if I insulted anyone with that bit about what they do with their worries. Just came up with it on the spot and it works for how the story continues.

And taking a weekend break again. So no chapters until Monday. Cya then and thanks again for all the kudos and hits. Those inspired me to continue this story.
Chapter Summary

Rogue changed her clothes and they went to that pub she mentioned.

Three people walk into a pub. A small woman wearing jeans, a black t-shirt over which she donned a bomber jacket and wears pair aviator shades, leads the way. She is followed by a tall lady that wears high heels, black leather pants and a black shirt that has a deep V cut that shows more then it hides. She also wears shades but is classier in shape. They are followed by a muscular man, who for some reason wears army boots, black pants that look like they are armored and a t-shirt that is also black. He donned a pair of sporty black shades and wears a black baseball cap. All three receive some curious glances from the other patrons, but most turn away, dismissing them as her friends when Rogue chirps, “Cheers, loves,” and skips towards the bar then plops herself down in one of the bar stools that run the length of it. Other two flank her and do the same. One head though keeps turning as their eyes follow the trio from beneath the rim of their hat.

“Hey speedy,” the bartender greets Rogue, flipping the cloth he was using to polish a glass he then stored on the shelf above the bar, on his shoulder, “Been a while. What can I get you?”

“Heya,” Rogue greets him back, “Give me the usual and make it same for my two friends.”

“Thre-” the bartender wants to confirm Rogue’s order when a man walks up next to them, spurs on his boots chiming with every step he makes and corrects it, “Make that four and put it on my tab.” He then leans on the bar and looks along the bar to the three heads that turn to look at the new arrival. “Why don’t we grab those beers and move to a table?” He gestures to an empty table with a flick of his head. They wait for their drinks then as suggested by a cowboy hat-wearing man they move to the table and sit around it.

“McCree,” Reyes nods, when they are all sitting down.

“Reyes,” he nods back and they clink bottles in cheers.

“Miss…” Jesse wants to do the same with Amélie who is sitting next to Reyes, but not being sure what to call her, he gestures for her to tell him.

“Lacroix. Amélie Lacroix.” She helps him out and clinks bottles with him too.

“So, where were we?” Jesse jokingly ignores Rogue who sits right next to him and tries to move on the conversation, earning himself a shoulder punch, “Oi!” Lucky for him, Rogue used her left arm. They all laugh when Jesse clinks bottles with Rogue and take a drink from their beers. All but Rogue stop with one small drink. She, on the other hand, empties the bottle in one go and signals the bartender for another. Seeing how Jesse is looking at her when she turns back at the table, “Rough day, love,” she comments and when Jesse nods, “Gonna down quite a few. But don’t worry. I got one,” she points at them one at the time, “two, three, perfectly responsible adults to get me home when I get pissed out of my mind.” She jokes then catches a closed beer bottle that came flying from the bar and uncaps it on the edge of the table with such a smooth and practiced move so it doesn’t foam one bit.
“First, that,” Reyes points to Rogue’s beer bottle, “was impressive. Second,” his sight travels from Jesse to Amélie then back to Rogue, “I’m not seeing any of those responsible adults you mentioned at this table.” That makes them all laugh again and take another drink from their bottles.

“All jokes aside,” Jesse rolls his unlit cigarillo. “Kiddo,” and gives Rogue a sidelong look, “you should stop while you’re ahead.” Rogue only snorts in response so he continues, “I’ve been down that road,” Rogue raises an eyebrow and gives him an ‘Oh, really?’ look, but that doesn’t stop him, “and in the end, you won’t find what you think you will.”

“Okay,” Rogue nods, “Point taken. But you got one tiny bit wrong.” she raises her index finger, waits for Jesse to look at her then continues, “I’m not looking for anything. I already have everything I want.” She then puts her cybernetic hand on the table, palm facing up, and clenches and unclenches her fist a few times, “I just decided that those fucks need to pay for this.” She gestures towards her hand with her head. “And they will.”

“Mmm,” Jesse hums, “Then what are these two here for?” and flicks his head towards Reyes and Amélie.

Rogue slowly turned her head towards Jesse and shrugged, “My friends? Technically,” she continues, while barely keeping a smile that started to creep on her face from being too obvious, “He,” she points at Reyes, “Is a cook. Breakfast duty for the week. She,” Rogue licks her lips when she points at Amélie, “Is a…” she tries to come up with a witty word, but nothing that won’t make her look like a helpless gay around the gorgeous French, comes to mind.

“A very good friend, perhaps?” Amélie comes to the rescue but said that in such a purring voice that Rogue nearly melted under the table when she heard it. There goes any hope of protecting at least some dignity and Reyes and Jesse laugh at Rogue as she coughs to regain some composure when her natural side of the face nearly turned the same glowing red as her right eye is from blushing so hard.
Chapter Summary

Rogue smells a rat in their midst and goes to deal with it. What she finds out, causes her to add another target to her list.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is a direct continuation from the previous one. So the beginning might be a bit confusing if you didn't read that one first.

“Breakfast?” Jesse starts to comment something Rogue mentioned, “Is that about pancakes again?”

“Yeeees,” Rogue drags, as she hangs on Jesse’s shoulder, looking at him with upturned and sparkling eyes. “They are godlike.”

“Heh,” Jesse scuffs, smile creeping on his face as he sees old Tracer in Rogue when she looks at him like that and he scruffs her hair for a bit before continuing, “Been a while, but yeah,” he nods when a memory of his days in Blackwatch surfaces in his mind. “Back in the day, when he,” he gestures at Reyes, “was on breakfast duty, no one could leave the room when we ate our fills. Oh, you remember that one time,” Jesse wants to say something but Rogue interrupts him.

“Hold that thought for just a mo’.” Then blinks at the bar, picks up a beer, then blinks again to a table that is behind Jesse’s back. “Hello there,” she greets a man in a long brown coat reading a newspaper that is two days old when she sits down next to him. Something gets pushed into her side and when she looks, she sees a pistol is being pointed at her. She only laughs when she looks back up at his face, “Is that supposed to scare me, Mr. UN guy?” she then turns towards the bar and calls, “Jimmy, I found a volunteer for the Dungeon.” And points to the man next to her with one hand and punches him in his stomach so hard he loses consciousness on the spot with the other.

“Dungeon, dungeon, dungeon!” most of the patrons in the pub begin to chant while pounding their pint or bottle at the table they sit around or the counter.

The previous owner of the pub had many fights break out and a lot of stuff got broken. So, in order to reduce his costs, he turned one of his unused storage rooms into a fighting room. Ran a chute directly from the pub’s floor to it and whenever someone wanted to fight or started a fight, other patrons would grab both parties involved and shoved them down that chute. Camera and a screen were added by the current owner for the entertainment and betting that is about to take place too.

Rogue downs her beer in one go then picks up the man by the scruff of his neck and throws him down that chute and jumps in behind him, screaming in delight. The bartender pulls out a remote and presses a button. A screen lowers itself from the ceiling and the picture shows Rogue and the man she threw down the chute in a small room with ankle-deep water. Bets, as predicted, start but
die down just as fast because everyone was betting on one person alone. Tracer. Reyes grins when an idea how to spark it back up comes to mind, “How about we bet how long she will take to beat him?” One of the patrons cleans the green board and grabs a piece of chalk and starts writing down different times. 1 minute, 2 minutes, 3 minutes. All the way up to 10 minutes. Most bets are placed around the fastest times. 1, 2, 3 minutes. Reyes though, bets that she will take even longer than 10. Amélie joins him and Jesse knowing all too well that you never bet against Reyes, puts his bet on the same spot on the green board too. 100 bucks each.

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“Hey,” Rogue flips the unconscious man on his back and starts slapping him, “Wakey, wake. Whoa!” she wanted to start shaking him but jumped away when he pulled out his gun and fired at her. She blinks to his side and kicks away the pistol. “Ah ah,” she wiggles her index finger, “No guns. Just these,” then balls up her palms into fists and takes a stance.

The man shakes his head, “Right. And I’m supposed to have a chance, because?”

Okay, let’s make it fair then. I won’t blink.” Rogue suggests, but breaks that word almost instantly and punches the man in his face, kidney, and ribs in rapid succession while blinking. “Or maybe I will.” She grins. The fight barely began but the man is already barely standing and breathing hard. Things are not looking good for Reyes’s bet and other patrons begin to tease him, “Silly man. Tracer always finished them fast.”

He simply shrugs in return thinking, ‘She’s not Tracer anymore.’ and leans on his chair, crossing his arms while watching what happens next while aware that Rogue knows how to punch so that you think that you can recover while with every hit she scores it will gradually sap away your strength. If one looks at her targets right now. The one in the face was more in the chin which causes one to get disoriented and your vision swims for second or two. Next, the kidney, punch just right and they will have a constant pain during the remaining of the fight. Ribs are the simplest. Just to forcefully push out some air from their lungs, robbing the body of vital oxygen that it needs.

“So,” Rogue blinks behind the man and flicks him on the nape of his neck, “why are you here?” She doesn’t wait for his answer that probably wouldn’t come anyway, but runs at the wall behind her, jumps at it, spins around and using the wall as a launch pad she jumps at the man. Blinking to close the distance, she spins around again so she is legs first and delivers a mother of all dropkicks right into his gut.

“Holy shit!” Jesse quips in surprise with wide eyes, “Didn’t know she can do that.”

“Not the only new thing in her arsenal.” Reyes comments with a grin, then “Oh, she wouldn’t dare,” chuckles as he sees Rogue setting up for something. She helps the man who curled into fetal position and expelled some of his stomach’s content, on all fours then steps a few steps backward as if setting up for a free kick. She even licks her finger and raises it to check for wind direction.

“The crowd holds their breath when the star kicker Rogue lines up the shot,” she impersonates a match commentator and makes a square with her fingers, aiming for the man’s head. “She goes for it,” she yells and runs and kicks the man into his head so hard he spins around on his back. “And Goal!” she runs circles around the man, arms outstretched, in celebration of her kick.

“Magnifique, chérie.” Amélie comments with a smile and applauses Rogue’s kick.

“Jimmy,” Rogue calls when she stops and looks at the camera, “Beer. Chute. Now.” And the bartender doesn’t waste a second but throws a beer bottle into the chute and it lands in Rogue’s waiting hand. She walks to a wall and opens it then tries to down it all in one go but the man recovered faster then she thought he will and founding his pistol, he fires at her. She managed to lean away but the bullet hit and broke the bottle she held upside down to drink. “Did you just,” she
looks at the man and points at the remains of the bottle in her hand. Her eyes narrow and while dropping the bottle remains, she blinks at him, sending an uppercut into his jaw then clamps his throat and pushes him against the wall. “Play time’s over,” she growls in his face, “Spill the beans or I’m turning you into fish food.” The man tries to pull away her arm but she is not giving an inch. It's only when his eyes start to roll into his head a few seconds later that she releases him and he starts coughing when he falls to the floor, catching his breath. But Rogue doesn’t give him time fully recover and crouches down to grab his hair and pulls his head up so she can look straight into his eyes, “Talk. Who sent you and why. Now.” He nods as much as he can and tells her that Director Petras sent him to investigate a possible Overwatch activity in London and keep an eye on her and take action he deemed necessary to remind them that any and all actions under Overwatch flag are still illegal under the law. A few things click in Rouge’s head and she releases him, jumping upright, “No,” she walks a few steps away, shaking her head as she can’t believe what she’s hearing. She then turns around, “You,” she points to the man, “bastards wouldn’t dare.” She then power walks back, grabs him by his collar and lifts him, her eyes narrowed, jaw muscles clenched, blood boiling, “Did you order the hit on Emily?” as she hisses into the man’s face.
Phone call

Chapter Summary

Some news that Rouge expected comes in.

After the man didn’t confirm nor denied what Rogue asked him, he did tell her that he told Director Petras that some harsh action should be taken against Lena Oxton to bring her back in line. She left the Dungeon through the doors that only bartender can open, steaming with fury and in her head added another name on her list. The man was escorted out of the pub and kindly told never to show his face there again. Rogue just sat back next to Jesse when her phone buzzed to life.

“Hey, Rápida,” Olivia’s voice chirped when she picks up, “Got some news.”

“Mmm,” Rogue hums, drinking the beer she left at the table before she went to deal with the too nosy for his own good UN guy. “Nothing bad, I hope.” She answers properly when she empties the bottle.

“No. All good.” Olivia sounded happy. “Emily just got out of surgery and Zeigler says she will make full recovery.” She tells Rouge and others around the table can see her visibly relax and exhale when she hears that. She silently mouths the news to Reyes and Amélie who nod with an honest smile, while Jesse just gives her a quizzical look. She gestures to him to wait for her to end the call.

“Super glad to hear that. But you said news,” Rogue asks next, “I’m assuming there’s more then.”

“There is. Checked the name you’ve asked me to and got something really juicy.” Rogue can practically feel the grin on Olivia when she says that with her signature cocky tone. But she decides to ruin her fun as she can give it a pretty good guess who it is.

“Let me guess.” She starts and it’s her time to grin, “It’s Director Petras.”

“Awww. C’mon, Rápida,” Olivia whines, “Do you have to ruin a girl’s fun like that? And how did you know?” Rogue pushes that name on top of her list when Olivia confirms her guess.

“Had a run-in with one of UN’s thugs,” she gestures to the bartender for another round, “Then just put the two and two together.” And leans back in her seat.

“Is he still alive?” Olivia asks next.

“Yeah,” Rogue exhales, “Didn’t feel right to kill a poor errand boy. Did rough ‘em up pretty good though.” And looks at her cybernetic hand.

“Okay,” Olivia hums, “You need me back or should I stay with Emily?”

“Hm,” Rogue thinks for a moment, drumming the table with her fingers. “Come back. The plan did include you too. And we are moving on it tomorrow or the day after. Depends how pissed I get today. Oh, and Jesse says hi.” Rogue jokes looking at him and Jesse grunts but nods. Reyes and Amélie informed him who Rogue is on the phone with.
“Awww. Pistolero says hi?” Olivia mocks going all putty, “Tell him I said hi back and we should repeat that drinking night one day.”

“Miss Colomar,” Rogue can now hear a digital voice coming from Olivia’s background, “Last warning. No phones in the medical bay.” Then chuckles when she recognizes Athena.

“And I’m telling you for the last time,” Olivia barks back, “Call me Miss Colomar again and I’ll rewire your pathways so badly you will be left with a processing power of a toaster with auto-timer.”

“You’re on, sister!” Athena teases Olivia, “Match of a century: an AI vs world-famous hacker.”

“You have no one to blame for this but yourself,” Olivia responds with a growl but there is something Rogue detects in her voice, that tells her that those two aren’t really in each other’s hair as much as they are trying to let on to be. “Sorry Rogue,” Olivia now turns her attention back to Rogue, “Gotta show this diode for brain what’s up in some Starcraft.”

“You for real right now?” Rogue sighs, “You want to one-up an AI by playing games?”

“Don’t mistake this for those fancy innocent games that Song plays.” Olivia strikes back, “The shit that goes down when we play would make her head spin.”

“Fine,” Rogue gives up, “Get it done then get your arse back here.”

“Will do Rápida. See you tonight,” Olivia responds then cuts the line.
Rogue has a soft side

Chapter Summary

Rogue gets lost in her thoughts. So does Amélie.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, sorry to say, but this is the last chapter for the week. Because there is nothing more written yet but I will write more over the weekend for sure. I have a good idea where this is going and you can expect more of Rogue and the rest of the gang on Monday. If I do manage to write enough, I will post another chapter over the weekend to make up for tomorrows.

‘Emily will be fine, that’s great. Fuck me, that’s awesome!’ Rogue smiles as her mind races as it’s processing the news she got from Olivia. ‘But to think even the very top of UN is involved in this mess. Shit.’ She’s so lost in her thoughts that even when somebody calls her, “Rogue.” she completely ignores it, ‘It seems that Rogue will be busy for quite a while more. Sorry Lena, but you will have to wait for a bit more. At least with Petras, it seems I can kill two birds with one stone. Good, good.’ She grins.

“Rogue!” Reyes shouts and Jesse shakes her when she completely ignored their calls for a few minutes now and only stared at the table. Her expression changing by the second.

That wakes her up from her thoughts, “Wha-what? I’m here.” Her sight darts first to Reyes then to Jesse.

“Where were you?” Jesse asks, settling back in his seat, rolling his unlit cigarillo to the other corner of his mouth, antsy to lit it but not being sure if he can smoke her, he is staying on the safe side of things.

“You know you can light that if you want?” Rogue smirks, pointing to Jesse’s cigarillo. “And I was just thinking about something.” She then looks at her yet again empty beer bottle and while jokingly pointing to it when she looks at the bartender, who smiles in return and nods. She looks back only to see Jesse’s crestfallen face, “What?”

“You couldn’t tell me that from the start?” he grunts, already pulling out the matches.

“For having such sharp eyes,” Rogue chuckles, “You sure miss the most obvious things sometimes.” She winks then leans on his shoulder, and gestures across the pub with her arm, “Do you see any No Smoking signs in here? And give me one too.”

Jesse lifts his coat on reflex and before he even manages to ask, “You smoke?” Rogue already snatches one of the cigarillos he has tucked in his inner pocket and he barely had time to light the
match to light his own when Rogue leans in to share the fire emitted by the lit match.

“Sometimes,” her cigarillo lit, she puffs a smoke and leans back in her seat, “When it strikes me fancy. Nothing regular like you.”

Jesse nods, “What was the call about? They,” he gestures to Reyes and Amélie, “told me that it was Sombra on the other end.”

When Rogue looks at them, she sees that Amélie mulling something over with downcast eyes, but decides to let her be for now and instead answers Jesse, “Yeah, Em got out of surgery and she will be just fine. For the second part, you are better off not knowing.” Seeing the look on Jesse’s face she figures out that she didn’t really tell him anything, so she explains, “Em got shot, Jesse.” And looks down, the scene replaying in her head, waking some emotions in her that her current company doesn’t deserve to be on the receiving end of. “By a sniper. We got lucky because it wasn’t gorgeous here,” she gestures at Amélie, “that was on the other end of the rifle.”

Jesse hugs Rogue over her shoulders, “Sorry to hear that kiddo,” and when she taps his palm, “and yeah, I’m glad too that it wasn’t Miss Lacroix and that Emily will be okay.”

“Speaking of,” Rogue looks at Amélie, who is still looking down, nursing her still first beer, when even Reyes and Jesse are at the end of their second, “You okay there, Amélie?” and she reaches over the table to put her hand on Amélie’s to get her attention.

“Mmm?” she lifts her sight to look at Rogue, “Yes, I am alright. Just thinking of something.” she nods.

But Rogue can clearly see that something is and has been bothering her for a while now, “What about?”

“It’s silly, really. Probably nothing.” Amélie tries to wave her off with a shake of her head but when Rogue doesn’t remove her hand off hers and even lightly squeezes, she decides to tell her. “It’s how we sat when Emily got shot.”

“How we sat?” Rogue tilts her head and gives Amélie a quizzical look when she doesn’t have a clue what Amélie is talking about.

“Yes. Let me explain.” Amélie nods, “On previous occasions when we were sitting around that table I was always on your left while Emily was on your right.” She stops to check if Rogue understands what she is saying, and when she nods she continues, “When Emily got shot, our places were different. With me on your right and her on your left.”

“Okay, stop.” Rogue stop her before she can continue, “If you are saying, what I think you are saying, you are being a dumbass.” Rogue leans back and crosses her arms.

“Qui?” Amélie looks at her with wide eyes.

“You heard me, dummy.” Rogue scuffs and takes a drink from her bottle then pulls on her cigarillo and releases the smoke, slowly.

“But it makes more sense to target me,” Amélie continues to argue, “And if they got info about where their target will be from a second-hand source, the mist-Iiip!” she startles when Rogue slams her palm at the table hard enough that the noise made the entire pub go quiet for a moment.

“No, Amélie. Do. Not. Do this to yourself.” She looks at her with a stern look, punctuating her words with her index finger pointing at Amélie’s face. “Wasn’t you who pulled the trigger.” She
then gets up and walks behind her to embrace her, head on her shoulder and tells her, “Don’t do this to yourself. We’ve both been through a lot in our lives. We don’t need *what if* s to torment ourselves with too.” with a soft voice. She leans to the side to look at her face, “Okay?” and when she nods she pecks her on the cheek, winks then walks back to her seat.
Walk home

Chapter Summary

After drinking some more the gang decides to head back to the apartment.

Chapter Notes

Apparently, I type faster then I thought. So even when I said that the previous chapter would be the last for the week I managed to get another one together. I know how hungry you guys are for more Rogue and the rest so here you go.

They kept on drinking and chatting about random things, all previous worries and dark shadows that loomed over each of them long forgotten. Rogue was no lightweight when it came to alcohol but she was chugging them down at twice the pace the rest did so when Jesse decided it was time for him to leave, others did the same and she was pissed to a point where her legs just didn’t obey her anymore so Reyes did what she expected him to do. Loaded her up in a piggyback ride and carried her out of the pub and towards the apartment. “You know, Gaaabe,” Rogue drunkenly drags as they walk down the street, mimicking Olivia when she calls Reyes, “Emily was right.” while poking his cheek with her finger.

“About what?” he rasps back. One half annoyed by her poking, other half amused by the fact that the woman who is capable of slaughtering half the grunts in Talons base on her own and not bat an eyelash is carried by him on his back and is slurring her words like some teenager.

“About-hic,” Rogue stretches her neck to get a better look at Reyes’s face, “You being-hic-quite handsome. Hic.” Amélie giggles next to them, at both Rogue behavior and her hiccups. “Don’t get me wro-hic-ng now,” Rogue tries to make a scolding face as she pokes Reyes’s cheek again, “I’m not gonna stop being ga-hic-y,” but it comes out as a weird and funny grimace that amuses Amélie even more and she now openly laughs, but that doesn’t disturb Rogue one bit. “Buuut in ano-hic-ther world, I could see us being together.”

Reyes chuckles, “And what? Have a bunch of kids, you a housewife while I’m wearing a suit everyday working behind a marble desk in some penthouse office?” He jokes and readjusts Rogue for the third time so she doesn’t fall off from her squirming.

“Yeah,” she beams a smile in response, “And Ame here-hic,” Reyes needed to lean closer to Amélie as Rogue decided it’s a good idea to wrap her arm around Amélie’s shoulder, “Would be your secretary.”

Reyes smiles when an idea strikes him, “Would she be my secretary,” he purrs the word, “or just a secretary?” he looks at Amélie and shots her a wink.

She giggles and Rogue unwraps her arm around her but keeps leaning so she can look at Reyes’s face, “Probably bo-hic-th,” she then puts her chin on Reyes’s shoulder and jokingly hisses in his ear, “but I would bash your head in with a roll-hic-ing pin when I found out.”
Amélie explodes into laughter, “I can already see the News title,” she inhales, “British wife kills her husband because he was having an affair with his French secretary.” That sends them all into a laughing fit and Reyes nearly drops Rogue in the process.

Once they stop laughing, they walk in silence for a few minutes then Rogue breaks it with a soft and gentle voice, “Hey Commander and-” she starts but Reyes interrupts her,

“I told you not-Ghaa!” but Rogue squeezes with her arm around his neck hard enough to choke him for a moment, stopping him from finishing his sentence, “Shut up and let me finish.” she growls, then starts again, “Commander and Amélie,” she looks at them both in turns as she calls for them and they can see that what she will say next is serious, “Thank you both and Olivia for helping me back when Talon had me under lock and key.”

“You’re welcome, chérie.” Amélie is first to respond with a nod and she gently smiles when her eyes meet Rogues.

“Yes Lena,” Reyes decides to venture because if she called him commander, he can call her by her name too, “You’re welcome.” But gets lightly bumped on the top of his head with Rogue’s knuckles, who then leans her head on his shoulder and quiets down completely. And after just a few steps Reyes and Amélie can hear her snoring softly, her eyes closed shut.

“She is quite a handful, is she not?” Amélie chuckles, gently running her fingers through Rogue’s hair, getting a happy hum from her.

“You should know that from firsthand experience,” Reyes grins as he jokes and Amélie hits his shoulder with her fist, careful not to wake Rogue. Reyes gets serious after that, “And you’re right, she can be quiet a handful, but I don’t think she realizes how much is she actually helping us.”

“Mmm,” Amélie hums with a nod, “We should be thanking her, not the other way around.” They walk the rest of the way in silence and when they reach the apartment Reyes lowers Rogue into her bed then leaves her and Amélie and goes to his room. Amélie undresses Rogue then joins her in bed, gently humming, “Goodnight ma chérie,” and pecks her cheek as she wraps her arms around her, closing her eyes and letting sleep take her.
A hacker, an AI and Emily

Chapter Summary

After she got off the phone with Rogue, Olivia watches over Emily. Athena is keeping her company.

Olivia cut the line with Rogue after she told her the good news and took one more look at resting Emily, who was strapped to many monitors that displayed her vital signs. “Athena,” she calls for the AI while taking one of Emily’s hands into hers, gently caressing the top of her palm, “how is she?”

“I am in no form qualified to give an opinion,” Athena responds but Olivia makes a grimace that tells her that she couldn’t care less about her qualifications, so she changes it, “But according to the data I am reading from her vital signs, apart from sleeping, she is fine and just like Dr. Zeigler has said, she will make a full recovery.”

“Mmm,” Olivia hums and gently lowers Emily’s hand back on the bed. “You know,” she now fixes some stray strands of hair off Emily’s face, “I never thought I would care about someone this much again.” And softly smiles then leans back into the chair, “Not after what I saw back in Méjico.” and runs a hand over her face.

“Would you like to tell me what happened?” Athena asks, her tone serious but still gentle.

“It wasn’t that much,” Olivia waves it off, “I’ve seen worse since then. Hell, when Rogue busted out of that Talon base, there was more death and destruction then back home.” Olivia chuckles when she says home and looks at Emily. That word got a new meaning ever since she arrived in London. ‘You and Lena gave me a new one, Red.’ She smiles when that fact sinks in. ‘Gabe and Ame are just a nice bonus. And I swear it. I will defend this one until my heart stops beating.’ she clenches her fist.

“Miss Col-” Athena tries to call her by her name but changes her mind, “Sombra, are you alright?” when she didn’t say a word for a few minutes now.

“Heh,” Olivia smirks, “You can call me Olivia when it’s just the two of us and yes, I’m fine. Was just thinking about something. Anyway,” she leans back into her chair and crosses her arms, “about what happened. One day I’m playing around with other kids, getting scolded by that auntie for running through her shop. The next day all of them, including my entire familia are dead. Only a few of us that went to take care of a field that was some ways out of town, survived. When we came back, there wasn’t a house that was in one piece. Bodies lying all over the place. Some missing limbs, other heads, or even entire halves. Nothing was out of those Omnic’s target range. They slaughtered and destroyed everything. Our hometown, my familia. Everything was gone.” Olivia wipes her eyes of tears that started to gather when she recalled that memory before continuing, “We buried them behind what was left of the church and then left for Dorado. Overwatch came about half a year later and shut down the God program and the Omnium, but for my town and my familia they were too late.” She clenches her jaw muscles and her fist.

“I am sorry that we couldn’t save your town and your family,” Athena apologizes, “but we couldn’t get permission to intervene until then. And we were stretched out across the globe already.”
“I know, I know. Now I do.” Olivia nods, “But didn’t back then. And blamed myself just as much as I blamed you guys. If only I had more information, more data to know when the Omnics will attack. I could’ve warned them.” Her eyes go wide when she realizes something, “Hijo de tu puta madre.” she curses and looks at Emily, then jumps out of the chair and takes her hand in hers again, “I’m sorry,” tears now start to flow from her eyes, “I was too late again, Red.” She buries her face in Emily’s hand and quietly weeps.

“Mmm?” she hums when her eyes flutter open, “Where? Where am I?” her eyes dart across the room, then fix on a person that is holding her hand while crying into it, “Olivia?”

She raises her teary eyes from her hand to look who called her, “Red?” she blinks her tears away and sees a pair of green eyes looking back, “RED!” she shoots forward and hugs her.

“Auch, auch, auch!” Emily complains when Olivia presses her weight on her chest, “Get off.”

“Oh, sorry,” she apologizes when she jolts away, “I’m just so glad you’re okay.” She wipes her face of tears with one hand, while again holding Emily’s with the other. “Athena, call Zeigler and message Rogue that Red woke up,” Olivia tells the AI with a cheerful voice, a face wide smile now replacing the solemn expression she had while telling her the story of her childhood.

“Already done.” Athena responds with just as cherry tone, “Welcome back, Emily.”

“Athena?” Emily wonders, then tried to get up but a sharp pain that jolts through her chest causes her to reconsider, “Auch!” she holds her chest with her free hand and notices that she is hooked to a monitoring screen on her right, “What happened? And I’m guessing I’m at Gibraltar.” Her sights darts over the room again only to stops on Olivia, “The last thing I remember is that we were in our living room. I just brought some drinks. Then this dull pain and nothing after that.”

“You got shot, Red.” Olivia starts to fill her in, “By a sniper and we got lucky that they missed your heart.” She just finished that when the door slides open and they both look at the new arrival.

“Angela?” Emily recognizes the doctor, but turns back to Olivia, “Where are the others then? Where’s Lena?”

Angela answers that “Rogue and the other two had something to take care of back in London.” And walks to Emily’s right side, holding her datapad and checking the monitor. After she was satisfied with what she saw, she drops the data pad and, “You won’t be needing this anymore,” and removes the tube from Emily’s nose that supplied her with oxygen while she was out. “I did my best, but,” she points to Emily’s chest and her eyes follow, “a small scar will remain. I can remove it later if it will bother you.”

“Heh,” Emily chuckles, “Nah, leave it.” and shakes her head, while running a finger over the mentioned scar. “Lena is full of them and it’s quite fun to go over them when we are in bed. Now she will have one to explore on me too.”

“I know exactly what you mean by that.” Angela smiles back, knowing how much she enjoys doing that very thing on Fareeha.

“Okay, okay,” Olivia makes a mock-disgusted face, “Enough of this mushy gay crap.”

Emily and Angela first look at each other, smirk then look at her and ask in perfect sync, “Do you have any scars?” in purring tones.

Olivia looks down to hide her blush and shows them first one finger then two. Her reaction telling the two that she wouldn’t really mind all that much if they looked where they were.
Athena shakes Olivia from her thoughts that may or may not have included a threesome with her current company, “I have an indication that Rogue received the message but is not responding.”

“Leave her,” Olivia responds, shaking her head to remove the last of her stray thoughts from it, “She is probably drunk out of her mind and is sleeping.” She then looks at the clock, “Oh shit,” and curses when she sees how late it is. “Hey, any chance I can get a ride to London?” she asks both Angela and Athena.

“You’re leaving?” Emily asks, getting a nod in response.

“Yes,” Olivia starts to explain, “Lena asked me to get back once I make sure that you’re okay. We got some work to do.” And grins when she finishes.

“Sombra,” Athena starts to answer, using her call sign, now that they are no longer alone, like they agreed upon, “Winston just granted you a small transport that will take a little under an hour to reach London. Will that do?”

“Perfectly.” she chirps and gets up from her chair, “Red,” she looks at Emily, “Stay safe and make sure to recover.” Then at Angela, “And Zeigler, I can practically read the question on your face. You don’t want to know. But you will probably find out in tomorrows, if not in the day after, news.” She turns and starts walking away but stops when Emily calls her.

“Olivia,” she waits until she turns to look at her, “Keep ‘em out of trouble.” and smiles.

“Will try, Red.” she nods, smiling back then turns around and waves over her shoulder, “But that’s one tall order to fulfill.” They all chuckle at that, knowing well just how tall that order is and she steps through the doors, leaving the room and heads for the hangar.
Morning with a hangover

Chapter Summary

Olivia made it back to London and instead of going to her room decided to curl up with Amélie and Rogue. Who probably wouldn't mind it one bit, if Olivia didn't have that loud thing of hers.

Chapter Notes

This chapter was a bit rushed, hope you still like it.

Amélie was woken up by a loud noise that could only be produced by a beast from deepest parts of hell, “Mon Dieu,” she rolls over to look at the source if it while grunting, “what infernal sound is this?”

Before she can get a good look, Rogue also gets woken up and in her head that is already pulsing from a massive hangover, the sound is amplified to unbearable levels. “Bloody ‘ell,” she curses loudly, “What is that?!”

Amélie finds the source of this god awful sound. Olivia decided it’s a good idea to curl up with them instead of going to her room. “Found it,” she tells Rogue, “It is Olivia.”

“Fuuuuck,” Rogue drags as she leans over Amélie to take a look too, “Wake up,” and smacks Olivia on her forehead, “Your snoring is louder than a bloody jet engine on full blast.”

“She what? What?” Olivia startles awake and her sight darts over the room. When her brain boots up enough to register, she spots angry looks Amélie and Rogue are giving her, “Morning?” she greets them, not having a single clue what they are angry about.

“You know that you snore?” Amélie asks her, eyes narrowed into thin slits.

“Maybe a little?” Olivia looks at her sheepishly, showing a small gap with her thumb and index finger.

“Mate,” Rogue drops back on the bed, holding her head, “You are louder than all my mates back in RAF combined. And they were all guys.”

Amélie nods with a serious expression, “You are really loud,” when she can read the question off Olivia’s face.

“Sorry,” Olivia apologizes and gets up from the bed. “Oh right,” she remembers something, “Rogue,” she looks back at them, and when Rogue lifts her arm off her face and peeks with one eye, “Red woke up before I left Gibraltar.”

That causes Rogue to shot up in a sitting position, “Really!?” with wide eyes, but her headache sends her right back on her back, “Shit, did that too fast.” She curses as she holds her head again,
eyes squeezed close and her expression one of pain. Amélie only nods and smiles gently at Olivia.

“Heh,” Olivia chuckles, seeing Rogue cursing then dresses up and starts to leave, “I’ll go wake Gabe. He can make this drink that kills any hangover in a moment. It’s disgusting, but it works.” She tells them then walks out of the room.

“Turn on your belly,” Amélie orders Rogue and gets a weird look in response. “Just do it.” When Rogue reluctantly does as she was told Amélie straddles her.

“You know, love,” Rogue chuckles, “There is more stuff to do in the front.” When she feels her sitting on her behind with her legs spread at each of her flanks.

“Shush, chérie,” Amélie puts her hands on Rogue’s shoulder, “Just relax.” And begins gently squeezing and caressing them. Moving lower along her shoulder blades, spine and ribs, finding a few ticklish spots on Rogue as she massages her.

“Oohhh,” Rogue slowly exhales, “This feeeels heavenly.”

Wondering about it since she started she decides to ask, “Do you even feel anything with your right side?” as even though Rogue’s right side is a big part cybernetic, she seems to move it as if she feels her massage on those parts too.

“Directly, no,” Rogue responds, before humming in relaxation again, “But my head copies and mirrors what I feel with my left so my entire body is relaxing like craaaazy right now.”

They were well on their way through the massage when Olivia returns, “Rogue, Ame…” she calls but shuts up when she sees them. Naked Amélie straddling just as naked Rogue who is moaning and breathing long and deep breaths. She tiptoes back outside, then while holding the door opened a crack, “Hey,” she calls with a bit louder voice, “Do you guys need a minute? Because Gabe seems to have woke up early and breakfast is ready.”

“Non,” Amélie gets off Rogue, “We are finished here.”

“Oh come on, love.” Rogue grunts as she rolls on her back, “Do my front too please.” and looks at Amélie with puppy eyes with outstretched arms.

“Hmmm,” Amélie hums as she looks at her, tapping her chin with her index finger, “If you behave today, I might do it tonight.” She offers as she stands up from the bed and she barely manages to turn around when Rogue tackles her to the floor.

“Gotchaa!” she holds Amélie’s arms pinned above her head and she leans down to kiss her lips, “Aaaand if I don’t?!” she drags as she trails her neck with kisses. The loud thud got Olivia worried and she opens the door only to be greeted by Amélie on the floor on her back, with her hands pinned by Rogue, who is on top of her, both looking at her.

Because Olivia looked at them like a deer caught in the headlights, Rogue grins, “Wanna join us?”

“No, no,” Olivia backtracks, “Sorry.” And runs out of the room.

Amélie and Rogue looked at each other and at first start to chuckle then laugh, Rogue falling on Amélie then rolling off of her to her side. She ninja jumps to her feet, “That was fun,” but her head is not quite as alright as she thought, “Ah, shit.” She curses as her headache comes back and forces her to crouch down, holding her head.

“Come, chérie,” Amélie helps her upright, when she gets to her feet, “Let’s get dressed and see
what Reyes made for us.”
Chapter Summary

With her head still pulsing, Rogue and Amélie join Olivia in the living room. Reyes comes from the kitchen with breakfast and they attack it. But before that, he offers Rogue his concoction that is a sure-fire way to kill her hangover.

“Here you go,” Reyes puts a glass of a weird green colored drink in front of Rogue who sat down at the living room table with Amélie and Olivia. They found a blanket to cover the blood and the hole on the couch, but they plan to replace the whole thing before Emily gets back. Seeing her recoil when she smells it, he laughs, “It tastes even worse than it smells. But,” he turns away, “it will kill even the worst hangovers.” he tells her over his shoulder and walks towards the kitchen to get the food.

Rogue slowly grabs the glass and looks at Amélie, “Never needed it.” then at Olivia, “It works.” She takes a deep breath and lifts the glass, “Here goes nothing.” and downs it all in one go. “Fuuuuuuck,” she curses loudly, “It’s bloody disgusting!” and smacks the glass on the table, her stomach threatening to return what she just sent down. Olivia grimaces, knowing well how absolutely revolting that concoction is, “I don’t envy you one bit right now, Rapida.”

Reyes returns with hands full with plates that are topped with food. Eggs and bacon, fish and chips and a couple of croissants with chocolate filling. “Anyone hungry?” he smirks when he sets the plates on the table. “You guys go ahead and start on that while I bring the coffee and tea.”

Rogue follows him with her eyes as she starts on the fish and chips, “Was he always this homey or?” and asks Amélie and Olivia. While Amélie only shrugs, Olivia offers a better response, “From what I found in the Blackwatch files, his men liked him. He was a great commander and an even better leader. Both on and off the battlefield.”

“Mmm,” Rogue chews the food she just stuffed her mouth with while nodding. “What happened to turn him into something like Reaper then?”

“Zürich happened,” Reyes answers that one when he returns, now holding cups and two pots, which he set down on the table then sits down on the chair.

“What exactly, Gabe?” Olivia wonder, pouring herself a cup of coffee, “I found nothing in both Overwatch or Talons files about it.”

“No wonder,” he answers while grabbing some eggs and bacon and stuffs his mouth, chewing and swallowing before continuing, “I made sure that those files are gone for good. It’s what I was doing when I attacked Gibraltar. Getting the Agent’s files was only for show.”

“But you know,” Rogue points out when she pours herself a cup of tea after she polished off a better part of fish and chips in record time.

“Angie?” Rogue gives him a sidelong look as she drinks her tea.

“Not sure,” Reyes responds while he grabs some more bacon and starts nibbling on it, “She definitely saw the aftermath.” He smokes his free hand to show them what she did to him with her healing.

“So it’s true?” Amélie who quietly ate some eggs and was on her second croissant while drinking coffee, “She did this to you?”

“Not entirely,” Reyes shakes his head, “Moira started it, but I would still die under those ruins if Zeigler didn’t pour a fuck ton of her biotics into my system to keep me alive. Combine SEP I got back in the army with Moira’s genetic games and top it off with Zeigler’s biotics and you get what you see now.” He slumps his shoulder when he finished saying that and looks down at his palms which he closes and opens.

Rogue flicks a chip at his forehead and it lands in his palm, “Hey,” and when he looks at her, “You got us now,” she opens her arms and looks at Olivia then Amélie before looking back at him, “plus Emily.”

He chuckles and aims the chip back at Rogue who opens her mouth wide and points to it with her finger, “Aaaaaa.” He hits his target and she gives him a thumbs up with a face wide smile.

‘Nothing brings this girl down, does it?’ he thinks to himself when she cheered him right up in a second with a single move.

With their bellies filled up, they slump into their seats and take a breather. Slurping on coffee and tea. Rogue finishes her tea, sets the cup down on the table then springs to her feet, “Alright,” she claps her hands to get everyone’s attention, “time to pay Petras and that Talon base a visit. A very,” she grins as she rubs her fist into her palm, “very memorable visit.”
Director Petras was a busy man. His day started early in the morning when he got up and prepared coffee for himself and his wife while she prepared their young daughter for school. To his neighbors and his acquaintances, he was a caring parent, a loving husband and a hard-working member of UN council, which he also currently headed. But after his meetings and debates in the UN council finished and that job was done for the day, he took a drive to a villa on the other side of town. Once there, he went to a large room that contained a long elliptical table with comfortable office chairs that surrounded it, spread equally apart from each other. On the table in front of each chair was a microphone, a display and a touch screen that was built into the table itself. One could easily mistake it for any other meeting room if there wasn’t one particular decoration on one of the walls. A large letter T with red lights illuminating it from behind. Petras sat down in one of the chairs and tapped the screen in front of him. A few of unoccupied chair illuminate with holographic projections of other participants in this particular meeting. Two people made a regular appearance in these meetings and Petras knew them both well. One was an omnic name Maximilien, the other was one of the leaders of Vishkar, Sanjay Korpal. There were a few others that appeared when the meeting was of such importance that it required all of the council members to come, regardless of their rank. Today’s shouldn’t be one of those so Petras was surprised to see the tall German woman who introduced herself as Hela, but more informed members of the council know that her real name is Annabell von Adler, daughter of the fallen leader of the Crusaders. Next one that took Petras by surprise was a skinny looking Junker who was only known by the name of Bludger. Talon managed to bring him into their ranks as a spy to keep an eye on Junker Queen who they saw as a possible, but highly unlikely threat to their plans. There were a few others that joined this particular meeting but were low of rank and held little power in the council so Petras only knew basic stuff about them but didn’t pay particular attention to them. Speaking of Talon plans, Maximilien first greets the gathered, “Greeting ladies and gentleman,” waits for them to greet them back then locks his optics on Petras, “Mister Petras, I heard some disturbing news today.”

“Mister Maximilien,” Petras politely starts, looking back at him, “what news would that be?”

“News about Talon operatives in Row, of which we were not notified of,” Maximilien answers crossing his arms.

“I was under the impression that I was given operational command over troops stationed in that region.” Petras retorts.

“You were,” Sanjay joins the conversation and Petras looks at him, “But after we lost Ogundimu and O’Deorain we sent out a note which said to notify senior members of this council and wait for their approval as bringing more attention to our organization could prove troublesome.”

“I must apologize as I seem to have overlooked that particular notification.” Petras bows his head to both Maximilien and Sanjay.

“It was a simple mistake,” Maximilien accepts his apology, then asks Petras, “But do share the details and what was the goal of the mentioned operation.”
“Absolutely,” he responds and taps the screen in front of him to bring up the plan and goals of the operation. He presses a button that brings the files on the large display that was in the middle of the table.

Maximilien reads the files in record speed then facepalms, runs his hand over his face then looks at Petras, “Have you gone mad?” he asks with a calm voice that had a clear undertone of him holding back his rage.

“I don’t believe I understand,” Petras shakes his head.

“I asked,” Maximilien repeats himself, now his rage seeping through each word, “if you had gone mad? Oh, do please share your infinite wisdom that brought you to go after Rogue, formerly known as Lena Oxton or Tracer.”

“Well,” Petras starts sweating being put under such pressure by Maximilien, “I am still the leader of UN council and as ex-Overwatch activities were getting quite obvious in those particular parts of London, I decided to clip her wings a bit to bring her back under control.”

“By sending a sniper after her?” Sanjay asks, equally angry at Petras actions. “After she proved time and time again against Widowmaker that that course of action is ineffective against her.”

“Haaa,” Maximilien exhales, then asks Petras, “Let’s move on. What were the results?”

“I don’t know,” he shakes his head in response, “The operative I’ve sent is yet to return.”

“Then we should consider them dead and the operation failed.” Maximilien tries to wrap up that part of the debate.

But Petras has a different idea, “What? Dead? Failed? I’ve sent my best one and she proved herself time and time again. She is one of the Numbers too.”

“That does not change the results.” Maximilien shakes his head, and explains, “She was against Rogue, Reaper, Widowmaker and possibly Sombra as well. We could empty two of our bases in that region, yet I still doubt that it would be enough of manpower to bring any of those down individually, let alone if they are working together.”

“Those four together?” Petras’s eyes get wide, “But how?”

“Reaper, Widowmaker and Sombra were all stationed at the base in Italy where Ogundimu was killed by Rogue and they were spotted leaving it together.” Maximilien pulls up some photos that were captured by cameras in their base in Italy, then changes to the traffic ones in Numbani, “And again in Numbani were O’Deorain was killed. So it’s safe to assume that they operate together.”

“Plus they were all quite fond of miss Oxton while she was being held in our base while recovering from her injuries and didn’t really help in preventing her escape,” Sanjay adds.

Petras slams his palms on the table, “Why was I not notified of this?!”

“You really should check your e-mail more often mister Petras,” Maximilien replies and pulls up the mentioned notification that was sent globe wide to all bases and leaders soon after Ogundimu was killed.

Sanjay notices the honest expression Petras wears when he reads the notification and it tells him that he truly didn’t see it before now. “Maximilien,” he calls, “Could it be?”
Maximilien looks at him and seems to read his mind, “You are thinking that Sombra could be messing with our system.”

“I am.” Sanjay nods, “It would explain a lot.”

“Raise the alert level immediately,” Maximilien orders the gathered members, “Check and re-check your system for any and all leaks. And mister Petras,” his sight stops on him, “I hope you made your peace.”

“Wha-what?” Petras hears the seriousness in his voice and fear starts digging its claws into his heart.

“If Rogue repelled your attack, which she probably did, she is coming after you.” Maximilien says with mocking voice, “And I must apologize but we do not have any troops at disposal to send to protect you.”

“Wouldn’t matter anyway,” Sanjay waves his hand, “If those four are coming after him, he is as good as dead.”

The meeting continued long into the night and future plans, moves, suggestions for promotion and recruitment were discussed in great detail, but Petras didn’t catch much. He mind was preoccupied with a very real threat to his life. The more he thought of possible scenarios where Rogue could come after him, the less sense they made and all he got, in the end, was a headache. When they were finished with the meeting he went to his car with a lowered head and drove home.
Chapter Summary

Director Petras comes home and when he locks the front doors he nearly has time to relax but Rogue and her team were waiting for him.

Director Petras didn’t even realize he is at his doorstep because Maximilien’s words kept on repeating themselves in his head like a broken record until he was pushing the key into the lock. He enters his house, closes and locks the doors and he almost had time to release the breath he was holding but the next thing he saw was knuckles closing in too fast for him to react in any way. And he caught a glimpse of what looked like a white mask just at the edge of his field of vision that wasn’t occupied by the incoming fist.

Not even twenty minutes earlier Rogue and her team quietly invaded the Petras residence and completely overwhelmed Petras’s wife and daughter as they were sitting down in the kitchen to have dinner. Rogue and Sombra bound them to chairs and gagged them while Widow moved upstairs and kept a lookout for their last guest’s arrival. Reaper moved to the entrance to deal with him as soon as he entered the house.

“Hey,” Rogue growls and smacks the top of Petras head, “Wake up.”

When he comes to, Petras sees his wife and daughter bound to his right and he is bound and gagged as well. His sight then shoots to the person that hit him.

“The sleeping princess awakes,” Rogue jokes with a cackle as she looks at her teammates. Reaper leaning on the doorway to the living room. Widowmaker standing near the bookshelf behind Petras and Sombra leaning on the rail of the stairs leading to the upper floor of the house, behind the wife and the daughter. “Now,” Rogue steps close to Petras and grabs his hair, pulling sharply so she glares directly into his eyes, “Tell me. Do you know who I am?” she growls, their faces maybe a foot apart. Not getting any response from Petras angers her even more as she already was and she releases his hair only to slap him so hard that his head bounces right back like on those dog toys one puts on the car’s dashboard and they keep bouncing up and down. “I asked,” she grabs him by his hair again, “Do. You. Know. Who. I. Am?” and punctuates her every word with a jerk of Petras head. Now he nods immediately, as much as he can as Rogue is keeping a tight grip on his scalp. “Good.” She releases him and takes a step back. “Then you know why I’m here and what is about to happen.” She tells him and crosses her arms. He nods then his eyes flick to glance at his wife and daughter. Rogue doesn’t miss that. “Heh,” she chuckles, “I can see what you are thinking, so let me explain.” She closes in again then leans in and clamps his cheeks with her right arm, “You didn’t go for the main dish right away either so,” she releases him and walks towards his wife, “I won’t either.” She slowly runs her hand over the top of the wife’s head. “After all,” then as she looks back at Petras, she grins and runs her other hand over the top of daughter’s head, “You’ve set such a nice all I can eat buffet.” Taking a step in the middle of them, she spins on the spot to look at the wife and the daughter and taps her chin with a finger, “Only problem is that I can’t quite decide if I should start with the appetizer,” she points at the daughter, “or do I hunger for a bigger snack.” then at the wife. When Petras starts to whine loudly from behind his gag and shake his head wildly, Rogue first gives him a sidelong look, “What? You want to help me choose?” but Petras shakes his head even faster now, “No?” so she takes a large step to close the distance and
clamps his cheeks again then leans in so much that their noses nearly touch before growling, “You didn’t go for me either. And now,” she slaps him as she releases him and steps back, “it’s payback time and I will make damn sure that you realize in full how I felt.” Rogue makes a beeline for the daughter, unsheathing her blade and swings with every intention to cleave the young girl in half horizontally. But with her blade maybe a foot above the daughter’s head her forearm gets grabbed and stopped.

When she looks at the source of the arm that is grabbing her’s, “Rogue, no. You cross that line, there’s no coming back.” Reaper tells her with a shake of his head.

“Would you be so kind,” Rogue looks at the floor, then “as to fuck off!” kicks Reaper so hard that he flies across the room and hits the bookshelves next to Widowmaker. He starts to slowly pick himself up and Rogue has already brought out her blade again but Widow noticed something and decided to bring it to her attention, “Rogue, stop for a moment.”

“Now what do you want?” Rogue growls and turns her head to look at Widow, her blade hovering over the daughter’s head.

“Firstly, she,” Widowmaker points to the wife, who is shaking and nodding her head with eyes full of tears and fear, “seems to want your attention and secondly,” then at the daughter, “take a closer look at your target.”

“Grrr,” Rogue growls as she sheats her blade, “I’ll kill them anyway, so what the heck.” Then steps closer to the wife and leans in, “What?” The wife first flicks her head at her daughter then twice at Rogue then repeats the whole thing and goes still. Rogue could swear she heard a muffled likes, a you and a she. She gets an idea of what the wife is trying to tell her so she walks in front of the daughter again and crouches down. She looks directly into her eyes and is surprised by what she sees. There is fear alright, but there is something else almost completely overwhelming it. Rogue knits her brow for a second then decided to just ask the girl, so she first ungags her then asks, “What is that look for?”

“Ohmygodit'syouTracerIcan'tbeliveit'sreallyyoudidyoudosomethingtomyhair” the girl's mouth explodes into a flurry of words and Rogue needs to use her hand to cover it, for her own sanity’s sake.

“Whoa, whoa. Slow down, kid.” She shakes her head, then looks at her again, “You know who I am?” Rogue releases her mouth only to regret is a second later as the girl strings her words one next to the other so fast that they are barely understandable and Rogue cuts her off by covering her mouth again and she could swear she heard both Sombra and Widow chuckle. “Damn kid, just answer with a simple yes or no. Okay?”

She nods so Rogue releases her mouth and this time the girl responds with a simple and completely clear and understandable, “Yes, Tracer. I know who you are.”

“And you are not afraid of me?” Rogue ask next.

“Nope.” the girl shakes her head then adds, “You are my favorite hero from Overwatch.”

“O-kay?” Rogue, caught by surprise by her answer, looks at Sombra.

“It’s true Rapida,” Sombra answers, “Her room is full of you. Figurines, posters, plushies, sheets, covers. You name it, she has it.”

Rogue looks back at the girl who is nodding her head at lightning speed, “And, and, and I have this
notebook that has like all the newspaper clippings I collected about you in it. Oh, and, and I even
drew a few drawings of you.”

“Huh.” Rogue’s anger has all but disappeared in front of a such a vivid fan.

“Hey kid,” Sombra calls for her, “Tell her what you have written on your ceiling.”

Rogue looked at Sombra when she called for the girl and when she looks back at her, she is
patiently waiting for Rogue to let her tell her, “Well? What is it?”

“It’s your catchphrase,” she responds then tries her best to impersonate Rogue as she says it,
“Cheers loves, the cavalry is here.”

“That’s actually pretty close.” Rogue stands up, then facepalms, “Almost kid, almost.” She looks
at her again, “But I will at least try to explain it.” And crouches down again, “Tell me, kid, do you
have a best friend in school?”

“I do,” the girl nods, “and she likes you too.”

“Alright, alright enough about that for now.” Rogue waves her off, then asks again, “So if
someone was to hurt that friend of yours really bad, what would you do?”

“Like, to the person that hurt my friend?” the girl asks with a tilt of her head.

“Yes.” Rogue nods and narrows her eyes in anticipation of her answer.

“I would kill them.” The girl shoots like from a gun.

“Hahaha,” Rogue laughs and straightens, then points at the girl as she looks at the people present
in the room. She then leans towards the girl and grins, “Well, your dad there,” then points at
Petras, “hurt a very dear friend of mine very badly. You know what I’m saying here?” The girl
quickly connects the dots and nods with a sad expression when she realizes what her hero came
here to do. “But,” Rogue raises her index finger, “you just saved yours and your mom’s life.” then
looks at Sombra, “Hey, Sombra. You and Widow help them pack real quick then get a taxi and get
them where they can stay for a while.” They get right to it and unbind them then walk them
upstairs.
Chapter Summary

Sombra and Widow escort Mrs. Petras and their daughter outside as Rogue told them to. When they return, Rogue finishes off Petras but her finishing touch might've been a bit over the top.

Chapter Notes

This chapter directly continues from the previous one so if you didn't read it, first part of this one might not make much sense. ;)

Once they are out of sight, Reaper walks up to Rogue and puts his hand on her shoulder, “Nicely done.” and when she looks up at him, “Trust me. That’s one line you don’t want to cross.”

“Maybe you’re right,” Rogue responds with a sad undertone in her voice, “Sorry for the kick.” and apologizes for her rash action. He didn’t deserve it. He was nothing but a good teammate and a good friend even before Italy.

He shrugs, “Heat of the moment.” then walks back to lean on the doorway, “But that’s some strength you got there.” he pats his abdomen where Rogue’s kick connected, “Were you always that strong?”

“No,” Rogue shakes her head, “It came with this.” and shows her cybernetic arm.

“Mmm,” Reaper hums, then they both turn to look at Sombra and Widow who are coming down the stairs with Mrs. Petras and their daughter, both with two suitcases in hands.

“All packed?” Rogue asks, but her eyes follow the teenage girl, who decided to put on a replica of her goggles on and is trying hard to keep a smiling face despite the situation her family is in. Rogue nods and gets a nod back from her and the four walk out of the living room to get ready to leave.

Sombra who was last at the doorway turns back and walks towards Rogue, leans closer and whispers to her, “One of the girl’s suitcases is full of your merch.”

Rogue goes wide-eyed from surprise as she looks at Sombra, “What? What good will those things do when they won’t be coming back here? They do realize that, right?”

Sombra shrugs, “I guess,” then answers as she walks back to the doorway to follow Widow, “Moral support would be my guess.” But just as she reaches it, she needs to jump away as the girl sprints through them and makes a beeline for Rogue.

“Here,” she holds up a piece of paper at Rogue. Rogue knits her brows and reaches for it, “What is it?” Once she holds it she flips it around and sees an amazing drawing of herself. In the drawing, she is smiling as she is blinking and is firing
her pistols. “Wow, this is amazing,” she compliments it and kneels, “Come ‘ere.” and invites the
girl into a hug. She doesn’t hesitate for second and wraps her arms around Rogue’s neck. “Thank
you,” Rogue thanks her for the gift while they are hugged then she stands back up, “And I’m sorry
it has to be this way.” and apologizes.

The girl gives her first and as she guesses only attempt that Rogue will let her at asking, “Any
chance you could let my dad go too?”

“No can do, kid.” Rogue shakes her head, “He needs to pay for what he did.”

“Was worth a shot,” the girl murmurs to herself then turns around and walks back to where she
came from but she stops at the doorway and looks back at Rogue, “You know, the world could
always use more heroes.” and shoots her own line at Rogue, who chuckles and nods, understanding
the true meaning behind the girl’s words.

Rogue waits until she is out of sight before looking at Reaper and pointing towards the doorway
with her thumb, smirking, “Cheeky git, ain’t she?”

Reaper shrugs, “I know a few that are the same in that regard.”

The front doors open and close then after a few minutes they open and close again and Widow and
Sombra walk back into the living room. They wait at the doorway next to Reaper as they know
that Rogue plans to finish this up. They both nod without saying a word when Rogue looks at them
and flicks her head as if asking if they took care of Mrs. Petras and the girl.

With that settled Rogue wants to turn her attention back to Petras but she realizes that she is still
holding the girl’s drawing so she folds it and whips her arm so it flies at Sombra, who catches it
and pockets it. “Wouldn’t want to get any blood on that,” she grins as she looks at Petras and walks
closer. “Now, where were we?” she taps her chin, looking upwards. “Right,” she narrows her eyes
into thin slits as she looks back at Petras and winds her right arm, deploying the blade, “I was
about to make you feel the same as I felt when she got shot.” She drives the blade into Petras’s
abdomen and he screams behind the gag, “Ah ah,” she holds it there and grabs Petras’s hair so she
can look straight into his eyes when he lowered his head, “Not done yet.” She slowly moves the
blade upwards, gutting Petras as some fish. Widow and Sombra turn away but Reaper keeps his
sight on Rogue, ready to jump in if she gets some weird ideas again. “I can see on your face that
you won’t take much more but keep it together for just a second longer so I can really make you
feel how it is when someone destroys your heart,” Rogue growls into Petras’s face and pulls her
blade upwards with a swift motion, slicing Petras’s ribcage and his heart in half, then pulls out just
before the neck. She holds his hair until his eyes turn into his head a few moments later, making
sure he felt everything. After he is a corpse, she shakes the blood off her blade and sheaths it.

When she turns towards the other three she grins, “Party is over, but you guys might want to get a
move on.” and pulls out one of her bombs, spinning it on her finger.

Reaper jolts off the doorway and starts pushing the other two through it, “Sombra, Widow, move
ass!”

They are just out the front door in full sprint when Rogue blinks next to them and joins them in
running, “Bombs away!” she cackles and blinks ahead of them as the whole house explodes to bits,
the shockwave sending Reaper, Sombra and Widow flat on their faces. Luckily for the latter two,
Reaper used his body to protect them from the flying shrapnel and the heat of the blast.

“You are fucking insane!” he shouts when he picks himself up and looks at Rogue, ears rigging,
back riddled with broken glass, pieces of brick and wood. He checks on Sombra and Widow, “Any
got you two?”
“Non,” Widow answers, helping Sombra to her feet, who also shakes her head.

“Rapida, what the fuck?” she shouts at Rogue too as they walk towards her.

“Ups,” she sticks out her tongue and bumps her head playfully.

“Fuck it,” Reaper curses dismissively, the shrapnel falling out of him, as he walks. His body expelling it to knit itself back together, “Let’s just get out of here. Cops are bound to be on their way.”

They all run towards their plane, which they landed a bit further away, board it and blast away. Their destination, their second target for tonight. Talons base.
Rogue and Talons base part 1

Chapter Summary

Rogue and her team reach the Talons base they plan to hit and the fight is on. The entrance is guarded. Once inside Rogue and Reaper go one way and Sombra the other. She intended to mine their servers for data and information but she finds something else that catches her attention.

“Widow, gorgeous, what do you see?” Rogue asks from her cover position where she is staying low with Reaper while Widow and Sombra scout the Talons base’s surroundings.

“Two guards at the main gate with 3 patrols of 3 keeping check on the flanks and the front.” She responds from her perch in the nearby radio tower. It was lightly guarded so she and Sombra took care of those 5 unlucky grunts without making a sound.

“Sombra, love, what do you got?” Rogue asks the on foot and in stealth hacker that ran around the flank to check the back of the base for a quieter way in.

“The back is a no-go,” she whispers, checking her surrounding from behind a stack of crates she took cover behind, for any lucky grunt coming to close and spotting her, “Heat and motion sensors. Auto-turrets. This bitch’s ass is shut tight.”

“Haha,” Rogue chuckles, “Well Reaper, dear,” she looks at him on her left, “Guess we are doing this the fun way.” Finishing her sentence with a grin.

He looks at her with a sigh, “No bombs until we enter,” he chuckles when he sees Rogue’s face fall when he says that. “Fine,” he rolls his head, “but warn me when you do use one.”

“Gotcha!” she quips with a face wide smile, jumping from the cover and start running straight at the main gate. Reaper follows her to a point where she blinks ahead when the two guards at the gates raised their rifles and aim at her, then shadow steps to the right to take care of a patrol that was walking away. Rogue blinked right next to the gates and aimed her pistols at the heads of the guard. “Cheers loves,” she pulls the triggers, turning the heads into a mush, “Bleh,” she shudders mockingly when she sees pieces of their brains dragging down the wall like snots. She then blinks to the left where she spotted the second patrol closing in while she was running towards the gates. Reaper snaps the neck of the nearest grunt when he forms up from his shadow step, then aims his shotguns at the other two and before they can even turn around they are all on the ground. One with a broken neck, two with their lower backs missing. He shoots those two again in the heads, sparing them the agony of dying slowly. Rogue in the meanwhile blinked right in front of the patrol she aimed for. “Hi there,” she greets them and they all freeze. “Any of you lads know where I can grab a good pint?” she asks, acting completely innocent as if she wandered here by accident.

Two of them start discussing the answer while the third kept his wits, “Hey aren’t yo-GHA!” but Rogue doesn’t let him finish his sentence and drives her blade through his throat. Then when the other two finally realize what is going on, she kicks one so he flies at the base’s wall and strafes the other with her pistol. Two down one to finish off, which she does by blinking at him and driving her right knee in his face as he was picking himself up, caving in his head. She starts walking back to the main entrance when she hears three fast cracks of Widow’s kiss.
“Always look both ways before entering Talons base,” Widow jokes over the coms, when she took care of the last patrol that was coming around the corner, closing on Rogue when they heard shooting.

Rogue turns to look behind her, then at where Widow is positioned, “Thanks love,” she thanks her with a two finger salute then joins Reaper and Sombra at the main entrance.

“Open sesame,” Sombra quips when she finishes hacking the lock and the doors slide open.

“Nice one,” Rogue comments, smiling. They enter the base. “You all know the plan. Sombra gets their servers. Me,” she points at herself, then at Reaper, “and you, unleash hell.” And they split, Sombra stealing again and runs off down one hallway while Rogue and Reaper run down the other. The base is on full alert a minute later, its alarms blaring on full and as she said, Rogue and Reaper are cutting their way through any and all Talon personal they find along their way. Their destination, the command room. Sombra on the other hand, sneaks around the corner, carefully timing her sprints so she doesn’t bump or alert any of the grunts that are running towards where Rogue and Reaper are raising hell. She soon finds the server room but when she hacks it and skims the data on it she sighs from disappointment. No juicy data, nothing really useful or something that could help them in their future attacks against Talon, of which she is sure that will come. But there is something that catches her attention. One of the rooms in the base is sucking a lot of power and is secured far more than the rest. She pulls up the map and locates it only down the hallway and around the corner. She makes her way there, the sounds of battle coming from the other side of the base and all of the grunts seem to have headed there to reinforce the defense there. All the non-combat personal seems to have left a while ago as Sombra doesn’t see any even though she is passing the med bay and an armory on her way to the mysterious room. She finds the gates and hacking then proves to be a challenge even for her and she burns quite a lot of time getting through security on the lock.
Rogue and Reaper unleash hell on Talons grunts that come to defend their base. But Sombra found something and calls Rogue to come and look. When she does, her eyes go wide.

Rogue and Reaper reached the base’s hangar and a big battle erupts as Talon’s grunts dug themselves in. “Bloody ‘ell,” Rogue curses when one of the bullets nicks her left shoulder. She blinks to cover to give it a quick look. No real damage but it stings like a bitch.

“You okay?” Reaper asks over the coms, also taking cover but on the other side of the hangar.

“Yeah, just nicked some skin off.” Rogue respond, “I’m bombing these wankers,” she growls and blinks three times to reach one of the groups of grunts that were firing at her. “There you go!” she sticks the nearest grunt and Recalls.

“Nooooo!” the grunt that she sticked screams then the bomb goes off and shakes the entire hangar with its explosion and repaints every surface in the vicinity crimson and black.

“What the hell?” Reaper curses, “Was that just one?” and asks over the coms when he peaks over the cover to look that the aftermath, but bullets whizzing past his head force him to duck behind it again.

“Yes,” Rogue responds cheerfully, “Courtesty of Talons engineers. They beefed them up and I can also set how powerful they are now, plus they’ve put the knowledge of how to make more right into my head.”

“Damn,” Reaper grunts and wraiths to close in on another group that had a strong position from where they were covering his half of the hangar. “Hi,” he greets them when he reforms behind them, but just as they start turning their rifles at him he whips out a Death blossom and his bullets fly all over the place, hitting and killing all nearby.

“Fuck yeah!” Rogue cheers between her blinks when she sees the bloodbath Reaper just unleashed while making her way to the catwalk where some of the grunts took the high ground.

“Hurts like hell when I’m done,” Reaper respond then runs to the staircase that leads to the same catwalk but from the other side of the hangar, “but it comes in handy once every while.”

“Sorry,” Rogue starts when she empties her clip into the first grunt when she reaches the catwalk, “to,” then slices off the next one’s head with her blade but then one manages to grab her arm, “Oh, sod off!” she curses when she kicks him off the catwalk. Then blinks to the next one and reconfigures his jaw with a right uppercut, “Hear that.” and finishes her sentence.

Reaper is closing in from the other side and his shotguns crack as he mows them down one by one. “One,” he flips his empty shotgun around and smacks then grunt in front over his head, breaking his cheekbone in, “gets” then grabs the next one by his neck and throws him off the catwalk, “used to it.” He finishes when he blows away the last one’s head and Rogue had to duck to not get hit by
the pellets or the piece of that poor bastard’s head.

“Heya,” she chirps when they stop and looks at each other.

“Hi,” Reaper returns the greeting and they start laughing and after giving the hangar a quick look over they continue on their way towards the command room, but just as they exit the hangar Sombra calls over the coms.

“Rogue, you better get down here,” she tells her with a worried tone in her voice.

“What is it?” she responds as they run down the hallway.

“Get down here and see for yourself,” Sombra responds her voice now tinged with anger.

Rogue stops on the spot, “What the hell? Can’t you just tell me what it is?” and responds with anger coloring her voice now too.


“Haaa,” Rogue sighs, “Fine. I’m coming. Reaper, you finish the command room then meet us down there.” She tells him and when he nods, she turns around and runs back to the hangar. Blinking her way to where Sombra is, she is there under a minute. “Where are you?” she asks over the coms when she reaches the hallway that Sombra directed her to.

“In here,” her voice comes from room to her right and she heads there but stops dead in her track when she sees what’s inside the room.

“What the fuck is that?!” she shouts the curse and all other three wince when she turns on the coms while doing it.

“Yeah,” Sombra says over her shoulder, busy with a console below a cylindrical tank, “That’s why I insisted you get down here.”

“Is she alive?” Rogue walks closer and puts her palm on the glass, looking at a person floating inside the tank that has an air mask over her mouth and nose and what looks like IV’s running from her arm to the top of the tank where they join the air hose.

“According to this,” Sombra pulls up the vitals on the console, “she is.”

“Ca-can you get her out there?” Rogue stutters when her brain processes what she is looking at. “Wh-why would they do this?” she asks again before Sombra answers the first question.

“Don’t know, Rapida,” Sombra shakes her head as she types on the console, looking for a way to get the girl out of there, “But I’m willing to bet this is Moira’s work. Found it!” she quips when she finds the controls for the tank.
Chapter Summary

Talon are some sick bastards. They even dared to do that. Rogue decides that rescuing her takes priority over wiping out what little is left of this base.

“Sh-she looks exactly like me,” Rogue blinks to make sure that what she is seeing is real. “Well, me before the explosion and Slipstream.”

“Rapida, move away,” Sombra tells her then hits a few buttons which cause the tank to start tilting to a horizontal position and drain the liquid away.

Once it hisses when it decompresses and the back of it clicks open, Rogue grabs the cover and rips it away, throwing the hatch somewhere behind her. She doesn’t really care about anything else but what seems to be her clone, that is now lying on her flank inside the tank. She reaches in and gently pulls off the IVs and the air mask then taps her cheek to wake her up, “Hey, hey. Can you hear me?” Her eyes blink as she wakes and at first, her sight wanders about but it locks on Rogue and she twitches. “Hey, don’t be afraid,” Rogue tells her with a gentle voice, “I won’t hurt you, promise.” and cups her cheek, caressing it with her thumb. “Sombra, find her some clothes.” Rogue whispers to her without moving her sight of the frightened girl.

“On it.” She responds and looks around the room and finds a locker. She walks there and when she finds it locked she shoots the lock.

“Sombra!” Rogue hisses through her teeth when the girl twitches when she hears the gun go off. “Everything is okay. Come on, look at me.” she talks to the girl when she squeezed her eyes shut from fear. It seems to work as she slowly opens them and looks at her. “Come on, let’s get you out of here.” Rogue offers her a hand to help her climb out of the tank. She takes it and slowly comes out, but she trips and falls forward, Rogue catching her in a hug. “It’s okay. It’s okay.” Rogue caresses her back when she clings to her with everything she has. The girl slowly unwraps her legs from Rogue’s waist and steps down, “There you go.” She encourages her and Sombra comes back with a big towel and some clothes she found in the locker. “Let’s wipe the water off you first,” Rogue sounds almost motherly when she wipes the girl’s hair and then towels the rest of her until there is nothing more to wipe. Her hair is still a bit damp but it already has those signature spikes that Rogue’s do too. “Now let’s get you dressed up,” she then helps her pull on the orange pants and a t-shirt of the same color. “There you go,” she pats her shoulder when they are done.

“Mom?” the girl asks, tilting her head while looking at Rogue.

“Me?” Rogue chuckles, “No. I’m not your mom, maybe a sister.”

“A twin sister,” Sombra adds with a laugh and the girl looks at her and blinks her eyes a few times, then tilting her head the other way, “Annoying sister?”

That makes Rogue to explode into laughter, “Hahaha, spot on.” And the girl joins her and laughs with her. “Well,” Rogue claps when she catches her breath, “Can’t call your girl all the time so let’s name you. How does Linn sound?”
Newly named Linn tilts her head and points to herself, “Linn?”

“Yes,” Rogue nods with a smile, “Your name is Linn.”

Linn then points at Rogue, “You?”

“Lena,” Rogue answers with her real name then points to Sombra, “Her name is Olivia.”

Linn nods with a smile, “Lena,” then looks at Sombra, “Olivia.”

“Good job,” Rogue scruffs her hair a bit, feeling strange as it feels as if she is running a hand through her own. She then turns her head away, “Reaper, Widow, abort mission. Exfil in five.”

“Something happened?” Reaper asks, his shotguns cracking and screams of grunts dying sounding from the background.

“We found something,” Rogue responds, “or better said someone.” She corrects herself, looking at Linn who is giving her a quizzical look.

“On my way,” Reaper responds, “but give me a minute or two more to wrap this up here. I’m almost done.”

“Go wild, bad boy.” Rogue chuckles, offering Linn a hand so she guides her out of the base.

“Who did you find?” Widow, who waited until Rogue finished with Reaper, now asks.

“You’ll see,” Rogue answers, smiling as she guides Linn by her hand down the hallway that leads outside. “Sombra, go start the plane. I got this.” She tells her when she gets an idea and stops.

“Okay,” Sombra nods and runs ahead.

Rogue turns her back towards Linn, “Hop on,” and tells her over her shoulder. When Linn doesn’t move, only looks at her blinking and tilting her head, Rogue grabs her wrist and guides her arm over her shoulder and around her neck then Linn move the other one on her own. Once that is done Rogue taps Linn’s thigh so she lifts it for Rogue to grab and does the same with the other. Now fully loaded on Rogue’s back in a piggyback ride, Linn chuckles then points ahead, “Go?”

“Yes,” Rogue laughs, “Hold tight.” And starts sprinting down the hallway, not daring to blink because she doesn’t know how it would affect Linn.

But gets surprised when she runs up the stairs that lead to the main entrance when Linn asks her, “Lena, no blink?”

“You know what that is?” Rogue slows down but keeps running.

“Mhm,” Linn hums and nods, “Linn can do it too.”

“Right now?” Rogue asks as they turn the corner and reach the main hallway and the main entrance is in sight.

“No,” Linn shakes her head, “Need this.” She tells Rogue as she taps her accelerator.

“What?” Rogue slows down to a walking pace then stops just before she exits the base, not daring to exit if Linn is affected by the chronal disassociation and this whole base acts like a giant anchor for her. “Do you need it? Is it here?”
“Linn doesn’t need it, but can use it.” She answers and Rogue releases the breath she didn’t even realize she was holding.

“Oh, thank god.” She exhales, “Wait, but how can you use it then?”

Linn shakes her head, “Linn doesn’t know, she just does.”

“Okay,” Rogue nods and walks out of the base and start running towards their plane.

Once in sight she sees Widow waiting at the ramp, her goggles still over her eyes as she scans the surroundings for any uninvited guests, but she pulls them off when Rogue and Linn on her back run closer.

“Mon Dieu,” her eyes go wide when the lights from the interior of the aircraft light up Rogue and Linn and she get a good look at Linn, “She is you, chérie.”

“Mhm,” Rogue hums, then, “Linn, this is Amélie, say hi.”

Linn, who tucked her head behind Rogue’s, slowly peaks from behind it and sheepishly greets her, “Hi, pretty Amélie.”

“Awww,” Rogue quips, “ Barely met you and she already called you pretty.”

“Bonjour, Linn,” Widow responds with her cheeks getting a bit warmer.

“What the?” Reaper voice rasps from behind when he joins them and is surprised by Linn.

Linn immediately buries her face behind Rogue’s head but Rogue turns around to face Reaper, “And this is Gabriel, he is nice,” and introduces him to Linn then adds, “Well, most of the time.”

“How?” Reaper continues to ask, “What kind of sick joke is this?”

“Hey,” Rogue growls at him, “Be nice, I’ll try to explain on board and Sombra probably has more info on it too.”

“Sorry,” he apologizes when he sees that Linn is trying to peak out from behind Rogue’s head but gets frightened every time he is too loud. “As she said,” he pulls off his hood and removes his mask, then with a gentle smile he leans closer as he encourages Linn to look at him, “I’m a nice guy.”

She slowly looks than when she sees his face, “Uuu,” she drags and reaches towards his face with wide eyes, “Scarred Gabriel?” and when she touches it, she traces one of the scars, “Hurts?”

“Sometimes,” Reaper nods but is pleasantly surprised at how her gentle touch feels.

“Okay, let’s get on board and get her back home,” Rogue tells them and they walk inside. Rogue carries Linn to the co-pilot’s seat and sits her down, then fastens her seat belt and takes the pilot’s seat herself. Once strapped in and she completes the pre-flight check, she asks the others, “Everyone strapped in?” Once they respond she takes off and they start their flight back to the apartment.
Flight home

Chapter Summary

Team Rogue takes to the skies as they fly home. Rogue takes the pilots seat and sets Linn into the co-pilots. Olivia explains to Reyes what she knows about her so he decides to try something.

Rogue brought the plane to a safe altitude and cruised along with a moderate speed, even though she is risking getting detected by the radar and RAF responding, but she is willing to take that risk if it means that Linn feels safe. But she gets surprised when Linn suddenly asks, “Lena, go faster?”

“You’re not afraid?” Rogue asks in response, quickly looking at Linn then refocuses back outside her windshield.

“No,” Linn chirps enthusiastically, “Want to go faster. Like it. Very much.”

“So,” Reyes, who sat down on one side of the plane while Amélie and Olivia sat on the other, asks the latter, “Who or what is she?”

“Don’t know for sure,” Olivia shakes her head because she didn’t get much from the base’s server or the console where they found Linn.

“Then tell me what you do know and what you think.” Reyes presses her for something as he still can’t get his head around the fact that there are now two Lena’s.

“Damn, Gabe,” Olivia exhales, “Why do you insist on this so much?”

“Look,” he facepalms, “If they managed to clone her,” he points toward the pilot’s seat, “who’s to say that they didn’t clone Akande and Moira too.”

“That’s one scary thought,” Olivia replies, “But from what I found, they or better said she just experimented with Rogue. Moira was pushing to extend the project but was stonewalled by the council, so she only had Linn to play with.”

“And?” Reyes asks her to continue.

“Nothing. She cloned her, sped her growth to this point, had plans but never got the chance to put them to action, for obvious reasons.” Olivia explains.

“So she is not a ticking time bomb that will turn on us when someone in Talon decides to flip a switch?” Reyes voices one of his main concerns.

“Nothing of sort,” Olivia shakes her head, “Though I don’t know why she is behaving like a 5-year-old. Her brain is fully developed and I saw some videos Moira took when she released her from the tank, where she is fully aware who she is and somehow has all of Rogue’s memories even since before the Slipstream incident. And is really hostile towards Moira and Talon as a whole, proving that her sense of right and wrong is the same as Rogue’s.”
“Interesting,” Reyes taps her chin, “Let me try something.” He gets up from his seat and walks to the cockpit. “Hey pilots, how is flying?” he greets them.

“Awesome, Gabriel,” Linn chirps in response.

“Hey, Reyes. Need something?” Rogue asks, eyes scanning the sky ahead, occasionally flicking to the instruments.

“Just wanted to ask something,” he leans on Linn’s backrest, “and I apologize in advance because neither of you will like it.”

“Reyes,” Rogue narrows her eyes and her grip on the controls tightens, “Don’t do something stupid.”

“Like I said, sorry for this,” he apologizes again then leans towards Linn and whispers into her ear, “Slipstream.”

As soon as she hears that word, Linn clutches her head and screams, “Aaaaaaa! It hurts!!!”

“What the fuck!?” Rogue growls at Reyes, “What did you say to her?!” she flips the autopilot on and gets up from her seat and kneels next to Linn, taking hold of her hand.

“Trying something to jog her memory,” Reyes takes a step back when Rogue pierces him with her stare, “Olivia told me that she knows everything you do.”

Linn was clutching her head, shaking it furiously, “No, no, no. It hurts.” Big tears starting to fall from her eyes.

Though pissed at Reyes, Rogue decided that she needs to take care of Linn first, “Hey, Linn, look at me.” She gently calls for her while caressing the top of her hand.

She seems to respond but when she looks at Rogue she is jolted by another powerful headache and starts to scream her lungs out, “Aaaaaaa! Make it stop!!!”

“Everything is okay,” Rogue stand up and hugs Linn’s head, now caressing her scalp. All of a sudden Linn goes completely still and silent and her arms flop down on her thighs. “Linn,” Rogue releases her hug and kneels back down to look at Linn’s eyes. “Hey, talk to me.”

She sniffles and wipes her nose with the back of her hand, then raises her head and looks at Rogue, “Hey Lena,” she greets her but Rogue can see that there is something different about her eyes.

“Hey, Linn?” Rogue raises an eyebrow, wondering if she is still talking to the same person as before.
Linn likes to fly

Chapter Summary

Linn likes to fly and Rogue for one is one that knows how to put the plane through its paces. But does Linn hold a secret?

“Yes?” she sniffs again, the look in her eyes changing back when she blinks her tears away.

‘Hmm? Must’ve just been seeing things.’ Rogue thinks to herself, before asking, “You okay now? Your head doesn’t hurt anymore?”

“Head hurts sometime, but goes away fast.” Linn answers, then sniffs loudly.

“Here,” Reyes offers her a cloth tissue he pulled out of his pocket, “And sorry I made your head hurt.” She takes it with a nod and first wipes her tears away then blows her nose so loudly it makes both Rogue and Reyes cringe.

“What did you even say to her?” Rogue looks at Reyes, caressing Linn’s scalp and she leans into it.

“Just one word,” Reyes raises his index finger, “Slipstream.”

“Oh, oh, I know what that is,” Linn chirps from below and both Rogue and Reyes look at her and when she looks up at them, “That’s that really fast plane, right?”

“Yeah,” Rogue nods with a chuckle, “She is fast, alright.”

“This one not so fast?” Linn asks with big eyes.

“No, not even close,” Rogue chuckles, scruffs Linn’s hair a bit more then sat back down in the pilot’s seat, “But she is faster than this snail pace.” She buckles her seat belt and grins at Reyes who takes the hint and runs back into his seat, straps in and tightens it as much as he can.

Seeing that Olivia does the same, “Rogue going crazy again?” and asks as she laughs.

“Yes,” Reyes nods, “And I don’t think we get to keep our last meal before she calms doooowwn!” he drags his last word as his stomach is pushed into his throat when Rogue pushes the plane into a steep dive.

“Yeeeeeay!” Linn scream in delight from the cockpit, her arms high in the air, “More, more!”

“See what I me-n.” Reyes points towards the cockpit only to be cut off again when Rogue pulls up hard and they all experience several G’s pushing on them as the plane’s engines roar to push it against the gravity.

“Hahaha!” Rogue laughs as she hears Linn absolutely enjoying herself even when she is exposed to the huge G-forces when she throwing the plane through the crazy maneuvers.

They go weightless for a few short moments as the engines can’t keep up with the climb anymore and the plane loses all its forward momentum, only to plummet back at the ground but Rogue bring
the nose back down and once she is satisfied that the engines are grabbing enough air to function again, she turns on the afterburners and flips it on its side and pulls a high G left turn. She levels the plane only to flip it to the other side and go for a right turn.

“She truly is a master in piloting, is she not?” Amélie comments with a smile, looking towards the cockpit where a cheerful laughter and screams of delight are coming from.

“Only wish she showed those skills without me on board,” Olivia responds, already fighting her stomach so it doesn’t return its content.

Rogue pulls the plane into a gentle climb then lets go of the controls and leans to look back at the trio sitting behind her, “Look, guys,” she waves her arms, “No hands!” she laughs, but notices Olivia’s face turning green. “You okay there, Olivia?”

“Not really, no,” she answers her with a shake of her head, now fighting her stomach to her limits.

“Sorry about that,” she grabs the controls again as she apologizes and brings the plane gently into a leveled flight.

“More?” Linn asks with big eyes.

“Sorry, but no,” Rogue denies her request, and explains why not, “Olivia isn’t used to it as we are so she is feeling sick.”

“Oh,” Linn leans to look, “I’m sorry, Olivia.” She apologizes too with a wave.

“I’ll be okay, Linn. Enjoy your first flight.” Olivia waves back, trying to put on a smile, despite her stomach absolutely hating her right now.

“Hey, Linn,” Rogue calls her, then point out the windshield, “Look.”

“Wow,” Linn’s eyes go wide when the rising sun illuminates the sky in many different colors, ranging from blue to purple, from orange to yellow and the London’s skyline comes into view. “So nice,” she comments and leans into her seat, relaxing.

“Almost home, Linn.” Rogue comments and relaxes as well. Now, gently maneuvering the plane to the secluded landing spot they found for it that is a running distance from the apartment.
Rogue and Linn

Chapter Summary

Rogue and the team make it back to the apartment. As they were out all night they are all tired and Rogue helps Linn take a shower and tucks her in then joins her.

Chapter Notes

This one is a bit longer as I kept writing and now can't split it in two where it would make sense. So enjoy a bit longer one. ;)

They landed and made their way towards the apartment. Reyes loaned his coat to Linn so she covered up as seeing two Lena’s walking the streets of Row might be pushing it until they come up with a believable explanation and Olivia makes some electronic footprint for her and IDs. They make it through the doors and Amélie locks the doors as she was the last to enter as she was checking behind them to make sure no one followed them or kept their sight on them for too long. Even though it was early morning, London was waking up in full and they counted themselves lucky that no one stopped them and started asking too many questions. Rogue keeps holding Linn’s hand as she makes a beeline to her room, and tells her to sit on the bed so she finds a set of clothes that look okay. But while she can dress in practically anything she owns, she can’t decide what to give Linn to wear even though she looks exactly like her. “Aaah,” she grunts and scratches her head, then grabs the first pair of jeans, a t-shirt, and set of underwear she sees and hands them to Linn, “Here, hold this for a moment.” She nods and grabs the clothes and carefully holds as if afraid they will fall apart if she holds them more firmly. Rogue then dives into her closet again and pulls a set of clothing for herself, flips two towels on her shoulder then turns back to Linn, and can’t help herself but laugh when she sees how gently she is holding the clothes she handed to her. “Come on, silly,” she lightly pushes the clothes at her, forcing her to grab them more firmly, then guides her towards the bathroom. Even though she found Linn in a tank filled with water, god knows what else was in it and she herself needs a good hot shower. She tells Reyes to prepare something for a quick bite before they go to sleep when she sees him sitting on the couch, checking the news channels. Rogue opens the doors leading to the bathroom only to catch Amélie just as she is wiping her hair and is otherwise naked. She decided to keep quiet to enjoy the view for a moment or two but Linn is too honest for her own good.

“Wow, pretty.” she exhales, eyes wide, her sight running up and down Amélie’s figure.

“Mhm,” Rogue nods, leaning on the doorway with a smirk.

“At least get in and close the doors.” Amélie rolls her eyes when she stops wiping her hair to look at the pair of Lena’s looking at her from the doorway then just continues.

“Well, you heard the lady,” Rogue looks at Linn and they both enter and she closes the doors behind her.

Rogue goes right to striping and getting ready for a shower but something catches Linn’s attention
and she walks closer to Amélie and gently puts her palm over the spider tattoo she has on her back. “Spider,” she quips and when Amélie turns her head to look at her, “Caught her.” she beams her a smile.

Amélie first smiles back then turns around and wrap her arms around Linn, “Non,” she looks down and when their eyes meet she grins, “I caught a little fly in my web.”

“Nooo,” Linn mocks being trapped, “Lena, help.” she calls for her and reaches behind where she last saw her, “Spider lady caught me.”

Rogue first chuckles at their shenanigans, then moved closer, “Let me show you a surefire way to escape,” and she lifts herself on her toes to plant a kiss on Amélie’s lips.

“Noon,” Amélie release Linn and mocks fainting with the back of her palm against her forehead, “Kisses, my one, and only weakness.” But neither Rogue nor Amélie expected what Linn did next.

She grabs Amélie around her waist and full on frenches her, “Paaah,” she exhales when their lips separate, “Spider lady defeated.” She quips punching the air above her head. Rogue and Amélie just stare for a second then wake up from surprise when Amélie comments, “She even kisses like you, chérie.”

Rogue only rolls her eyes and helps Linn strip out of the rags they found for her at the base, then pushes her inside the shower cabin and follows her in. Turning the faucet on habit she sets the perfect temperature and she would just let the water flow over her for a few moments if Linn didn’t have different ideas. She is standing behind her and is tracing where cybernetics meet the skin. Starting at the neck, then going down Rogue’s back. She stops when Rogue twitches when she hit a ticklish spot. She leans around Rogue to look at her, “It hurts?”

“No, silly,” Rogue scruffs her hair and smiles at the innocent look Linn is giving her, “Just tickled me a bit.” She nods with a smile and wants to pull back behind Rogue but she steps around her and lets Linn stand under the main stream that is coming out of the shower head. “Okay,” Rogue starts after giving Linn a minute to enjoy the shower, “We are as wet as we are going to get,” and turns off the shower.

Linn turns around and tilts her head, “No more shower?”

“Just need to soap up and scrub then some more shower, okay?” Rogue tells her, reaching for the soap and the sponge. Linn tracks her every movement with her eyes, fighting her wet hair as now it's pushing into her eyes, as Rogue soaps up the sponge and starts scrubbing Linn. Starting with her arms, going up to her shoulders and neck then her torso and as she guessed it, her flanks were the hardest part as she is just as ticklish there as Rogue is and she kept on squirming to get away from the sponge. Once the front was finally done Rogue tells Linn to turn around and scrubs her back. “Okay,” she nods to herself, “You are all scrubbed and soaped up,” she taps Linn’s shoulder so she turns back around. “Now help me with my back like you felt me do it for you.” she hands her the sponge and turns around. And where Rogue was all over the place and just scrubbed what she thought she still didn’t get, Linn chose a more methodical approach. Starting at the neck she slowly moved lower, almost an exact sponge width at the time. Linn’s way proved to be faster and even though she moved slower she finished faster and asked Rogue to turn around so she can get her front too. Rogue does turn but reaches for the sponge, “I can do the front myself,” but Linn moves it out of her reach.

Shaking her head, “No,” she gently grabs Rogue’s forearm, “You helped me. I help you.” And starts scrubbing.
“Okay,” Rogue smiles, “Have at it, then.” There was one more difference. Where Rouge didn’t linger on Linn’s ticklish spots, Linn seems to attack them on purpose and Rogue could swear she saw her smirking as they squirm around in the shower cabin. “Hahaha,” she laughs when Linn finds another ticklish spot and attacks it with vigor, “Linn, hahaha, sto-hahah-op!” The scrubbing session turns into a tickling skirmish as Rogue attacks Linn back and more than once the plexiglass bends almost to a breaking point when one or the other bumps into it as they wrestle for position.

After about a minute and both of them seriously out of breath from laughing, they stop and Linn hugs Rogue and leans her head on her shoulder. “I love you, Lena.” she quietly says and nuzzles in Rogue’s neck.

“Love you too, Linn,” Rogue returns the hug and lightly squeezes and they enjoy the moment. Linn yawns loudly and tries to scratch her eyes, but Rogue stops her just in time, “No, silly. You got soap on your hand. It will make your eyes sting if you get it in them.”

“Sorry,” she apologizes and yawns again, “Just, so sleepy.”

“Allright,” Rogue nods, “then let’s finish the shower, throw some grub in our stomach then it’s off to bed.” Then turns the water back on and makes sure that all the soap is washed away from Linn’s body then she switches positions and gets it off herself too. Once done, she sees that the water woke Linn up a bit, but she knows that it won’t last as her own eyelids are starting to get quite heavy too. They step out of the cabin and Rogue hands Linn one of the towels she brought and starts to wipe herself off. As she figured, Linn copies her and does the same. They dress up and head out of the bathroom and when Rogue wants to head towards the kitchen, Linn makes a beeline back to Rogue’s room. “Hey,” she calls after her and when she turns to look, “Not hungry?”

Linn thinks for a few moments then shakes her head, “No, just very sle-aaaaaah-epy.” A yawn escapes her mid-sentence.

“Allright,” Rogue nods, “wait for me in the room. I’ll just throw something in me real quick and then join you.” Linn nods in response and Rogue follows her with her eyes until she enters the room then heads to the kitchen where Reyes made some scrambled eggs and a pot of cocoa. She plates a small portion and throws it in in record time then gulps down a cup of cocoa, puts the dishes in the sink then says goodnight to the others and heads to her room. Once there, she sees Linn curled up on the bed, but didn’t bother to cover herself, only lied down on top of them. She gently shakes her awake, “Come on silly, move a bit so I can pull out the cover.” Linn rolls and then stand up with a grunt and Rogue then pulls away the covers, “Now jump in.” and Linn blitzkriegs the bed. Rogue joins her and wraps her arms around her, “Good night Linn.” and pecks the nape of her neck.

“Good night Lena.” she returns the wish and a few moments later Rogue can hear her snoring softly.

“I snore?” she whispers. Careful not to wake her.

Then gets startled when a french accented voice answers her, “A little,” and slender arms wrap around her waist, “It is adorable, not like Olivia’s that wakes the whole neighborhood.” That causes Rogue to chuckle a bit too loudly and Linn in front of her grunts and readjusts then goes still again.

“Good night, Amélie.” Rogue readjust a bit too as she wishes good night.

“Bonne nuit, ma chérie.” Amélie returns the wish and they all fall asleep a few minutes later.
Linn? wakes up

Chapter Summary

When she wakes she is pleasantly surprised by her new location. Definitely an improvement over her previous sleeping arrangement. But will the ones she is sharing the bed with, be just as pleasant?

‘What? Where am I?’ she wonders when the setting sun’s ray light up the room and she opens her eyes when she wakes up. ‘In a bed?’ she feels the soft pillow under her head and a warm blanket covering her. ‘That’s definitely different. A better different from when I usually woke up.’ She then notices that the blanket isn’t the only thing over her body, ‘Is this somebody’s arm?’ and reaches for the arm wrapped around her waist, ‘Feels metallic. But,’ feeling a body heat of a living person, ‘it’s a human that is pressing against my back. Well, it’s not that rare for people to have artificial limbs if the lost their natural ones, nowadays.’ she figures and slowly turns around to look at who is she sharing the bed with. ‘I’ve seen her before, but I can’t put my finger on it,’ she tries to remember why does she look so familiar only to notice that there is a third person lying behind the one that was hugging her. ‘What? Three of us in the same bed? It’s big enough but still, three people in the same bed?’ She wants to slide out but as soon as she moves an inch away, the woman with a lot of cybernetics grunts, “Mmm, stop moving so much.” and squeezes lightly with her arm, nuzzling into her shoulder. Recognizing the voice her eyes go wide, ‘Hold on a tick. Could she be? But that would mean…’ her mind races towards the only logical conclusion. ‘Oh, no. What has she done now?’ she remembers that sometimes someone else wakes up in her stead and then she usually ends up somewhere weird and does strange things. ‘At least I’m out of that hell,’ she relaxes when she realizes that this time she didn’t wake up surrounded by water. ‘Boy was that heterochromatic chick a pain. Always asking questions about this and that and her voice alone ground on mine nerves.’ she recalls how things were usually when she woke. She gives getting out of bed another attempt, but all she manages to do is pull the woman that is hugging her waist along, waking her.

“C’mon Linn,” she grunts and her eyes first flutter open, then go wide, “Who are you?” and she asks when their eyes meet.

“Eee, Linn?” she tries, but judging from the raised eyebrow the woman looking at her is giving her, fails to convince her. “Sorry ‘bout that.” she apologizes, “To be honest, I don’t know,” then shrugs, “but that woman with funny colored eyes called me Lena. And I know I’m not her. You are.” and forces a smile.

“You are right about that,” Rogue nods, “But care to explain where Linn went?” she asks with a serious tone in her voice.

“You talking about the one that is behaving like a child?” she asks back and when Rogue nods, “No idea how we switch places but we always did it after one or the other went to sleep.”

“Mmm,” a third voice sounds from behind Rogue, “Chérie, you are too loud.”

“Sorry gorgeous, did we wake you?” Rogue turn her head to look at Amélie as she stretches, popping her shoulders and neck.
“You can make up for it with a simple cuddle,” Amélie smirks when she looks at Rogue with her golden eyes and a smirk shows up on her face.

“Will do,” Rogue chuckles, then get serious, “Once I’m done with her.” while turning to look back at, Amélie assumes Linn.

“Quoi?” she wonders as Rogue was never this serious when talking to Linn. She lifts herself to her elbow to look at her over Rogue only to see a completely different look in Linn’s eyes.

“Hi, Amélie.” she greets her with a nod.

“Bonjour,” she returns the greeting.

“You know who she is?” Rogue asks, pointing at Amélie with her thumb.

“Yeah,” she answers, “I remember little bits while she is awake and she probably does too.”

“That how she knew about Slipstream?” Rogue asks, recalling that Linn knew that it was a fast plane.

“Don’t” the woman she is looking at her, growls, “mention that thing. Please.”

Taken by surprise by her reaction, Rogue recoils a bit, then knits her brow, “Why?”

“Because that is one thing we both remember very clearly but also know that it never happened to us. And whenever somebody mentions it, it sends a feeling all over me as if something is ripping me apart, piece by tiny piece.”

“Sorry,” Rogue apologizes, then remembers something else that is connected to Slipstream and Linn mentioned, “Ever used the accelerator?”

She knits her brow, “No, I guess. What is it?”

“This baby,” Rogue taps her implanted anchor on her chest and pulls at the collar of her sleeping shirt so she exposes the red glowing circle. “Well, this is one half of it.”

She first looks at its red color and freezes as if enchanted by it then flies out of bed as if something pushed her out with great force. “Noooo!” she screams on top of her lungs, flailing her arms and legs from the floor where she landed as if somebody is attacking her, “Get away from me!!!” Her eyes wide and unfocused.

Rogue covers up the anchor and immediately jumps after her. “Hey,” she grabs hold of the woman arms, the wraps her into a hug and holds her still, “No one here will harm you. Just breathe.”

“Nooo!” she keeps struggling, screaming, her sight still flicking all over the place, “She is coming after me!!! She will kill me!!!”

But Rogue keeps her hold on her, “Who is coming?”

She looks at her, eyes focusing, “You are.” She answers then her eyes roll into her head and she goes limp when she passes out.
Linn wakes up, again

Chapter Summary

Rogue picks up the passed out Linn and puts her back on the bed. Once she wakes her up, they figure out a way to continue staying together and Rogue finds another thing she shares with Linn.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 40. Are you kidding me? And I wrote in the notes of the first one that it might just be a one-off. Holy crap. Thanks for all the kudos and hits. And thanks to all who comment too. I read every single one. Thanks again.

Rogue picks Linn up and carries her back to bed then gently lowers her down on it. Sitting down on the bed next to her, she checks her vitals which seem to be okay then starts to lightly tap her cheek, “Hey, can you hear me?”

Her eyes flutter open and her sight darts around for a bit then she visibly twitches when she sees Rogue’s face.

“Hey,” Rogue greets her with a smile, “Not gonna hurt you, no matter what you just saw or remembered. Promise.” When the girl sheepishly nods, she continues, “And if you don’t mind, I’ll just call you Linn too, okay?”

“O-okay.” Linn stutters trying to force a smile but she is still too afraid from what she just saw to pull it off, despite Rogue promising her that she won’t hurt her.

Figuring that she probably won’t make much progress this way, Rogue thinks of something, “Will it be better if she,” she flicks her head towards Amélie that got up and is getting dressed, “kept you company and I stay out your way?”

Linn turns her head towards her, then back to look at Rogue and shakes her head, “No, not really.”

“Well,” Rogue caresses Linn’s cheek with her thumb, “then you’ll just have to suck it up and give me a chance to earn your trust.”

Linn nods more firmly, a determent look showing up on her face, “I’ll try.”

“Good,” Rogue, smacks her knees and pushes off the bed, standing up and offers Linn a helping hand of getting up too, “Let’s go grab a bite.” She audibly sniffs the air, “I think I can smell something delicious. Reyes probably made something again.”

Linn takes the offered hand and gets pulled off the bed, but knits her brow when she is standing next to Rogue, “Commander Reyes?”

“Yeah, him.” Rogue nods, then looked at Linn with a quizzical look, “Wait, you do know he is
more known as Reaper now, right?”

Linn shakes her head as if to clear some fog out of her mind then nods, “Yeah, right. My head is a bit of a mess right now.”

Rogue wraps her arm around Linn’s shoulders and pulls her towards her, “Don’t worry,” she smiles when their eyes meet, “Under that rough exterior hides a really nice guy. Just have to take your time to let him show it to you or dig a bit to pull it out.”

“She is correct,” Amélie, now fully dressed and at the doorway leading out of the room, says over her shoulder, “Rogue there,” she flicks her head towards her, “is very good at bringing the best out of people around her. Myself included.”

“Awww, love,” Rogue’s cheeks heat up a bit, “Thanks.”

“No need to thank me when I am merely stating the truth,” Amélie responds and walks out.

Linn who was suspiciously quite while Amélie and Rogue talked, now exhales deeply as if releasing a long-held breath. “Bloody ‘ell, the arse on her.” She comments.

“Right you are,” Rogue replies, “Hold on a tick,” then removes her arm and steps in front of Linn to look at her face. “Oooh, I recognize that look,” she smirks and crosses her arms, “You like Amélie, don’t you?”

Linn mimics her, “You don’t?” They hold their postures and stare at each other for few moments then explode into laughter.

“She might be good looking,” Rogue says while laughing, “but wait until you see Emily. You will go soft in your knees.”

“Will hold you to that,” Linn retorts, catching her breath as their laughing slows down, “Where is she?”

“Gibraltar.” Rogue answers and starts to dress up. “Recovering after getting shot by Talon.”

“I’m sorry,” Linn lowers her head, “Shouldn’t have asked.”

“It’s okay,” Rogue waves it off, and pulls on her pants, “You didn’t know. And,” then the shirt, “if I know my girl, she is probably running around the base already. And being a pain in the ass for Brigitte or Torb if he came back too.”

“Okay,” Linn smiles and starts getting dressed too. Once both are ready they leave for the living room. Where, as Rogue suspected, Reyes made and set up a late lunch or early dinner and the table was filled with plates topped with food and empty ones where everyone sits.
Emily and Angela

Chapter Summary

Emily has been dying of boredom, lying in bed as she recovered. Now she attempts to persuade Angela to let her get up and do something more productive.

Chapter Notes

Been a while since we checked on Emily and the gang back at Gibraltar. Let's see what they were up to while Rogue was dealing with Petras, Talons base and Linn.

Rogue wasn’t too far off when she said that Emily would be up and running around the base almost as soon as the pain in her chest has lowered to a bearable level. And she did just that, causing no small amount of concern to her doctor, Angela.

“I must insist that you rest more, Emily,” Angela attempted to persuade Emily to stay in bed for a day or two longer just to be sure, but to no avail.

“C’mon Angie,” Emily complained, “I’m bored out of my mind here. And no amount of good books or movies is helping to change that. These,” she shows Angela her hand, “need to move, make something.”

“What do you mean, make something?” Angela knits her brow while checking her datapad for the latest info about Emily’s medical status.

“Point me to the nearest workshop and I’ll show you.” Emily grins, puffing up her chest, but it reminds her that it's not quite healed enough for moves like that, “Auch.” she complains and deflates.

“You mean to say, that you are an engineer, like Brigitte and her father?” Angela looks at her and scans her chest when Emily complained about the pain.

“That’s exactly what I’m saying.” Emily nods with a face-wide smile, then lowers her head and looks at Angela with upturned eyes, “So, please. Can I get out of bed?”

“Interesting,” Angela hums, “Lena never mentioned anything about you being handy with your hands,” she tells Emily while trying to recall if Lena ever mentioned anything of the sort. But something else that Lena definitely mentioned takes her mind into a different direction, “Well, at least not in that way,” she smirks at Emily and when she figures out what Angela is hinting at they both start to laugh.

“Yeah, I thought she would brag about something like that,” Emily comments while laughing, “But she probably didn’t mention me being an engineer because I never told her.”

“And why is that?” Angela asks while still giggling for a bit.
“She never asked,” Emily shrugs, “And she probably thinks I bought those two bikes we have back in London, but I put them together myself.”

“Bikes? As in motorcycles?” Angela sits on the bed next to Emily as she is done with her checkups.

“Yeah,” Emily nods then reaches for her phone that was on the nightstand next to the bed, “Gimme a second here,” she asks Angela to wait while she searches for the photo they took when they stopped at that rest stop the other day. “Got it,” she quips when she finds it and turns the phone to show Angela the four of them and the two bikes.

“Awww, you guys look so cute here,” Angela exhales as she looks at the photo, but something on it catches her eye, “What is Olivia doing here?” She asks when she notices that Olivia is looking down, and reaching for her pants pocket at the moment when the photo was taken.

“Oh, that.” Emily turns the phone and looks at the photo and explains, “It’s when she found out that Talon is moving in London and it started this whole thing that’s been going on for the last few days.”

“Wait,” Angela asks Emily when she was trying to put the phone away, “Show me the photo again.”

“Okay,” Emily gives Angela the phone.

And she moves her fingers across the screen to zoom in on something, “Noooo,” She drags, looking at Emily with a look of disbelief on her face, “Those aren’t Triumphs, are they?”

“Yes, they are.” Emily grins like she just won a jackpot when she nods. “My two babies. Well,” Emily comments with a gentle smile, “I gave one to Lena for her birthday and you should’ve seen the look on her face back then.” Emily’s chest warms up when she recalls how happy Lena looked and acted when she revealed her the bike.

“I believe she would quite happy,” Angela smiles with a nod and returns the phone to Emily.

“So happy,” Emily nods, “If she glows and is all smiles and bubbles normally, she could only endure the wait for a few minutes to hug me and cover my face with kisses. Then jumped on the bike, started it and she was gone.” She describes to Angela the day when she gifted Lena the bike, “And when she came back from her, maybe 10 minutes long ride, she had an expression of pure bliss on her face.”

“Mmm,” Angela hums, “I believe, I remember this one time when nothing could stop her from smiling and bouncing around even more than usual.”

“Yeah,” Emily smiles, “that was probably it. Back to that, me leaving this bed today, thingy?” she looks at Angela with pleading eyes.

“You know what?” Angela stands up from the bed and turns to face Emily, “Promise me to be careful not to overexert yourself and that you will take me for a ride with that motorcycle and you got yourself a deal.” She offers Emily a handshake while smiling.

“Deal.” Emily beams her a face-wide smile and shakes her hand, more than happy to finally leave the bed.
Emily and Brigitte part 1

Chapter Summary

Like she talked about it with Angela, Emily heads straight for the base's workshop once Angela lets her get out of the bed. She meets Brigitte there.

Brigitte was right in the middle of maintaining Reinhardt’s hammer, which, like it's owner, was more than fit for retirement, when someone knocks on the workshops doors. “Yes?” she pulls up her welding mask and turns on the safety on the welder, before straightening up and turning to look who her guest is.

When the doors slide open, Emily stands there waving hello, “Sorry to interrupt you. Can I come in?”

“Yes,” Brigitte nods and waves her in, “Come on in.” She lowers the welder on the workbench and takes off the mask, putting it down next to the welder. She looks back at Emily who is walking closer, “You’re Lena’s girlfriend, Emily, right?”

“Yeah, that’s me.” Emily nods, her sight darting around the workshop that is stacked with pieces of combat equipment. Some taken completely apart, other seem to be waiting for a quick fix or just a look over. But the massive hammer Brigitte seems to have been working on before she interrupted her catches her attention. “What were you working on before I came by?” she asks when she joins her next to workbench where the hammer is resting.

“Oh,” Brigitte turned as Emily walked next to her and now puts her hand on one of the rocket boosters on the back of the hammer’s head, “This is Reinhardt’s hammer.” Emily can see her face take on a sad expression as she continues, “Way past its retirement, but as that old oaf insists on using this one instead of letting me make him a new one, I need to patch it up more often than not.”

“Well,” Emily puts her hand on top of Brigitte’s and when their eyes meet, she smiles, “Got a spare welder and a mask?”

“Mmm,” Brigitte hums, not quite sure what Emily is asking her. “Over there.” She answers slowly and points to a set of shelves where she stores tools and equipment. She follows her with her eyes as she walks there and first puts her hair up in a ponytail, then grabs a welder, puts on the mask and comes back.

“Hey,” Emily calls as Brigitte seems a bit out there, “you okay?” while she plugs her welder to the gas supply.

Brigitte shakes her head really quickly to shake off the confusion and asks, “That looked way too natural for you. Have you done this before?” Emily only shows Brigitte her palm and smiles. Calloused spots all over it are more than enough of a proof that she is more than familiar with a workshop and knows her way around one. Brigitte only grabs her own welder, puts on the mask and she offers Emily to fire up her own too along with hers. “Shall we?” she smiles when the flames start burning on the nozzles of the welders.
“Where do you want me?” Emily smiles back and adjusts the flow of gases so that the flame gets that correct pointy blue flame.

“I’ll continue to work on the boosters,” Brigitte replies, then flicks her head so that the mask covers her face, “You go ahead and start on the top of the hammers head. I saw a few spots there that need a patch or two.” And without another word, the two women started to work. Brigitte got so focused on her part that she completely forgot about Emily until she was done with her part which took her about half an hour. “Oh,” she remembers when she shuts down her welder. “Emily, how’s it going on your end?” she asks, still looking over her welds, so gets startled when Emily’s voice comes from behind her.

“Coffee?” Emily asks, walking back into the workshop from the cafeteria, where she went to get a cup for both of them.

“Em,” Brigitte looks at her with knitted brow, “Sure.” then first accepts the offered cup, takes a sip, thanks Emily, “Thank you.”, then repeats her question, “But how did you part go?”

“Went great.” Emily chirps with a wide smile, “Was done in a jiffy.” Then walks back to where she was working and after taking a sip from her cup, she points to her work, “Would grind and polish it too, but was afraid it would shake the whole thing too much and bother you.”

“Wow,” Brigitte exhales when she looks at the perfectly done welds Emily did to close some of the crack and large gashes the top of the hammer had. “Well done.”

“People always underestimate the engineers.” A third voice joins them. And when Brigitte and Emily look at the direction it came from they see a small man with a long beard.

“Hello, papa.” Brigitte greets him and waves him closer.

“Dad?” Emily asks in surprise, then leans closer to Brigitte and whispers, “Guess you took after your mom then.” elbowing her lightly.

“I heard that,” Torbjorn grunts but there is no heat in his voice.

They all laugh at that and Brigitte comments, “I always say that I took my mom’s looks and my dad’s brains.”

Torbjorn scuffs at that, “Good thing you are the only one in that last part. Really don’t need another of my children to run around the battlefield.”

“Hey,” Brigitte gets a bit angry, “You know why I did it and we talked about it before.” She tells her father while leaning on the workbench and crossing her arms.

“No,” Torbjorn walks past her and goes to check the part that Emily worked on, “You talked. All I could do is sit there and listen. Too much of your mother in you in that regard too.”

Emily maneuvers out of the way then as she is backing away, “Well, it was nice to meet you Mr. Lindholm, but I will take my leave now.”

“Nonsense.” Torbjorn responds, and is joined by Brigitte, “You don’t need to leave,” who then looks at her father with a stern look, “This discussion is over anyway.”

“Yes, yes,” Torbjorn waves her off, knowing full well that the Lindholm women are not to be messed with. “Anyway,” he starts after he hummed something into his beard and nods, satisfied with the welding done on the part he was inspecting, “I brought someone with me today. Miss…?”
he looks at Emily and gestures for her to introduce herself.

“Emily, Mr. Lindholm. The name is Emily.” Emily answers and when Brigitte waves her closer, she rejoins them.
Emily and Brigitte part 2

Chapter Summary

Emily and Brigitte are joined by Torbjorn, then he calls for one more to join them.

“Right, miss Emily then, could you please open the doors and let that stupid thing in?” he asks her as he points to the doors, then adds, “And call me Torbjorn. Everyone else here does.”

“Okay,” Emily knits her brow when she goes to do what he asked her, because he said a thing, not a person. She was just about to shrug when she thought he could’ve just messed up what he said but then opens the doors and is startled by a Bastion unit standing there with a yellow bird on its shoulder. “Hi?” she greets it. He waves a hello back and some chirps and beeps are heard as if he is saying hi back. ‘I guess he is an omnic like every other.’ Emily thinks then invites him in, “Well, come on in.” she gestures for him to walk in. But he only tilts his head and releases a few more beeps and chirps, then he seems to look at Torbjorn.

“Yes, she is inviting you in,” he grunts, rolling his eyes, then waves his claw, “Now get in already and don’t block the doors.”

Bastion bends a bit so he doesn’t bump his head on the doorway then steps inside. And starts looking around the workshop, the little bird also flew off his shoulder and is flying circles. Picking this or that shelf to land on for a second then goes right back to flying.

Emily walks back to the other and notices that Brigitte is acting a bit strange. There is a grimace on her face that she can’t quite read the meaning of, and she is reaching for her welder again. “Hey Brigitte,” she calls, “you okay there?”

“No,” she responded with narrowed eyes. Now firmly holding the welder, “That is a Bastion unit and from what Reinhardt told me, these guys killed more people than any other type of omnic in he fought against.” Hearing her, Bastion releases a series of low beeps and chirps that almost seem like he trying to say that he is sad to hear that.

“Calm down, little one,” Torbjorn intervenes before Brigitte can put that welder to work and gets a raised brow sidelong look from Brigitte. “Just put that welder down, will you?” he grunts when he realizes the meaning of that look. And waits until she does, then “Now, about the Bastion. It doesn’t seem to want to harm anyone, at least this one doesn’t.” he pointed at him with his claw.

“Not sure Reinhardt would agree with you on that.” Brigitte scuffs as she calms down but stays on her guard.

“He is fine,” Torbjorn waves her off. “He was the one who came to get me and the Bastion unit and brought us here.” He then pointed to the welds done on the top of the hammer, “By the way, who did these? They don’t look like yours, Brigitte.”

“She worked on that part,” Brigitte point to Emily who is busy talking with Bastion, trying to figure out what his beeps and chirps mean. The yellow bird now perched on top of her head and is chirping along with Bastion.
“Hm,” she taps her chin, deep in thought, “So, if that means that, then that other series could mean that.” She murmurs to herself.

“Earth to Emily,” Brigitte calls with a raised voice, “You still with us?” when she completely ignored her calling her for a few times already.

“Oh,” Emily snaps her head to look at Brigitte, “Sorry, was just thinking to put some kind of voice modulator on him,” she puts her palm on top of offered Bastion’s. “And I was trying to figure out what those beeps mean.”

“I’m sure Athena can help you with that part,” Torbjorn offers, “But was it you that did these welds?” he points to the top of the hammer again.

“Yes, I did those,” she nods at Bastion then walks next to Torbjorn, “Something wrong?”

“No, no,” he shakes his head, “This is some good craftsmanship. I thought I knew anyone capable of such good work.” he compliments her work.

“Well, I guess the guild is bigger than you thought,” Emily winks when notices the tattoo on his shoulder and saw a matching one on Brigitte’s too then pulls out her wallet and shows them her Ironclad Guild membership card.

“What?!” both Torbjorn and Brigitte shout in surprise, startling the poor Bastion, who tucks in his head and then slowly emerges, peaking with a shaking head. “But I thought the Guild was done for once the Crisis started.” Torbjorn comments.

“Well,” Brigitte smirks. “Not quite,” then pulls up her sleeve, showing his father her Guild tattoo on her shoulder. “There are a few solitary cells still out there.” She explains when he looks at her with wide opened eyes.

“Yes,” Emily nods, “And my parents were part of the London’s Chapter.”

“Were?” Torbjorn asks, running his hand over his beard.

“Yes, were. Both were killed during the Null Sector’s Uprising.” Emily answers and looks at the ground, the memory of seeing her parents being riddled with bullets waking up in her mind. But heavy metallic steps are heard and a hand is placed on her shoulder. When she looks at its owner she can see the Bastion looking at her with a tilted head, releasing sad and curious sounding beeps. “I’m fine,” she smiles and taps his hand on her shoulder.

“I apologize,” Torbjorn lowers his head, “I shouldn’t have asked.”

“It’s okay,” Emily shakes her head, then smiles, “I meet Lena for the first time back then.”

“Now that you mention it,” Torbjorn looks closer at Emily, “You do look familiar. You were that redhead she found wandering the streets when we were moving that cart towards the doors.”

“The very one,” Emily responds, “And she changed my life forever.”
Rogue and the team plan a vacation

Chapter Summary

Rogue decided to take a rest and is bringing the whole gang back to Gibraltar. On both sides, there are doubts that it's a good idea but, if she is anything she is persuasive.

“So, are you guys ready?” Rogue asks as she checks her bag if she packed what she thought Emily might need.

“Still think this is not a good idea,” Reyes grunts, flinging his own sports bag over his shoulder and walks to the front doors.

“I agree,” Amélie adds to Reyes’s complain but also pulls out the handle on her wheeled suitcase and follow him.

“I talked to Winston and he said that they will try to be on their best behavior.” Rogue tries to calm their worries as she zips close her bag and picks it up. “Plus, we were all there once already.” she adds then flicks her head towards Olivia, “Not to mention that Olivia spent a few days there, watching over Emily.”

“It’s one thing to go there for a few hours,” Reyes still isn’t convinced, “but a whole different to spend there a week.”

Amélie nods, “And how will you explain Linn?” then gestures towards Linn, who was quietly packing her bag with some of the clothes that Rogue loaned her.

“What? Me? What about me?” Linn snaps her head to look at Amélie, then her sight flicks between her and Rogue.

“Oh,” Rogue grins, “Got a nice idea about that.” Then giggles.

“I don’t like that look you have right now,” Reyes shakes his head when he saw Rogue grinning like that. “And where is Olivia? Can’t that woman ever be on time?” he asks when he can’t see her anywhere and they are about ready to leave.

Rogue smirks when she spots her translocator just behind Reyes and as she predicted, Olivia teleports in the next moment, “Been here all along.”

“Fuck you!” Reyes curses when he gets startled by her voice coming from behind and was just about to spin around and punch her, but he decided against it once he realized that he should have expected her to pull something like that off.

Rogue laughs for a bit then, “So did you manage to get the orders in?” asks Olivia if she’s done what she asked her to do.

“Rapida, who am I?” Olivia grins, “Of course I did. The couch will arrive tomorrow and the cleaning guys will drop by a day before we come back.”

“Good,” Rogue nods as she slips her shoes on, “And my mates will keep an eye on them so they
don’t get any cheeky ideas.” She adds as she straightens up and unlocks the front doors and opens them. “Alright you gits, let’s move out.” she waves them and they all walk out of the apartment and head for their plane. Destination: Watchpoint Gibraltar. Mission: Have a fuck ton of fun and relax for a week.

Despite Rogue reassuring Reyes and Amélie that Winston convinced Jack and Ana to behave, things didn’t go as smoothly as she assumed.

“No, not a chance,” Jack argued when Winston told him and Ana that Rogue is bringing her whole gang to stay over at the Watchpoint for a week. “I’m not having Reaper and Widowmaker in this base for even a second, let alone for a whole week.”

“Their names are Gabriel and Amélie,” Winston corrected him, “and from what Lena told me, they are trying to make up for what they’ve done in the past.”

“Look, Winston,” Ana joins the conversation, “it was one thing for them to help us with the Halloween event, it’s whole another for them to stay for a week. A lot can happen.” Jack nods and crosses his arms as he leans on the wall.

“Come on, guys,” Winston tries again, “give them a chance. They might surprise you. You didn’t have any trouble with Olivia when she stayed over.” But judging from their expressions he is getting nowhere.

Lucky for him, his backup just walked in to join them in his lab. “Hello,” she greets them and walks closer but the doors don’t close behind her.

“Hello, Angela,” Ana greets her back, then notices Fareeha walking in behind her, “and hi habibti.”

Jack nods to both, “Angela, Fareeha.” Then tries to get them on his side of the argument, “Please tell Winston how insane the idea of letting Reaper and Widowmaker stay over for a week is.”

But he fails utterly, “Actually, Jack,” Angela starts when she walked to Winston’s side, “I am willing to give them a chance. I trust Lena when she says that they are trying to turn a new leaf.”

Seeing how Angela is a lost cause, Jack looks at Fareeha, but doesn’t get the support he sought from her either. “I’m with them,” she flicks her head towards Winston and Angela, “I had a chance to talk to both when they came over for the Halloween and I believe that given a chance, they will show us all that they can be trusted again.”

“But, habibti,” Ana counters, “Widowmaker shot my eye out and Reaper attacked us both.”

But Fareeha was ready for that argument, “Is either of you dead?” she counters, “Because neither of them seems to have a habit of leaving their targets alive.”

Thinking back, Jack and Ana both remember that both Reaper and Widowmaker left them alive even when they could easily have finished them off. And they look each other and nod, then look back at Winston, “I still don’t like it,” Jack is the first to speak, “but I guess I could give them both a chance.”

Ana follows suit, “As am I.”

Winston smiles widely and jumps at them, wrapping them both in a hug, happy that he managed to convince them and keep his word to Lena. But then realizes who he is hugging and jolts back,
releasing them, “I-I, I apologize, I was just…”

Seeing him, Ana gently smiles and puts her hand on his forearm, “It’s quite alright,” then winks at him, “even us old farts feel good when hugged.”

“Speak for yourself,” Jack grunts, but there is no real heat behind his voice.

“I swear,” Ana pierces him with her look, “I will sleep dart your grumpy ass if you don’t stop that.” They all laugh at that and then go and let the rest know that Lena is coming and is bringing her new friends with her.
Gibraltar is not ready for two Lenas

Chapter Summary

Rogue and her team land at the Watchpoint and she puts her plan to prank whoever is waiting for them into action.

Chapter Notes

A bit bigger chapter to make up for the lack of updates for the past few days. Been busy.

“Winston, Talon light transport inbound.” Athena’s voice comes from the speakers when she detects it on her radar. Her tone serious and she is already calculating who needs to go where to defend against this attack and scanning the skies and sea for others. After all, a single small transport is barely a threat to a base full of battle-hardened warriors that currently call it a home.

“They are early,” Winston responds, doing some finishing touches on a present he and Athena came up with for Lena. “I expected them in the evening.”

“Who-” Athena starts, finding it strange how Winston is reacting to her warning about an incoming Talon attack, but then picks up an ID ping from the plane that clears things up for her. “Oh. Silly me,” she chuckles, “It’s Lena and her friends. Directing them to the main hangar. Should you wish to go and say hello I recommend leaving immediately, Winston.”

“What?” He looks up when she rushes him, “Why?”

“Because whoever is piloting that plane is pushing it to its limits.” Athena explains, “If they kept that speed since London, those engines will need an overhaul.”

Winston quickly boxes his gift then as he gently holds it in one hand, he leaps towards the tire and swings towards the doors that lead out of his lab, “On my way. And please let Emily know that Lena is almost here.”

“Was done as we spoke,” Athena responds then chimes, signaling that she is elsewhere in the base now.

“Rogue,” Linn looks at her as she is making sure that every detail on her is perfect for the little pranks she came up with, “You sure this is a good idea?”

“Yeah,” she grins in response, “This is gonna be great. Remember,” she puts her hands on Linn’s shoulder, “do and say just what I told you.”

“Okay,” Linn nods meekly, finding Amélie and Olivia with her eyes, silently pleading for help. But they just shake their heads. There’s no way can they help her against Rogue who’s been buzzing
about this plan since they took off.

“Okay,” Winston moves to shield Emily with his bulk from the engines blasts as the Talon’s transport is using its VTOL capability to land just outside the main hangar, “here they come.”

The craft spins around so his back ramp is facing Emily and Winston and it’s only when the engines are turned off does Winston move out of Emily’s way so she can see her fiancé as she comes out. Both betting that she will beat everyone else coming out of the plane. But what they see makes their eyes go wide.

“Cheers loves,” Linn comes in view first, clad in Tracer’s blue uniform that she wore during the Uprising mission, “The cavalry is here.” It’s all there, with one crucial difference. The blue light on the chest is off.

But what has Emily and Winston baffled the most is that Lena doesn’t have any cybernetics on her. Like they disappeared. Nothing is there. Lena is as she was before the mission that they thought claimed her life. No artificial eye, ear, arm or leg. No red and matte black cybernetics. She manages to walk right up to them before they manage to react. And it’s Emily who shakes it off first, “Lena, sweet, is that really you?”

But now was the time for Rogue to show up and she blinks right next to Linn, “Cheers loves, the cavalry is here.”

Emily’s and Winston’s heads sync as they switch from looking at Rogue and Linn in rapid succession. Blinking their eyes as they do. This time it’s Winston who speaks first and he leans down to whisper to Emily, while keeping his eyes locked on the two Lena’s, “Emily, am I seeing double?”

“No,” Emily responds, “I’m seeing the same thing.” She then points at Rogue with her arm, “There’s Rogue,” then at Linn, “and then there is Lena.”

Rogue is barely keeping it together, a laughter threatening to explode out of her with each second she sees Emily’s and Winston’s expressions, while Linn is keeping her word and keeps the serious mask on. Winston walks to Rogue and leans closer, asking, “Rogue, is your accelerator malfunctioning?” with a worried expression.

Rogue can’t keep it together anymore and starts laughing, “No, big guy,” she shakes her head as she nearly doubles over from laughing so hard. “I’m the Rogue you guys know,” she starts to explain then hugs Linn over her shoulders and pulls her closer, “Her name is Linn. Found her in that base we attacked. She seems to have been Moira’s pet project.”

“That has Rogue wondering what she means until she follows Linn’s line of sight and sees that she is looking at Emily. “Told ya,” she quips, then adds loud enough for everyone there to hear, “The most beautiful woman you will ever see.” When Emily walks closer she releases Linn and hugs her tightly, “Hullo, love,” then gives her a quick peck on the lips.

Winston moved out of their way and is now standing next to Linn, “Hello, my name is Winston.”

He offers her a handshake, which she takes and introduces herself, “Linn Oxton. Lena’s long lost twin sister or at least that’s what the cover story says.”

“Mhm,” Winston hums, “I must apologize, but Rogue didn’t tell me that she is bringing you too,”
he continues then pulls out the gift he prepared for her, “Otherwise I would’ve made a matching set for you too.”

“It’s alright, Winston,” Linn shakes her head, smiling then gestures towards Rogue that he should give it to her.

“E-em,” he clears his throat when Emily returned Rogue’s quick peck with a full-on frenching and they were well on their way of making out right there and then. They separate with a chuckle and turn to look at him. “Rogue,” he starts, “I made you little something, as an engagement gift.” He offers a small box to her.

“Awww,” she hums, “You shouldn’t have,” then accepts the offered box and asks, “What is it?” as she works on opening it.

He offers a simple, “Take a look.” in response, gesturing towards the box with his head.

Rogue carefully pulls up the lid of the box and inside lie a set of earrings, a bracelet, and a necklace. They all seem to have transparent stones in them. “This is nice and all,” she looks at Winston, “But I’m not much of a jewelry type.”

“Touch them,” he offers in reply, a smile tugging on the corners of his lips.

Rogue narrows her eyes when she spots it then carefully pulls the necklace out by its chain. Her eyes go wide when the stone on the pendant starts to glow bright blue and she realizes what that means. She looks at Winston, eyes still wide as saucers, “No,” she drags in disbelief, “you didn’t?”

“Mhm,” he nods. “They are a miniaturized version of your anchor and accelerator.” He then leans closer, “Same function as this,” and points to Rogue’s bulky armored one on her chest, “only that you can’t blink or Recall with it, but will keep you anchored in time.”

Rogue puts the necklace back into the box and hands it to Emily then launches at Winston, hugging him the best way she can, “Thank you, Winston. So much.”

He returns the hug, “You are more than welcome, Rogue.”

Linn walked towards Emily and they both look at the jewelry inside the box. Then Emily offers, “Go ahead,” and when their eyes meet and she spots the same light Rogue has in Linn’s eyes, “Try the bracelet.”

“You sure?” Linn asks with a tilt of her head.

“Yeah,” Emily nods and moves the box closer to Linn so she can reach in. She does but what happens next surprise them both. The stone that is embedded in it starts to glow blue when Linn touches it, just as the pendant on the necklace did when Rogue touched it. “Hey, guys,” Emily calls for Rogue and Winston eyes locked on the glow, “Is this supposed to be glowing like that when someone else besides Rogue touches it?”

When they hear that they both look and see it too. The bracelet glowing in Linn’s hand. “Maybe some residual charge was left behind when Rogue put the necklace back in the box,” Winston comments, “and it charged the other pieces too?”

But Rogue disagrees, “Nah, big guy.” and shakes her head and walks next to Linn then taps her own chest piece, “was gonna ask you to make one of these for her too.”

“What?” Winston’s eyes go wide, “But she is not disassociated,” then looks at Rogue and Linn
with a quizzical look, “Is she?”

“’s far as I can tell, no.” Rogue answers, “But Moira somehow made it possible for her to use just the accelerator part too.” then shrugs, “Don’t ask me how. That’s for you and Angie to figure out.”

“And how do you know that she can use it?” Winston scans Linn top to bottom with his eyes, looking for any signs of chronal disassociation.

“She told me, for one,” Rogue points at Linn, “And we saw some files that Olivia pulled out of the console that was next to where we found her.”

“And you have them with you?” Winston’s scientific side kicks in and he looks at Rogue with glowing curiosity in his eyes.

“Me, no.” Rogue answers then gesture towards the trio that is finally coming out of the plane, “But Olivia does.” What took them so long beats her.
A hangar is a busy place

Chapter Summary

Gabriel, Amélie, Jack, and Ana have a staring contest, which Olivia doesn't want any part of. But she spots someone she didn't see in a while deeper inside the hangar so she goes to say hi and maybe a bit more.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

What they were doing was having a staring match between Gabriel and Amélie on top of the loading ramp, and Jack and Ana on the far side of the hangar. Seeing how Rogue’s prank ran its course and Winston was giving her a gift, they all walked to their side.

“Reyes,” Jack greets him with a quick nod when they were close enough, voice sharp and icy, ‘Nothing but a shitty merc. This is going to be a long week.’

“Morrison,” he greets him back, crossing his arms, slightly leaning backward while thinking ‘A week of this bullshit? Should’ve stayed in London.’

“Lacroix,” Ana, who walked up with Jack, greets the sniper that is still the only person in the world who outshot her, ‘I got my eye on you, assassin.’ Even though she gave it her best not to sound hostile, some still leaked out.

“Amari,” Amélie greets her back, slightly nodding, a smirk is tugging on her lips, ‘Watch all you want, you might learn something, sniper.’

Olivia who walked with Gabriel and Amélie was willing to bet that she saw electric sparks fly between them as they stared each other down and the tension was thick enough, one could cut it with a knife. So she did the only smart thing and looked around the hangar for someone she could talk to and was not busy. Lucky for her, Hana came over to Gibraltar, taking a break from her Meka job. There were more deals running in the background between Meka and the recalled Overwatch, but while she knew about them, Olivia couldn’t care less about that at the moment. She quickly walks away from the cold war that was raging between those four and when she is next to Hana’s mech, which she is doing maintenance on, she calls for her, “Hey, princesa. What are you working on?”

Too focused on what she is doing, Hana doesn’t really pay attention to who called her and just barks an order, “Whoever you are, can you pass me that wrench on the tool cart?” stretching out her arm, moving her hand for Olivia to hurry up.

Olivia looks at the tool cart and giving a guess which of the many wrenches that were on top of it, she grabs one and passes it to her, “This one?”

When Hana feels the wrench in her hand she looks to check if it’s the right one and only now notices Olivia, when she sees her holding up the wrench to her. “Oh,” she exhales, surprised to see her here. “Hey, hacker girl. What are you doing here?” she quickly wipes the sweat off her face, and gives herself a quick look over to see if she looks presentable then jumps off the mech, landing
in front of Olivia.

“Eh, nothing much,” she waves her off, “Came with Rogue,” she answers, gesturing towards her with her thumb, then adds “and those two.” while pointing at Gabriel and Amélie. She then refocuses on Hana, “But, let’s leave those guys alone for now and focus on you.” a mischievous smirk tugging on her lips.

Hana’s cheeks get a bit warmer when she remembers how their last meeting went, “There’s nothing much. Thanks again for the help with those cyber-attacks back then.”

“Was nothing, really,” Olivia shrugs, “Girl has to keep herself busy and more friends are always handy to have around.”

“Friends?” Hana quirks her eyebrow and smirks, crossing her arms and legs, leaning backward on the mech’s leg. “That’s all?”

Olivia, reading Hana like an open book, first grins then taking a large step towards her, she slides one arm around her waist, the other cups her cheek and purrs “Don’t tell me you forgot about the after party?” their faces only an inches apart.

Hana smiles, “Could you refresh my memory?” and reaches for Olivia’s cheek, “It seems to be a bit fuzzy at the moment.”

“Don’t mind if I do,” Olivia responds, their lips connecting a moment later. Gently at first, then it devolves into a full-on frenching. Hana already lowly moaning when Olivia grinds her hips at her and presses her into the mech’s legs while her hands explore her lower back and the nape of her neck. Hana’s arms a just as busy. Caressing Olivia’s thigh with one and running the other over the back of her head, exploring her hair with her fingers.

There is a blink, a flash, and the phone clicks when it snaps a photo. “Perfect!” Rogue quips, when she checks the results, “Wouldn’t believe it if I didn’t see it myself.” She smiles when Olivia turns around and she and Hana look at her. “When did this happen?” She asks, storing away the phone.

“Rapida, who else.” Olivia exhales, then pulls Hana closer to her, “Did a job for Meka then hanged out with the team for a week and one thing lead to another.”

Hana, leaning on Olivia’s shoulder, nods, “Mhm,” then bumps her hips at hers, “and she still can’t beat me without cheating.”

“Oh, really?” Olivia gives her a sidelong long, “Want to test that theory with me and Athena later?” adding a grin to her expression.

“No way,” Hana shakes her head so fast that it looks like it’s twitching, “What you two are doing is something else.”

“Anyway,” Rogue reaches out and offers Hana a handshake, “it’s nice to see you again, Hana.”

“Same, Le-” Hana takes the offered hand and shakes it before correcting herself, “Sorry, I mean Rogue.” Then notices something else she missed so far, “What the?” when she looks over Rogue’s shoulder towards Winston and Emily and another Lena?

“What are you looking at?” Rogue follows her sight, “Oh, that. Yeah.” she sees the trio being busy talking, “Her name is Linn. Moira came up with the idea to clone me while she had her hands on me. We found her at a Talons base we attacked.”
“Wow,” Hana exhales, “She could easily stand in for you, if you didn’t have,” then tries to say something but realizes that it could be a touchy subject for Rogue, when Olivia jerks with her arm, so she changes the end of her sentence, “Well, you know.” and flicks her eyes over Rogue’s cybernetic parts.

“You mean these?” Rogue unsheathes her energy blade with a face-wide grin. “Heh, don’t worry,” she chuckles when she sees Hana’s eyes go wide, “this baby only cuts Talon apart.” She sheathes it back and points towards Emily, Linn, and Winston over her shoulder, “You guys wanna join us as we go get a bite? I’m feeling a bit peckish.”

“Nah,” Hana rejects her offer, then adds, “Need to finish the fixing my baby,” putting her palm on the leg of her mech.

“I’ll keep her company then,” Olivia decides to stay with Hana over joining Rogue.

“Mhm,” Rogue smirks and teases, “At least put a blanket or two on the top of the mech, so that you don’t get all bruised up.” before turning around and walking away, waving over her shoulder.

“That’s not what I meant,” Olivia replies, her cheeks going red when her imagination was already running wild about what she could do.

“I,” Hana starts, nearly in a whisper, then when Olivia looks at her, “don’t have that much to do to wrap it up.” Her face warms up as their eyes meet and she shrugs, “And the idea doesn’t sound that bad.”

“Heh,” Olivia chuckles, “let’s wait until they clear out.” Then as she squeezes with her arm around Hana’s waist, “Then we can see if we can make it work.” and shoots her a wink.

Chapter End Notes

Yep, I just did that. Saw it, liked it and think they fit. Hehe ;)

Those four will be a reason for numerous headaches, won't they?
Too old for this shit

Chapter Summary

Rogue jokes about the staring contest between Jack, an Ana and Gabriel, and Amélie. But when her joke ticks off Jack, he replies with the worst possible thing.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rogue sees the staring contest that is still in full swing as she walks back to Emily, Linn, and Winston, “Hey, you four!” No one reacts so once she is next to Emily, her arm around her waist, she tries again, “Look you four, I know you love each other so much you can’t stop staring,” as expected, all four turn away, “but can we please get moving or do you need a kick up your arse?”

Jack can’t take that for free so her barks back, “You are 100 years too young to kick my ass.”

Reyes first inhales sharply, “Ssss. Wrong answer!” then wraiths and Amélie follows by jumping away because as they guessed it, Rogue blinked right behind Jack. Her blade under his chin and one of her pistols aimed at Ana’s forehead a moment later.

“You don’t run this show anymore,” Rogue growls, “better remember that.”

“You would pull a weapon on your teammates?” Jack asks, arms held up in surrender.

Rogue sheaths her blade and puts away her pistol, “We might be pointing our guns at the same enemy,” then crosses her arms and glares at Jack, “but are we really fighting on the same team?”

“What do you mean by that?” Ana asks, trying to match Rogue’s glare but gets such a death stare in return she lowers her eyes.

“You both know bloody damn well what I mean by that.” She retorts, her sight flicking between them, nostrils flaring, eyes thin slits. She looks angrier by the second.

But Jack doesn’t seem to get the hint and presses her buttons even further, “Enlighten me.” And pumps his chest, arms crossed, trying to stare Rogue down.

She chuckles as she looks at the ground in front of her self, “Oh,” then slowly raises her sight back to Jack with a grin that makes Reyes and Amélie take another step back. They saw it before and it didn’t bode well for Rogue’s target then and it doesn’t now. “I’ll enlighten you, alright!” she growls and grabs Jack by his collar with her right arm, raising him off the floor. “Cairo, summer last year,” she starts ticking off on her left hand’s fingers, “Dorado, winter, a year before. Rio, the start of this year. Should I go on or do you get the picture?” She releases Jack and he drops on the floor, gasping for air. She twisted his collar, effectively cutting off his air supply. It’s her time to stare him and Ana, who kneeled to check on him, down now. “You two have been busy and it wasn’t for the benefit of the Recalled Overwatch.”

“We were only trying to pro-” Ana tries to reply but Rogue cuts her off with a shout.

“No! You didn’t protect or help anyone by doing those things!” she yells on top of her lungs. Fed
up with both of them and their twisted logic, thinking they are still doing what they are doing for the benefits of others when all they are doing is satisfying their own selfish desires. “All you did was paint a target on your head, then had the guts to show up here and try to boss Winston around.” Spotting the look Jack gave her when she mentioned Winston, “Oh, don’t you think for a second that I don’t know about how you are trying to power play him every chance you get.” She then leans down, right in their face and growls with a pointing finger, “Get this through your thick skulls right now. This isn’t your show anymore. Stay as a team member or leave. Doors are right there.” She points to the opened hangar doors when she straightens.

Hearing her shout and being mentioned by name, Winston walks next to Rogue and puts his arm on her shoulder, “Hey,” and when she turns to look at him, “that’s not strictly true.”

“No, big guy,” Rogue shakes her head, “You told me what Jack does every time you guys deploy or even plan the next mission.” She puts her hand on top of his and leans her head on it, looking up at him, “And I saw how sad you looked when you were telling me that. I’ve had it. That stops now.”

Jack gets up with Ana’s help and swipes the dust off his knees, “Then who, Rogue,” he asks and she looks at him, “Who runs this show? You?”

“Nope,” she straightens, “I got my own gig right now.” She then points at Winston with her thumb, “He and Athena do.”

“And your gig, as you put it, is what?” Ana then asks but is careful not to make Rogue angry again.

“See this?” Rogue raises her right arm and balls it into a fist and waits for Ana to nod, and when she does, “Some people need to die to pay for this.”

“And that makes you better than us, how exactly?” Ana continues with her questions, despite how now even Jack is attempting to stop her so Rogue doesn’t explode again.

“Not one bit,” Rogue chuckles, “But the difference between you two and our team,” she gestures towards Reyes, Amélie, and Olivia, “is that we don’t leave any traces behind which can be used to track us down, while you two are all over the news with every move you make.”

“Funny how you mention the news,” Ana shakes her head, “considering how your latest exploits are the hot topic right now.”

Rogue just crosses her arms and smiles, “Do they ever mention who did it?”

“Nope, no,” Ana admits.

“Correct,” Rogue nods, “But you two, are. Well, your aliases are but everyone who is someone knows who is behind them.”

Realizing that continuing this won’t benefit anyone, Jack takes a deep breath then, “Hey, Rogue,” and calls for her attention. When she looks at him, she can see him scratching the back of his head with an apologetic look on his face. “This is getting us nowhere, how about we all take a step back and try to mend a few bridges we just burned over this next week?”

“We should talk more about what you did on those jobs, but,” Rogue nods at his suggestion, “sure, why not?” and offers Jack a handshake.

He takes it and then Ana and Rogue shake hands too, “Maybe we are getting too old for this shit.” Ana comments when they are done and that causes all who heard her laugh.
Yikes! Don't piss Rogue off. She might have started that, but when she has so much ammo to fire back at them, Jack and Ana should know when it's time to shut up and take one on the chin.
Chapter Summary

As things settle down in the hangar they finally start to move deeper into the base. Rogue is hungry so they all decide to go grab a bite first.

Chapter Notes

There you go. Hope you guys like it. I made Linn the focus of this one. The so-called Linnenigans.

And if anyone is interested I started a new story called Arms across time

See the end of the chapter for more notes

With that now settled and Jack and Ana decide to get some fresh air, Gabriel and Amélie follow Rogue as she walks with Winston back to Emily and Linn. Seeing how Olivia is more than happy enough just where she is, Rogue addresses the ones around her, “Okay guys, how about we finally get some rooms and then go grab a bite? That bullshit just pushed me past being mildly peckish to starving.”

There are nods of approvement of that plan all around when Winston says, “I will need to arrange for a new room for Linn but you, Rogue,” he looks at her as they start to walk towards the doors that lead deeper in to the Watchpoint, “and Emily have your room and I set the empty neighboring ones for miss Lacroix and commander Reyes.”

“Amélie will do just fine, Winston.” She corrects him as she and Gabriel walk behind them all, with Winston in the middle and Rogue, Emily, and Linn leading the way.

“And drop the commander,” Gabriel follows Amélie in correcting Winston, “also just call me Gabriel.”

Winston was just about to nod when Rogue makes a correction of her own, “Linn can stay in my room as well. The bed is big enough for three and I’m sure Emily,” she shoots Emily a wink, “won’t mind all that much.”

“Being in bed with two Lena’s,” Emily looks at the ceiling, “Must have done something right.” She smiles at Rogue and Linn when she looks at them and sees Rogue’s grin and Linn’s shy smile. ‘So much like Lena’s was before. I can only hope I get her to smile like that again.’ She thinks then remembers something and leans towards Rogue to whisper something to her, “By the way,” she starts and Rogue leans closer to hear better, “You didn’t get the chance after that event but I got something new for you to explore.” She taps the middle of her chest with her finger when Rogue looks at her. But seeing the quizzical look, she is giving her, Rogue doesn’t seem to put it together, so she explains, “You are full of them and you know how we both love it when I explore them.”

“Oh,” Rogue exhales with wide eyes when things finally click in. She smiles coyly and, “Cheeky.”
Linn, as innocent as she is, she asks without any reservations, tilting her head, “What kind of exploring are you two talking about?”

Rogue and Emily can’t help themselves but laugh first then Rogue pulls up her left sleeve and points to one of many little scars that litter her forearm, “She explores these,” then leans closer and purrs into Linn’s ear in a whisper, “with kisses.”

“Ohh,” Linn’s mouth makes a perfect O and her eyes shoot at the floor as her cheeks go red from embarrassment when she realizes just how exactly does Emily explore the scars on Rogue. She then pulls up her own sleeve and sighs in disappointment when she sees the perfect, completely scars free skin.

Rogue caught that little sigh, “Did you just?” she asks Linn who quickly pulls down her sleeve before looking at Rogue with upturned eyes. “You, adorable little…” Rogue pulls her towards herself when she hugs her over her shoulders. Linn giggles as her arm goes around Rogue’s waist and she leans on her shoulder.

As they continue to chat as they walk down the hallway, they reach a split. The left path leads to the quarters, while the right one leads to the cafeteria. Deciding where they are going long before when they even reached this split they all turn right but just as they were just about to turn the corner Angela comes reaches it. Along with Fareeha and they both halfway through their greetings, when they only notice Linn first, “Hel;- He-” but then Rogue comes into view as well and they stop dead in their tracks. “Mein Gott.” Angela exhales as she takes in the two Lena’s that are standing in front of her.

“Am I seeing double?” Fareeha wonders, rubbing her eyes to see if they are deceiving her.

“Hullo, Angie,” Rogue greets the resident doctor, then waves a hello to Fareeha too, “and ’Reeha.”

“Who? How?” Angela strings her question as she still can’t believe her eyes as her sight flicks between Rogue and Linn.

“Moira.” Rogue growls in response, “Do I need to say more?”

“No,” Angela shakes her head and knowing, now deceased geneticist, she knows that she was more than capable of doing something like this.

“Hello,” Linn outstretches her arm offering a handshake to Angela, “the name is Linn.”

“Ah, yes.” Angela takes the offered handshake, “My name is Angela Ziegler. And this is,” then gestures to Fareeha.

“Fareeha Amari, at your service.” Fareeha winks as she jokingly salutes and shakes Linn’s hand too.

“Nice to meet you,” Linn responds then leans closer to Rogue and attempts to whisper, “They are so beautiful,” but fails to lower her voice enough so they both hear her.

“Thank you,” Angela smiles and Fareeha only chuckles. Linn looks down when she realizes that they heard her.

“Oh, you, gay idiot, you,” Rogue laughs, as she pulls Linn towards herself again, “And to let you know,” she starts then pauses and waits for Linn to look at her, “these bird moms are together, so
you can look but can’t touch.”

“Okay,” Linn nods, sounding almost a bit disappointed but then cheers right up and beams them all a face wide smile.

“I see,” Angela comments with a smile, “that more than just the looks are the same.”

“Right you are,” Rogue nods, grinning, but then her stomach makes its state known to all around her by rumbling loudly. She looks down at it, then back at Angela and Fareeha and exhales, “Can we please get some food? I’m starving.”

Chapter End Notes

Double the Lena, double the fun, right Emily? XD
Cafeteria part 1

Chapter Summary

Finally the cafeteria. Food time is the best time if someone was to ask Rogue. Well, almost.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After parting with Angela and Fareeha, who excused themselves because they just ate, Rogue and her company finally make it to the Watchpoint’s cafeteria. The seducing aromas of something being cooked hit her nose as soon as the doors slide open, so once through the doors, she immediately looks towards the kitchen. “Jesse?!” she quips in surprise to see him of all people in front of the stove.

“Rogue, that you, darlin’?” he responds, but keeps his eyes on the pot he is stirring. “You guys are early. Why don’t you go and grab a seat? This just needs a few more minutes.”

“Allright,” Rogue nods then gestures to other to the nearest table and all head there. They put down their bags and suitcases and sit around it.

All but Gabriel. He has a different idea and heads to the kitchen. “Hey, McCree,” he greets his former subordinate once there, “Need a hand with that?”

“Hey Boss,” Jesse greets him back. “Sure, grab an apron and finish on the salad.” He instructs him on what he needs help with.

“Not your boss anymore, Jesse,” Gabriel grunts as he dons the apron and starts cutting up a few last pieces of vegetables and gets the vinegar and oil ready for the dressing. “Call me Reyes or Gabriel.”

“Sorry, hehe,” Jesse chuckles, “Old habits die hard. And speaking of,” he flicks his head towards someone that is entering the cafeteria from the balcony that is outside of it.

“Heh,” Gabriel snorts when he spots them, “This should be fun.”

Jesse’s eyes go wide when he realizes what Gabriel means by that, “He doesn’t know?!” he asks with a raised voice.

Gabriel barely had time to shake his head in response because after that a katana was placed under his chin, the sharp end of the blade turned towards his throat, “Give me one reason why I shouldn’t slice your throat open, Reaper!” Genji snarls after he dashed halfway across the cafeteria as soon as he saw him.

“I can give you a few,” Rogue who noticed Genji entering and was ready to intervene if needed, says with a growling voice, after she blinked behind Gabriel as is holding her own blade on Genji’s throat with one arm and a pistol aimed at his forehead with the other.

“Wow, wow!” Jesse waves his arms, “Everyone, calm down.” But no one moves. “Look Genji,”
he decides that the best thing would be to explain to Genji a few things first, “Reyes is no longer with Talon.” That gets Genji’s attention and he looks at Jesse who continues, “He is not with us, but he is on Rogue’s team so, just… Hold on a minute.” Jesse finally notices how hard the three that are in the standoff are trying not to laugh. “Oh, fuck you guys!!” He curses them when he remembers that Genji knows about Reyes since Numbani and all this was just a good prank that they played on him on the spot.

Both Genji and Rogue put their weapons away as they laugh so hard that they roll on the floor holding their flanks. Gabriel is politer as he keeps standing but he is not far behind as he is leaning on the counter, holding his own stomach. “That was, haha,” Rogue says through her laughing, “bloody brilliant!!! Hahaha!!”

“No, no, haha,” Genji is on the floor right next to her, “your I can give you a few, was spot on! Hahahaha!”

“Did you see the look on Jesse’s face?! Hahaha!” Gabriel looks at the two on the floor and points to Jesse with his thumb, “He was all like, Wow, wow, hahaha!” then waves his arms the same way Jesse did. That sends them all into another laughing fit and they all start to get tears in their eyes. Even Jesse can’t help it but chuckle when he sees them laughing so heartily, even if it is on his expense.

Rogue is the first to somewhat calm down and ninja flips to her feet, “Hah, sorry Jesse, love,” she leans back on the counter that surrounds the kitchen area, “but you are still the prime target for these. Only wish we recorded this. Would make a great addition to this year’s review for the new year’s party.”

“Everything was recorded, stored and secured so that mister McCree can’t access it.” Athena chimes from the speakers.

“Now what would we do without you, love?” Rogue looks at the ceiling.

“Not all that much, I assume,” Athena responds, sounding quite playful.

“Right you are.” Rogue responds then looks back at the two chefs, “Now, food. Gimme. Need it.” She mocks being desperate for some.

“Well, thanks to this prank of yours,” Jesse first looks at the pot, then back at Rogue, “this still needs a minute or two. So,” he then starts shooing her away, “go and wait at the table. Me and Reyes will bring it out once its ready.”

“Just a quick nibble,” Rogue walks closer and looks at the pot, “will be done in a jiffy,” then looks at Jesse with upturned eyes.

“Sorry, darlin’,” he scruffs her hair a bit, “but that’s a no.”

Rogue then turns to Reyes and gives him the same look, but to no avail, “No can do. He is the main chef.” He responds and flicks his head in Jesse’s direction.

Rogue turns back towards the table and hangs her head, “Come on, Genji,” he calls for him, “these guys won’t even feed a starving person.”

“Now, hold on a minute,” Jesse wants to grab Rogue by her shoulder but she blinks away.

“Blah,” she shows him her tongue, “Too slow!”
“Who wants Rogue’s dessert?!” Jesse shouts from the kitchen, grinning. There were plenty raised
arms for that but she knows she will get some anyway and she barely sat down properly when
Jesse, Gabriel, and Genji, who decided to stay with them started to bring out the food and plates.
And the lunch was on.

Chapter End Notes

I had the idea of Genji attacking Reyes from the start, but then I remembered that he
knows that Reyes is on Rogue’s team already so I made it a prank. I think it came out
okay.
Chapter Summary

Rogue and Linn have one more thing in common. One that is the envy of all the other women around them. Reinhardt and Brigitte enter the cafeteria after Rogue and the rest were done eating and the gang might be seeing another couple in the making.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jesse was confident that he accounted for more than enough people when he started to make the late lunch or early dinner. But seeing it disappear, plate after plate, that initial confidence, slowly but surely vanished into thin air. And the main culprits for it were Rogue and Linn. If one called what others were doing, eating, then saying the same about what those two were doing was stretching the meaning of that word for quite a bit. They all knew about Rogue’s voracious appetite, but they never saw it coming from Linn. Even though they should, because after all, she is her clone.

“One more thing this two share,” Gabriel comments with a smirk when he noticed Jesse’s wide eyes when he watched Rogue and Linn devour a plate after plate of food.

“Mmm?” Rogue and Linn raise their sights from the plates in front of them and look at Gabriel at the same time. And while Linn just went on and continued with her previous task after a little shrug, Rogue deemed it necessary to comment first, “I was hungry, shut it.” Then joined Linn and attacked her own plate too.

Emily could practically read the next question on Jesse’s face, “Don’t even ask. No one knows and or how she keeps in shape after scarfing down so much food. If there is one thing I could say I hate about her, it’s this.”

“If I was to eat so much, my combat suit wouldn’t fit the next day.” Amélie, who was done after a single plate and was wondering if she can fit the dessert too, comments. “It goes straight into my hips.”

“Exactly!” Emily agrees with her right away.

Rogue chuckles with a full mouth then after swallowing, “Then go for another plate and,” looks across the table at them, “I’ll make sure to work it out of you.” And winks with a smile so full of a certain meaning that everyone else at the table choked for a moment when they saw it. Well, all but Linn, who was busy with her plate and couldn’t care less, even if she tried.

The pot got polished dry as did all the dessert and Jesse got up and grabbed a few plates and the pot to take them to the sink, “Rogue, could you give me a hand? Got something to talk to you about.”

“Okay,” she agrees and grabs the rest and follows Jesse to the kitchen while the other chat away and rub their full bellies.
Rogue and Jesse just dropped the dishes into the sink when the doors leading to the cafeteria open and Reinhardt and Brigitte enter.

“I’m telling you, Reinhardt,” Brigitte complains as they walk into the cafeteria, “that hammer is more patches than actual steel. It will fall apart on you.”

“Nonsense.” He thunders in reply, “It was with me since the old Overwatch days and it’s still as strong as ever.” But then he notices something that catches his full attention and dials out Brigitte completely, “Speaking of,” he makes two large steps towards the group that was relaxing after their meal, “Where did you find your old uniform little one?!” and grabs Linn around her waist and picks her up.

Not knowing Reinhardt and being caught completely by surprise, “Whaaa!? Somebody heeeelp!!!” Linn shrieks across the cafeteria.

Rogue hearing the shriek turns to look and sees Linn panicking in Reinhardt’s arms, flailing her arms and legs. She immediately blinks to them, “Heya Rein,” she greets him first, “And Linn, it’s okay, calm down.” Then tries to calm down Linn who does stop flailing when she hears her.

Reinhardt, on the other hand, looks at Rogue then freezes like a deer caught in the headlights. He then slowly turns his head to look at Linn, then back at Rogue and blinks a few times to make sure what he is seeing is true. “Ah? Two little ones?” He manages to get out.

“Yes, Rein, there is two of us,” Rogue smiles and puts her palm on his big forearm, “Now, could you put her down?”

“Yes, yes, of course.” He lowers Linn back and releases her, “I apologize, little one, I thought you were Rogue.” He bows his head at her in an apology.

“It’s okay, mister.” Linn smiles, “No harm done, and I’m sorry for screaming like that.”

“Ha, no mister, please.” He raises his head and smiles back, “Call me Reinhardt.” And offers an introductory handshake.

“I’m Linn.” She takes it then notices someone behind him that takes her breath away.

“How are you, big guy?” Rogue calls for Reinhardt’s attention.

“I’m fine,” he nods, “Would be better if certain someone wouldn’t annoy me about my equipment every chance she gets.”

“It’s held together by welds,” Brigitte, who was the target of that comment, responds, “and they won’t hold for much longer.”

“For as long as I can swing it and fire strike my enemies, its fine,” Rein retorts when he looks at Brigitte with hands on his hips, and they restart their fight that they had when they entered the cafeteria.

“My point exactly,” Brigitte points a finger at his face, “One swing or one fire strike and the whole thing will fall apart!”

Rogue only chuckles at their bickering, but then notices something. Linn was awfully quiet ever since the introduction. And when she looks at her she can’t help it but smile when she sees that Linn is frozen in place, mouth opening and closing but no sound is produced, and eyes riveted on something. She follows her line of sight and, “Awww,” melts when she sees what caused Linn’s
state. She decides to help the poor girl out, “Hey Brigitte, got a second?”

“Mmm?” Brigitte stops arguing with Reinhardt and looks at Rogue, “Sure, what for?”

Rogue walks next to Linn, wraps an arm around her shoulders, “May I introduce you to Linn?”

“Oh, sorry,” Brigitte smiles when she realizes that she forgot to introduce herself when Reinhardt did, “My name is Brigitte, nice to meet you.” And offers a handshake.

“Linn, my is name.” Linn mixes up the order of her words, cheeks burning red, “Beautiful, are very you.”

“Mm? Thanks?” Brigitte thanks her, confused at how Linn is talking.

“Oh, come on, you, gay idiot!” Rogue shakes Linn, “Just tell her that you like her from the moment you saw her and want to take her on a date or something.”

“What!?” Linn snaps her head towards Rogue, “NO!” shakes her head, then says, “Maybe.” in a barely audible whisper.

“I’m free right now,” Brigitte decides to help her out. ‘She is not that bad looking and I did always like Lena and Emily. If I could get them to take care of me for one night. Brrrr. Stop, Brigitte. What are you thinking?’

“See? Now go on,” Rogue release Linn’s shoulder and pushes her at Brigitte, “go get her!”

Linn, who didn’t expect the push, stumbles forward right into Brigitte, who saw her coming and caught her in a hug. “Hey,” Brigitte smiles, arms wrapped around Linn’s shoulders when she looks up at her with apologetic eyes.

“Hi,” Linn shyly returns the greeting and slowly wraps her arms around Brigitte’s waist.

“Want to get out of here?” Brigitte suggests.

“Sure,” Linn nods and they separate but keep holding hands as they walk towards the doors which Brigitte and Reinhardt came through.

Rogue and Reinhardt were already grinning, when Brigitte stops at the doorway and looks back at them, “Reinhardt,” she narrows her eyes into thin slits, “don’t you dare to think for even a second that this takes you off the hook.” Linn only giggles next to her and Rogue chuckles next to Reinhardt when they saw his face fall. After that Brigitte and Linn leave the cafeteria.

“Ha,” Rogue crosses her arms when she turns around and looks at the others, “am I the best wingwoman, or am I the best wingwoman?”

“Smooth as silk,” Amélie purrs and shoots her a wink.

“More like sandpaper,” Emily jokes and adds, “but I still love you.” after Rogue mocked being shot.

Rogue then blinks right behind Emily and hugs her, “Love you too, sweet.” and pecks her cheek.

Chapter End Notes
Rogue's matchmaking skills are about the same as that of enraged bull in china shop.
XD
The group retreats to the Rec Room to burn some time before they head to bed. Still hugging Emily and with her chin on her shoulder, Rogue gets an idea, “Okay guys, we are fed and have more time on our hands then we know what to do with, so,” she pauses to wait for everyone to look at her, “let’s hit the Rec Room and throw some darts, play some billiards or just chill on the couch watching telly.”

Jesse was coming back from the kitchen and, “Hey Ro-” wanted to say something to her, but cheers of agreement to her plan interrupted him, so he just grumbles into his chin, “Fuck it. I’ll just give it to her once we get to the Rec Room.”

They make their way to the Rec Room and stack their bags near the entrance and Rogue doesn’t waste any time to plop herself across the whole length of the couch, arms beneath her head. “Aaaaaah,” she exhales as she relaxes, “Now this is what it’s all about.”

Gabriel challenged Amélie to a game of darts and Emily accepted Reinhardt’s challenge in a game of billiards. Jesse was just about to walk to where Gabriel and Amélie were already writing their names on a green board that hung next to the dart board so they can mark their score when Rogue remembered that he wanted to tell her something before they were interrupted by Reinhardt’s and Brigitte’s arrival back in the cafeteria. “Hey, Jesse,” she calls and when he turns to look at her, “Didn’t you want to talk to me back in the cafeteria?”

“Yes, I did,” he nods then looks at where Reinhardt and Emily were just stacking the first set of balls to start their game and calls “Hey, Emily!”

“Yes, Jesse?” she looks up from the table after pulling off the rack as she was setting up the balls and Reinhardt would be first to break. “Could you come ‘ere for a sec’?” he waves his hand, “Got something for you and Rogue.”

“Sure,” Emily answers, then looks at Reinhardt, “Could you please wait for a minute? I’ll be right back.”

“But of course,” Reinhardt nods with a face wide smile, “go and take care of that little business, the game can wait.”

Emily walks towards the couch where Rogue was still stretched across its entire length and looks at her. After she doesn’t budge when she waited for a few moments, she just spins around and sits on her thighs. She looks at Rogue again for any reaction, but no. None what so ever. When Rogue notices Emily looking at her, “Yes, love? You need something?”

“This doesn’t bother you?” Emily points to where she sitting.

“What? Your cute butt on my thighs?” Rogue asks then shakes her head, “Not one bit.”

“Oh boy,” Emily shrugs then looks at Jesse, who was patiently waiting for the two to get ready, “Go
ahead.” And gesture for him to say what he wanted to.

“Right,” Jesse nods then clears his throat, “You two got engaged recently, right?” They both nod with big smiles. “Then this is my engagement gift for you two,” he says, pulls two passes out from his chest pocket and offers them to Rogue and Emily, “These are Caledonia Resort passes that will let you stay there for a month.”

Emily takes them and passes one to Rogue, then asks Jesse, “Caledonia Resort? What kind of place is it?”

“As it says,” Jesse point at the pass, “it a resort with spa’s, massages, saunas, the whole shebang.”

Rogue was tapping her chin since she got the pass from Emily and read the title, “Caledonia, Caledonia? Where did I hear that already?”

“Oh,” Jesse looks at her, “it’s run by my old friend’s family.”

The name Caledonia got Gabriel’s attention too and when Jesse said that it’s run by his friend’s family, things fell into place. “Deadlock.” He says after he nailed another center on the dartboard, loud enough for the three to hear him. And when they look at him he continues, “Elizabeth Caledonia aka Ashe. That the friend you are talking about?”

“Yeah,” Jesse nods.

“Ooooh,” Rogue drags, and teases Jesse, “A girlfriend?”

Jesse wanted to retort but Gabriel beats him to it, “If they met and he is still alive,” he chuckles, “then they are definitely more than just friends. She still has that big omnic with her?”

“Just friends, and yes, Bob is still kicking.” Jesse nods as he answers them both.

“Bob?” Rogue grimaces, “That a weird name for an omnic and I know a lot of them.”

“It comes from the big omnic butler. And it’s written on the box when it gets delivered.” Jesse explains. “Anyway, when you decide to go, call Ashe, she insisted that you call her so she can get things extra ready for you two.” Then rolls his eyes, “She got really mushy when I told her why I’m getting those passes.”

“Nice,” Rogue cheers, then winks at Jesse, “bet she got some juicy stories about you to share.”

“Haaaa,” he exhales, then curses, “Crap.” When he remembers a few moments that Ashe will definitely tell Rogue and Emily and he wasn’t exactly on his best behavior back then. “I just hope she doesn’t tell you all of them.”

“If it’s anything like it was in the Blackwatch,” Gabriel laughs, “then you two are in for a treat.”

“Really?” Rogue’s eyes go wide, “Do tell!”

“Don’t you dare,” Jesse growls as he points a finger at Gabriel, “Same goes for you.” then at Genji.

“Bloody ‘ell!” Rogue quips when she gets startled as she realizes that Genji came with them but sat down on the floor and meditated in complete silence all this time.

“Gabriel,” Genji slowly raises his head and looks at him from across the room, “Italy.”
“That happened, yes.” Gabriel nods, but has mercy on Jesse, “But none of us is even remotely drunk enough for that story."

“Aw, come on!” Rogue complains, then smirks when an idea sparks in her head, “But we can change that tonight. And you,” she points a finger at Jesse, “are coming with.”

“To do what?” Jesse asks with crossed arms, “Get roasted by you guys?”

But Emily comes to his rescue, “Don’t worry,” she shots him a wink, “Got a few about Rogue on supply.”

“Traitor!” Rogue quips and lifts her thighs so Emily falls on her. She just wrapped her arms around her when the doors slide open and Linn rushes in.

“Guys!” and once she finds them with her sight, she makes a beeline for Rogue and Emily, “I need your help!!!”
Linn needs help

Chapter Summary

Linn gets to explain what her problem is, but things never go smoothly when you have those guys around.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Linn skids on her knees for the last half a meter and grabs hold of Rogue’s and Emily’s hands while giving them a dose of puppy eyes Emily is all too familiar with, “Please, help.” She begs with a whispering voice.

Seeing how this needs some girls on girl talk, Emily and Rogue look at Jesse and raise their brows, hinting that he should give them some privacy.

Picking up on it, “Alright,” he nods, spins around, “you two enjoy that resort when you get around of going,” and walks towards the dartboard as he calls while pointing towards the scoreboard, “Reyes, put my name up there too. So I can show you how to properly play some dart.”

Not willing to take that jab lying down, Gabriel replies, “Now that would be the day,” as he adds Jesse’s name on the board, “you beating me at darts.”

“I did it before,” Jesse grabs a set of darts when he reached Gabriel and Amélie, “and I can do it again.”

“You got lucky,” Gabriel turns to look at him, “and you know it.”

Amélie who was only rolling her eyes at their exchange now decided to join the conversation, “You two planning to get married soon or are we going to play so I can beat both of you?”

“Want to put some money where your mouth is?” Jesse retorts, raising the edge of his hat with his thumb when he looked at her.

A slapping sound is heard when Gabriel facepalms hard, “Betting against a sniper? Dumbass.”

Amélie only smirked at his reaction and, “I’ll go easy on you for the start as you don’t look like you own much. How do 100 bucks sound?”

“I’ll have you know,” Jesse responds, “that I have more than enough for my needs, but most of it is in an undisclosed location, so,” then leans towards Gabriel and lowers his voice, “got a 100 to borrow?”

“Is that location undisclosed for you too?” Gabriel chuckles as he pulls out two bills and sets them on the top of Amélie’s 100 on the nearby table.

While that was going on, Linn was hectically explaining to Rogue and Emily what she needs their
help with, “So we went to the garden and sat on the bench and just talked about this and that, but
then out of the blue,” she focuses her eyes on Rogue’s, “and I blame you for this, she invites me
out on a date.”

“I’ll gladly take the blame for that,” Rogue smirks, “but I still don’t see what you need us for.”
In response, Linn stands up, “Tell me,” gestures towards her entire self, “what do you see?”

“You?” Rogue answers with a quizzical look.

Linn rolls her eyes then focuses on Emily, “Emily?”

“If it’s not just you,” Emily thins her eyes as she scans Linn top to bottom, trying to figure out what
she is pointing at, “then maybe the blue combat uniform you are wearing?”

“Bingo!!” Linn quips, “Not exactly a first date clothing, is it?”

“Believe it or not,” Emily chuckles when she remembers something, “this dummy,” and pokes the
tip of Rogue’s nose, “wore that exact thing on our first date.”

“Seriously?” Linn tilts her head and looks at Rogue.

“Mhm,” Rogue hums, “but in my defense. We were running late as we were coming back from a
mission and I didn’t have time to change.”

“You,” Linn points to Rogue, an expression of disbelief plastered on her face, “didn’t have the time
to change?”

“Hmm?” Emily hums as both she and Linn lock Rogue in their judging sights.

“Date went fine, didn’t it?” Rogue fires back, then adds with a smirk, “And I didn’t hear you
complain about what came after either.”

And while Emily pulled a face and mockingly avoided eye contact with Rogue, Linn’s curiosity
didn’t let her not to ask, “What came after?”

Rogue and Emily first chuckle then in perfect sync turn to look at Linn and say, “Magic, Linn.
Magic happened.”

Linn first knits her brows at just what kind of magic those two are on about but when her brain
finally kicks in and she connects the dots, her face starts to burn and her cheeks get quite red as she
looks down at the floor and she mumbles to herself, “Mmm. Right. That kind of magic. Mhm.”

‘So cute.’ Emily thinks as she brings the conversation back on track, “Anyway, what did you need
our help with?”

“Right!” Linn wakes up from her embarrassment, “I don’t have any of my own clothing and what
Rogue loaned me for this trip are just sporting clothes and some casuals if we go to town.” She
describes her problem, “Nothing really, I could wear on a first date.”

“Em,” Rogue calls and when she turns to look, “you know what time it is?”

Emily first clears her throat then lowers her voice to sound as manly as possible, “It’s hiiiigh
noon.” And impersonates Jesse loud enough for the entire room to hear her.

Jesse, who was just about to throw his dart, stops and clutches his side as he explodes into laughter.
Amélie politely chuckled to herself and Gabriel was trying hard not to follow Jesse into a laughing fit. Reinhardt’s laughter thundered across the room and even Genji couldn’t help himself but chuckle at how perfectly Rogue fell into that one.

Rogue keeps a stoic face as she leans to see beyond Emily and growls, “Jeeesseeeee,” and when he looks at her with teary eyes, “You and I are gonna need to have one of those talks.”

“Nah, ah,” he shakes his head, “Don’t bring this here. You,” he throws the dart without even looking as he wipes the tears out of his eyes with his free hand and nails the center, “set yourself for that one completely on your own. And consider it a little payback for what you pulled in the kitchen.”

Rogue keeps her eyes narrowed, “We will still have that talk,” then smiles widely and winks, “just it’s gonna be over a cold pint. And you,” she turns her attention back to her girlfriend who is grinning like a cat with cream. “Miss McCree, owe me that cold pint.”

Emily drops her jaw, goes wide-eyed and drags, “Whaaaat? What did my completely innocent,” she mimics an angelic halo overhead, “self do?”

“Let me fix that real quick,” Rogue says as she takes hold of Emily’s hands and moves her fingers in a way so that now they are a pair of horns, “There. That’s better.”

“Oh?” Emily's eyes try to look on top of her head, “I’m a devil now?” then she looks back at Rogue who is shaking with laughter.

“The worst kind,” Rogue nods her as she continues to laugh, Linn joining her.

“Then let this devil take you and Linn.” Emily gestures to them both, “and we head back to our room so we can get our girl ready for her date.”

Chapter End Notes

I was chuckling the entire time as I was writing this chapter. Ideas kept on sprouting in my head and it would be a real shame not to share them.

The initial plan was to just have Jesse walk away, wishing Emily and Rouge a good time when they head to the resort, but then it was just one idea after another for how to make the gang joke around.

Emily High Noon-ing was just gold. XD (it was actually time for Linn’s makeover)
They grow up so fast

Rogue, Emily, and Linn excuse themselves, Emily promising Reinhardt that she will play billiards with him on another day and head to their room. Once there, Rogue takes charge of things. “You,” she points at Linn, “over there,” then points next to the bed, “and stay still.” Then it was Emily’s turn, “You, come ‘ere and help me dig for clothes.”

As both Rogue and Emily knew exactly what they were looking for they found the items quite fast. A bomber’s jacket, a pair of jeans and dark red shirt with long sleeves were all on Linn in record time. “Just a finishing touch,” Rogue comments as she wraps a yellow scarf around Linn’s neck then fix some of those famous spikes in her hair, “aaaand done.” She finishes with a nod then gestures to a mirror that’s a newer addition to her room. “Take a look.”

“Hm,” Linn turns in front of the mirror, “Don’t take this wrong, this is great and all but,” then she turns to look back at Rogue and Emily who were standing a few steps behind her, “this is you, Rogue, not me.”

“Heh,” Rogue chuckles, “You are me. Well, my clone but you know what I’m saying. So believe me, you will sweep your girl right off her feet when she sees you.”

Linn looks at Emily for a second opinion but it’s the same, “Trust us on this, Linn. Brigitte will like it, I’m sure of it.” She then smirks and, “Heck, if I didn’t have this high maintenance one,” she points to Rogue standing next to her with her thumb, “to take care of, I would take you right out of those clothes.” And finishes with a wink, absolutely loving the face Rogue is pulling because of that comment and Linn giggling at them.

“You guys sure?” Linn asks them to make sure. They both nod. “Okay, then Rogue, can I ask you for little something?”

“Shoot.” Rogue responds, nudging Emily’s ribs with her elbow and whispers, “I’ll show you high maintenance one tonight.”

“Could I borrow that bracelet you got from Winston?” Linn shyly asks, knowing that it was a gift and Rogue probably wouldn’t want to simply let her borrow it.

But she gets surprised when, “Sure, here.” Rogue not only lets her borrow it but, “And you can keep it,” gives it to her. “Don’t think I need all of them anyway. But I’ll ask Winston to make sure. In worst case, he can just make you a set too.”

“No,” Linn shakes her head as she holds the bracelet in her palm that began to shine a soon as Rogue touched it and it still is as she holds it, “I couldn’t keep it.”

But Rogue gently closes her fingers around it, “You can and you will.” Then hugs Linn, “Now go get your girl.”

“Thank you,” Linn whispers as tears start to gather in her eyes when the emotions that she kept down since Talon’s base, come up and she wraps her free arm around Rogue’s waist, nuzzling in her shoulder, “For everything.” She raises her head and looks at Emily, “And you too.”

Emily walks to the pair and wraps her arms around them, “You are more than welcome, Linn.” The trio stays hugged while Linn quietly cries and her mind begins to race, ‘Just how nice are these two? Nothing but heart on both of them. Sure Rogue is a bit rough around the edges and really scary when she gets angry but otherwise, she is like my sister. Family? Is that what I was missing?
Well, in that case, I got a big one right off the bat. One twin sister, one beautiful sister with red hair that has a heart of gold, one French sister with an arse to die for, one Mexican sister who is just her and a Mexican brother that doesn’t take shit from anyone. I’ll take ‘em all, thank you very much. Now, if I manage to score a girlfriend tonight, things will look real good in the family album.’ Rogue and Emily squeeze their hugs a bit tighter to let her know that they will always be there for her.

“Heh,” Linn chuckles when they separate and wipes her tears, “sorry about that.”

“Don’t be,” Rogue shakes her head. “Everyone needs to let it out sometimes.”

“Even you?” Linn smiles.

“Especially me,” Rogue nods with a smile, “Just ask Em here,” she flicks her head towards her fiancé. “There are always long cuddling sessions after I get back from my missions.”

Emily smiles, “Only that, sometimes, they are preceded by you cursing up a storm and drinking your wits out.”

Rogue just shrugs, ‘She is not wrong.’ then throws her arm around Linn’s shoulder, “Listen and listen well,” she pauses to wait for Linn to focus on her, “You go out there,” she points to the doors, “and get that girl. That is your first official mission, issued by yours truly.”

“Roger that, ma’am.” Linn smiles and gives her a two finger salute that is exactly the same that Rogue makes and walks out of the room with confident steps, the bracelet she planned only to borrow but got it as a gift shinning on her wrist.

“They grow up so fast,” Rogue jokingly sighs, arms crossed as she looks at the doors that closed behind Linn.

“Don’t worry, sweet,” Emily wraps her arm around Rogue’s waist and leans on her shoulder, “We taught her good, we taught her good.”

Rogue looks at her without moving her head and seeing that she has the same amount of trouble of trying not to burst into laughter, she explodes into one and is followed by Emily immediately. “Anyway, I’m sure she will do just fine, but,” Rogue calms down first after a few minutes of laughing her arse off, “what do we do tonight?”

“Heh,” a chuckle still escapes Emily before she also calms down, “you did mention a pint. Want to go to town and drink a few rounds?”

“Mmm,” Rogue nods, “that idea, I like.” Then looks up at the ceiling, “Athena, love, you here?”

“I am.” She immediately responds.

“Could you call Amélie, Gabriel, Jesse, Reinhardt and if they want to join us, Angela and Fareeha, and tell them to meet me and Emily in the hangar?” Rogue asks her.

“Hangar might not be the best gather spot at the moment,” Athena informs her.

“What? Why no-” Rogue wants to ask but then remembers who stayed there when they arrived, “Ooooh. Good for her.”

“Olivia and Hana?” Emily asks.
“Mhm,” Rogue nods then figures out another spot, “Then we gather in the garden and see where we go from there.”

“I shall inform the requested parties of your plan. Anything else?” Athena agrees to her plan.

“No, that’s all.” Rogue shakes her head and thanks Athena, “Thank you.”

“You are welcome and might I suggest The Pass as the venue for your outing? They do have quite a large amount of different types of liquor and seeing how your party consists of people from all winds they might all find what they like there.” Athena offers some advice.

“I don’t see why not.” Rogue responds and she and Emily walk out of the room and head for the garden.
Chapter Summary

Linn meets with Brigitte and they head to town while Amélie and Rogue keep an eye on them until they can then join the others in the garden.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Linn made her way to smaller maintenance hangar after she was diverted from the main one by Athena for the same reason she diverted Rogue. After she walked past a really bulky looking anti-grav motorcycle she opened the doors and greeted Brigitte who was waiting there for her, “Heya, Brigitte.”

“Hi, Li-” Brigitte started to greet her back but her words die in her throat when she turned and looked at her. “Wow,” was all she managed to get out next.

“Thank you,” Linn thanks her with burning cheeks, shy look in her eyes and sheepishly walks towards her.

“You look great,” Brigitte doesn’t stop with the compliments. Then spots the shining bracelet when Linn fixes some stray hair behind her ear, “Is that the bracelet me and Winston made?”

“This?” Linn shows it to her, and shrugs, “Probably. Got it from Rogue.”

“But how does it work with you? Are you…” Brigitte asks with a concerned voice as she gently takes Linn’s arm in her hand and takes a closer look at the bracelet.

“Disassociated, I believe Winston said?” Linn also focuses on it, then shakes her head, “No, I’m not. But I can still blink and recall, as Rogue does.”

“How?” Brigitte raises her eyes from the bracelet and looks at Linn’s but her look is brighter now that she knows that Linn doesn’t suffer that terrible condition.

“No idea,” Linn shakes her head, “I just could from the moment I first awoke. But,” she takes Brigitte’s hand in her own, “enough about that. You look beautiful too.”

“Oh, get out of here,” Brigitte playfully bumps Linn’s shoulder to mask her embarrassment from such an honest compliment. “I’m not even in my Sunday’s bests.”

“Will this,” Linn pushes up on her toes and pecks Brigitte’s cheek, “do as proof of that?”

“Ee…yes…that…” Brigitte can’t even form a sentence at how much that kiss caught her off guard.

Linn only chuckles and shoots her a wink, “Now you know how I felt when I first saw you.”

That brings Brigitte back and she hugs Linn then whispers to her, “Don’t look, but at least they got a good show.” Then flicks her eyes at the rooftop where Amélie and Rogue found a perch and were spying on them.
Linn hugs Brigitte around her waist and leans backward, “Then we better get out of here and fast.”

“Got an idea about the fast part.” Brigitte grins grabs Linn’s hand and pulls her along back inside the hangar and they walk towards that bulky bike that Linn passed by on her way.

“You want me to get on that?” Linn points to it, looking at Brigitte with wide eyes.

“You afraid?” Brigitte grins but that gets wiped off her face when she sees how excited Linn has gotten.

“Afraid? You’re kidding, right?” Linn smirks and looks at Brigitte with a serious expression, “I have but one question.”

“Okay?” Brigitte carefully responds, eyebrow raised.

“Can I drive? Please, please, please!!” Linn begs, making the cutest face she can.

“Can you drive?” Brigitte inquires and starts it so its powers up the anti-grav pads and the electric motor starts buzzing.

“Don’t know for sure,” Linn climb on the bike, “But I have this feeling that I can.”

“Well, then” Brigitte decides to trust her and sits behind her, her arms wrapping around Linn’s waist, “let’s hit the road.”

Linn taps the foot pad so that the bike switches to Drive and cranks the throttle all the way. It shoots out of the hangar, like a rocket. “YEEEEAAAAH!!!” she screams as they blast on the road and hit a straight that leads out of the Watchpoint’s grounds. “This might feel a bit weird,” she warns Brigitte when she gets an idea.

Realizing what she is about to try, her eyes go wide, “No, no, n-” and tries to stop her but fails. Linn blinked herself, the bike and Brigitte almost all the way to the end of the straight.

“Uf, glad that worked,” she exhales, when they are back in normal time. Her bracelet lost some of its luminosity but quickly recovers it.

“Okay, yeah,” Brigitte releases the breath, she didn’t know, she was holding, “That does feel weird. Do you guys always feel that way when you blink?”

“Can’t say for Rogue, but I do,” Linn nods as she eases off the throttle and leans into a curve. “It’s like you are all over the place at once for a split of a second then you get squeezed through a tiny hole back together.” She explains as she straightens the bike back upright when they drove past the curve.

“Well,” Brigitte tightens her hold around Linn’s waist and leans on her back, “don’t do it again. And where did this sudden confidence come from? I mean,” she asks when Linn is now speaking clearly and is bursting with energy.

“Heh,” she chuckles first then taps the top of Brigitte’s arm, “the strong arms around my waist help and I absolutely love going fast and driving or flying something.”

“You piloted a plane?” Brigitte and leans over Linn’s shoulder only to see her passing the fourth car in a row and not planning to slow down any time soon. She wouldn’t mind if there wasn’t a semi-truck coming right for them on the opposite lane and this bike is quite wide.
“Like a glove,” Linn quips when she squeezes between two cars to avoid crashing into the semi. “Yeah, I did. Rogue let me fly for a bit when we were coming here. Sorry for the extra work on the engines.” She apologizes because Brigitte will be probably the one to fix the plane’s engines she and Rogue burned out by pushing them to their limits all the way from London.

Meanwhile back on the roof of the Watchpoint, Rogue stood up when she decided to stop following Linn and Brigitte as they drove towards the town. Her normal eye lost them as soon as Linn blinked but the cybernetic one picked them up and by using something similar to Amélie’s goggles, that was inbuilt into it, she could keep track of them. “Need to tell her not to do that too often.” She comments as she dusts her knees.

“Not to do what?” Amélie who also stood up and pulled up her goggles asks.

“Blinking with someone else or a machine.” Rogue answers and they start to walk back inside.

“Is it dangerous or something?” Amélie gets curious.

“That too, but that’s not the main reason,” Rogue stops when the doors open, and asks, “Wanna try it?”

“Try what? Blinking with you?” she nearly bumps into Rogue when she stopped suddenly.

“Mhm,” Rogue nods and offers her to hold hands.

Amélie takes the offered hand and nods, “Alright.”

As soon as Rogue wraps her fingers around Amélie’s palm she blinks downstairs. Then chuckles when she sees the weird face Amélie is pulling.

“I understand now,” Amélie nods, “This does feel quite weird and… something else. How do you cope with it?”

“Heh,” Rogue smiles when they resume walking, “I just do. Not much of a choice, is there? And Recall is even worse. But I need both to keep doing what I do.” She continues to explain when opens the doors that lead to the garden where others are waiting for their return.

Amélie leans closer to whisper, now that others are within the earshot, “And the other thing? Do you get that too?”

“You mean getting horny?” Rogue grins, “Yep. But I got the best person in the world to take care of that particular problem.” and gestures towards Emily.

“Well,” Amélie rubs her palms together and looks at Rogue, but her eyes are shooting all over the place.

“Hahahaha,” Rogue can’t help it but laugh, “I think Linn will be more than busy tonight,” and shoots her a wink, “so there is one room free in the bed.” Then thinks, ‘Tonight is gonna be fun.’

“I shall join you then.” Amélie nods confidently and they join the others to head to the van that will take them all to town.
Blinking and Recalling has that kind of effect too? Interesting. XD

Link to the Linn's and Brigitte's date side story
Trouble in the land down under

Chapter Summary

There is trouble in the land down under and Overwatch is contacted with a request for help.

Chapter Notes

Decided not to bore you with a 3 chapter long drinking night and put some action in instead. If you really want to know what happened on Linn’s date with Brigitte and what stories were told in the pub I could make it a side-story. Let me know in the comments.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Rogue was correct that that night Linn was a no-show in their room so she and Emily could focus their full attention on Amélie and her little problem caused by blinking with Rogue. And after they all added some liquid courage to their system while listening and telling stories about the past that all participating parties agreed will stay in that pub, never to be spoken off again, all three ladies were exhausted when they finally closed their eyes for the night. It was more early morning and sun’s rays were already peeking over the horizon but thinking they had the time to sleep in the next day, they weren’t really bothered. Well, the blaring of a Watchpoint wide alarm siren put those thoughts to a lie and from many rooms all over the Watchpoint a curse was heard in almost perfect sync, “What the fuck!??”

Athena was more than ready to answer, “Attention all agents!! Attention all agents!!” she started with a serious tone, “Report to the briefing room, immediately. I repeat. Report to the briefing room immediately.”

Now it was time for grunts and moans as they rolled out of beds and held their hangovered heads as they dressed up and made their way to the briefing room. Rogue wasn’t really surprised to see her team show up, but one person showing up did surprise her. Linn came with Brigitte and they brought liquid blessings for all in form of a couple of trays full of cups and two big pots of coffee and a pot of tea. “Linn? First, thank you,” Rogue thanked her as she picked up a cup and poured herself some coffee, “second what are you doing here?” then asked after she took a big sip, “You’re not an agent.”

But Linn just smirked, “Neither are any of you, as far as I know, but here you are.”

“You cheeky little…” Rogue gently bumps her shoulder with her fist, careful not to cause her to drop the tray, “I know that, but you are not a fighter.”

“I know,” Linn nods, “but I have the same abilities you do and I want to help.”

Rogue shakes her head, “No,” then looks at Linn with gentle eyes, “Please, I don’t want you to enter this world. It’s an ugly one.”
Linn returns Rogue’s look with a gentle smile, “I think I’ll be fine with you four watching my back,” and gestures at Rogue, Amélie, Olivia, and Gabriel.

“Five,” Brigitte adds and bumps hips with Linn, shooting her a wink when their eyes meet.

“All of us have your back, little one,” Reinhardt puts his big hand on Linn’s shoulder after he thanked her for the coffee with a nod. And when Linn looks around the room there are nods from the rest that confirm that statement.

“Haaaaa,” Rogue sighs, “You guys, we were supposed to convince her out of it.”

“What is it that you always say, Rogue,” Angela who was standing next to Winston starts and looks at her, “The world could always use more heroes, I believe it was?”

Rogue was just about to say something in reply but Winston clearing his throat to get their attention interrupted her. “I apologize for this sudden wake-up,” he first apologizes when he sees the faces of all that went to town the night before, “but my dear friend contacted me and this is urgent.” He then turns his attention to the small screen on the desk in front of him, “Go ahead Hammond, we are ready.”

Everyone freezes and goes wide-eyed when for the next minute all they could hear were strange squeaks that sounded like someone was talking but didn’t speak human. After that, a mechanical sounding voice starts to translate, “Hello Overwatch. Our names are Wrecking ball and Hammond and we are requesting your assistance in defending Junkertown, where we currently reside, from Talon’s attack. Junkers would probably try to defend it on their own but according to the information I gathered this attack will wipe them out if we don’t get outside help.”

Rogue was the first to respond after they finished. “You already said the magic word,” she smirks, “we are in.”

Wrecking ball asks next, “Magic word and we?”

“Talon and yes, we.” Rogue nods, “Rogue, Reaper, Widowmaker, Sombra and,” she looks at Linn and tries to come up with a call sign for her and decides on one that fits her to a T, “Tracer.”

Linn and everyone but the three she named after herself go wide-eyed and look at her but she just shrugs, “C’mon guys, I’m not Tracer anymore. Not with all this,” she gestures to her cybernetic parts, “and she pulls her off far better than me now.”

Knowing what that name means to the people around them Linn tries to reject, “No, Rogue. I couldn’t possibly take that name on. No way.” and shakes her head.

But Rogue’s decision, as all of them are lately, is final and she is not budging, “It’s mine to give and I’m giving it to you.” She hugs Linn around her shoulder, “Make me proud by taking it on.” And winks with a smile.

Winston and Angela looked like they had the most trouble of accepting that Lena would give up her callsign like that and the possible hidden meanings behind it, but after they saw her hug Linn like that and remembering how she is around her, and that Lena is smiling far more ever since Linn came along, they nod and give Linn their blessings of taking on the name of Tracer. But it was Reinhardt that voiced them, “Those are some big shoes you need to fill, little one.” he jokes, and when she looks at him, “but just as I am for all of them,” he gestures to other in the room, “I will be your shield as well.” Then he notices how Brigitte is sticking close to Linn, “But I believe you already found yourself a shield maiden that will protect you from harm.” He winks at them.
The two were just having a moment but Rogue interrupted it, “Sorry, Linn. But if you are coming, you are with us.” She points to herself, then flicks her head at Brigitte, “she is too slow. We move fast and take no prisoners.” She continues with a dead serious voice, “You wanted to come along? This is the deal.”

Linn nods, then Wrecking ball rejoin the conversation, “So we can count on your assistance?”

This time Rogue keeps quiet and along with the rest in the room looks at Winston. “Yes,” he nods, “we will be coming to help you.”

“Thank you, Winston,” Wrecking ball responds, “We shall notify the Queen that you will be coming to help and get things ready on our end. See you then.”

Chapter End Notes

Enter Hammond and Wrecking ball. And Linn became Tracer. I think it fits. ;)


Armory

Chapter Summary

Rogue takes her team and Linn to the armory to gear up for the mission. Once there, they are in for a surprise.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After Hammond cuts the line, Rogue flicks her head at Gabriel, gesturing towards the exit and takes Linn’s hand to guide her towards the armory. When they were almost at the door, Jack calls, “And where do you think you’re going?”

Rogue slowly turns her head to look at him and knits her brow, “To get my team ready. Got a problem with that?”

Knowing better than to say anything further, Jack only looks at Winston, who nods his head at Rogue, “Alright, you guys go and get ready. We will meet in the main hangar.” He realized early on that Rogue treats her team as a separate entity from Overwatch and that they should treat it as such too.

“Roger that, Winston,” Rogue gives him her signature two-finger salute and they leave the room. Doors just barely closed behind them when she looks at Gabriel, who was walking on her right side. “Hey, Reyes.” Linn was walking on her left, with Amélie and Olivia following behind, who were already busy gathering and looking through information about Junkertown and its leader, the Queen on one of the screens Olivia projected in front of her.

“Yeah, boss?” Gabriel jokes, getting Rogue’s elbow jabbed into his ribs for his efforts.

“I would almost dare to bet that you had a Blackwatch gear made for me,” Rogue starts as they walk down the hallway, “it is possible there’s two sets?”

“And you would’ve won that bet,” Gabriel smiles, “and yes, there were a few sets I ordered to be made back in the day.”

Rogue was just to asks something again but a whistle coming from Olivia interrupts her, “Listen to this, guys.” She then reads a part of a report from one of the Talon’s operatives she hacked, “The Queen is a tough, merciless woman that fought her way to her position, leaving corpses in her wake. And while she or the rest of the Junkers don’t represent a direct threat to Talon’s plans and operations, they should still be kept under a close watch as they do poses the ability to be a disruptive entity to our plans in the region. If possible, recruiting one of the mech warriors that seem to hold quite an influence in Junkertown would prove to be of big benefit towards that goal.”

“I’m liking this Queen already,” Rogue grins, “and do you have the name of that mech warrior? They will be one of our priority targets.”

“Of course I do, rápida,” Olivia grins, and then moves her screen so that Rogue can see the display, “His name is Bludger.”
“That’s a face only his mother would like,” Rogue jokes when she sees it, then looks at Amélie over the shoulder, “Can I entrust you with taking him out?”

“One shot,” Amélie starts, but the rest of them finish her phrase, “One kill.” And laugh when she mocks being insulted. Turning the corner, they reach the armory only to find that it’s already occupied by someone.

“Heya, Torbs.” Rogue greets the small man that was busy with making the final check on the gear and weapons that the team will need for their mission.

“He-” he wants to greet her back but seeing her company makes him choke. After clearing his throat, “Hello all and please don’t get startled.” He greets and warns them as even if it seemed so on the first look, he was not alone inside the armory.

Rogue knits her brows but Gabriel already pulled one of his shotguns from who knows where and is aiming at something, “What is that thing doing here?” He growls.

“Wha-” Rogue wanted to ask but when she spots what he is aiming at, “Bloody ‘ell!” she pushes Linn behind her and lowers her stance. Amélie and Olivia also put up their guard.

“Would you guys calm down please?” Torbjorn waves his arms, “He is harmless and you are scaring him.”

A series of beeps and boops that would indicate such an emotion come from Bastion that was sitting down in the corner of the room, following his bird companion with his optic as it flew around the room. But spotting Gabriel aiming at him, he actually started to shake.

“We are scaring him?” Rogue asks with a serious voice, following the bright yellow bird as it circles around the room with her eyes but keeps one trained on Bastion. She still remembers clearly how hard it was to bomb these guys when she flew missions for Overwatch when they were cleaning up after the Crisis. That turret on his back could and did shred many of the planes to pieces and she lost quite a few squadron mates to them.

The bird flies one more circle then goes for a landing somewhere behind Rogue and she finds out where it landed soon. “Hello, cutie.” Linn addresses it when it landed on her shoulder and tilted its head chirping. After jumping twice, it takes off and heads back to Bastion then looks back at Linn who was following it with her sight. When it tilts her head and jumps in Bastion’s shoulder much as it did on her’s, Linn steps out from behind Rogue and walks towards them.

“What are you doing, Linn?” Rogue hisses when Linn shakes her hand off. She then reaches for Gabriel’s forearm and pushes it downwards, whispering to him, “Don’t aim at Linn.”

Deciding to ignore Rogue, for now, Linn crouches when she comes within arm’s reach of the Bastion and offer a handshake, “My name is Linn. What is yours?”

“This unit is referred to by others simply as Bastion,” Bastion introduces himself. He shakes her hand, then points towards the bird on his shoulder, “and this one is named Ganymede.”

“Nice to meet you, Bastion,” Linn smiles and stands up, looking at the bird “and you Ganymede.”

“It is nice to make your acquaintance too, Linn.” Bastion nods his head then stands up too.

“Hey guys, the bir-” Linn wants to let the others know what the bird is called but is surprised by how their looks when she turns around. “What?”
“You understood him?” Rogue guesses, flicking her head towards Bastion. Gabriel puts away his shotgun and Amélie and Olivia relax too.


“No one but the omnis understands Omnica code, Linn.” Rogue explains, “All we heard was beeps and boops.”

“Huh?” Linn hums, “Well, to me he spoke as clearly and understandably as you guys.”

“Interesting,” Rogue nods to herself, “Might come in handy in the future, but for now let’s gear up and head for the hangar.”

Chapter End Notes

Linn understands Omnica code? Had to give her something to make her unique. Blinking and Recall is just something she got from Lena.
“Well, I’ll be…” Jesse whistles when he spots Rogue and her team entering the hangar while he was talking with Genji, while Hana was loading her mech into the Orca, Fareeha doing final checks on her new Raptora, Brigitte busy with both, checking the Orca and Reinhardt’s armor and hammer. They all turn their heads or in Hana’s case, the entire mech, to look when Jesse’s comment gets their attention.

Rogue heads to Winston and reports, “Team Rogue ready to deploy.”

“More like Roguewatch,” Jesse comments with a smirk and when Rogue gives him an amused sidelong look, “You wear those colors better than you should,” he comments hers and the rest of her teams Blackwatch uniforms.

“Roguewatch, huh?” Rogue taps her chin with her finger, “Has a nice edgy ring to it. You know, with the edge lord himself on the team and all.” She jokes while pointing at Gabriel.

“Reyes did push a few times to let him take Tracer on a Blackwatch mission,” Jack chuckles as he joins the conversation, “I denied him on each one and I think we can all agree that at least that was a good decision.” He adds, not really expecting anyone to agree with him but someone did and it caught him by surprise who did.

“On that, Jack,” Rogue smirks when she looks at him, “We agree.” Then she raises her cybernetic arm and looks down at the palm as she opens and closes it, “Was going through some bad times after Slipstream and if I went with Blackwatch and what I heard about their missions is true, I think Rogue might’ve come out to play far sooner.”

“Then I’m glad Jack didn’t allow it,” Winston comments as he puts a comforting hand on Rogue’s shoulder. There are nods to that from all.

“At least we can see what she would’ve looked like back then,” Genji comments, pointing to Linn, who shyly scratches the back of her head when everyone now focuses on her.

“And you two look like you would fit right into Blackwatch as well,” Fareeha winks at Amélie and Olivia who also wear the black and red.

“Meh,” Olivia waves her off, “Not really my first choice but as we are a team,” ‘And a familia.’ “it’s only fitting that we wear the right gear.”

“For a combat gear,” Amélie responds too, “I quite like it. The purple was too shiny.”

“And,” Rogue grins then swats Amélie’s behind, “the black leather does wonders for your arse.” After she shared a quick laugh with others on account of that, Rogue takes hold of Linn’s hand and pulls her along to head inside the Orca.

They make it just on top of the ramp when armored hands clamp their shoulders and when they turn to look they see Brigitte with a raised eyebrow, “And just where do you two think you’re going?”

“Cockpit?” Rogue responds with a question.

“Mhm,” Brigitte hums, “To do what?”
“To fly the Orca?” Linn is the one to respond this time.

“Figured as much,” Brigitte crosses her arms when she releases their shoulders. “But,” then raises one arm and points to them with her index finger, “if you two burn the engines as you did on your plane, I’ll get Emily and you will fix them by yourselves as we talk you through it.”

“I don’ rea—mmmmm.” Linn wanted to reply but Rogue shuts her up with a hand over her mouth.

“Will keep it in the green, ma’am.” She gives Brigitte a two finger salute and when she nods and they resume walking towards the cockpit, “Are you insane?” she hisses at Linn.

“What? I don’t mind fixing the engines if they need my help.” Linn shrugs.

“Believe me,” Rogue locks her eyes on Linn’s, “you don’t. It’s a pain in the arse and way too much work.”

“You sound like you talk from experience,” Linn replies as they reach the cockpit and start doing the pre-flight checks.

“I do,” Rogue sighs, “Winston and Torbs had me get to know what every bolt does on Slipstream before I could take her into the air.”

“Okay,” Linn nods then reports the status of the systems she checked, “Green across the board here. Ready for take-off.”

“Same here,” Rogue replies then they both lean to look at the cargo part of the Orca, “Orca ready for lift-off, Winston.”

“Everyone strapped in and ready?” he checks on the others and when he gets a thumbs up from all, he turns to Rogue, “We are ready back here, Rogue. Let the mission Junkertown begin.”

“Then clench those butt cheeks as me and Linn get this party started!” Rogue shouts with a grin and as soon as Orca is a few inches off the ground she pushes the throttle forward as far as it will go and they shoot out of the hangar on max speed, pulling quite a few G’s when the two pilots pull the controls back to gain altitude.

“ROGUE!!!” Brigitte shouts, thinking she clearly forgot about her warning if she is pushing the Orca so much already.

“Still in the green!!!” Rogue shouts back, “You guys just never had a real pilot flying this bus.”

“Hey!” Winston and Athena, who usually fly the Orca, complain.

“Yeah, yeah,” Rogue waves them off, “you considered the passengers too.”

“Exactly.” Winston, “And if you…” he wants to add then sees that everyone is okay even if they are flying at twice the speed they usually are. Angela and Fareeha are chatting about the improvement to their battlefield tactics and medical intervention protocols. Jack and Ana are taking a nap, same as Jesse and Genji. The others from Rogue’s team are checking their weapons or in Olivia’s case, gathering more information about the situation in Junkertown. Hana even has time to catch up on her gaming backlog. Even Brigitte started to annoy Reinhardt about his armor and hammer once she heard Rogue telling her that the engines are still in the green zone of torque.

“You were saying, love?” Rogue calls for Winston when he suddenly went silent mid-sentence.
“Oh. Hm, as you were. Everyone seems fine here.” He answers.

“Roger that,” Rogue nods, “Catch a nap or something because even at this speed, this flight will take a couple of hours.”

“Okay,” Winston decides to take Rogue on her offer, “But wake me if something happens or you need me to take over from you.”

“No need, love,” Rogue laughs, “There’s two us now.” Then points to herself first, then at Linn with her thumb.
Chapter Summary

Hammond decided to notify the Queen of the incoming attack and about the reinforcements he secured.

“My Queen,” a Junker enters the throne room and addresses the leader of Junkertown, “Wrecking ball requests an audience with you.”

“Let him in then,” Queen puts down the mug she was just drinking from, then smiles, “Our champion is always welcome here.” After being told that Queen will see him he rolls in and deploys his four legs when he is in front of her. “To what do I owe the pleasure, my champion?”

“First, we would like to apologize for deceiving you, Queen.” Wrecking ball starts with his mechanical voice.

“Deceiving me?” Queen knits her brow, “In what way?”

“I, Wrecking ball, am but a mere A.I. that helps him to communicate with you humans. He,” the hatch opens and Hammond reveals himself for the first time to the Queen and squeaks and waves in greeting, “is the one behind the controls and the one who build me.”

“A hamster!?!?!” Queen shouts with wide eyes, leaning forward in her throne, “A hamster is our champion?!?”

Hammond squeaks and bows his head, Wrecking ball translating, “He apologizes for deceiving you and requests that you listen to what he has to say until the end before taking any actions.”

“Mmm,” Queen hums as she leans back in her throne and holds her head with one arm, “I think you earned at least that much,” gesturing with the other, “go on then.”

Hammond begins to squeak, Wrecking ball translating as he goes on, “Thank you. I must tell you that I am originally from the Moon, and am genetically modified in the same way as my friend Winston is. Meaning…” he wants to continue but Queen interrupts him.

“Hold on, hold on.” She waves her arm to for him to stop talking, “Winston? As the monkey in Overwatch?”

“Gorilla,” they first correct her, then answer, “but yes, him. Are you familiar with him?”

“I am,” Queen nods, “he is very smart, I heard. Are you the same?”

“Yes, I am.” Hammond nods as Wrecking ball translates. “Back to why I came here today and revealed myself?”

“Sure, go on.” Queen takes another drink from her mug.

“I came here to warn you about an incoming Talon attack on this town.” They tell her.
Hearing that, Queen crushes the glass mug she was drinking from when hearing that name angers her, “Those bastards never learn, do they?” she hisses through clenched teeth.

“They don’t. But,” agrees with Queen, “this time, they have every intent to completely level this place to the ground. If my information about the force they are deploying is correct.”

“Mmm,” Queen narrows her eyes, “How big?”

“Too big,” Hammond shakes his head, “That’s why I already asked Winston to bring his team and help us defend against it. They should be arriving in a couple of hours.”

“But why?” Queen tilts her head in thought, “This is not their fight. Why would they help us?”

“Well, I am here.” Hammond smiles, “And when Lena Oxton aka Tracer or as she is called now, Rogue, heard that Talon is coming, she didn’t lose a moment to agree to help. So my guess would be that she has a score to settle with them.”

“Rogue, huh?” Queen taps her chin then grins as she remembers something she read a few days ago, “This is not confirmed but isn’t she the one that took out Doomfist and Moira?”

“That is correct,” Hammond nods, “I have the same information. And to add to that, she seems to have teamed up with Reaper, Widowmaker, and Sombra. And there are some unconfirmed rumors about someone else but I don’t know anything about them.”

“That’s four or five,” Queen makes a head count, “and if Winston is coming I think he will be bringing even more.”

“Indeed,” Hammond leans back in his seat and pops a nut in his mouth, “from what they told me, there is Hana Song aka D.Va, Genji Shimada, Jesse McCree, Brigitte Lindholm, Ana Amari, her daughter Fareeha Amari aka Pharah, Angela Zeigler aka Mercy, Jack Morrison or now better known as Soldier 76 and Reinhardt Wilhelm.”

“Fijuuuu,” Queen whistles, “15 in total huh? That’s some reinforcements we are getting. And that Reinhardt fella,” Queen leans forward with shining eyes, “is he the big armored guy with that massive hammer?”

“That’s him,” Hammond nods, still stretched in his seat, he sees how Queen’s eyes have a certain shine in them, “Does the Queen like him or something?”

“What’s not to like?” Queen now looks at the ceiling, “Those big muscles and the way he crushes his opponents with his hammer and charges them. Haaaaa, so strong.” She drags.

“Okay, okay.” Hammond jumps to sit in his seat properly again, “Let’s get ready. They might not be quite on time and we should get our defense up.” He goes inside the Wrecking ball only to pop back out again right after, “Oh, forgot one more thing. Rogue said that she and her team have something else to take care of here in Junkertown and that she will explain after the attack is dealt with, so she asks for your understanding.”

“I wonder what it is, but now is not the time,” Queen stands up from her throne and grabs her spear-like weapon, “Get Jamison and Mako in here, NOW!!! And you two, Hammond and Wrecking ball,” she points at them with her spear, “get everyone ready for the defense. I’ll join you when I deal with those two.”

“Understood,” Wrecking ball replies and rolls out of the throne room.
Talon attack begins

Chapter Summary

Queen decided to give the exiled pair another chance and makes her way to the defensive line. Talon attack begins and Jamison and Mako are in trouble right off the bat.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“You wanted to see us, ma’am?” Mako asks when he and Jamison enter the throne room.

“Yeah, sheila. What’s th-AUCH!” Jamison wanted to ask too, “OI! What’s your problem, Roadie?” but hearing how he addressed the Queen, Mako smacks the back of his head.

“Show some respect, will you?” he grunts.

“Haaaa,” Queen sighs and facepalms, “Look,” she looks at the pair, “don’t make me regret this right away, okay?”

“What do you need us for, ma’am?” Mako inquires, then looks at Jamison to make sure he keeps his mouth shut, who mimics pulling a zipper over his lips.

“Here’s the deal,” Queen leans back on her throne, “Talon is coming. In force. And I need every able body to help defend Junkertown.”

“And what do me and Roadie get out of it?” Jamison asks as he leans forward even more than his usual slouching causes him to.

“If we are successful, Jamison,” Queen locks eyes with him, “I am prepared to revoke my banishment of you two from Junkertown.”

“Use of explosives?” Jamison doesn’t flinch under the Queen’s stare.

“Allowed, for as long as you keep them out of Junkertown.” She answers with a cold tone.

“Tires too?” Jamison narrows his eyes and somehow manages to lean forward even more and doesn’t tip over.

“Same deal. Keep them out of Junkertown.” Queen replies and Mako can see her brow twitching from anger.

“Then what are we waiting for?” Jamison jumps, spins around and bumps Mako’s shoulder, “Let’s go Roadie. Time to blow up some Talon shit.”

“Thank you, ma’am.” Mako thanks the Queen and was just about to follow Jamison when she calls for him.

“Mako.” She waits for him to look at her, “Try and keep him under control.”
“I’ll do what I can,” Mako shrugs, “but we all know how he gets once explosives are involved.” Then leaves the throne room to make sure Jamison doesn’t get too excited and fires off one of his tires mid-town.

“Regrettably, yes,” Queen nods to herself and stands up, “We do.” And grabbing her spear she heads out to check on Wrecking ball and how the defense preparations are going. She arrives to the walkway above the main gates and the only way for a land attack on Junkertown and spots Wrecking ball instructing Junkers how to barricade themselves and fortify their positions against incoming fire, right away. “This is turning into quite a fortress, Wrecking ball.” She tells him once she gets closer.

“Unfortunately, I don’t believe it will be enough. There will be casualties.” He responds with a sad tone, “Talon’s forces have a lot of firepower.”

“There are always casualties, my champion,” Queen puts a comforting hand near the hatch, “That’s just how battles are. Inside or outside the arena.” She then spots Jamison and Mako way outside in front, running up and down the plain that stretches in front of the main entrance. Well, Jamison is running, Mako is walking behind him, shaking his head on every turn. “And just what are those two doing out there?"

“My fault.” Wrecking ball answers, “I was thinking out loud of laying down a minefield to slow down the ground forces and Jamison volunteered to do it. And, if I may add, he is doing an impressive job.”

“Impressive or not,” Queen looks at the horizon where a black line showed up, “we are out of time.” Which now turned into a big fleet of Talon’s fighter planes and air transports. “JAMISON!!! MAKO!!!” she thunders over the plain and when they look at her, “GET YOUR ASSES BACK HERE!!! WE GOT INCOMING!!!” she points towards the aircrafts with her spear.

When he looks at the planes, Mako surprises everyone with his agility as he grabs Jamison around his waist and dives for cover behind one of the rock outcrops that litter the plain when he saw several of the fighters diving on them and started to open fire with their machine guns.

“Oi, Roadie, let go. Let me blow ‘em up!” Jamison struggles while bullets wiz above their heads and bounce off the rock they are covering behind.

“Shut up and stay down!” Mako shouts back and grips Jamison even tighter.

“FIRE AT WILL!!!” Wrecking ball shouts and opens up with his quad guns on the fighters that dove at the pair. Obeying his command, that entire side of Junkertown lights up in gunfire. Most of it bounces harmlessly off the barrier that surrounds the planes but some of the larger calibers are punching through and manage to damage several planes but a new wave is on its way and this time their targets are the very guns that manage to punch through. They release salvos of unguided missiles that are bound to hit every inch of that wall, but Wrecking ball was ready for that. “COVER!!! WALLS UP!!!” and from nearly every gun emplacement a thick steel plates sprout that covers them up and missiles do almost no damage at all. But some get through and screams of pain and shouting for help start to echo from several places over the wall. As the smoke starts clearing a bit, Wrecking ball notices that the first wave of transports managed to lower their altitude enough to unload the troops and there are Talon soldiers with boots on the ground now. “Overwatch, where are you?!!?” he contacts his friends.

Chapter End Notes
Hope I managed to describe the action well enough. These scenes are one of the hardest to write properly. You never know when there are too much or too little details to include.
Overwatch and Roguewatch join the fray

Chapter Summary

Overwatch reinforcements arrive and Rogue immediately springs to action. After her initial idea fails, she hatches a plan that nearly backfires in spectacular fashion, if one was to ask Jamison.

“On our way!” Rogue’s voice responds, “We got a visual already and saw that barrage. Everyone okay down there?”

“Not even close,” he responds, “and we got a pair pinned down in the middle of the plains.”

“Sorry, silly question,” Rogue apologizes, then grins, “We’ll see what we can do about the pinned pair but I think that these flies need to be swatted down first.” She then gets up from the pilot’s seat, “Linn, take over.” She instructs, then jumps down to where others are equipped and ready. “Reaper, me and you will do some plane hopping and try to get as many of these fuckers down as we can.” She tells him as she loads her pulse bombs into the storage on her back.

“What?!” he responds with a raised voice, face covered by his mask.

“C’mon,” she grins, “You can shadow step from one plane to another, can’t you?”

“Didn’t really try using it that way before,” he shrugs, “But what the hell, let’s try it.”

“I’m coming too, then!” Linn shouts from the cockpit.

“YOU STAY PUT!!! YOU HEAR ME!?” Rogue point at her as she shouts on top of her lungs with an angry voice. And when she sees how everyone flinched when she shouted, she takes a deep breath, “Sorry ‘bout that. Look, get these guys to Junkertown and I’ll meet you on the ground, deal?”

“Yeah, deal.” Linn nods.

“Widow, ‘Reeha,” Rogue looks at them, “Some help with those pesky fighters while me and Reaper deal with the transports would be nice. You up for it?”

“You can count on me.” Fareeha closes her helmet and grinds her fist into her palm.

“The performance is about to begin.” Widow grins and deploys her goggles over her eyes.

“I’m coming with you, Fareeha,” Angela smacks the ground with her caduceus staff.

“Then I shall cover miss Lacroix.” Ana cocks her rifle.

“Looks like we have a plan,” Rogue smiles, “Linn, open the back ramp.”

“Ramp opening,” Linn reports and hits the switch that starts the pistons that start to lower the ramp.

“Still think this is absolutely insane,” Reaper grunts when he and Rogue stand on top of the ramp.
and the rushing wind starts howling inside the Orca.

“But so much fun!!!” Rogue shouts and runs to the edge of it, backflipping off, now fully opened ramp.

“Did she take a parachute?!” Winston rushes to look after her.

“Remember Oasis?” Reaper asks him then wraiths out and somehow shadow steps mid-air to one of the transports. He just had enough lead to see Rogue plunge through the sky and landing on another with enough force to shake the entire thing, her blade deployed and acting as an anchor.

“See? Fun!” she tells him over the coms when she looks at him with a face wide smile.

Spotting her landing on the transport, Queen turns to Wrecking ball, “Is that Rogue?”

“Affirmative, and Reaper is on the left group. But they got…” He tried to add something but a rocket coming from behind the Orca and a sniper bullet that looked more like a rail gun projectile destroy the cockpits of the two Talon fighters that were diving on them and they start spiraling toward the ground.

“Mon Dieu!” Widowmaker exhales when she sees what her bullet did to the cockpit then pulls up her goggle and looks at Ana who just stabbed her with something.

“Keep firing, Lacroix,” she winks with a smile, “My Nano boost won’t last forever.”

“Merci,” she nods first then turns back outside, redeploying her goggles and takes aim, “Qui, Rogue needs cover.”

“Rogue needs cover? Not that they need to die?” Ana asks.

“Non.” Widow responds and fires again, downing another Talon fighter. “Rogue needs cover. She is my friend. As they all are.”

“You really did change, didn’t you?” Ana asks with a gentle voice.

“Qui, I did.” Widows follows a new target with her sights as she answers, “And that crazy acting woman down there is the main reason for it.” She adds with a laugh.

Speaking off, Rogue first tried to fire through the hull but the barrier is too strong for her pistols to punch through so she looks around and finds a perfect target for her newly hatched plan. “Gotcha!” she quips as she sticks one of her pulse bombs on the right engine’s nacelle. Then runs across the top of the plane and jumps towards another one, blinking to it.

“What is she doing?” Reaper wonder as he empties the clip into the engine nacelle, his shotguns having no trouble of penetrating the barrier and the transport he is on starts to plummet to the ground. But when he shadow steps to another he spots a blinking light on the nacelle Rogue just ran past. “Aw, shit!!” he curses when her plan becomes clear to him. “How many of those are you packing, Rogue?” he contacts her over the coms while working on this transport.

“20, maybe 30-ish.” She responds with a laugh then adds, “Who keeps count of these things?” as
she blinks to her fifth one.

“Fuck!” Reaper curses, the memory of how she blew up Petras’s house still fresh in his mind, “Orca! Stay on high altitude,” he contacts their transport, “Rogue’s planting bombs all over the place and these pack a serious punch.”

“Merde!” Widow curses when she hears that. Followed by Sombra, “Hijo de tu puta madre!” who then runs up to the cockpit and instructs Linn, “Keep us as high as possible.”

“What are you two panicking about?” Jack asks when he saw Sombra run up to the cockpit.

“These bombs she has now,” Widow takes aim and fires then continues, “are stronger then what she used to have. And if she is planting 30 of them they will shake this place up.”

“Just how strong are they?” Jesse asks as he puffs on his cigar.

“You will find out soon enough.” Sombra answer when she sits down and straps herself in.

“All gone already?” Rogue quips as she reaches for another bomb but finds her pack empty. “Now where are those two again?” She leans over the plane, anchored by her blade, to find where Jamison and Mako are taking cover. “See ‘em.” She chirps when she finds them and jumps off, “Time to say hi!” Reaper wraithed off the transport he was working on as soon as he saw her jump off. She lands right next to them with a loud thud, “Heya, mates!”

“Crikey!!” Jamison jumps when he surprised him.

“Sorry ‘bout that. Mind if I chill with you guys for a moment?” she sits down with them, leaning on the rock.

“Sheila, if you didn’t notice there is a battle going on here,” Jamison explains with knitted brow, then points at Mako, “and this guy won’t let me blow those bastards up.”

“Oh,” Rogue looks at Jamison with wide eyes and flashes him a big grin, “You like explosions?”

“I do,” he answers with a nod.

Rogue keeps grinning, “Then you’re gonna love this. In 3, 2…” then points to the sky where her first bomb goes off, closely followed by the rest in cascading series of explosions. The ground shakes as if an earthquake is shaking the whole area from the force of the blast.

Smoke and dust are still clearing but she and Mako can see the wide eyes and opened mouth on Jamison. He slowly turns his head to look at Rogue, “Crikey, sheila. That was…majestic!” he smiles widely at her.

She mimics polishing her nails at her jacket then blow at them, “I try.”

Reaper coughs and pushes the rubble, that he got buried beneath, off, “I wouldn’t mind if you tried a little less.”

“See what I’m dealing with here?” Rogue asks Jamison and points to her coms.

He puts his cybernetic arm on her shoulder, looking down, “Sheila,” he raises his sight and says
with a serious voice, “they just don’t understand the art of explosions.” They look at each other for a few moments, then explode into laughter.

“Laugh it up, you crazy woman!” Linn shouts over the coms, “You nearly blew us out of the sky too.”

“Good thing our suits are more armored,” Pharah joins the complaining wagon, “or we would be goners too.”

“Everyone, stay sharp!!” D.Va, who flew towards the Junkertown to help defend them against the missiles with her matrix, joins the conversation, “This isn’t over yet.”
Talon brings out the big guns

Chapter Summary

Talon deployed their elite, but will they be able to break the defenders? Jamison and Mako get to their weapons which surprise Rogue on every turn.

Chapter Notes

trigger warnings: body extremities getting blown off, cursing like old pirates. Death in general as these few chapters will be describing a battle.

Linn brought the Orca for a landing just behind the main entrance and the rest of the team deployed. Ana and Widow ran for a high ground perch. Jesse, Genji, and Jack ran out, followed by Reinhardt and established a fire position right in front of the main gate. Winston first jumped towards Wrecking ball and the Queen then all three, to Queen’s great delight joined the guys that deployed in front of the gate. Linn was just finishing her post-flight checks when a series of thuds sounded from the other side of the gates. “Heavies!!” Jesse shouted when he spotted the hulking behemoths starting to make their way towards them. Shots cracked over the battlefield next and a few of Junkers fell lifelessly out of their gun nests, Widow shouting over the coms, “Snipers!!” then returned fire and took down three almost immediately.

“Nice shooting, love,” Rogue compliments her then call for Linn, “Linn, can you grab me that small box with Don’t touch! Rogue written on it from the Orca?”

“Sure,” Linn responds, then out of pure curiosity asks, “What’s in it?”

“My bombs.” Rogue grins, then nearly goes deaf when the whole team shouts in perfect sync into the coms, “NO!!”

“Then how do you suppose we take down the heavies?” she replies with a raised brow, then hears something. “Hold that thought. Where are you?” and leans from behind the rock to look over the battlefield. “Damn it! Assasins!!” she warns the others when her cybernetic eye spots them blinking all over the place through the dust and smoke that are still to settle. “Work in pairs. Genji, Linn, get your butts to where I am. Let’s show these copycats how the real deal does things.”

Talon heavies tried to open fire but Wrecking ball cleverly directed Junkers to aim for their massive guns and they kept pushing them down so even when they did fire they only hit the ground a few feet in front of them. Snipers tried to keep the Junkers at bay but between Widow’s and Ana’s accurate fire and Pharah rockets they had to keep their heads down. Reinhardt sees the opportunity to launch one of his fire strikes and it hits and staggers one of the heavies at which the Queen then fires the tip of her spear which penetrates his armor, killing him. “Well done!” Reinhardt compliments her with a cheery voice while raising his shield back up.

“Thank you, but,” she reloads the tip, “it was a team effort.” shooting him a wink and elbowing his ribs, which despite his armor, he felt, bearing witness to her strength.
“Here you go,” Linn hands the box to Rogue, when she and Genji join her, Jamison and Mako behind that rock. “I noticed that their power can be set, so dial them down and let’s do this.”

Rogue looked at Linn like she brought her the best present ever, “Thank you!” and launched to hug her. She releases her to reload her backpack when Jamison creeps closer.

“You mind if I take a look at one of those bombs of yours?” he asks with shining eyes.

“Sorry, mate,” Rogue shakes her head as she stores the last one and clips the pack close, “but no one but me touches these babies. I’m sure you understand.”

“I do,” Jamison nods firmly, “Only wish I had my tires.” He plops down on his behind with a sad expression. “Those heavies, as you guys called them, wouldn’t be a problem for them.”

“Hm,” Rogue taps her chin, “Where are they?”

“In there.” Jamison points to a shack to their right that is barely standing after its been hit by the blast from Rogue’s explosions.

“Can you guys make it there if we distract them for a few moments?” Rogue asks and peeks out from behind the rock to see what they will run into.

“Roadie?” Jamison looks up at his partner.

“We should.” Mako nods, “And our guns and my hook are there too.”

“Okay, then we go on 3. And we will hit the Assasins while you guys keep the heavies off our backs.” Rogue throws together a plan that involves all of them. “Oh, and put these in your ears.” She offers them her spare coms. She busts or loses so many that she needs at least two spares to last her the entire mission. Good thing she learned how to quickly throw them together so others barely notice any lack of them in the storage.

“Mmm,” Mako hums, “Coms, so we can talk. Good idea. Especially when he starts launching those tires of his.” And puts his in, testing it for a bit and when Rogue nods that she can hear him he helps Jamison with his.

“Linn, Genji, you guys ready?” Rogue looks at the pair that was keeping an eye out and dropping any Talon grunts that got too close for comfort.

“Born.” Linn replies with a grin, earning herself a raised eyebrow look with a half-smile from Rogue.

“What are we waiting for?” Genji replies and lowers his stance, one arm on the handle of his wakizashi, other reloading his shurikens.

“Then in 3, 2, GO, GO, GO!!” Rogue counts down and she and Linn blink ahead with Genji keeping up with his dashing in one direction while Mako picks up Jamison and runs like hell for the shack where their weapons are stored in the other.

“You know, Roadie,” Jamison complains as she dangles off Mako’s shoulder, “I can run on my own.”

“Not fast enough.” Mako grunts then threw Jamison ahead and rolled the last few feet as bullets
hitting the ground behind them started to zero in on them.

“AUCH! Roadie, what the hell?” Jamison peels himself off the ground right next to the doors that lead inside the shack.

“It was either that,” Mako dust himself off, then kicks in the doors, “or ass full of bullets. Want to give it a guess which one I prefer?”

As the two Junkers where getting their weapons, Rogue, Linn, and Genji were busy taking down the Assassins. “Slippery little bastards, aren’t you?” Rogue curses when she pulls her blade out of the one she just finished off.

“You of all people say that?” Genji laughs as he and Linn double team another and Linn blew their brains out after Genji locked down their blades with his katana.

Rogue spots a heavy turning his weapons towards them, “Genji!!”

“On it!” he jumps in front of her and gets ready to deflect the incoming fire with Linn blinking behind Rogue.

His guns just started to spin, when Jamison shouts over the coms, “Fire in the hole!!!” and next thing the trio hears is somebody starting a chainsaw.

“Are you fucking kidding me!?!?!?” Rogue goes wide-eyed from surprise, with a smile tugging on her lips when she sees the truck tire with spikes embedded in the rubber racing towards the heavy then jumping and exploding right behind his head, blowing away everything from the torso up.

“It’s an actual tire?!” she asks over the coms when the headless body tips backward and hits the ground with a thud.

“What did you think I was talking about, sheila?” Jamison laughs.

“I don’t know,” Rogue shrugs then they continue with their hunt, “I thought you were just calling them tires for the sake of it.”

“Nah,” Jamison continues to laugh, “Truck tire, old chainsaw motor, a nice big load of explosives, and kaboom.”

“Could you get out of my face, bitch!!!” Rogue caves in the face of the Assassin with her right fist after they managed to get a drop on her and push her to the ground. Genji and Linn were busy with their opponents but have finished them off and rejoin Rogue, covering her as she picks herself up.

“You okay there, sheila?” Jamison asks as he peeks from behind the shack and sees Rogue picking herself up while pushing off the body of the Assasin.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” she waves him off, and dusts her thighs, “You guys keep the heavies busy and we will take care of these wankers.” But just as she thought she was saw everything, a big hook flies towards one of the heavies and he gets pulled towards Mako who riddles his torso with so many holes even Swiss cheese would be jealous when he fires his gun.

“Okay, its official,” Rogue shakes his head, “You Aussies are completely off the chain.” Then blinks as she locked on another Assasin but nearly trips from laughing so hard when Mako retorts, “This guy was definitely on the chain.”
And he and Jamison both laugh when they see her, “Good one, Roadie. Nearly tripped the Road Racer there.”

“He tripped one alright,” Linn grunts when she picks herself up after not having the same luck as Rogue of staying on her feet.

Rogue closed in on the Assassin and had them in her sights and was just about to pull the trigger when a shotgun cracks from her right, blowing the head right off, “Heya, Reaps.”

“Can you guys stay serious for 5 fucking minutes?” He grunts, “This is a battlefield, not Disneyland. And if you didn’t notice, they,” he points towards the group that is defending the main gate, “are in trouble so if you are done with you games how about we go and help them?”
Death comes!!!

Chapter Summary

After Reaper directs their attention towards the main get, Rogue throws together a plan who to help them. But it's Reaper himself who steals the spotlight.

When Rogue looked at what Gabriel was pointing at, she could see that the team that deployed near the gates was in major trouble. And what she and others with her were fighting was but a small part of Talon’s force that managed to land. Reinhardt’s shield was cracking on multiple ends and he was waging at the other to find some other cover as it won’t hold for much longer. Looking above them, Rogue could see that more than half of the gun nest’s Junkers deployed are smoking and the occupants were either dead or taken away because of their injuries. She is sure that D.Va was doing her best and it shows on her mech as from several spots sparks are flying out and one of the guns is limply hanging from the main body. And more heavies with regular grunts were advancing on them. In short, they were in deep shit.

“Fuck!” she curses and starts running towards the gates. Reaper follows her and they are soon joined by Linn and Genji. She quickly scans the situation with both of her eyes and hatches a plan, “Alright, this is how we are gonna do this. Roadie and your explosions friend,” she calls the two Junkers that took cover and looked towards the gates too when Reaper pointed towards it, “You guys flank around that building,” she points at the large shack that was on the left side of the gates, “and help them hold the line.” She then turns her attention to people running with her, “Me, you,” she points at Linn and tossed her a some of her pulse bombs, “and you,” then at Genji and shares some bombs with him too, “are gonna hit the heavies with these. Strap ’em on their backs right between those power cells. I’ve dialed their power down and set them on a cumulative charge, so they should drill right through them and if you can, try setting it so that it gets their hearts.” She then looks at Reaper and grins, “You get to clean up those grunts.”

“And here I thought I was the strategist and needed to come up with all the plans,” Reaper chuckles, “but this one is pretty good for something you came up with on the spot.” He compliments her and when she looks at him and thanks him with a nod, he adds with a laugh, “Commander Rogue.”

“That actually has a nice ring to it,” she comments, then bumps his shoulder, “but you are still a wanker.” And shoots him a wink. Reaper just shrugs and wraiths, gets on with his task right away. As does the speedsters trio and tags several heavies with pulse bombs in no time at all.

“I’m out of bombs,” Linn reports over the coms, when she blinks away from a heavy she just tagged and the bomb explodes, sending a jet of molten metal right through the middle of his chest, destroying his heart and he collapses forward lifelessly.

“Same here,” Genji follows, finishing off a few grunts that were surrounding the heavy he just took down with his shurikens and katana.

“Where are these guys keep coming from?!” Rogue asks when she chops off the head of the unlucky grunt that was the nearest to the heavy she tagged with her last pulse bomb.

“Rogue!! Watch out!!!” Linn suddenly shouts when she saw another heavy turning towards her, his
guns firing on full blast.

But Reaper was on it, “No, you don’t!!!” and jumps on the heavy’s shoulders and begins emptying his shotguns into his neck. Grunts that were covering him open up on Reaper and more then several bullets find their mark. But Reaper just starts to cackle and black smoke starts swirling around the heavy beneath his feet.

“Crap!!! Everyone, take cover!!!” Rogue shouts over the coms and dives behind the nearest rock she could find that breaks the line of sight between her and Reaper. Linn and Genji manage to do the same just in time.

And one of the two snipers they brought with gets an idea, “Let’s see what this does.” And takes aim at Reaper who was engulfed by the smoke all the way up to his waist and just pulled out a new pair of shotguns. She fires a dart with blue liquid in it and it hits him right on his neck just as he was starting to spin.

“FUUUCK YEAH!!!” he growls as he feels the boost flowing through him and its murder time. The range of his attack nearly doubles and the speed of his firing goes up as well so his shotguns sound more like a machine guns than an auto-shotguns. When the smoke clears, he throws away his empty shotguns and looks around him. Nothing that was caught in his Death Blossom is drawing breath anymore. Next, he looks up towards Ana and nods, getting a nod back.
“You done?” Rogue peeks from behind her cover.

“Yeah,” he nods, “All done.”

Then Rogue spots something that makes her jump out of her cover and push the very limits of her accelerator so she can reach him in time. “Watch out!!!” she shouts and shoulder tackles him out of the way only for the bullet to find a different target. Her chest. Just left of her accelerator. Widow immediately kills the Talon’s Sniper that fired but the damage is done. “Well, shit.” Rogue curses as she collapses. Red stain spreading on her chest and back.

“Recall, you fool!!!” Reaper shouts as he kneels next to her and supports her head.

“Can’t.” She shakes her head, then taps her accelerator. “Out of juice.” Then starts coughing up blood.

“But I’m not.” Linn, who blinked next to them when she heard Reaper shout and saw Rogue in his arms, growls. She kicks him away and hugs Rogue then squeezes shut her eyes and whispers into Rogue’s shoulder, “Please. Let this work.” And Recalls. They are back behind the rock where Linn took cover when Reaper unleashed his Death Blossom. “Rogue okay now?” she tilts her head as she looks at her.

“Yeah,” she responds after she tapped herself down, checking for the bullet hole in her chest. “I’m good,” she looks at Linn, “thank you.” And thanks her, cupping her cheek. Realizing right away what happened when she saw the look in Linn’s eyes. The other one is out now.

After she checked and saw that Reaper’s Death Blossom bought them some time to regroup she grabs Linn’s hand and starts running towards the group at the gates, pulling her along. “I’m taking Linn back to Orca.”

“Something happened?” Mercy, who saw what happened as she is flying around with Pharah but didn’t have enough time to react, asks.

“Mmm,” Rogue hums and nods, “But we are both fine. She just needs some rest.”

“Linn is fine,” she says and starts keeping up with Rogue instead of just being pulled along, “She can fight.”

“No,” Rogue shakes her head, and with shaking voice, “Not this Linn. Can’t do this to you.” And Linn can see some water drops flying off her cheeks.

“Is Rogue crying? Did Linn do something wrong?” she asks, trying to get to her side so she can
look at her face.

But Rogue won’t let her and pulls ahead again, “No,” she sniffs, “You did great.” And pulls down her goggles so she can wipe her eyes with the back of her palm, “It’s me who fucked up.” They reach the group and they all step aside, making way for them. Everyone probably has a million question, especially when they see Rogue in tears and the look in Linn’s eyes that is nothing like what she had before, but they all keep quiet and refocus on the battlefield as soon as they run past them. Rogue makes a beeline for the Orca and heads inside, guiding Linn to a seat that faces the opened back ramp.

“Rogue is crying,” Linn cups Rogue’s cheek and wipes away a tear that just flowed along it, with her thumb. “Why?”

“I’m sorry Linn. I’m so sorry,” Rogue takes her hands in her and presses them against her forehead as she bows her head, “I never wanted this for you. You shouldn’t even be here.” She continues to cry, but then spots a red dot that appeared on the floor and started to move towards her then up her back and stopped on the back of her head. She closes her eyes and, “You got him, Widow?” asks with a voice so thick with anger that one could cut it with a knife.

“Qui, chérie.” She responds with a serious voice and fires. A Junker drops from his perch. The frontal lobe of his skull missing, replaced by a gaping hole that Widow’s shot made.

“Nice shooting, love.” Rogue grins, still kneeling in front of Linn.

“Merci,” Widow responds and turns back outside and resumes her task of keeping Talon’s Sniper busy.

Queen heard the shot coming from inside the town, but didn’t pay it much attention until someone shouts, “Bludger is dead!!! They shot him!!!” That’s her cue to turn around and with a face grimaced in anger she runs inside.

“Linn, be a good girl and stay here.” Rogue stands up and looks straight into her eyes. “Please.” She smiles, even though her blood is boiling and she is barely keeping her anger down.

“Okay,” Linn nods and smiles back, “Linn will stay here and wait for Rouge. So,” she grabs her hands, “promise Rogue will come back?”

“I promise.” Rogue nods, hearing the heavy steps closing in from outside. Then spins on her heels, grabs a file off the shelf where she left it before they started this mission and walks outside to meet the owner of those steps.

“What do you fuckers think you are doing?” Queen shouts and points the tip of her spear at Rogue when she sees her coming out of the transport and doubles her pace, “Killing one of my champions.” She continues to shout, “Why?” now standing still with Rogue barely a few steps away and closing.

“This is why.” Rogue snarls and presses the file against Queen’s chest and not even waiting for her to grab it, she just lets go of it and walks past her.

Queen quickly grabs is and opens it. And what she sees makes her go wide-eyes. In thick red letters, right on the first page, it says Junker named Bludger, also one of the champions of the
Arena has been a Talon operative for a few years now. It goes into details of his activities and lists them by dates and even hours when they took place. Queen spins around and calls after Rogue, “Is this what Wrecking ball mentioned when he said you have one more objective here?”

“It was.” Rogue nods over her shoulder, “Now, if you’ll excuse me,” then pops her neck and shoulders and growls, “I got me some Talon to slaughter.” And kicks open the doors and she is gone.

Chapter End Notes

Damn, that was a close one. Good thing Linn was there. ;)
Rogue ends the battle at Junkertown

Chapter Summary

Rogue had about enough of Talon so she lets the anger she was keeping down the whole time, explode and she takes it out on Talon's grunts and their elites.

Chapter Notes

This is a bit bigger than usual as I first wrote everything. Then wanted to split into two chapters but nowhere really felt right so I kept it all together. Enjoy.

Linn obediently waits in the Orca then spots Queen walking past, nose deep in the file Rogue gave her, so she greets her, “Heya, pretty lady.”

Queen lifts her sight form the file and looks at Linn, “Didn’t you just?” then points towards the main gate. But something is not quite right here, “No,” she narrows her eyes in thought, “You are different.” She closes the file and walks to the ramp, “May I?” and gestures if she can come in and join her.

“Mhm,” Linn nods, her big eyes following Queen as she walks in and takes a seat next to her.

“Who are you?” Queen asks, “You might wear the uniform, but you don’t look or sound like a fighter.”

“My name is Linn,” she shoots her arm out, offering a handshake with a face-wide smile.

Queen takes her up on her offer, “I’m called Queen.”

“Queen?” Linn tilts her head, “So you rule,” then pauses and thinks for a moment, “This town.” Her eyes light up when she says that.

“Aren’t you a smart one,” Queen smiles and scruffs Linn’s hair, getting a giggle out of her for it. “But I could swear, I saw you out there,” she flicks her head towards the front gates.

“M, m,” Linn shakes her head, “That was a different Linn. Rogue won’t let me fight, so I must wait here for her to come back.”

“Different Linn? Now you got me all confused.” Queen crosses her arms and leans on the bulkhead behind her back.

“Well,” Linn taps her chin with her finger, looking at the ceiling, trying to think of a way how to explain. “There is me,” she points to herself and waits for Queen to nod, “then there is another Linn,” then points to her head.

“Sort of like a split personality then?” Queen asks.
“Mmm,” Linn grimaces, “Linn doesn’t know, maybe.” Then looks at Queen’s lap.

Following her sight, Queen looks down then back at Linn, “What? Something on me?”

“No,” she shakes her head, “Just Linn is tired.” She tells her then yawns.

It takes Queen a moment to figure out what Linn is saying, “Oh, that’s what you’re asking. Sure,” she taps the seat next to her, “come here.”

Linn jumps to her feet and walks next to Queen then slowly lays down, putting her hands between her head and Queen’s thighs. “Queen strong?” She asks as she lightly squeezes her thigh, feeling how hard but at the same time comfortable it is.

“You could say that, yes,” Queen nods, ‘How is she so adorable? Was the other one like this too?’ She slowly caresses Linn’s hair with her hand, “Rest now. I’ll make sure no one bothers you until you wake up.”

“Thank you.” Linn thanks her then closes her eyes and Queen can soon hear her breathing rhythmically, if maybe lightly snoring.

The group outside the gates reestablishes their positions and was getting ready for another wave, now joined by Jamison and Mako, with Reaper making his way towards them too, when Rogue bolts past them, running faster than any of them saw her to date. Reaper, who was looking in their direction saw her face and only nodded when their eyes met and she continues past him.

“Reaper, Widow,” Widow calls over the coms, “Is she?”

“Pissed as all hell,” he nods, “I almost feel sorry for those Talon fucks.” And he continues on his way towards the group.

Jesse sees how Reaper is walking towards them and runs out, “What are you doing?” but gets stopped by Reaper when he comes next to him. “She needs our help.” He points toward Rogue with his arm.

Reaper shakes his head, “We would only get in her way,” then looks over his shoulder, “and probably get killed in the process.”

“AAAAAAH!!” Rogue shouts on top of her lungs as she lifts the heavy she just stabbed in the middle of his chest, off the ground and throws him at the group of grunts on her left crushing them beneath his bulk.

“Holy shit!” Jesse goes wide-eyed when he sees that.

Winston wants to jump towards Rogue, but Reaper manages to hold him down just in time. “No. She will calm down once she gets it out of her system.” He tells him when he sees that Winston is on the verge of busting his head in because he stopped him. “And that goes for all of you,” Reaper looks at the group, “stay out of her way.”

“YOU” Rogue shouts as she blinks from grunt to grunt, “FUCKERS” slaughtering them, “NEED” some with her blade, “TO” some with her pistols, “DIE!!!” some with her punches and kicks.
“Mein gott,” Mercy exhales, covering her mouth when she and Pharah have a clear line of sight of the slaughter that Rogue is causing, from the air.

A heavy started firing at her but she blinks next to him and, “GHHHHH!” pulls his arm so he starts blasting his own. When he stops firing, she jumps and stabs him in the neck. Riding his body to the ground she spots Assassins heading for her. “Dessert time.” She licks her lips and grins then sprints right at them. They start blinking but she is next to each one when they reappear, “That” and cleaves them in half, “won’t” one by, “work.” one. Dyed in crimson from top to bottom, she takes a breather and wipes some of the blood off of her face with her hand. A Sniper fires at her, but she, more on reflex than by conscious decision, deflects the bullet right back at them with her blade. “Huh,” she looks at it, “Didn’t know I can do that.”

“Did she just?” Genji exhales, amazed by what she just pulled off.

She looks around herself and sees the carnage from the battle then notices that all the gunfire died out. She looks up at the sky and sees that Talon’s planes are retreating. More than a few won’t make it far due to the damage they sustained. Her knees give out and she falls down, arms hanging limp, pistol holstered, blade sheathed. She inhales deeply then screams her lungs out, “AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!” Going lightheaded from keeping the shout going for so long she lies down on her back, “Fucking wankers,” she stretches her arm towards the retreating Talon’s planes, “at least try to finish what you start.” She then starts to breathe deeply, feeling exhausted, now when her anger and the adrenaline rush that came with are subsiding.

“You done?” Reaper, who first dared to approach her, asks the same question she asked him after he finished his Blossom and is standing a step away from her head.

“Yes,” she tilts her head so she can get a better look, “I’m done.”

Reaper gestures to others that they can come now. And Winston is the first to land next to her after his rocket boosted jump. “Le-” he starts, but then coughs and corrects himself, “Rogue, are you okay?” and gently grabs her arm in his.

“Woman,” Linn, who changed personalities again, “you have some major anger management issues.” jokes when she walks into Rogue’s field of view.

“Hey, you’re back.” Rogue smiles and her eye waters.

“Yeah,” Linn nods, “She took a nap after talking to Queen and I woke up soon after.” Then kneels next to Rogue and wipes away the tear that escaped her eye, “Don’t know if I told you this before,” then grabs hold of her hand and kisses the knuckles, her eyes watering too, “but I’m telling you now. I love you, sis. So don’t you dare go and die on me.”

“Look at you,” Rogue winks and smiles, “going all mushy on me.” Linn punches her shoulder in retort, before she continues, “Love you too, sis, both of you. So I’m not going anywhere.”

“I’ll hold you to that, rápida,” Sombra who was god knows where all this time, walks into view.

“As am I,” Widowmaker shoulders her rifle and walks into view too.
“When you flip, you sure flip big time,” Jesse comments as he walks closer and looks down at Rogue.

“Little one!!” Reinhardt thunders when he runs towards them. He takes off his helmet and throws it away along the way then after pushing others away, he picks Rogue up in his arms, “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine, Reinhardt,” she taps his chest armor and leans on his shoulder, “just a little tired.”

“Rest then,” he smiles, “I, Reinhardt Wilhelm, will stand watch so no one bothers you.”

“I’ll take you up on that then,” Rogue nods, closes her eyes and nuzzles in a better position and falls asleep right there and then.

Winston turns to Mercy who just landed next to them and asks, “How is she?” when he saw her scanning her.

“Like she said,” Mercy smiles and put a hand on Winston’s big biceps, “she is just exhausted. She will be fine after some rest.”

“Then she better get enough by tonight,” Jamison tries to keep his voice down but fails and gets smacked on the back of his head by Mako for it. So he decides to whisper, “Because we are having one hell of a party to celebrate this.” He looks at Mako when he finishes, who nods in approval of his volume.

“No,” Winston shakes his head, “We couldn’t possibly stay. We ne--” he tries to explain but Queen how joined them interrupts him.

“Not having any of it.” She smirks. “She,” and pointed at Rogue in Reinhardt’s arms, then at the rest of them, “and all of you saved Junkertown. So it’s only fitting we throw you a party.”

“But we,” Winston tries again, but Queen throws her arm around his shoulders, “Nope.”

“We really couldn’t,” he gives it another attempt, “Nope.”

Then Wrecking ball interjects, “Better give up, my friend. Nothing moves her once she gets like that.”

Winston first looks at Wrecking ball, then back at Queen, “Not a chance, buster.” Then exhales, “Alright then. I guess we can stay for tonight.”

“That’s better.” Queen bumps his shoulder when she lets go, “Then I officially welcome our saviors and heroes into Junkertown.” She extends her arms and turns toward the gates. But when she sees some metal plates fall off the wall and clatter loudly on the ground, she turns back at them, “I swear,” and scratches the back of her head, “it looks worse than it actually is.”
Junkertown is cleaning up after the battle and is getting ready for the victory celebration party.

The battle was over so while Junkers went out to scavenge and get ready for the party, Overwatch and newly dubbed Roguewatch headed back to the Orca and took turns in onboard decontamination shower. Not the best choice if Angela had any say but she also had to admit that it still beats what passes for a shower in Junkertown. Last ones of the fairer sex to head in are Linn and sleeping Rogue, who despite the commotion caused by the Junkers, is still sleeping like a log. Linn has a fair share of trouble undressing Rogue and getting her in the shower cabin because of the weight that cybernetics added to her, “Damn, woman, you weight a ton now.” Other women offered to help but she refused, saying that she can handle it.

Reinhardt and other men who were strictly forbidden to go anywhere near the shower until the female part of the teams were done with it, started to prepare a sleeping area inside the Orca with some covering walls and a bed they wanted to improvise from chairs and tables but before they made any headway Queen interjected and offered or better said, insisted that Rogue should sleep in her chambers, arguing that a warrior of her caliber should rest in a proper bed. They agreed under the conditions that Linn can stay with her and Reinhardt guards the entrance into the room. And that is how they end up with Rogue snoring softly as she nuzzles into the pillows on Queen’s bed with Linn sitting on a chair next to the bed, reading something on the holopad she borrowed from Angela and Reinhardt sitting on a crate on the other side of the doors with his hammer in arms reach, which Brigitte allowed him to take after they argued that he must leave his armor behind in the Orca. Reinhardt shakes his head for the fifth time in the last twenty minutes when Jamison pokes his head around the corner again and silently asks with his look if Rogue woke up yet. He can hear his steps moving away a bit only to hear them getting back closer, “Now list-” he wants to say but stops when Queen comes around the corner instead, holding a plate of food and a rather big mug of beer in her hands.

“Others are enjoying their meal in the mess hall,” she flicks her head in the direction she came from, “so I figured you would want something too.” She winks and walks closer to Reinhardt.

“Are those blutwursts?” He asks with wide eyes when he sees the food on the plate when Queen offers it to him.

“Our version of it, but yes.” Queen nods when Reinhardt takes the plate, “and a mug of our finest brew.” And offers the mug.

“I’ve been craving these since I returned to Gibraltar from Germany.” He comments, taking both off her hands then puts the plate on his thighs and the mug on the crate. His eyes follow Queen who leaned on the wall next to him, “How did you know?”

“I want to take all the credit by saying I just knew,” she smiles, “but you have a very loyal squire
who suggested them when she saw me looking around the mess hall for something to bring you.”

“Then I must thank her,” Reinhardt impales half of it on his fork, but before he puts it in his mouth he looks back at Queen, “and you, fair lady, from bringing them.”

“Oh, get out of here,” Queen punches Reinhardt’s shoulder, “you flirt. Calling someone like me a fair lady.” The puts her hands behind her head when she leans on the wall and looks down the hallway, “Even if I like how it sounds, I’m anything but and certainly not a lady.”

“That’s some arm you have,” Reinhardt comments after he swallowed and rubs his shoulder, “and maybe a Valkyrie would be a more fitting title for you.”

“The warrior women from the old Norse myths?” Queen asks when she looks at Reinhardt while he works on his second blutwurst already. “Mmm,” she hums and moves her arm so she can look at the palm, “but I’m not nearly as honorable or selfless as they were.”

“This town still exist because you are in charge,” Reinhardt comments after he chewed and swallowed, “and maybe you are a bit too iron-fisted for my taste, but some just won’t get in line if you’re not.”

“Wasn’t easy, you know,” Queen exhaled, “but I just couldn’t watch them tear themselves apart anymore.”

“It never is,” Reinhardt shakes his head, “but we push on. Sometimes because we must,” he gestures to the doors, “other times because we just don’t know any other way.” Then shrugs as with that he meant himself. He finishes his meal and lifts the mug, then salutes to Queen and when she nods with a smile he drinks half of its content in one go. “Aaah,” he exhales, “a fine brew, indeed.”

“Glad you like it.” She keeps her smile.

“If you don’t mind me asking,” he looks at her sidelong, “what were you before Junkertown? I get the impression there is more to Queen that meets the eye.”

“And you are correct,” she chuckles then looks into the distance, “I was a daughter to a farming couple and a sister to three brothers.” Her eyes water as she recalls her family, “All were killed when the Omnium exploded. Our ranch was nearby.” She goes silent and Reinhardt waits for her to continue when she is ready. “I went to Sydney on that weekend and found out about what happened over the news. When I got back, nothing was left standing.”

“I am sorry to hear that.” Reinhardt bows his head, “But you survived. That sometimes is enough to push us along.”

“I wanted to go back to Sydney and try my luck there at first,” Queen continues, “but as I had nothing but the clothes on my back to my name, that plan went bust right away.”

Reinhardt notices that Queen’s legs started to shake, perhaps from being tired, but most likely from the painful memories she is telling him so he stands up and offers her to sit on the crate, “Oh, you’re too sweet, but if you don’t mind I have a different idea.” And when Reinhardt gestures to tell him, “You sit back on the crate,” and when he does, “then I’ll sit right here.” she sits in his lap.

“Oh,” Reinhardt’s cheeks warm up when she wraps one arm around his shoulders and pulls one of his around her waist, “it has been a while since I had a lady sit in my lap.”

She smiles then continues with her story, “So there I was, a girl barely out of her teens. Just lost
everything, no way forward, even less back. But like you said, I had my life and I wasn’t planning to give that up too. Ever.”

“And how did you end up as a ruler of Junkertown?” Reinhardt asks when she keeps silent for a few moments.

“People around the blown up Omnium banded together and started rebuilding. I joined them and when the Arena came to be, I thought I might try my luck there. I had strength from working on the farm and was quick on my feet. And I had a lot of pent up anger I needed to unleash somewhere. Fighting was one way to do it and I got good at it. Real fast.” She grins, “Then one thing lead to another and I started to wish for the top. And what a top it is.”

“What I read about you, says that you walked over a lot of corpses to get to it.” Reinhardt looks at her with a gentle look. But Queen can see that he doesn’t quite approve.

“I don’t deny it. But that’s just the way things were and still are here.” She shrugs, “People here have little to nothing to lose and that’s the way they act in the Arena too. Either you kill or get killed.”

“Sorry to hear that,” Reinhardt nods with understanding but has a hard time accepting what Queen is telling him.

“I’m not.” Queen get serious, “I wanted the top, plus the fucker who was there before me was leading this town to ruin. Just took and took and left nothing to the rest of us.”

“And you don’t?” Reinhardt raises his brow.

“I do,” Queen smirks, “but I leave enough for others and make sure they have somewhat of normal life in this wasteland.”

Reinhardt nods then smiled when he remembers something, “Then I’m guessing Mr. Fawkes and Mr. Rutledge wanted more?”

“Oh, don’t even get me started about those two.” Queen sigh and rolls her eyes, “Nothing but a huge pain in my ass. And while Mako will get in line and somewhat behave, Jamison just doesn’t know when to stop.”

“Speaking off,” Reinhardt gestures toward a bush of spiky hair with burned tips that is poking from behind the corner and is soon joined by the face that again silently asks the same question for the who’s know what time. “No,” Reinhardt shakes his head, “She is still sleeping.” And they can hear him walk away with slow steps.

“Is he checking on Rogue?” Queen asks when she looks back at Reinhardt.

“Yes,” he answers then shrugs, “No idea why.”

“Probably because of that explosion she caused when she blew up those transports.” Queen gives it her best guess, “He likes to blow stuff up and she shook entire area when she set her bombs off.”

“Good thing my shield held or we wouldn’t get out of that one unharmed.” Reinhardt comments, “That was some explosion.”

“My knight in shining armor,” Queen winks then plants a kiss Reinhardt’s cheek.

His face warms up again when he nods and smiles, “Only doing my duty.”
“Can’t say I saw that coming,” Rogue chuckles as she leans on the doorway with crossed arms and a grin plastered on her face when she and Linn exit the room, “but you two would make quite a couple.”

Chapter End Notes

Show of hands, who wants to see 4 new members in Overwatch. One is Hammond and Wrecking ball, other two are the mayhem duo, but I'll let you guess who the last one is. ;)}
A knight, a queen and two jesters.

Chapter Notes

I know, I know I still owe you guys the Linn and Brig date side-story and it's coming as is the new year's one. Got a few ideas for both. Hope you guys will like them.

Oh, and Merry Christmas or whatever holiday you are celebrating today.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Reinhardt and Queen both look at Rogue in response to her comment and when Queen just flashed her a grin, Reinhardt wasn’t quite as ready to be coupled with her as she was with him and he showed it by gently picking her up from his lap and releasing her when she got her legs under her then stood up and cleared his throat, a tinge of red coloring his cheeks, “This is not as it seems. We were merely keeping each other company and she,” he gestures towards Queen, “was kind enough to bring me something to eat as I was on guard duty and couldn’t go to the mess hall to lunch with them.”

Rogue walks next to him and looks up with amused eyes, “You know, no one would judge you if you got back on the train, not to mention that you could use a partner in clobbering Talon and as I saw how you dealt with that heavy you sync up quite well.”

“That was a mere chance that happened in the heat of battle,” Reinhardt defends, but Rogue and Linn can see that he isn’t really that opposed to the idea of having Queen by his side in a battle as he saying.

“Not my place to insist, but,” Rogue shoots a wink to both Reinhardt and Queen, “I saw that look before and only good things can follow if you are willing to chance it.” then wants to walk towards the mess hall as her stomach just sent her a note that it needs filling in a way of grumbling sound, but then remembers something, “Oh, and Queen,” she calls when she stops and turns to look at her, “No offense, but when the rest of this town could use a makeover, the bed is great. Only thing I missed was my fiancé and this,” she wraps her arm around Linn’s waist and pulls her closer, “cutie in there with me and it would be perfect.”

Queen nods with a smile, “Glad you liked it,” then flicks her head towards Reinhardt, “because I had to twist their arms to get you here, otherwise you would be sleeping on chairs and tables in the Orca.”

Rogue just wanted to thank her when a certain Junker comes running, or better said limping on his peg leg as fast as he could, “Sheila!!! You’re finally awake!!” They have just about enough time to look at him when he already closes the distance and grabs Rogue’s hand and shakes it with vigor and before she even has time to respond he starts pulling her along to follow him, “Come with me. I got something set up I want you to see.”

Not willing to be a spoilsport, when he is so eager, Rogue decides to let him, only shrugging at others, spotting Queen rolling her eyes before calling for her lead, “Jamison!! Just keep it out of town!!!” when she could give it a pretty good guess what he wants to show Rogue.

Linn decides to follow them but not before teasing the two they are leaving behind, “You two
lovebirds take care. See you later.” Then blinks after Rogue and Jamison when she saw that Reinhardt was reaching for his hammer as he chuckled.

“Kids these days,” he shakes his head, smiling as he taps his hammer at his palm, “No respect for their elders.”

“None what so ever,” Queen laughs while crossing her legs and arms and leans on Reinhardt.

“That is just the tip of the iceberg,” Reinhardt starts when he turns his head to look at her, “we are going to hear.” And he wanted to shrug but with Queen leaned on his arm he doesn’t.

“We?” she raises an eyebrow as she tilts her head away looks up at him and their eyes meet.

“I am not too proud to admit that I enjoy your company and that I could use a partner on the battlefield as well.” He nods and wraps his arm around Queen’s shoulders.

Knowing how he likes the stories of old, Queen slowly unwraps herself from his hug and takes a step away then turns to face him and mimicking a curtsey lifting her nonexistent skirt, “Then I shall accompany you on your adventures, m’lord.” They share a laugh then Reinhardt offers her an arm lock which she takes and they head towards the mess hall which will be the main venue for the party that Junkers are preparing.

Jamison pulled Rogue passed the mess hall and for once obeying Queen he continued passed the entrance and near the shack where he and Mako store their weapons and by the looks of it live. “Look, look,” he points to a contraption he put together when they stop and he released Rogue’s hand. “Isn’t she a beauty?”

Not really knowing what it could be, Rogue crosses her arms and knits her brow, “Sorry, love, but I can’t tell what it could be.”

Jamison first looks at Rogue then back at his creation and jumps when he sees that he left a few extra parts where they shouldn’t be, “Yeah, that might be a bit confusing, let me just,” he walks closer and pieces metal start flying off in all direction and Rogue and Linn need to dodge quite a few. Mako who walked out of the shack when he heard Jamison wasn’t so lucky and a piece of steel piping that came flying hits him dead on his forehead, “Auch! What in the devil’s…”

Hearing him, Jamison stops and turns, “Sorry Roadie,” then goes right back at it, “just want to show sheila here my newest invention.”

Mako only shakes his head then joins Rogue and Linn, grunting in greeting, getting a smile and a nod back and now all three of them dodge the flying debris until Jamison finishes digging out his invention from the pile of trash he piled on top.

“Sorry for the wait,” Jamison apologizes when he throws the last piece away then turns to look at them, “but I got a little too motivated when I saw that explosion of yours.” He points at Rogue then continues, “Let me present to you Rip Tire mark 2.” He gestures to the contraption beneath him. He jumps off and goes right to explaining, “I used a bigger tractor tire for the main body,” he points to the large centerpiece, “and two small truck ones for support.” Then to two smaller ones that are attached to it by piping on each side and leans on the main one tapping it with his prosthetic arm, “Isn’t she an absolute beauty?” with a face-wide grin only for his moment of glory to be interrupted by a hiss. “Oi! Who invited you to this party?!” he quips and reaches into the space between the piping and the rubber of the center tire only to pull out a death adder by its neck.
then throws it away, “Get out of here before I turn you into a snack.” Then snake coils up and
hisses at him, reluctant to give up her hiding spot, but when Jamison pulls out a knife, “I’ll make a
belt out of you.” And stares it down, it seems to realize that this is one fight it won’t win and
slitters away. Seeing how Rogue and Linn are looking at him with wide eyes when he looks back
at them, “What?”

They both turn to look at Mako, who only shakes his head, “He forgot the concept of fear in his
mother’s womb.”

They all share a laugh at that comment then Jamison calls for their attention again, “As I was
saying, this baby packs a real punch,” he points to the trike behind him, “Not sure it will top yours,
sheila,” he looks at Rogue, “but let’s fire it up and see.” Then turns towards the tires and grabs a
rope and gets ready to start it, “You guys ready?

They all shrug and nod with Rogue giving him a green light, “Let it rip then.”

Jamison grins then pulls the rope with all he’s got, “Fire in the hole!!!” then jumps away as the
engines fire up and the trio of tires starts to race in a straight line away from them. They follow it
with their eyes only to see that one of its side tires hits a rock which makes the whole thing to make
a U-turn and starts to head right at them. Rogue, Linn, and Mako spring into action and start
running to their left when Mako grabs Jamison and loads him up on his shoulder. They find cover
behind the same rock they hid behind during the battle. They hear the tires hit the shack then the
engine dies and everything goes quiet.

“Is it a dud?” Rogue asks Jamison.

“None of my explosives are duds, sheila,” he shakes his head and peeks around the rock to take a
look. He sees the tires stuck on the side wall of the shack but nothing is happening.

He wants to step out and go to check only for Mako to pull him back down. “None are duds,” he
grunts when Jamison looks at him and just when he finishes a big explosion shakes the area.

“Bloody ‘ell, mate,” Rogue coughs when she waves away the dust that the explosion raised and
they stand up to look at the aftermath.

“Sorry Roadie,” Jamison apologizes, “it would seem I blew up our shack.”

Mako smacks him first then looks at Rogue, “What?” and when Mako only grunts and crosses his
arms, she chuckles, “You figured it out already, didn’ you?” and when he nods she offers him a
handshake.

Jamison, not having a clue what they are talking about switches from looking at Mako then at
Rogue a few times before asking, “What are you on about, sheila?”

“I’m inviting you two to join my team.” Rogue grins, “We need someone who can raise some
mayhem or just blow something up. But,” she points her index finger at Jamison who smiled
widely when he heard that he gets to blow stuff up, “a few ground rules first. 1,” she starts ticking
them off on her fingers, “daily shower,” and when they both look at her with amused eyes that say
that they do that already, she adds, “with soap. 2, you follow my orders to a letter or I’m sending
you packing back to this shithole with the first cargo plane I get. And 3, this team of mine is not
just a team, understand what I’m saying here?”

Jamison seeks help by looking at Mako to figure that last one out when wraps his arm around his
shoulders and grunts, “Family.”
“Oh,” Jamison lowers his eyes, “I get it, sheila,” he looks at her with a look she can’t say she saw on him until now and offers a fist bump, “Me and Roadie here are something like that too,” and when they bump fists, “so that won’t be a problem.”

They both nod and smile when Rogue looks at them in turns and nods back, “Then pack your stuff and be ready to leave once the party is over. And for the sake of our noses, take a bloody shower. You both reek.” They all laugh at that and Rogue and Linn head back to the town while Mako and Jamison go and look what they can salvage from beneath the ruins that used to be their home.

Chapter End Notes

Alright, alright. I've made the two a thing. Sue me. :P and Rogue added to her team's roster. But will they be an asset on a nuisance? Only time will tell.
“Heya, guys,” Rogue greets the rest of the gang when she and Linn arrive in the mess hall where they were just finishing their meals and were now relaxing as they wait for the party to start.

“The sleeping beauty awakes,” Jesse jokes, tipping the rim of his hat in greeting.

“More like a sleeping tiger,” Olivia adds, pointing two free seats next to her for Rogue and Linn.

“Don’t take this the wrong way, Rogue,” Reyes joins the conversation and takes a sip of the locally brewed beer, “but you should really dial down on the rage induced rampages.”

“First,” Rogue takes a seat next to Olivia, “no one messes with my family and,” then throws her arms around both Olivia and Linn who just sat down next to her, “second, you know the shit that Talon put me through so you can bet that when I can kill both of those birds with one stone I’m going full blast.” She then turns to Olivia who she missed during the battle, “By the way, where were you while the fight was going on?”

“Just because you didn’t see me,” she goes all smug when she answers, “doesn’t mean I didn’t drop a few of those guys.”

But Rogue doesn’t buy that for a second and she shows it with crossed arms and an expression of disbelief on her face, “Mhm.”

“Aa, fine,” Olivia gives up with a wave of her arms, “I was putting some new backdoors in place. Talon found my old ones and shut them tight.”

“That’s more like it,” Rogue nods in agreement, “Anything useful?”

“Bits and pieces,” she shrugs, takes a sip of her drink, “But nothing I should reveal here.”

“Gotcha,” Rogue gives her thumbs up, then, “Anyway, when is…” tries to ask something but Jesse interrupts her.

“Hold up. Answer something first Rogue,” he waits until she nods that he has her attention, “How in the world did you lift that heavy? That thing must weight a ton.”

“Ox ton?” Rogue chuckles then seeing Jesse’s only half amused look, “These,” she shows him her cybernetic arm, “come with a power upgrade, among other things.”

“Would explain how you deflected that bullet,” Genji adds then laughs as Rogue jumps from being startled again when she totally missed him. Again.

“Fucking ninja!!!” she curses, “Can you have any less of a presence?”

“Kinda of a point of being one?” he hums.

Rogue rolls her eyes, smiled, “Yeah, that one surprised even me,” then looks at her right palm, “still trying to figure out how I did that.”

“I could help you practice,” Amélie comments as she sips on some local wine, which is, to her
surprise quite tasty.

“Sorry, love, but,” Rogue shakes her head with a smile, then gestures at Genji, “I don’t think even he can deflect Kiss’s bullet.”

“Is that a challenge I hear?” he chuckles.

“Believe me,” Rogue gives him a sidelong look, “after she got her rifle upgraded for the last time, it’s too fast to deflect.”

“Mmm,” Ana hums while drinking her tea, “Would explain why it turned into a laser when I boosted her.”

“That,” Amélie turns to her, “surprised even me. What is in that dart?”

“Something similar to my boost,” Angela narrows her eyes as she looks at Ana, “only concentrated. Which, I must add, might be dangerous to use.”

“And not to forget it turned Reyes,” Rogue chuckles as she points to him, “into a bloody death sowing spinning top.”

“That one was a chance,” Ana comments, “Didn’t know if it would even hit him while he was all smoking up.”

“Without my shield,” Rein add when he and Queen join them, arms linked, “it would hit even us.”

“There something you guys want to tell us?” Brigitte asks and leans on the backrest, crossing her arms wearing a goofy smile when she sees them.

When Rein only gets some color on his cheeks, Queen is not one for letting a jab go unanswered, “Sorry, young squire, but I might be borrowing your knight from time to time from now on.”

Brigitte just shrugs in response, “For as long as you keep him from getting into too much of trouble, I don’t mind.”

Rogue laughs, “Don’t think it will work that way, if anything,” then shoots Brigitte a wink, “your workload just doubled.”

Brigitte looks at her then at the pair then facepalms and grunts, “I think you might be right.”

But Linn has just the thing to cheer her up and blinks around the table and hugs her around her shoulder, “Don’t worry, I’ll help you.” And pecks her on the cheek.

All but Brigitte who is busy enjoying being hugged by her girlfriend look at Rogue with amused eyes, “What?” who shrugs, “She’s a fast learner.”

“How do you be any more gay?” Hana, who is sitting on the other side of Olivia, comments as she sips on her Mountain Dew and one hands the console she is busy with.

Rogue slowly turns her head to look at her, “Tell me again, who kept the main hangar for themselves for a better part of the day?”

That causes Hana to choke on her drink and return some through her nose, “Fuck, Rogue. Why always when I’m drinking?” she complains as she coughs.

“Because it’s funny as hell for one.” Rogue laughs and others join her.
Olivia grabs a paper tissue and helps Hana wipe her nose and face, “Here, now blow.”

“Do I even need to say it?” Linn muses as she and Brigitte chuckle when Hana blows her nose into the tissue.

“You guys sure are a cheery bunch,” Queen comments when she and Rein sit down next to Ana and Jack, then asks, “but where are my champion and your smart gorilla?”

“They are up there,” Angela points to a walkway that runs the length of the mess hall, “probably catching up.” And when they look they see Winston and Hammond laughing and talking while munching on some snacks they took with them. “From what Winston told me, they escaped the Lunar base together but got separated on the way down and didn’t see or hear from each other since.”

“Still having a hard time believing my champion is a hamster.” Queen chuckles and shakes her head.

“Welcome to the We have genetically modified animal on our team. club, we got jackets.” Rogue jokes and Queen joins her in laughing with a nod.

They continue to chat for a bit then one of Junkers walks to the walkway holding a megaphone up to her mouth, “Ladies and gentleman,” she pauses then looks at the pair sitting a few feet away, “and animals. Let get this party started!!!!” which was the cue for the music to start and a line of Junkers to come out from the main entrance leading into the mess hall, pushing carts full of drinks and food. But before it can really takeoff Queen stands up and bellows, “SILENCE!!!” and the music stops and everyone freezes on the spot with all eyes now on her. She grabs a mug of beer and lifts it above her head, “As the leader of Junkertown I want to thank Overwatch for their help with defending our town and saving many who would otherwise die from their injuries with their skills and expertise. You have my greatest gratitude. Thank you. Now Junkertown, let me hear you for Overwatch!!!” On her cue, the very air shakes when the mess hall erupts in cheers, whistling and banging on the nearest metal. The music is turned back on and many Junkers flood the center of the hall that was cleared of tables and chairs to make room for an impromptu dancefloor.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, had to use that Ox ton joke there XD
From Junkertown to Gibraltar

Chapter Summary

The teams board the Orca and pick some new members up too. Then the flight back to Watchpoint begins.

Chapter Notes

First chapter of the year. Happy new year, you cheeky gits. :P Hope you stick around for more Rogue and the gang.

“I’m pooped,” Rogue exhales as she stretches her legs, head resting on Amélie’s thigh, as she sat on the bench inside the Orca with Rogue lying down next to her, “These Aussies sure know how to party.”

“Sheila, you haven’t seen nothing yet.” Jamison quips as he and Mako reach the top of the loading ramp, dragging suitcases that have definitely seen better days, behind them. “I never set off any of my explosive,” he sighs when he sits down, to Amélie’s great relief, on a bench that is on the opposite side of the Orca, “Now that would’ve been a real party.” Mako only rolled his head, and probably his eyes too, but that was too difficult to say for sure as he constantly wears that mask of his.

“I, for one, must say that I’m grateful for your surprising restraint,” Queen comments as she and Reinhardt walk up the ramp, “Because if you didn’t,” she narrows her eyes when she focuses on Jamison, “you would be flying out of there faster than a cricket ball. Especially now,” her eyes soften when she looks at Reinhardt, “that I have such a strong batter by my side.”

Angela and Fareeha were next to walk in and were chatting happily until Mako’s strained breathing gets the doctor’s attention. “You know, Mr. Rutledge,” she addresses him with a professional tone of voice but added some of her signature gentlenesses to it, “if you would want, I can take a look and I could try and fix your lung condition so that you may breathe normally without the mask.”

“I,” caught off guard by her gentle voice and by the fact that his condition can be corrected, he takes another strained breath, “Will think about it.” He answers because he thought that his condition was the price he was paying for what he caused when he destroyed the Omnium, killing many, including his own family.

Brigitte’s and Linn’s laughter fills the cargo bay of the Orca next, “…so we are there just dancing, when suddenly Rogue grabs me, looks me dead in the eyes, hers glassy from all the beer she had, frenches me like there is no tomorrow and goes, Mmm, yes, that does feel weird, and just resumes dancing.” Linn has to catch a pachimari plushy that came flying after Rogue threw it without even opening her eyes as she was taking a nap. They both look at Mako who inhaled sharply when he heard the toy squeak when Linn clamped her fingers around it. Linn walks to him and offers him the toy, “There you go Mako,” and chuckles when he crosses his arms and looks upwards, “C’mon tough guy. I noticed you like these. Here,” and repeats her offer.
Mako slowly offers his palm for Linn to put the toy there, “It was my little sister that liked these.” He explains, sad undertone in his voice.

Queen, who was one of the rare few that knew about his loss, puts a comforting arm on his shoulder after she decided she would sit with the two Junkers, “For as long we keep them in our hearts, they are never really gone.” She says, just as much for her own sake as she does for his.

“You know, Queeny,” Rogue quips after she closes her eyes and gets comfortable on Amélie’s thigh again, “Just like with that guy,” she points at Gabriel, who was coming up the ramp, talking with Jesse and Genji who flanked him, “under that tougher then nails exterior there is more than meets the eye to you.”

“Keep it a secret,” Queen shoots a wink her way.

“Gotcha,” Rogue responded with a thumbs up then crosses her arms on her chest and soon after Amélie can hear her snoring softly.

With everyone on board and all the armors and with the addition of Hana’s and Hammond’s mechs, things got packed when Orca started to slowly ascend then turned towards Gibraltar as Overwatch, Roguewatch and three new members started to make their way back.

After talking to Hana for a bit on top of her mech after takeoff, Olivia jumps down and heads for where the rest of the Roguewatch sat. For some reason four distinct groups formed inside the Orca, judging by their seating arrangement if we exclude the two pilots that decided to continue with their task of catching up. There was Overwatch in one corner. Gabriel chose to sit next to resting Rogue and Amélie. Junkers kept to themselves on the other side of the Orca and Jack and Ana sat in the far corner, next to the loading ramp. Olivia walked to the rest of her familia and poked Rogue’s shoulder, “Hey, you awake?”

“I am now.” Rogue rolls her shoulder and Amélie and Gabriel chuckle at her grunt.

“Want to hear what I got from my new backdoors?” Olivia grins and squats down.

Rogue slowly opens one eye, turns her head a bit and looks at her, “When we are back in London.” Her head turns back to her previous position, but not before she flicks her eye towards the pair near the ramp, “Don’t want anyone to be too smart of mouthy if I decide to make a move if the info is juicy enough.”

“Oh, it’s juicy alright,” Olivia spins around and sits on the floor, leaning on the bench just below Rogue. She then pulls up her screens, “But I don’t think we will be back in London very soon.”

That gets Rogue’s attention and she rolls on her flank so she can look at the screens, “What do you mean by that?” and recognizes the city Olivia has on one of them. “And is that Rio?”

“It’s Rio, yes,” Olivia nods then slides that screen off into thin air and pulls up some real estate agency that has a seat in London, “But before that, you might want to look at changing our place. Because that small apartment you currently have, won’t fit us all anymore if those two are coming along.” And flicks her head towards Jamison and Mako.

“Three,” Rogue first corrects her and when Olivia cranks her neck so she can look at her, she grins, “Queeny is coming with.”

“I thought she was staying with Overwatch at Gibraltar,” Olivia turns back and starts scrolling through more houses and apartments, most from which are in the Row’s. “You know, with her and Reinhardt being all touchy-feely.”
“So did I,” Rouge agrees with her then points to one of the screens, “Is this a penthouse apartment?” and when Olivia nods and enlarges that particular one, “Needs some work but put it on the top of the list for now. And back to Queen, I asked her as a joke if she wanted to join my team instead of going with Overwatch and she said yes. That Overwatch is too stiff for her.” That causes the three that heard her laugh, “Her words, not mine.”

“So we need a place for nine, with one probably visiting on regular basis.” Olivia makes a head count.

“Make that two,” Linn corrects her and sits down next to her after she returns from talking to Brigitte where she went soon after takeoff.

“Hm,” Olivia hums and brings the penthouse apartment Rogue spotted earlier back up, “Then this place is the best so far. A few bedrooms, large living room with a kitchen attached to it and two bathrooms. You two,” she points at Rogue and Amélie with her thumb over her shoulder, “and Emily will probably want to take the largest bedroom and we get Linn her own while me and Gabe take one of the smaller ones.” She tries to arrange people by bedrooms but gets shut down by Gabriel as soon as he heard that she placed him in the same room with her.

“No.” he nearly shouts and Rogue and Amélie chuckle at his reaction, fully aware of the reason behind it, “You are getting your own room, even if I have to sleep on the couch.”

“Awww,” Olivia drags and looks at him with sad eyes, “I thought you were my friend, Gabe.”

“Woman,” he narrows his eyes, “you snore. Really loud.”

“So do they,” Olivia defends, pointing at Rogue and Linn.

“They do,” Gabriel agrees, “but while theirs will probably lull you to sleep even faster, yours,” he points at her, “is louder than an artillery strike raining right on top of you.”

Olivia looks to Rogue and Amélie for support but gets none because they were on the receiving end of Olivia’s snoring too. “Trust me,” Rogue does put a comforting hand on her shoulder after Olivia lowers her eyes, “it’s for the best, and you can do your hacking in peace if you got your own room.”

That brightens the look on Olivia’s face, “I like that idea. And me and Hana can game all night if we want when she comes to visit.”

Gabriel audibly sighs in relaxation then leans forward to look at Rogue, “You sure you want to change places? Seems to me you got more than a bit attached to the one you have now.”

“Family grew,” she shrugs, “so we are kind of forced to change for a bigger place.”

“If you’re sure,” Gabriel’s fist appears in front of her, offering a fist bump.

“Sure am, big bro.” She replies with a chuckle and bumps fist with him.
Back at Gibraltar

Chapter Summary

The gang lands and starts to unload but Roguewatch won't be resting for long.

Orca lands outside the main hangar, with gates already half opened thanks to Athena and the gang, started to disembark. Rogue and her team had only a few small cases to carry so once they regrouped and added three new members to their ranks they started to walk deeper inside the base. Well, they would if Angela didn’t insist she gives the Junkers a check-up first, so those three were to report to the med bay first. And even Rogue didn’t dare to go against the resident doctor’s orders when it came to the matters of health. Rest wanted to head to their rooms and hit the showers but Hana comes running shouting for Rogue, “Hey, stop!!! I need to ask you something.”

Rogue gestures to others to leave this to her and continue on their way and all but Olivia who decides to stay too, head inside the base. Armory first, to disarm and to get their weapons a checkup. “Hey, slow down,” Rogue waves her hands at Hana as she was sprinting full speed and when she does she immediately tries to talk but, “No, first take a few deep breaths.” Rogue stops her. Then puts a comforting hand on Hana’s shoulder, “Now tell me, what’s the rush?”

“You know how I’m pretty popular in gaming circles and all that?” Hana first asks and continues when Rogue nods, “Well, I’ve been in contact with this popular DJ from Brazil. You might have heard of him, his name’s Lucio?”

Rogue doesn’t recognize the name but her cybernetics kick in action and start flashing data in her right eye so she is quickly briefed on who he is, then looks at Olivia, “Rio?”

Olivia nods with a smirk, “Rio.”

“Talon?”

“Possible, but most likely Vishkar which has a known connection to Talon.”

Rogue then looks back at Hana, “Is this what you wanted to ask?” pointing at Olivia with her thumb.

“Yes,” Hana nods and her eyes shine with happiness, “Lucio just called that Vishkar is moving on the favelas to enforce their order and could use some help fending them off.”

“Do we have time to shower and grab a quick bite?” Rogue smiles.

“I think so, not sure.” Hana shrugs.

“Olivia keep an eye on the situation in Rio. I’m letting the others know we got another job.” Rogue spins on her heels and wants to follow others deeper inside, but Winston seems to have overheard some of the conversation and joins in.

“We will join you.” He nods with a smile.

“Nah, big guy,” Rogue shakes her head, putting her hand on his shoulder after she turned back to
look at him, “You guys get some rest. We will handle this one.”

“But,” Winston wants to insist but Rogue cuts him off right away.

“No. What’s the point of having multiple teams if we always all deploy on the same mission? And what if something else comes up?” she throws out a few arguments that make sense.

“I guess you’re right,” Winston relents, “but you guys are just as tired as we are. And is Hana coming along?”

“We will catch some shut-eye on the way there. Just need a shower and a quick bite.” Rogue answers, “About Hana. If our plane is fixed then no. Because it can’t fit her mech.”

“I could send it to the sub-orbital deployer and call for it once we reach Rio.” Hana chirps her solution to the transport problem.

“Hm,” Rogue hums and leans closer to Hana and asks with squinted eyes, “But are you ready to wear black and red and repaint your mech to those colors as well?”

“If it’s to help a friend,” Hana leans in too and their noses are nearly touching, “I am.”

Rogue straightens and points to the doors that lead deeper inside the base with her thumb over her shoulder, “Then check in the armory if there’s a Blackwatch uniform that fits you then get to work on your mech. We leave as soon as the Junkers get an all-clear from Angie.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Hana jokily salutes Rogue and runs past her but jumps when Rouge swats her butt when she got just past her and continues with her running.

“Hey,” Olivia chirps and when Rogue looks at her, “That’s mine.” Rogue raises her arms in surrender.

“No,” Hana shouts back, “Pretty sure it’s mine.” Then disappear behind the doors. Olivia and Rogue burst into laughter, joined by Winston who just can’t help himself but be happy when he sees Lena behaving like her old self.

“Are you sure you don’t need our help?” he asks when they stop laughing.

“I’m sure, Winston,” Rogue nods with a smile, “Let us handle this one while you guys hold down the fort.”

“Alright,” he nods, “Athena, please notify the agents that Roguewatch and only Roguewatch is deploying to Rio when they get ready.” He added only because he knew that some might want to sneak along and it wouldn’t sit right with Rogue if they did.

“I guess we are stuck with that name now.” Rogue chuckles.

“For internal use only.” Winston winks and heads back to the Orca to help with the unloading while Angela already followed the Junkers to the med bay when she heard that they will be deploying soon. They have some trouble with Hana’s mech that she completely forgot about but Hammond’s Wrecking ball came in handy and lifted the whole thing and moved it out of the Orca and to its designated spot in the hangar.

Jack was pulling a case of ammo and supplies down the ramp when he noticed Rogue and Olivia chatting at the end of it while looking at some screen Olivia projected. “You know,” he calls for their attention and when they turn to look, “you two could help out.”
“I could,” Rogue nods, “but I’m busy with getting ready for my next job.”

He drops the case in its spot, then asks, as he cleans his palms, “Next job? Where at?”

“Rio.” Rogue shrugs without even turning to look at him “Could be cleaning up your mess.”

Jack wanted to respond in kind, but Ana who just dropped a smaller case on top of his, stops him, “No, Jack.” She shakes her head when he looks at her. “Let her be. We saw how short her fuse is lately in Junkertown. Let’s tread carefully.”

“Mmm,” he grunts in agreements, then shouts at the pair, “Good luck and come back safe.”

“Thanks, Jack,” Rogue turns to look at him and gives him her signature two-finger salute and a wink while smiling, “Will try.” And turns back to the screens and continues with her planning.

“Lena,” he whispers when her gesture just now reminded him of the old days, but Ana catches it, “come back. We can’t lose you again.”

“She has a great team around her,” Ana puts a comforting hand on his shoulder, “they will make sure that she comes back.”

Jack nods then they walk back to the Orca to continue unloading, “Sure is an interesting bunch. Ex-Talon and now Junkers.”

“She is not as restricted as we were,” Ana adds and they grab and lift a large case that is too heavy for one to carry alone, “so she can think outside the box and pick anyone she deems useful.”

“We are getting too old for this shit.” Jack chuckles as the carry the case down the ramp.

Ana chuckles too, “Maybe.” Then winks, “But I think we can still show a thing or two to these youngsters.”
Chapter Summary

Queen gets cleared by Angela and heads for her room. After a shower, she makes her way to the armory where some shenanigans involving Hana take place. And Rogue and Gabriel have a moment while Queen tries on her new Blackwatch gear or better said Roguewatch gear.

Queen was the first to be cleared by Angela. Apparently getting plenty of exercise and eating right did the trick. She thanked the good doctor for her time and left her office then guided by Athena made her way to her newly assigned room. “A bit stifling for my taste,” she comments as the doors close behind her and she walks deeper inside, “but something tells me I won’t be spending a lot of time here.”

“Whatever might you mean by that?” Athena chirps when the computer on the desk lights up on its own and Queen can see her logo spinning on the screen.

“Some privacy would be nice,” Queen quirks an eyebrow and crosses her arms as she looks at the screen. “But to answer your question.” She relaxes and spots something in the corner of her room that will do her a world of good right now. “I think Rogue will keep us quite busy and whatever time off we will have probably won’t be spent here.” She answers as she makes her way there and finds exactly what she thought it was. A shower cabin.

“I apologize,” Athena starts, “and you might be correct. Agent Rogue and her team do tend to spent time by themselves, even when some would prefer to have them all here.”

“Can you blame them?” Queen starts to strip as she gets ready for that steaming hot shower, “From what I’ve read and heard, she has ex-Talon on her team and there is definitely still some bad blood between some of them and some of the people here on base. And Rogue herself isn’t what she used to be. At least if that rampage she went on to finish the battle back at Junkertown is anything to go by.”

“I agree.” Athena responds, then after a short pause she continues, “But it would seem that those explosions of rage are getting less and less frequent as her team grows. Or, if I may be so bold, as she calls it, her family.”

“Family, huh?” Queen twist the knob and water hits her sore muscles and her newer cuts sting as the filth is washed away. She leans forward a bit, letting the main stream hit her shoulder, “Been a while since I had someone I could call as such.” And looks down, watching the water swirl around the drain and disappearing.

“Would you mind telling me about it?” Athena asks with a gentle tone, “I was told that I am a good listener.”

“Not right now. Maybe sometime later.” Queen responds then lifts her head and closes her eyes as the stream now hits her face. Athena doesn’t respond verbally, only a beep is heard that she left as she deduced from Queen’s last response that she would like to be left alone for the time being.
“Family, huh?” she repeats herself, then punches the tiled wall, “Damn, I miss you guys.” She growls as the images of her family flash beneath her closed lids. A tear or two manage to fall from her eyes before she shakes her head and twists the knob again to shut the water off. “You’re tougher than this, girl. Get your shit together.” She psyches herself up and leaves the shower cabin, towels off then grabs the shirt she was wearing before she showered, “These rags have seen better days.” And tosses it into the wash bin then walks to the closet and finds it full of Overwatch issued clothes. Including underwear that match her size. “Fuckwits,” she curses with a smile as she pulls out a set and gets dressed. After the underwear, she pulls on a pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt then slips her feet into a pair of sneakers. Next, she walks to the mirror and sees that the shower flattened the spikes she had her hair in. “Well, new job,” she picks up a hair band and puts them in a short ponytail, “new look.” She will keep the under shave but she has a feeling that this style will be more practical from now on. She applies some eyeliner and some lipstick then gives herself a look over, “Not too shabby, if I do say so myself.” She laughs at her reflection. She turns around and leaves her room, then remembers she has no idea where her next destination, the armory, is. “Athena.” She calls for her.

“How may I help you?” Athena is quick to respond.

“Could you tell me how to get to the armory? I think Rogue wants us to gear up.” She asks as she looks left and right, trying to get her bearings in this new environment she finds herself now.

“Certainly,” Athena chirps. “Turn right and then just head straight. Then just follow the markings. Can’t miss it.”

“Thanks, I’ll be on my way then.” Queen nods and heads in the instructed direction. “Guess this must mean the armory is that way,” she comments the set of markings on the wall with arrows beneath each that points to different ways. And she decides to follow the box-shaped one with icons for bullets in the center of it. A sign on the ceiling soon points to a door but just before she reaches them a small figure turns the corner.

“Hullo,” Rogue greets when she walks closer, apparently also heading for the armory. Then tilts her head, “Queeny, is that you? I like the new look.”

“Thanks.” Queen smiles in response, “Decided I’ll try something new.”

“As I said, I like it, but almost didn’t recognize you without your war paint on your face.” Rogue jokes and offers her to head inside first.

She enters but waits for Rogue to enter as well as she doesn’t recognize the small man behind the counter. “Heya Torbs,” Rogue greets him then looks at the Queen, “Don’t get startled.” And points to Bastion that was sitting down in the corner, following Ganymede with his optic as she flew around the armory.

Despite the warning, Queen can’t help it but stiffen when she sees him, “Isn’t that?”

“Yep.” Rogue nods, “A Bastion unit, but he doesn’t seem to want to harm anyone. Heck, he even has that pet bird.” And gestures towards Ganymede who lands on Bastion’s shoulder and tilts her head, looking at the new arrival she didn’t see before. “Anyway, let’s get you geared up.” Rogue gently pushes Queen towards the counter and when they reach it, “Did Hana get here already?” she asks him.

But a squeaky voice from one of the changing booths answers, “In here. Trying…” she grunts as the leather uniform seems to be giving her trouble, “to puuull…this…on. WHA!”? She screams and a loud thud can be heard from that booth next.
“You okay in there?” Rogue laughs.

“Yes, I’m fine.” Hana comes out of the booth, all dressed up. “Just why are these boots so stiff?” She taps the floor with her heel, scratching the back of her head.

“They are so because they are brand new.” A voice comes from behind the counter, where the storage is. Gabriel comes out of it, holding a set of boxes, “Once you break them in, there are not better boots in the world.” He greets Rogue and Queen with a nod then turns his attention back to Hana, “Good thing Sergeant Connor was a bean pole like you or Rogue there, would have my ass.” He jokes and shoots a wink towards Rogue, then passes the boxes he was holding to Hana, “These are the rest of the gear. But before you start digging through them, go take care of your mech.”

“Yes, sir!” Hana jokingly salutes while holding a good stack of boxes in on arm.

Gabriel jolts over the counter, going for a grab on Hana’s shoulder, “I’ll give your sir! Come ‘ere!” But she manages to jump away in time, “Missed me. Hana 1, Gabe 0.” She winks and flashes a V sign with her hand, then bolts for the doors when Gabriel started to climb over the counter.

All in the room laugh at their shenanigans. Even Bastion releases a series of beeps that sounds like laughter. “See what I’m dealing with here?” Gabriel leans on the counter on his elbows and looks at Rogue.

“Oh, you love it.” She walks closer and scruffs his hair, as she laughs, “And you know it. Gabe the big bro.” she jokes then leans on her elbows on the counter next to Gabriel too, only that she is lean on it with her back. “Good thing you did have the gear for a bean pole like her.”

“I’m bigger than you!” Hana chirps with a smile, when the doors open again and only her head can be seen poking through.

“That can be corrected,” Rogue grins and unsheathes her blade.

“Iip!” Hana jumps, “Gotta work on my mech. Bye.” And bolts down the hall.

Again the room laughs. Rogue straightens up, “Anyway, got some gear for this one?” Rogue flicks her head towards Queen who was busy with Ganymede that landed on her shoulder, “She is a big one.”

“Hmmm,” Gabriel stands upright too and scans Queen, top to bottom. “I think the gear I ordered for Lt. Martinez might fit her.” And heads back into the storage.

“You keep mentioning these guys,” Rogue raises her voice so he can hear her, “Who are they?”

“Ex-Blackwatch.” Gabriel responds with a flat voice then adds, “My unit.” But a sad undertone can be heard tinting his voice now.

“What happened?” Rogue puts two and two together.

“Zürich happened.” Gabriel answer and brings a set of boxes out. Bigger than the ones he handed to Hana. “Most died there. Rest scattered to the winds. No idea how many are even still alive.”

“Sorry,” Rogue apologizes, “I shouldn’t have asked.”

“Mmm,” Gabriel shrugs, but Rogue can see that it weighs him down, more than he will ever want to admit, then hands the boxes to Queen. “Here, try these. Should fit.”
When Queen thanks him with a nod and leaves for the changing booth, Rogue puts a comforting arm on his shoulder, “You know,” she pauses and waits until he looks at her, “we could try and find them. Between Olivia and Athena, I think we should at least find some of them if not all.”

“And then what?” Gabriel growls, smoking a bit, causing Rogue to recoil. “Sorry,” he apologizes for his outburst, “It’s just…”

“That you are afraid.” Rogue finishes his sentence for him. “That they might not accept who you are now.” Gabriel only nods silently. “So was I when it came to Emily,” Rouge shows him her cybernetic arm, “About this.”

“It’s not the same,” Gabriel shake his head then lower his eyes as if to find any sudden defects on the counter.

“No,” Rogue agrees, “it’s not. But,” then cups his bearded cheek and lifts his head so she looks into his eyes, “if you treated them as you are treating us,” she smiles, when his eyes soften, “they’ll just be glad you are still kicking.”

“You really think so?” he asks, enjoying the feeling of someone hand on his scarred face.

“Mhm,” Rogue nods with a face-wide smile, “So, after Rio, you up for some reunions?”

“Yeah, sure.” Gabriel nods, his expression brightening, “Why not.”

“Then we have ourselves a plan.” Rogue offers him a fist bump which he takes, both nodding with smiling faces.
Workshop and the armory

Chapter Summary

Linn needs to check her target before launching for an attack and Rogue might be in trouble.

Before heading for the armory Rogue parted with Linn who decided she will check on her girlfriend and after teasing her for a bit, Rogue let her go. So now Linn finds herself in front of the door that leads into Brigitte’s room but even after knocking several times no one answers. “Huh?” Linn wonders and tries to figure out where she might be. “Ten bucks say she is in the workshop.” She hums to herself and makes her way there. Once there and the doors open she spots a figure hunched over the workbench working on something with a welder while they hum a tune and sway their hips to the rhythm. She can’t quite make them out due to low light but she can see red hair bound in a bun so she decides to sneak on them. Carefully tiptoeing closer she wraps them in a hug around the waist, “Gotcha!”

“What-?!?” They get startled and immediately pull away the welder so they don’t burn Linn’s arms by accident.

“Heya, love,” Linn greets her, nuzzling into her back.

“Hello, Linn,” but the wrong voice returns the greeting and when she pulls up the welding mask and turns around to look at her, “I think you got the wrong redhead.” Emily winks with a smile.

“Ups. Sorry.” Linn releases her and apologizes.

Emily shuts off the welder and puts it on the workbench then takes off the welding mask as well, “I don’t mind the hug,” she pulls Linn into one, “but when you called me love, I knew you got the wrong person.”

“Yeah, sorry,” Linn wraps her arms around Emily to return the hug, then when they separate, “I thought you were Brigitte. You got similar builds. She is maybe a bit more buffed.”

They laugh when the third voice joins their conversation, “Oh? So, I’m a muscle head now?” Brigitte jokes from the doorway, two cups of coffee in hands.

Linn spins on her heels and makes a beeline for her and despite Brigitte warning her, “Coffee, coffee, coffee!” she has to brace for impact and hope that she doesn’t spill any.

Emily was quick to assist her and grabbed the cups off her hands so she can hug her girlfriend back as she laughs, “Believe me when I say that I know exactly how you feel right now.”

“Rogue does this too?” Brigitte smiles and caresses Linn’s back as she nuzzles into her chest.

“Used to,” Emily nods, “Not so much now. Probably afraid she will hurt me with her cybernetics.”

“While the accelerator was never a problem?” Brigitte chuckles and scruffs Linn’s hair a bit when they separate and takes her cup off Emily’s hand.
“Don’t even get me started,” Emily sighs jokingly, rubbing the center of her chest where Rogue’s accelerator always impacted her when she barreled at her like Linn just did at Brigitte. “She did kiss it better later,” she then recalls and smiles, “and now that I think about it, she could be doing it on purpose, just to have an excuse.” They all laugh at that. “By the way, when did you guys get back? Rogue didn't drop by to say hi yet.”

“Just now,” Linn answers, “but she is probably planning the next mission already because we are going right back out.”

“What?” Emily’s eyes go wide, then thin into slits and she starts rolling up her sleeve, “And she dares to think she can leave without even a hello?” and walks towards the door, shooting a wink to the pair as she walks past them.

“Somebody’s in trouble.” Linn muses when the doors open when Emily reaches them and she and Brigitte laugh.

“You can bet your cute arse, she is,” Emily responds then waves goodbye and runs down the hallway. She reaches a split and turns for the hangar only to skid to a stop when, “Agent Rogue, Agent Rogue. Report to the med bay. Dr. Zeigler requests your presence there.” Athena calls for Rogue. She turns on her heels and makes her way to the med bay.

While Linn was surprising the wrong redhead in the workshop, Queen got dressed and walked out of the booth, clanking her heel against the floor of the armory, “These boots really are stiff.” She says to Rogue, Gabriel, and Torbjorn who were chatting while Rogue waited for her.

“Not half bad, not half bad.” Rogue mused then draws a circle in the air, “Spin for me, girl.”

Queen raises an eyebrow then decides to indulge her and she slowly spins only to start laughing when she hears Rogue, “Hold me, Reyes. That arse.” when she jokingly collapses on the counter.

Queen then walks closer, testing how flexible the jacket is, “Sorry Rogue,” then winks when she leans on the counter next to her, “There is not enough muscle on you.”

“Oh, nooo,” Rogue drags as she fakes getting shot in the chest and spills on the counter, “Queeny rejected me. What will I do now?”

They all laugh at that and Reyes hands Queen another set of boxes, “While she gets over you rejecting her, here are some additional parts that go with the uniform. By the way, can you shoot?”

“I can,” Queen nods while putting the boxes on the counter next to her, “but I prefer getting close and pierce them with my spear when I can.”

“Yeah,” Rogue chirps when she stands up straight again, “about that.” She then turns to look at Torbjorn, “Think you can help her upgrade her weapon? That spear she currently has looks like it has seen better days.”

“Sure,” he nods, “Just finished working on a new hammer for Reinhardt.” Then looks at Queen, “So, ma’am, how can I help you?”

“Ah, shut it with ma’am.” She waves him off, “And if you can just make it shaper and stronger and maybe easier to reload.”

“Reload?” Torbjorn quirks an eyebrow.
“Yes,” Queen grins, then gestures holding her spear and closes one eye as if she is aiming at something, “I shoot out the tip of it so I have some range on it too.”

“Hm,” Torbjorn runs a hand over his beard, “We could do something similar to Brigitte’s mace and put some rocket boosters and a chain on it. So you can simply retract the tip once it hit the target. Omitting reloading altogether.”

“I like the idea,” Queen smiles, “How soon will it be ready?”

“That depends,” Torbjorn smiles back, “on how soon I can get the two engineers to help me start working on it.”

The other three can practically hear gears turning in Rogue’s head when she tries to figure out who the second engineer is. ‘Winston? No. He is a scientist. Jack? Not a chance. Then who?’ she taps her chin in thought, ‘No?! Can’t be?’ she looks at Torbjorn with wide eyes when some things click, “Brigitte is one, and the second one is…?”

“I think you already know the answer.” Torbjorn laughs.

“That cheeky git,” Rogue smacks her palm with her fist, “I thought she bought those bikes. Oh ho ho ho,” she laughs wickedly, “She is going to pay for this one.”

Gabriel just wanted to say something in response when Athena interrupts him, “Agent Rogue, Agent Rogue. Report to the med bay. Dr. Zeigler requests your presence there.”

“Oh, no,” Queen facepalms, “What have they done this time?”

“Seems like you have an idea what this,” Rogue points to the ceiling when she looks at her, “could be about.”

“When I left when Dr. Zeigler cleared me, Jamison and Mako were still waiting for their turn.” Queen shakes her head.

“Coming with then?” Rouge turns towards the doors, flicking her head towards it.

“Can I leave these here?” She asks Gabriel and taps the boxes she received earlier.

“Yeah,” he nods, “Just pick them up before we deploy.”

“Okay,” she then looks at Rogue, “Let’s go and see what kind of trouble those two got into now.”
Rogue and Queen make their way to Angela's office only to find Jamison making a mess out of it.

“No! Absolutely not!!” Jamison shouts, running around the doctor’s office as Mako and Angela try to catch him, “I am not staying here!! I need to blow stuff up or I’ll go crazy!!!”

Rogue and Queen catch the last part and Rogue springs into action. Blinking behind Jamison she grabs him by his shirt and throws him on one of the beds, “Stay there.” She growls, pointing a finger at a wide-eyed and breathless Jamison. But he doesn’t get the hint and pushes off the bed and tries to leave it but Rogue is on top of him in a moment and shoves him back down onto the bed with her right arm and holds him there, “I said. Stay. Down.” She points her finger into his face and puts enough pressure on his chest that he has trouble breathing.

“I give, I give,” he wheezes, only able to take shallow breaths.

Rogue narrows her eyes, “You sure?”

“I’m...sure...” he barely gets out as he is getting blue in the face from the lack of oxygen.

Rogue lets go and steps away, “Now can someone explain what this is all about?” and sees Mako lying down on his own in the bed next to Jamison’s.

“I...” Angela starts but hasn’t caught her breath yet after she chased Jamison all around her office ever since Queen left and she called him in next.

“Slow down, Angie,” Rogue walks next to her and runs her hand over her back, “Catch your breath first.”

Queen leans on the wall next to the doors and keeps an eye on Jamison who crossed his arms and is pouting hard.

“Thank you, Rogue,” Angela nods and straightens as she finally calms her breathing then explains, “I examined Mr. Fawkes and found that he has a lethal amount of radiation in his body as does Mr. Rutledge so I cannot clear them for the mission you guys have planned.”

“Understood,” Rogue nods and asks, “And? Can you cure them?”

“Yes,” Angela nods, “but I need them to stay in bed for a few days as any physical activity will harm the healing process and I can’t guarantee that it will even work in that case.”

“I’m no-” Jamison wants to voice his complaint again, but Rogue interrupts him.

“Shut your gob or I’ll do it for you.” She growls at him with thinned eyes. “No, wait.” She stops herself from exploding further when Jamison jumped a bit from being startled by her anger and takes a deep breath. “Look, mate, wanna make a deal?” she asks with a smile.
“I’m listening,” Jamison nods.

“Great,” Rogue nods back first then reaches into her backpack and pulls out one of her bombs, “If you obey Angie and I mean completely do exactly as she says,” she spins the bomb on her finger, “I’ll tell you a few secrets about these.”

Jamison’s eyes go wide and he smiles with open mouth, “Really? You will tell me?”

“Yes, only if you do as Angie says,” she flips the bomb and grabs it mid-air, “but if you don’t, if I hear so much as a beep from Angie that you didn’t obey her,” she stores it back in her backpack, “we’re dealing with no bomb. Deal?” She extends her hand, offering a deal closing handshake.

Jamison takes the offered hand and shakes it with vigor, “You got yourself a deal, sheila.”

“Remember,” Rogue puts up a finger, “Exactly as she says.”

Jamison nods, “I’ll be on me best behavior.”

Rogue nods then turned to Mako, “I trust you will obey Angie too?”

“I will,” he grunts and nods, “She only wants to help us.”

“Good man,” Rogue taps his shoulder with her hand then walks to Angela, “Can you fix his lungs too? Those canisters can’t be healthy.”

“We already agreed that we will do that too,” Angela nods and smiles at Mako, “didn’t we Mr. Rutledge?”

“Mhm,” he hums, nodding, “Though I still think I don’t deserve it.”

“Come on, mate,” Rogue winks, “I’ll need you both in top shape when we hit Talon. Get better,” she looks at both of them in turns, “Both of you and the first round in the pub when we get back to London is on me.”

“London?” Jamison knits his brow, “What are we going to do there?”

“It’s where we will live,” Rogue chuckles, “All of us,” and her sight travels from Mako to Jamison and stops on Queen. “I’m already looking at a bigger place to fit us all.”

“Huh,” Queen hums, “I thought we will be staying here.”

“Nah,” Rogue chuckles and shakes her head, “Overwatch is stationed here,” and shoots her a wink, “and Roguewatch in London.” Seeing how things calmed down she claps her hands, “Alright, you two listen to Angie and we will pick you up after we are done in Rio.” They both nod and while Angela goes and gets her instruments and the data pad she needs for the examinations, Rogue and Queen leave the room and start heading for the hangar.

“You sure have them figure out.” Queen chuckles as they walk a few steps away from the doors and Rogue was just about to reply when a voice from behind catches their attention.

“Lena Rogue Oxton,” Emily stomps towards them with a pointing finger, eyes narrowed into thin slits, “You stop right there, young lady.”

Rogue chuckles and gestures at Queen to continue heading towards the hangar and leave this to her and turns around to face Emily when she does after nodding with a smile. “Yes, sweet?” she asks with a purring voice and a face wide smile.
Emily stumps closer then smiles and throws her arms around her, “Missed you.”

“Missed you too.” Rogue returns the hug. “Care to explain what is this I hear about you being an engineer?” She asks and Emily stiffens in her arms.

“I, uh…” Emily chokes, “You never asked?” She tilts her head when she leans away and looks at Rogue.

“True.” Rogue nods, “But you could’ve told me you’ve built those bikes.”

“Ups?” Emily smiles.

“Grrr,” Rogue mockingly growls, then leans in to kiss her fiancé, “Didn’t know it’s possible but now I love you even more.”

“Love you too,” Emily squeezes her hug, “That’s why you should at least say hi when you get back from a mission.”

“Ups?” Rogue mimics Emily’s response and that gets them both laughing.

“Where are you guys heading anyway?” Emily asks as they start to walk towards the hangar.

“Rio. This friend of Hana’s called and asked for help. Name’s Lucio. Ever heard of him?” Rogue answers.

“Lucio?” Emily looks up and taps her chin, “You wouldn’t mean world famous, platinum record selling DJ Lucio that I listen every day I head for work, Lucio, now would you?” Emily responds, then looks at Rogue, “Nope, never heard of him. Why?”

“You cheeky…” Rogue smiles and elbows her ribs, rolling her eyes, “I guess, I’ll get you his autograph then and maybe a record or two as a souvenir.”

They reach the hangar doors soon after and Emily pulls Rogue into another hug, “Come back, please.”

“Promise.” Rogue returns the hug and kisses Emily when they separate then walks through the doors and heads for the plane.
Mission Rio is a go

Chapter Summary

Roguewatch boards their newly repaired gunship after Queen tests her new weapon. And after Rogue makes some plans with Emily they are off.

Between Torbjorn, Brigitte, and Emily they had Queen’s spear ready in record time. All it needed now was some field testing and Rio looked like it would a perfect opportunity for that. Queen checks her gear so everything is strapped tight then grabs her spear and gives it a test shove into empty air, pressing the button that launches the tip when she reached the maximum reach with her arm. It flies out, boosted by mini rocket boosters then when it reached a decent distance, a small motor in the handle starts to wind the chain back and it retracts the tip so fast that the chain never loses its tension. “Crikey,” she exhales and looks at the spear with wide eyes then at the three engineers that are grinning to her left, arms crossed on all, “This is awesome. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” Torbjorn nods.

“I thought that keeping the color scheme the same as the uniforms you guys are wearing adds a nice touch to it too.” Brigitte winks as she comments the black and red colors on the spear.

“No coat of arms?” Queen asks when she doesn’t spot any on the spear as she inspects it more closely.

“Rogue didn’t come up with one yet.” Emily answers this one then laughs, “But if we combine old Blackwatch logo with an icon of her pulse bombs I think it should fit.”

“I’ll ask Hana to draw something as we fly to Rio,” Rogue responds and blinks towards Emily, hugging and giving her a goodbye kiss then blinks back to the cockpit where Linn is already waiting in the co-pilots seat and is doing the pre-flight checks.

“Allright, Roguewatch,” Gabriel calls for their attention, “Board and strap in.” Then rolls his eyes, “Because, with those two behind the controls, we are in for a ride.”

“You burn the engines again,” Brigitte shouts, making a funnel with her hands in front of her mouth, “You are fixing them by yourselves.” And then laughs when she spots the heads of the two pilots drop in disappointment.

“Let’s get this show on the road.” Rogue shouts and flips the engines on and the back ramp starts closing as the team sits down and straps in. But just before the ramp closes completely she looks back and gestures to Emily to turn on her communicator.

“Yes, sweet?” Emily asks once it connects.

“Pack your swimsuit, because once we get back I’m taking you to that resort and we will relax like crazy.” Rogue answers.

“What about our place back in London?” Emily asks and holds her hair when the downdraft from the engines starts getting stronger as the plane lifts off and slowly leaves the hangar.
“Olivia and Gabriel can take care of the move. And we have some serious muscle on our team now so we don’t even need the moving service.” Rogue chuckles. The ex-Talon gunship now fully exited the hangar and Rogue punches the engines and they start climbing, fast. “Still in the green.” She tells Emily when she can practically feel Brigitte’s scolding eyes on her. Emily shares the information with her and they both chuckle.

“Still feels a bit weird,” Genji comments when he joined them in the hangar and just caught the plane climbing.

“What does, Genji?” Emily takes out the communicator and turns to look at him.

“Seeing that plane take off from here.” Genji points to the plane that is quickly growing smaller and smaller. “We always saw it as an enemy craft that is dropping Talon’s reinforcement. Now it carries a team that is probably deadlier than anything Talon ever put on it.”

“I just hope they come back safe and sound.” Emily looks at the sky where the aircraft completely disappeared from view.

Genji walks closer and puts a comforting arm on her shoulder, “They will. I get the feeling that Rogue has a few more tricks in her bag and she has Tracer 2.0, Widowmaker, Reaper and Sombra watching her back. And D.Va and Queen are pretty good too. So I think she is in good company.”

“You’re right,” Emily nods, “Thanks. And now I think I still owe Reinhardt that game of billiards. Up for pairs with you and Reinhardt against me and Brigitte?” she smiles at the ninja gratefully, as he managed to calm her worries down.

“You’re on.” Genji takes her up on her challenge.

“Ready to kick their ass, Brigitte?” Emily smirks and offers her a fist bump.

“Ready and willing, sister!” Brigitte fist bumps and grins.

Rogue let Linn take over the piloting once they reach the cruising altitude and heads to the back. “Sombra, what’s the situation in Rio?”

“Vishkar is definitely getting ready to move but so far so good. No movement yet.” Sombra answers and enlarges her screens so everyone can see the camera and satellite feed that she hacked into. “Wait, Lucio is calling. Patching him through.”

“Hey there, Tracer,” Lucio greets her.

“Rogue, please.” She corrects him.

“Oh, right,” he scratches the back of his head, “Heard about that, sorry.”

“It’s okay.” Rogue smiles, “What’s the situation there? From what we are seeing everything is set up but no one is moving yet.”

“Yeah,” he looks around himself, “Everyone is pretty tense and we can see them gathering but we won’t move unless they do.”

“Hold tight,” Rogue encourages him, “We will rain hell on them once we get there. Oh fine,” she grunts at the end of that when Hana wouldn’t stop poking her flank. “Hana wants to say hi.” And
moves away so Hana can talk to Lucio.

“Hey Frogo,” Hana greets him with a wide smile and a wave.

“Hey, hey, D…Va!” he greets her back with a bounce of his head. They all laugh at that greeting.

“Don’t you worry, Lu,” Hana then pulls Rogue back into view, “These guys can kick some serious ass, and Rogue here,” she presses their cheeks together, “messed up Talon’s shit back in Junkertown like you wouldn’t believe. She like totally pwned those noobs.”

Lucio first laughs at Hana’s praising Rogue and Rogue rolling her eyes then flashing a V sign and sticking her tongue out. “Alright, alright. Guess I asked the right person for help then. See you guys soon. Got to go now.” And after Hana and Rogue nod he cuts the connection.

“Shit,” Sombra curses a moment later, “Rogue, we better hurry. Vishkar is making their move and they mean business.”

Rogue wants to ask something but is interrupted by Reaper, “Sombra show me what’s behind the favelas.” He tells her with a serious expression, eyes narrowed in thought.

“Okay,” Sombra gets right on it as she got familiar with that tone in Reaper’s voice.

“Fucking knew it.” He punches the wall with his fist, “Vishkar will keep their eyes on them while Talon hits their rear and slaughters them.” Then describes the situation displayed on Sombra’s screen.

“Fucking twats,” Rogue curse then straightens up and looks at them all, “Here’s the plan then. Reaper, Sombra, and Widow will keep Talon busy as they are used to working together while me, Linn, D.Va and Queen deal with Vishkar. Shoot to kill. Roguewatch takes no prisoners.” She grins and punches her palm with her fist and when they nod and there is a grin on all of them she runs back to the cockpit and takes over the controls. “Strap in tight, I’m hitting the boosters.” She shouts back and gives them exactly ten seconds then hits the button that engages the planes boosters that effectively accelerate them from cruising speed of just below the speed of sound to 2.5 machs in mere seconds. “Rio, you better be ready, because here comes Roguewatch.” She grins as the G-force is pushing her and the rest into their seats.
Battle at Rio

This one is shorter than usual but packed with action. Came up with it before I snoozed off last night so I figured I might as well share it with you guys. Hope you like it.

Vishkar employees were pushing hard on Lucio and the residents of the favelas that took up arms to defend their homes and were about to break through the barricade they’ve set up to slow their advance when D.Va shouts from behind them, “Lucio, get down!!!” He has barely enough time to flatten himself against the ground when D.Va flies overhead with her mech, with Queen hitching a ride on top of it and Rogue and Linn blinking on her flanks. They hit the Vishkar line like a battering ram and shatter any organized formation they had before they arrived. Rogue and Queen then hit the right side while D.Va and Linn take care of their left.

“You need to take care of their commanders or they will just reform their lines,” Lucio shouts from behind and points to two figures that are standing behind the enemy lines and are relaying orders to their front line.

Rogue snaps her head at the direction he pointed and grins when she spots someone that is on her list. “Sanjay.” Her eyes narrow and she shakes the poor soul she just impaled on her blade off of it.

“What are they doing here???” Sanjay shouts, seemingly not expecting Rogue and her team to be here. “Symmetra, protect me.” He orders her but Rogue is too fast for the hard light genius and she kicks her out of the way and she hits the wall so hard that she loses consciousness on the spot.

“Sanjay, luv,” Rogue grins wickedly, “Missed me?”

He manages to put up a hard light barrier when Rogue swings her right arm to punch his lights out and it stops the punch but, ‘Hard light barrier detected. Enabling Elbow boosters to increase penetration.’ Is displayed in her right eye. “Engage!” she shouts and when the boosters fire, she breaks through the barrier with ease and punches Sanjay so hard that he flies a few feet away and land on his back, still conscious but clearly shaken and with a bloodied nose. “You are full of surprises,” Rogue smiles as she looks at her right arm. She then looks back at Sanjay and gets an idea when she sees that he is lying on the far end of a big rectangular piece of marble. “This probably won’t work,” she raises her right leg and aims at her end of it, “but we won’t know if I don’t try!” and slams it down on it. And grins when it works like a charm and catapults Sanjay into the air above her. “Got you something.” She quips when she starts losing altitude and gives Sanjay a two finger salute.

He doesn’t figure it out right away, but a beeping sound coming from his chest clues him in pretty fast. “No, no, no!” he tries to get it off him, but when the beeping turns into a single monotonous beep he knows he is fucked, “Oh, sh-” and the pulse bomb explodes. Shaking the air and chunks of his body and blood start to rain over the immediate area.

Queen dealt with the last of Vishkar employees that were a threat to her and heads for Symmetra to finish her off but, “No, keep her alive. I need to have a word with her first.” Rogue stops her, dyed top to bottom in crimson from the blood.
“Alright,” Queen shrugs, then points to Rogue with the tip of her spear, “You really need to fry them completely with your bombs. That shit,” she draws a circle to gesture at Rogue’s entire body, “is just nasty.”

Rogue looks at her arms, then back at Queen and laughs, “I hear it does wonders for your skin and hair.”

Queen laughs back then points at Rogue’s head and smirks, “Guts and ripped off fingers too?”

“No,” Rogue shake the remains off of her with a shudder, “Those will give you an infection.” She then walks to still unconscious Symmetra and grabs the back of her collar and starts dragging her towards Lucio and the rest, “Let’s go and…” but she stops when she looks at the front line. Vishkar is routing and Lucio is leading the residents into the final push to finish them off. And D.Va and Linn are wrapping things up on their end too. It was a short but bloody fight, with loses on both sides but Rogue is worried about the other half of her team and calls for them, “Reaper, Rogue, how are things on your end because we are as good as done here?”

“Figure as much,” he chuckles first then adds, “when I heard your bomb go off, but we are done here too. Talon suddenly turned tail and ran for the hills.”

“Got any of them?” Rogue asks and resumes her walking dragging now bound Symmetra when she woke up but thought better than to put up a fight when Rogue and Queen pointed their weapons in her face.

“Mhm,” Reaper hums, “Widow was on fire, I got a good Death Blossom off and Sombra knocked out a few of their planes right out of the sky when she hacked them and turned their engines off.”

“Nice,” Rogue smirks, “Good job, now let’s regroup at our plane. This party is done and dusted.”

“Roger that,” he confirms her order, “Be there in a few.”
Debrief

Chapter Summary

Rogue notices when they make their way to the plane that there is something wrong with Symmetra and asks Lucio to help her. Reaper tells them what happened on their end while Symmetra is reading the info that Sombra got about Vishkar on the holopad that Rogue gave her before they started.

Rogue got tired of dragging Symmetra so she unbound her legs and now guided her by her arm towards the plane. She noticed that a few times on their way there Symmetra took deep breaths, some could be accounted to her being gagged but not all of it. So once they reach the plane Rogue guides Symmetra to one of the seats and turns to Lucio, “Hey, Lucio was it?”

“Yeah, Rogue?” he snaps his head when she called for him as he was chatting with Hana and Linn at the bottom of the loading ramp.

“You got some healing thingy in that gizmo of yours, don’t you?” she points to his gun.

“Yes, some sort of it.” He nods then explains, “It accelerates the body’s own regeneration, so your wounds close faster and bones get set in place and knit back together.”

“Cool, cool,” Rogue smiles, then points to Symmetra, “Could you use it on her? I think a rib or two went when I kicked her and that’s why she is having troubles breathing.” Symmetra’s eyes widen when she hears that, ‘How did she know? I thought I masked it well enough.’

“No,” his face stiffens in anger, “I’m not using my tech to heal a Vishkar.”

“C’mon Lucio, please,” Rogue pleads him, “and she won’t be returning to her employer. Not once she reads what Sombra dug out on them.” And smirks when she spots Symmetra tilting her head with a quizzical look in her eyes.

“Please Lu,” Hana joins Rogue in asking Lucio to heal Symmetra, “I know you are just being stubborn here and in actually want to help her.” And looks at him with upturned eyes. Linn and Rogue blink closer and flank Hana, then squeeze their faces together and look at him with upturned eyes too. “Pretty please.” They sync their request.

But Lucio, although already decided that he will help first plays a little joke on them and squeezes his eyes shut and waves his hand between them and him, “Defense matrix engaged.” And shamelessly steals one of Hana’s lines.

But she is not one to take that lying down so she wraps him in a hug and when their eyes meet, “Let’s break it down?” and steals one of his.

“You guys are the cutest.” He quips and pulls Rogue and Linn into a group hug and when they separate, pulls out his sonic amplifier and skates to where Symmetra was sitting with Rogue walking next to him. “Now hold still, Vishkar.”

But Symmetra wants to deny his help and starts to wiggle around in her seat. Rogue only looks at her for a few moments then clamps her shoulder with her right hand, “Would you hold still!!”
Symmetra whimpers from pain but doesn’t give up on her attempt to reject Lucio’s healing. “Hold,” Rogue leans in, “still.” and growls in her face, having had just about enough with her. Symmetra freezes when she sees her expression that is a far cry from everything she has seen on her until now. And alarms start going off in her head that she better does as she says or she just might kill her. But it’s gone the next moment when Rogue scruffs her hair with a smile, “That’s better. Now if you would, Lucio? I think I can hear Reaper and his team coming so we need to debrief.”

He nods and Rogue leaves them to greet the arriving half of her team. “Look, Symmetra, right?” Lucio starts setting his amplifier, “You probably only did what your boss told you to do, so I’m willing to give you the benefit of a doubt so please stand still so this,” he starts it up and a soothing melody starts playing, “can knit your ribs or Rogue will string us both.” He winks with a smile and even Symmetra can’t help herself but chuckle a bit beneath her gag at that joke.

Rogue leans on the wall on top of the ramp arms and legs crossed when Reaper, Sombra and Widow walk to the bottom of it and chuckles, “Damn Reaper. Didn’t think it’s possible but you look extra smoked right now.”

“Thank her for that,” he grunts and points to Sombra over his shoulder with his thumb.

“This should be interesting.” Rogue smiles and follows them, joined by Queen, Linn, and Hana as they sit around inside the aircraft. “Alright,” she claps her hands to get everyone’s attention, “First,” she picks up a holopad, “is the info we have about Vishkar on this?” and asks Sombra.

She taps a few screens she projected in front of her, “It is now.”

“Here,” Rogue turns to Symmetra, “Catch and busy yourself with reading about your soon to be ex-employer while we have our debrief.” And throws it at her and she catches it.

“You can stay if you want.” Rogue shrugged then looks at others to check if anyone disagrees, but no one does so she offers him a seat.

“Now with that out of the way, what happened on your end, Reaper?” she looks at him.

Reaper takes off his mask and pulls off his hood, getting wide eyes from Lucio and Symmetra because of the scars that litter his face. He just chuckles at their expressions and starts, “After we dropped you off, we went to intercept the Talon force. But I notice soon that it’s just regular grunts with assault rifles. No specials like we encountered in Junkertown.”

“There was Talon here?” Lucio asks, eyes wide in surprise. And Symmetra reacted too, though she didn’t make it so obvious as she was nose deep in the holopad and was reading the info about Vishkar on it.

“Yes, Lu,” Hana nods, “That’s why we went all out from the get-go on the Vishkar and didn’t spare anyone. Well,” her eyes travel to Symmetra, “almost no one.”

“What is she doing here?” Reaper asks Rogue.

“My problem,” she shrugs then winks and smiles, “and I’ll deal with it once this is over, so go on.”

He just nods because he can give it a pretty good guess how Rogue will deal with that problem and
continues, “I bring the gunship for a low strafing run and tell Widow to try and drop a few too. Which and I must say that even I got surprised, she did with deadly precision.” Seeing the amused look on Rogue’s face, “I know, I know, but she was extra this time around. The ramp just opened and she starts firing right away. Three shots, six dead Talon grunts.”

“Six?” Rogue knits her brow and looks at Widow, “What happened to one shot one kill?”

“They were lined up quite nicely,” she responds, “and more we take out, fewer problems could they cause for you guys.” Rogue gives her a thumbs up, wishing she could do more but as they are in the middle of a debrief she hold herself back and gestures at Reaper to continue.

“And then she pulls a trick right out of your bag of trick,” he flicks his head towards Rogue he laughs when he sees her knits her brow, “She jumped out mid-flight, shooting and killing grunts on the way then grappled to a high perch and stayed in cover until we arrived because they started to open fire on her. Until me and Sombra got their attention again.”

This time Rogue can’t hold herself back and bolts at Widow and hugs her, “Awww, love,” she hums, “I’m so proud of you right now.” And nuzzles into her shoulder.

“I, uh,” Widow hugs her back as others laugh at them, “Thank you.”

“Shu, shu.” Rogue says to Sombra when she butts in between her and Widow and leans on Widow, enjoying how chilly she feels in Rio’s heat.

“Anyway,” Reaper continues after he joined others in laughing at Rogue’s shenanigans, “Me and Sombra get there and start working on the grunts as well. When I still don’t know what devil possesses this woman,” he points at Sombra, “and she thought that it’s a good idea to start dropping Talons dropships right out of the sky by hacking them and shutting down their engines.” He grabs Sombra’s head into an arm lock and starts grinding his knuckles into the top of her head. Lucky for her, he took off his gloves. “She nearly dropped one right on top of me.” He growls with narrowed eyes.

“Auch, auch! Sorry Gabe,” Sombra wriggles in his grip, “I swear I didn’t know it will go that way.”

He releases her and scruffs her hair a bit, “I know, but you still deserved that.” He winks with a smile. “I managed to get a good Death Blossom off next, taking quite a few of the grunts out too and then you called.” He looks back at Rogue, “But by then they were already in full retreat. So we just finished off the few strangles that were left behind and came here.”

Symmetra who was still to make it to the good part in the file she was reading was keeping an eye on them as well, ‘They are interesting. Nothing like a military squad but more like good friends, maybe even... No, no, that’s impossible.’ She stops her thoughts before they could stray further and refocuses on the reading.

Next Rogue recaps what happened on her side but gets interrupted by Queen when she tries to leave the best part out, “What she just forgot to mention was that she blew up that guy and when I told her that being covered by blood is just nasty she looks at me and shrugs, going, I hear it’s good for your hair and skin.” That sends all of them into a laughing fit because they all knew how Rogue like that was. Even Symmetra couldn’t help it but snicker a bit, despite the fact that the guy that got blown up was her boss. Rogue then continues with her debrief and was nearly done when a holopad clattering on the floor captures everyone’s attention.
She walks to her and picks it up, “I’m guessing you got to the good part now.” And tries to hand it back to her, but Symmetra shakes her head. “Alright,” Rogue nods and puts it down on the seat next to her, “I think it’s safe to remove these now.” And she unbinds her wrists and ungags her. “Can I guess that you won’t be returning to Vishkar anymore?” Rogue crouches down and looks at Symmetra.

“I need some time to think, but,” she grabs and tears away the Vishkar patch on her shoulder, “I am not going back to those butchers.” And throws it on the floor.

“Alright,” Rogue stands up straight, “You will have all the time in the world to think while we fly back to Gibraltar and you,” she looks at Lucio, “are coming with too, right?”

“What? Me?” Lucio looks at her with eyes wide from surprise.

“Yeah,” Rogue chuckles, “Don’t wanna be part of Overwatch?”

“I, uh,” Lucio’s thoughts grind to a halt. “Just like that?” he asks when he shakes his head back into function.

“Mhm,” Rogue hums, nodding and walks to him then puts her hand on his shoulder, “They could use your help. You have an interesting set of skill.”

Lucio narrows his eyes in thought because she used they and not we, “Are you guys not part of it?”

“Yes and no.” Rogue answers, “Sort of got my own gig going right now and less Winston and the rest know about it, the better.”

“Which is?” he asks next, “If you don’t mind me asking.”

Rogue grins, “Wiping Talon out.” Lucio’s eyes travel along her cybernetics and she nods, confirming that his guess that they caused that, is correct.

Symmetra connects a few dots and raises her eyes from the floor and looks at Rogue, “Were you responsible for Italy and Numbani?” She asks when she remembers that that’s where Akande and Moira got killed.

“Good guess, love,” Rogue smiles at her, “What’s your name by the way? I’ve read it but I think a proper introduction should be made anyway.”

“Satya Vaswani,” she smiles at Rogue and offers a handshake.

“Lena Oxton, but currently go by Rogue,” she takes her up on her offer, “Don’t ask.”

After nodding, “Am I to assume that I’m being offered to join Overwatch as well?” she asks,
recalling that Rogue said that she has time to think about what she wants to do next while they fly back to Gibraltar.

“Nah,” Rogue shakes her head, “My team needs someone with your set of skills. So if you feel up to it, wanna join Roguewatch?”

“Are these the current members?” Satya flicks her eyes over to where Reaper, Widow and Sombra sat.

“All here, minus Hana and Lucio,” Rogue gestures around the plane with her arms, “and we have two more recovering back at Gibraltar.”

“Can I give you my decision once we reach Gibraltar?” Satya asks and picks up the holopad again.

“Sure thing,” Rogue nods then starts walking to the cockpit, “Alright, strap in. We are off.”

“But I nee-” Lucio tries to say something but Hana stops him.

“Just strap in Lu,” she shakes her head, “We will do a stream to let them,” she points towards the closed back ramp, “know where you went and ask them to send your stuff over.”

“That part is already being taken care off,” Sombra winks at them.

Linn joins Rogue in the cockpit and they do the pre-flight check then they give others a minute to strap as engines warm up and they take off.

Take off went as smoothly as any so far, but when Rouge tries to increase their speed the whole craft jolts. “That didn’t feel good.” She checks the instruments for any indication of something being wrong but her answer comes with a loud rumbling from the engines. “C’mon, I kept it in the green. Fuck. Brigitte is so having my arse.” She curses when she realizes what’s wrong. Then engines are burned and they can only put out about a third of their capacity if they are to hold all the way back to Gibraltar.

“What the hell was that?!” Gabriel shouts from the back.

“Nothing much,” Linn answers for Rogue, “Just that Brigitte is going to string me and Rogue up once we get back to Gibraltar.”

“You burned the engines again?” he facepalms.

As that was happening Torbjorn finds something on the workbench when he, Brigitte and Emily decided to do some maintenance on the team’s gear. “Brigitte where did this come from?” He picks up the throttle gauge and shows it to her.

“That’s from Rogue’s plane.” She answers, “I replaced it after I fixed the engines. I saw that it was a bit glitchy when I was checking it up.”

“After your fixed the engines?” Torbjorn asks, already figuring out what happened.

“Yes,” she nods and knits her brow, “Why?”

“Because I saw it too and replaced it while you were working on the engines and put the faulty one here.” He points to the workbench.
“But that would mean…” Brigitte’s eyes go wide. “Shit,” she curses, “Athena call Rogue, please.”

“Right away.” She replies and the indicator for incoming call starts blinking on Rogue’s console.

“Go for Rogue.” She answers.

“Hello, it’s me. Brigitte asked me to call you.” Athena tells her.

Rogue’s eyes go wide and she mouths to Linn, ‘Is that woman a psychic?’ then returns her attention to the call, “Sure, put her through.”

“Hey Rogue, Brigitte,” she starts but before she can continue, Rogue jumps in.

“Hey. Look. Yes, I burned the engines again, but please let me buy you lunch or something just don’t make me fix them.” She rushes her apology.

Brigitte and Emily both chuckle at that before Brigitte starts to explain, “Is why I’m calling. You have a faulty throttle gauge. It probably always shows green even if you push over it. But I won’t say no to a free lunch if the offer is still valid.”

“Haaaaa,” Rogue exhales deeply, “So it’s not my fault? Okay, I’ll take half the blame and tell you what? After we return from the resort let’s go on a double date. Me and Emily and you and Linn.”

“You got yourself a deal.” Brigitte is on board and Rogue can hear Emily in the background agreeing to it too and sees Linn nod to the idea.

“Good. See you soon and sorry about the engines. Again.” She replies and cuts the line.

“Damn,” Brigitte sighs, “I was too late. Engines are history already.”

“Then we better get this done because if Emily is leaving right after they return we will be the only ones to be able to work on them.” Torbjorn smiles and she and Emily both return the smile and they all start working on the gear.
"Gibraltar, we have a problem."

Chapter Summary

Queen and Satya talk about possible improvements to Junkertown when a curse from the cockpit cuts their conversation short.

“So,” Queen leaned forward in her seat and looked at Satya who was practicing her hard light manipulation by making different shapes only to make them disappear right after, “you can make things from thin air?”

“It’s more complicated than that and I could go for hours explaining, but the short version is, I make things from the light itself.” She crushes her latest creation in her fist as she answers, looking back, “But one could say that, yes, I can make stuff out of thin air.”

“Mmm,” Queen hums, “I did read that you are this famous engineer and designer. Does that imply that you can create entire houses too?”

“You are correct,” Satya nods, “Back in Vishkar, I was classified as an engineer and was apparently one of the few that could push this technology so far because of my ability to concentrate more than most.”

“Any chance I could ask you to improve a few things back in Junkertown?” Queen asks the question she wanted to ask from the start but wasn’t sure if Satya is even capable of a project on that scale. “I know I left, but I still care about those buggers and if I get the chance I want to improve their lives, if only just a bit.”

“I will ask my new boss,” Satya flicks her head towards the cockpit, “but if I caught that conversation correctly, we should have some time off once we return to Gibraltar.”

As if she heard someone was talking about her, “For fuck's sake!!!” Rogue curses loudly. “I’m not losing another bird!!!”

Two minutes ago while Queen and Satya were talking in the back, Linn noticed something worrisome on one of the gauges. “Rogue, we might have a problem.”

“What is it?” Rogue looks at the gauge Linn is pointing out, “Is that our fuel?”

“Mhm,” Linn nods, “We seem to be burning it at an alarming rate. And when I did a quick calculation we are not making it to Gibraltar on what’s left.”

“But it’s right there!” Rogue points to it as it was just poking over the horizon. “And I’m sure I checked the amount before we left and we had more than enough.”

“I don’t know, Rouge,” Linn shakes her head, “but it could be the engines. While we are flying at snail’s pace the reduced effectiveness could be causing the increase in fuel consumption.”

“Options?” Rogue asks.
“We keep going, hoping we will make it, though that’s highly unlikely, or,” Linn shows one finger, “we crash land into the sea and call Gibraltar for a pick-up.”

“For fuck’s sake!!! I’m not losing another bird!!!” Rogue punches the console. Lucky for all, she used her left arm and all she got for her effort were knuckles pulsing with pain.

“Problem?” Satya decided to find out what that curse was.

“Hey,” Rogue greets her and gets a nod in return, “Yeah, we might be in a spot of trouble. You see, because of the engine having reduced effectiveness they seem to burn more fuel and we might not make it to Gibraltar.”

“Hmm?” Satya hums, tapping her chin with her finger, “I might be able to help with the engines.”

“Really?” Rogue’s eyes widen a bit. “How?”

“Well, the way these engines work is to suck air in, compressing it, igniting the fuel that gets injected in it then spew it out at an increased speed.” Satya explains, and when Rogue nods, “So if I add a funnel on the exhaust that will compress that heated air even further and we should pick up more speed, possibly making it all the way.”

Rogue and Linn look at each other and say in sync as they shrug, “It could work.” All three chuckle, then Rogue looks at Satya, “Sure, love. Give it a shot.”

“Got any cameras showing the exhausts?” Satya warms up her arms and rolls her shoulders, “I need to see where I’m placing my creations.”

“Sure,” Linn taps a few buttons and the screen in the center of the console shows the outside view and after changing the angle shown on the camera they soon see the engine exhausts.

“Now let me just…” Satya creates a simple orb first to get her bearing at where her creation currently is outside of the plane then creates several more. The number of the orbs matches the number of the exhaust and she moves them just below them. She reconfigures the orbs into funnel-like shapes and places them over the exhausts, all at the same time. She barely finishes when the plane jolts forward, picking up more speed.

Rogue looks at Linn who does quick mental math and nods with a face wide smile, “It worked. With this speed, we will make it.”

“Satya, love,” Rogue gestures at her with her finger, “Lean closer for a bit.” Then looks at Linn who seems to read her mind and when Satya leans forward Rogue counts down on her fingers and she and Linn both kiss one of Satya’s cheeks. “Mwaa. You’re a genius. Thank you.”

Caught completely by surprise, Satya’s cheeks warm up, “I…uh…Glad I could help.” And she walks back to her seat with hurried steps with Rogue and Linn laughing behind her at her reaction.

Seeing her return and seat down in a bit of a daze, Gabriel chuckles and shoots her a wink, “Welcome to the club.”

“I…Yes, thank you.” Satya nods, still getting her thoughts together. That causes others to laugh a bit then feel the plane picking up altitude.

Rogue decided to play it safe and gain some altitude. Just in case the fuel runs out before they make it back she can still glide down, the landing will be a bitch but she is confident she can make it. “Athena, clear the hangar.” She decided to notify Gibraltar of their situation, “I’m running on
fumes and if the engines die on me I might be coming in a bit hot.”

“Roger that, notifying agents right away.” Athena responds then starts broadcasting a Watchpoint wide warning, “All agents, all agent. Prepare the main hangar and landing pad for an emergency landing. Rogue just notified me of running low on fuel and she might not be able to do a VTOL landing.”
Emily first got scared at Athena’s broadcast then surprised at how fast and efficient everyone was moving when she followed Torbjorn and Brigitte to the hangar and the Orca was nowhere in sight with an arresting net now being attached to the far sides of the opened gates. Angela was in her Valkyrie with full medical equipment in arms reach, Torbjorn, Brigitte, and Reinhardt on standby near fire-extinguishing gear. Noticing her expression Winston walks closer, “Don’t worry Emily,” he smiles as he puts his arm on her shoulder, “this is just in case. I’m sure Rogue will land just fine.”

“Yes,” Emily smiles back, if a bit bitterly, “If she is anything, she is a master pilot.” They spot the plane coming in but is still high up. Too high for a normal landing. Next thing they notice is the smoke coming from the exhausts suddenly cutting off. “Oh, no.” Emily covers her mouth with her hands.

“Shit!” Rogue curses, “That’s that for our fuel.” She turns her head to look at the back, “Hang tight, we are going in hot!!!” And she pushes the nose down to pick up more speed and try to land more smoothly, counting on the arresting web to stop them. They glide and pick more speed and when she is sure she will touch down on the pad she pulls the nose back up to use the entire craft as an air brake but rear landing gear still hits the ground a bit harder then she wanted but she doesn’t waste time and pushes the nose back down so that the front ones touch the ground too.

“THEY ARE TOO FAST!!! TAKE COVER!!!” Winston roars, grabs Emily around her waist and jumps to the side. Everyone else does the same and dives out of the way as the plane barrels into the web that wraps around its front but it starts giving out and the part of the wall where it was attached start to break away.

“STOOOP!!! YOU PIECE OF TALON’S SHIT!!!!” Rogue shouts as she buries her foot into the brakes and tires on the landing gear squeal as they try to stop the plane. The far wall of the hangar is getting closer and closer and she braces for impact but it never comes. The tip of the nose touches the wall but the plane finally comes to a stop. “Haaaaaa,” she exhales and collapses in her seat, then turns her head to look at Linn, and chuckles, “Well, that could’ve gone better.”

“You think?” Linn raises an eyebrow and they both explode into laughter.

Outside, Reinhardt and Brigitte start hosing the blazing hot brakes to prevent any fire from breaking out while Torbjorn mans the valves. Winston still holding Emily jumps on the front of it to check on the pilots. Once Emily gets her footing he releases her and she pounds the windshield with her first, “Have you gone completely off your rocker?”

Rogue only shrugs and smiles, when she reads her lips as the cockpit is quite soundproof, “Love you.”

“Love you too.” Emily does the same then kisses her fingers and plants the kiss on the windshield. Rogue waits for her to remove her hand then peels the kiss off the glass and pockets it in her pocket, putting both of her hands over it while smiling at Emily. Winston then waves at the two
pilots and picks up Emily then jumps off the plane.

In the back of the plane, Gabriel starts to hand crank the back ramp open as the fuel also powers the craft and without power, there is no pressure in the pistons that move the ramp otherwise. “That woman is something else,” he comments as Amélie joins him, “I don’t remember anyone attempting yet alone pulling off this landing. They all rather put it into the ocean and wait for rescue.”

“I think that they both are,” Amélie nods, “real masters of their craft.”

“I for one had full trust in her,” Olivia smirks as she joins them when the ramp opens completely.

“Mhm,” Gabriel raises an eyebrow, “That’s why Amélie’s hand is even more blue than usual from you holding it so tightly?”

“Fine, I was scared shitless,” Olivia admits, “Happy now?”

“Delighted.” Gabriel grins then turns to look outside when Angela comes running and calls for them.

“Anyone hurt?” she asks, hands full of medical equipment. “That was quite a rough landing.”

“No, I believe that apart from being a bit shaken, we are all fine,” Satya answers when she, Hana and Lucio reach the top of the ramp.

“Oh, Mrs. Vaswani.” Angela’s eyes go wide, “and Mr. Santos too. What are you guys doing here?”

“They were offered to be part of the team by Rogue.” Hana chirps when she wraps her arm around Olivia’s waist to calm her shaking.

“You are more than welcome,” Winston says when he and Emily join Angela.

“I must say that it’s an honor, Mrs. Vaswani,” Angela offers her a handshake when they walk down the ramp, “I’ve read all your articles and your work is amazing.”

“Thank you, Dr. Zeigler,” Satya shakes her hand, “But my achievements pale in comparison to yours.”

“You look somewhat shaken,” Angela notices her a bit pale complexion, “Is something wrong?”

“I just found out what my former employer really did,” Satya answers, “But I got a new one now.” Then smiles and gestures towards Rogue who was walking down the ramp while talking to Linn.

“Ah,” Angela smiles, “so you will be joining Roguewatch.”

“Roguewatch?” Lucio laughs then turns to look at Rogue, “Like being edgy?”

“If the uniforms and how this guy,” Rogue laughs back and flicks her head towards Gabriel “looks like, haven’t clued you in yet, then I don’t know what will?”

“Is it really that bad?” Gabriel asks Jesse and Genji who came to greet them.

“Boss,” Jesse puffs his cigarillo, “you were riding the line back in Blackwatch, but now you are firmly in the edge lord department.” And they all laugh at that.

Then Rogue blinks next to them, “Hey, Jesse.”
“What is it darlin’?” He responds to her call.

“Got one more of those?” she gestures at his cigarillo, “I fancy one right now.”

“Sure,” he nods and holds his jacket open, “Here.”

“Thanks, love,” she thanks him and pulls one out of his inside pocket and lights it up. “Haaaaa,” she exhales, slowly releasing the smoke from her lungs.

“Since when do you smoke?” Emily wraps her arms around Rogue.

“It’s nothing regular, just when it strikes me fancy.” Rogue answers, “And my nerves were shot after that landing.”

“Okay,” Emily can’t really say that she agrees, but if it helps her calm down she won’t openly oppose it. “By the way, I’m all packed.” She pecks Rogue’s cheek.

“Then let’s go!” Rogue punches the air.
Rogue wants to put her plan to make good on her promise to Emily, in action but a few things need to be ticked off first. But her amazing fiancé already has her covered.

While Rogue was riled up enough to just grab Emily in a princess carry and bolt, she had enough wits about her to consider a few crucial steps. First, pack some clothes. That was checked by Emily. Second, get from Gibraltar to Arizona. Uh, oh. The engines on the one and only means of free transport are history and she can't take the massive Orca out for this. But nothing is lost yet because she remembers that back in the day Overwatch had a two-seater jet for high ranking officers to fly to meetings with UN and other officials that had their greasy fingers in how things were run. “Oooo, Wìininston,” she purrs and blinks next to him, looking at him with upturned eyes.

Fully aware that her calling him like that could mean only one thing, he rolls his eyes and looks at her with a small smile tugging at his lips because it also reminds him of old Lena, “Yes, Rogue?”

“Any chance that two-seater is still running? Kind of need to fly to Arizona but that,” she points to the gunship, “girl is not going anywhere anytime soon.”

“It should be here, but,” he remembers the plane she is mentioning, “it’s mothballed and I don’t think it’s in any condition to fly. Athena?” and turns to his trusty friend to provide more information.

“What you were saying was true, Winston,” Athena responds, “but a certain redhead planned ahead and between me and her, we got it ready to go at any time.” She says redhead with a cheery tone of voice and both Winston and Rogue turn in perfect sync to look at Emily who is wearing a face-wide grin, arms crossed but that changes into a bracing for impact posture when she sees Rogue lowering her posture, ‘Oh, shit! Here we go.’ And just as she guessed it, Rogue barrels at her with all the gentleness of a freight train going full speed. But she figured out a way to keep the force to a minimum by slightly sidestepping and spinning on her heels full circle to kill the momentum Rogue picks up as she sprints and jumps at her like that.

“Did I ever tell that you are one amazing girlfriend?” Rogue chuckles, arms around Emily’s neck, legs around her waist.

“I got the general idea when you proposed, but I don’t mind you saying it again,” Emily smirks, hands on her fiancé’s cute behind.

Seeing them, Linn, Brigitte, Olivia, Hana and Lucio all have the same idea when they smirk to each other, then make the funnels out of their hands in front of their mouths and shout in sync across the hangar, “Gaaaaay!!!”

“And proud of it!!!” Rogue shouts back with both arms in the air as if she just won the first place in a competition, wearing a face-wide smile. Hangar shakes from laughter that resulted from that little comedy play.

Jesse walks closer to Rogue and Emily when he caught Rogue mentioning Arizona, “You guys
going to cash in that gift of mine?”

“That’s the plan,” Rogue climbs off Emily then winks at her when she makes a mock sad face, “Don’t worry love, once we get there, this arse,” she lightly spanks herself, when she turned her back towards her, “is all yours for a month.”

Emily wraps her arms around Rogue’s waist from behind, kisses her neck, “Whole month? You sure you will last that long?” They both chuckle at that and then look at Jesse, Emily leaning her chin on Rogue’s shoulder.

“Then please call Ashe,” he asks after rolling his eyes at their play, “or she will string me up next time we meet, because like I said, she was all smiles and giggles when I told her who and why I’m getting those passes for.”

“Might as well get that out of the way right away then,” Rogue nods, then chuckles when Jesse spins on his heels.

“Aaaand I’m out.” And starts walking away with rushing steps.

“Aw, don’t wanna talk to your girlfriend?” Rogue teases as she dials.

Chocking first, he spins around again and looks at her with stern eyes but the color on his cheeks betrays him, “She is not my girlfriend.” Then with a huff, he resumes his walk.

Rogue looks at Emily still leaning on her shoulder, and smiles “We need to do something about those two.”

“Sweet, you’ve just read my mind.” Emily smiles back.

“Caledonia Resort, how may I help you?” a woman’s voice answers Rogue’s call with a practiced response.

“Oh, yes, sorry,” Rogue scrambles when her thoughts were miles away from this call, “Ro…” and she wants to introduce herself as Rogue but Jesse probably made the reservation with her real name, “Lena here, I was told I had a reservation and to ask for Mrs. Caledonia when I decided to cash in my gift card.”

“Last name, please.”

“Oxton.”

“Yes, I do see you have the reservation for two for a month. Is that correct?”

“Sounds about right. And about the other part?”

“One moment, I’ll transfer your call. Have a nice day.” The woman responds then before Rogue can respond she can hear the tone that indicates that her call is being transferred somewhere else.

“Caledonia residence. How may I help you?” an omnic seems to pick up the phone this time but the depth of his voice indicates that its male by gender.

“Bob? This is Lena Oxton, I was told to call.” Rogue guesses who might he be.

“Hello, Mrs. Oxton,” he greets her back and his voice grows quite cheery, “Yes, I was notified to expect your call. I assume you want to talk to Elizabeth?”
“That’s right.” Rogue responds and smiles at Emily and mouths, ‘I like him already.’ Then continues, “Is she available?”

“Wait one moment. I’ll go get her.” Bob answers then put down the phone and Rogue can hear heavy steps walking away then a woman shouting, “I told you to leave me alone when I’m busy BOB!!!” Then he seems to say something back but it was too quiet for Rogue make out, “Then why didn’t you say so right away, you bucket of bolts?!” The woman shouts again and Rogue chuckles because Bob can also be short for that. Next thing she hears is rushed steps of high heels and the phone being picked up, “Hello? Lena, is that you darlin’?!” Ashe asks.

Rogue openly laughs now because the way she said darlin’ is almost the same as Jesse says it, “Yes, it’s me.”

“You and your lovely fiancé coming here then?”

“That’s the plan. And Jesse told me to call you first.”

“How is he? He never calls, unless he needs something.”

“Ran for the hills as soon as I started dialing.”

“Sounds like him, yeah. I’m gonna leash that man one of these days, just to have a normal conversation with him.”

“Sounds like you two have quite a history,” Rogue chuckles, “but anyway. I’m planning to fly there. Got a place to land a small two-seater nearby?”

“Tell you all about it when you get here,” Ashe responds and Rogue can clearly picture her grin from her tone. “And yes, we have a large landing pad on the top of the main building.”

“Gotcha. See you soon then.”

“See you soon and once you get to the reception tell them to call me and I’ll come to get you or I’ll send Bob if I’m busy.” Ashe then ends the call.

“Something tells me this is going to be one interesting month.” Rogue laughs as she looks at her phone then at Emily.

“I think you might be right, sweet.” Emily returns the smile.

“Give me some room,” Rogue asks her and gently pushes out of her embrace. She then inhales deeply and puts her thumb and middle finger in her mouth and whistles loudly, ‘Rougewatch! Gather around for a minute.” And calls for her team, drawing a circle above her head with her arm.
Vacation starts

Chapter Summary

Rogue gathers her team and they all tell her their plans for the time she and Emily will be at the resort.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Emily gives Rogue one more kiss the excuses herself to carry their suitcases to the jet that is being warmed up by Athena in one of the auxiliary hangars. Other members of Roguewart soon gather in a semi-circle with Rogue as a focal point.

“Alright,” she claps her hands, “So, me and Emily will be gone for a month. What do you guys plan to do in the meantime?”

“I was asked by Queen to use my skills to improve the conditions in Junkertown on our way here.” Satya is first to respond, “So I thought I’ll busy myself with that if she is still up for it.” And looks at Queen.

“Absolutely,” she nods, “Thank you.”

“Think nothing of it,” Satya shakes her head with a smile, “We are a team after all.”

“I see you already figured out what this team is about,” Rogue chuckles and winks, getting a nod from Satya in return. “That’s two, and you guys?” she looks at Gabriel who is flanked by Amélie and Olivia.

“I was planning to take these two,” he gestures to them, “and get that move back in London done. Maybe Jamison and Mako too. So we can do it by ourselves.”

“Okay,” Rogue nods then smirks, “But let Amélie and Olivia pick the décor because I really don’t want the entire place to be black.”

“Fuck you!” Gabriel growls back but there is no heat in his tone.

“Plan to.” Rogue grins, “A lot.” Causing a wave of laughter to wash over the group. Then she looks at Linn, “Didn’t hear a beep out of you yet.”

“Well, if I can, I would like to stay here with Brigitte.” Linn shyly says.

“Of course you can,” Rogue smiles at her, “I’m going off with my love so who am I to prevent you from being with yours?”

“Okay, then that’s where I’ll be.” Linn smiles back and nods.

“Sounds to me we all have things planned. Stay safe out there and Olivia,” Rogue focuses on her, “keep me posted if Talon gets too twitchy, okay?”
“I’m all over it.” Olivia grins.

“Then let the month-long vacation for Roguewatch begin!” Rogue punches the air as she shouts then gives them her signature two-finger salute and blinks after Emily.

“There they go,” Jack grunts as he and Ana help the rest of the Overwatch clean up the hangar after Rogue’s landing, “leaving us to clean up their mess.”

“They are young,” Ana smiles, “let them enjoy their lives.” Then taps her dart pistol when Jack looks at her with disapproving eyes. Getting the message loud and clear he just returns to work without another word.

On another end of the hangar, Linn joins Brigitte, Reinhardt, and Torbjorn as they clean up the water they sprayed over the brakes. “Heya, love,” she kisses Brigitte’s cheek when she walks to her.

“Don’t,” Brigitte recoils, “I’m dirty.”

“In more ways than one,” Linn winks and laughs with Reinhardt while Torbjorn just coughs, clearing a sudden obstruction in his throat. “After this, what’s the plan? I just got a month of free time.”

“A month huh?” Brigitte thinks for a moment, “Hey, papa,” then calls for Torbjorn.

“Yes?” he responds and stops mopping.

“You think we could go back home and introduce Linn to mama and the others?” Brigitte asks.

“And I shall accompany you.” Reinhardt booms immediately.

“I already know that I’ll regret this,” Torbjorn grumbles and shakes his head, “But yes. Once we finish this and if Winston doesn’t have a need for us anymore we can go.”

“You will love it, little one,” Reinhardt picks Linn up and she needs to grab his shoulder to stay on his arm as he grabbed her beneath her knees and she is sitting on his forearm. “Ingrid’s cooking is amazing and they have such a warm household.”

‘Ingrid?’ Linn silently mouths at Brigitte and gets a silent ‘My mama.’ In response. She then turns back to Reinhardt, “Was Rogue ever there?”

“Don’t think so,” Reinhardt thinks for a second then looks at Torbjorn, “Was she?”

“No,” Torbjorn shakes his head, “But she never really had a reason to come, anyway.”

Jesse notices Gabriel walking deeper inside the Watchpoint while he was talking to Genji and Zenyatta, and shouts after him, “Hey Boss,” and when he turns to him, “Where are you guys headed for the time off?”

“London,” Gabriel answers, “Got something to take care of.”
“Mind if I tag along?” Jesse asks, “Got nothing better to do anyway.”

“Sure, why not. We could use a jester.” Gabriel smirks and waves his hand for Jesse to follow them.

“Hey now,” Jesse, “I more than a jester.”

“But not by much,” Genji joins them too, “Can we come along too?”

“You, sure, but is Zenyatta sure that it’s a good idea?” Gabriel asks, “We are going to Row’s and Amélie here was the one that put a bullet through his brother’s head.”

“I…” Amélie wants to say something, but can’t find the correct words and lowers her head.

“You don’t need to say anything and lift your head.” Zenyatta comes to her rescue, “I can sense the change in you, and even if I am still angry about the loss of my brother, if you would be prepared to accompany me to his memorial and honor his memory with me, I would be likewise prepared to turn a new chapter in my own story.”

“Master, she…” Genji wants to intervene but Amélie cuts him off.

“Yes, I would.” She nods firmly, “Perhaps it will help me to come to terms with my own loss.”

“Guess that plus three for London then.” Gabriel shrugs and they continue on their way.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, as you can see I've set this up in a way that I'll need to juggle five different locations at the same time. So if chapters come a bit late it's because I'm checking them for consistency between the locations and that they are placed correctly in the timeline.
Rogue and Emily get on their way, but Emily seems to have different ideas about how the flight there should be spent.

Rogue reaches the auxiliary hangar just as Emily finished putting their suitcases in the small cargo hold in the belly of the aircraft. “Ready?” she asked, walking closer.

“Mhm,” Emily nods and when she looks at Rogue, the latter can see that her face is a bit tinged with red and her eyes are a bit glossy. But before Rogue can ask her about it she winks, gestures with her finger for Rogue to come closer then bolts for the cockpit.

“If that’s how you want to play it,” Rogue grins and runs towards the cockpit, skipping a step or two as she climbs up to it. As she climbs into her seat, she can see Emily all strapped in, her hands between her thighs which she is squeezing together hard. Fully aware what is wrong with her she decides to let her wait and sits down in her seat, straps in and starts the craft. Engine purr to life and obeying Rogue’s input they increase their output, gently lifting them off the ground and hovering outside. Once there, Rogue increases the throttle and pulls the nose up and they are off.

Emily held to about the time they reached the cruising altitude then growled in low voice, “Put it in hover.”

Rogue smirks teasingly and asks while keeping her eyes focused on the sky ahead of them, “What was that, love? Didn’t quite catch it.”

“Put. It. In. Hover.” Emily repeats but says every word individually. Rogue can hear the click that means that she unstrapped her seatbelt.

And she has just about enough time to switch on the Hover mode and unstrap herself as Emily jumps her with hungry eyes and starts frenching her like there is no tomorrow. “Somebody…is…feeling…a bit…frisky.” Rogue gets out between the kisses and grins.

“First, I need to…wait…to recover…then you bolt for a mission…and…just…as I thought I’ll finally…get some time…with you…you turn right around…and…head out again.” Emily gasps between her words as Rogue’s hands explore all the right places when they find their way beneath her shirt. “So, haaaaa, excuse me, if I want you right here, right now.” She exhaled when Rouge finds a particularly sensitive spot.

“Not complaining,” Rogue focuses on the spot that made her gasp so delightfully, “Just, couldn’t you wait until we get to the resort and in a proper bed?”

“And not with…mmmmmm.” Emily wants to say something but Rogue’s caress and something else robs her of the ability to form coherent words.

Rogue finds out what that something is when she feels that there is something vibrating and it’s not
coming from below which would mean it’s the aircraft but from where Emily is pressing her hips against hers. “You cheeky little…” she wants to scold her but gets cut off when Emily playfully bites at her neck and it sends pleasant jolts down her spine, shutting her up in a moment.

“Glad that’s still the same,” Emily hums into her neck and Rouge can feel her grin on her skin while she kisses the spot she bit.

Things quickly devolve from there and that aircraft didn’t move from that spot for a while.

“Thanks, love,” Rogue breaths deeply when Emily flops back into her seat, “I needed that more than I thought I did.”

“Same here, sweet, same here.” Emily is catching her breath too. And they both start fishing around the cockpit for their clothes that got flung in all directions.

“Guess that’s one thing to tick off our Do it in: list.” Rogue chuckles as she pulls her pants back on.

Emily plays along and after she pulls her shirt on, makes a ticking off gesture in the air with her hand, “Do it in a hovering aircraft high up in the sky.” And it makes them both laugh as they finish dressing up.

Once dressed and strapped back into their seats, Rogue switches off the Hover mode and they continue on their way towards their destination with wide satisfied grins on their faces.

“Unknown aircraft, unknown aircraft, identify or we open fire.” The air control that is keeping watch over the sky over the resort drones Rogue and Emily close in.

“AC, this is Lena Oxton, I believe I have a reservation here,” Rogue responds quickly as this two-seater is not a combat craft and if they really have anti-air weaponry she doesn’t want to take any risks. Especially with Emily on board with her.

After a few short moments, the control comes back, “I indeed have your name here. Proceed to the landing pad on your 1 o’clock and welcome to Caledonia Resort. We hope you will enjoy your stay.”

“Thank you, proceeding to the landing pad.” Rogue thanks them then directs the craft into a shallow dive to land as smoothly as she can. They are wheels down soon after and as soon as they climb out of the cockpit an omnic servant approaches them.

“Good day ladies,” he slightly bows, “My name is Charlie and if you will allow me, I will escort you to the reception.” Then spots Rogue and Emily pulling their suitcases out of the cargo hold and offers, “May I hold those for you?”

“Nah, love,” Rogue waves him off, “We got this. I’m Lena and,” she flicks her head towards Emily, “this gorgeous here is my fiancé, Emily.” Emily just has to reward that compliment with a kiss on Rogue’s cheek.

“Ah, Mrs. Oxton,” he chirps, “and your lovely fiancé. I must say you both have quite an eye.” He winks his mechanical eyelid then gestures towards the doors that lead inside the main building, “Now if you will follow me, we can proceed towards the reception and get you, ladies, all set up.”

The doors lead into an elevator that will take them to the ground floor. “According to my records,
this is your first time visiting us.” Charlie engages them in a conversation to pass the time during their ride downwards.

“It is yes,” Emily answers, “we got the passes as an engagement gift from our friend.”

After what looked like being lost in thought for a few moments, but was checking his records who they have a link to and was here before, Charlie exhales, “Oh, the cowboy.”

That causes both Rogue and Emily to laugh, “Judging from that reaction,” Rogue says, “he is well known in these parts.”

“Too well,” Charlie responds but cheerfulness returned to his tone, “The young mistress can’t stop rambling about him. On one hand, she wants to strangle him, on the other she gets all weak in the knees whenever she hears about him.”

“We definitely need to do something about those two.” Rogue nods firmly at Emily.

“If it’s this bad, yeah, we really must.” Emily agrees.

“Sounds to me, like you two are hatching a plan there.” Charlie inquires.

“Oh, yeah.” Rogue grins and a moment later elevator pings, indicating that it reached the bottom floor and the doors slide open.

“I hope you are successful, but now I must sadly part ways with your two lovely ladies.” Charlie bows again, then points to the counter across the massive lobby, “That there is the reception. Just say your name to the lady there and she will direct you from there.”

“Thanks, Charlie,” Rogue smiles and she and Emily exit the elevator, “See you around?”

“I’m always around.” He winks and the elevator doors close.

Chapter End Notes

Well, Rogue did reply to Gabriel with "Plan to." and "A lot." XD

On another note: I decided that I'll make a chapter for each location in a specific order so until Rogue and Emily come up again, it all happens at the same time. I'll try to write them in a way that will make that obvious but might not be able to. Hence this little note.
Gabriel lays down the plan as they grab a quick bite and he and his group move on it.

Gabriel was leading his little group towards the cafeteria to grab a quick bite before they head for London. They reach the split where one of the ways leads to the med bay, “Olivia, could you check on Mako and Jamison and see if they are fit to come with us?”

“Will do,” she replies and wants to head where the two are recovering.

But, “That won’t be necessary. Mr. Rutledge and Mr. Fawkes still have a week to go before they are cleared. Orders from Dr. Zeigler.” Athena informs them.

“Can’t go against doc’s orders. Even Rogue doesn’t dare,” Gabriel smirks and they all continue walking.

“Indeed,” Athena adds, sounding mischievous, “Before the good doctor, even the mightiest kneel.” That gets a good laugh out of the group and they reach the cafeteria after a minute.

Grabbing themselves some sandwiches and drinks they sit down and munch on them. “Alright, so here’s the plan once we reach London,” Gabriel starts to lay down a plan, “Me and Jesse will scout that new place Rogue and Olivia found, while she and Genji head to the old place and start boxing things. And Olivia,” he focuses his sight on her, “if things are private, let them stay that way.”

“Of course, Gabe,” Olivia nods, not a hint of her usual cockiness in her voice, assuring Gabriel that she is serious.

He then turns his attention to Amélie, “I believe you and Zenyatta have a little business to take care of, so do that first then rejoin us at the old place to help with the move.”

Both she and Zenyatta nod, silently agreeing that they will go and visit Mondatta’s memorial as suggested by Zenyatta when he and Genji joined the group. Both facing their respective demons head-on.

“Athena,” Gabriel calls for her next, “could you ask Winston if we could get a lift to London because one of our pilots is halfway to Arizona by now and the other one is staying here?”

“Actually,” Athena responds, “Linn is going to Sweden with Brigitte, Torbjorn, and Reinhardt so she can pilot the Orca and drop you guys off on her way there.”

“Might as well,” he shrugs, then smirks, “She is moving fast, though. What’s next? Her proposing to Brigitte before the month is out?”

“Wouldn’t surprise me in the slightest.” Athena chirps back and earns another laugh from the group for her efforts.

With all the boxes ticked the group gets on their way. First enjoy a pleasant flight to London, which they know they can contribute to Brigitte sitting in co-pilots seat and keeping a watchful eye
on everything Linn does. Because if she didn’t and they are willing to bet on that, especially Olivia, they wouldn’t get to keep those sandwiches they just ate before the flight, down.

Once they say their goodbyes to the group heading for Sweden they gather up. “You all know the plan, so see you all back in Rogue’s current place,” Gabriel says and they split up to their respective tasks.

“So, Boss,” Jesse engages the conversation after they walk for a few streets without a beep from either of them, “you guys got really close, if Rogue is willing to let you deal with the move.”

“I guess,” Gabriel shrugs, “Wasn’t sure how it will end up, but I was sure I had my fill with Talon’s bullshit. So when word came over the speakers back in Italy that she is on her way, I took the chance, grabbed Olivia and Amélie and we stuck to Rogue since then.”

“Any regrets?” Jesse asks.

“Just one,” Gabriel shows his index finger, “That someone like Lena had to end up like that for us to move our asses.” He clenches his jaw and looks at his fist when he recalls what Talon put her through while they had their hands on her.

“I hear you, Boss,” Jesse nods, “She, of all people, didn’t deserve that.”

Gabriel nods and smiles when he looks at Jesse, “Yeah, and then she goes and thanks me, Amélie and Olivia. Like we can ever match how much she did and is still doing for us three.”

“She is just a natural for those sorts of things,” Jesse agrees, “Still remember how she reacted when she saw me lose my arm.”

“Can’t say I heard about that yet.” Gabriel encourages him to continue.

“Was nothing much, but at the same time, everything.” Jesse looks at his cybernetic arm, “She walks into the med bay where I was lying in bed after Angela patched me up, my arm gone and in bandages. Takes one look at me, walks closer and wraps me in a hug. No words, nothing. Just a hug and held it for a while. This little woman that just came back from hell of her own is going out of her way to comfort an outlaw like me.”

“Bet you cried.” Gabriel chuckles and playfully bumps his shoulder.

“Like a baby, Boss. Like. A. Baby.” Jesse nods. “And she only tightened her hug a bit and waited until my eyes dried out. Felt like new afterward so I owe her big for that one.”

“Don’t we all, don’t we all.” Gabriel throws his arm around Jesse’s shoulder and they reach the place where they plan to move soon after.
"For the last time, I'm Swedish!"

Chapter Summary

Let's meet more Lindholm's shall we?

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the lack of updates past few days, was just putting my ideas in order. Got a good one for this Swedish party if you want to call it that so I thought I'll share it with you. Still ironing out the Queen and Satya part and Gibraltar one, but I think that I might merge the two for the first part.

Then it's back to Arizona where Rogue and Emily will meet Ashe in person for the first time. And I got a few good ideas about what to do with them. Oh, and Bob. Let's not forget about him. Hehe

After they dropped Gabriel and his group off, Linn takes the Orca back to the skies and directs it towards Sweden. After a somewhat short and uneventful flight during which she could feel a watchful gaze of Brigitte sitting next to her she brings it down on the landing pad that Torbjorn built for ease of transport as their estate, which he got partly from the Guild, partly when he retired from Overwatch for his hard work, is surrounded by kilometers of wilderness. But instead of being frightened by its remoteness, Linn is charmed by how beautiful the scenery is and how cozy house looks and she only saw it through the windshield so far.

Hearing the noise that the jet engines produced Ingrid comes out to check who came, with one of her grandchildren clinging to her skirt while clutching a plush toy with her other hand and pressing it tightly to her chest. But her shyness evaporates when the back ramp lowers and she sees her grandpa Torbjorn walking towards them while chatting with the big uncle Reinhardt. She lets go of Ingrid’s skirt and trots on her short legs towards them, “Grandpa! Grandpa!” She calls, arms stretched out towards him, one still holding the plush toy and a bright smile on her face.

“Matilda,” Torbjorn opens his arms wide to receive his granddaughter's hug, a big smile on his face as well. Once she jumps into his arms, “Have you been behaving while I was away?” he teases her.

“I was!” she doesn’t waste a moment to respond with wide cheerful eyes, nodding. But then she sees someone past his shoulder and starts to tap his arm with urgency, “Let me down, let me down.”

He does as asked while wondering what caught her attention this much.

Brigitte left the cockpit as soon as they touched down and left Linn to wraps things up on her own as she knows only a little what pilots need to do before and after the flight and wouldn’t be much help to her anyway. She walked down the ramp just as Matilda was being lowered to the ground by Torbjorn and sees her looking her way with wide eyes as she starts to run towards her. “Hi, Matilda, came to say hi to your fav-” she wants to greet her and kneels to hug her niece but stops as
she runs right past her. Following her with her sight, she soon sees who she was aiming for. Linn finished her post-flight check and was now on top of the ramp.

“Ohmygodohmygod,” Matilda shakes with excitement, looking up at her when she reached her, “Ican’tbelieveit.It’sTracer!”

Linn kneels down to level their eyes and smiles, “Hello there. I don’t believe we met yet.”

“Nowedidn’tbutIknoweverythingaboutyou.I’mahugefan.” Matilda keeps stringing her words as she shakes her head hundred miles per hour.

“What’s your name, then?” Linn keeps her gentle smile and winks, “But take a deep breath first, okay? I’m having trouble understanding you if you talk so fast.”

“Uuuuuh, haaaaaa.” Matilda takes a deep breath, “Sorry, I’m just so excited to finally meet you in person. I’m Matilda.” She can’t keep her excitement in check anymore and throws herself at Linn, hugging her around her neck.

Linn wraps one arm under her knees, cradling her on her arm and slowly gets up, “Hi Matilda and can I let you in on a little secret?” she asks with a wink and when Matilda nods with wide eyes, “I’m not actually Tracer, I’m her twin sister, Linn. She did tell me to use that name for now, though.” She can see Matilda’s face visibly fall as she realizes she got the wrong person. “But we do look exactly the same and I don’t mind if you call me Tracer.” Matilda nods and cheers up a bit but disappointment is still visible on her face, “And if you want to hear it I got another secret for you.” Matilda’s eyes go wide and she nods with a bright smile. “On the second thought, I’ll rather show you, okay?” Another excited nod. “But we will need your aunt Brigitte for that. Want to call her for me?”

Matilda nods then turned her head and looked for Brigitte and when she finds her, “Auntie Brigitte, can you come here please?”

Brigitte, overhearing then already has a pretty good idea what Linn wants to show Matilda and she walks closer, “Yes?” but acts clueless.

Linn uses her free arm to pull her closer and kisses her. It’s a short kiss but the expression of pure happiness on Matilda tells her it was more than enough, “As you can see, I’m Brigitte’s girlfriend.”

“Auntie Brigitte is dating Tracer?!” Matilda starts to shake from excitement again, eyes wide and a big smile on her face. Then she taps Linn’s arm with the same urgency she did Torbjorn’s, “Let me down, let me down.” Linn complies and once she has solid ground under her feet she makes a beeline for the entrance to the house and doesn’t even wait for them to close behind her as she yells on top of her lungs, “AUNTIE BRIGITTE IS DATING TRACER!!!”

“Now look what you’ve done.” Brigitte muses as she and Linn walk towards the entrance, ramp closing behind them and engines on the Orca start as Athena takes over the piloting and will bring the Orca back to Gibraltar.

Torbjorn and Reinhardt already greeted Ingrid and went inside when Linn and Brigitte reach the doors, “Hi, mama.” Brigitte wraps her mother in a hug, which she returns.

And after they separate Ingrid looks at her, “Can’t say I saw that coming. Not after you stubbornly refused everyone’s advances before. Always saying that you are too busy with your work for that.”

“Did she now?” Linn smirks, arms crossed, slightly leaned away from Brigitte, giving her a sidelong look.
“Oh, stop iiiiiiii…” Brigitte wants to punch Linn’s shoulder but when she dodged, her momentum carried her further and she ends up tripping.

But Linn to the rescue and she catches her, holding her around her waist with one arm while the other one supports her back, holding her as if she just spun her during dancing. “Definitely not when it gets you so cutely flustered.” She teases her, Brigitte’s cheeks going a bit redder.

“Kh, khm.” Ingrid clears her throat, getting their attention then smiles gently, “I can see why you chose her but I think now is hardly the time or place for you two to flirt.”

“Haha,” Linn chuckles, then pulls, now quite red in the face, Brigitte upright, “Ups.” She scratches the back of her head. “I’m Linn Oxton, ma’am.” She introduces herself to her.

“Ingrid Lindholm,” she introduces herself back, “Call me Ingrid,” she asks then winks, “or if you want, mom.”

“Mama!” Brigitte’s face goes even redder and she fiddles the hem of her shirt.

“If it gets this kind of reaction out of her, I just might.” Linn smiles and winks back, wrapping her arm around Brigitte’s waist.
Gibraltar's gym

Not wanting to cramp up the Orca, the last two members of Roguewatch that have yet to leave the Watchpoint Gibraltar decided to find something to occupy themselves with while they wait for the Orca to return from Sweden and gets ready for the long flight to Australia. Queen decided to pump some iron in the gym while Satya headed to the garden to practice her hard light skill.

Queen headed back to her room and changed into a pair of sweatpants with Overwatch logo on one of the leggings and a t-shirt that has a similar logo on the left side of the chest. She also changes her footwear into a pair of sneakers that are also sporting the same logo. “Overwatch issued, huh?” She chuckles then picks up one of the towels and flips it on her shoulder and leaves the room. She reaches the gym in no time but once she enters she sees that there is someone working up a sweat too. “Hello, Fareeha, was it?” she greets the Egyptian as she does her reps.

“Oh,” Fareeha gets startled as she wasn’t really expecting anyone here at this time of day. She releases the bar and wipes the sweat off her forehead, “Yes, I’m Fareeha. Thinking of working out a bit too?”

“Yes, did quite a bit back in Junkertown,” Queen nods, walking closer, “Kinda had to, to stay in shape if anyone got too smart for their own good.”

“Need me to show you around or are you familiar with the equipment?” Fareeha stands up and offers.

“I think I got it, thanks.” Queen thanks her for the offer then after she did some quick stretching sits down at the gear that is designed to work your shoulders and upper arms and after giving it one pull, “What baby worked with this little weight?” she smirks and walks behind it and doubles the amount of weights, not aware that the last person using it was Fareeha who is now looking at her with wide eyes. Queen sits back down and gives it another go, “Better, if I do it with one arm, that is.” She grins and pulls the handlebar with one arm with ease.

“What are you made of?” Fareeha says her thoughts out loud, frozen in place still looking at Queen with big eyes.

“Sorry, what was that?” Queen turns her head to look at her while doing her reps.

“No-nothing.” Fareeha realizes that she just said that out loud and backtracks.

But Queen has her wits about her so she realizes what Fareeha is saying, “Sorry but I guess we melee fighters rely more on brute strength than some flying armor.”

Despite seeing Queen pulls twice the weight she is able to and do it with one arm, Fareeha can’t take that jab lying down, “Want to put your money where your mouth is and go for few rounds in the ring?” she challenges her, with a clenched fist and narrowed eyes.

“No now you’re are singing my song,” Queen grins fiercely, and after releasing the bar she stands up, turns to fully face Fareeha and punches her palm with her fist. “Better call the good doctor to oversee it, because you might need her to patch you up.”

“We’ll see who needs patching up.” Fareeha grins back just as fiercely but still tells Athena to call for Angela to oversee their sparring match. ‘Better safe than sorry.’

While waiting for Angela to arrive they gear up. Taping their hands and putting on a pair of boxing
gloves. They were both in the middle of stretching exercises when Angela arrives and greets them.

The two fighters enter the ring and Angela mediates as a judge. She goes through the rules, quite a few of them causing Queen to groan in disappointment. But she still accepts and agrees on them all. Once ready and the two fighters greet each other she signals the start of the first of three rounds then needs to leap away as Queen and Fareeha launch at each other like two rabid beasts. Fareeha opens with a flurry of punches and they are landing all over Queen’s face. Of course, they are, she never put up her arms to defend.

‘This is as good as won.’ Fareeha smiles on the inside when another of her straights land and hits Queen in the head. But something makes her stop. Something feels off. She stops, puts her arms up in guard then slowly steps away.

“Done already?” Queen grins while bleeding from her brow and lower lip. But she waves off Angela when she wants to help her. “Guess it’s my turn then.” She closes the distance between her and Fareeha in a single leap and fakes going for a straight aimed at her face with her left arm while there is a cross coming in for Fareeha’s flank with her right. Fareeha’s eyes go wide and all air is pushed out of her lungs when it connects and is thrown across the ring when she completely falls for the fake. “Stay down,” Queen growls at her when she tries to get back to her feet, holding the spot where Queen’s punch landed, “I can teach you how to punch like that but for now let the doc patch up your ribs that I felt go.”

Fareeha slams her fist at the ground then twitches when the pain from her flank spikes when she nods at Queen admitting defeat. Angela leaps into action and Queen to kneels next to her too, “Sorry, but I probably should’ve warned you. I’m a melee fighter, meaning I do everything up close and personal. Yes, I have weapons but they are a mere extension of my body which I toned over many years fighting in the arena back in Junkertown.” She explains, “Oh, don’t look at me like that.” She smirks when she sees the stink eyes Fareeha is giving her, “You have technique, I’ll give you that, but what you lack is the strength to back it up. And like I said if you want, I’m ready and willing to teach you.”

She offers a fist bump which Fareeha takes her up on then smiles, if somewhat sourly as she can barely breathe properly with her ribs in that state, “I guess now I know why you are the Queen. And, I will take you up on your offer. Once you come back from Junkertown.”

“I’m looking forward to it already,” Queen smiles when she nods, “And it should be easy because you made the groundwork already or that punch would send a piece rib into your lung.” She notices Fareeha looking at her with knit brow, so she explains, “It’s meant to kill, not to injure. You are one of the few that survived it and the only one so far to only suffer a few cracked ribs. Sure, the padded gloves helped but without your build, that wouldn’t suffice.”

“I…” Fareeha is lost for words at that revelation, “I don’t really know how to take it.”

“As a compliment,” Queen laughs, “I meant it as one, but if you’ll excuse me,” she stands up and looks around the gym, “you got my blood pumping so I need to hit something. Repeatedly. Or I won’t calm down.” She grins when she finds a perfect target, a sandbag hanging in the corner.

“If you ever want to,” Angela calls for her attention while working her magic on Fareeha and her ribs are already knitting back together, “My doors are always open and we can talk about it.”

“I know, doc,” Queen nods after she looks at her, a bit of sadness leaking from her voice, “But I doubt there is much left that can be fixed in here.” She taps her head with her gloved hand. Then grabs the ring’s ropes and starts climbing out of it. “Been there for too long. I’m sure my folks would hate what’ve become if the saw me right now. But I did what I had to, to survive.”
waves at them over her shoulder as she walks away and towards the sandbag.

“Can’t save them all, Angie.” Fareeha says when she reads her lover’s expression as she looks at Queen’s retreating form, like an open book and gets to her feet after Angela finishes knitting her ribs back together.

Angela looks at her and smiles one of her tired smiles, “First Genji, then Lena, now Queen. Makes me wonder how much did we really help back in the days when we were treated as this beacon of hope and how many kids ended up like that because of our actions. Because of my actions.”

“Don’t torture yourself like that,” Fareeha smiles and pulls her into a hug, “You are saving lives left, right and center and until you find a way to be at multiple places at once, there is only so much you can do.”

“It’s…” Angela wants to retort but Fareeha squeezing her hug a bit tighter cuts her off.

“Shhhh,” she whispers in her ear, “I need to shower,” she then leans away to look in Angela’s eyes and winks with a mischievous smile plastered on her face, “Want to join me?”

“I think someone else’s blood is pumping too hard for their own good too.” Angela leans her forehead on Fareeha’s with a gentle smile, “I think you might need a more hands-on approach to cure this.”

“Would you two leave already or I might catch a bad case of diabetes?!” Queen jokingly shouts, laughing as she works the sandbag over with her fists.

Giggling like two schoolgirls they run to the shower room and don’t leave it for a while.
Rogue, Emily, Ashe and Bob

Chapter Summary

Rogue and Emily walk to the reception desk to check in but it would seem that Ashe has a different idea.

Rogue and Emily reach the reception desk, where they are greeted by a warm smile on a face of middle age woman, “Good day, ladies. How may I help you?”

“I’m Lena Oxton,” Rogue introduces herself, “I believe I have a reservation.”

“Let me check,” the receptionist responds and starts typing something, “Here we go.” She quips when she finds the information she was looking for. “Indeed you have a reservation but young miss Caledonia left a note that we are to call her when you arrive.” She looks at Rogue with apologetic eyes while saying that.

“Fine by me.” Rogue shrugs, “Go ahead.”

With Rogue giving her the green light, the receptionist nods first then picks up the phone and dials. “Pardon my intrusion, ma’am, but the guests you were expecting have arrived.” Rogue and Emily can hear Ashe shouting “BOOOB!!!” on the other side of the line and chuckle when the receptionist visibly twitches from it. “Yes…I will, yes…Thank you, ma’am, and have a nice day as well.” She then talks to Ashe about something and cuts the line. She then looks back at Rogue and Emily, “I’m sorry to inform you but it would seem that miss Caledonia plans to have you two stay at her private residence.”

“Nothing to apologize for,” Rogue waves her off, “I sort of saw it coming.” And smiles to cheer the remorseful looking receptionist up.

“In that case,” she smiles back with a nod before continuing, “She asked that you wait outside the main entrance and that she is sending someone to pick you up.”

Rogue and Emily look at each other and say in perfect sync, “Bob.” Which causes them all to chuckle and after they say their goodbyes to the receptionist, Rogue and Emily make their way outside.

“I wonder what kind of omnic is Bob.” Emily taps her chin as they wait for their pick up.

“Judging by the sound of his steps, I think he is pretty big.” Rogue answers and they spot a black anti-grav sedan turning towards them then stopping right in front of them.

“Guess we are about it find out,” Emily whispers to Rogue as the driver’s doors open.

“Bloody ‘ell!” Rogue curses when Bob exits the car and stand up, eyes going wide at his bulk.

“I apologize for startling you, Mrs. Oxton,” he bows his head as he walks around the front of the car and makes his way towards them.

“Sorry. It sort of escaped me.” Rogue apologizes, “I figured you were big, but not that big.”
“No need to apologize,” Bob fixes his cute little hat then winks, “My model was made with an intimidating factor in mind. It's why I was probably bought by young missus family. Now, if you will let me,” he bows again one arm behind his back, pointing towards their suitcases with the other, “May I take these off your hands and store them in the trunk?”

“Sure thing,” Rogue hands hers over and Emily follows suit a moment later.

Despite his bulk, Bob is quite agile as he manages to open the trunk, gently deposit their suitcase inside then make his way to the rear passenger doors and hold them open, gesturing towards the inside of the car with his arm, before Rogue and Emily even make it near the car down the flight of stairs that separate the road from the entrance. “If you would, ladies.” Then winks again, “As young missus would get quite loud if we were to dawdle around unnecessarily.”

Emily enters the car with a chuckle but Rogue lingers outside, “If you don’t mind, I would prefer to riding shotgun.” She asks Bob.

“And leave miss Emily all alone in the back?” He jokes and tilts his head. Emily picks up on his joke and pokes her head out to look at Rogue with wide opened upturned eyes.

“You see what she does to me?” Rogue points at her while looking at Bob.

Bob looks at Emily then back at Rogue, blinks his mechanical eyes lids and, “I believe that would one of those impossible to say No to, expressions?” plays dumb.

“And here I was, starting to like you.” Rogue playfully punches Bob’s shoulder, laughing then enters the car.

Bob closes the doors behind her then walks around the car and sits down in the driver’s seat, “This should only take a few minutes, but feel free to have a drink if you like. There is a small fridge in the middle.” He tells them then puts the car in Drive and they are off. Just like he said the drive only takes a few short minutes and they stop next to a big house.

They all open and exit their nearest doors almost simultaneously. “That’s one big house.” Rogue comments as she exited on the side that was nearest to it.

“And she lives here by herself?” Emily asks Bob as they exited on the same side.

“If you don’t count me, then yes. Apart from an occasional business guest, she is living here alone.” He answers as she walks past her to pick up their suitcases from the trunk.

“Let me guess,” Rogue musses with crossed arms, “Not all of that business is strictly on the legal side of things?”

“One could describe them as such, yes,” Bob responds, holding their suitcase and invites them to follow them inside.

As soon as they enter and the doors close behind them he raises the volume of his voice a bit, “Miss Caledonia, your guests are here.”

“How many times do I have to tell you not to call me that!!!” An ashtray comes flying from the upper floor but Bob seems to be used to it and catches it with no trouble at all.

“At least one more time.” Bob muses, setting the ashtray down on the nearby desk then hands Rogue and Emily their suitcases because he needs his arms free for what comes next.
“Heads up!” Ashe shouts and leaps over the fence right into Bob’s waiting arms who then set her down to her feet.

“Howdy, pardners,” she greets Rogue and Emily tipping her cowboy hat at them. “Elizabeth Ashe Caledonia, at your service.” And offers them a handshake.

“Lena Oxton, but call me Rogue.” Rogue responds first and shakes her hand then notices her eyeing her cybernetics, “Long story.”

After nodding, Ashe turns her attention to Emily, “Then this must be your lovely fiancé, Emily.”

“One and only.” Emily winks and shakes her hand.

She flashes them a smile, “I must say that when that fool told me why he needs those passes, I just couldn’t refuse. After all, I was gonna meet the famous Tracer and she got engaged.”

“I might be famous for the wrong reasons lately,” Rogue’s cheeks get a bit warmer, which amuses Emily enough to cause her to laugh.

“What are talking about?” Ashe spreads her arms wide, “It’s those very exploits that I think make you the best in my eyes.”

Rogue smiles but narrows her eyes, “You sound like you know about them.”

“Let me tell you darlin’,” Ashe boops her nose with her index finger, grinning, “In my business, you know things or you end up dead. So yeah, I know that it was you that took out Akande and Moira.”

“Then you need to update your info.” Rogue grins back. “I ticked off Petras and Sanjay off my list too.” Emily, knowing what she means by that, looks down and sighs.

“You should join my crew.” Ashe crosses her arms and fixes Rogue with a piercing gaze.

“What do you know,” Rogue does the same, “I was thinking of asking you the very same thing.”

“I like you already.” Ashe breaks her posturing first and throws her arm around Rogue’s shoulders then does the same around Emily’s, “And you too. I get the feeling you are more than just a cute face.”

“And you are not wrong,” Rogue chuckles, “It’s why I love her so much.”

“Then tonight we drink our brains out and you guys can tell me all about it.” Ashe starts to guide them towards the stairs that lead to the upper floor where she jumped from.

“Our if you tell us about Jesse and his time in the gang.” Rogue grins.

“Yes, he had quite a reaction when we mentioned that you would tell us some stories about his days with you guys.” Emily cheered up when she saw the smile on Ashe’s face.

“Then Bob better brings the best stuff I got, because you two are in for a treat.” Ashe chuckles and they head upstairs with Bob following them, again holding Rogue’s and Emily’s suitcases which he then carries to one of the guest rooms then makes his way to the cellar to pick up the drinks.
Olivia reaches Rogue’s and Emily’s apartment and goes inside, using the key Rouge gave her. Next, she lets the ninja who climbed the side of the building and was waiting at the balcony in. “Cozy,” he comments, “But I smell blood and sense something…”

“Don’t know what you could be sensing,” Olivia shrugs, then points to the couch, “But the smell of blood is probably coming from there.” But its replaced by a new one so she knits her brow at how can it still emanating a smell of blood.

“I sense eyes on me…” Genji gets on his guard then grabs Olivia’s head and pushes her down. “GET DOWN!!!”

An arrow whizzes just above their heads. Genji turns to face their attacker, one hand on his katana, three shurikens between the fingers in the other. “Never pegged you for a coward.” He says towards the hallway but Olivia can’t see anyone there.

“I am an assassin,” a deep voice thick with eastern accent answers, “I would be pretty poor at my job if I was detected so easily.”

“Come out or face my wrath,” Genji growls and slowly takes a step forward to put himself between Olivia and the attacker. She can’t say she ever heard him so angry. But it all comes together in her mind when their attacker steps out of the shadow and reveals himself to them.

“Hanzo.” Genji stores his shurikens back in his forearm but only to grab his katana that he pulls of its scabbard, with both hands as he takes a stance.

“Stay your blade, brother.” Hanzo lifts his arms in surrender, holding his bow in a way that it shows that he doesn’t intend to use it. “Your words made me think.” Genji’s head twitches and he tries to recall but keeps his guard up. “The world is changing once again and it’s time to pick a side,” Hanzo repeats the words Genji said to him the last time they saw each other.

“And your first thing to do when we meet again is to fire an arrow at me?” Genji still keeps his stance but some of the heat from his voice is gone.

“I knew you would easily dodge or deflect it,” he shrugs, then bows at Olivia, “But I do apologize to the young lady for startling her.”

“You reek of blood,” Genji sheaths his katana and stands straight, but doesn’t relax completely, “Why?”

“I…” Hanzo shoulders his bow and looks down, “Removed some unsavory types that were
“Talon?” Genji asks next and helps Olivia to her feet but keeps his eyes on every little movement his brother might make.

“They had a T on their shoulders,” Hanzo recalls, “So maybe it was them. But I detected evil intent in them.”

“Glad to know your sense didn’t dull over the years.” Genji chuckles, “But what’s wrong with a simple phone call?”

“Neither have yours, brother,” Hanzo smiles back, “If anything, they are sharper than ever. Didn’t find a phone.”

Seeing how the tension between them relaxed, Olivia finally releases her breath, “I’m guessing you are the other Shimada then, archer boy?”

“Archer boy?” Hanzo musses, crossing his arms.

“Let her be,” Genji waves him off, “She comes up with nicknames for everyone. You’ll get used to it.” But next thing he does surprises both Olivia and Hanzo. He pulls out his wakizashi and dashed across the room, putting the blade on Hanzo’s throat, “You said you made your choice.” He growls in a deep voice.

“Hai,” Hanzo responds, not daring to move, “I came here seeking audience with Tracer. I heard some interesting things about her.”

“Why?” Genji asks, moving the blade a bit closer to make his intent to slice his throat open should he prove to be a threat crystal clear.

“I heard she is helping a man known as Reaper and a lady known as Widowmaker finding a new purpose in life,” Hanzo lifts his chin up to gain some room from the blade but the wall behind him prevents him making much of it. “I thought she could also assist me in seeking one as well.”

Genji spins on his heels and sheaths his wakizashi and walks back to where Olivia was looking at them with wide eyes. “I detect no lie in your words, brother. But what made you take this step?”

“I was feeling empty, ever since…” Hanzo lowers his head and gestures towards Genji, “But after we’ve met in the dojo, I realized I had to seek more. I want to do more and the ways of our clan were not the right ones.”

Olivia chuckles when she deciphers what he is saying, “Sorry to inform you, archer boy,” she then smirks and crosses her arms, “but Rogue doesn’t exactly walk the path of light nowadays.”

“Yet powerful individuals gather around her,” Hanzo retorts, “Yourself being one of them.” He points at her with one arm, while rubbing his throat with the other as lingering feelings of Genji’s wakizashi still remain.

“He is not wrong,” Genji comments, “She does have a certain aura about her that makes it simple to follow her.”

“Look, archer boy,” Olivia sighs, then looks Hanzo dead in his eyes, “If you seek some absolution for what you did, you are knocking on the wrong door.” She tells him with a serious tone of voice, then shrugs, “But I can’t speak for her, so you will have to wait until she returns.” Her eyes suddenly narrow and she points her finger at him, “But harm my familia and you will find out
firsthand why you found the reason to call me a powerful individual.” She bristles and even Genji recoils a bit.

He laughs next, but nods at what Olivia is saying, then looked at Hanzo, “It is true, brother. They are not just a team.”

“I believe I understand.” Hanzo nods firmly.

“Good, now if you have time on your hands,” Olivia smiles, “Help me and Sparrow here,” she flicks her head towards Genji, “pack their things in boxes.”

“Sparrow?!” Hanzo doubles over in laughter, “Been a while since I heard that name.”

“Laugh it up, archer boi.” Genji grabs one of the pillows on the couch and throws it at Hanzo as he chuckles. Hanzo lets it hit him then flicks it in a way that it lands in the spot where Genji picked it up from. After Olivia and Genji nod in approval of his skill with returning the pillows back in their place and looking cool while doing it they get to work with boxing Rogue’s and Emily's possessions. Olivia insisted to take care of the main bedroom and neither Genji nor Hanzo dared to oppose her and rather split to take care of the kitchen and the living room.

Chapter End Notes

Bet you didn't see Hanzo making an appearance. To be honest, neither did I. I came up with it on the spot when I started writing this chapter. I knew I wanted Olivia and Genji to do something but had no clear picture until the words started to appear on the screen as I was typing them down. :P

Will Rogue let him join their team or not? Well, your guess is as good as mine at this point because I'm writing these chapters down as I come up with them so there nothing planned ahead. I just try to make sure I make everything connect properly. ;)
Linn and Brigitte

Chapter Summary

Brigitte takes Linn to her bedroom because explaining right away why she is suddenly behaving like a five-year-old would be a major pain in the ass. Once there she gets shocked by Linn’s answer when she comments about the infamous jet.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

They both laugh at that and they enter the house, Linn’s eyes going wide with the number of people in the living room. Brigitte told her that her family is on the big side of things but she still didn’t imagine this many. There are a few couples sitting around the table and Linn’s guess is that half of them are Brigitte’s siblings, while the children are probably her nieces and nephews. They introduced themselves and Brigitte ends up on the receiving end of quite a few jokes about her involvement with Linn, which Linn herself spurs on as she can’t help it but enjoy how cute Brigitte looks when she gets some red in her cheeks. Once things calm down Linn wants to sit next to her girlfriend but Matilda ropes her into playing with her and other children. It all went smoothly until one of the boys brings a model plane to show off. “Hey, hey,” he tugs on Linn’s sleeve to get her attention.

“Mmm?” She hums as she looks at him, not yet noticing what he is holding.

“Aunt Brigitte said you’re a pilot, so did you fly something like this too?” Liam asks with curious eyes.

Linn’s eyes travel along the model fighter’s streamed lines starting at the tail but once she reaches the cockpit, she freezes when she reads the name under the canopy. “Slipstream,” she whispers in a barely audible voice. Then the world goes white in front of her eyes and she is suddenly looking at the ceiling, unable to move. Then she slowly closes her eyes.

“AH!” The kids around her get startled when she lifelessly flops on her back. “Linn? Linn?” Matilda sheepishly pokes her cheeks but gets no reaction.

Afraid he did something very wrong, Liam bolts to his feet and runs to Brigitte that is sitting with others around the table, shouting, “Auntie! Auntie!”

“What is it, Liam?” Brigitte immediately reacts to his panicked cries.

Not even catching his breath he starts explaining what happened with a rush, “When you told me that Linn is a pilot I thought I would ask her if she flew something like this, too,” he shows her the model he is still carefully holding in his hands, “and then, and then she just fell over and, and now she is not answering.”

Putting two and two together as soon as she read the name of the plane Brigitte jumps to her feet, but before she rushes to Linn she knows she has to do something else first, “Liam, listen and listen carefully.” She kneels down to look him straight in the eyes, “You did nothing wrong. Okay?”
“Mhm,” he nods, his eyes tearing up a bit.

Brigitte then power walks to where Matilda was still trying to get Linn’s attention. “Any luck?” She asks her niece.

“No,” Matilda shakes her head and looks at her aunt with worrying eyes.

“You know what wakes every princess in those stories uncle Reinhardt likes to tell?” She gently smiles at the children who all look a bit anxious and it seems to brighten their moods a bit and they all nod with small smiles. “You think it will work here too?” She asks with a bit of mischievous smile and gets another series of nods and smiles in response. “Okay, I’ll try then.” And she leans down and kisses Linn, while checking on her pulse and breathing, then whispers to her, “C’mon Linn, wake up, don’t make me a lair here.”

“Huh? What? Where is Linn?” Linn opens her eyes and Brigitte immediately recognizes the looks she has right now.

Not willing to go through the trouble of explaining everything to everyone right now she whispers to her, “You’re safe, Linn, and you are in my home in Sweden but you just past out.”

Picking up on the clues and remembering what happened, Linn whispers back, “Okay, Brigitte, Linn understands.”

Nodding in response, Brigitte helps Linn on her feet then turns to others, “Hey, guys, Linn is feeling a bit off. Might be just exhaustion from the flight so I’m taking her to my room to rest.”

Linn acts the part and yawns then shyly waves at them while leaning on Brigitte for support.

After others nod in understanding, they quickly retreat to Brigitte’s room. Once there, they both spill on the bed, releasing the breath they were holding in sync. Hearing each other they turn their heads and their eyes meet and they chuckle at how silly the whole thing is.

But before they can do anything else there’s a small knock on the doors, “Auntie, is Linn okay?” Matilda asks and both Brigitte and Linn lift their head to look towards the doors.

“I’m okay, little one, just need some rest and I’ll be alright,” Linn responds, trying to mimic how the other Linn talks and it seems to work as they hear small steps retreating away from the doors.

“I swear, if I didn’t know any better I would say that that plane is cursed,” Brigitte sighs and flops back down on the bed. “Still causing so much trouble even after it was taken apart all those years ago.”

“Which plane?” Linn responds and scoots closer so she can lay her head on Brigitte’s shoulder and happily hums when she wraps her arm around hers in return. “Slipstream? That plane is in one piece. Linn saw it.”

“What?!” Brigitte jolts upright and stands up then turns to look at Linn, who sat upright on the bed. Then she grabs Linn’s shoulder and looks her dead in the eyes, “Where did you see it, Linn? Where?” She urges her to answer her question with worry clear in every word.

“I…Uh…” Linn closes her eyes and knits her brows trying to remember where she saw it, “I think that mean lady with different eyes showed me pictures of it. I think they have it in some hangar.”

“Talon has Slipstream?!?!?” Brigitte shouts, more from surprise than anger, “Why didn’t you tell us that sooner?!”
But Linn’s eyes water anyway, “Because…*sniff*…no one asked.” And she sniffs through her response.

Seeing that Brigitte realizes her mistake and hugs Linn tightly, “Hey,” she talks to her with a gentle voice, “You did nothing wrong. Okay?” she leans back to look at Linn while keeping one arm around her waist and wiping away tears that began to flow down her cheek with the other.

“Mmm,” she nods and sniffs again, “Okay.”

“But we need to tell Rogue about this,” Brigitte springs to action once Linn calms down a bit, “And Olivia. They will know what to do.” And starts fishing through her pockets for her phone then starts to panic a bit when she can’t find it.

Linn tilts her head when she sees her scrambling but as she looks around her, she spots something on the bed. “This yours?” She picks it up and shows it to Brigitte.

“Yes!” she jumps her in a hug then takes the phone out of her hand. “Good job.” She gives Linn a kiss, ‘Oh, shit.’ then curses in her mind when she sees the glint in Linn’s eyes and feels her arms creeping upwards along her back. And just as she predicted it, Linn grabs the back of her head with one arm while the other firmly pulls her in a hug and she returns the kiss with interests. Big ones.

“Paaah,” Linn exhales when she breaks the kiss, “Oh, Brigitte liked that.” She comments with a giggle and playfully pokes Brigitte’s cheeks that got quite red now.

“Of course I do, silly.” She boops the tip of her nose in return and they both giggle, “But now is not the time for that. Need to let those guys know then,” she winks with a mischievous smile, “if you still feel like it, I can show Linn a few things that she might like.”

“Okay, Linn will wait.” Linn releases Brigitte so she can stand back up. And she starts dialing right away.

Chapter End Notes

Another piece of news right from the left field.

Slipstream or what's left of it is in Talon's hands?!? HOLY CRAP!!! Roguewatch assemble time or will they finish the vacation first while digging for more information?
Unaware of the recent revelation in Sweden, Satya walked into the garden and wanted to start practicing her hard light skill when a bright yellow bird that was circling around a tree, chirping happily caught her attention. “Hello, little one.” She calls for it as she walks closer but freezes in place when something much larger moves behind the tree. She creates her photon projector and starts charging the shot when the big omnic with a minigun on its back walks around the corner and sees her.

Releasing a series of panicked beeps Bastion waves his arm and the gun in front of him trying to tell Satya not to shoot, while slowly stepping away.

Seeing his strange behavior, Satya deduces that he is not a threat and disassembles her projector and Bastion releases a noise that sounded very close to a relieved sigh then tips backward to sit down, shaking the ground when his heavy body hits it.

“I apologize,” Satya slowly approaches Bastion, who is now holding his arm up with one finger more opened then the others and the yellow bird perches itself on it. “But I did not expect company, let alone a Bastion unit.”

Bastion releases a series of beeps and boops but Satya gets startled again when a metallic ball rolls closer then opens up and stands on four legs, “He says that there is no need to apologize. And I am Wrecking ball.” He tilts forward as if in bowing to Satya.

“You can translate for him?” Satya gets curious and form a chair from hard light behind her and sits down on it.

“Indeed, I can.” Wrecking ball responds with his digitalized voice. “And the yellow bird’s name is Ganymede.” He adds when Ganymede flies off Bastion’s finger, circles above Satya once then when she offers a finger like she saw Bastion do it, she lands on it, tilting her head as if examining Satya with her big eyes, chirping happily all the time.

“Well, aren’t you a cute one.” Satya smiles, then comes up with an idea and lightly pushes up with her hand where Ganymede landed, causing her to take flight. “Let me make something for you.” She starts to wave her arms in the air and in less than a minute an elaborate birdhouse on a pole is standing next to the tree where Bastion was resting behind. Ganymede flies to the entrance right away and jumps around it, stealing peaks inside of it. “Go ahead,” Satya tells her, “Explore it. It’s all yours.” And after looking at Satya, Ganymede disappears through the entrance inside and happy chirps can be heard coming from it.

Bastion focuses his optic on Satya and nods his head, releases a thankful sounding series of beeps and boops.

“He says, Thank you.” Wrecking ball translates.

Satya lightly bows, “You’re welcome.” Then walks a few steps away, “Now if you will excuse me, I must concentrate.” Both Bastion and Wrecking ball nod as silently as they can. Satya slowly closes her eyes, takes a deep breath then creates a stick with a long strap attached to it, similar to those that are being used in rhythmical gymnastics. Next, she starts slowly to perform her routine.
that helped her cleared her mind since she was very young and for the next few minutes, she was in her own world. World of silence and serenity. A world where all sounds disappear and contain a single person. Her. “Perfection.” She whispers to herself, then starts moving faster, adding sudden turns and twist to her performance. “Everything by design. My design.” She murmurs again and starts slowing down. “Nothing is impossible.” She says out loud as she comes to a stop, her accessory flickers and disappears into thin air and she hugs herself, head lowered and tilted a bit. The last thing she expects is a round of applause coming from behind her. And she spins on her heels to look at the source of it.

It seems that Fareeha, Angela and Queen came to the garden sometime during her performance and were observing her. “That was very beautiful, Satya.” The doctor is the first to comment.

“I didn’t know you danced,” Fareeha comments as they walk closer.

“Can’t say I ever saw something so…” Queen knits her brow as she searched for the right word.

“Graceful?” Wrecking ball decides to help her out.

“That!” Queen points at him with a big smile.

“I…” Satya looks down bashfully, then “Thank you,” thanks them as she raises her head and smiles at them, “But this is merely a routine I remember since my childhood and it always helped me clear my mind and concentrate.”

Angela wants to add something but Athena cuts her off, “Mrs. Vaswani and Queen, Orca that can take you to Junkertown will be ready in ten minutes. But with Sombra’s help, I discovered something worrisome and must ask you to delay your departure until we hear from your team leader.”

“What is it?” Queen asks.

“I was asked not to reveal any details because Rogue might decide to act on it without informing Overwatch.” Athena answers her.

“Well, we are part of her team,” Satya starts, “so if I and Queen go to a private room, can you reveal the information there?”

“Would still like to wait for Rogue’s input on this,” Athena responds, “but that might be a step in the right direction.”

After nodding to each other, Satya and Queen say their goodbyes to others in the garden and go inside.

“I can’t help but wonder what it is if Athena is reluctant to tell us.” Fareeha looks at Angela.

“My guess would be, that it is something deeply connected to Rogue.” Angela shrugs, then remembered something and her eyes go wide. She grabs Fareeha’s hand, giggles at the little blush that caused then starts pulling her towards the doors that lead inside, “I think I know what it might be, but let’s go talk to Winston.” They powerwalk all the way to Winston’s lab and Angela calls for him once they enter, “Winston, are you here?”

“Yes, Dr. Zeigler,” he looks down at them from his perch on top of his swinging tire, “I’m here.”

“Oh, call me Angela already, will you?” Angela shakes her head, “Could you come down for a minute? I need to ask you something.”
“Sure,” he nods, then helps Hammond climb on his back, “Hold tight.” He tells him before jumping down. He helps him off him next and Hammond retreats to his workbench where he starts working on some contraption. “How may I help you, then?” Winston asks Angela.

“Athena just said that she and Sombra found something worrisome and she didn’t want to reveal any details to us,” Angela starts explaining as she walks towards the computer, “but after she said that Rogue might want to act on it without informing us I started to connect a few dots.” Now flanked by Winston and Fareeha who look at the screen too, she starts typing with lighting speed and soon finds what she is looking for. “Did we ever found the wreckage of Slipstream?” She asks Winston when she enlarges the file and pictures of the said plane while in a small window on the top right corner a video that shows Lena climbing in the before mentioned plane and canopy closing after she gives thumbs up to the camera with her signature big smile.

“I remember that attempts were made to find it,” Winston’s eyes water when he remembers how that flight ended for his friend. “But no,” he shakes his head, “At least to my knowledge, we never found anything and after a while, all attempts were put on indefinite hold.”

“And what do you think Rogue would want to do if she finds out that it has been found by Talon?” Angela asks next, her voice and expression serious.

“I don’t dare to guess it,” Winston responds with a worrisome tone.

As they were discussing that, a phone rings next to a bed where two women are sleeping in and a cybernetic arm reaches for it with a grunt.

Chapter End Notes

I think you guys can guess who is about to answer that phone and who is calling who and what that call will be about.
Ashe, Rogue and Emily

After Ashe pulled them upstairs they enter a room with expensive looking furniture and décor. “Oh, come on, don’t stare like stallions at a new mare.” She laughs at wide eyes that Rogue and Emily are sporting. “Sit down,” she gestures at the coffee table that is surrounded by leather chairs. “Bob should be bringing some drinks anytime now.” They all sit down but Rogue and Emily are still a bit fidgety, worried they might damage the furniture. “Would you relax, nothing is gonna break so easily here.”

Contrary to her statement, Rogue spots a vase above the fireplace that was clearly glued back together, so she smirks at Ashe and points to it. “Really?”

“That happened when one of my business partners got too smart for his own good.” Ashe waves her off.

“Still alive?” Rogue retorts, grinning and leans into the chair that she must admit is very comfortable.

“Yeah, but won’t be walking without a limp anymore. Blew out his knee cap.” Ashe grins back and Bob enters the room next, carrying a silver platter with a bottle of whiskey and three glasses. He sets it down in the middle of the table and pours a glass for each of them.

“There you go, ladies,” he bows, “Now if there is nothing else, I’ll go and prepare some food.”

“Thank you, Bob,” Emily thanks him and picks up her glass. Doubts that she will like the whiskey, swirling in her head. She is more of a beer girl. Like Rogue. She takes a sniff of it first and winces when it burns her sinuses.

“Love,” Rogue who picked up her glass as well, “Don’t let it hit your tongue, just throw it all in.” and advised her on how to get it down.

“I take it you drank it before then?” Emily muses, smirking. Ashe only smiles at their exchange.

“Mmm,” Rogue nods, “Jesse brought it from some mission this one time and we drank it along Genji and Reyes.” She looks up and adds, “Boy, did I get pissed back then.”

“Your usual or…” Emily raises an eyebrow, already imagining just how drunk she got.

“Oh, no.” Rogue grins, “That time still tops everything since and before. I almost wanted to stop drinking altogether because I got such a massive hangover. And Angie refused to help us and was she angry at us. She really let us have it.” Rogue laughs when she recalls how Angie scolded her and others for a full hour as they were nursing their hangovers in the cafeteria, slumped over the table. “I expected something like this from Jesse,” she starts to impersonate the good doctor, “But commander Reyes, you really should know better. And don’t even get me started on you two.” She nails it so good that Emily needs to lower her glass as she doubles over in laughter, with Ashe laughing as well but more reserved.

Back in Gibraltar, a cold chill runs down Angela’s spine, “Brrrr.” While she eats her lunch.

“You okay?” Fareeha, who joined her asks when she sees her shiver.
“I’m fine,” Angela beams her a smile, “Someone must be talking about me behind my back.”

“Anyway,” Ashe speaks up when they calm down from their laughing, “A toast to the success of our business venture.” And stretches her arm, holding the glass across the table.

“You joining the team then?” Rogue asks when she moves her glass closer.

“Sounds interesting and I need to stretch my legs a bit.” Ashe shrugs as Emily brings her glass up too and then clink them together. Then she and Rogue throw it all back in one go, but Emily hesitates for a bit and does the same only to immediately regrets it.

“Bloody ‘ell, this burns!!!” she curses and fans her mouth, tongue out.

“It gets better after a few,” Rogue laughs at her reaction and pours them all another round.

“Especially if you have a snack or two in between,” Bob muses, setting two plates full of food and a basket of bread on the table. But Rogue spots something in one of the small bowls which causes her to smirk. She knows what it is but doubts that Emily does too.

“Em, love,” she calls for her as all three pick up a toothpick and start picking up the pieces of cheese and slices of ham and all other goodies that were set quite intricately in a circle on the plate by Bob. “Try dipping it in that sauce,” she points to the small bowl, “It makes it all taste better.”

Momentarily distracted Ashe notices too late what Rogue just did, “Nooo, Emily do-” she still tries to warn her but it’s too late. Emily already dipped a piece of bread in it, added a piece of ham on top and bit into it all.

“FUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!!!!!!!” Emily shouts when the spicy sauce hits her sinuses and she goes red in the face, sweating hard.

Bob was ready for such a prank and immediately offers her a glass of milk, “Here, miss Emily. Drink this. It helps.” He talks to her gently while Rogue is rolling in her chair, laughing.

“I’ll…haaaaa…fucking kill you.” Emily glares daggers at Rogue, still breathing deeply.

“No, you won’t.” Rogue wipes the tears out of her eye, “You love me too much for that.” And winks with a goofy grin.

“Mhm,” Emily nods, catching her breath, “And as you love me just as much you will be a good girl and say aaaah now. Won’t you?” She smirks already preparing the same thing she just bit into for Rogue but added more of the sauce on it.

“Okay,” Rogue shrugs, “Aaaaah.”

Already thinking something is fishy here, Emily still puts the piece of bread that is dripping the sauce into Rogue’s mouth and waits for her reaction.

“Mmm,” Rogue hums as she chews, the swallows, “Has a good bite to it but I had worse.” And gets a bit red in the face too but otherwise seems fine.

“You cheeky git!” Emily punches her shoulder, “You knew what that was.”

“Yep,” Rogue smiles, “And if this already gets you this much, I don’t recommend anything that Hana puts on the table.”
After that, the three women and an omnic spend the rest of the afternoon and late into the evening talking about their exploits and roasting Jesse even worse than what he got back at the bar. Bob kept bringing more snacks so they were well fed and that bottle of whiskey also never seem to run dry.

Seeing that the whole room started to swim in front of her eyes, Emily stretches, “Already, I’m done for tonight.”

“Same here,” Rogue nods and tries to get up, but when her vision swims to she is sent back into her chair. “Uf, guess I had a bit too much.” She chuckles and gets up again only now putting more weight in her cybernetic leg.

“Alright. We will finish things for tonight. And tomorrow I’ll show you around the resort.” Ashe gets up from her chair but suffers no troubles that plague Rogue and Emily, though she must admit that if this kept up for much longer she would fall asleep right there and then. ‘These two sure can handle their drinks. Didn’t get this drunk in a while.’ She thinks as she gestures to Bob to help Rogue and Emily to their room.

Bob escorts them to their room, wishes them good night and leaves.

Emily tries to keep her balance as she pulls her shirt off, but starts to sway too much and would fall if Rogue didn’t catch her, “Hello, gorgeous.” She greets her as she holds her tilted as if they just finished dancing.

“Hi,” Emily smiles back, getting more red in her cheeks and palms Rogue’s. “Help me up? Because even if I like where this is going, I’m too pissed.”

Rogue pulls her upright, “Same here, love.” They help each other strip and tuck themselves into the blankets. They just close their eyes and snuggle together when Rogue’s phone that she put on the nightstand next to the bed rings.

“This better be a matter of life and death,” She grunts and reaches for it.
“Hey Rogue, sorry to bother you but this is important.” Olivia’s voice comes from the phone's speaker.

“Mrrrmmm,” Rogue responds with some incoherent grunting, only daring to look with eye and even then the ceiling just won’t stay still.

“Yeah, yeah, I know.” Olivia gives it her best guess what that grunting might mean, “Anyway. Listen, rapida. I went over some files I got from Talon’s servers with Athena and found something. Something big.”

“Good or bad?” Rogue squeezed her eyes shut and pinches the bridge of her nose.

“Really bad. Like dead serious bad.” Olivia responds with an even more serious tone that she had before.

“Alright. Hit me.” Rogue tells her and caresses Emily’s head when she heard her displeased grunt because she was too loud. Emily lets out a satisfied moan and goes still again.

“Talon has Slipstream,” Olivia says with a clear and perfectly understandable voice.

“WHAT?!“ Rogue shoots upright in bed, but that meant a lot of blood rushed into her head. Blood that was still pretty laced with alcohol. “Uuuuu, shit. Shouldn’t have done that…” she flops back down when her vision swims and it feels to her as if the whole room flipped around.

“C’mon, sweet,” Emily grunts and buries her face into the pillow, “No so loud.”

“Sorry, love,” Rogue snuggles into her from behind and kisses her neck.

“Keep that up and I just might forgive you,” Emily wiggles her back to press against Rogue.

Rogue decides to stay like that while she talks, “Where is it?”

“In Talon’s base in Zürich.” Olivia answers and Rogue can hear her typing on something, “It’s not that big either. Probably just some grunts and regular staff manning it.”

“I hate doing this to her,” Rogue squeezes her hug a bit tighter and gets a pleased moan from Emily for her efforts. “But if we don’t move right away, they might move it.”

“I see,” Olivia hums, “So we do go for it.”

“Sounds to me like you have some plans down already,” Rogue responds and intertwines her fingers with Emily’s when she moved her hand over hers.

“I do.” Olivia confirms her guess, “And we might have another member for our team. But it’s your
“Okay, make that two though. Correction, three.” Rogue smiles when Emily starts to draw circles in her palm with her thumb. “Got Ashe and Bob to join us as well.”

“You gotta stop picking up people so fast or we just might need to get a base or something to house us all,” Olivia smirks on her side of the line.

“I’ll think about it, but now I need my sleep. Got pretty pissed.” Rogue yawns and enjoys the warmth Emily emits as she pulled their hands towards her chest.

“I can hear that. Just wanted you to know right away. Good night, rapida.” Olivia says her goodbye and cuts the line.

Rogue locks the screen then puts the phone down on the nightstand on Emily’s side of the bed because she can’t reach her own while holding her in a hug.

“What was that about?” Emily whispers when Rogue snuggles back into her neck.

“Nothing that can’t wait until tomorrow.” Rogue replies and trails kisses down her neck.

“I thought we were too pissed for that tonight?” Emily turns on her back and low moans start to escape her lips when Rogue continues to kiss her neck, trails along her collarbone then comes back and goes lower.

“Not hearing you saying no yet,” Rogue grins when she looks at her, laying on her chest.

“Because I didn’t say it.” Emily smirks and runs her hand through Rogue’s hair, “And who told you to stop?”

“Love you, Emily,” Rogue says between her kisses and starts to wiggle her arms beneath Emily’s nightshirt.

“Love you too, Lena,” Emily responds, eyes shut, enjoying Rogue’s caress, but she could feel her stop for a split of a second when she called her Lena.

Rogue disappears beneath the blanket and things devolve from there. Let’s just say the neither of them got much sleep that night.
Amélie and Zenyatta visit Mondatta's memorial

Chapter Summary

Amélie and Zenyatta make their way towards Mondatta's memorial but it doesn't go without trouble. But once there, things get emotional.

While Olivia was bringing Rogue up to speed, Zenyatta and Amélie were walking down the surprisingly empty shopping district in Row's. Well, Amélie was walking, Zenyatta was floating next to her. Zenyatta was just about to turn the corner when he notices that there are footsteps missing next to him so he turned back to seek for his companion. He spotted her next to a florist shop, looking at various flowers on display. He made his way back to her and once there, “Flower can express such variety of emotion. Truly one of the most impressive feats of nature, wouldn’t you agree?”

“Qui, I do.” Amélie responds, “But I lost most of that knowledge or never had it in the first place.” And tries hard to remember the meaning behind the colorful flowers that sway gently due to a breeze that blows through the street.

“Then if you don’t mind, may I make a few recommendations?” Zenyatta asks, spotting a few flowers that would fit well at what they intend to do.

“Go ahead,” she greenlights him, thinking it will be done faster and more efficient this way. Her hardwired training to do everything that way kicking in.

“In that case,” Zenyatta wants to reach for hydrangea but the shop owner interrupts him.

“Oi,” he calls, “No tin cans allowed here.” And walks to them with a scowl.

Amélie can’t say she was ever particularly for or against omnics but spending time with Rogue has made her intolerable towards this kind of people. She steps protectively between Zenyatta and the shop owner then grabs him by his collar and lifts him off the ground and giving him a dose of her death stare, she growls, “You will allow him if you wish to breathe for another second.”

Hanging from her hand the shop owner can’t do much more but try to wriggle for air and look at her with wide eyes from the surprise of how can a woman of Amélie’s build possess such strength. But Zenyatta comes to his rescue before Amélie could make good on her threat, “Now, now, Amélie, this is not what we came here for today, did we?” He gently puts on of his arm on her shoulder.

After looking at him then back at the shop owner, she releases him and he drops like someone cut his strings. “You are correct. And this trash is not even worth it.”

They still purchase two bouquets and Amélie even tips generously as if apologizing for her outburst with shop owner thanking them for their business with fear still present in his eyes. One of the bouquets was dominated by daffodils as Zenyatta said that they are an indication of rebirth and new beginnings with a few proteas mixed in that are an indication of Amélie’s courage to take these steps towards change and improvement. The other one was dominated by purple hyacinths that symbolize Amélie’s asking both, Mondatta and her late husband for forgiveness for her actions.
with some hydrangeas mixed in that symbolize her asking for their understanding and her gratitude for it. They make their way towards the Mondatta’s memorial and Amélie lowers them both in the small room that they build for this purpose. Stepping away she gets surprised by something disrupting her vision but when she blinks to clear it a strange feeling of something flowing down her cheek hits her. “Quoi? Tears?” her eyes go wide when she wipes her cheek with her fingers and sees that the tips are moist.

Zenyatta gently places one of his arms on her shoulder, “Do not fight them. Let them flow. You lost a lot, your beloved included.”

His words bursts open a dam in Amélie and she falls on her knees and starts crying loudly with her face facing the sky, repeating a single phrase over and over, “Pardonne-moi, pardonne-moi, pardonne-moi…” And as if London’s weather took mercy on her, it starts to rain, camouflaging her tears among the raindrops.

Putting his harmony orb on her then meditating next to her, Zenyatta patiently waits for her to calm down. ‘Brother, I know I lost you to this woman’s actions but I know well that you would forgive her if you saw her right now and so shall I. This feeling of anger only sowed discord in me and now I feel like I made another step towards the Iris.’

Amélie’s eyes run dry and her throat feels sore, but her heart feels lighter than it has in years and when she stands back up she can’t help it but smile when a certain woman with her goofy grin pops in her mind. But she is not alone. She is soon joined by a gently smiling one with long red and curly hair, a goatee-sporting man with a darker complexion and a smirking girl with a shaved side of her head. They are all there, stretching their arms inviting her to join them. “Qui, my friends. I will walk with you to a new tomorrow.” She nods to herself and puts her palms over her heart. “Thank you,” she looks up towards the sky again, “you foolish little girl.” And smirks.

Zenyatta next to her chuckles, knowing well who is she thanking but the mood is interrupted when Amélie’s phone starts to ring and when she pulls it out of her pocket it indicates that it’s Olivia. “Bonjour,” she answers.

“Hey, araña,” Olivia responds then continues with a serious tone, “Come to Rogue’s place right away. Something came up.”

“I will make my way there,” she nods and gestures to Zenyatta to follow her, “Is it urgent?”

“Somewhat,” Olivia says, “But we have time until morning. Rogue got wasted back in Arizona.”

“Oh, chérie,” she chuckles then asks, “Do we move?”

“Yes, but like I said we have time, so no rush.” Olivia answers, “See you in a few.” Then cuts the line.
Athena flies the Orca back to Sweden with Satya and Queen on board.

Getting Busy tone for a few times now, Brigitte tries again and this time it rings, “Come on, come on,” she paces the up and down in her room nervously, Linn’s head turning as she follows her with her sight. “Pick up, pick u…”

“Heya squire girl,” Olivia answers.

“Hey, Olivia,” Brigitte greets her back with a worried but at the same time happy voice because she finally got hold of her, “Got something urgent to tell you.”

“If it’s about Slipstream,” Olivia responds, “We know. And from what I’m seeing Orca will be making its way back to you to pick up Linn any time now.”

“Meaning you guys are moving on it?” Brigitte deduces.

“Yes, but we have time until morning.” Olivia chuckles as she answers.

“Let me guess. Your boss got drunk?” Brigitte smirks and sits next to Linn.

“Someone, give this woman a cookie,” Olivia shout away from the phone and laughs.

Brigitte laughs too and adds, “But Linn is not really in any shape to fight if you know what I mean.” And hugs her girlfriend who nuzzles into her shoulder.

“Oh, that,” Olivia hums thinking. “Tell her to go anyway. Rogue will probably want her on this one.”

“I’ll try something on my end,” Brigitte gets an idea that makes her lips curve in a mischievous smile, “It might help.”

“Okay,” Olivia whistles when she can guess from Brigitte’s tone what she is planning, “But be ready in a few hours. Orca is about to leave Gibraltar.”

“Then I better hurry,” Brigitte’s smile turns into a grin when she looks at Linn who only looks up at her with big clueless eyes. Olivia cuts the line when she says her goodbyes and turned her attention back to Athena, with whom she was in constant contact over logistics because their plane was not yet repaired after their return from Rio and they needed Athena’s help to pilot the Orca back to Sweden and then to London.

Said Orca was indeed taking off from Gibraltar with two passengers. Satya and Queen who were briefed by Athena and Olivia on the situation and loaded the plane with all the gear that the team will need. “This is quite an oversight on part of Overwatch. Letting such a valuable plane fall into Talon’s hand.” Satya comments as she goes over the files about it.
“I don’t believe that to be the case,” Athena responds and levels the plane as they reached the cruising altitude. “We combed the globe for it and have a system in place that would warn us if anything like miss Oxton’s chronal disassociation would take place.”

“But that plane came from somewhere,” Queen adds while checking her spear for any defects. More from habit than not trusting the engineers.

“Indeed,” Athena replies, “So this is quite interesting and potentially very dangerous.”

“Especially in hands of those scum,” Satya comments with anger as she can’t forget how her most trusted college betrayed that trust and was working with Talon all along. She won’t say that he deserved what he got, but wouldn’t really make an effort to stop Rogue from doing it again.

“And that’s why I’m glad that she decided to act on it swiftly,” Athena says with a serious tone, “but something is not adding up. Anyway, get some rest you two, as this flight is going to take a bit.”

“Will do,” Queen leans her spear next to her, crosses her arms then leans on the wall and closes her eyes. She soon opens one and looks up, “How are those two doing, by the way?” and asks Athena.

“You must mean Mr. Fawkes and Mr. Rutledge.” Athena answers, “They are strangely behaving. Quite unexpected if my information about them is correct.”

Queen can’t help it but chuckle, “Rogue was quite persuasive and I think Mako took it to heart when doc fixed his lungs.”

“Miss Oxton does have an ability to bring people together and do as she tells them.” Athena agrees with Queen, “From the information I collected over the past few months, I believe she would make a fine Strike Commander now. If only she would control her temper a bit more.”

“From what I heard,” Satya comments after she and Queen laughed at Athena’s last sentence, “that is occurring less and less ever since she was joined by those three and especially after Linn came to the team.”

“Data I have indicates that too,” Athena adds, “but from what miss Lacroix, Mr. Reyes and Sombra told me, she helped them just as much if not more.”

“Guess we got ourselves one heck of a leader, eh Satya?” Queen bumps shoulders with her.

“We have, yes.” Satya nods with a smile then refocuses on the files but now searches for something else too. Queen closes her eyes again and soon breathes rhythmically, indicating that she is asleep so Satya can now search for clues over a hunch she had ever since she heard that the plane reappearance didn’t trigger the system that Overwatch had in place. “Maybe, if…” she hums to herself as Orca cruises towards Sweden to pick up Linn.
Rogue wakes up after a waaay to short sleep and tries to sneak in a nap but Emily won't let her. They meet up with Ashe and Bob. Emily finds something from her past in Ashe's armory.

A ray of sunshine manages to find a crack between curtains in the room where Rogue and Emily sleep and hits Rogue right in the eyes. “Mmmm,” she grunts, “No, not getting up. Just fell asleep.” And pulls the blanket over her head.

Emily didn’t get much more sleep that Rogue did but was in better shape, “C’mon, sweet.” She cuddles in, wrapping her arms around Rogue’s waist, “Let’s get up.” Then kisses her neck.

“No.” Rogue responds sharply and nuzzles into Emily's chest, “Mmm, much better.”

“Alright,” Emily raises an eyebrow then grins, “If that’s how you wanna play it,” and slowly moves her palms over Rogue’s ribs.

“Don’t you dare,” she growls, her voice muffled.

“I shouldn’t dare what?” Emily slowly the movement of her palms even further and raises then off Rogue’s skin so only the tips of her finger are in contact. “This?” Then begins her tickling assault.

Rogue immediately jolt and starts to wriggle out, “No-haha-o. Em, hahahaha, sto-hahaha-op!!!”

“You want more?” Emily stops for a moment, “Here!” then redoubles her assault. Nailing Rogue’s ticklish spots dead on.

“Fin-hahah-ne. Yo-hahah-ou asked fo-hahaha-or it!!!” Rogue counterattacks and the bed strains under their tossing and turning as they wrestle for a better position, but eventually Rogue manages to grab Emily’s wrists and straddle her, holding her arms above her head. “Gotcha!” she quips, grinning.

“Oh, no.” Emily plays a victim, “What is an innocent maiden to do when such a hungry predator has her in her claws?!!”

“She is to shut up and take it.” Rogue retorts and Frenches her.

“Mmm,” Emily muses when Rogue breaks the kiss. “That’s it?” and smiles mischievously.

“Now who’s a hungry predator?” Rogue lifts herself upright.

Emily makes a thinking face and points her finger towards Rogue.

“Let me fix that real quick,” Rogue gently grabs her hand and turns it so that Emily is now pointing at herself then claps, “There. Done.”

“Ah!” Emily exhales, mocking surprise with open mouth and wide eyes. “Me? Never.”
“You cheeky lil…” Rogue grins and kisses her again. Both chuckling. Then nuzzles into Emily’s neck when she breaks the kiss.

“Love you, Lena.” Emily caresses her back.

“Please Em, I know what you are trying, but until I’m done, it’s Rogue.” She squeezes her hug a bit as she mumbles.

“And when will that be?” Emily asks, sadness seeping out with each word.

“When Talon is five feet under and grass grows over it.” Rogue answers. “But if it helps, Lena is still here. She just took a prolonged nap.”

“Promise you won’t lose her?” Emily draws circles on Rogue’s back with her palm.

“Promise, love.” Rogue lifts her head and looks Emily into her eyes. “She will have the most beautiful wife in the world to return to after all.” She smiles gently and fixes some of Emily’s locks off her face.

“Mmmmm,” Emily squeezes her hug tightly, “You know just what to say, don’t you?”

“I try,” Rogue kisses her neck then pushes out. “But let’s get up. If I counted right, Linn should be on her way to London by now and we should make our way there too.”

They get up and dressed then head for the room they were drinking in last night and Rogue was right when she guessed that that’s where Ashe will be. “Morning, Ashe.” She greets her first, then Bob, “Morning Bob.”

He slightly bows, “Morning ladies. Did you have a pleasant night?”

“Morning,” Ashe greets them back first then, “and what are you talking about?” she chuckles, “They look like shit. I’m guessing one, maaaybe two hours of sleep at best.”

“Not far off, actually.” Rogue confirms her guess, “Even though initially we did plan to sleep, but someone had other plans.” She flicks her head, gesturing at Emily.

“You started it,” Emily mockingly pouts with crossed arms.

“But you finished it.” Rogue grins widely and pokes her puffed up cheeks.

“Oh, I finished alright,” Emily smirks and pokes Rogue’s chest, “But so did you. Quite a few times, if my memory still serves me right.”

“Kh-khm, guys?” Ashe clears her throat to get their attention, cheeks a touch rosy, knowing what they mean by finished.

“Sorry ‘bout that.” Rogue apologizes and sits down across from her. “And I have a request.” Emily sits down next to her, guessing it’s about that phone call she got before things went from sleeping to, well, somewhere else.

“Shoot.” Ashe green lights her.

“Got a phone call last night,” Rogue starts to explain, “And we need to move and fast. So if you got a plane that can hold all four of us, that would be great. Because we got here in a two-seater.”

“A job?” Ashe asks and her eyes sparkle.
“Yep,” Rogue nods, “Will brief you in flight if you two are up for it.”

“Absolutely.” Ashe nods and jumps to her feet. “Bob, get the Eagle. I’ll get the guns and the rest of the gear.”

“Right away,” Bob responds and walk out of the room with hasty steps.

Ashe walks to the fireplace and moves the broken vase then presses the button that was concealed by it. That causes the fireplace to move back and up, opening an entrance to a secret room which is packed with guns, ammo, grenades and all sort of weaponry.

“Bloody ‘ell,” Rogue’s eyes go wide. “What are you, preparing for a war or something?” and she follows Ashe through the entrance with Emily right behind her.

“Pick your poison.” Ashe offers, but Rogue shakes her head.

“Nah. Mine are coming to London from Gibraltar. And the other one is on me all the time.” She says and deploys her energy blade from her right arm then sheaths it right back. But then her eyes track Emily as she walks towards a rack of rifles. “Love? What are you doing?”

“ Ashe,” Emily calls for her attention and runs her hand over a rifle that has some symbols on its wooden stock. “Where did you get these two?”

Ashe walks closer, slinging her rifle on her shoulder and strapping an ammo belt around her waist. “Oh, those two?” She smiles. “Got ‘em a while back. In London, I think. This lovely couple sold them to me, saying they needed some extra cash for rainy days.”

Emily’s eyes water and when she sniffles loudly Rogue is next to her right away, “You okay, love?”

“Mhm,” She nods, but tears overflow. “These were my mom and dads. I remember us going to this gun range to practice. I think I fired a few times myself.” Rogue hugs her around the waist and leans on her shoulder.

Ashe might be a tough businesswoman but she always took care of her own and in this case, there was only one right thing to do. She picks the rifles from the rack and offers them to Emily, “Here, take ‘em as my engagement gift to you guys.”

“You sure?” Emily asks and wipes her tears.

“Absolutely.” Ashe nods firmly and hands them over when Emily grabs their belts.

“Elizabeth,” Bob walks in, “The Eagle is ready.” Then notices the rifles which Emily slings over her shoulders, “I remember those. They…” He wants to say something but Ashe cuts him off.

“Bob, shut up.” Then throws him a bag where she packed an extra rifle for herself, additional ammo, ammo for Bob’s arm cannons and something else of a more exploding nature. “Grab their suitcases too and meet us at the Eagle.”

He nods and leaves and they soon follow after Ashe closes the secret doorway and places the vase back.
A knock on the door wakes Linn up, “Brigitte, Linn. Your friends came to pick you up.” And recognizing Ingrid’s voice she responds, “Coming, Mrs. Lindholm.” She rubs the sleep out of her eyes, feeling well rested and, “Satisfied?” she murmurs to herself. Brigitte stirs next to her and when she checks she can see that they are both butt naked under the blanket.

She slowly opens her eyes and looks at Linn, cheeks tinged with red, “Morning Linn.” And a satisfied smile creeps on her face.

“Brigitte,” Linn knits her brow, “did we?”

“Mhm,” she nods and wraps her arm around Linn’s waist pulling her closer.

“She’s that good?” Linn asks about her other self performance.

“Let me just say that if you are only half as good you are great,” Brigitte answers with a grin. “Once she got going, she just wouldn’t stop.” She then points at torn pillowcase, “That happened when I pressed it against my face to keep my voice down.”

“Damn.” Linn exhales. “To top that, I’ll have to make you destroy the whole bed, at least.” She chuckles and caresses Brigitte’s cheek.

“God no.” Brigitte fakes shock with wide eyes, “I don’t think I’m getting out of bed any time soon as is.”

“But you have to.” Linn shrugs, “They came to pick us up.” And gestures at the door with her head.

“Just you.” Brigitte shakes her head, “Roguewatch is moving.”

“Just us? Why?” Linn knits her brow.

“Olivia found something while the other Linn was around,” Brigitte gets serious, “but if you don’t remember, I’ll let Rogue tell you about it.”

“Gimme a second.” Linn closes her eyes and tries to remember what her other self experienced. Then slowly opens her eyes wide and stares at Brigitte, realization clear on her face, “No?” She exhales.

“I’m afraid so.” Brigitte nods, “That’s why Rogue decided to cut the time off short and assemble the team. She asked for you especially.”

Linn thinks in silence for a minute then, “She’s afraid.”

“Who? Rogue?” Brigitte, who played with Linn’s hair while she was thinking, now stops.
“Yeah,” she nods. “I think she feels something is off about this whole thing, as I do now.”

“What feels off?” Brigitte cups Linn’s cheek, worry clear in her voice.

“Don’t know for sure,” she shakes her head, “It’s just this feeling in my gut. It screams at me not to go, yet I can’t resist but be pulled there like a moth to a flame. And I think Rogue feels the same.”

“Promise me, you’ll be careful.” Brigitte pulls her into a hug again now really worried about what this mission holds for them. “I can’t imagine living without you anymore.”

Linn returns the hug, “You’re just saying that because we just shagged like two animals.”

“It may have something to do with,” Brigitte chuckles when she translates the slang in her head. “But just this much.” Then shows Linn a tiny gap between her thumb and index finger. “Rest is because I fell so deeply in love with you.”

“Love you too, babe.” Linn kisses Brigitte then pulls out of her hug and gets up. “But, duty calls.” And starts to dress up.

Brigitte wants to follow, but her lower body doesn’t fully cooperate, “Damn, I’m still a bit numb from the waist down.”

“Just what kind of an animal would do this to you?” Linn looks at her with a wide grin.

“A really ferocious beast.” Brigitte answers smirking. They both try their hardest to hold back but fail and explode into laughter.

After they calm down and catch their breath, “Well,” Linn checks herself then looks at Brigitte who leaned on her arm and was watching her get dressed. “Got to go, babe,” she walks closer, gives Brigitte a goodbye kiss and hugs her.

“Be careful. And come back.” She returns the hug.

“Will do.” Linn straightens and gives her a two finger salute then leaves the room.

Brigitte pulls the blanket over herself and decided she can extend her nap a bit but just as she heard the jet engines on the Orca get louder then grew more and more silent as it gained distance her phone rings. “Hello?”

“Hello, Brigitte, it’s Winston.”

Linn’s phone rang when they started to gain altitude, “Hullo?”

“Hey Linn,” Rogue greets her.

“Heya, Rogue. What’s up?”

“Do you feel it too?” She asks with a serious tone.

“Yes, I do. Something feels so off.” Linn responds.

“Mhm,” Rogue hums, “I asked the others too, but it seems it just affects me and you.”

“Then let’s get there and deal with it,” Linn says with a firm and determined voice.
“Yeah, whatever or whoever it is they don’t stand a chance against us both.” Rogue cheers up. “See you soon.” Then after saying her goodbyes cuts the line.

“Yeah,” Linn sighs and pockets her phone, then looks at her palm and close and opens her fist a few time, “But who’s to say I won’t just shut down when I see that damn thing?” She clenches her jaw in anger.

“These might help.” Queen walks closer and hands her two pistols that Rogue used to use back during her days in Overwatch. They are the blocky cobalt ones she used during the Uprising. Her first mission. The small generators that were supposed to only work with Rogue as they are powered by her accelerator, start glowing and buzzing to life when Linn grabs hold and soon click when they are fully charged.

Linn spots small writing on one of them, when she gave them a look over, “You are not alone.” She reads it out loud. “Did she carve this into it to help her during her mission?” She asks Queen.

She just shrugs in response, “Can’t tell for sure,” and sits down next to Linn. “But if I gave it my best guess, I think that was her greatest fear. Maybe it still is.”

“What? Being alone?” Linn raises her sight from the pistol and looks at Queen.

“Yes,” she nods, “She was alone during her time ghosting around until Winston invented that accelerator gizmo for her and then again when Doomfist wrecked it.”

“But she is not anymore,” Linn smiles and looks back at the writing. “Neither am I.”

“No, you’re not. You have her,” Queen wraps her arm around Linn’s shoulders and smiles almost motherly, “and all of us in Roguewatch and if I heard correctly you got yourself a girlfriend too.”

Linn nods and closes her eyes and repeats the words written on the pistol in a whisper as if chanting, “You are not alone.” She then pictures all of them in her head. Rogue at the center, others to her left and right and a warm feeling spread through her heart. “I’m not alone.” ‘I’m not alone.’ The other Linn’s voice repeats the words in her mind. And they can feel each other smile.
Slipstream from another world?

Chapter Summary

Winston shares his worries with Brigitte after he missed Linn.

Back in London Olivia finally gets in touch with Gabriel.

“Hello, Brigitte, it’s Winston.” He greets her back and asks, “Is Linn there?”

“Just left.” Brigitte answers, “Orca just flew out of earshot.”

“Rotten bananas.” Winston curses and slams his fist at the desk, startling Angela and Fareeha that were standing next to him.

Brigitte can’t help it but smile for a moment. But hearing in Winston’s tone how serious this is, she sits up on the bed, covering herself with the blanket. “Is something wrong? You certainly sound like it.”

“I wanted to warn her to be extra careful.” Winston starts, “I did some research with Angela after the call for Queen and Satya to deploy came in.”

“And?” Brigitte asks him to continue.

“You must know that the system we have in place for detecting any anomalies similar to Lena’s chronal disassociation is not perfect but,” he starts to type on the keyboard to bring up the data from the system, “it would certainly detect something as big as Slipstream appearing.”

“Mhm,” Brigitte hums in confirmation. “Meaning what, exactly?”

“Meaning that whatever that plane is, it’s not our Slipstream.” Winston answers.

“Hold on a moment,” Brigitte shakes her head, “I’m not exactly on the genius scale like you and Angela but if I’m understanding this correctly, the jet in that hangar came from, where? Another world?”

“After eliminating all which is impossible what else remains?” Winston quotes Sherlock Holmes, “And believe me, I double, no, triple checked everything else.”

“No wonder she felt so uneasy.” Brigitte comments.


“Yeah, and she said that Rogue is probably feeling the same.” Brigitte answers. “This can go south really fast if they are not careful.”

“I agree,” Winston replies with a serious tone, “But even if we went to back them up, I think we would only be in the way.”

“Probably, yes,” Brigitte agrees, “So, we can only wait and trust them to handle it by themselves?”
“I’m afraid so,” Winston responds with a sad tone, knowing that their friends must fight this battle by themselves and there is almost nothing they can do to help.

“Then let’s wish them best of luck,” Brigitte says and balls her hand into a fist then adds, “Keep me posted if there is anything new.”

“Will do, and yes, let’s wish them the best of luck.” Winston cheers up a bit as he responds and then ends the call. He sighs deeply, his shoulders drooping.

Angela knows just the cure and puts her hand on his big shoulder, “Cheer up Winston,” and when he looks at her she beams him a smile, “It’s Lena we are talking about here. She bounced back from anything this world has thrown at her and now Linn is there to back her up too.”

“You’re right,” He agrees and a smile shows up on his face, “But I just can’t help it but worry.”

“We all worry,” Angela nods, “but let’s keep our heads high and try to dig out some more information that may help them. Athena and Olivia just might have missed something.”

“Unlikely,” Winston chuckles but gets to work of reexamining the files that Olivia shared with Athena and now with them too. “But let’s do it anyway.” Angela smiles at his renewed vigor and joins him.

“Come on, Gabe. Pick up already.” Olivia impatiently tacks the nightstand in Rogue’s and Emily’s bedroom with her nails and taps her leg so fast that it looks as if it’s twitching and not something she does consciously.

“Olivia?” Gabriel grunts when he answers the phone call.

“Finally,” Olivia exhales and flops down on the bed, “Where are you two?”

“Just finished things here,” he answers, “This place should work and we got a big discount, thanks to Jesse.”

“Pistolero?” Olivia knits her brow, “What did he do?” then rolls her eyes and jokes, “And don’t tell me he charmed them, because we both know he is about as charming as burro’s ass.”

Gabriel nearly drops the phone from laughing so hard and full heartily and it warms Olivia’s heart to hear him being so cheerful, then answers, “Nah. Nothing like that. Apparently, he saved this real-estate agent and his family back during the Uprising and he is very grateful.”

“That, I do believe.” Olivia comments, “Anyway, get back here right away. An urgent job came up and Rogue is already on her way, with some new members in tow as well. Linn is returning from Sweden too, with Queen and Satya.”

“Hm,” Gabriel hums thoughtfully, “I wanted to show her this place first. Can’t you tell her to come here first? Maybe keep it a surprise for Emily, in a way of apologizing that she cut their vacation short?”

“Awww, Gabe,” Olivia melts, “There you go, being a caring big brother again.”

“Just don’t go shouting it out the window,” he rolls his eyes. “Got a reputation to uphold here.”

“Sure, edge lord badass,” Olivia muses, “Your secret is safe with me. And I’ll tell Rogue to head
there first. Me and Genji got some help with packing so we might just finish before you guys get here.”


“Genji’s brother, Hanzo, showed up. Says he wants to join Rogue.” Olivia lets him know.

“We fought a few times when Talon moved on the Shimada clan.” Gabriel remembers, “He’s pretty good with that bow of his.”

“Can’t say for sure that Rogue will let him. Considering that she is pretty tight with Genji and Hanzo’s the one that nearly killed him.” Olivia speculates.

“That’s true. Those two became friends as soon as they met.” Gabriel agrees, “And just as she visited him while he was recovering from his operations that saved his life, so did he help in any way he could when Slipstream project went south and she started ghosting around the base.”

“Funny how you mention Slipstream,” Olivia chuckles.

“Why?” he asks.

“Because me and Athena found it. It’s in a hangar in Talon’s base in Zürich.” She answers.

“Fucking shit!” Gabriel curses in anger. “How did she take the news?”

“You mean Rogue?” Olivia ventures a guess and after Gabriel hums in confirmation, “About as good as you can imagine. She wanted to drop everything and bolt there right away, but she was too wasted and I heard Emily nearby so she decided to sleep it off first.”

“That’s the job huh?” Gabriel returns to the start of this call, “Talon better evacuate that base because I can’t imagine her pulling any punches. Not on this one.”

“I think so too, but between me and you,” Olivia grins, “I hope they don’t. So we can have some fun too.”

“You’re right,” Gabriel grins too, “We got a bone to pick with them too. Don’t we?”

“We owe it to her,” Olivia says with a gentle voice. “She…” and wants to add something but chokes.

“Are you happy, Olivia?” Gabriel reads to mood from her tone.

“I am, Gabe,” she whispers back. “More than I was in a long time.”

“Me too.” He responds, “She might be rough around the edges but…”

“She made a familia for us.”

“A strange one, but yes. I feel like that too.”

“See you soon, Gabe.” Olivia ends the call before the tears that started to gather in the corners of her eyes have the chance to overflow. “Thank you, Rogue.” She says to the ceiling then, after wiping her eyes she jumps to her feet and starts boxing their things.
Emily and Rogue

The one Olivia thanked was halfway across the big pond in the luxurious Eagle that packed quite more heat that one would give it credit if they just looked at it from outside. And was pretty fast too. She pockets her phone after she finished talking to Linn, “So it’s not just me. She is feeling off too.” She murmurs to herself but Emily was close enough to hear her.

“What’s feeling off, sweet?” she asks. Then checks if it’s safe to have a private talk and finds out that Ashe and Bob are both in cockpit talking about some business that Ashe was supposed to do but instead joined Rogue.

“This whole thing.” Rogue answers, “Ever since I found out about Slipstream, something doesn’t click in my head. And I feel in my gut that…” she wants to finish but can’t find words. “I just don’t know,” she gives up and shakes her head.

“About things not clicking in that nugget of yours, I can think of a few,” Emily jokes to try to cheer her up but fails. “Tell me, ever felt like this before?” she decided to help Rogue figure it out.

“I don’t know,” Rogue knits her brow, “Maybe before this.” And shows Emily her cybernetic arm. “But it’s not the same. And it’s not just one thing. Like, I would understand if I was afraid and if I’m honest, I am. Afraid of losing anyone I meet since I ran from Talon. Afraid of what will happen when I see that bird again.” She buries her face in her hands.

“Oh, sweet,” Emily draws circles over Rogue’s back with palm, “That just means you care about them.”

“I know that part,” she lifts her head and looks at Emily, “but when did they go from mates that just fight together against a common enemy to bloody family and teammates that will probably follow me to hell and back if I told them to?”

“Are you serious, right now?” Emily scowls. “You do everything you can for them to feel comfortable wherever you guys go. You laugh with them, you joke with them, you make sure to pick them up when they fall and cheer them up when they feel down, yet you wonder how they grew so close to you?”

“I did all that?” Rogue’s turns into one of surprise.

“Of course you did,” Emily wraps her arms around her, “You’re just such a natural at it, that you don’t even notice doing it.”

“Okay, name one example.” Rogue challenges her.

“Pancakes with Gabriel.” Emily shoots like from a cannon.

“Psssh,” Rogue waves her off. “That’s just us making breakfast.”

“Yet both, Amélie and Olivia told me that that was the first time they saw Gabriel laugh so honestly,” Emily explains. “They told me that in Talon he never laughed. He just did what was necessary and went back to his room. And Amélie told me how you nearly broke the table in two when you smacked your hand at it to stop her from blaming herself for me getting shot.”

“But, that’s just…” Rogue tries to defend but Emily interrupts her.
“That’s just what felt right?” she muses and smiles.

“Yeah,” Rogue nods.

“Yet it meant the world to them. One move at a time, one talk, one hug, one smack on the ass,” Emily smirks at the end of that and they both chuckle, knowing who she meant with that one. “They broke the chains that were holding them down. You helped them break those chains and they now care about you and each other more than ever before.” She leans on Rogue’s shoulder and continues, “That’s why when you guys go out there and you take a step forward, they are right there next to you, shoulder to shoulder, taking a step forward too.”

“Gosh, love,” Rogue chuckles, “When you lay it on, you lay it on thick.”

“I have to,” she bumps the top of Rogue’s head with her knuckles, “or it doesn’t go through that thick skull of yours.”

“If this little group of ours is a family, it’s the strangest one I ever saw.” Rogue laughs.

“You can say that again. We got a teleporting half cyborg, a man who can literally disappear in a puff of smoke, the sexiest sniper/assassin ever to have existed and a Mexican hacker, who wants to be a badass but is a real softie beneath it all and Linn, who is basically another you.” Emily ticks them off on her fingers.

“Don’t forget about the explosives nut and his big friend. And a gladiator who can cleave a man in half with her spear. Then there is the world famous hard light architect and, well, those two.” Rogue completes the list and points towards the cockpit.

“Aren’t you forgetting someone there?” Emily muses.

“Hmmm…” Rogue fakes thinking hard, “Now that you mention it, there is this one person.”

“Mhm…” Emily hums.

“She’s annoying, constantly gets on my nerves,” Rogue starts ticking off on her fingers, barely keeping her laughter down, “she is hornier than a lioness in heat, a real smartass,” she shoots glances at Emily with each finger she pulls open. And at the end of that Emily was staring at her with a death stare, “But she is also a lovable, caring, gorgeous and kind person that I love more than anything in the world and I was joking about the other things.” Rogue quickly backtracks.

“That’s better,” Emily leans back on her shoulder then after a moment of silence snorts as she tries to keep her laughter down but that broke Rogue’s willpower and she explodes into laughter closely followed by Emily. “Hornier than a lioness in heat,” she laughs, “Where did you pull that one from?”

“Just came to me,” Rogue squirms in her seat holding her flanks as she laughs.

“You two are certainly enjoying yourselves,” Ashe comments when she walked down from the cockpit and sat down across from them.

“There’s never a dull moment with this goofball around.” Emily retorts and pulls Rogue into a hug.

“She says that like she is much better,” Rogue adds while catching her breath.

“I’m thinking that you two are about the same in that regard,” Ashe smirks, “But you told me you would tell me about this job we are doing once we are on our way.”
“Sure, guess I should bring you up to speed.” Rogue nods in agreement and tells Ashe about what they will be doing while Bob pilots the Eagle towards London. There is a small interruption when she gets a text from Olivia which causes her to smile and nod to herself then sneak off to Bob to tell him where to drop them off. She comes back as nothing happened and continues explaining things to Ashe. She might think she is safe but Emily saw that look before and knows full well that she is up to something. What exactly though, she can’t tell. They are nearing London, so she will see their apartment again. Hoping that others didn’t wreck the place in her absence. Her thoughts keep wandering back to how worried Rogue looked about this job, about how she feels strange about it but can’t describe the feeling. She decides to trust her and their friends that they will keep each other safe. Like they always do.
Rogue is up to something, but she is on fire this time around.

Emily’s thoughts that Rogue was up to something were confirmed when they were losing altitude and fast but were on the other end of Row’s from where their apartment is. “Babe, where are we going?” she decided to straight up ask her.

“Surprise, love.” Rogue flashes her a goofy grin.

“I hope it’s not Heya, love, I’m back from the dead kind of surprise.” Emily sigh, “One of those was more than enough.”

“Nah, babe,” Rogue wraps Emily in a hug, “You will love this one. Promise.” She then looks out the window and sees that the apartment building is kind of obvious and would ruin the surprise so she decides to blindfold Emily. “Hey Ashe,” she calls and when she looks at her, “Got a scarf or something I can use as a blindfold?”

“What? Oh, I see.” Ashe puts two and two together right away. She looks around the plane then tries to remember if she puts something that could be useful in her bag, but nothing comes to mind. Then on reflex, she wants to pull the bandana that is around her neck over her face, “Oh.” She looks down on it. “Will this do?” She gestures at it.

“Perfect.” Rogue nods and Ashe hands her the bandana. “I’ll give it back when we rejoin you guys.” The plane lightly shakes when the gears hit the ground on the nearby park and the back ramp starts to open. Rogue rush towards Emily, “Emily, could you do me a favor and wear this as a blindfold?”

“Really?” Emily raises an eyebrow.

“Pretty please, love,” Rogue begs her with puppy eyes.

“Ah,” Emily grunts, “Fine. Put it on me.”

“Awesome,” Rogue chirps and gets right on it, “No peeking, okay?”

“Fine, fine.” Emily rolls her eyes before closing them.

About halfway done Rogue spots someone walking out of the building they are headed for. ‘Two birds with one stone?’ She quickly throws together a plan and acts on it after she makes sure that the blindfold is not falling off Emily’s face. “Love, wait just a sec. Be right back.” And she blinks away.

“What?! Hey.” Emily tries to stop her, but the rushing air tells her she is long gone so she just sighs, “Haaaaa.”

Rogue blinked towards the cockpit where Bob was wrapping up the post-flight check, “Hey Bob,” and she makes her presence known.
“Hello, Rogue. How may I help you?” Bob asks while flipping a few switches off while flipping others on.

“Just saw Jesse and I need you to grab our bags and head for our old apartment,” She leaned closer and whispered. “I’ll try to get those two to go for a drink or something.”

“I see.” Bob nods, “Will do as you ask and wish you luck with your plan.” He winks and they get right on it. Bob loads up their bags and grabs Ashe’s rifle and walks right past her.

“What? Hey, Bob. What do you think you are doing? Stop.” She tries to stop him but he starts sprinting away and is out of sight a few moments later. “What got into him?” Ashe wonders when she feels an arm creep around her shoulder.

“Ashe, love,” Rogue starts with a grin, “Would you come with me for sec?”

“What are you up to?” Ashe narrows her eyes but lets Rogue guide her.

“Oh, you know,” Rogue shrugs, “The usual.” And after they walked a few steps, she shouts, “HEY, JESSE!!!!” and waves in greeting.

He twitches when he was suddenly called in the middle of lighting up his cigarillo. “Hey Ro…” he wants to greet her back but his mouth stops all function when he sees the person next to her and the cigarillo falls out of his mouth.

They walk closer and Ashe and Jesse eye each other as if they can’t decide if they want to kill each other or start with greetings first. Rogue solves that for them. “I believe you two know each other so I won’t drag this on with introductions.”

“Jesse,” Ashe nods with narrowed eyes.

“Ashe,” He smirks in return.

“Haaaa,” Rogue grunts, “I heard that sometimes those that like each other want to beat each other first only to kiss it all better later, but you two are taking it to another level.”

“What?” “No…” they want to respond, but Rogue doesn’t let them.

“Shut it and listen.” She points a finger in their face in turns. She focuses on Jesse, “You, mister, are going to take this lovely lady for a drink in that pub we went to the last time you were here. Put it on my tab for all I care. But you will do it, understood?” she tells him with a stern voice.

“Hey, no…” he wants to say something but again Rogue interrupts.

“I asked if you understood?” And gets right into his face, leaving no doubt that she is serious about this.

“I…Well…” Jesse scratches the back of his head, “I don’t mind, I guess.”

“Good enough.” Rogue nods and retreats and is Ashe’s turn next. “And you will shut this,” she taps her temple, “and listen to this,” then points at the center of her chest, her heart if one wants to be specific here, “while you are there. Okay?”

“I…Uh…” She doesn’t know how to respond, so she just gives up and lower her head. The looks at Rogue from below the rim of her hat, “Is it that obvious?”

“Pretty much, love.” Rogue smirks and shrugs then clapped. “Now, you two lovebirds get right to
it because Emily will skin me if I keep her waiting for much longer.”

“We’r…” they want to retort in perfect sync.

“Not hearing it.” Rogue stops them dead in their tracks, grabs their shoulders and spins them around so they are now facing away from her. She steps in the middle of them, about half a step behind them and swings her arms, smacking their behinds, “Now hop to it.” Then blinks away.

“Is she always like this?” Ashe gives Jesse a sidelong look while rubbing where Rogue hit her.

“Pretty much,” Jesse shrugs, pulls two cigarillos out of his jacket. “Fancy a smoke?” he offers one to Ashe.

“Why not.” She takes one out of his hand.

Jesse lights it for her then lights his own. “My throat feels mighty dry right now, darlin’.” He starts putting on his charms, “May I invite you for a drink?” and gestures down the street.

Ashe chuckles and rolls her eyes, “Never change, Jesse. And yes, I’ll have a drink with you.”

Rogue blinked next to Emily but waited for what Jesse and Ashe will do next with bated breath. “Rogue’s Cupid arrow hits its mark again.” She cheers and punches the air when she sees them walking away together while laughing.
New apartment

Chapter Summary

After she dealt with Ashe and Jesse, Rogue turns her attention to the one she cares about most. And guides the blindfolded Emily to the apartment that Gabriel and Jesse scouted and bought in Rogue's place.

“Judging from that cheer,” Emily comments, standing next to Rogue but is blindfolded, “you just got Jesse and Ashe together.”

“Just for a drink for now, but I half ordered both to try and make it work.” Rogue retort then grabs Emily’s hand, “But now it’s time for us. Sorry for the wait.” Emily knows that Rogue would never put anything above her, but is always there for her friends too so she just shrugs and lets her guide her to wherever she is taking her. They soon walk somewhere indoor then into an elevator which takes a bit to reach the floor Rogue picked. After a short walk through a hallway, the next thing Emily hears is Gabriel greeting them.

“Hey, you two and I see you acted on my idea.” He says to them leaning on the wall next to the only door on that floor. He pushes off and gestures towards it.

Rogue gently guides Emily through the doorway then stops her. “Alright, love. We are here. You ready?”

“I guess,” Emily tries to sound indifferent but must admit that she is a bit anxious.

Rogue fumbles a bit with the knot but manages to undo it, “Surprise!” she chirps and gestures towards the rest of the penthouse apartment when she pulls the blindfold off Emily’s eyes. Pictures she saw didn’t really do this place justice. It’s huge. Big windows all around with a great view of the Row’s beneath and London’s skyline.

“Wow.” Emily goes wide-eyed, then knits her brow. “This is amazing and all, but what are we doing here?”

“It’s our new place, love.” Rogue hugs her around her waist and leans on her shoulder.

“New place? What’s wrong with the old one?” She can’t help it but wonder because as far as she is concerned it’s just fine.

“Got too small for the whole team.” Rogue answers.

“Well…What? Wait. What do you mean by that?” Emily is caught totally off guard.

“Whole…What? Wait. What do you mean by that?” Rogue starts to explain and continues when Emily nods. “Ame will probably stay with us.” Emily has no problem with that and she shows it by nodding while smiling with a bit of a spark in her eyes. “Then you got Linn who needs her own room because Brigitte might come over.” Emily nods again. “Olivia definitely needs her own room.” They both chuckle at that and nod and Gabriel laughs behind them too. “Then Gabriel, Jamison, and Mako will stay in one room and that leaves one more guest room free.”
“Yeah,” Emily responds, scratching the back of her head. “They really won’t all fit in that small place we got now, will they? But can’t the rest just…” She wants to suggest that apart from ex-Talon trio and Linn, rest could just stay in Gibraltar but then recalls the conversation they had on their way here. And as he is the only one besides them here, she picks Gabriel to ask a question she already knows the answer to, “Big bro Gabe, huh?” and wraps her arm around Rogue’s shoulders.

“Just so.” Rogue nods firmly, understanding what Emily is really asking.

“So,” Gabriel chuckles from behind, leaning on the wall, legs and arms crossed, “I got one little annoying sister and a bit bigger redhead one now?”

“Hey,” Rogue cranes her neck to look at him, “I thought Olivia is the annoying one?”

“She’s the loud one,” Gabriel retorts, “You’re the annoying one. Like a little fly that won’t leave you alone when you are trying to take a nap.”

“And here I thought for a second you’re the cool big bro,” Rogue shoots back with a smirk. “Now I see you are the grumpy one.” Gabriel just shrugs and they all laugh at that exchange.

Emily rejoins the conversation and voices a worry she has about a place this big, “But, sweet, the rent for this place must be huge.”

“Rent?” Rogue tilts her head like Emily just said something really weird. “I bought this place.”

“What?” Emily goes wide-eyed. “How can you afford it? It probably costs a small fortune.”

“Had some savings. Jesse apparently got us a good discount too and for the rest, Ame, Gabriel, and Olivia pitched in. Take it as the engagement gift from them.” Rogue answers.

“Wow,” Emily tries to wrap her head around it, but she is not really succeeding. She slowly walks towards the big windows that replace one whole side of the wall of the huge living room. “My parents were well enough off and we did live in a house, but I still never imagined I would be living in a place as fancy as this.” Her eyes scan the Row’s below. “And getting to work from here will take a bit longer too.”

Rogue joins her by her side, “Got an idea about that.”

“Yeah?” Emily looks at her.

“Mhm,” she nods then explains, “How about you quit your current job and get on the Overwatch payroll? I’m sure Torbjorn and Brigitte will love to have you.”

“But they are also fighters,” Emily has doubts that it’s a good idea, “I’m not sure I could…”

Rogue gently smacks her upper arm, “Olivia, day one. Rings any bells?” And chuckles when she hears Gabriel laugh when he remembered how Emily decked Olivia with a single punch back then.

“I guess I could give it a shot.” Emily relents. “But Overwatch, not Roguewatch?”

“Sorry, love,” Rogue shakes her head, “Joint missions sure, but if Roguewatch deploys on their own, I don’t want you involved. Already regret bringing Linn along. Things can get pretty nasty, especially if I’m dealing with Talon shits.” She looks at her cybernetic arm and closes and opens her fist a few times.

Emily turns to look at Gabriel for support but he shakes his head and explains, “She’s right. This
world isn’t something you want to be a part of if you have a choice. Just stay with Overwatch. They get plenty of action too.”

She can see how the mood changed in the room when she mentioned Talon so she decides that it’s probably for the better if she does as they are telling her. “Okay, Rogue.” She hugs her around her shoulder and they both look outside, “I’ll stay with Overwatch.”

“Thank you, Emily,” Rogue leans her head on her shoulder, “It makes me feel a lot better, knowing that you will be safe with them. Well, safeish.”

“You’re welcome.” Emily leans her head on Rogue’s, “But if we are moving, we better go pack our stuff.”

“That’s already being taken care of.” Gabriel comments on that. “I’ve sent Olivia and Genji who tagged along to start on that.”

“Let’s go help them,” Emily says and Rogue and Gabriel nod and they leave the apartment and start making their way to their old place.
Rogue grabs hold of the doorknob that leads in the apartment and swings open the doors as fast as she can, shouting, “Alright, you gits. Hands where I can see them!” And aims her pistol at Genji who just walked out of the bathroom with a taped up box in his hands.

“I really don’t want to drop this. There are fragile things in here.” He knows she is joking but still says it as if he is afraid of her. His brother, on the other hand, wasn’t in on it and pulls his bow off his shoulder, grabs one end of it and swings it at Rogue. Seeing that she is about to dodge and that the next thing in bow’s path was Emily, Gabriel quickly pulls her back, but he didn’t need to.

Rogue ducked only as much as she needed, grabbed Hanzo’s wrist then by pressing the right point on it with her finger, she forced him to open his palm and drop the bow. Next, she pulls him towards her and kicks at his feet, tripping him. Still holding his arm stretched and twisted, she puts her foot on his neck and growls, “Who the fuck are you?!” aiming her pistol at his head.

“Hey, hey.” Genji first lowers the box he was holding then rushes to them, “Slow down, Rogue.” When she snaps her head in his direction with narrowed eyes he explains, “He is my brother, Hanzo.”

“The one that tried to kill you?” She asks next, still steaming.

“Yes.” Genji nods.

“Then why shouldn’t I turn his brain into mush?” She looks back at Hanzo, who holds completely still, knowing that if he tried anything, it would only worsen the situation.

“Because I forgave him,” Genji answers with a calm voice, “and he is here because he is asking if he can join your team.”

“Hm,” Rogue hums. She releases his arm and steps off his neck then holsters her pistol. She then grabs the back of his collar and pulls him back up on his feet. “Don’t know about joining us yet, but I won’t kill him. For now.” Hanzo nods and retreats towards Genji, picking up his bow and shouldering it on his way.

Hearing the commotion, Olivia pokes her head out of the bedroom’s door, “What did I miss?”
“Just Rogue flooring the archer boy in a second,” Gabriel answers after he let Emily go and she thanked him for his help.

“What are you doing in our bedroom?” Rogue asks while walking past her, towards the kitchen. She needs a drink.

“Packing your stuff.” Olivia answers. “Couldn’t just let those two to go through your undies, could I?” Rogue just rolls her eyes and continues on her way grumbling something incoherent. “What’s she so moody about?”

Emily, who walked towards her, answers, “She’s not feeling the best ever since she heard about Slipstream.” Then walks into the bedroom. “And thank you for keeping the boys out of here.”

“De nada. Anything for my favorite sister.” Olivia smiles genuinely.

“No beer?!” They hear Rogue shout from the kitchen and then how she slams the fridge’s doors close. “That should still be there.” Next thing they hear is her rummaging through the cupboard. “Come to mama, you disgusting son of a bitch.” Where she seems to have found something. She walks back to the living room guzzling from a whiskey bottle that Gabriel recognizes as one of those that Jesse brought from a mission that one time.

“Hey, slow down.” He tries to stop her, “That shit is strong.”

She plugs the bottle with her tongue and shakes her head. She makes two more big pulls from it before exhaling, “Paaaah! That hit the spot.”

“Is she drinking that hidden stash of hers?” Emily shouts from the bedroom when she overheard her.

“Probably, yes.” Gabriel answers.

“Rogue,” Emily growls, “Unhand that bottle and get your behind in here.”

“But, love,” Rogue whimpers.

“No buts. Now.” Emily commands her. Rogue caps the bottle walks to Gabriel with a lowered head and hands it to him. Then heads for the bedroom.

Genji, Hanzo, and Gabriel only look at each other. No one says a thing. But they are all thinking the exact same thing. Emily must be something else if Rogue obeys her like that. Shivers run along their spines when their imagination runs a bit wild and they get a very dark image of Emily, “Hahahaha! Kneel before your mistress, you pigs!” ‘Impossible.’ Gabriel shakes the image out of his head first, followed by Genji, ‘Not a chance.’ then Hanzo, ‘Not such a gentle looking lady.’

“Cheers love, the cavalry is here.” Linn bursts into the living room, followed by Queen and Satya. Hanzo looks at Genji, then at Linn, then towards the bedroom, then back at Genji. “Didn’t she just?”

Used to this kind of reaction by now, Gabriel and Genji laugh, with the latter explaining, “That’s Linn. Rogue’s twin sister.”

“Hullo,” she walks closer and offers a handshake, “Linn Oxton.”

“Hanzo Shimada.” He shakes her hand.
“Shimada?” Linn knits her brow, then looks at Genji, quirking her brow, “Your brother?”

“One and only.” Genji nods.

“They call me Queen.” She introduces herself and eyes the bottle in Gabriel’s hand. “Can I have some?”

“Sure,” He hands her the bottle, “It’s Rogue’s though.”

Queen just shrugs, uncaps it and takes a good pull out of it. “Crikey, that’s some good stuff.” She curses loudly.

“Oi!” They hear Rogue from the bedroom, “That’s mine.”

“Shut up and help me with this.” Emily scolds her and things go silent in there again.

“Satya Vaswani.” She walks to Hanzo and offers a handshake. Linn and Genji not missing a touch of red that she got in her cheeks when she came closer.

“Ha-Hanzo Shimada.” He stutters and shakes hands with her. Linn and Genji can barely keep their laughter down.

“Keep it down, no matter what.” Gabriel looks at them in turns, barely keeping it down himself.

“Mhm,” they both respond in sync, nodding and biting their lips shut.

“Keep what down?” Olivia walks out of the bedroom, a taped up box in her hands. She notices the blush on Satya and Hanzo. She turns her head back towards the bedroom, “Hey Rogue. We might need your matchmaking skills again.” She jokes.

“What?” Rogue blinks next to her as if someone blew a dog whistle. “Oh. Well, lookie that.” She smirks when she sees them too. It’s more than Linn, Gabriel and Genji can take and they burst into laughter. “Hanzo.” Rogue walks next to him and puts her hand on his shoulder. Completely calm and serious. “Satya here,” she flicks her head towards her, “just bought you the ticket into the team. Make sure you properly thank her.” And she walks away and back into the bedroom.

“I-I will.” Hanzo only answers after she is long gone. Genji can’t stay on his feet anymore from laughing so hard.

“It gladdens me to see you so cheerful, my pupil,” Zenyatta comments when he and Amélie enter the apartment. With Amélie positively glowing. She has an aura of lightness about her. The glow is probably coming from Zenyatta’s orb but let’s not split hairs here.

And it doesn’t escape Olivia’s attention, “Ohohoh, Araña, you look different. A better different.”

“I feel a lot better.” Amélie smiles in response. “You called and said it was urgent. Where is Rogue?”

“In here, love,” Rogue shouts from the bedroom. “Helping Emily pack.”

Amélie makes her way there, “Bonjour, can I help you with something?”

Rogue looks at her and freezes for a moment. Not looking away, she taps air as she misses at first but then finds Emily’s arm and starts tapping it, “Em, babe, look at Ame.”

“C’mon, I’m trying to make some order of things here.” Emily responds and tries to swat Rogue’s
hand away but when the tapping doesn’t stop, “Could you sto-o-o-…” she looks and freezes too. “Wow.” She exhales.

“Last one there is a rotten egg.” Rogue chirps and jumps towards Amélie hugging her. “You look amazing, love.” She tells her and squeezes her hug a bit.

“I, uh. Thank you.” Amélie returns the hug and scruffs Rogue’s hair a bit.

“What she means,” Emily walks closer and cups Amélie’s cheek, “Is that you look refreshed. Like you…” she wants to say it but stops herself.

Amélie finishes, “Like I dropped a big load of the past that was weighing me down. That’s because I did.”

They stay hugged for a bit then Rogue breaks the silence, “From the sound of it, the gang is all here.” And looks at Emily, “Sorry, babe, but I need to talk to them so packing will have to wait.”

“Figured as much,” Emily nods and they all leave the bedroom.

Once they reach the living room, Rogue claps twice, “Alright, gather around.” And others move closer, forming a circle. “I’m taking Linn, Gabriel, and Queen to go and get Slipstream back.”

“Chérie, you will need long range support,” Amélie comments her rooster.

“Mmm,” Rogue hums, “In that case, you and Olivia are coming along. With her covering your arse while the rest of us head inside.”

“And the rest of us?” Satya asks, standing next to Hanzo. Coincidence? Rogue sure doesn’t think so, neither do others in the room.

“You guys help Emily pack and finish the move to the new place. If Ashe and Jesse come back, the women are to go buy whatever is missing in term of furniture and other stuff.” Rogue answers.

“Where are we going to get the money for it?” Emily asks, even though she can predict Rogue’s answer.

“Olivia will provide her special credit card.” Rogue winks at her.

“Why always me?” she jokingly grunts in response.

“See anyone else in this room with access to an unlimited supply of untraceable money?” Rogue smirks.

Olivia rolls her eyes as she walks to Emily and hands her the card, “Don’t worry Red. I always steal from those that have too much.” She shoots her a wink then returns to where she was standing.

She is not sure that she even wants to know where the money on this card is coming from. “How much is on it, anyway?”

“It’s a seven digits number.” Olivia shrugs like it’s nothing.

“What?!?” Emily and Rogue both go wide-eyed at her.

“If it makes you feel any better, most of it used to be Talons,” Olivia smirks.

Rogue grins and slowly turns her head towards Emily, “Spend it. Spend it all.”
“There’s no way I can spend it all, but I guess we can easily buy anything we need for our new place with this.” Emily relents.

“Great.” Rogue nods and looks back at the others, “Then let’s get to work.” She tells them and walks out of the living room and the apartment, followed by the ones she said are going with her. Linn leads the way to the Orca and the board it. She and Rogue occupy their usual places in the cockpit and after doing the pre-flight check and making sure everyone is strapped in and ready they take off. Destination: Talon’s base in Zürich. Primary objective: Retrieve Slipstream. Secondary objective: Slaughter every single Talon employee in there.
Rogue and her team reach and attack the Talon's base. But someone predicted that and is waiting for them and they have their own agenda that is not particularly aligned with Talons.

Before reading this chapter I recommend reading the first 12 chapters posted in the side-story in this series called Rogue 2.0 as it explains some things.

Orca lands a fair distance away after Rogue and Linn flew it at low altitude to make sure they are not detected. It took quite an effort, accounting for how big the Orca is and weaving through valleys and nearly scraping the belly on the tops of pines a few time but they are masters of their craft so they reach their destination without a hitch. They sneak closer to the base on foot with Widowmaker and Sombra splitting from the assault team so Widowmaker can scout out the place while Sombra covers her for any unforeseen patrols that might be making rounds in the wider area around the base. “Looks like their guard is down, Rogue.” Widow reports when she can only see a few grunts guarding the main entrance and the area between the wall surrounding the base and the buildings and even they are yawning from boredom.

“Copy that.” She responds then turns to others in her team. “Tracer, Reaper. We do this quietly and take the outside guards out first. Then we let Queen in and after that, it's Breach and Clear. We have the close quarters advantage. Let’s make use of it.”

They nod in agreement and they move while Queen stays in cover and waits for them to open the front door.

Rogue and Reaper both engaged the guards outside the front doors at the same time and they are almost completely silent. Rogue blinked closer and pushed the guard against the wall, one arm over his mouth while her blade pierced his gut and torso. He was dead before he knew what hit him. Reaper wraithed behind his and snapped his neck. They scale the wall and take out the watchtower’s guards in a similar fashion. Then Tracer joined them and they cleaned the courtyard under five minutes. Tracer opted for her combat knife and sliced open the throats of her targets while Rogue and Reaper just continued with what they did with the guards at the doors. Tracer and Reaper reach the main building and wait at the entrance while Rogue went and let Queen in. Once they regroup, Rogue kicks down the doors, “Cheers, loves. The cavalry is here to murder you all!!” And the fight is on. The alarm goes off and Talon grunts start pouring out from every door.

“They are here.” She murmurs and rouses from the nap she was taking. ‘**Not going to help defend?**’ ‘**Fuck no. These twats can all die for all I care.**’ ‘**You really hate them, don’t you?**’ ‘After what they did to her and Major? Of course, I do. If I didn’t need to land here I would be with
them out there slaughtering every single one of them.’ ‘But you want to wait for her to come to you?’ ‘Mhm. This means something completely different here and if I’m guessing right, she hates it even more then I do and I don’t think she will listen once she sees it.’ ‘You think she will want to fight?’ ‘I’m counting on it.’ She smirks. ‘Wanna see what this accelerator of hers can do.’

Rogue and her team reach the doors that lead into the hangar after they killed their way through the base. On the other side, Slipstream rest under a cover. She opens the doors and they file in. But as soon as Queen steps in as the last one, Rogue raises her arm, hand balled into a fist as a signal for everyone to freeze on the spot. She scans the suspiciously quiet hangar with her sight which stops on the top of the catwalk on the far side of it. “Everyone but Linn, leave now.” She hisses and by now most of them fought with her and know well that they should obey when she says it like that. So they quickly scramble and run back out. Doors hiss close.

A clapping is heard from the other side of the hangar, “You have them well trained.” A voice very similar to Rogue’s sneers and a figure jumps down from the shadow onto the plane with a loud clank. “You are right in thinking that only you and Linn stand a sliver of a chance against me in a fight. Others would just be slaughtered before they could move a finger.” She continues to rant as she walks across the covered plane and when she gets directly under a light, Rogue spots the emblem on her shoulder.

“She’s with Talon,” Rogue tells Linn and they lower their postures, pulling out their weapons. Rogue pistol in one hand, blade out in the other and Linn with two pistols in her arms.

“Hm,” The figure taps her chin with her finger, “If that’s how you want to play it,” then shrugs, “fine by me.” And she charges at them.

Rogue and Linn blink away and flank the figure on either side. “Fuck. That wasn’t blinking. How is she so fast!?” Rogue curses. And before she can react the figure is on top of her again and even if she wasn’t so fast, Rogue would still freeze because when she got so close she could see that it’s her but with far more cybernetics. A fist digging into her stomach wakes her up and she flies a few feet then spins on the floor from the force.

“ROGUE!” Linn shouts and blinks closer then covers her by strafing the figure with her pistol fire. It forces her to retreat behind cover and she has time to check on Rogue. “That looked like it hurt. You okay?”

“Yeah,” Rogue pushes off the floor, “The bitch threw me off guard for a second there.” And when she stands, still holding her stomach, “Won’t happen again.”

“Hey, Linn, was it?” The cybernetic Lena calls from behind cover. “Little birdie told me that you can’t stand to hear it.” She teases.

“Can’t stand to hear what?” Linn growls back.

“Slipstream.” She shouts.

And any other time it would work like a charm, but Rogue was ready for it this time. And before Linn can shut down completely she grabs the arm which holds the pistol that has that carved on it and turns it so she can read it. “Remember, Linn,” she shakes her arm and repeats with a louder voice, “Remember.”

“You are not alone.” Linn reads the words on the pistol then slowly raises her sight to look at Rogue and her eyes clear. “I’m not alone.” She nods firmly.
“Ready to kick her ass?” Rogue smirks and puts away her weapons.

“Ready and willing.” Linn grins back and holsters her pistols too.

“Hey,” Rogue calls, “Let have a fist fight.” She teases, “You seem pretty confident in your speed, but I willing to bet that I’m faster.”

“Ho, ho,” Cyber Lena laughs and first peeks over her cover then when she sees them wave their empty hands, comes out from behind the cover. “Did somebody put her big girl pants on, all of a sudden?” She takes a few steps towards them, then leans forward and tease them with her hand.

“Ready or not, here we come!” Rogue shouts and starts sprinting towards her, Linn hot on her heels. Cyber Lena just wanted to start running to but she was too slow this time around. Linn blinked behind her and swung her leg at hers, tripping her then blinked away. She needed to, because Rogue blinked above her and punched with everything she had in the center of Cyber Lena’s torso but then not willing to risk a return strike she blinks away as well.

Cyber Lena laid still for a few moments, reeling from the punch. “No—not bad,” she stutters as she picks herself up, breathing taxed.

Rogue sees it as a chance and charges again but Cyber Lena saw it coming this time and defends. And they started to run and blink all over the hangar with loud booms echoing every time their fists collided. ‘Damn! How is she so fast?! I’m blinking just to keep up.’ Rogue curses in her mind. She sees that they will be near a wall with their next move and decided to try something that worked in the past. She extends her blink to its limits, spins around and lands on the wall. Looking towards the Cyber Lena she sees her surprised wide eyes and smirks then pushes off. She adjusts the last bit and blinks to her side with her leg arcing and connecting. “Try to defend this!!!” she grunts as her leg digs into Cyber Lena’s stomach, her arms guarding her torso and head. The force of the kick sends her flying and she impacts the ground hard, then rolls lifelessly for a few feet and comes to a stop. Rogue walks there, “You Talon fuckers will pay for every life your ruined.” She growls, nostrils flaring, rage burning in her eyes and she deploys her blade to finish her off.

“Blood ‘ell, woman.” Cyber Lena pushes off the ground, sitting up. “Will you slow down for a minute and let me explain something?” She waves her arm at Rogue, all hostility gone from her. Caught off guard by the sudden change in her demeanor, Rogue stops closing in but stay on her guard. “Explain what, exactly?”

She stretches first, “Mmmmm,” she grunts then exhales, “there. Everything back in place now.” She looks at Rogue next, “Would you relax? I’m not fighting anymore. And this all started because you saw this,” she points to the emblem on her shoulder, “and thought I’m with the fuckers that own this place.” She waves her arm, gesturing at the room they are in and beyond.

“You’re not?” Rogue knits her brow and puts away her blade but doesn’t relax completely.

“Look closer.” Cyber Lena twists her torso to give Rogue a clear view at the emblem.

“That ring around the T,” Rogue points out, “That’s awfully familiar.”

“Of course it is.” She chuckles. “But first thing first. This bird,” she points at the plane behind her with her thumb, “is not your Slipstream. It’s mine.”

“What do you mean by that?” Rogue asks with crossed arms, even though she knows the answer already. Winston told her about this possibility while they were flying here.
"I think you know the answer already." Cyber Lena smirks then just to make sure, explains, "We were testing the matrix for the first time, but instead of going haywire like yours, it somehow transported me here."

"And there, wherever you are from, Talon are the good guys?" Rogue asks the obvious.

"Nah, silly," Cyber Lena shakes her head and waves her arm in front of it. "Reyes renamed Overwatch into Talon when he got assigned to the position of Strike Commander and…” she wants to continue but Rogue interrupts her.

"Hold on just a tick. Reyes is Strike Commander? Not Morrison?" She goes wide-eyed from surprise.

"Morrison?!" Cyber Lena laughs, "He’s too much of a boy scout to properly lead an organization like that. And when Reyes explained it to him what could and probably did happen here, he refused the offer for the position and let Reyes take it.”

"Why renaming it then?" Rogue wonders. "The name was famous across the globe.”

"Exactly.” Cyber Lena agrees. "So when he broke the chains that UN put on Overwatch and went independent, he chose to rename it. Where Talon came from, sorry, no clue on that one.”

"What do you mean by that?" Rogue asks and decides that she is bored of standing and sits down too but in such a way that she can leap away in a second if needed.

“I’ve read how UN fucked Overwatch over, here,” Cyber Lena points at the ground, “and Reyes seems to have predicted that. He always seems like he is three steps ahead of everyone else. So the very first thing he did when he signed the paper that he is the top authority in Overwatch was to tear that very paper in two in front of the UN council, flip them the bird and kicked every single UN official that was skulking in Overwatch bases across the world out by the end of the day.”

“They couldn’t have taken it lying down,” Rogue says.

“They didn’t.” she smiles then continues, “They tried to fight back but like I said Reyes was three steps ahead of them and stopped them dead in their tracks. He planned for that months in advance and before even a single bullet was fired, the pressure from all across the globe by different powerful supporters he gathered on his side forced UN to back down or risk a global war, which they knew they couldn’t afford. Overwatch just stopped the Crisis and the public loved them. They were and still are heroes. The next day he held a press conference where he renamed Overwatch into Talon and promised that under his watch no one will have to fear something like the Crisis from ever happening again. To show how serious he is, he exposed numerous dealings that UN officials were making under the table while they were preaching how they want to stop the Crisis at all costs and what their end game was.”

"Hm,” Rogue hums, “I think I get the picture now. But, as you can see,” she gestures, “things went to shit here.” She wants to say something more but a pained grunt from the other side of the hangar captures her attention.

And both she and Cyber Lena snap their heads towards the sound and see Linn on her knees, clutching her head. “No, no, no. GET OUT!!!” She shouts and headbutts the floor.

Rogue jumps to her feet and runs towards her but Cyber Lena intercepts her, “No, don’t go near her. Something is very wrong.” And points towards the Slipstream that started humming and a blue light was shining through the fabric from the cockpit, coloring the ceiling above it.
“Let go! She needs my help.” Rogue struggles to break free. But Cyber Lena holds on.

Suddenly everything goes silent and Linn goes still. “Ha ha ha,” she suddenly starts to laugh and shoots to her feet. “Hahahaha!!!” he laughers grows more wicked by the second.

“Li-Linn?” Rogue extends her arm towards her but Cyber Lena is holding her firmly in place.

Linn stops laughing and moves her head and then slowly opens her eyes. They are glowing blue. “Linn is gone.” She grins. Then the glow disappears, “ROGUE! KILL ME!!!!” she shouts but the glow is back the next second, “Ups. Well, not gone. Taking a long nap, maybe?” she shrugs. “Now let’s see what this darling is capable of.” She says next and looks at her arms as if she is seeing them for the first time.

There is something awfully familiar to Rogue about how she phrased that. She breaks out of Lena’s grip and charges at her, with all the intent of knocking her out on the spot. But her swing hits empty air. “What?” she never saw her blink away so she stops and scans the hangar only to find her on top of the Slipstream.


Rogue charges again but her fist only meets empty air again. “It does! How delightful.” She hears her from the spot where she just was but is more sure that she knows what is going on by every word that comes out of Linn’s? mouth. “It’s simply fascinating what science can achieve when morals and ethics don’t hold it back.” She says next and Rogue is now convinced.

There is only one person she knows or knew that would utter such bullshit. She drove her blade through her skull though. So how is this possible? “Moira.” She growls and jumps off the Slipstream next to Cyber Lena.

“Why, hello darling.” Linn/Moira looks at her and waves.

“How is this even possible?” Rogue looks at her with a shocked look at her eyes.

“I could explain it for hours and you still wouldn’t get it.” She waves her arm dismissively. “So I’ll simplify. When I made her, I put some of me in her as well. Connected it to the effects of chronal disassociation but stabilized it. But why am I only now in control?” she wonders and looks around and spots the jet. “Oh, but of course. It needed a catalyst.” She exhales. “But the real me probably knew that, so why…” she wonders but Rogue cuts her off.

“Because the real you got her skull split in two by me.” She growls.

“That’s unfortunate.” She shrugs it off. “Well, I got this delightful body now.” And taps herself.

“Give her back.” Rogue hisses, rage burning in her eyes again and starts walking closer, pointing an accusing finger at her.

“I made her from scratch,” Linn/Moira backs away. “What right do you have to her?” She then stops and grins when she remembers something. “This was fun and all but now I must bid you darlings goodbye.”

Rogue wants to get ready but she can’t react fast enough and Linn/Moira punches her in the face hard enough that she backflips then proceeds to do the same to Cyber Lena who doesn’t fare much better as she was caught completely off guard. With their tickets punched the world goes dark on both of them.
‘Lena, wake up! She is getting away!’ Rogue inside Cyber Lena appears in her sight as letters. “Hmmm,” she grunts and wants to push off the floor but can’t put any strength in her arms. She can hear a jet engine revving up and feels the blast of the downdraft. When she opens her eyes she can see that Rogue, a few feet away, is stirring too. “Ro-Rogue…” she stretches her arm towards her.

“Shit,” Rogue punches the floor to wake up her body, but can’t pick herself up. She hears and feels the engine too and snaps her head towards it. Her eyes go wide when she sees the gears pull into the body, “No!” she shouts and stretches her arm towards it. But two miniguns in it open fire and demolish the hangars doors, outside air rushing in. The rest of Rogue’s team hears the gunfire and rushes in only to be blasted backward by the back blast from the jet engine’s exhaust when the plane flies out of the hangar. “LIIIIIIINN!!!!!!” Rogue shout on top of her lungs and forces her numb body up and runs a few steps only to faceplant the floor when her legs give out again. Tears start to flow down her cheek as she looks at the retreating form of the jet. “Linn…I’m sorry…” she wails, “I’m so sorry…”

Chapter End Notes

To answer a comment on a previous chapter: Dinner is served. Hope you like it. And the twist I put in.
Something snaps in Rogue when her tears run dry. And while the team near her see and feel the change, others close to her feel it too. In one way or another. Some can hear the whispers on the wind.

“Moira…Talon…” Rogue hisses through her teeth and the air around her changes as she stands up. Eyes riveted on the point of the sky where Slipstream flew out of sight.

Reaper helps Queen and Sombra back to their feet while Widow already got to hers and is helping Cyber Lena to stand. “Thank you, Major.” She thanks her, gently shaking off her arms as she can stand on her own now.

“Major?” Widow asks, wondering why is she calling her an army rank.

“Sorry ‘bout that.” She apologizes, realizing her mistake. “My head is a mess right now. But if it helps, you are as beautiful here as you are in my world.” She looks at her, holding her head as it is still pulsing with pain and smiles a bit.

Widow wants to retort but Rogue interrupts her. “Everyone…” her voice a low, angry growl. She pops her neck slowly and reaches for her pack beneath the back of her accelerator. “Leave and wait for me at the Orca.” Pressing a button, one of her pulse bombs falls into her palm. And there is something else that changed about her.

“Rogue, wai…” Sombra calls out.

“NOW!” Rogue shuts her up with a shout so loud and so full of anger that it sends shivers of dread along everyone’s spine.

Cyber Lena, not fully aware of the state Rogue is in, walks closer and tried to put her arm on her shoulder to comfort her. “No! Don’t…” Reaper shouts to stop her, but he is too late.

Rogue spins and swings her fist in a backhanded punch, putting everything she has in it. It sends Cyber Lena flying across the hangar and into the wall next to the doors they used to enter it. She nearly took Reaper along for the ride but he managed to dodge by a hairs width. When he looks back at Rogue after his eyes followed Cyber Lena’s crash and collapse, ‘Holy fuck. This is even worse than after Talon was done with her.’ Her eyes had nothing but Murder in them. A scowl of pure, untempered fury was accompanying them on her face. ‘That’s new, though.’ He comments something else he sees on her.

“Leave. Now.” She repeats her demand. Her voice alone is enough to shake the conscious four to the bones with fear all over again.

“C’mon guys,” Reaper calls after Sombra and Widowmaker while he shoulders Cyber Lena, “Let’s head for the Orca.”

Seeing absolutely nothing wrong with that plan, Sombra, Queen and Widowmaker scramble
through the doors, followed by Reaper who gave Rogue one last look then ran after them.

“She is gone, isn’t she?” Sombra asks.

“If you mean Linn, yes, she is.” Reaper answers with a sad tone. “But if you are asking about Lena. I really hope not.”

“Chérie,” Widow murmurs to herself as they continue to sprint through the base, “Stay strong.”

“I’m not the only one that saw it, right?” Queen asks, not sure herself if what she just saw was real or not.

“Saw what?” Reaper asks.

“Her gizmo changing color.”

“No,” Reaper shakes his head, “It did turn red from blue. That’s why I’m having doubts that this time she…” he wants to say something.

“No! Don’t say it!” but Widow interrupts him. “She is still there.” She refuses to give up on her, “Just…really, really deep down now.”

“Don’t you think that Lena is just as angry as her alter, Rogue, is?” Cyber Lena asks when she comes to, still dangling from Reaper’s shoulder. “If she too channeled all that sorrow she felt when Linn was taken into anger…”

“I know what you are saying, but you didn’t see her face.” Reaper retorts when they ran past the outer door and are now in the forest surrounding the base. “We are all angry, but that was something else.”

“You’re right.” Queen agrees, “I don’t think I ever felt so afraid in my life. It’s like I was looking Death in the face and it grinned its toothy smile while its scythe was already around my neck.”

“That’s actually a pretty good description,” Sombra adds, chills still running down her spine and her hands shiver from fear no matter how hard she clenches her fists.

“Mon chérie,” Widow presses her fist against the center of her chest, “Will I lose you now?”

“No one will lose anyone anymore.” Her voice growls from behind them and they all twitch when they hear it. “I’ll make sure that Talon is buried so deep that they turn into oil.” She speeds up and runs ahead of them but they need to dodge the trees and splinters that come flying as she is punching and cutting her way through the forest. Something beeps on her arm and she grins. “Boom.” She murmurs and a moment later a shockwave blasts through the forest. They are a fair distance away but it still staggers all but Rogue. They manage to stay on their feet. “Moira, I will make you regret the day you were born.” She hisses, clenching her fist and barrels ahead.

“Something is wrong.” Emily shoots upright when a sharp pain runs through her chest but it’s gone so fast that she never had the time to react to it. She wanted to sign it off as part of her recovery. But.

Genji slowly stands up too and looks outside, “Lena, no.” he whispers barely audibly.

“Brother, my dragons…” Hanzo joins him.
“Mine too.” Genji nods. “They sense something. It’s almost as if he is…”

“Afraid.” Hanzo finishes his sentence.

“I don’t understand this dragon magic you guys wield all that much,” Jesse stands up, “But that can’t be a good sign.”

“It is not.” Hanzo shakes his head, “They only ever stir if there is a battle in the near future. I can remember only one time when they were hesitant but never afraid.”

“It was when we clashed,” Genji explains Hanzo’s words.

“Lena!” Winston shouts as she shoots up from his sleep. “It was just a dream.” He rubs his eyes. But Hammond tugs on his arm and when they look at each other, he shakes his small head and squeaks something. “Instincts? They are warning us about something?” Winston asks and Hammond nods.

In another part of the Watchpoint, a figure was basking in the moonlight while she was drinking her late night tea because she couldn’t sleep. “Air has changed.” She talks to herself while gazing at the clouds that drift across the starry sky.

“Something big happened out there tonight.” A raspy voice retorts and a man walks past her and leans on the balcony’s fence. His sight on the sky as well.
The team returns home.

Chapter Summary

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“Crap.” Gabriel sighs, “This won’t end well.” and facepalms.

“Actually,” Genji chimes in, “if Emily finished it, it just might.”

“Finish what?” he raises his sight to look at him. Genji only points at Gabriel’s mask on the table in response.

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Chapter Notes

I will continue Rogue 2.0 too and I know what to write there, but I think you guys want more of this more so I’ll continue this story for a bit first.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The flight back and the walk to the new apartment was a quiet one. Rogue was speed walking all the way and others were having trouble keeping up. She hesitated for a moment when she reached for the doorknob, thinking of million different things. One thought, though, was dominating her mind. ‘Don’t you dare vent at Emily! She doesn’t deserve it. No one in here does.’ With that in her mind, she clenched her jaw and turned the knob, opening the door and entered.

As soon as she heard the door open, Emily flew from her seat. Seeing Rogue, she slowed down her step but still closed in and wrapped her in a hug. “I was so scared something happened to you.”

“Something happened, alright.” Rogue’s voice was cold as ice. She didn’t dare to let any emotion to leak out. Others enter too and Amélie as the last to enter closes the doors.

Looking at then Emily realizes what Rogue meant when she said that. “Sweet, where’s Linn?” She could feel Rogue twitch when she said Linn.

“I…I can’t.” Rogue gently pushes out of her arms and takes a step back, lowering her head. Emily doesn’t give up and cups her cheeks with her hand and pushes her head up so they look at each other’s eyes. Her mouth moves like she wants to ask but she decides against it. “I need some fresh air,” Rogue says next and grabs Emily’s hands and slowly removes them then turns around and opens the doors then blinks out.

Seeing Emily try to run after her, Gabriel reaches out and blocks her. “No. Let her be.” He shakes his head when Emily looks at him. “I know you think you should be there for her but she is not herself right now. Just talking as normally as she just did probably took a huge effort on her part.”

“What do you mean?” Emily asks, her voice shaking and tears start to well up in her eyes.
Gabriel does what every big brother would do if they saw their sister on the verge of crying and pulls her into a hug, “I’m sorry, but she is beyond pissed off. She turned all the sorrow of losing Linn into anger and this is even worse than the time she first escaped from Talon.”

“Losing Linn? Did she?” Emily raises her head to look at him, tears overflowing.

“No,” he shakes his head first then, “Moira somehow took over her body and ran away, taking the Slipstream along the way. And she completely overpowered her and Lena over there.” He flicks his head toward Cyber Lena who is being guided towards the living room by Amélie.

That gets Emily’s attention and momentarily distracts her thoughts. She wipes her eyes and pushes out of Gabriel’s hug. “Thanks, big bro.” She shoots him a wink with a bitter smile then follows Cyber Lena and Amélie to the living room. Gabriel follows her. “Hello, my name is Emily.” She introduces herself to the newcomer and offers a handshake.

“Hullo,” Cyber Lena starts saying as she turns around to face her but once she looks at Emily, her cognitive functions grind to a swift and a completed stop. “I’m Le-…” ‘Are you kidding me?! This again?’ The letter runs in her vision. ‘C’mon, she is so gorgeous.’

“Are you okay?” Emily asks, tilting her head as she wonders why she froze like that.

‘Tooooo cuuuute!!!!’ Cyber Lena screams in her mind, with her outside expression not changing at all. ‘Haaaaaa. You are hopeless.’ “Kh-khm,” she clears her throat then takes a deep breath and shakes Emily’s hand, “I’m-I’m fine. The name is Lena Oxton. And you are as beautiful here as you are back where I come from.”

“Thanks, I guess.” Emily smiles then quirks her eyebrow, “Where you come from?”

“Mhm,” Cyber Lena nods, “You could say I’m not from this world. Sort of.”

“You lost me,” Emily responds, confused.

“My Slipstream didn’t fail but transported me from my world to this one.” Cyber Lena explains.

“I guess I understand.” Emily nods as she tries to wrap her head around that and offers her a seat. And she can read the question on the faces of others and wants to answer but Gabriel beats her to it.

“Rogue left to get some fresh air. Linn was kidnapped by Moira. In a way.” He tells them and sits down while pulling off his hood and taking off his mask.

On pure reflex, as soon as she sees him, Cyber Lena straightens her back and salutes him, “Strike Commander Reyes, Lt. Oxton reporting.” ‘Wrong world, dum dum.’ Letters tell her and she can see the confused eyes on others in the room and the silence is only broken by Gabriel chuckling.

“Strike Commander, huh?” he looks at her, smirking, “Has a nice ring to it. What happened to Morrison then?”

“Sorry, sir, I just reacted.” She apologizes then sits down too. “And to answer your question. In my world, he refused the promotion and stayed as a Strike Team leader keeping his rank as a Commander.”

“You called me Major,” Amélie joins the conversation, “Does that mean I’m an officer in your world’s Overwatch?”

“Yes,” Cyber Lena nods, “Yes, you are. Major Amélie Lacroix. Best sniper we have.”
“Better than Amari?” A smirk creeps on Amélie’s face. “It’s always a close call but so far you won every match against her.” Cyber Lena confirms. “Next thing you will say I’m in there too, Rapida.” Olivia jokes from her seat. “Actually,” Cyber Lena scratches her cheeks and nods. “No fucking way.” Olivia’s eyes go wide from surprise. “Me?” she points at herself, “Part of Overwatch?”

“Gabriel,” Cyber Lena looks at him and waits for him to confirm that she can address him like that and continues when he does with a nod, “renamed Overwatch into Talon.” Then she twists her torso and points at the emblem on her shoulder. A crimson T, surrounded by a red and white ring that is the same as the one that Blackwatch used. “And there, you are Gunnery Sergeant Colomar.” She answers Olivia and adds with a chuckle, “Stuck at that rank because of your big mouth.”

“Okay, that I do believe.” Olivia nods, satisfied with that answer.

“Hey guys,” Genji joins the conversation, “Where’s Emily?” and asks when he can’t see their host in the room anymore.

“She asked me if I knew any place where Rogue could have gone,” Jesse answers, “and when I told her about that one place, she gave me a kiss on the cheek as thanks and left. Saw her loading up a heavy-looking backpack then walking out.”

“You dumbass!!” Ashe slaps the back of his head, “You know she bolted right after her.” “Auch!” he whimpers. “I know, but she looked like she has a plan in that head of hers.”

“And what is this place you think Rogue went to?” Gabriel asks.

“You know,” Jesse shrugs, “That bar that we went to that one time.” Then raises his fists, mimicking a boxing posture.

“Crap.” Gabriel sighs, “This won’t end well.” and facepalms.

“Actually,” Genji chimes in, “if Emily finished it, it just might.” “Finish what?” he raises his sight to look at him. Genji only points at Gabriel’s mask on the table in response.

Chapter End Notes

Blizzard needs to put Emily in the game as a playable character. And she is Support. Not as much a healer as she is a buffer. Think of a mix between Mercy and Brigitte but she doesn't heal or armor you up but boosts abilities, adding an extra Blink charge to Tracer but she can only use it once then needs to be buffed by Emily again. Or just extends the distance of a single Blink. Maybe adding some size to Lucio's healing/speed boosting circle, etc. You know where I'm going here.

Here, though, I'll borrow my own idea from Shade Slipstream but adjust it a bit. ;)


Rogue wanders in a pub

Chapter Summary

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The bald man snaps his sight towards her, “Say that again.” And raises his fist towards her.

“I said, too slow, you twat. You could’ve finished him off three moves before but you weren’t so sloppy and slow.” She repeats and explains.

“Care to demonstrate?” he grins and quirks his eyebrow.

“Thought you will never ask.”

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Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

‘Sorry, Em and sorry guys, but if I stayed there one more second I let it out on you and you don’t deserve that.’ Rogue is lost in thoughts as she walks on the sidewalk, pulling up the collar of her bomber jacket and hugs herself in an attempt to hold back the storm that is brewing in her. Completely on autopilot, she wanders in a pub she never was in before. Confused at first, her sight wanders the place at first. Accepting it and thinking she needed a drink anyway, she makes a beeline for the bar and sits down on one of the stools. “Hey,” she calls for the bartender’s attention and when he looks at her. A man with grey hair but a sharp look in his eyes and from the looks of it, a well-built body beneath that barman clothes of his. “Gimme a shot of that.” She points to a whiskey bottle on the far end of the shelf behind him.

“Are you sure you want that one?” He asks polishing a glass. “And aren’t you?”

“This a pub or the police station?” Rogue snaps back.

“A pub.” He answers then instead of fetching the bottle he walks closer and leans towards her, “But if you want that,” he whispers, “go through that door,” and points to a door that is marked as toilets, “and knock on the third door on your right. Tell them, Billy, send you.”

“Huh. You being Billy?” she narrows her eyes in thought. ‘Could be another Dungeon thingy. Good. I got some steam to blow off.’

“One and only.” He smirks, “Now off with you. If what I heard from Jimmy is true, you will like it.”

‘Bingo!’ “This place similar to Jimmy’s?” she asks with a smirk.

“In a way.” Billy grins back. “Now go.” Then winks, “And have fun.”

She stands and walks to the pointed doors, “I plan to.” With a wicked grin now plastered on her face. She follows Billy’s instruction and knocks on the doors.
“Who are you?” a man grunts when he slides open a rectangular slot and only his eyes can be seen. “Sorry princess, but this is not a place for your sort. Toilets are on the other side.”

“You want me to tear this door down or will you let me in if I say that Billy sent me?” Rogue growls back, fist clenched and ready to demolish the doors.

“Now why didn’t you say that right away?” he chuckles, closes the slit and starts unlocking the doors with Rogue only rolling her eyes. “Enjoy your stay.” He bows and gestures down the stairs when he opened the doors.

Rogue walks down the flight of wooden stairs that turn into a twisting metal one after she turned the corner but once she reaches the bottom of it, her eyes go wide at the size of this place. It’s huge. With tables encircling an arena that is a floor below them. But you can’t see what is going on in there because of people and omnics that are leaning dangerously over the fence that surrounds the upper part of it as they cheer and shout loudly at a fight that is apparently taking place in it. She is pulled towards that fence like a moth to light and after she pushes her way towards it she can see two well-muscled men down in the arena fighting it out. One is clearly winning and this fight is all but over. ‘I want a piece of that.’ She grins. And with a few more punches and a strong kick to his opponents head the bald one of the two finishes the fight when the other one collapses unconscious. “Too slow, you twat!!” Rogue makes a funnel with her hands and shouts down at the winner. It would seem he is a champion here because the whole place goes dead silent after they hear her.

The bald man snaps his sight towards her, “Say that again.” And raises his fist towards her.

“I said, too slow, you twat. You could’ve finished him off three moves before but you were so sloppy and slow.” She repeats and explains.

“Care to demonstrate?” he grins and quirks his eyebrow.

“Thought you will never ask.” She smirks and climbs on the fence then jumps off. There is a collective sharp intake of the breath that only widens her smirks but she blinks twice and safely land in the arena on her feet next to the beaten man. She looks down at him, “Heh. Trash.” then kicks him hard enough that he flies to the edge of the arena.

“Not bad.” The bald man nods, impressed but then knits his brow when he remembers seeing her before. “But aren’t you?”

“Haaa, fine.” She exhales, sick of that question. “Alright, you gits!” She shouts and spins, looking at the crowd leaning on the fence above them. “Yes, I am who you think I am. But I go by Rogue now. Someone dares to call me anything else, I’m pulling their throat out. Understood?” She lets her anger flow out and there are hurried nods all around. “Okay then. Now, where were we?” She looks back at the bald man, cracking her knuckles and a wicked grin on her face.

“Let’s fight then but no using your gizmo there. Just not fair.” The bald man retorts and takes a stance.

“I’m more than fast enough for you without it so, sure. No gizmo.” She smirks when she nods and charges at him. ‘I need to get this out of me and you will do just fine!’ He swings at her but hits empty air because she ducked beneath him and sends a left hook into his unprotected right flank. He twists his body from pain and his arms go down to protect it from more but that leaves his head exposed. “Told you. Too slow.” She chuckles and sends her right fist into his jaw, sending him to a meeting with the arena’s floor. She doesn’t follow up but instead turns her attention to the silent crowd. “What? You cheered my ears off when he was fighting that bloke over there,” she points to
the unconscious man with her thumb, “but now you are silent as a graveyard?”

“Behind you!!” a woman’s voice shouts a warning down at her but when she tries to find the source she can’t find it.

“This fucker is done for.” She doesn’t even look back only kicks with her right leg. Too strong for the defense he put up when he saw it coming it connects with his gut and shuts his lights out. “But I hoped he would be tougher.” She looks behind her as he collapses and sighs in disappointment.

A door opens and four men rush out to pick up the two unconscious guys, followed by a woman with a mask covering her face and some light but tough looking armor protecting her shoulders, forearms, and shins. Everything else is covered with black leather. “You want tougher?” she points her fist at Rogue. “I’ll take you on.” Her voice is distorted by some kind of modulator so Rogue can only see that she is a woman by the shape of her body.

‘Queen? Nah, she is too short for her.’ She thinks then asks, “Got a name, love?” with crossed arms and a cocky smirk.

“Sentinel.” She responds and charges at her.

‘Fast, but not fast enough.’ Rogue grins and blinks behind her.

But Sentinel predicted that and swings her leg, her kick connecting, sending Rogue stumbling across the floor. “That’s all you got!” she growls and stomps closer rolling her shoulder and cracking her knuckles.

Rogue picks herself up, “Not even close.” And grins, ‘That’s more like it. I can have some fun with you.’ Then charges, blinking to close the distance faster. Sentinel defends against her punch then sends an uppercut into Rogue’s jaw. ‘Shit! Too fast!’ and it connects, causing Rogue to lose her connection to the floor. She doesn’t get to rest because Sentinel starts barraging her body with punches as fast as she can throw them. She finishes with another kick that connects and Rogue is sent to the floor for the second time.

“Famous Rogue, fastest woman in the world. On her arse for the second time under a minute.” Sentinel mocks her and starts closing the distance.

“You’ve gone and done it now, bitch.” Rogue growls and jumps on her feet. ‘Alright, the gloves are off!’ And starts closing the distance too. Once in punch range, she swings at Sentinel, who catches it in her hand but that one was a faint because she pushed off and sends her knee into her gut. ‘Finally!’ she quips in her mind when she feels it connect. But something is wrong.

Sentinel didn’t even flinch. Only looked down at where Rogue’s knee is in her gut then back up. She chuckles then grabs her forearm with her other arm and swing Rogue over her head and slams her with all she’s got at the floor. She steps away, “If you calm down and use what you have in that thick skull of yours, you might just stand a chance.” And points an accusing finger at Rogue.

“Fuuuck,” she drags as she rolls from her back to her stomach. She slowly raises to her knee, “Calm down?! Fuck off!! I just got my heart pulled out!!!” She shouts on top of her lungs and charges again with a war cry.

Sentinel calmly dodges and smacks Rogue’s back with enough force that she kisses the floor again. She jumps away again, and walks in a circle around her, “So? Think you can do anything about it as you are right now? You can’t even beat me.”

“Keep thinking that,” Rogue snarls through her teeth and gets back on her feet. “You just might
believe it.” She runs at Sentinel again, only this time its blade time. And she swings it at Sentinel’s neck with every intent of chopping her head off.

“You can’t beat me.” Sentinel blocks it with her own then deploys a shield from her other arm and bashes it against Rogue’s face, sending her tumbling across the floor again.

“Now I see what you meant by that, Genji,” Gabriel smirks when he, Genji, Jesse, and Ashe look down at the arena where Sentinel just sent Rogue to the ground again.

“She built it on her own.” He responds.

“And she can fight. Damn.” Jesse comments. “Would never have guessed it just by looking at her.”

“I noticed that she walks like a fighter but dismissed it because she never even raises her voice,” Ashe adds and leans on the fence.

Rogue peels herself off the floor again and wipes the blood from her lip, “I see you got some toys too.” Smirking she charges again, ‘Rocket punch, GO!’ and swings her right arm at Sentinel who, as she predicted guarded with her shield. The booster in her elbow deploys and fires up.

But she was ready for that too. From the armor on her calves, two clamps deploy that anchor her to the floor and her shield shrinks in size and concentrates on the spot where Rogue’s fist is connected to it. She sheaths her blade and punches Rogue in the face, “Won’t work.”

“Auch!” Genji twitches when Sentinel’s fist audibly connects. “That has to hurt.”

“Heh,” Rogue, to everyone’s surprise, smirks, “Neither will that.” And now they can see that she managed to pull her arm back and guard that punch. “Now let’s see who is beneath that mask.” She uppercuts Sentinel and due to her shrunken shield and the punch she just threw, she can’t guard against it.

“Fuck!” Sentinel grunts and turns away after she regains her footing, her mask flying off her head from the punch.

“C’mon, love,” Rogue walks closer, “Don’t be all shy now.” And grabs Sentinel’s shoulder and pulls. She freezes when she sees her face and blinks away. “NO!!!” she shouts from across the arena, her knees giving out, “WHY!!!?”

“Hey, look. Her accelerator.” Gabriel points out.

“Did she do it?” Genji’s sight flicks between Sentinel and Rogue.

“Only way I figured I could bring you back to your senses,” Sentinel answers, picks her mask and
walks to Rogue. Rogue doesn’t resist when she kneels down and wraps her in a hug. “Let’s bring Linn back together.” The dam in Rogue’s eyes bursts open and she starts crying loudly.

“I’m sorry, Em,” she sobs, face buried in Emily’s armored shoulder, “I’m so sorry!”

Chapter End Notes

Sentinel. I think it fits.
Chapter Summary

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“Nope. Bad girls don’t get their drinks.” She scolds Rogue with a mischievous smile.

“But, Em,” Rogue whimpers and looks at her with puppy eyes, “I huuuurt.”

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Rogue cried herself to sleep and Emily did what anyone in her position would do and picked her in a princess carry, “Rest, Lena. You will need the energy when we go after Linn.” She murmured, looking at her fiancé sleeping face with a loving look which was a far cry from a war maiden scowl she was sporting during the fight. She wants to walk out the arena the same way she came but doors won’t open. She looks up where the manager is sitting in his lounge, “Doors? Or should I break them down?”

“This establishment prides itself on providing entertainment.” He starts with a cocky smile, looking down on her, “And this was anything but. Wouldn’t you agree?”

“Breaking down it is then.” Emily shrugs and starts to lower Rogue to the floor when a rifle shot cracks. She snaps her head to the source and sees Ashe pointing her rifle to the ceiling, the end of the barrel smoking.

Reloading, Ashe aims at the manager, “Listen here, fucker. Open those doors right now or I’m placing another breathing hole on your fucking forehead.”

“Isn’t that…” “She is!” “What is she doing here?” the crowd buzzes with murmurs.

Manager goes wide-eyed and he starts to sweat.

“Ashy,” Jesse rolls his cigarillo, grins and pulls out his Peacemaker and aims at the manager too, “You can’t start with the head. Go for the shoulders first.”

Manager pales. ‘These guys are nuts. Who? Wait, isn’t she? And he too?’

“I would say that knees should go first,” Gabriel leans on the fence, “but I don’t think you can hit them from here.” And shrugs, giving the pair of cowboys a sidelong look and a teasing smirk.

The manager stands up from his seat and starts waving his arms frantically.

“Ashe maybe,” Genji joins on the teasing, “but it’s impossible for Jesse.”

“Glad to see you guys are enjoying yourselves,” Emily says, “but I’m tired and even if Rogue is light as a feather, my arms won’t last much longer after that fight.”

“I’m sorry darlin’,” Jesse and Ashe respond in perfect sync, causing the Gabriel and Genji to chuckle and give each other a knowing look. Next, the both pull back the cocks on their weapons and aim even more carefully.
“I’m opening the doors!!!!” the manager's panicked voice comes over the speaker and he presses a button on his console. Then pulls out a phone from his pocket and calls somebody.

Emily walks out of the arena and after a short walk, joins the four at a table in the corner of the room. She lowers Rogue on a sofa that almost completely encircles the table, then after lifting her head up sits down and lowers it in her lap. “I’m grateful for your help but what are you guys doing here?” She asks them while gently caressing Rogue’s head.

“Initially, we came to help you,” Gabriel answers, “but as you didn’t need any, we just enjoyed the show.”

“Those are some sweet moves you got there, Emy,” Ashe nods, impressed and leans on the backrest, arms crossed.

A waitress coming to their table with a full plate of drinks stops Emily from commenting, “Mrs. Caledonia, this is from the manager. He hopes you can accept his apology and would continue your patronage in this establishment.”

“Tell him that we will discuss certain reassessment of our cooperation but his apology is otherwise accepted,” Ashe responds, all business like then picks up a glass full of her favorite drink and looks at the manager’s lounge where she can see him fidgeting anxiously and nods while raising her glass. He visibly relaxes at her gesture.

“You certainly expanded your range,” Jesse comments and pick his beer up and makes a good pull from it.

Ashe and Gabriel look at each other and while she quirks her brow, he shakes his head. Their silent communication bothers Jesse but he doesn’t press it. Most likely because a groan comes from where Emily is sitting and she looks down at its source. “Sleeping beauty awakes.” He chuckles.

“Shut up, Jesse,” Rogue groans and first her palm is visible as he grabs the table and pushes upright. “Bloody ‘ell, sweet,” she looks at Emily next to her, “you hit like a freight train.” And pats her jaw where a nice bruise is forming and if she judges from the pain all over her body it’s not the only one. Then she sees the arrangement of drinks on the table, “Hey! Who brought the painkillers?” and wants to reach for the whiskey bottle only for Emily to swat her hand.

“Nope. Bad girls don’t get their drinks.” She scolds Rogue with a mischievous smile.

“But, Em,” Rogue whimpers and looks at her with puppy eyes, “I huuuurt.”

“Let me check something first,” Emily says and grabs the front of her accelerator and turns it so she can see the circle in it, pushing Rogue into the backrest in the process. “Blue. That’s normal, right guys?” she asks the others.

Surprised by her strength yet again, Rogue can’t do nothing else but bear with it, “Auch.” Then something she just said catches her attention, “What do you mean blue? It’s always blue. Isn’t it?” But the faces on others are already answering that.

“Sweet, how much do you remember since the Talon’s base?” Emily asks, thinking that the change of color on her accelerator could mean a similar shift in personality that Linn has.

“I remember and know everything,” Rogue says and lowers her head. “I know exactly how I failed to protect Linn.” ‘Would you stop with self-pity already? You couldn’t do a thing in that situation and you know it.’ “Even if I do, I still can’t help it but feel like shit.” ‘Nothing I can do
about that.’ “Yeah…” she responds to someone talking to her but then looks at other and sees the funny looks they are giving her. “Why are you looking at me so funny?” All eyes first go to her accelerator then to Emily, silently saying that she should be the one to ask the obvious. Rogue, follow suit looks at her too with a quizzical look.

“Rogue, who were you talking to just now?” Emily asks, thinking she lost it.

“How?” Rogue tilts her head, thinking the same about her.

“You just talked to someone. But we,” Emily gestures to herself and others at the table, “didn’t hear anyone.”

“What? But I…” Rogue shakes her head, realizing what Emily is saying and how this looks like to them. ‘That won’t help. Hahaha.’ Rogue hears the voice again but when she looks at the others she can see that they can’t so after looking around for something her sight locks on the table in front of her. She headbutts it hard enough for all the glasses and bottles to rattle.

“Wow! Hey,” Emily jumps, “Stop. What are you doing?”

“I’m hearing this voice,” Rogue answers while rubbing her pulsing forehead, “and you guys clearly can’t. So…”

“And cracking open your head is your solution to getting it out?” Emily muses. ‘It’s funny, so keep going.’

“Got a better idea?” Rogue asks. Emily replies but Rogue dials her out. ‘How about just listening for a second and instead of talking out loud just think what you want to say to me?’ ‘GET OUT OF MY HEAD!!’ ‘Even if I wanted, no can do.’ ‘Is Olivia messing with my cybernetics?’ ‘No. But I did appear with them. Not sure how myself.’ ‘And I’m only hearing you now because?’ ‘Because I finally broke through that thick skull of yours.’ ‘Meaning?’ ‘As they mentioned, your accelerator changed color, right?’ ‘…’ ‘In a way that’s me.’ ‘…’ ‘Hi Lena Oxton, my name is Rogue.’ ‘Wrong. I’m Rogue. Well, for now at least.’ ‘Nope. I told you to call yourself that.’ ‘I heard you before?’ ‘More like felt me. When Talon worked you over that one time, you nearly broke so I took over for a bit.’ ‘Should I thank you for that?’ ‘Would be nice, but not needed. If you broke, I would lose it too. And that would spell disaster for everyone.’ ‘Now what?’ ‘If you get better at controlling yourself when the light goes red, I think I can help you.’ ‘How?’ ‘You probably noticed that when you get really angry, you get stronger, faster and overall better. That’s me releasing the safety on your cybernetics and boosting your biological parts.’ ‘Rocket punch?’ ‘Me as well. Thought you could use it at that moment.’ ‘So, what you are saying is that if we cooperate intentionally, I will get even better?’ ‘Basically yes. But it has its drawbacks.’ ‘Such as?’ ‘How are you feeling right now? I mean physically.’ ‘Exhausted?’ ‘That’s it. Your cybernetic parts don’t tire, but your biological parts do. I can boost regeneration when you pull a muscle or tear a ligament, but you need to rest afterwards.’ ‘Junkertown’s day-long snooze being an example?’ ‘Bingo. And good thing you had a ravenous appetite before, so that doesn’t look that weird.’ ‘Can you help me get Linn back?’ ‘I can help you get close enough, but something else needs to be done if you want to get Moira out of her.’ ‘Something else?’ ‘Ask that Cyber Lena and Winston about that.’ ‘You don’t know?’ ‘I got an idea, but don’t want to give you any false hope.’ ‘Okay. Welcome to the gang, I guess.’ ‘Thanks and switch back to Lena. I think that others around you will appreciate it.’ ‘If you’re Rogue, I don’t have much of a choice do I?’ ‘I don’t really mind either
way but if they get Lena back, I think it’s gonna ease some of their worries.’ ‘We’ll talk more, later.’ ‘I won’t be far.’ Rogue/Lena rolls her eyes then dials back the others.

“Hey, are you okay?” Emily is looking at her with worry written all over her face, “You are never this quiet for so long.”

“I’m fine,” Rogue/Lena nods and smiles, “Was just thinking about something and if I’m honest, I’m really tired.”

“You sure?” Emily wraps her arm around her shoulders.

“Positive.” Rogue/Lena nods, “And one more thing. I’m changing Rogue to a callsign only.”

“Meaning?” Emily asks, but a smile tugging on her lips tells Lena that she already knows the answers.

“Meaning that out of the mission or jobs, I’m Lena.” She answers anyway. Emily hugs her on the spot and other, knowing what she means by that nod and smile.

“Welcome back, kiddo.” Jesse muses, tipping his hat at her.

“Heh,” Lena chuckles, “Genji, Gabriel,” then looks at the two in turns, “I’m gonna rest for a day or two. After that, training starts. I want you to throw everything you got at me. If I’m to get Linn back, I need to get better.”

“You sure you want to ask me for that?” Gabriel asks, grinning.

“Mhm,” Lena insists, “But let’s talk details tomorrow. Now, let’s get out of here.”

“Roger that, boss.” Gabriel jokes, getting punched in the shoulder when they get up from the table and after that, they leave for the new apartment.
Streets of Kings Row

Chapter Summary

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“I need healing.”

“You serious?”

“No.” Angela cuts the line immediately.

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Chapter Notes

Sorry this one took a while. Dealing with some irl stuff and still not done quite yet but it's wrapping up nicely so the updates should return back to regular.

As they walk down the street with Gabriel, Jesse, and Ashe leading the way while Genji walks with Lena and Emily, something keeps bothering Lena at the back of her mind but she can’t really put her finger on it. “Hmm,” she knits her brow in concentration, grumbling.

“Something wrong, Lena?” Emily is all too glad that she can call her that again so she uses her name on every chance she gets.

“No really, love,” she shakes her head, “It’s just that something won’t fit in my head and I can’t tell what it is.”

“There’s a lot of things that won’t fit in there.” Genji jokes and gets punched in the shoulder for his effort by Lena.

‘If I may. Look at your fiancé.’ Rogue tells Lena. She does and things fall into place. “That’s it!!” she practically shouts. “What the hell are you wearing, Em?”

“You are barely noticing it now?” Emily looks at Lena with a quizzical look.

“No,” she defends. “Just didn’t pay much attention to it.”

“Well,” Emily shyly replies, “It’s my combat gear.”

“Combat gear?” Lena tilts her head in question. Then things click in, “No, Em. Not a chance. You are not going into gunfights. Logistic support, okay. Combat, not okay.”

“Sorry, not your choice to make,” Emily insists, “And I think you experienced firsthand that I can more than hold my own in a fight.”

“If it makes you feel any better,” Genji adds, “I’ll keep an eye on her.” Lena gives him a sidelong look with a raised eyebrow and just raises her right arm. “That’s your own fault and you know it.”
He defends. “You took off with that bomb and made sure no one could follow you.”

“You’re right about that.” Lena relents. “And would do it every time if it meant that you guys make it out alive.”

“Plus she looks like a melee fighter, meaning she will be with Reinhardt and Brigitte.” Genji adds, “Can’t imagine a safer place on the battlefield than right next to those two.”

Lena wants to nod but then remembers something, “Oh, crap. Did anyone tell her about Linn?”

“Don’t think so.” He responds, guessing that the news that Linn was taken over by Moira and took off never reached the person that probably cares for her even more than Lena.

“I should probably call her,” Lena says with a sad tone and goes through her pockets in search for her phone. Just as she pulls it out, Emily stops her from dialing by covering the screen with her hand.

“You sure that’s a good idea?” and asks even though she already knows the answer. She is more checking if Lena is ready to tell such news to someone else, than anything else.

Understanding the meaning behind her question, Lena firmly nods, “Yeah. She needs to know and it falls to me to do it. If for no other reason, then because I’m the leader of Roguewatch.” Emily, satisfied with her answer, nods and removes her hand and Lena dials.

After a few rings, Brigitte picks up, “Hello?”

“Hey, Brigitte,” Lena starts sheepishly, “It’s me, Lena.”

“Hey, what’s up?” Brigitte responds, cheerfully.

‘Shit. This is harder to do then I thought.’ Lena thinks before answering, “You know how we went to retrieve Slipstream, right?”

“Yeah. Linn was all nervous about it. How did it go?” Brigitte, not thinking for a second they could fail, responds.

“Something happened. Something bad.” Lena needs to take pauses between her sentences. She knows exactly how she would feel if somebody told her something happened to Emily. She considers Linn her sister, but emotions that wake up when you are involved with someone are usually stronger than those you have for your family.

“Lena,” Brigitte picks up a few hints from Lena’s tone and how she is saying things, “Did something happen to Linn?”

“Yes. Yes, it did.” Lena responds, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath before continuing. A sharp intake of breath can be heard from Brigitte’s side of the line. “First of, she is alive.”

“Oh, thank god.” Brigitte exhales.

“But, Moira somehow took control over her body. Took the jet and got away.” Lena continues.

“What? How is that possible?” Brigitte asks, worried but at the same time, happy that at least Linn is okay. So to speak.

“No idea. But she said something about connecting the chronal disassociation and the Matrix in the Slipstream to her own DNA she hid in Linn’s. Gonna ask Angie and Winston about it.” Lena
responds then adds with a firm tone. “And I want you to know, that I’ll do everything and I mean everything to bring her back safe and sound. I promise.”

“I know you will,” Brigitte responds with a gentle voice. “She means about as much to you as she does to me and I think there is no one better in this world to save her than you.”

“Thanks for the vote of confidence, Brigitte.” Lena honestly thanks her as her cheeks and her heart get a bit warmed from Brigitte’s words.

“You’re welcome.” Brigitte chuckles then, “Can I ask something, though?”

“Shoot.”

“I couldn’t help but notice, you introduced yourself as Lena and not Rogue.” Brigitte starts then goes to the question, “Did something happened in that regard too?”

“That’s an easy one.” Lena smirks, “Got my ass kicked big time by Emily.”

“Meaning she finished her suit?” Brigitte responds with a grin.

“Did everyone knew about it but me?”

“Probably. So, what do you think about it?”

“The gear? It’s cool. I guess.” Lena shrugs. “Promise me that you and the big guy will keep her safe.”

“Can’t make that promise and you know the reason why but I’ll do what I can.” Brigitte stays realistic.

“All I’m asking for.” Lena nods. “Anyway, just wanted to let you know about Linn. And we will probably be coming back to Gibraltar to get ready for when we go after Moira.”

“See you there then. Bye.”

“See ya, bye.” Lena cuts the line and exhales, “That went better than expected.”

“It’s never easy.” Gabriel, who picked up on what she was doing mid-way, comments. “Did it myself more times than I care to count. And it was even harder because I couldn’t tell them what exactly happened. And for the record, you just proved it again that you have the makings of a great leader.”

“You’re just saying that,” Lena waves him off to hide her embarrassment.

“No.” he shakes his head, “I’m serious. I always thought you could lead your own Strike Team. Just had to iron out some kinks and you would be good to go. Too bad Jack was too busy playing poster boy for the UN to notice it.”

“He is right, Lena,” Genji joins him. “Didn’t you actually have a squadron under your command while flying for RAF?”

“I did, but that’s different.” Lena nods, “Up there,” she points to the sky, “things are very straightforward. Just focus on the enemy in front of you, pay attention to your arse, trust your wingman and you are good to go. On the ground, things come flying at you from all over.”

“If the records are right,” Gabriel responds, “you are the only one that brought her squadron back
in one piece every time.”

“Just didn’t want to lose anyone, is all.” Lena is firmly in the embarrassed department now.

“You don’t give yourself enough credit, Lena.” But Gabriel pushes on. “I saw some of the footage and listened to the cockpit recordings. You went above and beyond what was expected and even opted to face disciplinary actions if you thought it was the only way to keep everyone in your squadron safe.”

“You really did your homework on me, didn’t you?” Lena smiles.

“We all did. Jack, Ana and I went through numerous records when we were looking for the best pilot for the Slipstream.” He comments. “And when Jack said, when you first came into his office, that you are best of the best for the job, he wasn’t talking just about your skill as a pilot but also as a person. Sure, he failed to notice that you also have unrivaled ability to lead in the heat of battle but Ana and me didn’t. If the accident didn’t happen, we both planned to push Jack into giving you your wing to command. Wing Commander Lena Oxton. Has a nice ring to it, don’t you think?” He says the last part with a smirk.

“Gosh, that does sound fine.” Lena scratches the back of her head trying to mask her embarrassment from the avalanche of compliments Gabriel just let loose on her.

‘Huh. That sounds like you are pretty amazing.’ ‘You didn’t you about all that?’ ‘No. My records begin somewhere mid torture that Talon was putting you through.’ ‘Don’t remind me of that.’ ‘Won’t mention it again and if you don’t mind me asking how did you end up like this if you were so capable?’ ‘Remember those kinks Gabe mentioned? And how I do everything for my teammates?’ ‘I understand. Guess getting stuck with you won’t be all that bad.’ ‘Cheeky git.’

“Hey, sweet, you okay? You’re awfully quiet again.” Emily asks out of concern as Lena didn’t say a word for a few minutes now.

“Yeah, yeah. I’m fine. Just thinking of something.” Lena smile genuinely. Technically she is.

“I thought I smelled something burning.” Genji teases with a chuckle.

“At least I have something that could burn.” Lena fires right back and shoots him a wink.

“Uf, better ask Angela for some healing for that burn, Genji.” Gabriel laughs.

Genji dials Angela right away in his inbuilt communicator. She picks up after two rings, “Hello?”

“Hello, Angela.”

“Oh, hi Genji. What can I do for you?”

“I need healing.”

“You serious?”

“No.” Angela cuts the line immediately. “She is otherwise occupied.” He tells the others and they all explode into laughter and walk through the entrance doors of the apartment building.
Two Lena's, two Rogue's

Chapter Summary

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"I never should've invented that damn Matrix." Winston hits the desk with his palm in anger and things he had on it rattle and fly off of it if they were close to the edge. "Crap." He curses when he realizes that he will need to clean up as he follows them with his sight or face Angela’s lecture about keeping his work desk clean and organized. Again.

"Trouble in paradise, big guy?" Lena chuckles.
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Emily just opened the doors that lead into the penthouse apartment when Lena’s phone rings. “Hello?”

“Hello, Rogue.” Winston returns the greeting with a concerned tone of voice.

“Back to Lena, big guy. Sorry to mess with you like that.” Lena corrects him with a cheery tone.

“Oh, okay. Glad to hear that. Anyway, to why I’m calling,” Winston audibly breaths in and out then continues, “I had a very bad dream of sorts that something happened to you.”

“Mhm,” Lena hums to let him know that she is listening while they enter the apartment and she gestures at her phone as she walks past the rest of the team that was sitting down in the living room as they waited for them to return and look at her when she entered. She continues on her way outside to the terrace that overlooks the Row. Once there she leans on the fence as Winston continues.

“Initially I wanted to write it off as just a bad dream, but Hammond told me to trust my instincts and call you when I get the chance to make sure.”

“Well,” Lena scratches her cheek, “I went to a pretty dark place after what happened to Linn, but Emily brought me back.”

“Something happened to Linn?” Winston asks and Lena can hear him jumping off something and landing with a loud thud. Next thing she hears is him typing something.

“Something did. Somehow Moira took over her body and took off with Slipstream to god knows where.” Lena tells him, tears threatening to start flowing again.

“Mhm,” Winston hums, clearly distracted, but Lena knows that he is listening and cares about Linn too. He is just a step ahead already if her guess is right and, “That would explain why Athena tracked it to Oasis.” he confirms it with his next words.

“She somehow managed to connect the chronal disassociation with that Slipstream’s Matrix and that’s what woke her dormant DNA she hid in Linn’s,” Lena tells him what Moira told her.

“Curious how it’s perfectly intact,” Winston comments when he looks at a satellite footage Athena
managed to acquire.

“That’s not our Slipstream, big guy.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“I mean that I have another me sitting in my living room. Though she is mostly cybernetic. And from what she told me, she is from another world.”

“I never should’ve invented that damned Matrix.” Winston hits the desk with his palm in anger and things he had on it rattle and fly off of it if they were close to the edge. “Crap.” He curses when he realizes that he will need to clean up as he follows them with his sight or face Angela’s lecture about keeping his work desk clean and organized. Again.

“Trouble in paradise, big guy?” Lena chuckles.

“Don’t even get me started.” He grumbles. “Anyway, as we know where the plane and Moira/Linn is, I’m guessing you would want to get them yourself?”

“Yes,” Lena answers, “but this time I’m not going in half-cocked. Too much at risk and she is really strong. So, I’m bringing Roguewatch to Gibraltar to train and get ready, plus I need your help on how to get Moira out of Linn without killing both of them.”

Winston wanted to answer but something that showed up on his screen seemed to interrupt him.

“You could reactivate London’s Watchpoint. It has all the facilities you will need and I and Angela could come there too.”

“You sure that’s a good idea? Won’t UN ride our arses when they spot it going active again?” Lena voices her concerns.

Winston chuckles first, “I’m sure your team is more than capable of keeping anyone too nosey for their own good out of it and I think UN is still reeling from what you exposed about and did to Petras. That should keep them out of your hair for quite a while.”

“Guess we will do that then. Let Olivia know where it is and we will move there tomorrow.” Lena shrugs.

“Alright,” Winston hums, “I’ll join you as soon as we get ready. I’m planning to bring Angela along and Fareeha will probably tag along as well. Do you have anyone in mind that would help you guys?”

“Hm,” Lena thinks for a moment, tapping her chin. “If you could pick up Brigitte and Torbjorn for the engineering part of the plan that would be great.”


“See you then. Bye.” Lena says her goodbye and cuts the line and walks back inside. All eyes focus on her as she enters the living room. “What?”

“May I have a word with you in private?” Cyber Lena asks, beating everyone else to whatever they wanted to say as many mouths started to open but didn’t voice their thoughts on time.

“Sure.” Lena nods and they walk upstairs where the bedrooms are and enter the one that Lena, Emily, and Amélie will be using. “So? What did you want to talk about and why can’t others hear it?” Lena asks when Cyber Lena closed the doors after she entered and they both sat down on the
“You got one too, don’t you?” Cyber Lena asks.

“One what?” Lena knits her brow when she can’t really tell what she is asking but could give it a good guess and when Cyber Lena taps her head her knuckles she knows that her guess is right. “Oh, that. Just found out about it, actually. Any idea what it is?”

“Nothing specific.” Cyber Lena shakes her head. “But as far as I can tell she is friendly and did nothing but assist me so far.”

“She? Name’s Rogue?” Lena half joking asks with a crooked smile.

“It is. Well, that’s what I named her. Couldn’t just call her It all the time.” Cyber Lena chuckles.

“Two Lena’s and two Rogue’s. After some training to sync up our attacks and abilities better, Moira doesn’t stand a chance.” Lena smirks.

“She hits like a freight train and is lighting fast.” Cyber Lena rubs her chin where Moira/Linn punched her ticket back in that hangar.

“That’s all Linn. That slut just stole what doesn’t belong to her again.” Lena hisses with narrowed eyes.

“Got any ideas how to get her out, considering that you probably want Linn to survive the fight?” Cyber Lena asks the big one.

“Mhm,” Lena hums and nods. “Something that happened back in Junkertown gave me an idea how to do that but I would need to fatally wound her first and for that, I need to get up close and personal.”

Having the data what happened there thanks to Talon’s soldier that managed to come back to their base, Cyber Lena nods, “Might just work.”

“I’ll make it work,” Lena punches her palm with confidence, “but before that, I need to get ready. Need to improve on everything and I got just the guys sitting downstairs to help me with that.”

“Yeah?” Cyber Lena quirks her eyebrow, “Mind if I tag along?”

“If you are ready to sweat blood and puke your guts out while you are at it, sure,” Lena answers seriously.

“You plan to go at it that hard?” Cyber Lena looks at her with wide eyes, surprised that she is willing to push herself that far.

“Even harder. It’s gonna be, make it or break it.”

“Who will be in charge?”

“Gabriel with fitness, Genji with speed and Zenyatta will help me get more control while I use my rage,” Lena explains her training plan.

“I think the whole team should join. Sure, adjust the regime for some of them but in general, everyone should go through it.” Cyber Lena comments.

“Not a bad idea, actually.” Lena nods and gets up from the bed, followed by Cyber Lena and they
rejoin the others in the living room. Plans need to made, information collected and training completed. She has a feeling that even before this is over, Roguewatch will become an even more closely knit together group as they currently are and she looks forward to it. Now that she is thinking with a completely clear head, she can’t help it but be grateful to all of them. Especially to the trio that helped her stay somewhat sane while Talon had her and to the love of her life for yet again going completely out of her way just to bring her back.
Personal logs, diaries

Chapter Summary

Two snippets from Angela's personal log and Brigitte's diary.

Chapter Notes

Tried something different for this chapter. Hope you like it. Also as I didn't know how it will turn out I kept it rather short.

Will do more of these in the future if you guys like it, even mid normal chapter.

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Personal log, Angela Zeigler, March 1st 20XX
--------------------------------------------------------
On Winston’s request, I’m preparing to head to an old Watchpoint in London where Lena has decided to conduct physical and mental training in preparations to reclaim experimental jet codenamed Slipstream.

When I told her about it, Fareeha offered to accompany me, which I gladly accepted.

The location worries me as UN will most likely notice that another Watchpoint has become active. They somewhat ignored the one in Gibraltar as they offered that one to Winston to stay at when Overwatch was banned and disbanded, it’s members dead after the incident in Zürich HQ or scattered across the globe. I myself traveled wherever there was a need for medical assistance. It was during one of those when I visited Egypt that I met Fareeha again. But that is a story for another time as my preparations are almost complete and from what Winston just notified me of, we are planning to fly to Sweden first where we will pick up Brigitte, her father Torbjorn and most likely Reinhardt as well as he will insist that he comes along.

Medical notes: I have yet again failed to detect an anomaly in someone under my care and it is yet again causing no small amount of difficulties for everyone involved. Verdammt!! I can only hope that I can still help solve this and am not too late as I was in Amélie’s case.

More side-effects of chronal disassociation keep surfacing and I can clearly see it on Winston’s face that he regrets ever inventing the Matrix. I try to console him by telling him that Lena never did and never will blame him for her accident, but it helps little to none. And it apparently enables cross-worlds travel as Lena informed us, as we already suspected that the Slipstream jet we found is not ours but from an entirely different world as is its pilot.

Another Lena Oxton. Gott, hilf uns if she is as mischievous as we know our Lena can be. I look forward to meeting her and am afraid of it too. What if I’m some villain in her world? Someone who did or still does terrible things with her medical knowledge? I know I’m capable of terrible things with my knowledge and talents and have to admit that thoughts of what great evils I would commit should Talon be my employer instead of Overwatch did cross my mind. They think Moira was or is bad? Ha, she is barely scratching the surface of what I know about what the human body
is capable of and I made sure it stayed that way while she worked under Overwatch. I don’t experiment as she does, but my theories and thesis are solid as a rock. Should the need arise I will act on them, but only if there is nothing else I can do. Otherwise, I am taking them to my grave. Having the biotic rifle been realized and the side-effects on Gabriel are terrible enough. This world and its inhabitants are simply not mature enough to accept or use the powers responsibly that such great advances in medical knowledge would grant them.

Winston is calling me again. I guess it’s time. Linn Oxton, stay safe. We are coming.

Brigitte’s diary, March 1st, 20XX
----------------------------------------
What the fuck!!!
What the fuck!!!
What the fucking fuck!!!
What does she mean Linn is gone?!?!!
Her body taken over by Moira?!?!
How is that even possible?!?!!
That chronal crap she has too?!?!!
I’m going nuts here! I need to do something. Can I do anything?

I miss you so much, Linn… Please come back.

Brigitte’s diary, later same day,
--------------------------------------
WOHOOOO!!!
Winston just called and Papa and me are to head to London’s Watchpoint which Lena and her team are reactivating to train and get ready to go rescue Linn.
So happy!!!
So happy!!!
So happy!!!
Oh, shit. Need to get my things ready. They are coming to pick us up from Gibraltar but that’s an eye blink if I get distracted too much. Tools, materials. Everything needs to be ready. I’m going to improve every single weapon, piece of gear and armor they are using! They are going to save my girlfriend. I wonder if they will let me come along if I asked? No, no, no. Probably not. I’m a support, not a frontline fighter and someone needs to hold down the fort.

P.S. Super glad Emily’s gear worked. She built it herself but we both worked on its design. I can improve that too. So much work to do. Don’t worry, Linn. You are as good as home.
Scouting the London's Watchpoint

Chapter Summary

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“Flies have entered my web. Time to go to work.” And she grapples off her perch to spook the couple that was leaving the base with hurried steps. Olivia just rolls her eyes and starts working on getting the power back online. Not even two minutes pass when two screams rip across the whole base from the entrance. “Those two flies won’t show their faces here again,” Amélie reports and grapples back up on her perch.

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Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After a quick briefing of what her plans are for the future, Lena forms a team consisting of her, Amélie, Gabriel and Olivia, and heads to scout out London’s Watchpoint. When Ashe questioned her choice she explained that they are best suited for this kind of task. She and Gabriel can move fast and close in if needed, Olivia is needed to bring the systems in the base back online and Amélie will keep a lookout outside for any uninvited guests. Plus, they are sort of the officers in Roguewatch.

“I lived in London my whole life, yet I was never in this Watchpoint. Always at Gibraltar or Zürich.” Lena comments when they reach the gates that are a part of the fence that surrounds the base. “After Slipstream, mostly Gibraltar, so Winston and Angie could keep an eye on me.”

“Blackwatch didn’t have much personnel her either so I was rarely here myself.” Gabriel adds and tears off the chain that was keeping the gates locked. Well, that was his intent but the neglect and decay did a number on the gate’s hinges and he tore off the whole thing. “Ups?” He looks at others, still holding the chain and the gates, shrugging. They just chuckle and after he throws the gates away, they enter the base grounds.

“You all know what to do,” Lena equips her pistols and lowers her posture, getting ready to sprint inside. “We regroup in the commander’s office in 20.” She looks at them one after the other and when they all nod they scatter. She blinks around to enter through the back door, Amélie grapples to one of the balconies and after checking that it’s safe, she deploys her mine to cover her rear as she then focuses on the front entrance. Gabriel enters through the main hangar after Olivia hacks and opens the doors and they split after that with her going to lower levels where the generators and servers are. Her task, while Gabriel makes sure that this part of the base is as empty as it seems, is to head to the lower levels and bring the power back on and connect the servers to the grid so that Athena can move in and help them boot up the rest of the systems. She could do it on her own but it’s faster this way.

“Really guys? Here?” Lena quips when she spots a couple way beyond making out as she comes around the corner to enter through the back doors. They snap their heads towards her and freeze. “Look, you can finish up, but after that, get out of here and don’t come back. ‘kay?” She winks at them as she walks past and can’t help herself but slap the guy’s naked butt then enters the base. “Widow, I found a couple of lovebirds back here. Let them leave in peace or you could do the
spider lady thingy on them if you fancy it.” She reports to Amélie and could swear that Amélie got a face-wide grin when she heard that last part.

“Step into my parlor, said the spider to the fly.” Amélie purrs into the coms and Lena shivers as she gets goosebumps along her arms from her voice before she continues scouting the base.

“Hijo de tu puta madre!” Olivia’s curse comes over the coms next. “Can you not do that in the middle of the mission, araña?”

“Do what, ami?” Amélie asks, even though she can give a good guess what happened and Lena’s giggles and Gabriel’s cackles can already be heard in the coms.

“I was running down this hallway and when you said that I got distracted and tripped and just wiped a good part of the floor with my face,” Olivia explains as she rubs her nose and continues walking. The giggles and cackles get stronger but they are still under control.

“I’m sure the floor is grateful.” Amélie retorts and it’s too much for Lena and Gabriel and they explode in open laughter.

“You are enjoying this, don’t you?” Olivia asks and enters the generators room.

“I’m hurt, ami,” Amélie inhales sharply, “What gives you the idea that I enjoy seeing you getting hurt?”

“That shit-eating grin you are probably sporting now.” Olivia retorts and wants to add something but Amélie interrupts her.

“Flies have entered my web. Time to go to work.” And she grapples off her perch to spook the couple that was leaving the base with hurried steps. Olivia just rolls her eyes and starts working on getting the power back online. Not even two minutes pass when two screams rip across the whole base from the entrance. “Those two flies won’t show their faces here again,” Amélie reports and grapples back up on her perch.

“Was that really necessary?” Gabriel asks and heads deeper into the base after he was done checking the main and auxiliary hangar.

“C’mon, big bro,” Lena chirps, “Let her have some fun and if it helps keep anyone too nosey away from here, all the better.”

“You know that they will say that this place is haunted now?” he asks, walking towards the living quarters.

“Then we should record your voice as you say _Death comes_ for the doorbell.” Lena laughs.

“That will never happen.” He retorts with a firm tone.

“A bottle of tequila says otherwise.” She keeps it up.

“And I would drink that, when?”

“Today. At the Watchpoint reopening party. Olivia?” She calls for her.

“Was done as soon as you mentioned it.” She answers her unsaid question when she already ordered the drinks and snacks for the party.

“You took the guys coming from Gibraltar into account too?” Lena asks as she enters the storage
room, gives it a quick but thorough check then heads ahead.

“Rapida, who am I?” Olivia smirks and presses a button. “And she said: Let there be light!” that starts the generators and the power is restored to the Watchpoint. Auxiliary lighting on the hallways and in the rooms come on. She didn’t turn on the main ones because they don’t want the attract too much attention until they’ve secured the area first.

“Just checking and good job. Get Athena here next.” Lena tells her and increases her pace, now that she can see better what is under her feet.

“I’m all over it.” Olivia retorts and leaves the generators room to head to where the bases servers are.

“Rogue, I got something here,” Gabriel whispers into the coms as he reached one of the last rooms that soldiers that were stationed here used.

Chapter End Notes

Care to guess what Gabriel found? Hint is in where he is at that moment. :)

Another pilot?

Chapter Summary

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“Had a few before, figured I’ll just add some more.” He jokes to lighten the mood. But fails utterly. Lucky for him, the cavalry is here.

“Bloody ‘ell,” she curses and holds her nose when she entered the room. “Did something die in here?”
---------

Chapter Notes

Thanks, Rhitta. For the idea all those chapters back.

Planned a completely separated side-story for Gabriel reuniting himself with ex-Blackwatch members that scattered across the globe when the Overwatch was shut down.

But when I was writing the previous chapter I got this idea in my head. Hope you guys like it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As he was checking the living quarters, Gabriel spots clear signs of someone living here for a while now. Full garbage bags just outside the doors, still steaming mug of instant soup on a portable electric heater but most of all, the smell of alcohol coming out of the only open doors in the hallway. When he walks to the doorway and looks inside he sees a big mess. Opened and half eaten plastic containers of instant food, some having starting signs of mold on them, accompany empty bottles of beer and other kinds of alcohol all over the floor. “How can anyone live like this?” he waves his hand in front of his face to push away the smell but it doesn’t do much.

“Mmm, just leave me alone, commander.” A female voice grunts and she pulls the blanket over her head.

Recognizing the voice, Gabriel takes off his mask pulls off his hood to make sure he doesn’t spook her and, “Lt. Collins? Is that you?” knits his brow.

After her brain processes that she is not just imagining things, she bolts out of the bed and stands at attention, saluting her superior officer, “Lieutenant Fio Collins, reportin---HM!” she wants to say but her cheeks bloat out like on a puffer fish then she grabs the bucket and empties her stomach’s content in it. Her quick jump from the bed caused the sickness she felt before to increase tenfold in an instant.

Turning around as soon as he saw her state of undress when she threw the blanket off her, Gabriel comments the sounds her puke hitting the metal bottom of the bucket is producing, “Oh, come on.
That’s just nasty.” Then, doing his best to avoid looking at her naked lower half, he pulls off his coat and wraps it around her shoulders. “Fio, what the hell happened?”

“Things went to shit, sir.” She responds with a bitter smile tugging on her lips as she wipes her mouth with the back of her palm. “Big time.”

Gabriel can see that she gained a good array of scars since he last saw her. ‘Those tell a story. A sad one.’ He thinks before asking, “If you are living here, why didn’t you contact Overwatch? There was a Recall.”

“For you big shots, yes.” She nods and Gabriel doesn’t miss how her brow twitches, “Us grunts, not so much.” She then turns to look at him, “Holy crap, commander! What the hell happened to you?” and curses when she sees her scared face.

“Had a few before, figured I’ll just add some more.” He jokes to lighten the mood. But fails utterly. Lucky for him, the cavalry is here.

“Bloody ‘ell,” she curses and holds her nose when she entered the room. “Did something die in here?”

“Was going for it,” Fio answers when she and Gabriel turn their heads to look at her. “But it seems less and less likely now.”

“Fio?!” Lena quips when she spots her. They became fast friends when she came to Overwatch. Fio knew about her and her legendary piloting before and as soon as they meet in the cafeteria for the first time they started sharing tips and tricks about piloting and from what Lena heard, Rio more than cashes in on them while flying for Blackwatch. Lena bolts across the room, jumps over crouching Gabriel and wraps her in a hug. “Gosh, Fio, I never thought I’ll see you again.”

“Likewise Lena, likewise.” Fio returns the hug and for the first time in a while, feels happy.

Lena notices her state of undress too, “Gabriel, out. Now.” He just makes it to the doors when more systems come online and that familiar logo starts spinning on the PC screen that is on the desk. “Athena?” Lena and Gabriel asked in sync.

“Cheers love, the cavalry is here.” She impersonates Lena as a greeting.

“Cheeky git.” She snickers back, Gabriel chuckling too. “Anyway, is there coffee in the cafeteria?”

“My data shows there are plenty of supplies of both food and drinks ready to be processed and consumed.” Athena answers.

“Good, make a big batch of the strongest one you got.” Lena places her order then she turns her attention to leaving Gabriel, “Gabriel, get that coffee and a bowl of soup.” He grumbles something into his chin then leaves and Lena now refocuses on Fio, “Now, you and I are going to get you out of this cesspit, cleaned up and dressed.” And she gently guides still heavily drunk Rio out of the room and into one of the neighboring ones. They were locked so Fio couldn’t access them without Athena’s presence. ‘But how did she get into that one?’ she wonders for a moment then shakes that thought out of her mind and shoves Rio into the shower cabin, cranking open the water.

“FUUUUUUCK!!! That’s cold!!!” Fio screams when the ice cold water hits her.

“Bare it. I need you sober.” Lena commands her and her attitude surprises Rio so much that she just sheepishly nods and stands still and silent. After a minute or so, Lena closes the water and hands Fio a towel she got from the nearby closet. “Wipe off then wait for me. I’ll see if any of your
“clothes are salvageable, if not, I’ll get you some new ones.” And blinks away.

“Since when did she got so bossy?” Fio mumbles to herself but is audible enough for someone that was walking down the hallway to hear her.

“ Noticed the arm and the leg?” a voice, with a Mexican accent asks. “Talon’s work. They weren’t gentle.”

Fio would recognize that voice anywhere and before she even looks at her, “You.” She hisses through her teeth then throws the towel she was using to wipe her hair and was blocking her line of sight, at Olivia’s face who raises her arms to intercept it but that was Fio’s plan and she charges at her, grabbing her waist then slamming her into the wall on the opposite side of the hallway. Not giving her the chance to recover she, shoves her at the ground, mounts her and starts swinging at her face. Olivia blocks the punches. Fio is in no shape to fight but she still trying her hardest.

“Hey, chica,” Olivia calls for her attention while blocking. “What the hell?”

Hearing the commotion Lena comes running, “Woah! Hey, Fio! What are you doing?!” She grabs her around her waist and lifts her off Olivia. “Would you…” but Fio doesn’t stop flailing. “Hey, stop…” Lena tries again only to get Rio’s elbow in her cheek for her effort. “That’s it.” She had just about enough of this and throws Fio right back into the room where she was showering in. She points at her, “You, stop.” then at Olivia, “You. Go help Gabriel.” But Fio still won’t stop and as soon as she has her feet under her she charges again. “Oh for fuck’s sake.” Lena winds her left arm and cracks a meaty slap across Fio’s face. Stunted from the impact she stops dead in her tracks. “Calmed down a bit?” Lena asks.

“Not really, no.” Fio still steams but won’t move now.

“Don’t know what your problem with Olivia is but she is part of my team and I don’t let anything to happen to any of them on my watch.” Lena points an accusing finger at her.

“But…” Fio starts but is interrupted by Lena.

“Want to explain? I’m all ears.” She tells her and points to the bed in the room.

Chapter End Notes

For anyone unfamiliar with Fio, she is the Blackwatch pilot that picks up the team when they finish the Rialto mission. (Retribution)

What's the deal between Olivia and Fio and what happened to Fio for her to end up like this?

Playing with some ideas in my head and should post a chapter or two about that in the following days.
Chapter Summary

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Fio wants to continue but notices Lena closing and opening her fist and taking deeper
breaths. “Hey, Lena. You okay?”

“No,” she shakes her head. “Not even close.”

“What’s wrong?” Fio asks her dear friend and puts a comforting hand on her shoulder.
-------

Chapter Notes

Finally. Had a lot of ideas on how to write this chapter but nothing clicked right.
Hoping this is okay because I’m not sure about it.

“That chica is loca,” Olivia shakes her arms that still pulse with pain from Fio’s blows as she enters
the cafeteria where she joins Gabriel as he getting the coffee and the soup.

“Who? Collins?” He asks when she plops herself down behind the counter on one of the stools.

“Okay, a little less loca now,” Olivia immediately remembers the last name and what she did to
someone who had the same one. “Does she have an older brother?” but checks to make sure.

“Had one,” Gabriel answers, putting the pot of coffee on a plate along with a plate of soup and a
bar of chocolate. “And it’s exactly the one you are thinking of.”

“And you still left them alone?” Olivia asks with a worried face. “I might have started it, but I
didn’t finish it.”

“Her demons to face,” Gabriel shrugs and starts heading towards Lena and Fio, plate in hands.
Olivia follows him but stays two steps behind.

They just turn the corner when Fio flies out of the room after Lena threw her out and she is close
behind, her right arm wound for a haymaker to Fio’s face. “I fucking said I’m sorry, you bitch!!!”
she yells and misses on purpose, punching a fist size hole in the reinforced concrete, a mere inch
away from Fio’s face.

15 minutes earlier. The room where Lena and Fio are sitting on the bed.

After they sat down and Lena gestures Fio to start explaining why she attacked Olivia like that, Fio
sighs then starts with a question, “She is Sombra, right?” and when Lena confirms it with a nod she
continues. “I had a brother. Joined the US army as soon as he could. My family was all in armed
forces in one way or another. I was a pilot for a Black Hawk X too before Commander Reyes recruited me for Blackwatch.” She pauses and a small smile shows up on her face when she remembers how happy she felt when she was recruited for Overwatch by Gabriel in person. Out of all the pilots in her squadron, he picked her.

Lena doesn’t miss it. “I know the feeling. Was doing somersaults in my head when they picked me for Slipstream too.”

“Right?” Fio looks at her with shining eyes. “Anyway, things went south when Overwatch got shut down. I lost my job and my brother was shunned for being in Overwatch. Passed for every promotion he earned, squadmates that were his best buds shut him out, superiors adding more and more pressure on him. He quit and now we had two jobless mouths to feed. No merc group would take us, no bounty hunter agency would hire us. They all knew that I was Overwatch once and that has put such a big black stain on my record that it outweighed all my skills as a pilot in their eyes. My parents were high enough up the ladder that they could take care of anyone that would try anything against them but no matter how hard they tried, there was no future for me and my brother in any armed group in the world. Well, there was one. And I knew about them from Blackwatch days and dropped that recruiter that came to our house to offer us employment for them with a single punch. The problem was they were persistent and tracked down my brother when he was out and drinking in one of the pubs. He took the offer and joined them. Good pay. And as he was familiar with the area from his days in the US army, they stationed him in Italy.”

Lena twitches as soon as she hears that last part and remembers something. ‘Crap. And I thought he looked familiar.’

Fio doesn’t seem to notice it and continues. “Sombra was there too and she was slowly but surely eroding that base from inside. Hacking and depleting accounts from the grunts first then moved her way up the ladder. Leaving a warning that that is only the start if they don’t leave Talon. My brother didn’t let it bother him. Just asked his superiors for cash on hand and they went along because he was a good squad leader and performed well when they deployed them. But Sombra didn’t rest either. She started hacking transports, PC’s, servers. My brother and his squad dodged the bullet for a hairs width a few times. I know about it because he wrote to me about it on an almost daily basis. One day, though, letters stop. I wait for a week. Nothing. Wait for another week. Still nothing. Then while I was browsing the web I stumble on the article about Akande’s death. They write that he was on a business trip to Italy when he got killed. Talon. Akande. Italy. Warning bells start to sound in my head when I connect the dots and I’m on a first flight there. Once there I find the facility was fenced and closed off. I ask around the local town and get directed to the police station where I get the news. Something happened there and most of the personnel that was working there was killed.”

Lena is now sure. That’s the very same base that she attacked when she went after Akande. Her eyes travel downwards and stop on her cybernetic arm and leg. She turns her palm around and opens and closes her fist a few times. ‘Fio, I’m so sorry, but he was Talon. I don’t spare Talon.’

She starts apologizing in her head and slowly closes her eyes.

Fio wants to continue but notices Lena closing and opening her fist and taking deeper breaths. “Hey, Lena. You okay?”

“No,” she shakes her head. “Not even close.”

“What’s wrong?” Fio asks her dear friend and puts a comforting had on her shoulder.

“You see this?” Lena shows her arm first, then points out her leg and her right side of the head. Fio nods after her sight followed all that Lena pointed out. “This is Talon’s fault. After they’ve put me
back together, they tortured me. Tried to break me and make me their obedient attack dog. I managed to escape and decided to use the very thing they gave me against them.”

“Okay,” Fio nods. “We hunted Talon back in Blackwatch too. But I don’t see how this connects to you feeling down right now.”

After taking another deep and slow breath, Lena answers. “The very first place I’ve hit after I recovered a bit after escaping, was a Talon’s base in Italy where I killed Akande.”

“Oh, good wor--” Fio wants to compliment her for taking out Akande how was a torn in their side in Blackwatch too but she puts two and two together. She removes her arm and looks at the ground in front of her. “You killed my brother.” She hisses through her clenched teeth.

“I’ve killed a lot of Talon on that day,” Lena responds with a flat voice.

Fio doesn’t waste another second and launches at Lena. Was she at her top condition, she would probably overpower Lena but after weeks of poor food and wasting her days away, drowning in alcohol, she was anything but. And Lena throws her off with little to no trouble then tries to apologize but Fio charges at her again with all the grace of an enraged bull. Again her poor physical condition hinders her as Lena not only manages to side step out of her way but send an uppercut in her stomach. And while her breath was taken away, Lena grabs her around the waist and throws her through the doors.

“I see you both found out about Italy,” Gabriel comments when Fio and Lena collapse in the hallway.

Lena gets up first and when she sees Fio’s glare when she wanted to offer her help of getting her on her feet, “I’m going to get some fresh air.” she decides that it’s better to let her be for now and blinks away.
“Bonjour, chérie,” Amélie greets her without even turning to look and keeps her eye in the scope.

“Heya, gorgeous. Mind if I join you?” Lena chirps and not waiting for Amélie’s response plops down next to her, legs dangling over the edge, her breathing a bit heavy from all the running she just did.

Lena blinked and blinked and blinked. She didn’t want to be there. She didn’t want to be anywhere right now. Running feels good. Moving fast feels good. She needs a lot of good right now. She met one of her best friends after a long while yet as things stand she might have made her, her worst enemy. ‘Out of all the bases, he just had to be in that one!’ she yelled in her mind, feeling that all too familiar feeling of uncontained rage bubbling up and thinking no one will answer but she forgot about Rogue. ‘I would say it’s a simple spin of fate, but we both know better.’ ‘Yeah. There’s no such thing as fate. I saw, heard and felt far too many things while I was ghosting in and out of Slipstream.’ ‘Wall,’ ‘What?’ ‘You are about to blink right into a wall.’ Lena looks up and sees the wall Rogue is warning her about. But instead of slowing down, she grins and jumps then runs along the wall for a bit then blinks back to the floor and keeps going, ‘You were saying?’ ‘One way to solve that. Back to what we were talking about?’ ‘Sure. It’s just not fair, you know? She didn’t deserve it.’ ‘No one did. But here we are, trying to play with the cards we were dealt.’ ‘Mmm, and I could use a couple of Royal Flushes right about now. Nothing less will do if I’m to solve this jigsaw puzzle.’ ‘If I stick to poker, want to go All-In or would you rather Fold and wait it out?’ ‘I know I say that time is on my side, but right now, I’m running out of it.’ ‘You’re running out of the hallway too.’ ‘Maybe some Ame time will help right now.’ Lena finishes her internal debate and turns left to a flight of stairs that lead to where Amélie is still keeping a watchful eye on the front of the Watchpoint even if the defenses and surveillance that have come online when Athena got connected make it redundant.

“Bonjour, chérie,” Amélie greets her without even turning to look and keeps her eye in the scope.

“Heya, gorgeous. Mind if I join you?” Lena chirps and not waiting for Amélie’s response plops down next to her, legs dangling over the edge, her breathing a bit heavy from all the running she just did.

“Everything alright? I do not even need to look at you to know that something troubling you.” Amélie inquires, lifts her rifle, locks the safety then changes her position from crouching to sitting next to Lena, arm going around her shoulders.

Lena leans on Amélie’s shoulder, takes a deep breath, “It’s about Fio,” she starts and explains what happened a few minutes ago.

“Mmm,” Amélie hums when Lena finished. “Is she anything like you?” she asks her arm that was around Lena’s shoulders, now moving to play with her spikey locks.
“What do you mean by that, love?” Lena doesn’t understand what Amélie means by that.

“She is a pilot, like you, qui?” she asks and smiles internally when Lena nuzzles into her palm, relaxing under her slow-moving caress.

“She is, yes.” Lena answers, breathing slowed down, eyes closed as she enjoys the feeling of Amélie’s hand in her hair.

“Then would I be wrong in guessing that she is pretty straightforward and doesn’t like to complicate things?” Amélie continues with her inquiry.

“From what I remember, yes. And we are pretty similar in a few other things. We are, well, maybe were, friends. Like there weren’t that many female pilots in Overwatch and even if I like the guys well enough, you know me. I’ll rather chase a skirt than some sweaty muscle boy.” Lena chuckles at the end of that.

“I am getting to know you, chérie. Every day more and am grateful for it.” Amélie’s arm now returns around Lena’s shoulder and she lightly squeezes her in a short hug. “But back to what we were talking about. I think that if she is half as a good person you are, you don’t need to worry.”

“No?” Lena looks at Amélie after she enjoys her shoulder a moment longer after the hug they shared.

“No.” she shakes her head then explains. “She will probably be angry for a bit then when thinks about it with a clear head, she will realize that you weren’t given much of choice. Talon rarely leaves any room for one.”

“You could be right, love.” Lena nods and smiles. “Fio always was a rational one.” She jumps to her feet and looks at Amélie who is still sitting, “Knew some talking to you would help. Thank you, Ame.” She leans forward and hugs her from behind and plants a kiss on her cheek.

“You are welcome, Lena.” She thanks her and puts her arms over Lena’s then turns her head to the side where Lena kissed her cheek and looks straight into her eyes.

Knowing from the look she is giving her, Lena doesn’t let her wait and brings their lips together. They share a few moments together then break for breath, “You and me. One of the rooms. Tonight.” Lena tells Amélie with a stern tone then breaks the hug and walks to the doors that lead back inside.

“Should I bring anything?” Amélie lies down, following Lena with her eyes.

“Just your gorgeous self,” Lena shoots her wink and disappears inside when the doors slide open.

“You keep calling me gorgeous, chérie,” she looks at the sky, follow a small cloud with her sight, “but it is you, who is truly beautiful.” Slowly closing her eyes, she enjoys the light breeze that started to blow a few moments ago. ‘Lena Oxton, you stole my heart all over again.’ A smile shows up on her face.
Chapter Summary

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‘GO BURN IN HELL!!!’ she unleashes with a tone so deep and growl so reverberating that even the second voice seems to have been scared or surprised into complete silence. Which lasts about 5 seconds.

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Chapter Notes

Decided to take a look at what others are doing. Can't be Lena all the time. Well, it's still someone that looks exactly like her but is someone else so she doesn't count. :P

‘You know they will be coming for me.’ A voice in her head repeats for the tenth time and she lets out an exhausted groan. ‘Could you shut up already? Because my answer is still exactly the same. I will be ready.’ But the voice won’t give her peace, ‘If you think that little stunt you pulled in the hangar assures you keeping the upper hand, you are seriously underestimating Rogue.’ Unable to focus on her work, she decides to indulge her, ‘I know that went too easy and I probably just caught them both off guard, so like I said, I’ll be ready.’ Moira repeats herself yet again and hopes that this will finally silence her. And after she was quiet for a few moments, she thought she succeeded but now a different voice joins the internal debate. ‘What? Where is Linn? Why is Linn not with Rogue and the others?’ ‘Sorry Linn, but this hag somehow hijacked our body and took us away.’ ‘Oh god. There is a second one?’ ‘She came into being by your experiments on me.’ Moira can’t help it but be impressed, ‘Fascinating. A whole new personality formed. But why? And to retort to you, it’s not me who experimented on you. It was the real me. I am about as old as you, and my memory only starts when I woke up in that hangar.’ ‘Is she the monochromatic bitch that poked Linn with all those needles and kept asking questions that hurt Linn’s head?’ ‘One and only.’ ‘Like I said…’ Moira tries to retort but the third voice roars so loudly that it completely silences everything else. ‘GO BURN IN HELL!!!’ she unleashes with a tone so deep, and growl so reverberating that even the second voice seems to have been scared or surprised into complete silence. Which lasts about 5 seconds. ‘Bloody ‘ell, Linn. That was something else.’ ‘Linn is just so angry at her.’ She responds with her normal, childish tone, adding, ‘And you, hag, whatever you name is, Rogue will kill you.’ with a special kind of icy tone. One that leaves no doubt in one’s mind that her statement comes from the deepest parts of her soul and that she desires it with her whole heart. ‘That would mean that she kills you too.’ Moira retorts, thinking that she will probably get scared. Dying is, after all, one’s greatest fear. But, ‘And?’ she shoots back with a flat tone. Again stunning both Moira and the second voice into silence so she continues, ‘Linn and Linn already saw it happen.’ ‘Oh, right. That first night.’ ‘What are you on about?’ ‘Linn is not telling the mean hag.’ ‘Hahahaha. Linn, you are on fire today.’ ‘Mean hag or not, can I ask you both nicely for one hour of silence so I can finish putting
These files in order? I promise I will talk to you both after that.’ ‘Linn is tired.’ ‘We won’t be far.’

‘Finally. Now let get this done.’ Moira lets out a sigh then refocuses on her screen and resumes organizing the files that her other, now dead self left behind but somebody made a big mess of them. She feels almost grateful for Rogue killing Akande because now he can’t breathe down her neck all the time and annoying her about his grandiose plans for some kind of world domination he envisioned for himself and Talon. “If only you knew how silly your plans were.” She chuckles as she skims a small part of a text that held the plans for Talon’s operations for the next few months. All mute now, of course. Rogue really threw a monkey wrench in there when she went off like a bomb after he agreed that she is a willing servant of Talon’s and removed her collar that prevented her from using her chronal abilities and kept the power of her cybernetic parts to a bare minimum. “I wonder who taught her to act so good?” she taps her chin with her finger. Then some things click in and she smacks her forehead, “But of course. Gabriel, Amélie, and Olivia. Hahahaha.” She lets out a wicked cackle and needs a good part of a minute to come down from it. She opens another file after she was done with that one and something catches her attention, “What is this? You shouldn’t be here.”

“I must say, Brigitte,” Reinhardt starts after the Orca leveled in flight after reaching cruising altitude and they were allowed to wander the interior. “You are handling this very well.”

“Leave her alone, Reinhardt,” Torbjorn grumbles, “How would you feel if you found out that your beloved was taken and then someone talks to you about it?”

“It’s okay, Papa,” Brigitte flashes them a bright smile, “I trust Lena. And if we consider that after what happened to her, this is the first time she called to us and asked for our help, we can be sure she is taking this seriously.”

“I agree,” Winston nods when he joins them after Athena took over flying for him. “But every scenario where she would need mine and Angela’s help comes out with her doing something very stupid and very dangerous.”

“What do you mean by that, old friend?” Rein asks with a furrowed brow.

“Well, if you think about it,” he sits down and pops open a jar of peanut butter, his finger two joints deep in it in a moment. “She probably wants to try something with her chronal condition, hence the need for me.” The finger is in his mouth and out of it, with no trace of peanut butter on it before he continues. “She asked for Angela because she plans to push her physical body to and beyond its limits and she needs her expertise to patch her up if something goes wrong.”

“That makes sense,” Torbjorn runs a palm over his beard, brow knit in thought, “But then why Brigitte and me?”

“She only said that she needs you for equipment maintenance but I could guess, that she will probably want you to build something.” Winston answers.

“Good.” Brigitte slams her first in her palm and looks at them with a determined look. “I could use a good challenge right now.”

“I can’t say I agree with any of this,” Angela joins the conversation after she was done checking her medical supplies for the fifth time. Others thought it was silly after the third time but they knew how meticulous she gets when the health of others is in question so they kept them to themselves. “But she will get my full support because, as you said, Brigitte, this marks the first time after that event that she asked for our help.” ‘Let us hope, it’s not the final one too.’
silently prays and the conversation lightens after that and Orca reaches English airspace.
Watchpoint London

Chapter Summary

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“I must say, sheila,” Jamison starts after the back ramp opened and he took his first step outside, “this is all fancy and all, but can I get a coat or something? I’m freezing here.”

“I did warn you, Mr. Fawkes,” Athena retorts, “that the weather in London might be colder than what you are used to but you insisted on not dressing up.”
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“Agent Rogue, Orca that picked up the group from Sweden just reached the British airspace and should be arriving at this base under 10 minutes,” Athena informs Lena who was walking down the stairs after she took a breather and calmed down after talking to Amélie.

“Thank you, Athena,” Lena thanks her with a chirpy tone.

“May I suggest cleaning up the mess that Lt. Collins made during her stay here?” Athena continues. “Dr. Zeigler might have one of her fits if she sees it.”

“Oh, right!” Lena nods, fully aware of what those look and sound like. She was on the receiving end of it on more than one occasion. Very rarely was it entirely her fault. She takes off running but that run ended after two steps because Fio came around the corner and neither had the chance to dodge even if they noticed and their foreheads collide with a loud smack. As Lena was in higher position then Fio and had more momentum she ends up on top of her as they were sent to the ground. “Bloody ‘ell.” She curses as she rubs her forehead, eyes closed so she doesn’t realize their position right away.

“Ah, shit!” Fio curses with closed eyes too and rubs her forehead too, though her back is pulsing with pain too and there is an additional weight on her now.

They open their eyes at the same time and see that their faces are very close together. “If this is your idea for us to put our differences behind us,” Lena quirks her eyebrow and smirks, “I’m not exactly against it.”

Fio can’t help it but smile at that comment, which turns into a smirk, “Raincheck?” Lena wasn’t exactly subtle about her preferences when it came to genders and Fio wasn’t a shy type either so they did enjoy a night or two together before. Maybe three. Who keeps count of these things anyway?

Chuckling for a bit as she gets her feet under her, Lena stands up then offers Fio help of getting to her feet too, “And I’m back up to three.”

Grunting as she gets pulled upright, Fio knits her brow at Lena’s comment, “Three?”

“Yep,” Lena flashes a toothy smile, “Em, Ame and you.” And counts on her fingers. “Linn has Brigitte now so I doubt she will want to spend time with me anymore.”
“Still thirsty as ever.” Fio chuckles and shakes her head. “But who’s Linn? And Brigitte?”

Lena wants to answer but needs to clear something up first. “First thing first. We still mates?”

Fio nods, “Yeah. We still mates, as you called it.” And apologizes. “Sorry I exploded like that.” And after they shook hands she adds, “Commander explained what happened to you and what Talon did, so it’s just my brother’s bad luck he ended up in that base.”

“Yes!!!” Lena chirps and wraps Fio in a hug. “I know I said it before, but I’ll say it again anyway. I missed you Fio.”

“Missed you too, Lena.” Fio returns the hug. They enjoy the moment then break the hug.

“Now that that’s settled, let’s clean that mess you made.” Lena gestures to the hallway behind Fio. “Angie is gonna be here any minute now and she will have your arse if she sees it.”

Fio’s eyes go wide because even if she didn’t have much contact with the doctor, being in Blackwatch and all, she was very familiar with her lectures and not the good educational ones. “What are we waiting for then?” She laughs and takes off running down the hallway where she just came from. Lena close on her heels.

“Welcome to Watchpoint London, agents and guests.” Athena welcomes them when Orca touches down on the landing pad. Guests part was meant for Mr. Fawkes and Mr. Rutledge who recovered enough for Angela to clear them from bed rest and they decided to bring them along.

“I must say, sheila,” Jamison starts after the back ramp opened and he took his first step outside, “this is all fancy and all, but can I get a coat or something? I’m freezing here.”

“I did warn you, Mr. Fawkes,” Athena retorts, “that the weather in London might be colder than what you are used to but you insisted on not dressing up.”

“Sorry.” He looks at the ceiling of the Orca with upturned eyes as he shivers with arms wrapped tightly around himself.

“Apology accepted. You will find some clothing that might fit you in the compartments to your right.” Athena lets him off the hook. “But I’m afraid that we don’t stock any clothing for a man of your size Mr. Rutledge.”

“I’m fine.” He responds with a voice that no longer contains that rasp he had as he can now breathe normally. And the mask is nowhere to be seen either. It still feels a bit weird to him, for having to wear it for so long but the fresh air he is able to smell and taste now more than makes up for it.

“Nonsense, my friend,” Reinhardt thunders from behind and wraps a thick wooly coat around his shoulders. “I always bring a few with me, so no freezing on my watch.”

“I…uh…” Caught off guard by his kindness, Mako stutters, but gets his thoughts in order and properly thanks him. “Thank you.”

“You are welcome,” Reinhardt smacks him on the shoulder, “Now help me carry these boxes. We will be done faster that way.”

“Mmm.” Mako nods and shoulders two of the biggest ones he saw and walks down the ramp.
“Mako is not half bad,” Fareeha comments the scene to Angela, “but Jamison still needs some work.” As she loads up a few of her medical boxes on the cart where she loaded her Raptora but has space to spare.

“Neither are Overwatch material if you ask me,” Angela says as she loads up some of the bags she brought along, “but I think Lena can get them both in line.”

“She has that leadership vibe to her,” Fareeha smiles and they start making their way towards the ramp, “doesn’t she?”

“She always did,” Angela agrees, “it was just well hidden under her chirpy and energetic exterior so Overwatch command either didn’t notice it or chose not to.”

“Not many can keep up with her,” Fareeha shrugs, gripping the cart a bit tighter so it doesn’t run off on her when they walk on to the ramp and start making their way into the hangar.

“That’s true. In more than one way.” Angela laughs as a few happy memories involving Lena surface.

The group continues to unload the Orca and somewhere mid that they are equally surprised and glad to see Gabriel and Olivia walking through the doors that lead deeper into the Watchpoint with plates of drinks and some snacks on them. Reinhardt and Mako quickly improvise a table with some of the larger boxes and some chairs with the small ones and they sit down to enjoy the refreshments. After he informs Winston and Angela that Lena will join them momentarily and about the unexpected guest this Watchpoint housed for some time, Gabriel and Olivia retreat back inside.

“Plan Delay Angela for a few more minutes succeeded?” Olivia smirks when the doors close behind them.

“Like a charm.” Gabriel chuckles.
Briefing

Chapter Summary

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“Jamison!!!” Lena shouts and skips towards him. “Jamison, Jamison, Jamison,” she wraps an arm around his shoulder and leans closer. “I got a teensy tiny problem that I think only you can help me solve.” She tells him with a grin.

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Lena and Fio manage to clean up and shove all the trash into one drum for which Lena has a plan later and just thinking about it, is making her giggle like a schoolgirl. After they close and seal the lid they make their way towards the hangar. “Hullo, guys.” Lena, flanked by Fio, greets them just as they are cleaning up after their snack.

Taking a single look at her, Winston leaps towards her, “Oh, Lena,” and wraps her in a hug. “I’m so glad you are okay and from what I can see back to your old self.”

“Yeah, big guy,” Lena returns the hug, “Sorry, I had you worried there.”

While their reunion was cheerful, Angela made a beeline towards Fio and that one was anything but. “Mein gott, Lt. Collins, what have you done to yourself?” She immediately starts to check her vitals and her Caduceus is already emitting its yellow beam.

“Sorry, doc,” she smiles sheepishly, “Was kinda down for a while and didn’t really look after myself.”

“As soon as I get it up and running, I want you in med-bay,” Angela orders her with a stern voice.

Overhearing her, Lena, who got released by Winston and was now chatting about this and that with him, chimes in, “Sorry doc, on any other day I wouldn’t dare to oppose you but today I am.” Angela locks her in such a fierce stare that just by seeing it, made Winston lean backward a bit. Lena on the other hand stood her ground. “You guys finish unpacking first. After that, I want you all in the briefing room.” Angela starts power walking towards her and wants to say something, her finger already pointed at her face and this was usually your last chance to back down before she has one of her fits and you were in for it but Lena only crosses her arms and when Angela stops a step away, “Fio is and will be fine for quite a while more. Linn could be running out of time.” she tells her with a flat voice. Angela’s mouth moves as if to say something but then just closes without voicing her thoughts. Smiling on the inside over her small but rare victory over Angela, Lena only nods and after Angela does the same in response, she walks away, looking for a certain someone to help her deal with a little problem she currently has.

He was just talking Mako’s ears off about this and that explosive and what it does and how different shapes have a different effect when he hears his name called from across the hangar.

“Jamison!!!” Lena shouts and skips towards him. “Jamison, Jamison, Jamison,” she wraps an arm around his shoulder and leans closer. “I got a teensy tiny problem that I think only you can help me
“They do call me Jamison Fawkes the Problem solver.” He puffs up his chest, going along with her cheery attitude. Mako only rolls his eyes when he hears him. “So, sheila, what is it?”

“Walk with me.” Lena directs him towards the doors that lead back inside the base. Not even 5 minutes after the doors slide close behind them, an explosion rocks the base and two figures follow a projectile that is headed somewhere for the English Channel with face wide grins and high five at their achievement. In the news, two days from now there is a report about an oil drum falling from the sky and hitting a fishing boat. Luckily, no one got hurt. But Lena and Jamison still quietly sneak out of the room and that fishing crew gets a bonus on their paycheck from an anonymous source. But back to the present as the Overwatch got unpacked, Angela got the med bay up and running and the rest got their respective workshops in working order and now they gathered in the briefing room.

“Alright,” Lena starts when everyone sits down and calms down after the initial chatter, “I see that everyone that needs be here is here, so without further delay, I’ll lay it on you.” A display behind her back lights up and there is a picture of Moira, Oasis, and Slipstream on it. “A very dear person to all of us got somehow bodyjacked by Moira. Something connected to the Matrix inside the Slipstream. I need Winston and Angela to do some digging how it happened.” She looks at them in turns as she names them. The display changes to a schedule for the next two weeks. “At the end of these two weeks Roguewatch is going after Moira to retrieve Linn and I will succeed or die trying.” Several heads turn and focus on her when she says the last part. “Not joking guys,” she shakes her head. “She just means that much to me and you know that I would do the same for any of you. But,” she chirps and claps to shake the sad mood away, “as I do prefer myself alive, I will use these two weeks to get ready for that mission. As to how,” she presses a button and the display zooms to the first week and now the gathered can see a detailed schedule for each day of it. “Reyes there,” she gestures at him with her head, “will give me some serious physical training. All points of it. Stamina, strength, endurance. This is where I’ll probably need you, Angie,” she looks at her, “because I plan to push it to and beyond all limits.” She tries to retort but Lena stops her with a raised palm, “Let me finish then we can discuss it.” And when Angela nods, “Next, I’ll need Genji once he joins us for some unarmed combat training and Zenyatta for some mental training. Got a plan with that rage thingy of mine where this,” she taps her accelerator, “turns red. If I can somehow control it better, I might gain even more advantage over Moira. And that’s basically it. Rinse, repeat. All the way to the last 3 days.” She flips the schedule all the way to those three days. “Those are for rest and a different kind of training. For this one, I’ll need you, big guy.” She looks at Winston. “I got an idea how to get to Moira and take her out for good but I might have to do something really risky.” She shuts down the display after that and sits down at the head of the table. “So, questions?”

“There is no way to talk you out of this? To change your plans?” Angela asks, even though she already knows the answer.

“No,” Lena responds with a flat tone.

“I thought as much.” Angela nods. “I don’t like it. Any of it. But you got my full support.”

“Thank you, Angie.” Lena flashes her a smile that lights up the whole room.

Winston is next to asks, “That idea of yours. Does it involve experimenting with your anchor?”

“In a way, yes.” Lena nods. “If you remember, Linn Recalled us both back in Junkertown, and even if I didn’t go back in my time, I still got healed. So I want to explore that.”
“That was a curious thing to happen, I admit, and am glad that it worked as she planned,” Winston nods, “but I have a good reason to believe that you want to go beyond a simple Recall.”

“Do some numbers for me, please?” Lena asks, “What I want to do is dangerous enough on its own, but going at it blind is basically courting death or worse.”

“Or worse.” Winston agrees, “I’ll do what I can. I came here with every intention to help you and I plan to do just that.”

“Thank you, Winston.” Lena again flashes her brighter than life smile and it warms the hearts of all present. “Anyone else?” she asks and looks at others.

“What is the plan for the rest of the Roguewatch for these two weeks?” Gabriel asks.

“Everyone is welcome to join me,” Lena shrugs, “Might make us an even better team if you do some training together. Of course, I won’t insist that they push themselves like I plan to but to improve one needs to find and push past the limits.”

“Hmm,” he hums first then, “I’ll do some tests and measure everyone physical condition on day one, then adjust the schedule for each of them.”

“Queen did say that she will give me some pointers in hand to hand combat before the call came in.” Fareeha joins the conversation.

“And if Mako wants,” Reinhardt adds, “I can help him with that part too.”

“I could use a sparring partner.” Mako nods when their sights meet.

“Looks like this will be two fun weeks.” Lena chirps and stands up. “Now as we still have some time until others join us, let’s get settled in a bit more and have a relaxing day before we start tomorrow.” There are nods around the table in agreement of that plan and they all scatter all over the base.
The training begins

Chapter Summary

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‘Good genes, my arse.’ Cyber Lena who was observing her from the bench next to the track. ‘That’s Rogue adapting and helping her.’ ‘They are both quite amazing, wouldn’t you say?’

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“Alright, Oxton,” Gabriel calls after her when she crosses the start line that marks a full lap, “got one more lap. Squeeze all that you can out of those legs.” He says with a drill sergeant tone then goes wide-eyed when he checks the stopwatch and sees that she improved her time yet again. ‘Holy shit, Lena. You are breaking the record by tomorrow at this pace.’

“Huf, huf,” she wheezes, trying to squeeze as much oxygen into her lungs as she can. “Last lap.” She murmurs to herself. “My legs burn as if bathed in lava but I’m doing this!” she psyches herself with a shout and increases her pace even further. She is almost sprinting and is really tempted to just Blink ahead but she managed to control that urge for the last twenty laps and she is not about to lose control over it now. Taking another deep breath, then grits her teeth, sight focused on the track just a few feet ahead. She lowers her posture and breaks out into a full-on sprint to the finish. Her legs feel really on fire now, muscles starved for oxygen start to cramp up but she is not stopping leans a bit when she reaches the second curve.

Checking the time and keeping an eye on her position on the track, Gabriel sees that she improved her time yet again. “GO LENA GO!!!” he shouts to encourage her.

Only half hearing her over the sound of her heart pounding in her ears she pushes her exhausted legs even more. Rogue is patching up the muscle fibers in she is tearing in her biological leg as best as she can but even she has her limits and just a few steps away from the finish line she hits it. Lena winces as a sharp pain shoot through her left thigh but, “Ghhhhh!” she growls and keeps going. One step over the line she can’t put any weight on her leg anymore and loses her footing, crumpling to the ground, rolling as the momentum she had carries her a bit further. Wheezing hard as she tries to catch her breath, tears gathering in her eyes from the pain in her leg, “Fuuuuuuuuck!!” she curses loudly and her arms shoot towards the source of it. ‘I apologize. I just couldn’t keep up anymore.’ ‘Not your fault. I planned to push my limits but it still hurts like a bitch!’

Gabriel is next to her on his knee a moment later with Angela joining them a second later. “Lena, hold on.” Gabriel grabs her palm and she squeezes like an iron clamp.

“Healing stream engaged!” Angela says and the yellow stream from her staff connects with Lena’s leg. Even she can’t heal an injury like that in an instant so Lena has to endure the pain for a few moments more. ‘New data collected. Implementing new recovery processes now.’ They did this five times already. Adding a few laps and more speed each time. “Why do you torture yourself like that, Lena?” Angela asks, looking at her with gentle eyes and keeping the stream engaged.
“You know why, Angie,” Lena responds through her teeth as she keeps her jaw firmly clenched to deal with pain.

“Your progress is amazing though.” Gabriel comments. “I can’t say I ever saw someone improve this much on the first day.”

“And I get the feeling something is assisting my healing.” Angela adds and turns off her staff when the feedback from it lets her know that it completed its task.

‘Oh, oh. ’ ‘Don’t fret. There is no way they know about you.’ “Good genes?” Lena jokingly replies and slowly stands up.

‘Good genes, my arse.’ Cyber Lena who was observing her from the bench next to the track.
‘That’s Rogue adapting and helping her.’ ‘They are both quite amazing, wouldn’t you say?’ ‘If by that you mean them figuring out that docs biotics can easily be reprogrammed and used to boost Rogue’s recovery systems, then yeah. That’s pretty amazing.’ ‘Could that have been their plan all along?’ ‘I wonder. If that’s true, I’m a bit worried about what she is planning to try with her anchor.’ ‘Don’t think Rogue can assist there. Can she?’ ‘Your guess is as good as mine.’

“That should do with this part for today, I think.” Lena chirps, bouncing a few time on her left leg to check if it recovered.

“Genji’s turn?” Gabriel smirks and gestures towards the doors, right of where Cyber Lena is sitting as they lead to the gym’s shower room.

“Do you need me there as well?” Angela asks, trying to mask her exhaustion but leans on her staff a bit too much to escape Lena’s notice.

“Nah, Angie,” she shakes her head, “Go take a rest. You seem a bit tired too. I’ll take it easy with Genji.”

“Please do. I’ll be in the med bay. Call me if there is an emergency.” Angela smiles gratefully and walks in a different direction.

“Others from Roguewatch should be making their way here, so I’ll do those measurements,” Gabriel comments when they walked off the track. “Meet you for lunch?” He offers a fist bump.

Lena takes him up on his offer, “You betcha.” And walks through the doors.

As soon as she is out of sight and Gabriel is sure it’s only him and Cyber Lena within earshot. “It’s not <genes, is it?” he asks her.

“Not my thing to tell.” She shakes her head.

“Is it dangerous, whatever it is?” He asks next.

“Not to my knowledge.” She responds.

“Where did we go wrong?” he sighs and plops himself down on the bench next to her.

“Sorry?” Cyber Lena knits her brow.

“Come on. Look at me.” He gestures at himself. “Battle-hardened veteran of countless battles who joined the army and decided to become what I did, so people like her wouldn’t need to.” He gestures towards the doors, through which Lena left.
“People like her?” she asks but can guess his answer.

“Yeah, people with a heart as big as hers. People that just love everyone. People that see good in everyone. Even…” he chokes at the end.

“Even murderous bastards like you?” Cyber Lena jokes but strikes quite close with that one.

“Yeah.” He sighs, slumping his shoulders and looks at his palms, letting them smoke up a bit.

“Hey,” she puts a comforting hand on his shoulder, “That was a joke. From what I can see you are a pretty cool guy here too.”

“Here too?” He gives her a sidelong look, a small smile tugging on his lips.

“Yeah.” She nods and smiles. “In my world, when you don that cape, the officer hat, you are pretty cool.”

“Cape?” he chuckles.

“Your Reaper outfit is not that far off.” She explains. “Remove the mask and the hood, add the hat, put some red details to your all-black outfit and you got it.”

“Basically an edge lord but with class?” he jokes.

“Yeah.” She nods and they both laugh.

“Thanks, Lena.” He shoots her a wink then stands up.

“You’re welcome.” She joins him and they both walk to meet the others that started to trickle to the track area.
Eye of Horus

Chapter Summary

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“You,” she starts as they lift the fresh sandbag and hook it, “gotta stop destroying these so fast. We only have a couple left.”

Queen chuckles and shoots Fareeha wink, “Maybe if we put the chest piece of Raptora over it, it will hold?”

“Somehow, I doubt it.”

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Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

While Lena was making her way towards the inside part of the gym, a few pairs were already busy on improving unarmed skills.

“You gotta really bury your fist in there,” Queen was instructing Fareeha, upholding her word about teaching her how to raise the strength of her punches and kicks to where hers are. “Your punch shouldn’t end on contact but continue on to shatter bone and tear muscles.”

“I was told exactly the opposite,” Fareeha comments after she threw another punch into the sandbag hanging in front of her. “To end it and let the shockwave from it do the damage.”

“And it probably works on flesh alone or if it’s just covered with basic combat gear.” Queen nods in agreement but, “You are wearing metal armor and enemy probably will too. So,” she throws a straight into the sandbag and punches a fist size hole in it. “You need to get through that first.” And that grin, that Fareeha got used to by now, shows up when she pulls her arm back. Sand spilling out.

Fareeha would be surprised at how easy Queen destroys the thick leather if it wasn’t the fourth sandbag she is unhooking and throwing on the pile where the other three are. “You,” she starts as they lift the fresh sandbag and hook it, “gotta stop destroying these so fast. We only have a couple left.”

Queen chuckles and shoots Fareeha wink, “Maybe if we put the chest piece of Raptora over it, it will hold?”

“Somehow, I doubt it.” Fareeha smirked then takes her stance and takes a deep breath to clear her head. ‘Bury inside of it.’ She repeats Queen’s words inside her mind, then with a shout, she throws a punch. It lands dead center of her target and the sandbag bends like never before but she is not done yet. She keeps pushing at it, not letting the sandbag kill her momentum. There is a small tearing sound then the back side of her target explodes into a hail of sand that hits the wall behind it. Both Fareeha and Queen tilt their heads to look at the damage her punch has just done with wide opened eyes.
It’s only when Genji, who was meditating while waiting for Lena and was observing the others, jumps down from his perch and lands next to them, do they shake it off. “Fareeha,” he calls for her with a calm voice and when she turns to look at him, “walk with me and take the gloves off.” Both women follow him a few steps to where two strike bags were set next to each other. “Repeat that punch again and aim it as if you want to hit the second bag.” He instructs then steps away to clear the way.

“I don’t understand.” Fareeha looks at him with knitted brow.

“You don’t need to,” Genji tells her. “This works better if you don’t understand it but feel it. So, just repeat that punch.”

Fareeha shrugged then takes the stance and repeats what she did before she hit that sandbag. Including, ‘Bury inside of it.’ Queen’s words. She throws her punch and this time it’s even faster and the sound of it alone is enough to make Queen recoil. Her target is again hit dead in the center, but it barely moves. At least the first bag. Then one behind it gets send tumbling away. “What?” Fareeha watches it with wide eyes.

“This confirms it, Genji.” Hanzo, who walked inside the gym just in time to see Fareeha throw her first punch but kept his distance until now.

“Hai,” Genji nods then walks closer to Fareeha, gently inspecting her arm with which she threw that punch.

“Care to explain?” Fareeha asks, she doesn’t mind him looking at her arm but wants to understand what he is looking for.

“Brother,” Hanzo calls for Genji’s attention. “The eye.” Then points out the tattoo Fareeha has under her eye.

Genji snaps his head towards Fareeha’s face, “Of course!” and facepalms. “Where did you get that tattoo, Fareeha? And why?”

“What? This?” she points to it. “Got it soon after I joined Helix in this random shop. All in my squad got inked that day.”

“You chose it or did the shopkeeper pick for you?” Genji asks next.

“I chose it. It…” Fareeha tries to remember why she picked this one in particular but for some reason can’t right now.

“It spoke to you?” Genji asks and to someone else, it might sound like he is joking but to Fareeha, it rings true.

“Yeah,” she nods but knits her brow, wondering why she feels like that.

“You know about my and Hanzo’s dragons, right?” Genji relaxes his tone.

“I do, yes.” She nods.

“Similar thing. Only that you probably never even tried to harness his power.” Genji explains. “I believe he is called Horus. Correct?”

“Yes, it’s the Eye of Horus.” Fareeha points to her tattoo, more confused with every second that passes.
“What you just did,” Genji points to strike bag, lying a few feet away, “is harnessed his power and performed a Falcon strike.”

“Okay,” Fareeha starts laughing, “now you are full of it.” and waves him off dismissively.

“No, Fareeha.” Genji puts his hand on her shoulder. “Sometimes, the spirits choose some of us.”

“And you are telling me that an ancient god chose me and now does what?” She just won’t take him or what he is saying seriously. “Reside in me? Granting me some weird powers, skills?” How can she? Sure, the proof that those things exist is staring her right in the face in a form of those two brothers but that’s just some weird Japanese magic. Rest of them are perfectly normal. Right?

“It is your decision if you believe it or not but,” Genji answers then points to the strike bags. First the standing one then at the one that is lying on the floor. “you just did what you did.”

“And the rifle firing sound that your arm produced when you threw that punch,” Queen joins the conversation, “probably isn’t something a normal human can do.”

“Okay,” Fareeha shakes her head, then waves her arms above it as she walks away, “I’m out of here. Need some time to think.”

And walks out of the gym with hurried steps, nearly crashing into a small figure that manages to jump out of her way and quips, “Oi!” Fareeha keeps power walking away so Lena has no choice but to look into the gym and find where she stormed away from. Three heads that are focused on the doors give out the culprits for her distress. She walks closer, her thumb pointing at the doors behind her, “What got her knickers in a twist?”

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I'll admit it, this took a weird turn in this chapter. Let me know if it's too weird.
Big guys

Chapter Summary

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“Just admit it already,” the mediator of this sparring joins the fighters and looks down on them with crossed arms and judging eyes, “You are getting too old for this shit.” She smiles at her own joke.

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While Lena was walking closer to the trio that spooked and stressed Fareeha to the point that she stormed out, the gym’s ring was occupied with two big figures. They were sidestepping in circles, keeping each other directly in front. Mako took Reinhardt up on his offer to brush up on his unarmed combat and while others relied on punches and kicks, these two had enough strength to simply grab someone and crush them as they slam them into the ground or throw them away like a piece of trash. They could do that to the averagely sized grunts but now, facing each other, they took on a different tactic. For a man of his age, Reinhardt had more than enough spring in his step to jock in the ring and he was the first to make the move. “Haaa!” he shouts, pushing off with his leg and launching at Mako. Even without his boosters, that move had more than enough strength behind it. But he used it in this bout before and Mako was ready for it.

“No, this time,” he grunts, sidesteps, and hooking his arm under Reinhardt’s, using his momentum, he slams him at the ring’s floor. On the battlefield, he would crush the opponent’s skull with his foot, but this is training so he retreats and gives Reinhardt time to pick himself up.

“No, bad, not bad,” Reinhardt compliments him as he gets back on his feet, cracking his shoulders and neck. “You are learning. Gut, gut.” This is not over yet, so Reinhardt lowers his posture and seeing him, so does Mako. And as if they read each other’s mind, they both launch in sync and slam together hard enough that the sound produced by their collision echoes across the gym. “Ghhhh! Mmmmm!” both grunt as they attempt to overpower the other. When such forces clash, someone or something has to give and Reinhardt’s age and the punishment his body endured over the years on the battlefield come back to haunt him. Something in his back crunches with a sickening sound and he grimaces from the pain that assaults him. Mako immediately realizes that something is wrong when Reinhardt stops pushing back all of sudden and stops too. Reinhardt drops on one knee and holds his lower back, “Verdammt!” and curses loudly.

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have pushed that hard.” Mako apologizes when drops on his knee next to him, holding a comforting hand on his shoulder.

“No, my friend,” despite the pain, Reinhardt still manages to smile, “This is in no way your fault. My back has been giving me trouble for a while now.”

“Just admit it already,” the mediator of this sparring joins the fighters and looks down on them with crossed arms and judging eyes, “You are getting too old for this shit.” She smiles at her own joke.

“Do you see now, Mako,” Reinhardt gestures at her with his arm. “Do you see what kind of a
squire I have? Always pestering me about my age. No respect for her elders.”

“I’m not getting involved in this,” Mako raises his arms in surrender, chuckling.

“Et Tu Brute?” Reinhardt follows him with his sight as he gets on his feet, mocking big disappointment with his expression.

“Sorry, Reinhardt, but she will skin us both if we go against her.” Mako shakes his head and helps him back on his feet and they head to the ropes and out of the ring.

They walk to the benches and Mako quickly improvises a wide and big enough bed from four benches for Reinhardt to lie down on but it’s Brigitte that speaks next or better said orders them. “You,” she points at Reinhardt, “stay put while I get Angie to fix your back and you,” she turns to Mako, “better make sure that he does. Understood?”

“Yes, ma’am.” They respond in sync. Reinhardt response more of a sigh than anything else, but Mako’s was clear and perfectly understandable. Brigitte goes to get Angela and Mako plops himself down on the ground next to Reinhardt. “What are they feeding these women these days?” He jokes and they both chuckle before he continues. “One just can’t help it but obey them or risk getting grilled like a steak. Especially her.” Mako gestures at Lena across the gym.

“Lena? She scares you?” Reinhardt asks because ever since they arrived at this Watchpoint, he and all the others noticed the change in her. She is no longer that cluster of anger and wrath she was and it was only a matter of time when she explodes next, but she is back to being Lena they knew.

“No. She doesn’t scare me,” Mako shakes his head. “It’s something else. Something just compels you to obey her.” He knits his brow as he searches for a better word because that one doesn’t ring right. “Maybe not obey, more like follow her.”

“Haha,” Reinhardt chuckles, “That, I do understand.” His response prompts Mako to turn his head and look at him. “Even back when Overwatch was in its old form, I discussed this matter with Jack and Ana, who were our leaders at the time. Lena is one of those rare people that possess this talent, this special aura that natural leaders possess. One follows her just because. Sure, she respected the chain of command and obeyed the orders that her superiors gave her but on every opportunity she got, she took control of the squad that deployed with her and always performed with flying colors. In most cases, completely unconsciously.”

“How do you know that she was unaware of it?” Mako inquires when Reinhardt pauses his explanation.

“That’s easy.” Reinhardt smiles. “Because every time she got thanked for her work, she got really embarrassed and went on and on how others did this and that and how she barely did anything when she was always at the very core of the group. Moving and doing things that enabled others to do their job and made sure that when they got into trouble, that problem was dealt with swiftly and as efficiently as possible.”

“That just sounds like a good team member to me.” Mako shrugs.

“You are correct,” Reinhardt nods as best as he can. “But what if I told you that it was her that was always in control of the battlefield? Always a step or two ahead of everyone else? On more than one occasion I witnessed it myself. Unaware as it was happening but during the post-mission debrief when she explained why she did what she did and when she did it, I was surprised that she lead us exactly where she needed us to beat back the enemy force. Even Commander Reyes, that was the best tactician we had was surprised many times how she could outmaneuver the enemy
like that.” He pauses then looks at Mako again, “But you experienced it yourself back when we came to help you defend your home. Didn’t she order you and your friend to come to us and help us hold the doors while she and the fast flankers dealt with the big heavies that were giving us trouble?”

“I could deal with them too,” Mako defends.

“Yes, you could.” Reinhardt agrees because he saw how Mako turned one of the heavies into swiss cheese with a single blow from his weapon, “But while you dealt with the big one, the grunts around him would injure or even kill you.” Mako nods in agreement. “But they stood no chance at even aiming at her, Linn and Genji. Even Commander Reyes has that ghosting ability that makes it impossible to land a clean shot on him.”

“I see,” Mako hums. “And what followed?” he remembers how Lena finished that battle.

“That,” Reinhardt doesn’t have a clear answer for that. “My guess would be that her anger won over her mind after Linn got injured and she went berserk. But I don’t see that in her anymore. Her eyes have that old glow in them. That special light that all of us in Overwatch cherished and loved on her.”

“I wouldn’t bet on it being completely gone.” Mako surprises Reinhardt with his serious tone. “That kind of anger, thirst for blood and some kind of payback never really leaves you.”

“That sounds like you speak from experience, my friend.” Reinhardt puts a comforting hand on Mako’s shoulder.

“Wish I didn’t,” he puts his own hand over his. “The price I paid was great.” Aware of his loss from Queen telling him when they talked about Mako and Jamison, Reinhardt only lightly squeezes with his hand, Mako responding with a hum. Somber silence then envelopes the two. Memories of friends and family they lost, surfacing in their minds.
“Lena.” Genji tilts his head, saying her name as if asking something.

“Yeah?” she asks with wide, clueless eyes.

“Can you tell me what you just did?” he asks.

“Three fast lefts, one powerful right.” She answers, knitting her brow, wondering why is he asking such an obvious thing. “Like you showed me.”

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With the ring now free and Brigitte informing them that Reinhardt will be just fine, Lena and Genji can now begin their training. Genji was really looking forward to some sparring with Lena, judging by how enthusiastically he forward flipped into the ring and started to warm up his joints and muscles. He always liked to spar with her, but ever since Overwatch got shut down, they never had an opportunity to do it. Scattering to four winds might have something to do with it. Lena couldn’t help it but feel a bit of regret because she is about to disappoint him. “Genji, mate,” she calls for his attention one she is through the ropes.

“Yes, Lena?” he snaps his head towards her.

“Sorry to disappoint,” she apologizes, scratching her cheek, “but I promised Angie not to push it today anymore since I already collapsed once on the track.” She can practically feel his mood plummet.

“So we cancel?” He asks with slumped shoulders.

“Nah,” she shakes her head. “Was thinking you could show me some moves and I try to replicate them. You know, like those guys that train karate and all that.”

“We could do that, yes.” Genji’s posture lightens up, happy to hear that she won’t cancel the whole thing. “So,” he starts as they move to the center of the ring and stand next to each other, “punches or kicks?”

“Bit of both too much to ask for?” Lena smiles.

“Okay,” he nods and takes a stance. Arms in guard, one leg a bit in front of the other. Lena mimics him. “Let’s starts with punches then.” He opens with three quick punches with his left arm then finishes with a powerful straight with his right. “Saw that?” He asks, thinking he might have been too fast for her to follow.

“Mhm,” she hums in response then takes a deep breath. “One, two, three and,” she repeats his three strikes, slower but she wants to make sure she has the move down first then work on speed. “Pow!” she finishes with the right straight.
“Very good,” Genji compliments her. “Can you do it faster?”

She resets her position. Deep breath. ‘Faster, Lena.’ She narrows her eyes and goes for it. “One, two, three, pow!!” she executes the punches as fast as she can then slowly breaths out and turns to Genji to check if she did okay. “So? How was it?”

“Can you do it again?” Genji asks, slight confusion leaking out in his tone. Lena repeats the punches again, stops and looks at him. “Lena.” Genji tilts his head, saying her name as if asking something.

“Yeah?” she asks with wide, clueless eyes.

“Can you tell me what you just did?” he asks.

“Three fast lefts, one powerful right.” She answers, knitting her brow, wondering why is he asking such an obvious thing. “Like you showed me.”

“Can you blink just your arms?” is the next question from Genji.

“No,” she starts to figure out why he could be confused. “At least I didn’t do it before.”

“Mmm,” Genji hums and walks in front of her. He raises his arm, palm turned towards hers, “Punch this.”

“Alright.” Lena shrugs and gets into position. Draws breath, then executes the three punches but leaves the right straight out.

“You saw it this time?” Genji asks, shaking his palm as it got hit with three hits almost instantaneously.

“Yeah,” Lena quips and shakes her left arm as if something is stuck to it.

“But correct me if I’m wrong but there was not right straight.” Genji comments.

“No, you are right.” She confirms his guess. “Not punching any of you guys with this.” She raises her cybernetic right arm, balled into a fist.

“Why not?” he chuckles.

“Because it would kill you or at the very least knock you out?” Lena responds as if he asked the stupidest question ever.

“Pussy.” Genji teases.

“What?” Lena snaps back, eyes narrowing into slits.

“Puk, puk, puk.” Genji mimics wings with his arms and clucking like a chicken, continuing his tease.

“Mate,” Lena points a warning finger at him. “knock it off.” But he doesn’t stop. Lena spots Angela entering the gym with Brigitte in her peripheral vision. “Alright,” she grins and takes a stance. “you asked for it.” Genji notices it and readies his guard. Lena winds her right arm and goes for the right straight, aiming for the dead center of Genji’s torso.

“Na-!!!” Genji wants to say something when her fist punches clean through his guard and finds its target. But that’s not all. The force behind it blows him right out of the ring and sends him flying at
the wall that was a decent distance away from it. He slams into it with high speed and a bang and it knocks the last of his breath out of his lungs. He peels off of it and collapse on the ground beneath it, conscious but struggling to get back on his feet. Everyone present snaps their sights towards him. All but one.

“Lena!!” Angela shouts, looking at her while running towards Genji.

“What?!” she defends. “He asked for it.” And gestures towards Genji with her arms.

After he coughs a few times, “It is true. I even teased her for it.” Lena joins Angela and Brigitte next to him in a blink.

“That’s why I told you I never punch you guys with my right.” Lena scolds him, hooking her arm under his and helps him on his feet after Angela gave the green light when she scanned him and saw that there is nothing but Genji’s pride injured. She and Brigitte then leave to tend to Reinhardt.

“I don’t think even Doomfist punched that hard.” Genji jokes as they walk to the nearby bench.

“Meh,” Lena chuckles. “He was a twat anyway.”

“Done for today or do you plan to use me as a punching bag some more?” Genji laughs when they sit down on the bench.

“My brother could use a few more lessons,” Hanzo smirks as he joins them.

“Nah,” Lena waves her hand, “I’ll let you off the hook for today. Tomorrow we spar properly anyway.” She tells them and stands up, brushing her thighs.

“No right arm and leg?” Genji follows her with his sight.

“I can dial them down.” She informs him and smiles when he moves his head as if asking why she didn’t do it this time too. “Because you teased me.”

“Was that your full power?” he asks as she turns away and starts walking towards the exit.

“Not even close, love.” She waves a goodbye over her shoulder and laughs. “Not even close.”
Roguewatch hits the track

Chapter Summary

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“Strike Commander Lena Oxton,” Athena adds the rank to Lena’s full name. “Hm. Has a nice ring to it. Wouldn’t you agree?”

“Athena, I know what you are thinking. Don’t.” Gabriel could already see Athena’s next move. Head straight for Lena and start calling her Strike Commander Oxton.

“Too late.”

-----

“Jamison, you got one more lap in you, I just know it!” Gabriel encourages the Junker, who was surprising everyone by how diligently he took on this physical condition measuring and was wheezing hard as he ran past him across the line that marked one completed lap and nodded in response. His peg leg was replaced by a proper cybernetic one but using that peg leg for so long still showed in his movements as he jerked to one side every now and then but it was slowly fading away and he was returning to a more normal style of locomotion.

“Elizabeth, if I see you slow down one more time as you pass Jesse, I’m doubling your laps again.” He scolds one of the newest members of Roguewatch. She gives him such a death stare that would make even the toughest of businessmen duck their heads but Gabriel doesn’t scare so easily and she doesn’t hold it for more than a moment either. She knew that she was joining a military-like organization and that there was a pecking order. She was familiar with that from the Deadlock gang days. The difference was, that this time she is not at the top of it and currently at the very bottom.

“Satya, you are doing great but I need you to increase your pace.” Gabriel turns his attention to the third and last member of Roguewatch that listened and joined him at the appointed time. “Queen did say that she will tutor Fareeha, but where the fuck is Hanzo?” he checks his list of Roguewatch members. Olivia and Amélie didn’t need to show up because he is more than familiar enough with them and Mako is a tank so he won’t be expected to run around all that much and if what he saw back in Junkertown, the big Junker is more than capable of hauling ass fast when needed.

“Queen finished with her task so she is making her way here after a small delay but Hanzo shows no such intentions.” Athena helps Gabriel out by notifying him of their whereabouts. “Do I inform them again?”

“Please do and thank you.” Gabriel nods eyes back on the three runners.

“You are welcome, Commander,” Athena responds, fully aware that he doesn’t like to be called that and her playful tone when she said it betrays that.

“Not Commander anymore,” he sighs.

“But you sure are acting like one.” Athena points out.
“What?” his eyes go a bit wide from surprise but a chuckle soon follows, “Guess you’re right.”
when he took count of what he is currently doing. “What does that make Lena then? Strike
Commander?”

“Strike Commander Lena Oxton,” Athena adds the rank to Lena’s full name. “Hm. Has a nice ring
to it. Wouldn’t you agree?”

“Athena, I know what you are thinking. Don’t.” Gabriel could already see Athena’s next move.
Head straight for Lena and start calling her Strike Commander Oxton.

“Too late.” She giggles, showing far more emotions that Winston, her creator and anyone else who
interacted with her ever expected her to have. “Designation for Agent Oxton has been corrected
from Flight Lieutenant Oxton to Strike Commander Oxton.”

“Skipped a few ranks didn’t she?” Gabriel laughs then startles when a voice he definitely didn’t
expect comments from behind him.

“I think I’m due for promotion too.” Fio decided to join them at the track, despite being allowed to
rest for few more days to fully regain her strength.

“Lt. Fio Collins. High marks on last firing range evaluation. Full marks on her last annual piloting
skills evaluation.” Athena drones the data she has on her. She stays silent for a moment or after
that. “I am sorry Lt. Collins but unlike in Agent Oxton’s case, I cannot promote you on my own as
there is still an active commanding officer that needs to authorize it.”

“My and Morrison cases are the same,” Gabriel comments as he figured out right away who that
commanding officer is.

“Indeed. But Agent Oxton expressed her desire to treat Overwatch and Roguewatch as two separate
organizations even when they operate under the same roof.” Athena explains.

“And since when am I a member of Roguewatch?” Fio smirks.

“You don’t want to?” Gabriel quirks an eyebrow with a smile is tugging on the corner of his lips.

“Didn’t say that.” Fio shakes her head. “From what Lena told me, you guys are currently down to
just one combat pilot.” Spotting how Gabriel is looking at her, “Don’t give me that look. Sure, you
can fly the bus, but can you really say that you can keep up with me or Lena?”

“I’m not that crazy.” Gabriel jokes and they both laugh.

“Commander Reyes,” Athena calls for his attention again. “About that promotion for Lt. Collins?”

“I’m a bit out of touch, so according to your data, can I sign off on Captain?” he asks.

“Captain Fio Collins. Information has been updated. Congratulations, Captain Collins.” Athena
responds with a chirpy tone.

“Skipped a few there didn’t I?” Fio smiles.

“Who cares.” Gabriel shrugs and they both jog towards Jamison who just crossed the line,
finishing his last lap and all but collapsed on the ground just outside the track.
“Cheeky git.” Lena rolls her eyes, shaking her head and laughing as she opens the doors.

“Learned from the best.” And seeing Lena point at herself while giving her a quizzical look, “That is correct.”

There were two reasons for Gabriel’s words he said to Athena. First one is obvious. No need to bother with rank within Roguewatch. The second was because he knew what she will do. And she did it at the same time as she was informing him of the update she did to her database. Inform Lena of her promotion. Inform her is used very vaguely. That being because Athena is an AI and is learning from the day of her creation to this day and will do so in the future too. One of the things she picked up to everyone’s dismay, was Lena’s knack for shenanigans. And she cashed in on that knowledge on every chance she got. Informing Lena of her promotion was just such a chance.

“Agent Rogue.” She calls for her attention after seeing that she was done with her shower and was now wiping her hair with a towel.

“Yes, love?” Lena, not suspecting anything being amiss, responds while walking towards her bed where the change of clothes, she readied beforehand, is waiting for her. She flings the towel to the bed’s end and starts dressing up.

“I’m contacting you to inform you of changes in rank among the members of Roguewatch.” Athena continues with a professional tone.

“Changes of rank?” Lena knits her brow as she pulls a t-shirt over her head and down her torso. “We have those?”

“I took the liberty of assigning them for easier updating of my database and something else.”

“Fine by me,” Lena shrugs and begins to pull on a pair of sweatpants. “What are the changes then?”

“Flight Lieutenant Lena Oxton was promoted to the rank of Strike Commander and,” Athena was not done but Lena interrupted her.

“Wow, wow, wow, wow. Hold on just a mo’, love.” Lena waves her arms in front of her face, gesturing to Athena to stop talking. “Me?” she gestures at herself with her arms, “Strike Commander?”

“You are de facto leader of Roguewatch. Correct?”

“I guess,” Lena shrugs then wanted to take a step but the sweatpants that weren’t properly pulled up yet, slid down to her ankles and she would faceplant the floor if it weren’t for her reflexes and
she only ended up in a position one takes to do push-ups. “Hey, floor.” She giggles and pushes off hard enough to get back to standing position. “Up you go.” She pulls her sweatpants all the way up and knots the string that will hold them in place. “You were saying?” she sits down on her bed next and starts putting on her socks.

“I was saying that as you are the leader of Roguewatch, your rank must reflect your position.”

“But Strike Commander? Jack had that and look where it got him.” Lena argues.

“Grumpy old man?” Here it comes.

“Exactly. I don’t want to end up like that.” Lena laughs. Socks are on now and it’s time to put on some shoes.

“I think that your circumstances couldn’t be more different. And your team is far more liberate than his was.” Lena quirks an eyebrow before Athena continues. “And you do have quite a few ways to release any pent up, let’s call them desires.”

“Are you telling me that Jack got that way because he didn’t get any?” Lena asks as she finishes with her shoes and stands up.

“I don’t have any records of such activities, but it could be.” Athena’s tone slips even further from the initial professional one.

It makes Lena suspicious, “Athena, love,” so she calls for her with a flat tone.

“Yes, Agent Rogue?”

“Are you having me on, right now?”

“I might.” She giggles.

“Cheeky git.” Lena rolls her eyes, shaking her head and laughing as she opens the doors.

“Learned from the best.” And seeing Lena point at herself while giving her a quizzical look, “That is correct.”

Lena laughs again and walks out of her room, heading for her last scheduled training for the day.

“You said changes. Just me or?”

“Lt. Collins was granted a promotion by Commander Reyes too.”

“Fio was? What is it?” Lena chirps a smile showing on her face when she heard her name.

“She was promoted to the rank of Captain.”

“Awww, Cap Fio,” Lena smirks and rubs her palms together, ideas that Fio definitely won’t like, already popping in her head.

“That is all.”

“Oh, right. Hey, Athena.” Lena calls for her to get her attention again after a beep announced that she left.

“Yes, Agent Rogue?”
“If you contact me in private, call me Lena.” She tells her with a smile. “Rogue is only a callsign for in the field use now.”

“I will do so in the future then. Anything else?”

“No, that’s all. Thanks for informing me, love.” Lena responds and sees her destination when she turns the corner.

“You’re welcome, Strike Commander Lena.” Athena quips then beep’s out before Lena has time to respond.

“I taught her too well, didn’t I?” she laughs to herself and walks through the doors that opened automatically and spots her final instructor, cross-legged and floating a foot off the ground in the middle of the room. His orbs circling around him, releasing soothing tones.
“Hullo, Zen,” Lena greets him as she walks closer.

His orbs stop producing sound and he says, “I…” while slowly raising his head, “have been expecting you.” With a flat tone while his orbs form a circle behind his back.

Confused at first but then seeing what he is playing at, Lena plays along and starts to pat herself as if looking for something, “Okay,” she nods first, “How much?”

Now it’s Zenyatta’s turn to be confused and he slips out of his role, “How much of what?”

“Well, one usually has to pay the fortune teller, right?” Lena shoots him a wink while a wide smile spreads across her face. They both laugh at the joke they played out and Lena sits down crossed-legged in front of him.

“You requested my assistance with something.” Zenyatta starts the conversation.

“Yeah, I did.” Lena nods and after Zen gestures for her to continue, “You probably heard about my rage induced rampages, right?”

“I have, indeed.” Zen nods. “It saddens me to see someone as young as you so full of anger.”

“Mmm,” she hums. “I think that with what I went through or better said what those Talon twats put me through, I’m justified to some of it.” Zen wants to retort but she stops him with a raised hand. “But Emily showed me that while it might work in controlled doses, it can be fatal if I completely lose it.”

“You didn’t come to me to help you let it go, did you?” Zen takes a guess behind her request for his help.

“No,” she shakes her head. “I want your help with controlling it. To learn how to release as much as I can of it, while remaining in control.”

“Can you give into it on cue, like right now?”

“That’s easy. Just need to remember what Talon did to me.” Lena smirks.

“And to regain control?”
“That’s the tricky part. My head shuts down and I can’t think of anything else but how to murder as many of Talon as I can.” Lena admits with lowered head.

“Mmm,” Zen hums as he thinks for a moment. “Tell me then, since that happened, have you gained or regained something that is equally as strong as your anger towards Talon?”

Lena closes her eyes and thinks. “Something I gained or regained…” she murmurs but doesn’t even finish her thought because a face appeared in her mind. A face that made her smile more gently and radiantly than Zenyatta has seen on her since he and Genji joined them. “Emily,” she whispers but Zenyatta hears it. “and Ame. And Gabe. And Olivia. And all the others.” Beneath her closed eyelids, Lena sees a group of people that surround her lately. There is someone she doesn’t mention out loud but is there too. She smiles and nods as if saying, “Don’t worry, I’ll wait. I know you will come for me.”

“Who are they or rather what do they mean to you?” Zenyatta asks with a calming voice.

“Emily means everything to me,” Lena’s lips shake a bit and the corners of her eyes start to tear up when she remembers how she nearly lost her.

“And others?”

“They are my team,” Lena answers but seems to change her mind and shakes her head, “No.” then corrects herself. “They are my family too.”

“Do you feel any anger as you picture them in your mind?”

“No. I feel calm, focused and will do anything to make sure they are safe.” Lena answers and it hits her. What Zenyatta has directed her towards. Her eyes snap open and, “Can we try something?”

“Is why we are here.” Zen nods.

“Better have an orb or two ready to knock me out if I lose it.” Lena chuckles and they both laugh when Zen moves them from his back above his palm.

“I have more than enough to spare.” And responds with a chuckle.

Lena closes her eyes again and starts taking deep breaths. Her thoughts travel back to that Talon base. To that dark room. To those damn white coats wearing twats that worked on her. Her face grimaces and Zenyatta can see her expression change numerous time before all of sudden she goes completely still and expressionless. He notices another change. The light on her accelerator changes from blue to red. Next, her lips stretch into a wicked grin. Not sure what he should call her now, he decides to leave that part out and starts naming the people she mentioned a minute ago.

“Emily, Amelie, Gabriel, Olivia…” The grin slowly disappears and is replaced by a smile. Seeing it work, he sends his Orb of Harmony over her. But that was a mistake. It pushed too far. She jumps to her feet, hands balled into fists and she locks the only other person in her sight when her eyes snap open. “You were so close.” He tells her with a sad tone and starts barraging her with his orbs. She can Blink, Recall, and dodge all she wants but can’t escape them in such a small room. One strikes her on her temple and she spills on the ground as if someone has cut her strings.

Zenyatta immediately ceases his attack and puts his healing orb over her. There is no permanent damage, she only got knocked out. He meditates as he waits for her to regain consciousness.

A minute later, she stirs and groans, her hand shoots to her head, “Bloody ‘ell.” She sits up, “Guess it didn’t work.” She looks at Zenyatta who is meditating next to her.
“I might have been my fault. You were doing okay until I tried to help you with my Orb of Harmony.” Zen stops his meditation and turns to fully face her.

“Well, my head is killing me so I won’t try again today.” She shrugs and rubs the temple where Zen’s orb struck her. “But I got some time to spare so if you can show me some focusing techniques I might do better tomorrow.”

“I will be happy to assist.” Zenyatta nods and begins to instruct her on some techniques they use back in Nepal to help them focus during meditation and they spend until late evening in almost complete silence only Lena’s slow and controlled breathing is heard.
3 days remaining

Chapter Summary

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‘It would connect things together, but that would mean,’ ‘That this world’s Matrix from Slipstream is in their hands.’ ‘There goes the plan to take it easy for a while once we get Linn back.’

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Chapter Notes

Decided to do a little time skip because the training is basically the same every day and who wants to read one and the same thing over the next few chapters just because some minor details change? I'll let you know what those changes are when Roguewatch deploys.

Hope you guys like it so far.

As the two weeks that she set as a deadline almost passed, Lena had to agree that this time around, the time was not on her side as she woke up on Friday morning with two of her favorite people flanking her. Emily’s hair was an absolute mess and Lena would move some of the stray locks off her face but both of her arms were being used as pillows. She looked peaceful, happy and Lena smiled, craned her neck to give her a quick and soft peck on her forehead, “Love you, Em.” then turned her head to the other side. Dark, silky hair was hiding half of her face from view but Lena knew that it is just as beautiful as the half that is visible.

Justifying her reputation for being a light sleeper, her eyes flutter open when she felt eyes on her and, “Bonjour, chérie,” she wishes the owner of the one brown and one red eye that is looking at her with a happy expression on her face.

“Morning, love,” Lena smiles and then just as she did to Emily, she cranes her neck and pecks Amélie on her forehead. “Love you too.”

“Je t’aime moi non plus,” Amélie responds with a purring voice and returns the kiss.

“Guys,” the person on Lena’s other arm stirs and chuckles, “if we keep this up, it’s gonna devolve real fast, if last night is anything to go by.”

Lena looks back at Emily and Amélie raises on her elbow so she can see her too while she fixes her hair behind her ear and taking the opportunity of that arm now free, Lena quickly fixes Emily’s. “Is that a complaint I’m hearing right now?” she smirks and cups Emily’s cheek, gently caressing it with her thumb.
“No,” Emily closes her eyes and enjoys the caress, “but we all got work to do.” Then puts her hand over Lena’s which is then topped with Amélie’s. “We will have all the time in the world once this is over.”

“And Fio gains some more stamina.” Lena jokes when she remembers that they had the fourth at the start of last night.

“Poor girl passed out after the third round,” Amélie adds, laughing.

Lena gives her a sidelong look, “You of all people says that?”

And Emily locks her in her sight too, “Weren’t much better at the start either.” They both have wide smirks on their faces.

“I do not think anyone can keep up with you two at the start.” Amélie scoffs and looks away, nose high but after a moment takes a sidelong peek at them and they all explode into laughter with Lena pulling Emily and Amélie into a group hug. After cuddling for a bit longer they decide that it’s best if they did get to work and they get out of bed, dress up and split to their tasks.

Lena can’t say that she is really looking forward to these next few days but if she wants to make sure that everything goes as planned, this part is the most critical one. ‘This part scares you, doesn’t it?’ ‘Absolutely terrifies me.’ ‘For some reason, I know that fear. Don’t ask. I’m not sure how or why either.’ ‘If it works, I could try to dig a bit deeper and see if I can find something about you in there.’ ‘You still think I came from there?’ ‘Would make sense, wouldn’t it? It connects quite a few dots.’ ‘But how did I get there in the first place?’ ‘Same way I did?’ ‘Then what? Got attracted by your anchor and pulled into you?’ ‘Possible. I was missing some parts when I got pulled into it when it got destroyed by that bomb. Maybe you wanted to fill them up.’ ‘How would that explain the other Rogue then?’ ‘You mean the one in Cyber Lena?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Same thing. No. Wait. She is not dissociated.’ ‘Exactly. And Rogue was with her from the moment she woke up after her surgeries.’ ‘Well, the only thing we do have in common is,’

‘Cybernetics.’ ‘Made by the same company in both worlds. Ogundimu.’ Lena looks at her cybernetic arm, ‘I need to get Winston to check this thing out a bit more.’ ‘Looking for chronal signature similar to what the Matrix emits?’ ‘It would connect things together, but that would mean,’ ‘That this world’s Matrix from Slipstream is in their hands.’ ‘There goes the plan to take it easy for a while once we get Linn back.’ ‘Sorry.’ ‘Not your fault.’ ‘But if you ask Winston to check you will have to,’ ‘Reveal that you exist.’ ‘Yes. Perhaps it would be better to wait until after Linn is back?’ ‘Mhm. You’re right. Let’s go with that.’ ‘Sound to me like we have a plan.’ ‘Yeah, we do. Talk to you later.’ Lena finishes the inner debate when she reaches the doors that lead to Winston’s lab. They slide open and she walks inside, immediately spotting the big guy, hunched over in front of his computer, fingers dancing across the keyboard. “Hullo, Winston.” She greets him as she walks closer.

“Hey, Lena.” He greets her back but holds his arm up, without turning around, “One moment. Need to finish this.”

“What’cha working on?” Lena jumps and Blinks on his shoulder, making sure she lands as lightly as possible.

“Just some final inputs into the simulation.” Winston responds, “Hammond came up with an idea how to upgrade your anchor. So, now we are first going to run a simulation to see if it works.”

“Little guy is just as smart as you,” Lena chuckles, nuzzling into Winston’s neck.
“In some areas, even smarter.” Winston scruffs her hair, smiling.

“But you are still the best to cuddle with.” Lena lightly squeezes with her arms around his neck.

“Is that why you always jump me when you see me?” Winston responds with a flat tone.

“You say that like you don’t like.” Lena presses on and it causes them both to laugh.

“Never change, Lena.” Winston gives her a one arm hug.

“Got some great people around me now to make sure I don’t,” Lena responds.

“Can’t say I completely approve of your current company,” Winston sighs, “but if they can succeed where we failed, I will help in any way I can.”

“You guys didn’t fail,” Lena retorts with a sad tone, “I made my decision back then. It cost me. But I would always do it again if it means you guys are safe.”

“But we should have…” Winston wants to respond but Lena cuts him off with a stern tone.

“No, big guy. It’s not yours or anyone else’s fault. Just mine.”

“But look how much you lost.” Winston points at her arm and leg and runs his thumb over the right side of her face.

“Psssh,” Lena waves him off. “Did you see Cyber Lena? Only her ticker and her brain are biological. Rest is all cybernetic.”

“I can’t even imagine how much pain she was in when it happened.” Winston lowers his head.

“She told me that there was none. Just flames, a big push from her back and lights went out.” Lena responds.

“That can’t be true.” Winston shakes his head.

“It is, big guy.” Lena nods. “I only feel the so-called phantom pain when I jump and Blink all over the place, but that’s probably because of what those Talon twats put me through. She was rescued and put back together by the people that care about her.”

“We need to find a way to get her back.” Winston relents.

“On that, we agree. She deserves to be with her own friends.” Lena agrees with him then adds, “Her own Emily.” With a barely audible whisper. They remain silent for a few minutes while Winston works on his data that is needed for the simulation.

He hits Enter for the last time and the simulation starts playing.
New anchor

Chapter Summary

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“But what if,” Winston wants to retort but Lena cuts him off.

“No, big guy,” she says with a serious tone, all cheerfulness suddenly drained from her face. “Linn could be running out of time as is. Roguewatch is moving on Monday if our trials with the chamber succeed or not. I’m getting her back.”

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Lena and Winston get so focused on the simulation that is playing on the screen that they don’t notice Angela joining them and when she sees Lena perched on Winston’s shoulder and both of them leaning towards the screen it reminds her of the old days and she just smiles and quietly walks closer.

“C’mon, c’mon,” Lena shakes her clenched fist as the percentage that indicated how far the simulation is, moves towards the last three percent’s. It would cut out if it failed so she is holding herself up with the other arm because Winston, as anxious as he always is when he works on something new, has leaned even closer.

It reaches the one hundred percent mark and while Athena is announcing the result, Winston and Lena cheer. Winston jolts backwards and raised his arms, “Yes!!!” and Lena used the momentum he provided to backflip off of his shoulder and greets Angela mid-air when she spots her right next to Winston, “Hullo, Angie.” And gets a nod with a smile in return.

Hearing her, Winston coughs to clear his throat, “Oh, excuse me, Dr. Zeigler,” and apologizes, “I didn’t know you were present.”

“It’s quite alright, Winston,” she chuckles, “And how many times do I have to tell you to call me Angela?” and playfully punches his shoulder. “I take it, that the simulation was a success if your cheer just now is anything to go by?”

“Yes,” Winston nods and turns back to the computer, “it was a total success so now we can move on to fabricate the new anchor and Lena can test it.”

“How is it better from this one?” Lena walks to Winston’s other side and taps the anchor she has on right now.

“According to the numbers that me and Hammond got,” Winston taps a few buttons to bring up the specs of the new anchor. “its charge is on a whole new level. So no more running out of energy mid-fights.”

Lena’s eyes though, fix on different numbers. “More Blinks and more distance of each and I can Recall further back,” she reads them out loud.

“And your pistols will have more bite to them.” Winston nods, pointing at the last set of numbers
on the list. On the left, the old ones are listed, on the right, the new ones.

“Nice.” Lena grins. “How is that part going, though?” Lena points to a chamber that Winston is assembling with help from Brigitte, Torbjorn and surprising everyone who didn’t yet know, Emily. It’s very similar to the one Winston used when he first rescued Lena from Slipstream.

“Just putting final touches on the power supply and we are ready to go,” Winston replies and pulls up the schematics for it on his computer. He then stops and looks at Lena, “But I must ask again. Are you absolutely sure you want to try this?”

“Positive, big guy.” Lena nods. “The way I see it, it’s the only way.”

“I wish I could disagree,” he lowers his head. “So many things could go wrong.”

“Look at me,” Lena reaches up and puts her hand on his cheeks and gently turns his head so he is looking right at her. “Everything will be fine. Is why you invented a better anchor, right?”

“Yes,” he nods.

“So, we build this thing. Strap it on me, then we take a crack at it inside the chamber.” Lena lays out the plan for the next three days. “Between you and Angie, I’m absolutely sure you can pull me back if the anchor malfunctions.”

“But what if,” Winston wants to retort but Lena cuts him off.

“No, big guy,” she says with a serious tone, all cheerfulness suddenly drained from her face. “Linn could be running out of time as is. Me and Roguewatch are moving on Monday if our trials with the chamber succeed or not. I’m getting her back.” Both Winston and Angela see that familiar fire in her eyes. If this was two weeks ago, they would be afraid that she might lose it, but after seeing how hard she trained in all aspects of her schedule, they know that that is not the case.

And not just her. Some of the Roguewatch members are barely recognizable. The team as a whole has improved immensely. Teamwork has never been better. Movement in mock battles never more in sync. Last Friday, Lena decided to put their training to a test and asked Hana when that big omnic that is still plaguing her home country will strike next and when she told her that it’s the next day, Roguewatch deployed.

The Meka’s never needed to fire a single bullet even though they were positioned on the second line of defense, just behind them. Roguewatch was just too effective. That omnic survived but he will be licking his wounds for a while after the arsekicking, as Lena called it, they gave him. And the best part of it, if someone would ask Lena, is that the public still doesn’t know who defended against that attack. All they saw was that the night sky over the South China sea was set ablaze for a few hours, then everything went quiet and that was it. Hana and the rest of the Meka squad threw them a big party in their offshore base and she and Olivia were strangely missing during most of it. Some new deals were struck between the members of Meka and Roguewatch, but that is only known to them. Olivia has and still is making sure that it stays that way. When they returned to London, everyone was dead on their feet, but still, both Lena and Gabriel insisted that they hold a debriefing on their mission and despite hard complaints, they cooperated and ironed out the mistakes that their teamwork still had.

All members of Overwatch that are present in London’s Watchpoint agree that Roguewatch, with Lena as its core and leader, Gabriel second in command, and others that are specialist in their respective fields, has surpassed them as a fighting force. Some of the old members dare to even go as far as saying that they might be more effective as the old Overwatch. No law binding them, no
UN monitoring their every move and restraining their movement across the globe. If Roguewatch wants to move, they move. The only thing that is restricting them is their own moral compass. And they are all very well aware in which direction that points when it comes to Talon or in this particular case, dealing with Moira. Lena herself has made it very clear on numerous occasions. Talon is getting erased from existence. And Moira, well, whenever Lena talks about her, she gets that fire in her eyes. Moira is doomed and Linn is coming back. That, for Lena, is an undisputable fact.

It’s that very unwavering drive and determination that has gathered the people that make up Roguewatch, around her. Sure, they all have their personal reasons for joining, their own agendas, but when Lena points out a direction and waves them to follow her, they do it. Without a shred of doubt in their minds.
Ladies talk

Chapter Summary

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“Oh god,” Lena groans as she rolls on her side from laughing so hard, “Is that how it looked like?”

“What do you mean?” Cyber Lena asks and it obvious from how Emily is looking at her that she is wondering the same thing.

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“You miss her, don’t you?” Rogue asks when she catches her sneaking peek towards Emily for the third time. ‘Miss who?’ ‘Your Emily.’ ‘Am I that obvious?’ ‘You are. And I’m not the only one who noticed.’ ‘What?’ ‘She is standing right next to you.’ “What?!” Cyber Lena whips her head to her side where she sees grinning Lena.

“Heya,” Lena greets her. “ Noticed it a few times now. Want me to guess or do you know what I’m talking about?”

“I know,” Cyber Lena deflates.

“Come with me,” Lena tells her and grabs her wrist, pulling her along as she heads for the balcony with a good view over the London’s skyline. Once there she leans backward on the rail with her elbows, “You can talk to her, you know? She won’t bite.”

“It’s not her.” Cyber Lena sighs and lets herself hit the wall behind her with a thud as she leans towards it. “It’s just… I know it’s not her. But every time I hear her laugh or see her smile, my heart skips a beat.” Her metallic back scrapes the concrete wall as she slides down along it. “And we just got together back in my world.” She looks down at her hands, “Then only a day after, I took Slipstream into the air. She was in the control tower with Reyes, watching me take off.”

Lena sits down next to her and wraps an arm around her shoulders, pulling lightly so she leans her head on her shoulder. “Then talk to her. Take it as practice. I think that the chances that my Emily and your Emily like and dislike the same things are pretty good.”

“You won’t mind?” Cyber Lena asks, with a more cheerful and mischievous tone.

“No,” Lena shoots but then things click in. “You cheeky little,” Lena bumps the top of her head with her cybernetic arm and it makes a funny hollow metallic noise that sends both women into a laughing fit, especially after she adds, “And here I thought you kept your brain.” Once they calm down, Cyber Lena takes a deep breath and gets that thousand-yard stare that Lena know all too well. “I promise you,” she offers a fist bump, “after we save Linn, we are getting you back home.”

“Do you even know how?” Cyber Lena takes her up on her offer and they hold their fists there when Lena answers.
“No. But I got a genius gorilla scientist for a friend. He’ll figure something out.” They both smile as Cyber Lena nods.

And as if she knew that they were talking about her, Emily walks through the doors, “Here you are.” Greeting them with a big smile and a plate of drinks.

Lena stifles a chuckle when she felt Cyber Lena twitching when she heard Emily and she leans closer to whisper into her ear, “Don’t forget to breathe.”

“So,” Emily spots that but decides not to pry and just sits down opposite from them after they took their drinks from the plate. “What are you two up to? Because if I know Lena, it can’t be anything good.” She jokes and shoots a wink towards Lena who mocks being shot.

After letting out a small laugh, Cyber Lena answers, “We were talking about you. Well, not you. My world’s you.”

“Oh? What about?” Emily gets curious.

“Well, I was kind of,” Cyber Lena starts but then takes a different approach. “You guys,” she points at Emily and Lena in turns, “have an established relationship already.”

“Engaged.” Emily brags and shows her the ring on her finger.

“Congratulations,” Cyber Lena smiles and nods then continues, “Me on the other hand, just got together with my Emily. And even that came to be after Strike Commander and Major Lacroix pushed me into doing it when I told them that it was the only regret I had when the jet exploded around me.”

“Picture on the dashboard?” Lena guesses, jokingly.

“Yep,” Cyber Lena answers and chuckles. “And the last thought I had before it happened was that I never even got her name.”

Emily and Lena wrap her in a group hug. “That would be so sweet if it wasn’t for the whole jet exploding around you thingy.” Lena comments, causing Cyber Lena to chuckle.

As they separate, Emily, remembers that Lena had a similar brush with death so she asks with a hushed voice, “Did you too think of me when that happened?”

“Of course I did, love.” Lena doesn’t hesitate one bit to answer that one. “Was more in a way of saying goodbye and apologizing for fucking it up so royally though.” That earns her a quick peck on her lips from Emily and Cyber Lena can’t help it but go, “Awww,” on them.

Lena leans back on the wall and looks at her right palm, clenching and unclenching the cybernetic fist a few times before sighing, “It’s tomorrow, huh?”

Emily times putting her palm over Lena’s when she opened it and looked her straight in the eyes, “Sweet, you trained hard. You did everything you could to prepare and plan for this.”

“I know,” Lena nods and smiles at Cyber Lena who put a comforting hand on her shoulder before looking back at Emily, “and the team is so much better too. But I have to do that last part on my own. And I can’t afford to fuck it up. I jus---”

Lena wanted to continue but Emily put her index finger on her lips, “Sh. Everything is going to be just fine. You didn’t lose me, did you?”
“Heavens forbid,” Lena laughs at it now, but she was genuinely afraid of that at the time. “If that happened, I would go full God has mercy, I don’t on their talony arses.” She changes the tone of her voice and adds a rasp to it to sound like Gabriel when she says that part and despite what it implies, it causes them to laugh.

Especially when Cyber Lena decides to continue the joke. “You mean all like,” she holds out her arms and makes a finger gun, “Cheers loves, the cavalry is here to murder the shit out of you?”

“Oh god,” Lena groans as she rolls on her side from laughing so hard, “Is that how it looked like?”

“What do you mean?” Cyber Lena asks and it obvious from how Emily is looking at her that she is wondering the same thing.

“When I went after Doomfist in Italy, where I picked up Gabe, Ame, and Olivia,” Lena gets back up to a sitting position, chuckling, “I said that exact thing after I blew away the front door of that base and walked in.”

“You didn’t?!” Cyber Lena looks at her with amused eyes.

“I sure did.” Lena chuckles, scratching the back of her head from embarrassment.

“And you were giving me grief for High noon.” Emily chimes in, laughing.

“Okay, that’s a whole different league of awful.” Lena laughs back.

“I’m guessing there’s a story behind that too.” Cyber Lena smiles at their banter. Lena quickly sums up what happened back then and it sends them all into another laughing fit. As they stop, Cyber Lena looks at Lena, “Thanks. I feel a lot better now.”

“You’re welcome. And like I said, she,” Lena flicks her head towards Emily, “doesn’t bite.”

“Unless you ask nicely,” Emily smirks.

“Do I want to know?” Cyber Lena joins Emily in smirking at Lena.

“No.” Lena shakes her head with vigor.

“Let’s just say that,” Emily gets back on her feet, “there’s a reason she covers her neck all the time.” They all laugh at that and head back inside. With Cyber Lena now engaging Emily in conversation more openly than she did before.
The three Junketeers

Chapter Summary

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“But you pushed through, didn’t you?” Queen smiles. “Look at you, a proper man now. None of that, bones and skin only you had before. You’re stronger, faster and a bit smarter.”

“Just a bit?” Jamison smiles back, looking up as he is still sprawled over the table.

“About this much,” Queen smirks and shows him a small gap with fingers.

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“Pssst, Roadie,” Jamison nudges his big friend with his elbow while he was getting a fresh drink from the counter. When he looks at him in reply, Jamison continues, “Got a minute? Need to talk to you about something.”

“Mmm.” Mako grunts and nods and they want to walk out of the cafeteria when Queen intercepts them.

“Hey, you guys.” She greets them. “Where are you headed?”

“Just outside ma’am,” Jamison replies, pointing at the doors. “For a little chat.”

“Mind if I join you?” she asks with curious eyes. “Could use some fresh air.”

Jamison looks at Mako, who just shrugs, leaving the final decision with him. “Eh,” Jamison waves his arm indifferently, “might as well. Been a while since we Junkers sat down and talked without anyone else around.”

They walk to the terrace outside the cafeteria and sit around one of the tables. They sit in silence, not sure how to start. But if Queen and Mako can rely on Jamison for one thing, is that he won’t stay quiet for long. And it makes them smile when he doesn’t disappoint. “Do you miss it, ma’am?” he asks her.

“Miss what, Jamison?” she knits her brow in thought for a moment then recalls how he phrased it and, “You mean Junkertown?” He nods in response and she can see that both, he and Mako are curious about her answer. “Not really,” she shrugs noncommittely, “I mean, I regret not doing a bit more, but I’m perfectly happy here.”

“Not doing more?” Mako asks. “I can see the difference between how you ran it and how your predecessor did, but you almost sound like,” Jamison decides to finish that.

“You cared about it. About us.” He leans towards her, his eyes thin slits.

Queen chuckles and lightly smacks the top of his head, “Of course I did. I still do. It’s why I fought that fucker so hard for the top spot. I just couldn’t watch him destroy what we all built.”
“I’m sorry we made things harder for you,” Mako apologizes. And both he and Jamison bow their heads in apology.

“You were quite a pain in my ass,” she laughs. “But you’re not anymore. You both grew for the better and now I can proudly call you my teammates and friends.”

“We’re like three musketeers.” Jamison quips with a face-wide smile and holds his arm out, palm balled in a fist over the center of the table.

“It surprises me you even know about them,” Queen teases and connects her fist with his but it passes right over his head and he takes it as a compliment and grins.

“You’ve changed too, ma’am,” Mako adds and his big fist dwarfs theirs when he puts it there and they lightly bump them together then withdraw.

“I did, didn’t I?” Queen nods. “And it’s all thanks to one little woman asking me to join her team.” Her sight moves to the inside where she can see that little woman walking in with her cybernetic counterpart and her fiancé after they went somewhere. Wide smiles on all of them.

“She is something else. That sheila.” Jamison comments and rests his chin on his palm, eyes following Lena too. “The way she pushed herself during these two weeks. Never giving up.”

“Mmm,” Mako hums, nodding. “I talked to Reinhardt about this. There is something about her that just makes you push your own limits. To want to become better.”

“I know,” Queen smiles, “He told me.”

“And that Reyes fella,” Jamison continues. “I understand him now but at the start,” he sighs when he remembers those first few days of training, “It was Go Jamison, I know you got more in you, then all of sudden he flips the record, You’re such a pussy, want to give up and run back to your mommy and cry? One moment he is complimenting me, another he is cursing me. I mean, make up your fucking mind already.” He accompanies that last sentence with an exaggerated wave of his arms and spills on the table. Mako and Queen laugh at his theatrics.

“But you pushed through, didn’t you?” Queen smiles. “Look at you, a proper man now. None of that, bones and skin only you had before. You’re stronger, faster and a bit smarter.”

“Just a bit?” Jamison smiles back, looking up as he is still sprawled over the table.

“About this much,” Queen smirks and shows him a small gap with fingers. She then turns her attention to Mako, “And color me surprised when I first saw you without your mask. Your wife was one lucky lady, wasn’t she?”

Mako’s cheeks get a bit of red in them and he scratches the back of his head with a shy smile, “I was the lucky one that she even wanted someone like me.” His expression darkens and he looks down at his palm, now balled into a fist, “Then I had to go and destroy it all.”

“You fought for what you thought was right,” Queen puts a comforting hand on his shoulder. “The way things were back then, that would have happened with you there or not.”

“I miss them.” Mako forces a smile when he looks at her, “I miss them so much. My wife. My two little girls.” A tear flows down his cheek and he looks back down at his fist. “Even at the end, they still smiled and told me that they love me.” He growls through his teeth, jaw clenched hard and smashes his fist at the table and it gains a big dent in the center. “How can they love the monster that killed them?!”
Queen doesn’t know what to say, even after she heard him talking about this before, but Jamison has no such problem. “Oi, Roadie.” He punches him right in the face, but there wasn’t much strength behind it. It was enough for Mako to look at him, shaking him out of his self-pity. “Remember last week how we went to Korea?” Queen can’t say that she ever saw Jamison so serious before. He doesn’t move a muscle just stares daggers at Mako, waiting for his response. And when Mako nods, “How many wives and daughters you think we protected when we beat that omnic so hard he turned around and ran with his tail between his legs?” Mako shrugs. “Let me tell you then. A lot.” Jamison answered then softens his expression and puts his palm on his friend’s big forearm, “And your wife and girls would be very proud of you for that.”

“You think?” Mako asks, sniffing loudly.

“I know so, Roadie.” Jamison nods, not a shred of doubt in his tone. “So, what do you say we help that sheila,” he points at Lena with his thumb, “save her little sister and see where she takes us after that?”

“Roadhog and Junkrat on another worldwide adventure?” Mako wipes the tears out of his eyes, smiles and extends his arm on the center of the table, going for the same thing Jamison did a few moments ago.

“Don’t forget about me.” Queen laughs and joins her fist next to his.

“You sure the world is ready for all three of us?” Jamison smirks, his fist connecting with theirs.

“We’ll make it ready.” Queen grins and they bump their fists again. Afterward, they talk about Junkertown and how things probably are back there now then head back inside and rejoin the others.
Ex-Talon trio

Chapter Summary

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“I can respect someone’s privacy.” Olivia smirks then adds, “When I want to.”

Amélie acts surprised with wide opened eyes and covers her mouth with her hand, “Did hell just freeze over?” causing them both to laugh a bit.

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That terrace wasn’t empty when the Junkers left or during their conversation. Did they notice her and decided to leave her alone or missed her completely because she was at the far end of it leaning on the guardrail, holding a glass of wine in her hand while her eyes connected imaginary lines between the stars in the sky, is anyone’s guess. Olivia definitely noticed her and was now walking towards her after she saw the Junkers reenter the cafeteria. “Hey, araña,” she greets when she gets close enough. “Mind if I join you or do you want to be left alone?”

Amélie looks at her and gestured for her to join her, “That is surprisingly considerate of you.”

“I can respect someone’s privacy.” Olivia smirks then adds, “When I want to.”

Amélie acts surprised with wide opened eyes and covers her mouth with her hand, “Did hell just freeze over?” causing them both to laugh a bit.

Olivia leans on the guardrail next to her and they both look towards London’s skyline. To no one’s surprise, it’s Olivia who restarts the conversation. “I’m glad, Amélie,” she starts and can feel her eyes on her and the raised eyebrow when she called her by her name and not by one of many nicknames she has for her, “I’m glad that Gabriel made that call back then.”

“You mean back in Italy?” Amélie asks with a soft voice as she can give it a pretty good guess where Olivia is going with this.

“Mhm,” Olivia hums and nods. “And the ones before. He might be a grumpy old man sometimes, but he saved our skins more than once back in Talon.”

“I just knew,” the one she was just talking about joins the conversation. The silence of his steps starting both women. “that if you two are together, you talk trash about the others.” He finishes his sentence and gives them an apologetic look.

When he walks close enough it’s Olivia’s turn to surprise them both when she wraps her arms around him, “Thank you, Gabriel.” And honestly thanks him.

Connecting the dots between her gesture and what he overheard, he returns the hug, “You’re welcome, Olivia.”

When they separate and he joins them on leaning on the guardrail, “Why did you protect us?” Amélie asks.
“First I’m sorry I failed to protect you or Gerard back then,” he apologizes and she wants to respond right away but he stops her with a raised hand, “Let me finish. And going from there I swore to myself I’ll at least make sure you survive if I didn’t manage to keep one of my best friends alive.”

“Gabriel, you couldn’t…” Amélie responds, “You didn’t know, so you have nothing to apologize for.”

“Maybe not,” he shrugs then grips the guardrail a bit harder, his hand smoking a bit, “But I should. That was my job back then. To know those things and to act. With or without Morrison’s permission.”

“You didn’t have me around back then.” Olivia jokes to break the sour mood and it works.

“God help me.” He jokingly grunts but smiles and scruffs her hair a bit and they all laugh at that.

“That explains Ame, but why me?” Olivia asks when they calm down.

“I’ll just say that you are not the only one that knows things about others.” Gabriel grins and shoots her a wink. When he can read the question off her face, “The name Olivia Colomar was on my radar since she started hanging with Los Muertos. And as one with roots in the same area,”

“What? Really, Gabe? You come from there too?” Olivia is genuinely surprised.

“My mother’s side of the family is still there. They think I died back in Zürich and it’s better that way.” He explains and gets a solemn expression on his face as his gaze moves upwards. “At least for now.”

Olivia wraps her arm around his waist and when he wraps his over her shoulders, she leans her head on his. “We changed, Gabe. Maybe after things calm down with rápida, we could go and visit them.”

“You would go with me?” He asks, surprised by her offer.

“Come on, Gabe. We are familia.” She playfully nudges his ribs with her elbow. “And if your cooking is any indication of what to expect there, I want some.”

“I wouldn’t exactly be opposed to coming with you two, either,” Amélie adds softly, a gentle smile on her face as she watches them. These two are the reason she still has a working mind. Gabriel covered her lapses in conditioning on more than one occasion and Olivia was the one that pushed her to embrace, not shut down the feelings that started to awake in her when it did. Of course, if Olivia only knocked on the doors, in her annoying way, Lena blew away the whole thing and smiled, “Cheer, love.” Only thinking of that warms her heart. Something she could never imagine she would feel back in Talon.

“Of course you can come along, Ame.” Olivia wakes her from thoughts when she wraps her free arm around her waist and pulls her closer.

“It’s going to be interesting to explain her blue skin,” Gabriel smirks.

“Too much wine?” Olivia chuckles and Amélie joins her, adding such an exaggerated eye roll that sends them into a laughing fit.
When they calm down, Amélie looks back inside, her sight finding the small woman she was looking for, “One small annoyance and look where it got us.” She smiles when she sees her laughing while talking to Cyber Lena and Emily, the Junkers now joining them.

Following her line of sight, Olivia and Gabriel see her too. “That smile needs to be protected.” Gabriel comments.

“Between us three and others,” Olivia nods, “I think we can. And Emily is just as precious.”

“This entire really weird family revolves around them. Emily is the podium that enables Lena to stand in the spotlight.” Amélie adds, her mind making a reference to her time as a ballet dancer.

“And they are the beacon that guides the rest of us,” Gabriel looks at his palm, closing and opening it a few time. They look at each other and a flame of determination burns in their eyes. Without even voicing their thoughts they nod in sync. They vow that they will do everything they can to protect and help her and if she ever falters, kick her ass back in gear. Lena Oxton, we are your soldiers, friends and above all, family. Their thoughts in sync, they walk back inside and join her, Emily, Cyber Lena, and the Junkers.
“Do you enjoy killing that much?” Satya asks her. She only knows Ashe from the info she got when she decided that she needs more information about her teammates and asked Athena for any files that she might have on them.

“That’s such an ugly word to use, darlin’,” Ashe laughs. “I prefer to call it aggressive negotiations. I’m a businesswoman after all.”

“Fuck!” Ashe curses when she loses another round of blackjack. The winner was, as for the last few rounds, Satya. “You gotta be cheating!” she points a finger at Satya with an angry scowl.

“Hah,” Satya smirks. “It’s funny how you accuse me of that,” Satya flicks her head towards Bob, “when your butler is swapping cards to try to get you to win.”

Caught redheaded, Bob’s sight flicks between the two women, a drop of cold oil running down his forehead. “I…” he tries to speak but Satya stops him with a raised hand.

“You have nothing to apologize for.” She shakes her head. “You were simply following your master’s orders.” Her sight then moves to her palm. She balls it into a fist and closing her eyes, she releases her breath, “I know the feeling all too well.”

“You are talking about Vishkar,” Fio, who was only smiling at their exchange so far puts a comforting hand on her shoulder. “You couldn’t have known.”

Satya raises her head and looks at her, a small smile curving her lips, “You’re not the first person to use those exact words,” her sight traveling across the cafeteria to find a small woman with spikey brown hair that opened her eyes to the truth about her previous employers.

Following it, Fio chuckles when she sees who Satya is looking at, “She rubs off on one very easily.”

“That woman is driven as all hell,” Ashe comments, her anger about the lost round long forgotten. “I would hate to be this Moira chick or whatever her name is, right now.”

“Mmm,” Satya hums, “She indeed is…” then pauses when she tries to remember what Lena said when they talked about it the other day. “What were the words that she used back then again?”

“Totally and utterly fucked?” Fio helps her out, chuckling.

“Yes. That.” Satya nods, her expression barely changing.

“If Korea, last weekend, is anything to go by,” Ashe smiles but a grin soon replaces it. “I think we are all in for a quite a ride on this one.”
“Do you enjoy killing that much?” Satya asks her. She only knows Ashe from the info she got when she decided that she needs more information about her teammates and asked Athena for any files that she might have on them.

“That’s such an ugly word to use, darlin’,” Ashe laughs. “I prefer to call it aggressive negotiations. I’m a businesswoman after all.”

“Oh?” Satya tilts her head. “And what are we negotiation about in this case then?”

“That’s easy.” Ashe shrugs, “The safe return of Linn.”

“She sure must mean a lot to Lena,” Fio half smiles and leans her chin on her palm.

“From how I heard her talk about this team,” Bob rejoins the conversation after he cleaned the cards away. “I believe that she would go to same lengths for anyone else too. Even someone of my kind.” The three women hum in agreement to that.

After a few moments past in silence, all lost in their own thoughts, Fio voices hers first. “That last part scares me though.”

“The last part?” Satya wonders but quickly figures it out, “Oh. That.” She goes silent and it’s Ashe who picks up the conversation.

“I’m not really smart enough to understand it in full,” she starts and leans back into her chair, sight traveling back to the small woman across the cafeteria, “but what I do get is that it’s really risky and dangerous and the percentage for it to work as she planned it is extremely low.”

“High risk, high reward, huh?” Fio comments, joining Ashe at observing Lena.

“She did everything possible to lower that risk yet it is still so high.” Satya words her thoughts after she just went over everything that Lena and the team as a whole did over the past two weeks in her mind.

“Ladies,” Ashe looks at the two in the table with her, wearing a small smirk on her face then raises her head slowly to bring the rim of her hat high enough so that she can look at Bob too, “and Bob.” Arms crossed and still leaned into the chair, the smirk changes into a grin, “How about we make sure that the risk doesn’t get any higher?”

Fio catches on her thoughts right away and joins her in grinning like a cat with cream, “I’m in.”

Responding in a way that is so her, Satya only nods, her facial expression barely changing, but a small smile can be spotted tugging on the corners of her lips, “Perfection is what I strive for.”

Bob takes off his head and bows his head at them, “Bob the butler, at your service.”

“Alright!” Ashe shouts, raising her glass, moving it to the center of the table, inviting the other two to join her in a toast, “I drink for success.” Fio and Satya take her up on her invitation and clink glasses together.

The one in everyone’s mind might have seemed to have ignorantly enjoying herself with her fiancé and Cyber Lena but them observing her and their feelings directed at her, didn’t escape her notice. ‘You guys...’ ‘It’s your team. Did you expect anything different from them?’ ‘Not really.’ ‘Then why so blue?’ ‘No reason really. Just...’ ‘We will get Linn back.’ ‘Of course.’ “Hey Em,
I’m grab some fresh air, okay?"

“Sure thing, sweet.” Emily wraps her arm around Lena’s shoulder and lightly squeezes. “Want some company?”

“Nah, I’m good. See you in a few.” She returns the hug then takes two steps away and Blinks her way on the highest point of the Watchpoint. The communication tower that rises above the main building. She sits down on the maintenance platform, her sight catching traveling directly above. “Hang in there, Linn. Just a little bit more. We are coming to get you.” Closing her eyes, an image of Linn pops up in her mind and she smiles and nods voicelessly saying, “Love you, sis.” With a gentle smile, Lena stretches her arm, “Love you too, sis.”
The performance is about to begin

Chapter Summary

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“The performance is about to begin.” Amélie stands up from her seat, picks up the Widow’s kiss and chambers the bullet.

Lena reaches for her coms and smiles, “Alright, everyone. You all know what we are here for.” The smile is replaced by a grin.

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‘Hi, hi, hi.’ ‘What are you so cheery about?’ ‘Linn is not telling the mean hag.’ ‘It’s about time too. I was getting bored in here.’ ‘So they are on the move.’ Moira stands up from her desk and was just about to call for her assistant when he rushes in.

“Minister, we have several unknown aircraft on approach and they are not responding to our calls.” He informs her with panicked voice.

“Then shoot them down.” Moira coldly replies.

“Right away,” he responds and engages his coms. “Permission to engage granted. Fire at will. What?!”

“What is it, Ed?” Moira asks when she can see that something is wrong from Ed’s expression and the tone of his voice.

“Ma’am, we…” Ed meekly looks up at her. “We seem to have lost them.”

“What? How?” Moira inquires when she is sure that they possess the top rate radar system and no plane can just vanish from them. Neither Talon nor Overwatch possesses any kind of technology that can hide an entire plane from them.

“No idea ma’am. They are using everything they have and still can’t reacquire them.” Ed shakes his head.

“Evacuate this part of the town,” Moira orders him and walks back to her desk.

“Ma’am?” Ed calls, not sure he heard her right.

“They are after me. I don’t want any civilians caught in this mess. Now go.” She tells him as she starts to type and different files and displays open on her screen.

“But ma’am, what about you?” He asks.

‘Loyal to a fault, huh?’ she smiles before spinning in her chair to face him. “I’ll be just fine. I got a trick or two up my sleeve.” She shoots him a wink and a smile then spins back around when he leaves her office. ‘Now where did you go my little darlings?’ her sight scans the different displays
that indicate what the sensors she put in place during her short time here are detecting. ‘There you are. Fascinating. She has grown so much.’

“Ha, haaaa, haaaa,” Lena collapses on her knee when she brings the three planes out of Slipstream deep inside the streets of Oasis. She feels something trickle out of her nose and when she wipes it with the back of her palm she sees blood but only smiles, “Overdid it a bit.”

“Hey, rápida,” Olivia joins her, “You okay?”

“I’m fine, I’m fine.” Lena nods and pushes back up on her feet. “Just never tried it with something this big. Gimme a minute and I’ll be right as rain.”

“We might not have that minute.” Reyes who was piloting their plane responds and points in front of them.

“The performance is about to begin.” Amélie stands up from her seat, picks up the Widow’s kiss and chambers the bullet.

Lena reaches for her coms and smiles, “Alright, everyone. You all know what we are here for.” The smile is replaced by a grin. “Our fans are already here. Let’s show them how Roguewatch walks the red carpet.” The forward guns on all three planes open up and their back ramps open in sync. There is perfect sync in the response from the team too, “Roger that, Rogue!!!” And they run out, form a firing line and open up on the defense drones that are swarming towards them. Symmetra is in the front shielding them with a hard-light barrier which she came up with when she asked Reinhardt for help. Behind her, Bob, Roadhog, and Junkrat are unleashing hell on the drones with Widowmaker and Ashe destroying any airborne ones.

“Call me when you need a pickup,” Fio reports when it’s safe enough for her to take off.

“Keep them inside the streets and low until you are well outside the city limits.” Rogue responds and waves towards the cockpit Fio is in.

“I’ll try.” Fio chuckles and all three planes lift off, spin around and start flying away from the fight. “But one is hard enough, how am I supposed to pilot all three of them at the same time?”

“You can do it, babe,” Rogue laughs, “I believe in you.”

“Now that makes it a whole lot easier,” Fio responds sarcastically, rolling her eyes but keeps her focus on different displays that indicate what the other two planes that are on autopilot but are tied to the one she is piloting via a master-slave system so she needs to input every command.

“It does?” Rogue plays dumb when the part of the team that consists of her, Cyber Lena, Reaper, Sombra, Queen, and Hanzo run into one of the side streets to flank around the main fight and close in on Moira.

“No!” Fio shouts back, sweating buckets as her sight and hands fly over different buttons and switches to keep the three planes flying like she wants and needs them too.

“Well, good luck, babe.” Rogue replies with a gentle tone.

“Thanks,” Fio calms down too. “And Rogue…”

“Yeah?”
“Come back safe.”

“Will do. See you in a few.” Rogue cuts the connection when they have to engage radio silence for this part of the plan to work.

Back in London’s Watchpoint, Winston and others are watching the attack on Oasis via one of old Overwatch satellites that Olivia and Athena brought back to life. As soon as he saw the forces deployed against them, Winston leaps to his feet, “We got to help them!”

But Angela grabs his forearm and when he looks at her, “No, Winston. This is their operation. We have no right to intervene.”

“But you saw what Lena just did,” Winston gestures towards the screen. “She is exhausted just from that.”

“I did,” Angela nods. ‘That was insane! Lena, you have to take better care of yourself.’ She thinks before adding, “But look,” and points to the satellite feed, “she is going as strong as ever.”

“My friend,” Zenyatta decides to chime in, “She and her whole team trained hard for this one operation alone. You know better than any of us that Lena did everything she could to be as ready as she can be.”

Winston slumps back into his seat, “You’re right. And this is the easy part.”
Lights out for Rogue?

Chapter Summary

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It sends her flying to the wall across the alley, the punch being so strong that she crates the wall when she impacts it. Her seemingly lifeless body now peels off the wall and spills on the ground below.

“You motherfucker!!!” Reaper shouts and engages the massive security drone....

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Rogue and others that were flanking with her, reached the cargo doors that are the back entrance to Ministry of genetics. Not encountering any opposition, the mood was relaxed and Rogue was now standing right next to the doors and waved Sombra closer so she can hack the doors. But what Rogue didn’t realize is that the cargo doors started to buckle outwards from the force of a punch and it connects with her before anyone can say a single word of warning. It sends her flying to the wall across the alley, the punch being so strong that she crates the wall when she impacts it. Her seemingly lifeless body now peels off the wall and spills on the ground below.

“You motherfucker!!!” Reaper shouts and engages the massive security drone that would be more home in the military than in the police force. But his shotguns are barely scratching him and despite his bulk, the drone is very agile and even when Queen joins Reaper, it is keeping them both at bay.

“ROGUE!!!” Sombra rushes to her side and can’t decide where to start because the biological part of Rogue’s body looks like a mess. Her arm is bent at an angle that no joint allows, blood is trickling from her mouth and her leg is in no better shape. She was just about to call Gibraltar and request Mercy’s help when a voice coming from Rogue stops her.

“Severe injuries to biological parts detected. Several skeletal fractures and internal hemorrhaging indicate that the host is in mortal danger. Initiating biotic healing.” A robotic voice that is coming from Rogue’s mouth says.

“Wha-what?” Sombra takes a few steps back. Not sure if she should be afraid or thankful.

Cyber Lena, who was supporting Reaper and Queen hears that. ‘Oh, crap.’ ‘She didn’t have much of a choice.’ ‘I know. But this will be hard to explain.’ ‘I agree. But that’s their problem to solve.’ ‘You think she will reveal you too?’ ‘Unlikely.’

Rogue’s cybernetics start to glow with that golden light that one sees Mercy’s staff emit when she is healing someone and it moves to cover all of the biological half. “Regeneration process will take five minutes. I request that you protect Rogue during that time.”

“I…” Sombra, still trying to wrap her head around what is happening, stutters but then collects her thoughts. “Yeah, sure. Will do.” And positions herself between the drone and the self-healing Rogue.
Back in London, Angela goes wide-eyed when Athena zooms the satellite’s feedback on the alley where the fight with the drone is taking place and she sees the golden light that is covering Rogue. “Was ist das?!?! Es ist nicht möglich!!!” she forgets herself and speaks in German because she can’t believe her eyes. But before hers and the eyes of all the other, Rogue’s extensive wounds close and as soon as they do, the golden light disappears too.

“Bloody ‘ell that hurt.” Rogue curses when she starts getting back to her feet. ‘You might have some things to explain.’ ‘What?’ ‘I told them to keep you covered while I was busy healing you.’ ‘Did I?’ ‘Not completely but you weren’t far off.’ ‘Crap.’ ‘Mhm.’ ‘Doesn’t really matter. Was planning to reveal you when we got back to London anyway.’

“Rogue. What the fuck was that?” Sombra curses when she hears her. “Tell you all about it after this is over,” Rogue responded then cracks her neck and shoulders. “Right now,” she lowers her postures and, “I got some big metallic ass to kick.” Blinks right next to the drone. “Hi.” Reaper and Queen disengage as soon as they see her and the drone turns its attention on her. It swings its massive arm at her again but when she catches its fist in her own it tilts its head as if surprised. “That won’t work twice.” Rogue grins then deployed her blade and cut it off just below the shoulder joint. Using the drones momentary confusing to her advantage, she flips the cut off arm around and swings it at its chest with enough power to send it flying. ‘This feels familiar.’ She thinks when the texture of the metal that was used to construct this drone feels odd. She turns it in her arms, searching for that signature tag and soon finds it. “Thought so. Ogundimu cybernetics.” She voices her thoughts when she recognizes the logo that was imprinted on the metal. ‘I wonder.’ She slowly turns her head towards the drone that is now picking itself up from the ground where it crashed. “Guys,” she waves at others that are closing in, “Stay back for a mo’. Then walks towards it. “You,” she points at the drone that is looking less like one in her eyes every moment that passes, “Can you understand me?”

“Rogue! What the fuck are you doing?” Both Sombra and Reaper call for her. “Shut up.” She barks back and continues walking closer.

The drone stands still, his optics flashing different array of colors. ‘It’s fighting against its programming.’ ‘Can it win?’ ‘I doubt it. So be ready.’ ‘Will do.’ It releases a long beep while the optic is blue then changes to red and its charges towards Rogue. “Tsk.” She clicks her tongue, “Too bad.” And charges at it too. The drone brings its remaining arm down on Rogue in an arc but she skids beneath it and blinks on its back. “Sorry.” She apologizes then drives her blade into its neck, cutting the wiring and the connection to the rest of its body. Ridding it towards the ground she holds the head in her hand. “Wanna bet that if I crack this open that I’ll find another you in there?” ‘If our theory about where I come from is correct, then it is quite a real possibility.’ “Better let the experts do it then.” She finishes her internal debate and looks at Sombra, “Hey, hacker girl!” she calls for her attention and when she looks at her, “Catch.” She throws the head at her.

“Hey!!” Sombra quips when a big head is suddenly thrown at her but still manages to catch it. “What am I supposed to do with this?”

“Keep it safe for now,” Rogue tells her. “Will need you to crack it open and check on something that I think might be inside.”
“O-kay.” Sombra knits her brow and tries to figure out a way how to transport this head around. She ends up tying it to her back with some zip lines that Reaper insisted that everyone keeps on them. ‘Zip lines and duct tape are soldier’s best friends.’ She smirks when she recalls his words when she came to the armory to gear up and asked why are those in her pack.

“Moira probably knows we are here now so let’s move,” Rogue orders them and waves her arm and they enter the building.
Cyber Lena, roll out.

Chapter Summary

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"Lucky twat!" She curses after she spins mid-air and lands on her feet with all the grace of a cat.

Even Hanzo is impressed at how silent her landing was, "You wouldn’t do bad as an assassin." He comments and fires more arrows towards the Omnic that punched her, keeping it distracted while she recovers.

"Your brother showed me some moves." She shoots him a wink then jumps right back into the fray.

"Stop fucking around, you two!" Queen shouts.....

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While Symmetra’s shield was big, it didn’t block off the entire street and Ashe notices that some of the drones are starting to focus on pushing through on the left. “BOB! DO SOMETHING!” she shouts for her butler and throws some dynamite in that direction so he doesn’t need to turn around to see where she needs him to focus his fire. But that side wasn’t the only one exposed and drones made a synchronized push on both sides of the shield.

But Roadhog notices that and grabs Junkrats head and turns it to the right side, “Focus there.”

“Couldn’t you’ve just told me that?” Junkrat complains while reloading because Roadhog wasn’t exactly gentle.

“Would you hear it?” the big guy asks and while pushing some demolished parts of the drones he pulled towards him into his scrap gun and fires.

“Probably not.” Junkrat shrugged then grins when the tire on his back clicks, indicating that it finished charging. “FIRE IN THE HOLE!!!” he shouts after he pulled it off his back, set on the ground and started the engine. He launched it right pass Symmetra so that it would hit dead center of the biggest crowd of drones. It explodes and takes out a large number of them.

“Good.” Widowmaker praises him but her sharp eyes have caught something else. “They don’t seem to be coming in large numbers anymore.”

“Now that you mention it,” Ashe notices the same thing.

“Could they have reached the Ministry already?” Symmetra asks. “Because as strong as this barrier is, it won’t last for much longer.”

“Phoenix, did you see anything?” Widowmaker calls for their eyes in the sky.

“Not really,” Fio, callsign Phoenix, reports back. “But there are some remains of a really big bot
right behind the Ministry building and doors are busted open.”

“They are in.” Widowmaker and Ashe say in sync as they look at each other and nod.

“Okay guys, let’s wrap this up and join them.” Ashe barks at the front line. When she looks back at Widowmaker she sees her giving her a weird look with a raised eyebrow, “What? Did you want to do it?”

“Non,” Widowmaker chuckles, “Besides, you are louder than me.” And shoots a few drones without even looking.

“I’ll take that as a compliment,” Ashe smirks back and mimics Widowmaker by shooting without looking too.

“I meant it as such.” Widowmaker replies then properly aimed down her scope and dropped more drones in rapid succession.

While the team outside was noticing a slow decay in enemy’s numbers, Rogue’s team had no such luck as only after a short run they encounter two of those big drones that welcomed them outside the back door. “You guys go on ahead,” Queen steps ahead of the rest and readies her spear, “I got this.”

“Not on your own, you don’t,” Cyber Lena joins her by her side.

“I shall lend you my strength as well.” Hanzo steps to Queen’s other side and unshoulders his bow, an arrow on the string and fully drawn a moment later.

“You guys sure?” Rogue asks from behind, while she, Sombra, and Reaper get ready to run past the two massive drones.

“Yep,” Cyber Lena reconfigures her arms into an energy cannon and a blade that is very similar to Rogue’s. The only difference between them is the size of it and the fact that that arm from midway down her forearm became the blade. “You got yourself a date with Moira. Would suck if you were late for it.” She chuckles and others laugh at her quip.

“’kay. But be careful. Wouldn’t look good on my record if I lost any of you already.” Rogue shoots back while laughing and she, Reaper and Sombra run pass them and the big drone.

One of the drones tries to turn and give chase but Queen jumps towards it and smacks it on top of his head. Not strong enough to do any damage but it works. “Nah, ah. Your target is us.” She grins when she jumps back next to Cyber Lena and Hanzo.

“So,” Cyber Lena lowers her posture and gets ready to jump the drones, “how do you guys wanna do this?”

“Bash ‘em down to the last bolt?” Queen spins her spear in her arms then points it towards the drones.

“I shall focus my fire on their optics and joints,” Hanzo adds and lets loose the first arrow and it flies true but the drone blocks it. “Would be easier if they were distracted.”

“One distraction,” Queen and Cyber Lena launch at the drones in perfect sync, “coming right up.” And without even saying a word they each pick their own target and the fight is on.
Queen, once again justifying her title as the strongest fighter in the Arena, first shoots the tip of the spear towards the drone then using its ability to stay embedded in its target pulls herself towards it when she engages the chain that winds the tip back into the spear. Pulling it out once there she swings it down towards the elbow joint which already had a few arrows in it and cuts off the drones forearm. Looking up towards his head, she grins, “You didn’t need that, right?”

Cyber Lena wasn’t pulling her punches either and the drone had trouble to just keep up with her yet alone forming a proper defense. A good chunk of it left flank was missing when she fired her cannon at it and there were numerous cuts from her blade all over its body. But these things were built for combat so, despite all that damage it received, it was still going strong and one lucky swing of his massive arm was enough to send Cyber Lena flying back towards Hanzo. “Lucky twat!” She curses after she spins mid-air and lands on her feet with all the grace of a cat.

Even Hanzo is impressed at how silent her landing was, “You wouldn’t do bad as an assassin.” He comments and fires more arrows towards the drone that punched her, keeping it distracted while she recovers.

“Your brother showed me some moves.” She shoots him a wink then jumps right back into the fray.

“Stop fucking around, you two!” Queen shouts and using her spear as leverage, tears off the other arm right from the shoulder. The drone she was fighting looked more and more like a pile of scrap than something that can put up a fight. She seems to have gotten hit too as her lips and her brow are bleeding but if anything that only made her more ferocious and when the drone collapses on its remaining knee, its other leg got demolished before she took on its arm, she wraps her arm around its neck and in one swift motion tears off its head. Just to make sure, she pierces its torso with her spear and she is done.

“Remind me,” Cyber Lena engages the energy emitters on the edge of her blade and swings it across the torso of the drone she is fighting, cutting a deep gash into it, cutting vital electronics and mechanics inside. “never to pick a fight,” Next she jumps up on its shoulders, fires her cannon at both joints, blowing both arms off then jumps off behind its back and spins, opening the drone's back like a tin can. Its lights go off but before it hits the ground, she cuts off its head in one swift motion and catches it in her arm that she transformed back from her cannon. “with you.” And finishes her sentence while grinning at Queen.

“Right back at you.” Queen returns the grin and picks up the head she tore off and walks closer to Cyber Lena then fist bumps when she transforms her blade back into an arm.

Suddenly Hanzo jumps at them and grabbing their waists, he pushes them all behind a corner. Before either of them have the chance to respond, a hail of energy bullets hits where they were just standing. “The fight is not over yet.” He scolds them when he gets back on his feet and helps the two up.
“Olivia,” Reaper calls with a tired voice after he manages to prop himself up against the wall.

“Gabe,” She responds and leans on the wall next to him.

“Ready for round two?” He chuckles.

“There won’t be one.” She answers.

Rogue runs a few steps ahead of Reaper and Sombra as they push deeper into the Ministry and towards Moira’s lab. They reach another intersection where another hallway joins the one they are running through and being the first reaching it, Rogue surprises the two following behind by suddenly drawing her pistol and deploying her blade while squatting on her leading leg. “Heh,” she smirks, pushes off into a jump and Blinks ahead, spins around and lines up her sights with her target’s head then swiftly blows it away while swinging her blade in upwards motion right through the middle of something that wanted to jump her from the adjacent hallway, cutting it in two.

Reaper and Sombra skid to a stop just before it, drawing their weapons as well. “What the fuck is that?!” Reaper curses when he looks at the remains of some creature that Rogue just finished off. A wolf is the best description he can come up with. But it’s bigger and with a lot of cybernetics. His head is covered with a metal helmet of sorts with only one visor like optic running the width of it where his eyes would be. His shoulders and hips are reinforced with metallic joints and the tips of his paws are tipped with four long metal claws that look like they can rip a person apart in seconds.

Rogue just raises her eyebrow as she looks at him and shrugs, “Moira?”

“That’s one crazy bitch.” Sombra comments.

Rogue just chuckles then aims into the hallway and squeezes the trigger. “Heads up. More incoming.”

Reaper swing around the cover takes aim and starts unloading his shotguns, “You get your butt to Moira. Me and Sombra will take care of these mutts.”

“We will?” Sombra peeks around the corner and sees a hallway filled from wall to wall with these cyber wolves running towards them. Rogue and Reaper are dropping them but their buddies are getting closer and closer. Reaper slowly turns his head towards her and when she sees it. “Ah, yes. Of course. We got this, Rápida.” she chuckles wryly, jumping next to him and starts firing too.

“C’mon guys.” Rogue sighs and mocks disappointment, “You are getting all the fun.” but still reaches for her bomb pack and takes a few of them out. “Here,” she throws them at Reaper and he
catches them while dumping his empty shotgun. “Use these if things get too dicey. You know how to set them.”

He offers a few to Sombra who shakes her head in denial. The little accident back during training where Lena was teaching them about her bombs and she set the power a bit too high is still fresh in her mind. She earned herself a nice afro from it and others rolled on the ground laughing so hard. Her eyebrows still haven’t fully grown back. Reaper just shrugs and pockets them then looks back at Rogue, “You still here?”

“Buuut, big bro?!” She jokes.

“No buts! Go!” Reaper plays along, rolling his eyes so hard that he is sure she can see it even beneath his mask.

“Alright, alright,” Rogue holsters her pistol and sheathes her blade while spinning on her heels. “You guys take care and I’ll give Moira good punch for you two too.” She waves over her shoulder and runs down the hallway.

“We got this, right?” Sombra reloads her gun and resumes gunning down the wolves.

“Heh,” Reaper chuckles, “Not a chance.”

“What?!” Sombra goes wide-eyed at him.

“At least not by just standing here.” He takes off running towards the wolves while cackling like a madman.

“Oh, fuck!” Sombra slumps her shoulder and rolls her eyes. “I knew it.” And follows him.

“Rogue’s craziness rubbed off on you a bit too well, didn’t it?”

“Where’s the fun in playing safe?!” He cackles in response and Wraiths through the middle of the wolves and fires at them while still mostly smoked. A skill he learned during the training.

“Hijo de puta loco!” Sombra shouts after him and first throws her translocator as far ahead as she can, then uses her free hand as an anchor on the wall and wall runs over the wolves while shooting down any that Reaper missed. After Reaper Wraiths and Sombra used her translocator a few times they reach the end of the hallway and a door the leads somewhere but despite gunning down so many, it doesn’t seem like their numbers have diminished. At least not by as much as they would like. Reaper kicks down the doors and smiles when he sees that they lead into a more opened space. He gives the large room a quick scan and from the looks of it, whoever was using it left in a hurry and not very long ago. He sidesteps behind the doors when he hears the first of wolves close in. Sombra does the same on the other side and readies her gun.

“Hi,” Reaper grins when the wolf turns his head towards him only to be met by the business end of his shotgun. Reaper pulls the trigger and turns it into mush. Blood, grey matter and everything else sprayed the other side of the doors.

“Fuuuck!!!” Sombra curses loudly and when Reaper checks what’s wrong, he almost doubles over from laughter. She got hit by that spray top to bottom. “It got in my mouth!!!” Sombra shouts and spits on the floor.

“That will teach you to keep it shut.” Reaper jokes and grabs the next wolf that jumps through the door by the nape of his neck and slams it into the ground. Wolf’s neck makes a nasty crunching sound and it goes still. Next, he unloads his shotgun into the hallway they came from and when it clicks empty he jumps away.
Sombra wants to curse him but the fight is still on and she opts for looking for high ground instead. Seeing how all of these wolves pack some heavy cybernetics gives her an idea. She first translocates to a walkway that surrounds the whole room then calls for her partner, “Hey, Reaps.”

Despite being busy of liberating another wolf of his head with a shot right into his maw and reintroducing his buddies with one of their own as he throws his corpse at them causing them to tumble around like bowling pins after a strike, he responds, “Yeah?”

Sombra ran to the part of the walkway that is right above the doors and tried to hack the cybernetics on the next wolf that comes running. It worked and he collapsed to the ground as if someone cut his strings. He whines and twitches in pain but that doesn’t last as the horde of his buddies trample him to death with their clawed paws. “Pass me one of Rogue’s bombs. I got an idea and if you can, buy me 5, no, 3 minutes.”

He pulls one of the bombs from his pocket and flicks it towards her, “Bottle of tequila for each minute.” He jokes as he wraith across the room and despite the floor being littered with their corpses the number of wolves still seems big.

“Fine, fine,” Sombra catches the bomb and waves him off and gets to work. She examines it and one of her spare translocators. ‘I can make this work.’ She grins and zips the two together and rewire a few things between them. ‘Just a few finishing touches.’ She concentrates hard on her work.

“SOMBRA!!!” Reaper suddenly shouts while he was flung across the room by a wolf that appeared in the meantime and was twice the size as the rest. And what’s worst, there’s two of them. He crashes into the wall and has just enough time to wraith before the one that arrived the second drives his claws into the wall where he was.

“Just a second! I almost got this!” Sombra, unaware of the situation shouts back while making sure everything is properly wired. She, of all people, doesn’t want to fuck up this.

“I don’t…UGH!” Reaper tries to respond but claws rake his back. Lucky for him, it was one of the small ones. “Fuck off!” He blows his head away then turns to face one of the big ones and readies one of the bombs. ‘This is gonna hurt like a bitch tomorrow.’ He sets the power and flicks it on then clutches it in his palm and runs at the closer one of the two big one, unloading his shotgun into his face. It does damage but not enough. “OPEN WIDE!” he shouts, side steps in the last moment and shoves his arm as deep down the wolf’s opened maw as he can. As he predicted, he doesn’t totally clear his fangs on the way out and deep gashes open on his forearm while the wolf’s claws pierce his abdomen. He pulled up his leg to stop them from going too deep and he uses it to push off but he still catches the blast from the bomb.

The explosion rocking the entire room gets Sombra’s attention and when she looks down from her walkway she sees Reaper picking himself up from the floor. One arm hanging limp and bleeding while he holds his abdomen with the other. And while the bomb took out most of the small ones and one of the big ones, she spots one of the small ones closing on Reaper from behind. “No, you don’t!!!!” She shouts and with a running start jumps off the walkway towards Reaper, raining lead at the wolf that is running towards him.

“Sombra, what the…UGH!” Reaper only has enough time to look at her after he heard her shout before she collides with him and sends them both rolling across the floor.

“FUUUCK!!!! THAT HURTS!!!!” Sombra yells her lungs out and clutches her thigh where the wolf that she managed to finish off before he could jump Reaper left deep gashes with his claws. The surviving big one and a few small ones start to slowly close in, baring their fangs, snarling and
growling as they go.

“Olivia,” Reaper calls with a tired voice after he manages to prop himself up against the wall.

“Gabe,” She responds and leans on the wall next to him.

“Ready for round two?” He chuckles.

“There won’t be one.” She answers.

“Yeah. You’re right. We’re fucked.” Reaper leans his head on the wall.

“Not what I meant.” Sombra looks at him and grins while holding her little merged bomb up for him to see it.

“What’s that?” He looks at it.

“Heh,” she smirks and winds her arm then throws her contraption right at the big wolf’s front legs. “Chew on this, chuchos!!!” The bomb detonates but instead of an explosion, the result is a small scale electromagnetic burst that she can unleash from herself too but this one is much smaller. It’s enough in this case as it engulfs all the remaining wolves and they all collapse on the ground. Still alive, if the yelps and whines are anything to go by but they are no longer a threat.

“I’m impressed.” Reaper nods.

“Thanks, but you know what?” Sombra looks at him with tired eyes.

“What?” He looks at her and their eyes meet.

“We need a fucking medic in our team.” Sombra hisses through her teeth while clutching her thigh.

“That’s true.” He nods in response, pressing on the wound on his abdomen with his functioning arm.
Codename Sentinel

Chapter Summary

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Phoenix taps a few buttons to pull up the camera feeds on the displays. “Rogue and her half went inside a while ago. The guys outside just wrapped things up by the looks of it and are about to follow them.” Just as she finishes, flames burst out of the windows somewhere mid-way where the back entrance is and where they believe Moira’s lab is.

“What was that?!” Sentinel leans closer, concern clear in her tone.

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Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As the party the night before the mission was starting to wind down and a few already retired to rest, Fio was pulled to the side by someone.

“Are you sure about this?” Fio asks a figure that is mostly hidden in the shadow that the entrance to the cafeteria provides. After getting a positive response from it Fio taps her chin with her finger, “You could hide in the cargo hold. If we stack the boxes just right, no one should spot you.” The figure stifles a squeal of delight and pulls Fio into a hug. “You realize that Lena will probably skin us alive for this?” Fio chuckles, returning the hug. The figure murmurs something along the *I’ll take care of that.* lines and releases the hug. Fio then heads for her quarters and the figure rejoins others in the cafeteria with a wide smile and mischievous glint in its eyes.

After she reported to Widowmaker about what she saw behind the Ministry building, Fio flicks off the radio and leans back in her seat, taking a moment to catch her breath.

Her eyes flick across the displays that feed her the information about the two aircrafts that are on semi-autopilot and after she is happy with what she sees, she sags into her seat some more and lets out a long breath and closes her eyes. Suddenly an arm is placed on her shoulder and she nearly jumps from her skin, “HOLY FUCK!!”

“Sorry,” a figure clad in red lightly armored suit apologizes. “Didn’t mean to startle you.”

“Not your fault,” Fio smiles once she calms down and her brain processes who it is. “Totally forgot that you are here too.” A smirk pulls on her lips before she continues, “Sentinel.”

“Still,” Sentinel hugs Fio over her shoulders, “I could’ve knocked or something,” Then leans closer and purrs into Fio’s ear, “Phoenix.”

“Get,” Phoenix palms Sentinel’s face and pushes her off, “off. It’s bad enough that you are even here. Do we have to add *Banging mid-air* to list of charges too? Lena is gonna have a field day as
Sentinel relents and straightens up, “How are they?”

Phoenix taps a few buttons to pull up the camera feeds on the displays. “Rogue and her half went inside a while ago. The guys outside just wrapped things up by the looks of it and are about to follow them.” Just as she finishes, flames burst out of the windows somewhere mid-way where the back entrance is and where they believe Moira’s lab is.

“What was that?!” Sentinel leans closer, concern clear in her tone.

“By the looks of it,” Phoenix taps another button and one of the displays changes to a top-down map of the city and after she zooms on the Ministry building, two indicators tell her who is closest to that explosion. “it’s Reaper and Sombra.”

“Drop the back ramp,” Sentinel responds with a flat voice and runs out of the cockpit.

“What?!” Phoenix goes wide-eyed before following Sentinel with her sight. “Hey! No. If you go down there, we are both dead for sure.”

“Even if it’s those two, they couldn’t have got out of that explosion unscathed.” Sentinel raises her right arm where a miniature version of Mercy’s caduceus staff is emitting a soft yellow glow.

“At least let me land.” Phoenix surrenders and starts returning the displays back to the status of the three aircrafts.

“Just drop the ramp,” Sentinel tells her with a chuckle and when Phoenix looks at her again, something hisses on Sentinel’s back, then splits into four struts that spread out to form an X. Once they click in position, each of the arms gains three round glows. Sentinel looks over her shoulder and tests if they move correctly and once she is done, “The ramp?” she smirks and a red visor drops down from her helmet over her eyes.

Phoenix presses the button that starts the cycle of opening the back ramp and facepalms. “That’s it. I’m dead.”

Sentinel jumps out with a scream of delight and after a few moments, she levels her flight just outside Phoenix’s cockpit and when their sights meet, “Don’t worry, I’ll take care of that. And thanks.” She salutes the pilot and breaks off, diving for the Ministry building.

Unknown to either, a pair of eyes locks on Sentinel as soon as she jumps out of the transport, and follow her all the way down. “Mmm, she seems to be new.” He murmurs when the display that covers one of his eyes doesn’t feed him anything useful. Any further attempt to gain any information via scan is blocked with a firewall protection that he recognizes right away. “Haven’t lost your touch, have you, Jalapeño?” He smirks and jumps to his feet then starts running over the rooftops towards the same destination that Sentinel is diving for.

Chapter End Notes

Just in case any of you get confused: Sentinel is Emily. ;) Not spoiling who the guy on the ground is. Hehe
Thank you, Baptiste. Oh, you're welcome.

Chapter Summary

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Once inside they both land on the walkway. “What the hell happened here?” Sentinel goes wide-eyed at the carnage.

Recognizing her voice, Sombra calls, “Is that you, Red? Down here.”

“Yeah, it’s me and plus one,” Sentinel responds and jumps off the walkway.

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‘I hope those guys will be okay.’ Rogue’s thoughts travel back to the guys that stayed behind and are fighting so she can advance towards Moira’s lab. To get there as fast as possible she started Blinking soon after she split from Reaper and Sombra. ‘They are your team.’ ‘What?’ ‘Those guys that you just thought of. They are your team, are they not?’ ‘Mhm, yeah. What of it?’ ‘Let me repeat myself. They are your team.’ She emphasizes the word your. After a moment, things finally click in Rogue’s head and she smiles, ‘Heh. Yeah. You’re right. They are my team. My family.’ and keeps running and Blinking. ‘By the way, what are you running towards?’ ‘That should be obvious. Moira’s lab.’ ‘Okay. Just had to check because you passed it already.’ Rogue lightly jumps, spins around and digs her cybernetic leg into the ground while grabbing the wall with her cybernetic arm, “Shiiiiiiiiit!!!!” and curses as she skids backward because the speed she has built up can’t be reversed that easily. “Cough, Cough… I hope they didn’t just get that marble done.” She waves the dust that she lifted by plowing the floor and the wall, away from her face and starts jogging back down the hallway she just came from. ‘I think you improved it if anything.’ ‘Wha-hah-at?’ ‘All that whiteness and polish. It hurt my eyes.’ ‘Don’t like it when things are all nice and shiny?’ ‘Reminds me of hospitals. Bleh.’ ‘You don’t like hospitals?’ ‘…’ ‘Rogue?’ ‘…’ ‘Another day then.’

Sentinel lands on the roof of the Ministry, right above the windows that got blown out by the explosion earlier when she hears another go off and her flying struts fold back into place on her back. But this one doesn’t produce any shockwave. Just an electric-like sizzle. “So she used that, huh?” she murmurs under her helmet when her visor beeps a warning that someone is approaching her. She slowly raises her left forearm towards her mouth and whispers, “Freagarthach.” into it then swings that arm towards the approaching unknown with a sword-like weapon that has a glowing edge appearing as if from thin air in her hand. “And just who might you be?” she growls, the tip of the sword just a few inches off the man’s throat.

“Hey, hey,” he raises his arms in surrender, adding, “stay your hand, Erzulie Dantó.” with a chuckle.

“Talon?” Sentinel asks next, turning to face him, recognizing the color scheme of his combat gear.
“Quit it,” he answers, anger coloring his tone. But that changes the next moment and he smiles, “Olivia helped me get away as unscathed as possible.”

“You know her by that name,” Sentinel lowers her swords, but still keeps her guard up. “Can I assume that you two are friends then?”

“Pretty good ones, yes.” He nods, scratching his throat. The energy emitters on the edge of Sentinel’s sword left it feeling a bit warmer than usual. He extends his arm towards Sentinel in an as unthreatening manner he can and offers her a handshake with a disarming smile on his face, “I don’t believe I had the pleasure yet. I’m Jean-Baptiste Augustin.”

‘Could be a trap.’ Is the first thought on Sentinel’s mind. ‘Nothing ventured, nothing gained.’ But she decides to take him up on his offer, trusting that her gut is as good of a judge of character as she believes it to be. Her sword disappearing as soon as she lets go of it. “Sentinel.” She still threads carefully and keeps her name under wraps for now.

“That can’t be your name, my friend.” He chuckles in response.

“It’s not. But it’s the only one you’re getting.” She smirks.

“Understandable.” He nods then gestures towards the edge of the roof with his hand. “Shall we see to our injured friends now? I believe we are both here for that.” He asks, eyes flicking towards Sentinel’s right forearm then back up.

“Need a lift?” Sentinel asks, deploying her flying struts.

“Thank you for offering, but I have my own ways.” Baptiste answers and runs towards the edge then a pair of jets on his boots fire up and he flies inside through the window with Sentinel following him.

Once inside they both land on the walkway. “What the hell happened here?” Sentinel goes wide-eyed at the carnage.

Recognizing her voice, Sombra calls, “Is that you, Red? Down here.”

“Yeah, it’s me and plus one,” Sentinel responds and jumps off the walkway.

“Plus one?” Sombra asks but that gets answered when Baptiste lands next to Sentinel.

“What’s the magic word, Jalapeño?” He grins at her, getting his healing kit ready and nods a greeting towards Reaper, getting a nod back.

Sombra goes wide-eyed from the surprise of seeing him here, “No fucking way?!?”

“Eeeeh! Wrong. But I’ll patch you up anyway.” He laughs and kneels next to her, directing his shoulder mounted drone towards her wounds on her thigh.

“So that’s what you and Fio were whispering about just outside the cafeteria yesterday.” Reaper removes his mask when Sentinel kneels next to him and starts patching up his wounds with her miniaturized version of Angela’s staff.

“You saw us?” Sentinel quips in genuine surprise. She thought she was well out of sight behind that corner.

“I wasn’t the head of the black ops division in Overwatch for my good looks.” Reaper jokes and
twitches when the pain spikes due to his own regeneration being boosted by Sentinel.

“Your charming and handsome looks weren’t enough?! That’s blasphemy!” Sentinel plays along with his joke causing them all to laugh.

They chat as Sentinel and Baptiste work on patching up Sombra and Reaper when they all hear rushes steps followed by a voice they recognize. “Hey, guys. I think they are in here.” Cyber Lena calls for others.
Let's play ball!

Chapter Summary

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.....“Heya.” Cyber Lena wave hello, sitting on his shoulder. “You know, I doubt that
got her. She is pretty nimble for someone with an ass as big as hers.”

“I heard that!” Queen shouts from behind the cover.

“That was the plan!”.....

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Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long delay for the update. I promise I'll finish this story properly. Not
anytime soon but it will not end mid-way.

“What’s a Talon heavy doing here?!” Queen who was first to recover from being pushed into cover
and checked on what fired at them.

“That’s not a Heavy.” Cyber Lena picks herself up too. “The energy I’m reading from it is way too
high for a human in a suit.”

“It does look a bit bigger.” Queen notices then turned back to check on their rescuer. “You okay
there, Archer boy?”

Cyber Lena kneels next to him and checks his pulse. “Knocked out. Probably when he smashed his
head against my chest.”

“Hah! Knocked out by boobs! That’s a must tell in the debrief.” Queen laughs then presses herself
against the wall when the Heavy opens fire again. “Fuck! We need to deal with this one on our
own.”

“Probably has the same weakness but that hallway is perfect for it. No way to flank it.” Cyber Lena
observes.

“But if we do get behind it,” Queen grins and points at it, “he won’t be able to turn around. He’s
too big.”

“I will not like it, will I?” Cyber Lena scratches her jaw with a nervous expression.

“Heh,” Queen smirks and cracks her knuckles. “Nope.” Then picks up her spear and takes a
looks at Cyber Lena with a face-wide grin, “be a good ball.”
“Shit.” Cyber Lena curses first then as soon as Heavy stops firing she runs up the wall and jumps, aiming for the Heavy. But she pulls her knees back against her chest right away and gets ready for Queen’s spear. Her next foothold.

“F-” Queen swings with everything she has and the tip of her spear makes contact with Cyber Lena’s feet perfectly, “-lllly!!!!”

Cyber Lena pushes off as soon as she feels it but the boost she got catches her by surprise, “Fuuuuuuuuuck!!!!!” Queen aimed perfectly. Just above the heavy’s head but what both of them forgot to take into account is that ceiling is not that high in these hallways. Cyber Lena buries into it like a rocket and goes out of sight. Heavy followed her with his head for as far as he could but once she disappeared he turns back to face Queen.

“It’s not over, big boy.” Queen only stands there. One arm on her hip, other gesturing towards the ceiling above him with the tip of her spear.


“Trouble?” Queen shouts.

“Not really,” Cyber Lena shouts back. “It’s just that this fucker’s ass is armored like a tank. Might take me a moment to get through.”

“I’ll distract him,” Queen responds. “You start working on that.”

“How?” Cyber Lena asks and starts transforming her arms into a blade and a cannon.

“Do you think that boobs and ass will work on this guy?” Queen jokes.

Cyber Lena is on her belly and looking at Queen through the gap between Heavy’s legs in a second, “Really!?”

“Hahaha!” Queen explodes when she sees her big eyes. “Nah, but I’ll figure something out. Now, hop to it.”

“Fucking tease.” Cyber Lena grumbles as she gets back on her feet. Like they guessed it, Heavy is too big to turn around and deal with Cyber Lena. His massive guns clip the walls whenever he tries.

“Hey!” Queen fires the tip of her spear at the struggling Heavy. She aims for the head but doesn’t really expect to do any damage. The armor is just too thick. But it does the trick. It gets the Heavy’s attention. “Eyes over here, big boy.” Queen sneers, gesturing at the Heavy to try and get a piece of her if he can, with her hand. He aims his guns right at her and as soon they start to rotate Queen dives for cover. Bullets shredding the corner she dived behind a moment later.

He stops firing but the something knocks on top of his head. “Heya.” Cyber Lena wave hello, sitting on his shoulder. “You know, I doubt that got her. She’s pretty nimble for someone with an ass as big as hers.”

“I heard that!” Queen shouts from behind the cover.

“That was the plan!” Cyber Lena shouts back then turns her attention back to the Heavy. “There
was one more thing I planned.” Her lips stretch into a grin. “Care to guess what it is?” She waits for a moment but when Heavy doesn’t react in any way, “No? Hm… What’s that beeping sound?” She fakes ignorance. “Oh! Right! I planted two little bombs on those big cooling tanks you got. Have fun with those.” She jumps off and dashes for where Queen is taking cover. “Bye!” She dives into it just in time when the bombs go off.

“Fuck!!!” Both Cyber Lena and Queen curse as their ears ring from the shockwave. “Those are definitely not meant for indoors use.” Cyber Lena comments first.

“No shit!” Queen shouts, still halfway deaf. Just as they recover from the blast, they hear running steps approaching them and jumps to their feet to guard the still unconscious Hanzo but when the dust clears they relax. “Hi, guys.” Cyber Lena greets them.
Rogue reached the double doors that lead into Genetics wing of the Ministry. She pushes on the left half, fully expecting it to be locked but they give way. Her surprises don’t end here because judging by what her team is facing behind her she expected an army to meet her here. Instead, there was a middle-aged man in a suit sitting behind a desk, combing through a stack of papers and occasionally typing something into the computer.

Hearing the doors open he raises his eyes and they meet with Rogue’s. “Good day, miss. How may I help you?” He addresses her professionally even when a distant explosion rocks the place and some dust falls on his shoulder from the ceiling. He looks there and brushes it off with his hand then turns his attention back to Rogue who was now walking closer.

“Good day to you too. The name is Lena Oxton.” She returns his greeting with a grin. ‘I can play this game too.’ Pulling out her pistol, she aims it at the man’s forehead, “I believe I have an appointment.”

“Let her in, Ed.” Linn’s voice calls over the coms on the desk but the way she said it, it was obvious it was Moira. Rogue clenches her jaw hard because she needs to muster all the willpower she has not to pull the trigger. “And for the love of God, get out of here already.”

“Ye-Yes ma’am.” Ed’s voice shakes. It was to be expected. Rogue doubts that someone in his position had ever seen a gun in their life, let alone one being pointed at them by someone who is clearly ready to pull the trigger and end it all right there and then. He points towards the doors to his right with a shaking arm.

“Thanks, mate.” Rogue flashes him a smile and walks there, but before entering she looks back at Ed over her shoulder. “And you should get out of here as fast as you can.” And grins wickedly, “Things are about to get nasty.” then enters Moira’s office/lab.

“Hello, darling.” She greets her when the doors close behind her, standing up from her chair and walks around the desk to the front of it.

“Let’s cut the chit chat.” Rogue slowly raises her sight from the ground and even more slowly deploys her blade. “We both know why I’m here.”

“That is indeed the case.” Moira nods but instead of fear, there is still confidence in her eyes. “But I wonder if you can accomplish what you came here to do?” She smirks.

Rogue’s lips slowly stretch into a grin again. “You don’t get it, do you?” She audibly pops her
knuckles and her eyes narrow. “I already did it. The real time just didn’t catch up yet.” And before Moira can react in any way, Rogue’s blade is in her chest, piercing it and the heart in the middle of it.

Back during the training weeks in London’s Watchpoint

‘Moira is just as fast, if not faster than me because of Linn’s body.’ Lena thinks to herself while running some more laps on the track to relax when everyone else cleared out for the day. ‘She can Blink and Recall as I can. What’s faster than that?’ Finishing her lap, she heads towards the bench where her drink and a towel is. ‘Hey, Rogue.’ She calls for her in her mind, sitting down and wiping her forehead. ‘Yes?’ ‘What’s faster than my Blinking?’ ‘Well, Blinking but further ahead in time.’ ‘What do you mean?’ ‘When you Blink, you travel forward in time, right?’ ‘That’s how Winston explained it to me, yeah. I run or walk there as anyone else, I just Blink to transport myself there 3 seconds ahead of time.’ ‘Mhm. Then if you stretched those 3 seconds to let’s say a minute or even five minutes, that would make you faster, so to speak.’ ‘But how do I do that? I don’t even know how I Blink in the first place.’ ‘You don’t? Then what do you do to Blink?’ ‘Well, I just sort of imagine myself where I want to go and I just get there.’ ‘Hmm…’ ‘I know! Maybe I could set my watch on a minute timer for example and during that minute I would imagine myself somewhere else but not trigger the Blink.’ ‘How would you know it worked? You would need to do something at the start of that minute and know what you did before you move.’ ‘And for that, I need my best friend’s help.’ Lena jumps to her feet with a big smile and after a quick shower, she heads straight to Winston’s lab.

“Mhm. Yes. I see. Great job, Hammond.” Winston rubs his chin as he compliments his friend over the video call. Squeaks come back as a response. “We do need the exact location she appeared at, yes. I’ll ask her while you can check if the Chronal system detected anything when she did appear in our world and triangulate the location that way.” More squeaking is heard as Hammond responds and nods. “I’m sure we can do it.” Winston hears the doors to his lab open but only waves over his shoulder to whoever arrived and points at the screen that he is in a video call. “No one deserves to be stuck like that. Thank you for now.” Some more squeaks as response and then the line cuts.

“Heya, big guy.” Lena greets him after she saw the call end. “And what’s that about someone being stuck?”

“I…Um…Haaa.” Winston deflates. He wanted it to be a surprise for Lena but he guesses that the cat is out of the bag now. “It’s about Cyber Lena. Hammond and I started working on researching how she got here in the first place.”

“Did you want to surprise me with that?” Lena melts as she correctly guesses Winston’s plan from his reaction and hugs her friend. “I’m sorry I ruined it.”

“It’s alright.” He returns the hug. “We still have a lot of work to do. What brings you here anyway?” And asks when they separate. Lena explains how Moira is able to Blink and Recall too and what her idea of dealing with that is. “That’s very dangerous, Lena. If the anchor doesn’t pull you back after that time, you can get stuck in Slipstream again.”

“I know, big guy.” Lena nods. “But I got this brand new one,” She taps the anchor on her chest, “and you build it, so I know it’s gonna work.” and shoots Winston a wink.
Winston knows that no matter what he says or does, he can’t deter her from trying it. The only thing he can do is make sure it’s as safe as possible. “Alright. I guess we can give it a shot. But,” He stops Lena from jumping him in a hug with a warning finger. “We limit the time to one, just one minute and not a second more.”

“Fine by me, big guy.” Lena nods then walked closer, wrapping her arms around him again. “Thank you, Winston.”

“You’re welcome. Now let’s see if we can make it work as you imagined it.” He returns the hug and they proceed to set up a small testing course right there inside the lab. “That should do it.” Winston hums to himself and turns towards Lena who was standing at the opposite end of the course which is littered with all sorts of sensors and gadgets he could think of to make this little experiment as safe as possible. For all parties involved. “You ready?”

“As ready as I’ll ever be.” Lena nods with a serious expression. She realizes that if this works as she thinks it will, it’s her best shot at bringing Linn back and getting rid of Moira for good.

“Alright,” Winston nods, pulls out his trusty old paper notepad, hides it from Lena’s line of sight, writes something in it then tears out that page and sets it on the ground face down. He walks back to his computer, “Athena, is everything working?”

“Yes, Winston, for the tenth time in the last ten minutes, everything is working as it should. We are ready.” Athena responds with a mock exhausted sigh, causing Lena to giggle.

“Okay,” he nods and turns around to look at Lena. “Begin in 5, 4, 3, 2, 1,…”

Lena closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. For a moment, it looks as if nothing is happening but the anchor on her chest lights up a bit brighter than usual. She slowly opens her eyes and looks at Winston, “Awww, big guy. I’m always careful.” And reveals that she read his note, but she is still standing at the start of the course, indicating that it worked. A minute later she Blinks and picks up the paper and reads it. ‘Please be careful, Lena. Your best friend, Winston.’

“Did you detect anything unusual, Athena?” Winston is already hard at work, checking the data that the sensors along the course picked up.

“A small spike of chronal energy just before she told you what the note said but it wasn’t even half of what I detected during her Blink. So I’m happy to report that the experiment is a full success.” Athena responds with a cherry tone.

“Any anomalies in the functioning of the anchor?” Winston’s eyes dart from graph to graph of data that is displayed on the screen.

“None what so ever.” Athena answers.

Winston wants to ask something more but Lena jumps on his back, hugging him around his neck, “C’mon, Winston. You can examine the data more closely later. Now, we celebrate success!” She pokes his cheek then reaches behind her back and pulls out a jar of peanut butter and wiggles it in front of him, asking, “What do you say?” with a big grin on her face.

“I didn’t see anything.” Athena chirps cheerfully.

Rolling his eyes, Winston gives in, “Fine. You win. I think it was time for me to take a break anyway.” And walks with Lena still hanging from his neck to his tire and sits down.

“You’re the best!” Lena nuzzles into his cheek then climbs over his shoulder and sits on his knee.
Winston pops open the jar and enjoys his snack while he and Lena discuss the possible dangers and advantages of her new ability.
Good riddance

Chapter Summary

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“Fascinating.” The fourth voice, accompanied by steps that are nearing the three women says. “So this is how Slipstream looks like.”

“Moira.” Rogue snarls.

“Old hag.” One of the two Linn’s growls.

“Bitch.” The second joins.

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“I didn’t think…” Moira/Linn starts but gets interrupted by a wet cough that sends blood flying from her mouth over Rogue’s shoulder. “You would actually do it.” She finishes her sentence. Her chin colored crimson with blood with trails of it coming out of her nose as well.

“I’m pretty sure Linn warned you,” Rogue drives the blade into Moira’s chest as far it can go then she twists it 90 degrees. “Not to underestimate me.” Nothing but delight shines from her eyes as Moira’s eyes open wide from the pain. She closes them but they soon open with a different look.

“I did,” a voice comes out of the woman with a tone that Rogue missed dearly. “But she didn’t listen.”

“LINN, NOW!!!” Rogue shouts and uses her free hand to tightly hold on to Linn who does the same with all the strength her badly injured body can muster. The anchor on Rogue’s torso and the bracelet on Linn’s wrist begin to shine brightly as the two initiate the Recall at the same time. The two opposing forces clash and it causes the very air to rumble and sparks of energy to shoot between the ceiling and the floor around the pair. Something had to give way and in this case, it was the very fabric of space and time. An explosion starts to rock the Ministry building but just as abruptly as it started it gets cut off.

At first, everything went black for Rogue. No matter how much she sought something with her sight, nothing but pitch blackness was there. She blinks her eyes and now she was back in Moira’s lab but it was as if somebody removed all the color from the world. Everything was black and white with shades of grey. She blinks her eyes again and now everything has a blue tint to it. The walls of the office were first to go. They just fade away like shadows of the night when the sun rises in the morning. The equipment and the furniture were next. Once everything was gone, Rogue found herself standing in a seemingly endless blue space. She tested her footing with a few careful steps and found that despite how it seemed, there was solid ground under her feet. Remembering what she came here to do she shouts on top of her lungs, “LIIIIINN!!!!!!!” And her voice carries into the distance with echoes.

“Rogue?” A voice responds and she snaps her head towards it.

“Linn!” Rogue dashes towards a pair of women standing there with confused looks on their faces.
Throwing her arms around their necks, she pulls them both into a hug. “I missed you so much.” A tear trails down her cheek.

“Both of us?” A meek voice from her left asks.

“Of course.” Rogue nods firmly after releasing the hug and scruffs the woman’s spikey hair. “You two are simply two halves of the same whole.” She gets a cute giggle as a response warms her heart to hear it again.

“Fascinating.” The fourth voice, accompanied by steps that are nearing the three women says. “So this is how Slipstream looks like.”

“Moira.” Rogue snarls.

“Old hag.” One of the two Linn’s growls.

“Bitch.” The second joins.

Moira looks at the three, “Interesting. So the personalities have split into two in here.” She taps her chin with her finger with a curious look in her eyes.

The one that called her hag, releases a growl and with eyes thinned into slits, brow contorted into a scowl of pure rage she wants to jump her but Rogue stops her. “Easy there, tiger.” She flicks her eyes towards the other Linn, giving her a look of genuine surprise to which she only gets a shoulder shrug in return.

“She dies.” The Linn that Rogue is still holding back with her arm, growls again.

Rogue only smirks, “Don’t worry. That, she does.”

Moira crosses her arms, asking, “And how do you plan to accomplish that, darling?” in such condescending tone that causes Rogue to take a deep breath to calm down before speaking again.

She slowly begins to walk towards Moira. “For one that holds herself in such high regards for her intelligence you are surprisingly dense sometimes.” She chuckles.

“Oh?” Moira responds.

Rogue grins widely before answering, “This isn’t Slipstream, you dumb twat. What this is, is a space similar to it but with one major difference.”

“That being?”

“I,” Rogue stops an arm’s length away from Moira. “Control it.” And raises her arm and snaps her fingers. With that action, Moira is pulled slightly upwards with arms outstretched and legs held together at their ankles by some force.

“Release me!” Moira shouts in defiance, wriggling to attempt to pull free.

“Release you?” Rogue quirks an eyebrow as she looks at her. “Have you completely lost your plot? Didn’t you hear me before?” Rogue grins and swings at her face, Moira’s jaw cracking with a sickening sound. Then grabs her cheeks and squeezes as she snarls from point-blank range with a look of absolute rage in her eyes, “You die here.” She can’t help it but chuckle when she sees fear creeping into Moira’s eyes, the realization of the situation she is in finally sinking in. “But,” Rogue releases her squeeze on Moira’s face and steps away. “I’m not the only one with a grudge here.
So, she now turns away and walks back towards the two Linn’s. Hugging the one that wanted to jump Moira right from the start across her shoulder, “I’ll let them have some fun too.” Rogue barely lifts her arm off Linn’s shoulder, which she took as her cue and dashed at Moira, landing a haymaker that destroyed her target’s nose. She doesn’t stop but throws a punch after punch after punch. Each adding to the bloody mess that Moira’s face is becoming. Rogue turns her head to look at the Linn that stay behind, “Don’t want a piece of that?” and gestures towards Moira with her thumb.

“Nah,” Linn shakes her head. “For as long as she doesn’t live to see another day, I’m good.”

“You know,” Rogue’s expression mellows. “Brigitte can’t wait to see you again. She trusted your big sis with bringing you home today.”

“We miss her too,” Linn responds, smiling gently. “And trust our biiig sis to get us home.” Then a curse from other Linn makes her and Rogue to look in her direction.

“Fucking hag,” The Linn that was giving Moira a fist assisted facelift spits on her face then turns away, “I hope you burn in hell for all eternity.” and starts walking back to Rogue and other Linn.

When Linn does join them, Rogue lifts her arm and makes her pistol appear in it from thin air. “Good,” She aims and fires a single shot right into Moira’s head. “Riddance.” The hole she put there starts to glow blue and starts to widen. The Slipstream like space is tearing Moira’s corpse apart on the atomic level. As if there is a breeze in here, the blue dust-like remains blow away.

“That was…”

“Anticlimactic?” Linn finishes Rogue’s sentence.

“Yeah,” Rogue smiles. “And call me Lena. Rogue is only a call sign now.”

“Alright,” Linn nods, holding the other one in a hug over her shoulders. “Now that that’s done. How do we get out of here?”

“If it works, a simple Blink should do the trick.” Lena shrugs. “You guys wanna go first?”

“Sure.” Both Linn’s nods. “Ready?” The mature one asks, glancing at the other Linn.

“Linn is ready.” She smiles. And while holding hands they close their eyes and Blink ahead in perfect sync.

Rogue only saw the first half of it, “Guess it works then.” Then starts running, “My turn.” But just before she could Blink she needs to swing her head back and slide on her knees to avoid being punched in the face.

“Nice dodge.” A mechanical voice compliments her.

“Who the fuck are you?”
A bit of villain in every hero

Chapter Summary

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Lena pulls her upright. “I guess that in every hero, there’s a bit of a villain in them.”

“Just a bit?” Cyber Rogue chuckles and quirks her eyebrow.

“Cheeky git.” Lena playfully punches her shoulder and they both laugh.

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“Now that’s just rude.” The woman grins with her metallic lips.

Lena pulls out her pistols and aims at the newcomer. But there are a few details that she only now started to notice and are keeping her fingers from pulling the triggers.

“Heh,” the woman, who still hasn’t introduced herself chuckles. “I can practically hear the gears in your head turning.”

“Are you…?” Lena starts but doesn’t finish and shakes her head to get that idea out of it because that would be just insane.

“I hope you don’t mind, but I moved us a bit. That hag’s lab was just too stifling.” The cybernetic woman paces left and right a few steps away from Lena. Showing no intentions to attack.

“Moved us? Where?” Lena asks, following the female cyborg with strangely familiar features with her eyes.

“You’ll find out once you get out.” Cyborg shoots her a wink which changes into a toothy grin in the next moment, “Or not.”

Lena just about had it with her cocky attitude. “Who the fuck are you?!” she growls with an angry scowl.


“As if.” Lena lowers her stance, getting ready to pounce her. Something tells her that if she wants to leave, she needs to defeat her. Whoever she is.

“Haaaa,” Cyborg sighs deeply. “Not this Rogue,” she points at her head with her index finger then switches for her thumb and taps her chest where the heart is. “This Rogue.”

Her gesture makes Lena pause in her attempt to jump her. “What do you mean by that? If you’re not the voice I hear in my head, who…” She knits her brow in thought.

“I can see you are getting there,” Cyber Rogue smiles then leans forward, “but let me give you a
few more hints.” And starts counting on her fingers, “I’m the Rogue that killed Akande. I’m the Rogue that killed the original Moira. And unfortunately, I’m the Rogue that got her ass kicked by Emily. Getting the picture now?”

“You’re…” Lena takes a step back. Brow knitted in thought, eyes darting all over the place before stopping on Cyber Rogue. “You’re me?”

“Ding, ding, ding! We have a winner!” Cyber Rogue shouts, throwing her arms up in triumph. She doesn’t hold it for long but spreads her legs in a stance, deploying an energy blade from the wrist on her right arm while balling her left in a fist. “Get ready.” She offers Lena a moment before charging at her.

Lena tries to manipulate the space like she did with Moira but gets kicked into her stomach hard enough that she gets lifted from her feet and sent flying before crashing into the ground and rolling to a stop. She coughs and wheezes as she tries to get her breath back.

“That won’t work on me.” Cyber Rogue snarls and charges again. This time she swings her blade at Lena.

She first tries to Blink away but then just rolls out of the way when it doesn’t work and just to her feet, still holding her stomach. “What the?”

“Blinking and Recalling won’t work while I’m here either.” Cyber Rogue informs her then charges again.

Lena remembers that she still has her pistols and takes aim but just when she wants to put her sights on Rogue she disappears from sight. “Wher…”

Rogue slid below her sight and sheathed her blade before delivering a big fucking uppercut into Lena’s jaw. “Gotcha!”

It sends Lena flying again and she swears that she saw stars for a moment there before crashing into the ground. “Ugh!” She was just getting back on her feet when Cyber Rogue’s knee fills her field of vision and she barely manages to block it but it still had enough power to send her on her ass again.

“C’mon.” Cyber Rogue groans. “This is all the famous Lena Tracer Oxton has? How are you even alive with only that much skill?” She mocks Lena while taking slow steps towards her. “I bet the monkey did all the work, you only took all the credit because you have a cute face.”

“Don’t,” Lena pushes off the ground and stands up. “call him that.” And looks at Cyber Rogue with an angry scowl.

“U-U-U?!” Cyber Rogue impersonates a monkey, scratching the top of her head with one hand while swinging the other in front.

That ticks Lena off completely and with a furious shout, she charges and unleashes a flurry of punches at Cyber Rogue.

“That’s more like it.” She smiles while blocking every single one of them with ease. “But,” she catches Lena’s fists. “you are still a disappointment.” And pulls Lena towards her then knees her into her stomach. When Lena doubles over, Cyber Rogue grabs her collar and tosses her away. “Even your redheaded bitch hits harder than that.”

Lena spring from the ground as if electricity shocked her and charges again. “I’ll fucking kill
you!!!” She growls and adds kicks to her punches. Her arms and legs nothing more than a blur now.

Still, Cyber Rogue only laughs as she parries and blocks them with ease. Then when she sees the opening, she kicks Lena in the head that sends her to the ground again. “Your kicks are even more pathetic than your punches.” She continues with her insults, brushing invisible dirt off her shoulder. “Maybe you should ask that French *whore* of yours for some tips.”

Lena leaps to her feet again and had every intention to charge in blind fury again when a memory surfacing causes her to pause. *If you calm down and use what you have in that thick skull of yours, you might just stand a chance.* She blinks her eyes and looks at Cyber Rogue. *‘So? Think you can do anything about it as you are right now? You can’t even beat me.’* “Thanks, Em.” She smiles and takes a deep breath. Another voice sounds in her thoughts. *‘Anger is a part of you. But you are its master.’* Wise words of her omnic spiritual teacher tell her. “You’re right, Zenny.” She balls her hand into a fist, a smirk now pulling on her lips and leaps toward Cyber Rogue. She swings at her face but gets blocked. Cyber Rogue responds with her own punch. *‘In a fight, you should flow like water,’* Zenyatta’s words wake in Lena’s mind again and she spins to her right, dodging the punch. But that was a feint on Cyber Rogue’s part and she swings her leg in a kick. *‘Be solid as a rock.’* Lena takes a half a step back and tenses her entire body, putting up her arms in a block. She doesn’t even flinch when Cyber Rogue’s kick lands in her block and Lena smiles when she spots the surprised look in her eyes. *‘Be as swift like the wind.’* She switches to offense and not only speeds up her punches and kicks but precisely aims for any opening that Cyber Rogue presents her. Before long, they start to land true and Lena turns the tables on Cyber Rogue. *‘And as merciless as fire.’* The last part of Zenyatta’s last lesson before they deployed on this mission sounds in her thoughts. And she follows them to the letter and keeps punching and kicking until one of her kicks sends Cyber Rogue rolling on the ground. She slowly walks there, pulls out her pistol and after she kicks Cyber Rogue on her back she aims at her forehead. “Any last words?”

She chuckles then responds, “Yeah. Good job.” And closes her eyes while smiling, arms outstretched, accepting her fate.

A few things click in Lena’s mind and she laughs lightly before holstering her pistol and offering Cyber Rogue a hand to get her back on her feet. “Hey, Rogue.”

“Hm?” She opens her eyes after being called and sees the offered hand. After offering another weary smile, she grabs it.

Lena pulls her upright. “I guess that in every hero, there’s a bit of a villain in them.”

“Just a bit?” Cyber Rogue chuckles and quirks her eyebrow.

“Cheeky git.” Lena playfully punches her shoulder and they both laugh.

Cyber Rogue offers Lena a two-finger salute, “I won’t be far if you ever need me.” and her figure dissolves into a red cloud that envelopes Lena for a moment then disappears.

Lena shakes her head while chuckling then turns around, “I guess it’s about time I got out of here too.” And Blinks out of this timeless space of her own making.
“Have you gone completely loco?! Sombra replies, anger and surprise coloring her tone. “Who’s to say it won’t just start attacking us again when I do?”

“There’s plenty of us here,” Emily replies with a flat tone. “We can tear it apart easily if it does.” Then lowers her head, “And I’ll know that there wasn’t anything I could do for them.”

Emily’s frown of concentration slowly changed into a satisfied smile as she watched the last of Gabriel’s wounds slowly begin to close up. Gabriel frowns as he looks down at his ruined jacket, “Bah, this is going to take me ages to fix.”

Emily frowns at him, “You’re lucky I was able to fix you, how are you feeling?”

“Like dog chow,” he replies sardonically.

Just then they hear a metallic voice shouting from the doorway. “Hey, guys! Over here! I found them!” After shouting Cyber Lena steps into the room, trying but mostly failing to avoid stepping on the gore remains and whining wolves that litter the floor.

After giving the last of Gabe’s wounds a little squeeze which makes him wince from the pain. To which she responds with a grin that tells Gabe everything he needs to know, ‘Be more careful next time.’ and heals it fully, Emily makes her way over to the big wolf and starts carefully looking it over, the wolf at tries to snap its jaw at her, but due to exhaustion and Emily not showing any sign of aggression it calms down and lets her come closer.

“Just put them out of their misery Red. They’re too far gone.” Sombra comments, drawing a growl from the wolf.

“Why? They seem nice enough?” Emily replies as the wolf leans into her palm, seeking comfort.

“Dios Mio… I hope Rogue doesn’t kill me when it decides to eat you.” Sombra sighs as she turns back to Baptiste as he puts the final touches on her wounds.

Emily scoffs at her comment, turning back to the wolf that is even now snuggling into her palm. “Can you understand me?” she asks while scratching the wolf behind the ears. To her surprise, the wolf’s ears perk up, the tongue slips out and it gives her a lopsided doggy grin before nodding. “That’s it. Sombra, can you bring this guy’s cybernetics back online, please?” She looks over her shoulder at Sombra, who looks at her, clearly thinking she’d gone mad.

“Have you gone completely loco?! Sombra replies, anger and surprise coloring her tone. “Who’s to say it won’t just start attacking us again when I do?”
“There’s plenty of us here,” Emily replies with a flat tone. “We can tear it apart easily if it does.” Then lowers her head, “And I’ll know that there wasn’t anything I could do for them.”

Following their conversation, the others form a half-circle around the wolf and train their weapons on it. “Rogue is probably going to have my ass for this. Again. But,” Sombra grumbles, then raises her hand towards the wolf because if she is completely honest, it’s not their fault. It’s that bitch Moira’s fault that they ended up like this. So they deserve one more shot and if Emily is willing to provide it and she can help her with it. ‘To hell with it.’ She’ll deal with Rogue later. And she brings the cybernetics on the big wolf back online.

When it feels that its limbs are functioning again, it jumps to its feet towering over Emily.

“There you go, big fella.” Emily softly talks to it and tries to cup its cheek. But it snarls and bares its fangs at her. Several weapons click as their owners half squeeze the triggers. “Hey!” She shouts and grabs it’s snout with the tips of her fingers, squeezing slightly while giving it a death glare. “I’ll have none of that.” The wolf seems briefly surprised before slowly lowering its head to the ground, tucking its tail between its feet. Probably giving Emily a dose of puppy eyes but the visor it has over its eyes prevents her from seeing them. “That’s better.” Emily now cups its cheek and caresses her way behind the wolf’s ear and on top of its head. As she does that, she notices the wolf turning its ears whenever one of the small one's whimpers so she calls for Sombra again. “Hey, can you do the same for the small ones?”

“Sorry, Red.” Sombra shakes her head. “Already tried but there’s no helping them. They’ll be dead in a minute one way or the other. Their bodies were boosted by stimulants beyond their endurance for this battle alone. They…” Sombra lowers her head. She has seen Talon do this kind of thing before. Even Lena and Ame were just expendable pawns to them. Unique abilities or not, if they didn’t perform, they would be disposed of. She swallows hard before finishing her sentence, “They were expendable.” Hearing that, Widowmaker walks closer to Sombra and wraps her arm around her shoulders.

“You heard that, big fella?” Emily gently cups the big wolf’s head in her hands and continues with a soft tone. “I’m sorry, but I can’t help your little friends.” It responds by folding its ears and nuzzling into Emily’s chest, lowly whining as if crying for its kin. Emily hugs it, “Don’t worry. One of my friends is making sure that the one that did this to you guys is paying for it. With interests.” The wolf pulls away from the hug and tilts its head. Chuckling first, Emily scruffs the fur on top of its head, “If I’m bringing you back with us, you’ll need a name. But,” Emily tilts her body to the side to take a peek between wolf’s hind legs. “A girl. Cool.” She nods and straightens back up. “Hm…” She taps her chin as she tries to come up with a good name for her. “On account of your black fur, I think I’ll call you Shadow. How does it sound to you?” Emily directs her question at the wolf, that first tilts her head then licks Emily’s face. Emily groans as she wipes the slobber off, causing others to laugh. “Yeah. I could do without that as a yes.” Emily then checked Shadow for any obvious wounds but apart from some light scratches that are going to heal on their own without any problems, there were none.

As she is finishing up, the entire Ministry suddenly shakes then goes still a moment later. Shadow protectively steps in front of Emily and gazes into a wall as if she can see the source of that shaking, growling and showing her fangs. “What is it, girl?!” Emily tries to walk next to Shadow’s head, but she won’t allow it. She keeps stepping in front of her. “Hey.” Emily taps her ribs. “That’s probably my friend’s doing. Any chance you could take me there?” Shadow turns her head to look at Emily, tilting her head in a show of clear skepticism. “Pretty please?” Emily now gives Shadow a dose of puppy eyes and gets a roll of the entire head and did Shadow just sighed? Next, Shadow
flicks her head towards her back. “You want me to ride you?” Emily guesses what that gesture could mean. Shadow lies on her belly and wags her tail. “I’ll take that as a yes.” Emily chuckles and climbs on her back. “I’m ready.” Emily lies down and wraps her arms around Shadow’s neck as best as she can, suspecting that she will take off like a bullet. And was not disappointed because Shadow did just that. Once she lifted herself off the floor she exploded into a sprint, using her metal claws to run on walls when she needed to turn around a corner in the hallways. After helping Sombra and Reaper back to their feet, others follow them.

When Shadow reaches a corner that was illuminated with blue light coming from behind it, she slows down and carefully steps closer and pokes her head to peek around it, Emily doing the same above her head. The sight that awaited them makes their jaws drop. What probably was a lab, now looks like a bomb went off in it but the surprising part is that the debris that should fly in all direction is frozen mid-air and the entire thing is surrounded by a round field of blue light. Being prompted by Emily, Shadow walks closer. But when Emily tries to reach out and touch the field, Shadow jumps backward. “You’re right, girl.” Emily scruffs the fur between Shadows ears. “Probably not the best idea to go touching something like that.” She gets a happy yelp as a response. Emily looks back up at the field only to see it collapse in itself and disappear. Debris that was suspended now falls to the ground but something else catches Emily’s and Shadow’s attention. A loud “AUCH!” As Shadow creeps closer to the source, through the dust cloud they see a figure picking climbing to their feet and dusting themselves, “No one mentioned I’d be landing on my face when I came out.” Shadow closes the distance with the figure, causing them to turn around before scrambling backward and letting out a surprised shout. “What the fuck?!?!”

“Lena?” Emily pokes her head above Shadows.

“Em? Is that you?” Linn waves the dust away from her line of sight. “Sorry, but it’s just me. Linn.”

Emily deploys her gun and aims at Linn and Shadow bares her fangs, growling menacingly, “Linn or Moira?”

“Whoa, whoa!” Linn raises her arms in surrender. “It’s me, Linn. We finished off Moira for good.”

“And I should believe you because?” Emily narrows her eyes into thin slits.

Linn scratches her head to think of a way to prove to Emily that it is her. ‘Switch with Linn.’ A voice tells her. ‘Great idea.’ Linn smiled, closed her eyes and took a deep breath. When she opened them, they go wide with adoration and she leaps towards Shadow and wraps her arms around her neck as best as she can, “Biiig puppy!!! Linn loves it.”

Sensing no danger from Linn, Shadow cranes her neck to look at Emily, silently asking what to do with this small woman that is hanging from her neck.

“Hey, Linn.” Emily climbs off Shadow. “You couldn’t switch when Moira was in control?”

“No. She locked us both out.” Linn lifts her head from Shadow’s fur to answer only to bury back in squealing, “Soooo fluffy!!!”

“Okay, okay.” Emily can’t help it but put her weapon away and scruff Linn’s hair. “You can play with Shadow once we get back to base and where is Lena?”

After reluctantly peeling herself off Shadow’s neck, Linn only shrugs and shook her head, “She was right behind Linn and Linn.”
Emily knits her brow in worry but before she can form another question, Cyber Lena comes running. “Hey, Emily! Winston just called. Something showed up on the track outside the Watchpoint and he thinks it might be Lena.”
“Figures I’ll drop into this hell again.” The space around her assaults all her senses with scenes, sounds and feelings from everything at once. Some she recognizes. Some are new. Most she can’t make any sense of. “Really, you bastard? You’re going to show me that too?” She spits when she spots one of the scenes that drastically changed her life.

Chapter Notes

Sorry guys for the massive delay since the last update. Life has been beating me with a sledgehammer. I'll try to make up for it, at least partly until new years. After that, there is probably gonna be another break for a few months. Maybe I'll manage to write so much that it will keep you busy until I start to write actively again.

Hope you like this one.
“Winston, the dropships from Oasis that carry Roguewatch are inbound. ETA 60 minutes.” Athena notifies him.

“Well, let’s try this one more time.” Lena closes her eyes and inhales deeply, then slowly exhales. Concentrating on her anchor to pull her back out here. She feels the all too familiar full-body jolt. But it feels off. She opens her eyes. “Figures I’ll drop into this hell again.” The space around her assaults all her senses with scenes, sounds and feelings from everything at once. Some she recognizes. Some are new. Most she can’t make any sense of. “Really, you bastard? You’re going to show me that too?” She spits when she spots one of the scenes that drastically changed her life.

“Winston! Hurry! The timer is on 2 minutes and it’s dropping fast.” Lena shouts at her friend who is busy with disarming a bomb that is capable of changing the nearby landscape from city blocks to flatlands.

“I’m going as fast as I can. Your shouting doesn’t help one bit.” Winston replies. His fingers a blur as he is trying to find the correct wire, a switch, anything that will stop this thing from going off. “Tell others to evacuate. And you too. Get out of here. I’ll stay and keep trying.”

“That’s not happening and you know it, big guy. I’m…” Lena tries to say that she’s staying right where she is. Next to her best friend. Until the end, if that’s what happens. But Winston must have pulled the wrong wire or something because the timer sped up. Big time. “Balls!!!” She curses and scans the surrounding. She finds what she is looking for. “Sorry, big guy. Have a drink on me.” She nearly whispers, glancing at Winston then grabs the bomb and Blinks down the street.

Surprised of the empty space in front of him suddenly forming, Winston nearly falls over but the sounds that escorted the disappearance of the device clued him in and he snaps his head to where it ended. “LENA!!! NO!!!! DON’T YOU DARE!!!!” He shouts at the top of his lungs, almost roaring.

She looks back at him for a moment, smiles, nods then she is gone. Blinking as hard as she can. As far as she can. “C’mon, Lena! Push it!” She doesn’t stop even when her anchor is starting to inform her that it’s losing its charge and that it will shut down soon. It does with the next Blink. Lena keeps running. “Lena think. THINK! What did Winston say about this thing running out of juice in an emergency?” She knits her brow. “Right!!! That!” She quips when she remembers. “He would be so pissed if he knew I did this.” She shuffles the bomb so she can hold it in one arm then pulls out her pistol and with the strongest swing that she can muster she drives the pistol handle into the anchors protective casing. It cracks but holds. So she does it again. And again. And again. Until the casing finally gives out and breaks open. The consequences of that are immediate. Her hand that is holding the pistol fades out and back in but it’s enough that she dropped her pistol. But it’s also powering up her ability to Blink but the Recall ability is gone. “That’s it, I guess. No going back from this one.” She smiles and restarts her Blinking. She makes it well out of the city limits and into the mountains. Stopping and looking down on the timer she sees that she has only a few short seconds left. “Emily. I will always love you.” She says, hugs the bomb and closes her eyes. A short beep announces the timer running out. And a massive explosion engulfs her and the surrounding mountains.

Genji was hot on her trail but lucky for him, finding her pistol and picking it up, delayed him enough that he was out of the blast radius. “No.” He exhales slowly, sadness coloring his voice as he sees the fireball blooming in the distance. The shockwave roars towards him and he barely has enough time to pull out his sword and jab it into the ground so that he doesn’t get blown off his
feet. When the dust starts to settle and his eyes follow the pillar of smoke, his knees give out. “Lena...” Tears start trickling on to his mask and he needs to remove it to wipe them but they don’t stop.

“Oh, Genji. I’m so hugging you when I come out.” Lena feels bad for her friend as the scene fades away. Another taking its place. “Is that Gabe? But he is not all smokey and scarred. And…” Lena nearly explodes into laughter when she sees the hat he is wearing. “…what’s with the hat?! You look ridiculous, love.”

“How have we not found her yet?! SC Reyes slams his fist into the tactical table in the war room, cracks appearing on its surface. Everyone that was in command of the Slipstream project is in that room with him.

“I don’t know, sir.” Winston exhales, eyes downcast. “We’ve scanned the whole globe but there are no signs of her.”

“And what am I to tell her girlfriend? Oh, I’m sorry miss Emily, but Lena seems to have disappeared into thin air.” Reyes roars at his officers and scientists. His best pilot and a very good friend gone yet again.

“It was a new technology, Commander.” Ana tries to calm things down before the discussion devolves into a shouting match. “No one could have predicted that something like this could happen.”

“And what of it?” Reyes locks her with his gaze that is so full of fury that Ana shrinks in her seat. “Are you telling me to just give up on her?” His eyes scan the others as his voice turns sarcastic again. “That’s it, folks. Ups. We fucked up. Lena is gone. Nothing we can do about it anymore.” For the next sentence, his voice increased in volume again. “Is that what you are trying to tell me?! Because I will tear this rotten world apart to find her if I have to.”

“If I may, sir.” Winston starts in the wake of the commander’s declaration, he pauses when Reyes’ intense glare fixates on him.

“Spit it already.” Reyes sighs and crosses his arms over his chest.

“I can’t promise that it will work or that it’s even what happened to her.” Winston adjusts his glasses before continuing. “But considering what the Matrix is capable of, Lena could have ended in another world. I could try to design and build a device that will detect her wherever she ended up.”

“As it seems that this is the only idea we have how to solve this mess. Do it. I’ll secure the funding.” Reyes softens his expression and nods. “Just...” He rubs his temple and his voice softens even further. “Get my pilot home. Get. Our. Girl. Home.” When he finishes that he spins around and leaves the war room.

“That’s where CL is from, isn’t it?” Lena’s eyes go wide with realization as the scene fades away. “We need to get her home,” is the last thing she says before a big full-body jolt shakes her and everything goes bright blue.
“Okay,” Phoenix wipes her face of slobber then turns back towards the controls. “It’s official. Rogue will kill me.”

“Take a number and get in line.” Sombra jokes over the comes. “There will be a massacre when Rogue finds out about all this stuff.”

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Holy crap! 140 chapters. Sure, they are bite-sized but that was the idea. Instead of lengthy reading, you can read a chapter whenever you have 5 minutes of free time.

Also from this chapter forward I’ll be trying something new-ish in the end-notes. Let me know if you like it.

“Hey, Gabe,” Sombra calls for his attention after she stopped talking to Winston. He turns to look at her and she continues. “That was the monkey. He said something showed up on the track outside the Watchpoint. He believes it’s Rogue.”

Overhearing her, CL springs to action. “I’ll go tell Sentinel.”

But Reaper stops her. “Hold on a second.” Then he turns back to Sombra. “Do we know where they are keeping the Slipstream?”

“Yep.” She nods and brings up the floor map of the facility. “It’s in this hangar.” She points to a large square on the map.

“Lt. Oxton.” Reaper turns to CL. “You go notify Sentinel about Rogue and tell her to meet us at the extraction point then get your plane out of here and get it to London.”


“Forget about it. Just go.” Reaper chuckles and waves her off. After she runs off he stretches his back and shoulder then calls out. “Roguewatch! Gather ‘round.” They form a semi-circle with him at the focal point. “Alright. We’re done here. So pack your stuff and double-time it to the extraction point.” Nodding heads tell him that they all agree so he turns around to do the same and call for transport. “Phoenix, this is Reaper. Do you copy?”

“Loud and clear, sir,” Fio responds.
“We are wrapping things up here. Get the transports to the extraction.”

“On my way. ETA 2 minutes.”

“Copy that. Reaper out.” He finishes the communication. “Alright, Roguewatch. Move out.” He waves his arm and they move as one towards the exit.

As they run through the hallways, Sentinel calls. “Reaper, Sentinel. I’ll be with you guys in 2 minutes.” And angry woof cuts her off but hearing Emily chuckling convinces him that she’s fine. “Alright. Alright. Shadow says in one minute.” Now a happy woof finishes her sentence.

“Roger that, Sentinel. Meet you there.” Reaper responds and keeps running.

“Dios Mio, Gabe. Who lit the fire under your ass?” Sombra jokingly elbows Reaper’s ribs, smirking from ear to ear.

“What?” He has no idea what she means.

“Well, this commanding attitude.” She points at him. “It’s new.”

“I can’t believe I’m saying this,” Widowmaker starts jokingly. “But I agree with Sombra.”

“That hurts, amiga.” Sombra acts getting shot in the chest.

“I was leading Blackwatch.” Reaper replies with a dry tone. “And as the highest-ranking officer on-site, I took command.”

“So, rapida outranks you?” Sombra asks.

“Yes. This is her team. I just help her.” Reaper responds with a nod.

“I hope she comes out of there safely,” Widowmaker adds, concern coloring her tone.

“So do we all.” Reaper and Sombra both nod back.

Behind them the rest follow, running as fast as they can. “I can’t believe I can keep running. All that training we did must be paying off.” Ashe comments as she feels fine even after all the running she did today.

“Commander Reyes did push us to our physical limits. Often beyond. So I’m not surprised our stamina has improved.” Symmetra adds.

“I was always in shape. But I too feel an improvement.” Hanzo joins the conversation.

“CL and her tits would disagree with that, archer boy.” Queen jokes.

“CL’s breasts?” Symm arches an eyebrow. “Is there something I should know?”

“Tell you all about it when we get back to London.” Queen grins.

Behind them, Roadhog, Junkrat, and Bob bring up the rear. “Don’t know what they are talking about. I’m completely fine.” Junkrat jokes as he is sitting on Hog’s shoulder because he still isn’t used to his new prosthetic and would be lagging if he ran on his own.

“You talk too much.” Hog shakes his shoulder to silence him.

“He does talk too much.” Bob agrees with Roadhog.

“Mhm.” Hog nods and they exit the base and enter the streets.

As the team turns a corner towards the extraction point, a large shadow jumping from the rooftops blocks the sun for a few moments. But their fears clear when they see Sentinel’s grinning on top of Shadow that landed next to Reaper. “You should see your faces. Good job, girl.” She ruffles Shadow’s fur, thanking her for her role in this little prank.

“Can’t say who is worse anymore.” Reaper shakes his head. “You or Rogue.”

“I do.” Sombra rubs her nose, recalling Emily nearly breaking it when she was coaxed into trying to jump scare her when they first met. “It’s definitely Rogue.”

“There has to be a story behind that.” Queen chuckles, joined by others.

“There’ll be enough time for that after we get back to London. Keep moving.” Reaper barks, not letting them relax too much.

“Aye, aye.” Sentinel salutes before adding with a chuckle, “Commander.” After Sombra patronizingly taps Reaper’s shoulder after he releases a tired sigh, they all explode into laughter as they run the last few streets towards their pick up. When they arrive at their designated point which is a loading area for a local company, Phoenix is already waiting for them with all the ramps opened.

“Roguewatch transports heading for London are now boarding. I repeat, Roguewatch transports heading for London are now boarding. Store all your weapons into their designated slots, grab a seat and strap in.” Phoenix uses the coms to joke around a bit.

They split towards their transports and starts sitting down. One, however, is having trouble. “Hey, Shadow. What’s wrong?” Sentinel asks her mount when she suddenly froze on the spot and tucked her tail between her legs. Lowly whining, Shadow gestures towards the shipping containers with her head. Figuring out what she is trying to say, Sentinel dismounts and walks in front of her, gently cupping her cheeks. “I’m sorry, sweety. That must have been terrifying for you guys. Being shipping around in those.” She caresses Shadow with her hands and can see her relaxing a bit. “These planes,” she points at the three transports behind her with her thumb, “are nothing like that. Plus, we will all be there. I will be right next to you. Promise.” Shadow looks up towards the transports then back at Sentinel, clearly thinking about it and trying to shake off any doubts. She lifts her big paw and puts it on Sentinel’s shoulder, nodding lightly. “Good girl.” Sentinel pats the paw and after Shadow lowers it back down, they slowly make their way towards the main transport.

“I know I’ve been looking at her all this time,” Queen comments when Shadow walks past her seat, “but this is one big wolf.”

Hearing her and Shadow’s steps, Phoenix leans around her seat to check for herself. Timing it perfectly with Shadow looking up at her with her big head. “WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK!?!?!?!?” She would jump right out of the transport through the front window if she wasn’t strapped in already.

Shoving her way around Shadow’s bulk, Sentinel can’t help it but laugh when she sees her face. Devoid of all colors. “Shadow, say hi to our pilot, Phoenix. Phoenix, this is Shadow.” She
introduces them. Shadow taking the chance to lick Phoenix’s face before checking around herself and lying down.

“Okay,” Phoenix wipes her face of slobber then turns back towards the controls. “It’s official. Rogue will kill me.”

“Take a number and get in line.” Sombra jokes over the comes. “There will be a massacre when Rogue finds out about all this stuff.”

Only wryly smiling, Phoenix closes the ramp and checks on the other pilots. “Reaper, Tracer, this is Phoenix. Handing over the controls to you two.”

“This is Reaper. I have control.” He responds almost immediately.

“Tracer here. Also full control.” She follows his example.

“You must be Linn. I’m Fio.” Phoenix greets her for the first time and starts her engines.

“Hi, Fio.” She greets her back and the engines on hers and Reaper’s transports fire up as well.

“Roguewatch transports, this is CL. Respond.” A fourth voice joins the conversation.

“This is Reaper. Go ahead, Lieutenant.”

“Slipstream recovered. Heading for London’s Watchpoint. Do you guys need cover or can I go on ahead because I’m kind of low on fuel? Those Talon bastards didn’t even have the decency to fill ‘er up.”

“In that case go on ahead. We’ll be fine.” Reaper responds.

“Roger that. See you guys there. CL out.” She ends the conversation and soon they hear and see her fly over them.

“Phoenix, Tracer, let’s get out of here. Had enough of this place.” Reaper tells the other two pilots.

“Roger that, sir.” They both respond and the transports lift-off and start their flight towards London.

Chapter End Notes

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Sentinel: "Shadow is the cutest thing ever!"

Sombra: "Yeah. Not sure I would call a big fucking wolf that can bite me in half cute."

Sentinel: "How can you call this face anything but cute?"

Shadow: "whines lowly as she gives Sombra a dose of puppy eyes"

Phoenix: "Apart from scaring the crap out of me, she is not bad."

Sombra: "Not you too."
Tracer: "I like her." switches personalities "Soooo fluffy!!!
“I’m always careful. Aren’t I?” Lena muses.

“I won’t even dignify that with a proper response.” Angela shoots her a wink and her scanner beeps that it’s done. “All green. For now. But I want to do a more thorough check in my office when things calm down. Okay?”

Back in London, Winston was busy with checking that all the equipment he set up to monitor the anomaly is working properly while Fareeha was helping Angela with her medical equipment. “Winston. I’m detecting increasing fluctuations of energy from within the anomaly.”

He jumps towards the main monitor where the graphs displayed. “Yes, I can see them. Record everything you can. We might need the data.”

“Recorded everything from the start,” Athena responds, almost sounding proud. “Warning! The fluctuations are accelerating and increasing in power.”

“What?” Winston looks from the monitor and can see that the perfect sphere appears to be boiling, bubbles forming and disappearing rapidly. As if someone was punching it from the inside. “Doctor Zeigler. Mrs. Amari. Get over here.” They grab what they can carry and run closer.

“Current readings match readings from Lt. Oxton’s original Slipstream accident, a chronal explosion may be imminent!” Athena warns them with a worried tone.

“Athena, deploy the shield!” Winston roars and puts his arms around Angela and Fareeha to use his bulk as extra protection.

“Shield deployed. Error: Insufficient data, the shield may not be able to repel the blast.” Athena confirms the deployment and a version of Winston’s shield domes over the trio. They squeeze together as much as they can, preparing themselves for the blast as the anomaly begins rapidly swelling in size, kicking up a cloud of dust until suddenly all movement ceases, and the anomaly grows quiet before bursting, the energy seemingly dissipating into thin air.

“Huh?” Winston lifts his head and turns to look. Angela and Fareeha follow but still only poke their heads from behind him.

They hear the sound of something hitting the dirt, accompanied by a pained grunt from within the dust cloud, then moments later a voice. “FUCKING BOLLOCKS, WHY THE COCKING FUCKSHIT DO I ALWAYS LAND ON MY FACE EVERY SINGLE FUCKING TIME I COME OUT OF THIS PILLOCKING SHAIT?!!”
“Lena?” Winston takes a moment to make sure it’s her before leaping towards her. “LENA!” And picking her up in a hug. “Lena. You’re back.” with watery eyes and a big smile.

“I always come back. Don’t I?” Lena returns the hug then Winston lowers her to the ground when Angela and Fareeha approach.

“Yes, you do.” He nods, giving way for the resident doctor to check on Lena.

“You had us worried there for a moment, Lena.” Angela gently scolds her, running her scanner up and down, checking her vitals. “You should be more careful.”

“I’m always careful. Aren’t I?” Lena muses.

“I won’t even dignify that with a proper response.” Angela shoots her a wink and her scanner beeps that it’s done. “All green. For now. But I want to do a more thorough check in my office when things calm down. Okay?”

“N…on’t…el…Something…own.

Hey! Rogue. What’s going on? Talk to me!

N…erfering…ith…nsors…an’t…eeep…p.” “Rogue. I can’t see on my right eye.”

The light in Lena’s right eye starts to blink rapidly and even her anchor’s light changes color from blue to red in rapid succession.

Noticing it first, “Hey, guys. Is that supposed to blink like that?” Fareeha points at the anchor. But before Winston or Angela can react, Lena collapses on the ground as if someone cut her strings. The anchor’s light stops changing color and stays blue but it’s dimmer than before.

When Lena gets her sight back she is somewhere else. A dark room perhaps? A woman’s voice that plucks on a string in her heart in a very special way calls out from behind her. “Come on, sweety. Playtime is over. Time to go home.” Lena spins on her heels and sees a scene of children’s playground but all the figures are blurred out. One child, in particular, draws her attention, they seem to be carrying a model plane that seems very familiar. They seem to be the one called out because they stop and Lena’s eyes go wide when they respond. “Please, mom. Five more minutes.” It’s her voice.

“Mom?!” Lena wants to run there but hits an invisible wall. “What the fuck?!"

“Sorry. But you can’t go there.” Another voice from her right speaks.

“And why not?!” Lena snaps as she turns to face the speaker, but she freezes once she spots them. It looked like her, but only half her face was recognizable, looking fairly normal, her other half seemed to be made of drifting clouds that vaguely adhered to a human shape.

“Because these are my memories. Not yours.” The figure puts her misty palm on the invisible wall as it looks there before turning back at Lena. “And you named me Rogue.”

Chapter End Notes
Rogue: "So we come out and we drop the next minute?"

Lena: "And whose fault was it?"

Rogue: "Well..."

Fareeha: "And then you wonder why Angela is always mad at you."


Fareeha: "So it wasn't you that made the anomaly in the first place?"

Lena: "...

Angela: "Lena..."

Lena: "I know. I know. I need to be more careful."

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Chapter Summary

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Angela nods, understanding what Rogue is saying, she turns to leave but stops before asking. “What do I tell her team?”

“Tell them that Lena is fine. And if possible they should wait until the process is done before seeing her again. I believe they will be pleasantly surprised by the results.”

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Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Lena!” Angela leaps towards her and immediately checks her vitals. “She has a pulse and her breathing is steady.” And turns to Winston, “Help me take her to the medbay.”

But just as Winston was about to pick her up, Lena’s mouth moves but the voice that comes out is too synthetic to be hers. “Reconfiguration in progress. Doctor Ziegler, please administer more nanites to expedite the process.”

Winston and Angela recoil as if Lena is a live wire. “Who are you?!” Winston grabs his cannon and points at Lena, fearing the worst. Angela follows suit with pulling her pistol from her hip holster.

“There is no need for fear, I have no intentions of harming Lena,” Rogue responded. “She named me Rogue and I only wish to assist her.”

Angela remembers something they saw as they were watching the feed from Oasis and lowers her gun. She takes careful steps towards Lena, gesturing towards Winston and Fareeha that it’s okay. “Were you the one that healed her when that omnic smashed her into the wall?”

“Affirmative. We copied your nanites when you were healing her during training for this mission.” Rogue confirms her guess.

Angela hums understanding what is being said before asking. “What do you mean by reconfiguration?” And takes Lena’s hand into hers.

“I have gathered enough data to upgrade Lena’s cybernetics. I have enough to complete the process, but an outside injection of nanites would greatly expedite the procedure and recovery time.” Rogue answers.

“Can we move Lena before that?” Angela waves Winston and Fareeha closer.

“Yes. She can safely be moved to the medbay.” Rogue answers and Winston carefully picked up Lena before moving to the medbay, taking great care to keep her steady. Angela and Fareeha flanking him.
“Watchpoint London, Watchpoint London. This is CL with Slipstream. Respond.” CL attempts to establish the connection, coming close enough to make her final approach.

“Lt. Ox…. his is Str… eyes. Ple… pond.” She hears a familiar voice on her radio. But the static is so bad that she barely makes anything from it.

“Strike Commander?!?” Her eyes go wide. “This is Lt. Oxton! Please repeat. You are breaking up.”

“…orking on… etting you home. ….tay strong.” A response comes.

“Say again. I repeat. Say again!” CL shouts into her microphone. But the line is gone. “Fuck.” She slams her fist on her thigh, instantly regretting it. “Auch! You have to be kidding me right now. That sensitive? Why didn’t I feel archer boy slamming his face into my tits then?”

“Combat mode.” "Wot?" "As I said. Combat mode. Most of the outer sensors get dulled down so you don’t feel every scratch. Upon leaving the active combat area they are turned back on. Enabling you to enjoy at least some level of normality.” CL sighs then redirected her focus to flying once more, checking the gauges she notices something new has lit up on her console. “I don’t remember that one blinking before.” She knits her brow. “Maybe Winston will know.”

Then as if the last few minutes didn’t even happen, Athena responds. “Slipstream, this is Athena. I have you on the radar. Scans indicate your Slipstream has VTOL capabilities, you are cleared for landing on landing pad 4. Sending approach vectors now.”

“Roger that. VTOL landing it is. Making my approach now. Thank you, Athena.” CL checks the received vectors and adjusts her flight path. “Wheels down in 2 minutes.”

“You’re welcome. Welcome home, agent.” Athena responds automatically but then remembers. “Oh. I apologize.”

“It’s alright, love.” CL giggles. “Even if temporary, this is my home now. One more thing. Did Rogue reappear yet?”

“She did.” Athena chirps with a happy tone at first. “But there were complications.”

“Anything serious?”

“Her vitals are stable but she lost consciousness soon after she reappeared and is yet to awake. Mercy is taking care of her. May I inquire about the status of Roguewatch?”

“Then she will be just fine. They were taking off when I went ahead so they shouldn’t be far behind. Apart from some cuts and bruises, everyone is okay. Making my final approach now. Slipstream out.” CL ends the connection. ‘Do you think that Rogue is having problems after being exposed to that space?’ ‘Anything is possible. But if anything, Lena proved that she can bounce back from virtually anything now.’ ‘Agreed. And about how we heard Strike Commander over the radio just now?’ ‘Your guess is as good as mine. I’m hoping Winston can shed some light on it. Plus, this weird light that started blinking in here.’ ‘I have a theory about this whole thing but I don’t want to get your hopes up so we better wait for the smart monkey to explain it.’ ‘Scientist.’ ‘Whatever.’

Winston sat by Lena’s side in the med bay, watching Angela hook up her monitoring devices when
Athena pipes up over the speakers. “Winston, Agent CL is on final approach with her Slipstream.”

“Thank you, Athena.” Winston thanks her. “And the rest of Roguewatch?”

“I inquired about them and she says that they shouldn’t be far behind. All accounted for.”

“Do they need medical attention?” Angela, despite having her hands full with Lena, can’t help herself but ask.

“According to the information I got, just some minor cuts and bruises. I’m assuming Agent Sentinel healed anything larger on the spot.”

“Emily?!” Winston’s eyes go wide. “But she was supposed to be in her room.”

“Ups. I’ve said too much. Athena out.”

“If she is okay, there’s nothing to worry about.” Fareeha chuckles at Winston frowning.

“This base might go up in smoke when she,” he points at Lena. “Wakes up and finds out about it.” They share a chuckle as Angela finishes up her preparations.

Noticing how Winston’s eyes were wandering between the doors and Lena, “Go. I’ll take care of Lena.”

With a nod, he turns and starts walking towards the doors but when he reaches them he looks back. “If there are any changes, tell me right away.”

“Of course, Winston.” Angela gives him a soft smile.

The doors just hissed closed behind him when Rogue speaks again. “Dr. Zeigler. I’m ready for the nanites.”

“Beginning application of nanites,” Angela says and turns on her staff’s healing beam, connecting it to Lena.

“Nanite stream detected, estimating new time for completion: Two to four hours.” Rogue lets her know and a golden glow envelopes Lena’s body.

“Wow.” Fareeha exhales. “This surprised me the first time and it looks amazing now too.”

A series of beeps from the staff immediately draws Angela’s attention. “What?! Empty?” She looks up at Fareeha who is looking at her with a raised eyebrow. “There were enough nanites in the battery to last for multiple missions, and she drained them all in less than three minutes!”

“I apologize, Dr. Zeigler.” Rogue apologizes before explaining. “I did not wish for you to be stuck here holding the staff for hours, so I accelerated the flow of nanites.”

“It’s alright.” Angela smiles gently. “I was simply surprised. Do you need more?”

“No. This amount is sufficient. I’ll wake Lena when the process is finished or notify Athena if there are any complications that I don’t foresee.”

Angela nods, understanding what Rogue is saying, she turns to leave but stops before asking. “What do I tell her team?”

“Tell them that Lena is fine. And if possible they should wait until the process is done before
seeing her again. I believe they will be pleasantly surprised by the results.”

“Now you have me all curious too.” Angela puts her palm on Lena’s forehead and feels a pleasant warmth that the golden glow emits. Rogue only smiles gently in response. “I see.” Angela nods, and turns to leave “We will leave you to it, then.” She joins Fareeha at the door and they both go to meet the returning team.

Chapter End Notes

Lena: "So what exactly are you doing to me?"
Rogue: "Like the rest, you will see when I'm done."
CL: "For as long as you don't end up like me, you are golden."
Lena: "You don't look that bad."
CL: "Full Metal Tracer. I looked better."
SC Reyes: "You are both fine soldiers."
CL: "Strike Commander?!"
SC Reyes: "..."
CL: "Now he goes quiet."
Lena: "We'll get you home, love."
Welcome home, Roguewatch

Chapter Summary

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“Awww.” Genji and Jesse think that it’s a good idea to tease her. “Poor Brigitte’s worried that her girlfriend will bust another plane.”

“That’s it.” Brigitte snaps and turns around and wants to head back inside. “I’m getting my mace.”

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Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Angela and Fareeha reach the hangar, they see that the rest of Overwatch had already arrived and were waiting by the open hangar doors, eyes trained on the sky.

Jesse lights up a cigar. “Hey, Genji.”

“Mmm?” The ninja hums, playing with one of his shurikens by tossing it into the air and then catching it as it comes back down.

Pulling on his cigar and exhaling, Jesse looks at him. “You ever get that feeling of déjà vu?”

Genji lets out a chuckle, thinking back on Lena’s emergency landing in Gibraltar. “Don’t jinx it. Linn is piloting one of the transports.”

“Like Reyes or Fio can’t botch a landing,” Jesse comments Genji only mentioning Linn.

“They are smart enough to never even attempt a stunt like that.” Genji laughs.

“Can you two morons cut it out?” Brigitte snaps. “You are making me all worried.”

“Awww.” Genji and Jesse think that it’s a good idea to tease her. “Poor Brigitte’s worried that her girlfriend will bust another plane.”

“That’s it.” Brigitte snaps and turns around and wants to head back inside. “I’m getting my mace.”

But Reinhardt puts his hand on her shoulder and stops her and looks at Genji and Jesse. “Do you two wish for a repeat of the last time you teased her until she snapped?”

That memory of Brigitte beating them up until they were covered in bruises still vivid in their minds, they both shake their heads before lowering them. “I’m sorry, darlin’.” Jesse, tipping the front of his hat, is the first to apologize. Followed by Genji. “I too, apologize. I was over the line.”

Brigitte can see that they mean it, so she nods. “Apology accepted. If,” then a grin stretches her lips. “You can arrange for Linn and me to have a romantic date tonight.”
“I can cook something edible.” Jesse shrugs.

But Genji is not lucky enough to possess a skill that could come in handy in this case. “I… Um…” He rattles his brain for anything that can save his ass. “Would arranging the lighting and getting some music do?”

Smiling at him panicking like that, Brigitte lets him off the hook with a wink. “Better be good.”

“For you, madame,” Genji bows. “Only the best.” His antics causing a round of laughter before they refocus on the sky, hearing the hum of jet engines on approach.

Three dots appear in the distance, growing larger and larger by the second as they approached, they’re soon recognizable as the transports carrying the rest of Roguewatch. One by one they drop towards the base, turning around in mid-air to allow their ramps to open towards the hangar doors. By the time the first ramp hits the ground and the people within start making their way outside, another transport lands smoothly nearby, followed shortly by the third and last. The pilots being the last to disembark once their after-flight checks completed.

“Hey, Roadie. That was the bomb. I got to blow up so many bots!” Jamison exclaims loudly, grinning from ear to ear.

“Yeah. We heard that. For the tenth time.” Mako rolls his eyes, speeding up his step.

“Hey, Amelie, darlin’,” Elizabeth calls out for her when she sees her walking down the ramp of the other transport.

“Yes?” She walks closer to her when they reach the tarmac.

“You’re quite a shot. Mind giving me a lesson or two?” Elizabeth asks, chuckling at the surprised look Amelie gives her.

“I, uh.” Amelie is caught off guard by the compliment but takes a moment to collect her thoughts. “I don’t see why not. We are part of the same team now.”

“And why don’t you ask me for that?” Jesse walked closer when he spotted Elizabeth coming off and wrapped his arm around her waist. The side look he got from her as a response, told Amelie everything she needed to know and she couldn’t help it but laugh.

Theirs and everyone else’s attention is then drawn to the middle transport where Shadow yawned, showing her impressive collection of teeth as she walked next to Emily down the ramp. Roguewatch, who had all seen her before were just smiling at the reaction of the Overwatch members, who had all frozen in fear or shock at the sight of her All but one. His heavy footfalls echoed in the large hangar bay as Reinhardt made his way towards Shadow, making sure to move slowly and predictably as to not startle her, pausing a few meters away, his eyes flicking between Emily and Shadow as if asking permission to approach further, upon receiving Emily’s nod, he comes closer, carefully extending an arm to let Shadow smell him.

She looks at Emily next to her. “He is saying hello. Go on. Say hi back.” Emily smiles and gestures towards Reinhardt with her arm. Tilting her head, as if thinking about it for a moment. Shadow’s tail then starts to wag hundreds of miles per hour and she lifts her front paws on Rein’s shoulders, licking his face with glee.

Rein’s laughter thunders as he pets Shadow on her cheeks and scruffs the top of her head. “You’re such a big girl.” And his relaxed attitude helps the rest of Overwatch to breathe easier.
“That’s one big beastie,” Jesse comments as he and Elizabeth follow others and walk closer to the big wolf, forming a semicircle around her, Rein and Emily.

Emily lets her gaze wander around the place, looking for a specific person, her brow creasing in worry when she doesn’t spot her fiancé. Figuring he is the best one to asks, she turns to Winston. “Hey, Winston.” Shadow notices that Emily’s on the move, she drops her paws back to the ground and moves to follow, but upon spotting the gorilla, her protective instincts kick in and she dashes in front of Emily, lowering her posture and growling threateningly at Winston while baring her fangs. The surrounding members of Roguewatch and Overwatch alike all take a step back at the sound, the ones with weapons at hand getting ready to intervene. “Hey.” Emily flips the wolf over, using Shadow’s own weight to her advantage, then places a gloved hand on her throat to make her submit. Whimpering in defeat, Shadow looks up at Emily, flattening her ears to her head. “None of that, he’s a friend.” The wolf looks at Winston, then back at Emily and woofs once. “Yes he’s a friend, and I told you, no biting friends. This is Winston.” Emily then gets off of Shadow who slowly rises to her feet, and nudges her cheek with her snout, prompting a giggle and some scratches from Emily and a sigh of relief from the gathered agents as they put their weapons away.

“May I approach?” Winston plays it safe and doesn’t move a muscle until getting permission from Emily.

“Will you behave now?” Emily looks Shadow straight into her visor and she wags her tail. “Come, Winston.” He walks closer and sits down, giving Shadow time to adjust to his presence. She walks closer, circles around him, sniffing as she goes before returning to his front and sitting down too, tail still wagging. She offers Winston her paw. He slowly wraps his hand around it and lightly shakes it. “Hello. I’m Winston. You must be Shadow.” She barks happily in response, puts her paw back on the ground as soon as Winston lets go, then lets her tongue loll out in a doggy grin.. Smiling, Emily steps forward while idly reaching up to scratch Shadow behind the ears. “I don’t see Lena anywhere. Didn’t she reappear already?”

When Winston only lowers his eyes, Angela comes to his rescue. “Lena collapsed soon after she reappeared. She is in the medbay.” Seeing Emily’s worried look, Angela continues. “Apart from being unconscious, she is fine. And we were told to not disturb her until the process is done.”

“You were told? Until the process is done? What are you talking about?” Emily fires a question after question. “No. No. No. I need to see it for myself.” Emily decides and nearly deploys her flight struts then remembers she has faster means of transport. And with a running start, she mounts Shadow when she rose on all four. “Girl.” She taps the top of Shadow’s head. “Medbay. Go!” Shadow raises her head and pulls a lungful of air in through her nose, connecting the word medbay with the smell of antiseptic. Then using Winston as a jump board, careful not to scratch him with her claws, she leaps into the hangar and bolts inside the base. Shadow’s tail disappearing behind the doors that lead deeper inside is the only thing he sees when he turns to look after them.

Chapter End Notes

Brigitte: "And that's the end of that discussion."
Jesse: "What discussion? You just beat the crap out of us."
Genji: "I require healing."
Brigitte: "I think we all agree that it was long overdue."
Angela: "Here. A bandaid for each of you."

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