Call to Arms
by Spatial

Summary

Inspired by the events in Aa’ilah, but set in the beta/Kamilah-lives verse of Halycon Days... 18ish years post-canon.

Adelah faces an unexpected threat, but despite trying to forge a path outside of her family's substantial legacy, proves herself to be a textbook Amari.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

- Inspired by Halcyon Days by Lycoriseum

Adelah Amari pants with exertion, sweat drips from her short dark waves, and she glances frantically behind her.

They’re gaining on her , her only thought as her sneakers pound against the cracked pavement. When she looks back ahead of her, the weight of the protective helmet on the seventeen-year-old’s head shifts awkwardly, and the straps chafe against her tawny bronze cheek.

Mama made her wear the clunky thing and Adé always put up a superficial argument against the burdensome precaution: it's not like it was really necessary… not when her Mom was a world-renown nanobiologist who routinely brought people back from the dead and Adé’s own blood had rushed with leading-edge nanotechnology since before she was born. You could say both of her
parents were constantly protecting her, but that'd be an understatement.

No, the helmet wasn't necessary, but it made Mama happy and had been a convenient place to mount the povcam…

The cam.

Adé slaps a hand against the helmet, checking that the small, dual-lens camera is still angled to get what she was seeing… hopefully Hana is watching back at the Point’s control center...

Adelah jumps and clears a pile of decommissioned holo tires. She winces as her foot clips the top one, hearing a synthesized cry and metallic crash as it collides with one of the bodies behind her. She doesn’t pause to see what happened.

The rusting stacks of shipping containers and empty crates cast long shadows across her path, and her eyes have trouble focusing… *Just a little further...*

Flying around the next corner, she gives a practiced flick to the telescoping pole staff in her hand. Lightweight but strong, the staff is like an extension of her arms. Responsive. Familiar. Dependable. Ready for the next obstacle she faced.

Looming before her, the path dead ends at the foot of a 16 foot high shear wall: two stacked shipping containers among the many in the warehouse yard. She changes her stride and plants the tip of the staff into a worn divot in the cracked pavement. Her momentum carries her up into the air, and she feels gravity yank against her body as the staff extends the few extra feet needed to land safely on the top. It snaps back to its original length as she comes to a sudden halt the top of the platform, feet planted wide to steady herself. She’s triggered a sensor monitoring the spot and a red light flashes as she turns to look at the two swiftly approaching people behind her.

The omnic had been closer until the tire had interfered with her course, and now both she and the older teenager drive their own telescoping poles into their respective divots below.

Adelah tilts her head as they fly up towards her, turning her baton-sized staff horizontally between herself and the others. She hears hysteric laughter through the comm in her ear and an incredulous shout from Edvin. Her staff extends and the boy is abruptly knocked backwards as his pole collides with Adelah’s near chest height.

Teka reacts faster, extending her own specialized staff further and executing a somersault to compensate for the added height. She lands gracefully on Adelah’s opposite side, the rubber soles on her feet muffling the metallic clang of her landing.

Ade turns to smile at the omnic as they hear their friend hit the padded mats below. Edvin is already shouting back up at them as he lies sprawled and prone on his back, “Adé I swear! I don’t know why we even agreed to train with you, you do this every time!”

“And yet you still never expect it… aren’t Overwatch agents supposed to be ever-vigilant and proactive?”

“That’s in the field, this is a makeshift obstacle course for your high school track team,” Edvin scolded as he gestured at the piles of debris and scraps that had been pulled out of his father’s old tinkering workshop.

“Ever-vigilant, Edvin.” Teka announces on speaker, the LEDs on her face displaying a cheeky emoticon. A melodic tone rings out as she taps a finger to the side of her head casing. He stares up at his fellow recruit, confused, before his eyes flick back to Adelah, noticing the povcam for the
first time.

His eyes widen as the comms in their ears go off simultaneously, confirming that Hana had indeed been watching.

"Nice work Teka, Adé," came the voice of the squad leader. "Edvin, report to medbay for a routine eye exam- you should have seen that coming a mile away." Edvin groans and hides his face from the still streaming camera on the younger girl’s helmet.

Their laughter is abruptly cut short as an alarm sounds on the far side of the base. The two junior agents immediately shift to attention, readying to receive status reports or orders through their comms that are beyond Adé's clearance.

Edvin throws down the staff in his hands and sprints toward his equipment bag near the bay doors.

"Adelah, report to the lower hangar!" he shouts back over his shoulder, pulling on his specially developed bracer and powering up his electrowhip.

Teka raises her own customized baton over her head, the hand above the ball joint in her wrist speeding up until the staff is whirring above them, twin trails of blue LEDs blurring into a solid ring of light. She extends her other hand to Adé, whose shoulders slump.

She’d normally jump at the chance to fly the skies with her friend, but red tints her cheeks with embarrassment at the thought of Teka ferrying her to the lower hangar…

The lower hangar, affectionately referred to by the children of Overwatch as “The Bunker,” were fortified quarters that serve as a daycare and emergency shelter. Both functions were overseen by Emily Oxton, and likely the only place Adé was more smothered than when she was beneath her own parents’ wings.

But Adé knows that arguing is useless: Civilian protection is a (if not the) top priority for Overwatch agents, and as the only child of both the current Strike Commander and Head Medical Officer, she’d grown up very protected. Not only under her parents and grandparents watchful eyes, but also those of their closest friends and various subordinates. Edvin Lindholm, youngest son of another retired Overwatch agent, had grown up much the same. But as an Official Recruit (for all of two months mind you) he’d been fast to jump the fence and subject her to all the overbearing coddling they’d lamented over together not even a year ago.

Her eyes flit over to Edvin, or should she say Electricus, since protocol requires geared up Heroes be referred to with their call signs. He’d always wanted to follow in his father’s footsteps… Adé… sought her own path.

...So to the bunker with the rest of the civilians she would go.

Adelah reaches out for the omnic’s hand. “Thanks for helping me train today, Teka,” she smiles at her chrome and silicone plated friend, who’s LED field is already smirking at her in anticipation, “Nice landing. Glad I didn’t tire-”

CLANG! BOOM!

A sudden explosion rocks the makeshift tower and Adelah is violently thrown from the makeshift platform. Her first thought before she even hits the thick safety mat is annoyance at her pun being interrupted, but panic quickly sets in when she realizes she’s lost sight of Teka. Her conscience catches up to her senses and she realizes that the metallic sound she’d heard right before the blast was the sound of something striking Teka’s helicoptering bladestaff. Its primary function was
flight but it was also fast enough to form a deflective whirling shield… Her eyes shot toward the direction of the attack: Teka would take a position between danger and herself.

Sure enough, there’s Teka, hovering 30 feet in the air, the silhouette of two rocket-laden drones another 50 yards out beyond. The tri-prop drones seem to watch them before abruptly splitting apart, one dropping significantly lower to the ground before firing off one of its small rockets towards Adelah.

“Shit!” Adé screams and scrambles to her feet. Edvin rushes past her in the opposite direction, activating the shield on his bracer as he throws himself between the oncoming projectile and his friend.

“Get to the Bunker!” he calls over his shoulder, reverting back to the familiar term in the commotion.

Adelah gets halfway to the open warehouse doors before a partially deflected rocket blast causes her to dive for cover behind a stack of shipping containers. Their range and strength is too familiar, and Adé is reminded of last month’s stolen supply shipment-- Mama had been furiously brooding over her missing munitions until Nana and Mimi had assuaged her with baklava. Adelah watches another of the small rockets as it slams into the fortified wall next to one of the sentries on either side of the open bay door.

“The sentries are the target,” she says as much into her comm as to herself. Whoever got a taste of last month’s supplies seemed to be taking a more direct approach for more.

“Adelah! Are you okay? ” D.Va’s voice crackles in her ear. Adé nods her head, doubtless sending the pov bobbing. “Electricus report!” There’s no response from the ground hero, and worry rises in Adé.

She hears the orders to seek shelter but intermittent clangs from Teka’s blades and the radio silence from Electricus override her sense of self preservation and admittedly thin penchant for following protocol. Rushing down the length of the container, she uses her pole-staff to jump up the next two levels of the stack. It quakes and clatters with the glancing blow of another rocket blast. The sudden sway and risk of collapse should make Adé weary, but she’s never been one to be burdened by a fear of heights.

D.Va resorts to threats as Adelah peaks out around the side of the top level of containers, pole staff extended behind her as a counterbalance.

Adé’s eyes lock onto Teka, still in the sky, frantically trying to deflect blasts while staying airborne… She seemed to glow, flowing tunic top turned sheer as it’s backlit by the evening light, the sun gleaming off her chrome casing. It’s a beautiful sight, and Adé reaches up again to check that her povcam is capturing the mesmerizing view.

A flash of blue light pulls her attention downward. Edvin is doing less well against the lower drone. It’s programming is smart enough to know to stay out of reach of Electricus’s powered whip. The machine watches the youth struggle for a few more moments before starting to fly in a new pattern.

“It’s taunting him,” she hears the voice in her ear as she hears it in her head. Her mentor is still watching, forgetting her previous objective as D.Va becomes engrossed in the invaluable information Adelah’s feed supplies the seasoned tactician.

“What’s it trying to do?” Adelah asks as Electricus’s whip times out after being active for a ten
second cycle.

“Not sure, maybe a diversion… it’s like it wants to be attacked but is staying - hey! You need to get to the Bunker, Adé! You could get- *Fuck!*

Adelah watches in horror as the purpose of the odd flight pattern becomes clear- getting close enough to Electricus and then rocking back, the drone uses its props to send a powerful burst of air toward the freshly reactivated whip. It snaps wildly back around him, and although he’s wearing a protective anti-shock bodysuit and holds up his shield to protect himself from the first impact, the whip is long enough that it wraps around him a second time. With no way to prematurely cut power to the whip, it completes a circuit against the hard light face of the shield being projected from his wristguard. Both devices surge and pop in matching blowouts: he’s been tricked into leaving himself defenseless.

Adelah is moving before the bright flickering lights of the shorting out equipment fades… and she’s decidedly *not* moving toward the bunker. Twenty feet in the air, the drone is righting itself from the maneuver, turning to point one of its two remaining projectiles at her helpless friend.

Adelah uses the pole to vault into the air and then brings the staff up to thrust it at the flying machine. She jams the pole between the propellor and protective ring of one of the drone’s three blades. The prop jams, and the drone wobbles erratically under the additional weight. Adelah grabs for the drone with her free hand. It catches on another ring, and she yelps as the sharp blade cuts into her skin.

But the pain is nothing compared to the sudden realization that they're now plummeting toward the ground.

A sturdy arm wraps around Adelah and her freefall is cut short with a lurch. The silicon panel of Teka’s inner arm grips securely against Adelah’s exposed stomach. The familiarity of flying safely in Teka’s embrace has Adelah laughing in an explosion of nervous laughter.

Teka chortles in response, a relieved digitized chirp that’s cut short when the drone in Adelah’s grip realizes that it's been stabilized enough to fire its last rocket. Its remaining prop rotates the mess of whirring blades and tangled limbs to point the projectile at the warehouse door. The clips on the side of the drone prepare to detach with a mechanical series of clicks as the rocket’s fuse is lit. Teka contorts her body to cradle Adelah against her chest with her legs, freeing her open hand to grasp desperately at the working prop, shattering it and rendering the drone immobile.

The rocket’s fuse continues to crackle ominously.

A shadow passes over them: the other drone preparing to launch its own attack.

The friends share a wide-eyed look and wrench themselves around in the air as the clips release, sending the rocket flying opposite its intended direction. It crashes into the second drone, and explodes in a fiery blast.

Adé cries out and pushes up against Teka in celebration, pressing her lips to the front of the omnic’s head. She pulls back to see the facial display lighting up in a psychedelic pattern centered on the point of contact, the faint smudge of her lip gloss visible on the glass. Adé laughs and rocks them playfully in response.

The swaying motion catches an ominous reflection in the display, and the smile falls from Adelah’s face as she whips around in fear.
A horde of drones are silhouetted against the setting sun: a second wave sent in after the first two units were meant to destroy the defenses. Two dozen or so new threats, swiftly approaching the prone pair...

The looming weight of a hopeless fight settles onto Adé's shoulders.

Adelah drops the now lifeless drone and vaguely notices her hand is still bleeding where the rotary blade struck the one not protected by her staff. Teka whirs defeatedly as they turn to watch the drones approach.

"Your Moms’ gonna kill me," Teka states flatly, and that's when the storm of angry, worried voices in Adelah’s comm finally register-- only to be immediately drowned out by the oh-so-familiar roar of booster jets.

**JUSTICE RAINS FROM ABOVE!**

The bright blue of the Raptora is highlighted by Caduceus’s boosting stream as Pharah and Mercy take out the entire wave of drones at once… rockets zipping around the hovering pair in a cocoon of fiery sparks and smoky exhaust trails. The drones that aren’t directly blown to dust plummet down into the waves below that crash harshly against the cliffs below the Point.

Teka and Adelah land next to Edvin, who already has the swiftly-approaching Mercy’s golden healing stream locked onto him. Adelah reaches down for him, only to yelp back in pain when his hand closes around her injured one. Teka collapses her polestaff into the casing of her arm, and reaches down to pick up her still disoriented fellow recruit.

Adelah clasps her hands around her own retracted staff and hides them behind her back as her parents land across from them. Adé futilely urges the nanobots in her system to heal the injury before her Mothers realize she’s been injured.

By past experience, she knows they have approximately 6 seconds of Strike Commander Pharah and Head Medical Officer Mercy... *officialness* ... before all parental hell breaks loose.

She hears Pharah report that all the threats had been neutralized, Mercy adding that there are no apparent losses, and the warehouse sentries remain undamaged.

“Their range kinda sucks though,” Adelah quips, seizing the chance to buy herself some time.

“They weren’t programmed to cover the yard,” Edvin defends.

“Those drones were in firing range and the sentries were just sitting there!” Adelah fires back.

“Sombra,” Pharah calls into her comm, “Run diagnostics on the west warehouse door sentries.”

“They’re all clear, Abelardo,” Pharah rolls her eyes at the obscure nickname but is more than used to the hacker’s quirks, and knows better than to respond to the verbal bait. “I saw that, captain cabron.”

Pharah’s eyes scan the area before falling on the povcam still mounted to Adelah’s helmet, speaking directly at it, she continues, nonplussed, “Then why didn’t they activate?”

“Yeah yeah, already on it-”

“You won’t like this,” comes a slightly distorted version of Teka’s voice directly into Adé's comm. The omnic stands at attention a few feet behind her and Adé struggles not to turn and acknowledge
her friend. Instead, she tests her hand, finding the cuts healed. “The blood is still visible…” Teka continues before pausing, analyzing the data available to her, “Mercy knows.”

“Fuck.”

Her Mom strides toward her, feet only skimming the surface of the ground as the sensors in her halo alert her to the traces of blood on her only daughter. With a look on her face so fierce that Adé deems her call sign “Mercy” unnecessarily ironic, she snaps out her hand to demand Adelah reveal her injured one for inspection.

Sombra’s laughter echoes through the comm, “Lo siento Adecita... Sentry logs report that **civilian** activity in the area prevented activation… Adios!”

Her Mama’s expression darkens to match her Mom’s as the Strike Commander’s eyes narrow in on the only “civilian” in the area- the only one reckless and disobedient enough to remain in the midst of battle after being repeatedly ordered to seek shelter, only to stubbornly persevere against the odds in the way only an Amari could manage.

“You are sooo grounded,” Hana taunts her over the comm.

“Double Fuck.”

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**End Notes**

Lycoriseum, thanks for letting me play around with your world! Will hopefully get around to writing something set about 5 years after this, that you've already seen art of lol

Y'all, I just love Kamilah so much... do you think Milah'd hate to be called Mimi-- because I think she probably would, and Ana was probably aware of this when she was teaching baby Adé how to say it.

Thanks also to York for the Spanish help, and to Lulu and Clouds who encouraged my nonsense for whatever reason.

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