Let It Happen
by KiraKuin

Summary

A sudden flash of blue light and suddenly . . . you're no longer home. Having to come to terms with no longer being in your own decade, you search for answers as to why you were chosen as a time traveling experiment, and how to control these newfound powers and brimming emotions for an old soldier.

Notes

Very happy to be on AO3!! I have this original story on Quotev, and will be updating probably about two chapters a day on here to catch up! I wanted to post smut chapters, so I decided here would be my best bet. I have up to ten/eleven chapters completed on Quotev so it'll take a few days to play catch up~

Each chapter is inspired by a song, and the story itself was inspired by "Let It Happen" by Tame Impala. The first chapter, however, was taken from a lyric from the story title's song. Please enjoy!
Everything was spinning. You blinked hard, squeezing your eyes and opening your mouth in shock and, what you think might be, pain. You shook your head. Car horns screaming, people murmuring, everything muffled. Your vision started coming to. Objects appearing to be cars flew above and around you, and there was a ring of people surrounding you. They all wore such strange clothes that were interesting and futuristic for the most part. Some appeared to wear metal masks with matching metal clothing. Your eyebrows furrowed together, blinking again to try to take in that they weren’t masks, and those weren’t clothes.

A few people ran up to you, their voices muffled. They looked worried and concerned. You looked up at them with confused eyes as one woman pulled out something from her pocket and brought it to her ear. Their voices were going in and out.

“Miss, are you oka—”

“—she just appeared out of nowhere, it was a blue light bursting and she just—“

“—you hurt?”

“—did you come fro—“

“—a blue light and she just appeared! We need an ambula—”

Your mind and senses were catching up, and things were falling into place. Your eyes finally understood that those metal masked people were not people. You realized that you weren’t waking up from a roofie or long night of drinking. Cars were flying, and their horns were just so loud. You squeezed your eyes shut from the sounds and opened them back up in bewilderment. Your mind went a mile a minute as you struggled to stand, voices finally registering and clearing.

“Ma’am, are you okay?” A young man begged, helping you up as another did the same. A woman clicked this strange glass screen that she had called someone on, and you surmised that it was a phone.

“Miss, I called the police and an ambulance and they’re on their way. Are you okay?” She looked at you and stared into your both terrified and empty eyes. You shuffled around slightly, the men letting you go knowing that you can walk.

You looked around.

Your heart began to race.

Your body breaking out in a chilling cold sweat.

Where the fuck were you?

You turned back to them, mouth agape, struggling to find words that could properly express the fear and confusion that was starting to beset on you in this moment. This feeling was worse than when you were caught cheating in school, your parents finding out about that one horrendous thing you’ve done out of the many; this deep-setting fear was so real and blew everything you have ever felt out of comparison.

“Where am I.” Your question was more of a statement to the three people. They stared at you
“Where the fuck am I?” You started to yell, feeling your body tremble, feeling your voice lose control as you realized you had none.

Everyone had flinched, taking a step back. They all teetered uneasily, and you very much felt the same. You looked frantically around at all of the people as they whispered, worried.

“Miss, you’re going to have to calm—“

“I am not going to calm down because I don’t know where the fuck I am!” You were yelling, spit flying, fury flaring.

You ran your hands over your head, eyes wild like a trapped animal. You looked around and realized you weren’t breathing, and that you had to get out as fast as possible. You heard sirens and realized that you needed to get away as fast as possible. You broke out in a sprint towards the crowd and they hollered, scared you were crazed and attacking. They parted like the red sea, making way for you to get through as you ran down the nearest alley, never stopping.

They were going to tell the police where you went, so you decided to hop fences and slink as far throughout this bizarre city as you could. You ran through the first narrow alley, seeing a tall chain link fence and climbed it efficiently, though your landing was poor and jarring yourself slightly. Keeping up with the idea that police were coming after you and you didn’t know what was going to happen, you kept running.

You made it onto a smaller street, people walking past you and giving you strange looks which was probably due to your disheveled appearance. You looked both ways down the street to make sure no flying cars were coming your way and you quickly jogged across and to another alley.

You picked up the pace again, seeing a wooden fence. You stopped and looked around for a trash can and easily found one, dragging it to the fence so you could clamber over the fence and continue on your merry way.

This continued for about ten minutes, until you thought you were safe and free, finding a small staircase in an alleyway and hiding underneath it next to a dumpster. It had been the home for a homeless person for a while, seeing a stained sleeping bag still there. They probably had to relocate rather quickly. You slipped down onto the bag on your side, catching your breath.

You brought your legs to your chest, resting your forehead on your knees, gripping your hair, and crying.

Where were you?

What was going on?

How did you get there?

Questions jabbed at you, giving you a headache. You lied underneath the rusty metal staircase, next to a sour-smelling dumpster in a damp alleyway that was shadowed. It was still daytime, but the sun would be setting soon. You sniffed heavily, your chest bouncing from the sobs that had wracked your already trembling body. You closed your heavy lids, and even though you were fearful to sleep, you had no other choice.
You woke up as the sun licked at your skin. You groaned, turning over. Who opened the curtains? Was it your cat again? Your cute little Tuxedo Cat, Cherry Pie. You smiled at the thought of your sweet, fat, little cat. She always sat at the foot of your bed at night, but when it was becoming daytime she would sleep up above your head on your pillow. Cherry didn’t meow much, but would pat her soft little paw on your face until you woke up to feed her. Where was she right now? What was she doing? You hoped she was eating her hard foot and not begging for wet food, and you realized how considerate she was! She knew you needed sleep. Wow. What an amazing cat you have!

Did she throw up though? It was smelling a little . . . sour?

A little tangy.

Actually.

It was really tangy.

Your eyes opened and you saw yourself staring at a brick wall. Your heart burst into a quick race and you gasped, jolting upwards and looking around, realizing you weren’t in your bed. The curtains weren’t open, because it was the sun rising over the buildings and waking you up from your first homeless slumber.

You looked around and realized you were alone, and you didn’t know if that was a good thing or a bad thing right now. You crawled out from underneath your hovel, looking both ways to see if people were looking for you.

You stood up, yawning for what felt like five minutes as your joints popped and cracked in various places. After getting out of your real bed, you would look at yourself in your floor length mirror, admiring how interesting your bedhead would be for the day; instead, you looked down at your clothes. You wore ripped jeans, black Doc Martens, and a wrinkled Smiths shirt. You didn’t even listen to the Smiths, you just thought the shirt was cool.

As you walked out onto the bustling sidewalk, you were hoping you didn’t stand out too much. Upon looking at other people, their clothes really weren’t all that eclectic. You shook your head slightly, a proud smile tugging at the sides of your mouth. Maybe you could make it homeless. Was there a center nearby at all for the homeless? You could really use a meal. You choked back a gasp, but still jumped, upon seeing a group of robots pass by. Your eyes wide as you stared at them. Their bodies were silver and so shiny with beady blue LED’s for eyes. You wondered if people were just cosplaying robots to be cool, like it was a fad now. You had turned your head to continue watching them walk, but noticed more were walking by. Your eyes were dinner plates. What the hell was going on? Where were you that had a population of robots? Cherry Pie was getting hungry.

You were desperate to get home, but at the same time, terrified to ask somebody. What if they don’t answer seriously, or answer at all? What if they judge you and think you’re crazy, or turn you into the police? You have never experienced social anxiety to this level before.

You continued to walk down the sidewalk, taking in the images around you; flying cars, robots, and sometimes bizarre clothing trends. You looked at the windows you passed by. You saw jewelry stores, clothing stores, office buildings, and finally, your reflection. You realized how absolutely horrific you looked. Mascara and eyeliner smudged under your eyes with heavy circles. Your skin was washed out, and no one could begin to describe how ghostly you appeared.

“Excuse me, miss?” You heard a deep voice, not knowing if it was for you or not. Either way, you
were not in the mood for human interaction, so you continued your walk.

“Miss?” The voice persisted, but you refused to acknowledge it was to you. There was a momentary period of silence before he spoke again. “Ma’am?” His tone became a bit more stern. You peered into the window coming up and saw your reflection, noticing a group of four suited men following you. You felt your skin prickle and crawl, your fingers twitching as the cold feeling swept over you. Your breathing hitched as your pace picked up slightly.

You were suddenly stopped because of a stopped crowd, and you realized you were at a stop light. You weaved in between people and robots to the front, standing at the street. You bounced on your feet as “Miss” kept ringing out to you. You shook your hands. You stood at the edge of the sidewalk as if it were a cliff. You stared at the asphalted street, seeing it as a deep chasm. You teetered forward, knowing now that you would rather jump than to be pushed. With that knowledge in tow, you burst into a full sprint.

“Hey! Stop!” The suited men yelled as they pushed through the shocked and confused crowd. Car horns blared as you furthered into the street. Vehicles slammed on breaks, trying their hardest to avoid hitting you. Adrenaline surged through your blood like it was a drug. A car stopped immediately before you, causing you to roll over the hood and land heavily with a yelp on the other side, continuing your frontier until you made it to the opposite side of the street.

You weaved through the crowd on the opposing sidewalk, running down at full speed. You don’t think you’ve ever ran this fast before in your life. You glanced over your shoulder to see the men pushing through the people. You Tokyo drifted into an alley, gasping for breath. Cramps exploding in your body as you let out a drawled groan. You ran down the alley and hopped the fence as quickly as possible, panting heavily, sweat already flowing. You heard them running after you. Your feet pounded the pavement, your heartbeat screaming in your ears, deafening. Your pants were loud and heavy, raspy even.

Why were you even running? Was it because you were wary of the suited men and saw too many movies? Maybe it was because if they were not suits, then they would’ve stopped persisting when you hadn’t had answered to their Miss’s and Ma’am’s from earlier. Maybe it was because of the lack of police coming after you, and ambulance. Those sirens from yesterday must have been for something or somebody else. No. No, this was much deeper if suited men with the government were chasing a young woman. A young woman who appeared out of nowhere, and apparently burst in through a flash of blue light. This was much deeper than the basic police, and you were head deep in it.

You yelled as you slipped in a slimy puddle you didn’t realize would do that. Your body came into hard contact with the asphalt, slamming on your ribs and arm.

“Fuck!” You growled, struggling to get up. Your body shook from pain and fear. Weren’t Doc Martens supposed to be better at this? You looked over your shoulder and they were closing in on you, and fast. You jumped up and tried running, but was instantly body slammed onto the ground. The impact was heavy and extremely painful, making you yell in pain.

Your body was moving quickly and shakily, trying to wiggle out of a grip one of the men had you in. He jerked you up off of the ground, holding your arms easily behind your back with a death grip. Legs flailed and kicked into the air with you yelling at them to let you go, but they didn’t say a word. They wouldn’t say anything. The last thing you knew to do was to scream as tears brimmed the edge.

You were too jaded to make note of what was happening as your screams kept you preoccupied, eyes shut tight, tears spilling at the corners. There were gunshots, grunts, growls, bodies slamming
onto the pavement, but also giggling? You felt the grip around your arms disappear quickly. You whipped your head around and the first thing you saw was a bright, red light.

A man, seemingly twice the size of the suited man that once had your grip, took the back of his massive rifle and knock out the suit. Your breath was immediately cut short at your throat as you struggled for air like a fish out of water. You fell backwards, pushing yourself against the wall next to a dumpster. The man was too preoccupied with the other suits. His hair was white and receding with deep creases on his forehead from angry brows, a scar sharply darting from the side of his head and through the front of his right brow. He wore a red, white, and blue jacket with black pants, and god damn was he tall. He emitted this aura of intimidation, dominance, and every intent of winning.

Air made its way into your lungs as you gasped loudly, breathing heavily. A blue light had dashed past him and stopped in front of you, making you realize it had manifested itself into a human. You yelled, backing up farther into the corner between the dumpster and wall. She had orange tights and a brown jacket. There was this bizarre contraption on her jacket that was silver with a blue circular light, much like the blue light she had come from. You looked up at her. She was a brunette with spiked hair and goggles, her expression was soft, and sweet, as if she were dealing with a toddler.

“Oh, love, don’t worry. It’s alright!” She reassured, kneeling down to you. Her voice was higher pitched, but so sweet like candy.

She placed her guns down besides her, showing you that she was unarming herself. She made herself vulnerable just so you could feel safe. Your eyes were wide, begging for help, for an answer. You also didn’t know if you could trust her, or the man that looked like Cyclops from X-Men. What made them different than the suits? What reassurance did you have knowing that they weren’t just another organization trying to get to you, the girl that came from a blue light? She held out her hand to you.

“Cheers, love. The calvary’s here!”
Chapter Summary

This Too Shall Pass

Chapter was inspired by "This Too Shall Pass" by Danny Schmidt. This is the last chapter I will updating with for the day and will continue on updating tomorrow! I know I have the next nine written and done, but feedback is always appreciated~

Your body shook in shock and fear. You sat in a strange room on a cot with a beautiful blonde woman messing with strange looking tools. The room was spacious, filled with multiple cots with metal walls and reflective floors. It was brightly lit by both fluorescent lighting and the massive window behind you with a sun slowly lowering in the sky. The woman turned around with a small flashlight, walking up to you. Her heels clicked on the tile floors.

“I trust Soldier: 76 and Tracer took good care of you?” She had a sweet smile and a silky voice. She held open your eye, flashing the light to look for anything.

So that’s who they were.

“They saved me.” You spoke in a rough, quiet voice.

“When we are finished with your checkup, I’ll be sure to get you some water.” She finished checking the other eye and placed the light back on the counter where she had taken it. She walked back to you with a stethoscope. “Take a deep breath and let it out.” You complied, breathing out shakily as she pressed the cold chestpiece to various parts of your chest and back, checking your lungs and heartbeat. It was painfully quiet.

“Where am I.” Your voice broke as you asked the question. She smiled softly at you, placing the stethoscope around her neck.

“Don’t fret, Winston and everyone else will be glad to speak with you after the checkup.” She brought over a stool and sat on it in front of you. “Now, tell me, did you hurt yourself at all? Did you fall or get hit anywhere?” You nodded.

“I fell on my arm and side when I slipped, and when,” you took a deep breath and spoke with an exhale, “I got tackled I fell on my chest.” You nodded, pursed lips, glancing up at her. She nodded back.

“Alright, can you lift your shirt for me, please?” You complied, taking your shirt off to reveal a nasty long bruise on the side of which you had fallen, with a long scrape on your arm, and scratches on your chest. You looked at your shirt and realized that it had tears and holes and blood spots. You bit your bottom lip. “It is not as bad as I thought, so I’ll prescribe you with some medication. Let me bandage you up.” She stood up, grabbing bandages from the counter. She made sure to disinfect the areas, cleaning them thoroughly but gently, and finishing it with bandages. She made it taut, causing you to squeeze your eyes shut at the pain. When she was finished you put your dirty Smiths shirt back on.

“What’s your name?” You asked her as she went back to the counter and rummaged through cabinets. She pulled out a pill bottle and walked back over to you, handing you the bottle. You
looked down at it, then back up to her. “You may call me Dr. Ziegler.” Holy shit she was an angel. “Take two, and see me tomorrow morning.” She smiled beautifully. Holy shit you were in love.

Just as you were placing the bottle behind you, the door slid open and your eyes snapped to the door and was not prepared for what was happening.

“Alright, so I can’t seem to find you in any database. I’ve run several searches but finding that you exist isn’t seeming to come up, so I might have to run more extensive testing.” A massive, talking gorilla came into the room, holding a clipboard and walking up to you. Was walking the correct term? You were slightly scared. Your mouth hung open as you saw Soldier: 76 and Tracer behind him. The gorilla stopped in front of you, glanced up at you, smiled, and looked back down with a studious expression. “So. What is your name?” He asked with a sharp toothed smile. Your eyes were wide. He recoiled with an embarrassed expression. “I apologize, uhm, I am Winston! And this is Soldier: 76 and Tracer.”

“Hello!” She beamed happily, waving and smiling brightly at you with a giggle. Soldier: 76, on the other hand, didn’t really say anything. You could tell he was way too serious for his own good. Winston and Tracer looked at you expectingly.

“I’m [Y/N].” You said gently, eyes still wide, talking to a gorilla. You were talking to a talking gorilla.

“Right. [Y/N]. I have some information to share with you, but before I tell you, I have some questions.” Ugh. God. You just wanted to sleep and cry. You nodded, not feeling like you really had a choice. “Great!” Winston chimed happily, feeling accomplished. He quickly hunkered down, however, and had a rather serious expression.

“So, as for questions,” he cleared his throat, “[Y/N], where were you born?”

“Orlando, Florida, in the U.S..” Dr. Ziegler came over with a glass of water and handed it to you. You smiled gently at her and took it, taking a few sips. It was ice cold, and soothed your scratchy throat. Winston scribbled down your answer.

“Where do you live?”

“Orlando, as well.” He scribbled is down as well.

“When were you born?”

“January 8th, 1991.”

They stopped. They stared. Winston’s eyebrows were furrowed tightly, looking at you. You chuckled nervously, shifting uneasily, “Wh-what?” You had a sheepish grin.

“Just what we thought.” Soldier: 76 finally chimed in. You looked at everybody.

“What do you mean.” You asked seriously, your hands shaking again.

“[Y/N], do you know what year you’re in?” Winston asked, tension building.

“It’s 2016.” He sighed.

“It’s 2076.”
Air left your body like you had gotten punched. Everything slowly started disconnecting, until you felt very, very far away. Suddenly, you couldn’t feel the pain from your side, chest, and arm, and everything panned out like a movie. Nothing was real, and you started to begin to feel numb. You realized your gaze had fallen to the floor because when Winston called your name, you snapped up. His eyes were on his clipboard.

“Apparently, the U.S. government had allied with Russia and Japan for time travel testing. The U.S. government didn’t have the technology to send humans, so that is why they started working with Russia and Japan. They chose random subjects from random years and brought them here. However, from what we have found from hacking into their intelligence, they had all failed,” he looked up at you, “horribly. Now, you seem to have made it through without having any issues. And by issues, I mean you haven’t lost any limbs, incinerated, or sporadically lost chronal control. You aren’t a perfected experiment, but very valuable as of right now. Agents are looking for you, both from the government and Talon, to do further testing to see if they can improve.” Your body trembled at his words.

What in fuck’s sake was going on.

These words didn’t mean anything to you. Nothing made sense. Chronal control? Talon? Time traveling? What the hell is this, Doctor Who? You were just a young woman living in an apartment in Orlando with her cat, going to a university for psychology. You worked as an assistant in a photography studio part-time and were lucky and grateful enough to make enough money to eat and pay your bills. Your parents were great and supportive, I mean, your dad was kind of an ass but such is life. You had two older sisters. Your entire family was very small and chaotically dysfunctional. You didn’t have a lot of friends, but the ones you had were amazingly close and the best. Hell, you were even friends with your ex-boyfriend.

Your breathing hitched.

You dropped the glass of water onto the floor besides you, causing everybody to move nervously.

What happened to your family? Were they dead? Your parents would be dead. Maybe your sisters, too. What about your friends? They would be in hospice or nursing homes. What if someone was killed? Or died in an accident? Or passed away from cancer? What happened to your apartment, your money, your possessions? What happened to Cherry Pie.

Before you knew it, you were hyperventilating, having a massive anxiety attack. Dr. Ziegler quickly knelt in front of you, taking your hands in her hands, coaching you through inhaling and exhaling for five seconds each. Tracer’s face was concerned but sympathetic, as if she understood exactly how you were feeling. Winston sighed, adjusting his glasses.

“I hate to be the bearer of more bad news, but we will have to do testing. Nothing too invasive, but we have to understand more of the time traveling. We have to see if there will be any longterm effects, such as being able to travel again or any abilities.” You looked at him and burst into tears. You took your hands from Dr. Ziegler to cover your face as you wailed. You looked up at Winston and barely made out a defeated expression on his face through a veil of your tears.

“Everyone I love is dead!” You screamed, sobbing hysterically.

“Oh, no, no, love, it’ll be alright, I promise.” Tracer begged, jumping over to you and sitting on the cot, pulling you into a hug as you cried. You heard Winston sigh between your sobs. It wasn’t an impatient one, it was a ‘I’m sorry this happened to you, and I wish I could reverse this’ kind of sigh. You just wanted to go home, or to wake up from this raging nightmare.
“[Y/N], I can’t promise you that I’ll be able to get you back home, but I will promise you your safety. I promise you that everybody here in our organization will keep you safe. You are in the hands of Overwatch, and I guarantee you that this will be the best place for you to stay.” His words still didn’t mean much. You sniffed, forcing your sobs to stop. Your body jerked and jumped from the hysteria you were currently experiencing.

“What do I do now?” You asked pathetically, eyes red and glossy, nose running.

“Rest. We’ll take things slow and easy. We don’t fully know what we’re dealing with.” Winston explained. “Since we aren’t sure how long this will take, I’ll make sure Tracer takes you to your new room.” You bit your bottom lip, still trembling from the sudden realization that you’re probably never going to see your friends and family again. Tracer helped stand you up, holding your arm firmly. Your body felt like jell-o, “Come on, love.” She ushered quietly, leading you out of the cot filled room, a room that you’ll only associate with bad things.

It was a long walk down a massive hallway, passing doors. She still held onto you as you would occasionally hiccup and flinch. She lead you to a room and opened it. “Here ya go, this is your room.” It was pretty roomy and basic with a queen sized bed, two night stands, a dresser, a closet, and a bathroom.

“I’m going to leave you in here. You should come to supper in a few hours. We don’t know when your last meal was, but it would make you feel better. There’s a change of clothes in the closet; we didn’t know your size, so there’s multiple.”

“Thank you, Tracer.” You said solemnly with a quick faint smile. She smiled sweetly and embraced you.

“I’m here for you, [Y/N].” Tracer gave you a caring look and left, closing the door behind you.

You stood inside of the room. There was a massive window above your bed, curtains slightly drawn. You walked on the cool tile to the middle of the room and looked around. It could use some posters. You missed your massive House Targaryen bannister that hung above your bed, the pictures of your sisters and parents and friends on your nightstand, Photo Booth strips and Polaroid pictures taped on your wall because who has time for scrapbooking. You missed your bookshelf filled with books of your favorite series and authors, of the trinkets and anime figures your friends had gifted to you because you didn’t see the need to purchase them. On the top of your shelf would be your lace front wigs with flower crowns, sitting on skulls you hand painted to resemble sugar skulls. You just remember all of the little details of your room that represented, well, you, and your life.

You walked over to the bed and stared at the white sheets and four pillows. You missed your multicolor quilt and floral sheets with a shit ton of colorful pillows. You had this ugly bedskirt that you had since you were a kid and by God you could never let that leave your life, and how it would sit awkwardly and unevenly beneath your box spring. Your bed frame was passed down from your grandmother, and it was real wood.

Reminiscing wouldn’t help, if anything it made you feel shittier than you were already feeling. You sometimes enjoyed wallowing in self-pity, but the fact that all of your worldly possessions and relationships were gone was just . . . surreal. You don’t think you’ll be able to accept it for a while. Your lower lip quivered and you began to cry silently, making your way to the bathroom. It had white tile and marble countertops, a shower, a large bathtub, and a massive mirror with lights on it. As much as you wanted a bath, it would feel weird without a bath bomb, so a shower it was.

You turned it on and stripped, stepping inside and closing the glass encasing where you quickly
collapsed and sobbed loudly, wishing that this wasn’t happening to you.

Tracer had left the cot filled room with [Y/N], closing the door. Dr. Ziegler cleaned up the broken glass and water with a sigh as Soldier: 76 turned to Winston, arms crossed. “What do we do with the girl.” He asked blatantly. Winston sighed, looking at the ground, “I’m afraid we’ll have to do extensive testing; MRIs, MRS, blood tests, the works. We don’t know if there’s any tissue or organ degradation from the incident, nor do we know if she is going to exhibit any abilities she could have potentially gained from it.”

“So we’re going to house a kid that big brother is hunting.” He summed it up, causing Winston to groan impatiently. “Isn’t this putting us at more risk than when you reinitiated Overwatch.” Every time he spoke it was a statement and never a question.

“Listen, you don’t know if she could be beneficial—“

“And neither do you.” Winston groaned again, shaking his head.

“76, we have to help her. She’s being used as a human test subject for this stupid time traveling experiment. She’s being hunted.”

“We have more important things to worry about.”

“Like what, Talon? If anything, she should be your main concern because Talon IS going after her. We must protect her!” Winston declared, nostrils flaring, not wanting to have to argue the value of another being. He understood where Soldier: 76 was coming from, understanding that they’re risking everything they have been rebuilding by challenging worldly governments and terrorist organizations like this; however, they do need to be stopped. Soldier: 76 didn’t retort, knowing that Winston was right. His eyebrows somehow seemed to have furrowed even more.

“If everything goes to hell, don’t say I didn’t warn ya.” And with that, Soldier: 76 left.

Winston sighed, rolling his eyes. Dr. Ziegler walked over and stood next to Winston, “He’s quite the temperamental one.” She stated. Winston pursed his lips and nodded in agreement.

You had put on new clothes you found in a closet. They were rather formfitting, but had the same material as scrubs. You had put on black pants with a black quarter sleeve v-neck with a strange orange and white symbol on your left breast. Your shoes were also black slip ons. It wasn’t necessarily stylish, but was very comfortable. The inside of the door of the closet had a floor length mirror, and you admired yourself. Your hair was drying nicely and you looked less exhausted and sad after the long shower. All you could do now was thank god that you retained your mother’s natural beauty, and not your father’s. You began to wonder what happened to them. You began to wonder if they were somehow still alive or actually dead. You wouldn’t know how to confront them, anyways. Hey mom and dad! Sorry about disappearing for a fuckton of years but here I am! Alive and didn’t age a day!

There was a knock at your door and you frantically closed the closet, scared you were going to get caught staring at yourself, “Come in!” You said nervously. The door opened to reveal a smiling Tracer.

“Hello, love! You ready for supper?” She asked happily and you nodded, leaving your room and closing the door. Tracer beamed. “You know, you look absolutely stunning in those!” You
couldn’t help but blush and smile.

“Oh! Uhmm, thank you, Tracer!” She giggled, taking hold of your arm.

“Now, with that said, let’s get to supper, shall we?” Her smile lit you up and you nodded in agreement, causing her to giggle happily, practically dragging you down the hallway.

Upon your arrival to the mess hall, you froze. Holy shit. There were a lot of people. A few turned to look at you, taking in the time traveling phenomena. There was a guy with dreads, a cowboy, a robot, a cyborg, a dwarf, a teenager, and more. Winston smiled happily, his sharp toothed grin growing on you, “Ah, [Y/N]! You came!” He said cheerfully. You didn’t know if his kindness was being forced or not, trying to make you comfortable. You couldn’t help but smile in return. Tracer tugged at your arm, “C’mon, [Y/N]! You can sit next to me! I made you your plate!” She spoke with giggles, leading you to your seat which was next to the teenaged looking girl. She smiled up at you.

“Hi!” She said cheerfully as you sat down. You smiled in return. “So you’re [Y/N]! The talk around the base.” She seemed interested in you. “I’m D.Va by the way! I’ll make sure to take you out and get you some new digs.” D.Va seemed fairly nice! Younger, but it wasn’t an issue in your book. She motioned to someone across the table, a young man with dreads and headphones.

“That’s Lucio, by the way!” He smiled this gorgeous white smile and gave a sup nod, “Hey! How you diggin’ the place?” He asked and you blinked.

“Big. Very, very big.” He chuckled.

“Yeah, you get used to it.” He took a sip of his drink.

D.Va tapped your hand, “Okay, so, I’m gonna give you the lowdown on everybody. You ready?” You hesitantly nodded and she smirked. “So, you’ve got big grandpa at the end of the table,” she ushered to a raucously laughing man, “that’s Reinhardt. He’s a tank, and super nice.” You started to take mental note of the characters around you. “The omnic is Zenyatta. His jokes are lame but he’s still pretty cool.” So robots are called omnics. Well, you assumed that anyways by how she referred to them. “You met Dr. Ziegler, but across from her is Genji. He’s a cyborg, totally Ghost In The Shell. There’s Torbjörn, he’s nice but kind of like the weird uncle of the family. The kind of guy that your parents don’t really want you around but he’s just kind of like ‘hey wanna go so what happens when you put dynamite in a mailbox’ kind of guy. So that’s awesome!” The dwarf had a massive metal claw, which, well, it wouldn’t be hard for you to miss him anyways. She went through a list of more people, including Mei, McCree, Winston (whom you have already met), and others. “And lastly, Big Boss himself, Soldier: 76.” She nodded her head towards the silver haired man who wasn’t eating because of his ridiculous mask, seemingly discussing with Winston about things. “He’s hella strict; a military dad. He means well but it’s hard to always tell. You never want to get on his bad side. Ever.” She warned you.

“Yeah, if you even do one thing wrong he’ll rip you a new one.” Lucio warned and D.Va nodded in agreement.

You looked at him, studying his mysterious appearance. Your dad went to a military school, and so did your grandfather, so that shouldn’t be big news to you. You knew how to handle men like that, along with getting under their skin. Sometimes. Usually, they’re the ones that get under your skin. You returned your attention back to your plate and realized how hungry you were.

What was the last meal you ate? You think it was probably Chipotle, since you liked to frequent there. You ate the food slowly, refusing to chow down like it was your first meal in weeks even though it felt that way. No need to lose manners and ruin first impressions. You wondered if
Starbucks still existed because good God could you go for an iced white chocolate mocha right about now.

After finishing, D.Va, Tracer, and you stayed back a bit to talk about things. They were very distracting, and very nice! You were happy to befriend them. Lucio hung back for a bit but headed out to bed, and you decided it would be best for you too.

“I’m gonna head to bed now.” You said with a small smile.

“Ohh that sounds good right about now!” D.Va said sleepily.

“Do you know where your room in, [Y/N]?” Tracer asked you.

“Yes! I mean, I think . . .” You trailed off, wondering if you really did. It should be down the hallway, the sixth door on the left.

“Alright! We’ll see you in the morning, love!” You smiled and said your good nights, heading out and down the hallway.

Shit. Was it really the sixth door on the left? Or the fifth? Only way to find out. You counted doors as you headed down and stood in front of the sixth, opening it slowly to immediately realize and regret that it was, in fact, not your room.

There stood Soldier: 76, wearing nothing but his pants and the tight black undershirt that sat underneath his patriotic jacket. He still wore his mask. His Cyclops visor immediately met you, and the regret was very much real and abundant.

“What the HELL do you think you’re doing?” He marched up to you, causing you to back up, your face white.

“I-I’m sorry, I thought this was my roo—“

“You thought? Did your parents never teach you any manners? Knock next time you don’t have clue.” He growled. Your eyebrows were furrowed in disbelief.

“It was a mistake.”

“Yeah. It was a mistake. Maybe next time you’ll actually think.” Your mouth gaped in shock. Holy shit. How could a human be this ludicrously rude? He pointed harshly at the door next door. “Before you barge in thinking it’s your room, maybe you should knock.” And with that, he muttered something under his breath about these damn kids acting so entitled before closing the door.

You turned around, scoffing. Well that was a wonderful encounter. You stomped your feet and had a temper tantrum before heading to your room, refusing to knock because fuck that guy.

You entered, tossing your shoes off and jumping onto the bed. You sighed angrily. Seems like Soldier: 76 was a swell guy, and you sure did start off on a good foot. You rolled onto your back and stared at the ceiling. You were hoping to see the Minion poster your friend had slapped up there ironically, realizing these ceilings were very high and if there were a Minion poster it would be very small. Maybe microscopic. You closed your eyes. You refused to think about today, to think about yesterday. You refuse. The Minion poster was somehow burned into your mind, along with the scene of when you walked in on your friend duct taping it to your low ceiling. You smiled widely, the Soldier: 76 encounter becoming nothing but water off a duck’s back.
Feeling Ok

Chapter Summary

Chapter inspired by a little bit of "Stressed Out" by Twenty One Pilots, but mainly "Feeling Ok" by Best Coast!

Your body was frozen, even after the attempt at comforting from the British woman. She knelt down in front of you, smiling, “Come on, love, we’re gonna get ya someplace safe. Doesn’t that sound nice?” You couldn’t talk, could barely breathe. You gulped hard, terrified. You needed to speak. She was waiting on you. Deciding to conquer the fears you were experiencing, you forced yourself, “How do I know I can trust you.” You spoke quietly with a scratched throat. It tickled, so you coughed a few times.

“We’re the good guys!” She said cheerfully, but her chipper attitude was a bit watered down due to the current situation.

“But how do I know that? How can I trust you?” It finally donned on her that you had no idea who she was, not in an offended way at all, but how you didn’t know that there were posters and museums dedicated to the work she has helped accomplish.

“Listen, I tell ya what: I’ll make sure nothing happens to you. I’ll be sure that, where we take you, you’ll have your own nice room, clean clothes, a warm shower and hot food. Does that sound like a deal?” You blinked up at her, almost feeling the sincerity in her voice.

“Come on, we don’t have all day.” The gruff voice startled you. It had grit like sandpaper, and a deepness that reverberated into your bones, and you noticed that it had come from the man with the number “76” on his jacket. The woman smiled at you.

“How’s it sound?” She asked you again. His impatience didn’t effect her and her efforts to try to get you to go with them. Quickly debating your options, you took that going with the two of them was your best bet. You nodded small and she burst into a smile and a giggle, bouncing up. She held out her hand and you took it. Surprisingly strong, she helped yank you up and held your arm. The two lead you out of the alley hurriedly and quickly into a truck with heavily tinted windows. She helped you swiftly into the backseat, deciding to sit with you. The man got into the front and started the car up and sped off, more than likely going twenty over the speed limit.

“Where am I going?” You asked softly, not wanting to upset your throat, or yourself, anymore than you have to.

“We’re part of an organization called Overwatch. It was disbanded, but we started it up again. We want to help, and we’re going to help you.” You looked at her, sincerity radiating off of her. She held onto your hand, and you squeezed back. She smiled faintly. “Don’t worry. We’re almost there.”

Your eyes snapped open. You felt sticky, only now noticing that the sheets and your clothes had
been drenched with sweat. You let out a breath that felt almost pent up. You don’t remember having any dreams or nightmares, so your subconscious was probably just reacting to the trauma. 

Trauma.

Hm.

You never thought that word would ever have to apply to you.

You sneered as you stood up out of the bed, feeling the clothes cling to your body. You held your arms up to keep them from sticking more to your body, arching your legs away from each other as well, and made your funny walk into the bathroom where you threw the clothes off immediately, showering quickly. After your shower you got another change of clothes, but the same uniform. You admired yourself, looking better from not crying! What a miracle.

You went to your door, and as you reached for the handle you heard a knock. You blinked, taking a slight pause before opening it to reveal Tracer and D.Va.

“Mornin’ [Y/N]!” Tracer said happily.

“You ready to go shopping?” D.Va said, a mischievous look creeping behind her eyes. You kinda liked it though, nodding happily and following them out of the base.

You studied the halls you walked through, remembering them from the other day when they brought you in. Was it really only yesterday? You remember being in an underground garage, and even the garage itself was massive. You remember being lead into an elevator and escorted down the hallway you were currently in. Tracer and D.Va lead you through that very elevator. The feeling of being in there gave you anxiety. The walls felt irregularly boxy, and small. They were reflective, with a matching floor and ceiling. It was a fast elevator, too, making you slightly nauseous. Were the walls closing in? Were you the only one feeling clammy? You felt every slight shake, every rumble of the gears as they whirred you quickly to the bottom. Your breath was stuck in your throat. Was that blood on the floor?

It dinged, coming to a full stop. Your head snapped up and you followed Tracer and D.Va out of the elevator and to a cute, pink convertible. Tracer and D.Va were smiling.

“Hey, wanna sit in the front or backseat [Y/N]?” D.Va asked, hopping over the side of the car and into the driver’s seat.

“I can take the back!” You said with a grin. Tracer giggled and, in a blue light, was inside of the passenger’s seat.

Your smile fell, the blue light bringing you back to when you first saw her, and first came to in this decade. You opened the door quickly and got into the backseat before they noticed any change in your behavior. You didn’t want to give way to the anxiety you’ve been feeling. D.Va started up the car, and you screamed as it jerked upwards, hovering off of the ground. The two girls up front laughed at your reaction as you buckled yourself in and tightened the strap. The garage door opened, and you were off.

Your eyes were wide as you stared at the scenery. You sped through a long, empty road. It felt so much faster yesterday! D.Va had some crazy techno music blaring, the car shaking heavily from the bass. The roads were empty, since the idea of the base being secluded was the best idea to stay away from any wanderers or enemies. It went on a little longer, until you were in a bustling city. Your mouth dropped. Orlando didn’t have this kind of scenery.
“Woohoo!!” Tracer yelled excidetly, laughing and giggling with D.Va. Tracer turned back to look at your awed expression, smiling, happy to be getting the right reaction out of you.

It seemed so crazy to you when you were out there the other day, but in retrospect, it really wasn’t all that different. Sure, there were some serious changes to everything, but the buildings were the same, there were still parks, people walking, shopping, just different technologies. The occasional person would stop and scream when they saw D.Va, waving frantically, and she would wave and smile back. You looked at the back of her head, noticing that she must be fairly popular. The car came to a stoplight and another pulled up besides you guys. It was a group of boys in the car, checking out D.Va and Tracer. You turned your head to the opposite side, feeling a little subpar in your scrubs uniform and lacking of makeup. You’ve never really felt self-conscious before, but the two girls upfront were beautiful and were having none of the boys bullshit. They weren’t smiling or flirting back; rather, they were deadpanned and staring forward, and when the light turned green your car was the first to speed off.

They cracked up laughing, turning down a street and pulled into a valet spot outside of a massive mall. The car slowly locked the wheels back into a standard position, resting smoothly onto the ground. Tracer and D.Va got out and you followed suit. The building was multiple stories tall, pristinely white, and mostly made up of glass. You don’t think your mouth has been closed since you’ve been in the car! The two girls smiled, taking your hands and bringing you inside.

They walked you around, occasionally going into stores, mainly window shopping. Sometimes your interest was piqued, other times you moved on. They seemed to be going into the stores that you really wanted to go into, and were being very considerate of what you wanted to do and where you wanted to go. You walked into a rather goth chic store, making the girls, not necessarily uncomfortable, but entering new territory. The girls were bubbly and cute and fun, and as much as you usually find yourself that way, you were always drawn to black. After all, it is the most flattering color.

You walked around, staring at the clothes, almost drooling. The store was black with dark, shiny tile. The ceiling had silver chandeliers, walls adorned by silver antlers that had jewelry dangling from the tips. Behind the rack of clothes on the walls were mirrors, reflecting even more black. In the center of the store were black quilt patterned velour chairs and benches. Underneath the chairs was a massive white animal rug, obviously fake from the size of it.

You ran to the racks and grabbed everything that took to your eye, which was pretty much everything. When you turned around to Tracer and D.Va you were simply ecstatic, which put them at ease and knew that you were happy. You hobbled over to the changing room, closing a thick velour curtain. The room was essentially a giant mirror at every angle. You tried on everything, combining shirts with pants and leggings with tops, hoping to find something to match your Docs which you left at home. When you believed you found the outfit, you stepped out.

It was a black top with small, pointed shoulder pads, and a plunge at the front that was reminiscent of a plunge bra. The bottom of the top stopped above your hips, flaring slightly like a peplum. It was very slimming, making your shoulders look broader and your waist smaller. The sleeves were rolled up above your elbows as well. You had a triple necklace that was silver with smoky quarts wrapped around it. Lastly, you had oil slick leggings on. The girls stared.

“It’s different.” D.Va said, nodding. You knew it wouldn’t be her favorite, but she trusted you and knew you could dress yourself, so she approved.

“Those leggings are so cool!” Tracer said with a giggle. You smiled at their reaction as they
finished by giving you thumbs up.

You went back into the dressing room and changed back into your scrubs, stepping out with the outfit in tow, but suddenly stopped. The two girls stared at you.

“What’s wrong, [Y/N]?” Tracer asked. You went a little pale, and suddenly felt pangs of guilt hitting you in the chest. Your stomach churned, “I don’t have any money.” You mumbled, staring at the clothes.

This was something that hadn’t crossed your mind, surprisingly. You forgot your money was more than likely gone. You never had a day in your life where you went without a meal, never had a day where you cried yourself to sleep because you didn’t know if you would be able to afford rent or car insurance or any bill for the month. Honestly, you lived a very nice financially stable life, when you lived with your parents and when you lived on your own. You would splurge every now and then on expensive makeup or clothing, but to think that right now you had nothing to your name, no savings or checking account, was an enigma. You almost couldn’t comprehend, couldn’t wrap your head around it. Shit, you didn’t even check the price tag on the clothing, but by the looks of the store, it was not cheap. You felt like garbage, not wanting to have to continue to hang your head in defeat while hanging up the clothes that you don’t think you would ever be able to afford to buy.

“I’ll buy it for you, [Y/N]!” D.Va’s voice broke the bout of sadness you were going through. You looked up at her, your eyes flooding with shock.

“What? No! Don’t! I don’t want you to! It’s okay!” You begged, squeezing the clothing. She sighed, rolling her eyes at you, “Listen, this is pocket change to me. I’ll buy your clothes, AND your makeup. I promised I would take you out to get new digs, didn’t I?” She grabbed the clothes from your hands with a wink and you went to protest as she took it up to the counter. As the cashier was checking out the clothes, she spun around, blocking you. “Haeng-syo!” She said with a smile to you, sliding a card across the counter behind her back. “Be happy!” She translated herself. You sighed, watching the cashier put the receipt in the bag and hand it to her who handed it to you.

“Thank you, D.Va.” You said with a faintly growing smile. She giggled.

“Now, let’s get some makeup! I think they’ll have a store you remember.” She and Tracer lead you out of the store and up two flights of escalators, until you saw it.

That great, beautiful, black and white store with slight red accents. Not only did it look expensive, but it smelled expensive. You ran inside the ultimate makeup store, Sephora. You closed your eyes, inhaling. A smile broke out across your face, grabbing a basket and gliding through the aisles. You would always drag your friends to this store with you as they would mentally cry at the money you spent in enhancing your already natural beauty. So many people you knew would chastise you for spending so much money but hell, it was your money so who was to tell you what to do with it? Before you knew it, the basket was full and you found the two girls whom were looking at lipsticks. When they looked at you you quickly blubered out, “I’m so sorry.” Tracer laughed at the full basket. D.Va pursed her lips. You gave a solemn look. She took the basket and held up her index finger, “Just this once, [Y/N]. Just this once.” And with that, bought your starter makeup.

You three had walked around more, going into some stores, trying on stupid clothes, and buying Starbucks. It was the most satisfying end to the evening, and you would profusely thank and apologize to D.Va almost every minute until you drove her insane. After a couple of hours, you all left the mall and got back into the valeted vehicle, driving back at top speeds. You smiled brightly, your eyes sparkling, feeling evermore grateful for the friends you have begun to make.
You had gotten back from your shopping trip, stocking up on clothes, pajamas, makeup, and undergarments. Overall, it was very successful! And D.Va finally admitted that after that spree, she would have to stream a little more than usual so she could make up for your retail therapy. You would sheepishly apologize and she would yell at you in Korean and Tracer would giggle. Since it was getting closer to supper, you all decided to wash up and get clean. You happily went to your bathroom and started up the tub, throwing a bath bomb that turned the water anime blue with seaweed. You soaked for a while. After, you washed yourself off and washed your hair. You stepped out, taking time to blow dry your hair, styling it. You did your makeup, showing off your amazing cat eye skills and beautiful long lashes. No lipstick, though, since you were heading to dinner. You put on the shirt, your new necklace, leggings, and boots. You looked, well, fucking amazing.

You walked to the closet and opened it, staring at your reflection, posing. You felt very good about yourself, regardless how bad you felt earlier because of the no makeup and scrubs. If only your friends could see your outfit. The amount of “yas bitch slay” that would blow up your phone (and also your ego) would put your old Instagram likes to shame. You spun around fiercely and out the door you went, heading to the dining area.

When you walked in not everybody was present, but D.Va and Tracer were. The two girls looked at you and cheered. You changed your excited expression to serious, posing. You would switch poses every other second, making the girls laugh at the ridiculousness. You smiled afterwards, bouncing over to them and sitting in between them and across from Lucio.

“So, [Y/N], you seem to be in a good mood!” Winston chimed in from down the table. You looked down at him and smiled brightly.

“Yeah! D.Va and Tracer showed me a real good time!” The two nodded to him, matching your goofy smile. Winston chuckled.

“That’s good!” He nodded. “But tomorrow, I was thinking we could start testing.” Your smile faltered slightly at his words. You took in a deep breath, your chest swelling slightly, confidence brimming. You nodded at home and he smiled.

“Great. Just meet me after breakfast and I’ll take you to my lab.”

“Sounds like a plan.” You gave him a thumbs up, starting your meal and talking with everybody around you.

You learned that Lucio was a musician, and the techno you listened on the car ride was his music! You were incredibly impressed, being a fan of techno music yourself. He asked you about music from 2016, and you gushed to him about Daft Punk, Rihanna, Porter Robinson, and other bands you absolutely loved. You told him you were a fan of 90’s and early 2000’s music, talking about blink-182 and Lit. Overall, you had a pretty fluid taste in music, from techno to rap to alternative to hip hop. He said he would get you your own headphones sometime! Of course, you didn’t have a device to listen to music on, but it was the thought that counted.

At the end of dinner Lucio took your empty plate for you and you thanked him. You said goodnight to your friends, heading off down the hallway. Your boots hit the ground in a muted heaviness, staring at the window at the end. The sun was resting below the horizon, the sky still lit, reaching twilight. It was extra golden today. You were never too keen on twilight being super golden, since it kind of messed up your vision and how you saw things. It was beautiful, but you were glad you had curtains to block out that extra sun.

“Fifth door, *not* sixth. *Definitely* not the sixth.” You whispered under your breath. Surprisingly, you
made no contact with the Soldier today, but decided it was best to stay that way.

You went into your room, removing the makeup and putting on pajamas, resting easily that night.

The next morning, you woke up with no sweat, no drenched sheets. You sighed, standing up and heading to the bathroom to brush your teeth, wash your face, and apply your makeup. You did your usual twirl in the mirror, checking out your new clothes, your leggings being sick as fuck. You smiled haughtily, leaving and heading to breakfast, but nobody was there except for Winston and Tracer.

“Hey! Where is everybody?” You asked, smiling. Tracer laughed.

“You missed breakfast, love!” She couldn’t help but laugh hysterically. You blushed heavily, embarrassed.

“Sorry, I must’ve gotten carried away with my makeup.” You said sheepishly. Winston smiled, “Don’t worry about it, [Y/N]. We really should get to my lab for testing, however.” He stated, your blush dying down a little.

“Sounds good. Lead the way!” You said. He took you to the elevator again, Tracer walking next to you, babbling about, shit, about something. You just didn’t want to get into the elevator. Thankfully, it was a few floors down, and not all the way into the garage.

You walked through a small hallway, and it suddenly opened up. There was an experimenting area in front, while upstairs had the machines and testing area. He lead you both up the stairs, and you were greeted with a wondrous surprise!

“‘Bout time.” A gritty voice spoke. You saw the soldier standing by an MRI, arms crossed, waiting on everybody.

“[Y/N] missed breakfast. She was getting ready.” Tracer said cheerfully.

“Well maybe if you got up early you wouldn’t have been late.” He growled. You rolled your eyes so hard behind Winston. Jesus Christ did this guy never take a break from being an asshole?

Winston walked over to an exam table and ushered you to sit on it. You hopped up on the crinkly paper, kicking your legs back and forth, “Alright, I’m going to need you to lie back.” The gorilla started, and you complied, lying against the paper. He went to his counter and rummaged around. “We’re gonna start with your blood test, is that alright, [Y/N]?” You froze. Your body went cold.

Your voice shook, along with your body. You felt sweaty. Winston took your left arm gently, turning it over to reveal your pretty blue veins. He tied that plastic thin tube around your upper arm.

“I have a butterfly needle prepared for you, so you won’t feel it. We’ll need the extra blood for extensive testing.” You looked away as he prepared the needle and tubes, cleaning the area on your arm. You squeezed your eyes shut, biting your bottom lip. You felt the pressure of the needle dip into your skin, and slide through. You covered your mouth, and felt a comforting hand on your shoulder.
“It’s okay, [Y/N]. Why don’t you tell me a story! Tell me about your life.” She said quickly. You slid your hand to your forehead, ready to blurt out your life story quickly.

“I was born and raised in Orlando. I have two older sisters, one by three years and the other fifteen. The middle sister and I had annual passes to Disney and we went almost every weekend with our mom. My parents owned funeral homes all over the city. My mom grew up poor and loved being a waitress while my dad was rich and snobby and went to military school. I went to a private school my whole life. My dad was super verbally abusive and my mother was very passive aggressive. At seventeen I got a job part-time at a photographer’s studio as an assistant, and at eighteen I had enough money to move out and afford my own place by myself. I worked for two solid years straight before attempting to apply to a university,” you slowed down, getting caught up in your story, “and when I got accepted for the psychology major, I celebrated by adopting a Tuxedo cat. I named her Cherry Pie. She sits on command. My best friend from middle school became a stripper and made amazing money. My other best friend got into computer engineering and is still probably in school.” You laughed. Your hand had slid down and you had become comfortable, discussing your life like you were back in therapy. “The day before I disappeared, I had Chipotle for dinner with my cat. She sat on my lap while my best friends sat besides me. We had caught up completely with Game of Thrones, right before the season finale.” Your smile had fallen, staring at the ceiling. “I said goodnight to them, that we’ll see it the next night. I kissed my cat good night. She curled up besides me and slept with me. That’s the last I remember.” You gave them a monologue. Winston glanced at you empathetically. He slid the needle out and you flinched. He applied pressure and put a little bandage with a cotton ball where the needle was.

“All done, [Y/N]. Now, let’s get you to the MRI.” You nodded and slid over. Tracer followed Winston to the MRI to help with any preparations. You stood up and wobbled slightly. You went to walk over to the MRI but began to feel a little cold and dizzy. You sighed heavily, resting your hand on the exam table. Everything began slowly fading to black, and your hearing was going out. You gasped. Your knees buckled and you felt yourself falling, but the impact never came.

“[Y/N]!” Tracer had yelled your name, but it felt like you were underwater.

You felt very cold and shaky, eyebrows furrowed in exhaustion. You slowly opened your eyes, seeing nothing but the red slit of Soldier 76’s mask peering down at you, his arms tightly around you. You could feel his hard muscles cradling and holding up your dead weight. Winston and Tracer rushed over. 76 took his other arm and slid it underneath your legs, holding you. Everything was coming to.

“See. I told you you should’ve gotten up earlier.” He grumbled at you.

“Oh my god.” You moaned, somehow having the energy to roll your eyes. Winston was panicking.

“Okay, uhm, you can take her to Dr. Ziegler! We need to make sure she’s alright. I haven’t had someone faint on me before like that..” He thought aloud, muttering.

“She’ll be fine. I’ll take her to her room for rest, but she’ll need to eat when she wakes up. Breakfast is the most important meal of the day, or were you never told that.” He scolded you. He was actually scolding you. Here you were, limp, in his arms, and had the nerve to father you.

“Jesus Christ.” You groaned, lulling your head into his arm.

“Do you need help, 76?” Tracer asked, looking at you.

“I’ll be fine.” He stated firmly, turned around, and left.
He walked down the stairs, through the small walkway, somehow managed the elevator, and made it through to the main hallway. The entire walk was silent, and things still moved in a blur. He didn’t say anything, and neither did you. He got to your room and opened the door with a hand quickly and led you to your bed. You envisioned 76 throwing you on the bed, saying adios, and peacing out, all the while scolding you.

But no, he gently laid you down, sitting on the bed next to you. He unlaced your Doc Martens and took them off, gently placing them next to your bed. His hands lightly traced your collarbone and neck to get to the back of your necklace. It gave you chills, and he felt the bumps on your skin. He unclasped your necklace and placed it on the nightstand next to you, “Maybe next time you’ll make it to breakfast before doing something like that.”

“Was it like Gone With the Wind?” You asked breathlessly, eyes slitted open, a smirk on your face.

“What?”

“Did I fall like Scarlett O’Hara.” You chuckled.

“You just fainted. Does that seem like a joke to you?” His voice rose a little bit. In your sickly haze, you inched your fingers towards his.

“You wanna—you wanna know something?” You asked, closing your eyes.

“No. You should be resti—“

“If-if,” you took a deep breath since breathing was a little difficult, “you were to take into account that I was born in 1991, and this is 2076, that technically makes me your senior.” He stared at you and didn’t even bother considering your flawed logic. “Respect your elders.”

“Okay, kid, you need to sleep. I’m leaving.” He almost yelled, standing up and straightening his jacket. 76 went to turn to leave. Since you were feeling ballsy enough, and hiding behind your unwell stupor, you decided to take advantage of the fact that he hopefully wouldn’t punch you.

“76, you should lighten up a little bit. Life isn’t all that bad.” If it wasn’t for the fact that he probably thought your condition was similar to being drunk, he would’ve picked up the bed and threw it at the wall. He didn’t say a word but left.

You chuckled softly, lulling your head to the side.

“Gotcha.”
Chapter Summary

Chapter inspired by "R.I.P. 2 My Youth" by The Neighborhood! I'll be posting chapters five and six tomorrow afternoon while working on chapters eleven and twelve~

You woke up, feeling limp and tired. Sun shone through your window and you looked around. On your nightstand you saw a pill bottle (presumably the one Dr. Ziegler gave you that you forgot to take), a glass of water, and a grilled cheese. You groaned as you sat up, taking one of the pills and drinking the water. The sandwich wasn't hot, but it was warm enough to eat, knowing that Tracer had probably brought everything for you once you woke up. You ate the sandwich slowly, staring at the wall.

When you had your laptop you would watch Hulu or Netflix. Your parents paid for the channels and let you on them, but you paid for HBO. Lazy days consisted of you lying in bed, food next to you, laptop on your thighs and a fat cat on your stomach, eyes closed and purring. You stared at the wall, only being able to distantly dream about the Game of Thrones season finale. When you finished the sandwich you sighed, drinking the rest of the water. You let out a happy sigh, sliding your boots on and lacing them up tightly before heading out the door.

You walked down the hallway, deciding to pay Winston a visit, hoping to get that testing that he so desperately wants done. You stood in front of the elevator, finger lingering over the down button. You stared at it. All that was in your mind was that blood spot lingering on the floor, but it seemed so big in your head, as if you had bled out, flooding the elevator. You forced yourself to push the button, making the doors open silently. You took one step inside, staring at the walls as the door closed behind you. You guessed it was the room above the garage, clicking that button. It took you down, and what should usually be a smooth ride felt like it was about to burst inside the shaft. You started breathing quickly, staring at the ground and taking note that the blood spot was gone. You closed your eyes, watching your mind create a scene where blood poured in gallons onto the elevator’s floors, the mirrors reflecting red. You were scared of drowning.

The doors opened along with your eyes. You sighed shakily, stepping off and walking down the hallways before halting. Soldier 76 and Winston were upstairs, talking with one another.

“We cannot let her go out freely like that ever again.” The deep voice of 76 boomed throughout the room, audibly pissed.

“What are we supposed to do? Keep her caged here?” Winston came to your defense.

“If we have to, yes.”

“That’s no way to treat her; hasn’t she been through enough? Do you really want to be as bad as them?” The gorilla begged.

“They won’t have any sympathy for her. They will experiment on her and destroy her in the process. If she goes out again without a stronger defense then she’s as good as dead.”
“Are you suggesting that you go with her?”

“I’m not her dad.”

“Then you can tell her that she’s never able to leave base again.”

“Then you can tell her that she’s never gonna be in her own home again!”

The words shook you, down to your core. Your body went cold. You went to back up but fell, gasping.

“Who’s there?” 76 growled.

You stood up quickly and slapped the button, the doors opening immediately. You jumped inside and pressed a random button, tears glossing over. The doors began to close as you turned around, seeing Soldier 76 and Winston standing at the end of the stairs, speechless. Tears spilt over the edge and the doors closed. You audibly took in a breath and started sobbing, grabbing your chest as you forgot how to breathe properly. You slammed against the back of the elevator, sliding to the corner. You put your head in your hands, crying. The elevator was flooding. You began to sink deeper.

Deeper.

Drowning.

Drowning.

“Woah, you okay darlin’?!” You heard a deep honey smooth voice. You looked up, gasping. McCree had rushed to you, grabbing the sides of your arms firmly and holding you up. You looked away, ashamed, “I’m fine.” You hiccuped.

“Oh, like hell you ain’t.” He spoke almost sternly, scooping you up into his arms, kicking the button that held the doors open. He walked you into the low ceiling room which was an indoor shooting range.

He walked over to a small lounge area that was, thankfully, empty. He sat you down on the large couch, sitting next to you. You would say he was uncomfortably close, but with a man that beautiful you didn’t mind. McCree had one arm resting on the back of the couch behind your head, the other reassuringly on your knee. You crossed your arms, holding your elbows.

“What’s been troublin’ you, sweetheart?” His voice was low, almost like a rumble, but you felt it soothe your soul. You could smell cigars from his clothing and breath.

“I’m not going back,” you whimpered, “I’m never going back.” Your head hung low.

“Back where.” He squeezed your knee.

“Home! Back to my time!”

“Now where did you hear that nonsense from?” He talked to you as if he was handling a child, but you didn’t mind, it was fairly comforting with the mindset you were currently in.

“Winston and Soldier: 76. I heard them talking in the lab.”

“And who said it exactly?”
“76.” He raised an eyebrow.

“And you’re gonna believe him?” He said incredulously. You looked up at him, no longer crying, but with erratic breathing and flinches.

“Well . . . I mean, I guess?” He laughed. It sounded like music.

“C’mon, honey, let’s go get you something to drink.” He guided you upwards with such a tender playboy smile. You couldn’t help but smile as you walked with him out the lounge.

Once at the hallway, however, you two stopped dead in your tracks. His shiny expression fell slightly, while that little boost in attitude you had crashed. There he stood in all his rude, fatherly glory.

“I need to talk with her.” Rang the gruff voice of the older man. “Alone.”

McCree took a few steps forward, spurs chiming, boots clicking. He had his thumbs now tucked around his belt, the BAMF buckle gleaming. He had a certain southern finesse that was a different form of intimidating, almost low-key; while Soldier: 76, on the other hand, radiated superiority that was so strong it was suffocating. He did work it to the best of his ability, though, you had to hand him that. McCree cocked his head slightly, “Now why would we do that?” He held his head high, the intimidation 76 had not even fazing him. Your heart sped up at the thought of these two men fighting over you! Okay. They weren’t really fighting, but it was a standoff nonetheless.

“Because it concerns her and only her.” He was brief and firm, not even close to being scared of McCree. The cowboy looked back at you slightly, moving his hands to his hips.

“Well, I’da bout thought that with her being here, on account of the circumstances,” he looked dead into 76’s eyes, “it’s everyone’s concerns.”

McCree could tell that you didn’t want to be alone, but more importantly, you didn’t want to be alone with Soldier: 76. Now, the soldier doesn’t seem to be the too outwardly violent type, but domestic violence is certainly on a list of things that you associate with him. He’s just so abrasive and rough, apathetic, and seemingly thoughtless. Maybe some of the things he has done for you, or for others, could have been out of genuine care from the right place, but he definitely goes about it in the wrong way. You fumbled your shaky hands together, rubbing your wrists. You felt so awkward and scared. As arousing as it was to see them have a verbal stand-off over you, you were not in the right mental state to be dealing with this. You wished McCree would just stay with you, that he would protect you with his presence. You felt safe with him. You felt safe with Winston, with Tracer, D.Va, Lucio. Soldier: 76? You’d rather take on the world alone.

“Are you not aware of this pecking order, McCree?” 76 walked close to him, staring him down.

“There is no more ‘order’, partner.” There was a spark in his eye.

“Not on my watch, cowboy.” The sparks lit, and everything was burning. You swore you saw McCree going for his gun. Everything began to burn so fast, too fast. You felt the smoke suffocating you, threatening to kill you before the fire itself does.

“Stop.” You blurted out. They both ceased their pissing contest and turned to look at you. You blushed lightly, a little embarrassed, “McCree . . . it’s fine.” You muttered quietly. He blinked, “Are you sure, [Y/N]?” He asked, wanting to make sure it was okay to leave you with the person who had caused you to breakdown. You bit the inside of your bottom lip and shook your head. He sighed. “Whatever you say, darlin’.” He tipped his head and hat to you and 76, leaving through the
It was quiet. Unbearably so. While Soldier 76 had watched him leave, you slunk behind the corner slightly, hoping the wall would help hide you or create a barrier between the two of you. He turned back around to see you, trying to hide. He moved towards you, and you tried to hide more, but he breeched the barrier. He turned the corner, staring you down like a tiger does with its prey. Your eyes were wide, your side rolling with the wall until you were up against it on your back. You were like a bunny, ears drooped, shaking. What was he going to say? What was he going to do to you? Suddenly, you felt such intense fear, as if you should never had told McCree to leave. You had a creeping feeling up your back, tingling your neck and spine, whispering for you to run. The whispers grew more erratic and louder, until they were screaming. He stared down at you, seeing the fear in your eyes.

He sighed inaudibly, but his shoulders showed it, “You weren’t supposed to hear that.” He finally spoke. His voice was still rough, but it was quiet. You could tell that 76 didn’t really know what to say to rectify putting you through a complete mental breakdown. You shifted uncomfortably. You didn’t know what to say, but neither did he. You could tell Soldier: 76 wasn’t one for apologizes. He was too proud and stubborn, completely immovable. “And . . . ah, shit.” He swore, unable to find the words. You tried to find the words to say, “I understand what you’re trying to say, 76,” he looked at you, “but I can’t forgive you. Not right now.” Your gaze fell to the floor. You were just emotionally and mentally broken down, you personally didn’t deem it appropriate to forgive someone so quickly for something so devastating. You however stabbed him in his pride, right where it hurt. Apologizing was hard enough, but the apology, half-assed or not, being unaccepted? He balled his fists, the leather stretching. You heard the sound and saw the fists, pressing yourself back against the wall farther suddenly. You felt so trapped, so scared.

“[I understand.]”

You looked up at him. He had spoken through gritted teeth. He sighed, the grip in his fists releasing and relaxing. He turned his gaze to the side, “Don’t forget dinner like you did breakfast.” He just got stabbed in the pride but still had enough left to tell you to pretty much fuck off in his own way. He left briskly, your breath caught in your throat. Once he was finally gone, you felt as though you could breathe again, the smoke and fire clearing. You rubbed your eyes, groaning. You were so tired, so exhausted, and this whole shitstorm made not only your fatigue worse, but also your emotional and mental state. Judging by the clock on the wall, it seemed just about dinner time. You begrudgingly headed towards the elevator, creeping inside. You pressed the button to the main hallway and squeezed your eyes shut, hoping that would distract you.

Once the doors opened you jumped out, seeing Tracer heading to the dining area. She beamed, lighting up. The brunette ran over to you, always excited, “Hey [Y/N]!” You waved to her and she waved back, linking arms with you. “So, how ya feelin’?” She asked, staring deep into your eyes. You grinned at her, walking to the table that had many empty seats, “I’m feeling a lot better, thank you!” She giggled. “Oh, and also thank you for the late lunch and my medication! Dr. Ziegler is gonna be so mad I didn’t take it yesterday.” You chuckled nervously and she stared at you, cocking her head.

“Lunch?”

“Yeah, and the pills?” You asked, cocking an eyebrow. “It was there when I woke up.” Your voice faltered, feeling a little nervous. Did you eat a ghost? Her expression softened.

“Oh, love, that wasn’t me.” She had this loving smile, as if she meant to say something with just that smile.
“Th... Then who?” Your voice was low and quiet. The two of you made it to your usual spots, taking a seat.

“It was Soldier: 76.”

You were spinning, his name echoing heavily in your brain like a song lyric that just won’t get out. You stared off. She sighed, patting your shoulder, “I’ll go fix us some plates, yeah?”

“Yeah.” You spoke emptily, not paying attention as she walked off.

You sat there feeling like the biggest fucking asshole. Like, the absolute worst motherfucker in all the lands. Sure, Soldier: 76 scolded you and called you a kid and, well, kind of made you breakdown; however, you started to notice he was looking out for you. He didn’t want you going alone with Tracer and D.Va in fear that they wouldn’t be able to protect you if you were attacked. He took you to your bed when you were unwell, and now, as it seems, he brought you lunch and your medicine. You dropped your face in your hands. You really were a kid. You were acting so ignorant and haughty. You thought you were invincible.

Tracer came back with food and you barely ate, feeling lesser. Everybody was finally at the table, D.Va chattering happily like a little squirrel, Lucio telling some crazy story about that one time he performed live, and Tracer, giggling in your ear. You side eyed down the table to see Winston, McCree, and Soldier: 76. They seemed to be heavier in conversation, but by the look of McCree’s face he was too busy being snarky to really partake in it. Winston was sighing a lot. And 76 was sitting there, probably arguing, his eyebrows so tight they almost conjoined, the wrinkles in his forehead so dense. He was so stressed, and here he was, taking care of not only you, but everybody. He was working so hard to keep things in order, to keep everybody together. You looked down. God damn. You can’t get over how much of a jerk you were. Your eyes peaked through the corner of your eyes again, looking at him. Soldier: 76 really, truly was trying to help. He looked down in your direction and you looked away quickly, immediately engaging in the conversation your friends were having. Of course, that didn’t throw him off. You knew that he knew that you were staring at him.

He stood up, taking his empty plate into the kitchen, your eyes following him. You wanted to apologize. You needed to apologize. You had contemplated going to the kitchen and doing it, but you just didn’t have it in you to do it at that moment. You almost had to mentally prepare yourself for it, since it would surely going to take a jab at your own pride as well. You wish you never thanked Tracer for the meal, because if you didn’t and just assumed then you wouldn’t be stuck in the predicament you were now. Then again, 76 didn’t have a lot of time to prepare for his apology as well. You were about to stand up until Lucio chimed in, “Hey guys, I’m heading back early to work on some music, so I’ll take your plates!” Ah fuck. You smiled and thanked him, Tracer and D.Va’s voices echoing yours. Well, there goes that brief second of confidence.

You then decided it was time for you to turn in for the night, regardless of not being so much tired as you were mentally fatigued. What you really wanted to do was to go on a ride in D.Va’s convertible. The thought of the wind whipping your hair, forcing your eyes closed, making you smile was what you genuinely needed right now. A nice long ride, music blaring, drowning out your thoughts and worries, escaping. However, you didn’t want to ask her, nor did you want to just sneakily steal her car. I mean, it’s not like you even knew where her keys were or anything.

“If she goes out again without a stronger defense then she’s as good as dead.”

God damn him.

“I’m gonna be heading back to my room myself.” You said with a sigh.
“Aww!” Tracer whined.

“So early! What’s up, [Y/N]? Didn’t you have yourself a little nap earlier?” D.Va asked, cocking her head.

“I’m just a little exhausted is all. Even though I slept a little bit I’m still really tired.” You shrugged, the girls pouting at you. You smiled. “Don’t give me those looks.” They pouted harder. You chuckled. “Stop!” They stood up, pouting in your face. You giggled, pushing them away. They laughed at you, saying goodnight as you left the dining area and to your room.

You got to your room fairly quickly, heading inside swiftly, shoving the door shut. You walked to your nightstand and took the other pill, before nighttime as instructed. You swallowed it dry, grimacing as it dragged down your throat. You coughed, sitting on your bed. You lazily undid your shoes, having to rip them off with great difficulty because you didn’t want to untie them fully. You sighed, teetering slightly. That nap made you feel more tired afterwards than before you slept. Realistically, you didn’t know how long you had been out for. You were so fatigued, so tired with having to face with what was going on. Tracer and D.Va were great friends and wonderful at distracting you. Soldier: 76 kind of brought you back to Earth, where you very much did not want to be. You didn’t want to come to terms that you don’t even know if you were going to get back home. If you were going to see your friends again. If you were going to see your sisters. Your parents. Cherry Pie.

The thought of never seeing Cherry Pie again broke something inside of you that was already broken. You started to cry. You didn’t know how much longer you were going to feel this way, to think back on your life and cry. You didn’t want to cry anymore. If anything, you were more tired of crying. You didn’t want to grow up and face the current situation. You just wanted to go home.
A few days had passed, and with each day you grew more familiar and comfortable with your surroundings. You haven’t been able to leave with Tracer and D.Va on trips, unfortunately, but you were also in a mood. You’ve been in the mood ever since you found out about Soldier: 76 having taken care of you. You wanted to apologize, and to accept his apology. Would they actually cancel each other out? Like how when you multiply a negative and a negative and it becomes a positive? However, this isn’t algebra, it’s life. You wished it worked that way. If there was anything you took from your math classes it was that, and also the Pythagorean triangle. And in biology, you learned that the mitochondria is the powerhouse of the cell. With biology on your mind, when you had woken up the day after taking the two pills you felt amazing.

When you had checked yourself in the mirror you had no bruises or scratches or scrapes or scars: you were fully healed. Your necklace looked better draped around your neck when there were no scabs distracting the eye from the crystals. When you went and saw Dr. Ziegler she was very much pleased, telling you that you were free to go and to go see her if there seemed to be any latent adverse reactions. You asked her what kind of reactions, and she said that you would definitely know. So far, you’re in the clear.

With Tracer and Soldier: 76, they had taught you about Overwatch and Talon. You were seated upstairs in Winston’s lab at a table that was facing his monitor. He was downstairs experimenting while letting you three have upstairs. They explained the Omnic Crisis, Overwatch forming, their members, after the Omnic Crisis, the sudden explosion of technological advancement to better humanity, the collapse of Overwatch and the loss of Morrison and Reyes, Talon, and now. They had slideshows, so that made it more interesting. You saw younger Reinhardt, Pharah’s mother, and others. Jack Morrison was unreasonably attractive in a very masculine sense, finding yourself drawn to his character. Gabriel Reyes was rather attractive too, but seemed very daunting, “So Jack and Gabriel are dead?” You asked, arms outstretched on the table and patting the surface rhythmically with your hands. Soldier: 76 went to say something, but Tracer jumped the gun, “Presumably.” She nodded, looking at 76 nodding, and back to you.

“Gabriel sounds unreasonably jealous. This is like a real bad Lifetime movie, honestly.” You shook your head. 76 looked like he went to say something again, but you continued on. “But on another note, we’re breaking the Petras Act - okay, well, I say ‘we’ like I’m really a part of Overwatch. How would the government know?” You asked, opening your hands to the side. 76 jumped on this one, “When word gets ‘round that we’re making waves, they’ll know. We’re changing the world again. They’ll know who’s doing it.” He nodded.

“And that concludes your first history lesson of Overwatch yay!” Tracer yelled, giggling and clapping her hands. You smiled, the slideshow shutting off and showing codes and numbers.

Yesterday you went and saw Winston. You went to see what the blood tests showed (which was nothing) and to run MRIs and whatever else he needed done. They took forever, making you wait
breathlessly and fervently. After painstaking hours of Winston scanning yourself in this bizarre
government database and pulling records and doing scans: nothing. Nothing was out of the
ordinary.

“Hmm, that’s strange.” Winston muttered, rubbing his chin, grabbing a jar of peanut butter with
his foot. You were sitting on the exam table, but decided to walk up behind him, staring at the
screen with running words, “What is?” You asked, concerned.

“It just seems that . . . nothings wrong.” He was shocked, taken aback. You were almost offended.

“Were you expecting something to be out of the ordinary?” You asked, scrunching your face a
little incredulously.

“Well, it’s just that you were forced through time by means of some mechanism. Not too sure what
kind of machine, but one with no aftereffect?” He scoffed, “Unheard of.” You were worried now.

“What if it’s dormant? What if it’s, y’know, taking time to manifest itself?” You said a little
quietly, nervous. He hummed, thinking to himself.

“It’s a possibility. It might be slim, but it could be a possibility.” He typed away quickly on his
computer.

You couldn’t help but think about what could happen. What if it was something like radiation
poisoning or something equally catastrophic? You imagined yourself growing a little head on your
neck, having it speak and squeal weird chanting noises. It controlled your arms, making it smack
yourself in your face constantly. In another daydream, you saw yourself with tentacles for arms
and a squid mouth. You had goat eyes. What if it gave you something like that of a superhero? Just
seeing yourself with super strength, speed, and heightened senses was, in all honesty, very
dangerous. You would abuse it constantly. Hey, you would even consider becoming a bad guy
because of all the awesome things that you could do. What if you just incinerated one day? Just
spontaneously combusted because of all of the pent up chronal defects not having an immediate
outcome when you first arrived in grand ol’ 2076? What if you slowly disintegrateed over time?
Remember that scene in Tangled where Mother Gothel suddenly aged and then turned to dust?
What if that happened? But slowly? Shit, even at lightning speed that would be horrific.

But, what if nothing happened? While, sensibly, that would be the most quintessential of all the
options, it would be kind of bland, wouldn’t it? You were ripped through time and space itself,
being launched six decades into the future, and you didn’t even get a t-shirt for it. You didn’t even
get a lousy t-shirt.

You felt conflicted with what you wanted, or rather, what you should understand could be a
potential result. You thought you would at least be able to jump through timelines and whatnot
since you’ve already experienced time travel itself. God, you were so dizzy after. You felt so sick
you were surprised you didn’t vomit when you first appeared.

“So what now, Winston?” You asked, arms crossed, brows furrowed, eyes staring at the screen
and watching the complex formulas explode.

“We wait, [Y/N]. We wait.”

After your lesson, you three met Winston downstairs and all went to dinner together, enjoying a
meal with everybody. Unbeknownst to you for the previous days, there was a living area. It had a
bunch of couches and chairs and multiple television sets. One had video games for the kiddos, which is where you, Tracer, D.Va, and Lucio often found yourselves. You guys had a lot of fun though! You were the best at Super Smash Brothers, exceeding Miss Gamer Gurl herself. You mained as Cloud or Lucina, absolutely destroying everybody constantly. After dinner had ended, you four wound up here. You all laughed and played and had a multitude of fun, but was suddenly cut short.

“What the hell are you all doing?” The loud voice grated at the chalkboard. You all stopped mid-game, turning to look.

“Nothing.” You spoke blatantly, not having time. Guilt gnawed at you, but being scolded wasn’t going to make you feel like apologizing more.

“Well, shit, do I need to find something for all of you to do?” Your father would say that line verbatim, and it riled you up every time.

“We are doing something, though.” You said, a little sarcastic, eyebrows drawn in confusion.

“You just said you were doing nothing. That doesn’t look like nothing. How about contributing to the team instead.” He really needed something to get done, and you were not the one to volunteer. Lucio sighed, standing up with a sigh and defeatism, “Alright, what do you need done?” Soldier: 76 ushered him to exit the room. Lucio turned to you all with a face that read “you owe me”.

Then there were three. You all continued to play Smash, destroying Lucio’s lonely Kirby. You all stopped once the round was over, turning on some weird new show with robots that Tracer liked so much. British humor was weird, “So what’s been going on with 76 lately?” D.Va asked, blowing a bubble with her gum and then pulling it into her mouth, popping it with her tongue. Tracer sighed and you looked at them, “What do you mean?” You asked.

“I mean that he’s been more stuck up than usual. Haven’t you noticed?” D.Va prodded, Tracer nodded in agreement.

“He really has been. He’s been like this for, what, the past three days?” Tracer was perplexed just as much as D.Va. But you knew. Oh. You knew. You couldn’t believe you had this strong of a hold on him, that you were easily getting under his skin that much. You never thought that you could do that to someone. The television show kept going on and the feeling kept egging you on, challenging you. You stared at the clock above the television, your leg shaking in nervousness. You stood up promptly and the two looked at you, “Heading to bed, love?” Tracer asked and you nodded, “Yeah. I’ll see you guys tomorrow.” They said their good nights and you left.

Your shoes always made a prominent sound against the floor, echoing dully in the hallway. The lights were on, the window leading to a pitch black world. You felt uneasy and nauseous, thinking about how horrible you made Soldier: 76 more than likely feel regardless of his steel barrier. You walked slowly, fumbling your hands together and taking deep breaths. His door readily approached, if not very suddenly if you say so yourself. It stared you down, climbing the heights and getting bigger and bigger until it towered over you like a skyscraper. It was terrifying and almost loomed with impending calamity. You had to bear it. You had to end this.

You knocked on Soldier: 76’s door nervously and lightly. You stood there, anxious. Your heart was pounding in your chest. Why the hell were you acting so funky? So strange? So nervous? It was like you were going to your dad to tell him bad news, but you weren’t telling 76 any bad news at all. You bounced a little on the balls of your feet, biting your lip and examining his door. Footsteps were heard and the same with the door unlocking. You ceased all movement and lip biting once the door began to open. He wore his black undershirt and pants, shoeless, but still with
his visor. His eyebrows raised slightly, either shocked or disbelieving.

“What.” He stated firmly, crossing his arms over his pecs. You curled in your lips, popping them open and then asking, “May I come in?” You felt your cheeks get a little warm. A single eyebrow of his raised.

“Why?” He sounded skeptical, but also demanding. You shrugged briefly.

“I wanted to talk with you.” You gave a small smile. Soldier: 76 shifted his weight to one foot.

“And why can you do that out here.” Your nervousness came to a sudden halt, giving him a deadpanned expression.

“I wanted to talk with you in private. About private things. Y’know, like, you have something to tell someone but you don’t want everybody to know your business. Unless you would want to risk people hearing.” You stated, very annoyed. He groaned, motioning for you to enter. You sighed, feeling like you were pulling teeth.

He closed the door behind you, and you examined his room. It was the same as yours, a king instead of a queen, but most impressively was the window that took up his entire wall to the right of his bed. The curtains were drawn, revealing the beautiful night sky. You gawked slightly, drawn to the twinkling stars and dazzling half moon. You walked a bit towards his window and he watched you, “Yeah. It’s, uh, nice.” He said awkwardly. You turned and looked at him, a mischievous little smirk on your lips, “Well, that doesn’t sound very appreciative of you. I would kill for this room.” You continued to stare out the window.

“Well?” He grumbled. Your brows furrowed and you turned back to him.

“You really want to rush this don’t you.”

“I’m not really one for company, so what do you want.” You were taken aback by his statement. “Well?” He demanded.

He is so rude! You felt your cheeks get hot in anger. Who the hell did he think he was? Like, congratulations for joining some deadbeat organization. Did he want a medal? He walked around, having the nerve to boss everybody because, apparently, by his standards, everybody did everything wrong. You weren’t able to have fun, you couldn’t laugh, and you could even get penalized for smiling. He was so wound up and uptight. Tracer would say he “has his knickers in a twist”, which is far from it. He has a fucking stick up his ass, and you were ready to just rip it right out.

“You know what, Soldier: 76, I was going to come here to tell you that I accept your apology and to apologize to you for recent behavior, but now I know you’re not worth it. I felt bad for you, hurting you like that even though you hurt my feelings more.”

“Maybe if you didn’t eavesdrop and sneak around you wouldn’t be feeling the way you do now.” He growled at you. You felt your ears catch on fire.

“Maybe if you weren’t a hardheaded asshole I wouldn’t be feeling this way either!” You yelled at him. He charged up to you. You tried to hold your ground, but he would have bulldozed you right on down if you hadn’t had scurried backwards, back hitting the glass window. You tried to keep your composure, but your hands shook and you began to breathe a little quickly.

“Don’t you ever talk to me like that ever again!” He full fledged yelled at you, military style. Your expression sunk into something angry, but you couldn’t tell.
“Take off your mask.” You stated - no, demanded. 76 stared at you.

“Excuse me.”

“You heard me. Take it off. Now.”

“And why should I listen to you.”

“Because I am technically older than you. Did you even listen to The Beatles?”

“What?”

You confused him momentarily with idiocy enough to catch him off guard. You threw your hands up, reaching towards his stupid mask, “GIVE IT TO ME.” You roared. Your unforseen movements dazed him briefly. Acting out of the ordinary with abrupt movements threw off the soldier which is the reaction you were risking for. His movements were hindered, trying to back away from your thrashing hands. However, he was not prepared for you to jump on him, full weight, causing him to go crashing onto the tile ground.

You straddled yourself on his chest, knees on his arms. You didn’t have much time before he would fling you off. Your eyes were on fire. Your hands moving so fast you thought you saw a blue trail when your swung your right hand. You reached down at his mask, and in one fell swoop, took it off. Your eyes widened and he threw you off. You landed harshly on your back, gasping, but clutching the mask with one hand while the other propped you up. You sat up quickly, staring up at the man who stood over you.

A long pink scar lead from the right side of the front of his forehead, over the bridge of his nose, and finishing on the left side of his cheek leveled with his nostril. He had another pink scar on the right side of his cheek, paralleling the ending of the larger scar. This scar, however, ran over the corner of his lips, ending slightly onto his chin. His jawline was chiseled out of marble by Gian Lorenzo Bernini himself, his cheekbones sculpted very carefully and thoroughly as if he were the bust of an emperor. He had scuff along his jaw, faint but tinted. But his eyes - oh God his eyes. Weary, but strong. There was a story hidden behind those brilliant blue irises. As of right now, they almost glowed in a burning fury, staring directly at you.

You were frozen in place. In fear. You couldn’t move. You didn’t know whether it was from how gorgeous he actually was, perplexed as to why these harsh years had taken little toll on his appearance, or because Jack Morrison of Overwatch stood right in front of you. The frontman for the entire organization, fathering you and everybody else in the base.

Your cheeks lit up, spreading to the rest of your face and ears. He walked over to you, standing above you. You failed at attempting to grab at the floor with one hand, fearful of what he might do. Jack dropped to one knee next to you. You jumped slightly with your mouth slightly agape. He was so close, this enigma of a man, face baring and spilling all of his secrets at one simultaneous moment. You didn’t know. You never would have guessed. The thought that Jack Morrison was still alive or that he could potentially be your father figure wasn’t necessarily on your list.

You thought for a moment that when he reached his hand out he was going to bash your head into the tile. You viewed him as such a violent man because all you’ve seen is aggression and outbursts. His anger slid into something borderlining disappointment. His hand took his mask from your loose grasp, staring down at it, “Now you know.” He stated bluntly, voice quiet.

Your pupils dilated.
Your heart fluttered.

Stomach flipped.

Breathing strenuous.

Oh God.

You liked him.

You liked him a lot.

You were so scared of him but Jesus Christ seeing him so bare, naked in a sense, opened you up. It wasn’t even for the fact that he was gorgeous for his age, it was for the fact that you saw him for what he truly is, understanding everything he has done up until this very moment. Unfortunately, it was for the fact that you tore something away from him: his identity. You took away the only precious thing he had left, the only thing nobody knew. Seeing the soldier so solemn was wrenching your heart, but had you not have understood you don’t think you would have possessed the feelings that you do now. You wanted to touch him, to show you felt regretful and that your form of physical affection was truly contrite. However, you didn’t touch him. Not without his permission this time.

Your heartstrings yanked every which way. You couldn’t bear the thought of hurting somebody in such a way, ripping a piece away from them because of your own selfishness. It wasn’t like you, to wound someone in such a way.

“I’m so sorry.” You whispered. You would usually check yourself to make sure you weren’t out of line, but you were very, very much awry. All he could do was stare at you. “I’m sorry I did this. It was so self-centered of me to out you when you weren’t willing. I am so sorry.” You couldn’t help but mutter apologies, looking away. You were ashamed.

“I guess this makes us even.” You looked up at him. Was this his form of simultaneously accepting your apology and recognizing that you were accepting his? He placed his mask back into place, the red visor lighting up. “Forget this ever happened.”

Why was he being so gentle and soft about this?

“76,” respecting his identity, “why are you being so passive?” You couldn’t help but ask, almost worried. He stood up, gazing down at you.

“Cause you’re just a kid.” Oh god dammit. “And kids are stupid.” Are you fucking kidding me. “But you only get two strikes. One more and I will not hesitate to take you down.” He growled, adjusting his rising shirt, revealing a lick of tightened abs. You got a little hot.

“Well . . . that’s fair.” You shrugged.

He offered you his bare hand, and you took it. With so much ease he pulled you up and you watched his bicep flex as you glided smoothly upwards. You looked up at him, glanced down, then back to him, “I’ll see you in the morning.” You said softly. “And I won’t miss breakfast.” You said with sly eyes, turning around and heading towards the door.

“You looked like her.” He said with much difficulty, straining to get the words out. Your hand was on the handle when you turned your head, confused. “Scarlett O’hara, when you fell.” He grumbled. You smiled brightly. Was he being nice? You chuckled softly, shaking your head and making your exit, closing the door gently behind you.
You went next door to your room, disappearing inside. You kept smiling goofily, plopping onto your bed, unlacing your shoes and leaving them in front of the nightstand. You went to your dresser and pulled out your pajamas. They were white silk shorts and a camisole, soft and smooth on your skin. You crawled into your bed, the cool sheets giving you little chills. You smiled, ready to get super toasty.

You couldn’t stop smiling. You couldn’t stop thinking about Soldier: 76. It was unfortunate that you started growing feelings for him. I mean, what about McCree? Shit, even Tracer or D.Va or Lucio. But no. It was Soldier: 76 of all people. Seeing him so exposed and placid was eye opening to you. You wanted to see more of that, more of him that’s neither a dad or a soldier. He appeared so human and susceptible. You wanted to be around him more now, to experience that. The thought of him being a sweetheart heightened your romantic feelings towards him. Earlier you beat yourself up briefly over it, but now you’re focused on feeling more that way. When was the last time you liked someone? It’s been a long time.

You snuggled deep into your sheets. You were great friends with your previous ex upon reflecting. He was super nice, but fairly an emotional person which isn’t wrong, it just wasn’t for you. However, he would stay up late to talk with you on the phone and play video games with you. Whenever you two hung out you would make sure to share a bowl of ramen at this hole-in-the-wall Japanese restaurant. You missed those times. You missed being so comfortable with a person, even once out of the relationship. You hoped that, maybe someday, you’ll be able to have that happiness and security once more.
Day 24:
Today was the day you were gifted with a new phone! You were in the living room with Winston, Tracer, Lucio, and D.Va. Winston made it to where it couldn’t be traced by the government or Talon; Lucio made sure he downloaded all of the music you grew up with, along with his favorite songs and his own albums; and D.Va made sure the technology was up to date. Tracer was very much excited to give it to you. You took it eagerly, thanking everyone. When you looked down at it, you were rather perplexed, “Uh. How does it work.” It was a rectangular glass screen, very thin, and completely transparent. You wobbled it, turning it over and suddenly realizing you didn’t know which was the screen and which was the back. How do you turn it on? Winston smiled. “Hold your finger down in the center of it.” He was just as eager as you.
You held your finger down at the center. The screen faded to black and you gawked with a smile as the Overwatch logo came up on the screen. You guffawed as it faded to the home screen. You turned to look at the back but noticed you could only see black, making it more private. It was similar to that of an iPhone with a home button that all you had to do was tap it.
It had preinstalled apps! You had a Music app that had all the music Lucio put on there. There was a messaging app, but a special texting app that was untraceable with messages that would delete once you exited the app. D.Va said she put it there for valuable information, like if you needed a location from somebody that you didn’t want seen, and apparently everybody had that app on their phone. There were new versions of Snapchat, Facebook, and other social media platforms that you had on there as well. Not that you could really use those without people finding out, it was still comforting to have. You grinned brightly, teeming with excitement.
“Thank you, guys. Seriously this . . . means so much to me.” They all told you it was no problem. You finally felt human again.
You didn’t feel so stuck anymore, and noticed your ever growing gratefulness towards everyone at Overwatch.
That night, you logged onto your old FaceBook reluctantly and cried, not sleeping, at the memorials that were left on your profile wall every day, for many years.

Day 27:
D.Va decided you needed to make money. Badly, “Listen, [Y/N], you need to start making your own money, right?” She said blatantly one day when you two were hanging out, sitting on the couch with Smash on. You were kind of taken aback by her statement, “Uhm. Right.” You agreed. “That’s why, tonight, you’re going to come to my room and I’m going to feature you on my live stream!” You blushed.
“I have a cuter personality, which has its perks. But you, on the other hand, are quirky!” Is she saying you’re not cute?
“Are you saying I’m not cute?” You couldn’t help but actually ask her. She became flustered.
“Oh, no, no, no! You’re the other half I need for my show! I don’t have the special spark that you have. You like video games right? Or MMOs? RPGs?” She held your hands in hers, eyes filled with this genuine and sincere happiness.

“I . . . guess?” You didn’t really know how to answer her question. Did she play League of Legends? World or Warcraft? You were fairly concerned, since you weren’t much for live streaming.

“Perfect! You’ll be on tonight, so get extra pretty!” She giggled, jumping up and heading to her room.

Later that night you were taken to her room where professional equipment for streaming was located in an extra room she had. It was soundproofed with amazing microphones and cameras. You had a fear of even going near them, knowing that if you broke them, you would never be able to afford to replace them.

You went along with it, and was soon greeted by thousands and thousands of followers. She showed you how to play the game during the stream and then leaving you to the wolves. You did alright! People donated money, and D.Va gave you a portion! In one night you made enough to be able to buy a few new outfits of clothes.

That night you watched videos of Cherry Pie that your friends had posted on your wall, taking her in and taking care of her while you had disappeared. You don’t think you’ve cried that hard in weeks.

Day 32:
You still weren’t allowed to leave. Soldier: 76 still had you on lockdown. It was nine in the morning. The sky was new, clouds hanging lazily in the sky. The blue was so beautiful today, reminding you very much of a river’s flow. You wanted to skip rocks in its waters. There was a soft breeze, a cooling one, or so you predicted. You only knew there was wind because of how gently the trees rocked, dancing together.

You had just finished meditation with Zenyatta and Genji. The Japanese cyborg had left to go see Dr. Ziegler, leaving you and the Omnic. You found out that they prefer the term Omnic to Robot, since Robot had a primitive connotation to it, not necessarily offensive but just not preferred.

You liked to sit on a yoga mat to keep your butt from going numb, and you were currently rolling it up, “[Y/N],” he caught your attention, so you stopped rolling and looked up at him, “I have noticed you have been having the blues. Is everything quite all right?” He asked, his legs crossed and in the air. He was very compassionate and quiet. You loved him and his presence, which is what made you take up meditation for half an hour every morning.

“I want to go outside.” You said blatantly, eyebrows crumpled together in misery. You gazed at the ground, sighing. He placed a hand on your shoulder, and you peered up at him.

“Do not grieve, [Y/N]. In due time.” You nodded at him.

“Thank you, Zenyatta.”

“Go in harmony.” He said with a nod. You smiled softly, rolling up your mat and leaving.

You had sent D.Va out for clothes the other day, and she thankfully brought back comfortable clothing. You wore black crop leggings with a cute pink racerback that had “PINK” written in black on the front with sequins. You knew D.Va was a Pink and Victoria’s Secret fan, you wouldn’t have put it past her. You walked down the halls in your flip flops that you also made her buy. Being a Florida girl, flip flops are a must. While walking down the hallway, you couldn’t help but think about Soldier: 76.

You were panting, chest heaving, sweat dripping. Your shirt was drenched and your hair was a mess from hell, “Come on, [Y/N].” The old soldier growled. There was a small gym that the base had with a separate room, which held a small boxing ring. Soldier: 76 was teaching you fighting basics there. He had punching mitts on, making you kick with all of your might. The tops of your feet were red from the constant kicking, and your thighs were screaming and on fire. Every time you kicked his hands would barely move, making you believe that you weren’t doing much at all,
though him being a super soldier would require more than a measly kick to take him down. You stopped, hands on your thighs, gasping to breathe. “Can we please take a break?” You begged, looking up at him with squinted eyes. He stared at you through red, “Ten more kicks.” You groaned, getting back into position and blowing out your ten kicks. Once you reached ten you fell back onto your ass, reaching for your water and chugging it. 76 took off the mitts, placing them on the stool in the corner, “When can I go outside?” You asked, air back in your lungs. You couldn’t tell if the tightness in your chest was from the work out, or from the need for an answer that was different than his usual response. “When you can knock me down.” His answer didn’t change. You were so frustrated. You just wanted to leave, even briefly! Even to step outside. You wanted to feel the grass between your toes, the air enveloping you. You missed the beach. You missed the snow white sand slowly grabbing your feet, you missed it when the sand became hardened with water, making running easier and not so loose. You missed the sandpipers running along the thin layer of seawater that sat on the sand. You missed walking into the shallows, sand and shells crunching beneath your feet, the feeling of broken shells poking and prodding at your toes a distant memory. You longed for that salty air giving you a healthy coating on your skin and hair, hair ties becoming an enemy. Those were the days. The good days. The good old days. Days you prayed that, someday in the near future, you’ll be able to get back because the idea of beaches and oceans being gone from your life for too long was a nightmare and an oddity, even when you were by the beach and not even on it was enough to satiate your hunger for open skies and wakes. You understood where 76 was coming from, you really did, but did he not understand that you needed to get out? Does he not know your sanity level? You don’t know if you could yet accept the idea of never seeing your family and friends and pet again, but to take the only thing that made you levelheaded away was just inconceivable. You stared at the man and he stared back. You stood up, “Put the mitts back on.” You growled. You could see him smirk underneath his mask. You were going to knock him down, once and for all.

Day 36: You couldn’t knock him down. You’ve been trying for an entire month and still? Nothing. Nothing has yet to come to fruition. He would probably just keep smacking you down every day. He was probably getting a kick out of this! You wouldn’t put it past him to intentionally not want you to leave, to keep you inside in a little bubble, safe from Talon and the government itself. It was driving you batshit, and every day in the gym you would take it out on him in the ring, since you couldn’t necessarily rip off his mask again.

He was teaching you simple defense techniques, different ways to flip and take down an opponent. You felt that when he would flip you to show you he wasn’t showing any mercy, but you knew better; however, you had to give him all you had. He was big, a lot bigger than you, a true tower, a force to be reckoned with. With great struggle and a yell, you would throw him down, and it didn’t seem to bug him one bit. You would repeat, and repeat, and repeat, and repeat, until it became effortless. By that time, you had already grown exhausted. Your entire body ached with sore shoulders and core.

You sat in the corner, panting, cheeks flushed red and sweaty with a giant bottle of water in your hands. He was checking over his equipment for the day before turning to look at you, peering into your tired and fed up expression, “So,” you started, “why won’t you let me out.” You said briefly. You knew the answer. You always knew the answer.

“You’re not ready.” He said in a low voice, sitting on the stool, watching you. “If Talon or agents come at you, what are you gonna do.” It was rhetorical.

“But I’ll have somebody with me.” Your usual counterargument. He sighed. “Kids can’t protect kids.” He stated. It wasn’t his usual answer, but bared similarities. Even when he made your blood boil with an unforgiving rage you still had feelings for him.

“How experienced do I have to be to leave?” Your voice started rising, your eyebrows scrunching, sitting up.
“Strong enough to knock me down.”
“I technically just did.”
“In an actual fight.”

Oh.
Well that was new.
You gave him an incredulous look. You felt so betrayed. You stood up, throwing the water on the ground, charging over to him, but he held his ground, “What the hell do you mean in an actual fight? I was told to just knock you down, but not in an actual fight! Does it look like I can fight you?” You were raising your voice. His wrinkles deepened and you knew you were upsetting him. He was silent. Then it donned on you. “You don’t want me to leave.” You backed away. “You don’t want me to leave base.” He sighed.

“[Y/N], listen—”
“No! You don’t want me to leave at all! I just want to go outside! I want to breathe! I don’t want to be cooped up anymore! I can’t tell you the last time I had fresh air. I don’t care if I just open window, just let me breathe!” You started gasping heavily, about to break down into an anxiety attack. He took a deep breath in and then out, because if one of you had to be calm he knew it had to be him. He couldn’t have you run away and risk being kidnapped because he couldn’t control his temper, and he knew that blowing up would more than likely drive you out because, let’s face it, that’s a very predictable move, especially for someone like you.

“Do you know what they’ll do to you.” He stated. You froze, still struggling to find the right way to breath. “Do you?” He asked again, not rhetorical.

“No.” You whispered. He walked up to you, speaking.

“They’ll torture you, beat you, experiment on you, show no mercy and no kindness. They’ll starve and dehydrate you to test you. You can’t even begin to comprehend what they’ll do.” You backed up against the rope of the ring, his shadow engulfing you. “They will leave you as a broken, bloody husk of what you used to be.” He was growling. “I’m trying to protect you from that.” You bit your lip. Holy shit you wanted to punch him, but you really needed him to back off.
He then jumped over the ring, and you found your pattern of breathing. You turned to look at as he started to leave. “Tomorrow. Same time.”

Day 39:
You woke up feeling fairly melancholy. Your head was foggy and your heart was weighted, and when you looked out your window you saw a dark grey sky and sheets of powerful rain. You sighed, rolling over and looking at your phone. You had, surprisingly, no morning texts. Tracer usually beeps up your phone at exactly 7:45 every day saying good morning my ray of sunshine! None. You begrudgingly threw yourself off of your bed, putting on your usual racerback, leggings, and flip flops, taking your yoga mat and phone and heading out.

You looked at the massive window at the end of the hallway and was greeted with a bright, bright flash of life. You felt your heart rise into your throat, pounding, like it was knocking at a door, begging to get out. Your body shook as you shuffled down at the hallway quickly, but the inevitable thunder boomed louder than Soldier: 76’s voice. You squealed, hugging your mat and running down the passage.

You went to the usual place for meditation, a little shaky. What else to lift your spirits than meditating! Every day at 8:30 for half an hour. You walked in, smiling, ready to take on the day, but to see no one. You frowned, looking around. You looked at your phone. 8:27. You squinted. You opened your phone. Yup. 8:27 A.M. Zenyatta and Genji were nowhere to be seen, and they are both courteous enough to let you know beforehand if class were cancelled, but they didn’t. It was . . unusual. No text from Tracer and no word from Zenyatta or Genji.

Your fear of the elevator was conquered, so you went inside and went to the next floor to the shooting range, the doors opening. You stood there, but heard or saw no McCree. Well, him being awake at that time was ludicrous! He slept in through breakfast, so you rolled your eyes and went to Winston’s lab. The doors opened and you walked through the corridor, seeing nothing but
hearing the beeping of his computers and gadgets, “Hello?” You called out, waiting a few seconds. Nothing but the resonation of your own voice. You knew the one place to confirm everything: the garage. You haven’t been down there since D.Va and Tracer took you out well over a month ago. When the doors opened there were no vehicles. You were astonished, completely stunned. Where did everybody go? And so early without you? You would be fearful of them leaving forever but that was preposterous because no one in Overwatch would do that to you. They loved you, and you knew it. That’s when it hit you. It hit you so hard you couldn’t breathe.

You could leave. You could just find a car or motorcycle or moped, not that you know how to drive one, and take it and just leave. The immediate awareness of freedom was almost overbearing. You could go far, far away. You didn’t have to be stuck in base anymore. You didn’t have to do anything Soldier: 76 told you to do.

Thunder exploded and you yelped, running back into the elevator. Not today.

You went back to the main hallway and decided you could nap, since you weren’t feeling like your usual self. Nobody was there, not Dr. Ziegler, Lucio, nobody. You were truly and utterly alone, so you went back to your room and changed into pajamas, crawling into the bed. The thunder reverberated gently from a distance. You were glad you weren’t where it was just at, promptly falling back asleep.

You woke up a couple hours later to Tracer blowing up your phone, telling you to come to breakfast! She was back! Unfortunately, you still weren’t up to speed, but decided staying in bed all day wouldn’t help either. You put on your usual attire and made it to the mess hall, being greeted by everyone. Tracer held your plate up in the air, prompting you to sit next to her and she must’ve been crazy to think you ever wouldn’t. You hopped over, jumping into your seat, “Where were you guys this morning!” You yelped, almost offended, “Mission!” Tracer said happily. You blinked. “Mission?” You asked. “Yup! We go on them, but usually at night.” You blinked. “So, while I have been here, you’ve been on missions before?” You couldn’t help but feel naive. They went on missions? “The best for stealth.” Tracer giggled. You looked at your plate. You felt almost lied to, but soon assessed that you were the one with blinders on.

Were you really under the presumption that they did nothing all day and hangout? You felt very ignorant and narrow minded. They were working to change the world, and those things don’t always happen suddenly and only during the day.

At the end of dinner, you offered, “You know what? I’ll take the plates.” Tracer gazed at you with innocent blinks, until she smiled. “Okay! Sounds great, love.” You gathered finished plates and took them into the kitchen. As you walked behind and past Soldier: 76, you thought you could feel the red visor staring you down from the back of his head. His eyes were on you, you could tell, the burning red making you trot into the kitchen.

This was the first time you were in the kitchen, come to think of it. It was large, and everything was stainless steel. Unfortunately, it was also some crazy futuristic space-age dark magic. Why did the stove look so weird? Why weren’t there handles on the fridge? Thankfully, the sink looked normal. Next to the sink was a dish washer, but after seeing the other appliances you decided that going about this the old way was your best bet.

The sink itself was wide and deep, and you had to almost stand on the tip of your toes to reach the dishes that you placed at the bottom of the sink. You sneered as you cleaned them, realizing that while, yes, you did do a selfless thing, you also hated touching the food on the plates while cleaning them. For some odd reason it bothered you, but overcoming this minute obstacle was all that you could presently do to feel useful.

Everybody has been working so hard, and you couldn’t even tell. Shit, you didn’t even know they’ve been going on missions almost every night when you retired for the evening. Surely not everybody went, but you could see Soldier: 76 going every night to check out the city. And you
thought he went to bed early because he was old.
When you finished cleaning them, you placed them on a dish rack on top of an absorbent matt.
You propped your elbows on the counter, resting your cheeks in your palms, watching water drip off of the plates. It was kind of calming, staring at the individual droplets as they trailed in slow or fast paces down the porcelain, shining dishes. You felt yourself getting lost, your warped reflection watching you watch the plates slowly dry from their hot scrub.

Being useful made you feel better, that fog that’s been haunting your psyche was diluting slowly.
You found yourself to be a victim and while that is partly true, you’re still alive and being given hospitality. The least you could do is earn your keep.
“Ready?” The low grit voice echoed in the kitchen. You lifted your head and gaze, seeing 76 hanging by the entrance, peering back at you, “For?” You asked. He scoffed.
“Practice.” Your eyebrows cocked, raising yourself further.
“But it’s past six!” You pouted and he crossed his arms.
“Tough. Meet me at the ring in ten.” He left and you groaned loudly, dragging yourself out of the kitchen and to your room, waving at your friends.
You quickly changed and headed to the gym, traipsing through and to the ring where he stood. He wore his usual work out attire: short sleeved black compression shirt, dark pants, and boots. God, were his arms huge. The shirt had a shine to it, and hugged those abs you noticed the night you stole his mask. He was so beautiful, but as of right now you were not too focused on him as much as you were focused on giving him a smack down; unfortunately, you don’t see it happening any time soon as you are still fairly weak and require much more training.
“Ready?” He said, picking up the mitts and sliding them on. You sighed, climbing into the ring while lightly stretching out your arms and legs, then beginning to swing.
He had taught you different ways to punch and kick, and to also avoid those punches and kicks as well. It, genuinely, was not that simple, as he would yell out different moves and you would have follow up with them, or create combos.
At this point with practice, he wouldn’t yell out which hand or which foot, having to surprise him and just have him block. Gradually, it built up to you just throwing out different combinations, but knowing Soldier: 76, he deflected them all. It was fairly frustrating, until you threw him a feint, catching him slightly off guard, causing him to just scrape by. He hadn’t taught it to you yet, but you did happen to see it on YouTube so why not? 76 was mildly impressed, making you smirk.
You didn’t know how long you were going at it, but it felt like hours. He followed up this lesson with weight training for your arms and shoulders, making you dread tomorrow: leg day. Nobody likes leg day, but it is crucial.
At the end of training you were sweaty, hot, and extremely flushed, “Good work today, soldier.” 76 said, fixing the equipment. Your head jerked up to him with wide eyes, staring. “What?” He said uneasily.
“You called me soldier.” You said softly.
“What of it.” He grumbled, turning his back to you. You grinned brightly, your perkiness driving over him like a waterfall.
“You didn’t call me kid!” You yelped happily.
“Go to bed!” He growled, and you giggled, scurrying from him and out the gym, heading to your room.
You stopped in front of your room, eyes scrutinizing the window in front of you. You saw the blackness of night outside, thinking it was cloudy because of the lack of stars, when in practicality it was still pouring panes. You sighed, walking to your room and trudging towards the shower, arms burning, shoulders screaming, a hot shower being the perfect remedy.
After your shower you walked to your closet to check your clean clothes, wondering if you needed to do laundry. You looked in the mirror, taking a shocked step back. You hadn’t really assessed yourself in a while, but noticed the tone in your legs and arms forming. Your quads were assertive, your butt perkerk, and your biceps being more defined. You felt . . . good. You noticed your attitude felt a little different since you’ve been working out, less depressed you would say? It was a
longshot, but the dread of having no family or Cherry Pie was devastating.
No.
You shook your head and groaned.
No more thinking about it.
You know you’ll never get over it, but you need to stop thinking about it on a daily basis, you need to stop dwelling and being at a point where you will have no growth as a human. You couldn’t be sad forever.
Chapter Summary

Chapter inspired by "Don't Wanna Fight" by the Alabama Shakes.

“Soldier: 76 stop this inst—“
“–76 stop!”
“It was just a joke!!”

Your body slammed against the wall and you yelled. Your head was pounding from thrashing around and being smashed against the walls and floors. He was livid. He was seething, the red visor boiling with fury and heat. He was so angry at you.

You were huddled in the corner and he stood above, shadow enveloping your being. You were a simple blob of fear, but you held a front on your face, an expression contorted in a mix of finding an exit to run and an opening to rip him a new one. D.Va, Winston, and Tracer stood off to the side. They weren’t helping you but you understood why: Soldier: 76 is fucking terrifying and regret was seeping out of your pours. He wasn’t pounding you and beating you, just throwing you around to teach you a lesson. A painful lesson. A rather excruciating one at that. He wasn’t using his full strength and that scared you more.

His jacket was wrapped around you, but you refused to take it off. D.Va had stolen his jacket from his room and you jokingly put it on, but then he saw, and everything just happened so fast. You were in the lab with Tracer and Winston, discussing upcoming projects to look over, but then D.Va came sprinting in, giggling hysterically as she held his jacket up. Winston was the only one being logical, wanting to put it back, but Tracer, D.Va, and even yourself agreed to play with it. But who knew this was the only one he had the moment.

His compression shirt was tight, and you believed it wasn’t so much it just being tight as it was him about to Hulk out. You glared up at him, “It was a prank.” You muttered, voice breaking, lower lip quivering.

“Yeah? You see me laughing?” He yelled at you. You shrank, feeling like you were nine and your father was screaming at you.

“What the hell happened to respecting elders? I was never that disrespectful at your age. You should be ashamed.” He was drilling you, and kept going off about you not having common sense. That’s when you found it. That spark in you. It lit up. It burned, and, oh God, was Soldier: 76 the fuel to the flames. It was like a downpour of gasoline on the small fire, but it began to roar and spread throughout you. You felt so driven, by rage, but driven nonetheless. Your pitiful feelings escaped you, replaced by adrenaline and newfound emotions that haven’t overwhelmed you in such a way in so long.

You launched onto your feet, cutting him off. Your hand clenched, powerful, and it felt so jittery. The feeling of restless leg was in your hand, and it was itching to be put to use. Your arm was held back, but snapped powerfully forward like a slingshot right towards his face. He wasn’t expecting this, even though he knew you were prone to bring about surprises – especially for him. He threw his hand up as quickly as he could, to catch your fist. Blue lights flickered out of the corner of your eye, but was too distracted by wanting to bring him down.

You let out a mighty roar as your fist collided with his hand, seemingly slow motion. He clenched down onto your hand. He must have misjudged your strength as the back of his hand hit the side of his face on his mask, making him grunt. 76 took a single step backwards as you glowered up at
him, eyes burning with unmistakable wrath. You panted at the sudden burst of energy you had, adrenaline leaving your body and leaving you exhausted.

Everybody stared at you in shock, “[Y/N] . . .” Tracer gasped as Winston began blubbering excitedly, running over to his computer. D.Va just had her eyes wide and focused on you. You glanced up at Solder: 76 but couldn’t get a read, not understanding his energy. You scoffed, shrugging the jacket off and hurling it at him, “[Y/N], [Y/N]!” Winston yelped, ushering you over to his computer. You gave 76 a look before walking over, being followed by the two girls.

You stood behind him and looked at the screen: a recording of what had just happened from a birds eye view, “Did you see anything strange, [Y/N]?” The gorilla asked and you scrunched your eyebrows, “What do you mean?” You asked, nervously.

“I mean this.” He hit play.
You saw yourself sitting in the corner, terrified, Soldier: 76 approaching you. He was yelling, the video having sound. You watched yourself launch up, your shaky fist prepping, and as it propelled forward, you felt your expression fade into disbelief.
Your fist, at the moment it shot straight to 76, lit up blue, leaving a trail, and then disappearing promptly before reappearing at an impossible rate. That’s why everyone was so shocked: your fist was fucking blue. Winston turned and looked at you, face serious, “This is what we’ve been waiting for.”

“What we’ve been waiting for?” You asked.
“The effects from the time traveling are beginning to present themselves.” He stated. You stared. Well. At least you weren’t turning to ash and disappearing in the wind.
“What is it?” You whispered, a little scared.
Winston pushed up his glasses, looking at Tracer who was, now that you noticed, beaming with excitement and happiness, “[Y/N], you have chronal abilities!” Tracer jumped, giggling wildly.
“I don’t know what any of that means.” You said honestly, eyebrows furrowing once again in confusion. She sighed with a smile, taking you to the small table and sitting you down, holding your hands and watching your eyes.
“To some extent, you have time traveling abilities.” You blinked, lost. She sighed again. “I think your fist moved so fast because it bounced through time, which also made the punch a lot more powerful than you actually are.” You cocked your head to the side. “[Y/N], to some degree, you can travel through time.”
Your heart stopped.
You could travel through time.

You could travel through time, granted, to a certain extent. You gulped hard.
Did that mean you could go home?

“Unfortunately, we don’t know if you can really go through time or what all is involved just from what we saw,” she began to explain, “sooooo . . . I think you should start training with me!” She smiled brightly. You were taken aback. You looked at Winston who was smiling, making you finally gather that this was decided back when you first started testing. Winston and Tracer must have come to an agreement that if, for some reason, you had chronal abilities, you would be under Tracer’s care and could train under her.

“Yes.” You said very quickly, not even bothering to think.
You had your eyes slightly on Soldier: 76 when you answered, noticing a slight twitch of his brows. He turned around to look at the screen. You looked back at Tracer who was bewilderingly excited about this, babbling to you about how great training is going to be and that you two were going to be inseparable and a dream team and oh God could she ramble.

“Well, it’s just about dinner time!” Tracer finally stopped going on about time traveling, ripping you from your blurred thoughts.
Could you go home?

Dinner had ended, and Tracer and D.Va offered to do dishes with you. They were talking and giggling, throwing soap bubbles at each other happily while you stared blankly at the wall. You
couldn’t wrap your head around the idea of you finally being able to leave, to see your best friends, you parents, your sisters, your Cherry Pie. How long would it take for you to be able to actually go through time? Could you control it? You had to have some form of control over it, these “chronal abilities”. Could you go anywhere you wanted? What if you finally gave up on seeing family again and decided to travel through different time periods? But what if—

“[Y/N]?” The little Korean girl’s voice chimed. You snapped out of the trance, eyes blinking hard and then turning to look at the two who stared at you, both very much concerned.

“Are you alright, love?” Tracer had asked, walking over to you. She stood beside you, wrapping her right arm around it was so super crazy! It just jumped through time and went so fast!” She was unknowingly bouncing like a little rabbit on the balls of her feet, still holding your hands. You smiled brightly. Tracer shook you gently.

“Are you so excited [Y/N]? This is going to be so astounding! Not just one Overwatch agent has chronal abilities, but two! We’re a force!” You looked over at her.

“Two Overwatch agents? Am I . . . ?” You asked, a little nervous. The two girls giggled and nodded.

This was the highest honor that could be bestowed upon you, other than becoming royalty or famous. You felt yourself begin to beam with pride, teeming with pure bliss. You were really a part of something, and it felt so good and rewarding. It reminded you of a really exclusive club, or a sorority, that you didn’t have to pay to get into. Well, you had to lose your friends and family and everything you’ve accumulated thus far in your life to get in, but you were feeling very happy with how everything was going down. It could have been a lot more chaotic, like being tortured by terrorists. There’s always that.

When you three had left to the living room, you thought the windows had curtains drawn, but realized the sky was black from rain clouds with water droplets beating down on the glass, deafening. Thunder rolled from far away, deep and throaty. You sighed, not a fan of thunder. You walked to the couch, plopping down next to Lucio who was watching music videos, “Hey! Looking good for someone who got whooped from Soldier: 76.” He tittered, his smile infectious. A grin creeped across your face, “Yeah? Well daddy got a little taste of his own medicine.” He let out a loud laugh at your comment.

“Not as bad as you.” You grimaced.

“At least it was something.”

“Alright, true, I’ll give it to you.” He shook his head, chuckling.

D.Va and Tracer sat on either side of you and Lucio. All three were singing songs, but you didn’t know them at all. The music was new and, as exciting as it was, it was nothing compared to the music you knew. You loved the music Lucio put on your phone since it was everything you’ve ever listened to, and the headphones were amazing as well. Just last night you listened to some Maroon 5 and cried because “She Will Be Loved” will always just rip the tears right out of your ducts. These damn kids and their new damn music.

“Alright, kids, who’s gonna help this time.” You heard that oh so wonderful voice that you both hated and loved. You all turned heads. You didn’t want to, but something inside of you was just so ridiculously angry. Your head cocked and Lucio sighed, about to speak, “Okay I gue—“

“I’ll do it.” You spoke. They all jerked their heads to look at you. You kneeled on the couch, gripping the pillows with intensity. “I’ll go with you.” They looked at you as if you were a martyr, a true sacrifice to encourage and help the greater good, a Messiah.

“Okay, that’s great, let’s get going.” He easily ruined your moment. You sighed, jumping over the couch and following him. You turned to look at them and all three silently applauded you.
Apparently, it was car work. Work you were beyond unfamiliar with. What was an axle? A radiator? These words meant nothing to you, but Soldier: 76 knew. He was underneath D.Va’s car on a creeper, doing, shit, something. You sat on a stool with tools next to you, elbows on your knees, cheeks in your hands, music echoing awkwardly from a radio. You figured it was music that was reminiscent of Hozier.

You stared at him, well, his legs anyways since that was all you could see. God, you were so bored it made you yawn, eyes creaking shut but jerking open to a half-lidded state. You didn’t know anything about cars, nor did you really care. Sure, you’ve gone in for your alternator and transmission, but that was pretty much all you knew other than getting gas and oil changes.

A hand popped out from underneath, the cease of clinking noises grabbing your attention, “Crescent wrench.” He said. You sat there, staring, “Huh.” You said bluntly. He groaned, grabbing the insides of the car and pushing himself out, arms over his head, still holding onto the inner of the cars. His triceps were bulging, eyebrows furrowed angrily.

“What the hell do you mean, ‘huh’?” He growled.

“What do you think it means? I don’t know anything about cars.” You stated, your eyebrows scrunching to match his.

“Then why did you even offer to help if you don’t know anything?” He raised his voice in disbelief.

“Why didn’t you tell me what you were doing when you asked for help?” You raised your voice back.

“I’ve been asking for help on the cars almost every day!” He was about to get out from underneath the car, but you sighed audibly, turning away from him. You let him win this fight even though the need to yell back was gnawing insistently at your insides. He stared at you however, but groaned loudly, getting out from underneath and walking to the tools. His body was glistening in a thin coat of sweat, gleaming like a god. He was covered in grease and oil marks, and you gave a strange look, “Why are you wearing your mask?” You asked, genuinely curious.

“That’s none of your concern.” He said simply in a low voice, picking up the crescent wrench and showing you what it was.


“Listen, you’ll be under a car. It seems like it would be easier for you to, I dunno, hide if someone comes in? Also, everyone knows that you’re in here, and I’m pretty sure they know not to bother you.” You said, eyebrows cocking.

He groaned again. Gloved hands tracing the sides of the mask, causing your heart to begin to race. It clicked on both sides, hissing. He gently held both sides of the smooth metal, and removed the mask from his face, the scars and beautiful glowing eyes coming into view. His orbs met yours, and you lost your breath, lost at sea. You could swim in them, live in them. They spoke, and you really felt yourself connecting with him. When he wears that mask it’s just such a drastic barrier. His words make more sense when his eyes are on yours.

He shoved the mask at you, but you never broke contact with him, gingerly taking the mask and holding it as he turned around and went back onto the creeper, rolling underneath the car with the wrench.

You looked down at the mask, thankful that this was happening on better circumstances. Thunder rolled in the distance, but you didn’t mind it so much. The red in the visor was dim from being off, just a burgundy screen staring back at you blankly. You turned it around and examined it all over. The last time you held his mask you were straddling his chest, gripping it in your greedy little paws, ferocious like a feral creature. Then, you were on your back, holding it, crouching away with your tail between your legs from the towering prey turned predator, the mask soon becoming a symbol of destruction to whomever holds it, much like Pandora’s box.

“So,” you started, “who is Soldier: 76.” He stayed quiet, but you sat there, determined, swinging your legs back and forth on either side of the stool. “Who are you.” Your voice was soft, but trying,
almost imposing him to speak. There was a long silence, almost giving up.
“I grew up on a farm with my folks in Indiana.” Words finally came from Jack’s mouth, still working under the car. “At eighteen I left, packed up everything I had and joined the military. The rest in history.” He said bluntly. It was quiet. You stopped shuffling your feet, eyebrows scrunched together, lip lifted in disbelief.
“That’s it?” You asked, feeling cheated.
“That’s it.” You didn’t know what to say. “That’s all you need to know about me.”
“Really? I thought I was going to get a long-winded story about your life. I dunno, something similar to *Where the Red Fern Grows*? I thought there’d be more depth, honestly.” You leaned forward, looking at his mask. “You’ve lived an incredible life, and it’s still going. The excitement has yet to stop. You could write a memoir or an autobiography and just use that as retirement money if you wanted to. I have a feeling people still have heavy centered beliefs in Overwatch.”
“Won’t happen. Ever. I’m not gonna sell my life on a bookshelf.”
“Is it because you’re supposed to be dead.” He was silent. He pushed himself out from underneath the car, getting up off of the creeper with a small grunt. Jack walked over to the tools, placing the wrench down. He wiped his hands off on a towel, walking over to you and carefully taking the mask from your hands.
“Jack Morrison is dead, Soldier: 76 is not.” He went to put the mask on, and before it went on, you thought you saw a playful smirk directed towards you.

You had stepped out of your bathroom, sighing, rain still pounding down on the windows. It was so ridiculously loud! You loved the rain, but not the constant thunder and lightning. It was always a fear you had, though you were never sure why. Maybe you were a dog in your past life and hated it, but who really knows.
You wore your cute silk pajamas, yawning widely, exhaustion hitting you like someone had slapped you with a brick. You tramped over to your bed, falling into it, lying on top of the covers. The sound of the rain like white noise, static, and it held you down and just about forced you into a deep slumber. Your body ached in various places from Soldier: 76 throwing you around like a rag doll. Now that you were at ease and resting, you took in every location where a bruise could be. You think you deserved to be yelled at for partaking in it, that is true. Being thrown around to teach you a lesson? Completely unnecessary, and unbelievably extra. Thankfully he wasn’t just wailing on you because then that would have been a monumental issue that Winston just would not have wanted to deal with. The regret of taking his jacket was onset.
Just as you felt your body melt like butter into the mattress, thunder screeched, sharp and nearby. Your eyes cracked open and you jumped out of your bed, feeling as if your feet were juggling by the way they seemed to move in fear of the thunder. You took a deep breath and held it in, thunder booming in the distance, shuddering the building, “Not happening.” You shook your head. The thunder and lightning seemed very close and very frequent, and you didn’t know if you could sleep or not. You could wear the headphones Lucio gave you, but they weren’t small buds – try big and bulky.
The thunder screamed again and you squeaked pitifully, scurrying out of your room, closing the door as gently as you could in your spooked state. You thought about your options: find a new place to sleep. Okay, did you want to sleep in your room, the living room, or someone else’s room? You were just in your room and that wasn’t an option, and the living room is fairly large with windows everywhere, so you decided to sleep with someone.
You thought about your new choices. D.Va is probably streaming a video game until late again tonight, Tracer would want to stay up and probably just hang out, Lucio is probably updating his soundcloud (do they still use soundcloud these days?), McCree is kind of fresh – for his age, Winston, you didn’t think slept in a bed, and Soldier: 76 – no. You’re going to stop right there. Everything points to him because he is the ideal candidate for this campaign. He’s older, so he goes to bed at a reasonable time and won’t stay up wanting to talk with you, also he doesn’t really seem like the type to cuddle. You did not want to cuddle with him. Okay, maybe deep down in the
bowels of your heart where you would refuse and fight tooth and nail to deny it, you wanted to cuddle with him. If anybody could make you feel safe and secured, it’d be him of all people. You went headfirst to his door, knocking softly, moving quick as to get ahead of the second guessing that would easily filter your brain. His door opened, mask on, hair scruffier than normal. He wore a wife beater, revealing tiny peeks of his pecs, lightly hugging his small waist that ended at his hips, leading down to dark pajama pants, “What.” He bluntly threw at you. You felt nervous again, “Hi, yes, hello, I was – uhm, wondering if I could possibly, maybe, potentially stay with you tonight?” You asked, your voice rising sharply, getting quieter and quieter as the sentence went on. He went to close the door.

“Good night.” You felt denied, but couldn’t give up. You flung yourself at the door, but it didn’t budge.

“Wait!” You jammed yourself in the doorway, your arm poking out of the opening and into his room, hand gripping the side of the door. “Please wait.” You mumbled, looking up at him. It took him a moment, but he made a loud groan, almost seeing his eyes roll behind the visor. He opened the door fully and you fixed yourself, no longer sandwiched.

“Why should I let you stay here after the stunt you pulled earlier.” He asked, not too happy. Did he want the paper written or oral?

“It’s been-“ Before you could finish, white light blinded your vision. 76 looked out the window. You turned to the glass panes, wide eyed, the light disappearing. Your breath was caught in your throat and you had to prepare yourself. Your head ducked and you covered your ears with hands, elbows drawn together, keeping your head tucked. You leaned against the doorway. It was going to be loud. Very loud.

As you went to lean against the doorway, Soldier: 76 jerked his head towards you, taking in the fact that you didn’t like lightning or thunder. He watched you. You two felt it. The building quaked at its core, bringing tremors up through the bottoms of your feet and trailing into your spine. It shrieked, like it was in your ears, in your brain. It was so loud and kept on screaming at you, pushing you down onto the ground. You sunk down, keeping your heels under yourself to keep from being on the floor completely. Your body felt both tight and wound and loose like Jell-o at the same time.

Your hands weren’t that effective, as you heard 76 sigh softly, closing the door. You removed your hands slowly, looking up at him. He nudged his head towards his bed, taking off his mask and the gear that held it, walking over to pillow heaven. You stood up and followed him, your feet lightly patting against the tile. He placed the mask and everything on his nightstand, running his hands over his white hair. It wasn’t even salt and pepper, just snow white.

Jack kept his back to you and lobbed his hand up, motioning to the bed, “Well?” He grumbled, hand slapping back onto his thigh, running his other hand over his face, “Can I sleep on that side?” You asked softly, motioning to the side closest to him. He turned and looked at you. Your heart pitter pattered. “I just don’t want to be facing the window when there’s lightning that bad.” Your voice was quiet, almost defeated in a sense. He sighed again, getting into the bed and scooching over to the other side of the very large king.

You shuffled over and crawled in. His mattress was a little firmer than yours, and his pillows weren’t as fluffy as yours either. The comforter was thinner, maybe too thin for your liking. You get cold at night, your feet little icicles and touching them makes you reel. Everything about his bed, however, was very clean, very crisp. It was the military in him that kept him in such organization. You felt a little envious of that.

He slept on the farthest side of the bed as did you, a large gap in the center. This wasn’t what you were expecting. Like. At all. Thunder grumbled, shaking you, much like the soldier’s voice. It also scared you like his, but as of right now he seemed objectively docile, his voice from this current encounter wasn’t as aggressive as he typically is. The thunder, on the other hand, was always very intimidating and threatening.

You scooted a little closer, then a little more, trying to test waters, trying to get your toes a little
wet. When you got to the middle with only a few inches left, he spoke up, “Stop moving.” He warned, his voice tired, wanting sleep. “I’m scared.” You whispered. He let out an annoyed sigh, and what you didn’t expect happened.

His large hands gripped at your waist and dragged you to him. You bit your bottom lip, your cheeks flushing red as he pulled you into him. His body was so warm, and you didn’t mind the thin sheets anymore. His arm was draped over your waist, the other underneath the pillow that you had your head on. He was very much the big spoon in this situation. Jack sighed contentedly, keeping you close.

Lightning flashed through the window, silhouetting your figures momentarily on the wall you had your eyes locked on. His legs were brought up in a sitting position underneath you, making you cradle your legs closer into your chest. You thought you would love this more, but his body was so toned and buff that it was almost uncomfortable, but you found solace in the fact that you have never felt this protected in your entire life. His hand, draped lazily over your waist, thoughts in the back of your head echoing for him to run his hands all over you, impure thoughts washing over your mind and body. He wasn’t like that, though, neither Jack or 76.

Lightning flashed again, black shadows casted on the walls ever so briefly. You felt yourself drifting, warm, secure, “When I was drafted overseas I was on a mission in a tropical forest,” he began, his gritty voice low and like a deep lullaby, “it was a covert operation, and we had to stay in this small tent near a clearing in the forest. I remember being out of the tent with my,” he took a deep breath, “at the time friend. It was dark and pouring, but we had to get some supplies. When we came back we saw lightning strike our tent, incinerating it. When lightning hit again, it struck the tree next to the tent, and we watched the whole thing. We laughed, thankful it was our last night out there.” You had listened to him, eyes closed, feeling his chest vibrate when he spoke. “Where did you guys sleep that night?” You asked quietly, a smile in your voice. He chuckled. It was so endearing.

“We made a tent out of tarp and branches.” You snickered. “I don’t mind lightning that much.” He spoke again. “It’s not so bad when you have a buddy that goes through it with you.” You grinned at his words. You knew he meant his friend, but it had implications that you, too, were his “buddy”. You couldn’t help but giggle. His arm around your waist tightened, shaking you gently. “Alright, go to sleep.” He said sincerely. You closed your eyes.

“Night.” You said, feeling yourself begin to drift. You were so comfortable, and knew you could just be vulnerable and everything would be okay. You noticed that with Jack as well. This was a very vulnerable state to be in, especially for someone like him. He was a very private man, always keeping to himself. He never opened up, and he never let anybody in. Yet here you were, making the impossible possible. You wondered if he actually liked you or enjoyed your company. These thoughts weren’t weighing down on your mind, as you started to feel at ease with the idea of just asking him and opening up more.

“G’night.” The last thing you felt was the deep rumble in his chest from his voice, resonating within you sweetly as you slept soundly through the thunder.
Ride

Chapter Summary

Chapter inspired by "Ride" by Twenty Øne Piløts--
Last update for the day! I'll be working on the smut chapter sometime soon.
Also wtf it's spacing the way I want it to for this chapter? So confused I need it to do it always..

Your eyes slowly opened, taking in your surroundings. You momentarily forgot you slept in Jack’s room last night. Your body was sprawled on the bed, sheets wrapped around your torso and leg, draped over your arm. Thankfully, he was not in the bed. You looked at the clock. 6:37 AM. It was so unbelievably early, making you groan and pinch the bridge of your nose. You heard the bathroom door begin to open, unaware that Jack was still in his room. You felt slightly panicked, nervous for him to see you in this state, scrambling to get the constricting sheets off of yourself, cursing silently.

“You’re a mess.” Your head jerked to the bathroom door, seeing him standing there still in pajamas. He was freshly shaved, face washed, and he still looked exhausted. He sighed, walking over to you.

He sat in front of you on the bed, unwinding the sheets from your thighs and waist, hands slightly lingering. They dragged gingerly across your upper thigh and the curve of your waist, as if he were memorizing the turns of your body. Your breath hitched at his touch, staring up at him while he was focused on his hands, until he glanced up at you and realized you noticed the sensual touches. He ripped the sheets off, “Get up.” He said, nudging his head towards the side, motioning you to get off of the bed. “What? No! It’s six in the morning!” You yelped, reaching for the sheets. He held them up above, way too high for you.

“Then go back to your room.” He grumbled.

“No! You’re obviously tired too! Why not sleep for an hour more?” You tried to persuade him, when in reality, you were far too lazy to walk back to your room. He sighed angrily, throwing the sheets up in the air and laying them gently onto the bed, falling slowly over you.

“Fine. Just one more hour.” He said in a stern tone, walking to the other side and getting back into bed.

You pulled the comforters up over you two and immediately found yourself willingly wrapping your arm over his chest onto his opposite shoulder, head rested on his large pec as if it were a pillow. You were smiling, flustered him with such a bold move. Jack found himself speechless and tongue tied, stuck in a position where he was forced to accept it. His hand found itself sitting on the small of your back, cradling you into him. God, he was so warm. His hand gave you a little squeeze, and in no time you were out like a light.

You woke up sometime later from a dreamless sleep, glancing at the clock. 8:52 AM. Well, according to your calculations, that might have been more than an hour later. You also missed meditation with Zenyatta and Genji whom, in return, will be worried about your absence. You moaned softly, awake but still tired and wanting to just sleep in all day. It was still dark outside,
overcast since rain was presently absent.

Your little movements and sound woke him up. He let out a loud sigh through his nose, taking his free hand that wasn’t attached to you and rubbed his face. When his hand moved you looked up at him, you could tell he didn’t appear as tired as he did at six in the morning, “We slept in for more than an hour.” You said softly. His head snapped to you, eyes open and awake. “What?” His voice was groggy but loud. You withdrew a little.

“It’s almost nine.”

“Shit.” He hissed, sitting up quickly, disrupting you. You immediately pressed your hand to his chest and he looked at you.

“Hey, hey, hey! It’s okay. It’ll be fine, 76.” You tried reassuring him, eyes pleading for him to calm down.

“I have tasks to do every morning, [Y/N]. You know this, right?” He said mockingly. You gave him a slightly offended look.

“Listen. Your tasks aren’t going anywhere. If they’re that important and you didn’t show up, I’m sure Winston, or Tracer, or McCree, or somebody else would have taken care of it.” He was still wound up, making you sigh, partly defeated, partly annoyed. “You aren’t the only person that’s here, 76. It’s okay.” You begged him, your fingertips pressing into his chest, wrinkling his shirt. He looked down at your hand and then back to you, rolling his eyes and lying back down onto the bed.

His free hand snaked its way to the hand that you had pressed to his chest. He covered it, then wrapped his hand around yours. You grinned, but tried to fight it. You didn’t want to seem too eager, so you bit your lip, but you couldn’t stop your heart from pounding against his body.

You had both arrived at breakfast at separate times, not because you didn’t want to be seen with him, but because it took you longer to get ready – which you did in your own room on your own time. The air wasn’t tense, and your friends had noticed, “So, what’s going on with 76?” D.Va whispered to you, Tracer somehow unaware of the gossip happening right next to her. She was caught up in conversation with Winston, though you swore you saw her ears perk a little when the Korean girl spoke.

“Everything’s fine.” You said quietly with a little smile. Her eyes widened and she brought her head in closer towards you, her voice getting lower. She glanced around.

“What happened?” Her voice was low, intimidating.

“Nothing, as far as I’m concerned. Everything is just fine between us.” You spoke innocently, hiding how anxious you were from people finding out you spent the night with the Big Boss. D.Va’s eyes squinted and she went back into her spot.

“I don’t believe you.” She still spoke quietly. You placed your hand on your chest, leaning to the side slightly, mouth agape in offense.

“Are you calling me a liar?” You were now playing around with her, clearly joking. D.Va raised her head as if to look down on you.

“Maybe.”
Lucio stared at you two and leaned in to get closer, “What is going on right now?” He said suspiciously, feeling snubbed, thinking you two had left him out. Tracer took this as an invitation to whip her head in, “Something happened between 76 and [Y/N].” She whispered to Lucio.

You whipped your head to Tracer, “I cannot believe you right now. Acting like you weren’t eavesdropping on a private conversation like that!” You still feigned an insulted attitude.

“Sorry, love. Can’t help it.” She tittered sheepishly with a shrug.

“Yes. An apology.” You said bluntly, eyebrows furrowing in rising anger. Why weren’t they understanding this? “Why do you guys want me and big dad to have something going on?” You couldn’t help but ask. They were all a little silent, giving each other looks.

 “[Y/N], there’s a lot of tension between you two.” Tracer said softly.

“Yeah, we don’t like each other, and?” You muttered, though you knew it wasn’t true.

“Not in a hate kind of way.” The brunette said again, placing a hand on your arm. You looked at her hand and then up to meet her knowing gaze with your confused one.

“You’re all thinking way too much into this.” You looked at everybody. Now you were worried. If you and Soldier: 76 had something, you A) weren’t aware of it, and B) knew that he wouldn’t want anybody to know. You had to steer them off, at least for his sake. “Listen, there’s a huge age gap, also he can be kind of a jerk! Why would I want to associate myself with that?” They weren’t buying it. It caused you to have an anxiety attack on the inside. “Please. Believe me. All we did was apologize, that’s it.” You stated quietly. You couldn’t tell if it was out of shame, spite, or trying to play the victim. Maybe all three. Tracer placed her hand on your back.

“Whatever you say, [Y/N].” You couldn’t tell if her words were being sarcastic or genuine, but you decided to take what she gave you. “Now c’mon, time to practice your abilities!” She sung happily, taking your plate.

As you followed her into the kitchen with a smile, your eyes slid down to Soldier: 76 who sat quietly while listening to Winston and McCree speak. You had an inkling that he was looking back at you, an icy hot feel pouring over the back of your ears and neck, heart racing and stomach flipping. He was making you nervous.

You and Tracer stood in the ring. She bounced on the balls of her feet excitedly, a giant grin on her face, “Alright, love! Are we ready?” She beamed, giggling. You smiled, nodding. You didn’t have to change into different clothes since she said this shouldn’t be as physically exhausting as fighting. The keyword being “shouldn’t”. You rubbed your hands together.

Excitement was an understatement. After over a month of being there, you were finally able to find your self-worth. You had basic fighting skills, and now you possessed skills of another denomination. After being ripped through time itself, you showed potential with chronal abilities. Your hand had jumped through time, and you were curious to see if you could go through time much like Tracer! You’d love to be able to zip around, weaving in and out of time, dashing
everywhere. As of right now, you only knew your fist was the primary candidate.

“So,” she took your attention, “what was the feeling you had when your fist jumped? How did your hand feel before it all happened?” She asked, hands clapped together.

“Well, I was angry. I felt really angry, but also courageous? I felt like I could take on anything! Before my hand did the uh, the thing, my hand got really fidgety. It felt like I had to shake my hand, like it couldn’t stay still.”

“Okay.” Tracer retorted, thinking. “You need to bring back that courage! That determination! I think it’ll be easier to harness it if you were in the heat of battle, but we’ll give it a whirl now.” She smiled. “Go ahead! Whenever you’re ready, love.”

You now felt like you had a spotlight on you. You nodded, exhaling loudly, shaking your arm, jumping in place, eyes closed, trying to prep yourself. You tried to bring those feelings back, but couldn’t seem to do it. You were trying so hard to bring back that feeling not emotionally, but also in your hand. You thought back to Soldier: 76, the way he berated you, the way he had put you down and made you feel so incredibly inferior. He embarrassed you, humiliated you. Well, you also took his jacket, so imagine how he fe—no. This isn’t about you regretting and wanting amnesty, this was about you taking that strong emotion that flooded you like a dam that burst. God, you were so mad just thinking about it. You just wanted to find him just to punch him in the face again.

Your hand felt jumpy and twitchy. Tracer’s face lit up and you looked down to see your hand glowing blue, you grimaced at the unsettling feeling and shook it, watching your hand move as if it were moving at eighty miles per hour, just seeing a blue blur. She bounced and gasped, “Oh, right!” She exclaimed, running over to the stool and picking up the punching mitt, running back into place. “Punch me!” She yelled. You eagerly complied.

You ran over to her, fist taken back, and letting it fly like a catapult snapping free. Things felt slow motion again. You thought things would be moving faster, but, as it seems, it does quite the opposite. Your fist was a blue haze, and even you could barely see it as it, apparently, bounced through time itself. When your fist collided with the punching mitt, everything came back to regular speed. Tracer yipped as she was sent sliding backwards and almost clashing with the ropes of the ring.

She looked up at you, panting, wide eyed. Her look of shock turned into excitement, “[Y/N] that was amazing!” She yelled, running back up to you. “Let’s try that a few more times!” You did just that.

You overwhelmed yourself with emotion, had the restless jitters in your hand, threw the punch, went slow motion, then came to when your fist made contact with the mitt, sending Tracer back.

You repeated this a couple more times. Almost forcing your fist to burst through time at such a speed was sapping you of your energy rather rapidly. You tried harnessing it in other parts of your body, but could currently only control it in your right hand. Surprisingly, it was simple to master. You weren’t fully finished learning how to use it yet, but exploiting the power to do it wasn’t as difficult as you thought it’d be. After trying it in different punches and how to use it in different ways – which was fairly limited – you two were finished! Wow. Training was a lot quicker with Tracer than with Soldier: 76. He made you do the same things ten times until you had it down pat. At the end of the session, you looked forward to the next day of training.
After dinner you had switched into more casual clothing: black leggings, black flats, and an oversized vintage band shirt. The “vintage band tee” was actually Amy Whinehouse and the fact that when you read that it was vintage broke your heart. You were officially old.

You headed towards the living room, but saw Soldier: 76 emerge from the elevator, heading towards your favorite hangout, “Hey!” You called, he stopped and turned to look at you. “Something wrong?” He asked. It wasn’t rude, like it usually would be when you would call for him; instead, it was just him saying hello back – casually. You smiled sweetly.

“I have a feeling you’re gonna ask for help on the car.”

“Yeah, what of it?” He sounded a little rude, but you ventured a guess to say that he wasn’t.

“So, I was wondering if I could?”

“Could what?”

“Help with the car?” He scoffed at you.

“You don’t know anything about cars. I’ll just get Lucio to help out.” He turned back to head to the living room. You gawked.

“Oh c’mon!” You hollered at him, making him break in his tracks. You saw his shoulders rise and fall from a sigh. He turned back around to you, walking up to you. His footsteps were heavy and strong, legs taking big strides. He walked with authority with his shoulders back and broad. 76 stopped in front of you, looking down at you as you slowly looked up.

“And why should I let you help me, little girl.” Those two words made you tingle, a shiver running over your entire being, making you hot.

“We both know you don’t actually need help.” You stated, a smirk slowly overcoming your lips. You knew how he was playing this. He really didn’t need help; he just wanted to see someone take the initiative to, well, be useful. 76 wanted to see somebody stand up and get something done. Also, you wanted to believe that he was probably a little lonely. Nobody really associates with him, nobody ever sits down and talks with him or smiles when he passes by or says hi. He really did seem lonely to you. And bossy, of course.

“Let’s go.” He growled. He brushed past you, making you smirk louder, clicking your tongue and following him into the elevator.

The ride down was quick and quiet, but you could feel his energy and you knew you got to him, even just a tad. Once down in the garage he headed over to D.Va’s car. He slipped his gloves off, then sliding off his jacket and shirt, leaving the black compression top he always wore. You stared at his back. His muscles moved so visually with the tight fabric, dancing with every move he made, a beautiful choreography. You stared at the rest of him, his hands moving smoothly as he took off his mask and the gadget that held it in place. It hissed, revealing his calm demeanor. Jack had no issue making himself comfortable around you, as it seemed. His face was soft, the wrinkles still hard in his forehead, but he had no anger or hostility, now that he was alone with you. He ran a hand over his hair, sighing gently. When he opened his mouth to exhale, you watch the scar on his lips part, but soon joining once he was done. He placed the mask down, large arms readjusting his pants by his belt that sat on his small hips. One had rested on his hip, the other rubbing his mouth as he sighed again, through his nose this time. His eyes unexpectedly snapped towards yours, making your heart jump into your throat, “Well?” His low grit voice hummed in the
garage. You became nervous, “Wh-What do you need me to do?” You felt your face heat up exponentially.

“Sit on the stool and give me what I ask for.” He said bluntly, pushing the creeper from next to the tools with his shins over to D.Va’s car.

“We know how that ended last time.” As he pushed it, he looked over at you, making you feel nervous all over again. “Sorry.” You mumbled.

“Don’t be sorry, be better.” He spoke firmly, as if he were scolding a child.

You plopped onto the stool, watching him intently. Before he went to sit, he picked up a tool you didn’t get a good look at and took a seat on the creeper with a grunt, going under.

You don’t know how long he was down there, but you felt time moving by so impeccably slow. You sat in all kinds of positions as your butt would grow numb. Every time you would look at the clock on the wall or your phone, the time didn’t move. Nothing moved. You felt as if you were at a standstill. He didn’t ask for tools or for your help, keeping to himself. He never even came up to get another tool, just using the one he had.

When you saw him appear from underneath, you grew excited, “Alright, that should be it.” He grunted, placing the tool down and dusting his hands off. There was a little bit of sweat shining his skin, but no grease or oil on him. He slid his mask on, followed by his shirt and jacket. “So we’re done?” You asked, a bright smile on your face.

“Not quite.” He said easily, slipping his gloves back on, fixing them.

“Excuse me?” Your voice was dubious.

“Well, before we know it’s in perfect condition for certain, it’s time for a test drive.” He walked over to the wall where the keys were, picking out the bright pink ones.

“That should be fun.” You said quietly.

You grew jealous. You wanted to go. You wanted to leave. How long has it been? How long since you last left the base? You couldn’t remember since the days ran together and slow. You felt so awfully defeated, so empty and cold. You still missed the wind, the fresh breeze, fresh air, filling your lungs to the fullest and giving you the optimum feeling of being free. Freedom. That’s what you missed. You missed freedom. You missed the option of leaving, the option of being able to go outside and feel nature. Hell, you missed the strong, foul scent of exhaust fume from a truck that would drive by, having it linger in your car.

You missed the crisp fresh smell of sea salt air.

“Well? Get in.” He said sternly. You were ripped from your trance, looking up at him, dazed.

“Wait, you mean you want me to go with you?” You asked, pointing to yourself.

“What, did you think I was just gonna leave you here?” He chuckled at you, opening the driver door and taking a seat in the pretty pink convertible.

“Maybe.” You said to yourself, heading over to the passenger side, him eyeing you as you appeared on the opposite side of the vehicle. You opened it and sat inside, buckling up, heart pounding in such tremendous anticipation. He started up the vehicle, bouncing and rising up off of the ground, making you yelp yet again, still surprised. You heard him faintly chuckle which, in
The garage door opened, and the beautiful trees and grass greeted you. The sky was heavily overcast, as you had known from earlier. 76 slowly left the garage, pushing a button from a small black device that was clipped to the visor, the door closing behind you two. You watched it click shut, and Soldier: 76 began driving.

He took it around twenty miles per hour, just enough for the wind lap at your face. The air was heavy with humidity, making it a bit stuffy and hard to breathe, but you didn’t mind. You liked it, to be honest. Growing up in Florida makes you almost immune to it, so it was a comforting feeling. You closed your eyes, your hair blowing back, tendrils occasionally taking a swipe at your face.

You opened your eyes, watching your surroundings. You were going down a dirt path, completely covered and shrouded by trees. You noticed you had no signal on your phone, indicating you were very much hidden. The sky was very dark, threatening to pour, but you both knew it wasn’t going to—anytime soon anyways. The clouds lit up briefly in the distance, no thunder, but it seemed to be heat lightning. The gold lightning pulsed in the sky like a heartbeat, branching out like veins before sparking off and dying out in the gloomy clouds.

Music flickered on. It was D.Va’s electronic music, but was switched to country. You turned and looked at him, a cunning smile on your face, “A country fan, huh?” You couldn’t help but ask playfully. “I grew up in the country, remember?” He answered, taking a glance at you.

“Well, let’s see what else is on.” You smiled playfully, going to the radio. It was a screen, and you pressed a button to seek through it, going through a rap station, a Spanish station, and then stopped at one that had caught your attention, “—Oldie’s Radio everybody! Up next is an older classic, might know it might not, but it was top in the charts for the longest time, so get ready for it.” You laughed.

“Wow, I wonder what they mean by Oldie’s. It’s probably only like, forty—” Your smile dropped into shock and you lost your voice as the familiar drumming began the song. It really was an old song. You heard raucous laughter and closed your mouth, shooting a dangerous look at him. His laugh was deep and rough, feeling it boom.

“Looks like the old one here is you.” He finally said, a smile in his voice.

“It’s not funny!” You yelled, pouting.

The song picked up and you couldn’t help but start to sing along, singing the whole thing without interruption from Soldier: 76 or being nervous to sing it in front of him even though you technically screamed it. When it was finished, more songs you knew played, making you drum on the door. You were surprised that they were playing the same artist once again.

“Who is this?” 76 asked. You couldn’t tell if he was into the music or not, but, as heartless as it sounds, you didn’t care.

“Fall Out Boy. I grew up listening to them. My friend showed me them in school and they gained popularity real fast. The first song was Dance Dance, and the second one was Thanks for the Memories.” You said with a smile. “They’re playing the songs from the 2000’s. You wouldn’t have heard of them, they’re old.” You realized the words you had said and felt as if your tongue was tainted. You’re only twenty-five and Fall Out Boy was on the Oldie’s Station on the radio.

Soldier: 76 switched it back to his country music, and as much as you wanted to listen to them, he could tell your mood was changing into something more somber.
You hadn’t noticed, but 76 looped around somewhere and you two were heading back into the garage. Before you two rolled into said garage, you watched the sky. Still dark and overcast. Lightning broke in the clouds in the distance, echoing dark golds and, what you swore you thought you saw, red. You squinted, the colors disappearing into the charcoal clouds, the gold and red veins of the sky now nothing but a memory.

It left you uncomfortable. You could tell Soldier: 76 was in a great mood, and it made you happy! It really did. You’ve never seen him this way before, and it brought you a selfless bliss knowing you could make that kind of person experience such joy; however, you couldn’t smile. You didn’t feel right. Nothing felt right. The car was parked and switched off and you got out, fixing your shirt.

“So, the car works fine.” He said, the smile still lingering softly in his voice. He turned and looked at you and saw your ghostly appearance. His happiness dropped immediately and he rushed over to you, grasping onto your arms. “[Y/N], what’s wrong?” He asked, desperately wanting to get you to look at him but you couldn’t bring yourself to do it. Something was wrong and you felt it screaming at you from the pit of your stomach. He scoffed, taking his mask off and shoving it in his back pocket. Jack knelt down in front of you, looking up at you, wearing an expression of deep, genuine concern.

You balled your hands, finally mustering up the courage to meet his gaze. Your heart skipped, seeing his blue eyes seep with such authentic sincerity for your wellbeing. The way his face was screaming that all he wanted was for you to be okay, “Something’s wrong.” You said blatantly.

“What do you mean? What’s wrong?” He pleaded softly, knowing not to rush this.

“I just have this feeling. Something is wrong, and I can’t put my finger on it.” You said nervously.

His hands slid down your arms and into your hands, holding them tightly. You felt your cheeks and ears tingle.

“It’ll be okay, [Y/N]. I’m here.” He reassured you. Jack glanced down, taking a slight pause. “If it would make you comfortable, you can stay with me tonight.” He spoke quietly. You didn’t realize how fast you nodded to his request, but it made him smile faintly. He stood up, still holding your hands. “Well go wash up and meet me in my room. I have a few more things to take care of.” You nodded, a smile faint on your lips, pacing quickly to the elevator, disappearing behind the doors.

Jack’s soft expression hardened once you left, pacing over to the phone that was perched on the wall, bringing it to his ear and dialing a few numbers, “This is Winston – er, the lab. Well, Winston in the lab. This is the lab and this is Winston answer-“

“I know it’s you. Listen, tighten security tonight.” Jack cut him off, the wrinkles in his forehead tightening aggressively, his voice harsh and strong. He looked around the garage with narrowed eyes.

“Why? Is something the matter?” The gorilla asked over the phone.

“Just a hunch.” And with that, Jack hung up.

You had finished your shower, put on your silk pajamas, and went to your, hopefully new, sleeping location. You knocked on the door and it opened promptly, surprising you, “Were you just, like, waiting there for me?” You asked with a chuckle. He stared at you with tough eyes and your smile
fell. You took that as a “get the hell inside now”. You walked past him and went to your spot that you claimed last night.

“Is everything alright?” You asked him while sitting down on the bed, now concerned for him as he was for you. He walked over to his side and crawled in. You followed suit, not breaking this gaze you had on him. He lied on his side, watching you, “I tightened security tonight.” He said bluntly.

“Why? Because I’m freaking out over a stupid feeling?” You tried laughing it off, but he wasn’t laughing.

He let out a long sigh, not an annoyed one, but in a way where he still thought you naïve. He took his outer hand and pressed the small of your back, pushing you towards him until you were right against his chest. You blushed heavily, but took your arm and wrapped it around his neck, the other cradled against your chest. You brought your leg and draped it over his, rubbing it slightly. Jack had held you tightly, the other arm underneath the pillow that sat under your head. His eyes were closed.

“When you’re in this kind of business, you learn to trust your gut.” He explained simply. You blinked.

“But I’m not really in this business.” You said quietly.

“You’re an agent now, cadet,” the arm wrapped around you slid slowly upwards and to your head, playing with your hair gently, “and you gotta trust your instincts. They’re there for a reason. Make sense?” You nodded. He gave a small side smile. “Good, now get some rest.” His hand slid back down your side and over your waist to your back.

“Good night, 76.”
Inspired by "The Departure" by Max Richter~ Absolutely in love with the song, a true emotional masterpiece that I wish was ten hours long. I wrote the entire last half of the story with this song on repeat and is best read with this song playing so you can feel how I felt when writing!!!

The sun from outside shined brilliantly, clouds caressed the sky like brush strokes, trees swaying gently in the breeze, the leaves dancing. You sighed, smiling. The rain and overcast was gone. It was so clear, so happy, bringing you into a wonderful and peaceful mood. You looked around, figuring you were alone in the bed. Checking the clock, you realized it was almost time for you to head on out for meditation with Zenyatta and Genji. But, for right now, you wanted to take in the atmosphere that was present in the room.

You haven’t felt this calm in so long. It was a beautiful, warming day with no dark cloud or drop of rain in sight. You’ve been waiting for this day, a day to bring you happiness, good fortune, and, most importantly, good vibes. You grasped the sheets happily, rolling over, facing the window. You closed your eyes, and imagined that you were outside.

You were in the soothing grass. It was so lush and green, especially after all of that rain. It felt like silk under your placid touch. The sun’s rays lapped at your skin like the tender kiss of a lover. You almost felt like you didn’t need to attend meditation, since this was calming and Zen enough for you, just imagining that you were outside. What did it really feel like though? All you knew is that it couldn’t compare to that salty sea air.

You felt a hand run down your arm, “Hey.” A voice was so soft and surreal, but grit hid behind it. It was rough, but a protective kind of barrier. You opened your eyes, still smiling. The imagery of you being outside was gone, but the sight of the trees still waving was in your peripheral. You looked over your shoulder to see Jack.

The optimum weather outside seemed to be affecting him as well as it did you. The wrinkles in his forehead were lax, as was his expression. He had the faintest smile on his face, “Hey.” You said quietly, but chipper in your tone.

“You feeling better today?” He asked, referencing to last night where you had your freak out. He squeezed your arm lightly.

“Definitely.” You replied with ease. You had forgotten about last night. You had forgotten about seeing the red and gold lightning.

“That’s good. I’ve got work and you’ve got your usual routine. Let’s get going.” You realized he was already dressed except for his mask. You sat up as he stood up.

“What are you doing today?” You asked him, smiling. It was a . . . bizarre question for him. Nobody really asks for his plans, or what he has planned for the day. Jack was a little flustered.

“Uh- I’ve got recon in the city. Then back to help Torbjörn with some machines and turrets.” He had picked his mask up, ready to put it on. You swung your legs over the side and stood up.

“Do you need a recon buddy?” You asked playfully, but his face fell into seriousness. You nodded.

“I’ll take that as a no.” You said quietly as he placed the mask on, no longer Jack.

“I’ll see you at breakfast.” He said bluntly, and opened the door, about to leave. “And don’t forget to make the bed.” And with that, he was gone. You groaned, rolling your eyes. Dad 76 was back. You waved the sheets over the bed, trying to get it as tight and crisp as he liked it. There was a lot of running over to the opposite side, like, a lot of it. You were tucking the sheets under the
mattress, running your hands over it to get the wrinkles out and trying to make it look like a showroom bed. You wanted to impress him. Even though it would be impressing him with your bed making skills, you knew it was at least something. You slapped the pillows on and you were done, clapping your hands together in triumph.

You opened the door cautiously, looking around until you decided you were in the clear before sneaking back into your room to change. Your room felt a lot different than 76’s, definitely messier. Okay, it wasn’t crazy messy, but messy to the point where if Soldier: 76 saw it he would flip. God, he was just like your dad in some aspects.

You had thrown on your leggings, sports bra, top, and flip flops with yoga mat in tow, heading out to where Zenyatta and Genji were, “Ah, good morning my student.” Zenyatta said pleasantly. You smiled, stood up straight, and bowed lightly, “Good morning, master.” You had a lighthearted grin on your face, flowing out your yoga mat.

“Are we ready to start?” He asked the two of you, “Yes, master.” Genji said with a slight nod.
“Then, let us begin.”

You felt so loose and calm, thanking Zenyatta for the lesson and saying goodbye to Genji. You headed over to get breakfast with everyone. Since Genji was a cyborg and Zenyatta was an Omnic they didn’t require breakfast. Sometimes they would accompany everybody, but not today, “[Y/N]! Good morning, love!” Tracer yelled happily, meeting you at the entrance with D.Va.

“Hey guys!” You said blissfully, shining, beaming. They stopped and stared at you, “Everything good, [Y/N]?” The Korean girl asked, a little suspect of your behavior. You cocked an eyebrow.

“Yeah, why?” They walked up to you, staring you down, struggling to understand.

“Did something happen?” Tracer whispered. D.Va’s eyes almost bulged. Was this really about 76?

“Yeah, the weather isn’t shit today.” You said bluntly, your happy face turning into bored, not really wanting to deal with this again today. I mean, really? This whole gossip again? You were an adult, you didn’t have time to deal with that. You were also now a part of a very important organization, but that doesn’t mean everybody there was exactly mature. “Let’s just get breakfast, okay?” You said, trying to reassure them that nothing had happened.

“Ahh, you know we’re just teasing you, [Y/N]!” D.Va chimed, smiling with a giggle. Tracer giggled as well.

“Don’t worry, we mean no harm! We’ll stop, we’ll stop.” She snickered, grabbing hold of your arm and leading you into the dining area. When heading to your seat, 76 had given you a glance long enough to see you give him a little smile.

Breakfast went along nicely, but Lucio was late. He said he was busy making his mixtape, saying it was fire and it was gonna blow everyone away. You believed him. D.Va and Tracer were asking about what to do this upcoming weekend, and if they should go to any parties or clubs happening nearby. Lucio said he was going to be DJing at a really exclusive club that Saturday night, and that he could get all of you in!

You went to say yes, because you really wanted to go! You never really went clubbing, but you trusted Lucio’s judgement. But then you remembered that you were grounded by Soldier: 76. Your facial expression faltered. You mentally joked to yourself about asking 76 to be a chaperone, signing your field trip paper slip to give you permission to go. You probably have to turn in the signed slip to him anyways. Could he sign it then? Reinhardt would totally sign it.

After breakfast, Lucio took the dishes this time to clean up. You thanked him. Tracer stood you up, “Ready for practice?” She smiled brightly. You nodded, “Oh! I wanna watch!” D.Va bounced.

“Sure!” You said, and Tracer giggled in agreement. You three headed to the elevator and down to the training area.

You were taken to your usual boxing ring. You had decided to leave your sneakers there a few practices ago, since that was honestly the only time you would ever wear sneakers. You always swore by your Doc Martens.

Training went along as normal, except for D.Va watching in awe as you would throw Tracer
backwards with punches. She had explained throughout practice that she wanted you to get a hang of the punches before moving on to trying to manipulate time. It was tricky, she had said, manipulating time. It was sensitive and fragile, and you didn’t want to do anything too extreme to cause serious rifts and messing up the timeline and all that boring stuff. You imagined bringing dinosaurs into time.

How cool would that be? You imagined being the dinosaur queen. Would you be able to control them? Or would they just eat you? You weren’t too sure, but the idea of riding a Spinosaurus with Velociraptors running all around you was incredibly awesome. All you needed was a golden crown and a cape to match that and you were set. Wait, were the two even in the same period as one another?

The training went smoothly; thankful you were wearing your workout clothes because you were sweating quite a lot. D.Va had scurried off, leaving you and Tracer panting and sitting against the post on one of the corners of the ring. You two sat with waters in your hand, just staring at the wall. “Let’s get washed up.” You finally broke the silence. She nodded in agreement, but then her tired face snapped, as if she had an idea, “Hey,” she whispered, turning her head slowly to you with a mischievous smirk on her face, “meet me in the garage when you’re done.” She winked, standing up, zipping through time to get out of the ring. You watched her as she stopped by the door, waving and giggling before dashing away again.

You didn’t even say yes.

Regardless, you were done with training for the day, and decided that you didn’t mind having a little fun with Tracer. Your shoulder and arm ached, but you had made it to your room and showered slowly, blow drying your hair, doing your makeup, and getting into your usual attire. You rushed to the elevator and finally appeared in the garage.

You walked into the car filled room, your boots thumping and echoing in the large garage, “Tracer?” You said meekly. By the side of a Mini Cooper-esque car popped up the quirky brunette’s head, “Over here, [Y/N]!” She rang.

You headed over to the small orange car that had dual black stripes on the hood with black accents throughout. It fit her perfectly, “Is this yours?” You asked with a chuckle, pointing to the car. She stood up tall with poise, hands on her hips. “It is!” She said proudly.

“It’s dorky just like you.” Her face turned into a pout at your words. You chuckled. “I’m joking. I love it, actually.” You almost wanted to touch the gleaming surface.

“Good! Now, get in the passenger side.” Your expression fell at her words.

“What?” You said quietly.

“You heard me, now: get on in!” She bounced over to the driver’s side, which was on the right side of the car. The damn Brit.

“But . . . Soldier: 76—“

“Oh, posh! Just get in!” She said, ready to turn on the car.

You extended your hand to the passenger door. Do you do it? Or don’t you? You were terrified of what Soldier: 76 would say if he saw you right now. He would actually more than likely maim you, or throw something heavy and big at you. He made it abundantly clear that you were not to leave. You went out yesterday, but that was a fluke, and he probably just wanted company or to see you smile. Either way, could you seriously break such a rule? Sure, it was a stupid unopposed decision that a father would make on his teenage daughter, but were you his teenage daughter? Of course not. You’re an adult who can make your decisions, and you wanted to go out for a drive.

You took a deep breath, and yanked the door open, plopping inside, “Yes!” Tracer yelled, turning on the car before you could even close the door or put your seatbelt on. She clicked a button on her visor, the garage door opening. You finally got the door closed and yourself strapped in, making it tight, because you knew Tracer: she liked to go fast. And just like that, she zoomed off, yelling and hollering happily.

Tracer sped down the dirt road, music blasting in the car. You don’t know what started it, but you two were blabbering about the radio talk show host and now couldn’t stop laughing. She almost veered into a tree a couple of times. You two made it into the city, driving around a little slower,
but still blasting your music. The surroundings almost felt alien, worse than the first time you were there. You haven’t been out in so long, but the bustling city was all you needed right now, and it had felt like a cure.

“You have money on you, right?” She asked, looking at you up and down.

“Yeah! My shirt has pockets!” You said excitedly, fingering the opening right above the flare in your shirt that held your phone and money. She smiled.

“Good, cause we’re going shopping.” She seemed more excited than you. You didn’t know if Tracer got out much, but you could tell she didn’t really have a lot of friends that liked what she liked to do, you could also tell she didn’t really have a lot of friends that could time travel as well. She parked at an outlet, taking you to stores, showing you different cafes and bakeries and jewelry stores and everything. It was very much different than the mall, and inexpensive. You two had gotten Starbucks, some chocolate from a small confectionary, and bought a little makeup.

She stopped in front of a large store, “So Dillard’s still exists, huh?” You said, nodding while happy with the familiarity. “I love Dillard’s.” Tracer said with a smile, turning to look at you. You looked at her, smiling back. She grabbed your hand and took you inside.

Tracer had showed you the latest fashions, and they were alright. Latex was definitely in. Also fanny packs, but you refused to accept it, even if they did have Gucci ones. You loved yourself and your mother too much to purchase a fanny pack. Silver jewelry seemed to be in, along with square sunglasses. You eyed a pair that reminded you a lot of Soldier: 76.

You found yourself looking through the sales rack in the middle of the store, trying to find a deal. Sure, you made good money with D.Va and it was a great gig, but you were uncomfortable with spending your money. You wanted to save up again just in case something bad would happen. You two looked at all of the clothing on the racks, giggling and snorting while making fun of ugly patterns and styles. In the midst of laughing, you both were brought to a heart wrenching halt.

There were screams and, what past you would believe, the sound of fire crackers. Now, you knew those were gunshots. Tracer’s face went grim and she grabbed your arm, “Stay low.” She whispered, slinking you through the racks until she found a round one near the wall. She pushed you into it. “Stay here.” And with that, she disappeared.

Screams and gunshots echoed. You felt your skin crawling. Your face flushed white. Hands shaking. Back of your neck hot and prickling. You couldn’t breathe properly, and you were scared you might piss yourself from the fear of the gunmen closing in on where you were. You jumped and panted, gasping at the sound of them knocking over racks to find people. Where did Tracer go? Why did she leave you? Were you going to die? Why didn’t you listen to 76?

You frantically pulled out your phone, texting Tracer.

*Where are you?!!
What’s going on?!!
What do I do?!!
Help!!!*

You peaked through the clothes, seeing the gunmen getting closer, a large handful of them present. They wore black with assault rifles, red LEDs for eyes. Your breathing was erratic, and you wanted to calm down but the fear was so overpowering. You saw them start on the right side of the aisle, knocking over the racks of clothes. They were going to find you, and you needed time.

Time.

If only you could travel through it.

You stayed low on your feet, checking once more where they were. Once you decided you were in the clear, you dashed as silently as you could from that rack to the next. You checked again, then to the next. You needed to go to an aisle that they already had pillaged, because they hopefully wouldn’t check again. Keyword being hopefully.

You got to the last rack of the aisle, and had about ten feet of tile you had to sprint across to get to the other side that had already been wrecked. You peered through the clothing on all sides, making sure the coast was clear. Once you deemed it was as safe as it could be, you lunged out of the rack as low as possible, diving into the pile of clothes across from you, hiding around the metal of the
racks. You felt your chest heaving, tears at your waterline. You stared at the men with the guns through gaps in all of the clothes, layers covering you to hopefully hide your heavy breathing. They got closer, knocking over more and more racks of clothing, the metal rods clinging loudly against the tile floor. You saw the empty space behind them, realizing you were the only person there. Tracer must have been escorting people out, yet those people didn’t include you. You weren’t really an Overwatch agent. You couldn’t possibly be able to survive or take these men on. They had guns and you had a glowing fist. The fact that she had so much hope in you being able to survive or trust your instincts was crazy. As much as you wanted to sit there and wait it out, you had to leave. You had to figure out a way to escape the building without getting caught or harmed. Your body didn’t want to get up, it didn’t want to move, it wanted to stay there, believing that playing dead was going to be your best bet. It had to have been wrong. It had to have been. You watched them as they scanned the area for anybody hiding, thankfully not noticing you as they made their way around the building, guns in tow. You tried to see around you to the best of your ability, and had to make the judgment call. You pushed the clothes off, nobody around. This was your chance. The sound of fire crackers popped in the distance, flashes from the rifles going off. You managed to not trip or kick anything, discreetly but hurriedly making your way to the entrance.

The light was so bright. So welcoming. Your body kicked into overdrive, breaking into a sprint towards the bright whiteness of freedom, beckoning you, hand extended. You reached out, that is, until you slipped, yelping as you fell in a skidded thud, blood covering you. Your eyes were wide as you stared at the gore all around you, bodies littering the ground like trash. You started panting, your face white.

“What was that?” You heard yelling from the back.

You started crying. Oh, God, please. No. You begged whatever god there was as you struggled to stand, slipping over the red pools that swallowed up your black shoes and clothes. Guns went off. Bullets whizzing past you. You screamed. You were so close; this couldn’t be it. This couldn’t be the end.

The men were practically behind you now. Their shoes were so loud. You couldn’t stand. You couldn’t breathe. You could barely see. You couldn’t tell if the blood on you was yours or not. You couldn’t even tell if you were shot. The shock was setting in heavily. The doors were right in front of you but you couldn’t figure a way out.

“Tracer!” You screamed, the last thing you could find yourself to do. You finally got up, mustering the ability to jump over the blood. Where was she? Did she abandon you? Did she leave you to die? Were you that much of a burden to Overwatch that she was going to let you die? Did she forget about you? You couldn’t help but mentally scream apologies to Soldier: 76, to your parents, to your friends, to your Cherry Pie.

You heard the shots, and suddenly felt a pressure snap through your left shoulder. You looked down to see a bleeding hole in your shoulder, ripped through your shirt. You didn’t feel it. Your adrenaline was too high. You did, however, fall onto the ground, rolling in red. Your hand shakily touched your shoulder when you came to a stop, and brought it to your face, seeing a deep crimson soak your hand. It was hot. You grimaced, face contorting into disgust and fear. You looked over your shoulder and saw them approaching, laughing, slow. You stood up, trembling as they came over to you, guns now at the ready.

“Get down!” One of the men yelled, coming up to you, undeniably close. You remembered. You suddenly remembered your training with 76. He taught you how to deal with attackers that had guns, especially rifles. You held your hands up, leveled to the barrel.

Before he could expect it, your left hand grasped the barrel of the gun, forcing it to point downwards. You pulled your right hand back, itchy, fidgety, blue. Snapping it forward with all of your might. Slowly, you saw it connect to the side of his mask, watching it collapse within itself, the red LED eyes crushing and going black, the mask breaking, chipping. Real time. He was thrown halfway back into the store, rolling, skidding, cracking the tile grounds, and you knew he was out for the count. His rifle he had held was flown into the fallen rack of clothes that were
drenched in blood. The others stared at him, but trailed back to you. You were panting heavily, pupils dilated. One of them clicked a radio on their shoulder, “We found her.” You felt your world crash again, and again, and again. A million times over. It was Talon.

You were wrong. You were so wrong. Your body was right: you should never have gotten up. You remembered the words echoing inside of your head like a mother scolding a child that made an error that was preventable.

“When you’re in this kind of business, you learn to trust your gut.”

You wanted to hit yourself, rip at your hair, smash your head into the wall. Soldier: 76’s words danced in your head, bouncing against your skull, but not fully absorbing into your brain. You should have stayed. You should have trusted your gut.

You started gasping for air as they held up their guns to you. You backed up, blinking hard. Were they going to kill you? Were they going to let you live? You didn’t know at this point, but the worst was yet to come. Your hands shook. Could you get out? Could you leave? Where was Tracer? D.Va? McCree? Where was Soldier: 76? Questions and thoughts hit you a mile a minute. You went to turn around, but saw a cloud of black smoke, and a deep, guttural chuckle that had a slim echo.

You stared at it, breathing heavily, eyes wide like a wild animal. You looked up as it formed into a human. He wore black. All black, except for his mask. A skull? No, no, it was too precise to be a skull. It resembled something more along the lines of a barn owl. You could see a lick of skin on his arms: grey. What the hell was this guy?

His presence echoed something reminiscent of authority, much like Soldier: 76, but his was different. It was more demanding of attention, but not in a way that spoke with said authority. No, it felt deadlier. Hostile. Dangerous. It was suffocating, honestly, the way his aura was so engulfing and strong, like somebody dumped a bottle of cologne around you. Stifling. You could almost feel a dark, heavy gaze piercing straight through you like the bullets the gunmen had. It was so tense and heavy, like a weight being forced upon you that you couldn’t hold. He wasn’t here to play around, and he wasn’t here to play games: unless that game was you.

“It seems the little rabbit has been caught.” His voice was deep, gritty, but cold. So cold. It chilled you straight down to your bones and your core, the iciness of his voice suppressing your ability to want to move or need to escape. Every cell in your body screamed for you to move, to run, but you couldn’t. It was almost as if you were entranced by him.

You forced yourself to move, you had to find a way out. You whipped yourself around, deciding to take your chances with the gunmen, but just as you turned around you saw a flash of red lights and felt a blunt blow against your skull.

And everything went black.
You groaned, stirring. Your head was pounding in pain, your hair feeling matted and crusted to the side of your head. You slowly opened your eyes, only to be greeted with a spinning room and blurriness. Your head lulled, hanging in an abnormal heaviness. You squeezed your eyes, grimacing tightly at the bizarre and new feeling. You went to pull your right hand up to rub your eyes, but was disappointed by the inability to move it. You looked down and saw that your hand was handcuffed to a chair.

Your eyebrows deepened, confused. Everything had stopped spinning, but still a slight blur. You felt your body begin to ache deeply, making you gasp. You went to pick up your other hand, but was greeted with a red hot searing pain in your left shoulder. You let out a small exclamation of pain as you looked to your shoulder, seeing a bandage around it, blood leaking through. You examined what you could see of your body, noticing a dried coating of blood on your clothes and skin.

Everything was finally falling into place. Nothing was blurry anymore, and you were soon hyperaware of your situation. You were handcuffed to a metal chair, seated in front of a metal table. It was a dank room, small, tight, claustrophobic. There was a single fluorescent bulb hanging from the ceiling that worsened the pain of your headache. Across the table from you was another metal chair, but it was empty. Behind that chair was a mirror, but upon further inspection, it was more than likely a one-way mirror. Next to the mirror was a heavy metal door.

You felt your face go white and pale, fear lunging at you, embracing you tightly and constricting your throat, making it hard to breathe. You panicked. You started panting, tears brimming at your eyes. Were they going to interrogate you? Torture you? Kill you? Your body trembled, like a small scared bunny. The pain in your shoulder was almost surreal as was the pain in your head. This couldn’t have been happening, not to you.

You didn’t know how long you had been sitting there, and you didn’t know how long you were knocked out for, but what you did know was that time was going by impeccably slow. You sat there, shaking for god knows how long, eyes glued to the door.

The handle jiggled vaguely and your eyes widened, breathing cut off. Your eyes widened in fear and you felt yourself burn hot and cold simultaneously. The jiggling stopped, and you slowly calmed down. This went on periodically, sporadically, but every time it still made you react.

It happened once more, and the door swung open quickly, making you gasp deeply, panting underneath your breath. You pushed your back against the chair, trying to tell yourself that everything will be okay, but upon seeing a woman with blue colored skin and hair slicked back into a ponytail enter, toting around a gun, you knew it wasn’t going to be.

She wore a pink and black spandex suit that was tight and shiny, a deep plunge in the front
traveling down to almost her navel. She, much like Tracer, was all legs, like a spider. She had metal looking goggles on her head that had seven red eyes on it. She stood straight, radiating this wicked kind of classiness, rather macabre. Her eyes were yellow, shining like a cat’s, but piercing like ten daggers. She was not here to play, nor were the two soldiers that followed her.

She went to the chair to sit, however, her eyes never left you, keeping you in her sights. She dragged the chair out, scratching and screeching across the floor, making you flinch. She took a seat, still watching you. You couldn’t tell if she was scrutinizing you or just sizing you up. “Bonsoir, chérie.” She spoke with a heavy French accent, voice low and sickeningly smooth to the point where it made your stomach churn. You couldn’t speak. What could you even say to her? Hello, how are you today? I’m just fine thanks!

“You must be wondering why you’re here.” She spoke, gazing at the sniper rifle that sat tenderly in her lap.

“I know why I’m here.” Your voice was raw, dry and scratchy. It made you cough.

“Oh?” She said, her lips curling upwards into a sinister smile, her eyes still focused on her gun.

“Because of my powers. You want to do further testing on me. You guys want to make me into your own personal machine.” Your voice was hoarse, and you couldn’t tell if it was strictly from your tender throat or from trying not to cry. She looked up at you, that disgusting smile still stuck on her face.

“Well, well,” She stood up, “you’re not so senseless after all.” She placed her rifle on the table, the loud clang making you jump. “C’est bon.”

She sauntered slowly over to you, her fingers slowly tracing over the table. On her arm was a tattoo in heavy black words. It read ‘cauchemar’, but you had no idea what it meant. Her smile was still glued to her face, watching you intently, studying you and your reaction. She stopped in front of you. You looked up at her wide eyed. You felt your body trembling, your face almost white as sheet in the pure fear that had overtaken your body. Your throat was constricting, though you are not too sure if it had ever stopped. She clicked her tongue.

“Aw, pauvre petit lapin.” Her voice rang with feigned sincerity. She went to gingerly touch your face with her hand but you instinctively ripped your head away from the hand, eyes never leaving hers.

“Feisty.” She growled, making you shiver. “But your fear overtakes your courage.” Your brows furrowed slightly at her words. “Take off her cuffs.” The two men walked over with keys, unlocking the handcuffs and letting them fall off. Your stared at your wrists, then back up to her, confused, “Why are you letting me go?” Your voice was quiet and sore. You rubbed your wrists gently, the gunshot wound stinging with the movement. The woman chuckled.

“Oh, chérie, I’m not letting you go. Not even close.” She stared down at you, the emptiness resonating.

“Then, why did you—“

“Because we have come to the conclusion that you won’t run away.” You stared at her incredulously. Did she think you were subservient or submissive? Easily detained? Who did she think you were? “We tested you earlier, with the door knob. The way you reacted with each touch was enough to convince us that you’re easily controlled by fear. Don’t worry, as long as you stay obedient we won’t need to hurt you.”
So the door knob jiggling was a test. It made sense, though it still seemed a little dumb that they weren’t retaining you. They knew of your power, didn’t they? You could punch her through the wall. But the longer you thought, the more that courage and bravery you just had dwindled. Okay, so you punch her: then what? Get shot at? Get taken down? Let’s say you try to run away and they catch you, torture you, punish you, put you back in cuffs and knock you down a notch for thinking you could get away. It was beginning to make sense.

You could never be an Overwatch agent. Never in your entire life. They would’ve fought back; they would’ve said to just be tortured but even then they would never give up any drop of information. But you? You sat there, trembling like a scared animal, willing, consciously unbeknownst to you, to give anything or to do whatever it takes to survive unscathed. That’s what they saw when they looked at you: no loyalty. It broke your heart, it broke your mind, and it broke your soul. You were never an Overwatch agent, regardless of what Tracer and D.Va would feed you.

You felt so stupid, believing in such a lie. Your head was lowered in defeat and embarrassment, feeling ever so useless. You could not only hear it, but you could feel the woman’s smirk in her voice, “Take her to her room.” The two gunmen walked over to either side. Well, since they saw you as subservient, you might as well act the part. You scooted backwards in the chair and stood up, following the two men out of the room. The door led to another room, about the same size. Next to the mirror was recording equipment, a wall mounted television, and chairs for observing the room. You felt almost sick knowing you were watched like a lab rat. The door to that room was relatively smaller and lighter, and when they opened it you were almost surprised.

It led to a massive room with large fluorescent lights, dark walls, but a bustling atmosphere. It appeared to be an office, and unlike the two men that were leading you, nobody wore masks. Hell, they all got along. You saw so many of them working and typing away, others were laughing and having fun with each other, as if they weren’t a part of a terrorist organization that was planning on murdering countless people and omnis.

You followed the two men down a hallway with the dark walls and lights, but as you walked down, the two men stopped and saluted. You were puzzled. Curiosity getting the better of you, you peeked from behind them, and the dark cloaked figure with the white mask passed them by. He didn’t look at them, paid no attention, but he snapped his head towards you. Fear instantaneously found its way into you and the sharp gaze he would possibly be giving. You couldn’t tell, but the way he stared at you as he slowly glided down the hallway was menacing to say the least.

He had such a malevolent air that exuded from him, and it drowned you. Your eyes were wide and the feeling that grated at your back made you fidgety and gave you the overwhelming urge to want to just start running in the opposite direction. He let out a deep, harsh chuckle that made the scratch worse. Once he was well past you and facing forward, the men continued down the hallway, and you followed with little reluctance.

They didn’t travel far, still relatively close to the giant office space. They stopped in front of a door and opened it, “Your room.” One said bluntly, motioning for you to go inside. You stepped in hesitantly.

It was small. As small as the other room you were in, and just as clammy. There was a bed – well, more so of a twin sized cot that had dark sheets. It was a thin mattress that sat low to the ground. In one corner was a small bar that protruded from the wall and had a couple different uniforms: black jumpsuits with a zipper down the middle. There were shoes on the ground, but you much prefer your Docs, regardless of them being covered in blood. On the other corner was a small shower that was simply draped off with a drain and a toilet and sink behind it.
It was horrible. It was so horrible. You felt sick being in there, and was that mold on the ceilings? You wanted a new room. You couldn’t live like this. You turned around, eyebrows scrunched together. You went to open your mouth to say something, but one of the soldier’s beat you to the punch, “Be ready in fifteen. We’ll be back to take you to the mess hall.” And with that, they slammed the door shut.

You shuffled to the shower, turning it on to only have lukewarm water. You went to where the jumpsuits were and grabbed a towel from behind them, walking back to the shower on the opposite side of the room. With sharp pain you removed your shirt and bandages, revealing a hole that was sewn together, but with purple and deep red flesh that was very much raw and searing. You slid your boots off as gently as you could without upsetting the bullet wound, which up until now, you realized pierced clean through your shoulder and out your back. For one thing, you were grateful they stitched you up. You struggled to get your leggings off, whimpering and whining out of frustration. You felt yourself well up with emotions that were so abundantly strong that you couldn’t control it. You kicked off the leggings and burst into tears, heading into the shower.

You sobbed hysterically, carefully washing yourself. You went for the matted spot on your head and yelped, a large bruise and scab on your head, crusted blood crumbling from your hair and down the drain. They knocked you so hard that they cut your head open.

Nothing was going right. At all. You couldn’t tell if you would rather be dead or be alive and stuck in Talon. It was a tough decision and a close call. You were so unwilling to get out of the shower, but did anyways. You forced your tears to stop, flinching from stifling your sobs. You grabbed the towel you left on your bed and screamed your hoarse throat into it. You quickly dried off with a disgusted look, grabbing a jumpsuit and sliding it on, zipping it up.

You missed your large mirror that sat on the inside of your closet door. You missed looking at your reflection before you went out for the day. You didn’t even know if you could rock the jumpsuit or not, so you would like to know. You looked down at it, and noticed a symbol on it that you suspected was Talon’s, and a number. A prisoner number?

You plopped onto your bed, gasping because you thought you missed it since your bed back at base was taller. You let out a loud sigh, pushing your boots on and lacing them up tightly over the jumpsuit.

Just as you finished the door opened, “Alright. Let’s go.” The soldier, whom you suspect from before, commanded. You felt offended. They don’t knock around here? I mean, sure you’re a prisoner, but wouldn’t you be entitled to some form of privacy?

You groaned while standing up, following the soldier out of the room. He closed the door behind you and took you down the hallway opposite of the office, turning a sharp left down another, and then an immediate right and into the mess hall. You saw so many people sitting at round tables, talking, laughing, yelling, and eating.

There were so many men, little women, and only one prisoner: you. You noticed that you were receiving special treatment, but you didn’t know why. Almost everybody there snuck looks at you, disgusting, spine-chilling looks; some looks were passive, some looks were taking your clothes off, and others were tearing you limb from limb.

The soldier led you down one side of the wall and to the cafeteria styled line where a large man stood behind the counter, handing out food. He looked at you and sneered, but you were so excited that his look meant nothing to you. Lights beaming from your eyes as you stared at the amazing food before you. You almost started drooling, your stomach empty and begging.
The man behind the counter went into the kitchen and came back a few moments later with a tray of undistinguishable food and held it to you. The lights in your eyes flickered out and you looked up at him, “Prisoners don’t get people food.” Ouch. His words stung and made you feel lesser. You didn’t even want the food, but reluctantly held the tray and took it, staring down, “Prisoners aren’t even allowed outside of their cells, which you don’t even have. Consider yourself lucky.” The soldier growled, being given a tray of delicious looking foods.

“So where do I eat?” You asked, following him out of the mess hall.

“With the rest of the soldiers, so we can keep an eye on you.” His words made you feel nervous, as he was very blatant and rude. He took you out of the mess hall and down a long hallway to another room, filled with unmasked soldiers.

You were the only prisoner here as well.

You wish you had been forced to eat in your room, to stay there most of the day. You did not want to be there. At all. They all stared at you, leeringly, and it made you feel excruciatingly dirty, “Sit in the back.” He demanded, pointing to a lonely chair and small table in the back corner. Holy shit, you were like a dog that peed on the carpet. In much defeat, you headed to the back table, chuckles rising from the soldiers.

You dropped the tray onto the table and sat down. You stared at the unidentifiable food miserably, and very soon lost your appetite. The soldiers were all grouped together, talking and laughing with one another. You wanted to punch them all in the gonads.

Just as you were continually moping while staring at the grey mush, all of the soldiers’ chairs scraped the floor, causing you to snap your gaze upwards to them. They all stood facing the doorway, saluting. You turned your vision to the doorway, and saw the man clad in black with the mask once more.

“Is there a problem, sir?” One of the soldier’s asked. The white owl masked man turned his head towards you, and raised his hand, pointing directly towards you.

“You.” He growled. You trembled. The gunmen all faltered slightly, looking at you, every single one of them taken aback. You pointed at yourself. You slowly stood up. “Come.”

You gradually walked over to him, glancing at the soldiers whose hands were falling from their pristine salute. As the masked man turned around and started to leave, you shot a mischievous look back at the men and left.

That playful attitude, however, was gone just as quick as it arrived. You felt the fear creep up your back, making you look over your shoulder as if it were a being stalking you. The man led you silently down the hallway where it seemed to get colder and colder.

“What’s your name.” You couldn’t help but ask quietly. He was silent for a second, but finally spoke up, “I am the Reaper.” His words were slow, meticulous, precise.

“So, is it the Reaper or just Reaper.” You just couldn’t help being a smart ass sometimes.

He whipped himself around to peer down at you, charging at you and backing you up against the wall. He moved so quickly it took you by surprise since he seemed slower.

“How would you like to find out, conejito?” He growled, his clawed hand slamming up against the wall against your head. You screamed in fear that he was going to smash your skull in. Your body erupted in tremors. His hand slid down the wall and then back to his side. “Keep your mouth shut.”
He growled, and continued walking.

You followed him into a room that had the blue woman standing there. She turned to look at you two, smirking, “Ah, are we ready for a little interview?” She chuckled, and you felt your heart crash.

“What the hell do you mean Talon got [Y/N]??” Soldier: 76 smashed a television with his fist, the glass screen shattering and flying everywhere. Winston tried calming him down, “Listen, 76, we’ll find her. We’re all just as worried as yo—“

“The hell you’re not.” He hissed at the gorilla, pushing past him and charging up to Tracer, backing her terrified and sobbing form into the corner. “What the hell were you thinking??” He was screaming, absolutely furious, his face bright red and hands in bone-crushing fists.

“I’m sorry, 76, I didn’t think—“

“That’s exactly right! You didn’t! You didn’t fucking think and now she’s gone. Now she’s kidnapped and they could be torturing and dissecting her.” Tracer started crying harder.

“I thought she’d be okay! I truly thought—“

“Shut the hell up. You knew she couldn’t leave the base. You know Talon and the government is coming after her. You knew this and did it anyway! I told you, Tracer, I told everybody that she was not to leave unless she had more protection!”

“I thought she’d be okay! I thought she’d be okay . . .” Tracer slumped to the floor, face in her palms, sobbing and screaming hysterically.

Soldier: 76 turned around and marched up to Winston. Winston was nervous of the soldier’s behavior, but held his ground nonetheless. Somebody had to be stronger than him, or, at least, emotionally and mentally.

“We have somebody out, every day and every night looking for her. Patrolling nonstop.” The white haired man snarled, walking to the elevator. “I want cameras on every god damn street corner in this fucking city or so help me I’ll be taking matters into my own hands.” 76 roared, getting into the elevator.

“There, there, Tracer. It’s okay, it’ll be—“ The gorilla went to comfort her, but she screamed out.

“What if [Y/N]’s dead? What if she’s killed and thrown on the streets? What if this is all my fault?” The little British brunette wailed as Winston pulled her into his arms, sighing. He gently stroked her head as she bawled into his chest.

“We’ll find her, Tracer. I promise this.”

Soldier: 76 had gotten onto the elevator, pacing, running gloved hands through his hair before roaring and punching the side of the elevator, denting it exponentially. He was so infuriated, enraged. Who knows what they could be doing to her. Who knows what Reaper could be doing to her.

He punched the elevator a few more times until the doors opened up to the gym. It was empty, and he strode across the floor, panting and sweating from absolute fury. He went to where the boxing ring was and to the punching bag. He charged up to it, and swung so hard that the punching bag
flew up into the air and came down heavily. He avoided it, jittery, needing to punch it again, and again, and again. He roared angrily with each throw, each hit. It helped relieve his wrath, imagining the punching bag as Reaper.

Reaper. That motherfucker. Soldier: 76 knew him so well, and the thought of that scumbag being even near you made his stomach churn. He was deceitful, sadistic, and just a horrible creature all around. The thought of him doing something to you, hurting you, touching you, drove 76 over the edge. The chain to the punching bag broke, the bag flying across the room and hitting the wall. It thumped loudly to the ground and stayed there. Soldier: 76 panted, collapsing onto the ground.

He ripped his mask off, not caring if anybody saw him. He dropped the mask next to him and took his face into his palms. He was so distressed. So upset. So sad. Soldier: 76 hasn’t felt such genuine sorrow in such a long time yet, here it was, not even knocking, it just burst in and took him by surprise. He couldn’t bear the thought of you being in Reaper’s possession, in his care.

Soldier: 76 kept rubbing his face and trying to find some form of solace in this situation, but couldn’t as hard as he tried. He was going to find you, he really was. He didn’t want to imagine you, alone and scared like the first day you were ripped through time and into this decade. He didn’t want you scared. He truly didn’t.

He wanted to... cry. He just wanted to cry because the thought of losing somebody who became so important to him was just unbelievably painful. It broke his heart. The thought of losing you, of you being gone forever, broke his heart. This poor little man’s Grinch-like heart was breaking ever so deliberately and painfully.

Tracer had saved as many people as she could, panting, adrenaline pumping. Cops had rolled up along with fire trucks and ambulances. She peered around, smiling triumphantly, “Alright, then! Everything seems to be in tip top shape!” She chimed happily. Tracer walked around, looking at the faces, until it hit her, this looming dread that washed over her like a waterfall.

“[Y/N]?” She said softly. Her face went white and she jerked her head around. “[Y/N]!” She yelled. There was no response, but also no help.

She dashed towards the shopping center and transported inside, gasping at the sight of blood on the ground. Bodies littering the floor. Her eyes grew wide in desperation. She looked closer at the blood on the ground and saw that there was a recent struggle, seeing the swipes and movements in the red liquid. She bent down and saw a small glass rectangle. Her heart began beating a mile a minute. She turned it on to see a picture of her, D.Va, and you on the screen.

“[Y/N]! [Y/N]!!!” She screamed at the top of her lungs.

She gripped her head. The room was spinning so fast, faster than a carousel, too fast for her to keep up.

Tracer zipped around, ripping up all of the clothes and racks, dissecting the entire place forwards and backwards. You couldn’t be gone. You couldn’t be.

She couldn’t find you, no matter how hard she looked and how loud she screamed for you. She prayed you were hiding and playing a twisted practical joke on her, because it would be better than this.

She left you in there. She left you in there to die. Gunmen from Talon came in and swarmed the
place, and they must’ve been tipped off that you and Tracer were there. She didn’t think this would
happen, she truly didn’t. She didn’t think things through and now you were gone.

She dashed out of the building and to her car, getting in hurriedly and speeding off. She drove so
fast down the roads and finally onto the dirt path, where she went well over ninety miles per hour
just to get back to base in time. The quicker she got there, the quicker they could find you. You
haven’t been missing long, or so Tracer speculated.

She opened the garage and drifted in, turning off the car and getting out before it even rested on
the ground. She sprinted into the elevator and smashed the button to Winston’s lab.

How could she be that stupid? That vapid? Tracer blew herself away with her inability to think
things through, and this was a personal best even for her. She truly, genuinely didn’t believe that
anything would happen. She didn’t expect it! Then again, she was in the military. She went through
testing aircrafts and dangerous missions and she couldn’t believe this.

She just felt stupid, but she had to tell Winston. She had to tell him and have everybody get on
board with finding you. It was detrimental. You were their number one priority, and you’ve been
their number one priority for a long, long while now.

She paced the elevator, chanting to herself how dumb she was, how ridiculous it was of her to think
that you could fend for yourself against armed men. The idea of you being gone was tearing her
apart, making her start to pant, trying desperately to find breath.

What was she going to tell everybody? It’s not as if she could lie and say that you ran off, or that
you were hanging out somewhere. You had a hit on your head, and people were definitely looking
for you. What was everybody going to say? Tracer knew she was to blame, no matter the fact that
you willingly went, she made the conscious decision to take you out. You were just so depressed,
having to stay inside all day and only being able to see the sun through a window. It was inhuman.
You were caged. But now that Talon has you, you won’t even be able to see the sun at all.

The elevator door opened and Tracer braced herself, storming into the room to see Winston and
Soldier: 76. Winston gave her a worried look, “Tracer? Is everything alright?” He asked,
anxiously assessing her very frazzled appearance: her face pale, her eyes wide with fear and
failure.

“It’s Talon. They have [Y/N].”

Well, the questioning was rather pleasant, actually. You thought they were going to break your
bones or prod you or something of the sort, but they didn’t. They were respectful – to a degree.
They asked you about Overwatch, but you knew nothing. You didn’t know about their intel, their
missions, anything. You told them they kept you out of the loop, that you didn’t know anything
that was happening, which you now realized was for the better.

Reaper didn’t speak, but the woman known as Widowmaker did. Their names were somewhat
disappointing; not very inventive or creative. Widowmaker was a little sassy with you, but you
played the submissive role well. You didn’t want to be seem as someone they need to take down a
peg, someone who was brave enough to stand up for themselves.

Through the interrogation, you came up with the idea that the longer you played yourself as that
scared little bunny – that you technically are – the more they’ll trust you. You couldn’t let them
catch on that you were plotting something: your escape. You had to leave, before they did any
physical and intrusive testing on you that required some form of pain. They could ask you
questions day and night, but you weren’t going to let them touch you.

“Well, that is it for questioning for the day,” Widowmaker said, standing by the door, “would you
be so kind as to take our guest to her room?” She spoke to Reaper.

“My pleasure.” He retorted with sarcasm, dripping from his already oozing voice. She smirked.

“Bonne nuit, mon petit lapin.” Widowmaker said to you with a satisfying chuckle. You looked
down away from her, trying to recreate some form of humility.

You followed Reaper out of the room as he drifted down the hallway seamlessly. You crossed your
arms, still hungry, but not in the mood to pitch a fit about it. He was quiet, even his footsteps were
silent. You wondered what ties he had to Talon, or what made him join. You wanted to ask, but
decided it was best to save it for another time.

You approached your room, a defeated sigh leaving your lips. You started to open your door, but
had Reaper grasp your arm tightly, making you try to recoil away, eyes wide. Nice to know you
didn’t really have to feign fear as he simply made you scared enough with his swift moves, let
alone his presence, “I know you’re planning something.” He growled.

“I think you’ve mistaken me for a fool.” You said in a low voice, trying to keep your cool even
though your face has gone white, ears burning hot.

“I’m not an idiot, kid.” Your eyebrow twitched in a knowing way.

Why did he sound like Soldier: 76?

Your eyes narrowed at him, scrutinizing him. Who was he? You needed to know. Did he know 76?
Did he know Jack? Maybe he was part of Overwatch and worked under him, or with him. Reaper
opened the door for you, pushing you in.

“Sweet dreams.” He laughed, closing the door behind you. Man, did he really like to play up his
role. You walked over to your bed, slowly taking your shoes off, staring at the wall in front of you.

You couldn’t stop thinking about the way he said “kid”. It was grinding on your nerves, and you
needed to know if he knew 76 or not. Ever since he did say that word you’ve found yourself a little
less scared and more curious than anything else. You decided you were going to probe him with
questions, pick his brain, figure out who he is and why he said that word with such similarity to big
boss.

You went to the wall and flicked the light, yelping at the sudden darkness that quickly swallowed
you whole. You were used to the window above your bed being some form of night light. But no.
This wasn’t just darkness; it was advanced darkness. You shuffled your way to your bed, arms
extended low to feel for the cot until your shins bumped into it. You slowly found your way in,
tossing into the thin sheet, sighing sadly.

What was everybody doing back at the base? Were they looking for you? Searching? Were they
upset? Was Soldier: 76 distraught? That question burned inside of you. You wanted to know if he
missed you, and not in a “you’re an important asset to the team” kind of way, but more so in a
“you’re important to me” kind of way. You wanted him to be possessive of you, to keep you safe
and to himself. You didn’t want anybody but him by your side right now, you just wanted him.

You rolled over, refusing to cry. You refused, denying the tears to even present themselves at your
waterline. You were going to be strong, because you knew you were going to survive, you knew
you were going to be safe, and you knew you were going to escape.
You woke up, surprised to have no night terrors due to, you know, being shot and kidnapped. You slowly sat up, grunting. Your entire body ached from a combination of the bed and being attacked, but it only really had set in until now. You felt weak and painfully sluggish, mind swimming in the fact that you weren’t in your bed, and the room was still pitch black.

You swung your legs over the bed and shuffled to the wall, rubbing it until you found the switch, the light crackling on. It made a whining noise and you scrunched your face, a headache slowly coming on from the sound and from the bruise on your head. You sighed, plopping onto the bed, the springs bouncing and squeaking angrily. You shuffled your boots on, humming a song to yourself.

You didn’t want to leave, actually. You didn’t even know if someone was supposed to come and get you. You also didn’t know what time it was. It could be the middle of the night and you would never even suspect it. You sighed through your nose, resting your forearms on your knees and staring at your right hand, glaring at it.

It began to feel anxious and jittery, glowing a soft blue. You watched it vibrate, pulsate, staring down at it and grimacing at the annoying feeling. You shook your hand lightly, still focused intently. You flinched at the slight burning in your fingertips, watching the blue disappear everywhere else and accumulate to the tips. You squinted, feeling them burn and itch, like you had just accidentally touched a heating flat iron. You hissed, shaking your hand. You didn’t really know what was happening, but you suspected you were discovering a new fragment to your gift.

The door opened abruptly and you gasped, smacking your hand onto the bed, the feeling dissipating and the blue fading instantly. You saw a soldier stand at the doorway, the same one from yesterday? You didn’t know.

“Let’s go.” He barked. You jumped off of the bed and closed the door behind you, following him to, what you presumed, the mess hall.

You received the stares and the grey food and was taken to his eating area with his friends. You unconsciously took the seat in the back, sitting and staring at the grey blob. You took a few bites, face sneering at the bland taste that went tangy at the end. It had the texture and consistency of apple sauce, but did not taste like apple sauce. At all.

The men paid you no heed. You ate the food with no complaint, happy to just have something occupying your shriveling stomach, drinking the small water that was on your tray. You wondered what the other prisoners were like. Were they kidnapped with intel, like you? Or were they criminals of a sort? Maybe held to be sold to the highest bidder, perhaps? You hoped they wouldn’t sell you. You would have one of the highest offers, but you knew you were too valuable for Talon to just peddle off.
You spun the water in its bottle, staring at it swishing every which way. The clear liquid enticed you, setting off an idea. You looked up at the soldiers, leaning back in your seat and sitting the bottle underneath the table on your lap, away from their eyes.

You squinted, your hand twitchy, glowing faintly. You stared harder, focusing the energy into the tips of your fingers, gulping as they heated up. Strangely enough, they didn’t burn as badly as you thought, considering the water itself began to boil. You gasped, eyes widening as it steamed inside. You were surprised at your new finding: the concentration of energy for an allotted amount of time gave the burning in your fingers. You figured with this ability you couldn’t simply have it on constantly, and needed to use it as quickly as you could so you wouldn’t burn yourself too much. But was this it to the new portion of your talent? You could jump your fist through time, so maybe this wasn’t for boiling water.

You stopped the energy pulsing, the water ceasing to bubble, but the bottle hot. You placed it on your tray and unscrewed the cap, letting the steam escape. You were astonished, to say the least. You smiled brightly. You needed to tell Tracer. The smile waned. You had to keep this a secret, nobody could know, especially the people in Talon. If Reaper or Widowmaker found out, you would be as good as dead. You had to play the dumb bunny.

You sat there, doing nothing. You were so terribly bored, and wondered if you could get up and explore. The base was huge and you wanted to see it all, soak it all in. If this were to be your home for the time being, you ought to be able to go about and understand it.

You tapped your fingers impatiently on the table, looking around the large room. You sat at a table that was more of a desk that would be found at a school, to be quite honest, while everybody else sat at large round tables and cushioned chairs. The sight of those chairs compared to your metal one made your butt go numb.

The walls were awfully bare, nothing but Talon recruitment posters here and there to thus further their belief in . . . whatever they believed in. Terrorism? Ah, shit, you didn’t really know and honestly didn’t even want to care, you just knew that they’re terrible people doing terrible things. You wondered where the windows were. No wonder why these people seemed so grumpy; they had no light in their lives.

You don’t think you could ever live that way. Sure, you had your fair share of cynicism and a slight pessimistic outlook on the world, but that doesn’t mean that there weren’t things worth living and fighting for. Good things, like kittens and puppies. And love. God, that was such a thing to fight for, to strive for. Did these people have families? Children? Or were they so caught up in self-loathing and abhorrence that they forgot what they were put on this earth for? You shook your head. It was a shame, really.

You wondered what Reaper was fighting for. You knew why Soldier: 76 fought, but the masked man? It was a mystery. Was his life so horrible that he teamed up with a terrorist organization just to further himself down a path of animosity? You knew 76 had temper problems and whatnot, but his underlying cause for fighting is for justice and peace. The two men were like both sides to a coin, and as much as Soldier: 76 was heads, the coin always seemed to land tails up.

“Lapin.” You heard a familiar voice and looked up to see Widowmaker and two soldiers. She didn’t say anything else but stared at you with a raised nose, cuing you to follow her. You sighed, leaving your tray to go follow her and the soldiers.

The walk down the hallway was silent except for the sound of boots and heels clicking and thumping against the floor. The dark walls and ceiling gave you a feeling of being cramped; it just felt so tight and small. Breathing was so difficult there, in Talon. Finding happiness was equally
She took you to the room for questioning once again and you sighed. She sat you down and asked you the same questions as yesterday, your answers unchanging. They were looking to break you down slowly, but you couldn’t give in. You couldn’t. They were doing things so gently, however. They weren’t ripping you apart, electrocuting you, flaying, nothing to that extreme. The thought of being treated much better than the usual prisoner there was still shocking to you.

The questioning went on for about half an hour until the door opened to reveal Reaper, clouds of black smoke trailing behind him. You two stared at each other and you gulped. Hard. He saw through your façade so easily, reading you like a children’s picture book. Of all the people you couldn’t trust, it was him. Of all the people you had to suck up to, it was him. You were a smartass and that could potentially be your downfall, but you had to have him fooled and wrapped around your fingers. What made it problematic, yet, was that you could never get a read on him. You didn’t know anything about him. He was a walking mystery. He was a thousand-piece jigsaw and you didn’t even know where to begin, the pieces small and daunting.

“I’ll take it from here.” He muttered. Widowmaker eyed him up and down, but didn’t question. She jerked her head to the door motioning the soldiers to follow suit, leaving the room.

You began to sweat, silently pleading for them not to leave. What happens when the door closes? What if he kills you in one fell swoop? You didn’t want to be left alone with this man, you didn’t know if you’d survive.

The door closed and you felt your throat constrict and your face go pale. You looked up at him, a cold sweat overtaking you. He stared down at you, his mask focused heavily on you. You were nervous, picking at your cuticles. You felt your hand begin to become restless and you bit your lip, bringing it onto your lap, squeezing it, rubbing it. Why now? Why did it have to be acting up right now of all times?

“Seem to be having an issue?” He spoke mischievously. You opened your mouth to say something, but closed it.

“I want my lawyer.” You couldn’t help but choke out. He laughed at you. Not at your half-assed joke, but at you.

“That right’s been waived.” You leaned back, not as scared now.

Ah. Touché.

“So what more questions do you have for me?” You asked, eyes narrowing slightly. Your fear wasn’t as prevalent, but still existent. Reaper took a seat in front of you. You weren’t playing the coy rabbit very well anymore.

“What was the last thing you remember before waking up in this decade.” He stated indifferently. You blinked. The questions now didn’t pertain to Overwatch, but to retrace your footsteps, an outside of the box method. You thought about it.

“I was going to bed with my cat, Cherry Pie.” Cherry Pie. You haven’t thought about her in a long while, and you missed her so much.

“Cherry Pie?” He scoffed. You felt offended.

“Excuse me, I’d appreciate it if you didn’t criticize my pet naming skills, thank you. She’s the best cat in the world. She sits for food.” You grumbled, crossing your arms.
“Moving on: anything after that?” He probed, arms rested on the table, fingers steepled.

“No. I went to bed and I just woke up, surrounded by people and omnis.” You shrugged, looking down.

“What happened after that?” You looked up at him, eyes still narrowed.

“I got chased by the feds. Then I was saved.”

“By who?”

“Tracer and Soldier: 76.” You had an attitude when you said his name. There was a momentary change in Reaper’s body language, and it confirmed all of your suspicions. You leaned forward, elbows resting on the table, fingers steepled. You took his confident body language and raised it.

“How do you know him?” You asked. Reaper stared at you and crossed his arms.

“You called me kid yesterday.”

“You’re point?” It sounded as if he were speaking through gritted teeth.

“You know who else calls me that?” You paused momentarily for dramatic effect. “Soldier: 76.” If he wanted to leave, he could have. “You know who he really is. So who are you?” You tried so hard to put two and two together.

Reaper brought his arms slowly to the table, crossing his hands, the sharp metal claws squeezing into the tops of his gloves.

“The day you find out who I am is the day you die.”

You felt your stomach drop at his words. They rang true, and you wouldn’t doubt him killing you if you found out who he was. You wanted to just understand who he was, sure, for your own selfish purposes such as surviving unscathed, but to know why he is the way he is. You felt as if you needed a notebook to make a diagram of everything, to see if you could link him up with who he really was. Attempting to mentally keep track of the information flooding you was damn near impossible.

You didn’t know how many people disliked Jack Morrison. He was definitely rigid and all work no play, but he meant well. He always did. Was Reaper part of Talon beforehand? Maybe a vigilante? What if he actually worked with Jack and was part of Overwatch? There were too many ways for this to pan out. You needed to find out where he started. He more than likely wouldn’t tell you, so you knew you had to ask around.

“Is that all for today?” You asked quietly, swallowing your pride and need to ask more questions.

“Widowmaker will take you back to your room.” He stood up swiftly, chair scraping the floor, making you flinch. He left the room quickly, the French woman staring you down from the observation room. You needed to understand Reaper more. You had to.

Days flew by, conjoining with one another. You couldn’t tell how long you were there, but you felt yourself beginning to lose weight and muscle, constantly tired. You pestered Reaper every day, the
retort between you two the only thing keeping you sane. You didn’t question him about how he knew Jack or 76, or about himself, but the wit and repartee between you two was exciting. He seemed to . . . look forward to it. He began doing the questioning, but the questioning would turn into banter. He’d walk you back to your room, he even started taking you to get food in the mornings and evenings.

Suffice to say you were enjoying his company. He was kind of keeping you sane. You would eat your grey mush in a room with him, he’d mock you, you would bite back, he’d be satisfied. You weren’t finding out much about ‘The Reaper’, but you felt yourself slowly being accepted onto his good side.

Today, however, you ate your grey blob in silence, the taste nothing more than a nuisance. You were able to tolerate it, knowing you weren’t getting any nutritional value but a full stomach, “We’re moving you tomorrow.” He said out of the blue. You looked up at him as you ate a spoonful, “What do you mean?” You asked, clicking your water bottle open.

“We have a new testing facility.” You were taken aback by his words.

“Testing?” You gasped, an incredulous smile on your lips. You felt insulted.

“What? You thought we wouldn’t want to do any diagnostics on you? You think you’re special?” He growled. You blinked.

“Um, yeah, a little bit.” You felt slighted, putting the water bottle down.

“You’re a prisoner. You aren’t a guest of honor.”

You locked your fingers angrily around the bottle. Your fingertips lit up like beacons, the water beginning to boil viciously. Reaper straightened, cocking his head. He seemed to be bewildered by your abilities. As far as he knew, your fist could jump through time, but this was new.

You stood up quickly and flung your hand forward, wrist jolting through blue, bubbling water flying towards him; however, he was fast. He turned into a black mist and the water collided with the ground and walls. You gasped as the fog appeared to your right, Reaper appearing through the black shroud and gripping your wrist, your fingers still blue. It burned and pricked at your tips, making you hiss in pain. He squeezed your wrist and twisted it, making you holler and drop the bottle. He stared at the blue orbs on your fingers. They pulsed, heat ripples affecting the air around them.

“I may not be a guest of honor, but that doesn’t mean you can treat me less than a human.” You snarled, face mixed with pain and anger. He laughed at you.

“You must be new to this kind of thing.” He relaxed his grip and your ripped your hand away, the blue beads disappearing, leaving you with welting fingertips.

“Just because you’re doing it doesn’t make it right.” You argued, shaking your hand and getting defensive.

“You’ve got a lot to learn about this world, conejito.” He shook his head at you.

“And apparently so do you! Do you really think you were put on this earth to hurt and harm?” You yelled at him, nursing your hand close to your chest, eyebrows furrowed upwards in disbelief. Without much warning, a clawed hand rested on your chest beneath your collarbone and forced you backwards, pushing you against a wall. You whimpered. You stared up at him with large eyes and he just stared back. You could feel eyes penetrating through his mask.
“The longer I look at you, watch you, the less I see you as a bunny. You just stare at oncoming danger and won’t move. A rabbit isn’t that stupid.” Your brows furrowed at his words, your breathing fastening. “No, you’re more like a fawn, a doe. Un cervatilla.” The way he spoke Spanish made your insides stir in a steady anticipation. It drew you in so dangerously close to him – metaphorically speaking. You weren’t even thinking about moving from that spot until he released his forceful shove.

“You can call me a-a cervatilla all you want, or a conejito,” you jeered, “but it doesn’t negate the fact that I am so unbelievably important to Talon.” His clawed gloved dipped at your skin, teasing, ready to puncture. “Face it, Reaper: all of you need me.” He pushed the heel of his palm into your sternum tightly before releasing.

“You’ve got nerve. Maybe we should’ve kept you in chains after all.” His words were a whisper, not a threatening one, no. They caressed your body, hugging at your curves, licking. They posed no torturous threat, except for one that meant his bed. It was an agonizing threat that caught you off guard. He chuckled lusciously at your flushed red reaction, face astonished. You furrowed your brows and bit the inside of your lip, hyper aware of the hairs standing up on your neck, the tightness of the jumpsuit.

“I’m going to my room.” You choked, barging past him hurriedly and out the rooms and down the hallway.

You sped down the corridor at a fast walk, hands clenched tight into your palms. You felt almost violated by his words, the way they found their way into your clothes. You didn’t feel safe, but at the same time you did, knowing that he wanted to be the one to lay his hands on you, and only him. The way he preserved you, keeping possessive as if you were his favorite toy his mother bought that nobody could play with or touch. You felt like a doll, manipulated. A pretty thing that he could put on his shelf to look at or take down whenever he felt the need to.

You didn’t want to be a doll. No, you weren’t a doll. You weren’t his plaything, a toy, lesser than a human. You had basic rights, and you could never compare what Reaper had to Soldier: 76. 76 would hold onto you, but for your safety. Reaper, on the other hand, just wanted to hold onto you just because he wanted to. He thinks he has the God given right to treat you however he pleased. Oh, if you were just strong enough, you would show him who’s boss.

Your fist heated up, blue glowing in the corner of your eye. You slammed your door open and shut behind you, the light still on from when you had left earlier. You yelled angrily, punching furiously at the empty air. You were so mad you just wanted to hit something. You opened your hand as if it were a claw, the blue biting at your fingertips. You hollered ferociously and swiped heatedly.

Instead of what you presumed would jump through time like a punch, everything slowed down. You watched as your fingers created a small shroud of blue before them, your fingers dipping and disappearing into the blue. They began ripping the azure veil into two. You gasped, curling your fingers into themselves, the tear stopping, but still existing. You caught your breath, the blue orbs on your tips disappearing. You stared at the small splice in time that was accompanied with an azure blue border. Around the slit everything was fine, but past the border within the hole was . . . another time. You blinked, eyes wide.

You walked up to it, studying it, confused. Inside the hole was dark, but you heard crying. You squinted and suddenly went pale. You covered your mouth to hide a scream, staring with clear vision at yourself in your bed at the Overwatch base. You saw yourself wearing the scrubs from when you first joined, crying on the bed. You stared from the wall that separated you and Soldier:
You began to feel sick, terrified, appalled. You threw your hand up to wipe away at the hole, but it wouldn’t leave. Your digits glowed blue to see if that would help, but you opened up multiple tiny slashes to other parts of the past. Was that Colonial America?

You crouched down and gripped your head.

“What do I do, what do I do, what do I do?” You chanted, feeling a massive anxiety attack on the brink. You couldn’t mess up the past. You began to breathe easily, taking in deep breaths and exhaling smoothly. You stared at your right hand, the cause of all this hell, but looked to your left.

You stared at it calmly and you felt your fingers begin to heat up. Instead of blue, however, they began to glow orange: the complementary color to blue. Well, what did you have to lose? You flicked at the blue incisions, not even covering them completely. Those small dabs of orange forced the portals to close and disappear, a Band-Aid to time. You felt uneasy, scared.

So this is why your fingertips did what they did. It wasn’t to heat up, it was to open portals to parts in time. You looked down at your open palms, realizing the severity of these newfound powers. If anybody that wasn’t part of Overwatch found out, you were good as dead. Nobody could know.

Your tips lit up and you gulped. You wanted to try something. You thought about where you wanted to be, or wanted to go or see. You were nervous, but smirked, “Show me the Cretaceous Period.” You whispered softly. You dipped your finger into the azure, palms facing upwards, pulling towards the ceiling a finely shaped hole.

You were greeted by heat and humidity and initially thought you were in Florida, feeling yourself being to sweat and fell sticky. You squinted and gasped. The foliage was so bizarre, insects the size of house pets flying and crawling around, massive reptile like birds walking in the distance, “Holy shit.” You gasped, realizing you kind of just walked into a paleontologist’s wet dream. Naively enough, you were about to poke your head in but was suddenly greeted by a small reptile.

You yelped, looking down at it. It was a little feathery and about three feet tall, impossibly adorable, that was, until you noticed the large talon-like claw on its feet.

“Ah, shit.” You mumbled, noticing it was a velociraptor and you just welcomed uncertain death. It cocked its head, staring at the glowing on your hand, its nostrils flaring, smelling. It chirped and turned around, running away.

You looked at your hand, realizing you had some form of mutual respect with it. Was it applicable to the other dinosaurs? Younger you, a fervid lover of Jurassic Park, would be crying tears of absolute joy right about now. Your left hand glowed orange and you swiped at the portal, watching it conjoin back together and disappear.

You can’t believe you were able to open up times to dinosaurs. It was, well, it was kind of stupid but also wicked cool. You heard the door behind you slam open, making you jump and turn around, pulse screaming at the unexpected. Thank god the door didn’t open just a few seconds beforehand.

In the doorway stood a soldier, “Reaper wants to see you in his room.” You felt your neck burn cold, making you gulp. You walked over and followed the armed man back down, down, down the hallway, past the point of no return.

He took you someplace secluded, doors no longer littering the walls but appearing sparingly. You
presumed this is where the higher ups were with larger rooms. He stopped in front of one of the many black doors. How did he know this was the right one? There was no number or anything differentiating this one from the others. He knocked, making your stomach stir.

The masked man opened the door, “The girl.” The soldier said. Reaper whipped his head to the man, making him cower.

“I’m not blind.” He growled. The man nodded nervously. There was a brief pause. “What are you doing still standing there? Leave!” He snarled at the man, making him rush off. You felt dread overtake yourself.

“Come in.” His voice suddenly became gentle, trying to coax you and take you down from a ten to a zero; however, it didn’t do much. Everything felt slow, quiet. Ears buffing everything out, only the sound of your heartbeat was present for you. Your leg felt so heavy, like weights were strapped onto it. You wanted to stop, your mind and guts screaming at you, pleading, begging. Your inside groveled for you to stop, to just run back to your room. You should’ve listened. You should’ve trusted your instincts. Your shoe made contact with the ground. Once your foot passed into his threshold, you knew you were as good as gone.
SMUT INCOMING.
WARNING: This is the chapter with the //non-con smut// so if you want to skip it you can! As of right now I see this as the only non-con chapter in the story. My years of Spanish classes (that I’ve barely retained) are paying off. Kind of.
None of you are going to like this chapter and I refuse to apologize.
Inspired by “Cookie Thumper” by Die Antwoord.
Also a little “Swimming Pools (Drank)” by Kendrick Lamar.

The room was massive, dark, black, and crimson. The floors were a dark tile that resembled wood, a dark auburn. You examined the walls: black with rosewood colored tapestries that had black velour Victorian accents. He had a large bed with a black metal frame and crimson sheets and pillows, appearing very silky by the way they gleamed in the light. The light fixture on the ceiling was surprisingly rustic, very chic with metalwork that made it seem dated and old.

He had mahogany night stands next to his bed that had small rustic lamps on them. In the center of the room sat a large, round, mahogany table with two matching chairs. In the middle of the table was a ten-point deer skull, making you gulp. It was beautiful and you would love for it to be on your own wall, but since it was Reaper’s it was just . . . creepy and unnerving.

Across from the table next to the wall nearest to you was a small fridge. A wine cooler! Upon walking in further, it had expensive appearing red wines, tequilas, and scotches. Above the mini-fridge was a glassware rack that had all different types of glasses for all different types of drinks. You were highly impressed. Not so much by the room, but by all of that alcohol.

You can’t remember the last drink you had. It’s been so incredibly long. You wanted a glass of something so very bad. Even though you didn’t enjoy wine or scotch, you wouldn’t mind a little in front of you at the very moment. Tequila was a fan favorite, but was definitely better when mixed, though you weren’t against the idea of a shot or two with a little bit of a lime. God, the thought of drinking gave you a chill. You weren’t an alcoholic by any means, but you knew when to have a good time every now and again.

“Take a seat. Take your shoes off.” Reaper’s chilling voice hummed through the air. You nervously walked over to the table and pulled out a chair gently, taking a seat and watching him walk over to the fridge. You untied your shoes, placing them underneath the table along with your socks.

He opened it, drawing out a bottle of tequila. “Gran Centenario Leyenda” was the name across the round, ridged bottle. On the label was an angel with a trumpet, and you knew that this tequila was not cheap. From a drawer he pulled out a lime that was pre-cut, as if he were expecting this to happen. As if getting you to drink was part of a plan. You sighed but shrugged it off, not objecting to the idea of a shot or two.

He grabbed a shot glass from the shelf and walked over to the table, placing the single glass and lime wedges in front of you. He opened the bottle and poured a shot, resting the bottle gently on the table. Reaper grabbed the chair and pulled it over to you, sitting next to you. You didn’t feel
nervous, despite how you felt when coming into his room. You blamed the poor, emo, edgy atmosphere of the dark palette chosen for the room. You wondered if he chose it. The Victorian print on the tapestries clashed with the rustic light fixtures and it drove you a little crazy, you can’t mix those two when they’re completely different in taste!

“You know how to take a shot?” He said gruffly, a smirk tasted his voice.

“Do I know how to take a shot.” You scoffed with a smirk, taking the glass and downing the drink quickly and took a second to make a face. He laughed at your reaction. You grabbed the lime hurriedly and almost sloppily, putting into your mouth and taking it in. You took the lime from your teeth and sighed audibly. Reaper was still laughing.

“You’ll be used to this by the end of the night.” His voice was teeming with . . . happiness? It was hard to differentiate it from mockery. He poured another shot. You downed it, biting into a lime. Then there was another shot, and then another. If his plan was to get you as drunk as quickly as humanly possible, he had just achieved said goal. After four shots you put your hand up to him, shaking your head.

“No more. Please, God, no more.” You already felt the tequila creeping on you. He laughed again. Actually, you don’t think he ever stopped. He seemed like he was having a genuinely good time.

He stood up and went to the fridge, putting the tequila in and taking out a bottle of wine. He took two wine glasses, no longer just one. He popped the cork easily and put an aerator in, pouring a glass slowly for himself and for you. The bottle was dark with a white label that read “Staglin Cabernet Sauvignon”. You weren’t a fan of wine, but also had a feeling that the wine was also very expensive. You appreciated his taste in luxurious alcohol, it was very charming of him, to be quiet honest.

When he finished, he walked over to you and placed it in front of you. You looked up at him, teetering slightly, blinking hard. He stifled a laughter that turned into a snort, “You have to take your mask off.” You whispered, clearly drunk.

He sat up straight, knowing this was going to happen, “No, I poured these two glasses for you.” He spoke sarcastically, making you squint at him.

“Take it off.” You slurred, the room beginning to spin and stir.

You felt like you were on a boat, sloshing side to side as you sat anchored on the sea. The only thing missing was actually being on a boat in the water. Well, other factors were missing: the sea salt air, the clear skies, gulls crying in the distance, the sound of the deep blue waves licking and lapping on the boat.

Reaper’s hands reached up to his mask, and you began to get very excited, internally of course. You immediately became serious and held up your hand, “Wait!” You yipped. If you could see his face you would presume an annoyed look befell it. “Will I die? You said that when I see your face I’ll die.” You spoke quietly, staring intently at him. He paused.

“Can you stop talking for one second of your life.” You shook your head, waving your hands at him.

“You’re right, you’re right. Continue, please.” You nodded, head drooping slightly from the drunken heaviness. He pushed his hood off, taking the mask off with both hands and staring straight at you.
His skin was grey, but had something reminiscent of deep tan skin. He had small scars littering his face, on his cheeks, nose, chin, and even his forehead. His eyes were so dark, and you believed that they were black. He had a brown goatee with short brown hair and a square face. Why couldn’t you find his appearance more descriptive? Why were you at such a loss of words to explain his presence? You weren’t in love. You didn’t even think you loved him, nonetheless like him.

You couldn’t write novels about him as you could Jack’s. You couldn’t write poems about how thunderous his eyes were. Reaper just had grimness, an appearance that felt almost too taboo to write about. He was just so sad in his face – no, not sad: bitter. Even his eyes, as speechless as they were, lurked with intensity and vengefulness that didn’t move you like Jack’s. His features just weren’t prominent enough for you to care.

After soaking it in, you realized exactly who he was. Despite the death that tormented his features, you gasped. No wonder why this man loathed Jack so. No wonder why he wanted to knock down walls with his fists whenever you brought him up.

“You’re alive.” You said quietly, eyes wide. “You’re Gabriel Reyes.”

You two were silent as he stared at you solemnly. You grabbed the wine glass and held it up to him. He cocked an eyebrow upwards, “Tap me, tap my glass!” You said urgently. Gabriel took the other wine glass and hesitantly and gingerly tapped yours. “To you!” You said in a celebratory way, taking him by surprise. “I don’t know why, I guess showing me your identity and not killing me? Who knows! Who cares! Tap me again!” God, you were fucked up. He chuckled, a soft smile tracing his lips, clinking the glasses softly with one another.

You both began taking sips. You realized that you understood him more. After finding out who he is you could understand. What took you by surprise more than anything was the juxtaposition between him and Jack when it came to their masks. Gabriel took his off willingly, wanting you to know, while Jack kept it secret and you had to pry it from his face. Was it because Jack didn’t have feelings for you then, and Gabriel could potentially have some for you? You couldn’t tell, but you appreciated the fact that you didn’t have to straddle him to get what you want.

You drunkenly babbled, drinking the wine a little too fast, it taking effect on you shortly. When you placed the empty glass down you were laughing about something, eyes closed. While you were snorting at your own joke, you felt a hand creep behind your head, and a heavy pressure on your lips. You gasped inaudibly, opening your eyes to see Gabriel’s lips pressed against yours.

You blushed heavily, pulling away with what little strength you had, staring at him with embarrassed eyes. You didn’t know how to tell him you didn’t like him, and like hell you were going to say you had feelings for Jack. If you did, then you really would’ve been dead.

He began to kiss you again, deeply. You felt your body grow hot as he stood up, grabbing you by your waist and hoisting you up onto the table. You squealed and laughed into the kiss as he did this, making him smile into the kiss. You wrapped your arms around his neck, deepening it further. Sure, you didn’t like him, but kissing was fine, right? You weren’t leading him on, right? He wouldn’t take advantage of you drunk . . .

Right?

His hands danced around your waist and hips, trailing with open hand over your thighs, squeezing gently. Your insides stirred with want, but you knew that no matter how badly you wanted him, you had to stay loyal to Jack. So you two weren’t an item or a pair just yet, but you held high hopes that something would happen between you two.
His hand snaked its way up to the front of your jumpsuit, pulling the zipper down to reveal your bra. You pulled yourself away from the kiss which invited him to begin kissing at your cheek and neck, “Wait, wait, I’m drunk.” You said quietly.

“Your point?” He said in a hum, sucking at your neck, making you whimper.

“Can’t this wait until I’m sober?” Your voice wavered, nervous.

“No.”

You felt a wave of fear swallow you up like a tsunami. You didn’t want to kiss him, you didn’t want him to touch you, you didn’t want to have sex with him drunk or sober.

“I don’t want to have sex drunk.” You complained, squeezing his shoulders, his hands trying to push the jumpsuit off of you.

“You’ll thank me later.” His words left you at a loss for words. You said no, you brought out why you didn’t want to have sex, and he wasn’t fulfilling your simple request.

He got your jumpsuit off of your shoulders and you grabbed the hem to keep it up, but he forcefully ripped it down, making you yelp. You struggled to pull it up but he fought you down, his lips trailing down to your collarbone. His hands quickly went to your back and unclasped the bra with ease, making you grasp at the front, whining. He didn’t bother lifting his mouth off of you, taking your hands into his and slamming them onto the table, growling into your skin, “You’re making this harder than it has to be.” With your arms away from your chest he pulled down your bra, it falling forward and stretching from your elbows.

Before you could quickly cover your chest he took one of your breasts into his mouth, making you yip. You bit your lip to keep from making any noise that could pass as something even remotely close to being considered consensual. He would bite, pull, suck, and just completely tenderize your nipples until they were pointed nubs, not missing a beat by leaving hickeys on his way to the next breast.

Your head was swimming, body begging for him, but your heart and mind wanting him to stop. You lifted your hands slightly, ready to go for his head to push away, to cease tormenting, but when he saw that opportunity everything moved so fast. He had somehow lifted your arms and pinned them behind you, bra locking around your forearms and keeping your hands secure behind your back. You yelled at him, demanding for him to stop. Your pleads were met with laughter.

Gabriel stood up straight, those dark eyes now singing. They were vortexes, black holes, sucking in everything they looked upon, and you just happened to be in line of sight. His face was grim, as if he were an executioner and your head was next. His hand gripped as your back, giving a strong shove and pushing you off the table. You yelped, stumbling onto your feet. His hands gripped your shoulders, spinning you around. He pressed hard on your neck with an open hand, slamming your face onto the table. You hollered in pain, cheek constrained against the wood, your feet firmly planted on the ground and chest on the table, arms apprehended. His left hand held you down by your neck, the other pushed the jumpsuit off, along with your panties.

“Gabriel, stop!” You yelled at him, squirming, your body bare. His hand swiped your slit, making you gasp at the delicious sensation. When did he take his gloves off?

“Ah, pero mi cervatilla, you’re so wet for me.” He spoke with a smirk. Though your legs were pressed together, your cunt was easily accessible.
His large fingers went back to work, massaging your vagina as a whole. You bit your lip so hard you pierced the thin skin, his hand still working, slick and damp. His middle finger began twirling your erect clit in circles, making you grunt. It felt so good, so relieving, your body begging for more, aching.

Your knees buckled at his touch, his body craned over yours, heavy breath in your ear. He slipped a finger inside of you and you screamed, “Please stop!” You felt tears begin to pool, another finger slipping in. You gritted your teeth and squeezed your eyes shut, the stretching and opening greatly uncomfortable. You hadn’t had sex in a while, so your cunt wasn’t going to give so easily.

He began to gently pump them in and out before speeding up, your walls screaming at the sudden girth. You grunted at his touch, his fingers finally stopping, but beginning to rub a certain spot. You gasped, turning your head to the other side, trying to avoid Gabriel’s gaze, humiliating you.

His fingers ushered, motioned, rubbing intensely with full focus on that small spot on your wall. You stifled a groan, biting your already bloody lip, the pain distracting you from that warming, pooling area below. Oh God. It felt so good. It felt so, so good. You gasped again, clenching your hands. You had squeezed your eyes tight enough to make the tears fall.

You were so close to that waterfall, those fireworks, the orchestra reaching its crescendo. It was so enticing, and as much as you wanted it, you didn’t want it with Gabriel. You imagined Jack would make you moan and stop to ask if you were alright, and as annoying as that could get, it would be better than having him force himself onto you. Gabriel just wanted you so desperately to the point where he didn’t mind causing you physical and psychological harm. It was painfully selfish. Very painfully.

You whined, your legs wobbling, the dam about to break. The cracks formed in the cement wall, water spurts poking out, the stirring becoming unbearable, the pot about to boil over. Your walls almost tightened, but Gabriel took his fingers out. You felt offended, gasping.

“Why are you doing this to me.” You whimpered, beginning to fully cry.

“Because it seems someone is neglecting you.” He stood up straight, going for his belt and zipper, his pants bulging with heavy strain. You ripped your head backwards to look at him, a wild look in your eyes.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” You roared loudly, the grey man unfazed. “All of this because you’re fucking jealous?” He glanced up at you with a dangerous look in his eyes.

“I would never be jealous of a toy soldier.” He hissed, pulling his pants and underwear down slightly, his length bouncing out. His cock wasn’t that impressive in length, but his girth outmatched anything you have ever dealt with, making your body go cold.

You swiftly went to stand straight, but his hand found a place nestled in your hair by your scalp, gripping tightly and slamming your cheek back onto the table, making you yell in terrible pain. You began panting heavily, terrified out of your mind. That’s when you began to struggle.

You violently began to kick, to try to stand regardless of hair being almost ripped out, arms jerking from side to side. You roared, howled, spat profanities, commanded him to stop because he didn’t know who he was dealing with. Your hand glowed blue but you couldn’t move it fully, so swiping wouldn’t work.

He lifted your head and then crashed it right onto the table, the pain shaking your brain. Everything went a little blurry, a little dizzy. You could barely keep your eyes open. Your body stopped its
wild movements, “Calm down.” He groaned, spreading your legs easily with his, keeping his feet in between yours.

His blunt head pressed against your entrance and you snapped out of it, “Stop! Gabriel, please, stop! Please!” You screamed loudly. The walls were either soundproof or people could hear and knew not to bother. His length began to slide inside. You felt the tearing, your walls and entrance stretching thin and ripping. You screamed, sobbing, face covered in tears, sweat, and snot. Blood caked your lower lip, dripping red and saliva from the inside where you had bit as well. It hurt so bad. It was so painful, and he roughly began pumping.

As you screamed and sobbed, you begged some God to take you somewhere else. You didn’t know if being passed out and him having his way with you was worse than being awake and feeling everything. You felt a piece of yourself die with every second, the pain, fear, and resentment growing.

You lost track of time, the encounter lasting for centuries. Your body screamed, and just as you were about to finally bite your tongue off he pulled himself out of you. He ripped you up from the table by your hair, making you holler in pain. He pushed you down, making you collapse heavily to your knees, slamming onto the tile. He yanked your head to look up at him.

He let out a load moan that mimicked a growl, pumping his cock with his hand as he ejaculated his hot, white semen all over your face. You cried, squeezing your eyes shut. It didn’t seem to stop as it poured onto your face, chest, and legs. It was demeaning, a true power move on his behalf.

You could only open one up one eye as cum covered your other eyelid. You slowly looked up at him to be staring down at you, a large smirk on his disgusting visage. You looked down to his penis, seeing blood on it, and registering it as yours, “The door on the left is the bathroom, go shower. You don’t need somebody seeing you like this.” He lifted you up by your shoulders, turning you around and undoing the bra he had tied around your arms, placing your jumpsuit and bra on your shoulder, giving you a gentle shove to the shower.

Moving hurt, it ached. Everything hurt. Your entire body was crying along with you as you shuffled to the bathroom, going inside the dark room. Marble tile for the sink and shower, sleek silver, red accents, large mirror. You went to the shower and stared at it, slowly figuring out how to turn on the water.

You made it burning, scorching hot, almost enough to boil your skin entirely off. You stepped into the icy hot shower, wincing at the extreme pain. You wanted to burn his touch off of your skin because that’s how you kill bacteria: hot water. You let it pound onto your body, washing your face of his sticky semen as quickly as you could. Once it was off, you collapsed.

You began wailing, keeping your legs to your chest, lightly cleaning your vagina and whimpering, the blood trailing down the drain. How could somebody do this to you? How could somebody do this to you? You thought Gabriel liked you, well, Reaper did anyways. As you sobbed, you felt this fire in your chest grow. You couldn’t tell if it was the water or the fire, but your chest began to burn.

You became enraged, the sobbing coming to a close. You were so mad, so furious, absolutely livid. How could somebody do this and think they can get away with it? You were a force, a hurricane, a tsunami, a meteor just about to strike the earth and cause it to become barren. You were just so tired of crying, no matter how traumatizing the experience was, you wanted to take a stand. The thought of Reaper made you so sickeningly infuriated to the point where you wanted him to feel your wrath – no, he needed to feel your wrath. He was so full of himself that he thought he could do that to you and get away with it.
You were going to kill Reaper.

You were going to kill Gabriel Reyes.

You didn’t know how or when, but to put this motherfucker through some pain and slowly killing him made everything kind of at least a little better. You never wanted anybody else to go through this kind of pain, this kind of misery. You were violated in the only place you thought you’d be safe. It was shameful on his behalf, to degrade someone so deeply that it’ll affect them for the rest of their life. You aren’t the disgraceful one: he is. And you were going to make sure he knew it.

You weren’t in the proper shape and mentality to suitably kill him, or at least maul, so you had to do it another time. You stood up, letting the fiery water burn you red for a little while longer, and then shutting it off.

You got out of the shower and took a black towel, rubbing yourself dry, noticing he didn’t give you your panties. Your teeth clenched. You weren’t going to let him keep a trophy. You angrily put your bra and jumpsuit on, remembering you left your shoes out in the living room. You walked out of the bathroom, the steam leaving the room and dispersing into the bedroom.

He lied on his bed, your panties in hand. The cute pink lace was being rubbed and molested by his grimy bare hands, mask off. You walked to him, standing over him with a dark look in your eyes. He smirked up at you as you snatched them away from him.

You went to the table and sat at the chair, grabbing your socks and sliding them on, struggling to get your boots on as quickly as possible, “Que linda.” He purred with a soft chuckle. Your lip twitched and it took every fiber of your being not to pounce on him with bared claws. When you were finished you walked to the door and went to open it, but stopped yourself, turning around, “You know what? I thought you were pretty cool, Gabriel. But no, you’re a fucking monster and a rapist. If you ever come near me again I’m going to cut your dick off.” You growled and he laughed as you opened the door.

“You’re cuter when you’re mad!” You walked out quickly and slammed the door behind you.

You stared at the black door and screamed at it, kicking it with your boots. Your hand turned a bright azure, and with a powerful yell you smashed your fist into the door, leaving a deep dent. You turned hotly on your heels and walked away.

Your heels pounded the pavement, a newfound anger and brimming assurance overcame you. You can say with certainty that you were raped and that it would have a strong impact on you for the rest of your life, but what you do know is that you couldn’t live your life crying and being scared. You regret not punching him when you had the chance, but the bright side is that you’ll hopefully have your chance in the future. Maybe you’ll see a dinosaur devour him, or summon an army during the Crusades to greet him in the morning. You weren’t sure, but it needed to be well thought out. And he can’t escape.

You made it to your room, light on. It was so stark in comparison to Reaper’s. Very stark. But as least it had one theme going on instead of fourteen. You untied your shoes by your door, throwing them off to the side and switching the light off. You fell into your bed.

Even though it was uncomfortable, it was still your bed, and you found ease in it. Unfortunately, you couldn’t say you felt safe in it, but you did feel relief in knowing it was yours. You wondered who had it before you, knowing full well that they were killed off. What if your room was haunted? That’d be kind of cool. A friend, ghost or human, was very much needed right about now. You needed Cherry Pie. She was always the best to hug and hold when you’ve had a bad day.
Well, you’re technically having a bad life right about now. You didn’t think this kind of curveball would be thrown at you, though that metaphor is highly incongruous to the gravity of the situation currently at hand.

You rolled over, having nothing to cuddle, which is really what you needed. You wished Jack was next to you. If he were there, nothing would have happened to you, ever. If something did happen he would pull you close and let you know that you weren’t alone, then proceed to cause a hurricane of pain. That’s the first thing you wanted when you got back: Jack.

You wanted Jack to just hold you and let you sleep in his arms. You wanted Tracer to hold your hands and call you love and reassure you everything was going to be fine. You wanted D.Va to give you one of her infamous side hugs and give you uplifting words in Korean, because apparently they work better when you don’t speak the language. You wanted Winston to give you the whole jar of lollipops he had that he kept for when he was finished with exams. You wanted Lucio to give you his new mixtape. You wanted McCree to call you darlin’ and smooth talk you to keep you calm. You wanted Cherry Pie to lie next to you, purring deeply and spooning into you. Shit, you wanted a Big Mac.

Your vision had worked with the darkness of the room, staring blankly at the wall across from you. You wanted to go home. Not just the Overwatch base, but your real actual home. You missed that stupid Minion poster, you missed your clingy ex, you missed your asshole dad and passive aggressive mother, your obnoxious sisters, your bizarre mixture of friends, and god dammit, you missed Cherry Pie.

You cried gently for your cat. You cried gently for your friends from sixty years ago and your friends back in Overwatch, but more importantly, you cried for yourself. You cried because you didn’t know if you were emotionally ready to go through such a drastic change; the change being stepping into a new cycle of your life. This was the beginning of a new you, and you didn’t think you wanted that. You were far from ready to change.
You woke up in your bed, screaming and crying. Upon feeling your throat raw and scratchy, you realized that you’ve been screaming for a long time. You were trembling softly, wishing for a comforter that you could pull over your head and hide away from everything. This morning felt so surreal. You didn’t feel real. Things that happened yesterday felt like it happened years ago, but the wounds will still fresh and open, burning.

You were shaken to your core when you remembered last night, feeling sick. Actually, you felt incredibly ill. Your stomach felt like it was going to explode. You began to gag, and you realized you were going to be sick. You stumbled out of bed and over to the shower, vomiting over the tile. It burnt your throat and coated your mouth with a foul sour taste. You threw up again, and again. You sniffled, crying gently as throwing up isn’t really a personal favorite.

You spat out whatever was left in your mouth and wiped your lips, the cuts in and on your lips burning from the acid. You groaned, standing up and turning on the shower for a little bit to flush the throw up down the drain.

Just as you turned the knob off your door opened to two soldiers, “Breakfast time?” You mumbled, watching the water take the fluids down into the drain, “Just come with us.” One said gruffly. You sighed, turning to follow them out the door, watching one reach inside and turn off your light. Your eyebrow cocked. You’ve always kept it on.

They took you down the hallway towards the mess hall, but kept walking past it. You looked around confused, “Why are we passing the cafeteria?” You asked, genuinely confused.

“Shut up.” One of the soldier’s barked at you, making you cringe.

You groaned softly, walking fairly far down the long hallway until you reached the end, a single large door in front of you. You stared at it quizzically, one of the soldier’s opening it and revealing a massive garage with trucks lining the room followed by military hummers and smaller cars. There was a truck, however, that was beginning to load about twenty people into the back.

The soldiers lead you over, and you turned to one, “What’s going on?” You asked, watching the other prisoners begin to get inside. “We’re transporting a handful of you,” he looked at you, “to the new testing facility on the other side of the city.” You bit your upper lip, feeling nervousness begin to take you, making you antsy. You made it to the other people, rubbing your bruised forearms from the tight straps of your bra from last night. Another soldier came over, “I’ve got the cobra cuffs.”

That voice. You ripped your head over to the man with the gun strapped to him, face hidden by a mask with red LEDs, “You.” Your voice was a whisper, dripping with venom. He glanced at you. Your neck and ears began to burn. “Turn around.” He growled.

A soldier grabbed your shoulders and turned your back to face the other man. He took your wrists and began to lock them into the plastic handcuffs. Your lip twitched, fingers glowing. You grabbed
at his wrist, making him freeze, fingers heating up. You turned your head over your shoulder, eyes wild like a raging sea, “You’re first.” Your voice low and gritty. He ripped his wrist away and shoved your forward, making you stumble, a dark look befalling you.

The two soldiers grabbed your arm and lead you to the back truck, helping you clamber up into it. You stared forward, seeing hordes of people packed together, sitting. They spoke quietly with each other, most of them staring at you. They all were so gaunt and weak, tired, scraggly and unkempt in appearance. The darkness of the truck made their appearances less vile. You realized that you were the 1%. What if Talon kept you as healthy as possible for the extensive testing to come?

You weren’t going to let it come to that. Not this precise moment, but you knew you had to escape before this truck made its destination to the other side of the city. They had to be making a pit stop somewhere along the way, right? You didn’t know when or how, but you knew in your gut that you would survive.

You walked through the darkness, footsteps thumping deeply with your shoes, you hesitated slightly at the foul smell of unwashed bodies squeezed together. You took an awkward seat next to a woman with crazy eyes and matching hair. Her eyes held a small light, face dirty. You gave her a meek smile, looking at the people surrounding you. You all had the same jumpsuit with set numbers, but only you had Doc Martens, seeing that they all had slip on shoes.

You felt so clean compared to everybody, so healthy, in shape. You were – somewhat – well fed, well hydrated. You were, in a sense, pampered. These people experienced true hell while you were sitting and eating with the soldiers, on speaking terms with Widowmaker and Reaper.

The thought of him gave you a painful headache and the bubble of fear and anger rising in your chest. Your face went pale, neck hot. You became so unreasonably angry and scared, a strange concoction slipping down your throat and into your entire person. You mentally began to chant, telling yourself that you will kill him.

The soldiers shut the door, leaving you all in darkness. Since the covering of the truck wasn’t straight metal, but a tarp material, muted sunlight stayed inside. The people around you whispered as the truck started up, beginning to move. Just as you were about to sigh, you saw sunlight.

You couldn’t see it directly, but the touch of sun could be felt warmly. Trees. You saw and felt the shade of trees, sunlight jumping through every now and then to hug you. Oh, God, this was so nice. You smiled, arms crossed, eyes closed, head raised. It was as if you weren’t there, as if you were sitting underneath the tree itself. You sat on the roots, which is why your bottom ached. The tree was dancing for you, fanning the sunlight, trying to play hide and seek with you. You wanted to lean against the tree, to sleep, to let the sun be your heavy warm comforter. Birds in the tree sang a song that the trees were moving to, giving you a happy lullaby. Everything was so beautiful, warm, sincere.

“So you’re Prisoner 42.” You were brutally ripped from your imagination to look over at the crazy eyed woman who spoke in a coy voice. You nodded and she tittered excitedly, pointing to herself. “I’m 38! Everyone has heard rumors about you, ya know. You’re real special in Talon.” Her words by themselves seemed threatening, but she spoke with honesty.

“What do you mean?” You asked quietly, eyebrows drawn in confusion.

“What do I mean? You’re important, ya know. Real important. So important you’re treated like royalty – well, as royal as a prisoner can be, ya know.” She twittered at the end of her sentence.

“Does that mean everyone knows about me?” You suddenly felt like you were swallowed in a
room full of people wanting to kill you.

“Yeah, yeah! But don’t worry. If anybody wanted to kill you, they couldn’t if they tried, ya know. Real weak from weak food, ya know.” She began fumbling with her arms, falling onto the person behind her, struggling to get her restrained arms over her butt. She was trying to bring them to her chest. She did all of this while speaking. “Hey, 29, let 42 borrow you real fast. Do what I’m doing 42. We all are, ya know.” You paused and looked around to see multiple people trying to get their arms free. You turned to look at 29, a frail dark skinned man who smiled sincerely at you.

You lied backwards onto him, jerking your arms, trying to get them to get over your butt, “We’re gonna try to escape, ya know,” you looked over at her, seeing her sitting upright with her arms finally in front of her, “there’s a plan, ya know. Can I use your laces?” She asked, untying them anyways. “There’s gonna be a pit stop,” she grabbed the free lace with her mouth, sneaking it into one of her cuffs, “and we’re gonna charge ‘em. They’re gonna open us up to put us in another truck, ya know,” she snaked it through and grabbed it with her teeth, pulling the lace taut and beginning to rub the cuff on it, “and at that moment we’re gonna flood ‘em. We need everybody free, so once 14 is able to, he’s gonna use your other shoelace, so is 23 and 40.” Before you knew it, you were upright and everybody was using your laces to rub the cuffs through. You stared at them, watching them all struggle with the need to survive.

Nobody knew each other’s name. They were all just numbers. Talon reduced them to numbers and now that’s all they know. There was no need for names, you guessed. You didn’t mind being 42, though 76 would be enjoyable. If you saw Soldier: 76 with that number you’d laugh, and he’d laugh too. Well, maybe. Tracer and D.Va would get a kick out of it, definitely.

38’s cuff snapped, one hand free. She smiled at you, “Give me your hand.” You brought your arms over to her, watching her sneak the lace through and hold it tight. “Now rub your wrist against it,” you did, “but make it hard! Gotta snap it, ya know.” You smiled at her.

“Thank you.” You said gently, shaking your arms against the lace as the cuffs around you began snapping, people crawling over and receiving help from the freed prisoners. Thank god you had tough laces.

“Did you know 42 is a biblical number?” You looked up at her. “It’s related to the coming of the Antichrist.”

“Oh, that’s nice to know.” You said sarcastically. She gave a little tut.

“The Beast will be so powerful; no man can make war with it. The Antichrist is rumored to be a woman, ya know.” You stared at her. “But hell, you know men! Always saying things are a woman’s fault, ya know. Awful, really it is.”

Your hand snapped free and you smiled brightly. She ushered someone else over to use the lace.

You stared at your free wrist, rubbing it gently, people coming over to you and leaving.

“I think you’re an Antichrist for people going against the greater good.” 38 said sweetly to you, smiling a smile that was straining not to break into a wide grin. You smiled back.

Soon, the car became making frequent stops, the sound of motorcycles zooming by echoed. 38 grew serious, looking around, “Who hasn’t freed their hands?” She asked amongst everyone. Three hands shot up. “Well come on! We’re almost to our destination, ya know.”

The three crawled over, beginning to break the cuffs. You looked at 38, “Did you plan this?” You asked. She grinned a gappy smile.
“When you first arrived we could hear your boots. We all realized that they didn’t issue you shoes, and a guard confirmed it for us too, ya know. 14, 23, 40 and I came up with a plan that we’re gonna break out. We know that they only use those plastic cuffs and we just needed shoelace. We heard guards talking about transporting us now that they finally had 42! They’re gonna be making a stop in an alleyway to another truck, not wanting to drive this one all the way over the city to the other side. We’re gonna keep our hands behind our back, and when we first get out, POW,” you flinched, “we jump ’em! 3, 17, and 24 are still in great physical condition, so they’re gonna go first, ya know!” You smiled at her.

“So we’re gonna escape?” Your face lit up. She brought her hands up and held your cheeks.

“Only if you believe. You’re the Antichrist. You’re gonna make this happen, ya know.” Your expression grew soft. The truck came to a sudden halt, jerking into park. Everyone murmured. 38 grew serious.

“In place, in place!” She hissed loudly in a whisper. You watched everybody put their hands behind their back, and you followed suit.

“Where are you gonna go?” You said softly, staring at the doors, heart pounding in excitement.

“The majority of us are part of an anti-Talon organization, like those Freedom Fighters. We’re gonna head out of the city and head back to base, ya know.” You nodded at her words. She looked at you. “What about you?” You smiled gently.

All of your friends burst in images and videos in your head. Laughing and eating with D.Va and Tracer, listening to music with Lucio and spitting freestyles, watching Winston conduct experiments, witnessing McCree’s Deadeye and giving you a wink, meditation with Zenyatta and Genji, having in-depth questions and conversations with Dr. Ziegler, and Soldier: 76. Cuddling him, practicing with him, helping him with the car, and imagining what his lips feel like against yours. You turned your head and gazed at her.

“Home.”

The doors opened. Everyone stared at the soldiers, “Okay, get out let’s go.” One soldier was at the entrance of your truck, two standing in front of the other. You were shocked there were only three, but they were probably under the presumption that you all were too frail to try anything. 38 leaned into you, “Run as fast as you can, 42.” You nodded.

We will escape.

We will survive.

3, 17, and 24 went to slide off, and when they did they went hard. 17 grabbed the first soldier, making the two by the other truck react, pulling up their guns and shooting immediately. 17 used him as a shield, grabbing the dead soldier’s handgun and shooting at the two. The soldiers ran to the front of the second truck for cover. “Move out, move out!” 17 yelled as 3 and 24 grabbed the weapons off of the corpse and swiftly headed for the other two.

17 helped people get off of the truck. People rushed past you as you stared with wide eyes, 38 watching you with a smirk. “Holy shit.” You gasped, watching a jailbreak happen. You stood up, arms at your side, walking slowly to the end of the truck. 17 smiled at you, “42.” He said with a brief nod, holding a hand up. You smiled back, taking his hand, “17.” There was a twinkle in his eye.
“Well, that’s everyone!” 38 said, coming down behind you with the help of 17. “Alright, we need to get the hell out of here as fast as we can. 17, everybody in Salvation is together, yeah? Then we gotta move out. Fast, ya know. Very fast.” She spoke quickly and held a certain kind of professionalism and leadership in the way she stood and walked, despite her appearance.

17 gathered up a group and they began running past the second bus, leaving just you, 38, and some scragglers. She turned to you quickly, grasping your shoulders.

“Listen, you have to leave right now. The testing facility is already going to be sending out people, soldiers, to come here now, ya know. You don’t want ‘em to find you, ya know. We have to leave, get back to our group, else I’d help ya.” She got closer to you, eyes wide. “Run.” She said quickly.

The sound of a car passing the alley set you off, the fear swallowing you like it was a whale. You nodded, letting her give you a strong pat on your shoulders. When her hands dropped, you took off like a greyhound at the starting gates. You ran around the front of the first truck, legs taking long strides in sprints.

“Run, 42, run!” You smiled at the sound of 38’s voice calling out your number as you sped out of the alley.

You weren’t a little bunny. You weren’t a little doe. You were a bull; a bull with banderillas protruding from your back, ready to impale the unsuspecting matador. You were a great white shark; an incredible beast of the ocean maiming your human predator on their boat, trying to find release back into your home. You were nothing short of a ferocious hurricane on the sea, taking the lives of sailors, a tsunami waiting to hit a giant city on the coast, lightning ready to strike.

You weaved through people on the sidewalk, getting stares, cars honking. You looked desperately around to see if you could find landmarks, heart pounding both from the running and the magnificent bliss you were experiencing from being free. When looking, you noticed the Dillard’s from when Tracer drove you there. You wracked your brain, trying to backtrack on how to get back from base. You were sure you had to just head down this road for a couple more blocks until you found the dirt road on the right.

The run felt like it was going on forever, feeling like a target in the black jumpsuit. You kept turning your head back, looking all around you, paranoid. The roads became smaller, the traffic much, much lighter. Buildings became sparse and smaller, the sun sitting in the sky with a heavy heat and gaze. You were sweating, beads dripping down your face, “Yeah girl! Pound that pavement!” The encouraging words of a driver echoed, making you smile, pushing you that much further.

The sidewalk had disappeared and you ran on grass, body screaming in agony. Just ahead was a small dirt road and when it came up, you took a sharp turn, sliding and skidding, running down it with your head turned.

You watched, hoping no one was following you. You gulped. This would be a horrible situation to be in if Talon came up or ambushed you. You continued to run, looking at your right hand, watching it begin to glow, the azure concentrating on your fingertips. I need something to help me make it back. You let time be your guide on this one. You jumped high in the air and ripped the vortex down, expecting a car or something to drive through. You stopped, the long, slanted slit opening.

A sleek, slender, dark bay, beautiful horse came through, trotting. It had English gear on. You stared, confused. That wasn’t a car, or even a moped. You realized that maybe you shouldn’t bring another human into this time, and it’s not as if a car can just drive through without a driver. You
took your orange glowing hand and slapped the blue portal, letting it stitch back together. The horse had stopped for you, hooves smacking the ground, head shaking, snorting. It was so amazing.

Your hand traced it, gulping. You gripped the pommel and back of the saddles, foot in the stirrup, pulling yourself up. You grabbed the reigns. You were a well off girl, having had lessons when you were younger and friends with horses, so riding was nothing too foreign to you. You looked behind you and then ahead. Thighs tight, heels down, “Let’s go!” With a squeeze of your feet, the horse took off into a canter.

You gasped, rolling your hips with the movements, but pulling yourself up into a two-point stance: squatting above the saddle, leaning forward, shortened grip on the reigns, holding onto the mane for extra support. The horse transitioned into a gallop, hooves slamming against the earth with great expertise. It trusted you, having that strange form of respect that the dinosaur had as well.

Your hair blew in the wind, sweat flying off from your face. It was so refreshing, knowing you could just briefly catch your breath. The horse could gallop for probably about two miles, and then would have to be taken into a canter, but it would probably slow itself down. This horse seemed like it was being trained for racing, the build being similar to that of a thoroughbred.

The horse began taking it into a canter, knowing that two miles have already been reached. You sat back into the saddle, hips rolling with the movement. The horse seemed to go on for forever, until you saw it. Your heart almost exploded, eyes swelling with tears, breathing off track. The horse shook its head, feeling your anxiety, forcing itself into a final, sudden gallop, just to get you home.

You began to make audible pants, “Winston!” You screamed at the familiar garage doors. “Winston!” You screamed again. You screamed for everybody, you screamed for Tracer, D.Va, McCree, Lucio, and for Jack. You approached the silver and white exterior, the horse slowing into a canter, to a trot, a walk, and with a slight tug of the reigns, it stopped.

You clambered off, body shaking as the doors opened. You felt tears pour down your face, seeing a blue burst with Tracer in front of you, running, sobbing worse than you, “[Y/N]!” Hearing your name was so weird. She pulled you into a tight hug. D.Va was worse for wear, her face bright: eyes and nose red as she came screaming up to you two, pulling you into a massive three-person hug. Oh God, this warmth, this love, flooding over you like the first time a mother would hold her child.

They temporarily loosened their grip to kiss your cheeks and forehead, making you laugh. Lucio came up and pushed the two girls away, pulling you into a tight spinning hug. You giggled when he put you down. “Been mighty lonely without ya, darlin’.” That delicious voice rang. You looked over to see McCree. He ruffled your hair and gave you a deep, intimate hug.

“[Y/N]!” The voice of the gorilla scientist came. He ran over to you, grabbing you into a hug that had lifted you off of the ground. “We’ve been looking for you every day, every night. Yet here you are: rescuing yourself.” He spoke proudly, making you cry a little more, sniffling, “It wasn’t easy.” You said. He put you down.

They all asked a lot of questions and you smiled so hard it hurt your cheeks, considering you haven’t smiled in a long while. You glanced at the garage and saw him. You looked back. Smile falling into something more gentle. There he stood in all his star spangled glory. He almost seemed speechless, at a loss for words or even a reaction; it was until you walked towards him did the on switch flick up, having him run up to you.

His strong arms pulled you into such a hug that made you regret ever complaining about his buff cuddles. You gripped the back of his jacket, breathing in his scent so deeply so that it was forever engraved in your brain and heart, “Welcome home, soldier.”
You sat in Winston’s lab with everybody, sitting on the exam chair with D.Va on one side holding your hand, and Tracer on the other holding your other hand, “I still don’t know why you brought the horse in here.” D.Va said, looking at the horse – which was bare, having all of his tack in the garage. You smiled, “He’s my friend now, and I decided to name him 38.” She looked at you quizzically. “I’ll explain it to you in a bit.” The horse shuffled at the ground with his front hoof, a beautiful white heart shaped facial marking between his eyes right underneath his forelock.

“So I think it’s best you tell us what happened.” Winston said, sitting in his chair. You frowned.

“From what point.” You felt the heaviness of the room sitting strongly on your shoulders, the tension unmoving until you tell them everything. You didn’t like this.

“From the incident in Dillard’s.” You nodded.

You explained to them when you hid amongst the racks, getting caught, seeing Reaper. Tracer cried, interrupting you to apologize profusely as 76 stood there rigid by just hearing Reaper. You explained that they didn’t keep you like a regular prisoner, that you got your own room and didn’t have cuffs, and that you ate with the soldiers. You told them about the questioning, and that no testing was done because they had just built a new facility. You left out the fact about talking and knowing Reaper, especially the part about what happened that night.

The thought made you anxious and nauseous, face going pale. 38 walked up to you, nuzzling his head into your chest. You were glad horses felt emotions, now having someone understand how you were feeling as if you had actually explained the side story. You told everybody about the escape, about 38 and everybody, about Salvation.

“Salvation?” McCree’s voice was confused, but not in a way where he didn’t know who they were.

“They’re not new but they’re not that important. Wonder what Talon wants with ‘em.” Soldier: 76’s voice spoke up. The grittiness felt like butter.

“It’s bizarre, but frankly, not really our problem.” Winston chimed in. “Either way, you did an amazing and braze thing, [Y/N].” He smiled gingerly to you, but then his face contorted to something more concerning. “But, [Y/N], I have to ask . . . where did you get the horse?” You blinked and then gasped.

“I have a new power.” You spoke quickly.

“What is it! What is it!” Tracer shook your hand.

You slid your hands from them and slid off of the chair, sighing deeply. Your right fingers glowed blue, the burning sensation appearing, “Uh, so, do you guys like dinosaurs?” You said meekly. They all stared at you, confused. Dinosaurs were probably the best way to get your point across as they were still extinct in this time. You thought about opening up your own Jurassic Park, but then remembered how that turned out for them.

Your hands dipped into the blue, and with a long stride, you painted for them a five-foot-long stripe. The stripe then opened to a beautiful bird’s-eye scenery of pods of brachiosaurus and stegosaurus, grazing in the grassy fields. The heat burst into the room like a sauna. Everybody was speechless, “Yeah I can like, watch dinosaurs when I’m bored. So. It’s pretty neat.” You said with a nonchalant shrug and a smirk.

“You can open portals.” Tracer gasped. “Can you go through them?” She asked, breathless. You
blinked. Well, if you could open them you could go through them, right?

You went to touch the portal opening, and when your finger went to where the opening would be, a shield bounced, keeping you back, but not without a strong jolt going through your arm. You yelled, grabbing your arm. Soldier: 76 came charging over to grab you, helping you keep from stumbling, “Are you alright?” He said softly. You nodded. He looked at your arm and saw the bruising. His brows furrowed. “I thought you said they didn’t hurt you.” You choked.

“I’m fine.” You whispered back, taking your arms from him. You cleared your throat. “Thank you, though.”

“Okay, so you can’t get in and things can come out, but can they go back in?” Tracer seemed to be very interested! That made you happy.

“Well, when I first opened the portal a dinosaur came out and was able to go back in, so I’m presuming yes?” You said with a shrug. You looked at 76. “Put your hand in.” You commanded. He jerked his head to you, almost seemingly offended. “Don’t give me that look, just do it!” He sighed at your words, quickly shoving his hand in, unharmed. He took it back out. You groaned.

Your other hand turned orange, and with a quick flick of your wrist, the portal disappeared. You sat on the floor, cheeks in your hands. Now you were never getting home.

Home.

Those words echoed, screaming in your head, “That means . . .” You took a blue hand and made a gentle portal, opening up to your best friend’s apartment floor. Straight ahead of you was her living room, and sitting by the sliding glass doors was a fat tuxedo cat. Your eyes welled up again and you gasped. You covered your mouth for a second, “[Y/N], you’ll mess up time if you do this.” Tracer said gently, walking over to you, kneeling down next to you.

You looked up at her with an expression that just about broke her heart, “Tracer, I have nothing from my life. I love you and everybody here, but . . . she’s all I’ve ever had. Please.” You whimpered. Tracer bit her lip, glancing up at Winston. He gave a sigh and a slight nod of approval.

You turned your head back to the portal and inched forward, “Cherry Pie?” You said just loud enough for her head to turn around. Realization struck her. She meowed loudly and came running to the portal, jumping through, and into your lap. The idea of your favorite thing in the world being with you made you break into a loud sob. She meowed loudly, insistently, climbing up on your lap to rub her face with yours. You pulled her into a hug, holding her as she purred loudly. You took a lazy orange hand and wiped away at the portal.

“Alright, [Y/N], I think it’s about time you go on to your room.” Winston said, a soft smile on his lips. You sniffed, standing up and nodding with a chuckle of relief. Tracer, D.Va, and Lucio followed you, petting your cat, the group of you heading to your room, leaving the three men.

“We tighten security. Plain and simple.” Soldier: 76 stated.

“Hold up now,” McCree started, “now I reckon that Talon’s gonna be all over town. I’m suggestin’ we go an’ hunt ‘em down since they’re gonna be out anyways.” He spoke with a smirk.

“I don’t think that’s a wise idea, McCree. We need to retract and batten down the hatches, focus on here and now.” Winston interjected, shutting down McCree’s idea.

“Then we need to set ground rules tonight at dinner.” Soldier: 76 offered his idea, making Winston nod.
“That’s smart. We don’t need a repeat of what happened with [Y/N]. Who knows what else happened. I’m sure she’s not giving us the full story.” The gorilla shook his head sadly, feeling deeply for you and your wellbeing.

“In due time, Winston.” McCree said. Soldier: 76 hesitantly nodded, worrying just what had happened to your arms, and to you.

You had stepped out of the shower in pajamas to see the three sitting on your bed, playing with Cherry Pie, “You hooker!” You yelled jokingly at your cat. “You’re usually so shy! What happened?” You laughed, jumping on the bed with them, pulling at her feet. She would swat you with her front paws.

“She’s so cute, I love her!” D.Va squealed, rubbing her ear.

“She’s soooo fat!” Tracer giggled, giving the cat a little quick tummy rubs.

“She’s quiet, too! She was pretty excited back at the lab.” Lucio said with a smile.

“Alright, alright! She’s got enough attention for the day. Ya’ll best leave, I need some alone time with my little princess.” You smiled brightly and they all agreed, saying they needed to go finish chores before dinner time.

“Hey, [Y/N]?” You heard Tracer’s voice chime from the door, standing nervously behind it. You turned and smiled. “It’s great having you back, love, and, I’m sorry.” Her voice was solemn. You gave her a sincere look, “It’s okay, Tracer. I’m just glad to be back.” She nodded with a light smile and left.

You were lying on your bed, Cherry Pie spooning into you, purring loudly, falling asleep. God, this was all you have ever wanted since you had disappeared from your time period. You missed your cat out of everybody, unfortunately. She was so sweet and soft, fat and loveable. You watched her as she slept, making you sleepy yourself. Your hand stoked her head gently, your eyes closed. Being back was so euphoric and you would never complain again. Nothing mattered other than you were home.
Stay

Chapter Summary

Chapter inspired by 'Stay' by Rihanna!!

You woke up slowly, the feeling of your bed forming around you gently brought your rigid body at ease. You must’ve been tense from a nightmare. You were in the same position you slept in, Cherry Pie sleeping tightly against you. There was a knock on your door and, suddenly, your cat’s head shot up, eyes large. You smiled and stroked her head, trying to keep her calm, “It’s unlocked!” You called out, sitting up. The door opened to see your favorite brunette.

“Hello, love!” Tracer said softly with a bright smile. Cherry calmed down.

“Hey! What’s going on?” You asked, watching her bring in a large bag with a hanger poking out that you presumed had a dress inside.

Tracer scurried up to your bed, large bag swishing. She plopped down next to you, startling your cat. She was teeming with excitement, bubbling and about to burst at the seams, “So, I still feel horrible about what happened, and I want to make it up to you.” She was genuine, and it made your heart ache at the thought of her still blaming herself.

“Tracer, you don’t–”

“I know. But I want to, [Y/N]! You’ve worn a lot of black, and, I know it’s your preference, but I think this’ll be a nice change for you.” She handed you the bag with a sincere smile. “Go try it on!” She jumped, pushing you off the bed. You giggled and walked into the bathroom, closing the door.

You hung the bagged dress up onto the door, smiling brightly. You began to lift the bag, eyes wide. It was a long, white, floral lace dress with a long, nude, sleeveless slip underneath. It had scalloped hemming with a surplice v-neckline; gathered at the waist; long transparent sleeves. It was beautiful, romantic. There was a concealed zipper in the back that you excitedly pulled down, gingerly stepping into it. The waist stretched, helping you slide it on. You carefully put your arms through, making sure to not have your fingers poke through the lace. The bottom of the dress touched the floor gently. You zipped it up and assessed yourself in the mirror.

You were beautiful. You looked like a breath of fresh air. Flowers that just bloomed under the spring warmth. The first dew in the morning before the sunrise. For the longest time now, for however long you were gone, you felt ugly, uncomfortable in your own skin, wanting to peel it off and wash it so you could start pristine and anew. This dress was what you needed, feeling as if it disinfected you of where you were and what had happened.

What had happened.

You felt queasy, resting your hands on the counter, breathing in deeply, holding it, then letting it go slowly. You weren’t going to vomit while this dress was on, the dress that you had surmised, by the feel of it, was pure silk, not fake. You decided that if you weren’t feeling well enough you would take the dress off first and then take care of business.
You put on your make up and styled your hair accordingly and smiled brightly, feeling nothing short of nobility. You quickly open the door and hobbled out, trying to hold back a scream of excitement, but it burst out once Tracer had stood up and screamed first, “Look at you [Y/N]! You look absolutely amazing!” She ran over and hugged you, then took a step back.

“Thank you! I feel like I’m from the show Downton Abbey!” You squealed, walking to your closet and sliding on some nude flats. She squealed too then gasped.

“I love Downton Abbey!” Her expression was so shocked, as if you were the only person who has seen it besides her. She walked up to you quickly and grabbed your shoulders with a serious expression, making you gulp. “Will you rewatch it with me?” She whispered. You smiled.

“Of course!” She brightened up exponentially at your response and let go of your shoulders. She held out her arm for you to take.

“Shall we then, love?” You took her arm with a curt nod and the two of you went to leave your room. Before you shut it behind you, you waved goodbye to Cherry whom just stared at you with big eyes in return.

The two of you walked down the vast hallway, making your way to dinner. Tracer was filling you in with what had happened after you were kidnapped, “Everyone was a wreck, especially D.Va. Don’t tell her I told you this, but she wouldn’t go on missions. Flat out refused. Stayed in her room, didn’t do any streams. Lucio missed his release date for his new album because he just couldn’t find himself to make anything he thought was good. Zenyatta prayed for you a lot. Constantly, he said. He said he just at least wanted you safe. Winston was so distraught, feeling like he failed you, y’know, the promise of keeping you safe.”

You nodded at her words, taking in the fact that you had made a major impact on these people’s lives. You had felt like you were intruding on their lives, their missions, disrupting some sort of order that they had, but you did the opposite. These people, they took you in because they wanted to. If they didn’t want to house, clothe, and feed you, they would’ve never had saved you in the first place. If they knew they were getting in too deep, they would’ve cut the cord and let you go. Any doubts you had made you feel ashamed.

Tracer seemed to have taken your loss so hard, barely able to cope with it. Underneath her goggles were such tired eyes that were now filled with such relief and happiness, but it all made you wonder about one specific person, “And Soldier: 76?” You asked quietly, a little nervous. She looked at you with such a bittersweet smile.

“Well, I didn’t tell you this, I don’t know how you found out, but . . . Absolute shambles. Nobody ever really saw him training or eating much. Was out a lot, driving around the city, the surrounding area. We’ve never seen him so isolated before, but he was just dealing with his grief in his own way.” She spoke quietly.

You curled your lips into your mouth to keep yourself from smiling, not maliciously, but out of the fact that he cared. And he cared a lot. You were more than just a cadet or soldier to him, especially more than just a kid or a brat. Tracer saw you battling your expression and smirked, shaking your arm lightly. You looked at her, lips still curled, and blushed, giggling. You felt so light, so airy, like you were floating. Knowing the man that you liked the most had such a reaction made you feel euphoric. If you weren’t so elated, you would find it kind of twisted that you were taking delight in his sorrow.

You two walked into the mess hall, your heart pounding, grin wide. Everyone looked at you and welcomed you back happily. D.Va jumped up and ran over to you, almost tackling you. You
yelped, “You already hugged me D.Va!” You chuckled, looking down at her sheepishly. She looked up at you with big watering eyes, “I know! I’m just . . . Aishi . . .” She mumbled, wiping her eyes. “I missed you a lot, [Y/N].” She beamed up at you, her eyes sparkling.

“I missed you too.” You said melodiously, motherly. She grinned brightly and grabbed your other arm, taking you to your throne.

You glanced at 76, noticing his visor was completely glued to you. You had to admit, your new dress was shocking compared to the darker palette you usually would wear, but he seemed to be staring at you more than usual. You gave him a sweet smile and he looked away, making you chuckle softly.

You got to your seat and noticed the food already made for you. You stared at it momentarily, feeling something well up in your chest. You went and took a bite, the flavor giving you chills, and almost bringing you to cry. Oh, man, did you miss having real food. You ate slowly and appreciatively, not missing the grey blob that was on your tray, loving the sight of the tall glass of water that sat in front of you instead of a small bottle.

All of your friends were chittering with you excitedly, filling you in with what had been happening recently, which wasn’t a whole lot since you were gone, “So what was it like?” Lucio asked nervously, noticing that he was trying to dance around the question, but couldn’t help but ask. It didn’t bother you, really.

“It really wasn’t as awful as I thought. I wasn’t treated as badly as I thought I was going to be. I didn’t eat with the other prisoners, I wasn’t tortured, deprived of anything. I mean, being kidnapped and interrogated wasn’t like staying at the Ritz, but it was better treatment than what the other prisoners got.” You said with a shrug. You grabbed the glass and took a sip.

“Did you see him.” Tracer asked quietly. You held the glass by your lips, breathing slowly. Your forearms burned as did the back of your neck.

“Yes.” You said in a low voice, taking another sip before placing the glass down. Tracer sat uncomfortably.

“Did he hurt you?” She asked, making you catch your breath. You forced a small smile and shook your head.

“No,” you looked at her, “no he didn’t.” Your ears burned hot, and hoped that she would buy the lie. A gentle smile laid itself onto her face.

“Good. I’m glad.” You promptly lost your appetite.

“I’m full, so I’m just gonna put my sink in the kitchen and head back to my room, okay?” You said, smiling at them. They all nodded and said goodbye and hoped to meet up with you later.

You took your plate to the kitchen and threw out the rest of your food, dropping the plate and utensils in the sink. You felt your body go pale, body breaking out in a cold sweat. You began panting, eyes closed as you leaned on your hands that gripped the edge of the sink. Your stomach was churning so much that all the food you had ate came up. You put your head as far from your dress as you could, dipping low into the sink. It burned so much, stinging your nostrils and making you cry. You threw up once more. Your body shook and you panted, wiping your nose and mouth with your wrist, sniffling. You let out a big sigh, turning on the sink and washing all of the evidence away.
Your body felt so weak, so frail. You felt as if you couldn’t stand for much longer, and knew you had to make it to your room. You left the kitchen and walked quickly down the hallway. Every step felt so heavy and loud, as if you were walking with plugged ears. You made it to your room and opened it quickly. Cherry Pie jumped off of the bed and ran up to you, rubbing against your legs as you walked to your bed. You smiled faintly and gave her a little scratch behind her ears.

You noticed something out of the corner of your eye and saw a litterbox with a water and food dish next to your nightstand. You stared at it quizzically, looking around nervously before walking up to it, seeing a note on top of the lid of the box, “[Y/N], it’s good to have you back, and it’s especially great for your friend to join us! Winston.” You read aloud, smiling widely and chuckling, rolling your eyes. On the note you noticed it had deep scribble lines imprinted on it, thinking that Winston might’ve written the note two or three times to get it just right.

You unzipped your dress and slipped it off, picking it up and walking to the bathroom to grab the hanger to place the dress back into the bag. Once it was strung up you placed it in your closet and went back into the bathroom for a shower. You felt gross, to say the least, and needed to scrub yourself of everything you were currently feeling.

No matter how hard you scrubbed, the griminess still felt layered atop of your skin. His touch, burning everywhere. You had genuinely liked him, you really did. You enjoyed the talks you had with Reaper, the wittiness you two would bark at each other, whether sitting in the interrogation room or passing one another in the hallway. It was a shame. You didn’t want to justify it, but he probably didn’t know what else to do. He was a walking corpse that saw hell.

You groaned loudly, washing your hair and brushing your teeth simultaneously. Nothing could have prepared you for this, and you didn’t know how to accept it, or even to tell somebody. You knew it was going to come out, but you didn’t know who to tell. If Jack found out . . .

Once finished with the shower, you rough dried your hair and patted down your body, getting out and wrapping the towel around you. You opened your door, steam pouring out, to see the numbers “76” in front of your bed, crouching, a hand reaching out to your cat which was hiding from said figure under the bed, “76?” You said questioningly. He stood up quickly, fixing his jacket, “Sorry, the cat, uh, I was just trying to pet it.” He turned to face you and took a step back. There was a silence as he just stared at you, wrapped in a towel.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” You barked at him.

“I had knocked and thought you weren’t—“

“You thought? Did you parents never teach you any manners? If there’s no answer you don’t just barge in.” You were smirking at this point, and he had realized you had taken the spiel he spat at you the first time you two had actually talked and threw it right back at him. He crossed his arms.

“Get dressed and meet me in my room in five.” He demanded and turned to leave. You snorted once the door closed behind him.

You threw the towel off and got dressed quickly in your usual silk pajamas, tossing the towel on your bed. You turned to Cherry, watching her eat her dry food rather loudly. You smiled. She was always a loud eater. You walked over to her and knelt down, petting her softly, “You’re gonna be alone for the night, okay? I dunno if 76 would let me keep you in his room with us, but I’ll make sure by tomorrow night what’s gonna happen, okay?” You said to her, as if she were understanding of what you were saying. You smiled and kissed her head. “I love you, Cherry Pie.” And with that, you left your room.
You walked to Soldier: 76’s room, knocking on the door, “Who is it.” He asked in a grumble. You gave an incredulous look.

“Who else is going to be knocking on your door?” You asked, looking around the desolate hallway. There was a pause.

“It’s open.” You opened the door to see him in his wife beater and pajama pants, sitting on his bed and polishing his mask. You slid inside and shut the door behind you.

You walked over to his bed, finding a seat next to him, legs crossed and hands folded in your lap. You watched him polish his mask meticulously, eyes weary and focused. You looked down, cracking your fingers in the silence, examining your nails, all at awkward lengths, some bitten down to a nub, cuticles destroyed. Jack let out a sigh, placing his mask down on the table.

“What happened.” He said bluntly, turning to look at you. Your eyes peeked up at his.

“What do you mean?” You mumbled, the nausea beginning to stir, staring back down at your hands. He spoke sternly, but he meant well.

He turned onto the bed, one leg hanging off, the other crossed. His hands found their way to your hips and turned you towards him, making you blush, biting the inside of your bottom lip, hands tense. His calloused hands glided to your hands, sliding up to your lightly bruised forearms. You felt dejected and ill, thinking about this conversation actually going to happen. His thumbs rubbed them gently, the bruising faint and almost completely healed.

“What happened.” He stated again.

“Nothing.” You grumbled, trying to take your arms from him, but his grip was too strong.

“You have to tell me.” He was forceful, but spoke as gently as he could. You tried ripping your arms from him, but he was too strong, holding you in place.

“Nothing happened!” You exclaimed, pulse pounding, the fear escalating, your throat tightening, closing, suffocating. You could barely breathe.

“I can’t help you until you tell me!” He tried to keep you calm, but the fear of it coming out and him never talking to you again was very real. You didn’t want him to leave you if the truth came out. What if he hated you? Was disappointed in you? Disgusted?

“Please don’t.” You begged, no longer thrashing, but trembling. His eyes squinted, trying to get a read on you but you hung your head. “I don’t need help.”

“Like hell you don’t. Do you see yourself? If nothing was wrong, if nothing happened, you wouldn’t be moping around like you’ve been doing.” He growled. You looked at up him, eyebrows furrowed. “You had these bruises on you and didn’t say anything about them. Just because I’m old doesn’t make me gullible. So what happened.” He was very strict about it, caging you, cornering you. You didn’t want to speak; you didn’t want to say anything. You shook your head.

“Please, don’t make me, Jack.” You resorted to calling him by his name. His eyebrow twitched, a little taken aback by that. You’ve never called him anything but Soldier: 76. His grip relaxed enough to where you slid your arms out and pulled them to yourself, crossing your arms. His hands found themselves on your bare shoulders, palms warm.

“I want to help you, [Y/N], and I can’t do that unless you tell me.” He repeated himself, almost sounding desperate at this point. “What did Reaper do to you?”
“He –”

Vivid memories of movement flashed into your mind, hands grabbing you, hands bound, tequila and wine filled you up to the top. His eyes were dark, lifeless, reminiscent of the man that he used to be but who was dead now. His body merely a husk. Once a proud man, now searching for himself all over again, but was going about it in all the wrong ways. You felt yourself ripping and tearing.

You covered your mouth, your body screaming as you burst into tears, wailing into your hands. Your hands ran up to your hair, rubbing it, trying to get the feeling of his hands in your hair away. You wanted that tightness at your scalp to leave. You felt yourself heave.

You covered your mouth again, jumping out of Jack’s grasp and towards the bathroom, slamming the door open and to the toilet. You collapsed to your still bruised knees, squeezing your eyes shut. You saw yourself look up at him. You threw up, still crying, hair tucked hurriedly away from your face.

Jack had watched you, mouth slight agape, shock shaking his body. Anger began to stir at his core, the very center of his being. He stood up quickly and ran into the bathroom, dropping to his knees next to you, gently taking the hair from your face and holding it as you threw up once more into the toilet. Your face rested on your hand that held onto the seat. Tears streamed down over your nose and cheek, dripping into the water or getting lost in your hair. Your nose burned. The man behind you rubbed your back gently, and would never pry about this again. God, you were so exhausted.

You sighed, bringing your head back up to spit whatever was left in your mouth into the toilet, sniffling and flushing. You wiped under your eyes with the back of your hand. “C’mon.” Jack ushered in such a gentle tone. He pulled your limp and weak body into his arms, standing up and walking you to the bed where he lied you down, watching you curl under the covers immediately.

“I’ll be back in a moment.” You hid into the pillow at his words, not really wanting to be alone but not knowing how to articulate it without feeling ashamed and needy.

You heard his door open and him walk out, then silence, but was soon broken by the sound of a bell jingling quickly. You turned and saw Cherry Pie jumping on the bed and walking cautiously up to you. She found herself kneading the pillow above your head, curling up against the top of your head.

Jack came back into the room, shutting the door behind him and locking it, heading into the bathroom and rummaging through a cabinet and turning on the faucet. He came back into the room, sitting on the bed next to you, “Drink this.” He said. You turned over and saw him handing you a glass of water.

You sat up, disturbing the slumber of your cat to drink from the glass, sighing when you were finished. Jack set the glass on the table and everything went quiet.

“I’m sorry.” His words hung awkwardly in the air. Cherry Pie sat between the two of you.

“It’s okay.” You said in a faint voice, almost inaudible, nonexistent. “You just wanted to help.” Jack’s hand found its way to yours, holding it tenderly. You looked down at it, then tugged gently. He looked over at you, watching you scoot over, tugging his hand again, ushering him to get into the bed next to you.

He complied, getting under the covers, pulling you into him, your cat confused and now at the foot
of the bed. One of his arms was under the pillow, wrapping around your shoulder, the other at your waist. One of your arms were tucked into your chest while the other went over his side and to his back, holding his shirt lazily, your eyes closed.

Jack’s hand that was at your waist glided its way up your ribs, over your arm, tickling your neck gently, and to your cheek. His thumb softly rubbed your cheekbone, hand then tilting so his thumb was on your lips, glazing over it once before he went still. You were so tired, you wish you could reciprocate or give some form of reaction, but you were already about to drift off.

“[Y/N].” The grit felt like silk the way he spoke your name.

You opened your eyes to peer into his. They were so intent, so strong, singing. His eyes were sharp, but his face was soft, eyebrows unperturbed, no furrowing. The wrinkles in his forehead were as relaxed as they could ever be. His hand slid slowly to the back of your head, pulling you lightly to him. He closed his eyes, his lips smoothly pressing against yours.

You closed your eyes. You felt your heart beat. For the first time in forever, you felt it beat out of happiness and no longer anxiety or fear. His lips felt like heaven, the scar an interesting texture that added to the mix. After waiting what felt like years, you received what you’ve been subconsciously begging for. You felt so relieved, accomplished. He pulled away slightly, waiting for a reaction, but without hesitation you dipped into him, your lips hooking onto his like magnets.

He pulled you in for a deeper kiss, your bodies heating up like chemicals reacting. Unfortunately, your body still burned in pain and your stomach would refuse you to go any further than this, so you stopped the kiss and looked up at him with an apologetic look, letting it do all of the talking. He understood. Jack held you closely, making you sigh happily, a smile creeping up on your face. Your heart was fluttering, fireworks going off inside of your ribcage. You wondered if Jack felt the same.

“Goodnight [Y/N].” His voice was a whisper.

“Night, Jack.” You said just as softly, face nuzzling into his chest.

You were on cloud nine, hoping Jack was the same way. You went from feeling awful to feeling pure bliss in no time flat. You wondered if he did this because he wanted to and had feelings for you, or if he just felt bad for you. Either way, you slept on it with the feeling that it was all mutual. Cherry Pie slept at your feet. Your legs and arms intertwining with his. Jack kept you close to him, his hold on you tight, refusing to lose you again.
New chapter new chapter!!! This one is a little less serious, wanted to add more moments with the reader and 76 so here we are hooray. This is the longest chapter I’ve written up to date (22 pages on word) so please be satiated lol
Also looking for somebody who is familiar with Acadian-Cajun for the new McCree story I’m going to be working on fairly shortly!! I’ll need help with the dialect and culture so I can best portray the character instead of shooting in the dark.
Inspiration is “Such Great Heights” by The Postal Service~

You woke up, disoriented, dizzy. Your body ached heavily, vision spinning and blurry. You were in a dark room, sitting on a cold floor, huddled over something equally cold and porcelain. A blanket was draped over your shoulders. Your eyes slowly adjusted, finding yourself lying on the bathroom floor, holding onto the toilet.

You groaned softly, rubbing your eyes, body creaking painfully from the incredibly uncomfortable position you were in. You sighed, but felt something tighten around your waist. You looked down to see a pair of arms, holding you. You turned your head to see Jack lying on the ground behind you, a towel bunched under his head for a pillow, blanket laying over him as well.

You had no clue what had happened or what was currently going on, but felt safe knowing Jack was here, and that he more than likely had taken care of you regardless of what went down. Still, it made you wonder, though you wouldn’t put it past you having to vomit.

You’ve been throwing up a lot lately, the thought of Reaper and what he had done to you very fresh, out in the open, and now Jack knows. You didn’t know how he would’ve taken to the news, but from how he wasn’t giving up on you, how he didn’t kick you out of his room, how he kissed you, and now, by how he was currently caring for you, showed it didn’t affect how he saw you.

And you loved him for it.

You groaned, curling your back onto the ground, under the blankets, bring your freezing arms into yourself. Jack unconsciously pulled you into him, stirring softly, letting out a gentle groan. You smiled, nudging into him for his radiating warmth. The ground was hard, but more comforting than leaning hunched over a toilet. A lot more comforting.

You were exhausted, but watched him. He was so soft to look at. The hardness was gone, finding solace in sleep. He was so relaxed and it made you feel the same. You were tempted to just leave kisses all over his face, but it was best for him to get his sleep, as it would be for you as well. Yet, you just wanted to lie there and watch him.

You wanted to compare him to a lion, constantly roaring, but honestly? He was like a goose, or a swan. They were kind of assholes, incredibly territorial, will attack you for even just looking at them. While they were vicious creatures, they were so loyal to their partner. For life. The thought made your heart skip. Even though he had the bite and ferocity of a goose, was he committed like one as well? You knew Jack wasn’t like that, though; he wouldn’t simply just come into someone’s life and whisk up a thronging emotional typhoon just to leave it all in the dust. That
would be out of character for someone that noble.

You felt his hand leave your waist and pat down onto your head, making you let out a little yip. “Go back to sleep.” His voice was deep, groggy, and oh my God was it just the most pleasing sound.

“How did you know I was awake?” You were surprised by the hoarseness of your voice. He groaned, eyebrows twitching.

“First, you got off from the toilet, and I could tell by the change in your breathing that you were still awake.” You blinked, forgetting that this man was a seasoned soldier, and you always forgot to give him credit where credit was due.

“Why are we in the bathroom?” You asked in a quiet, rough voice, meek. He sighed.

“You had night terrors. You wouldn’t stop screaming in your sleep and woke up briefly to tell me you didn’t feel well, so I moved us into the bathroom.” His words were concise, and you suddenly felt uncomfortable, cold.

Did that actually happen? You’ve never had night terrors; night sweats, yes, but not night terrors. Never night terrors. You can’t even begin to remember the dream, though you had an inkling what it could possibly entail. You imagined a barn owl facing away from you to suddenly turn its head all the way around, just to stare at you with empty black eyes. It gave you a chill, making your stomach drop. You shifted slightly. You didn’t have a foul taste in your mouth, so you figured you didn’t throw up, deciding that night terrors were more preferable than vomiting.

“Can we go back to the bed?” You asked a little sadly. His eyes creaked open, the bright blue now grey from exhaustion.

“Of course.” He muttered.

Jack took his hands from you and got out from under the covers, tossing them all on you and kneeling on one knee. He slipped his hands underneath you and the abundance of covers, bringing you close to himself. He stood up, holding you ever so closely to himself, bundling you up like a little burrito. Your head rested against his chest momentarily as he carried you easily to the bed, placing you on it and promptly crawling in after you.

The sun was still down, but you didn’t know for how much longer. You had a feeling you weren’t going to go to meditation, and you knew Jack probably wasn’t going to go through with his morning routine. You didn’t know you had caused such a ruckus in the middle of the night, and you hoped no one else had heard.

When Jack crawled into the bed you threw the covers over him, your arms open, face a slight pout, begging for him to snuggle you. He smiled faintly with a quiet chuckle, making your heart bubble and ears burn red. His arms dug into the mattress and underneath your waist, scooping you into his arms and into his warm chest. You smiled into his shirt, snuggling deeply. He planted a deep kiss onto your forehead and tenderly stroked the back of your head. You felt fatigue sweep you suddenly, swiftly making you fall back asleep right where you belonged.

You awoke to Jack still asleep, you two still in the same position you had fell asleep in some odd hours ago. You kept your eyes closed, wondering if he knew you were awake right this second like he did in the bathroom. You were still in some strange form of shock at the idea that you had night
You fought back the horrific images that you had experienced not that long ago. It was difficult, but you needed to be strong. You didn’t feel nauseous at the thought, but terrified and vulnerable, regardless of Jack holding you in security.

*I’m safe.*

*I’m safe.*

*I’m safe.*

You had to chant to yourself to ease your prickling cold skin, to keep your stomach from sinking any lower, from your heart trying not to escape the birdcage made of calcium, collagen and protein. Fighting back the thoughts, replacing them with your great escape, posed much difficulty, but you needed to realize that you weren’t in Talon anymore, and nowhere near Reaper.

The base was filled with Overwatch agents. Okay. Well. Maybe not filled, but enough to know that they’d win a fight. Besides, you can summon dinosaurs on command so that’s got to count for something. You’d be pretty terrified if a massive carnivorous reptile/bird hybrid came out of a hole in the space-time continuum just to kill you, specifically you. You wondered if you could control who they go after since they already had some kind of instinctual respect towards you.

You wanted to really experiment with your powers, to see what else you could do. What could your left hand do? It was a little more difficult to use the left as opposed to the right, but that just means you get to explore the possibilities, and that’s pretty awesome. Tracer was hopefully eager to see your abilities just as much as you, and if anybody could relate with you, it was her.

Jack sighed deeply through his nose, causing you to open your eyes to see his arm leaving your back and to his face, rubbing his eyes and the rest of his visage, covering his mouth with a large yawn. His arm dropped and he opened his eyes slowly to peer into yours.

He didn’t look as exhausted, but watching him, illuminated by the light that shined brightly over you, tenderly holding his face, made him so beautiful. You felt your heartbeat pick up, your breath catching in your throat. He was almost like a god to you, and all you could do was stare. He gave you a strange look.

“If you’re going to be sick don’t be sick on me.” He grumbled at you, eyes unamused at your completely enraptured expression that he probably didn’t seem to register. Your heart was in your throat.

“You’re gorgeous.” You couldn’t help but breathe out. You swore you saw him blush. He quickly turned onto his back, his free hand hiding under his head. You pulled yourself to where your head rested onto his shoulder, hand resting on his chest.

“You don’t call a guy ‘gorgeous’, [Y/N].” He mumbled.

“Why? Would you much prefer ‘handsome’?” You teased, noticing his ears heating up at your words, a mischievous smile on your face. “How about ‘beautiful?’” He shook you gently with his arm that was still around your waist, making you giggle with a goofy grin.

“Alright, alright. That’s enough of that.” He groaned, still seemingly embarrassed.

“You don’t get compliments a lot, do you?” You said with your head tilted, fully aware that he appears to isolate himself frequently. He sighed lightly.
“How could you tell.” He spoke sarcastically, making you roll your eyes.

You propped your elbows up on him, resting your cheeks in your palms, looking down at him, “Well, I think you’re wonderful and amazing regardless of the fact that you remind me a lot of my dad and I try not to call you daddy sometimes.” His face flared red at your words and you were completely astonished as he pushed you off and took his arm from you, sitting on the edge of the bed in one swift motion. You gawked. “Are you alright?” You asked incredulously, fighting off a laugh. “Are you mad that I try not to call you daddy?” You said in a small voice, mouth open wide and smiling.

“Shut up!” He barked, standing up hastily and walking quickly to the bathroom, and you erupted in loud laughter, apologizing simultaneously.

He had turned on his sink and was probably distracting himself from the “daddy” comment and from the fact that you were letting out such a raucous laughter at his expense. You felt a little bad for giving him some humiliation, but seeing him act such a way to being called that just killed you. You would never admit to that captivating stir that you, too, had felt when you called him that. Never. Well. Maybe not never.

He exited the bathroom to see that you had calmed down drastically, your cat on your lap, purring contentedly, looking at Jack with half-lidded eyes. You looked up at Jack as well, smiling brightly, “Sorry I laughed at you. I guess I was just taken off-guard.” You said timidly, having to look down because upon seeing him you realized you were a little mean. You weren’t really one to tease or bully, in a sense, so you apologized for your out of character move.

But, God damn it, if him being into being called daddy isn’t funny.

He walked over to the bed, freshly shaven, face bright and clean, eyes audacious. He leaned in close to you, making you lean away. Even though you were now on his gracious side you weren’t as intimidated, but you were still able to get that shrinking feeling when he would tower over you. You still felt that shadow consume you like a giant monster coming from under your bed, reminding you that it was still there, no matter how friendly it seemed. His eyes peered deeply into yours, the sea of his eyes were rough, white-capped, but not necessarily a storm per se.

“Call me daddy again and see what happens.” He voice was a tremor, not exactly an earthquake, but a warning. You could tell deep down he enjoyed it, but not when you force it or continually beat it when it’s dead and proceed to laugh. You nodded, tucking it away into your arsenal. “Good.” If you were standing you sure would’ve collapsed at the coarseness of his voice, the way the grittiness was raw when he spoke in a low growl almost sent you reeling. He could really do things with his voice.

He stood back up and went to his closet, pulling out a freshly pressed uniform and you took note of the many replicas of the same damn outfit in his closet, filling it generously. Before you could comprehend what was happening, he stripped himself of his shirt. Your heart jumped into your throat and your face burned. Scars littered his body, yes, but it didn’t muddle the chiseled marble of his deeply toned body.

The scars were ranging in different sizes and lengths, all sitting on various parts of his body. Some looked like lacerations, some looked like stab wounds, and you most definitely saw a few bullet wounds too. Your eyes were wide and you went to look at your shoulder, noticing the bullet hole that was there was covered. You felt nervous, rubbing your eerily aching wound that everyone knew about, but never actually saw.

You felt like a true Overwatch agent, or even just a soldier, a cadet. Sure, most of your scars now
were emotional and mental, but you had a physical scar now. It didn’t bother you much anymore
knowing that it had healed well. It still gave you some sort of uneasiness, feeling as if your body
was tainted in more sense than one already. This scar was different than an ear piercing; this scar
was forced upon you. You felt it melding into yourself forever, pushing itself into you and who
you are now as a person. You didn’t want it to define you, but it presented itself perceptibly. You
wondered if plastic surgery could fix it.

Jack had put his shirt on, making you pout. He was so nice to look at, but you felt yourself
extending your stay when he went for his pants. He turned his head and gave you a sharp look,
making you straighten, “Do you mind?” He snipped. You pointed at yourself, opened your mouth,
but then closed it. You turned your body around, cat still in your lap. You could feel him roll his
eyes.

You knew you shouldn’t, but you felt like you were being teased, pressured. It was so tempting,
and you weren’t one to refuse that shiny red apple. You turned your head just about to your
shoulder, eyes creeping to the corners, but stopped. You put your head back forward, craning it
down slightly to stare at your ever purring cat.

You needed to respect his privacy, regardless of how bad you wanted to just watch him undress
then redress. It wasn’t fair to him. He wouldn’t peek at you and you shouldn’t peek at him. You
were usually sly and sneaky, but this was something completely different, and if you two were
going to have something together you decided it was best to do it truthful right at the start.

The bed suddenly dipped and creaked lightly, and you turned your head to see him sitting, putting
his boots on and lacing them up. You picked your cat up to put her next to you, earning big eyes in
protest. You crawled over to Jack, wanting to get in as much attention as you could before he
turned into Soldier: 76. He was finished quickly, reaching for the base of his mask that hug the
back of his head and his chin, positioning it on. A gloved hand reached for the mask itself, the red
visor a dull burgundy without power. You chewed the inside of your lip, knowing it was now or
never.

“Jack?” You said in the softest voice you could muster, causing him to turn and look at you. Your
heart ripped at your insides, and you knew what you had to do.

You had to kiss him.

You needed to know if last night was a fluke or not. You needed to know that it wasn’t him just
trying to comfort you because he’s a “good guy”. No. You needed to know if it was real or not, and
if he wasn’t convinced of your feelings then, you hoped you could convince him now.

Your hand slide smoothly over his neck, pulling him into you. Your lips pushed gently against his,
captivating. When you parted you stared up into the abyss, and the abyss stared back. You felt
hopeful, but you couldn’t stop that sudden feeling of dropping or falling because that nagging part
of you told you that he didn’t like you. That it was a fluke. That you were led on. You didn’t want
to be, but that’s what the anxiety persuaded.

The mask that was in his hand was suddenly on the bed, and, in a flash, his hands wrapped so
gently around the back of your neck, under your ears and into your hair, pulling you into such a
deep kiss that made you spin. Your vision spun, the room spun, and closing your eyes was the only
thing that relieved yourself of that. If this made you see fireworks, then dear God, what else could
he show you? The bright, loud lights went off behind your eyelids as his lips moved with yours and
you didn’t even know you were so deep into it since you were so focused on the colorful flashes.
Your heart fluttered in such a way you thought you were going to die. You thought you were going
to have a heart attack. You wanted to live in this moment, to breathe it in, to keep it locked down
forever so that whenever something bad happens, you just remember this.

He just barely took his lips from yours, gazing up and into your eyes. You looked at him, eyes sparkling in fulfillment, and he saw that, making him smile. He gave you a quick peck before taking his mask and fixing it on, letting it hiss loudly and then click, the visor turning red.


He stood up, your hand trailing down his arm, lightly grazing over his hand. You looked up at him, hands in your lap as he peered down at you. 76 let out a sigh, “Don’t give me that look.” He scolded softly. You stuck your lower lip out pathetically, making him sigh again, only louder. “I’ll see you throughout the day. It’s not like I’m goin’ out and not comin’ back.” He reassured you. You stared down at his hand.

“I know, but,” your hand went to his, holding it lightly. You looked up at him, “not like this.”

You didn’t mean it in a way where you wanted him making out with you constantly (however that would be nice), but he wasn’t going to be as sweet with you, as tender. He was going out there and going to play hard baller because that’s the character he portrays, but that’s not the character you see anymore. He’s going to want to differentiate what you two have in private and what you two have in public, but you didn’t think you could separate him into those two entities because you physically couldn’t. You physically can’t. You can’t separate him into two people. Your mind refuses to do that because you want the whole package, the whole deal. You want him to be protective and ruthless, but you also want him to be caring and gentle. You didn’t want one or the other and you didn’t know that this is what you were truly signing up for.

You saw his eyebrows furrow upwards, knowing he was giving you a sympathetic look, knowing that this is how it has to be and you’ll just have to learn to accept it, “Get some breakfast, then meet me for some training.” He said curtly, then making his leave, leaving you in his bed.

You sat there for a while, letting Cherry Pie rub all over you and bunt you with her head. You absentminedly pet her gently, sighing. You didn’t know how the two of you were going to work, going to function, it was all too difficult for you to mentally figure out at the moment. But, as much as you wanted to believe that this wasn’t what you knew what you were signing up for, it was. You knew this was the alter persona that Jack presented to the world, even to the agents of Overwatch, showing his real self to pretty much no one. You weren’t sure if everyone here actually even knew of his identity. Sure the ones that were in Overwatch before everything went to shit know, but did everybody else? Maybe everyone knew but it was just an unspoken kind of thing. Maybe everyone knew and you weren’t in on the joke, only knew understanding the punchline.

You had finally gotten up and carried Cherry out to your room where you changed into your workout clothes and flip flops, remembering you last left your sneakers near the boxing ring. You went to the mess hall and noticed only a few people were there, breakfast probably about over. You saw D.Va, however, about to face plant into her cereal. You gave her a confused look, walking towards her, “D.Va?” You said cautiously.

Her eyes ripped opened widely, jerking her head to you, making you shake your head in shock by her sudden movement, “Are you okay...?” You were a little nervous, not really knowing if you wanted to know the answer.

“Streaming... all night... I’m dying...” She mumbled in a slur, sounding like she has serious cotton mouth. “Jenjang.” She grumbled, making you look around.

“Do you need help, D.Va?” You said carefully, taking a seat next to her. She looked like a little
“Jungji. Naneun neomu pigonhada.” You stared at her, watching her teeter. You waited for her to translate, but she wasn’t. She usually does, so you were a little concerned.

“You go get some sleep, D.Va, before you turn into a gremlin, please.” You said bluntly, standing up.

“Okeh.” She slurred in what you were pretty sure was English, and she was still just barely holding her head up. The poor thing. You sighed and went to grab a large water bottle from the kitchen from the fridge, knowing you wouldn’t eat fast enough for 76 to approve, but you promised yourself you wouldn’t pass out. Besides, you didn’t think you’d be comfortable enough to eat next to a ten-year-old that stayed up all night playing video games and was speaking Korean absentmindedly. You didn’t think a conversation would hold up well with her state-of-mind.

You left the kitchen and headed to the elevator, zooming your way to the training area, watching as Pharah worked her ass off, and then headed into the boxing area. There daddy stood, jacketless, short sleeved – tight – compression shirt, gloves still on, and arms just absolutely basking in your gaze. He had a light sweat, and just as you walked in he dealt a powerful blow to the punching bag, causing it to fly in the air and swing back down. Your eyes were wide. You knew he was strong, but not *that* strong. To be quite frank, you were a little nervous, but at least you didn’t care about knocking him down anymore since getting out of the base was no longer your first priority.

“Nice to see you join us.” He said kind of sarcastically, making your lip twitch. Just as you were about to question who “us” was, Tracer zipped through her blue light and into the ring, waving excitedly, “Morning, [Y/N]!” Her face was beaming and you waved with a sweet smile in return.

“You’re gonna practice with Tracer for the time being and then switch to combat with me, you got that?” 76 spoke firmly, laying down how today was going to go as you tied your sneakers on, nodding passively at his words knowing you wouldn’t have a say regardless of saying no. You were fine with practicing your newfound power first anyways.

You climbed up into the ring with a bouncing Tracer, “Do it! Do the hand thing! Bring back a dinosaur!” she gasped. “No! What about knights! Or! Or! Vikings!” Her eyes were so bright the tinted goggles did nothing to subdue the shining happiness overflowing from her eyes. She seemed more excited than you.

Your hand glowed blue, then your fingertips, “So what first? I’m not too sure if humans will listen as well as animals, though.” You said with the shrug, the blue beginning to prick at your tips. You looked up at her and she thought for a second before having an idea.

“A cheetah!” She said with a snap of her fingers. Your face contorted into confusion.

“A cheetah? Really?” You were baffled.

“I wanna race it!” She began stretching her legs and your face fell, giving an abundant shrug.

“I don’t know what else I was expecting honestly.” You mumbled, shaking your restless fingers slightly.

Out of the corner of your eye you saw 76 watching while he delicately punched the bag, though the punching wasn’t delicate to you, it was to him. You brought your attention back to the Brit, Tracer’s face now simmering with confidence and determination. You looked at your hand and then dipped it into the azure blob, opening it up to dry, open grasslands, seeing a cheetah sitting tall, watching a herd of wildebeests. It didn’t seem to want to hunt, but watched nonetheless, that is,
“Can you help me out?” You asked keenly with a scoff.

The cheetah, to your surprise, stood up and threw caution to the wind, willingly coming towards you and stepping through the hole. It stopped in front of you, looking up at you. You got a little nervous, though you should be a lot more nervous since there was a massive cat in front of you that could take you down so quickly. Did you know a cheetah can go up to 75 miles per hour? You knew, and so did Tracer, and so did Soldier: 76. 76 had stopped punching and watched you intently, ready to jump in and tear the cheetah apart if it so even came to close to you.

You crouched down next to the cat, its eyes never moving from your face, “Okay, so, Tracer here,” you ushered to her, the cat glancing at her and then back to you, “was hoping you two could race. She wants to see how fast she is compared to you. Is that alright? If not you can go back, no one is stopping you.” You explained hurriedly, a little anxious about this whole idea. The cheetah seemed to have huffed, and if it could roll its eyes it would have.

Almost as if reading your mind, it slinked out of the boxing ring, Tracer flashing next to the punching bag that Soldier: 76 was using, preparing to repurpose it as a starting and finishing line. The room was large, so one lap around it was fine, “Oh!” Tracer exclaimed, zipping over to her bag in the corner and brandishing a radar speed gun and handing it to you. Holy shit was she prepared.

“When we pass the finish line check my speed!” She hollered happily, getting back next to the cheetah. That cheetah did not want to be there right now.

“Oh, okay, alright. On your mark, “you started, “get ready,” Tracer got into position, “get set,” the cheetah really, really did not want to be there, “go!” You yelled, and they were off.

The cheetah, not taking this lightly at all and somehow understanding you perfectly, burst into its top speed. The cat’s head never moved, its limbs extending so far ahead, the spine beautifully flexible to allow its movements. It moved in slow motion for you, the muscles bulging and lengthening, the gap between the jump to its front legs made it seem as if it were gliding in the air. It was so beautiful. This creature was the prime example of mother nature at work, and you knew Tracer didn’t stand a chance.

You still cheered for her, however, as she burst through, her chronal abilities giving her an advantage, but not a big enough upper hand to win. The cheetah was at a disadvantage with its claws not being able to work as cleats as it usually does in the wild, but thankfully for the cat, the room was a giant circle and not a square. Its pads were like that of tread on a tire, having amazing grip on the floor.

It all happened so fast and you whipped the radar up at the finish line, everything come to a slow. The cheetah burst through great seconds before Tracer, her speed not even close to matching 75 miles per hour as it flashed on the radar. You felt a little bad, watching her lose, but she laughed. She actually laughed, “Tracer?” You asked, a little confused.

“Ah!” She panted, smiling at the cat who was able to stop dead in its tracks, staring up at the brunette. “I knew you were gonna win anyways.” She said kindly to the cat who then turned to look at you, “You can get back to your home. Thank you.” You squeaked to the cheetah who jumped back into the ring and through the portal. You smiled and waved, your orange hand beginning to glow and wipe away the blue.

You looked at Tracer, the vortex now gone, “Did you really know that you were going to lose?” You asked, almost pitying her. She shrugged with a giggle, “Of course! Nobody in the world, no
matter how many great abilities they have, could possibly outrun a cheetah.” She was smiling, and seemed to have appreciated the fact that she was given the odds and lost than to never have had the chance to race the massive feline in the first place. It was humbling, really, to see her take it with such stride and gratefulness.

“Alright, alright, that’s enough, the both of you.” Soldier: 76 spoke, shaking his head. “Enough fooling around, [Y/N], let’s get to training.” You gawked.

“Are you kidding me? I wanna practice more with my powers!” You exclaimed happily, but his eyebrows tightened. He really was separating you from his private life at this moment.

“Practice? That seemed more like playing to me, and playtime is over.” He barked at you. Tracer sighed sadly, taking the radar from you and putting it back into her tote. You sadly waved goodbye at her and she left the two of you alone. You whipped your face to give him a look.

“Isn’t it good for me to practice my powers?” You growled, but realized that even alone he didn’t seem too appreciative of your tone.

“Did you not hear me? That wasn’t practice, that was fooling around. You should be taking this seriously, [Y/N], this isn’t a game.” You blinked at his words which seemed superfluous.

“But how else am I going to understand? Didn’t you see I was able to communicate with a fuckin’ cheetah?!” You gasped at him, trying to get him to grasp what you were saying. Sure, the race was for fun, but you were able to have a cheetah come out and listen to you. A wild animal, not domesticated in the slightest, respected you and helped you out when you merely asked.

“You and Tracer can have fun another time, but right now you need to be serious,” he started, heading up to the ring, “you were caught and couldn’t fight back. You punched a single soldier which didn’t do anything helpful on your behalf. However, with my training, you were able to disarm him,” you twitched angrily at his words, biting back your tongue, “so I think you and I need to train more, one on one, no distractions.” He stood in the ring, glaring down at you.

“Understood?” You rolled your eyes and gave a sarcastic salute.

“Sir, yes, sir.”

The day flew by and training ended well. You had lunch quickly and showered after, playing with Cherry Pie for a little bit whom, upon smelling the scent of the cheetah, proceeded to give you a look that accused you of being a whore, but accepted you anyways. Your day went by smoothly, and you sat with Lucio in the living room.

You had told him about your powers and you two joked about opening a portal to see bands live. You two had a good laugh but then realized how amazing of an idea that was. You offered to surprise him and he accepted, knowing you taste in music was nothing short of admirable. To blow him away, to blow anybody away, you ripped open a small dimension to Daft Punk at the Bercy Arena in France, performing Alive 2007. When you opened the portal the music was just beginning, and you two jammed out hard.

At some point, you had started a small dance party with him, Tracer, and a fully rested D.Va. The music was blaringly loud, the bass unforgiving and shaking you to your very core. You felt . . . alive. This power was a gift given in the worst way, but you were able to experience things some people were never going to experience. You’ve seen dinosaurs, communicated with a cheetah, and now you can view bands live. You wondered how amazing Queen is live, or David Bowie, shit,
you could even go back to Mozart if you wanted to.

*Now. Live it. The prime time of your life.*

The music commanded you, demanded of you. You felt so alive, no matter what you’ve been through, no matter what’s to come for you in the future, in this moment, you felt alive. You were dancing with your friends, losing yourself to the music. This was what you wanted to live for, this kind of happiness. You didn’t want it to be temporary, you wanted to live like this forever with the people you loved. The music was shaking your core, prickling your skin excitedly, a sweat sweeping over you and you didn’t care that you had just showered because you were too busy letting yourself be alive, letting yourself live. You were exhausted enough from jamming out, and you knew that you could pause this and come back to it if need be, but you had this feeling that you needed to ride it out because if this was it then this was it and god willing you were going to make it seem like it.

The rest of your evening went smoothly. The dancing was great and you all played Smash after, then had dinner, played some more Smash, and everybody finally parted ways. You went to your room and changed into your pajamas and swooped up your cat, leaving you room and towards 76’s, knocking.

“Come in.” His tired voice came and you opened the door, watching him pull his wife beater on. You caught a lick of his abs and obliques, making you fight back a giddy grin as you closed the door behind you. You put Cherry Pie down to let her roam the room, but she ultimately ended up on the bed to lie down. Lazy fat cat.

You walked over to the bed, sitting down on your side of the bed as you watched him hang up his jacket and shirt, closing the closet door. He made his way over to you, flicking the light off, and crawling in.

He immediately pulled you in close to him, breathing you in deeply, kissing your forehead. Seeing the juxtaposition between him as 76 and as Jack was always so jarring, so different it made you almost confused. You just couldn’t find yourself separating the two. Jack was so sweet, holding you the way he was, keeping you safe and secure regardless of him barking at you all morning long.

“Jack?” You cursed mentally at the high pitch your voice had reached when you spoke his name.

“Hmm.” He grumbled, his chest vibrating against you.

“Is it always gonna be like this?” You couldn’t help but ask, your heart pounding at the answer, worried, a little scared, honestly.

“Like what?” He asked in a sleepy voice. You drank it in like your favorite liquor, feeling tipsy on him.

“Like. . . Having to seriously separate our lives like this. I can’t bring myself to keep the difference between 76 and Jack.” You felt like your explanation was piss poor, though he understood it completely which is what made this less awkward for you.

“Our work lives and personal lives are different, [Y/N]. When we’re out there it’s business, and I have to train you seriously and keep the position I have which is to maintain order. I know what you want,” he pressed his index finger against your forehead, “but you have to look at the big
picture. It’s not just you here, it’s us.” Your heart dropped because, once again, he had a point, and you were being selfish.

“Oh.” Your voice was faint and almost nonexistent. Jack sighed at your reaction, hand back to being wrapped around you.

“I understand it’s not like a real job. You aren’t sitting at a desk doing paperwork, but it’s a job nonetheless. Does that make sense?” You nodded.

“I’m sorry, it’s just that I,” your face turned bright red, “I like you a lot,” you stammered slightly, “and I dunno, I guess it’s just that my feelings for you kind of get in the way?” You lost will at the end of your sentence, feeling like you were beginning to sound dumb.

“It’s understandable.” He spoke tersely, and you felt like your feelings were being swept aside because of his reaction. This wasn’t what you wanted, his face held no reaction to your words and it crushed you. You balled your fist, your heart beginning to flutter.

“Jack, I . . .” You looked away briefly and then back to him, seeing his eyes intently on you. Oh god, those crashing deep blue waves that moved you more than a song could ever do. It swayed your decision, the intensity of them, but you had already started, and there was no going back.

“Jack I think I love you.”

It left your mouth unfiltered. His eyes widened, the crashing coming to a screeching halt that stopped his brain from temporarily working. He flushed ever so gently. Your words stormed him by surprise, thus giving you the upper hand, but also putting you in an ever increasing spotlight that made you so uncomfortable and very much vulnerable. The way he examined your beet red face, eyes watering in fear and also relief that it was finally off of your chest, the way something clicked in his head when he realized you weren’t lying, but underneath it all he wished you were.

“I don’t think you know what you’re talking about.” You felt your world crash as he scrambled to sit up. You felt your heart breaking every which way, but the longer you looked at him the more you realized he was nervous. He was scared. “I think you’re just confused. There’s no reason for you to love someone like me.”

Your heart was still aching, yes, but not for yourself. For Jack. Seeing him tear himself down because he didn’t think he was good enough for you wasn’t necessarily the reaction you were both hoping for or expecting. “What do you even mean?” You asked, still astonished by his reaction. You sat up, facing him.

“Listen, [Y/N], I’m an old soldier. I’m past my prime. You should be finding someone more suitable for you than an old man like me.” He was pretty harsh on himself, and you didn’t appreciate it much at all. You also weren’t going to sit there and take that from him.

“I don’t see your point, honestly.”

“Do you really expect to find any kind of satisfaction with me?” He was tearing himself down pretty hard, so you needed to build him back up. You placed your hand over his.

“Jack, this is what I want. You can call yourself an old soldier and an old man all you want, but that’s not going to change the feelings I have for you. I think you’re amazing and wonderful, and I
find myself drawn to you more and more every day.” Your voice rung evenly and softly as to hopefully calm him down as well.

“My time’s getting close to being up. You don’t have to waste years of your life just to validate the rest of mine.” Okay that was a little more than rude, and his flippant comment was a slap to your face. You took your hand off of his, now getting frustrated. Fuck building him back up.

“Validate? Are you fucking kidding me? I know I was not ripped through time and space itself just to accommodate you. You just happened to be a variable in my life, Jack, and I love you. I love you because I want to. I’m not being forced to do this against my will, I’m not doing this just to solely make your life more comfortable.” You shook your head, still into his eyes, farther into the depths, trying to reach some piece of him that still held common sense in this bizarre form of panic that you could bring back to the surface with you. “I need you to be strong for me.”

As if those were the magic words, he let out a sigh and rubbed his forehead. You found the off switch. He slouched a little bit, loosening, “I’m sorry, [Y/N]. It’s just that. . .” He paused for a while, taking a moment of silence to plot out his words before saying anything insensitive. “This doesn’t really happen to me every day.” You watched Jack, a man with high prestige, who’s gone to war, saved lives, taken lives, changed the world, come undone in front of you. He was baring himself to you, trusting you.

“Jack. . .”

“I never talk about things like this, and,” he began to mumble, “I’m sorry if I seem dense.” You smiled. He was horrible with apologizes since he’s usually in the right – or believes that he is.

“I know, and it’s okay.” You took his large hand that pressed against his forehead and held it in your small hands. He looked over at you, eyes narrowed in both mental and emotional exhaustion, knowing that this discussion was taking a toll on him in a way that he has never experienced often enough in his lifetime.

“Are you sure?” He asked in a low voice, the grittiness was absent, his voice lost in softness.

“Of course. I understand, Jack.”

Pause.

“[Y/N].”

“Yes?” You looked up at him with eyes that glimmered like stars, seeing his ears burn red hot, nervousness taking over him. The moment of silence was so stagnant that you swore you could hear his heart pounding so hard you thought it was going to burst within his chest.

“I love you, too.”

Your heart almost burst at the overwhelming influx of emotions that were coursing through you right now. His words gave off fireworks within your soul, stars bouncing before your vision, a golden halo of light crowning him. You thought you were going to faint from the relief that swept you away like a heavy current in the sea. You realized you were tense the entire time because you
suddenly felt your shoulders relax and ease.

You let his hand go and placed a hand on the bed on either side of his hips, encasing him. You leaned forward on your knees, balancing on your hands, and bringing him into a tender kiss. You felt his hand softly glide up your arm, fingertips tracing its way over your bare arm, shoulder, collarbone, and finally to your cheek. Your body broke out in goosebumps at the tickling sensation, euphoria in your veins at the feeling of having your love returned, and the feeling of a bond forming into a rock solid foundation to the beginning of you two.

The two of you had passed out rather promptly, both exhausted because of the previous morning, but now you were both refreshed and ready for a new day. The sun was out, gleaming blissfully through the crack in the curtains, shining on the both of your faces. You stirred at the brightness and heat on your face, making you groan gently and crack your eyes open. He let out a deep sigh, his eyebrows raising as he rubbed an eye, finally opening them to see you awake as well.


“Yeah.” Was all he said, sitting up and groaning again, letting out a sigh.

He stared out the window for a brief moment before getting up and out of bed and heading into the bathroom. You crawled out of the covers, lying down at the foot of the bed where Cherry Pie was curled up at. You were on your stomach, legs kicking up in the air, teasing your cat by putting your finger close enough to the tips of her ear so they would twitch.

Jack came out of the bathroom and headed to the closet, getting his usual outfit and stripping his shirt off. You bit your bottom lip, never tiring of watching him get ready. Once his shirts were changed you turned the opposite way as to respect his privacy. When he was done he sat on the edge of the bed, getting his boots on and lacing them up. He fixed the part of the mask around his head and partially his neck, going for the main component.

“Hey.” His voice rang out to you. You turned and looked up at him. He motioned his head for you to move over to him.

You smiled, flipping around and crawling to the edge of the bed, sitting next to him. He swiftly went in and gave you a firm plant of his lips onto your forehead before slipping the mask on, moving quickly enough so you wouldn’t jump up and distract him. 76 stood up, “Make the bed before you leave.” He demanded of you, making you roll your eyes as he left his room.

You groaned, standing up and pushing your cat off of the bed. She scrambled to get on the floor, thankfully landing on her feet as she looked at you with big eyes, scared as to why you interrupted her. You sighed, “Sorry Cherry, just gotta make the bed.” The cat slinked under the bed, watching you as you laid the sheets down as pristinely as you can. Like the last time you made it, you had some struggles trying to get it to military-grade perfection, which is almost near impossible for you to do. You never make your bed.

Once finished you sighed and prompted Cherry to follow you out of his room and into yours where you stood in front of your closet, seeing a sea of black and that one dress you now have. You were a little uncomfortable with the black, feeling like it was going to consume you. Tracer was right; you needed a change. Deciding that the dress was the only thing you had that wasn’t black to wear, other than workout clothes, you brought it into the bathroom with you so you could switch into it after you showered and dried your hair.
You quickly got into the shower, scrubbed yourself down, and jumped back out and blew your hair dry, slipping the dress on. You applied your makeup accordingly, something softer and more natural as opposed to your usual dark eyeliner, exiting the bathroom and putting on your flats. You smiled as you walked out, seeing Cherry Pie lying on your bed and looking at you with her big eyes. You grinned and giggled, shuffling over to her. You puckered your lips and she leaned her nose in, letting you kiss her.

You thought aloud, “How about you hang out with me today?” You asked, and with that, the fat cat stood up and walked over to the edge of the bed and jumped down, standing next to your legs, staring up at you. You blinked, almost forgetting you were able to communicate with her like you did the Cheetah. You were a little worried you were practically mind controlling her, but she loved you, and you were glad she was following you. If she didn’t want to she didn’t have to, and that’s how you saw it. You gave her a smile and headed to the door, and she walked right beside you.

The two of you walked down the hallway, her body close to you as her eyes almost bugged out of her head at the strange sights. This was all very new and sudden to her, but she wanted to be with you after not seeing you for so long. You actually didn’t know when you opened that portal to get her, and hopefully it wasn’t too long. If you had accidentally nabbed her at fifteen years old and she died a month from now you would be absolutely devastated. But that glow in her eyes when she looked up at you was fresh, and you knew it mustn’t’ve been long.

You peered into the mess hall, seeing nobody there, realizing you either missed breakfast or were too early. You shrugged, deciding to go see Winston to thank him for the cat supplies, and to then visit 38 – whom you really needed to send back home, now that you think about it.

You scooped your cat up and headed into the elevator, zooming down to Winston’s lab. You carried your kitten through the silver doors and out the hallway, seeing Winston upstairs with Soldier: 76. Your stomach fluttered and you smiled.

You walked up the stairs, cat cradled in your arms, “Ah, [Y/N]! How are you doing this morning?” Winston asked with his toothy grin, but gasped upon seeing Cherry Pie, walking up to the two of you.

“I’m good, thank you Winston.” He looked down at the cat, then up to you.

“May I?” He ushered to Cherry, reaching out to her. You smiled.

“You handed him your fur child and he smiled brightly, taking her from your grasp happily. He took her with such care and went to play with her next to his controls and computer. You walked over to 76 and stood next to him, arms crossed, smiling and watching Winston have fun with your cat.

“She’s the best child in the world.” You said dreamily. The red visors shot to you.

“You’re the best child in the world.” He said questioningly. You glanced up at him.

“Yeah, she’s my little furry daughter.” You shrugged, a smile still kept on your face. He laughed sarcastically. “What? She’s honestly the best child in the world.” You spoke highly of Cherry Pie who, coincidentally, knocked an empty beaker off of the table. You laughed loudly with a snort at the ill placed comedic timing. Winston laughed too, but ushered Cherry to not jump off and onto the glass.

You didn’t realize it for a while, but Soldier: 76 was staring at you. After a good ten seconds, you felt a burning, as if he were staring holes at you. You glanced up to make sure you were dreaming,
“What?” You let out an awkward chuckle. He shook his head, positioning his gaze back to Winston.

“Nothing.” His arms were crossed. You smirked a little bit.

“Why were you staring at me?” You said slyly, elbowing him in the side a bit. He looked at you quickly and then back to the scene.

“I said no reason, now quit it.” He growled at you, but you weren’t scared, you didn’t feel threatened by him anymore.

“Nope. You were staring at me. What’s up? Do I have something on my face? My dress – Oh God hopefully nothing on my dress.” You said worrily, looking around, swishing the white lace around. If there was a stain you would probably die.

“No you, you uh... you look... nice.” His ears burned as he spoke in a low voice. You grinned playfully. His compliment was basic, but difficult for him to convey, so it meant more than the world to you.

He gets so nervous when it comes to anything emotional like that. If it’s out of the realm of logicality or analytics he seemed to be at a loss. Trained in the military, he was prepped and primed for a lifetime of aloofness, making him impassible and having no outward emotions. Having any reflection on his feelings is something he doesn’t do, nor does he ever really approach it since it isn’t hardwired in his brain. For you it is. You have your thoughts and emotions, fifty-fifty you like to think, but he’s ninety-five percent logics, so suffice to say it’s arduous for him. But that’s okay, you’ll learn to work with it, to understand. Your dad was the same way, not one for compliments or praise or apologies, so you have learned to take what you can get. Anybody else that didn’t understand that wouldn’t appreciate the “nice” comment.

Seeing this side of him was calming. He’s been apprehensive and exasperated lately, ever since you told him about Reaper, and it’s been effecting you as well as him. He’s just been so incredibly wound up since your reappearance, regardless of you being (mostly) unscathed. 76 needed to unwind, and there was only one thing that’s a surefire way of it happening.

You gulped, your cheeks turning a light shade of pink. You decided 38 could wait, having to go take care of something else instead.

You watched Winston nervously try to stop your cat, but she was having too much fun, making you giggle, “I wanted to thank you, Winston, for the supplies. It means a lot to me.”

“Of course, [Y/N], it’s the very least I can do.” He referenced to when he guaranteed your safety, trying to make up for it as Tracer tried to make up for it as well.

“If you don’t mind, can I leave her with you for a bit? There’s something I need to do.” You said, hiding any nervousness behind a veil. Winston smiled brightly.

“Of course! Cherry Pie is the best assistant I could ever have.” He chittered happily, making you grin and giggle.

“Thanks so much Winston.” You turned to leave, heart pounding, hands sweating lightly as you lifted your dress a bit to trot down the stairs.

Halfway down you felt a firm grip on your arm, halting you completely, making you gasp.
turned and looked back to see Soldier: 76 close behind you, stopping you, “I-Is something wrong?” You gasped. He raised a brow, “I should be asking you that.” He said in a low voice.

“What do you mean?” Your hands were clammy.

“You’re as pale as a ghost. Don’t tell me nothin’s wrong.” He shook his head, hand still death gripped onto your arm.

“It’s fine, 76. I’m just going to go take care of business.” You said with a shrug. He stared you down with a gaze harder than his grip, constricting your throat. “It’s fine.” You repeated to him. He didn’t express his emotions, but he could feel yours oozing from your pours.

Yup.

Definitely wound-up.

He eventually let go, giving you a curt nod, as if he were dismissing you. You gave a halfhearted smile and continued the rest of the way down the stairs and to the elevator, heading up to the main hallway and going to find someone who can help you out at this precise moment. You walked through the corridor, stopping in front of a door that leads to a room you’ve only been in once. You gulped, slowly opening it up to the place you’ve associated with bad things, a bad place: the medbay.

It was bright and shiny, just like Dr. Ziegler’s charming personality. She stopped working, looking up at you, her wings perking up as well. God, you forgot how gorgeous she was. She had a bright smile, standing up from her stool, “Come in, [Y/N], come in.” She said, ushering you in with a hand and a pleasant demeanor. You walked inside, shutting the door behind you, nervously approaching her.

“Hi, Dr. Ziegler.” You gave an anxious wave, feeling yourself begin to sweat out of anxiety.

“To what do I owe the pleasure, [Y/N]?” She asked, leading you to the exam table. You hopped up onto the crinkly material.

“I, um,” you took in a deep breath, “oh boy, I was wondering if, by chance, I could get some form of contraceptive?” You were nervous, face bright red. She stared at you, an enchanting giggle erupting from her lips.

“Oh course, don’t be so nervous. I would much rather you be safe than pregnant.” You laughed. Haha. Yeah. That would be nice for everybody involved, wouldn’t it? You sighed in relief. “So, what method of contraceptive are you looking for?” She asked tenderly.

“What’s the fastest acting one.” You blurted out, taking her by surprise.

“Well, our medicine and technology is different, much different than 2016’s. I say the shot, since it still lasts about three months and now it takes effect in about five hou—”

“I’ll take it.” You cut her off. You blushed, even though you didn’t think you could get any more red. “Sorry, I’m just a little nervous is all.” You shook your hands and she smiled.

“No worries.” She shrugged, walking over to her cabinet and rummaging through, already having everything prepared, as if she were expecting this. “I’m going to be giving you the highest dosage I can possibly give, is that alright?” She asked, prepping the syringe and getting alcohol to clean the spot where she was going to inject.

“So it’ll take effect faster?” You asked. She turned around and began walking over to you.
“Well, technically no. Soldier: 76 is a super soldier, so I believe the highest dosage should be safest for you.”

What.

What the fuck.

You almost fell over, you wanted to cry. This was not happening. You looked up at her with pleading eyes, “How-how did you know? I mean... how? What makes you suspect it’s him?” You couldn’t breathe properly, eyes brimming with tears. If this wasn’t the most embarrassing thing to happen to you, you don’t know what is. She chuckled.

“I see the way you look at him; the way he looks at you. It’s endearing, and if I could ask anybody to be with him, I know I would ask you.” You smiled tenderly at her words. “Now, I need to ask, regardless of knowing your medical records, do you have any diseases, heart problems, kidney problems, already pregnant?” She asked. You went to shake your head but stopped, thinking.

You were throwing up a lot lately, but the likelihood of you being pregnant was so low. Usually morning sickness takes a month or two into being pregnant, “I’ve been throwing up a lot lately.” You muttered, shaking.

“You were traumatized, you’re probably having PTSD of some sort, [Y/N]. Did anything happen a month ago?” She asked, peering strongly in your eyes. You shook your head and she smiled. “You’re fine.” You nodded at her words, taking in a deep breath and letting it out. Having her confirm it was the most satisfying thing in the world, and your overall demeanor softened drastically.

She pushed up your sleeve, cleaning the area. Why was the needle so big? You saw your friend get the shot done before so you know it’s not as if the entire needle goes in, but it still worries you. You turned away as you felt the needle prick your shoulder. You winced, and just a few seconds later, you felt it pop out, the sliding out of your skin making you gasp. God you hated needles. You looked at the area of injection and saw her apply a small, square Band-Aid that matched your skin tone. She pulled the sleeve down. You smiled and looked up at her, “Only five hours? Really?” You asked incredulously.

“It’s amazing the advancements we make in only sixty years.” You two laughed a little at her comment. “You’re all done! You’re off to go have fun! Tracer and D.Va will be back from a reconnaissance mission soon.” She said with a twinkle in her eye and you smiled.

“You’re all done! You’re off to go have fun! Tracer and D.Va will be back from a reconnaissance mission soon.” She said with a twinkle in her eye and you smiled.

“Thank you so much, Dr. Ziegler.” She giggled again, the sound shooting you in the heart with Cupid’s arrow.

“The pleasure is mine, [Y/N].” You waved goodbye and left the medbay.

You felt accomplished. Very much so. You felt safe in more ways than one now! As you exited you saw your two favorite girls in the world, “[Y/N]!” D.Va yelled as the two skipped up to you happily, “Are you ready for lunch, love?” Tracer beamed and you nodded. The two took your hand on either side of you, walking closely together to the mess hall where only a few people were gathered at the moment; Winston, 76, and Lucio being some of the select few.

They dragged you to your spots and then went off to get plates, so Lucio and you just burst into excited conversation, “So who are we listening to today?” Lucio said, bouncing in his seat. His happiness always spread to you like a disease, making you excited, “I was thinking the Live Aid? Listen to some David Bowie and Queen?” You said with a wide grin. He laughed in eagerness.
“Yes! Seeing them live is a dream come true. No video or hologram can measure up to what you can do, [Y/N].” You felt your chest swell with pride and you snickered egotistically.

“Hah, you’re right, Lucio, you’re right.” You nodded and he laughed. Tracer and D.Va came back with plates for everybody, “What’s going on! What’s going on!” Tracer asked, sitting down quickly.

“We’re gonna see some David Bowie and Queen tonight, you guys!” Lucio yelped, making Tracer gasp and D.Va squeal. Tracer put her hand on your arm, looking at you with the most heartfelt expression.

“I love David Bowie and Queen.” She drawled, looking as if she were going to cry. You laughed.

“Don’t forget Elton John, The Who, Santana, Madonna, and so many other bands!” You explained more of it, and all of them were very much excited.

You all ate, discussing what to do with the day. You weren’t training, so you all decided you’d much rather goof around and have fun, play games, listen to live music, dance, so that was the plan! You all went and put your dishes in the sink, everyone washing them together but you, not wanting to dirty your dress as selfish as that sounded. Tracer also told you not to, saying that dress costed her an arm and a leg. When finished, you all rushed to the living room, deciding to do the concert first.

Hand blue and hot, you opened the portal to hear crowds screaming as Queen entered the stage, and all you could do was stare in disbelief. He wore high-waisted jeans, a white racerback tank top, an armband, and dirty Adidas. He looked so casual, so real. You wanted to touch him, but too speechless, and also you didn’t want to get zapped. He sat down in front of the piano, playing a few chords, and breaking into Bohemian Rhapsody. The crowd went crazy, as did the rest of you. You kept the portals near the lights, as you did with Daft Punk, to keep from suspicion as much as you could. You wished you could have it right in front, but you didn’t know how people would react to a group of kids from 2076 staring through a vortex watching a paid event for free.

The four of you screamed along with the lyrics, and you all agreed he was breathtaking live. This was a dream; you were living a dream. You first got to see Daft Punk, now Queen, and soon David Bowie. The stage presence was heart stopping. You’ve never seen this much energy, and, God, you just couldn’t believe it was happening. When Queen was over, David Bowie and Mick Jagger were next, dancing and singing with each other. Tracer was going crazy, beyond excited for Bowie.

After the bands you all cared for the most were over, you vowed that you would find a way to get through the portals. You knew it would be painful and tedious, but just to be able to see these bands live and in person, you knew would be the best time for all of you involved. You wanted to make them happier than what they had now.

When you closed the portal, everybody crashed on the couch and continued goofing around like you all were teenagers, until you gasped, remembering, “Hey guys, I need to go send 38 back to his home, so I’ll be back!” You said with a smile, and they all waved you goodbye.

For the strangest reason, 38 was kept in the garage with his tack, so you headed down there. Through the hallway, down the elevator, you arrived at the ground floor, wide eyed at the scene before you: McCree was feeding carrots to the horse. You smiled, walking out of the elevator and to the beautiful cowboy, “Afteroon, darlin’.” He said, looking up at you but then whistling, tipping his hat. “You lookin’ mighty fine today.” You blushed and giggled. “I like you smilin’.” Oh God,
could you even possibly blush any more?

You walked over to the two, giving 38 gentle strokes. “This a fine lookin’ Thoroughbred ya got here.” McCree said, lightly stroking the muzzle. “You sure know how to pick ‘em.” You shrugged, “I tried.” He grinned, cigar sitting on a dish on the counter.

“So, what’re ya plannin’ to do with 38 here?” He asked.

“Send him back.” He looked a little surprised.

“Come again.”

“Send him back, I’m gonna send 38 back to his home.” You said, smiling. McCree sighed, shifting his weight.

“Well, ya gotta do whatcha gotta do, I s’pose.” He seemed almost sad that you were sending the beautiful racing horse back to its home. As much as you wanted your Western boy to be happy, you knew that this horse truly needed to be happy too, which is back home where he belongs. 38 wasn’t even the real name for the horse. McCree walked over to where the tack was kept, grabbing the saddle and saddle pad. You cocked your head. “Tackin’ ‘em up. Preparin’ to send ‘em back home. Tack ain’t cheap, sweetheart.” You scoffed with a smile, walking past him to grab the bridle and to head back to the horse.

He smiled at you as he threw the saddle pad on and then the English saddle. He buckled the girth as you slid the bridle on, slipping 38’s ears between the headpiece and browband. The horse shook his head and you smiled, stroking his heart shaped star gingerly. You hummed softly, causing 38 to nuzzle you lovingly with his head. You looked over at McCree and noticed he gazed at you in a way that 76 did when he was Jack, causing your cheeks to brighten up. McCree chuckled, “I reckon it’s too late to get a lil’ ride in?” You giggled, “Sorry, McCree-”

“Jesse.” He stopped you. You blinked. “Call me by my first name.”

“Jesse,” the name tickled your tongue, making you smile, “sorry, Jesse, but he’s gotta go home. Who knows, what if this horse wins the Triple Crown?” You shrugged, giving Jesse a sympathetic look. He nodded, looking from you to the slender horse.

“Well, I give ‘em my best wishes.” He patted the horse’s neck and took a step back. “Send ‘em off, [Y/N].” You smiled at his words, nodding. You loved how he was understanding that this horse needed to be home.

Your hand turned blue and you opened a good sized portal for 38. His ears perked and he walked to the vortex impatiently, “Goodbye 38! Go win the Triple Crown!” You cheered for him as he walked through. You and Jesse watched him go walk through the portal.

“So, how do you know it’s sendin’ ‘im to the right place.” He asked, hands on his hips. You shrugged.

“I kinda just mentally told myself that I wanted him back right after he disappeared. As far as I’m concerned he was seen walking through a blue ring.” You explained, causing Jesse to nod.

“Smart thinkin’.” You smiled at him, taking your now orange hand and smearing the blue, causing the portal to sew shut. He whistled again. “That’s somethin’, I tell ya.” You chuckled shrugging.

“Yeah, ya know.” You spoke bashfully. Jesse smiled and then looked at the clock, tutting.
“Well, it’s ‘bout that time.” He said, walking to the counter and grabbing his cigar.

“Is it high noon?” You asked innocently with a cock of your head.

Jesse stared at you, deadpanned, completely expressionless. He walked to the elevator, pressing a button. You laughed loudly, “I was just kidding, Jesse!” You called out to him, stuck in a giggling fit. He got into the elevator and turned around to look at you. He tipped his hat and winked, “I know, sunshine.” You beamed at him as the elevator doors closed. You blushed shyly, thinking about Jesse. He was so fantastic, and as much as you enjoyed the flirtatiousness of your friendship, you knew where your heart belonged.

You stared at the space where 38 was, and all you could do was stare. You were upset, much like Jesse, that you weren’t able to ride the Thoroughbred one last time. He was such a fast, smooth ride that was like driving a high end luxury car. You wanted to actually keep him, but it wasn’t right, it wasn’t right at all. Whether he turned out to be a winning horse or a lost cause, you couldn’t steal him or keep him forever.

Horses and their owners create such a powerful bond, completely in tuned with each other and each other’s emotions. It’s strong, and you couldn’t separate that bond no matter how much control you had to manipulate the horse into thinking you two had your own bond. Besides, seeing how happy he was to know that home was right in front of him was satisfying enough.

After taking your moment of silence for 38 and wishing him a happy life, you headed to the elevator yourself and pushed the button that lead to Winston’s lab. Once there, you headed up the stairs to his research area. When he heard your footsteps, his head whipped around to you, a banana hanging out of his mouth. You giggled, watching him chew and swallow it at a rapid pace, scared he was going to choke because you weren’t prepared to perform the Heimlich maneuver on a gorilla. You didn’t think a lot of people would be prepared to perform the Heimlich maneuver on a gorilla.

“[Y/N]! back already?” He called to you, smiling brightly. You couldn’t help but smile back.

“Just checking in on my daughter.” You said with a teasing tone. He chuckled.

“Oh, yes, Cherry Pie! She’s doing great! I made her a bed and sprinkled it with cat nip over on the counter.”

Your eyes wandered to your sleeping cat. It was a bed made out of towels, and there she was, sprawled on her back, four paws up, completely passed out and high out of her mind. You covered your mouth to keep your loud laugh as muffled as possible, “That’s a good call, Winston!” You said with fits of laughter. He sat up straight, proud, pushing up his glasses.

“I am a scientist after all.” You giggled.

“You two seemed to have gotten along really well!” You beamed, happy that they were friends now.

“Yes, she is actually quite wonderful. When she gets comfortable with you she gets very affectionate!” He nodded, genuinely happy to spending time with your cat. An idea clicked in your head.

“Would you want to, I dunno, watch her until tomorrow morning?” You disguised your request with an offer, unbeknownst to him, and his eyes widened ever so slightly.

“I would love to, actually. She’ll be my lab partner!” He declared. Cherry’s back paw twitched.
“Well, try not to experiment on her.” You chuckled, causing Winston to chuckle as well.

“No need for worry, [Y/N].”

“Alright, Winston. It seems like it’s just about dinner time. Did you want to come?” You asked, wondering if he wanted to have a nice little elevator ride with you.

“I’m actually finishing up an algorithm, so you can head on without me.”

“You sure?”

“Yes, [Y/N], I’m sure.” He gave you a sincere smile with a small nod and you waved him goodbye, slowly descending the stairs and to the elevator.

You got inside and clicked the main floor button. Your heart was racing, making you chew the inside of your lip. Score! Winston was going to babysit Cherry Pie tonight, much to your relief. This was being staged, but you needed alone time with Jack. Desperately.

The door opened up to the hallway and you headed to the dining area, seeing Tracer waving widely at you. Soldier: 76 sat and talked with Jesse. Jesse tipped his hat at you and you smiled, earning a gaze of concern and confusion from 76 that was masked to all, but not to you. You shook your head at 76, reassuring him that there was nothing between you and Jesse, though you wouldn’t doubt Jesse was a fantastic lover. The last thing you need is a falling out because 76 was jealous, and then that shot would have been all for naught. Well, Jesse was always available, so maybe it wouldn’t be a complete waste of time.

You sat between your girls, the two in heated debate with Lucio. You immediately regretted popping a squat in your usual area, “The Beatles were the best and they’ll never compare to anything now.” Tracer pointed accusingly at Lucio. What the fuck is going on. Lucio held his hands up in defense, “I’m not saying they suck Tracer, but. . .”

“They suck.” D.Va interjected, making Tracer scoff, gawking at the two, and suddenly turning her gaze to you.

“What do you think, [Y/N]?” Tracer begged, and you also held your hands up defensively.

“Bop To The Top from High School Musical is the best song ever written.” You tried to make it lighthearted, and D.Va laughed, causing Lucio to stifle a chuckle. Tracer huffed.

“Oh, c’mon you guys.” She grumbled and you rubbed her back reassuringly.

“Don’t worry, Tracer, we still love you.” You tried to cheer her up and she rolled her eyes.

“Yeah, I guess.” She tried to fight a smile and you laughed, shaking her at her shoulder, causing her to laugh and smile brightly. “But honestly, The Beatles are fantastic.” She threw it out there for everyone to know and you chuckled.

The tension died down and the atmosphere became much lighter, everybody joking around and laughing hysterically. You all had such a great time together, and you never wanted it to end. You just wanted to play games and listen to live concerts and dance with them all for the rest of your days. It was so wonderful, having these oddballs as friends, and you feel as if you’re better friends with them than the ones you had back in Orlando.

It was a harsh thought, but you might never see them again. You could seek them out, find them, though they would be either dead or dying, and you didn’t think you could ever face them that
way. The closure for them, however, would put them to ease, and since Cherry Pie supposedly went missing you were scared you gave them a huge regret of thinking they couldn’t take care of the thing you loved the most, the last thing you had. What if you did visit them? It was such a heavy-loaded thought it almost gave you angina. You didn’t think 76 would let that happen, though. Much like you, he also has to play dead.

That thought hit you like a truck. You never really realized that Soldier: 76 had that in common with you, and that’s a massive shared situation you two have. You never thought that, of all things, that would be one of most prevalent happenstances between the two of you. It was a fluke, a coincidence, a pure chance.

“So what are your plans for tonight, [Y/N]?” Tracer asked, snapping you out of thought. You blushed lightly.

“Oh! Um, was just gonna head back to my room after this, maybe?” You said nervously, fidgety.

“Aw, you should play some Mario Kart with us!” D.Va whined, making you sigh. It was tempting, and if you were going to spend the night with Jack, you wanted to squeeze in enough friend time as possible.

“Well, I guess one round wouldn’t hurt!” You said, laughing.

Ten rounds later and time flew by. Right after dinner you all went to the living room to play and it sucked you in immediately. After the first round they begged you for an encore, and you continued to play. Your favorite was Waluigi, no one knew why, and you forgot how you actually ended up liking him since it was out of pure irony at first.

You groaned, looking at the time, realizing it was getting late, and you knew Jack was waiting for you. Oh god, he was waiting for you and yet here you were, wasting his time. You put the controller down and smiled, “Okay you guys, I really need to go to bed now.” They all whined. “You stop that.” You threatened to throw a pillow at the collective.

“[Y/N]’s right, we should all probably crash. I think we have a mission in the morning.” Lucio said, causing the two girls to groan in protest. You laughed.

“Alright guys, I’m off.” You said your goodbyes and left quickly, hopefully nothing too suspicious.

You walked down the hallway rapidly and to your room. You shut the door quickly, grabbed your white silk nightgown and jumped into the bathroom. You turned on the tub, running the water. The room filled with steam as you took your dress off and hung it on the hanger that you left in the bathroom. When the water got to a certain point, you dropped a bath bomb in it, turning it into a deep, rich purple with glitter. You took off your makeup and slid in, sighing at the hot water that enveloped you and brought you into a state of tranquility that you needed.

Your mind was running a mile a minute and you sighed, letting the water relax you. You took this time to wash your hair, thankful for the removable showerhead that the tub just happened to have so you could wash the shampoo and conditioner out.

You lazied about, staring at the ceiling, smiling. Today was a fantastic day, possibly the best day you’ve had at Overwatch to date. It was magical, in a sense, and you were excited to spend the night with Jack. You sunk low into the tub, making bubbles, the glittery water popping. You wanted to just sleep in the water since it was so warm and welcoming, beckoning you. You have accidentally fell asleep in the bath before, and when you woke up it was cold, so that’s probably
not the best idea you’ve had.

You stood up, draining the mermaid water, rinsing yourself off slightly just to get the soap off, but not fully so the glitter stayed on your skin. You stepped out, dried yourself and blew dry your hair, then slipped on the nightgown. When you looked in the mirror, you looked the best you’ve been in such a long time. Even after the initial shopping spree, you don’t think you’ve looked this stunning in a while, despite what you had just gone through.

You left the bathroom, the cool air licking your skin, the steam breaking free. You smiled, switching the bathroom light off and leaving your room, shutting the door quietly behind you. You went up to Jack’s room, heart pounding. You took a deep breath and let it out slowly, then knocked gingerly, “76?” You said in a meek voice.

“It’s open.”

You turned the knob, your heart racing as you looked up to see Jack shirtless, hanging his clothes up. There was a piece of you that almost wanted to turn back. Almost. You walked into his room and he stared at the gown you wore, the glitter reflecting off of your body that made you gleam in the moonlight like the star you are.

Your heart pounded one last time. You turn the knob again, and slowly close the door.
You had closed the door slowly behind you, and Jack scrunched his eyebrows, “Is something wrong?” He asked. His voice seemed a little breathless. You smiled sweetly and shook your head, “No, No. I’m fine.” He gave you a bizarre look, as if your fresh and shiny appearance wasn’t something new, but it still didn’t denounce the fact that he was looking at you more than usual.

You got a little nervous, you had to admit. You wanted this to work. You didn’t want all of this pampering to be for nothing, the birth control shot to mean absolutely nothing. You were also nervous about if you were actually ready to do this or not. After what happened to Reaper, you didn’t necessarily think about sex, but here you were, trying to initiate it. If anything were to happen, you’ll both be sure to find out.

You nervously walked over to him, anxious. He gave you a weird look, “Something’s wrong.” He stated, closing his closet door and crossing his arms over his bare chest. “Spit it out.” He demanded. Your eyebrows scrunched together, “Nothing’s wrong!” You yelped. Great. Things were going just great.

“Look at you, you’re all nervous and – oh my God is that glitter.” He said bluntly. You blushed a bright red.

“So?” You yipped, crossing your arms to match him.

“That shit gets everyone. Go wash it off.” Oh my god.

“No! I used a bath bomb so I could be glittery!”

“Why, pray tell, did you want to be covered in glitter?”

“Why, pray tell, did you want to be covered in glitter?”

“That’s...! I – uh, I’m... I... I wanted to.” You couldn’t bluntly just tell him you got all dolled up just to get laid. That’s just not how that works, even though you were trying to pull the strings, they belonged to the universe, not you. You didn’t have control over this, though you liked to think so.

“And you’re wearing that nightgown that I am fairly certain is actually a shirt judging by the length. Do you really think that’s appropriate?”

Why, father, why.
“I’m just gonna be sleeping in it, I don’t know what the big deal it.” You threw your arms up, sauntering to the bed and plopping down onto it, legs crossed.

It was a bust. This whole night was a bust. You were having such a wonderful day, too. Dancing with friends, having Winston babysit Cherry, a little bit of bonding time with Jesse, and then you had a fantastic bath and you look and smell amazing. You were so excited to share this happiness with Jack, especially without protection, but, now, you could tell that your day had peaked and this was the inevitable slow down to the finality of the day. The cast had taken their final bow, the crowd cheering, throwing roses at their feet, curtains drawing together, stage going dark. You were now behind the curtains on the dark stage, knowing that this was the end and you would have to try again some other day. Do not pass go. Do not collect two hundred dollars.

You stared up at him and he sighed, walking over to the bed slowly, rubbing his face. He obviously wasn’t in the mood to argue, but on the plus side, he came to bed shirtless. As much as you enjoyed it, it kind of nagged at you, “Why, pray tell, aren’t you wearing a shirt?” You asked as he pulled the covers down, getting in, “You seem to be wearing enough shirt for the both of us.” His comment was pure smartass, making you groan and him chuckle.

“Thanks for the joke, dad.” You rolled your eyes, getting under the covers with him.

You’re usually the one that ushers for him to pull you in for cuddles, but he seemed to have inititated it first, grabbing you and dragging you into him. You went a little wide eyed at his movements. He sighed, “You smell really nice.” His voice was gentle, and smooth.

He gave you a firm kiss on the forehead with a quiet ‘good night’, and you honestly kind of wanted to cry! This whole day was magical, and not having the happy ending you were pining for was almost painful, but saddening nevertheless. You felt kind of selfish, knowing that not everything would go your way, despite the preparation being kind of little painstaking.

You also felt selfish for the fact that you expected Jack to sleep with you. You weren’t even aware to the fact that you didn’t even know if he was ready for that step or not. You didn’t even know if he wanted to have sex. You didn’t even know how to ask subtly without it seeming very blunt or awkward. All he did was kiss you on the forehead and expect to go to sleep despite you being, well, kind of riled up at the thought of you two going about the whole Bad Touch experience. You wanted to just toss around in the bed and have your temper tantrum, but all you could settle for was an inaudible, controlled sigh.

He opened his eyes slowly to see you staring at him with flushed cheeks, your stomach and nethers stirring in absolute hunger. His eyes were narrowed in fatigue, propping an arm up to rest his head in his hand, staring down at you. You blinked, blushing harder, but now over embarrassment, “Wh. . . what.” You mumbled, your eyes darting around in confusion.

“I should be asking you that.” His voice, oh God, it was so dreamy, adding to the wetness already beginning to pool between your thighs. His hand rested on your waist, but went down to your hip, causing your heart to jump into your throat, your breath catching, stuck. His eyebrows twitched together slightly before he ran that hand up to your face, pressing the back of his hand against your forehead. “You’re burning up. Probably getting a fever. Would explain why you were acting weird earlier.” He sighed, shrugging.

His hand slid down to your cheek, cupping it gingerly, the bright red burning in his hand like a little sun, wanting to set him aflame, “I can call Angela if you aren’t feeling well. I know she likes you, so I don’t think she would mind getti-”

“I’m fine.” You squeaked. His incessant nagging was making you blush harder. Your inner thighs
felt clammy, and it wasn’t sweat.

“You keep saying that, but I don’t need you getting anybody else sick, or getting worse.” He threw the sheets off of him and you watched him with confused wide eyes as he got out of the bed and walked over to your side of the bed. “Come on, let’s get you down to the medbay. I’ll be sure to call Angela.” He said with a groan, taking the sheets off of you.

Your bare legs glimmered in the starlight, just a hint of white, silky panties peeking from underneath the short nightgown you were wearing. Jack’s eyes lingered for just a second, a second long enough to arouse you more, followed by hitched breathing and a gaze that went back up to yours. He stared into you, briefly, seeing something in the depths of your irises, your pupils. He saw just a trace of something primal in nature, and intense with a burning desire. In just that brief moment while he looked into you, you saw a blossoming need and want flash through his mind.

“Well. Let’s get you going.” He stated, breaking the heavy aired tension. One hand scooped under your back, the other went under your legs, but you suddenly felt urgent as his arm pushed against that wetness, “W-Wait, Jack-!” You gasped, his expression registering that there was a certain dampness coming from you, from your soaked panties.

If there was a moment where you weren’t blushing, you were now radiating like the sun once more, your chest and ears blending in with the redness of your face. Your heart was pounding and you began to breathe heavily as he stopped.

This wasn’t how this was supposed to go. This wasn’t how this was supposed to happen.

“Jack...” Your voice was made of air and you felt his skin turn into bumps as he pulled his arms away, standing up straight.

Everything was at a concentrated standstill. He shifted uncomfortably from where he stood, your eyes locked on one another’s. Your heart was racing a mile a minute, and your hands started aching. You didn’t know what Jack was thinking, but you knew you were embarrassed, truly humiliated. Your body was out of line and so was your mind. He cracked a smile and began to laugh and you stared at him with horror etched on your face.

“I must really be off my rocker if I didn’t see this coming, what with the nightgown and glitter.” He spoke with a smile and chuckle, shaking his head. You couldn’t tell if he was laughing at you or at himself at this point. He took a seat on the bed next to you, your horror displacing into self-conscious bewilderment as he took your hand and kissed it tenderly. He rubbed your fingers, staring down at them. “What do you even want with an old soldier like me anyways.” He said in a soothing voice, eyes a little sad.

“I’ve already said it before, Jack. I love you.” Your voice was small. He looked up at you, a childish gleam flickered in his eyes before he looked back down, smile bittersweet. You scooted to the other side of the bed, patting where you once were lying. “Now come on, get back into bed.” You said with a light toss of your head. He sighed and got in and underneath the covers.

Jack pulled you into him, his outside hand finding a happy home on your hip while yours found its way over his shoulder and around his neck, keeping him close to you. His hand soon pushed deep into your hip and then into your lower back, giving you a deep massage up your back, holding you close against his body. Your eyes were closed, a smile on your face as you gave a gentle moan in approval and satisfaction of his movements.

You soon found yourself gasping gently as his lips found themselves against your neck, giving you loving kisses and little nips. You bit your lip, still smiling as a relieved moan escaped from your
mouth. He stopped massaging you, pushing you onto your back, climbing over you, lips still attached to your neck as if he were a leech. Jack’s knees had pried your legs open when he got on top, hands working on slipping the dress up over your panties. He gave tender kisses to your collarbone, only giving the softest bites: strong enough to elicit a moan, gentle enough not to bruise.

Your mind was swimming, face a bright red mess, hands around his neck and in his hair. His fingers pulled the gown over your breasts. Jack took a moment to pause and admire before jumping in and sucking on one of your nipples, making you whimper, his teeth lightly tugging and pulling, free hand rubbing the other one delicately before switching. He dipped up, pushing the gown over your head, your arms up so the dress was off completely, your body stirring in excitement and above all, anticipation.

He went back to kissing you; kissing your breasts, your nipples, to your stomach, making your belly shake at the tickling feeling of his lips feeling like an eyelash fluttering. He scooted down the bed, as to get comfortable as his mouth stopped at your panty line, your core burning with heat and ache. He glanced up at you with a look that was filled with something reminiscent of mischief and delight right before tugging the silky white panties down your legs. He sat up, pulling your legs up by your thighs, panties coming to your knees before he pushed your legs to your chest, fully taking them off. Jack rubbed a hand at his jawline in a form of preparation before bringing your legs back down around him.

He knees still kept your arched legs apart, revealing your hot, velvet, folds to him, dripping with juices that beckoned to him to be swallowed up until you were finally dry. That look in his eyes never went away as he continued to stare into the rose between your thighs, fingers prying it apart for a more intimate look. You whimpered at his touch, legs shifting slightly as your chest began to rise and fall at a more rapid pace.

His left thumb found its way to your erect clit, pressing into it like a button. Your body budged closer to the headboard as if he were moving you himself. You let out a yelp. He watched your movements carefully. His thumb began moving in slow, agonizing circles, making you drawl out a low moan, hands gripping the gown above your head.

A hand moved to your thigh softly, rubbing you gently and running over the inner thigh while his thumb stopped, sliding two digits inside of you. You sighed as the feeling of his fingers pressing inside of you. They pumped gently, getting slick and rubbing your walls. He pushed upwards, finding that sweet spot so easily and quickly.

You yelped at the touch, thighs twitching once at the sudden pleasure that ate you up. He smiled, massaging it aggressively and making you squeal, hips trying to buck but were held down by his other hand, “Shh, it’s okay!” He said sweetly with a charming chuckle entangled in his words.

“But it feels s-so good, Jack.” You voice quivered, and you could have sworn you saw him shiver when you said his name.

He smirked, holding you down with one hand and teasing you with the other. He leaned and got down onto his chest, sinking his head into you. His tongue reached out and, with a long drag, elicited a delicious, loud moan from your lips as his pressed around your clit. His tongue lapped wetly and flatly onto your clit, giving every centimeter of it attention and bliss as it rubbed around, fingers still at work.

You felt an intense stirring sitting in the bottom of your belly, humming, buzzing. Your hips bucked as your legs shook. You felt it building up and up and up, but was suddenly thrown into a standstill when Jack sat up onto his knees quickly, mouth off and fingers out. You gasped loudly,
panting quietly, looking confused, more or less. He smirked at you, a look befitting for his face.

“Not yet,” his hand ran over your thigh, “little girl.” The words drowned your senses like alcohol, stirring at the pet name, the deep pit gravel voice, dripping onto you like tar.

Jack swiftly pushed down his pajama pants, and you watched as it pushed past his cock and let it bounce out. As he pushed them off past his knees and off of the bed, you admired his length; definitely above average in every aspect.

He suddenly pushed your legs apart, closing in on you and in between your legs, “Wa-wait, you’re not gonna let me. . .?” You motioned down to his cock and he smiled, positioning himself over you.

“Not this time.” He said in a teasing voice as you sighed, feeling like you needed to give him a little something too.

“Are you sure?” You asked, watching him with a shiver as he licked his hand and wet his tip and a little bit of the shaft.

“Yes, I’m sure.” He said with a nod, the tip pressing into your folds.

You gasped as he grabbed his length and pushed it around, rubbing your entire slit. You squirmed in reply which made him smile. Before you knew it, his member found its way to your entrance, just giving a little nudge to prepare you.

You looked at Jack and noticed he was holding back. He seemed extremely eager, but knew not to force himself angrily into you – at least not this time. You pushed the nightgown off of your arms and brought them around his neck, making him look at you. You smiled at him just as he gave a hard thrust and found himself buried inside of you.

You, on the other hand, yelled in pain at the unexpected pulling. It wasn’t too painful, kind of mixed up in the pleasure, but very uncomfortable nonetheless. He quickly felt concerned, “[Y/N], I-I’m sorry, are you okay?” Jack gasped, face contorting just ever so slightly in distress. You nodded.

“I’m fine, Jack, I’ll be fine.” You reassured him, the pain slowly dissipating as your cunt stretched itself out to fit him better.

“Sorry, you’re just,” he gave a good thrust, making your face heat up and letting a moan escape, “ah, fuck, you’re just so damn tight.” He growled, making your pussy tighten at his words, squeezing him more. “If you keep doing that I’m gonna cum a lot sooner than we both hope.” He said with an anxious chuckle. You constricted more at his words.

“Well, i-if you keep saying things like that I can’t help you.” Your voice was small and you couldn’t help but look away. As bold as you usually were, you could never really reciprocate with dirty talk because you were too embarrassed, even though it is a turn on for you.

Jack smiled, thrusting into you hard, making you moan loudly. He watched you with ecstasy as you continued to experience the euphoria. The sound of his skin slapping against yours echoed throughout the room as did your voice, nothing but grunts and pants on his end. He rested on one arm curled around his head with his hand in his hair while the other propped him up on the other side of you. One of your arms was still on his back, nails digging ever so slightly into him, the other arm was over your forehead, trying to cover your face. You were a little timid about Jack looking at you in the most vulnerable state you could be in.
He seemed to be a little flustered, or annoyed, rather, that you were looking away from him. When it came to intercourse, Jack wanted his partner’s attention, eyes locked, bodies completely in sync with each other, and right now he wanted your attention. Bad. He felt so lost inside you, completely falling entangled in your life, your ways. He found you obnoxious when time helped heal you when you first came into Overwatch, seeing you as a child and a potential hazard. Now, he couldn’t help but find himself swimming laps in your eyes, seeing nothing but a halo around your pretty little head. He wanted to keep you in a display case. He felt so possessive. Nobody could have you but him.

He sat up swiftly, grabbing your legs and throwing them over his shoulder. He leaned in close to your torso, your legs the only barrier between the two of you. His hands pushed away yours from your face, grabbing the sides of your head. Jack held your head firmly, but not aggressive or tight, just secure enough to have your eyes snapped open to his.

Jack’s features were relaxed. Very relaxed, but also focused. He stared with such intensity you almost squirmed in his grasp, “Eyes on me.” He commanded in a smooth voice like honey. The look in his eyes made your body lose any tension immediately. He gave a good thrust, making you gasp, eyes still glued to his, your face bright red.

You felt almost humiliated. You consider locking eyes during sex to be very intimate, which is why you only have sex in relationships. Sex, to you, was the final turn of a key in a lock. It helped solidify a relationship, ground it. You knew that after this there won’t be any going back, and if you did want to go back, it would take a long time. Simply, you get attached after intercourse. Your feelings were going to blossom further for Jack, and knowing him well enough, this would probably mean more than a fling to him.

He continued with the thrusts, your moans louder than with the usual missionary position. He pushed you to where your thighs were flat against your torso, keening you upwards and into the perfect position for him to hit your sweet spot while also hitting your clit. You struggled to keep your eyes open, eyebrows furrowed in the strong pleasure.

His hands didn’t hold your head tightly since he was focused on the thrusts. You tilted a cheek into his palm, your hands gliding up the outside of his forearm and onto the backs of his hands. His thumb found its way into your mouth. You slipped your tongue around his digit, occasionally suckling, the fluctuating actions making your moans either muffled or louder as he would press his thumb down onto your thumb.

“Oh, God, Jack!” You gasped in between moans onto his hand, his digit moist and dripping with your saliva.

“You’re so tight, [Y/N].” He breathed into your ear, his words hot and giving you such a powerful chill down your spine. You were a little surprised, not really thinking he’s the kind for dirty talk, like, at all. Either way, it made your walls tighten around his cock.

“I-it feels so good, Jack!” You moaned so loudly, whimpering and yipping.

Jack was hitting that sweet spot like it was his job, earning the tastiest sounds to erupt from your throat and play in his ears like his favorite song, the walls echoing and singing it back to him as an instant replay. You felt yourself swelling. Brimming. Right at the edge. Jack could tell, too, by the sudden heavy flushness in your cheeks, the way your voice was getting louder. He smirked.

Jack pulled out, releasing your legs from their hold against your chest. You panted with a gasp, shocked at the sudden denial of an orgasm. He shuffled over to a side of you, lying onto his side and pushing you to face opposite of him. You obeyed and lied onto your side, letting him pull you
into him, your legs up to mimic as if you were sitting in a chair. He brought his cock up to you, the
tip poking for your entrance, finding it quickly and burrowing himself deeply until you took him all
in. A moan drawled from your mouth, the lusciousness of being filled completely. He positioned
your outside leg to rest over his, opening your legs up, his hand on your hip.

Jack began pushing in and out of you, keeping you moaning, but taking you by surprise from his
other hand finding your clit. You didn’t realize his arm was underneath and had access, but you
were glad he did. Jack rubbed side to side in a very fast motion, your moans quivering at the
doubled pleasure.

“Ah! Jack, if you keep doing that I’m gonna cum.” You whined, feeling his lips begin to sloppily
kiss your neck. “J-Jack!” You gasped, his movements becoming faster.

You know when you fill a glass of water up to the very top it gets to full that it almost bubbles over
the glass? Where the molecules are able to stick together enough not to completely fall
everywhere: surface tension. That brimming that’s just on the edge where one drop could break
that. Now, imagine that, but instead of a single droplet of water on it, it gets absolutely body
slammed and the water falls everywhere and the glass is completely shattered. That’s how the
orgasm felt.

It was so strong that your back arched against him, eyes rolling back, eyelashes fluttering shut,
pussy clamping tight around him, accompanied by such a loud scream of release. You almost
thought demons were leaving your body. Jack panted against your shoulder as you screamed out
his name so loud and so much, you almost thought it was yours.

“Oh my God, Jack! Don’t stop!” You yelled, a cold wave surfing over your body, leaving
goosebumps in its wake.

You didn’t know if you there were stars or fireworks, as your orgasm was so strong all that was in
your vision was white. Your body heaved and he giggled so sweetly.

“It’s okay, it’s okay.” He cooed with a chuckle, still rubbing your clit, still pumping inside of you,
your body wracked with shakes from the waves.

He took his hand from your clit. The other hand that was on your hip pushed you onto your
stomach as you lazily flopped there, panting, cunt throbbing, begging for more. Jack had gotten
onto his knees and crawled behind you, grabbing your hips and hoisting them up, your chest on the
bed with your ass high in the air. You yelped at his sudden grabbing. He rubbed himself all over
your swollen pussy, groaning before abruptly pushing himself inside your still tight cave.

His movements became harsher, stronger, slamming that sweet spot of yours, feeling yourself
brimming again, “J-Jack, I’m-!” You cried, your moans rougher as your throat was beginning to
feel raw from all the moaning. His nails dug into your ass and hips, his cock burying deep into you,
skin slapping loudly against skin. You let out a loud scream.

“Jack, I’m cumming! Oh God!” You yelled, waves crashing against you again, pounding your
body.

He let out a loud grunt, “[Y/N], can I cum inside?” He asked, his cock throbbing inside of you.

“Yes, please cum inside me, Jack!” You panted, grabbing at the sheets, eyes closed tightly, body
trembling, world spinning.

He let out a loud grunt, then a deep, gravelly growl. Jack exploded inside of you, and, you
speculated it’s because of the soldier enhancement program, there was so much cum. You felt it all and let out a gasp, getting strangely turned on as well, to the sudden amount that poured inside of you, bubbling and dripping out. Jack’s hands were tightly wound, squeezing you so hard that the pleasure masked the pain.

He pulled himself out, panting, watching with some strange satisfaction of the appearance of his white cum coming out of you abundantly. Still, he felt at least a little guilty at the amount, “Sorry, [Y/N], it’s the . . . enhancements.” He mumbled.

You sat up and it immediately began to dribble out and onto the sheets, “Shit.” You said quietly and quickly. Everything is always sexy and hot in the moment, but when it’s all said and done? Kinda fucking gross.

You cupped your hand underneath your crotch, jumped off the bed, and hobbled to his bathroom with your nightgown thrown over your shoulder. You turned on the light with your free hand and closed the door with your foot, finding this process the most embarrassing part despite the fact that Jack had already seen you in one of the most vulnerable states to be in. You quickly went to the toilet and did your business of trying to get it all out as fast as humanly possible.

You used to read a lot of fanfiction, and whenever the smut would come up the couple would end everything with going to bed. After being in a position where you’ve had unprotected sex, as they did in the stories as well, you were always confused. Did they just . . . go to sleep with semen just sitting inside of them?

You sneered at the thought, knowing that you had to take care of yourself after or risk getting a nasty infection that leads to a doctor’s visit and antibiotics, and you knew this through personal experience, unfortunately.

You flushed the remains away and cleaned yourself as best as you could, glad you didn’t work up much of a sweat, but still kind of smelling of sex. You slid on your nightgown and washed your hands and went out to the bedroom, turning off the bathroom light to see Jack wearing his pajama pants and his usual white shirt, stripping the bed of his sheets.

“I hate to say this, but I don’t have any extra sheets.” He sighed, rolling them into a ball and tossing them back onto the bed.

“Well, I have a bed too, ya know.” You said with a small smile. “It’s not as big as yours, and it’s a little firmer, but it has clean sheets.” He nodded at you.

“A bed’s a bed.” He said, walking over to you.

He stopped in front of you and cupped your cheek in his hands, pulling you into a deep kiss. You still felt like you were on cloud nine, the kiss mixing with the euphoria and bliss of the post-sex happiness. You felt like you could just melt and dissolve into a heap onto the floor, feeling your chest swell with delight.

“C’mon, let’s go.” He said, placing his hand on the back of your neck and directing you to the door. It was a power move, but he meant it with sincerity and not control, so you condoned it.

“Wait, what about your mask?” You asked, pausing before the door, glancing at his mask.

“I have to go out on a mission before sunrise. No one will be awake to see me.” He said with finality.

“Are you sure? I know D.Va likes to crawl out of her cave to get snacks in the middle of the night
“every once in a while.” You told him, making him chuckle. His smile made you melt.

“I’ll be fine.” He said once more, opening the door to the quiet and empty hallway.

The two of you walked quickly to your door, trotting inside and closing the door quickly. You both crawled into bed, finding yourself cuddling loosely, the two of you too exhausted and completely satiated with the events that had just occurred. Your head was resting on his chest, his arm wrapped around you.

“Good night, Jack.” You said quietly, fatigue hitting you like a freight train out of nowhere.

“Night, [Y/N].” He replied back, equally tired.

You found yourself lost in sleep quickly. Your body was satiated, but also aching all over, your pelvic bone especially. You blamed it on him and his soldier program for his strength that carried on through his 20’s to now. You wondered if his strength had dwindled or grew, or even stayed at the same level. You figured you would start writing your questions down for him just so he could answer everything all at once and get it all out of the way.

First question: what made you want to join the military?

Second question: have you always been kind of a dick?

Third question: a horrible thing to ask after having unprotected sex, but how many partners have you had? And have you ever been tested?

The questions began to pile up and your dreams reflected that of a nervous self-conscious. You knew you shouldn’t worry, because you knew Jack genuinely loved you. He really, truly did. He wasn’t vocal about it, but the dedication he had towards you and the fact that he was opening up were signs of it. The fact that he trusted you enough to have sex with him was gratifying, and you weren’t reminded of Gabriel in the slightest. You knew that you could chalk this one up as a victory for yourself, and hopefully for Jack too.
You stirred as light poured onto your face, your mind being ripped from a dream that you can no longer recall. You groaned, eyes creaking open like an old door. Your face felt sunken and gaunt, like you only had four hours of sleep. You looked at the clock on the nightstand. You did, in fact, only get four hours of sleep.

You looked to where the light came from, and it was Soldier: 76, all dressed up complete with his mask. “Get up,” He started, “I’m taking you on a mission with me.” If this was a lot earlier into your stay with Overwatch, this would be a lot more exciting; however, you were more concerned with wanting four, or even five, more hours of sleep.

You sighed, rolling your eyes, “Do I have to?” You whined like a teenager. Your body felt sluggish and your mind foggy.

“Yes. You do.”

“Why?” You headed to the door.

“Because I said so.”

With that, you huffed and headed into your room, putting on your usual outfit. You washed your face, brushed your hair and your teeth, put on your shoes, and left your room. You met up with 76 outside of your door. “Let’s go.” He nudged his head, guiding you down the hallway and into the elevator.

The lights were dim, a little creepy. He hit the button to the garage and you were, in all honesty, not that excited for this mission. “So what are we doing on said mission?” You asked him. “Don’t ask questions. Just follow along.”

You didn’t know what it was and where you were going, but deep down you knew he would not have answered your questions. Keeping quiet was your best course of action.

You glanced up at him out of the corner of your eye. He was tall and stoic, quiet and stern. He was the grey and black clouds before the storm, and his attitude was the rain. Sometimes . . . you didn’t know what you saw in him. You genuinely felt as if you might love him, but his military way is grinding down on how much you can care for him. Last night was a phenomenal experience (which left you aching a little today), but when it came to him with his mask on everything was
different. You knew this, though. His mask was the persona and the character that he portrays, and it takes up so much of his time and his life. With the mask off he is so much more than ex-military and a super soldier. How do I love thee? Let me count the ways . . .

You arrived at your destination. The lights in the garage snapped on in a wave as you two entered. The vehicles glistened against the bright lights. You looked around at all the vehicles, expecting to be in D.Va’s car again, but 76 grabbed a different set of keys. You cocked a brow as he walked beyond her pink convertible and disappeared behind a large military like car.

“Well?” You heard him call out to you.

You jogged over and passed the large car to see him next to a motorcycle. It was charcoal and black, and very shiny. He had clicked on a helmet piece to his mask that completes it as a helmet. “Put on the other helmet.” You walked over to the bike, picking up the other helmet and looking it over before sliding it on. You heard a soft static and suddenly his voice, surround sound, “Get on behind me. We don’t want to be late.” Late to what?! You, in annoyance, got on behind him, wrapping your arms around his waist. He turned on the motorcycle and it roared to life, vibrating beneath you. The motorcycle lifted into the air smoothly and the garage door opened, and you both were on your way.

You watched the scenery as it passed you, the sky still dark, but not the same darkness as 12 AM. The middle of the night darkness always felt different to you. It felt almost reborn, new, fresh. It felt like it cleansed you and told you that today is the day. Today is a new day. With a yawn and tear filled eyes, you knew this new day would require a nap. You rested your head against Soldier: 76’s back, sighing.

“Don’t fall asleep.” His voice said softly. You groaned.

“I’m not.” Came your tired, scratchy voice. You heard a soft chuckle.

Was it really the mask that made him this way? Or was it just Overwatch? Was it the fact that people could catch him being soft or nice and would ruin a façade? Is this a façade? Or is there just two sides to the coin? You can’t blame everything on the mask. You know of his past experiences and what he went through. You are aware. This is probably just who he is, like how you can be serious only a fraction of the time, that is him most of the time. You’re usually pretty upbeat, but he is only upbeat a fraction of the time. The thought of you two being such extraordinarily opposite was scary. You were scared that you were having second thoughts about the course of this relationship.

Also, you have to take in that it is four in the morning and of course you’re going to feel slightly bitter towards him for waking you up. You’re betting money on being tired. Who, in their right mind, wakes somebody up at 4 AM with no notice and no explanation?

You noticed that you two were in the city now, and one of the few people out. Only a few cars went by, and only a few people on the streets. He slowed down his speed as he began to wind around backstreets, and soon, entering an ally. The large, metal buildings, not brick unlike decades ago, towered above both sides of you, illuminating the alley by the way of the moon. He slowed down to stop by a door and a dumpster. On the door was a torn up poster of Overwatch, still standing against the weathers and hate.

The motorcycle planted itself onto the ground, turning off. You got off the bike and took off the helmet, taking in your surroundings. You felt on edge. On guard. Being outside of the base was . . . quite unnerving. You feared to see Talon roaming these dark nights. Even though Soldier: 76 was here, unloading his rifle from underneath the motorcycle’s secret seat compartment, you knew you
couldn’t rely on him to save you. You can’t rely on people to always save you.

76 went up to the door, pounding on it with a fist, holding the rifle, his helmet piece clipped onto his belt. A small sliding peephole opened quickly. The eyes peered sharply at Soldier: 76, but the person never said a word. He was waiting. “The Mark of the Beast.” Is all 76 said. The peephole snapped shut. You heard locks sliding, twisting, opening, whirring, and the door finally opened. It creaked open slightly. Soldier: 76 took your hand and pulled you inside with him. You went to grip his hand, but when you both were in and the door was closed, he let you go. You sighed, a look of disappointment hitting your face.

“Follow me.” The man behind the peephole appeared in front of you. He was massively tall, taller than 76, and walked with large shoulders, a little hunched, while 76 walked proud with shoulders back.

The two of you followed the man down the hallway. You had your helmet in your other hand, but you brought it to your chest, holding it close to you. You both went down a few flight of stairs with grimy walls, lights barely lighting the way. You couldn’t even see your feet. You passed a couple of doors, and you heard screaming behind a few. Oh, good, Soldier: 76 was selling you to some weird Black Market shit.

The man stopped in front of a door and opened it for the two of you. It revealed a massive room with a few stairs taking you to different levels of the room. There was a section with mechanics and robots, another with blueprints and architecture, a massive printer, and there were so many propaganda posters littering the walls. In the very center, however, it was glassed in with a giant table and many chairs, people walking around and talking, seemingly waiting.

Soldier: 76 started going down the steps, making you follow. You expected everyone to stop and stare at you, but there was none of that. The presence the two of you had made no disruption to the workflow, but you did prefer it that way. Everybody seemed frazzled, exhausted, and burnt out, but they all seemed fueled by the same thing. You could tell that they were all working for a cause, for a better future. They fought through their fatigue and tired eyes, the very same as yours, to make a change. Was this thought meant to make you feel lesser? Maybe, maybe not. This organization and yours are completely different in both tactics and approach, so everyone is going to function differently. You, however, like to function on a full eight hours of sleep.

As you two had gotten closer, a woman much older than you with crazy hair and crazy eyes in the glass room turned around, and she beamed at you with a gappy smile, “42!” She yelled happily, though it was muffled for you. You gasped, your eyes brightening and your death grip on the helmet loosened as you realized you were, in fact, in a safe place. “38!” You ran down the rest of the steps and towards the glass room. She opened the door for you and you went in.

“42, my dear! It’s so good to see you! I thought I would never had seen you again, ya know?!” She pulled you into a tight hug that took you off guard, so you patted her back. “But don’t be afraid to call me Janice.”

“So you do have names.” You joked with a smile. She laughed and nodded.

“Of course, of course. But back at Talon, it was all numbers! You! You have no name! Numbers only!” She mocked the guards and then made a funny whipping sound. You couldn’t help but laugh. Not because it was relatable, or because it was actually funny since people were tortured and probably killed, but because she was completely moved on from it. Distanced. She is a woman of action, and this is her revenge. This is how she is overcoming this. It also probably wasn’t her first rodeo with that kind of thing, so she is either very resilient or she did have a loose screw or two in the head.
Soldier: 76 came in and closed the door. Janice put her hands on her hip with a smile. “Mr. 76. A pleasure.” She put out her hand and he gave it a firm shake. “The pleasure is mine.” He said in a serious tone. Janice looked around and threw her hands up.

“Alright! Meeting time everyone!”

Everyone began to take seats and you snagged one right next to Soldier. Janice stayed standing behind her chair at the head. There a board behind her with plans, and a poster reading: Salvation. It hit you like a bus. You didn’t put it together just a moment ago, but this is Salvation. This is what 38- Janice, was talking about on the bus when you were being transferred from Talon’s main base. And from the looks of it, she’s the head. You felt a hand cover your hand. You glanced at 76 and noticed he put his hand on yours reassuringly. He gave a gentle squeeze before taking his hand back to his lap. You couldn’t help but smile.

“Now, we have some lovely guests here: Soldier: 76 and [Y/N] from Overwatch.” Your smile fell and you gave her a confused look. She knew your name. Janice laughed at your expression. “Listen, honey, of course I know your name. You’re with Overwatch. It was very hard convincing Mr. 76 here to bring you, so I’m very excited for you to make it. And the guards at Talon never really called you by your number, ya know.” Made sense. “So. We are all here to come up with a plan to put a stop to the torturing of people in both Talon’s hands and the government’s hands.” You were suddenly very confused, but you understood all at the same time. Why were you here for this? She was very lively, talking and acting out with her body and hands, which made her very vivacious and charismatic. This was also a PR’s worst nightmare.

“I would just like to state,” 76 started, all eyes on him, “that we are currently not here to devise plans. This is a formality meeting.” He stood up, drawing in all of the attention. “Overwatch is not here to become revolutionists. We do not want to involve ourselves with the government as that is an issue in and within itself. We do, however, want to see the end of Talon, and we will do whatever we can to meet the needs of reaching that goal.” He took a seat. Wow. He was a good public speaker, the opposite of a PR’s worst nightmare, so something like a wet dream.

“Of course, of course,” started Janice, “I would never expect that from you, ya know, being an ex-soldier still in an organization from an old government branch,” you couldn’t tell if she was taking a dig at him or not, “but we will appreciate all of the help to stop Talon and their efforts. They’re a very big organization, ya know. The downside with it is this: it has government backers. If you don’t think politicians are involved you’re honestly crazy.” She was pretty crazy herself, so that really pushed her point.

“I am well aware of what goes on in the government, and the people who are a part of it. This is a risk I am willing to take. Talon has nothing but hostile intentions for cities and countries on a global scale. This isn’t some small-town gang; this is a full blown criminal organization. I cannot let them proceed any further.” Soldier: 76 had to keep a tight leash on his emotions with the knowledge that you were taken by them.

“Well, it seems Talon and the government are after Overwatch, and most importantly,” she nodded towards you, “the girl.” You blinked. Janice threw her arms into the air. “You’re a government experiment! They want you back- no, they need you back, ya know. You ran from the suits and now you’re in hiding – with Overwatch. Even more reason for them to strike all of you, ya know.” She nodded, causing everyone at the table to nod as well.

“So,” Soldier started, reeling the conversation back, “shall we reconvene tomorrow? I can bring two others while still bringing [Y/N] here. We can discuss plans and start coming up with strategies.” Janice nodded, smiling.
“Yah, I think that’s a good idea. We can go ahead and meet tomorrow around the same time, maybe?” She said, everybody standing up.

“Copy that.” Soldier: 76 said with a nod and you smiled, nodding. You both started to exit when you heard your name.

“[Y/N]! [Y/N]!” You turned to see Janice. You stopped midway up the stairs as Soldier waited for you at the top.

Janice ran up to you, grasping your shoulders with her skeletal like hands, gripping you tightly. Her eyes wide, her mouth twitching into a smile, “Listen, [Y/N], I just wanted to let you know how happy I was to see you, ya know. We’re gonna keep you safe – real safe, gonna keep you real safe. You’re vital to this. You hold a lot of secrets. Not necessarily in your head but in your genetic makeup. You’re all scrabbled up like a rubix cube, ya know. But we can figure you out. We’ve got this.” You couldn’t help but smile. You didn’t know if she was being genuine about being able to find out why and how this happened to you or if she was just spewing things, but you appreciated the sentiment at the very least.

“Goodbye, Janice. I’ll see you tomorrow.” She pulled you into a hug.

“Tomorrow.” She whispered before letting you go. You waved goodbye as you followed Soldier: 76 through the door.

The man took you both back through the dark hallways that smelt of mildew and mold and upstairs and around corners until you finally reached the door. You both exited, putting on the helmets. You let 76 get onto the motorcycle and hopped onto the back, holding onto him as he started it up, letting it hover ever so into the sky before taking off.

The roads were still quiet, the sky still black. It felt so quiet. Eerie. You felt as if you were in a liminal space: in a threshold, a transition, waiting. It made you feel slightly off, but being alone in usually bustling busy streets was romantic in and of itself. If not romantic it was intimate. It made you feel closer to Soldier: 76. You didn’t know if he felt the same way right now or not, but you sure felt this way, and there was no stopping that.

You stared up at the starless sky, the empty mass that you could just fall into, like a void, an abyss. It was so deep and vacant, yet so full of wonder. You love these little moments. These little splendors that you notice as the days go on. The scenery was similar to your time period, but also different. You’ve noticed that, here in this time, it’s so much easier to breathe. The air was so fresh and crisp. Pollution was reduced drastically. But, then and now, in a city, you still stare up at the vast starless sky at night, the stars filtered out from the artificial lights.

You began to wonder how beautiful of a view Soldier: 76 had when he lived in the country, growing up on a farm in the middle of nowhere. If that were you, you would spend nights lying on the grass or on a blanket, staring up at the sky. You can only imagine how clear the view is. You can only imagine the gleaming Milky Way, wishing you could dip your hand into it and just touch it. You would skim your hands over and around the balls of light, the little stars. Of course, that is unrealistic as stars are massive exploding balls of mass, but you like to imagine.

“Do you need anything?” You heard 76’s voice suddenly vibrate in your ears, snapping you out of the daydream.

“Huh?” You were taken a little bit by surprise.

“While we’re out. Do you need anything.” He actually didn’t sound annoyed by your spacing out.
“I’m fine.” You said softly.

“Are you sure?” He said gruffly in a low voice. You hugged him tighter.

“I’m sure. Thank you, 76.” He nodded.

Soldier: 76 pulled into the garage, powering down the motorcycle. You got off the bike and took off the helmet, yawning loudly, “I think I’m gonna go back to bed.” You nodded towards him and he nodded back, taking off the helmet piece. You waved, heading to the elevator and getting inside, yawning again. The fatigue was hitting you like a freight train.

The elevator shot upwards and released you onto your floor, stepping out and walking to your room and going inside. You closed the door and remembered that Winston had Cherry Pie, making you sigh in relief. You just got your little nugget back into your life, so losing her was a big no-no. You peeled off your clothes and kicked your shoes off, only in underwear, too tired to put on pajamas. You pulled down the covers and slid in, falling asleep instantly.

When you woke up you looked at your phone, noticing it was well past ten. You were still a little tired, but you felt better than you did at 4 AM with four hours of sleep. That was terrible. You got out of bed, getting ready like usual, the teeth brushing, hair brushing, putting on clothes and shoes, and then out the door. Breakfast was over, but you didn’t mind.

You walked into the living room to see Lucio and D.Va. You peered around. “Hey, [Y/N]! Whatcha lookin’ for?” Lucio asked, smiling. The two were playing a game against each other and D.Va was beating him now that his attention was on you. “Hey, Lucio, I was just noticing that Tracer isn’t here. Where is she?” You asked, walking towards the couch.

“Oh, you might wanna check out the lab! 76 told me to tell you that after you wake up you’ll wanna go there anyways.”

“Oh, okay. Thanks!” You said, waving as Lucio was yelling something in Brazilian as D.Va won the match, snickering.

You headed to the elevator to see McCree standing in front, pressing the down button. You smiled, walking up next to him. He looked at you and raised his eyebrows, smiling, “Well, well, well, if it ain’t lil’ miss sunshine herself!” He said happily, pulling you into a side hug. You laughed, “Hey, McCree!” You chimed brightly.

He was so very attractive, but at this point in knowing him, you feel like he’s the cool uncle that everybody wants because when you’re 14 he’ll sneak you a beer and your mom (his sister) gets mad and he’s like “hey, hey, hey, the kid’s 14 she could be doing worse” and your mom is like “you’re never coming back to the family parties, McCree” and he’s like “don’t be like the Kaightlynn” and then he’s never coming back to the parties ever again. But then he’ll pop up when you’re moving into your dorm room out of nowhere all like “hey there, pardner, lemme help you with that box” and will put together your bookshelf for you and bring you a twelve-pack of beers. It was all a strangely specific narrative, and your mother’s name isn’t “Kaightlynn”, but it felt applicable for McCree.

“You headin’ to the meetin’?” McCree asked as the elevator dinged open, the two of you stepping in.
“Yeah. Lucio told me to head there. Do you know what this is all about?” You asked him as he clicked for Winston’s lab.

“I’d tell you, but I’d rather it be someone else so . . . you’re gonna hafta’ wait.” He said while lighting his cigar. Your face turned to worry, confused about what was to come, so you turned your head to the side to hide your expression.

The elevator doors slid open and you both walked into the lab to see a group upstairs. The two of you headed up together until you heard loud meowing. You gasped, seeing Cherry Pie waiting for you at the top of the stairs. You grinned, running up and sweeping her into your arms, holding her over your shoulder and she pressed herself against you, purring.

You saw Winston, Tracer, Soldier: 76, Dr. Ziegler, and now you and McCree, all gathered. “Ah! [Y/N], McCree, so nice for you both to finally join us!” Winston said happily as you two approached everyone.

“Don’t tell me ya’ll were startin’ the parties by yourselves?” McCree said teasingly as Winston shook his head, chuckling.

“You might’ve missed the main points, but I’m sure Tracer can debrief you about it all afterwards.” He said. You looked at everyone, “So what’s going on?” You asked, not feeling in the loop. You knew this had to tie in with what happened this morning with Salvation, but why was it being kept like you didn’t know? A secret?

“Right. So. You met with Janice today, the leader of Salvation,” Winston began, “and Soldier: 76 here was talking about plans and strategies and tactics and what-have-you.” He cleared his throat. “We are thinking about teaming up with them to take down Talon.” You nodded.

“Well, I figured that with what was being said at the meeting.” You shrugged.

“I don’t think you see the severity of this, [Y/N].” Winston said in a low voice. You looked around at everyone.

“I mean we’re essentially waging war, I get that.”

“Well . . . you play a very important key role, [Y/N], and we don’t want you . . . getting hurt.”


“We don’t want you getting caught either.”

“Right, I mean, me neither. I was taken before I think I can be a little more aware this time.”

“Well, okay, what I mean is-“

“-Oh, Winston, please,” Tracer piped in, an upset look on her face, “[Y/N], you need to stay out of this. We don’t want you coming with when this all happens. We need you to stay back and hideout here. It’ll be safer for you.” You furrowed your brows, upset. You started to feel hurt, almost betrayed.

“I mean I completely understand last time with Talon, but I mean come on!”

“You’re not quite there yet, [Y/N].” Tracer was sugarcoating it, but she was essentially saying you’re not skilled enough. Understandable, but knowing this battle has you as a key role and why the battle is happening makes you feel like a burden. You want to take part. You want to make a
difference, to make a change. Just like all of the people in Salvation sacrificing their health and their lives for a purpose.

You sighed. “[Y/N], if you get taken again we don’t know if we can get you back.” 76 spoke up. Your neck went hot and you squeezed Cherry Pie in fear. You never saw it that way. “Especially if the government gets you.” You looked down and around.

“So what do I do.” You asked, which sounded more like a statement.

“You need to stay here, [Y/N].” 76 said again. You nodded.

“If that’s what I have to do to make this easier for everyone, then I’ll do it.”

Winston nodded, “Right. So tomorrow, accompanying 76 to Salvation, [Y/N], will be you, Tracer, and myself, so everybody get some rest while you can and we will all meet at the garage tomorrow morning at 5 AM.” You bit your lip to keep from groaning and rolling your eyes or sighing.

Everybody dispersed, and you thanked Winston for watching CP for the night before leaving. You felt torn, in turmoil. You knew you weren’t strong enough to fight from the very beginning. You knew this. But you didn’t want to face it. You didn’t want to think about it. It was heartbreaking to know that you’re too inexperienced to help with something you, involuntarily, have a part. All you knew now was to accept your role and to do what you can to make everything easier for the people involved. If staying out of it is your only option, then, so God, you will do your best.

For the rest of the day you let Cherry Pie follow you around everywhere you went. She sat on your lap, slept in sunlight, didn’t mind you yelling while playing video games, slept on Zenyatta, killed a fly, she had such a great time; but she was always with you. Nonstop. She was always near you to some degree. When you left the room, she followed. When you took a little nap, she napped with you.

Life has been exponentially better with her finally being with you, especially now, with you going to bed super early for the meeting tomorrow morning. You told 76 you and Cherry Pie “needed quality time”, so you were sharing a bed with just her tonight. You told him you will stay with him in his bed tomorrow night.

As you were falling asleep, off, off into a slumber filled abyss, you imagined Jack spooning you as you spooned Cherry Pie. Is that what actual families are like? You much preferred a cat, however, instead of a baby, but who knew that your dreams will become a reality! You softly pet your furbaby as she purred into a deep snooze with her body curled into yours. Imagining having Jack and Cherry Pie, along with everybody else, supporting and loving you, who could ever want anything more?

Chapter End Notes

Also, just so everyone is aware, I mentally have 38/Janice played by Carol Kane. So there is that. This chapter isn’t very long, but it’s kind of just a little pick me up lol thank you all for putting up with that AWFUL HIATUS OF MINE...
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!