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### Dreams of Past and Future

by jessejackreyes

**Summary**

Edit: I rewrote chapter one and replaced the old one with it. I think it's better and hope people like it more.

After meeting the brother he believed he had killed many years ago, Hanzo's already troubled life came crashing down around him once again. Following after Genji in an attempt to make up for his past and, perhaps find a real future, Hanzo finds himself joining up with the newly reforming Overwatch when his brother responds to the recall.
Hanzo doesn't know what to expect from the strange group of people Genji drags him to meet, some of whom definitely know the brothers' history. His brother, with the help of several of these new acquaintances, will attempt to drag him kicking and screaming out of the past that had devoured his life, all the while Hanzo finds comfort with a mysterious soldier who seems to understand what it means to regret one's past. this is all further complicated by a ghostly ex with a grudge.

Notes

I said I was going to do a big Dragon Pulse(76/Hanzo) thing and so I have started. This will be fairly long and the burn should be pretty damn slow, but I love this rarepair now and it needs some more love. I can't guarantee a rate of updates but I will try to be at least once every other week.

The beginning is a bit slow and meandering but it should pick up after the setup in the first chapter. I might edit this one a bit later but I need to keep myself from agonizing over things not being perfect or I will never finish anything.

I am jessejackreyes on tumblr.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Sparrow's Return

The murmuring cacophony of indistinct voices was grating on Hanzo’s every nerve. He hated places like this, full of people and noise. Being here was entirely his fault though. He had not paid attention to his stash of alcohol and as a result he had run out at the most inopportune moment possible. This was the nearest place he could get a real drink. He needed the alcohol more than he hated being at a bar, the decision was simple that way.

Being around other people had never been something Hanzo liked and, by extension, dealing with them well was never a skill he developed. He had been told on many occasions that his demeanor, especially his scowl did him few favors. His father, however, had taught him that projecting strength and being both respected and feared mattered more than being liked or likeable. He had learned, albeit too late, that much of what he had been taught was suspect, but his demeanor kept the seats on either side of him empty, despite the large crowd, and for that he was at least a little grateful.

Schochu was his drink of choice, a type of vodka. It was much stronger than what many of the other patrons were drinking which suited his purposes very well. He was not drinking to enjoy himself, but rather to avoid feeling anything. It was only marginally succeeding at his chosen endeavor. His mind raced through the drink, though it dulled it in speed, quantity, and quality, it could not truly quash it completely.

To say that Hanzo Shimada was shocked by the encounter with his brother today, on the anniversary of his death no less, would be the understatement of his entire fucked up life. Genji was supposed to be dead; Hanzo had killed him. It was the source of his shame, his self imposed exile. He saw the thing his brother had become after they had fought, how he seemed to be more machine than man. But he also saw his brother’s eyes beneath that mask, saw him call forth and control the dragons in the way only a Shimada could do.

It was utterly impossible that he had met his brother today of all days, but there was no other explanation for what he had seen, what the man had done. The impossibility of it all was met with an equal impossibility. No one but his brother could have summoned such a dragon. But, even if he could have managed that somehow, his own dragons would only have deigned to listen to one of his own bloodline. When they had turned away from his chosen prey and refused to do as he asked of them, he knew that it meant something big. He had not expected the brother he had murdered to return from the dead and he really had not expected what followed.

Genji’s sudden return was more than merely shocking. His life had fallen apart when he thought that he had, no, when he had killed his own brother. This laughable farce of a life he had clung to out of pure weakness and fear had collapsed around him at the man’s unexpected return. So much of Hanzo’s life was predicated on the simple fact that Genji was dead and that it was his fault. Those certainties were no longer true and he was not equipped to deal with having to figure out what any of this meant now.

He lived in misery, a self imposed exile, to honor the memory of a man that he himself had murdered. Now that he knew that his brother was alive he could not continue with his existence the way he had been for the last ten years.

His irritation grew as he drank and he suddenly wished that someone would be stupid enough to to sit next to him, to provoke him in some way. Several patrons around the bar seemed to be looking at him whenever he turned his gaze away from them. It was entirely possible that he had been followed as he left Shimada castle. He had not been in his right mind and it would have made it easier to tail him without being noticed.
Normally the threat of being followed by potential assassins would have put him on edge. He would have tried to extricate himself from the situation quickly and quietly, attracting as little attention as possible. But this night was different, he was itching for a fight. So he played up his inebriation, left openings in his posture that could be exploited to attack him. He drank, silently daring someone around him to work up the nerves to attack him. Violently dealing with any number of criminals was a catharsis he could really use right now.

It was a disappointment that nobody had approached him at the bar. An even bigger one when he pretended to stumble as he left the bar entirely, passing way too close to more than one of his suspected tails. Either nobody was taking the bait or there was nothing to fear at the moment, he was safe. Hanzo was not sure which of the two scenarios he wanted more right then.

If Hanzo was in a better state he might have noted bitterly that the weather outside mirrored the turmoil raging within him at the moment. It was cold and raining, a strong chilly wind sought to draw the very warmth from the bones of those who dared step foot outside. As it was he barely noticed the adverse conditions outside at all, too caught up in his own head. The alcohol probably was not helping either.

It was not until he arrived at his safe house that he noticed how cold he should have felt in the rain. The weather was more than a little dangerous for someone dressed in what amounted to half a shirt, but he could not have cared much less than he did. He was honestly not even sure how he had made it back here in the first place, it was not really what he was thinking about as he left the hellhole of a bar, but he was in no kind to really question anything. He barely had the energy and presence of mind to strip himself of his soaked clothing before he collapsed onto his bed and wrapped himself as tightly as he could in war, blankets.

Finding sleep was often difficult, though the alcohol helped. But in the end it mattered little because unconsciousness offered him no true relief from his thoughts and the pain that came with them. It was the primary reason why he detested sobriety, his sober mind would never let him forget what he had done. Drunk, he sometimes managed to avoid the dreams entirely and spare himself some pain.

His dreams were still very frequent and they were never kind to him. They reminded him constantly of how he had felt when he had been informed of the council’s decision, that Genji had to die for the good of the clan. The pain he had felt when they told him that it was his duty to see it through. He had not believed it at first, not truly. He remembered the helplessness he had felt while he begged Genji to bend even a little, to give him something to work with. Most vividly he remembered the grim acceptance of his task.

The memories and visions would make sure that he did not forget what led to his actions, but they also lingered heavily on his brother’s reaction. He watched, again and again, the look of betrayal on Genji’s face. It tore his heart open every time he was forced to experience it again.

He remembered the anger he had felt as he and his dragons roared at the younger Shimada. How, when the time came, he had not held back. There was no satisfaction after the fact though, only pain, disbelief and regret. His dreams remembered him dropping his swords in disgust even as he did not. They also remembered him wandering numbly back to the castle and more vividly they remember the anguish he had felt and his flight from the family. No matter how hard he had tried he could not stay there, not with what he had done, been made to do.

His mind was never merciful however and with new information came new torments in the night. Now his dream continued beyond his flight and to the cyborg he had fought that evening.

He relived the anger and the desperation with which he lashed out at this stranger, desperate to shut him up and continue his yearly ritual. The rage drove him to unleash his dragons to silence the
intruder. He watched as they advanced on the cyborg, as the cyborg transformed into a young Genji screaming in fury. His brother called forth his own dragon in his rage and guided Hanzo’s own back at him.

In the dream Hanzo wanted to apologize, he tried to speak, but he couldn’t, even if it would mean nothing, he wanted to make it up to the brother he had betrayed but there was nothing he could do that would even begin to make up for everything he's done. The only thing he could do was accept what was coming his way as the roar of his dragons overwhelmed his hearing and they devoured him as they did Genji all those years ago.

Even in his dreams he could not imagine the pain his brother went through as his flesh is torn and burnt beyond recognition. It is alarmingly peaceful here, he doesn’t scream out or anything, which surprises him at least. His brother watches on in perverse glee as he should, it was what he had come for, though Hanzo could find no anger or resentment in him at the thought. His brother deserved far more than such a simple revenge after all that he had done.

He awoke in a cold sweat, panting and exhausted. The consequences of his drinking reared their ugly head as his own screamed its disapproval of his activities the night before. Perhaps this would be his life from now on, wallowing in such guilt ridden despair that not even alcohol could help him escape from it. Hanzo laughed mirthlessly at the thought. What did it matter how much he suffered? Knowing that he could sink even lower than he had managed over the course of the last decade merely proves that he deserved even worse than he had got.

He could not stay here. It did not matter how cowardly the act was, running away. His pride, instilled in him since birth, could not keep him here where the pain was still fresh. He grabbed everything of any worth to him and left that very moment, no destination in mind other than away from here, away from Hanamura. He knew the act was ultimately pointless, it would do little if anything to help. But, the need to flee, to escape was too strong to resist.

Time passed for Hanzo in a drunken stupor while he ran. He had vague memories of drinking, of bar fights, of paying for damaged property and leaving before the authorities came. He floated around Japan, unable and unwilling to stay in one place for more than a night at a time. He was afraid of being found, almost as much as he feared sobriety. In his more sober moments it amazed him that his training, his routine was so ingrained into his being, that the alcohol did little to harm his ability to leave no trace.

“I have forgiven you,” Those words haunted him night and day, drunk or sober. They chased him to the edges of Japan where he tried to escape. The cruel lie spoken to him by whatever had become of his brother. Made only more painful when he told Hanzo that, “now you must forgive yourself,” Genji taunted him with lies and an impossible task that Hanzo was now obligated to. It seemed like a cruel joke.

Hours turned into days, which quickly faded into weeks of aimless wandering and forgetful drunkenness. Though, no matter how hard he tried, he could not keep this up forever. Eventually the soul crushing despair, kept tentatively at bay with alcohol, settled in full, paralyzing him in whatever bed he had found himself in. Not even the call of alcohol could rouse him anymore.

Perhaps he would simply lie here until he just wasted away. It's not like he deserved any better.

The pain slowly faded, almost completely replaced instead by a bitter emptiness that only intensified the lethargy he felt. Absentmindedly he recalled the mornings he had spent, in his younger days, meditating at great length, seeking a calm and centered mind. It was a stupid, pointless idea. He could not even think he could will himself to adopt a proper pose. Any attempt at meditation had been doomed to failure for the last ten years, but desperation drove him forward with the idea.
He went forward with it anyway. He had sobered up and with a grand feat of will he adopted the best pose he could manage. It was not perfect, but it was better than nothing. There was, however, no emptying of his mind, no finding peace and quiet from the storm raging inside of him. Instead, vivid images of his brother formed. Images of their fight, of his words, his face, they reminded him of what he had done and what he deserved.

“It's time to pick a side,” He heard the words vividly, remembered his brother saying them, but he still did not truly understand them. Why did Hanzo need to pick a side? What were the choices that he could make? He willed away the questions. They were distractions that got in the way of his attempted meditation. The images were less vivid while he pondered, less real.

“Perhaps I am a fool for believing there is still hope for you, but I do. Think on that brother,” he hated Genji and his accursed words at that moment, but his anger faded quickly, replaced with shame. His brother was not dead and all Hanzo could do was be angry about it. It was pathetic. He owed Genji more than that.

In his mind there were only two ways to explain what Genji had said and done that night. Either he was sincere, regardless of how ludicrous that sounded, or he was lying to Hanzo, giving him false hope only to crush it and leave him even lower than he already was. He could not quiet his mind, but he could ponder over such thoughts.

He had no idea how long had truly passed by the time he had his answer, hours at the very least. It was simple and should not have taken as long as it did to reason out his course. In the end he had decided that it did not matter whether or not Genji’s words were sincere. If they were, he owed it to his brother to trust him and also to listen, if they were met to hurt him then he deserved it and any pain he found would be better than he deserved. Hanzo would have to trust Genji’s words, his intentions.

The last few weeks had been a tantrum of sorts, he had been in denial. There was only one answer to his brother’s reappearance, doing whatever he could to make it up to him. This wallowing in self pity had only deepened the debt that he owed his brother. He sighed, it was pathetic that it had taken him three weeks to get to this point. So, with no idea where the future was going to actually take him other than to his brother’s side, he decided to move forward, however he could and wherever that might happen to lead him.

He hit an immediate problem, almost as soon as he had resolved himself to his new plan of action. Genji had not left him any way of contacting him. Hanzo had no idea where he had gone or what he was doing. He was going to need to find a way to track his brother down. He was not even sure where to really begin, he hadn't known Genji was alive for ten years. It seemed unlikely that he was going to be able to find the man either simply or quickly.

For a moment he believed that it might be somewhat simplified by the fact that his brother appeared to be some kind of cyborg. He had never heard of such a thing, so it was likely a very unique condition. He tried not to dwell on the fact too long. It hurt, thinking of the pain and suffering he must have caused. After some digging, he found little about it and was forced to assume that most people probably just thought he was some kind of Omnic. That search pool was still rather large.

Waiting until he heard something was much more stressful than he would have guessed. Despite his choice and resolve to move forward, little had truly changed, the days of waiting still filled him with the same anxiety as before. What if he never found Genji? More importantly, exactly what was he going to do, to say, when he did track down his brother? Drinking helped keep him calm, centered, focused, but he couldn’t lose himself in the bottle. He couldn’t trust himself not to run away if he did. Controlling his drinking was difficult, more difficult than he had imagined. All of the stress certainly
was not helping him at all. Freezing cold water helped him to control himself when the urges grew too strong.

Things changed one afternoon in mid December. He was in some small hotel that catered heavily to tourists. The urge to drink more was overwhelming, so he dragged himself into the bathroom. It was as he was splashing his face with cold water from the sink that he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. He stared for some time, at the face that was looking back at him. It had been some time since Hanzo had truly looked at himself and he was disgusted by what he saw.

It was not just that he was forced to look closely at the face of a treacherous murderer, though that did not help the image. He abandoned the Shimada clan after he killed Genji, but the man staring back at him did not look the part. He still wore the clothes that he had always worn. He still kept his hair the way he was supposed to. The person staring back at him did nothing but represent the Shimada traditions, something that he had supposedly left behind a decade ago.

All this time, all this wallowing and he had never actually been able to bring himself to let go of any of this. Suddenly he was not thirsty anymore. A cold rage washed over him, sharpening his thoughts and senses. If he was going to try to move on, to make everything he had done up to his brother, than he would have to actually actively make a change.

He started off that day seeking new clothing, contemporary styles to distance himself from his youth. Hanzo was immediately overwhelmed by the overabundance of choices that he was faced with upon beginning his search. He had never given much thought to what he was going to wear outside of its utility. There were people whose job it was to make sure that Hanzo outfits were perfect. He had never actually been out shopping for clothing for himself.

He had often scoffed at how long Genji would be out browsing and yet still leave with practically nothing. At the time, he simply thought his brother was being frivolous, but right now he wandered around crowded shopping areas and did not know what to buy. Indecision was something that Hanzo did not normally tolerate, but at the moment, it was strangely soothing trying on many different outfits and deciding, rather arbitrarily, whether or not he liked the way they looked or fit.

Settling on a relatively small selection of clothes took him several hours and through six separate stores. Years ago he would have scoffed at anyone for wasting time and energy on such a frivolous activity, he had said as much to Genji on more than one occasion when he had insisted on shopping for hours on end. Shopping from the early afternoon until late that evening had proven oddly cathartic. He actually laughed softly as he realized how expensive his tastes were, it appeared that some things never change.

It should have felt like a waste of time, an afternoon with nothing to show for it. But, Hanzo felt better than he had in months that night, staring into his reflection with an entirely new outfit on, one the elders would never have approved of. The entire adventure had proven oddly cathartic, but also exhausting. He fell asleep easily for once, wearing an inappropriate outfits to sleep.

He dreamed, that night, of a day in his teens, many years ago where Hanzo had found Genji lounging in his room instead of training and his little brother had somehow managed to convince him to stay with him instead of dragging him to the training area and they talked instead of sparring or shooting at targets. “You should get some new clothes or something anija,” His brother smiled as he spoke.

“Not all of us can be as impulsive as you little sparrow” Hanzo posed like their father in any given meeting feigning annoyance.

His little brother laughed. “I didn’t say you should dye your hair or anything,” He stroked his hands
through his neon green hair as he spoke. “Just something less...this,” He gestured to his older brother’s kyudo gi, a traditional archery outfit.

“We were supposed to be working on our archery, this is an appropriate outfit,” Hanzo huffed indignantly.

“It’s just an example. You dress so stiffly. You should be more expressive,” Hanzo frowned, Genji smiled in response. “Like that, your look should express something like what you’re doing with your face right now.” The elder teens face quirked up into a slight smile, he couldn’t stay mad at his little brother; Genji teased him but he didn’t mean to insult him, he knew that. “C’mon anija, isn’t there anything you’d like to do or change?”

“Well…” He hesitated as his little brother looked on expectantly. “I have always wanted to get a piercing of some kind,”

“Well?” Genji burst out the expected follow up question, clearly excited at the prospect.

“If I could get one, my ears or maybe my nose. I’m not really sure,” Hanzo’s face fell as he thought more about it. “It does not matter, it was merely a foolish notion anyway,” Genji looked like he was about to say something, to argue.

“I think you would look great with some piercings Hanzo,” The words were soft and reassuring instead of argumentative and his younger brother let it drop there. He understood what dwelling on it would do to Hanzo.

There was no great start when he awoke from his dream this morning because, to his great surprise, those memories were happier ones. Their childhood wasn’t all bad, there was a time when the Hanzo and Genji were all but inseparable. He remembered when Genji would wear crazy clothes and do crazy things; his hair was dyed green in the dream, it drove most of the clan up the wall. Hanzo remembered his brother enticing him with the thought of doing rebellious things large and small, even though they both knew the most rebellious thing he would ever do was skip ten minutes of bow training to spend it with Genji.

Most strongly right now though, he remembered that disappointment he felt when he realized he would like to try a piercing and he knew he never could. It was such a small thing, but it was symptomatic of the gilded cage he was stuck in. That was way back then though, if he was truly leaving his past behind then there was nothing stopping him now. If he was going to face Genji now, he would do so looking however he wanted, everyone else’s opinions be damned.

He grabbed something to eat quickly as he headed out for another day of actually doing something, effecting some change. The nearest piercing parlor brought him around more people than he was comfortable with, but no one paid him much attention. He may have expensive taste, but the new style choices helped him to blend right in. Hanzo was, as far as these people were concerned, exactly the type of person they expected to see here. He was unsure whether it was a compliment or an insult really, but he paid them little mind.

The piercing clinic was nothing like Hanzo had really expected. Based on his impressions of the type of people who would get piercings, he had always thought that it would be a dirty place full of thugs or young punks like his little brother at his worst. The place was instead more of a clinical white and the receptionist accepted him walking in politely. It was professional in a way that he could really appreciate.

Unable to shake the trepidation that his upbringing had ingrained in him, much to his irritation, he asked, rather timidly about their services. She answered with the ease and smile of someone who had
dealt with this type of skittishness many times before. Through the ears and the bridge of his nose he decided whilst he perused through some literature they had for him to read.

There was little pain whilst the procedure took place, not that he had truly worried about it. The brochures warned of some pain and discomfort, so he had sort of expects something more significant from it. Instead he hardly noticed as everything happened. He had been trained to withstand torture, a few pinpricks were not going to bother him though.

His piercings stood out slightly more than he thought they would, soft glints in the light, hanging from his ears and sitting above his nose. Staring at himself in the mirror with a thick brown jacket and heavy duty jeans fit for travel, he admired how the metal helped to bring his new look together. He was not entirely sure exactly what he was going for, other than simply different, but he liked where things had gone so far. Something about what he was doing called to him in an ineffable way.

The look wasn’t finished, he realized as he headed out in the early afternoon. One last change needed to happen. He had worn his hair the same way for most of his life. He had grown it out and cared for it to foster a very specific appearance. But now, like Genji had done so many years ago, it was time for that to change.

It was easy to find a nearby hair salon, though it was surprisingly difficult to convince a hair stylist that he did in fact want to ‘ruin his hair’ this way. An intense glare eventually had her willing to listen to his request. The hair on the sides of his head was cut away and the rest of it tied up on top of his head. He did not wish to be bald, it would actually probably upset Genji to see such a thing, after he finished laughing at least. He just needed to make sure it was different and something he asked for himself.

A small portion he missed when tying it back fell in front of his face. He remembered that Genji loved bangs like this back in the day, which was enough of a reason to let it stay. New clothes, new hair, new piercings, all in all Hanzo thought it looked good, or at the very least Genji would probably like it. Genji had said as much when they were younger. He wasn’t really surprised that he would be worried about what his little brother would like. It only seemed to make sense to him right now, thinking about Genji. Back in their youth his brother would have been thrilled to see Hanzo take control of his image like this. It felt better than Hanzo thought it would.

The strange spirit of the day followed him through the evening. He bought himself some taiyaki, a sweet fish shaped treat. He loved eating them when he was younger, even if it was not something he was supposed to do. Indulging in sweets was frowned upon. Genji would often bring him some back after one of his many escapades though. They would eat them together and Genji would talk about whatever it was he had done that day. Hanzo disapproved of most of it more often than not, but he enjoyed the sweets and the time spent with his brother.

This day’s outing was nowhere near as exhausting as the previous day’s. Hanzo had made it through the entire day sober, things had not been too stressful overall in fact. He controlled the sake that he drank after his dinner. He needed enough to take the edge off, but he did not want to blackout or anything more serious. Falling asleep that night, he dreamed of sweet things, sugary things and his brother teasing him about his sweet tooth.

Christmas approached quickly as he awaited news that might help him find Genji. The holiday had never been a big deal to him and his family, but his brother had usually enjoyed it. In the end Hanzo would usually spend a large amount of the day with Genji. Even as they got older and their relationship more and more strained they still got together on Christmas for their tradition of gift giving.

Hanzo would give him a rare plush that he found somewhere or another, often at a surprisingly high
expense. Sometimes he would spend a great deal to simply commission something that he knew his brother would like. Genji was always happy to receive them, he found them all still in the man’s closet before he left the clan for good. In return Genji would give him something stylish, but still practical. He remembered, more than any other gift, when his brother had a wakizashi made, styled to match his tattoos aesthetic. It was a practical gift for him, well balanced and crafted, but it was also a small bit of himself that he could show off without criticism from others.

No matter what gifts were given and when, Christmas evening always ended the same way for them. They shared a cake, a traditional Christmas cake and talked about nothing of import. It had always been important to Genji to spend that time together and Hanzo always let himself be dragged along. He would never admit it, but he enjoyed those evenings too.

He should have known something was wrong near the end, when Christmas passed that year with barely a nod of recognition. They had gotten each other a gift out of habit, it seemed. They were nothing special. He had waited for Genji to show up and drag him away from his work he did every year, but his brother never came. He was relieved back then, because he wouldn't be interrupted. He should have been upset, should have worried. He should have barged out to wherever Genji had run off to and dragged him back home for cake, but he did not.

The holiday seemed to drain any and all energy that his new look had brought him. It had been over a week and he had barely managed to do anything other than sit places waiting and working out. He wanted to go somewhere and do something, but he had little will to do so and could think of nothing worth doing.

Christmas Day itself broke the stand still that he had found himself stuck in. All of his reminiscence, despite the pain, had him craving a Christmas cake. He went out that evening, dressed in a heavy brown coat to keep him warm while he roamed the streets searching. It did not take long to find a place where he could purchase one.

He sighed deeply that night, sitting alone with a cake that he had always shared before. It wasn't the same, but he cut himself a large slice and ate in silence anyway. It tasted like how he remembered it, delicious. He still had a sweet tooth that he rarely ever indulged in, a lifetime of having it stamped out made it difficult to even desire sugar. Genji was the only person who encouraged him to enjoy himself like this, let him know there was nothing wrong with it.

It did not mix well with his drink of choice that night, but he was not really bothered. He dreamed of strawberries that night, strawberries and snowballs. Snowball fights with his brother and pranks. Genji ran around pelting anyone who wasn't paying attention with balls of packed snow and scurrying off before they could retaliate. His mischievous smile followed Hanzo into the waking world.

The new year came quicker than even Christmas had. Hanzo had not accomplished anything except maintaining his physique and training better than he had in awhile. Normally he would not even really notice the day passing, he had never considered it an event that held any real meaning, but now it came at an opportune moment.

He was alone when the clock struck midnight and ushered in the first day of a new year. He made a quiet vow then and there. He would find his brother and face what he had done, regardless of the consequences. It may have been rather juvenile, but somehow speaking it out loud like this made it more real. There was no going back anymore.

News came to him a little over a week into the new year. Strange accounts from some businessmen back from vacation about a strange looking Omnic that glowed green and was seen carrying a large sword on his back. It was a vague description, but he would rather be chasing after an empty lead
than sitting around waiting for some big news to come in path at might never arrive.

They had reportedly seen him as they were leaving Spain, in the city of Barcelona. He was reportedly not alone. This man, hopefully Genji, travelled with an Omnic companion. A monk named Zenyatta if they were to be believed. It was all the information that they had. It would have to be enough.

He booked a flight less than an hour later. He had a few identities he could use to fly around without anyone noticing it was him. It helped that he had cut his hair and changed his clothing. Hanzo honestly doubted most people would recognize him without having to stare at him closely and he could avoid detection easily on top of that.

In very quick order Hanzo had everything that mattered or was useful to him pranked up and ready to go. His clothes and bow were carefully packed away, everything else was carried in a bag on his back. He did not bother to look back as he boarded the plane or even as it slowly made its way far away from the place he had called home for thirty some odd years. There was nothing for him there anymore. The only things that mattered to him now laid before him in a future that might be waiting for him in Barcelona.

The flight was long. He drowned out the sound of other people with earplugs and soon enough found himself drifting off to sleep. He dreamed of Genji again. His words, his promises and what they could possibly mean. His brother embraced him sometimes and murdered him violently other times. But even when his dream self lay dying, there was a contentedness to it that Hanzo coveted.
A Golden Glow

Chapter Summary

Hanzo lands in Spain looking for his brother.

Chapter Notes

Hey, I am super excited to get this next chapter out so quickly. I actually sort of expected this chapter to go further than it did, but it reached such a natural stopping point and was already decently long so I stopped it here.

I am jessejackreyes on tumblr

Things are very rough for me, which is why I was excited I got this out, so if you like what I write and want to maybe help me out I would greatly appreciate it at patreon I also will write personalized things at a few different tiers for people.

His plane let down in Barcelona, Spain, the closest major city to where the Omnic monk, name of Zenyatta, had been sighted. It is where Hanzo would begin his search for his brother. The city proves to be large and impressive, a small part of Hanzo is slightly disappointed he could not indulge in the sights of such a different place, but he forces those feelings down and reminds himself of his true purpose here.

The air is cold as he exits the Barcelona-El Prat Airport into the city proper. Hauling everything he owns on his back, Hanzo needed to find some place to stay and start his search from there. At the very least, he need not worry too much about being identified, the new look not withstanding. A simple room at a hotel frequented by any number of tourists all year long was easy enough to procure, the staff spoke some English and Hanzo had trained to speak it since he was eight.

Inside his new room was the first time he got to take out his storm bow and make sure it was okay. It was much easier to sneak a bow through customs than it was to try to bring guns or something. Hanzo wasn’t even sure if it was illegal in Spain to have such a weapon, not that it would have stopped him from bringing it. The arrows he had brought with him were wrapped carefully and also survived the trip, with any luck he wouldn’t be needing them for the moment.

Stashing everything away as best he could in the space available, the small room offered little in that regard, but it was a temporary situation. It had not occurred to the Japanese man until he stepped back out into the lobby that not being able to speak Spanish might be a significant roadblock here. English would likely be more useful than Japanese, because talking to other tourists might be helpful but not being able to talk to the locals much would likely be a problem.

Perhaps Hanzo had not thought his plan to find Genji all the way through, perhaps he should have considered finding an interpreter before he left, but all he had thought about up until leaving the hotel had been that he was on his way forward. The quiet bustle of the Spanish city around him was
intimidating, Hanzo himself had rarely left Japan throughout most of his life.

His only real clue at this point was what he knew about Genji. Hanzo laughed derisively at the thought, it was all he could do to avoid sobbing. His heart rate quickened and his breathing grew harsh as the thoughts rushed through his head. What did he know about his brother anymore? The Genji that he had met almost two months ago seemed nothing like the younger brother that he had known a lifetime ago.

The Genji he knew was bull-headed, arrogant, flippant and quick to anger. It was why he had clashed so hard with the traditions of the clan. The council hated him for what they thought of him, but Hanzo knew him better than that back then, because while he was all of those things, Genji was also so much more. Anyone could have seen that if they had cared even a little, if they paid the slightest bit of attention to what Genji actually did.

The rebellious young Shimada had little trouble sneaking passed all of the guards whenever he wanted to go out for a night on the town. People in town loved him, he was reportedly amazing at all of the games at the local arcade. When he applied effort into something, Genji was always more than proficient; he even proved capable of handling most of what they were trained for when he could be bothered to apply himself. He mostly applied himself in ways that would infuriate the family, but Hanzo always remembered the times his brother would bring back things and try to make the elder Shimada smile.

Genji was opinionated, passionate, fun loving and good at reading people. Most people thought he was lazy, but when you got him to apply himself, or he wanted something, it was clear as day that he was anything but. When Hanzo could drag him to train with him, he would pick everything up quickly. Hanzo did not think lowly of Genji back then, he only wished that his brother would apply himself more in places where he had felt it mattered.

Shaking his head vigorously, Hanzo broke himself away from the well of memories that had begun to pull him in. He had to stay focused, he couldn’t get stuck in his head anymore. He knew things about how Genji used to be that might help him now, he had to focus on those.

They had something resembling a vacation one time, when they were much younger. Hanzo was 14 or 15 maybe, it was a bit fuzzy. It was a business trip of some kind that they went with their father on, that ended up extended for some reason or another. So Hanzo was put in charge of Genji for a day in Paris. Genji found brochures in their hotel lobby, and for the rest of the day Hanzo was dragged around by his younger brother to take in the sights. Genji had gawked at things, enjoying the sights and smells and sounds, he had really enjoyed being a tourist when he was much younger.

That was his best guess right now, finding the biggest fanciest most touristy places and either hoping to see his brother, or at the very least meeting people who had seen him. It was not his best plan, but again, he reassured himself, it was more important to be trying something and not wallowing in self pity. He was more than capable of moving forward in self loathing.

Brochures abound in the lobby, just as they had back then, speaking of the many things that people might come to the large city to see or do. They appear to be mainly in three different languages and luckily one of them is English. He wasn’t sure what among the cacophony of pictures and words Genji would appreciate, if anything, but if his brother was in a place with brochures, he might be checking any or all of them out.

It was well past midday as he scanned his way through the hosts of potential spots, so he wouldn’t have too much time to search. He wanted to check out the most likely places nearby, that way the day wouldn’t be a waste. There was some kind of crypt nearby you could visit, the sort of thing younger Genji would definitely have loved; there was also some estate ruins relatively close by that
sounded promising as well.

When he returned later he would sort these places by distance and likelihood and route up a useful itinerary for searching them in a time efficient manner. This late in the afternoon he would take his best cursory guesses here and try them out. He needed to go out and find something to eat anyway so this would make better use of that time.

It was easy to not realize just how much space was in a city, how many people, until you start walking to a destination in it. It was different from many cities in Japan, less crowded, less noise, but the modernities from companies like Vishkar clash a bit with the older buildings and designs that are numerous in a city like this. The quiet murmur is strangely disquieting, it is a bizarre midpoint between way too loud to be quiet, but not loud enough for Hanzo to be used to it when out and about like this.

He soon comes to a very busy large street somewhere in the center of the city, a perfect place to find something to eat. Souvenir shops and restaurants do abound as he slowly moves down the road, avoiding people and keeping an eye out for his brother, one could hope it would be this easy. Down the road a ways he comes to, what appears to be a market that draws his attention. The design of the place contrasts somewhat with a lot of the buildings and businesses surrounding it, like a relic out of time, it appears rustic and steeped in tradition.

The place definitely has a history and a lot of traffic as well. Without really thinking about it, Hanzo finds himself wandering inside, it is a treasure trove of foods of many varieties, colors and smells. This is the sort of place Genji would have loved. He would have dragged Hanzo here to try just about anything that looked good or strange. On a good day, Hanzo would have pretended to be put off by it, but he mostly enjoyed the rare excursion he would have with his little brother’s love of street food and people.

That love of being around people never did manage to rub off on the archer, but he would be lying if he said that he didn’t learn to really enjoy diverse interesting foods with his little brother. In the present, Hanzo found himself less worried about the crowd than he had been in ages, maybe it was the scenery change or just a moment of stupidity, but he gawked for a while before trying to partake. He could imagine his brother pulling him along to the different stalls, trying things and trying to get Hanzo to try things that looked funny.

Hanzo learned many things as he ate his way through the busy marketplace. He learned that there were far more types of olives than he had ever thought possible, that paper thin sliced ham was, in fact, delicious, that he liked churros and nice simple sandwiches they called bocadillos. He learned the rough cost of food in the country. It was strange as he thought about it, focusing on such inconsequential things right now.

The people seemed relatively used to people not speaking Spanish, similar to many places in Japan, if enough Americans came around the area, everyone learned to deal with it. It was a nice diversion that slowly filled him up, though he realized afterwards that he had spent significantly more time eating than he had intended. The nice memories kept him from dwelling too much on the lost time, he had to keep moving forward keeping himself out of his head as much as possible right now.

It is unlikely that the time would make much of a huge difference. The crypt was interesting enough, Genji would have loved it back in the day though, trying to spook his older brother with talks of ghosts and zombies. There was no cyborg ninja and no one he had managed to communicate with had seen anyone meeting the description. He didn’t stick around long, there was no reason to when it was clear his brother wasn’t around.

Darkness had settled heavily upon the city by the time he was finished checking the first place out,
unfortunately leaving no real time for continuing his search. He would return to the hotel and make sure he had a solid schedule for the next few days of searching. There aren’t enough brochures for it to take more than an hour and a half of focused work to set up a decent itinerary for his searching, but he is still exhausted by the end of it.

Quickly checking his gear, making sure it was safe and easy enough to access if he needs it, he collapses softly onto the bed. The mattress is softer than he had expected it to be, a pleasant surprise. A small luxury that aided him in his quest for sleep. When the exhaustion wasn’t quite enough, he was glad he had some sake to help. He was not proud of drinking from the bottle or needing it to sleep, but as long as he kept from drinking too much he would be content with it. He dreamed that night of street food, bad tastes in his mouth and his brother’s raucous laughter.

The next few days would pass rather quickly, Hanzo was more in his element. With a plan to follow and a goal to accomplish he could move forward in a more direct manner. Scheduling and plans were what he had grown to master and, by extension, covet. He took time everyday, however, to return to that market for at least a little bit. Whether it was because he thought he might see his brother there, or only because he liked the food and memories it evoked he couldn’t honestly say.

The fifth day in Barcelona and he was out of brochures, out of places to check. It was depressing, to say the least and that was the last thing that Hanzo needed right now, down time to feel sorry for himself. His days and night, for that matter, have been better the last few weeks than they had been in so very many years and just like that he was at a great risk of backsliding. The market could not cheer him up. Working out did not exhaust him fast enough, shooting practice might have helped but that was out of the question for the moment. He had a nightmare for the first time in weeks that night, dreaming of himself, alone and shameful, abandoned.

The nightmares woke him from what passed as sleep for him on nights like this and he was disappointed by the lack of alcohol to help him get back to it. Making his way out of bed, he would have to go down into the city at night to find something to drink. Fortune has not favored Hanzo in many, many year, if you asked him he would tell you that she has always hated him, but this night contained a rare stroke of luck.

A nearly deserted bar nearby was open and whatever it was serving would be fine as long as it was strong. He knew that schochu, a favorite drink of his, was a type of vodka, it seemed safe to try to order that, some vodka. The taste was very different, honestly not very pleasant, but it was strong and he needed it far more than he needed flavor right now. He was into his second glass when he heard it at the edge of his hearing. Most people would have missed it, but he was trained to always be observant. Someone talking in English, saying something about a monk. It was an impossible coincidence, an American tourist speaking in English about the exact thing he has been searching for and failing to find.

Moving before he could really think, Hanzo accosted the man as he was talking to his friend. The anger they had at having their space invaded melted instantly upon actually looking the Japanese man in the face. That aura of imperious strength that he had cultivated since birth, with which he once controlled a criminal empire, was focused on these two poor tourists who never stood a chance. The Omnic monk, apparently named Zenyatta, was staying in a temple not more than five or so miles away.

He dropped some money on the bar counter, tossed some at the two Americans for their trouble and was out the door before a word could be spoken. He couldn’t wait, if Genji was there, he might not still be there in the morning. Hanzo didn’t care what anyone would say about him trying to meet with someone at god knows what hour in the morning, he never checked the time. Without thinking he found himself ignoring the roads in favor of silently traversing buildings and rooftops, it would save
time to move more freely.

It was not until the building was in sight that the possibility of being about to see Genji again in mere moments really settled in. Where before there had been anxiousness sure, but an eagerness to see things through, to find out what would, what could happen, now there was fear, hesitation. Maybe he shouldn’t do this, maybe he should just go back to Hanamura and drown himself in alcohol and regret.

There was no way for Hanzo to track how long he stood outside the very place where his brother might be awaiting him. Time had lost it’s meaning, panic had gripped his heart and his head. They both pounded loudly, deafeningly and his breathing picked up. He shouldn’t be bothering Genji with this, with him, he didn’t deserve any of his brother’s time. Why had he come here? His breathing grew erratic, it was suddenly very hard to breathe. He needed calm, but he couldn’t find it, didn’t deserve it. This is what he deserved, to drown in the open air.

He was too far gone to notice the door opening up several meters away from him or the presence that floated silently out into the open air. Hanzo was leaning against the building, breathing heavily with tears threatening to fall down his face. He had not cried since the day their mother died, and that was more than two decades ago, Genji had told him it was unnatural, unhealthy. When he couldn’t cry over Genji’s death, he knew that his brother had been right because he had wanted to cry, to grieve properly but he couldn’t. Why then was he on the verge of crying now, he had sought tears for years, but now with the possibility of meeting his brother who might not hate him, this is what makes him cry. It’s pathetic!

“Good evening,” A soft reverberating voice calls out startling Hanzo from his thoughts. He finds a delicate calm now that he has some kind of audience, so many years of not being allowed to be weak around others gave him a strange strength right now. The archer moves his gaze to find the source of the voice, forcing as much calm as he could manage to the surface.

A strange sight greeted him, the voice apparently coming from an Omnic floating gently in the air a few feet from, his legs folded together. It looked like he was sitting serenely in midair really. He wore thick bright yellow pants and had a ring of orbs floating gently around his neck and he somehow radiated a soft aura of calm. It took several moments for Hanzo to realize that not only was he staring, he hadn’t responded to the greeting.

“Who are you?” He silently cursed himself as soon as he barked the question. He hadn’t meant to be so forceful and rude, it just came out that way. He shouldn’t be doing this drunk, he should be able to control himself better than this. If the Omnic was upset by his behavior, however, he didn’t show it.

“My name is Tekharta Zenyatta,” The mechanical voice was oddly soft, soothing even and Hanzo let out a deep sigh of relief. This was the Omnic who was traveling with his brother, the person he has been looking for.

“Is Genji with you?” Again it seems Hanzo couldn’t actually control the words that were coming out of his mouth.

“Hmm,” The Omnic hummed in realization, Hanzo swallowed thickly, that did not sound like a good sign. “You must be Hanzo,” It obviously wasn’t a question, but he nodded anyway, there was no real point in lying at this juncture. “That explains the disquiet I felt out here. Would you like to come inside?” Zenyatta asked, gesturing towards the door.

Hanzo was trapped now, he knew it. If he left, Zenyatta would tell Genji that he had been here and ran away, he could not deny it or pretend it didn’t happen. So he nods softly and follows the floating robot inside of the temple. He does not know where they end up, he can barely focus on following
where the robot was leading him. This Omnic knows who Hanzo is, what Hanzo did. Where is he leading him?

“Genji is out at the moment,” Zenyatta explains as they enter a small room. There are two small beds, one immaculately made, the other unkempt. Zenyatta sat himself gently on the properly made bed, gesturing to the other one. “Take a seat, he will be back.”

“When will he return?” Hanzo did not want to be alone here with this Omnic who knows him, but he knows nothing about.

“In his own time,” It was the only answer he was going to get, he sighed. They sat together in silence, Zenyatta seemingly deep in meditation, the orbs around his neck chiming softly, apparently at random. The archer tried focus on his breathing, in and out, remain calm. It did little to quiet the tempest barely contained beneath the false veneer of slight calm he had managed to erect.

“You are in distress,” The voice returns and once again it is not really a question. “Here,” One of the orbs that circled around the Omnic floated gently over to rest nearby Hanzo, glowing a soft yellow. The anxious man did not understand what was happening but the orb emanated a feeling of calm that he desperately needed right now and so he didn’t question it. “You are tired. You should rest,” He was tired and lying down to sleep sounded wonderful right now.

“I have to wait for Genji,” The protest had little strength behind it.

“Do not worry. He wishes to see you and would like you to be well when that happens,” The monk told him, that calming mechanical voice lulling him slowly to sleep. He did not have the strength to resist whatever it was that Zenyatta was doing to him. His head hit the pillow before he had decided to let it and he was asleep moments later. He dreamed of an eight armed deity whose golden glow threatened to burn him to cinders as easily as it could put him back together. The golden figure stood between him and his brother, protective, an unvoiced threat hung heavily in the air.

Chapter End Notes

As always I love comments and kudos are appreciated.

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Chapter Summary

Zenyatta brings Hanzo to meet Genji where he is forced to face his brother, his past and learns what is in store for his future.

Chapter Notes

This chapter comes out on the tail of some bad news, my laptop died, which is pretty devastating, this was written mostly on my tablet, so please excuse any typos, it's a bit harder to fix on a mobile device. If you like my writing and want to support it or want me to write something specific check out my [patreon](https://patreon.com).

On the plus side this is about twice as long as my previous chapters.

You can also follow me at [jessejackreyes](https://twitter.com/jessejackreyes).

I also appreciate comments from people of course, they are greatly appreciated.

Hanzo woke slowly, feeling unusual in a way he couldn't quite place. The unfamiliar surroundings barely bothered him, the unmoving Omnic next to him far from his mind. The soft glow of the orb that still floated nearby him reminds him of the gold in his dream, though it was nowhere near as intense. It was as he took in his surroundings, looking expectantly for his brother, that he realized he had just woken from the best night’s sleep he has had in at least ten years. There was no hangover, no aches, no drowsiness; he had risen without forcing himself out of bed. It was unexpected, though very pleasant.

The only thing ruining the moment right now was Genji not being here. Hanzo had hoped that his brother would be here by the time that he woke up at the very least. The deep sigh that escapes the brooding archer’s lips roused Zenyatta from the trance he appeared to be in. The Omnic resumed floating above the floor, turning to regard his newly awoken guest.

“Good morning,” The robot greeted cheerily, voice soft and mechanical. “Did you sleep well?”

“I slept very well, thank you,” Hanzo politely inclined his head, it was the truth. He stood up slowly, stretching his arms and legs. “Do you know where Genji is?” The question may have been a bit abrupt, but the glowing ball and good rest did little to hold back the anxiety of his meeting with his brother. He would wait as long as it took, but that did not stop him from wanting answers sooner rather than later.

“He did not return last night,” The voice informed him and Hanzo’s face fell. What if he was not coming back here at all? What if this Zenyatta was trying to keep them apart? The monk must know what he had done to Genji and is trying to protect the younger Shimada. Hanzo wouldn’t blame the man for it, he would have killed anyone else for what they had done.
The glowing yellow orb that still floated nearby him flashed brighter than before and the abnormal calming effect he had noticed earlier seemed to intensify somehow. His breathing evened out, how had he not noticed his heavy erratic breathing?

“There is much disquiet within you Hanzo Shimada,” The mechanical voice called out as he tried to calm himself down. He snorted derisively, that was an understatement and again the monk ignored his rude gesture. “His business took him farther than we wanted, but we are supposed to meet for lunch today,” The monk continued, ignoring Hanzo’s Childish behavior. “You are more than welcome to join us. Genji will be happy to see you.”

Hanzo froze at the invitation. His heart beat faster; there was pain in his chest and he, Damnit, he had gone through this last night already, why was it still so hard? All he had to do was go meet Genji and talk. He had held polite meetings full of men who wanted to kill him before and not even batted an eye. Why was he so afraid of this? He owed it to Genji to seek him out, to trust him and all he wanted to do, even now, was run away.

“You do not need to accompany me,” Zenyatta spoke as if in direct answer to the turmoil that the elder Shimada was going through. He remembered that he had an audience right now, he could not afford to appear weak.

“I shall accompany you,” He announced though it sounded more like a question than a statement to him. The monk made no comment on the matter, merely nodding in reply. “I do not want to disappoint Genji,”

“Would you like something to eat?” The question was a sudden reminder to Hanzo’s body of its needs. His stomach growled in discontent.

“I would not want to be a bother,” He replied politely. He could get his own food.

“It is no bother at all,” The monk insisted. “I will bring you something to last until lunch time,” The Omnic floated off without allowing his guest to protest. Hanzo would apparently be eating whatever Genji’s Omnic friend brought back apparently.

Without the presence of his surprise host, Hanzo could leisurely study the room around him. The room did befit a monk. It was spartan, nothing but what one might need to sleep and sit in relative peace. There was incense that was not being burned, he supposed that an Omnic would not really notice the smell that it offered. There were two bags in the room, one rather large, the other one smaller, they likely belonged to the tenants, had Genji left his stuff behind? He resisted the urge to look through them, to see if he could find something that reminded him of his Genji.

The glowing yellow orb’s light faded and it dropped softly to the floor. The strange presence that had helped calm his thoughts faded with it, though to his relief, the calm he had managed with its help remained. Though, he mused, that if it had faded with the orb it would not be a very useful technique, whatever it was.

The thought had crossed his mind briefly before, but now having met Zenyatta it came out in full force. Why was his brother traveling and, to some degree, living with this Omnic monk? The door opened softly to Zenyatta returning with a tray in his hands. He, at least, was bound to have some answers.

“I am assured that this is a normal local breakfast,” Zenyatta informed his guest setting down the tray on the small table by Hanzo’s bed. “Though I took the liberty of substituting the coffee for some tea Genji brought with him,” The tea smelled of flowers and he smiled softly, his little brother did always prefer strongly scented floral teas. “I assumed you might share your brother’s dislike of
coffee,” Zenyatta’s voice supplied as Hanzo took a sip of the still quite hot tea.

“It is lovely, thank you.” Zenyatta simply hummed in acknowledgement of the gratitude and moved to retrieve the orb that had fallen on the ground. The object in question floated gently back to his outstretched hand, then returned to the ring of them around the monk’s neck.

“You have questions?” The monk asked as Hanzo slowly ate the small bread oriented meal in front of him. The archer had tried to not stare, to not let his curiosity be obvious. So either he was slipping or this monk was very perceptive.

“I do, but I did not want to pry.” Even in the state he was in Hanzo would not give up the manners that were drilled into him.

“I would be glad to answer any questions you might have, though I imagine that many are your brother’s to answer,” The monk’s invitation and restriction made clear Hanzo did have a few questions.

“Who are you to Genji?”

“That is a question for him to answer, though, I can answer the inverse. Genji is my most prized pupil,” Hanzo gasped softly at the answer, confused, shocked.

“Genji is training to be a monk?” He did not manage to keep the incredulity out of his voice. He was aware that his brother had changed and that he couldn’t understand the extent of that, but that strained all credibility. Surprisingly, the monk giggled loudly at the thought, holding his stomach and kicking out his legs in mirth.

“I can not speak for him but I don’t believe that is the path that Genji is seeking.” The mechanical voice was completely capable of portraying the mirth that his face could not. Hanzo chuckled softly, the Omnic’s laugh and humor were surprisingly infectious. “Genji has learned many different things from me;” That was likely all he had to say on the topic right now and so Hanzo let it drop.

“Has Genji spoken of me?”

“He has shared a great deal about you,” There was a crushing pressure in his chest at the words.

“So you know what I did?” The answer was obvious but he needed to know for sure.

“Yes,” All it took was a single word for the panic to claw its way back from where he had just buried it away. The orb from before regained its soft glow and took up a spot in the air nearby Hanzo.

“Breathe,” Zenyatta instructed calmly. The strange presence of the orb granted him a strength and clarity he had not had in a very long time, enough to slow his breathing, to push back the panic that threatened to consume him again.

“Why are you helping me after what I did to him?” The words came out frantically. The orb could only do so much on its own, the rest was up to Hanzo and in this state he would not bet on his own victory.

“There are many reasons, but perhaps the most important is that I care deeply for Genji and he cares a great deal about you,” The robot sounded like it was chastising him. “I would imagine that you are here because you care a great deal about your brother too.”

“You believe that?”
“I would not let you anywhere near Genji if I did not,” It was not a threat, at least it didn't sound like one, the robot sounded sincere in his belief that Hanzo meant no harm. But, there was a quiet, perhaps unintended, menace behind the words should that evaluation prove incorrect. What would the monk do if Hanzo did hurt his student, even unintentionally.

A silence permeated the room, broken only by the occasional soft gasp of breath as the panicking archer tried to control his breathing, to contain his mood. The monk made no comment, his orbs pinged softly around his neck. All except the one that offered Hanzo a calming glow, an anchor against the storm that threatened to swallow him completely.

“Thank you,” Hanzo offered as his breathing evened once again. “For whatever this is,” he added gesturing to the orb whose presence had helped calm him down through the night and just helped him through another attack.

“I would offer such help to anyone in need,” In any other situation Hanzo would have softly disagreed, insisting upon his gratitude for the monk’s help, but Zenyatta somehow manages to speak with such sincerity that he truly believed that he would offer help to anyone. “Through my orbs I can help to mend others, both in body and in spirit,”

“I don't think I would have been inclined to help you were our roles reversed,”

“Luckily my aid is not contingent on your hypotheticals then,” The Omnic sounded cheeky, like Genji when they were young and Hanzo groaned automatically while Zenyatta giggled softly. “A teacher learns much from his students, for better or worse,” he continues and the elder Shimada can just imagine his brother’s goofy grin on the monk’s face.

If this was any indication, Genji has not completely abandoned everything about himself that Hanzo remembered. It was an oddly huge relief to believe that he still did know at least a little bit about him. If Zenyatta speaks truly and they can meet again this afternoon, not having to start from the absolute beginning made the meeting a little less stressful.

“Genji tells me that you are well versed in the art of meditation,”

“I have not been able to do so successfully in a long time,” Hanzo admitted with a sigh. His only recent attempt had been enlightening, but he could not clear his head. He hadn't managed since he killed his brother.

“Let us try together, there is still much time before we are to meet with Genji,” Hanzo hesitantly accepts the monk’s suggestion with a nod. Zenyatta motions for Hanzo to sit on the floor with him. Hanzo hesitantly stands before joining the Omnic, mimicking his cross legged posture, prepared to try again. “Let the Iris calm your troubled mind,”

The orbs pulsed as before, with no obvious pattern, chiming softly now as they did so. They sat together silently, Hanzo had expected the monk to instruct him or lead but, he seemed content to allow the archer to do what he wants. The elder Shimada is not sure if he is grateful for that or if he would have preferred some guidance. It has been many years after all, but he knew what he had to do, just not if it was something he was capable of right now.

The monk sitting next to him radiated calm like a tangible force, the way he could affect Hanzo with it was both a relief and frightening. Zenyatta could apparently wield it like a weapon and right now the archer was afraid of just how much power it held over him right now. This Omnic was definitely dangerous, but he did not feel threatened, he felt no ill will from the monk.

Focusing on the monk kept his brain busy, unable to clear itself and he tried to shake it off. Zenyatta
has shown him nothing but kindness so far and to return that with distrust would be wrong, especially to one who was important to his brother. He tried to empty his mind, to achieve an inner harmony and peace like he had learned as a child. What he felt was not what he had expected, a nearly forgotten presence that was once so familiar. He felt it in his blood, a roar that has strong and warm, not the cold and harsh presence he had grown accustomed to over the last decade.

The next thing he remembered was quietly waking up to a light tap on his shoulder. At some point he must have fallen asleep, he blushed slightly at the thought. Genji was the one who would sleep instead of meditate, not Hanzo, or at least that is how it used to be.

“I apologize, I did not intend to fall asleep. It will not happen again,” Hanzo's apology was solemn, ashamed of his actions.

“Do not fret over something so small,” There was none of the anger Hanzo always expected when he failed in the monk’s voice. “You are not the first person to fall asleep while meditating with me,” Zenyatta’s voice was comforting instead of reprimanding.

“I imagine Genji must have been a handful,”

“I would have sworn that he slept more during meditation than at night in the beginning,” The omnic’s tone was jovial. He was joking and despite everything Hanzo chuckled slightly, that definitely sounded like the Genji he knew. “You are exhausted in much the same way he was when we first met. You needed some rest,” Hanzo did not feel good, that was not something he had grown accustomed to over the last decade. “Though we should leave if we wish to meet Genji on time,”

They left the temple in the early afternoon, making their way back to the large central street, near the food market that Hanzo had frequented. His anxiety was spiking again, though he pushed it down as best he could, the resting he had done seemed to have helped somewhat at least. The tension he felt at Zenyatta's presence had also diminished as they entered public spaces, it was neutral ground between the two of them. It didn't belong to either side.

“So you are a Shambali monk,” Hanzo asked, realizing that he knew very little about the Omnic. Plus talking a little would help distract him, help to pass the time.

“I am formerly of the Shambali,” Zenyatta answered. It sounded like there was a story behind those words, but it seemed inappropriate to ask.

“I’m sorry,” it sounded like Zenyatta was another who had been taken away from the life they knew for one reason or another. He knew how much it hurt to leave everything behind.

“Do not be, we parted on good terms. The path I had chosen was different and I had to follow it even as it took me away from those I call brother and sister,” Wistfulness shined through as he spoke despite the monk’s best efforts to hide it. “I still care for them though and I have stopped by from time to time,” At least he was apparently still welcome where he came from, he and Genji were not.

“Besides, because of it I have gotten to travel the world with Genji.”

The street was crowded as they found their way to it and continued conversation became more difficult with the loud ambient voices surrounding them. He followed Zenyatta in silence through the murmur of the streets. A floating Omnic drew many glances and whispers, Hanzo wondered why he was floating, but thought it too forward to ask. How it took so long to find someone who attracted as much attention as this monk was beyond him right now. Maybe he had been lying low before, waiting for Genji for some reason.
“Master!” A loud mechanical voice called through the crowd, a voice Hanzo could not get out of his head. It was the voice that started him on this path in the first place, he was here somewhere. The where became apparent very quickly as green blur was caught in his peripheral vision and a familiar metal figure scooped the floating Omnic up in his arms spinning the two of them around laughing.

Genji’s laughter may have been the most beautiful thing that he had ever heard in his life. As mechanical as it might sound now, as different as it is, he never thought he would hear his little brother’s carefree laugh again. He felt like his heart was being ripped from his chest, he did not deserve to hear such a wondrous noise.

“Who did you bring with you master?” Genji turned his attention to the man at their side who was now staring at them. The cyborg cocked his head to the side studying Hanzo, his brother whom he doesn't immediately recognize. At the very least, his new look was different. Genji’s masked face seemed to stare at Hanzo's for a short moment before he spoke. “Hanzo?” Genji’s voice was incredulous as realization seemed to dawn on him.

There were so many things he wanted to say. His body wouldn't listen to him, the words wouldn't come out. He needed to apologize, he needed to ask so many questions. Through all of this his mouth moved and only one word came out. “Genji,”

“Oh my god, look at you!” Genji was clearly very excited. Hanzo had not expected his brother to let the Omnic monk go and launch himself at the elder of the pair. “You look so good brother,” The cyborg lifted him with a surprising amount of strength as he spoke, spinning his brother around and laughing like he had with Zenyatta just moments ago.

The cyborg put Hanzo down after several moments of spinning, giving him another once over. The younger Shimada’s hands softly touched his brother's piercings, perhaps checking to see if they were real or if he was imagining them. “The hair suits you, it looks great. I can't believe you did this,” he gestured excitedly to all of Hanzo. “I always knew you would look great with piercings anija,”

It was the last straw, the familiar title that Hanzo didn’t deserve. His younger brother stood here embracing him, laughing joyfully, complimenting him on his appearance. It was all too much. In the middle of a crowded street in Barcelona, in the arms of the brother he killed, the tears finally fell. For the first time in over two decades Hanzo truly cries.

His body went limp as he sobbed, Genji’s strong arms holding him up despite his desire to simply collapse. Tremors wracked his body as he chokes back a wail, the public around him fell away from notice, his pride didn’t matter now. The only things that mattered were the arms wrapped around him, pulling him into a tight hug and the voice heard calling to him softly.

“It's okay Hanzo,” His brother spoke softly, reassuringly in Japanese. “I’m right here brother. It'll be okay,” No it wouldn’t be okay, Hanzo wanted to scream, nothing could make what he had done okay. Nothing would fix things, but Hanzo wanted so badly to believe what Genji was saying. “I'm so glad you came looking for me,”

Hanzo stands limply in Genji's arms for what feels like hours, the tears of a lifetime of regret strolling down his face. He cannot stop crying, cannot control his sobs, cannot speak or act in any meaningful way. The younger brother holds him close, letting him cry, rubbing his back softly. Slowly, oh so slowly, his body calmed and his tears ran out.

“Let's get you something to eat brother,” Genji suggested, helping to wipe the tears away from his face. The elder brother nodded, not having the strength to argue anything anymore. “I was going to check out the market here.” Hanzo nods dumbly allowing himself to be guided gently forward by his brother.
Genji guided his shaken brother slowly through the crowd, holding onto the elder man’s arm and making sure to stick close to his side. The last thing anyone wanted right now was for them to get separated. Zenyatta floated right behind, trailing them silently.

Hanzo knew that Genji would have loved this place, walking around and trying things, but the cyborg was distracted. Instead of exploring he was worried about the elder brother he was now having to take care of. It hurt to watch Genji worry about him, taking care of him, but for the first time in his life, he did not have the will to act right now. He only moved because his brother was dragging him around and it would take more energy to resist than it does to simply acquiesce. It was not like he had any right to resist Genji's will anyway.

The sights and smells blurred together until he found himself being told to sit at a small table for two in the middle of the marketplace. His brother rushed off, presumably grabbing some food while Zenyatta floated serenely at the side of the table. Hanzo could feel the monk’s presence as that artificial calm washed over him in waves that he easily ignored. He was not seeking calm, he didn't want it right now and it seemed that whatever the monk was doing wouldn't really work if Hanzo didn't want it to.

Whatever it was that Genji had procured smelled heavenly, Hanzo’s stomach was apparently not working with the rest of his mind right now. His brother hands him a thin box with some kind of sandwich in side, he accepts it hesitantly refusing to submit to his stomach. Genji sits down himself, removing his mask, revealing his face like he had that night in Hanamura. The elder Shimada can only stare at the evidence of his actions on his younger brother’s face.

“You need to eat anija,” Genji’s words hit him like a bullet train. He remembers Genji worrying about him as the stress of his duties got to him, Genji would bring him food sometimes because Hanzo would get so distracted with work that he would forget to eat. His words were always harsh back then, even though his younger brother’s kindness truly meant a lot to him back then, but he could not show any weakness.

All of that pride meant so little now, he had broken down and cried in public already today. His brother knew how weak he truly was already. He was tired, he was miserable, he was hungry and with Genji’s encouragement, he began to eat. It really was so much easier to just do whatever his brother told him to do right now, it kept him from having to think.

Genji’s choice tasted at least as good as it smelled, his brother always knew how to enjoy food. Genji smiled up at him as they both ate in silence, the monk seemingly perfectly content letting the two of them interact at their own pace. Things would be so easy right now if Genji was angry, he could surrender to his brother easily in retribution. It was clear that was not going to happen.

“When did you and my master meet Hanzo?” The archer did not want to answer, he did not wish to do anything right now, but the look of worry on his brother’s face broke any resistance he might have had.

“Last night,” Genji was clearly irritated by the terse answer but he kept himself calm, a testament to the changes that he had gone through. Long ago he would never have been able to bite his tongue when he was worried or upset.

“Were you looking for me?” Hanzo nodded as he took another bite of his sandwich. “That must have been difficult. We have been moving around a lot,”

“It would have been easier if I knew to look for a flying monk,” Genji chuckled, a wonderful sound. Despite himself, Hanzo felt a small, almost imperceptible swell of joy, he had made Genji laugh.
“My master does indeed turn heads,” Genji’s eyes lit up and he smiled. “I think he loves the attention,” Zenyatta laughed at that.

“As if my floating could steal focus from you my student,” Genji managed to take mock offense at the insinuation.

“I’ll have you know I was trained to be an assassin. Silent, invisible,” Genji stuck his tongue out as he spoke.

“With bright green hair,” Hanzo added helpfully.

“That does indeed sound very stealthy Genji. I apologize for implying otherwise,” Genji’s face blushed as the Omnic teased him. Hanzo has never seen someone actually get under his little brother's skin like this. Was Zenyatta as masterful a tease as his student?

“I was 13 master,” Genji scoffed.

“And kept it that way for years,” Hanzo supplied. Zenyatta chuckled and Genji groaned.

“I thought you were supposed to be on my side anija,” His brother was actually pouting, the way he used to when he didn't get his way.

“I am,” Hanzo explained, the barest hints of a smile on his lips. “I am also merely suggesting that neon green hair did not make you any stealthier,”

“Everyone here is on your side little sparrow,” The old nickname made Hanzo wince, he used to call Genji that.

“I knowmast…” Genji began only to be interrupted by his master.

“We also, unfortunately, have eyes,” The monk supplied, his voice betraying the grin he would be wearing if he had the body parts required.

“I'm surrounded by jerks,” Genji folded his arms across his chest, his pout intensifying.

“You are surrounded by people who love you,” the monk returned wrapping his arms around his student in a big hug, hanging onto him from behind. “With or without green hair,”

“I see now how you could handle my brother,” Hanzo addressed Zenyatta as he spoke, the ability to fluster and silence Genji was actually very impressive. It seemed harder than whatever trick he did with those orbs.

“Your brother is a delight,” The Omnic’s voice was calm and serene again. He continued to hug his student.

“I know,” Was all he could say in response. At the very least Genji had stopped pouting as they complimented him. It may have taken him a long time to understand that fact, but his brother had always been fun.

Silence reigned once again as the brothers returned to their food, but it was a more comfortable silence. Hanzo ate more easily, some of the tension having calmed down during the rather domestic scene that had played out.

“I would never have expected you to be willing to call someone master Genji,” The words come out before his mind even really registers the thought and he regretted it instantly, it was presumptuous
and personal.

“I was angry for a long time,” The cyborg responded after a short pause. “At you, at this body, at everything,” The words hurt to hear but Hanzo owed it to his brother to listen at the very least. “With the Clan all but gone and you nowhere to be found, I took to wandering aimlessly.” Genji grabbed One of Zenyatta's arms as he continued. “I met Zenyatta, he wanted to help and wouldn't leave me alone until I let him,”

“He helped me to understand what I am and to accept it,” Genji spoke so fondly of the monk, his face lighting up as he steals a glance before continuing. “Without Zenyatta, I would still be angry and miserable if I was still around at all.” That was more of what Hanzo had expected when he had learned Genji was alive, after seeing what he had done to him, it hurt to imagine.

“You give yourself too little credit my dear sparrow,”

“I would not have made it here without you master,” The look on the younger Shimada’s face, a look of fondness and devotion, surprised Hanzo. He had never known his brother to take anything too seriously, to devote himself fully to something. It seemed that this monk had managed to tame his brother in a way nobody else could.

A sliver of something like jealousy crept in as the elder brother wondered why he could never reach his brother like that when they were younger. He pushed back the thought, he should be glad for his brother. No, he was happy for Genji, even if it came so late in his life, he was happy that the little troublemaker found someone who could connect with him, who could help him through such a horrible thing. Someone who could help him forgive Hanzo, a quiet voice supplied unbidden and unwelcome.

“Genji,” Hanzo’s voice cracked as he spoke, he needed something to distract from the thoughts that threatened to betray him. “When we fought, you said that I needed to pick a side,” He was struggling to speak. Why were words so hard right now? But Genji simply nodded as if he understood what was being asked anyway.

“10 years ago I almost died,” even now Hanzo winced at the words, he doubted that could ever change. “I was saved by Overwatch. In return, I aided them against the clan, but after it was done I met Zenyatta and things changed,” the fondness returns to his eyes as he speaks of the monk. “With Overwatch gone there has been no one to fight the many evils that continue to fester. A few months ago a recall was initiated calling former Overwatch agents back to duty.”

“That is illegal is it not?” Everyone knew of Overwatch’s less than graceful end and the Petras act passed by the UN that outlawed any activity by the group.

“A lifetime of criminal activities and you worry about the legality of a group of vigilante heroes,” Genji chuckled, Hanzo’s face flushed slightly, it was kind of a stupid question when you put it like that. “I’ve decided to answer the recall,” Hanzo had expected that was where this was going to go, the unspoken question hung heavily in the air.

“To what end?”

“You must be aware of some of the things going on around the globe,” His brother's tone turns very serious. “When I was last with Overwatch I was angry and out for revenge, but now I wish to join as someone worthy of its heroic ideals.”

“You wish me to join as well?” The idea of joining a group of heroics vigilantes was foolish enough, but why would such people accept a criminal and a murderer amongst them.
“Overwatch is an opportunity for a new start brother,” The sincerity in his voice kept Hanzo from scoffing at the idea. It was a ridiculous notion, but one that Genji’s eyes showed that he believed without a doubt. “Honor resides in one's actions after all anija.”

He wondered if Genji knew the effect his words had right now, if he knew that Hanzo could not deny him anything. In the end it did not really matter, it would not change his decision to follow his brother. He would trust that his brother was speaking truly and maybe he could do something worthwhile with his time.

“When are we leaving?” When Genji’s face lit up with the childish glee that reminded him of better days any doubt he had about the decision melted away.

“We should leave as soon as we can. We have a pretty long train ride and then a relatively short bus ride to get to Gibraltar. We will walk the rest of the way to the Watchpoint,” Genji explained as he finished the last of his meal.

“I shall grab my stuff then. Where should we meet?”

“The Sants train station. We’ll take a train to Gibraltar and a bus as far as we can afterwards.” Hanzo nodded standing up.

“I’ll meet you there,” He left quickly, before Genji could say much of anything. He needed to grab everything he brought with him if he was going to start a new life somewhere with new people. It took an hour to rush off to the hotel, grab his stuff and check out. Longer than he had expected, it was another hour of hustling over to the train station.

His brother and the monk sat patiently near the front of the bustling station. They were easily picked out of the crowd despite the busy time. Genji waved his arms excitedly when he noticed Hanzo approaching, his mask back in place.

“When's the train? He asked with a short wave back.

“We waited for you before we grabbed tickets,”

“Very well, I will buy them then,” Hanzo responded heading off to the ticket counter. An electronic teller was the obvious choice with his lack of understanding of the language. He purchases tickets for one that leaves in 15 minutes to their destination. It was good timing. “Our train leaves in fifteen minutes,” He hands the others their tickets as he scans the area for directions to their platform.

“First class?” Genji asked checking out their tickets.

“Is that a problem?” Hanzo hadn't even thought about it, it was just natural to him to purchase everything that way. Did that upset Genji?

“Zenyatta genuinely prefers second class,” Genji replies. “He likes talking to people,” He explained and Hanzo flushed in embarrassment, he hadn't even thought about it, he really should have asked first.

“I'm sorry, I didn’t think about it...”

“This is fine, it gives the two of you more room to talk little sparrow,” Zenyatta interrupted as he saw the worry on Hanzo's face, floating off towards their train with the brothers following behind him.

The seats were pleasantly wide and they easily found themselves alone in the car at the moment. They sat in silence as they waited for the train to pull out, it wouldn't be too long. The wait was
interminable, they may have already spoke some and he may be heading to join an international crime fighting organization, but this was still awkward. It was hard to broach any real subject, especially personal and important things.

When it became apparent that neither one of them is going to start talking about anything right now Zenyatta suggested that they try meditating to clear their minds and the air between them. The monk seemed to really like meditation as a way to help people with their problems, but it was a better idea than just sitting around in awkward silence waiting for a several hour train ride to end.

Hanzo watched curiously as his brother adopted a cross legged pose in their surprisingly wide seats, mimicking his master's form. How Zenyatta managed to get Genji to sit still, let alone meditate without complaint, Hanzo will likely never know. He joined in third, maybe after everything that has happened he might be able to find some degree of peace of mind now.

His hopes were dashed, his mind raced constantly. The doubts he held about what they were doing, where they were going weighed heavily on his mind. What were they going to accomplish in Gibraltar? He settled on the most important part of the answer, he was not here to redeem himself, he knew that, he was here because he owed his brother his life and Genji wanted Hanzo here.

He abandoned his attempt in order to stare out the window at the scenery passing by their train as it rapidly glides along the tracks. It was more soothing than being caught in his head as he desperately sought the peace that his two companions seem to achieve so easily. He sat in silence, not wanting to bother anyone while they are meditating when there is no good reason to do so.

The master and student broke out of their meditation when food was brought to them by a smiling young woman. She was clearly surprised when Genji wanted something to eat, likely thinking that Hanzo was traveling with two Omnics not one and a cyborg. She recovered quickly though and politely provided for him as well, decent customer service at least, a perk of paying a higher price.

The meal passed with small talk, awkward small talk. They could not manage anything important right now. There is still so much they need to talk about, Hanzo has still not managed to really apologize. Talking had never been a difficult thing for him, but with Genji right now they refused to come out. They would speak of more difficult unpleasant things in the future when the two of them were ready. For now they would speak of nothing important, if for no other reason than to get used to each other, to become familiar again.

“I still can barely believe you went through with the piercings,” Genji was smiling again, his face revealed as he ate.

“I'd always wanted to,” Hanzo's voice was soft, hesitant as he answered.

“I remember,” Genji said swallowing a small mouthful. “I'm glad you did something like this for yourself Hanzo,”

So he explained where he got the new clothes and why. He explained what was up with his piercings, why he'd gotten them where he did. They made him look how he wanted to and his hairdo was a way for him to distance himself from the past. Genji really seemed to like it whenever he mentions anything about moving on from the past or looking to the future. The conversation moves on the what Hanzo had one in Barcelona while looking for them and how he ended up finding Zenyatta, through dumb luck really.

Genji in turn talked of why they stopped in Barcelona, Zenyatta was asked to visit the temple and took the time to speak with many people around the area while Genji went off to speak with Winston, the de facto leader of this new Overwatch. He had not told him about Hanzo yet but that
would have to happen when they arrive. He spoke about some of the others who had responded to the recall by now. Some old faces he remembered, McCree, Tracer, Reinhardt, names that meant something to him. It was nice to see his brother so consistently excited, at least Hanzo hadn't ruined everything for him.

It grew late, the ride was still a few hours out so Hanzo settled in for some sleep. He dreams of memories from years ago. Faces of the heroes of Overwatch, the saviors of humanity. Many names half remembered from the way they were everywhere in the media but of little interest to him. The most vivid image is the old poster that had been everywhere once upon a time, it had several members of Overwatch on it, it called them the protectors. It was propaganda, but the commanding presence of the strike commander standing proud and regal, crowned with golden hair was what made the poster so powerful, it's the image that's sticks in his head as he dreams of what Overwatch was and what it could be for him.
Food and Cages

Chapter Summary

arriving at Watchpoint Gibraltar, Hanzo is briefly introduced to several other members of the team. The situation is exhausting, especially considering one of them seems to hate him.

Chapter Notes

Just in time for me to do some r76 Valentine's week stuff I have this new chapter readyish. I rewrote the later third multiple times until I was okay with it. Hanzo will meet more people in the near future if he can survive Until Winston returns.

Also, Jack finally makes an appearance.

Hanzo was not entirely sure what to expect when he learned that their destination was an old Overwatch outpost in Gibraltar, simply called Watchpoint: Gibraltar. He didn't know what a Watchpoint entailed. Genji mentioned that it was a small base actually primarily dedicated to research, hence why this Winston person was there, but it also housed soldiers and acted as a local waypoint for activity in the area. It was nearing noon as they arrived on a bright clear day, the view bright and clear.

Despite knowing that it was some kind of base, he was surprised by just how large a compound they end up in front of. There was a chain link fence around the perimeter helping to punctuate just how many buildings there were. Genji pointed out a bunkhouse, a large warehouse, a watch tower, communications tower and more as they walked. It was strange to see such a large and useful compound had been completely abandoned and left to rot away.

The place was silent save for the distant sounds of the crashing waves and the breeze that carried the scent of the ocean. It felt wrong, such a place being quiet. It felt dangerous, like a trap, but Genji waltzed right in confident and unafraid, one of a few things that hasn't changed with time. Their footsteps disturbed the silence of this place, though it did nothing but heighten the anxiety he felt. The sounds they made felt like they were intruding in a place they did not belong, a place long abandoned for a reason. He wished he could float silently like Zenyatta, he would feel less out of place moving noiselessly.

They walked in through what Hanzo could only assume was the front, out in the open. He hoped that this clandestine vigilante group was simply expecting them because if they let anyone just walk right in that did not bode well for their safety and security. He felt eyes on him the moment that they entered the ground proper, passed the fence that announced the death of this place. There was movement above him, he caught sight of it out of the corner of his eye. Someone was following them as they traversed the base to reach the command center.

Their tail kept above them, it was easy to do as the path to the command center followed a series of buildings and travelled through a tunnel. Whoever was following them could be heard, the soft
clattering of boots, but he never caught more than the faintest glimpses out of the corner of his eye when he scanned the surroundings. He wondered if Genji had also noticed or if he should mention anything. Probably not, these people shouldn’t let strangers roam around the grounds without oversight anyway, it was only natural.

The command center stood at the edge of the compound as a whole, it's back up against the sea. Genji lead the two of them to rather large door, the entrance to the compound. He pressed his hand to a console at the side of the door.

“Athena, is Winston available,” The cyborg spoke at the computer.

“Affirmative, we have been awaiting your return agent Genji,” A robotic voice responded quickly. “We were not expecting three arrivals however,” the voice amended

“I know, I'll explain everything to Winston,”

“Very well. He awaits inside,” Athena informed them as the door began to open slowly. The interior of the command center reminded Hanzo more of a workshop than anything else. It looked like the place had been used to build and repair a variety of machines over the last several years, not give command and oversee paramilitary operations. He wondered how long it had been since they started up operations here and if the place was going to be cleaned up at all.

“Genji!” A deep voice called out as they moved into the center of the main room.

“Greetings Winston. I have returned as promised,”

“With an extra in tow it seems,” Hanzo was not prepared for the large body that dropped from above to greet them. The man talking to them, this Winston, was not a man at all but rather a Gorilla, a talking gorilla. He did not manage to keep the gape out of his face, though he did cover it up immediately.

“Yes, this,” he gestured to the floating Omnic. “Is my master Tekhartha Zenyatta.”

“Greetings,” The monk extended a slender hand to the large primate.

“Genji has informed me that you intend to join up with us,” Winston took the extended hand, shaking it softly. The sight of the gorilla’s giant hand grasping the monk’s rather delicate one was quite strange, but he still hadn’t quite gotten over the talking Gorilla. Genji should have told him before they got here about that.

“I decided to follow Genji. I believe I can do more good here given the state of the world at the moment,” The monk explained. Hanzo was not very well versed in the state of the things right now apparently, because he didn’t really know what situation the monk was referring to.

“Genji tells me great things about you, both with words and in a fight,” Hanzo is taken aback by that. He had assumed the monk was a pacifist. That was a major part of the Shambali teachings from what he understood.

“Should the need arise I am quite skilled at both yes. I have learned much from a master ninja after all,” Hanzo did not need to see Genji’s face to know that he preened at Zenyatta's words. His chest was puffed out slightly and the elder brother could just imagine the huge grin plastered over it.

It was strange though. Genji had never been one to seek approval from anyone, even Hanzo's praise was accepted easily, without much care. His brother had never been one to put much stock into words like that. It was a part of the rebellion that burned deep within him, something that no one had
ever managed to quench. Perhaps that is how much the monk meant to Genji. Perhaps Zenyatta was capable of giving his brother the praise, the support that he needed after Hanzo took everything away from him.

He bit back the desires that gnawed at him at such a thought. He could deal with it later, when he could lie down alone and hopefully drink. He didn't need to make things more difficult right now, to give away his weakness to people he knows nothing about. A deep breath managed to calm him enough to keep his composure during the meeting.

“Great to have you with us master Zenyatta,” Winston bowed awkwardly to the monk who inclined his head politely in response. “Who else did you bring here,” Hanzo stiffened as the gorilla’s gaze flipped over to him.

“This is my brother Hanzo Shimada,” That gave Winston pause, a very worrisome pause, a knowing pause. Winston knew who Hanzo was, what he had done, that much was obvious by the way the ape suddenly avoided his gaze and deemed to be silently questioning Genji.

“Your brother…” Whatever he might have wanted to say was lost as he seemed to consider the situation. “What brings you here?” The question was aimed directly at Hanzo, clearly wanting the archer to answer for himself.

“Genji told me of his plans to rejoin Overwatch and I agreed to join him if you will have me,” He asked permission, not assuming, like Genji had done, that they would just allow him in. Especially because it seemed like Winston was aware of the history between the two.

“How long would you stay with us,”

“For as long as Genji wants me here and you allow me to stay,” The answer was simple. Until such time as his brother grew sick of him or the organization did, he would stay, despite what Genji might think or say, he didn't have a real choice in the matter.

“You are sure about this?” The gorilla asked the cyborg who merely nodded his head in affirmation. “Very well. Hanzo,” Returning his gaze the archer and extending a hand. “Welcome to Overwatch.” He shook the apes hand slowly shocked that he had agreed so easily. “You may each take any unoccupied room you want for the moment. There's plenty of space right now. Athena can tell you what is available.”

“Is anyone around Winston. I was hoping to see some old faces.” Genji sounded excited.

“McCree is on base and Lena too. Hana is a new arrival that came with the new year. Athena says 76 was shadowing you when you arrived so he should be around here somewhere.”

“76?”

“A vigilante with a grudge against Talon who joined up recently. Not very personable, but fast and good with a rifle,” Winston explained.

“Should we get settled and meet the others?”

“Yes, we shall discuss more details and assess your skills once you have rested up a bit. Genji should know his way around the base,” Winston announced, his voice taking on a more stern tone that he was clearly uncomfortable with. “Athena shall relay the details. Dismissed,”

Genji returned a salute, Hanzo was unsure of the appropriate response, Zenyatta appeared to be in the same boat, but no one called any attention to it as they turned to leave. They would be able to
learn proper protocol such as this at a later date. Hanzo saw a white haired man in a strange visor and bright blue jacket enter the building after they left. He wondered if that was this 76 character and why someone would call themselves a number.

There really were a large number of accommodations available given the illegal nature of the recall in effect. Genji was clearly disappointed when Hanzo insisted on taking the most out of the way and distant quarters he could find. He didn't want to be around people much and at least his brother wasn't trying to force him to change his mind.

Everyone else had mostly grouped together, near to each other and the recreational areas and mess hall. Even Genji and Zenyatta chose to be nearby the crowd. Hanzo's only nearby company was the person under the call sign 76. Winston had said he wasn't very personable, must be why he was out in the distance like Hanzo, who had never considered himself personable either. Hanzo was only allowed to drop the stuff he brought off in his room before Genji dragged him back out.

Genji dragged him to the mess hall so that they could get something to eat, the elder brother hoped that there would be no one else there. His hopes were dashed the moment they entered the large communal eating room. There were in fact three other people sitting around a table in the center of the large space. Two young women, one of them wearing a glowing chest piece of some kind. The other couldn't have been older than 18 or so. His attention drifted mostly towards the third person though. A middle aged man dressed like a cowboy, boots, spurs, hat, the works. It was a ridiculous look that had him gawking a bit as he seems to finish some story or another that has everyone laughing.

"I'll be damned, Winston was telling the truth," The man in the cowboy hat drawled. He even sounded the part, it was about the most ludicrous thing Hanzo had seen in a long time. "Genji Shimada, never thought I would see your ass around here again," The man's broad grin faltered only as Genji flung himself at the cowboy, clearly not expecting the gesture. It seemed that Genji twirling people around happily was a normal greeting for Genji nowadays and it left this man about as flabbergasted as he had felt in Barcelona.

"It's been way too long Jesse,”

“Never had you pegged as the sentimental type really kid,” The cowboy's confused face smiled, glad despite not exactly knowing what was going on.

“You're barely older than me Eastwood,”

“Oi Genji, longtime no see luv!” In a literal flash the older of the two women appeared behind his younger brother jumping onto his back in a tight embrace.

“Good to see you too Tracer,” Genji's voice was light and happy. It was a sound he had heard when the man spoke softly with Zenyatta often about nothing in particular, seemingly just to talk. He was glad his brother could be so casually contented even if it would never be with him.

“What's with the entourage G?” Everyone's attention turned to Zenyatta and Hanzo, who had both been watching the reunion silently, unwilling to intrude in such a moment.

“I recruited some extra talent before I came back,” Genji gestured first to the monk. “This is my mentor Tekhartha Zenyatta.” Zenyatta bowed his head slightly in greeting.

“Lena Oxton, callsign Tracer, pleased to meet you,” In another flash of blue she stood in front of the Omnic extending her hand in greeting.
“Pleasure to meet you miss Oxton,” He shook her hand and she beamed.

“This is Jesse McCree,” Genji gestured to the cowboy as he spoke this time.

“Howdy,” The man tipped his hat at the monk who returned the gesture with a polite nod of his head. The younger woman strode up to Zenyatta extending her hand.

“Hana Song, Ace MEKA pilot, South Korean Army. Call me D.Va.” The monk accepted her extended hand. Hanzo wondered what a South Korean soldier was doing as part of an illegal vigilante organization. It was strange, but not really his place to comment or question such things. He was a stranger and a criminal after all.

“Pleased to make your acquaintance D.Va,”

“I am Genji Shimada,” He introduced himself to Hana. “Formerly of Overwatch. This,” He gestured to Hanzo now. “is my brother Hanzo Shimada,” Hanzo scanned the three new comers closely at the mention of his name. Tracer and D.Va seemed to accept the news simply, the cowboy on the other hand stiffened almost imperceptibly, his gaze hardening. He shook the others hands in introduction while McCree may have been trying to strangle Hanzo with his eyes.

Hanzo avoided the cowboy’s gaze while his brother spoke with the others. They were given something strange to eat that Lena had apparently made a little earlier. He watched as his brother slowly reached for his faceplate, saw his arms hesitate when they reached the releases. Genji hadn't hesitated previously, perhaps the new crowd was making him nervous. Zenyatta must have noticed it as well, a reassuring hand placed on his student's shoulder helping him to overcome his nerves.

The rest of the table tried not to stare as the cyborg’s face was uncovered. Tracer and D.Va’s shocked faces were quickly averted in an attempt to be polite. The cowboy’s eyes radiated a fury his body rather impressively hid behind a calm facade. Hanzo was more in control now than he had been in Barcelona when he met Genji, so he was able to hide the anxiety he felt under that hateful gaze.

“You never used to eat with us all G,” Tracers chipper voice tried to keep a conversation going, to keep the elephant in the room from dominating the atmosphere. “It's nice to have a meal as a team,”

“It took a while to get comfortable,” Genji admitted as he ate. “But It is nice having company,” Genji smiled softly and much of the tension in the room drained. Hanzo was silent as they ate. The others spoke at great length, reminiscing and telling stories. It was amazing how McCree kept the anger and tension out of his voice as he told stories of he and Genji making trouble for their teams years ago, stories that made the table, even his brother, laugh raucously.

It was easy to understand how Genji would get along with these people. They were overbearing in much the same way his brother was when they were young. They were excitable, personable, happy go lucky, all things that Hanzo most certainly was not. He politely excused himself when it became too much to bare. Genji did not really believe that he was tired from the trip, but thankfully he didn't object as the archer left.

It took just about every ounce of willpower he had to walk calmly through the halls to reach his room. No one was there to see him even as he struggled to control the panic he felt. He would not appear weak to these people he had just met and he would not be cause for his brother to worry more.

His room was a safe haven, it locked behind him and kept the rest of the world outside. He retrieved his bow to inspect it, making sure that it would be prepared at anytime.
“Hanzo Shimada,” The mechanical voice from earlier called out to him during his maintenance. “I am Athena. The AI that runs a lot of this base.” The computer introduced itself.

“Hello,” He tried to be polite but he didn't really know how to greet an AI, especially in whatever context he was in. He was unaware of proper Overwatch protocols.

“Winston has to leave the base for a few days. Your evaluation will have to wait until he returns. Until then you shall remain on the base. Tracer will be able to help set you up with a personal terminal. You may spend the time familiarizing yourself with the facility and proper protocol while you wait.” The voice informed him. “I can answer any question you might have if you need assistance.”

“Is there a shooting range on this base?”

“There is one active shooting range at the moment. I cannot show you a map until you have a personal terminal. I can ask Soldier 76 to show you where it is if you wish, he is near your quarters at the moment.” He would probably have to meet his closest neighbor at some point. May as well get it out of the way now.

“Yes that would be helpful,” He kept his tone neutral.

“I shall inform him immediately,”

A few minutes passed before there was a knock at the door. The man he spied earlier with the visor stood at his door, face unreadable, hidden behind a mask.

“Ready?” The man's voice was rough and gravelly, his tone serious. The vigilante towered over Hanzo, but also held a commanding presence that made Hanzo feel even smaller. He nodded grabbing his bow and his quiver full of his practice arrows and followed the man out the door. The lack of introduction and small talk might have been considered rude, but Hanzo more than welcomed it right now. He had enough interaction with other people today and he barely spoke to anyone at all.

They made their way across the Watchpoint rapidly and in silence, Hanzo having to rush to match the larger man's pace. The vigilante’s complementary mood would not save him from interaction for long unfortunately. The Korean soldier spotted them on their way to the shooting range and jumped at the opportunity to engage.

“Hey pops,” She greeted the masked vigilante casually.

“D.Va,” The man returned her greeting with a nod of his head.

“Where you headed with the new guy?” Hanzo had to fight back a scowl at the title she used, he remembered her name, apparently she couldn't have bothered to return the courtesy.

“Showing him around,” Hanzo was sure that she was going to tag along and he silently pleaded with no one in particular that she would just leave. She had too much energy and her rude behavior might wear Hanzo's patience out. She opened her mouth to speak again but the soldier interrupted her. “We are initiating a lockdown for the next few days. You should go and tell the others,”

Hana took the somewhat obvious dismissal in stride in a way the elder Shimada had not expected from his first impressions of the brash young woman. She walked off with a wave, heading back from wherever she came. He sighed in relief once he could no longer see her.

“She's a good kid,” That gravelly voice informed him. The first actual sentence the man had spoken to Hanzo, he was surprised by it. “A pain in the ass though,” he added. Hanzo merely nods, a
response the soldier accepts without comment. They continued to the shooting range without any further comments until they were inside. “We’re gonna have to find something to make a target for you. We aren't really equipped for archery.”

“Just need some wood or something for my arrows to find purchase in. I just need it to be good enough to practice a little at the moment,” Hanzo explained simply. 76 grunted in recognition looking around for something they could use. He had not expected the vigilante to help him get something set up, something about the man just screamed leave me alone. Perhaps that's why his presence didn't bother Hanzo very much, the man wasn't likely to say or do something without purpose.

Between the two of them they fashioned some old wooden crates into a tall makeshift archery target. Hanzo would have to settle for shooting at a sheet with the approximate dimensions of a person or a bastion unit on them, but it would more than suffice for a little practice right now. 76 had made his way to the door before Hanzo had finished lining up his first shot.

“Thank you for the assistance,” It was only polite to thank the man, he was very helpful when he didn't really have to be.

“Let Athena know if you need anything else,” The man replied as he left the archer to himself and his training.

His aim was off, not surprising given how things have been going. It might have been a good thing that a test of his skills was postponed for a few days. He didn't want to make Genji look bad by not being at his best, he would show off a bit for his brother's sake. It shouldn't take too long to get himself back together, he had trained his entire life for this after all.

His fingers bled, his arms screamed in agony, but the thing that drew him away from training was someone whistling loudly nearby. It startled Hanzo, though much less than who it happened to be in the shooting range with him.

“Pretty handy with that bow I see,” The man's voice was light and jovial, if it wasn't for the man's eyes holding back barely contained anger Hanzo would have assumed he was trying to be friendly. “I hear you are good at killing,” The accusation hung in the air like a thick smoke, it was suddenly more difficult to breathe.

“I was just finishing. I will get out of your way,” Hanzo grabbed his half empty quiver and moved towards the door. He would get the rest later, he needed to get out of here before he was forced into a confrontation with this man. Unfortunately, McCree appeared to be here to confront him, interposing himself between Hanzo and the exit.

“Hold on there now, I just wanted to learn a bit aboutcha. Me and your brother were tight back in the day y’know,” The soft friendly tones didn't leave his voice for a moment. Hanzo had trained a long time to control himself as well as he does, this man must have done so somewhere as well.

“Let me pass,” Hanzo's voice was harsh and commanding now. Getting into a fight with Genji's friends was the last thing his brother needed to deal with right now.

“We are gonna have a nice chat before I move anywhere,” McCree did not even flinch under the intensity of Hanzo's gaze, instead grinning like a wolf who had cornered his prey. “Why are you here?”

“I was practicing before you arrived,” Hanzo responded impatiently trying to push past the man in his way. “Move!” He ordered again when the cowboy would not let him leave. McCree was
stronger than he looked, holding his ground as Hanzo tried to force his way past. Things would devolve into a real fight before the man would let the archer pass.

“Not what I meant,” The other man continued, ignoring Hanzo's orders and keeping the archer in the room. The cowboy made no aggressive movements he merely stood his ground as an impassable wall, arms folded across his chest. “Why are you here?”

“That is not your concern,”

“That's where yer wrong Hanzo,” His voice dripped with venom as he spat out the elder Shimada's name. “Do you have any idea what he went through after you murdered him?” Any trace of that cordial tone was gone now, there was no need for the pretense. “Any idea how much he suffered?” The man was all but shouting now.

“That is between me and Genji!”

“Wrong again. I was there. I helped him through the worst of it as best I could, but I mostly just got to watch a man fall apart because of what you did to him and now you show up here like nothing ever happened. Protectin’ Genji has been my business for a long time and I aim to continue protectin’ ‘im especially from you,”

“You know nothing about me cowboy,” Hanzo fired back, any attempt at remaining calm abandoned. “I am only here because Genji asked me to be. I don't know why he did, or why he keeps telling me he has forgiven me. I know one day that he will realize that I am not worth any of this and either kill me or send me away like I deserve, but until he no longer wishes me here I am not going anywhere no matter what you think. Now unless you want to force Genji into the middle of a fight between his brother and friend then I suggest you move!”

He forced the larger man aside and stalked towards the relative safety of his room. Hanzo couldn't even recall the trek to his room, the next thing he actually recalled was sitting down on the edge of his bed. His body shaking, he was angry, he was upset and more than anything he needed a drink. When he realized that he didn't have anything on him and didn't know if there was any alcohol on the base all he could manage was curling up on his new bed and waiting for the anger and panic to pass. His thoughts of raiding the mess and hoping they had something was interrupted by a knock at his door. A second knock came a minute later when he ignored the first. Whoever it was he would have to get up and send them away it seemed.

“Heard your little fight and thought you could use this,” 76 stood in front of his door holding a green bottle. “Tequila,” Hanzo reached out to grab the liquor dumbly. He was in no state to speak, he didn't even want to think about how he looked right now, but the soldier didn't seemed bothered by his silence or appearance. “It's strong, so pace yourself a bit,” With that advice he left the archer alone with a bottle of hard liquor.

The rest of the evening passed in a blur until he eventually passed out in bed. He dreamed that night of ninjas and cowboys fighting. They fought over a captive dragon, each wanting different things for the creature. Stuck in the center, chained and caged, the dragon was powerless to do anything but watch as others fought to decide its future. While they fought an old ghost brought him food and water, but otherwise left him to his own devices and thoughts.
Bonding of Sorts

Chapter Summary

After a somewhat stressful lunch Hanzo has to thank 76 for the tequila and find some way to help pass the time. Somehow he gets roped into a conversation with a Tracer, playing video games with D.Va and faces more of his past with Genji.

Chapter Notes

This one took a while, r76 Valentine's week got in the way, but here it is. Some more interaction with 76, we learn a bit about Lena, then they play Mario while Hanzo thinks of one of his major regrets from his past. He apologizes to Genji about something other than what happened 10 years ago.

Did I mention that this is going to be slow burn?

Holy Editing batman. I needed to fix some mistakes. There are probably quite a few more, but I got what I noticed. I don't have a beta or anything. Also I added a little bit to make certain points a little clearer.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hanzo’s body knew on some instinctual level, despite the alcohol and being unconscious, that waking up would be a terrible mistake, for more reason than one. So, instead of regaining consciousness that morning, after a night of fitful rest, his body stubbornly refused to stir. Stubborn as a dragon, he might have subconsciously allowed himself to sleep well into the night had a voice and a soft shake of his shoulder not awoken him.

“Hanzo, wake up,” the words were soft, seeking to rouse, but not startle him. They repeated, a little louder, a little more forceful when he did not respond the first time.

He couldn't actually tell what hit him first, the dull throbbing headache or the realization that Genji was talking to him. Probably the second, because his head was already pounding when he noticed his brother, making him rise with a start that promptly worsened the damned pain in his head.

“It's nearly noon brother,” Genji informed him while he waited for his vision to adjust to the lighting. A silence fell as he finally dragged his body upright to look at the man that had come to wake him up. “Are you okay?” He caught the cyborg scanning the room, the only thing to see was the mostly empty bottle 76 had given him last night.

The thought of Genji judging him for drinking was such a ridiculous notion that despite everything, Hanzo could not suppress a laugh. There was no anger, no derision, no sarcasm behind the laugh. It was deep and honest, something he had not managed for possibly decades. His younger brother was likely confused by the mirth but apparently recognized the signs of a hangover.

“I'll get you some water while you take a shower,”
“I'm fine Genji,” Hanzo protested with as much strength as he could manage, which was to say none at all right now.

“Hanzo, please,” The words would have been enough, but the pleading tone in his brother's voice broke any thoughts of resisting the aid he was being offered.

“Okay,” Despite everything, his stubborn pride still wanted him to refuse, but at this point he knew that stubborn pride met its match when paired against guilt.

Showering was a good idea, it helped to wake him up, restore his focus. His head pounded tremendously. He had never had tequila before, it was stronger than he had thought even though 76 had warned him. It got him through the night though, through the quiet. He could deal with the pain every morning, it was more than worth it in the end.

He avoided looking in the mirror as he stepped into the shower, not wishing to see what a sorry state Genji had found him in. The cool water helped, at least for the moment. He was more awake, more focused and able to control himself and ready to attempt to deal with the world again.

Washing himself was a relaxing affair. It was a key part of his ritual for any given day, a ritual that helped keep him focused and active even after his world fell apart. It would start with the cleansing of his body, a shower that was not too long as to be wasting time, but long enough to be entirely thorough. It was usually hot to calm his muscles, though today it was cold to help his head.

Along with cleansing himself of the toil of the day before, his ritual involved the maintenance of his appearance. The archer had brought along everything he needed and it started with his hair. It had to be cleaned and maintained while he bathed to keep it healthy and easy to manage. When he got out it would be put back up, proper and perfect. The change he had brought to the way he wore it did not change the fact that he would wear it the way he wanted to perfection, not a strand out of place. Even the bang that protruded in front of his face was purposeful and exact.

His skin needed to be cared for, especially his face. It would not due to be unseemly when being presented to others. It would be smooth, unblemished where possible. His arms and chest followed suit. It may not be important for business anymore, but it was important to Hanzo as strange as it might seem to others. The habit worked to ground him to something and the end result defined him in some, perhaps foolish, important way.

In his haste he had neglected the wounds his hands had suffered during his practice. So he cleaned and cared for them now as he dried off and waited for his younger brother to return. He had supplies to care for wounds, to clean and wrap them so they healed without scars, though these would join a few others if they did scar for his mistake last night.

Genji returned as he was deciding on an outfit to wear for the day. Hanzo had no intention of interacting with anyone today, but looking perfect was more about him nowadays than what anyone else thought. The ninja proffered him a bottle of water and two small pills he didn't recognize.

“They're a specialty of Angela's,” He explained when the archer eyed them warily. It did little to alleviate his confusion, he did not know anyone named Angela. “Best hangover remedy Overwatch ever used,“

“Overwatch developed its own hangover cure?“ Hanzo asked as he reluctantly took the pills, given the last few days it was most likely not poison.

“Yeah Angela got tired of being bothered by idiots with hangovers so she made it in her spare time. Helped keep everyone sane really,” Genji told him as he downed the, and slowly nursed the bottle of
“Who is Angela?”

“Dr. Angela Ziegler, callsign Mercy. She's the one who…” The air between them was suddenly tense, or at least tenser than normal.  

“I see,” He responded quickly, he did not want to hear the words that were coming anymore than Genji seemed inclined to speak them at the moment. It would be better for both of them right now if they moved the morning forward.  

“I was hoping you would join us for lunch brother.” Hanzo did not wish to do anything of the sort and he suspected Genji knew that, but just as before he could not really say no to such a request. It would be better to not show how much he did not want to see anyone, especially McCree.  

“Of course,” He kept his voice as neutral as possible, avoiding the scowl that he knew was persistently across his face.

Dressed properly, and satisfied that he was presentable, he followed the cyborg back to the mess hall they had eaten at the day before. He had expected it, but his arrival confirmed that everyone on base was there. Tracer, D.Va, McCree and Zenyatta were already there, Genji and Hanzo had just arrived. The only surprise at the moment was that 76 was also there, he didn't seem the type to join the group for meals.

To be fair, it wasn't like he was in the middle of the group that gathered around the table near the center of the room. He sat apart from the rest at a separate table, drinking what was likely coffee. The bottom portion of his mask was removed, uncovering his mouth, allowing him to eat and drink while the visor portion still obscured the majority of his face. Still though, from their, admittedly brief, contact Hanzo had gotten the impression that the man would want to be here about as much as he did, which was to say not at all.

Entering this room was the worst thing that had happened since Hanzo woke up. Every eye in the place turned to the two brothers as they passed the threshold, but most focused on him at least briefly. He avoided McCree's gaze, instead scanning his eyes anywhere else across the room.

Even 76 seemed to glance over at him through the visor that hid his eyes, though the main reason that made him uncomfortable at the moment was the sudden realization that he had not thanked the man for his timely intervention last night. It would be improper to not show his appreciation, especially now that he was back in control of himself after last night.

Right now though, his brother insisted that they eat at the crowded table surrounded by the conversation that resumed as soon as their entrance’s novelty wore off. They spoke animatedly, most of them anyway. Zenyatta seemed content merely to listen, floating at the table right next to Genji.

Apparently Jesse had decided to delight everyone with his cooking skills this afternoon which meant they were eating some kind of spicy chili. Hanzo silently hoped it would be terrible, petty of him, but he was still upset about what happened the previous night. Of course it was delicious, different, but delicious nonetheless.

“Oi, you're brother tells us you're an archer.” Tracer chimed in as he attempted to eat his food in silence, something that was clearly out of the question now. It would be rude and probably upset Genji if he did not at least try to engage the others when prompted.

“I have been trained in the art since I was six,” His voice was polite as he had been trained to speak,
he made brief eye contact with her as well.

“I can't say I've done anything that long,” She responded.

“I've played video games since I was about four,” Hana butt in. “It's part of why I'm so good,”

“Lemme guess,” The cowboy interrupted. “The rest is that you're the best,” the man responded with a grin.

“I would say hard work and determination, But I can't deny that I am the best,” Her grin easily matched his.

The atmosphere was light, McCree showing no signs of the tension that Hanzo felt being in the same room as the man, eating food that the cowboy had made. Lena presented Hanzo with his own personal communicator, like Athena had mentioned the other day, which was basically a secured phone with some useful features for handling maps and communication.

“Hanzo is the best shot you have ever seen,” Genji chimed in, returning the conversation back to the archer. He wanted to scowl but he held it back, it would just make the situation worse.

“You've met Ana Amari and me Genji, somehow I doubt that,” McCree seemed offended by the implication that Hanzo might be a better shot than him. Perhaps he should be sure to show off at some point, get under the man's skin without actually doing anything untowards. It was a petty thought, but it made him feel a little better.

“Exactly Jesse, I know the best and I can safely say you've never seen anything like what my brother can do,” The brother in question was unsure how to feel about the direction of the conversation. On the one hand, hearing Genji speaking of him so highly was nice. He did not deserve the praise, but that didn't seem to stop it from feeling just a little bit nice. On the other hand, it kept the conversation focused on him and involved the only member of the group that he happened to actively dislike.

McCree's resulting frown brought a smirk to Genji's face and the cyborg chuckled. He reached across the table to pat McCree on the shoulder reassuringly. Hanzo got the feeling that his brother didn't understand the fact that the problem was the cowboy's dislike for the archer in particular, not the questioning of his skills.

“Oi, how's about a demonstration then,” Tracer sort of poofed around the table in a blue blur. “We should see if he's as good as Genji says,”

“A good idea,” Jesse agreed, a mischievous smirk on his face. Hanzo frowned. He wanted some more time to practice before he was ready to impress absolutely anyone. The remnants of his hangover weren't doing him any favors on that front either. “We can run a sim or two,”

“Nope!” 76 called out from across the room, gaze not turning away from a datapad that he was reading from while everyone else's attention fell to him. “Don't have the resources to waste a sim on your pissing contest McCree.” Hanzo felt the smallest bit of satisfaction that 76's words placed the blame on the cowboy's shoulders and not his. “We'll get to see what he can do when Winston gets back,”

“Aww, cmon,” D.Va groaned. “I know you're the stern and stoic figure and all but loosen up a bit,” she huffed when the man didn't so much as acknowledge her protest.

“I'm heading out in a few hours by the way,”

“We're on lockdown aren't we?” She objected.
“I have permission,” He replied simply, still uninterested in looking at the people he was talking to. “Will pull a routine supplies run on my way back. If you need anything, make a list and get it to me before I leave,”

“Well, that's totally fair,” Hana scoffed, clearly irritated at the situation.

“Not like the soldier over there would listen even if he was told to stay,” McCree muttered.

The man continued drinking coffee and reading, getting up once to refill his cup. He made a point of ignoring anyone attempting to further that particular line of inquiry. He did accept a list of some kind that Zenyatta handed him in response to his request earlier. They held a hushed conversation for a brief moment, presumably about what the monk wanted before Zenyatta departed the mess entirely.

The distraction proved enough to move everyone onto another topic and Hanzo could breathe a small sigh of relief. Another thing to thank the older man for even if it was not really his intention to help. He would find time before the man left, but when there were not so many eyes and ears around. He even had a good reason to seek the man out later, Hanzo could use a few simple things after all.

Conversation resumed around the table, though Hanzo did little to participate. He did not wish to be rude, but getting involved in the conversation was not something he wanted. The rest of the table seemed to allow that for the most part much to his surprise, maybe Genji had spoken to them about him. Instead they talked about all manner of inconsequential things, video games, music, the heat of the desert. They talked about whatever popped into their heads.

Though Hanzo did not participate, he did in fact listen as they spoke. He learned a bit about them and their tastes. He learned that Hana wasn't a fan of most JRPGs because they were too slow paced for her. He learned that Lena's favorite color was blue and she had a girlfriend named Emily. He learned that the cowboy shot an extremely old fashioned revolver that fit his aesthetic very well.

He was trained since birth to pay attention, to remember and to use this sort of information to his advantage. In his younger years, when he was still with the Shimada clan, it was inevitably to manipulate others and further his own ends. Now, it might serve him to better understand and interact with the people he was stuck with.

“How useful are bows and arrows in a real fight anyway?” Hana asked as most people were finishing up eating.

“I reckon a gun will beat a bow any day of the week,” McCree added smugly.

“With the right arrows and a steady arm a bow is an elegant and powerful weapon,” Hanzo knew the worth of his stormbow, what he could do with it that others could not, even with their big flashy guns. “When the time comes you will see what it is capable of, despite its age,” He flashed a smug grin at the cowboy challenging him and his weapon of choice.

“I suppose we'll just have to wait and hope it's worth the suspense,” McCree stood to leave. A comment from Hanzo interrupting him before he got far.

“The food was delicious,” The smirk may have been a bit childish, but Hanzo knew that he should try to be polite and professional, even after the events of the previous day. Complimenting good food was simply polite. McCree did not visibly react, but all he cared about was trying to do the right thing, even if the scruffy man didn't care.

“I'm glad you're trying brother,” Genji whispered as he got up from his meal and replaced his face
mask. “Me and Zenyatta will be meditating in my room in the evening if you wished to join us,”

“I will think about it,” Hanzo replied noncommittally. The cyborg nodded in affirmation and left the mess hall, not pushing his older brother any harder into doing more things. 76 and Lena had apparently left whole they spoke because when he returned his attention to the last of his food Hana was the only person left.

His mood was better than he expected at the end of this meal. He had in fact handled everything surprisingly well. The after,at had him scowling in irritation at the table. Everyone had simply walked off leaving their dishes dirty and on the table. It was disgusting, a bad example and just plain rude, a trifecta perfectly suited for getting under Hanzo's skin. The archer sighed, he may as well clean up and be helpful instead of just scowling in irritation, he could do both at the same time after all.

“What's the deal with you and the cowboy?” Hana asked suddenly as she joined him, cleaning her own dishes.

“What do you mean?” He responded carefully, not wanting things to get out and cause more stress for Genji.

“He speaks differently to you. It's not big, but he's a little tense or something,” The question and elaboration were very casual, like she was curious but trying not to pry too hard. “It's not obvious but I'm perceptive and pretty good at reading people,”

“I have no problem with McCree,” that wasn't strictly true, but he could only be so mad at someone when they were trying to protect his younger brother. Genji should be treating him like the cowboy was himself. So, it was difficult to think too badly of the man for that. But, that doesn't mean he isn't annoyed at the man, the way he dresses and the bad night he had.

“You didn't give it away, he did,” She adds in explanation. “If it's personal that's fine, but we are a team and working together is going to be important. So if there is a problem your teammates can help.”

“Thank you for the offer, but things are adequate right now,” That was more or less true. He could cope with things at the moment even if he still needed some help to sleep at night.

“Okay, well I'm off to pass the time with some retro games in the rec room. You're welcome to join. I love showing off the classics,”

Hanzo thought about what D.Va had said as he finished washing dishes, surprised by the maturity she had shown. In the midst of earlier conversations she would often act rather childishly. It was an unexpected turn that he qualified as a positive thing about his situation. He found 76’s mug already washed and dried once he found where they stored their dishes and a small smile found its way to his lips. At least he had the sense to clean up after himself.

Meditation seemed like a bad idea at the moment, even if his brother wanted him to join them. He had not insisted, which meant that he was probably aware that Hanzo needed some time, some space before he could even really attempt such a thing. Playing video games would be a total waste of time, he knew this. But, his brain reminded him repeatedly that he wasted enough of it as it was to use that as an excuse for anything.

He didn't have to decide anything at the moment though, there was actually something for him to do. He would consider a list of things he needed and give it to 76. Then he will make sure to thank the man. He wasn't exactly sure how far he would search for things, what would be available wherever
he was going or doing for the supplies, so he tried his best to be general in his requests.

He wanted some green tea, didn't matter too much what kind. He would be willing to settle for
prepackaged teabags if he had to. Some supplies to make a simple archery target would be useful. He
would also like some black sugar or honey, a small rice cooker and some rice, whatever he could
find would be okay. He hoped he could get everything after having tried to keep things simple and
necessary.

Athena informed him that 76 was in his room, a map on his new phone told him exactly where that
was. Headed outside of the man's door, suddenly nervous and unsure of himself. He couldn't figure
out why, 76 had asked for the information. He needed to thank the man no matter what so he
knocked, ignoring his trepidations.

“Shimada,” 76 nodded in greeting, that ever present mask obscuring the majority of his face. At this
point Hanzo assumed that he never takes it off. The silence after the greeting drags on too long and
the vigilante clears his throat impatiently as they stand at the threshold of his room.

“My apologies,” He muttered quickly. “You asked for supplies requests,” he stated proffering the list
he had made of things he would like. The soldier took it in hand and browsed through it briefly.

“Can't guarantee everything,” The man replied simply as he finished reading, placing the piece of
paper in one of his pockets.

“I understand,” He informed 76, as Hanzo pulled the cash he had taken out while he was searching
for Genji in Barcelona and offered the stack of bills to 76. The other man seemed briefly confused
before he grabbed the cash and sorted through it rapidly.

“That's a lot more than necessary for your list,” He says after he counts it. It was, in fact just shy of
5000 Euros, quite a bit more than necessary.

“Use whatever's leftover for anything people need. Otherwise it will sit in my pocket doing nothing.”
Hanzo replied. It really was a very small amount of money after all and he wanted to make sure they
got what they needed for the lockdown.

“Thanks. It'll help our funding problems a bit, at least for the basic stuff.” The soldier gave another
nod in appreciation. The man turned to return to his room.

“I also wanted to thank you for last night,” Hanzo said, perhaps slightly too quickly. “I really did
need something to drink,”

“Don't mention it,” The man replied with a shrug. “McCree can be a pain in the ass, but he's not a
bad guy,” Hanzo grunted in acknowledgment, which the other man accepted, not pursuing the topic
any further. “There are plenty of things to do around the base if you need to occupy yourself. Just
ask Athena, this place has seen better days.”

“I'll see what I can do,” The archer replied simply heading back to his room for the moment, his
gratitude adequately expressed.

It didn't take long for him to grow restless in his room and he did find himself sorting through a
group of boxes in the main warehouse, cataloging the things he found with Athena’s help. The
process was simple, but slow. The primary goal was to find anything that could be useful to them
and organize things to make sure anything useless could be removed easily. There were a large
amount of spare uniforms that would be a terrible idea to use given the covert nature of the recall.
There was also a surprising amount of office supplies of varying degrees of usefulness.
He had sorted through boxes for nearing an hour when someone stumbled onto what he was up to. Tracer offered to give a helping hand when he explained what it was he was doing. He wondered why she hadn't bothered before he had arrived, but he kept the thought to himself, instead accepting her help. Allowing her to join him was a great choice in the long run though.

She explained about the accident that trapped her out of time and the chronological accelerator that Winston built to anchor her to now and allow her to use the temporal flux to her advantage. She sprinted around the warehouse, blinking to and fro locating boxes and sorting through them much quicker than Hanzo's deliberate energy managed to handle.

She talked nonstop, easily interrupting any banter with relevant information for the task at hand before effortlessly slipping back into whatever mundane thing she was talking about. There was a lull in the conversation as they worked an hour or so into the task. Hanzo was perfectly comfortable working in silence, Lena clearly was not. The elder Shimada remembered when Genji would do something similar, retreat into pointless conversation to avoid thinking about things. He would often indulge his younger brother, helping him keep himself talking until whatever was bothering him passed, or he at least had calmed down.

“How is your girlfriend doing with you here?” Hanzo finally asked in an attempt to give the woman something else to talk about.

“Oh Ems? She's doing fine right now. We were talking about bringing her on base if she wants, but Winston had to run off in the middle of it, so that'll have to wait,”

“Is it wise to have civilians living here?”

“That's part of the discussion. Whether she would be safer here or at home. I'd love to have her here, but I don't wanna get her hurt you know?”

“Our enemies might wish to harm her,” Hanzo observed as they marked down another box of useless junk.

“Yeah,” Lena sighed, that chipper smile she wore most of the time replaced by worry and anxiety. “She understands though, this whole hero thing.” She may have been trying to convince herself more than Hanzo, but he was too polite to mention anything.

Hanzo silently cursed himself as the topic of conversation he chose seemed to be making the situation worse, not better. He was never good at this sort of thing, even when he was trying. Genji was good with words and people's feelings. Genji got along with them while Hanzo would command and intimidate. Tracer was clearly upset and exhausted, despite the energetic front she liked to put up.

“This is probably enough for one afternoon,” he announced suddenly.

“Yeah. This place has a whole lot of junk right?” She chuckled softly, Hanzo tried on a slight smile to help her feel better.

“Hana said she was going to play some old video games in the rec room,” He had not intended to do anything of the sort, but he didn't wish to be the cause of her distress.

“Sounds like a grand time,” Hanzo nodded and suddenly he found himself in a room with a large TV hooked up to multiple gaming systems he didn't recognize. He thought to use his communicator to let his brother know what he was doing.

Hanzo: I will not be joining you for meditation today.
Hanzo: I ended up agreeing to some video games with D.Va.

He quickly added that second part hoping it would help. Genji seemed worried and letting his brother know that he wasn't going to be alone, no matter how much he wanted to be right now, would probably keep him from worrying more.

Genji: Okay. I might join later if that is okay. It's been a long time since I've been near any games really.

He wasn't sure if his brother being there would be more or less stressful in the end, but he was not going to say no without a good reason.

Hanzo: I have no objections.

A safe neutral answer, he had already sort of invited Tracer to come along somewhere he hadn't intended to go, but he doubted Hana would really mind. She seemed like the type to enjoy a crowd.

It turned out that when D.Va said retro she really meant it. The games she intended to play were mostly older than Hanzo himself. She showed them the large stack of games she had physical copies of, even in this day and age she said she liked owning physical copies, especially of the older games if possible. It was also somewhat surprising that the archer actually recognized many of them from his youth. When he was particularly young he would let Genji pull him into playing these kinds of games with him from time to time.

More than any of the other things they had played Hanzo remembered one of the games that he found himself examining the case of. It was supposedly one of many in a series of games about a plumber, a detail which never made much sense to the archer, named Mario and his friends who had to save the day by running around a bunch of weird locations collecting things and jumping into flags for some reason.

He remembered because it was one of a few games that he had enjoyed playing with Genji, in part because up to four people could play at once, so he could play it with his brother, but also because timing jumps and reacting quickly to things was very enjoyable to him. Finally finding a game that Hanzo liked was, in fact, a big occasion for Genji. He found more games that were similar so they could play them together wearing one of the biggest smiles he would ever see on his brother.

Like most things in his past though, the memories could not end well. Playing silly pointless games with his little brother, when he allowed himself to look back truthfully, was one of the few things he remembered being truly fun in his young life, so of course it didn't last. Frivolous games were just a waste of time, even if he only ever played them during the little spare time he had with Genji. It turned out that his free time wasn't for him. He was only allowed to pick his preference among several acceptable activities decided by the clan.

A few hours a week spent enjoying time with his brother was a foolish waste of those few hours, that's what he was told. Hanzo listened to them, the elders, the family. He always listened, even when his brother told him he shouldn't. These games were foolish and had no place in his life, that was that. He remembered Genji being angry with him, he even remembered crying alone in his room. It was one of the last times he allowed himself to cry, it too was foolish to do.

Hanzo must have been staring at the case for an inappropriate amount of time. D.Va had quit playing to turn around while Tracer seemed concerned with how serious his face was. Pulling himself out of his memories, he regarded the young Korean soldier with a mostly neutral expression.

“Could we play this one?” Somehow he kept his voice calm.
“Good taste,” Hana remarked with a smirk. “All three of us can play. Plus it's a classic for a reason.” She grabbed the case from Hanzo to load it into the system to play. They scrounged up controllers, synced them to the system while D.Va explained how the game worked to the older set. “Okay gang, pick your characters,” She announced as the game booted up on the large TV in front of them.

“The toad is fast and adorable, perfect for me,” Tracer called out excitedly taking a seat on the beanbag chair that room had for some reason.

“I shall be the princess, her ability to float is powerful,” Hanzo explained his preference whilst he sat down on one end of the three person couch in front of the screen. He had always picked her while his brother preferred the green man who could jump higher than normal, not to mention Genji always loved the color.

“I'll stick with the classic Mario then,” Hana figured as they made their choices.

It had been over two decades since he had touched a video game, but he found himself recalling how to play this particular one rather quickly. The early levels were easy to give people time to get used to moving around and getting in each other's way. It became clear after a short while that the three of them playing together was probably making the game more difficult than it would otherwise be, but the point was a group activity.

Much to D.Va’s dismay, Hanzo was not only rather good at this game, but managed to end nearly every level with the crown on his head. It was an odd competitive element in the cooperative game, but the archer figured that the princess should be the one to wear the crown, she was royalty after all. Hana had a competitive streak to rival Genji's from back in the day it seemed as she tried so hard to keep the crown.

It was a surprisingly enjoyable time. Conversation stuck to the game they were playing, how they were doing at it, giving instructions, apologizing for accidentally knocking people into pits or enemies. There were no invasive questions, no pressure to do anything but make it to the end of the level alive, with the crown on the princess's head.

“Last call for supply requests!” 76 announced shortly before he was to depart. They paused so Tracer could run and grab the list she had left in her quarters.

“Back in a tic,” She told them all but disappearing in a flash of blue.

The archer listened while 76 talked to D.Va about what she wanted. Hana apparently wanted to try for some ingredients for Korean food; red pepper flakes, fermented pepper paste, sesame seed oil, some meat etc. She also wanted some junk food for her late night game sessions. The soldier shook his head in disapproval at the latter part of her request, but didn't object out loud.

“Shimada,” The soldier acknowledged him by name, turning to face him while Hana returned to her seat. “What do you drink?” He didn't immediately understand what the question was asking, he had put green tea in his list. The confusion must have been evident on his face because 76 clarified. “That tequila won't last too long. You'll need something else. So what's your poison?”

“Sake if possible, otherwise whatever you can get would be fine,” He hadn't even thought to ask for any, which was stupid now that he thought about. The last few days have seen Hanzo more out of sorts than any other time in his life. He needed to pull himself together. “Thank you again. I had forgotten to add that,” The soldier merely shrugged again.

“Just thought you might need a little something to help you sleep,”
Hanzo felt like the masked soldier knew something about not being able to sleep. He wondered if the man knew regret and guilt like he did, if the other man was running from his past in much the same way Hanzo was. Regardless, he has so far been not only willing to help, but hasn't asked any questions or put any pressure on the archer.

He understood why the man likely bothered the other people on the team. The distance, the purposeful indifference, the serious tone, these were all things that the former head of a major criminal organization was used to, but most people seemed put off by. If Hanzo wasn't so rattled by the last few weeks and days in particular, he would be acting a lot more like 76 was.

“I'll be back in two days, three if something goes wrong,” He announced as Tracer zoomed back into the room, handing him her list. “Tell McCree not to do anything stupid while I'm gone,”

Hanzo was more upset than reasonable that the most calming presence on base was going to be gone for the foreseeable future. Sure, he didn't dislike Hana or Lena at this point, though they were both too energetic for him to keep up for long, but 76 could apparently keep McCree in check and never bothered to interrogate him.

It wasn't a problem he thought as the three of them started their game back up. He was perfectly capable of taking care of himself, not that his breakdown the previous night really did anything to support that notion. He fought the doubts back down focusing on the thought that he could handle this situation.

Genji showed up sometime later, they had finished the second world by then. He watched silently for a time before Hanzo noticed him. The elder brother wondered if he remembered them playing this game together decades ago.

“Did you wish to join us brother?” Hanzo asked drawing the others attention to the cyborgs heretofore unnoticed presence.

“If it is not too much trouble,” Genji replied hesitantly.

“Of course not, goes up to four players,” D.Va announced, rummaging around and tossing another controller to the cyborg.

“Luigi was always my favorite,” he said softly as he took a seat next to Hanzo on the couch, picking the only available character left.

“Green always was your color,” The archer said, trying to avoid an awkward silence. Genji hummed softly in agreement as the four of them tried to work together.

While he figured three players was harder than necessary, four players definitely made the game more difficult at most points. It was strange at first, but the four of them fell into a decent pattern as they played that was enjoyable. They died often in the game, killed each other on accident frequently and had a bit of a mess of a time. Despite all of that they kept moving forward, talking about the game and laughing as things happened. Genji laughed brightly, something that never failed to make Hanzo feel a little better. Even Hanzo laughed softly a few times as they bumbled their way through the game.

They played for far longer than Hanzo had intended to spend time here, but being here and playing this game with Genji again hurt him, but at the same time it felt good. Tracer called it quits after about another hour of playing, Hana quitting a little while later, but she let the two of them continue playing.
“Do you remember playing this game when we were younger Hanzo?” Genji asked as they fell into a comfortable rhythm in the game. Hanzo nodded his head, not really trusting his voice to keep calm at the moment. The memories were painful enough on their own without wondering about how it hurt his brother. “I never did finish it,” He added after a while. “Didn't feel right playing it without you,”

“I'm sorry,” The words were spoken softly, almost inaudibly. It was all at once about everything he had done wrong, that night ten years ago, the years before it, but somehow, most importantly, it was about quitting playing games with his brother. Hanzo knew that he was crying again, but he doesn't really fight it. He could feel the pain from his memories almost as vividly as the guilt he felt right then, and there was no need to hide it from Genji. It seemed so silly to want to change that in particular, quitting playing video games with his brother, more than so many other larger mistakes, but it was how he felt at that moment.

“Let it out brother,” The game was paused as Genji embraced his brother tightly, letting him cry into his chest for as long as he needed to. “It's okay to cry,” It wasn't as bad as his breakdown when the two of them met in Barcelona, he was mostly back to himself within a few minutes. “Anija,” He softly called as Hanzo calmed down. “Would you like to finish it with me?”

Hanzo nodded frantically into the cyborg's chest before slowly righting himself to continue the game. It only took a few more hours to make it all the way to the end. The last several levels being surprisingly difficult overall. He was exhausted, but felt a small sense of accomplishment at having helped Genji to finish this game finally.

The two of them parted ways as Hanzo excused himself, he wished to rest in his room. He drank sparingly from what was left in the bottle he got the other night. He did not wish to drink enough to blackout, but rather just enough to help him sleep. It came easier than most nights. He dreamed that night of wasted youth. Of time spent desperately trying to never be young, for want of maturity a childhood was lost.

Chapter End Notes

More things will happen next chapter, new characters, a bit of plot being forwarded and some more 76, how much 76 depends on exactly how much I end up writing. The bigger portion of it might end up in chapter 7 if chapter 6 runs long.
Fields of Snow and Dumplings

Chapter Summary

Hanzo ends up helping Zenyatta cook, learning a bit about the robot and Genji and 76 helps him build a target for archery.

Chapter Notes

The first chapter with an extended scene between Hanzo and 76 yay!!! Also Zenyatta cooking. We even get a character introduced right at the end that will be coming up a lot. Which means new tags.

As a question is my burn too slow for people?

Comments and kudos are appreciated. I always love hearing from people about what I write. I also apologize for typos and grammar errors, these are all unbetad.

Yesterday had gone surprisingly well, all things considered. The thought popped into Hanzo's head unbidden as the water from his hot shower hit him this morning. Perhaps it was the soothing nature of him preparing for the day that made such light thoughts be entertained for once. He and Genji spent hours together, not in silence but in cooperation at a single task. Sure the task was rather inconsequential, but somehow that made it more meaningful to Hanzo, the fact that they could be together for something so insignificant.

Despite feeling minorly positive about the previous day, today was not going to turn out similarly. 76 had left, with him the place seemed a bit less calm, a bit less safe, but that wasn't the problem. Yesterday had exhausted him, mentally and emotionally. All he really wanted this day was to be left alone, to train alone, to sit alone, to eat and drink alone. Perhaps Genji would understand if he told him he needed to be alone today.

He stared at his communicator once he was finally washed and dressed, perfectly presentable as always. He sat on his bed holding it in front of him, trying to will himself to send a message to his brother. There was no real reason to be nervous or scared really, the worst that Genji would do was try to convince him to come out of his room. It was hard to admit to himself that what his brother might do should Hanzo upset him, maybe he would send the archer away. Everything that had happened told him that was unlikely, but he knew what he deserved and he was still waiting for it to happen. He stared at the message he had started, but had not yet managed to finish.

Hanzo: Genji, I
That was as far as he had managed to get. How was he supposed to tell his brother that he wanted everyone to leave him alone today because all of that interaction yesterday exhausted him without coming off as ungrateful? Years ago he would have just told Genji to leave him alone, harshly if necessary, but that was unacceptable now. But, if he did go out and end up doing something out of frustration, that might end up being much worse than coming off as a little rude. Perhaps if he stared at the communicator hard enough an answer would come to him, the thought was interrupted by an incoming message.

Genji: We are having breakfast now brother. You are welcome to join us if you wish.

It seemed that his younger brother might know what he was going through at the moment. The message was invitation that would be easy to turn down for any reason. He was not insisting like he had done when he woke Hanzo up yesterday. This behavior was new, Genji kept managing to surprise his elder brother by how restrained and respectful he could be.

Hanzo: Another time.

He pressed send as quickly as he could, before his nerves could stop him from sending this simple message. It was marked as read instantly and a response came almost as fast.

Genji: The kitchen is always open when you get hungry. The stock isn't great right now though. Let me know if you need anything.

He could do this, whatever this was. For the first time since he set out on this journey to find his brother he believed that he might be able to handle whatever was being thrown at him. If his brother was willing to give him the space he needed when he really needed it then whatever this was might work. A new message popped up a minute later.

Genji: Oh btw, I left some tea in the kitchen if you wanted some. I remember that you said you didn't have any.

Hanzo: Thank you.

“Athena,” The archer called softly to the AI through his communicator as he had been instructed if he needed help.
“Good morning Agent Hanzo. How may I be of assistance,“

“Good morning,” He replied politely. He was not used to speaking with an AI and it was somewhat strange to greet them like that, but Hanzo had manners drilled into him from birth, so he knew how to be polite and how important it was. “Is there a schedule for using the firing range?”

“No, as of now the range is used when it is free by whoever wishes to do so,” Athena informed him. “It is free now if you wished to know,“

“When do people normally use it?”

“Was it your desire to practice alone agent Hanzo?” Hanzo blushed slightly when he realized even the computer could figure him out, but there was no point in denying it if he wanted the information.

“That would be preferable yes,“

“It is currently 0708. The range is very rarely used before 0900, so now would be an ideal time. Otherwise the patterns of use are irregular most of the day. 76 uses it between 0100 and 0300 nearly every day he is on base, otherwise that time slot is also available.”

“Thank you Athena,”

“You are welcome agent Hanzo,“

Practicing would help, it usually did. Running across the base to get as much time as he could while still avoiding people was not helping really, but it was still much easier than what might happen otherwise, especially if he ran into the cowboy alone again. The base itself was very quiet, clearly used to much more than the six people currently residing there. One could even hear the waves crashing far in the distance.

His arrows weren't where he had left them was the first thought that went through his head walking into the shooting range. It was annoying, but the ones left behind were left in and around the target haphazardly when he fled from McCree. The irritation melted away as he actually scanned the large room.
The makeshift archery target was still up, in fact the person shaped aiming sheet he had been using had been replaced with a larger sheet with a series of colored concentric circles painted onto it, a proper archery target to aim for. He was. It expecting something so thoughtful, perhaps Genji had been here. His arrows were nowhere to be seen though pulling a deep sigh from his lips. What a stupid way to lose arrows.

“Athena,” He found himself calling to the AI again in the hopes that she might know if someone had taken them.

“How may I assist you?” The voice responded promptly.

“How do you know what happened to the arrows I left behind the last time I was here?”

“Yes, Soldier 76 put them away when he was cleaning up shortly after he finished his own time on the range after you left that night. They are most likely somewhere in the ammo and weapon storage room in the back of the training facility,” The voice informed him.

Of course someone would have simply picked them up instead of letting them clutter up the area, or atleast someone thoughtful and organized would. He found a box with a label bearing his name in a simple scrawl. Inside the small box, that would otherwise have housed some kind of large calibre rifle ammo, he found his missing arrows secured together by a string. The edges of his lips curved into the barest hints of a smile as he returned the, to his quiver. They were just simple arrows he used for practice, but it was nice to not need to replace them.

Practice went much better this morning than it had two nights ago. He was calm now, his movements confident and his arrows found their marks easily. He set an alarm on his communicator to let him know when it hit 0845 so he could collect his equipment and leave before anyone could show up and force him into a conversation he did not want.

The murmur of people approaching him startled him briefly as he was making his way back out into the rest of the base. Reacting quickly, he scaled the nearby wall coming to rest underneath what appeared to be a water tower. An ocean cooled breeze caught the archer as he sat silently atop this building waiting for the place below him to clear out.

Instead of wasting his time simply waiting for the others to pass, Hanzo decided that it was time for him to be constructive. He not only needed to know the layout of the base, he also needed to scope out the best vantage points he would have in case they needed to fend off an attack. The high ground
was his specialty and so he could take the time now to explore the roofs and what they had to offer in terms of sights and cover.

Being above everyone else like this was familiar. He had trained to climb and use the rooftops to his advantage. Silently stalking above had always seemed like a different world somehow, disconnected from the people below him living their various lives. Up here he could take his time examining everything he can see without the fear of being interrupted by the world below him. If he ever needed to fight enemies in their base here, he would be more than prepared.

He found a nice secluded spot, away from prying eyes, where he could hear the crashing waves in the distance and feel the gentle ocean breeze. It was pleasant, calming. It was a better place to work out than in his room and the gym that he saw on the map was out of the question at the moment, he didn't want to deal with other people that might show up there.

It was important to keep his body in shape, he had neglected it a bit the last few weeks, not working as hard as he should be. Now that he was settling into this place he had no excuse anymore. Perhaps when he was more comfortable he would try the gym and see if it had the right equipment for him, but for now he could handle on his own.

The familiar muscle aches were soothing because as always for Hanzo routine was soothing. As his stomach grumbled he remembered that, no matter how soothing his routines were, food was, in fact, necessary. It was 1130, well after the others would have cleared the mess for breakfast and likely quite some time before anyone would head in for lunch probably. It likely wouldn't hurt to pop in and try to feed himself, all he had to do was pop by his room and grab the food he brought with him.

The kitchen was, surprisingly, not empty as he entered the area quietly. The surprising part was not that someone was there, but rather the who that was present. Of all the people on base, he had not expected Zenyatta to be fiddling around in the kitchen. The Omnic appeared to be deeply concentrating on whatever task was before him because not only did Hanzo hear the robot muttering, the monk was also standing upright instead of floating.

The I distinct muttering was also at least a little surprising with how irritated he sounded. Honestly, Hanzo wasn't sure before this point that the monk could actually feel any negative emotions. He always seems to radiate calm contentedness. Right now, he was clearly in what counts as a foul mood for the man.

“Having trouble?” It was a combination of curiosity and the debt he felt to his brother that pulled those words from his mouth. Though, it helped that he didn't dislike the monk.
“Oh Hanzo, good morning,” The monk greeted without turning around. If the archers sudden appearance had shocked the Omnic he showed no signs of it. “I am attempting to make some food, but it is proving more difficult than I had expected,” Walking over to the robot's side, he could see that the man seemed to be kneading a dough of some kind.

“What are you trying to make?”

“Gyoza,” Zenyatta responded as he continued kneading the dough he had been making.

“Ahh yes, getting the dough right can be more difficult than people think,” Hanzo told him. “May I take a look?” The archer asked moving to the nearby sink and washing his hands.

“I would welcome a second opinion,”

“You might have over kneaded it a bit, but it should be fine. Though you have made quite a lot,”

“I figured that I might make the meal for the team since I was going to do this anyway and I had enough to do so,” Hanzo hummed in agreement.

“Now you are going to want to cut the dough into pieces of about this size,” Hanzo instructed, grabbing a knife and making an example piece to show the monk. Zenyatta dutifully begins cutting the dough up. “So what are you putting in them and what else are you making to go with them?”

“I have pork, chives, scallions, cabbage, ginger, garlic, soy sauce and sesame oil,” The Omnic responded.

“Traditional gyoza then,” Hanzo remarked. “Did you bring all of this with you?”

“Some of it, the meat and cabbage were already here,” Zenyatta explained as he continued cutting up a ridiculous number of pieces out of the dough he had created.

“There are a few things we can do with them depending on what we have on hand,” Hanzo began to explain.
“I believe Genji enjoys them fried,” Zenyatta interrupted. That was true, pan fried or deep fried were his brothers preferences when they were younger.

“It would be nice to have more than just fried gyoza for a meal though,” Hanzo replied beginning to search through the stock that the kitchen had. Grabbing various thing the man considered what they could do for a meal. “I can probably make a Chinese dumpling soup and some miso if people would prefer. May as well also make some rice,” He mused until he was interrupted by Zenyatta.

“I have finished cutting them,” The robot announced triumphantly. There was an impressive amount of potential wrappers made, they were making food for several people though so it was better safe than sorry on the amount.

“Now we need a rolling pin to flatten them all into thin circles,” Zenyatta watched as they found a rolling pin and the archer showed him how to make them into nice circles and how thin they were supposed to be. “Use a bit of flour to keep them from sticking. I'll get a soup started and the filling ready while you get the wrappers finished,” The monk nodded in agreement as he began joyfully flattening pieces of dough.

Hanzo flitted around the kitchen like a man on a mission, the proper way to handle any task as he had been taught. The kitchen had a rice cooker, so five cups of rice went in there, probably more than necessary, but it would keep for a while. He had a pot heating of broth on the stove as he moved on to mincing a variety of ingredients for the filling of the dumplings, all of them placed in a large bowl and mixed together. He had some more to chop for when the broth was hot enough, carrots, scallions and the like.

“Let me show you how to wrap them so you can help when you're finished rolling them,” Hanzo instructed, the robot looking over with interest. “You're going to want about this much,” He showed a ball of the stuffing that fit into the palm of his hand. “Then you place it into the center of the wrapper and you pinch it closed like this,” His fingers moved deftly to show off the technique.

“Genji never mentioned that you cooked,” Zenyatta noted as the demonstration ended.

“It was one of many things my mother taught me,” Hanzo explained as he continued filling more of the wrappers that the monk had already finished. “She enjoyed cooking. So, in between archery, calligraphy and horseback riding she also taught me how to cook,”

“She never taught Genji apparently,” The monk noted. Hanzo snorted at the observation.
“He was young and didn't have the patience,”

“Now he's an adult without the patience,” Zenyatta interrupted, the two of them chuckling together.

“I guess some things never change then,”

“Yes, though being able to rely on things not changing can also be a good thing,”

“I suppose,” Hanzo agreed after a few moments consideration. “Do you always carry ingredients around and cook for Genji?” He asked as they continued to work towards a meal for six.

“It is a habit that I have not managed to break,” The monk began to fill up the wrappers in the way Hanzo had showed him. “Back when I had first claimed him as my student, much to his displeasure I might add,” The elder brother sighed knowingly, he could only have imagined how well that would have gone over with the brother he remembered. “Back then he would often forget to or choose not to eat. So I always made sure to have something for him. Eventually I learned to cook simple things for him. I did not enjoy guilting him into eating, but he hated the thought of me wasting my time, so he would eat what I made anyway,”

Hanzo set the pot of soup to simmer, adding in the vegetables that he had cut as he listened, doing his best to hold back the pain, the guilt he felt. It was a small part of what he had done to his brother and while he wasn't ready to face it, he had to. It wasn't like he would ever actually be ready for it.

“Well, he always did like when I cooked,” Hanzo responded offhandedly as he began heating a pot of oil for deep frying and a pan for pan frying. Distracting himself with the task at hand helped to keep himself from being overwhelmed. Breaking down wouldn't help anyone right now, cooking would.

“I'm sure he will enjoy this meal. He liked when I was able to get him food that reminded him of home, despite the bad memories,” Hanzo grunted in acknowledgement, not trusting his voice at the moment. “I believe it is normal to have a sauce for this,”

“Yes,” Hanzo blurted out quickly. “We can make some chili oil for something simple. I'll also make some miso soup real quick,”
“Thank you for the assistance Hanzo,” The archer froze for a moment at the gratitude, unable to truly accept it.

“I believe it is I who should be thanking you Zenyatta,”

“Why is that?” Hanzo swore he could hear the raising of an eyebrow in the Omnic’s voice.

“The most shocking thing I have witnessed since I arrived in Spain in search of Genji was the moment I heard him refer to you as his master,” Hanzo wished he could read the monk's mood more easily, or at all really as he continued. “Before that moment I had never heard him place himself in such a subservient position willingly, not even with the teachers that he liked. To him, no one could hold such a title. It is a clear sign of how much you mean to him that he would freely and without shame speak of you as such,” He paused briefly, trying to center himself and find the direction he was trying to take this.

“I may not truly understand what Genji went through these past ten years,” he had to pause again and collect himself before he could continue. “Neither of us seem ready to discuss that yet, but I understand that while someone named Angela saved his life physically, you were the one who saved him from what I had truly done to him.”

“I merely helped your brother find his own strength,”

“You have likely done more for Genji in a few years than his family did for him his entire life,” What that meant about Hanzo was left unsaid, but he knew the monk understood that part of it without him having to spell it out. “Thank you,” He turned away from the stove he was cooking over and bowed deeply to the monk.

“Your brother did most of the work,”

“You said yourself that you fed him when he wouldn't even eat and I doubt that was the most of it,”

“It was no trouble really,”

“Knowing my brother, that may well be the most ridiculous lie I have ever heard and I lived with Genji for over two decades,” Zenyatta laughed softly, but did not rebut him. “I do not have words to truly express my gratitude,”
The food was finished and portioned off into bowls or placed out for the people who would be coming to eat soon. Hanzo was so busy he had long forgotten his own hunger and even the anxiety of facing the rest of the people on base.

“I can handle the rest of this if you wish to eat in private,” Zenyatta’s offer reminded him of why he was there in the first place. The archer simply nodded allowing the monk to handle frying the last of the food.

“Thank you,” Hanzo replied softly. He found a tray he could use to take some of the food back to his room. It was significantly more than he would need for one meal, but he could eat the rest later, it would keep him from having to venture back out for dinner. He remembered to grab a packet of the tea Genji had left for him as he headed back to his room. He received a message sent to everyone from Zenyatta, informing them that lunch was available, as the door to his room closed behind him.

His electric kettle would allow him to make tea in his room to go with his meal. He ate in silence enjoying a taste that was familiar to him for once. He wondered idly if Zenyatta would mention that Hanzo helped him and what Genji would think if he knew. He hoped that his brother would be happy that he had helped the monk, even if he didn’t stay to eat with the group afterwards. He could be helpful without needing to be surrounded by other people.

He received a message an hour or so later.

Genji: Lunch was delicious thank you. Master Zenyatta also wished to thank you again for your help. Message me if you need anything.

Hanzo let out a sigh of relief that his brother had not mentioned how much he was missed at the meal or something similar. Whatever Zenyatta had helped him discover, his ability to be tactful and patient was the most surprising and impressive achievement. Neither of those words would have remotely described the green haired young man with a penchant for drinking and one night stands that Hanzo had lived with for years.

The afternoon passed into the evening with no complications. He exercised, studied the layout of the base and proper protocols of members of Overwatch. He tried to relax with some tea and meditation, which while unsuccessful, went better than any attempt he had tried in years. He even spent some more time helping catalogue and sort boxes in the warehouse with Athena, though without Tracer’s help the task went much slower.
For the first time in quite a while when it came time for him to go to sleep he found himself physically exhausted, but not particularly emotionally exhausted. It was a nice change of pace as he slowly worked his way through what remained of the tequila 76 had given him. Again he would only drink enough to help him sleep, a task easier this day than most in memory.

He dreamed that night of his mother, a rare occurrence for him these days. She was calm and collected as she normally was instructing him in many of the skills he would need, though his dream focused on the bow. The hours she had spent teaching him the proper form, how to clear his mind of unnecessary information and distractions. She taught him to be unceasingly accurate and precise in everything he did, but especially when it came to archery, her specialty.

Though amongst the memories his dreams stirred were the ones he secretly cherished with her. When her demeanor would soften and that perfectionism would crack ever so slightly. She would enjoy herself as she cooked, experimenting with things that might not work out, but we're worth trying anyways. Cooking was an art to her, one she did not get to practice often enough to be a master of, though it was one that brought her a joy Hanzo would almost never see in her otherwise. Through cooking she shared with her eldest son a softness that had meant the world to him, the loss of which would lead him into Genji's arms, crying in anguish.

The next day he decided to try to maintain a semblance of a routine by repeating the major points of his actions the day before. After he washed up and made himself presentable there would be early morning training, followed by scoping out more of the base, hurrying through a lunch followed by spending some time meditating and working in the warehouse. He was avoiding people again and again his brother was not pushing him.

His new routine went smoothly and without interruption when he got the announcement that 76 had returned and anybody who wanted what they asked for should meet near the gate and help get the supplies off the truck he had brought. His reluctance to deal with other people was beat out by his duty to make sure his goods were not inconveniencing someone else.

“Shimada!” 76 called out to him as he rounded a corner into view. The soldier was standing in the bed of a small open bed truck. “At least someone around here is prompt,” The soldier continued as he turned back to the truck rummaging around for something or another. “Got some supplies for you,” The white haired man pulled out a large bag from the truck bed labelled HS. “That's everything on your list except the archery target.” Hanzo grabbed the bag proffered to him.

“Thank you,”

“My job since I was going out.” The soldier shrugged. “Got stuff for the target too, but we'll have to make it from scratch. I'll help if you need it, gotta put my old carpentry skill to some use,” 76 spoke as he picked through the boxes and bags he had brought.
“That would be helpful. I am trained in many things, carpentry does not happen to be one of them,” Hanzo told him slowly checking through the bag he was given. The rice cooker would allow him to make rice in his room, a step to avoid others if he was not feeling up to handling them any given day. Some rice to replace the little he had left, that he had used the other day actually. The heaviest thing in the bag was a box holding six moderately sized bottle of sake. He also had three different types of green tea bags, hopefully one of them would be decent. The honey rather than black sugar wasn’t a surprise, the small selection of furikake, seasoning often used for rice, was though.

“This was not on my list,” The archer explained, pulling out the pack of assorted furikake in small shakers walking up to the side of the truck.

“I figured you would enjoy the rice more with some additional flavor,” He shrugged as Hanzo considered the thoughtful gesture. It would be nice instead of plain rice when he made some for himself in his room, something the soldier had likely figured out from the rice cooker on the list. “You can stick around and we can get you your target once everyone else gets their asses out here to grab their stuff,”

Any further conversation was interrupted when Tracer popped up to claim her own stuff. 76 handed her a bag labeled Trac. She glanced through the bag quickly.

“Thanks luv. Got some perishables to stow,” She announced before she and her goods disappeared in a flash.

“She is rather…” Hanzo began, speaking without really intending to do so.

“Hyperactive?” That wasn't what the archer was going to say, but. “Peppy? Overbearing?” All of the soldiers suggestions were accurate, but not what he had in mind as something one says about an ally.

“I was going to say energetic,”

“Tactful,” The soldier replied simply. Hanzo believed he could hear an edge of amusement in the man's voice. “McCree!” The exclamation caught the archer off guard. “Hurry up and get your shit before I tell everyone what you asked for!” Hanzo turned to see the cowboy quickly approaching them.

“Hold yer damn horses, I'm coming,” He drawled out. “No need to go threatening me sheesh,”
“Then get your ass out here quicker next time and I won't have to,” Hanzo coughed to hide the smirk he couldn't suppress at the exchange.

“I don't need your shit 76,”

“I'll stop giving it when you start acting like the senior most officer on base,” The soldier replied simply handing the disgruntled cowboy a bag marked John Wayne. Jesse sighed as he read the name, taking the bag despite the joke at his expense. The man stomped away muttering under his breath the whole way. Hanzo chuckled softly when he was sure that the cowboy couldn't hear him anymore.

“Is there some animosity between you two?” Hanzo found himself asking. 76 sat on the edge of the truck bed, visor moving to focus on the archer. The artificial gaze was unsettling, the man's face was unreadable through the visor and the body language was subdued and controlled. It was hard to get a read on what the soldier was feeling. It was awkward to maintain rough eye contact with the man, though it was the polite thing to do so Hanzo did his best to maintain it.

“No. There are few people I would trust watching my back as much as I do that cowboy,” The soldier said casually.

“Then why…”

“To remind him of his own past before he thinks about judging somebody else looking for a second chance here,” 76 responded seriously.

“What did Jesse do now?” Hanzo froze when he heard his brother's voice come from right behind him. How did someone move so silently with a metal body?

“You know how he can get a little over enthusiastic about something being right and wrong,” 76 offered noncommittally.

“We all love him, but yes, he learned it from the old strike commander as I recall,” Genji remarked.

“Sounds about right,” The old soldier agreed, nodding his head softly picking up a bag labelled GS.
Hanzo had no real idea what they were talking about.

“Did something specific happen?” Genji’s voice was unnaturally neutral. It was a tone that the younger Shimada never wore well, it didn't go with his personality or demeanor. 76 shrugged and Hanzo followed suit with his own halfhearted shrug. Hanzo lamented the fact that so many people around him routinely hid their faces behind masks, it was making communication more difficult than normal. “Okay, I would also like to take master Zenyatta’s supplies to him while I am, here,”

“Sure,” The white haired soldier agreed holding up a bag labelled Om(Zen). Genji ran off without a word, both bags in hand.

“Your brother has really mellowed out,” 76 remarked as soon as the ninja was out of sight. Hanzo stared at him dumbstruck. “Back when he was a part of Overwatch the first time he was known for his temper,” He couldn't really imagine how anyone would handle losing so much of their humanity, not that his brother was a very controlled individual before that happened. “And here he was clearly upset, but maintaining control of himself and not lashing out when you didn't answer. I'd call that progress,”

“I see,” Hanzo placed his bag on the ground, standing in thought. “Should I go talk to him?”

“I dunno?” The soldier shrugged yet again. “That one is really up to you. McCree was always pretty good at helping him calm down,”

“Hah, what if he was upset at the cowboy?”

“People just gave him some space, though now he has the monk to talk to so he'll probably be fine. Though if you're curious you should ask him about the time he lashed out at the strike commander,”

“I'm not sure we are there yet,” Hanzo said, mostly to himself.

“D.Va probably didn't even notice my message,” The old soldier sighed. “You mind waiting while I drop her stuff off?”

“I will help if you wish,” Hanzo offered.
“Nah, you should drop your stuff off wherever you want it and meet me in the shooting range that way you're not lugging all that stuff around.”

“Very well,” Hanzo accedes the man's point. “I shall meet you shortly then,” 76 dismissed him with a nod.

The archer found himself rushing uncharacteristically quickly back to his room. It wasn't until he dropped the bag haphazardly and turned to leave that he realized that he was acting abnormal. Taking a deep breath, he instead opened the bag to actually put everything away properly. His living quarters needed to be as presentable as he was everyday after all, not that it took long to do so anyway.

Hanzo walked across the facility back to the shooting range to find that 76 was already there with the supplies he had acquired. A bunch of wood, some tools, and a large box full of sand.

“A sand target is apparently very sturdy and will stand up to these large broad head arrows you use,” 76 informed him as the man marked pieces of wood for cutting.

“That's a bit more work than I was expecting to ask of you,” He had no desire to impede so much upon the man who had already been so helpful.

“Meh, not like I've got something else I need to be doing.” Hanzo was beginning to associate the man with the shrugs that so often accompanied his speech. “Besides, it's nice to build something every now and again. Don't get to do it much in my line of work,” The old soldier double checked his measurements before he started cutting a series of planks according to a plan that Hanzo hadn't seen.

“You do not need to go through this much trouble,”

“Nope,” A one word answer as the man continued sawing away. “Would you mind taking the measuring tape and marking a 4 foot by 2 foot area along the edges of the plywood over there. It will be the bottom of the target.” The soldier gestured to a large piece of wood to the side.

“Of course. Should I cut it as well?”

“If you're comfortable with it. I did this for a long time so I don't mind. It's rather soothing actually,”
Hanzo nodded in agreement, not sure whether he should actually cut it or not. Regardless, he measured and double checked the measurements and then marked the spot that would be cut. While the soldier seemed to be cutting things for the sides and the back. He chose to let the man in the visor cut everything, in fact 76 was doing pretty much all the work while Hanzo merely spectated. It would have bothered him more if he didn't seem really relaxed while working.

Hanzo ferry tools back and forth and fetched items for 76 as he worked. The man cut quickly and neatly, he nailed things together in much the same way. In the end he imagined the man smiling beneath the visor as he surveyed his handiwork. All in all the target was a bit strange when they added the sand, but after a few test shots it definitely worked well enough and he wouldn't need to replace the target anytime soon.

“The arrows will dull quickly with this,” He noted as he removed one of his arrows from the sand it was stuck in. “Good thing I have a specific set I practice with. They don't really need to be sharp for the most part,”

“I bought some stuff for a few other types of targets as well since I didn't know too much about archery,” 76 explained. “We could look into making something else too if you'd like,” It was strange, though pleasant to hear a small spark of excitement in the old soldier's voice, the man seemed to enjoy making stuff. Hanzo did not want to impose, but it seemed like it wasn't really an imposition if the man really wanted to do it. He was about to assent when Athena interrupted their conversation.

“Soldier 76 you are needed at the landing pad,” The mechanical voice called out through the soldier's communicator.

“What's the problem Athena?”

“Winston is on approach and has wounded on board. You are the only member on base with any medical training,” Athena answered quickly.

“Is Winston wounded?” 76 asked seemingly very concerned.

“Negative, the wounded party’s name is Satya, They met resistance while he picked her up and she was wounded in the altercation,”

“ETA?”
“Ten minutes,”

“On my way,” He confirmed turning quickly to face Hanzo. “We'll have to work in this later,”

“Indeed,” Hanzo managed to get out before 76 was out the door. The man moved ridiculously fast, the last thing his eyes focused on was the man's head of white hair turning around the corner and out of sight.

It seemed that Winston went out to bring someone else into the organization. The thought was not really very surprising. Even if everyone was as gifted as Hanzo and Genji, there numbers were too few to make a big difference in the world. They would need more blood, that's almost certainly why they even considered letting Hanzo in at all.

He shot for a while into his new sand target off in the distance. He would need to devise a way to mark the sand effectively for the purposes of judging his aim, but other than that it was a good idea and it definitely accomplished its goal.

The rest of the day passed quickly, much like the previous one. Managing to avoid interacting with anyone but 76 proved easy enough and somehow dealing with the old soldier didn't exhaust him like everyone else on base tended to. That evening would have passed entirely without a note of interest if Athena had called in to tell him that his evaluation had been scheduled for 1400 hours the next day. He was nervous, though that was likely because it meant interacting with a group of people again.

He finished off the tequila that night, a little more than necessary to sleep, but it definitely did the job. He dreamed of snowy hills that night. He and Genji had fun when they were younger in fresh snow fall. It was cold, but beautiful. In his dreams the soft whiteness surrounded him, but it is helpful, not harmful, it brought a feeling of comfort and safety. His dreams had not been so pleasant soothing since, perhaps, he was a child.
This morning found Hanzo with a new task to take care of after he made himself presentable for the day. He would be showing off what he brought to this team later on and needed to make sure his bow was ready, and to pack the arrows he used for actual combat in his quiver. They were of a slightly different shape to his practice arrows and heavier and a few of them could shatter on impact into a series of dangerous bouncing projectiles, great for clearing rooms and other enclosed spaces. What he needed was laid out before Genji entered the room, the door closing softly behind him.

“Good morning brother,” Genji greeted him as he finished his preparations for the day. “Would you like to join us for breakfast this morning?” The question hung heavily in the air between them for several long moments before Hanzo reached a decision.

“Of course,” If he was going to perform in front of all of them today anyway, he may as well go out for breakfast to make his younger brother happy.

“Oh, that's great,” The smile he could hear in his brother's voice confirmed his decision in his mind. “I'm not sure who's cooking this morning,” He added as an afterthought.

“I am not very difficult to feed Genji,”

“Yeah, but you know I am,” Genji replied stepping through the door.

“I will make you something if you find breakfast unsatisfactory,” Hanzo offered as he set out to follow the cyborg to the mess hall.

“I'm not really as bad as I used to be, but I'll keep the offer in mind,”

The walk to the mess was not far, but Hanzo had chosen a room that was as far away from the communal areas as possible, so it still took several minutes. The silence between them was less tense than it had been in the last few years up to the incident even. He was not sure he could ever become used to being so comfortable after what he had done.

“How are you adjusting to things at the watchpoint?”

“Well enough. Your friends can be a bit overwhelming,” The archer admitted cautiously.
“Yeah, that's why I'm worried,” Genji's voice was very serious all of a sudden. “It was difficult to deal with them when I first joined,” It was the first real admission of the difficulties he had faced in the aftermath of his almost murder.

Hanzo stopped walking briefly. The urge to run away had not been this strong since the night he got drunk after their reunion several weeks ago. The taste of blood made him realize that he had been biting his lower lip intensely. He continued walking with a deep breath as his brother stared at him, awaiting his response. Perhaps Genji was testing the waters right now, seeing how Hanzo would react. It took everything in him to walk calmly with his brother to get breakfast.

“I can handle it,” He assured his brother, though he doubted that either of them were convinced.

The mess hall had more people in it than the last time he had joined them all for breakfast. In addition to the normal group of people he expected he saw a brunette with a long ponytail standing next to the largest man that Hanzo had ever seen.

“They came in last night with Winston,” Genji answered his brother’s unvoiced question. “I shall introduce you,” The large man spotted them as they neared the table.

“Greetings!” His voice boomed across the room. Hanzo had to will himself to maintain a neutral expression; this would be more difficult than he thought. “Always a pleasure to meet new members!” The man continued shouting, holding out a single massive hand which Hanzo accepted with some reluctance.

“Reinhardt, this is my brother Hanzo. Hanzo, this is Reinhardt Wilhelm, the last of the great Crusaders,” The man shakes the archer's hand with as much strength as his stature implied.

“A pleasure!” The man even shouted when he was standing a few feet from other people. He choked back a sigh and a scowl, replacing them with the barest hints of a smile.

“Likewise,” He managed to reply with an even voice.

“This fräulein is my companion in arms Brigitte!” The shouting man indicates the brunette Hanzo had noticed when he scanned the room earlier.

“Good to meet you,” Hanzo was grateful that she spoke at a reasonable volume for the situation unlike her friend. He shook her hand much more easily. “I mostly make sure he doesn't get into any trouble he can't handle,”

“Must be difficult,” The comment pulled a laugh from the young woman.

“Luckily he can handle a lot, otherwise it would be much more difficult,” She agreed with a smile.

On offer this morning was a plethora of what Hanzo believed to be American food, the kind you often see in movies when people make breakfast. Pancakes, eggs, sausage of some kind, toast, fried potatoes, bacon: it looked like an American restaurant threw up its breakfast menu all over the table.

The energy around the table was oppressive, far worse than it had been previously, everyone was buzzing in excitement at the new arrivals. He and Genji sat across from the large man, a none too thrilling proposition. Reinhardt was another old member to be joining back up with the group. He was clearly excited at the prospect of fighting with his old friends again. He began to regale the table with tales of heroic deeds, not just his own and Hanzo found himself struggling to tune the loud German out and focus on eating.

A cool metal hand found it's way to his knee, squeezing softly in reassurance. His brother had
noticed even if the rest of the table had not, had noticed the discomfort he felt.

“You do not need to stay,” The words were whispered softly in Japanese, a conversation just for the two of them. “I could never really handle him either,” The elder brother took a deep breath, steeling himself when he realized that he hadn't touched his food, not a single bit of it. He really couldn't handle this right now. He turned to look at Genji, who wore an understanding look on his face and merely nodded at the unvoiced request to be excused.

He rose silently with his food, but instead of leaving the room entirely, as he had originally intended, he instead found himself walking over to the table in the distance where 76 sat alone with a cup of coffee. Like before he seemed to be ignoring what was going on in the group rather effectively, absorbed in reading something on the tablet he held. This table was behind Reinhardt and a moderate distance away, he thought he could handle it here.

“Would you mind if I sat here?” Hanzo asked simply, not wanting to intrude if it would bother he man. 76 gesture to the seat the archer had chosen, which he took as the okay to sit down. “Thank you,” the masked soldier shrugged, drinking his coffee.

“Too loud?” The soldier asked after a brief silence.

“I prefer quiet,” He replied, actually beginning to eat the breakfast before him. 76 hummed in what appeared to be agreement. The two of them sat in silence, one eating breakfast, the other drinking coffee and reading. All the while the other table spoke and laughed and seemed in all together great spirits with the two new arrivals.

“How's the food?” Hanzo almost missed the question. He had not really expected the other man to engage him in idle conversation much, not that it bothered him too much. The man was easy to talk to after all.

“It is unusual for me,” He replied cautiously. One thing he had been taught since childhood was to never insult another's hospitality, at least not directly. It was a lesson that he had never forgotten. 76 laughed in response, nothing uproarious but it was more than a chuckle. Hanzo smiled in response to the sound.

“Very tactful Shimada,” The man's voice was softer than usual. “I don't have a very expansive culinary repertoire I'm afraid,” He suddenly realized that 76 was the one who had made the food this morning and he flushed slightly in embarrassment. “It will take more than disliking my food to insult me. You're still eating it after all,”

“I apologize, I did not mean to offend you,” This was the last person on the base that he wanted to turn against him.

“No offense was taken,” The soldier shrugged. “Seems silly to be offended by other people's taste in food,” The archer nodded in agreement as he continued to eat, trying to do so a little more enthusiastically even if he wouldn't admit it.

“Why are you not eating?”

“Ate before everyone got here. Didn't need an audience,” The tone was harsher than Hanzo expected and the topic was dropped immediately.

“How did the medical emergency go last night?”

“Fine. Looked worse than it really was. She's resting in medical with Winston right now,” 76 explained. That explained why the Gorilla who was in charge of the new Overwatch wasn't here
eating. Come to think of it, Hanzo hadn't seen him since they first arrived at the base, though he
supposed Winston would meet him in time for his assessment. “I am looking forward to seeing what
you can do this afternoon,”

“Really?” He was certainly surprised by the statement.

“If you are anywhere near as good as your brother has been telling people I'm sure you'll impress
Winston.”

“What has Genji been saying?” This was not the first time he has been forced to hear about Genji
talking him up to the other agents and he wants to know what sort of pressure his brother has thrust
onto him to succeed.

“He's been saying bullshit that McCree would balk at, but he sounds so sincere. Said you can take
out a room full of people with a single arrow. That you shot an apple off a guy's head from 100
meters away, stuff like that.” Hanzo breathed a sigh of relief.

“Good, for a second I thought his imagination had run away with him and he had been spinning lies
to make me look good. He always did have a big mouth,” 76 turned to face him, the eyes behind that
visor boring into him.

“So he was telling the truth?”

“On those two accounts at least. The first one I have done multiple times, the second I did on a
drunken dare from Genji on my 16th birthday,” He vaguely remembered the Apple event, mostly the
terrified servant who thought he was going to die.

“Then I am really looking forward to being impressed.” He could hear the smirk in the man's voice, a
challenge for Hanzo to meet his own boasts. The archers heartbeat increased at the challenge,
determined now to show off what he was capable of.

“I will not disappoint,” He had adopted his regal assured posture as he spoke, his voice deathly
serious. 76 stood up and pat Hanzo's shoulder softly as he passed by the man, heading towards the
kitchen.

“Relax a bit, you'll do fine,” He said gruffly. “I'm going to check on the boss and our guest down in
medical. I'll be there to see what you can do at 1400 hours,” The archer watched as the man went to
clean his cup in the kitchen and head out the door.

The lack of the small conversation made it physically easier to eat, but the commotion behind him felt
stronger than it had while he had the distraction. That tense nervousness made it harder to eat. He
wasn't sure if the two things evened out or not, but he ate slowly and ignored most of what was
going on around him, as best he could. Like before, the place slowly emptied while he finished his
meal with no great haste.

A sudden crash behind him pulled his attention to the other table. The people left at the table laughed
at a big mess that someone had made, presumably Reinhardt. Hanzo shook his head silently at the
sight, at least Genji seemed to be enjoying himself. He watched his brother laughing in much the
same way he had when they were young, carefree and happy, despite circumstances being less than
ideal.

His younger brother was patting the Omnic monk on the back softly, perhaps in reassurance as he
stood up to excuse himself. His faceplate was back on as he head in Hanzo's direction before leaving
the mess.
“Do not be so nervous Hanzo. Everyone will be impressed when they see what you can do,” Genji reassured his older brother. He always could read Hanzo’s moods better than anyone else. The archer nodded at the sentiment. “See you later brother,” Genji joined back up with Zenyatta and the two of them left the mess together.

By the time Hanzo had finished eating the mess had emptied down to just him and Hana. He found himself joined by her again as they cleaned up the mess that the other agents had left behind. He sighed, but someone had to keep this place from becoming a mess and he was most likely more bothered by it than the people who left it in the first place. At the very least there was one other person to help with the mess.

“I’ve been meaning to ask, why is a Korean soldier a part of this illegal organization? I mean I assume that your superiors know what you are doing.” The question had been burning in the back of his mind since they first met and now seemed like as good a time as any. Nobody here seemed bothered by people prying into their lives anyways.

“We were one of several groups to oppose the shutdown of Overwatch. Most places were able to leave the Omnic crisis behind, but we didn’t have that luxury. We still felt the need for the group, we were overridden, but still show our support where we can. Especially in light of what is happening in Russia with what people are calling the second crisis. Besides I generate good press and heaven knows this new Overwatch could use public support when people become aware of what we’re doing.”

“I see,” He reacted neutrally.

“What about you. You don't seem to want to be here. Why are you here?”

“I seek redemption,” His own words gave him pause. Did he truly seek such a thing when he knew he did not deserve it? Was that what kept him here? In the end, guilt was much the same answer, it was mostly the truth at least. She seemed to accept the answer, speaking up as she made her own way out of the kitchen.

“Well, you seem nice enough. I hope you find it.” A part of him did too.

Light exercise helped distract him from time passing and would make sure he was ready for his trial, whatever that entailed. It kept him out of his own mind, a dangerous place for him to spend too much time, even now. As the day neared 1400 hours, he found himself heading to the mess again to make himself some tea to calm his nerves.

He had waited until their normal lunchtime was done, so that he might avoid a crowd, which would likely have ruined whatever good the tea might do for his nerves. He encountered someone he had yet to meet. A dark skinned woman with long black hair stood next to the kettle he had intended to use with an annoyed look on her face. Her left arm appeared to be mechanical, but unlike McCree, her prosthetic was sleek and looked expensive. Her stomach was bandaged, she probably should be resting. She sipped from the cup she was holding and let out a sigh of displeasure.

“The tea unsatisfactory?” Hanzo inquired at the reaction.

“It is not to my taste,” Was the woman's curt response. He guessed that this was the person who came in wounded the previous night. Athena had called her Satya if his memory served him well.

“I was going to make some green tea. You are welcome to have some, you may find it acceptable.” She simply nodded in response. They sat in silence as Hanzo began to brew some of the tea 76 had brought for him. “I have not tried this brand yet, so I can not vouch for its quality,” He admitted as
they waited for the water to heat and the tea to infuse into it. “I doubt it is any worse than what Lena calls tea,”

“Her taste is suspect,” The woman agreed as her prosthetic hand glowed briefly and the woman produced a stool for her to sit in as she waited. She sat as properly as she was dressed and her hair was managed. Like Hanzo there was not a strand out of place, even with the bandages, she managed to present herself with a poise that he could respect.

“Useful,” Hanzo noted as she made herself a seat out of seemingly nothing, she nodded in agreement. The silence returned broken only as the kettle reached a proper boil and he could begin pouring the tea. They sipped it in unison. It was not particularly good, but Hanzo has had much worse. It would do until he could get around to getting something more suitable.

“It is palatable,” She announced, taking a second sip. Hanzo nodded in agreement, that was fairly accurate. They drank their tea in a comfortable silence, neither of them inclined to speak. This woman made a pleasant enough tea partner. It was nearing 1400 when he excused himself politely, he had a test to take or something. “Satya,” She announced before he could leave, extending her right hand towards him.

“Hanzo,” He returned the gesture and they shook briefly. “I try to have tea every afternoon. You are welcome to join me if you care for some,” He offered as he moved to wash his cup before leaving.

“An acceptable arrangement,” She responded simply as she poured herself a second cup. He left the mess as she stayed behind continuing to drink a cup of palatable tea.

He was not meeting with Winston at the shooting range, but rather at a room that Athena had called the training building. It was apparently used for more intensive exercises than simply shooting at unmoving targets. The building looked more like a sports arena from the outside than anything else.

“Good afternoon,” The gorilla greeted him as he entered the observation room behind 76. “We will begin shortly,” Hanzo nodded in confirmation. “The evaluation will consist of two parts. The first is more of a target practice, the second will involve how you perform in a chosen scenario. Now this is not so much to test you as it is to evaluate your strengths and weaknesses, so that we know where you need improvement and where to best utilize your skills.”

Hanzo listened as the commander of this clandestine organization explained what he was going to be doing. The first part involved moving robotic targets. He would be made to take them out at a variety of distances, with and without obstacles. There is no time limit or any major pressure during the first test. The whole building was mostly one large room, the other part being the control/observation room they were meeting in.

“This facility was built, in large part, by the Vishkar corporation,” Winston explained “It uses hardlight technology to create temporary constructs and allows for very versatile and elaborate training scenarios. It's expensive to run, so we use it sparingly. We will begin once the last of us arrives. Ah good,” The door opening interrupted whatever Winston was going to say and McCree walked in, still dressed like an American cowboy even during official acts apparently.

“Sorry 'm late, was helping Hana with her aim. She's getting better with that gun 76 gave her,” The man drawled moving to stand next to the various monitors that presumably allowed them to watch everything. “I'm ready whenever yall are now,”

“Put this in your ear so we can instruct you from here,” 76 handed him a small earpiece and he followed the instruction.
“Can you hear me?” Winston's voice called in his ear.

“Hai. Yes I can,” He confirmed quickly.

“Good, I can hear you too. Me, 76 and McCree will monitor your progress and feed you instructions from here during this evaluation. You will follow all the instructions you receive to the best of your ability. Is that understood?”

“Yes!” Hanzo responded immediately.

“There is a large door down the hall,” 76 was talking this time. “Wait in front of it until we tell you otherwise. Your callsign will be Hanzo for the duration of this evaluation.” The archer nodded and took his leave while his proctors did whatever they needed to do to get things ready.

After several minutes of waiting the door opened to a large expansive room. He saw humanoid bots moving around in it, places he could climb to get a better view, obstacles that could get in his way. It was apparently constructed artificially, which did make more sense than the building being built like this. He observed from his spot outside the door unmoving. He had been instructed to wait in this spot until ordered otherwise. He idly wondered if they were also testing how well he listened by making him wait a while before being ordered to begin.

“Hanzo,” 76’s voice sounded in his ear. “Move to the area marked with a yellow line,” The archer followed the instructions coming to a stop a few feet passed the door which closed slowly behind him. “Ahead of you there are two training bots. Stand behind the white line and dispatch them as efficiently as possible. These targets do not move or retaliate,”

He moved to the designated area. The ground was marked along the entire distance to the targets, most likely to judge distance effectively. He nocked an arrow calmly and released it at the first target striking it through the head. It collapsed to the ground as he loosed a second arrow straight into the heart of the second bot moments later. His communicator buzzed back to life as the second target collapsed.

“There are two more targets above and behind you. They are moving, dispatch them as efficiently as you can,” Hanzo spun around quickly, arrow nocked and drawn by the time he had completed the maneuver. The targets moved asynchronously across a series of raised ledges. These two were dispatched almost as quickly as the first two. Two arrows through their heads.

“Turn 90 degrees to your left and continue forward until you find another white line on the ground to your left,” Following the instructions brought him to a single bot standing at the end of another range with a marked floor. This bot was much further away from him than the first one. He could guess what he was expected to do, but he awaited actual orders. “Attempt to disable this target with a single shot. Take as much time as you need, speed isn't being judged here,”

This instruction was slightly more difficult than the first two. The distance isn't much of a problem, but the insistence on taking his time was surprisingly nerve wracking. He wanted to impress people, so it was important to be flawless. He took more time than he needed to assure his aim, his form perfect when he released a single arrow that indeed found its mark in the distant robots face. It collapsed from a single arrow as he was instructed.

“Turn 90 degrees to your right and continue to the next white line which will be straight in front of you,” The old soldier’s voice ordered him. The next line faced a much wider target area with several movie bots at various distances with a variety of obstacles in his line of fire. “Remain behind the white line and dispatch the bots here as quickly as you can,”
With how predictable the bots moved, the cover was practically a non-issue. Two of his arrows needed to be significantly arced around the objects to hit their targets, but it was nothing actually difficult. He was somewhat low on arrows by the time he finished, but the area was cleared very quickly.

"Recover your arrows and exit the simulation. Wait outside the door again until further instruction," He moved as swiftly as he could without truly running to retrieve the ammo he had used, exiting through the recently opened door, waiting for his next order. He was waiting several long minutes before the communicator in his ear flared back to life.

"So Hanzo, this second part’ll play out different than the first," McCree’s voice informed him. The archer groaned internally that the cowboy was now instructing him. It was so much easier when it was 76 talking to him. "This simulation will test yer ability ta follow orders, achieve an objective and make judgement calls in the field. Do ya understand?"

"Yes," He replied simply wanting to just move on to the test.

"You will be entering a simulated urban environment and will have to approach a particular building while avoiding or disabling hostiles en route. The mission is a hostage extraction, so ya gotta get the target out safely. I will be feeding ya relevant information, but you will be free to handle the majority of the mission how you see fit," The cowboy left a short pause, clearly awaiting a response at this point.

"Understood,"

"You are ta enter the room as soon as it opens ready to engage hostiles. The bots here are going to attempt to engage you if they notice you. You are in no significant danger, but them guns do sting like a bitch. There are no civilians in this particular scenario, so aside from the hostage you do not need to worry about anyones safety here. This scenario ends when you finish your objective or when I call it done. Are your instructions clear?"

"Yes, I understand."

"Good, the door will open momentarily. Begin as soon as you can cross the threshold." He nocked an arrow, ready to draw it back the moment he needed to. True to the gunslinger’s words the door began to slowly open less than a minute later. He ducked under the door before it completely opened and was surprised by the way the room had changed. He found himself in the middle of a long road, flanked on both sides by buildings as tall as could fit in the training facility. It was a surprisingly realistic cityscape.

Movement in the distance caught his attention and he shot to kill as a bot entered his vision from a side alley a little more than a block away. He replaced his arrow quickly moved out of the center of the street to the buildings on the left side.

"Your target is in the sixth building on your left," The cowboy’s voice informed him. "There are an unknown amount of hostiles prowling around the area."

"What floor is the target on?" He asked, assuming he could atleast get some intel from McCree that he would need to complete his mission.

"Top floor,"

"Top floor. Understood," He confirmed the information. It would be easiest to approach from the high ground. It would give him the best view and reduce the likelihood of him being noticed. "I am
going to approach from above,”

“Understood,” The other man replied quickly.

Climbing buildings was a surprisingly large part of his training and practice since his youth. It was easy to make his way up the side of the nearest one, the windows and fire escape providing easy means of scaling.

He was momentarily surprised when he saw another bot as he pulled himself onto the roof. An arrow entered the robots head before it could turn and notice him. Hanzo continued silently across the rooftop to the other edge. He spied several more enemies from his perch above the streets. There was another across the way on the roof two buildings away. The silence of his chosen weapon was particularly useful here as he was able to dispatch the one on the next rooftop and one below that might see him quickly and without anyone noticing.

The archer leapt from the building he was perched on, aiming for one of the window seals next door. He swiftly pulled himself up to the roof, repeating a simple pattern, taking out a few more bots and making his way across the rooftops towards his destination. The target building was on the next block, separated by a multilane road. The distance too far to actually jump across, even with the target building being only three stories tall compared to this building’s four stories.

Taking out four more targets from his new perch he considered his next move. He shot a sonic arrow across the way, it found purchase in the roof and revealed to him the outlines and locations of five people on that floor. They were clustered in a large room, one of them was clearly unarmed and prone, likely supposed to be tied up.

“I've confirmed five people on top floor,” Hanzo reported through his comm. “one of them appears unarmed and tied up. Am I free to assume that is our hostage?”

“Use your best judgement agent,” Was the only response he got. If time was of the essence, which it usually was in his experience for these sorts of thing, he should act as quickly as possible to protect the target. A scatter arrow could handle the entire group if he aimed it correctly. With a quick adjustment to the tip to keep it from breaking apart when it broke through the window he ready his shot.

The math involved was actually rather complicated, figuring it out before his sonic arrow lost power made it more difficult, but he had done this since he was a teenager. He knew he had about ten seconds before he lost their positions. The moment he felt he had the perfect shot, he fired. He watched their silhouettes collapse as the arrow bits scattered and ricocheted around the room.

Climbing down the side of the building he made his way swiftly across the street and up through the window he had shattered with his arrow. He confirmed the four bodies and that the hostage bot appeared to be unharmed before he brought his finger to his ear to call back to McCree.

“I have secured the hostage,” He informed them.

“Understood, we are gonna cut this kinda short. Apparently we've got some technical problems. Good work agent. The bots have been shut off. Make your way back to the control room immediately. You can retrieve your gear later,” McCree's voice had a hint of urgency in it, but Hanzo would have obeyed the command regardless.

He rushed his way out of the room as the door opened slowly. He heard something crash behind him as the door closed, but he decided not to worry about it and instead made his way back to where the people who were judging his performance were waiting for him.
“I apologize for the rush at the end,” Winston announced as he entered the room. “We've got fund problems and this thing is expensive to run and maintain.”

“It is no trouble. I simply hope my performance was satisfactory,” He was sure he did well, though he did not really know much about the skills of the other people who were all supposed to be extraordinary.

“More than satisfactory,” Winston informed him with a smile. “I had no idea a bow and arrow could be so dangerous in this day and age. I need to know more about that tracking arrow you used and that scattering arrow. They both seem to have a lot of utility.”

“They are modern adjustments for the weapon I wield.” Hanzo responded.

“I have some things to attend to in my lab,” The scientist announced. “I would like a write up of your recommendations for agent Hanzo given his performance this afternoon,” Winston managed to order in an authoritative voice as he left the three of them in the room with a soft sir from McCree and 76. McCree left right behind the gorilla.

“Cleared a room with an arrow after all,” The old soldier remarked now that the two of them were alone.

“I was not lying,”

“Your technical aspects were impressive. Not the fastest I've ever seen, but the accuracy was impressive and your speed surprised me,” It appeared that the man was prepared to give him a complete breakdown of his performance. “On the range I was very impressed. In the field you have some work to do,”

“I secured the hostage quickly and quietly,” Hanzo responded defensively, a hint of venom in his voice. If the soldier was perturbed by that he didn't show it.

“With no escape route the hostage could manage and risking being wrong about who the target was,”

“I wasn't going to miss,” He tried to keep the daggers out of his stare, he may or may not have succeeded.

“But you could have been wrong and killed the mission,” The soldier replied calmly.

“Can't imagine what the cowboy will put in his report of yours is going to be negative,” Hanzo muttered, cursing himself silently for a disappointing performance. The masked man chuckled softly as Hanzo practically pouted.

“First, my recommendation will involve what needs to be improved as well as how well you did otherwise. Second, McCree’s is likely to be much less harsh,” Hanzo raised an eyebrow, confused. “He's black ops. You fit in with his style real well. I'm from the other side of the organization and I don't do well with lone wolfs and reckless behavior, regardless of the results.” The white haired man explained.

“I apologize,” 76 shrugged again.

“You just need some training. I have a feeling you will learn quickly. This was not an admonishment, merely an evaluation,” Hanzo release a deep sigh. He could accept criticism, at least the man wasn't yelling at or condescending him.
“Anything else I did wrong?”

“Something I will need to show you for you to understand. I intend to start training with people one on one to help improve their techniques and understand their weaknesses,” The soldier told him. “We can maybe start tomorrow if you are amenable.”

“I suppose I must if my performance was so subpar,” The soldier laughed again at that.

“That was one of the best performances I’ve seen actually. It’s just not useful criticism if I sit there and tell you that,” The man placed a hand on Hanzo’s shoulder again, squeezing softly in reassurance. “You have no more work to do than most of the people here.” 76 walked out the door leaving Hanzo to think about his performance. He wasn't sure if it was shame or confusion that brought the flush to his face. It took a few minutes for him to calm down, but he was hungry and he needed something to eat after all of this.

The thought occurred to him as he ate silently in the mess. The leftovers from the lunch that Reinhardt had apparently made forgotten as he made his way to the command center that The isn’t on used as his lab. He knocked on the door to be greeted by Athena.

“Good evening agent Hanzo. Did you need something?” The AI politely inquired.

“I wish to discuss something with Winston if he is available,”

“One moment,” Athena told him. A minute or so later the door opened to allow him into the building.

“Is something the matter?” Winston asked as he entered the building. He watched the scientist working on some gadget or another while he spoke.

“I understand that this organization is having some significant resource and money issues,” He didn't really know how to broach the subject other than directly.

“We are working on it, but yes,” Winston's attention was on Hanzo now as he spoke.

“Am I correct in assuming that you know about mine and Genji's history?”

“I was informed of your background and histories yes,”

“When I left the clan I was not in a great state of mind and I took an exceedingly large sum of money from our finances,” That was about as positively that he could spend siphoning all the money he could in a fit of petty rage. “It has sit around doing nothing and would be much better put to use,”

“That is very thoughtful, but the costs involved are very large,”

“I am well aware of the costs of running a large illegal organization and I would not have approached if I did not believe I could offer something worthwhile,” Hanzo responded calmly, talking business neutrally was something he was exceptionally gifted at. “What are the costs of running this base?” Athena intervened to answer, Hanzo’s communicator buzzing with a series of number, monthly and yearly fixed costs, projected costs and repair costs for facilities and various equipment.

“This does not take into account some things that individual members might need or want. For example I do not know the cost of maintaining agent Reinhardt’s crusader armor.” The AI explained.

“Okay, that is lower than I had actually expected,” Winston gaped at Hanzo's claim. “I can also help
with the acquisition of goods. I spent much of my life dealing with the illicit trafficking of goods and we don't want a lot of these purchases traced to us given the legal situation we are currently in.”

“I can't deny that we do have a pressing need for this, but Athena would have to monitor the transaction and I would need to approve any purchases,” Winston had regained much of the authority that he was projecting earlier as he spoke. He was clearly not used to being in charge like this, but he was trying.

“Of course. I will even give her access to a sizable account to act as a discretionary fund for more immediate and miscellaneous purchases,” Hanzo offered to try to make sure they understood that his offer was sincere. The money was seriously doing nothing where it was.

“It would be useful to have the sim room up and running properly again,” Winston mused aloud, considering what they could do with some actual money.

“That was included in my original estimate and will be one of our highest priorities,” Athena informed him. “I will have a preliminary list ready by morning,”

“I can ask the others about things they need at breakfast tomorrow after I see the initial budget Athena proposes. Then we can discuss how to get ahold of everything we need without raising suspicion,”

“Very well. I shall make sure to have all the information we need before breakfast,” The AI confirmed.

“I should get back to my work if that was all for this evening,”

“Yes, of course;” Hanzo responded with a short bow.

“Thank you. We really appreciate this,” Hanzo merely shrugged.

“As I said, the money was not doing anything. I do not need it,” The door to the control center opened as he turned around to leave, his brother running in excitedly.

“Oh hey Hanzo, didn't expect to see you here,” Genji paused for a moment.

“Is something the matter Genji?” Winston asked the suddenly distracted cyborg.

“Uh, no. Quite the opposite actually. I've been writing back and forth with Angela for the last year or so and I told her I was answering the recall a while ago and I just heard back from her. The monks in Nepal forwarded me her most recent letter and she said that when she finishes up her current project she was going to come back too,” Genji was very clearly happy about the news, Winston appeared shocked and Hanzo did not really want to meet another person that knew what he did.

“There is no doctor I'd rather have on staff, though I never thought Mercy would come back.”

“Honestly I didn't either. I told her about it because I wanted her to understand how far I've come. I guess she sees coming back as a way to do some good too,”

Hanzo excused himself from the conversation, as it had nothing to do with him. He returned to the simulation room, which was now a mostly blank room with a series of strange lightly glowing rods against the walls and ceiling. His arrows are spread throughout the large space, most of his regular arrows are fine or at least salvageable. The specialty ones are used up, but he should steal clean them up.
Exhausted, he returned to his room ready for sleep to come earlier than usual. He debated whether or not he was too tired to drink; he wasn't, but he didn't drink very much before he was too tired to continue. Sleep came quickly and easily that night. He dreamed of the first assassination he had been tasked with, he was 15. In his dream he relived his failure and the shame and humiliation that came along with it, but mostly he relived the feelings of his family turning on him when he disappointed them in the slightest.
Hanzo rose early that morning, the task of dealing with the organization’s financials offering a strange sort of excitement. While Genji, amongst other people, hated that aspect of their life, the elder Shimada had always loved numbers. Working with them in various contexts could be both soothing and exciting. Math was beautiful, an opinion that he learned was not truly shared by many other people.

Numbers were logical and absolute. They were incapable of deceit as long as the time was taken to truly understand them. They were dispassionate, but those who truly pursued them often brimmed with it themselves. Through math he truly understood the extent of their families influence, it was a part of why he enjoyed the accounting. It helped him in understanding. Numbers also helped him to understood how his arrows flew and through them he had designed the scattering arrows that he himself used.

He remembered Genji’s amazement when he had finally gotten the contraptions to work properly. Archery had not been Hanzo's strong suit in their youth, so he sought a way to improve his performance in the art. It took three years to perfect the design so that Each arrow would perform as expected. Genji didn't understand the difference between the perfect arrows he had made and many of the other batches. His final design was consistent, he could rely on them to do exactly what he wanted them to, the previous ones were unpredictable.

Though his younger brother could never truly appreciate them the way he did. Genji would shoot them quickly and blindly, never hitting his targets effectively. All the while, Hanzo's slow methodical shots could clear out rooms in a single shot. He remembered teasing his brother when he had wanted to know how he could learn to do that too. Hanzo had told him that it would just take some simple geometry.

The archer was clean and presentable significantly earlier than had been any other morning since he had come to this base. True to her word, there was an extensive file waiting for him on his communicator. A quick glance through it was all he needed to know that the AI had been more than simply thorough when it came to the financial report. He was going to need some tea and maybe
something to eat if he was going to get through this right now.

The base was much quieter in the morning, almost two hours before anyone would be showing up for breakfast. The silence and the solitude was nice, which was why he was surprised to find 76 sitting quietly with a cup of coffee and a tablet, like he seemed to be every morning. The old soldier glanced at his entrance briefly before returning his gaze to the device in his hands.

“You're up early,” The man remarked as he returned to whatever he was reading or watching before Hanzo came in. “There's some coffee if you need it,” He offered from behind his tablet.

“Thank you, but I will make myself some tea,”

“Suit yourself,” The soldier grunted in response whilst he began to brew the caffeine and calm that he would likely need to help him through such an extensive report in any reasonable amount of time. He waited by the kettle quietly as the water slowly boiled.

“Do you mind if I sit here?” Hanzo gestured to the place he had sat the previous morning with its back facing the larger table the others always sat at. “I would prefer to not be bothered by the others while working.”

“Doesn't bother me,” they sat in silence together, both of their attention stuck to whatever they were studying on their individual devices. The only sound between them for several minutes was the soft sipping of tea and coffee as they both seemed to be focused on their own tasks. “Winston gave you an assignment already?” Hanzo was suddenly aware that the other man was appraising him, studying the way he was working from behind the mask.

“I am helping Athena with handling the group's finances and acquisitions,” He replied with a shrug of his own, as if it was no big deal. The task was by no means a small one, but he enjoyed this type of work and having something to do would help keep him grounded and in control.

“As long as it's not me,” The man sounded amused though what Hanzo could see of his face remained neutral. “Can't stand dealing with money, especially when there is never enough,”

“I like numbers,” Hanzo informed him.

“Hope you don't learn to hate them like I did,”

“This is nothing compared to handling the finances of the clan,” The Shimada froze at the admission just as the words left his mouth. He had not actually spoken of his past with anyone in Overwatch, except Winston and even then he did so indirectly because the gorilla already knew what he was talking about.

“Didn't think the heir would have directly handled the finances,” The masked soldier remarked casually. The casual reveal that 76 may very well have known who he was all along took him aback as he dropped the communicator he was reading from. The confusion must have also shown on his face because the soldier turned to regard him directly, those masked eyes reading him for several long moments, his lips twisted in a slight scowl. “You'll not find a person here who isn't ashamed of or running from something in their past. This is a second chance for a lot of people. No one's in any real position to judge you here,” The words came out in a soft growl, the first time he had ever heard the man lose the relatively cool and detached tone he normally used.

“Understood,” The acknowledgement came out of habit and in his native tongue and far too quickly to be natural. 76 grunted softly in recognition, but the awkward tense silence that ensued was clear evidence that Hanzo had not been convinced.
“Are you hungry?” The question was asked as the old soldier stood up from the table. “I make my
own breakfast around this time every day. I'll make some extra if you're hungry. That way you don't
have to wait until the others get here,” 76 added seeing Hanzo’s hesitation to accept the offer.

“Um, yes I would like something to eat then,” He was insisting and the archer really didn’t want to
upset the man by refusing a small thoughtful gesture. Besides, he was already going to cook, it's not
like he was going out of his way for Hanzo or anything.

“What would you like?”

“That would depend on how it was made,”

“I suppose we'll just have to find out then,” The soldier proffered the tablet he had been reading from
before he turned to the kitchen. “Read this while you wait!” The voice was strong and commanding,
leaving no room to argue. So, Hanzo grabbed the device as the older man walked away to attend
their breakfast.

There were two different documents opened up when he began reading. The first one was 76’s
finished evaluation of Hanzo from the afternoon before. Most of it was exactly what they had briefly
discussed immediately after the completion of the exam. It praised his technical skill and proficiency
at medium and long ranges. It also expressed doubt at the efficacy of his weapon and style at close
range.

The second part of the evaluation was much less complimentary. He had been silent and approached
his target well, useful for scouting and data gathering missions. The exam had, however, been a
target extraction and despite the interruption his report expressed significant doubts that Hanzo would
have completed that part successfully. There was no useful path that was cleared that the target could
follow, the enemies were alerted by his entrance and his clearing out of the room risked harming the
target.

There were recommendations for utilizing the archer's skill set effectively at the end of the report, but
mostly it recommended ways in which he needed to improve to be more useful to the team as a
whole. Overall the report was actually harsher than than Hanzo had expected given their discussion
of his performance. He was glad the other man had entered the kitchen and could not see him
because he was fuming. This report was overly critical, he had performed well as far as he was
concerned, how else was he expected to have handled the situation alone? He did not understand
why 76 wanted him to read this right now, when he was clearly already in distress.

He was considering heading into the kitchen and making his mind clear on the subject when he
checked the second document that had been left open. It was another report on the events from
yesterday, but this one had been filed by one Jesse McCree. The first part of it actually read similarly
to 76’s. Moderate praise for the archer’s technical proficiency in handling targets at medium to long
range. It even also expressed concern over his ability to handle targets in close quarters just like the
first report.

The second part of the evaluation was nothing at all like the one 76 had authored. Positive
assessments abounded such as his ability to move quickly and quietly, as well as silently eliminating
targets as he moved. The man complimented his keen observations and quick thinking when thrust
into an unknown situation. They both seemed to agree that, in the end, a successful extraction was
extremely unlikely, but McCree's report did not seem upset by this fact. It instead insisted that his
ability to make difficult decisions quickly in the field was an asset, not a fault and that a successful
extraction was unlikely with only a single agent on site, going so far as to claim that Hanzo’s
performance went above and beyond what most anyone could have accomplished under the same
circumstances.
It was such a stark contrast to the first report. It ended with a few recommendations for training the archer and improving his ability to contribute to the organization, but it also spoke extensively about where to use the man and his abilities effectively. According to the cowboy, he would be extremely useful in providing cover in urban areas, scouting, as well as handling the elimination of individual targets. It surprised Hanzo that the man who had shown him such vitriol and done nothing but question and doubt his abilities would evaluate him so much higher than the old soldier that he liked and got along with.

Food was placed in front of him before he even noticed that the old soldier had returned to the mess hall. A plate with different, albeit still remarkably American food, than the first time he had eaten what the man had prepared for breakfast. As before, there was more food here than he would ever eat at breakfast, but it pales in comparison to the sheer amount of food that 76 had brought out for himself. You could easily have fed four or five people with what he had put down on the other end of the table before returning to the kitchen for something else. He couldn’t remember the last time he fiddled with food like this. The heir to the Shimada empire poked mindlessly at a plate overfilled with food.

“Powdered sugar?” The question pulled him out of the daze he had found himself in. The man offered him a small bowl full of the stuff with a spoon inside. At some point before speaking 76 had sprinkled some on his own French toast.

“Thank you,”

Watching the other man eat was an interesting experience to say the least. Given the amount of food and speed at which 76 ate, it was no wonder he had not wished to talk about it. Ravenously was the only word Hanzo could think of to adequately describe the way the other man was devouring what he had made. It took Hanzo several seconds longer than it should have to realize he had been staring and to tear his gaze away from the sight and back to his food.

“Finished with your evaluations?” The man asked clearly ignoring the way the archer had stared at him. Hanzo began to eat slowly, keeping his gaze from lingering on the sight in front of him.

“Was I supposed to see these?”

“Wouldn't learn anything if you didn't. Already sent them to Winston,” The man shrugged before returning to eating. “McCree liked your performance better than I expected,” He remarked between bites.

“I was surprised,”

“Yeah,” 76 laughed loudly at the implicit accusation against the cowboy. “Jesse is more than capable of being professional when he needs to be,”

“I find that hard to believe,” Hanzo's face twisted in a frown at the praise being given to the man who still seemed to hate him.

“I've never met someone who plays the fool as well as McCree does,” The man smiled fondly at the thought, a soft smile that made it difficult to maintain his own sour expression. “Show him that you are determined to see this through and he'll come around. He's being unfair about it, but he was always very protective of Genji, though he also understands needing a second chance,”

“What are you going to do about my various deficiencies?” The archer changed the subject. He did not wish to discuss the cowboy anymore.
“We'll be running team drills as soon as we get the setup working. Winston said something about progress being made on that front.”

“That is what I am doing right now,” Hanzo informed him, holding out the report he had been reading earlier. “Athena is very thorough. It will cost less than I had feared to get this place up and running. Affording it will be easy, though getting a hold of everything will take some doing.”

“Where's the money coming from?”

“A former criminal empire,” He grinned slightly at the notion. “It can do something worthwhile for the world this way,” 76 chuckled softly.

“That's only slightly less scrupulous than what Overwatch used to do for money,” Though the words were clearly a joke, the man's mood was anything but jovial at the thoughts that they evoked in him. “On top of training as a team, I would again suggest some one on one training. I can show you where you need work and help you improve directly.” Hanzo nodded at that suggestion, he could show 76 personally how well he could fight. He had to hide a smirk, both he and McCree were in for a surprise if they expected him to be easy prey up close.

“I will most likely be available this afternoon. I intend to have figured out what we are doing with the money today and to start to work on the how to acquire what we need,”

“Let me know when you are available and I'll likely be free,” The old soldier said, the mountain of food he had been working on had been reduced to scraps. “Any idea if and when the training room will be back online?”

“That and the autonomous defenses are our top priorities according to Athena, so I will be working on them first, once I've finished reviewing and figuring out the budget.”

“Good. Well then I should probably stop bothering you,” The man stood up with his plate and cup and headed towards the kitchen. Hanzo wished to say that the man was not a bother, though that would, strictly speaking, be a lie. 76 had interrupted his work, which would be further along now if it hadn't been for the old soldier. However, the time where they both worked in silence was very comfortable and the man was able to keep the maelstrom of noise and activity on base from enveloping Hanzo.

The minor panic, which Hanzo refused to acknowledge, abated when 76 did not, in fact, leave, but instead returned to his seat with a fresh cup of coffee. The Shimada heir let out an involuntary sigh of relief as a comfortable silence filled the room again. He was able to read and annotate in relative peace and comfort. Athena would react almost instantaneously to his annotations, explaining her reasons or updating the report as necessary. What might have taken a long time dealing with other people and opinions actually went very smoothly and quickly with the Artificial Intelligence.

The work environment had taken such a strong hold that Hanzo was, to his own embarrassment, startled when his communicator buzzed with an incoming message. He should change the sound it made he resolved as he looked up the message his brother had sent him.

Genji: Good morning brother

Hanzo: Good morning Genji. I am in the mess hall if you were looking for me.

His brother was most likely wondering where he was. This would be the first time Hanzo had woken up and gone out into the base without his brother being there in the morning. Genji was likely worried, though exactly what he thought might have happened was not a thought Hanzo wanted to
dwell on for long.

Genji: Oh, that's great. I will see you shortly. I am on cooking duty.

During the exchange, 76 had glanced over briefly, but returned to what he was doing without a word. Hanzo would not have minded talking about it at the moment, but he was glad that the man never seemed to pry into anything personal. The man never even questioned his choice of weapon, just a quick comment about their lack of preparation for archery and then he helped Hanzo set up a practice target. It was refreshing compared to how much everyone else seemed determined to interrogate him about his choices.

Neither Hanzo, nor 76 looked up as someone else entered the mess hall. Footsteps brought them near the table, behind Hanzo, where they paused briefly, waiting politely to be acknowledged. The old soldier nodded slightly in recognition.

“Genji,”

“76,” Genji greeted in return as Hanzo turned to face his brother. “Hanzo, I was wondering if you would help me this morning. I'm out of practice.”

“Of course,” Hanzo agreed simply. There was no real reason to decline such a simple request, especially when it came from Genji. “Excuse me,” The comment was directed at 76 who simply hummed in acknowledgment.

“Let's get cooking,” The cyborg announced loudly shifting the conversation back to their native Japanese with just the two of them in the kitchen.

“What did you have in mind?”

“Zenyatta asked for a bunch of things that he thought I would like,” He began to explain looking through the pantries and refrigeration. “So we have rice, miso, natto, tuna, bass, bream, salmon, some vegetables and seaweed. You have a preference brother?”

“I've already eaten,” He replied simply.

“I think we should try something with Natto,” Genji responds a bit too quickly.

“There are quite a lot of potential ingredients. Do you think that the others would enjoy natto?” People either loved natto or they hated it with a special passion and he was unsure how this group of people would react to it.

“Probably not, but we won't know until they try it,” Hanzo laughed at the mischievous tone in Genji's voice. He was familiar with it and while he did not approve of his brother messing around like he does, it's nice that it wasn't aimed at him for once. Not to mention the thought of McCree having a poor reaction was something he was not opposed to.

“We should probably also make sure there is something they can eat afterwards,” Genji actually pouted like someone had stolen his ice cream, but he didn't object.

“Fine. I mean I brought you in on it and all. What kind of fish do you think would go well with it,”

“I'm not sure how they would handle raw fish, so some grilled salmon would likely be better than tuna.” The conversation turned into mostly Hanzo instructing Genji on what to do and trying to get a simple meal to feed a decently sized and very diverse group of people. Everyone would get to try some natto and then eat something that they will probably like.
“So, you and the vigilante have been talking?” His brother asked as they worked.

“Yes.”

“What’s his deal?”

“I do not make a habit of prying into other people’s personal lives,” Hanzo snapped at the cyborg. Why did no one in this place respect other people’s privacy? Suddenly dropping into Japanese makes more sense now, mother often spoke in English because it was the language seemingly everyone present spoke in common. In Japanese no one would understand if they overheard gossip.

“I’m sorry,” Genji’s apology was immediately mollifying. In the past it would have taken a monumental amount of effort to get the man to apologize for anything, let alone even pretend to be sincere about it. The difference was startling, just how much Zenyatta had managed to tame the fiery young sparrow. “I only asked because everyone is curious and he rarely talks to anyone save for relaying orders or messing with McCree,” Hanzo raised his eyebrow at how normal Genji made that last part seem. “Everyone messes with McCree, it's sort of an Overwatch tradition,” His brother replied to the unasked question.

“That seems to imply that he used to be Overwatch,” Hanzo said was merely stating the obvious, he did not intend to pry into the old soldier’s past where he was not wanted.

“We expect that, but he doesn’t talk to anyone except you apparently. I was curious. I apologize for digging,” Hanzo was unaware that he was the sole recipient of the man’s voluntary attention, though given the way everyone else likes to pry and never shut up, it made sense. “Regardless, I am glad that you are in a good mood brother,” His gaze turned to where his brother was checking the rice they were making, a look of confusion across his face. “You were smiling. It's a good look for you,” Hanzo merely shrugged, having no idea why he would have suddenly started smiling. If Genji had not mentioned it he likely would have never even noticed he was doing it.

“Do you think this will be a sufficient amount of food for the group?” He asked, changing the subject to the task at hand.

“Probably, but I think people can handle a light breakfast for once if not,” Hanzo was not so sure with the way he had seen some of these people consume food and that was not counting 76. “There is another reason I wanted to ask you about 76,” Genji was suddenly much more serious than before. “Winston seems to trust him but Jesse is apprehensive. Thinks he's hiding something,” Hanzo burst out laughing at the thought, earning a confused noise from his younger brother.

“The cowboy does not trust the vigilante,” Hanzo had seen a few cowboy westerns in his life and it may have been a silly joke, but Hanzo found the irony of the situation quite funny.

“Oh my god. You just told a joke. This is a momentous occasion,” It is unclear how much of that is mockery and how much is bewilderment. Hanzo probably would have scowled if he wasn't still chuckling at his own joke. Besides, it's not like it wasn't more or less true, his jokes are rarely a,using to other people, so he generally declined sharing them.

“Has he done anything to engender mistrust?” The joke over, the conversation found itself back on topic.

“Not really,” The cyborg shrugged as he spoke. “He is helpful around the base. Keeps things clean, makes sure to restock people's ammo in the shooting range when they inevitably forget. Keeps the weapons clean and in working order. He just doesn't talk to anyone when he can avoid it and McCree thinks he's hiding something,”
“I do not believe he is a danger. He sounds genuine in his role here, but I will let you know if something comes up that might actually be dangerous,” he highly doubted it would come to anything like that, but if it out his brother's mind at ease it was a simple enough promise to keep.

“Thank you. You should also get him to try some natto,” Hanzo rolled his eyes.

“Why do you not do it yourself?”

“You're the one he likes, not me. I figured if anybody could do it, it would be you.” Of course his younger brother would try to get him involved more directly in this little scheme of his.

“And you would have me jeopardize that for a prank?”

"It's just a goof, you never know, he might like it.” Genji tried. Not for the first time Hanzo wished he could see under the faceplate he wore. He could imagine how wide the young man's grin was as he said such a blatant lie.

“I will ask him, but I will not lie to or trick him into it,” That was as far as the archer was willing to bend on the matter.

“So what're you doing up so early anyway brother?”

“I have offered my services handling the finances of the organization as well as handling requisitions. I was going over the budget for running and repairing the facility here,”

“You using the clan’s money?” Hanzo nodded in affirmation. “Good, at least the blood money is going to something worthwhile,”

“That was my intention,”

“I can manage setting the table brother. You should get back to your work,” Genji insisted even as Hanzo tried to argue. It was, however, not a hill worth dying on and he relented, returning to the table with a masked man silently drinking coffee and reading.

Despite the fact that the total expense was not as high as he had been expecting, there were a large amount of small expenses within them that needed to be audited. Was this all necessary for munitions? We’re we stocking everything we needed and nothing that we didn’t? He was going to need to find out what everyone needed when it came to weapon maintenance and ammunition.

Speaking of which, he should probably also go around seeing if anyone had anything that they needed that Athena did not know about. It would be helpful to know about any requests for supplies as early as possible, especially since he had not established any routes for obtaining the supplies yet.

The others began to file into the mess. Their presence was mostly ignored by him and 76 who instead opted to continue working despite the ever increasing noise. Somehow the vigilante managed to keep these people from closing the distance and bothering him without a pressing need to do so, it was one of the things Hanzo has ended up liking about the man. Whilst he was at 76’s, he was able to be separated from the other people even though they surrounded him.

When people settled down to eat Hanzo couldn't help but stop reading briefly and pay attention to the reactions behind him. It would have been obvious to anyone who was not behind him that he had stopped reading the report and started paying attention to what was going on around him. In fact, he was fairly certain 76 glanced his way a few times while he waited for his brothers plan to come to fruition. He was expecting a response any moment, he was not expecting his brother to drop off some natto with rice for him.
He had forgotten that he had said he would try to convince the vigilante to try it. No tricks, no deceit, he would merely ask the man if he was interested and see what came of it. He was interrupted before he could say anything by a loud string of German behind him followed by a crash. He turned around at the sound, alarmed that something might be actually wrong.

He got to see the majority of the scene play out. Hana seemed to enjoy it as she took her first bite, but she was the only one. Lena zipped across to the kitchen almost the moment it hit her tongue to wash the taste out with coffee. Reinhardt had apparently overreacted and fallen out of his chair. Brigitte was stuck between scrubbing her tongue and making sure the big German was okay. McCree shouted.

“What in tarnation? You trying to poison us Gen?” The man's face was a mix between terror and disgust and Hanzo had to turn around so no one but 76 could see his smile or notice his soft chuckle. All of this was taking place while Genji sat calmly next to his master quietly enjoying his own natto. There was no hint of a smile on his face, but the way his eyes shone told Hanzo all he needed to know about how much his younger brother was enjoying the scene around him.

“What did your brother do?” The question caught Hanzo off guard briefly, his attention returning to the man seated nearby him.

“He served them natto,” Hanzo gestures to the small dish in front of him.

“Some kind of joke food?”

“Not exactly. It's fermented soybeans, a bit of a traditional food. Conventional wisdom says that people either love natto or they really hate it. Most of the group seems to hate it,”

“Your opinion?”

“Don't tell Genji, but I think it is just okay. I'm willing to eat it because he really likes it,” Hanzo took a small bite to prove his point. “Would you like to try some. You will likely hate it, but it is quite an experience at the very least,” The offer was honest and out there now, his brother could not say that he did not try.

“Sure, why not?” The old soldier took the small bowl and the chopsticks that Hanzo had been using and tried a small portion of the fermented soybeans. Hanzo was surprised by two things, the fact that he knew how to use chopsticks and the lack of an obvious reaction to what he had imbibed. “That's quite possibly the worst thing I've ever tasted,” The man said with only the slightest of curling lips to accompany the thought. The man equally calmly spits the object of disgust into a used napkin.

“So I have heard. I apologize for the experience,” Hanzo's face was very serious again, sincere in its apology.

“No need to apologize. You warned me, so the only one to blame is myself.” The soldier replied simply.

“And Genji,” The archer added with a small smile. He was surprised when 76 returned the gesture, a smile running from cheek to cheek. One thing Hanzo learned very quickly was to tell the difference between a forced smile and a genuine one. Being able to read people was of the utmost importance in his line of work and the man before him wore a genuine smile. His own small grin widening at the thought. “Do you have everything you need to maintain the equipment you use?” The question changed the subject abruptly, his attention returning to financial reports.

“You will likely need an exhaustive list of the equipment everyone uses. The curse of such a diverse
group of operatives,”

“Do we not have standardized equipment?” The archer asked and the smile returned as the man laughed raucously at the question. The entire hall fell into a strange silence at the man’s deep booming laughter. Hanzo spared a glance to the other table that had gone silent to see the entire group staring at the masked vigilante like he had grown a second head. 76 had a better view of the staring crowd, which he seemed to elect to ignore.

“If even two people in this bunch shared so much as a shirt size things would be a lot easier to organize and maintain,”

“I see…”

“I doubt it since you asked the question. McCree uses a very old school 438 calibre revolver with special made pulse ammunition that no one else on the planet uses, Tracer's pulse pistols have a power source that Winston made himself, I use a pulse rifle with specialty magazines that load from the top and fires rockets via a design from Helix securities and that's just for starters,” The soldier finished his explanation while Hanzo considered the work going into finding out what everyone needs to function properly in the field and even in the practice yard.

“That does make things difficult,” The elder Shimada agreed.

“If you need to know what everyone uses I can get you an exhaustive list of what we need,”

“That is not necessary,” Hanzo began before he was interrupted.

“I just need to finish the one I'd been working on. It lists supplies by who needs them and prioritized things based on necessity. I can get it to you later today with a bit of work.”

“Perhaps when we meet for training this afternoon, around 1600 hours?”

“I'll see you then. Gym, north side of the base, bring your bow and don't be late.” 76 rose to clean up his dishes and leave the mess hall as he spoke. There was no real need to insist Hanzo be on time, he was always prompt, but the habit likely came from dealing with a whole host of other people that do not value being punctual.

Hanzo finished the small serving of natto his brother had given him before he followed the vigilantes example. He would be back in the mess hall later to clean up if nobody else handled the dishes whilst he was gone. The archer brought himself to the spot underneath the water tower. A place that was isolated and calming. A place where it would be easy to work and avoid other people that wasn't just being cooped up in his own room.

He and Athena had agreed on a sizable discretionary fund to be placed in an account she could access that would allow handling of any of the day to day expenses that might occur at any given time. Hanzo would be handling larger expenditures himself, with Athena monitoring the money he spent and what came in and out. This may have been the one time being the heir, and short term leader, of a criminal empire has been so directly useful since he left ten years ago. Winston would need to agree to him traveling a bit and having some meetings with people to make sure they had a reliable supply chain, but at the very least money wasn’t an issue and likely, neither was muscle.

1400 hours came quicker than he had anticipated and he suddenly found himself scrambling towards the mess hall after stopping by his room for tea. The brew was just getting started heating when he the otherwise empty room gained a second occupant. The woman he knew as Satya entered at near the exact same time as yesterday. Like before, she was able to match Hanzo in her state of dress and
grooming, a rare feat amongst people in general.

“Tea is brewing if you would like some again today,” Hanzo extended the invitation.

“That would be most satisfactory,” She responded quickly, some might say curtly as she produced another seat out of thin air to wait for their tea. Like with 76, he was not bothered by what other people would consider rude behavior of this nature. It was not rude to answer quickly and precisely, in general he preferred it to trying to have a conversation about nothing.

“I have been placed in charge of provisions,” He informed her as they waited for their beverage to finish. “I was wondering if there were supplies that you needed and if you have any tea preferences so that I could know everything I need to procure,”

“It would be difficult to obtain the things I will need,” She responded thoughtfully. “I am afraid some Vishkar supplies are not easy to come by,”

“You are an architect are you not?” The thought had occurred to him the last time they met, but did not wish to pry. Now he might need to know in the name of keeping everyone supplied with everything they need.

“I am no longer,” There was a story there, just like when he had spoken those words, but it was hers to tell if she so chose. Her gaze was lost in the distance briefly, returning when Hanzo placed a cup before her. “Thank you,” She grabbed the cup to blow over the top softly before taking a sip.

“I happen to know a few people who traffic in Vishkar goods, so I can probably acquire most of what you request, though it may take time to get anything specific.” Her eyes narrowed briefly at the claim, suspicious and disbelieving.

“I am not aware of them allowing their property into other people's hands for any price,”

“It would not be procured legally, but this entire venture is illegal, so that does not really pose a unique challenge.” The response seemed to draw the woman's ire briefly, before she calmed down. Hanzo believed he understood the frustration, being upset at things because the clan taught him to be was still a problem for him ten years after he had left the organization behind. A long silence followed the words, but neither of them seemed particularly bothered by it. It was somewhat soothing, knowing that neither of them felt the need to fill the silence with endless chatter.

“I am in no place to pass judgment here,” Satya eventually relented with a sigh, moving to get herself a second cup of tea.

“Are you familiar with all Vishkar technology?” Hanzo asked seemingly out of nowhere.

“The majority. I have even helped design many common devices,”

“We have a simulation room that was made by Vishkar that needs to be repaired and I can think of no one more qualified than an accomplished architect to help us if you were so inclined,” She seemed to consider the situation as she sipped her tea.

“I can not guarantee that I will be of particular use, but I am willing to see what I can accomplish,”

“Athena,” Hanzo called out to the AI, who responded promptly.

“What can I help you with agent Hanzo?”

“Would it be alright if I had Satya help me evaluate the state of the simulation room and effect repairs
if possible?”

“Permission has been granted to evaluate and report, Winston would like to be present for any actual repairs,”

“Understood,” The two slowly finished their tea before he showed her where her expertise would come in handy. The trek was fortunately uneventful, he was unsure how the woman would have reacted had they been accosted by one of the rowdy bunch of people who wandered around this base at all times.

Her demeanor changed rather dramatically the moment she entered the control room and was able to start working. Hanzo recognized the change, it was similar to when he found himself in his own element. Whenever he is on a job or training it was easy for him to ignore most of what would otherwise bother him and focus on what needs to be done and how to do it. She seemed to know what she was doing, checking status screens and issuing commands, presumably for the system to run various diagnostics. The former architect worked in silence, quickly and efficiently, nearly startling her escort when she finally spoke.

“This model is unique, custom made for Overwatch. I am familiar with many of the individual systems but it would help if I had the full documentation for this specific model,” It took a moment for him to realize that she was reporting her progress so far.

“I can provide that,” Athena chimed in. One of the screens on the control panel pulled up a very complicated looking diagram that immediately caught Satya’s attention.

“Did Vishkar provide you with this?” She asked, clearly surprised that Athena had access to it.

“Negative. It was decided, however, that it was a bad idea for the organization to not know exactly what they were working with. So it was procured without the company’s knowledge as a safety precaution,”

“A sensible precaution, though Vishkar would surely have objected fiercely,” She responded, skimming through the information Athena had given her.

“They are not the only ones. I have access to many such things that were procured to maintain the safety of Overwatch. Neither Strike commander Morrison nor commander Reyes liked the idea of utilizing equipment they did not understand.”

“Am I to understand that you have analyzed this information already?”

“Yes, though I admit to a lack of knowledge in regards to many of the individual components. Winston has also been working on it and attempting repairs.” The AI added.

“I believe I can repair this with ease if I had the proper components.”

“Let me know what is required and I will procure it as quickly as possible,” Hanzo spoke up at her comment.

“I can get you a list of parts that are necessary and substitutes if some of these older models can’t be found. I am unsure how long the list will take to generate, I must check the hardware as well in order to be sure the extent of repairs required.”

“If you are upto the task I can monitor and assist you,” Athena informed Satya. “So that agent Hanzo would be free to handle other affairs,”
“That would be acceptable. I prefer working to sitting idle,” The archer was dismissed to let them work with the promise of receiving a list as soon as they were able to definitively finish one. He had needed to leave soon anyway, it was shortly after 1500 and he did not want to be late to meet with 76.

The one thing he had neglected on his original expedition for new clothing was grabbing anything he could comfortably fight in. So, that really only left his traditional archers outfit, which while not strictly made for fighting, he had so much experience in it that it would not get in the way. Changing outfits and grabbing his bow and practice arrows still left him with some time to kill, but he would rather be early and scope out the place than risk being late.

The gym itself was very impressive. It was larger than he had expected with a great deal of machines for training anything someone would need to train. There was also a large mat laid out around a circle for sparring. The place was spacious, though he was confused at this point about why he was asked to bring his bow.

He familiarized himself with the place, noting how he might want to spend some of his time here. It would be a good idea to take advantage of resources he had access to now that he hadn't had before. First, he wished to make sure the various machines and benches were working and safe before he risked himself on them. Given the state of the rest of the base it seemed a prudent move.

“I've been fixing up the place,” 76’s voice cut into his examinations as the other man walked into the room. “Needed a space to practice and train.” Hanzo turned to find the man wearing an unexpected outfit, loose fitting clothes built for working out which clashed heavily with his mask. “Are you ready to sweat a bit?”

“I suppose,” Hanzo responded carefully, unsure of what to expect from that.

“Good. You are very proficient at a long range, but I need to see how you handle close quarters. This,” He presented a small handgun that Hanzo did not recognize the make of. “Stings like a bitch, but won't cause any lasting harm. And this,” He holds up a duffel bag that he had brought. “I got while I was out. I got while I was out, hopefully one of the sizes fits your bow.”

He tossed the bag to land at Hanzo’s feet. It was apparently full of weighted blunt-tipped arrows of various sizes. Taking the hint, Hanzo quickly combed through the contents of the bag. There were more than a dozen small bundles of arrows, tied together with string. Each bundle held a different size of arrow, each of which he checked for the best fit he could use. He found a set of 8 arrows that he could use that felt close to what he needed.

“These will function sufficiently,” Hanzo announced as he found the best set from the bag.

“Good, what we are going to do is simple. I am going to attack you from close range and you are going to try to respond appropriately. Defend yourself anyway that you can. Understood?”

“Understood,” The archer confirmed shouldering his bow, preparing to defend himself with a smirk. He wouldn’t need his bow to handle an attacker, he has been trained since birth for hand to hand combat. “Whenever you are ready,” He challenged the old soldier.

The masked man launched himself forward without warning, Hanzo barely dodging beneath his strike. Hanzo spun as he ducked attempting to sweep under 76’s feet. The vigilante performed a short hop over Hanzo's sweeping leg and, pulling his training pistol and fires before the archer could get back to his feet and draw his bow, landing a shot in the man’s chest. A shocked grunt escaped the archer’s lips, whatever that thing shot him with dies in fact sting really bad.
“You're dead,” The masked man training him announced simply whilst he recovered from the shot quickly. “Again,” The man then ordered. Hanzo quickly returned himself to his feet, this time unshouldering his bow before the fight could begin.

“Ready,” He announced once he had prepared himself for the man's next assault. He was not going to get surprised again.

The second round went worse than the first. He jumped back grabbing an arrow when he felt another shot hitting his chest before he could notch his arrow. They reset for a third round, Hanzo approaching the masked man this time before he could unholster his gun. The archer had trained in hand to hand combat the majority of his life, he was confident he could take the man if he kept the gun out of the soldier's hand. The soldier blocked and dodged every blow seemingly effortlessly and Hanzo found himself on his back, the gun pointed at his head.

“Dead,” Hanzo snarled at the neutral tone the vigilante had chosen to use as he leapt back to his feet for another round. He was not sure what this was supposed to be doing for him, but he was not going to give up easily.

Every round ended one of two ways, Hanzo on his back or with a shot through his chest. He had managed to hit the soldier twice with arrows, poorly aimed and clearly nonlethally each time his face flushing more as time passed. He was not sure what was worse, the fact that the other man kept winning or the fact that he seemed to be breathing completely normally and to have barely broken a sweat.

He lost track of the number of failures when 76 called for a break. Hanzo refused the offer. This round worked out differently. They broke apart from each other, the archer's foot connecting with the vigilante’s right hand right as he drew his gun. The bit of metal shot across the ground and Hanzo spun around grabbing and notching an arrow in one fluid motion. A grunt escaped 76 for once as the blunt tip hit the man's chest hard forcing him to stumble backwards.

“Not bad, I'm dead. Short break and we can pick back up,” The vigilante sounded pleased about his loss.

“I can keep going,” Hanzo insisted, he did not need a break.

“Maybe I do,” it was clearly a lie. If he had not been sparring with the man this entire time, he would not have believed 76 had been doing any real training at all. Hanzo, on the other hand, was sweating, face flushed and breathing somewhat heavily.

Several minutes later his breathing had returned mostly to normal and the archer insisted they start back up, emboldened by the round he had won. Each round in this new set played out similarly to all of his failed rounds with him on his back or a round in his chest. His frustration grew with every failure and he struck out with his foot as the masked man aimed his gun at the archer once again.

Hanzo's foot connected with the hard metal before 76 could pull the trigger, as if in repeat of the archer’s only successful round all evening, the soldier was disarmed again. Disentangling himself and pulling away with a quick spin he readied an arrow to fire and take the vigilante down a second time. Strong hands grabbed his arms before he could release it and in his struggle to free himself his hands lost their grip on the bow. The arrow flew clumsily and impotently in a random direction as Hanzo wrenched himself free of the other man's grasp.

They stared each other down for a moment, the soldier’s visor gleaming a bright red, before Hanzo resumed his fighting pose, not willing to cede the round merely because he had been disarmed. He struck first this time, searching for an opening. It never seemed to matter if he found one or not, 76
covered them as quickly as Hanzo could act. His actions were rushed and desperate, no longer measured and deliberate, but for the first time all evening the old soldier’s calm breathing had grown erratic.

That fact alone was enough to spur Hanzo onwards in this brawl. 76 had already proven that he was faster, stronger and at least as well trained in the art of fighting as Hanzo. He was not going to win this, he was sure, but he was going to fight tooth and nail before he gave up. One thing everyone had to learn at some point was that dragons were stubborn and prideful creatures, they did not give up easily. The pain he had felt for the last ten years did not break him, this would not either.

He was not surprised when the older man managed to drop him onto his back and pin him to the ground, straddling the archer's chest. A snarl escaped his lips as he fought desperately against the man's grip. Those hands refused to yield in the slightest. He had not been so effectively overpowered since he was 16 years old and still growing. Now, he was strong, skilled and quick with few equals in this world and he'd met his match in a man whose face he had never seen and whose name he did not know.

Every instinct he had screamed at him to fight, to snarl, to refuse to accept this defeat. His dragons writhed under his skin in a way he had not felt in over a decade. They had not spoken to him so clearly since the day he killed his brother, but now, he could feel them roaring their defiance with every fiber of their being. A Shimada was not content except in victory they roared within his very soul. Through all of his struggles 76 seemed to be breathing even heavier than he had been before.

Hanzo knew that he would tire out before the other man did. It was not this fact that eventually stilled him, nor was it fatigue. No, it was something entirely different and unexpected. It was as the man above him seemed to effortlessly restrain him that an old memory returned to him. His mother had told him that when it came time to find a mate, a dragon would only settle for someone who proved their match in every way. He slowly realized that what he felt was not in fact anger or frustration, but rather a sensation he was far less familiar with. The dragons did not scream at him to fight against his captivity to win some sparring match for the sake of simple pride, no it was nothing quite so simple. He felt a desire for the man above him and his dragons roared at him from within his very soul to fight because a dragon does not ask for anything, a dragon takes whatever it wants when it wants and the realization of what he wanted froze him completely.

The panic he suddenly felt at these newfound thoughts must have shown on his face because less than a moment later his hands are freed and the weight across his chest vanishes. Hanzo is simultaneously relieved at the freedom he had regained and disappointed that the contact had ended. The archer's face was flushed, though it was probably, hopefully, because he was exhausted, sweating and out of breath, not for any reason relating to the vigilante in front of him.

“I am sorry. I have to go,” Hanzo announced as soon as his voice returned to him. He grabbed his bow and the quiver he had brought with him and ran out of the door, not caring how it might seem to the other man. 76 made no attempt to stop him as he fled, he wasn't sure what he would have done if the man had tried. Instead of worrying about what might have happened he fled across the base, rushing blindly towards his room.

He was fairly certain that he had ran past at least one person in the middle of his frantic flight, but it did not register with him at the time. The only thing he could focus on was the need to get away, to return to the relative safety of his room. Only once he had made it through the threshold to the closest place he had to a sanctuary did his mind drift towards what he should do. His body was flush and hot, the dragons dancing beneath his skin in concert with his own desire.

A shower, he decided. A shower to calm the burning fire he felt within his blood. The frigid water
dulled the burning and distracted his mind from what had just happened. Hanzo rarely took showers in the evening, preferring his morning routine, but occasionally he would need to cleanse his body before sleeping. That was not what he was doing now, he made no move to clean his body, to maintain his hair, instead he sat beneath a stream of freezing water willing the thoughts and feelings away.

The water, the cold, they grounded him as his mind tried to slip away from him. He let them wash over him as he clung to them like a lifeline. It was all he had to deal with feelings that he could not handle right now, that he barely understood. This was not exactly the first time he had ever felt something vaguely like this. It had been rare in his youth, but he had some idle fancies back then. None of them were anything like this, however. None of them had ignited his blood, none of them had his dragons raging beneath his skin, within his very soul until he felt like he could not take it anymore and released their power.

No, he had never felt anything like this before and he did not know what to do. So he bathed himself in freezing water and focused on the cold, let the chill smother the fire he felt until he could breath again. Eventually, as his traitorous body adapted to the temperature of the water, it helped less and less. It could no longer truly keep him cool, distract him. Since the water could no longer aid him, he tumbled out of the bathroom to grab himself something that would. He had barely finished his first gulp of sake when his communicator seemed to scream at him.

Genji: Hanzo, Jesse said he saw you running off in a panic. Is everything okay?

He considered ignoring the message entirely, but thinking better of that he decided instead to respond. His brother would definitely worry if Hanzo did not say anything at all. His original intention had been to simply lie and say things were alright, but instead he stared at a very different message. He pressed send before he could fall back into his old ways and talk himself out of it.

Hanzo: No they are not.

He threw his communicator across the room almost as soon as he had sent the message, unable to face whatever response his brother might send. The noise it made as Genji's responses were received was unmistakable, but they still went ignored as the man elected to continue his drinking. The knock on his door minutes later did not rouse him either.

“Brother let me in,” The cyborg called through the door. The knocking on the door turned to a pounding as Hanzo continued to try his best to ignore his brother's entreaties to let him in. “Let me in or I will tear my way through this door,” The elder Shimada sighed moving to open the door, he should have just lied. He knew his brother would go through with such a threat, he had done that exact thing before.

His brother stood at the threshold for a moment, staring at what Hanzo assumed to be his rather pitiful form. The moment dragged before Genji closed the short distance between them and he found himself enveloped in a big hug. They stood near the entrance to the room until Hanzo reluctantly returned the hug. The door closed behind them as the younger sibling gently pulled his brother back into his room, sealing them off from the rest of the world.

“What is wrong brother?” He asked leading Hanzo to take a seat on his bed, taking a seat next to him. The cyborg sat beside him quietly, calmly, holding the elder’s left hand softly between his two. The archer would have remarked to the way his younger brother sits so patiently with him these days, waiting for him to be able to open up about what was wrong. Perhaps it was because he realized Genji was not going to leave until something happened, but was still not really pushing, that loosened eventually loosened his tongue.
It sounded like such a petty problem when he tried to explain what had happened to his brother. His overwhelming feelings, his confusion and his shame seemed like such an overreaction, which only made him feel worse. Hanzo wasn’t sure when his brother had removed his face plate, but the other man’s eyes stared softly at him without judgment.

“You have never felt like this before?” Genji asked, slightly confused. As he nodded in response Genji let out a sigh of relief. “Nothing is wrong with you brother,” Hanzo looked over to him incredulously. “If there is one thing I have experience with it is this Hanzo. I know what you’re going through right now,” Genji rose from the bed moving to grab the cup Hanzo had been drinking out of. He filled it again and handed it to his brother. “Remember when you used to ask how I ran around sleeping with anyone who looked at me?”

“Yes. You would be consumed with the same ridiculous passion at least once a week. I always figured you were doing it to be aggravating,” Hanzo was suddenly doubtful of that assumption he had made about his brother’s playboy tendencies. He took a drink waiting for his brother to respond. “I mean, that is not entirely untrue, but if you recall it only started to get out of hand shortly after my own dragon manifested,” Genji smiled softly as slow realization dawned on Hanzo. “I’m surprised this hasn’t ever happened to you before. Then again, you have always had near impossible standards,”

“So I am stuck in the thrall of this ridiculous feeling?” Hanzo’s face betrayed the horror that he felt at the ridiculous implication. The cyborg laughed in response. “No brother, you just need to learn to deal with the feelings.” Genji laughed again as the horror written on his brother’s face only deepened at the suggestion. “I indulged it to deal yes, but there are other ways to handle it,” The deepest sigh of relief either of them had ever heard escaped the archer’s lips at the assurance. “The first thing, I think, is to understand better how you actually feel,”

“Burning desire, obsession, possessive, that is how I can describe how I feel. The feelings writhe and crawl beneath my skin and they roar in desire whenever my focus falters. Perhaps Zenyatta could help with that calming trick of his...”

“It sounds like you have it really bad,” Hanzo could only nod silently downing the rest of his cup. “I believe I can help if you’ll trust me,” Genji reached out slowly, hesitantly making sure that Hanzo did not startle away from him. The elder brother hesitated for several seconds before nodding his assent. “Zenyatta might be able to help, but this is a family problem best solved dragon to dragons,”

Genji placed his right hand gently on Hanzo’s left shoulder. Hanzo could feel the strength of his brothers dragon as it gently crawled out of the man and swirled softly around the both of them. The archer tensed as the dragons beneath his skins roared in defiance crawling out of his skin without his permission caught in an angry dance of green and blue. Several minutes passed of this snarling display, he could feel as they tired themselves out impotently.

When the three of them had worn themselves out they faded away, returning from whence they came. Beneath his skin they had calmed, the passion he felt fading with the energy they had lost in their confrontation with their kin.

“How do you feel now brother?”

“Better, more in control,” The elder of the two replied with a sigh of relief.

“It’s not gone though is it? The feeling.” Genji asked him, likely knowing the answer already. It wasn’t gone, what he had felt. It was simply no longer all encompassing, driving him beyond all
reason. “You are going to have to address the way you feel Hanzo,” The ninja informed him softly. When the elder brother remained silent Genji continued talking. “Can I tell you a secret?”

“Yes of course,"

“While I was with Overwatch I had a crush on McCree,” The younger man's face actually flushed in embarrassment at the admission whilst Hanzo gave him an incredulous look. 

“Did he dress like that back then too?”

“Yes,"

“A cowboy, really Genji. I expected your taste to be better than that,” The cyborg laughed.

“He was practically the only friend I had here. He was funny and outgoing and nice, he didn't judge me for my past and was always trying to help. Jesse would never get mad at me when I snapped, instead he tried to understand me,”

“So, you hooked up with the cowboy?” Hanzo asked, still unable to believe what he was hearing.

“No, it never happened,” Genji ignored his brother thanking the heavens quietly. “I was in no place for such a thing, so we remained friends.”

“How did you manage that. It took everything I had in me to just run away,”

“I had much more experience than you do,” The cyborg explained simply. “Now that you are more in control, you should try to understand the way you feel and why you feel that way,”

“I don't know where to start,” More than being confused, he was tired.

“You don't need to figure everything out right now brother. You look exhausted. It's important to rest and think about it in your own time. I'll be here if you need me to help calm the raging dragons again. All you have to do is call me.”

“What if I lose control again,” Hanzo asked as his brother stood up again.

“You are strong brother, you will handle it better the next time,” Genji sounded entirely convinced, his brother wished he could believe that. He could not believe as his brother turned to leave that he did not wish for him to go. Things were calmer now, he could think, could breathe and it was because of Genji. “Good night brother,”

“Good night Genji,”

A bit more sake could calm the rest of his nerves before he went to sleep. It would either quiet his thoughts or eventually make him no longer care about what they had to say. Either way, the sake helped him sleep after his brother had left. Briefly he checked the work he had done throughout the day. Athena had added a list of needs from Satya and the list 76 had promised him. Briefly he wondered why everything couldn't be as simple and absolute as the numbers he worked with before sleep claimed him.

He dreamed of burning that night, of dragon flames. They burned everything they touched, but most distressingly they seemed to boil his blood. He fled from their intensity and, as if he was being herded somewhere, emerged in a place of soft falling snow. The inferno raged all around, he could feel it even here, but somehow this place resisted the heat. It extended to him a comfort he had not known in a long time, the snow forming this beautiful white refuge that could keep him safe.
Distant Roaring

Chapter Summary

Hanzo tries to avoid dealing with what happened by diving headfirst into work and avoiding the problem entirely. It works for a little while. Hanzo, Genji and McCree procure some much needed supplies to get the training room back up and running.

Chapter Notes

Hoo boy. I've been struggling a bit to get this one out, but I've got some fans and I want to make sure to deliver. This chapter sets me up for the next chapter which I am really looking forward to writing cause its about feelings XD I want to thank everybody who has been commenting, especially my frequent commenters. You guys all rock and make doing this rewarding even when it gets difficult.

As always kudos and comments are super appreciated.

This is a heads up, but in the future I will be publishing side chapters in a series made for this thing, they will be mentioned in the notes with a link, but will be separate from the main story so as not to distract from it. They will all take place at specific times in the main story, but be from someone else's perspective. The main story will only have a Hanzo POV, but these side stories will allow for a few interesting things to tell and show without distracting the main story from its format. None of them will be necessary at all, but they will give a bit more information about other characters and situations that would be missed otherwise.

Edit: I did some editing and I forgot to put in the chapter title XD So that's in now.

Luckily for Hanzo the next several days were actually busy for him. He spoke at length with Satya about the various things she needed, both for herself and the sim room’s repairs. He spoke with most of the other members about things that they wanted or needed whilst he was working on supplies. 76 sent him the list he had promised through their communicators and he kept himself busy finding people to buy these goods from.

He was calling people he had not had anything to do with in over a decade. Many of them were not truly reachable, but luckily the few he could were able to be persuaded, or rather paid, to direct him to others. They did not exactly know who he was, only that he had money, they would learn that he knew how to play this dangerous game on their own. As he worked to set up a delivery, of sorts, of stolen Vishkar supplies, Hanzo was faced with a surprisingly difficult prospect. He needed to talk to McCree in a professional capacity.
There were two different avenues to set up a meeting with the cowboy, Athena or his brother could ask. He stressed himself out unnecessarily trying to decide between the two relatively similar choices that he knew were ultimately inconsequential. It was ridiculous to stress such a pointless thing, but any amount of indecision or confusion distracted him and brought him to thoughts he did not want at the moment.

So, he procrastinated the appointment as long as he could manage. Eventually. He had an actual deal and delivery in place, he just needed to handle the pick up properly and from what he had learned about the man’s past, McCree was the best choice to help him. The timing was merely inconvenient. He had been particularly anxious the last week and he had to deal with a man who hated him without any real support.

In the end he figured Genji would be the better choice. His brother would likely be able to guilt trip McCree into attending and at least trying to be civil, assuming of course he actually cared about Genji’s feelings on the matter. He sent his brother a message asking him to request that the cowboy meet him in the mess hall just after his afternoon tea with Satya. It would help keep him calm if things went wrong.

Genji: Don’t worry he’ll be there (∩ ° ʖ °) ⊃-(===>

Hanzo: Thank you

He found the empty, comedic threat of violence slightly amusing at the very least. Though he did believe that Genji would follow through and make sure he was there, even if he had to force the man to attend. His younger brother was very persistent when he wanted something after all. That was one less worry on his mind now, while he tried to get a hold of all of the non vishkar related illicit things that they needed.

He met Satya in the mess at the same time they always have tea. They sat in a comfortable silence that was difficult to achieve with most of the people on the base. Other than her, Hanzo had managed it with one other person and he was currently avoiding the man, not that he would admit to anyone that he was doing it.

“Heart you asked for from Vishkar should be here late tonight,” He informed her as they drank their tea. If the mission went well tonight than it would be.

“Very well. I shall begin repairs as soon as I am able tomorrow then.” She replied simply. “It should not take long. The system was well designed, made purposefully easy to repair.” She continued. Satya did not talk much, not that it bothered Hanzo, but you could get her to by bringing up
questions about the hard light technology she uses. She was very knowledgable and seemed to actually enjoy working with the strange new techniques.

“I should also be getting new tea soon,” Hanzo said as he thought about the other tasks he was working on.

“That would be most pleasant,”

“Agreed. It was unfortunately not a high priority,” They shared a silent reflection, both considering their own disagreement with that statement, despite both of them also knowing better.

“Did you take a look at my suggestions?” She asked after their moment of reflection.

“Yes. I shall be getting several kinds that your list says that you enjoy so that we may have some variety,”

“Yes, soothing teas are enjoyable, but sometimes a nice strong stimulating tea is called for,” She replied between sips.

“I shall send you a list of the teas I have acquired once I have finalized it,”

“That would be appreciated,”

“It will unfortunately include some of what Lena calls tea,” Hanzo added as a thought.

“I suppose I can tolerate it so long as I am not required to partake,” Satya replied with the barest hints of a grimace on her face. Whatever that young woman drank was particularly foul, he could not understand it. “Do you suppose this lack of taste afflicts all of Britain or just her?”

“The way Lena speaks of it I would guess the former,” Hanzo replied after a moment of thought.

Their tea time returned to a comfortable silence before it was time for them to part. Satya politely excused herself from his company, while he gave a polite farewell. Hanzo waited in the mess hall after Satya had finished her tea and politely excused herself. Nervous, but the multiple assurances he had received from his brother and even 76, whom he respected despite what was going on at the moment, drove him to give the man a chance. The tea also helped, giving him something to distract himself with should things get tense.

The strange man who seemed to always dress as a cowboy

“Howdy,” McCree greeted politely as he took a seat across from Hanzo.

“Good afternoon,”

“So, Genji tells me you wanted to speak with me,” The words are careful, the man’s face guarded, even his eyes are controlled at the moment, giving away no hint of the animosity from before.

“Yes, thank you for coming,”

“No need ta be so formal. If ya need somethin’ ya just gotta ask,”

“I have been informed that you are well versed in stealth and secrecy,” This got him a suspicious look, but he had more than enough tact to avoid saying anything directly about black ops. Given what he had learned about the man, that was likely not something he looked back on particularly fondly.

“What game are you playing at Shimada?” The man frowned, eyes suspicious.

“I am not playing any games. I was just made to understand that you are the most qualified to help deal with the procurement of the supplies we need,”

“Shouldn’t ya be able ta handle that? Ya signed up for the job after all,” A faint smirk graced the man’s and Hanzo withheld a sigh.
“I simply wish to handle such clandestine meetings safely and efficiently. I have set up a pickup for the supplies necessary to get the simulation room up and running again, but the people handling the pickup need to be discrete. Most of the people on base do not meet that criteria.” The man's reaction surprised the archer as a soft chuckle erupted from the larger man across from him.

“That they don't. An’ ya think I do?” His gaze was still guarded, but now it seemed more curious than suspicious.

“To be honest I was told by a few people about your skill. I was reluctant to believe it given your rather loud and non serious demeanor, but Genji has assured me that you are the most qualified person here to help me,”

“So ya need someone ta be quiet?”

“Yes, but more than that, this can easily go very badly and I would need people who have experience dealing with such complications,”

“Think they won’t deliver?”

“It would be foolish, but these people are often very foolish in my experience,” Hanzo explained.

“Don’t sound like people we want ta be doing business with,” McCree mused aloud.

“They are not, but this enterprise is not legal and we need to keep the eyes of law enforcement off of what we are doing, so I cannot be very picky about who we work with at the moment and if things go wrong we need to secure the supplies despite the added difficulty,”

“Ya sure they will even have what ya asked for,”

“Yes, Athena has helped me confirm that they have brought in what I’ve purchased. We need to pick it up, but we also need to cultivate a reputation, one that might cause violence. I would feel more comfortable with more than me and Genji on the job,” That clearly got the other man’s attention. His gaze hardened as he considered the information, Hanzo had expected that reaction. If he really distrusted Hanzo around Genji, he doubted McCree would let the two of them out on a mission alone together.
“Well, I suppose I can’t rightly let the two o’ ya handle it all by your lonesomes. Ya try invitin’ the vigilante? This also seems up his alley,” That caught the archer by surprise. He was under the assumption that McCree did not trust 76. Why would he want to bring him along? Unless he did not want to leave him at the base.

“I was informed by Genji that you did not trust him,” This man did not need to know why he was avoiding the vigilante and a half truth should help cover it.

“He told me ya did,”

“I believe that he is trustworthy, but I promised my brother that I would be careful around him because he was not convinced.” Again he avoided admitting the actual reason with a plausible and mostly truthful one. “It did not seem like a great idea bringing along people who we cannot trust to see the mission through,” Jesse seemed to accept this line of reasoning and nodded slightly.

“Ya got a plan?”

“Yes, however I would welcome your input and experience,” He hoped that showing respect would go at least a small ways towards engendering a better relationship with the man.

McCree listened attentively and made suggestions as Hanzo explained his plan for retrieving the goods safely and secretly. Hanzo had never seen the man in a truly professional capacity and the difference between that and his carefree cowboy attitude was practically startling. The man had clearly, not only done this before, but was also very perceptive and intelligent.

“Should be simple enough,” Jesse concluded as they finished up their discussion. “I’ll clear the op with Winston. Make sure Genji gets ready and meet me this evening at the landin’ pad. We’ll leave at 2000 hours, after dinner.” The cowboy’s voice was suddenly drenched in an authority that made it perfectly clear that if he was going along that he was going to be the one in charge.

He felt like he had been dismissed as he left the mess hall, which on reflection made sense. 76 had called him the most senior member on base, though that was before Reinhardt had shown up. He was also a part of the group that had evaluated him, even though Reinhardt was on base at the time.

Hanzo had been neglecting spending time at the shooting range the last several days. A bit of time practicing was probably called for before he set out on his first official mission for Overwatch.
Wouldn't want to look bad, especially since McCree would definitely be watching everything he did. The shooting range was thankfully empty by the time he had grabbed his gear. It would be nice to practice in peace for a while.

It turned out that it was not entirely possible to completely avoid 76, even as he managed to do so physically all week. This was made entirely clear when he moved to take his regular place on the range. Sitting out in the distance was a classic circular target, likely made of hay or something, held on what appeared to be a custom made wooden stand. There was no question as to where it had come from, the vigilante had discussed making more targets for Hanzo to try out and had clearly taken it upon himself to do so.

The gesture was thoughtful and unfortunately distracting. There would be no room for such distractions while they were out this evening. The archer needed to be in top form. He tried only using the sand target, but now that his thoughts had drifted to the vigilante he was reminded that the man had also built that. Everything had begun to frustrate him when he had considered taking out the old ratty thing he had practiced with at first and he remembered that the old soldier had also helped him put that together. It seemed that no matter what, practicing would involve having to deal with those thoughts to some degree.

In the end he decided to try out the new target. It would be an insult to let the work the man had put into it go to waste after all. The arrows stuck into it well, it appeared to be thicker than usual, likely because the arrows that Hanzo used were rather large broad tip arrows. It was easy to judge his accuracy with the circle, but he never found himself lost in the motions of practice like he normally did, dangerous thoughts always threatening to surface if he didn’t concentrate enough to keep them down.

“Ya really are quite handy with that bow,” An arrow sailed wide past the target entirely when that voice called out to him, startling the archer. He had been so distracted by the two things he was struggling to do together that he never heard the cowboy enter. “Didn't mean ta startle ya,” The same voice sort of apologized at the display.

“I apologize if I am bothering you. I shall leave,” Thoughts of their last encounter here ran through his head as he moved to gather his equipment quickly.

“No need. Just stopped by for some practice of mah own,” The other man moved to take the stall directly to the left of where Hanzo was practicing.

It suddenly occurred to the elder Shimada that he knew very little about his teammates when it came to their strengths and weaknesses on or around the battlefield. He really needed to take the time to rectify that in the near future. He could start by paying some attention to the other man while he practiced.
This was a new distraction, the other man's eyes on him as he shot made it even more difficult to keep his mind on task. There was no way he would let the gunslinger know that it made him uncomfortable. The weapon that McCree wielded was, in a word, ridiculous. It held only six shots and fired rather slowly compared to the modern firearms Hanzo was used to seeing. The archer said nothing to that effect though, having the good sense to understand that to many his bow was no different. It also helped that when Hanzo glanced over to observe the other man’s progress he saw six relatively rapid gunshots fired, each one through the head or heart of his target.

“You also appear quite skilled with that revolver,” He returned the compliment before returning to his own task.

“Only one person I ever met who could outshoot me. She's the one who taught me most of what I know with this thing.” Hanzo was not sure if the statement was judging him or not, in the end it was not very important. It did not sound hostile at the very least and that is a continued surprise.

“High praise if she is better than what you just showed off,” He regretted the words the moment the other man’s face hardened.

“Was better than me,”

“I apologize, I.” McCree interrupted his apology.

“Don't. She was a soldier and died in the line of duty, no shame in that. Lost a lot of good people,” Hanzo may not have been the best person to have a conversation with, but even he knew when to drop a topic like this. A much preferable silence hung between the two of them, save for the soft sounds of the bow and the occasional banging of a revolver. “Make those fancy arrows yourself?” A change in topic.

“Yes, I designed them myself as well,” The other man whistled in response.

“Genji said as much. Anything you’re not good at?” The man's voice was relatively light, the question did not drip with venom which was a surprise. Perhaps he was trying to be more amicable, it would be nice, for Genji’s sake if nothing else.

“I am bad at a great many things. Music in particular,” He added that last part because it was one of the first things that always came to his mind when he considered things he could never improve.
much. It came after his problems dealing with other people, but that was not something he spoke about with people.

“Not the way Genji tells it,” There was a pause in the man’s shooting as he spoke. “Last I saw him he rarely spoke of ya and it was always in curses. Now he won’t shut up about ya, singin’ your praises an’ all,” The archer could not stop the shock that found its way onto his face. “Makes me wonder what ya did to deserve it,” The entire conversation has steered away from light and comfortable, but the man’s voice and body language are more controlled, less hostile than the last time they spoke in this room.

“Nothing,” The short, terse response got him a questioning look. “I have done nothing to deserve any of this. A fact that I have reminded him of many times, but Genji is stubborn as a dragon and will not be swayed by simple obvious facts,” It is no surprise really, that stubbornness is a trait that most Shimada shared, hence being stubborn as a dragon. Jesse nodded at that seemingly understanding.

“Stubborn doesn't even begin to cover what that ninja is,” Jesse looked the archer over briefly. “Think I've knocked the rust off by now,” He turned to leave the archer alone in the room before calling something out. “Might wanna make sure Genji is on time tonight. Never had a great sense of punctuality.”

That entire conversation was exhausting. He definitely needed to relax a bit. Though he realized as he left, that through it all he had managed to avoid thoughts of the man who had been bothering him for the last week. So, maybe it wasn't all that bad of an experience. He gathered his arrows quickly, not even bothering to count them and went out looking for his brother.

Hanzo: Genji, where are you?

It was easier to ask the man directly than search the entire base for him. A response came almost instantaneously.

Genji: Zen’s room. Something wrong?

Hanzo: No, I merely wished to discuss this evening's plans with you if that was alright.

Genji: Of course. Me and Master Zenyatta can meditate anytime. We can talk in my room.
Hanzo: I will be there shortly.

In truth, shortly meant about fifteen seconds before Genji himself arrived. Hanzo had already been almost there by the time they had agreed to meet. The cyborg leads them into the room which is surprisingly bare. He always remembered his brother’s room full of colorful things. Plush toys, pillows with pictures on them, plastic action figures, things that were quickly replaced with other colorful things that marked the room as distinctly Genji’s. This one was practically spartan, Hanzo hoped it did not mean anything bad in particular.

“Has McCree spoken to you yet today?”

“No, not yet. Should I be expecting him to?”

“I believe he expects me to speak with you about it,” Genji motioned for him to continue. “He has agreed to accompany us on the pick up tonight. We worked out a plan and have transportation handled. We just need to meet the buyer and make the purchase,”

“Think they'll cause trouble?”

“Yes, but it should be simple enough with you and McCree on board,”

“So what exactly are we up to?”

“I am going to meet with my contact, McCree will accompany me as an escort. You are going to scout and shadow us, only showing yourself if they decide to do something stupid. It should not be more than a bit of trouble if even that,”

“Sounds simple enough brother. You worried about it?”

“We will need to build a reputation if we are to continue to deal with people like this. So I am actually hoping things do not go very smoothly. It will make deals in the future easier,”

“Why not just cause the trouble ourselves then?” To be honest Hanzo had considered that line of reasoning himself. A decade ago, when he was leader of the Shimada clan it is what he would have
done, now though.

“Are we not part of an organization of people trying to be heroes?” Now it seems like a betrayal of what these people were trying to stand for. He and Genji both knew there was a difference between things being illegal and things being wrong and it seemed appropriate to separate the two while working here.

“I suppose that is true brother,”

“Being true to the spirit of the organization is important Genji, you know that.” It was a major point of contention when they were younger. Hanzo would do everything he could for the clan, his little brother would pay lip service at best. Genji laughed.

“Never thought those old rules would be bringing us together,” The thought hung heavily in the air between the two of them. Genji seemed to have regretted saying it the moment it came out of his mouth.

“You have not asked for my help cooking in a while. Have you improved?” Hanzo inquired quickly. The new topic was lighter, an attempt to lessen the tension in the room. It seemed to work as Genji replied simply to his inquiry.

“I think there was a silent agreement to keep us away from cooking duty after the whole natto thing,” He could hear that familiar grin as his brother recalled the food fiasco fondly. Most everyone hated it and the responses were suitably melodramatic. Though, the rest of his food was delicious. They should not have focused so much on the fermented soy beans and enjoyed what was there.

“I am glad to have managed to help you avoid extra duties while you are here,” Hanzo’s tone was light and teasing. The cyborg folded his arms and Hanzo didn't need to be able to see his younger brother’s face to know the man was pouting exaggeratedly.

“I can't believe my own brother would accuse me of such things,” That mock offended tone Genji adopted was familiar.

“It is rather difficult to believe that Genji Shimada of all people would try to shirk his duties,” The elder brother teased.
“The very idea is ridiculous,” The younger brother agreed with a nod, a slight smile found its way onto Hanzo's face. “Are you going to join us for dinner this evening?” The change in topic dropped his smile and he looked away, avoiding Genji’s gaze.

“I wished to rest a bit before our mission,” He knew the answer was not what his brother had been hoping for, but again Genji did not push him into it.

“Okay, I'm starving. McCree is cooking in case you change your mind.” They parted ways, Genji to the mess hall, Hanzo towards his own room.

He would make himself some rice and eat alone, that way there was no chance of him stumbling into anyone he was ill prepared to deal with at the moment. It was nice that he had seasonings for the rice, it kept his meals for the last several days from being as bad as they could have been. The reminder that the furikake he was using was a thoughtful gesture on 76’s part was easier to deal with than facing the man right now.

There could be no distractions once they were out and about. Completing the mission came before everything else, as it always had even now that who he was doing the mission for had changed. Relaxing in his room, as best he could manage, was definitely the right choice

Punctuality had always been a strong suit of his, so as usual he arrived at the shop they would be taking about fifteen minutes early. McCree showed up before Genji did, not really surprising. The man was not dressed like a cowboy, instead his outfit was more subdued with dark colors and a more stylish hat that would allow him to avoid standing out. The change in outfits was surprising, Hanzo had assumed he did not own any regular clothing. Hanzo himself had dressed up for the occasion, it was customary to look professional, dress expensively when one was conducting a meeting.

“Tracer here’s our ace pilot,” Jesse motioned to the younger woman that accompanied him.

“Yeah, I'll drop you off near where you need to be and pick you and your cargo up before anyone even knows I'm there,”

“I hope the ship does not have any markings linking it to Overwatch,”

“Nope, brand new paint job and Winston's new stealth tech should keep any electronic eyes from picking us up. Just gotta worry about people seeing us,” Tracer explained excitedly. “The LZ is a few hours away. Couldn't swing it any closer?”
“Convenience is expensive, but we had need for it and this would minimize our chances of being noticed whilst still being convenient. I could have had them bring it closer, but I did not wish for the proximity to the base,”

“You can handle the flight Trace. Just a quick in an’ out. Nothing we haven’t done before,” McCree responded leading the three of them to the ship. Genji rushed in behind them silently while Hanzo took a seat. “Here,” The cowboy held a small handgun and holster out to the archer. “Since you’re playing the boss man, the bow and arrow ain’t gonna work. Shouldn’t need it ‘tween me an’ Genji, but just in case,”

“Thank you,” McCree turned to find his own seat as Hanzo considered how to conceal the weapon on his person. Genji took the seat next to him, just as he expected. “We will not be noticed flying in this ship?” He asked as he settled in. He had to trust that Winston and the cowboy knew what they were doing, but he wanted to know what the risks were himself.

“Nah, Winston’s got some fancy cloaking device to keep us off radars and it can fly silent when it has to. Tracer will get us in an’ out no trouble,”

They were up in the air in no time. The ship itself ran smoother and quieter than any small craft he had been on, not that it was particularly small. It was capable of delivering small forces and carrying a surprising amount of cargo, which was good because some of the components they were retrieving were rather large. Genji helped his brother fit the weapon he was given under his clothes.

“You sure you're okay with this gun? You always hated firearms,” His brother commented as they made sure it would not be easily seen.

“It is not ideal, but nothing worth complaining or worrying about,” He replied simply. At the moment he likely would not even have considered it a problem if his younger brother had not brought it up. “I am not so delicate Genji,” The words came out harsher than he had intended them to. He was not angry, but being treated like he would break at any moment irritated him to no end.

“You are right I…” Hanzo interrupted before Genji could continue his apology.

“It is alright. You are just worried. I know. Thank you for the concern,” He did not wish such a conversation to happen in front of McCree, it was personal.
“Wake me when we’re close will ya,” The cowboy called out as he relaxed himself, hat placed over his face. “I’m gonna nap a bit.”

The flight over was calm and quiet, save for the soft snoring coming from the sleeping cowboy. Genji seemed to have decided not to push anymore, perhaps recognizing his brother’s reluctance to discuss his problems in mixed company. Instead the cyborg seemed content to rest in meditation while Hanzo went over the mission details in his head.

Tracer was forced to drop them off a few miles from the city proper to avoid being seen. Hanzo had arranged for a transport truck to be left nearby the drop off point. They would use it to head to the docks and needed it to haul the cargo back to the ship. Luckily for them, Jesse knew how to drive a truck, so there was no need to struggle to figure out the controls.

The docks were mostly empty when they arrived, it was late after all. Genji had relocated to the top of the truck while Hanzo directed the driver to where they were supposed to go. He flashed his brights in a simple rhythm to let the people watching know what he was here for and the gate in front of them opened. Once passed the gate they were no longer alone. Several armed people milled about, mostly trying to stay out of sight though they were not very good at it.

“Twelve,” Genji’s voice called over their comm channel as their truck was signaled to come to a stop. There were twelve armed guards that Genji had noticed from his vantage point.

The vaguest flash of movement told Hanzo that his brother had moved to a better vantage point as he and McCree exited the vehicle to await their contact. The former gang leader had adopted the air he had learned to cultivate since childhood, regal, confident, controlling and dangerous. To his surprise the cowboy had followed suit, carrying himself in a way that screamed both dangerous and ‘I dare you to fuck with me’ at the same time. They were led a short distance away, led into a small alleyway flanked by two armed guards acting as escorts.

Hanzo’s weapon was concealed as they stood together waiting, but McCree’s ridiculous revolver sat proudly at his hip. He was Hanzo’s bodyguard during this after all. His job was to protect ‘his boss’ should things turn violent, something that was very likely given Hanzo’s intentions to refrain from backing down and appearing weak. The wait they were forced to endure did not last very long. A man dressed in a moderately priced suit came out to greet them flanked on either side by more guards with automatic rifles.

“Mr. Hannori I presume?” The man asked with a thick Spanish accent. He extended his hand to Hanzo who returned the gesture with a firm handshake.
“Yes. Mr Castillo?” Hanzo returned the question with his own much more lightly accented English.

“Of course. A pleasure to make your acquaintance,” Hanzo scoffed in his head. These were the types of people he ate alive when he was with the Shimada-Gumi, both before and after his father had died. It seemed ironic that he would be forced to deal with them now, especially since they needed people like this man at the moment. There were way too many illicit goods Overwatch needed and this man held a key into the country for them.

The man’s smile spoke volumes about his intentions, it made no real attempt to be sincere. He likely had a terrible poker face, would be terrible in negotiations where he could not use threats of force to coerce the other parties. This was going to get bloody, but Genji and McCree were ready for that.

“Do you have what I asked for?” Hanzo’s voice was commanding, all business now. They already knew it had arrived, Athena had been keeping tabs on security footage from the docks.

“Of course. It's yours as soon as the rest of the money has been delivered.”

“I would first inspect the cargo. Then you will get the money we agreed upon,” Hanzo’s harsh and direct tone seemed to surprise the man. He was not about to let this man walk all over them, they needed to build a reputation for strength amongst this community.

“I'm not sure that making demands is in your best interest at the moment,”

“I am quite sure, however, that I must see what I am buying before I render payment,” Hanzo responded coolly, he knew the tone he took would infuriate people like him. The sorts of people who felt compelled to repeat over and over again that they are in charge.

Sure enough, when challenged, Mr Castillo felt the need to flaunt his superior position with a threat of violence. The man shifted his hands somewhat subtly to signal to his men to act aggressive. The former heir to a criminal empire wanted to roll his eyes, but was trained better than that. Instead he gave the man a warning. Like he had told Genji, he was not here to start a fight.

“I would not threaten someone you know so little about Mr. Castillo,” Hanzo had learned long ago how to leverage his voice itself as many things, but more so than most, as a threat. For a moment he saw the man’s resolve falter and he considered the possibility of avoiding violence, it only lasted a split second before the man’s face twisted into a sneer.
He said something to the men in Spanish which Hanzo did not understand, but McCree reacted to instantly. The men around them barely had time to even begin to raise their rifles before McCree’s pistol was in hand and he was firing. The phrase quick draw jumped into the archer’s mind as he emptied his gun of 4 shots in rapid succession, each one dropping its target to the ground, a bullet to their brain. The man’s skill and lack of hesitation was admirable, a testament to the faith the others had in him.

The cowboy’s gun was trained menacingly between Mr Castillo’s eyes as the man began to reach into his clothes, presumably for his own gun. In the midst of all of this Hanzo stood impassively, looking perhaps a little bored, as if all of this violence was nothing worth being worried about. Gone was the confidence the Spanish man had shown earlier, the arrogance and in its place, fear. Hanzo spoke up before Jesse pulled the trigger, not that he would, but their target did not know that.

“That will be unnecessary. I do not think he would be foolish enough to try anything else now,” The smuggler slowly raised his arms in surrender as screams were heard around them.

“Aww, c’mon Han,” The nickname caught Hanzo so off guard for a moment as his ‘bodyguard’ spoke he nearly missed the vicious tone the cowboy had adopted. “Gen gets to have all that fun out there and I don’t get none?” The former black ops agent knew how to sound just the right kind of terrifying. Shots were heard around them, along with the tell tale sounds of a sword scraping across metal.

“Now, now, we still have business to complete and I have a feeling it will go very smoothly from now on,” Their contact nodded rapidly and was suddenly more than happy to show them what they had came for. They caught the briefest sight of Genji’s back as he finished up the rest of the goons. Then the cyborg disappeared with a slightly overly dramatic flourish.

“Show off,” McCree muttered pulling a short snicker from Hanzo.

Everything that Hanzo had requested was present in the shipment. He sighed, both in relief and exasperation. There was no need for things to devolve the way they had since both parties had intended to keep their sides of the bargain. Though at least Mr Castillo and other people he associated with would be more wary of trying anything with him again in the future.

“It's all here,” Hanzo announced to no one in particular. “The money will be transferred to the appropriate account momentarily.” Their Spanish friend seemed confused at the announcement. He likely expected them to just steal it at this point. “I always keep my side of a deal, even if people make it difficult,” He explained to the confused man. It was extremely important that people could trust your words when it came to any deal you made in this business. It made repeat business easier.
They had no difficulty getting the goods to their truck. Athena confirmed that the money transfer had gone through as they left. Genji joined them inside shortly after they made their way clear of the docks.

“Any trouble Genji?” Hanzo asked as his brother settled into the passenger seat.

“No. They were unfocused and lacked any real skill,” The cyborg responded with a shrug. “I assume McCree got to show off a little,”

“Not really. Just a few kids who knew no better,”

“His speed and reflexes are indeed impressive, as is his aim,” Genji laughed as Hanzo spoke.

“Wow Jesse, Hanzo rarely compliments anybody. He has ludicrous standards. You must have put on a good show,” The cyborg elbowed a McCree’s stomach playfully and the cowboy groused at the attention. The elder brother wanted to deny the accusation, but he honestly had a difficult time recalling himself complimenting people outside of a few specific instances.

By the time they got everything loaded and secure on the ship everyone was exhausted. It was late and they had slept little if at all, especially given how early he knows most of the base wakes up. Hanzo offers to write up a mission report while they get some sleep. No one argues with him. It was his mission and he feels responsible for it.

Unloading the cargo and debriefing with Winston happened in a blur. He wondered how obvious his exhaustion was to the others even though no one mentioned it. The moment he was free he made a beeline straight for his room. He politely excused himself from Genji’s company. The only thing he wanted at that very moment was a few quick drinks and the bed waiting for him.

He realized as he poured himself a cup of sake that he was starving. There was still some rice in his rice maker from earlier and not being hungry would help him sleep. With a bit of the seasonings that 76 had gotten him, a train of thought he willed away quickly, he was too tired to follow it right now, he ate and drank enough to sate his base desires at the moment before getting in bed.

The soft bed and warm covers were exactly what Hanzo needed at that very moment. He was cold and tired. Sleep claimed him almost as soon as his head hit the pillow. There was to be no rest for him though. The setting for his dream was familiar. He had forced himself to avoid the thoughts for the last several days, focusing instead on work. But here, in his mind, he found himself in the gym on
base, sparring with 76 again. This time, though, there was no gun, no bow, no weapons but their own bodies.

The air between them was electrified as Hanzo lunged at him. His opponent met every strike, every blow with ease, blocking, dodging and returning them in kind. No matter how hard the archer tries he can not land a solid blow on the older man even as 76’s strikes land more often than not. The vigilante is stronger, faster, better even than Hanzo and it was driving the younger man’s mounting frustrations. Dragons roared beneath his skin, driving him forward with newly infused strength and resolve.

With an inhuman roar that rivaled that of his dragons in battle he flung himself at the other man with even greater strength and speed. Even as their power flowed through his body, the older man blocked, dodged and counter attacked, easily shoving back Hanzo’s assault. His body roared the anger of dragons being denied that which they sought and he redoubled his efforts even as he felt his tattoo glowing. They grappled and he found himself pinned under the white haired man.

He struggled to get up, to push the man off of him, to turn the tables and pin 76 down aggressively. Every attempt was met with an impassive masked face as he was held down with seemingly little effort. That was all he could take. With a roar his dragons showed themselves and engulfed the man above him. If he would not let them have what they wanted then they would devour him instead. There was no screaming, no struggling. Hanzo was held fast until the grip simply disappeared.

He rose to his feet as two great dragons roared in triumphant victory. They had met out fitting punishment to someone who had defied them. Hanzo stared vacantly down at the ground where he found nothing but the masked visor 76 wore. There was no blood, no mess, the mask was the only thing left to mark that the vigilante had ever been there. Above him, two great spirits celebrated their victory, but down below tears came unbidden to the eyes of a Shimada. There was no great sense of victory, only one of loss. The wail of anguish he unleashed brought him back to the waking world.

His room at the Watchpoint mirrored his dream as he awoke, two massive spirit dragons floating through the air around the room. In their fury they had formed and lashed out. The bed he slept on had been torn and the foundation ruined. He hated to think about what else had been damaged. True panic did not set in until he realized that he could not control, nor contain them. He willed them to return to him, to calm and leave him be, but they ignored him completely.

Hanzo did not know what to do. Nothing like this had ever happened to him, nor to any other Shimada from all of the stories that he had heard over the years. The dragons could be difficult, but it was never supposed to be like this. He moved to leave the room, but they followed him and he realized that he was trapped in this room. If he left they would follow and could damage the rest of the base or hurt the rest of the team. So he did the only thing he could think of; he grabbed his communicator and sent a short, desperate message to his brother.
Hanzo: Help!

Here is a piece of fanart that I got from @soldier76kenway that brightened my day and helped motivate me to keep writing this chapter whilst it was being difficult.
Roasted Coffee

Chapter Summary

Conflicts coming to head force Hanzo to actually talk about what's going on and admit how he feels about more than just the old soldier.

Chapter Notes

Dialogue Ahoy Cap'n. There is so much dialogue in this chapter. It was fun to write. I really enjoyed it. 76 returns to the stage and the burn continues. I hope everyone enjoys this chapter.

As always kudos and comments are appreciated. I read all of my comments and reply to some of them, especially if they ask questions I can answer without major spoilers.

The first side story is coming real soon, probably before chapter 11 comes out. It will be starring our little sparrow Genji Shimada and it should be fun and very very different from the main story. I will link to it probably in chapter 11 if people miss it. You will not have to read it to progress at all, it only has supplemental information and is supposed to be fun and add a bit to the overall world.

Hanzo was not sure how much time passed between him sending his brother the message asking for help and the pounding on his door. It could have taken the cyborg a minute to get to his room or five hours for all he could tell. Every ounce of focus that the archer had was concentrated on the singular task of recalling the raging dragons. Every attempt proved futile, but still he tried. His door opened without his permission, though he would worry about that later.

“Do not come in!” Despite everything he managed to speak loudly and authoritatively. He saw his brother freeze at the threshold at his command.

“Brother what is wrong…” Genji’s voice trailed off as he noticed the twin blue spirit dragons that thrashed about the room. They froze in midair, regarding him as if daring him to enter the room, to enter their space. “That does look like a problem,” He continued as he surveyed the damage in the room in front of him.

“They will not listen to me,” Hanzo admitted to his brother.

“Are you hurt Hanzo?” Genji’s voice was laced with concern.

“No I am okay,”

“Good. If they will not go away then I will make them,” He drew the sword from his back as he spoke.

“Wait!” Hanzo cried out as the dragons between them roared. “I can not stop them from harming
“I am not afraid of them,” A soft green glow enveloped the younger brother as he called forth his own spirit dragon. Heedless of Hanzo’s desires the cyborg moved to enter the room and risked himself in conflict dragons to dragon. Three different roars filled the air, all of them converging together at one point.

The scream that ripped forth from Hanzo’s mouth was not made of words, but sounds meant to convey the anguish he felt. He could not let this happen again, he could not let Genji get hurt because of him. His body all but crackled with blue energy and the room was suddenly silent again, all traces of blue and green having all but vanished. He collapsed to his knees visibly shaking and struggling to breathe.

Genji wrapped a blanket around his brother and rubbed soothing circles into his back as the archer tried to steady his breaths. The younger brother did not speak, he had no words for what just happened. He simply stayed there to help as best he could in silence. When their dragons were silent and Hanzo could breathe again, Hanzo moved to sit back down on the edge of his bed, but his younger brother wrapped an arm softly around his shoulders and prevented him from doing so.

“You shouldn’t stay here tonight brother,” The cyborg’s voice was soft. “I know you don't want to, but I would like you to come with me and talk with Zenyatta.”

“I am fine, Genji,”

“You are clearly not fine and you aren't staying here alone Hanzo,” He was speaking in a firm and authoritative voice, it was no longer a request. The archer did not reply other than allowing himself to be led out of the room and across the base.

The first thing he noticed as he was led into Zenyatta’s quarters was that all of the color and flavor missing from Genji’s room could be found here. More pillows than necessary, that were very colorful, plush toys, some old posters on the wall. If he did not know any better he might've sworn he was fifteen years younger. He was not sure why this would be here instead of in Genji’s room, but he was in no state to wonder or think.

Zenyatta himself did not remark to Hanzo’s pitiful state as they entered the room without announcing their arrival. He was led gently to the bed at the other end of the room, finally being allowed to sit down. The room grew deathly silent, Hanzo was unwilling to speak and the others did not seem to want to push him too hard. Eventually something broke the tense paralysis in the air.

“What happened brother?” Genji’s voice interrupted as Hanzo opened his mouth. “And don't tell me it was nothing,”

“It was simply a dream. Nothing to worry about,”

“Nothing to worry about?” Genji admonished incredulously. “Your room was practically torn apart! I…”

“Genji!” Zenyatta’s voice interrupted the ninja’s frantic near shouting. “I know you care about your brother, but you are not helping right now,”

“But he can’t just bottle everything up master!” Hanzo had never heard Genji raise his voice to Zenyatta before. In fact, he had never even seen the man be rude to the Omnic outside of some playful teasing that the monk had no problem returning. But here he was snapping irritably at the man, staring at him intently, because of Hanzo.
“No, but trying to force him to talk will only make things worse. You know that,” Genji lowered his gaze and Zenyatta turned his attention to the man wrapped in a blanket. “I apologize. Genji has trouble controlling himself when he is worried,”

“I am sorry for disturbing you,” Hanzo supplied desperately wanting to shift the conversation away from the subject Genji was pushing.

“It is no trouble at all. I am always happy to help,” Hanzo is still unsure how the robotic voice manages to convey such a serene tone. “If you are willing to talk, I am willing to listen. Whatever seems to be troubling you?” Genji did not speak, but Hanzo could feel his silent pleas to answer the monk’s question.

His brother looked positively defeated as he avoided looking the monk in the face. Now that he had reclaimed some degree of control over himself and could hold his dragons in check, he could focus his attention to other immediate concerns. Without the threat of death by angry spirits, the tension between Genji and Zenyatta was at the forefront of his mind. There was only one way he could think to move things along past the little spat and that was by sharing what they wanted him to talk about.

“Did Genji tell you about what happened last week?” He finally asked quietly, trying to work up the nerve to actually talk about it. He both hoped his brother had so he did not have to discuss it, but also hoped his brother had respected his privacy enough not to share it.

“He mentioned that there was some trouble when I asked, but nothing more than that,” At the very least his brother seemed to be willing to respect his privacy about such matters. “Would you like to talk about it?”

“No, but if I must, then I will try,” He sighed deeply as he tried to find the strength to speak. “That evening I was sparring with 76. He defeated me repeatedly and easily, which was frustrating. Then, at one point, he pinned me to the ground and I lost control of myself,”

“You were angry?”

“No! Well yes, but I believe it was more like I was frustrated and infatuated at the same time,”

“I see,” The monk replied after a moment of contemplation. “Genji has spoken of how his dragon would often make such feelings much stronger, I wonder if having two dragons might exacerbate that problem,” Hanzo was immediately taken aback by the casual knowledge of his dragons before he remembered that Genji had spoken of their fight. Such a conversation would only be complete through understandings about their spirit bonds.

“That would make sense,” Genji interjected.

Perhaps, but this would be the first time I have felt such a thing,” Hanzo added doubtfully.

“That’s because no one has ever been good enough for you,” Genji retorted.

“It is important to understand why you feel the way you do. What about this man is so appealing to you?”

“I do not know. I have never even seen his face,”

“Is that important?” The monk asked.

“Yes!” Hanzo replied almost immediately, though under Zenyatta’s oddly scrutinizing gaze his assuredness faltered. “No?” This time it came out like a question and maybe he was actually asking
for an answer.

“Would knowing his face change your opinion of him?”

“No, it would not,”

“So, does it matter?”

“No, it does not,”

“What does matter to you?” Genji spoke this time. “I have a hard time imagining you being drawn in by a cute skirt like I was.”

“I do not know,” The words leaving his mouth were true. Up until that moment he did not really understand why he felt the way he did about the vigilante. He had purposefully avoided thinking about it, which made it difficult to know what the answer was. Now that he was thinking about it though, the response came fairly easily.

The realization hit him like a bullet train. Despite knowing better on some level, Hanzo had managed to maintain his denial up until this very point. It was something he was particularly skilled at. But now that was gone and he was forced to face the way he actually felt. Genji had not pushed this time when Hanzo answered in ignorance, but the archer now knew the answers and the words tumbled out of his mouth.

“It started because he was considerate,” He shifted uncomfortably because he suddenly had the room’s undivided attention. “He helped me find the firing range and set up something I could use to practice,”

“He made a good first impression then,” Hanzo ignored the monk and continued speaking before he lost his nerve.

“That same night McCree confronted me about our past and 76 showed up unbidden with a bottle of alcohol to help cope after the fact. It helped a lot,” While he spoke Hanzo saw Genji’s left fist clench in the way that signaled that his brother was very angry. But, he could see the cyborg controlling his breathing and watched as the monk placed a gentle hand on his shoulder while he calmed down and let Hanzo keep speaking. There was another thing Zenyatta had helped him tame, his temper.

“He is easy to be around. Most of the people here are high energy and it's exhausting, but we seem to handle each other's company comfortably.”

“You have a similar method of interaction, I think. It makes it easy to understand the social cues you both use,” Zenyatta added thoughtfully.

“I do not feel him pressuring me or judging everything I do,” It was getting easier to speak now. “It's more than just being comfortable around him. He's thoughtful. He will help without being asked or go far beyond what was asked of him,” It was at this point that Hanzo realized that some kind of dam had burst inside of him. He had blocked everything away and now he could not stop himself from saying what he was thinking.

“Later I had asked for a rice cooker and the rice to go with it. He realized that I wanted it to be able to eat something in my own room if I was not feeling up to dealing with people and he also bought some furikake to season it with so I could have more flavor and variety without me requesting anything. He said that he just thought it was a good idea,”

“It sounds like these gestures meant a lot,” Zenyatta said thoughtfully.
“I did not ask for them,” There was a long pause as he considered the words he had spoken. “And he never asked for anything in return,”

“I take it you are not used to such things,”

“No. People only did things for me because they wanted something specific. It was just the way things were,” Hanzo shrugged at the words.

“Is that what triggered these feelings?”

“I am not sure. Until our sparring session I was extremely comfortable around him and enjoyed his company. Him building me a dirt target for archery because my arrows quickly destroy regular ones made me feel something more akin to contentedness than desire,”

“What happened exactly before you ran away?” If he was in a better place, the mere accusation of him fleeing would have been met as an insult, but his brother was not teasing him right now. It was also the truth.

“We sparred, sort of. It was mostly him beating me repeatedly. The feelings built up throughout the fighting, though I thought I was merely getting frustrated and angry. Then he pinned me to the ground and I realized what was going on. When he finally let go I excused myself and ran without looking back,”

“Ahh I get it,” Genji exclaimed as Hanzo finished his account. “You really do take after father,” Of course his brother figured his feelings out quickly. He sighed and nodded to let the ninja know that he was right.

“It appears that I am missing something,” Zenyatta interjected softly.

“Our parents loved to tell the story about how they met,” Genji began. “Father was the heir to a criminal empire, our mother was an archery champion visiting for a competition. Nowhere did their different worlds really meet,”

“Until,” Hanzo interrupted. “He was out on a mission that took him near where she was practicing. She noticed a strange man sneaking around the rooftops. She grew suspicious and called for him to stop whatever illicit thing he was doing. When he didn’t comply she pulled out an arrow and shot him,”

“In the ass!” Genji interjected. “He was climbing the side of a building and fell. Broke several bones too. She actually took him to the hospital while explaining to him why it was his fault that he fell. He tracked her down to where she practiced when he had recovered and tried to cow her with his name and presence. Dragons are often petty like that,”

“I take it that did not turn out the way he wanted,”

“She laughed in his face,” Hanzo confirmed with a slight smile. “She trained an arrow at his heart when he tried to threaten her,”

“He said that was when he knew he had fallen for her, though he spent two years courting her before she would even give him the time of day,” Genji finished their little story. “Our parents used to say that a dragon could only choose a mate when they found someone who could stand with them as an equal. Someone who could truly challenge them without fear,”

“And you are saying that is why Hanzo feels the way he does? Because 76 could best him in battle?”
“More or less,” Genji confirmed.

“I was hoping it would calm down. The physical contact was just simply too much. It will pass,” Hanzo replied.

“I'm not so sure brother. I think it's more than simply a physical response. You already thought very highly of him, he apparently met all of your ridiculous standards and then on top of that he can beat you into the floor,” The image of 76 doing that to him should not have made him smile. “That sounds more like the checklist to a major dragon crush if you ask me and I have a lot of experience in that department,”

“I am not some lovesick teenager!” Hanzo scoffed.

“No,” Genji agreed. “You are a lovesick 38 year old,” the older man scowled at the insinuation and the cyborg laughed.

“This is not funny Genji,”

“To be fair brother, it is a little funny,” He scoffed again, but could not find it in himself to be angry at the moment. “It may very well be a passing fancy, but if it is causing this much distress you need to deal with it,”

“Genji is right,” Zenyatta chimed in trying to keep the situation from devolving into a sibling fight. “You should talk to him,”

“How do I do that?” His voice carried a seething anger, directed more at himself than anyone in the room. “I've been avoiding him for a week without a word and I'm just supposed to talk to him?”

“Do you think he is angry?”

“I do not know. Despite everything he found the time to build some traditional archery targets for me,” The thought of his actions upsetting 76 actually hurt to consider, but Hanzo always hurt the people he liked, so it was nothing new.

“This is not about what you deserve brother,” Genji declared suddenly, seemingly reading the direction Hanzo's thoughts were traveling. His voice was more forceful than before. The ninja was clearly trying to hold himself back, but was only marginally succeeding. “Does he deserve to be treated like this?”

“No,”

“Then talk to him brother,” His face gave away his unwillingness as Genji continued. “You don't need to confess your undying love or anything, especially if you think it's nothing, but it's unfair to him to just ignore him and hope it goes away,”

“I can not Genji,” Hanzo snapped loudly. The cyborg was about to argue when he saw the tears welling up in his brother's eyes. “I am trying to do what you want Genji, what you asked of me. But I do not believe that I will ever be able to. It is simply a waste of your time,”

“I am sorry,” Hanzo did not expect the apology. His brother owed him nothing after all, but still he tried to soothe his murderer. “I know that I am asking a lot of you, but you are more than capable brother. You have always been the stronger of the two of us,”

Hanzo laughed in response to such a claim. It was a mirthless, despair driven laugh, hollow and heart wrenching.
“I don’t understand,” Genji began, but Hanzo ignored him. His attention rested on the monk.

“It sounds like there is something that your brother wishes to share,”

“Are you aware of the ceremony that Genji and I underwent when I turned thirteen?” Hanzo asked the Omnic.

“He has mentioned it before. It has to do with the dragons you are bonded with though he did not tell me much in the way of specific details,”

“Genji was ten around that time. We had begun training together in many things, the most important of which was the art of the blade,”

“Yeah, Hanzo would always beat me,” The cyborg interjected drawing a sigh from Hanzo.

“You probably do not recall much,” The elder brother began facing his younger brother wearing a rather serious expression. “But, there was a time when you were the favored child,” Zenyatta and his student were both taken aback by the thought. “I was older than you by three years yet I was barely able to stay ahead of you in training. You were a natural, not just with a sword, but at most things. It came so easily to you Genji,”

“Yeah it was easy, but you were always so much better than me at everything,”

“I had to try so hard at everything Genji,” Hanzo snapped at him. The tone reminding him of how they used to be. “You could almost best me when you were ten,”

“I never really did though. I remember always losing,”

“What you do not remember is me training for hours every night to make sure I kept winning,” Hanzo stared at the ground as he continued. “You do not remember what everyone said about your potential as they watched you breeze through exercises I struggled with. You do not remember how they were ready to cast me aside for the better son,” Hanzo’s hands were balled tightly into fists as he continued to speak. “You never knew the jealousy I felt,”

“I wasn’t trying to,”

“I know,” Hanzo interrupted. “For months I struggled everyday to make sure I came out on top. If you practiced for an hour, I would do so for four,” Nobody else spoke as Hanzo talked about something he had never shared with anyone, something Genji could never have really known. “The favor of the clan shifted so easily. What could all my hard work mean when my brother managed everything so effortlessly?”

“Hanzo I..”

“No, you wanted me to talk!” He interrupted forcefully. “It did not matter that I always won, that I was always ahead because everyone saw how hard I had to work at it while my younger brother barely applied himself. They thought he would grow out of his childishness and when he did I would be shoved aside to make way for the real heir. It did not matter that I did everything I was told, that I wanted it and worked for it,”

“Genji was only ten when the clan deemed him ready to claim his birthright, an honor I had to wait until my thirteenth birthday for,” Hanzo continued. “We underwent the ceremony together and to no one’s surprise Genji made it through bonded to a dragon as simply as breathing,”

“I take it you did not,” Zenyatta inquired as the two brother’s grew quiet.
“He got sick, really sick,” Genji explained after an extended pause. “It happens sometimes, it’s usually not fatal, but,”

“Failing to bond would ruin one’s status even if it did not end one’s life,”

“That wasn’t what we were worried about Hanzo,”

“Maybe you and father cared, but most of them did not. They already had their dragon prodigy, they did not need me.” The anger, the venom he spewed at these words visibly shook his brother and Zenyatta. The monk had never seen his temper before and Genji was used to the way he had been acting the last few weeks.

“Father and mother were worried, they cared. Mother cooked more that week than I had ever seen her, always somebody’s favorite to try to help. Father disappeared into work, it was always what he did when he was upset. I hardly left your side, even when everyone wanted me to. I just wanted my big brother to be okay,” Genji’s hand made its way to his brother’s shoulder, squeezing gently in an attempt to comfort him.

“I take it you did not die then,” Zenyatta joked lightly. Despite the tension, or perhaps because of it, Hanzo chuckled softly in response. The atmosphere softened mildly at the sound.

“I was on death’s door for a week before my fever broke and I awoke. When I did everything changed,” the archer turned to face Zenyatta as he unbuttoned his shirt to reveal his left arm and the left side of his torso. “I awoke with this. It marked me as bonded with not one, but two dragons, twins. Such a thing had not happened in generations and suddenly I was no longer one to be dismissed. The power that an heir with two dragons could wield was unfathomable,”

“Everything changed?” Zenyatta inquired.

“It began to that day. Though it was not until I was 15 that things turned around completely. I called forth their power for the first time out of frustration and in doing so I destroyed an entire wing of the manor, several people died. I thought everyone would be furious, but our father was beside himself with pride. I manifested their power so quickly and to do so much damage with no training truly showed the power I would be able to wield one day,”

“I did not manage to manifest my own until I was almost seventeen, almost seven years after we bonded,” Genji added for context.

“People quickly abandoned their thoughts of the difficult younger son and focused all of their attention on me,”

“Were you happy with the change?” Zenyatta inquired softly earning a sigh from the man.

“For a short while. The praise felt good, but I lost all control of my life then. Genji probably did not notice, but I stopped training four hours everyday because I wanted to. Now I did it because I had to. I had found joy in math, it helped that Genji was terrible at it, but even that became about readying me to take over when our father died more than any enjoyment I derived from it,”

“So you wish Genji had stayed the favored brother?”

“I don’t know!” The archer was shouting now. “When he was I was jealous and wanted people to think of me the same way! Afterwards I was envious of his freedom and wanted that! I don’t know what I want! I do not think I ever have,” His voice wavered at the last statement as Genji pulled him into a hug. Hanzo did not return the gesture, but he also did not fight it.
“Knowing how you feel is a good first step to knowing what you want,” Zenyatta said, his orbs chiming softly in a steady rhythm. “Your feelings color your every action whether you wish them to or not,”

“I tried so hard to not let those feelings affect me,” Hanzo’s voice broke. “Genji, when we fought ten years ago I was so frustrated with you,” The hug only grew tighter as Hanzo spoke about the topic they had managed to almost entirely avoid since their reunion. “When I realized you were still a better swordsman that frustration turned to anger. It was not fair that you could be so skilled after a decade of lazing about. So I did the one thing I would always be better than you at. In a battle of swords Genji Shimada would certainly have been victorious…”

“But in a battle of dragons I never stood a chance,” Genji finished for him as tears streamed down the elder sibling’s face.

“I should not be here,” Hanzo announced suddenly, attempting to escape the hug his brother had him trapped in. But, Genji’s grip would not let up. “McCree is right. I will only hurt you again. You should kill me or send me away to be miserable and alone,”

“Is that what you want brother?” Genji asked clearly fighting back a sob.

“What I want does not matter,”

“Yes it does,”

“My desires only ever make people around me miserable, Genji. You don’t deserve that, no one here does,” Hanzo fought to escape his brother's hug again. “Let me go Genji, I'm not worth any of this,”

“No, I'm not letting you go until you stop acting like an idiot,” The cyborg informed him, thigh tending his grip around the archer.

“Let me go!” The elder brother was now demanding angrily, one step away from snarling.

“Not until you calm down,”

“Genji!” Zenyatta’s voice called out forcefully over the sound of their struggles. A soft golden glow interrupted their fight. A calming energy filling the space between the brothers hoping to head off any violence. “Genji let him go,”

“But master,” The cyborg tried.

“Genji!” Zenyatta’s voice was now stern and commanding and Hanzo watched as his brother visibly shrunk beneath the words, his grip loosening but not quite releasing his brother. “Hanzo, Genji wishes for you to be here. You may disagree with him, but it is his decision to make, not yours. You are free to leave, but you know that it will hurt him if you do.”

“I will hurt him if I stay,” He had stopped thrashing about and Genji had finally released the grip he had on his brother.

“That is conjecture. Do you wish to hurt him?”

“Of course not,” Hanzo snapped.

“Then there is little conflict here. We need merely help you regain control of the dragons that are causing these issues right now and airing out your problems like this will likely help, but only if you are willing to work on them,”
“Hanzo,” Genji began before being interrupted immediately.

“I will try.” The elder brother promised, defeated.

“Good,” Zenyatta replied warmly, a smile in his voice. “I believe that the issue as a whole is related not only to your feelings in regards to 76, but the stress of the situation in general. This infatuation and your dragons’ interference were merely the final straw as it were.” The two brothers nodded in agreement as the monk spoke. “Your issues with Genji are complicated and have been left to fester for a long time. There is no easy way to resolve them, but I am glad that you are trying to now,” The monk placed a hand on Hanzo’s shoulder, a soft warmth flowing from the monk.

“That will take a lot of time and work.” He continued. “But the catalyst for these events, your feelings for the masked man, that can be solved directly and quickly, so long as you don’t give it time to turn into something big.”

“What if,” Hanzo tried, the monk interrupting him before he could continue his thought.

“It has only been a week, but if you wait it will quickly grow longer.” True to form he still did not know what he wanted. But, 76 did not deserve to be treated like this. He wanted to do something, but he was not sure if he could bring himself to do it.

“I am tired,” He said instead of explaining the way he felt. “I will try.” He added before his brother could argue with him. Genji hugged him again, softer this time.

“Sleep here tonight brother,”

“I do not wish to impose,”

“It is no imposition,” Zenyatta assured him brightly.

“Just for tonight brother, please,” The archer sighed inwardly. There was no way he could say no to that. “You will not be bothered.”

“Oh,” He relented in between his brother’s arms. “For tonight,”

True to his word, both the monk and the ninja were silent after everyone was bid a good night. It was easy to forget that they were there at all. It was not easy to forget that he was not in his own room. He laid on a bed that was not his, with comfortable pillows that belonged to another while his brother and the monk sat next to each other on the ground nearby, posed for meditation rather than sleep. The comfort the bed provided did not make it easier to sleep, but eventually sleep claimed him all the same.

Morning came without incident, in fact he had no dreams the rest of the night to bother him. Though, restless as he was, he awoke much earlier than usual. There was no use trying to go back to sleep when he was like this, it would just be a waste of time and that would stress him out more. So, instead he quietly rose to return to his own quarters and ready himself for the day.

The doors opened to his quarters allowing him to survey the damage from the night before. His bed was torn to shreds, the frame bent and the foundation shattered. The mattress was torn in several places with bits of its innards strewn throughout the room. His stuff was scattered throughout his room, mostly in heaps on the floor. Uncooked grains of rice littered the floor, he would have to clean up at some point. But, that could wait until after he took a shower and got himself ready at the very least.

Luckily he had one outfit that had not been ruined by the draconic maelstrom that night and he found
himself prepared to his satisfaction relatively quickly. He groaned when he found his rice cooker nearly split in half. He had nothing to eat in his room without it and had to go to the mess to get breakfast instead. Maybe if he rushed over he could arrive before anyone else and just get something to eat very quickly. The thought had suddenly gifted him with inspiration.

“Athena,” Hanzo called out to the AI.

“Good morning agent Hanzo. How may I be of assistance?”

“When does 76 arrive in the mess hall in the mornings?”

“He tends to arrive at sometime between 0530 and 0600 most mornings, ”

“Thank you,” He replied absently as he checked the time, 0448. He really had gotten up early. He raced his way out of his room and over to the mess hall finding it empty, to his relief. He had around an hour to get breakfast ready, he could do that.

Cooking a large meal for breakfast was not something that Hanzo had a lot of experience with. Back home it was normally a rather small affair, but he saw how much food the vigilante ate and he doubted it was without reason. So, he got to work making the sorts of things he knew how to make that the other man might like.

He put some rice in the large rice maker in the kitchen, more for him and Genji than 76. He knew how to make French toast so he went about starting with that. There was bacon available and he knew Americans liked that. He still had salmon he could grill and serve with toasted bagels and cream cheese, a strange thing his mother liked called a bagel with lox that he figured 76 might like.

He fried some eggs, made some toast and just about everything he could think of that he knew how to make quickly and that he thought the masked man might like. Without really knowing exactly how much would be reasonable for him, so it was better to make more than necessary rather than less.

It was past 0530 and nearing 0600 when the thought occurred to him that he always saw the man drinking coffee when he was in the mess. Coffee was brewing on the counter in the mess and everything else was finishing up when he heard someone walking into the room. He started brewing tea for himself too, that having slipped his mind while he was cooking.

The last hour or so had passed easily, focusing on accomplishing something will do that. Now that 76 was waiting just a thin wall away Hanzo grew nervous. What if he was actually upset at Hanzo for disappearing without a word and avoiding him? According to Genji the vigilante does not interact much with anyone else, so that means he hadn't had someone to talk to in several days and that made Hanzo feel worse.

76 was definitely mad at him and an apology breakfast was a terrible idea. Why would the man want anything from a murderous criminal who just seemed to hurt everyone around him. The person in this stupid organization that he liked the most did not want anything to do with him because he just fucked everything up all the time.

Before he could break down into a full blown panic there was a soft knock at the kitchen door and a masked face poked through. They stared at each other for a moment that seemed to drag on forever. At least that's how it felt to Hanzo.

“Hanzo,” 76 acknowledged with a nod breaking the silence.

“Good morning,” He returned quickly. The man had already caught him in the act so he explained
before he lost the nerve. “I uh… got up early, so I thought I would make breakfast for you this time,” The archer prayed that he was keeping his face and posture neutral despite the anxiety.

“Did you need help?”

“No, it will just be a few minutes,”

“Okay,” The vigilante acknowledged pulling his head back out of the room and probably sitting down.

It was not until he looked at the end results of all of the cooking he had done that he realized he may have made enough food for ten people as opposed to two. That might have been overdoing it at least a little. Somebody would eat anything that was left over, besides the food was being replaced shortly anyway and they could afford to buy more than necessary.

Taking a deep breath to center himself and control his expression he backed through the door holding two trays of food. The vigilante sat in his normal spot, a coffee cup in one hand, tablet in the other. 76 seemed to stare at the food he had placed down for several seconds, Hanzo’s face flushing slightly at the scrutiny.

“I may have made too much,” He admitted, perhaps sheepishly. 76 laughed across the table from him, a soft smile on the man’s lips. Hanzo suddenly wished that he could see the rest of the man’s face, wondering if that smile reached his eyes.

“Yeah, I would imagine it’s difficult to guess how much I eat,” The vigilante responded, that smile remaining on his face. “Thank you though,” The man did not seem angry as they spoke at the very least, the smile was definitely a good sign. They ate for a short while in silence, 76 scarfing down the food Hanzo had made as quickly and enthusiastically as he had the first time he saw the man eat.

The silence between them, that was usually comfortable, this time, felt rather oppressive. His breakfast had been accepted, but that did not absolve him of the need to have an uncomfortable conversation with the man. So instead of enjoying his food, the archer sat at the table poking at it as he tried to work himself up to apologize. Since he was here it was either that or run away again.

“I wish to apologize,” Hanzo forced the words out of his throat awkwardly. The man in front of him stopped eating rather suddenly and turned his gaze upwards to look the archer in the face.

“What for?”

“For running off without explanation,”

“Something was clearly wrong,” 76 remarked with a shrug.

“And for avoiding you afterwards,”

“Ah, I had assumed the two were linked,” The old soldier resumed eating. “No apology necessary,” Hanzo was about to respond when the silver haired man continued. “But, since it seems to matter to you, apology accepted,”

The younger man let out a huge sigh of relief. It seemed that 76 was not angry at him for what he had done, or at the very least was accepting his apology. Either way, perhaps things could go back to being comfortable between the two of them in a way that helped make his time here more pleasant.

“What did I do to upset you?” The question caught Hanzo off guard and his embarrassment must have shown on his face because 76 quickly added. “I don't want to make the same mistake twice,”
“You did not do anything wrong,”

“I disagree there, but continue,”

“The reason is personal,”

“Okay,” That was the end of the man’s inquiry. Hanzo smiled involuntarily, unable to contain how nice it felt for someone to respect his desire to not talk about something without having to justify himself.

“What do you think you did wrong?” The archer asked, he could not think of anything himself.

“I pushed too hard and don't think I made the point I was trying to make effectively,”

“I can assure you that such training was much easier on me than my family was,” Again Hanzo froze as such a confession fell from his lips. It was so easy to simply talk to the masked soldier. It was making him say things he did not truly mean to reveal, but he recovered much faster this time to continue speaking. “Though I believe the lesson you were trying to impart, aside from the fact that you are very skilled and strong yourself, was that a handgun is much more useful in close quarters than a bow,”

“It was something along those lines. I believe you should carry a sidearm in case you get caught in an unfavorable position,”

“I am not well trained in their use,” The excuse even sounded weak to his own ears, but he had been taught to dislike guns. They were inelegant. His traditional weapons were superior in his hands.

“We can change that. With your sharp eyes I'm sure you will be giving McCree a run for his money in no time,” Despite the hard time he had given Genji about his comments about the gun earlier, he was really tempted to decline. But, the man had a surprisingly soft smile that Hanzo had a hard time saying no to.

“When do we start?”

“Whenever you're available,”

“I am supposed to help with handling the supplies for repairing the simulation room and getting a few other shipments finalized today. But, I should be free tomorrow,”

“After breakfast tomorrow then?”

“Very well. I shall be ready,”

“Speaking of shipments, you are the only person who has not given me any personal requests for supplies when I asked,”

“Don't need much,” 76 answered vaguely attention returning to the food in front of him. Hanzo did not wish to push the vigilante. That would be disrespectful and a lack of reciprocity, but he did want to try to help make everyone more comfortable, even if it was only with things that they liked to eat or drink.

“If there is anything I can get you that will make things more comfortable for you just let me know.”

Things grew quiet once again as they returned to their food. It was not perfect, there was still some lingering anxiety, but the situation managed to be comfortable again. The masked man seemed to be
endeavoring to devour everything that Hanzo had put before him. They made better work of finishing the meal off than he thought that they would, though it was mostly 76 doing the eating.

“Thank you for the food,” The white haired soldier said covering his mouth to stifle a loud belch. “It was mostly delicious,”

“Mostly?”

“I wasn't sure what some of it was, but I enjoyed the meal overall,” The man stood to get himself some more coffee. Hanzo smiled behind the older man. It appeared that things would be okay between the two of them, so at the very least the previous discussion with Genji and Zenyatta had helped him accomplish something.

They sat together in calm and pleasant silence for a short while, 76 reading something absentmindedly on his tablet, while the archer looked through the final lists of non illicit goods he needed to acquire. Time flew quickly from that point until Hanzo was forced to excuse himself.

“I am meeting Satya and Winston to begin repairing the simulation room shortly,” He announced as he stood. The vigilante nodded in recognition as he turned to leave. The man's voice halted his steps as he left.

“Los Planes,” The words confused him as the man spoke what he believed to be Spanish, but with an accent he did not recognize from his time in Barcelona. “It's my favorite coffee. It's from El Salvador and rather expensive,” It was as close to a request as Hanzo was likely to get, so he made a mental note of it and nodded his understanding.

“I shall see you tomorrow morning.”

“Sure. I'll make breakfast,” Hanzo smiled at the promise as he walked out of the mess, glad that 76 could not see his face. He was caught in his head, pleasantly for once when he bumped into Genji in the halls.

“There you are brother,” The cyborg sounded relieved. He had probably been worried that Hanzo had run off or did something stupid.

“I am sorry if I worried you. I did not wish to wake anyone so early,”

“It's no trouble. I'm always glad to see you smiling,” Genji replied softly. He could not help the small smile he had worn leaving the mess hall. He had managed to keep things from falling apart worse than they already were and that was essentially a miracle.

“Things went well this morning,” Hanzo confessed to his brother earning him a congratulatory hug. “I would like to thank you and Zenyatta for helping me,”

“It's no trouble Hanzo,”

“That is clearly a lie, but I appreciate the intent,” He replied lightly. “I am sorry for being a cause of strife between you and Zenyatta, I believe I am beginning to understand how much he means to you and I do not wish to get in the way of your relationship,” Genji cocked his head to the side, confused.

“I'm not sure what you think happened, but there aren't any problems between me and Zen,”

“That is good. I did not wish to cause friction between the two of you given how good you seem together,”
“I don't know what you're worried about Hanzo, but everything is fine,” Genji repeated, sounding perhaps a little perturbed.

“Very well, there is rice in the kitchen if you wanted some. I will see you later,”

“Brother, please call me if you have any more dragon related problems,” His brother was deadly serious when he made the request.

“I promise Genji,”

“Thank you.” His brother left him to head out to meet up with Winston and Satya. They needed to sort through all of the parts and make sure that they had everything they required. They organized everything according to the former architect's own system so that she could work efficiently before she began to explain to Winston what she was going to be doing.

The current leader of Overwatch had often seemed unsure of himself when Hanzo had to interact with him, but he had heard the man was a scientist and here, in his element, he was nothing but confident. They spoke quickly and enthusiastically about engineering details and circuit diagrams. Their discussion quickly went over his head and he politely excused himself so that he might get other things done and not get in their way.

The rest of his day went relatively quickly, though he missed out on his tea with Satya in the afternoon because she was busy trying to get everything repaired as quickly as possible. The training room being repaired would help greatly getting the team working together.

The last bit of his free time that day had been spent looking up the brand of coffee that 76 had mentioned wanting. It was a luxury brew, very expensive and not the easiest thing to order in the world. But, he knew the types of places people would go to for that type of expense and found an upscale restaurant that served it on request in the area that was willing to part with some for an exorbitant amount. He gladly paid for it rather than waiting weeks to have some shipped nearby.

Hanzo also found that he did not know very much about coffee, but now he knew that apparently the type of grinder you use is important. So he found the best burr grinder he could find, which was apparently the best type of grinder for coffee beans and purchased it as well. There was no use getting 76 high quality coffee if he could not brew it effectively. So, he also bought an expensive well regarded brewer to go with it.

The archer was actually a little bit excited, which was a rare feeling for him. He had managed to get a major shipment of supplies to be ready for pickup the next day. It was going to interfere with his plans for training with 76 a bit, but he had managed to get all the basic supplies they would need as well as some specialty items for everyone, including the cowboy. He hoped it would make up for the inconvenience.

The one thing in his room that the dragons not even touched was his supply of sake. For which he was both amused and grateful. That night he fell asleep surprisingly easy given the state of his room. A mess like that would normally drive him all night into a cleaning frenzy, but he found that his good mood could not be bothered by it. He had all the time in the world the next day to get this place back into a livable condition.

That night he dreamt of cooking. Making large amounts of food and good coffee. He tried the coffee and shared the food. He shared his love of tea and archery. He learned to shoot various guns to protect himself and others. In the end what he remembered most upon waking up was sharing warm smiles for perhaps the first time in his life.
Open Roads and Sunshine

Chapter Summary

Unexpected things happen when Hanzo and 76 take off together on an impromptu supply run that takes them off base all day together.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay on this one, stuff happened. I might be back on schedule now. I teased this chapter a little and posted it on Patreon a few days ago. But now it's going on here while I finish up my first chapter for Fosterwatch and chapter 12 and my Genji related side story. That's a lot of writing to do.

Edit: Made some edits I missed in the transition.

Hanzo could not remember a time when he woke up, remembered where he was, and did not immediately regret waking up. The excitement from the previous night had not faded completely while he slept and his dreams had been pleasant. Even in a broken bed his night had been restful and as he arose to survey his room in disorder and disrepair he found himself to be in too good of a mood to care. Something he could not remember ever having done before.

He showered slowly, cleaning himself properly. Cared for his hair and skin as always, but when he realized that he did not have a set of clothes that were up to his standards, he wore an outfit that was too wrinkled to be presentable and did so without a fuss. There were a variety of voices that would normally be screaming in his head about his laziness, or the dishonor he would bring to the family name, but for whatever reason they were unusually quiet this morning.

He walked leisurely to the mess hall to meet up with 76 and have a nice breakfast before he needed to leave for the day. He would review the itinerary for his trip out, which would unfortunately be an all day event given everywhere he had to go to pick up everything he had paid for. Still, he would have a pleasant morning and bring back a shipment of supplies that should please everybody on base, even the vigilante. That prospect made the inconvenience of missing his training with 76 relatively worth it.

The mess hall smelled amazing as he opened the door to pass the threshold. The air was sweet, savory and buttery all at once. It managed to make his mouth water with how delicious he imagined the meal to be. He sat down in his usual spot, waiting patiently for the masked vigilante to finish cooking and lay everything out on the table between them.

“This looks and smells wonderful,” Hanzo said with a soft smile. The man had laid out what looked like a buffet between the two of them. “I doubt we can eat this much though,”

“Might have overdone it a bit yeah, but meh,” 76 shrugged. “Seemed a good way to say apology accepted,” They ate again in a comfortable silence that soothed Hanzo’s nerves.
Some of the food was a bit strange to him, toasted bread with an egg cooked into it, Ham, egg and cheese wrapped in some type of flat bread, eggs with a yellow sauce spread over them. None of that stopped it from tasting good, though part of that might have been enjoying that it was made for him specifically and was proof that he had not irrevocably fucked everything up.

“I must apologize,” The words caught the older soldier’s attention as he ate, though the man did not interrupt, he merely let the archer say his piece. “I must cancel our training for the day,” Hanzo is certain that he saw the man frown for the briefest moment before his face returned rapidly to a more neutral expression. “I was able to get a hold of a large amount of supplies but some of them necessitated that I retrieve them today,” He explained quickly.

“So you’re going out on a supply run?”

“Yes, it will only take most of the day if I am lucky. Otherwise I might not return until the early morning.”

“Alone?”

“Yes, this should not necessitate anyone else,” 76 nodded though he seemed to be staring off into the distance thinking at the moment. The room had become uncomfortable, the change in plans having clearly irritated the older soldier.

“Mind if I tag along?” That was just about the last thing Hanzo had expected him to ask at the moment. The surprise must have shown on his face because the vigilante explained. “D.Va is planning something big and loud. A party or something and if I have nothing else to do, I’d rather be off base,”

“Of course, I was not against the idea, merely surprised,”

76 finished eating quickly after that before running off to make get ready to depart. The soldier had offered to let Hanzo use the old truck of his for the first part of their trip. It was clearly old, rusted and in need of repairs and he was nervous that it might break down at any time.

“People don’t think twice about people driving around in a hunk of junk like this,” The vigilante explained. “Can usually just drive on by,”

They were not going to make the entire journey in 76’s pickup. Instead they were driving to where Hanzo had arranged for their actual transportation to be. They would need much more space than the pickup to handle everything they were getting anyway.

The truck was left exactly where it was supposed to be, keys hidden under the truck in exactly the right place, all the paperwork in the glove compartment. The smaller vehicle they came here in would not have been able to carry what they needed and so he had gotten a hold of what was essentially a moving van in order to fit it all.

“Renting trucks now? How much stuff did you buy?”

“I Bought the vehicle. I Did not want to have to return it anywhere. And, you will see why we need it in a short while,” Hanzo finished with a smirk. The archer pulled himself into the driver’s seat while 76 hopped in the other side. In between their two seats there was a small door that led into the storage area and soon after they were on their way the vigilante made his way back there.

His gaze was caught by a pair of deep azure eyes that suddenly crawled their way into the cab with him. It was such a stark contrast to the metal casing and glowing red glass that had always covered the vigilante’s face. At the same time it was also a surprise, he had not truly expected to ever see the
man’s face. Not that it was a problem really, of course it was not. As Zenyatta had insisted, seeing his face was not important in the grand scheme of things.

A deep large scar ran diagonally across the majority of the man’s face, numerous smaller ones littered it as well. 76 wore the face of a battle hardened warrior, one who has fought all of his life, and yet his eyes held a captivating quality quite unlike anything Hanzo had ever seen. The man’s hair was like silver, showing the age of someone who had seen too much.

It was not until those eyes turned away from him to take the passenger’s seat that Hanzo had realized that he had been staring, trapped by the man’s gaze. He was only released from it because the soldier had turned away from him, though his eyes lingered on the face next to him longer than they should have before he returned his attention to the road.

“Didn't think I looked that bad,” 76 called out, voice light and amused.

“I apologize. I should not have stared,” Hanzo replied quickly, face bright red and burning from embarrassment.

“Eh, bet you're not the only one who wondered what was under the mask,” The vigilante did not sound annoyed or perturbed as he spoke. “Did it live up to your expectations?”

“Not exactly,” That earned him a sidelong glance from the man next to him and a soft smirk.

“Now I'm curious. What did you expect?” The thought made Hanzo’s face flush again.

“It is silly,” His body tensed as he spoke, an action easily noticed in the confines of the vehicle.

“Don't have to talk about it if you don't want to. Just curious,” The tension eases as he realized 76 was not going to push him to answer. There was not a very good reason to not talk about, he was merely embarrassed by it a little bit.

“I half expected that I would recognize you if I ever saw your face,”

“Really?” 76 laughed softly, his bright smile reaching his eyes and making them shine. Genji was the only person he could ever remember having such a genuine and obvious expression of mirth or joy. It was perhaps why the ninja had managed to pull Hanzo into it from time to time and it was definitely why the archer could not resist chuckling himself now.

“There was no reason for me to believe that. I suppose it was an egocentric thought,”

“I think I get it. What point is a mystery if the reveal doesn't mean anything to you right?”

“I suppose that makes sense. It was still a foolish notion,”

“We've all done foolish things. This one's harmless so don't dwell on it,” The vigilante pulled out a pair of sunglasses and a hat from the bag he brought with him. They aided in making it much harder to make out his prominent facial features while not looking out of place and conspicuous. It made sense to hide his eyes, the way they shone would likely make him easy to identify to someone as well trained as Hanzo was.

“You do not look bad,” Hanzo blurted out into the silence. 76 gives him a puzzled look. “You asked if I thought you looked bad and I never answered,” he tried to explain why he had suddenly said something so stupid. The old soldier laughed again, face lighting up even through the sunglasses.

“I'll take that as a compliment from someone always so impeccably groomed,” Hanzo smiled at the
returned compliment. “I never asked where we were going,” He suddenly mused out loud.

“I was able to get ahold of things, but they are in several different locations throughout Spain. With any luck driving all day we should return to base in the very early morning.” The archer explained pulling out the gps device he was using to map their way. 76 takes a look at the planned route with a lazy gaze.

“Lotta ground to cover,” Hanzo nodded his agreement. “Just let me know if you need a break from driving,” He added before switching on the radio, filling the vehicle with soft music.

The relative silence that followed was perhaps the most comfortable the elder Shimada had felt in a very long time. In fact, he could not remember a time that even compared. He had slept well, woke up content, had a good breakfast and would now spend all day accomplishing something while mostly relaxing in a truck with a man that can make him smile.

Pleasant thoughts were a rarity and his dragons rumbled their approval at his mood and company. A marked difference between now and the other night. Now they seemed to share and revel in his contentedness, perfectly happy to simply exist away from the misery and solitude he was accustomed to. Their first stop was only about an hour from where they picked up the truck.

“So what are we grabbing in the middle of a warehouse district?”

“A refrigeration unit and a portable power source to run it for the next twenty four hours or so,”

They acquired and installed the refrigeration unit into the back of the van and plugged it into the portable generator that Hanzo had also purchase. They would be able to keep things cold in here until they were able to properly store them back at the watchpoint.

“I guess that explains the moving van,” 76 remarked as they finished setting everything up. “I guess that's a quick and easy refrigerated truck replacement.”

“It may not be an elegant solution, but it should work for our purposes,” The archer agreed.

They hit the road after everything was secured. There was a lot of ground to cover and Hanzo really wanted to get back early enough to be able to sleep for at least a few hours before he had to get up. The radio supplied noise to drown out the silence between them for sometime until 76 spoke.

“How'd your first mission go?” The question caught him by surprise, though he supposed they were busy dealing with Hanzo’s apology the last time they were together to talk about most anything else.

“It went well. Genji and McCree both performed really well,”

“You?”

“I did very little,” Hanzo declared as he thought about the question. “Though it was interesting getting a glimpse into how skilled my brother and the cowboy are,”

“Speaking of which, he giving you any more grief?”

“He has not made any more overtly aggressive overtures,” 76 hummed in understanding while Hanzo’s mind briefly drifted to his conversation with Genji and Zenyatta. “I think I may have mentioned the incident in the shooting range to Genji,” He claimed out loud, mostly to himself. “I am not sure how he will react,”

“You think it'll be bad?” the vigilante asked.
“I do not really know. He has calmed down considerably since our youth, but he is a dragon still and, even through great discipline, we can have quite the temper,”

“They were thick as thieves back in the day,” 76 explained while the archer worried. “I’m sure they’ll work it out at least. I doubt he was trying to undermine your brother’s efforts,” He finished the thought, the space between them falling silent.

“I do not understand why you and Winston do not dislike me like McCree does,” Hanzo admitted eventually, breaking the thick silence that invaded their space.

“Why should we?”

“I would,” A hand found its way to his shoulder, patting it softly.

“Trust me when I say I'm in no place to judge your past,”

“Genji is, yet he still claims to forgive me,”

“He's very different now then when we first met,” 76 Mused in response. “It looks like your brother left much of the anger that drove him behind him,”

“I do not deserve it,”

“Good thing it's not about you,” The words are harsher than he expected and Hanzo’s face furrows in confusion and irritation. “There is something you should know about forgiveness,” 76’s voice is stern and very serious. “When others tell you that they forgive you it's more about them than you. They have managed to let their anger go and to move on,” 76 is facing him now, the man’s stare oddly intense. “Hatred like your brother’s has destroyed better people than him,” his voice faltered, forcing him to falter before continuing. “Forgiveness has nothing to do with whether or not you deserve it. They deserve peace of mind, so they forgive you. You have no choice in the matter. All you get to do is to choose how to react to it,”

“What do you know of the regret I face?” He snapped the words violently. There was a significant silence between them. The vigilante appeared lost in the distance, thoughts far away from their present.

“I’ve been at this game longer than you,” The old soldier’s voice was heavy, and his eyes were laden with guilt. “I've seen guilt, regret and anger destroy the best of people. It almost ruined your brother and every time you tell him to hate you, you are telling him to go back to that,”

“That is not what I am saying,”

“That's what he hears,” 76 Continued. “He hears you telling him that he was wrong to put in all that work. It was a waste of time to search so long for peace within himself when all he needed was anger and vengeance,”

“He could administer justice and still be at peace,”

“Then he would be no better than his fratricidal brother,” The words stung worse than a sword through his heart and he slammed on the breaks instinctively. The truck skid to a halt with more than one car behind them having to swerve out of the way to avoid rear ending them.

“If you know everything, tell me what to do then?” He shouted at the man next to him, voice dripping with venom.
“You were given a choice and you chose to try to face what you did. When given the opportunity to try to make amends you didn't run away. I respect that,” Jack answered calmly, ignoring the shouting and honking around them.

“I did run away at first,” Hanzo admitted, driving the car forward again. “As far as I could with as much alcohol as I could. I ran for weeks,” He spat the last part out, still upset by the turn of the conversation.

“That sounds more like being confused. Regardless you came to your senses, more than most people ever manage,” A tense silence stretched out between them as Hanzo tried to digest the conversation they had been having. It was difficult to figure out what 76 was trying to accomplish, jumping back and forth between insulting and comforting Hanzo. “I figured things out far too late,” The vigilante added eventually, voice soft and vulnerable. Any enmity that Hanzo felt seemed to melt away at the realization that the man was speaking from experience and from the sound of it, a bad experience. “You and your brother are both trying. Don't throw that away,”

“What do I do then?” This time his question was earnest, hopeful for an answer because he did not really know what to do.

“Whether or not they forgive you, you should strive to be someone worthy of that forgiveness,” The words came out slowly as if he was considering everyone of them very carefully. “At least, that's the answer I came up with,”

“I don't think anything I do would make me worthy,”

“That's not the point,” The sternness was back in 76’s tone, though his words were less harsh. “His forgiveness is irrelevant. You may spend the rest of your life working to become worthy and never reach it, but the effort you put forward is what matters. The fact that you are trying despite knowing that it may well be impossible is why I respect you. It is a difficult path, but I believe it will be worthwhile if you keep with it,”

The vigilante allowed a silence to settle the vehicle again, giving time and space for Hanzo to mull over his words. He had not expected to have to talk about such things when he agreed to let the older man come along with him. It was a lot less pleasant than he expected, yet at the same time it was strangely a relief. Perhaps it was simply nice to talk about it with someone who understood his side of what was going on, who would tell him that everything would not just be okay.

“What are you making up for?” The question broke the extended silence and he immediately regretted his words. The vigilante’s gaze was distant again at his question. Hanzo is worried he had crossed a line when 76 finally spoke.

“Too much,” He seemed to settle on that as an answer. “Far too much,” The man maintained a neutral expression, but his voice betrayed the pain he felt at the thoughts.

“I apologize. I should not have pried,”

“Not a big deal,” He replied with a shrug. “I know about yours, seems only natural to want to know about mine,”

“I was curious, but if you do not wish to,”

“Not now,” 76 interrupted and Hanzo dropped the conversation, though he smiled inwardly at the inherent promise in that statement. Not now meant that he would be willing to at another time and Hanzo could wait. “Where's our next stop?”
“Specialty market nearby. It has things for Hana and Genji. We can also briefly browse around and see if anything else looks worth getting since we are here,“

“I thought you had a set schedule?“

“I do, but if you actually read it you would have seen that it has some free time in it because there are some things we have to wait for. A small delay won't hurt our schedule,“

“Okay, not sure if I’ll be any help, but we can look around,“

The specialty market itself seemed to be rather panethnic. Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Indian ingredients and implements all intermingled. It was likely because many of these things were hard to find without special ordering them around here. It proved fortuitous because Hanzo ended up with everything he would need to make several different types of curry, something Genji would assuredly enjoy.

His companion seemed to drift aimlessly around the shop, clearly out of his element. He did not complain, nor look particularly uncomfortable as Hanzo built up a bit of a cart of things. They met back up at after several minutes with 76 carrying a single item, a rather large bag of yeast.

“Have you never made your own bread?“ The vigilante asked him, having caught his questioned glance.

“That is not something I have ever done, no,“

“I enjoy fresh bread,“ He responded by way of answer.

Cold goods went in the refrigeration unit, everything else in little boxes around the truck. This was only their second stop of the day and they were going to end up with a lot more than this very quickly.

The next stop was at a warehouse where Hanzo was suddenly very grateful that 76 had accompanied him. It was difficult communicating in a country whose language he did not speak. To his surprise though, the vigilante appeared to speak Spanish fluently. He received a few odd looks, most likely due to his very different accent, but he found where they needed to go quickly and they were able to load up and head on their way.

“So what's in the boxes?“ 76 asked as a forklift loaded a small pallet into the back of the truck.

“A specific type of cigar that McCree requested, also several different teas and some mechanical parts that I need for my arrows and various small things for my brother,“

“A strange assortment,“

“Indeed, but I could get them all through the same people,“

“How is our equipment situation?“

“Slower than I would like, but I have the word out of what I am looking for and that I pay well. It should not be too long, people in this business are always looking for a solid new customer,“

“Let me know if you need any help with the acquisition. Handling people like this is one of my specialties,“ Hanzo nodded in agreement as he began to drive them back along their path.

“Our next stop is in a shopping center,“ He announced eventually. “Perhaps we should grab some
flour while we are there,”

“Anywhere I can get flour I can get a few other things I would like,” 76 responded after a moment.

“We have more than enough time to look around a little and see if we can find anything good,” Hanzo added.

The shopping center sprawled around a large mall that seemed to get really good business judging by the crowd. Hanzo had convinced 76 to grab himself some things, like the flour they discussed, while he went over to get what he came for. They split after Hanzo handed the vigilante a small wad of cash so that he could purchase whatever he wished.

It took him longer than he would have liked to be presented with his order, which came in the shape of two surprisingly heavy boxes. He was awaiting assistance when 76 showed up rather suddenly, carrying a bag full of items.

“Need some help?” The vigilante asked, a smirk on his face.

“I am beginning to think this is an unprofessional shopping center,” Hanzo scoffed in irritation. There was no reasonable excuse for the lack of service he was receiving and it was not putting him in a good mood.

“Don't worry. I've got this, just hold onto my bag for me,” He handed his bag to the irritated archer and quickly moved to pick up the boxes. The smaller one barely fit under the man's left arm, but he seemed to hold it there with ease. The larger box he carried on top of his right shoulder and forearm. Despite how heavy and precarious the cargo looked, the old soldier showed no signs of difficulty at all as he hauled the boxes to the truck.

Letting 76 carry those heavy boxes had not been a good idea, Hanzo learned that very quickly. All but ogling the man's muscles as he did so was an even worse idea. He was not staring exactly, and he made sure to not let his gaze linger too long at any one time, but his eyes kept finding their way back to those arms. It brought back the memories of that evening of sparring, of being pinned down underneath him and he really did not need to deal with that right now, not while he was stuck in a truck with the man.

Dragons stirred beneath his skin again as his mind drifted to places it should not go. The effort of keeping them at bay did not seem to go unnoticed by the strongman with the crates. Hanzo caught 76 glancing over with a worried gaze while Hanzo seemed to be sweating from his efforts. It was not a great situation, however he managed to keep them mostly under control and that was a small victory at the very least.

“Are you okay?” 76 asked, setting the crates on the edge of the inside of the truck.

“I am fine,” Hanzo’s voice was slightly strained despite himself. His face was flushed as the man stared at him, clearly disbelieving his claim.

“Okay, but I'm driving.” A compromise. He would drop the line of questioning if Hanzo gave him the keys. Hanzo was about to argue when he caught the serious glint in the man’s eyes, even through the sunglasses. It was a fight he was not going to win.

“Very well, but we need to sort through these boxes. Some of this needs to be refrigerated,”

Hanzo was very distracted as 76 drove for the next leg of their journey, it did not help that the man removed his sunglasses while he drove. Those bright blue eyes were very distracting. It had probably been a good idea to let him drive given the circumstance, but he had not wanted to admit to his
weakness. The dragons were under control, but they still cried out to him to act, to do something about how they felt. He needed to do something, anything to keep things from spiraling further out of control. An idea sprang to his mind as they approached the next moderately sized town.

“Since we have some free time before our next pickup I was wondering if you wanted to find someplace to get something to eat. I would not mind getting out of this truck and relaxing with some food for a short while.” So the idea was not perfect, but he could invite the man to do something frivolous and wasteful of time, he would reject the offer and Hanzo would be satisfied with the rejection. The dragons would hopefully even shut up for a while if he at least attempted to do something they wanted.

“May as well. Rarely going to be off base with leisure time for the foreseeable future. How familiar are you with Spanish cuisine?” Hanzo hesitated to answer because he had expected the vigilante to tell him no, that they should stick to their schedule and to the mission.

“Not very much I am afraid,” He managed once he had recovered from his minor shock.

“I have not had good Spanish food in a while,” 76 mused. “I'll ask where we can get some around here,”

Hanzo was too busy internally berating himself to reply to the suggestion. He had hoped that this would steer him away from this stupid infatuation, but this seemed bound to encourage it rather than discourage it now. He barely even registered when the other man stopped the truck to talk to some people walking by. Not that he would have been able to understand the rapid fire Spanish even if he had been in the mind to pay attention to it.

“They said this place has excellent paella,” 76 said by way of explanation as they found a place to park. Hanzo followed behind the man who seemed to know where they were going.

They walked in and Hanzo caught the surprise on multiple faces as 76 greeted them in Spanish and they were led to their seats. Hanzo did not speak as a waiter talked to them, which was fine. The formerly masked vigilante did a perfectly fine job of it while Hanzo pretended to peruse a menu that was in a language he did not know.

“Don't worry,” 76 told him as the waiter left them to browse what they wanted. “I'll help you order. What would you like?”

“I can not read the menu,”

“That's why I was asking. I'm getting a paella, takes a while, but I checked the schedule and we have a surprisingly significant wait. Glad they serve it. You can have some. It's a rice dish, they make it with seafood here, which I like. But I thought you might like something else as well,”

“Perhaps, but,”

“Don't worry. I can briefly go over what the menu has to offer and you can decide from there,”

“Okay,” Hanzo nodded. 76 began explaining the basic dishes that the menu offered in English, though it was difficult for him to translate some specific things. In the end he settled on something pork related that sounded okay. “So you speak fluent Spanish?” Hanzo asked, cursing himself for such a stupid attempt at small talk.

“Spanish, German, some French. My Arabic and Mandarin are a bit rusty, but I can handle a conversation pretty easily. They helped me on the job,” He added the last part as an explanation for why he spoke several languages.
“Quite an extensive list,”

“Wouldn't think so if you were surrounded by people who spoke languages in the double digits,” The man responded with a shrug.

“I only speak three languages,” Hanzo admitted. “One of them is my native language,”

“What's the third?” 76 asked, curiosity apparently piqued.

“English,” Hanzo replied with a smirk. The vigilante’s frown was quite humorous as he shook his head. “Truthfully. English is the third language I learned,” The archer insisted.

“So what was the second then?” 76 asked with an eye roll.

“Cantonese,”

“I assume it was useful in your position,”

“Somewhat. Though I am mostly glad that I learned English now,”

“Not as necessary for me anymore,” The vigilante claimed. “My visor translates most languages when it hears them, should the need arise,”

“Useful feature,” Hanzo remarked. 76 nodded in agreement. The elder Shimada waited until their food was ordered before he spoke again. “Your accent is not Spanish,” He had noticed earlier and was curious. 76 froze for a moment and Hanzo expected him to just drop the issue.

“I sound like I'm from Southern California when I speak it,” He answered instead, a slightly pained look on his face. “It's just how I learned,” he continued with another shrug as if to cut off any further inquiry, not that Hanzo had intended on following up on that at all.

The space between them filled with an awkward silence for a while. Neither of them seemed to want to break it, yet at the same time they were both clearly uncomfortable with it. Eventually he asked more about the food they had ordered, something they were both more than happy to talk about at length.

One topic led to another and eventually Hanzo found himself animatedly discussing his scatter arrow designs: The mechanism that releases the scattering fragments, how he managed to get a consistent release, the materials used in their construction, how many iterations it took him to get them practically perfect. The archer only realized what he had been doing when the food arrived.

“I am sorry. I did not mean to bore you,” Hanzo expressed, face flushing slightly.

“Don't need to apologize. Wasn't bored anyway,” His attention was suddenly on the absolutely huge plate of food placed in between them. 76 started eating as Hanzo responded.

“I have a difficult time believing that,”

“Believe it or not, I used to pass the time memorizing technical specs for just about everything a soldier could operate. I actually followed about eighty percent of what you were saying. It was rather interesting, Torb would love to get a look at them. He loves interesting and clever engineering projects,”

“Torb?”

“Torbjorn Lindholm, genius engineer. Grouchy, short, good guy overall,”
“Oh, yes. He worked for Overwatch. I have read a paper or two about his work,” Hanzo responded thoughtfully.

“If he ever drops by you should talk to him. He'd love to talk shop and he might even have a suggestion or two. He's always trying to improve something or another,”

“Will he be rejoining?”

“Hard to say. He's got family to take care of, but the Omnics are very personal with him and given the situation he might feel like he has to,”

They ate together in silence. 76 seemingly enjoying a meal made for several people all by himself. It was still a bit strange to watch, but the soldier clearly liked what he was eating very much. He ate with more gusto than Hanzo had yet seen at the very least.

“So you used to read technical documents for fun?” Hanzo asked after a while.

“Not exactly for fun,” he amended. “I said to pass the time,”

“Why do it then? If you don't mind me asking,”

“Well other people in the program watched movies or tried to play games or something when they were too sore for anything else. I, on the other hand, had to be a model soldier, so I read technical specs and learned how to operate anything and everything I might have to for a while,”

“Just for a while?”

“Didn't last. After awhile I had some better things to do most of the time. Developed a habit though, when I was idle and needed to do something that felt productive I would pull them out and read,”

“I can imagine that it at least look good to your superiors,”

“Yeah, wasn't a complete waste of time either. I was certified to fly and drive almost everything the U.S. Army had, even somethings that were no longer in service,”

“That was useful?”

“Surprisingly yes.” The soldier replied with a fond smile, “Aside from the many appliances I repaired in my day, during the crisis, Me and my unit got cut off from our side and ended up on a private estate owned by a rich history nut. He had a tank from the early 2000’s that he kept in working order, complete with shells and I just so happened to know how to drive it,”

“I would not expect such an antique to be useful,”

“Honestly neither did we,” 76 replied with a big laugh. “It was a stupid idea born of desperation and opportunity,”

“So what happened?”

“We all died,” 76 deadpanned. Hanzo scoffed in response, but couldn't keep himself from smiling slightly. “Tank didn't make it, got a few good shots off with it and it got us to safety. We celebrated the stupidest victory that night, me and Rey…” The old soldier stopped mid word, suddenly aware of what he had been about to say. He wondered if he looked as shocked and uncomfortable when he let details about his past slip a while ago.

“Anyway,” He continued. “Knowing how to drive an old school tank saved our lives that day,”
“If it were anyone else I might not believe their story,” Hanzo thought aloud as they continued to make their way through their food.

“Heh,” Those blue eyes shined again as he chuckled softly. “It really does sound like one of McCree’s tall tales doesn’t it?”

“It sounds believable coming from you,“

“Glad to hear you think I’m credible,”

They ate as much as they could and payed, departing sooner than they might have wanted. They still had places to go and things to do after all. 76 continued driving when they returned to the truck, which meant Hanzo could see his eyes again. He would not have minded if they were not so distracting.

The good news was that the dragons did seem to be temporarily placated with Hanzo having done something actively towards their desires. Hanzo had considered insisting that he drive now, but he did not believe he could convince the vigilante to let him. In the end it would likely just lead to them arguing, even if it would not be very serious. There was no need for tension to take the place of pleasant company if it could be avoided.

The various things that Winston needed for various projects and Reinhardt needed for his armor were up next. The drop off for them was timed rather specifically. They would show up and grab things during a specific shift change on the docks. It was not as sensitive or dangerous as the outing with Genji and the cowboy. Those things were hard to get and very specialty. It was also nowhere near as expensive and was happening in the middle of the day.

Three quarters of what he ordered here was relatively mundane, but some of it was differing degrees of rare or tenuously legal and it was easier to avoid notice through unofficial channels. Everything went about as smoothly as possible, especially with a driver that spoke the language and could manage directions to where they needed to go.

The other time sensitive pickup was oddly enough the coffee that he had procured for the man right next to him. He would show up to grab it and pay the manager when he was leaving for the day in a little less than an hour. The time between now and then could be spent quickly grabbing a few appliances, the grinder and brewer he had purchase as well as a new rice cooker.

They did not need to browse for them. He had already purchased all of the appliances as well as an assortment of kitchenware for the base. It would be nice to have anything they needed to make a variety of food. Luckily they were picked up in a package and 76 could not see them yet. He wanted it to be a surprise, most people seemed to like good surprises.

The manager of the restaurant spoke English, which meant Hanzo could easily deliver the money and collect the coffee beans without 76. It was fairly easy to convince the old soldier to let him go alone real quick. No problems occurred as he made his way into the back of the truck with his haul, closing himself inside. He moved to the door that connected the back with the cab and opened it.

“I am going to do some sorting back here while you drive,” He claimed to explain how long he would be back there.

“Sure, I’ll keep us on schedule,” 76 responded as the truck roared back to life and headed off

It would likely be rather difficult to sneak things past the perceptive soldier since he would likely be unloading with Hanzo, so if he was going to surprise the man he would have to do it now. Luckily
he bought pretty much everything he would need to make the coffee and had the electricity right now to run the appliances he bought.

The archer read the instructions before grinding the beans as the booklet told him to. He had bought new cups as part of his kitchenware set and set about cleaning one. He had to find the soaps he had bought for it, but it was done in a few minutes. Following the instructions for his brewer he set about making the rather expensive beverage and waited. He put everything that he did not need away while the brewer finished its task.

“I have something for you,” He announced as he climbed back into the forward compartment with a cup full of boiling dark liquid. To be honest, Hanzo was not really sure what to expect from the vigilante right now. The other man glanced over at the cup and sniffed at the air strongly before pulling the truck over to the side of the road and stopping.

He did not expect the man to reach for the proffered cup of coffee with his hands shaking. The old soldier was clearly trying to control it, to keep Hanzo from noticing, but was failing. 76 stared at the cup in his hands in silence, seemingly in great distress.

“Would you mind taking over?” The words were all but whispered, those deep blue eyes staring vacantly into the drink in front of them.

“Of course,” Hanzo hurried around the car as 76 nimbly climbed between the two seats so that their positions were reversed. He returned them to their path while a thick silence permeated the area.

It was like Hanzo could hear the man’s distressed thoughts. He thought that the surprise gift would make the soldier smile, but instead it seemed to be upsetting him. 76’s anxiety, in turn, was making the archer anxious and he silently cursed himself for doing something so impulsive.

The silence continued for quite some time before he finally took a sip of the coffee that Hanzo had made. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the man shed tears as he drank and he wanted to throw it all away, as violently as possible. He had just been trying to be thoughtful.

“Thank you,” The old soldier’s voice had mostly recovered as he spoke. “It's just coffee, but it means a lot to me,” Tears rolled slowly down the sides of his face.

“I am sorry. I did not mean to…” Hanzo began before being cut off forcefully.

“Stop it!” The man’s voice was harsh and commanding. “You didn’t do anything wrong. You have nothing to apologize for!” It was clear in his tone that there would be no arguing this point, so Hanzo relented and instead they both fell silent.

Hanzo tried to focus all of his attention on the road, on driving them to their destination, but it was difficult. He caught the vigilante’s actions in the periphery of his vision. He watched as 76 slowly drained the coffee in the cup and as the soldier disappeared into the back, only to return with his cup freshly filled with more.

“I had something to prove to myself,” 76 seemed to announce once their silence grew too uncomfortable. “I have a lot of memories tied to this,” He raised the cup as he spoke.

“I did not mean to bring up bad memories,” Hanzo responded dumbly, unsure of what to say to try to comfort the larger man.

“You didn't. These are good memories, happy ones,”

“Why..” Again Hanzo is interrupted before he can finish the question.
"It's a step towards facing what I've done and proving that it doesn't rule me. I will enjoy my favorite coffee again, the past be damned," Hanzo recognized the resolve in those words. "I could never bring myself to seek it out though. Thank you Hanzo," The archer was not entirely sure that what he had done was a thing that deserved gratitude, but he was pretty sure that 76 would insist and he would accept it because it was important to him.

"You are welcome,"

The rest of the day passed with little incident. Eventually they began nearing the watchpoint when 76 disappeared into the back. He returned a minute later wearing his visor and mask. Hanzo had forgotten briefly that seeing the man’s face all day had been atypical, though more importantly he realized something. The masked soldier had trusted him with his identity and he had done so without questioning him. He would prove himself worthy of the man’s trust.

They returned to base in the very early hours of the morning tired, but they managed to unload everything. Or rather, 76 did most of the work while Hanzo watched him lift heavy things again. The man’s strength put his to shame and that was saying a lot. He may not have been able to stop himself from staring this time, but the vigilante did not notice or at least did not mention anything. They split from each other once everything was sorted effectively and the refrigeration unit was plugged into the base’s power grid.

Hanzo collapsed into his bed almost as soon as he entered the room. The place was still a mess and he needed to do something about that soon or it would likely drive him insane. But, that is a problem for future Hanzo, present Hanzo needed to sleep. That night he is surrounded by the snow, but this time the sun shines high above in the sky, bright and blinding. The snow melts under its warmth like the spring thaw that comes each year.
Chapter Summary

A dangerous mission leads Hanzo to discover something about his own power that he did not know, but also a name that he doesn't know what to do with.

Chapter Notes

Some plot does begin here. Hanzo interacts with people, a mission happens and dragons. This is another pretty long one.

I love all the comments I receive and am super happy to have some fans that like my writing. Thank you all for the love and I'm going to keep writing this to completion.

Edit: Fixed the italics. Used to indicate when Genji and Hanzo are speaking Japanese specifically.

The next week passed in a surprising blur. With the training room finished the teams began to run drills in groups. They had a lot of ground to cover given how many members of the new Overwatch were used to working alone, Hanzo included. In the field they would need to work together and complement each other. To that end they were placed through drills throughout the week and made to learn tactics and formations.

The upside to all of this was that once they had begun to get used to each other, the wide array of talents showed great promise. Hanzo worked well covering the others from a distance, a sniper in all but weapon choice. His keen eyes would react to what he saw and the information relayed to him. 76 excelled in the midst of the fight, dodging bullets and blasting through enemies with rockets and pulse shots. He seemed to dance gracefully through any combat encounter, like he was born to do this, like fighting was an art form that he had long since mastered.

The biggest surprise was Zenyatta, who struck with great precision and strength. Hanzo had expected the monk to be a pacifist, he had heard that the Shambali had renounced violence, but Zenyatta claimed that he was no longer a Shambali and he knew that sometimes one must use violence to protect. It is always a last resort, but to renounce it completely was a fool's errand.

All of the training was not the end of the busy week. They also gained new members. Dr Angela Ziegler joined three days after his outing with 76. He had avoided meeting her since she arrived. A young man name Lucio joined a day later, some sort of freedom fighter from Brazil. He and Hana get along great, though he and Satya seemed to share a resentment for each other. Hanzo does not know what the cause of it is, he has not pried.

The newly acquired supplies had helped morale tremendously. There was a lot more food to choose from and everyone managed to get something that they requested. Hana made something she called army base stew that sounded vile, but tasted amazing and was very plentiful in quantity, more than enough to feed an army base. Things only calmed down because part of the team had been sent off
on the first true mission of the new Overwatch.

Hanzo was not on the team being sent out. That honor fell to 76, Hana, Satya, Genji and Zenyatta. They were going to investigate rumors of a large scale weapons deal linked to Talon. It was in the middle of a large city so they needed to be careful, to stay out of the media. They could not afford to face bad public relations right now, but they also could not afford to let fear of that paralyze them. What use were they if they did not act in the end?

The base had been oddly empty without 76 and his brother. With even Satya gone Hanzo found himself with no one to really talk to. He had not done well with introducing himself and getting along with most of the team. They were high energy and too positive for him to be able to deal with them most of the time. Lucio seemed nice, but they had nothing in common.

Instead of trying to do much of anything about it, Hanzo threw himself into studying the formations and tactics that McCree, 76 and Winston had been teaching them and working on his marksmanship. He needed to be able to land difficult shots on rapidly moving targets without fail when he was finally allowed to take part in a mission. The monotony was broken when the team returned with casualties in tow. Specifically, Hana’s mech had been trashed and 76 had to rip her out of the thing.

The old soldier had started a vigil around her in sickbay. He saw 76’s worry despite Mercy’s repeated insistence that she was going to be just fine. Most of the people in this new Overwatch were older and experienced, she was nineteen and that fact seemed to weigh heavily on the vigilante.

She woke up and was confined to a few days of rest. Hanzo saw her and 76 talking occasionally afterwards. They seemed to be getting along better than they had before, though Hanzo tried not to pry. It was not his business unless they wanted to talk about it with him. He did catch her teaching 76 how to play some games on a few occasions, often with Lucio joining in. He also might have noticed the vigilante bringing her food and water while she was playing games late into the night, though he did not say anything about it.

The return of the team meant the return of breakfasts with 76, sidearm and close combat training, but also his early afternoon ritual of teatime with Satya. He was brewing her favorite when she arrived on her first day back. Two things hit Hanzo immediately as she entered the room, face impassive. She was almost an entire minute late and her hair was parted slightly unevenly. If it were anyone else he would not have bothered with such details, but she was never late and her hair was always perfect. Something must have happened on the mission for her to not be presentable to her normal standards. Her eyes definitely caught him staring and she frowned, but said nothing.

“How was the mission?” He asked, pouring her a cup.

“We succeeded,” She replied tersely. Hanzo rose after pouring himself a cup and walked quickly into the kitchen, her eyes following him as he moved. He returned carrying a container and an oddly shaped pan which she eyes curiously.

“I was going to do this later, but now seems like a good time for these,”

“What are you making?”

“Taiyaki. A small indulgence from my childhood. I wished to try making them myself. I prepared everything required, but had not gotten around to making them yet,” He spoke as he poured batter into the pan. He retrieved something from the cupboard where they stored their tea and carefully placed some of it inside the pan as well before heading back into the kitchen.

Satya seemed content to drink her tea and wait for him to finish what he was doing. He returned to
the table several minutes later with a plate of perfectly fish shaped pastries that he placed in between the two of them.

“Seabream?” She asked, clearly puzzled about the shape.

“Yes. They are made of what is essentially a pancake batter and filled with a sweet bean paste. The fish shape is merely an old custom,” Hanzo explained handing one to Satya. She took it, handling it warily.

“They are sweet, but I find they go well with many teas and they remind me of small things that I enjoyed when I was young,” Hanzo ate one with a sad smile on his lips. It wasn’t exactly how he remembered, but it was close.

“It is nicer than it looks,” She noted as she took a bite of the pastry. Hanzo chuckled softly.

“Yes, people do not expect sweetness like this from fish,”

“What is the occasion?”

“A friend in need of something nice,” He replied simply. “Good tea and a nice snack every now and then got me through some of my worst moments,” There is a long silence as they drink tea with a sweet snack. As usual though, silences with Satya were easy. There was no expectation to talk unless they had something to actually say.

“I performed unacceptably on the mission,” Satya admitted eventually a deep frown adorning her face. “Somebody managed to hack into my constructs and I spent the entire mission attempting to keep myself from sabotaging our success,” That disappointment and self flagellation was something that Hanzo knew quite intimately.

“When faced with my own failures I have only found one solution to dealing with them,” Her gaze turned to meet his as he spoke. “I make sure that such a mistake will never occur again,” That was what he learned when he was young, to correct the mistake and never repeat the failure.

“It will not happen again,” She assured him, gaze sharper than her usual demeanor. Hanzo helped her fix her hair while they finished their tea. There was no reason that anyone else should see her outside of her best.

The most troubling thing that week, though, seemed to be Genji’s mood. He had been progressively becoming more short tempered, but he was refusing to talk about it, usually escaping to meditate with Zenyatta whenever Hanzo might broach the subject. Hanzo never followed, he was sure that the monk could handle Genji’s problems far better than he would manage.

Near the end of the week, the only time he saw his brother was when they were training together. It was a stark contrast to Genji’s usual behavior of seeking Hanzo out. He had gotten used to that over the last few weeks and now something was wrong and he seemed incapable of doing anything about it.

The call for a team meeting interrupted any attempt at dealing with this. Everyone on base met together in the large conference room to discuss an upcoming mission that was going to require a lot of personnel. 76 began the meeting by explaining where the information they were acting on was coming from.

“I’ve got a friend you might have heard of. Goes by the name Shrike,” There were a few murmurs of apparent recognition of the name, though Hanzo had no idea who this could be. “She’s got a lead on something that is of great interest to Overwatch,”
“A Talon data server is more vulnerable than they think it is and Shrike has a plan to help us to get at it,” Winston continued for him.

“What’s in this for her” McCree asked instantly, suspicious of this Shrike’s motivations.

“Simple, we share what we find with her. Everyone wins,” 76 replied simply.

“76 has vouched for her intentions and we are going to go through with this,” Winston announced before the cowboy could protest any further. Winston continued when it was clear that McCree was not going to interrupt. “Following Shrike’s plan, we will be splitting up into three groups. One large, two small.”

“The teams are as follows,” 76 began. “Team one: Reinhardt, D.Va, Symmetra, Lucio and Zenyatta. You five will meet up with Shrike and follow her lead. You are going to be making a lot of noise. Team two will consist of myself and Hanzo. We will be infiltrating another base as a secondary diversion from our real goal. If all goes well they should assume team 1 is a diversion for team 2. Team 3 will consist of Genji and McCree. Whilst we distract them you two will break into our real target and grab what we need.”

“Why the two of us?” Genji asked quickly, Jesse tossing a frown his way.

“You have the most experience in covert ops. We need you in and out quickly and quietly,” Winston explained simply. Hanzo could hear his brother grumble softly in Japanese, but he did not interrupt the proceedings.

Each team was heading to a different place. Team one to Egypt to meet up with Shrike and cause some loud trouble. Hanzo and 76 were heading to Iran to cause some quiet trouble whilst the real mission was in Saudi Arabia, right in between the two. If all went well they won't even notice team three.

Hanzo and 76’s role was simple, but probably the most dangerous assuming things went according to plan across the board. Team one was going to launch what was essentially an assault, but they had a plan and a lot of firepower and skill involved, not to mention an exit strategy. Hanzo had to accompany the vigilante, infiltrate a small Talon facility, steal something rather inconsequential and purposefully set off an alarm so that they were chased.

The first phase went well. Breaking in and stealing a bunch of physical files. It actually insulted Hanzo to have to purposefully trigger the alarms he had easily avoided on the way in. The chase was on shortly afterwards. They went after 76 while Hanzo followed them from above.

An unexpected explosion forced a change of plans when it sent 76 flying through a building and forced him to correct his course. It was amazing that the man was still up and running after that. It would likely have been arousing if Hanzo wasn't worried that he might die at the moment.

He heard pained shouts through the communicator spurring him on quickly. He needed to find the vigilante and provide him the cover he was on the mission for in the first place. He dropped down to the street level to find 76 engaged in close range with a man wearing a black trench coat that covered him almost from head to toe. The vigilante did not have his rifle and his fist faded through the man as his body turned to shadow. He followed up that strange ability with a blow to the side of the head from a shotgun he held that sent him sprawling to the ground.

Hanzo could hear the approach of more Talon soldiers. They needed to get away from all of this before they were completely trapped. But, the two people in front of him seemed locked in their own little world. The man, Hanzo recognized now as the international terrorist known as Reaper, seemed
to ignore Hanzo’s presence despite his lack of a stealthy approach.

“Too slow Jack,” The strange smoking man spat the words, leering down at 76’s prone form, whilst Hanzo repositioned himself and aimed. “Never were very good in the field.” He stalked around the fallen vigilante, like a predator circling wounded prey. “Any last words?” The wraith laughed cruelly as he spoke aiming a shotgun at the figure on the ground.

“Do not move!” Hanzo called out, arrow trained on the man in black’s heart. He did not know if a normal weapon would hurt this creature of shadows, but he had more than mere arrows on his side.

“Think those little arrows can hurt me?” The wraith taunted him.

“Do not underestimate me monster,” Hanzo shouted back.

Reaper turned his gaze slightly towards the archer and away from 76 and it was enough for the vigilante to act. He launched himself up and grappled with the wraith, struggling to keep the man’s guns pointed away from himself. Hanzo wasted no time. The dragons beneath his skin roared in fury at the man who would dare threaten 76.

“Ryuu ga waga teki wo kurau!” (Dragon consume you!) The words passed his lips more easily than he thought they ever would again. A crackling blue energy travelled up his arm, through his tattoo, until he released it into the arrow that he launched forward. Time slowed as his arrow transformed into the brilliant form of two roaring blue dragons that soared forward in the arrows place, spiralling around each other towards their prey.

Great roaring twin dragons pulled everyone’s attention away from whatever they had been doing, even 76 and Reaper briefly paused their melee to see what the loud unfamiliar noise was. When they had manifested themselves that night against his will he had feared what harm they might cause, but at this moment the three of them were of a single mind and purpose. There would be no collateral damage, 76 was in no danger even as they charged straight at him, they were here to protect him above all else.

Their great maws attempted to rend the flesh from Reaper’s bones, but as they made contact and tore at the terrorist his body seemed to dissolve into a dark cloud. They roared and tore at the strange cloud like being, drawing an inhuman wail from the strange creature that had intended to kill 76. It was over in moments, the pained wail fell silent and the two great beasts roared in triumph as the black cloud seemed to fade and drift away.

76 stared wide eyed at Hanzo, clearly flabbergasted at what had just happened. Brown eyes met shining blue ones as the two great spirit beasts coiled slowly around the vigilante protectively. 76 was clearly at a loss for what to do when the two large serpents seemed to encircle him, cutting him off from the world outside. Hanzo merely ignored them, passing through their spectral forms without worry.

He knelt down at 76’s side, checking his wounds. For several moments they were engulfed in their own world surrounded by powerful guardians that Hanzo knew would protect them. The sound of gunfire drew his attention away from the wounded man he was helping and back to the men that were chasing them. The Shimada heir did not even need to order his dragons to attack, they launched themselves in different directions quickly and mercilessly at anyone who would threaten them.

Hanzo worked to stop the bleeding in 76’s chest to the sounds of the horrified screams of people being torn apart by furious dragons. No physical barrier could stop them and he doubted any here could even attempt to hurt them and in this state of mind they would not allow anyone to retreat. Everyone who had tried to hurt them would perish in agony tonight and they would learn that a
dragon does not know mercy.

“What was that?” 76 asked finally as the dragons disappeared in search of more prey to sate their anger.

“My birthright,” Hanzo replied simply. “Are you alright?”

“Yes. Thanks to you and your...dragons?” It was somewhat of a question, which was understandable. It is not like this was an entirely normal thing to most people.

“Your mask is busted,” Hanzo informed him softly.

“Yeah. Reyes was always very thorough, though he never used to monologue like that,” Reyes, that was the name that he had been about to say when they were out together the other week. Apparently 76 knew Reaper’s real name. Then again Reaper had called him Jack, which was probably his real name, which meant that Hanzo now knew 76’s given name. “I have a backup mask in my bag if you could grab it for me,” The vigilante interrupted his train of thought.

“Will you be okay by yourself here?”

“Yeah I'll be fine,” He grabbed a small canister from his belt and placed it on the ground next to him. It jumped to life with a soft yellow glow that quickly began closing the wounds on the man's body. “Can't go back without the mask though,” Hanzo nodded, though he did not wish to leave the man alone out here before he realized that he wouldn’t be. He would have spirit dragons to protect him if anything went wrong. All Hanzo had to do was hurry back.

His mind wandered as he made his way to their safehouse as quickly as he could. Somehow he felt like the names Jack and Reyes should mean something to him. He knew little besides the more common public knowledge about the organization, yet the names rang a bell somewhere. The only Jack he could think of was the man who had been in charge of the entire organization, Jack Morrison. He definitely remembered seeing the blonde man who had been in charge of Overwatch on the news a lot.

The man had reportedly died about five years ago along with the destruction of the Overwatch headquarters in Zurich so this couldn’t be him. But then again the man seemed to know a lot about the various agents and also be avoiding them. It would make a lot of sense if they all might recognize him without his mask because they all had worked under him.

If that was the case then that would likely mean that the name Reyes was referring to Gabriel Reyes, war hero and supposedly good friends with commander Morrison, also the one believed to have destroyed the Zurich headquarters supposedly killing the both of them. It would also make sense if Winston was aware of his identity because that would explain why the gorilla seemed to trust a random vigilante as much as he did.

There were several options he could try in an attempt to match the 76 to Jack Morrison and see if it made sense. He wanted to simply ask the man about it, but prying seemed inappropriate. At the very least this was an inappropriate place to do such a thing. They needed to get to someplace safe and 76 needed to rest. After they were nice and safe back at base he could worry about such questions.

Hanzo decided it would be more prudent and polite to return with the entire bag that 76 had brought with him instead of digging through it to find the spare mask that he had brought. He rushed on his return trip. He had started to feel the distance between himself and his dragons and he wanted to reduce that as quickly as he could.
The scene he eventually returned to find was beyond anything he could have possibly prepared for. The dragons he had summoned, proud, grand and magnificent in their glory had apparently altered their forms. They were at least twenty meters long originally and made of spiritual energy, now they seemed to have hardened into smaller physical bodies only a meter or two in length.

76 sat in the middle of the alleyway, one dragon curled up in his lap, the other wrapped softly around his neck. He looked up at Hanzo as he approached, clearly seeking guidance on what to do. Though, if Hanzo were being honest, he would admit that he did not exactly have experience with this sort of thing. His dragons had never manifested themselves physically like this before. They also radiated feelings of supreme triumph, as they often did after a victorious battle, but also one of calm contentedness. It was a feeling he did not want to interrupt without cause.

“This is...peculiar,” That really was the best way Hanzo could describe the scene at the moment.

“They don't appear to want me to go anywhere,” He could feel their confidence in having made the area safe, but they did not wish to be far from him should something else endanger him.

“Dragons are overprotective creatures,” Hanzo said by way of explanation.

“I would be safer if I could move more freely,” 76 was shocked as both dragons managed to turn towards him with a look of incredulity on their faces.

“They believe that they are more than capable of protecting you from any threat that might show itself. Dragons are also proud creatures,”

“Any reason they are protecting me like this and not you?” Hanzo had to will away the blush that formed at the question.

“When I summoned them it was with the goal of protecting you. They are simply seeing their task through to its conclusion,” Hanzo lied, though it was a lie based heavily on the truth.

“Could you maybe send them away,” It only took about a second or two of trying and an irritated scoff from the dragons in question for him to figure out that the answer was no. They were very adamant in their refusal to leave.

“I apologize, but that is impossible at the moment,” Hanzo admitted, embarrassed. “But I did bring your bag for you,”

76 quickly found and donned another mask that was identical to the one that was destroyed, hiding his face behind metal and glass once again. He seemed to relax a bit now that his identity was no longer at risk of being immediately exposed.

“We need to deal with this,” 76 gestured to the dragons curled up on and around him. “They don’t like it when I try to get up and move at all and we need to get back to the safehouse and report in,” The dragon sitting in his lap actually whined at the thought of the vigilante moving.

“I might suggest lifting him in your arms and carrying him with you,” A soft rumble of assent came from two great spirit beasts at this new plan.

“So I'm stuck with them?”

“For the moment,” Hanzo confirmed with a nod. Both dragons scoffed in irritation at the implication that they were a burden. “I apologize for this,” 76 merely shrugged, softly jostling his passengers, much to their annoyance.
They returned to the safe house as quickly as they could manage together, but with two unexpected passengers in tow. They were safer here than out in the middle of nowhere. They were also due to call in and report their progress soon, though he would leave that to 76 who moved to do just that as soon as they had settled down.

“Line is secure,” Athena’s voice called through their radio as he sought an open channel.

“Agents Hanzo and 76 report!” Winston called through moments later.

“76 here. Mission went,” He was interrupted as the dragon wrapped around him like a scarf proceeded to chomp at the transmitter in his hands curiously. He pulled the communicator away and softly pushed the dragon’s maw the other direction. “a little more and less smoothly than we planned, got ambushed by the big guns. They called in Reaper,” He had to wrestle it away from a whining dragon to continue.

“Are you alright?” Winston was clearly concerned by news of the Reaper and probably the soft struggle the vigilante was having with some overprotective dragons.

“Yeah, few bruises. Hanzo managed to get the best of Reaper and most of the goons he brought. I'll have a full report when we return. I doubt Reaper’s gone for good though,” 76 added ominously. Hanzo would not have believed that if he hadn't seen the man turn into some kind of smoke or mist. Who knew whether or not his dragons actually got rid of him with that sort of ability. “On the plus side, him being here meant he wasn't at the real site. How's the mission?”

“It went almost precisely as Shrike had planned it. They went after you and her team while our covert team got what we wanted without much trouble,”

“Good. We got an evac inbound?”

“Yes. ETA twenty minutes actually. Lena’s just coming from extracting our retrieval team,”

“Understood we'll be ready. 76 out,” The vigilante gave the receiver back to the insistent beast wrapped around his neck who proceeded to play around with it for a minute before getting bored. Most likely because it stopped speaking and 76’s attention was elsewhere.

“I apologize for their behavior,” They whined at the implication that they had done anything wrong.

“It's okay,” 76 laughed. “They are honestly quite cute,” They growled angrily at that prompting a full body laugh from 76, the kind that made his eyes shine bright underneath his visor. “You're also strong and majestic warriors,” The vigilante added placatingly. “It's quite amazing that you manage both so well,” Hanzo’s ancient spirit guardians preened at the man’s compliment shooting superior and knowing glances at Hanzo.

“I would not feed their egos so lightly,” Hanzo warned shooting his own look at the two dragons, meeting their gazes easily. 76 laughed at the transparent display. Now that they were out of mortal danger the man seemed to have relaxed somewhat.

“Do they have names?” the question was simple but it had caught him off guard. They were such an intrinsic part of his being that he had never needed names to differentiate them. They may look alike to others, but to him they were like his right and left hand. He knew their names, even if he had never asked nor needed to before, he could feel them answer with what they wished to be called.

“The one on your lap calls itself Tsume, around your neck is Musabo, ”

“Well I would like to formally thank all three of you for your aid: Hanzo, Tsume and Musabo.
Things would not have gone well without your help,” The swell of pride Hanzo felt was clearly mirrored by both Tsume and Musabo, all three faces lit up. Hanzo’s smile was interrupted by a call coming in.

“Evenin’ gents,” Lena’s voice called through their communicators. “Somebody need a lift?” It was still impressive how quietly the ship ran, Hanzo mused. Hanzo grabbed all of their equipment while 76’s were full of a squirming spirit dragon. “All aboard,” Lena called as they quickly boarded the transport, eager to put this place behind them.

“Han...zo?” Genji’s greeting turned into a question when he laid eyes on the bright blue creatures all but attached to 76.

“What in tarnation…?” Whatever Genji had been about to say was overtaken by McCree’s outburst. He gawked at the strange creatures.

“They are dragons McCree,” 76 replied nonchalantly, as if he had not just managed to get passed the initial shock himself. “This one in my arms is Tsume and around my neck is Musabo,”

“What happened Hanzo?” Genji interrupted before the cowboy could say anything in response, voice rather worried.

“I am not sure. I summoned them to aid us in battle and when it was over they assumed these forms and refused to leave,” Hanzo’s uncertainty only seemed to add to the tension the cyborg felt. 76 took a seat as they spoke while McCree slowly approached the creatures he carried.

“They're awful cute,” He commented as the dragons regarded the newcomer coolly. They hissed angrily at the words and McCree jumped back quickly prompting another laugh from 76.

“They are more than just cute McCree,” 76 commented, hands scratching softly underneath each dragon's chin. They purred happily whilst he continued. “They are majestic and powerful creatures. They saved our lives back there,” 76 was treating them more like pets than ancient guardian spirits, but they were incredibly pleased by his attention and praise. Hanzo would never have believed that they would tolerate anything like this, let alone enjoy it.

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“Are they dangerous?”

“Haven't hurt me yet,” 76 replied without turning his attention away from the two dragons tangled up with him, now vying for more of his attention. Jesse moved towards them slowly, clearly interested. “I would ask them before you tried anything though. They are very opinionated and killed at least a dozen Talon agents quite easily,”

“Nineteen,” Hanzo corrected, a fact he knew because they wanted him to know and to make sure everyone else here knew the proper amount. They glared at Jesse as he approached, their gazes as imperious as Hanzo’s. It clearly made the cowboy uncomfortable, but he shuffled closer slowly, curiosity getting the better of his trepidation.

“May I?” Jesse asked slowly reaching a hand out. Tsume nipped Jesse’s hand lightly as it neared the dragon and he pulled it back with a yelp. Hanzo frowned as the spirit beasts laughed at the cowboy’s reaction.

“Be nice,” Hanzo practically barked at the smug little dragon. Tsume actually pouted at the reprimand, but responded by leaving 76’s grasp and briefly rubbing its nose against Jesse’s by way of apology.

“Ah they’re sweet little terrifying things,” McCree replied with a soft smile. Tsume returned to its
place in 76’s arms, seeking the vigilante’s attention, not being satisfied until he earned himself a soft
scratching from the masked man.

“Where’s Genji?” Hanzo asked, suddenly aware of his brother’s absence.

“Prolly in the cockpit with Lena,” McCree replied quickly.

“I will go speak with him,” Hanzo paused before turning back around and addressing Tsume and
Musabo. “Behave while I am gone,” He ordered as imperiously as he could manage before turning
around and heading to find his brother.

Lena was quiet as he entered the cockpit, which was very unlike her. You could feel the tension in
the room. Whatever was going on, his brother was tense and very angry.

“Genji,” He called out to his brother. “What is wrong?” He spoke in Japanese in an attempt to
maintain some level of privacy in the small aircraft.

“Nothing is wrong brother,” it hurt to hear the pain in his brother’s voice. He was very clearly upset
and not hiding it very well.

“If I am not allowed to lie like that, neither are you,”

“I am not lying,” He insisted.

“Yes you are. Just tell me what is wrong so I may try and help,” Genji fell silent at the request. This
was very familiar to Hanzo though, something he could handle. It was often very difficult to get
Genji to admit to things, but Hanzo was patient and his glare was a powerful tool that he had long
since perfected. Genji could pretend to ignore it as long as he wanted, Hanzo had always been more
patient and he doubted that such a thing had changed, despite all of the progress he had witnessed in
his brother.

His younger brother lasted much longer than he would have in their youth, but eventually he would
crack. It helped that there was nowhere to escape to. He probably hoped that Hanzo would leave, but
instead he stayed. His glare did not leave Genji for a moment, even as he made small talk with Lena
while Genji brooded silently. Nearly a half hour had passed before he finally broke and answered the
question.

“I am mad at the cowboy,” Genji’s voice was quick, the statement short and clipped. Hanzo frowned
at the reveal. That was not what he had been expecting.

“Why?” Hanzo had been under the impression that they were good friends.

“What does it matter?” Genji asked.

“It matters because you are clearly very upset. You've been getting worse for the past week or so
from what I have seen,” When Genji remained silent Hanzo sighed. “We haven't had a chance to
talk in several days and I wish to help,”

“He went behind my back and tried to chase you away Hanzo. I told him that I had forgiven you and
asked him to please be nice, but he ignored me,”

“You are mad at him for yelling at me?”

“It's more than that. He deliberately went against my wishes and betrayed my trust Hanzo. How can
I not be mad at him?”
Hanzo sat in silent contemplation for several seconds. In his mind this was ridiculous. McCree had been an idiot for doing what he had done, but he had done it out of loyalty and caring. Hanzo may not have been very good at dealing with people, but he knew better than to tell Genji that he was being ridiculously right now, even if it was true.

“Otouto,” The title caught Genji by surprise. Hanzo could count on one hand the number of times he had referred to him as such outside of a formal event, but he wanted Genji to understand how serious he was. “From what I have seen McCree is a good friend who goes out of his way to watch out for you. He cares a great deal about you,”

“What kind of friend goes behind my back like that?” Genji spat back at him.

“The kind who would steal an elder’s sword and replace it with a replica that would quickly shatter because he had insulted his brother’s form,” He knew that Genji would remember that incident. It was a lot less funny then he had intended it to be when Hanzo accidentally gravely injured the asshole because neither of them expected the sword to simply shatter like that. Nobody managed to prove that Genji had done it, though most of the castle knew it was him.

“That was different,” Genji insisted. “I didn’t go behind your back,”

“You did,” Hanzo insisted in return. “What was I going to do if my strike had been a little bit harder and an inch or so lower? I would have killed him and the fallout would have been so much worse than it was,”

“I’m sorry Hanzo, I did not intend to make things more difficult for you,” Genji realized the trap as the words tumbled out of his mouth.

“As I am sure the same goes for the cowboy,” Hanzo confirmed what his younger brother had just figured out.

“You don’t even like him,” Genji exclaimed, clearly exasperated. “Why are you defending him?”

“Because I care about you and I don’t want you losing a good friend over me like this,”

“Why can’t you just be mad at him with me?” Genji cried out exasperated.

“I can not be mad at him for trying to protect you like I was supposed to,” Hanzo emphasized the words. He should have protected Genji no matter what, but he did not. “Besides, if our situations were reversed I would have done much worse than yell at and accuse him. I would not have had his restraint, even if it was not what you would have wanted,”

“You think he did nothing wrong!” It was an accusation more than a question.

“No, what he did was stupid and inconsiderate and he should not have done it,” He replied. “But, You have forgiven me for betraying my duties as your brother and murdering you, yet you would condemn your friend for making a single stupid mistake. A mistake that he has avoided repeating since that night. A mistake I am sure that he apologized for and regrets,”

He could see the response forming in the way Genji held himself. His posture was poised to fight, but then Genji sighed, seemingly in defeat and Hanzo relaxed significantly. It was difficult, doing whatever this was, but he owed it to his brother to try to help him anyway he could. Genji and the cowboy seemed to be great friends and Hanzo could not simply let them fall apart because of him.

“I really should talk to him shouldn’t I?”
"I think listening might be more important, but I can send him over here if you'd like,"

"Okay," Genji agreed reluctantly. Hanzo tried to smile reassuringly as he turned to leave, though he probably failed to do so, this sort of thing had never been one of his strong suits.

All of the attention in the rest of the ship was still stuck to the twin dragons that boarded with him and 76. Musabo had abandoned the spot around 76’s neck and was instead wrapped around Jesse’s hat, apparently wrestling with the cowboy over something or another while 76 looked on, amused.

"Hanzo. Can I get a little help over here?" The cowboy called out trying to fight off a spirit dragon that was climbing over him. It was not a fight that he was likely to win. It was a good thing the dragon did not mean any real harm or things would have been very dangerous.

"What are you two doing?" Hanzo demanded.

"Found out they like beef jerky and this little one is trying to steal it," Jesse practically shouted. 76 laughed and, much to his own surprise, Hanzo joined him.

"I told him to ask before feeding them," The vigilante chastised lightly.

"Ain't my fault," The cowboy insisted as the two of them fell over, McCree gripping a bag of meat to his chest, the dragon trying to reach its grubby little claws underneath him. “They smelled it and started begging. They was too cute to refuse and then this one wanted all of it,”

"Musabo get off of him!" The order spilled out of him in his native tongue reminiscent of his time chastising Genji in their youth. If they were not going to leave, then they were at least going to listen to him. The dragon looked downright offended as it climbed off the Cowboy and returned to the spot it had claimed around 76’s neck. “Please relinquish the beef jerky McCree,” This time it was Jesse’s turn to look offended. “I will purchase you a crateful later if you would like, but I would like some peace until we return to base,"

"Alright, but I’m holdin’ you to yer word about the crate," McCree grumbled, clearly not thrilled about the way things were going.

"Get me a list of your preferences for the product and I will acquire it as soon as i am able,” Hanzo replied. McCree nodded, handing the package over to the dragons’ chosen perch. 76 took the package as Musabo lunged for it greedily. The vigilante easily intercepted the dragon’s lunge, grabbing the beast’s neck firmly and holding him back. “Also, my brother would like to speak with you McCree,” The cowboy froze at the words.

"Okay," He replied after several long moments, walking off toward the cockpit while 76 continued to fend off Musabo’s attempts at thievery.

"Now, now, Musabo you have to share with Tsume;” 76 chastised, voice soft yet assertive. Tsume beamed at the vigilante’s words, throwing a smug expression towards its twin around the man’s neck who was pouting, but acquiesced and stopped trying to steal the bag. The pouting dragon perked up however, as the vigilante held a piece of jerky out for him.

“They are not simple pets,” Hanzo remarked at the display.

“No, they are great majestic dragons,” 76 declared grandiloquently, dragons roaring softly in approval. “But I will treat them like children if they act like it, same as anyone else,” 76 continued simply. Hanzo expected righteous indignation from the dragons at the comment, but they simply purred happily, eating the proffered food and enjoying the attention they were receiving.
Soon enough the ravenous little beasts were curled up and dozing away seemingly without a care in the world. 76, their chosen bed, seemed to no longer be concerned about his new entourage. Instead, his posture is relaxed, like he is in his element dealing with a duo of clingy spirit dragons.

“You handle them well,”

“It’s been a while, but I have a lot of experience with animals, children and soldiers,” 76 replied somewhat fondly. “They are kind of all three,” it was a strange view of the situation, but Hanzo supposed that it was not really incorrect.

“What’s going on with Jesse and Genji?” 76 asked rather suddenly. Hanzo gave him a questioning look rather than answer. It was not really his place to talk about this. “You could cut the tension with a knife. Thought your conversation with your brother might have had something to do with it. They’ve been on the outs for almost a week at this point.”

“It is a private matter,” Hanzo replied, perhaps more sharply than he should have.

“Sorry if I’m prying. I was just hoping they would be okay. Jesse was just about the only person Genji didn’t seem to hate back in the day. it would be a shame if something petty drove a wedge between them,”

“It is out of my hands,” Hanzo replied. It was as much as he felt that he could say without breaching his brother’s privacy. A long time passed in relative silence before McCree’s boisterous laughter filled the entire vehicle, a good sign that things were looking up in whatever discussion he was having with Genji. The sound of his brother’s own laugh followed shortly behind. Hanzo breathed a soft sigh of relief at the sounds. They were a good sign that some positive progress had been made. It was good timing as well, they were nearing the base.

Hanzo’s dragons drew plenty of attention as they headed to meet Winston for a debriefing. Lena had not actually seen them yet, Mercy was distracted from her quick examinations when they started trying to mess with her instruments as she took 76’s vitals. Athena was concerned about any danger they might represent and Winston seemed at a loss to explain or even understand where the magical spirit dragons came from. None of them could deny, however that the things were real and 76’s report had claimed that they were very powerful, but did not seem dangerous.

McCree happily announced that he was going to make something special to celebrate the day. Hanzo wasn’t sure whether it was about the successful mission or the fact that he and Genji were no longer fighting, both were worth celebrating. The rest of the team was due to arrive in the next hour or so, Brigitte was apparently their pilot. They would debrief and probably be hungry, so the cowboy ran off to the kitchen with a spring in his step.

Tsume and Musabo were determined to be difficult it seemed as Hanzo attempted to extricate 76 from their grasp. They squirmed and resisted his every move.

“Do not bother him anymore than you already have!” Hanzo chastised harshly. Musabo actually stuck his tongue out at the archer and wrapped himself tighter around the vigilante’s neck.

“Whoa there,” 76 interrupted before Hanzo could get into an actual fight with his own spirit guardians. “They’re not really a bother, but I would like to take a shower,” The dragons managed to look crestfallen, but they removed themselves from around him at his implicit request. “I’ll be in the mess hall after I clean up and you can have a much nicer perch than before,” They lit up at the promise and let the vigilante go without a problem.

“Now you can return until I need you again,” Tsume and Musabo shared a look before ignoring
Hanzo and flying off into the base together.

He debated internally whether to be truly concerned about them running off or not. The decision was made when he realized how much he also needed a shower. They might cause some mischief, but they did not appear to be inclined to hurt anyone or cause any real problems. The thought of them raiding the kitchen and fighting with McCree over what he was cooking followed him into his room and he smiled softly as he showered.

He took his time bathing and grooming himself after a successful mission. They were going to celebrate, in a manner, and such an event called for appropriate attire. McCree had mentioned it would take awhile for food to be ready, so there was no hurry to finish.

Leaving his room, presentable as he could be, he decided it was probably best to find where Tsume and Musabo had run off to. Focusing, he could feel the direction that they were, much to his relief. They were connected to each other and physical distance did little to interfere with that apparently. The trail led him to Zenyatta’s room, a worrying proposition.

He knocked softly on the door, in part, hoping he was not interrupting anyone’s meditation, also secretly hoping that no one would answer. A few moments passed before he heard a mechanical voice invite him in. It appeared that the other team had returned and debriefed in the time Hanzo had taken to prepare.

The first things he noticed were his dragons. Musabo was tumbling around chasing one of the monks orbs around the room and trying to wrestle it to the ground while Tsume was curled up in Genji’s lap. None of this held his attention when he saw his brother without the outer parts of his armor on.

It allowed Hanzo to see the entirety of what was left of Genji’s body, the extent of the damage that he had inflicted on his brother. Most of him was replaced by metal, all that remained flesh was his face, a moderate portion of his torso and his left arm. The rest of it was a mess of metal fused into and replacing flesh. The scars on his face, his body, everything he saw for the first time hurt. He could not imagine what he had put the man through and this was the physical proof of it.

There was no way to tell how long he stared at the cyborg that would be unrecognizable as Genji if it were not for his eyes. His eyes, they stared right back into Hanzo’s. Just like that day at Shimada castle, there was no mistaking that he was looking at his brother. Those eyes could belong to no one else.

“Is something wrong Hanzo?” Genji asked softly.

“Yes,” Hanzo answered simply, the truth. “But I am here to make sure Tsume and Musabo are behaving.”

“They are delightful,” Zenyatta explained as Musabo relinquished its grip on his orb and moved to join his brother. Hanzo could feel the guilt and sorrow his dragons felt so clearly now in this form. They were here to apologize even if they could not in words.

“They are sorry Genji. They wish to apologize,” He delivered their message for them.

“I know. They are forgiven brother,”

“It was not their fault. It was mine,” Hanzo insisted out loud.

“You are all forgiven,” Genji repeated softly. Silence filled the room, Musabo moved to rub himself softly against Genji’s face. “I have never seen any dragon take a form for so long a time. Isn't it tiring?” Hanzo had to think about the question, it should be tiring. Calling forth their power for hours
should have been dangerous even, but he felt fine. They had not been much of a drain once they had finished fighting.

“It does not appear to take much for them to stay in this form. Though it was not my intention for them to do so,” Genji hummed in response, an awkward and tense silence falling between the two of them. Hanzo could not tell who was more uncomfortable with the situation at the moment. “Does it hurt?” He blurted out in an effort to break the oppressive silence.

“It did at first, but the implants and components were improved over time,” He explained. Hanzo really had nothing to add and it was clear that Genji was uncomfortable talking about it so he dropped it.

“Will you be joining us for dinner? Hanzo asked instead, drawing an inquisitive look from his brother.

“Oh, you are going?”

“It would be unseemly not to. It's a celebration and I believe we all deserve a nice time,”

“That's good, I will join everyone later then,”

“We will get out of your way,” Hanzo declared, neither Tsume nor Musabo resisting as they followed him out the door. “We will be in the mess hall.” His dragons followed him the short distance to the mess hall quietly. The collective mood of the group only improved once they enter the communal room to find that 76 was already there amongst a large group consisting of almost everyone on base.

The soft murmur in the room died down as two dragons flew across the room, practically tackling the masked soldier in their haste to return to their favorite positions. The lower part of 76’s mask was removed so that he could eat and drink and he smiled even as they practically mauled him for attention.

“You two act like you haven't seen me in forever,” He teased softly. They elected to ignore his jabbing. “You should probably meet everyone,” He added, not that there was any need to seek that out, the entire room was staring at the newcomers. It was doubtful that any of them had seen a dragon before and they were understandably curious.

The entire dinner celebration was dominated by talk of and interaction with Tsume and Musabo. Everyone wanted to know what they were and where they came from. Lucio ran off to get his computer to work on what he called a dragon mix while they ate. Reinhardt wanted to spar with them, an idea they were fine with but Hanzo vetoed immediately. Angela wanted to study them, something Hanzo was uncomfortable with, but they seemed indifferent towards. Hana was trying to convince them to breath fire, an ability Hanzo was fairly certain that they lacked.

It took most of the evening to convince Satya that they were real and not some kind of construct or hologram. She had spent much of that time attempting to create similar constructs which were only successful on a superficial level. Musabo enjoyed all of the things she made however and the two seemed to get along rather well. People were distracted away from the two spirit beasts briefly when the food came out. Then everybody was trying to feed them.

Through all of this they enjoyed all of the attention they were being showered with, but eventually ended up back wrapped around 76 giving them soft attention and stealing some of his food. Hanzo mostly watched and answered some questions about Tsume and Musabo and made sure nobody did anything that would lead to injury.
Genji arrived sometime after the commotion had died down and people were eating more calmly, though still animatedly. It was obvious that something was wrong, eating away at him at the moment, but he smiled and Zenyatta was there to support him. All Hanzo could do was watch and listen if he wanted to talk. Hanzo was able to smile when his brother sought out a seat next to McCree and the two began talking to each other. It was quieter than he was used to the two of them being, but it seemed like a good start.

Everyone seemed to simply accept the existence of dragons, and their presence on base, remarkably quickly here. By the end of a single meal it seemed like most people were acting like it was merely another fact of life. Which was somewhat of a surprise, but with how strange everything else was around here, it was not much of one. It was just nice that no one seemed to be alarmed by them, especially since Hanzo did not know how long they would be staying like this.

Much to everyone’s surprise Hanzo and 76 stuck around throughout the meal. Hanzo did not wish to leave Tsume and Musabo to their own devices, afraid of what they might do. While 76 seemed to be enjoying the food and spending time with the two affectionate dragons. Genji was the first to retire, along with Zenyatta. Others followed suit as the night wore on. They were all that was left eventually when even McCree, Lena and Reinhardt had turned in for the night.

“They really seem to like you,” Hanzo announced watching as they began to doze peacefully wrapped around the soldier, once again, without a care in the world.

“The feeling’s mutual,” Hanzo was glad they were sleeping and couldn’t gloat at the man’s praise.

“We should retire for the night,”

“I don’t think they want to go anywhere,” 76 remarked, no hint of irritation on his face at the realization.

“I apologize. I shall take them off your hands so you may sleep,”

“I don’t mind them hanging around. They're pretty good company honestly,” From the looks of things getting them to come with him would be difficult, so Hanzo relented and went off to his room alone.

There was one last thing that Hanzo wished to do before he ended his day. The computer he now had in his room would be able to assist him. It was easy to find old information on the organization, but what he really wanted came in the form of PR posters all bearing the young and proud strike commander.

So much about the man looked nothing like what he had seen beneath 76’s visor. Beyond the obvious age differences, the vigilante’s face was scarred and bitter, quite unlike the blonde’s soft and sincere smile. In fact, at a cursory glance he never would have connected the two of them together if it were not for his eyes. The two shared eyes deep and blue as the ocean and Hanzo was almost positive that Soldier 76 was in fact Jack Morrison, the former leader of Overwatch presumed dead; killed in the explosion that took at the organization’s headquarters five years ago.

Only now that he had the answer he was looking for did Hanzo realize how much prying he had just done and how he had done so with no clear end goal in mind. He was not really sure what to do with this information, though he was certainly not going to tell anyone. The man was hiding his identity for a reason and it was not Hanzo’s place to question him.

He knew what the proper response was even if he wanted to avoid it. He was going to have to talk to 76 about this and explain what he thinks that he knows. The truth coming out some other way would
likely just make things much worse. It is not like Hanzo did anything untoward in order to figure this
out, he merely overheard Reaper talking and looked up old photos. His perceptiveness had been
trained in him since birth. He could no more not have noticed and wondered about it than he could
have stopped circulating blood by force of will alone.

His dreams were light and cheerful. He spent time reading something indistinct while his dragons
played with others. First it was his brother and McCree, getting along again, then Satya poised and
curious. Then it was 76, who smiled brightly, blue eyes shining, as they showered each other in
attention. As time passed they urged him slowly out of his seat and into the center of attention. It was
uncomfortable, but surrounded by a group of people he liked and spurred on by the twin spirits that
have been with him most of his life. He smiled, content in the moment.
Echoes

Chapter Summary

Things get in the way of Hanzo talking to 76 and before he can manage it the man leaves on some mission leaving Hanzo alone with a pair of moping dragons. Other people help him deal with his own loneliness.

Chapter Notes

So sorry for the wait everyone. It's been like forever. A bunch of stuff got in the way, but I hope this chapter was worth the wait. The next one should be out relatively soon. This chapter was originally about twice as long, but was split in half for pacing and consistency issues.

I rewrote the first chapter of this story and posted it in place of the original. I was wondering if anyone had any opinions/comments/feedback on the new version.

As usual, italics indicate Japanese being spoken.

Hanzo had expected the constant presence of his dragons to eventually become unsustainable, but as a few days passed without incident he began to realize that they might stick around indefinitely. He was not entirely sure why they had manifested as they had, but it was clear a few days in that nothing Hanzo could do would get them to leave.

Everyone on base seemed to enjoy their presence though, so there was very little that he could truly complain about. It was not like they spent a lot of time bothering Hanzo and getting in his way, quite the opposite in fact. They spent very little time around the man they were bonded to, preferring just about anyone else. But, most of all, they hung around 76. That should definitely have come as no surprise, given how difficult they had made things because of the man.

What did come as a surprise was his reaction to constantly seeing the three of them together. 76 smiled softly and laughed around them as they sought his attention and played around with him and sometimes others. 76 gave them attention and kind words, soft praise and regardless of how stupid it might have been, Hanzo grew to hate it.

Jealousy was an ugly feeling, Hanzo was keenly aware of this fact. He remembered the seething jealousy of his youth and how it had led him here today. Despite all of this, he could not shake the feeling that Tsume and Musabo were doing this on purpose. They had been with him for most of his life, they would know, more than anyone, how to get under his skin.

The worst part was that Hanzo knew how ridiculous it was, not just the jealousy in general, but whom he was jealous of. But, none of that did anything to stop his irritation whenever he would walk into the mess hall and see them fawning over the man. He had begun to think about their early morning breakfasts as a part of his ritual, part of what grounded him each day, and they were disturbing it, turning it from something he looked forward to into something he dreaded.
It had taken considerable discipline to keep from doing anything stupid around 76 while this was going on. So much so, that he had not even gotten around to actually talking to him about his suspicions regarding the man’s true identity. It had been three days and he still could not find a good moment to even broach the subject. He went to bed alone each night whilst his dragons shared Jack’s bed. He banished the thought before it could consume him.

The fourth day started differently. He was awoken by movement in his quarters and found himself being joined by Tsume and Musabo in the early hours of the morning. His first instinct was to scoff and ignore them, but he could both feel and see how dejected they were and he held back his irritation.

“What is wrong?” He asked instead when he had woken up a bit more. They wrapped themselves around him, snuggling up to him under the covers. 76 had left in the middle of the night, gone somewhere they could not follow because they were bound to Hanzo and they were distraught. “Do not worry. He will be back shortly,” He was not sure who he was trying to reassure more, his dragons or himself.

Hanzo knew that the man was a more than capable fighter and very skilled at what he did. Tsume and Musabo knew this as well. It did not stop them from stubbornly lamenting the fact that they were not there protect him should something go wrong. It would not have been as bad if they had not had to step in and save his life just a few days ago. Hanzo could not help but imagine the worst case scenario, with the soldier hundreds or thousands of miles away.

Anxiety had brought his dragons back here and now he knew that anxiety would keep them all awake. True to form, he did not manage to sleep at all after he receive the news. He mostly stared at the ceiling, caught in his own head about what could happen. He struggled to pull himself out of bed and bathe when it was finally time to get up.

He had thought dealing with this pang of jealousy had been the worst thing for his morning routine, watching the three of them in silent irritation. He learned very quickly that he preferred sharing 76’s time and attention with two haughty dragons much more than the man being gone entirely. He silently made and ate a simple breakfast, absentmindedly offering some to Tsume and Musabo when he could not bring himself to finish it.

He left the mess hall before anybody else arrived, not in the mood to deal with other people right now. Instead he had two options, find something to do or lie in bed waiting to maybe get some sleep. Since he could not drink this early in the day without potentially causing a problem for the other people in base, he chose the most obvious answer, target practice. Musabo and Tsume did not follow him.

Working on his aim took immense amounts of concentration and would allow him to distract himself from his thoughts, at least for a while. It proved less useful than he had hoped. His aim was off, his mind refused to quiet and let him actually focus. He was growing more and more agitated with his failures when he heard someone open the door to join him.

He had thought that it might not be a bad idea to have a little company at the moment, even if he would not normally seek other people out frequently. The thoughts vanished moments later with the tell tale jingling of spurs and he had to stifle a groan. He did not need to deal with McCree when he was so out of it right now.

“Howdy there Han,” The man drawled, voice light and friendly. The strange mode of address puzzled him and he turned to stare at the cowboy.

“Han?”
“Nickname, short for Hanzo,” Jesse explained with a grin. “Genji is Gen or sometimes G. Tracer is Trace. Angela is Angie,”

“I understand what a nickname is McCree. I simply do not understand why you would call me that,” He replied, frowning.

“Ask anyone, I give everybody a nickname or two,”

“Even if they do not wish for one?” Hanzo asked quickly, tone irritated. Jesse merely grinned wider.

“All the more reason then,” The cowboy replied with a soft laugh.

“I suppose asking you to stop it would accomplish nothing,”

“Didn’t work for yer brother, didn't work for the strike commander, or my old boss. Doubt it'll work for you,”

“Well, do not expect me to sit here and be insulted,” Hanzo turned away from McCree and went to collect his arrows, intent on simply leaving the room.

“Now, now, no need to get upset or nothin’ Han,” Hanzo visibly flinched as the man repeated the ridiculous nickname. “S’not meant as an insult really. Quite the opposite in fact,”

“So this is your way of complimenting people? You annoy them and do not stop even when they ask you to?”

“Well t’be fair you haven't exactly asked me for anything yet,”

“Very well,” Hanzo replied sharply. “Would you please refrain from calling me things that I have not agreed to?” Jesse merely smiled at the question.

“How about we shoot for it?” Hanzo frowned at him. “Simple game and stakes. Most bullseyes wins. You win, I stop calling ya anything ‘cept whatcha want me to, I win, I have yer permission to pick a nickname,”

“That is ridiculous. Why would I gamble over something like this,” Hanzo scoffed at the idea.

“I dunno. It sounds like fun t’me. But, if ya don't think you can beat me, I understand that,” Hanzo glowered at the insinuation. “I am an intimidatin’ figure after all,”

He knew what McCree was doing, his brother used to goad him like this all the time. He would sometimes rise to it simply to placate Genji, though it was not like he was in any fear losing such a challenge. Besides, it was an opportunity to show up the man without appearing to be in the wrong.

“Very well,” Hanzo replied simply, readying an arrow and firing it straight through the center of the head of one of the targets meant for firearms. “Let us begin,”

The contest grew out of hand very quickly. Neither of them were in any real danger of missing these stationary targets, not when the stakes were so high. Whatever had been keeping Hanzo distracted during his own practice vanished as his need to be victorious rose. Hanzo was not sure how long they traded off shooting in the range before they gave up and moved to the training room.

McCree set them up with some moving bot targets that would more effectively test their skills and actually allow the contest to end before one of them simply collapsed from exhaustion, which would not be a satisfying conclusion in this contest of skill.
The new rules were a slight variation on the original. They would alternate taking out the same bot in the same situation. They had only one shot for each and only head shots counted. It was simple enough for the both of them, though significantly more challenging than the original setup. There were a few near misses for the both of them, though they went on for nearly an hour before a victor was declared.

“Boy howdy Han, that was some mighty fine shootin’” McCree commented with a huge smile on his face, clearly pleased with the results. Hanzo merely frowned, walking around the room, gathering his arrows back up. “Keep that up and your face’ll get stuck like that,” McCree commented, eyes following the archer.

“What?” Hanzo asked, confusion temporarily replacing the irritation he felt at having been bested, having failed. This cowboy was very good at using words that Hanzo recognized in ways that he did not.

“Just an expression. No need ta think too hard on it Hanners,”

“No!” Hanzo exclaimed simply, eyes snapping to meet McCree’s, voice and gaze sharp.

“What? Don't like that one?” The cowboy was apparently a master of the shit eating grin. “Pretty sure I jus’ won the right to pick what I call you. Hanners or Huckleberry sound good or maybe something dramatic like Arrow or how about…”

“You may call me Han,” He interrupted simply.

“Pretty sure you agreed to let me choose,” Jesse replied quickly, grin never falling from his face.

“Yes, and in the interest of avoiding bodily harm, you wisely chose to stick with Han. For that you have proven yourself much smarter than I originally thought,” McCree let out a full body laugh.

“Alright, alright, no need for threats or flattery. Han it is,” Hanzo actually laughed in return.

“You have very low expectations if that was flattering to you,”

“I jus’ figured anything that wasn't a clear insult was probably trying to be a compliment from ya.”

“That sounds like something Genji would say,” Hanzo rolled his eyes, though it was more fond than irritated.

“Yeah, I was mostly paraphrasing him. He was surprised when ya complimented my performance. Said it was a rarity,”

“I have never really thought about it,” That was not entirely true, he had briefly thought about it, his brother had often accused him of being stingy with his praise. It just never seemed important enough to dwell on. Maybe he should reconsider his opinion on the subject.

“I'm guessin’ ya have very high standards,” The cowboy might have been teasing him.

“Yes,” Hanzo agreed quickly. “Me and Genji were both raised that way, to not accept anything but the best,”

“Never much took Genji for the snobby type,”

“His friends are world class fighters playing the roles of real life superheroes. His mentor is an Omnic monk with the patience of a saint, fully capable of fighting some of the most dangerous
people in the world. He has more than one extremely limited edition pachimaru plushie where he sleeps and both swords he wields are one of a kind. Has he ever so much as let you touch his katana?”

“Alright, alright Han. I'll have to take your word for it,” Jesse replied, raising his hands in surrender. “You hungry?” He had not noticed until that moment that he was in fact very hungry, feeding half his small breakfast to depressed spirit dragons did not help one’s stomach. “I'll whip us up somethin’ nice if’n y’aint too tired.” He emphasized that last word.

It seemed like Jesse was trying to challenge him again. Trying to goad him into accepting his offer. Which meant a few things were happening right now. McCree really wanted him to go with him for some reason and he was worried that Hanzo would say no. All that awaited Hanzo anywhere else was moping and a sad duo of dragons, so there was really no reason to say no. He doubted the cowboy was going to risk making Genji mad at him again.

“It is late for breakfast,” He replied.

“And real early for lunch, but about the perfect time for brunch,” Jesse laughed at Hanzo’s apparent confusion. “It's a meal between breakfast and lunch, brunch. ‘Sides, that workout has really worked up my appetite real good,”

“I suppose I am a bit curious as to what constitutes brunch,” He answered after a brief moment.

“Alright, one nice brunch coming right up,” The cowboy walked off energetically, Hanzo falling in step behind him. They walked for a short while before Hanzo spoke again.

“I do not mean to insult Genji,” Hanzo announced, suddenly aware that his comments earlier might have come off that way. “He is much less high maintenance than he used to be,” Again, that came out worse than Hanzo had intended it to. “He has always wanted things his way,”

“Now, that I can recall with perfect clarity,” Jesse returned thoughtfully. “I reckon that's part of why he had such a hard time gettin’ along with people,”

“He must have thought very highly of you if he considered you a friend,”

“I always heard that he had lotsa friends back before it all went down,” Jesse was avoiding talking directly about what Hanzo had done, trying to be polite and avoid conflict. Hanzo swallowed his feelings and replied in kind.

“He had, what I believe would be called, groupies,” Hanzo tried to explain. “But, from what I understand there is a difference between a sycophantic follower and a friend, not that I have much experience with friendship myself,”

“Sounds lonely,”

“Dragons are lonely creatures, solitary by nature,” Was all Hanzo could really say on the matter.

“That's not gonna work ‘round here,” Jesse’s voice suddenly much more serious. “No one here's gonna let that slide,”

“I do not believe that he is lonely here, nor does he seek solitude. He has friends and a purpose. He seems more content than he ever was in our youth,”

“He's been a bit down lately, but yeah. He smiles, shows his face and spends time with people without me huntin’ him down,” Jesse responded thoughtfully. “That Zenyatta is some kinda wizard I
tell ya,” Hanzo hummed in agreement as they passed the threshold into the mess hall. “Now take a seat for a bit and I'll have something real nice out for ya in no time,”

“Okay,” The cowboy was out of sight before Hanzo could even respond. Hanzo was resolved to sit there alone and in silence, his thoughts from before returning, when he heard the door open and turned to find Genji wrapped up in familiar blue scaled menaces enter the place.

“Oh Hanzo!” Genji called, waving his arm rather enthusiastically. The ninja was rushing over to him before he could really respond.  

“Good morning,” Hanzo greeted politely.

“What are you doing here? Don't you normally eat much earlier than this?”

“I normally eat with 76,” He confirmed quickly.

“Oh is he gone?” Genji asked, receiving a nod and a shrug in return. “That must be why these little guys are moping around.” He indicated the two little dragons who were pouting at the cyborg.

“I had wondered where they ran off to,” Hanzo mumbled in response.

“They showed up while I was trying to meditate,”

“I apologize for the interruptions,” Hanzo replied quickly, annoyed at how inconsiderate the two of them were. They seemed to be ignoring him in return.

“Oh it's no real trouble. I wasn't having a very good morning and they've actually been helping me feel better,” The dragons crooned as Genji spoke. “Why are you just sitting here instead of making something to eat?” He changed the topic before Hanzo could inquire about his morning.

“Well,” Hanzo began, embarrassed at the turn of events. “McCree offered to make me something to eat, so I am waiting,”

“Wait, Jesse?” Genji sounded skeptical. Before he could respond the man in question popped his head out of the kitchen for a moment.

“Hey Han, you ain't allergic to anything I need to be aware of are ya?”

“No he's not,” Genji answered for him before he could say anything.

“Oh mornin’ Gen. You wanna join us for brunch?”

“Only if I'm not interrupting anything,”

“Course not. I'm makin' more than enough for two,” Jesse replied excitedly, disappearing behind the door again. Genji turned to face Hanzo, face obscured. He could feel the cyborgs smirk as he spoke.

“So Han huh?”

“I do not want to talk about it,” Hanzo retorted sharply, averting his gaze.

“Well I do. I can't believe you haven't shot him for that one,”

“I lost a wager,” Hanzo replied with a shrug.

“Oh, don't tell me you took him up on a marksmanship bet,” Hanzo’s face flushed and Genji
laughed. “Just be glad he didn't pick something really embarrassing,”

“He tried,”

“How did you get out of it?” Genji asked, incredulous.

“I may have threatened violence,” Hanzo admitted quietly, worried the answer would upset Genji. Instead, his brother laughed again.

“That was what I expected you to do when he called you Han. I warned him about not taking things too far and apparently he listened, backed down before things got out of hand,” Genji seemed pleased by the turn of events.

“I do not believe that I would have actually harmed him, but I wanted to avoid that possibility,” Hanzo smirked at his brother.

“Back in the day you wouldn't have hesitated to follow through on such a threat,”

“Yes, but no one would have been stupid enough to refer to me as such either, so it would not have mattered,”

“I definitely would've if I had thought of it,” Genji disagreed lightly. “Nicknames weren't my thing though,”

“Probably a good thing too, if one of your hangers on had been so disrespectful to me I would not have handled it well,”

“Ok, now I have to know what he was going to call you,” Genji declared.

“No,” Hanzo denied him simply.

“Then I will ask McCree,”

“And risk the safety of your many rare and expensive plushies?” Hanzo warned, only semi serious.

“Though I will mourn their passing, they all understood the risks when they chose to accompany me here,” Genji replied theatrically pulling a loud laugh from his older brother. McCree took that moment to bust into the room carrying food and eyeing Hanzo strangely, clearly unused to Hanzo being able to express so much mirth.

“What's so funny?” He drawled placing a large rectangular dish on the table.

“Nothing,” Hanzo replied, switching back to English and quickly cutting Genji off. “What is this?”

“I'm so glad ya asked,” The cowboy replied with a grin. “That right there is a goat cheese, artichoke and smoked ham strata,”

“Strata?” Hanzo asked, unsure of what the word meant in this context.

“It's a layered casserole, kinda like a quiche or maybe a frittata if’n yer more familiar with them,” The Shimada brothers hesitated while McCree helped himself to a big portion. “Come on now, it won't bite. It's nothing like them death beans y'all had us eat that's fer damn sure,” Hanzo and Genji laughed softly at the accusation.

“I suppose I will try it,” Hanzo called out eventually, knowing Genji would likely only give it a try after him. Some habits never changed. The sight of Jesse happily eating away did a little to soothe his
apprehension and he slowly followed the cowboy's example, serving himself a portion. It smelled decent at the very least.

Genji and McCree were both glued to the spectacle as Hanzo slowly moved to taste his first bite. The cowboy was clearly nervous, hoping that he liked it. Genji, on the other hand, was probably waiting for him to react in disgust. Hanzo was not sure if he had ever had artichokes before and was fairly certain he had never had goat cheese. Despite the unfamiliarity with the main ingredients of the dish there was only a single verdict to be had as he took that first bite.

“Delicious,” He declared simply, much to McCree’s delight and Genji’s disappointment. “A bit strange, but very good nonetheless,”

“Glad ya like it,” He smiled, turning to Genji. “Your turn Gen. I promise it’s real good,”

Hanzo could understand his brother’s hesitation at the moment. McCree’s grin did not inspire confidence that this was not a trick and Genji was probably trying to judge how likely it was that Hanzo was merely in on the joke. He really should have known that his older brother was terrible at that sort of thing and thus it was incredibly unlikely. Regardless, Genji eventually tried a hesitant bite of his own whilst the others ate away happily.

“It is good,” Genji agreed eventually, seemingly shocked at the revelation.

“Why so shocked?” McCree asked seemingly feigning indignation. “You should know I don't mess around when it comes ta food,“

“Yeah and Hanzo is terrible at pranks, but still, I kinda suspected a joke. I mean it sounded awful when you said what it was,”

“Han was right, you are a snob,” Genji pouted at the accusation.

“Oh he's one to talk,” Genji replied indignantly.

“Yeah, I guess you snobs can just tell with each other right? Some kinda sixth sense?”

“No,” Hanzo interrupted quickly, face dead serious. “There is a membership process and we all simply meet each other that way,” McCree laughed, clearly not having expected a joke.

“So he's a card carryin’ snob?”

“Yes, I sponsored his membership myself,” Hanzo replied, that same dead serious look on his face.

“Yeah Hanzo really threw his weight around on that one,” Genji replied with his own smirk, deciding to join in on the joke rather than sulking. “Luckily he is a very influential member, could probably get you in McCree, with a bit of work,”

“Nah, only thing I'm a stickler for is my own cookin’ and a good cigar,”

The atmosphere was light and pleasant. The company was doing wonders keeping Hanzo out of his own head. He would never have guessed he would have been grateful that the cowboy showed up and started talking to him, but this was much nicer than shooting poorly until he broke his bow in frustration.

Genji and Jesse did most of the talking as they ate. Frivolous topics that Hanzo mostly had little interest in, though he payed enough attention so as not to seem rude. They occasionally addressed him and he would respond as politeness dictated, but mostly he was there to avoid thinking too
much. It was a nice distraction watching his brother enjoy himself and even McCree was pleasant
when he wanted to be.

“Okay, now that that's done, I've got some Kolaches. Back in a sec,” The cowboy all but sprinted
back to the kitchen.

“Kolaches?” Hanzo asked. Genji merely shrugged in response while they waited for Jesse to return.

He did moments later carrying a plate with a small assortment of what appeared to be some kind of
small round pastries with little holes on top that were filled with different kinds of jam. They were
not something Hanzo had ever eaten, but they were rather recognizable unlike the strata had been.

“Oh awesome!” Genji exclaimed happily. “Your little cookie things,”

“Kolaches,” McCree corrected quickly. “Don't know how many times I've told ya their name Gen.
Why can't you remember?”

“I could remember if I cared,” Hanzo and McCree shared a sigh. “They will always be your cookie
things to me,” Genji declared, gathering a bunch of them to munch on. Tsume and Musabo perked
up at the addition of sweet treats and began trying to coax Genji into giving them some.

Hanzo ate a few, enjoying the sweet fillings, especially an orangish one that he did not recognize, but
he really liked. He may have quickly stolen everyone filled with it from the horde that Genji had tried
to reserve for himself. Genji frowned at him while Hanzo simply acted like nothing was wrong, Jesse
laughed.

“That there is a quince jam,” Jesse supplied helpfully. “Can't eat the fruit by itself, it's also not really
sweet on its own, but it sure makes one helluva sweet treat if ya know what yer doing with it,”
Hanzo hummed in appreciation as he ate another one.

“That explains it,” Genji exclaimed with a smile. “Hanzo loves sweets,”

“Really?” Jesse appeared surprised. “I wouldn't have pegged him for the type,”

“Most people would not,” Hanzo replied. “Genji is one of the few to know of my sweet tooth,”

“I can make ya some of the jam if’n yer interested,”

“I would not wish to impose,”

“Ain't no imposition. Ya got me the fruit after all,” McCree replied with a grin. “I also got some
recipes that go good with it,”

“Very well. I will accept your offer then,” Hanzo answered back. “Oh, I forgot to mention that your
crate of beef jerky should arrive in next week's supply drop,”

“You were serious about that?” McCree asked, eyebrow raised.

“He's always serious Jesse,” Genji supplied for Hanzo. “But why is he buying you a crate of beef
jerky?”

“His dragon stole some of mine,” As if taking it as a cue, Musabo disentangled himself from around
Genji and instead wrapped himself softly around a surprised McCree. “Yeah this little fella right here
playin’ all innocent. He's a jerky thief,” The cowboy tried to sound indignant, but had a hard time
staying mad as Musabo stared up at him, crestfallen.
“I offered to buy him a crate if he simply relinquished his beef jerky, so that I did not have to deal with the situation,”

“Ah yes, the old pay people off to stop bothering you tactic. A Hanzo classic,” Genji clarified.

“I was merely attempting to avoid conflict,” He defended halfheartedly.

“Well, at least the little guys have been better about it since then,” McCree noted as Musabo lunged forward to eat the cookie in McCree’s hand. “Cookie thief!” The cowboy shouted in alarm, jumping out of his seat. Suddenly he was wrestling with the dragon, trying to keep him away from the rest of the cookies.

Genji laughed while Tsume looked on, somewhere between amused and dismayed at Musabo acting like this. Hanzo was torn between the humor of the scene and the rudeness of the gesture. Musabo should know better than to steal after all, especially from an ally. In the end he joined Genji in laughter before pulling the dragon off of the cowboy and scolding him appropriately.

Musabo was not apologetic, mostly because he had apparently done the entire thing as a joke, to get a rise out of the cowboy. Before long McCree had joined in Genji’s soft laughter and everything seemed to be fine. There were no hard feelings, there were plenty of cookies after all.

“I will clean up” Hanzo announced as they finished eating.

“Nah, I made the mess and I can clean it,” McCree replied, shaking his head.

“You made us food, the least that I can do is clean up. To thank you for brunch,” Hanzo insisted.

“Let him clean Jesse,” Genji interrupted before McCree could reply. “You are not going to win this one,”

“Well I suppose if that’s the case, thank ya kindly,” McCree actually tipped his hat and walked off with a smile. Genji stuck around to help Hanzo clean, something he had not expected.

“I am glad that you and Jesse are trying to get along,”

“He does not want things to be difficult for you,” Hanzo supplied. “He is also not so bad. Definitely annoying,” Genji laughed. “But not so bad.”

“I’m glad I came here this morning Hanzo. Brunch was great, but I was also hoping you would join me for training,” Hanzo had not expected that and his confusion must have been obvious. “I wanted to spar with someone who was familiar with my techniques, to check my form. I have continued my training mostly on my own for these last several years. You always had a great eye for that sort of thing and I figured it would be helpful,”

It was true that he had cultivated a sharp eye when it came to forms and practice. Given how long he had spent drilling every form and technique into his head, it would have been a wonder if he had not managed to do so. But, Hanzo was not sure that he entirely comfortable fighting with his brother, even if it was simply for sparring. The wounds were still surprisingly fresh.

“We can try,” Hanzo replied after some thought. It was the best he could answer without lying. “It will have to wait until the afternoon though. Satya will be here soon for our afternoon tea,”

“Of course. There’s no rush. Let me know when you’re free,” Genji replied. Hanzo nodded in affirmation as his brother departed the mess.
“Very well. I will also take those two off your hands,” He eyed the two dragons as he spoke. They both stared at him, annoyed.

“As much as I have enjoyed their presence, it would be nice to have some peace and quiet. I wish to try to meditate, even if it doesn’t work out perfectly,” Clearly unhappy, Tsume and Musabo allow Genji to leave without them. They did not wish to actually upset him. Instead they decided to bother Hanzo, blaming him for their lack of preferred companionship.

He began to brew a pot of tea slightly later than he normally would have, his little guests not making things easy. Their brunch had lasted much longer than Hanzo had anticipated as well. He would simply have to apologize for the tea being a bit later than usual when Satya arrived. At the very least he could pick a brew that would go well with the Kolaches that were left over and offer some to Satya. He began to prepare everything for her arrival.

The door to the mess hall opened exactly on time, a calling card of sorts that Hanzo could always count on from her. Musabo reacted first, heading over to greet her as she entered, careful to avoid touching her. The two of them seemed to get along well, Musabo respecting her dislike of being touched unnecessarily.

“Good afternoon,” He greeted politely as she moved to take her normal seat.

“Good afternoon,” She echoed back politely. Musabo curled up nearby her, on the table, so joined by Tsume on her otherwise, though not actually touching her. Tsume and Satya did not exactly get along, but the dragon seemed more upset at Hanzo than he was at her. “What are these?” She inquired, gesturing to the cookies on the table.

“They are called Kolaches. They are essentially jam filled cookies. McCree made them and offered the leftovers for our tea time if you were inclined to try them,”

“How are they?” She asked. They had come to trust each other's judgement, especially when it came to food and tea.

“They are differing degrees of sweet, but I enjoy them because I really like sweet. The main flavor you would taste are the fruit jams inside,”

“I think I will pass,” She replied after a moment's thought. “I do not need the sugar,” Hanzo nodded in acknowledgement as he helped himself to a few of them. They returned to a comfortable silence for a while before she spoke again. “If it is not inappropriate I would like to ask what is going on that has Musabo and Tsume so upset,” Satya asked as she sipped her tea. Hanzo kept the surprise off of his face, not expecting Satya to be curious about such things.

“Right now they are annoyed at me for keeping them from bothering Genji while he is meditating,” Hanzo shot them both a look as he spoke.

“I saw them wandering around aimlessly earlier and I assumed it was something more substantial,” She added.

“Oh that. 76 left early this morning and they are merely upset that their favorite person is not around right now,”

“If they are worried about his well being they should not be,” She replied quickly. “We have both seen his prowess in battle. It would be very difficult for someone to successfully defeat him,”

“They are definitely worried about him. It is in a dragon’s nature to be both protective and possessive. They wish to be there to protect him even if he does not need it,” Hanzo explained while
the dragons moped.

“Seems like a foolish notion,” Satya remarked simply.

“It is, but knowing that will not change their feelings,”

“It would be easier if they could,”

“Yes, it would,” Hanzo agreed forlornly. “I have blamed myself for things outside of my power frequently. I suppose this is little different. Sometimes knowing something is not enough to change the way we feel,”

“I suppose it is not,” She agree after a while. “All we can do is try to fix our mistakes, to improve and not repeat them,”

“It does not help that they are also lonely without him,” Hanzo shifted the conversation back to the depressed pair of dragons.

“They are welcome to accompany me this afternoon,” Satya offered in return. Both of their heads perked up at the invitation.

“I would not ask you to bother yourself so much,” Twin dragons scowled at him for insinuating that they were a bother.

“They would actually be helpful. I will be testing some of the limits of my crafts and I would appreciate the assistance,” She countered, much to Tsume and Musabo’s delight.

“They are of course welcome to accompany you if they would be no bother,”

“Very well, we shall practice outside so that we have plenty of room to avoid any unnecessary damage,” She explained, mostly to the dragons that would be accompanying her.

“I shall not keep you from your tests then,” Hanzo declared, rising to clean up the mess hall. He put the rest of the Kolaches away for later if anyone wanted them.

He sent Genji a message telling him that he was available, asking where they were going to meet as he finished washing the teapot. He was in the midst of putting everything back in the cupboards, nice and clean when he got a response. Genji was available now it said and it came with directions leading him somewhere on base.

He followed the instructions that Genji sent him. They did not lead him to the gym, nor to the training room. Instead he found himself heading towards a small secluded spot outdoors, hidden in the middle of the Watchpoint. He had noticed it briefly when he did his initial mapping out of the facility, but had not thought much about it, he had not expected to come across a small garden of sorts.

The cement had been dug up at the edges of the roughly square area, leaving a relatively large circle of cement surrounded by soft dirt. Someone had started growing some plants that he was not particularly familiar with in the dirt, a few of them were flowering. Someone had spent quite a lot of time setting this little hidden cove up for some reason.

He noticed Genji sitting near the middle of the circle, cross legged, most likely in the middle of meditation. Hanzo was not sure if he should approach and disturb his brother or simply wait to be addressed. When they were younger, and if he was in a decent enough mood, he would have opted to join his little brother in meditating, but now he was not sure if he would even be capable of it.
Luckily he did not need to wait long for Genji to react to his presence. The cyborg slowly pulled himself to his feet and turned to greet Hanzo.

“Good evening brother,” Hanzo nodded in greeting in return.

“What is all this?” He asked, wishing to sate his curiosity.

“Oh, me and Zenyatta set this little place up as somewhere to relax and meditate outside. It's nice and secluded and very calming,” Genji explained, tone soft and happy.

“I do not wish to intrude upon your spot,” Hanzo replied quickly, somewhat uncomfortable. Genji merely laughed softly in response.

“We did not make this spot to hoard it all to ourselves brother,” Genji chided lightly. “Anyone who wishes to find a little peace and calm or to simply get away for a little while is welcome here,”

“You needed some peace and quiet?”

“A little bit,” Genji answered. “But I also thought it might be nice to practice out here. There is more than enough room and it beats being inside somewhere,”

“It is how we used to train,” Hanzo added quietly. He remembered the courtyard that they would train in, together and separately and he supposed that this was something similar to how things used to be. “What exactly did you wish to do?”

“I thought we could start off simple, practicing our basic forms,” Hanzo stared at him, dubious. “I know, it's very basic and possibly unnecessary, but I have not had anyone familiar with our style to train with in many years. I believe I will benefit from working with someone who can tell me if I am doing anything wrong,”

“Very well. Will you be leading us or shall I,”

“It would be more useful at the moment if you did Hanzo,” He flushed slightly in embarrassment at the response.

“Of course,”

It was strange, leading him through their exercises. He had not done this since they were both still teenagers. But, if Genji wanted to practice his forms, then Hanzo would help him as best he could.

They started with a series of stretches. Hanzo was uncertain if Genji actually needed to stretch himself out like this, but Hanzo did and his brother did not object. Genji also seemed to be in practice as they stretched, which likely meant that he has been doing it regardless of whether or not he needed to. He focused on his own form each time, making sure it was perfect before moving on to scrutinize Genji’s.

Despite how similar this felt to days of their youth, things were still clearly very different. It was not just the most obvious things: their ages, what happened to Genji, et cetera. Genji was different too. He did not fidget, or sigh impatiently as they stretched. There was no grumbling when Hanzo corrected minor imperfections in his stance or his movements, no complaining when they repeated something to make sure it was done correctly.

To be perfectly honest with himself, part of his reluctance to come out here and do this was that he had feared dealing with his brother fighting him every step of the way, making everything more difficult than it had to be. The fact that it proved to not be the case lent a strange lightness to the
activity. It was easy to fall back into this routine, comfortable even. There were few things as comforting as a well established and followed routine after all.

Genji was clearly not out of practice, Hanzo noted as they finally moved on to the exercises that Genji would say had actual substance to them. Perhaps now his brother appreciated the utility of the basics and of the stretching and honing of one’s mind, but he saw the cyborg visibly perk up in anticipation of getting to the parts that he enjoyed.

He had his brother show off every form, every move that he could think of, that he remembered learning. Every time he would correct any mistakes, no matter how small and be the tiniest bit shocked when Genji worked to correct them each time. He would demonstrate them himself when he needed to. Occasionally he would ask for something that his brother did not remember and he would teach it to him. Genji would pick it up quickly, he had always been a very quick study.

To anyone observing from the outside Hanzo might have appeared overly critical, or Genji somewhat incompetent given how often he needed to be corrected. Hanzo though, he was more than a little impressed that his brother had kept himself in such good form despite everything that had happened. Genji fought in his own way, incorporating parts that he liked and often ignoring parts that he did not, but he had never been so well versed in the fundamentals in their youth. He had remembered and retaught himself well at some point, probably with Zenyatta. Hours passed surprisingly quickly, it was getting dark by the time they finished.

“You have improved considerably,” Hanzo decided it was a good idea to try to mete out praise in an effort to encourage people when they do well.

“I still have room for improvement,”

“You are not the only one,”

“With a training partner we can both improve then,” Genji announced happily.

“Yes, I suppose we can at that,” Hanzo agreed, a slight smile on his lips.

“There’s something else I would like to do if you’re up to it,” Genji was nervous, hesitant as he spoke. Whatever this was he was afraid to bring it up.

“What is it?” Hanzo asked, Genji’s hesitance making him a little nervous. Genji walked to the edge of the circle and picked up something wrapped in cloth. A knot formed in his stomach as he watched his brother unwrap a pair of bamboo practice swords.

“I have not had much of an opportunity to practice with someone who knows what they are doing. Zenyatta is a skilled combatant, but he knows nothing about sword fighting and sharp weapons make him nervous,” Genji supplied by way of explanation, continuing when Hanzo did not respond. “You don't have to, I was just…” He trailed off at the end.

“It is alright,” Hanzo tried to keep them both calm. “I do not know if I can, but I would like to try,” He held out his hand to accept one of the wooden objects.

It was such an unassuming little item to hold such power over him. It was not even a real sword. Hanzo could hurt someone with this, but causing great harm with it would require a significant effort on his part. Still, he remembered as his hand gripped it and it weighed him down far more than any finely crafted steel blade ever had before. He pushed the memories down and away, drowned them out as best he could so that he might be able to help Genji now.

Instead of throwing the sword, or running away or any of the other things his guilt and anxiety were
screaming at him to do, he forced himself to steady his arms and mirror the pose that Genji had adopted.

They moved through a series of forms and moves that Hanzo had avoided even thinking about for over a decade. Instead of leading, he merely followed along with Genji. He made a few minor corrections to his brother here and there, but mostly Genji corrected him, walked him through the path of relearning something he used to be a master of.

The anxiety, the pain, they did not go away even as he became more and more physically comfortable with such familiar motions and exercises. It was surprisingly easy to fall into the practice again, especially with Genji gently guiding him. As long as they kept it to simply practicing, he could probably do this.

They had fallen so deep into routine that he had barely noticed when they had shifted away from simply practicing forms and towards trading mock blows. He followed Genji's instructions, he blocked, then struck out and was countered in return. It went well for a short period of time, until Hanzo’s head caught up with what was going on.

Genji’s sword rose into the air, ready to strike, and it happened. Suddenly he was no longer training in Watchpoint Gibraltar. Gone were the little plants in the quaint garden that Zenyatta had planted, the simple circle and training mats. In their place were the familiar walls and trappings of the family shrine. The scroll hanging on the wall and the family crest painted above it.

It was here where he met Genji again on the tenth anniversary of that night and all the events that followed had led him to where he was. But, more importantly, this is where it had happened. He was no longer training with his brother, they were fighting. The metal fell away and Genji was there, the one he remembered, flesh and blood and desperate. Genji lunged at him, face full of betrayal. He could have blocked it easily, but instead, Hanzo froze, the sword fell from his hands and the blow connected.

“Hanzo!” The next thing he knew someone was calling his name and his right arm hurt. It was not on fire like it had been sliced open or penetrated. It was a dull pain, like a moderately strong impact.

“Hanzo!” The voice repeated when he did not acknowledge it the first time. He was not sure if the last time was even the first time his name had been called, but it was the first he remembered hearing.

He was lying on his back now. He had collapsed at some point and Genji was leaning down next to him. Not the Genji from the past, the present one, made of metal and surprisingly patient. He was talking, but it was hard to focus on the sounds at the moment. His mind was slowly regaining control and the world slowly returned to focus.

“Hanzo, please say something,” He heard the worry in Genji’s voice now, the pleading tone. The panic from earlier had not completely faded as he returned to himself, the urge to flee nearly overwhelming. Only the fear of upsetting Genji further kept him from giving into the feeling and running away. It took more effort than it should have to speak at the moment, but he managed somehow.

“I am fine Genji,” The words were a lie, he was not fine, but he tried to say what Genji needed to hear.

“I am sorry brother. You were doing so well I thought we could…” His voice trailed off as he considered what he had been saying.

“There was no harm done Genji. I am fine,” The lie continued, his attempt seemingly failing to
reassure his younger brother.

“I am sorry,” Genji repeated. “I should not have pushed you into this.”

“It is not a big deal,” Hanzo insisted.

“I’m going to call Angela to come take a look at this,” Genji declared, Hanzo shaking his head and moving to interrupt him before he could.

“All this has done is leave a relatively small bruise on my arm. We have both been hurt much worse in training before.”

“Okay,” Genji conceded, dropping the idea of getting Dr. Ziegler involved. “I did not mean to cause you such distress,”

“You did not force me to do this Genji. I wanted to help you train,” Hanzo returned sternly. “It will heal quickly,”

“I am not talking about the bruise,” Genji answered back seriously. “You were somewhere else weren’t you?” It was a question they both knew the answer to.

“You know exactly where,”

“I’m sorry,” Genji apologized once again. “I should have considered that…”

“I have to face this Genji,” Hanzo interrupted more forcefully than he had intended. “I can not run from what I did,” He was honestly amazed that he had managed to avoid fleeing from the scene after he came back to his senses.

“Would you like to come see Zenyatta? He can help you with your arm and we can talk,” Genji offered. Hanzo shook his head.

“It is late and I am tired,” he was tired in every sense of the word. He just wanted to get something to drink and leave this day behind.

“Okay,” Hanzo had expected some argument or resistance, but Genji simply accepted his answer. He must have felt very bad for what had happened. “Would you like to join us for breakfast in the morning?” He asked instead.

“Sure,” It was better than sitting around waiting for 76 to return. “I will join you in the morning,”

“Okay,” Genji replied, not managing to avoid a sigh of relief. “Good night then brother,”

He returned to his room before checking his arm and making sure that it was okay. It was not serious, merely a moderate sized bruise. A few drinks down and he could not even feel the dull pain in his arm. He fell asleep that night, slowly to dreams of screams and blood, of pain and regret and the sound of steel.
Okay, this took way too long, its not quite perfect, but it's about as complete as I can get it right now. I hope everyone enjoys it. Sorry for the delay.

So I have posted the first chapter of Ghosts of Past and Future which is going to be a shortish chapter fic following Mercy from right before the recall through some of the events in the main story. Check it out in the series with this story if you would like. (Or click here) I had intended my Genyatta centric fic to come out first, but some problems arose with it and so this is coming out first.

As always your comments and kudos make me smile and want to get these out more and more. Sorry again for the wait.

Dreaming woke him up earlier than he had planned, especially considering he had agreed to have breakfast with the others. That meant that he could not simply eat something now and try to find something to do to distract him for a while. No, he had to wait until everyone else normally ate.

He showered longer than he normally would have. The water was soothing and he was able to lose himself to the sensation, the activity, rather than spending that time thinking. He could not stay in too much longer than he needed to, wasting time would only make him feel more anxious by the end. He took longer than necessary to get ready for the day as well before finally leaving his room behind. It was a better idea to head to the mess hall then to sit in his room and simply think.

“Howdy there Han,” A familiar voice called out as soon as he entered the room. An equally familiar cowboy hat sat at the normal table that most of the gang tended to sit at. He seemed to be nursing a cup of coffee.

“You are up early,” Hanzo replied simply, taking a seat across from the other man.

“Couldn't sleep,” McCree answered back with a shrug. “Made some coffee if you wanted some.” He gestured to the coffee pot on the counter.

“I will make myself some tea,” He replied. It seemed like he would be spending more time with McCree than he had ever considered.
“Not a coffee man I take it,"

“No, that beverage is for you and 76. I have always found it quite abhorrent,” He replied, standing back up to ready a pot for the morning while he awaited his brother.

“This ol’ bean juice has got me through some rough times,"

“I will stick to boiled leaves when I need a pick me up,” Hanzo responded light heartedly.

“Ya sound like Genji. Always hatin’ on my coffee,”

“We would not have to if it were not so vile a concoction,”

“Just like Genji,” McCree repeated, shaking his head softly.

“We simply have good taste McCree,” The cowboy laughed laughed.

“You seriously wanna shack up with the sort of things yer brother likes?”

“Even he is right about something on rare occasion,” A small grin found it’s way to Hanzo’s face as he retorted simply.

“Yeah, well, that stuff you drink tastes like grass,”

“I should not be surprised given your taste in dress,” Hanzo grinned a little wider as he retorted.

“Hey, I’ll take chaps and beans to your grass and that half shirt you shoot in any day o’ the week,” Jesse interrupted with his own grin.

“There is no accounting for taste I suppose.”
“And Genji says you have no sense of humor,” McCree smirked back.

“I do not,” Hanzo deadpanned, face dead serious. “I only understand the concept of humor intellectually,” Jesse stared, face confused for several moments before realization dawned on him and he chuckled.

“Just got a peculiar sense of humor I take it?”

“People do not really find me funny,” Hanzo replied by way of answer. McCree seemed to pause as the conversation veered away from something playful to something a little more personal. “Who is cooking this morning?” He asked as he finished pouring himself a cup of tea and moved to join the table across from the cowboy.

“Hana, I think. Not sure what a Korean breakfast looks like now that I think about it,” Jesse answered, seemingly relieved at the change of topics.

“I am also unaware of what that might be,” Hanzo agreed. “However, the last few things she has made have been quite enjoyable,”

“Yeah, she’s been watching videos to help her cook for the group from what I’ve heard.”

“Ahh, a very sensible idea,”

Jesse’s communicator went off suddenly. Hanzo waited patiently while he talked into it to someone on base.

“Welp, Gotta go talk with the boss man,” McCree excused himself. “Save me some breakfast in case this goes long.”

“Of course,” Hanzo agreed as he was left alone with his thoughts once again.

Hana greeted him as she headed into the kitchen to start with breakfast. Hanzo tried to distract
himself with numbers. He checked and double checked their supplies, what they had and needed and how he planned to get all of it over the next few months. Eventually he heard more people enter and looked up to see his brother. Genji made a beeline straight for him.

“Good morning brother,” The cyborg greeted cheerily. “How are you doing?”

“A little better this morning,” He was not sure if it was the truth or a lie at the moment. “I am simply working while I wait for breakfast,”

“You always preferred to keep busy,”

“Sitting around wasting time only makes things worse,”

“True, but it’s never stopped me before,” Hanzo’s mouth quirked slightly into a smile for a moment at the comment.

“Good morning,” Zenyatta’s voice called out to them, interrupting their reminiscence.

“Morning Zenny,” Genji returned more cheerily than he had greeted Hanzo. Hanzo tried not to react strongly to the casual nickname his brother had just used. It was strange to hear given how respectfully and deferentially he normally referred to the monk.

“Good morning,” Hanzo greeted politely.

“It is a nice morning,” Zenyatta agreed thoughtfully.

His brother and Zenyatta chatted about nothing of particular import while occasionally attempting to engage him in the conversation. Hanzo responded with as much attention as was socially required of him to be properly polite.

“I wonder where Jesse is,” Genji mused, stealing a glance towards the door.

“He is meeting with Winston right now,” Hanzo answered. “He asked me to save him some food in
case he does not return in time for breakfast.”

“Oh. What’s going on?”

“I do not know. I did not ask,” Hanzo shrugged. “I’m sure we will find out if it is important.”

Reinhardt and Lena entering the room interrupted the conversation. The food was brought out moments later and the table erupted into activity. Hanzo did his best to be as pleasant as he possibly could be while surrounded by all of this activity. He did not even pay attention to what he was eating other than it tasting fine, he was too distracted by the rest of the table that had grown in population way too much.

The meal passed surprisingly quickly, especially as Hanzo began to count the minutes until he could escape back to his room, or maybe the shooting range. He should have known that was not going to happen. He got up to gather some food and set it aside for McCree since he had not made it back yet. It seemed a great excuse to get away from the table and then retreat once he was finished.

“Hey brother,” Genji called out before he could truly get away. He held back a sigh before turning to face him. “Sometimes when I’m not doing well I find that meditation helps to calm my mind and spirit,” His brother was being uncharacteristic sheepish and indirect, probably still felt guilty.

“I am not sure that it would help,” Hanzo watched as Genji seemed to visibly deflate. It did not look like he was going to have much of a choice. Before either of them could continue the conversation Zenyatta spoke up.

“Genji wishes to extend an invitation for you to join us this morning,”

“No,” Genji replied. “But, I asked Zenyatta this morning and thought it might also help you.” It was strange to keep hearing his brother so nervous and skittish when he spoke. Hanzo resigned himself to having to join them.

“Very well. I will give it a try,” Hanzo relented, much to Genji’s obvious relief.
He followed along as Zenyatta led the two of them across the base and back to the little circle they had cleared outside, where Genji and Hanzo had been practicing. There was a small wrapped package that Genji unfolded into a series of small mats that he laid out next to each other. Zenyatta sat in the middle, Genji on his left and Hanzo on his right.

Hanzo was surprised as they began and Zenyatta started talking them through what they were doing like he was a child again. The monk ran them through breathing exercises that were so basic as to be insulting. He had not been treated like this since he was around ten. He threw a glance over to his brother who sat serenely, following Zenyatta’s instructions without complaint.

This was a strange situation. Genji sat calmly while being instructed and Hanzo felt impatient and was so very close to just walking away in a huff. If there was one thing that would keep him on course even when he wanted to quit, it was his pride. That damnable pride would not let him give up when even Genji had the patience to make it through this.

He lost track of time while they sat there and he endeavoured to follow along with the monk’s lesson. Focusing on his breathing, on the instructions, brought him closer to a peaceful calm than he had managed in a very long time. Something felt wrong as his mind cleared, or at least as he attempted to. Something was missing.

He had not meditated without the presence of his dragons since he was thirteen. They had been taught to meditate to help them connect with the spirits and to control and harness their power. Without their immediate presence he felt oddly incomplete in a way that he had not noticed before. He could feel them in the distance, but it was not the same thing; it was a constant distraction that helped to keep him from relaxing properly. He let out a groan of frustration that brought all eyes to him, breaking the other’s concentration.

“Meditation is not a competition,” Zenyatta’s words echoed a sentiment that his father had shared. “Not even I am always capable of clearing my mind when I wish to,”

“I apologize for wasting your time-” Hanzo began, rising to his feet. He felt Genji’s gaze follow him as he readied himself to leave expecting to be stopped. Neither his brother nor Zenyatta made a move to do so. “-and for being disruptive.”

“It has been a pleasure to have you here with us, not a burden,” Zenyatta replied softly. Genji voiced his agreement. “You are welcome to join us anytime if you are ever in the mood to try again,” The words were both an offer to come back and permission to leave without worry. Hanzo left with a mumbled thank you.
The moment the two of them disappeared from view he rushed away. He made his way quickly to
the mess hall. He sighed in relief when he found that the Kolaches that McCree had made had not
been touched since he had last been here. He should not drink this early in the day, especially if he
wanted to avoid people being concerned for him, or his brother lecturing him, the thought of Genji
lecturing him was still rather funny overall. So, instead of alcohol, he would simply have to indulge
his sugar fixation to help himself calm down.

The little cookie things as Genji insisted on calling them were not a bad answer to how he was
feeling. He knew that bingeing like this was not a very healthy way to cope with what was going on,
with how he was feeling. But, at the same time, it seemed like at least a minor improvement over
drinking his problems away.

He ate slowly, trying to thoroughly enjoy the food rather than stuff his face full of the treats. Perhaps
if there had been more of them to eat he might have been more inclined to just gorge himself, but he
wanted them to last. The act of eating them was a big part of what made the situation therapeutic at
the moment and rushing it would merely return him to his previous mood faster.

The door opened at some point while he was snacking his troubles away, or at least attempting to.
He turned slowly when he noticed that he was no longer alone, though he was surprised to find
Satya enter, flanked on either side by Tsume and Musabo. The pair stared at him for several
moments before slowly making their way over to his side.

They were worried about him and perhaps slightly apologetic. It was nice to think that they did
apparently care about his well being, even if they seemed to be annoyed at or disinterested in him
most of the time. Tsume nuzzled at his face while Musabo settled in his lap, face peaking out over
the edge of the table.

“What brings you here at this hour?” Hanzo asked as he proffered a few Kolaches to his seemingly
hungry little dragons. They ate them excitedly.

“I am on cooking duty tonight,” Satya replied simply.

“I am looking forward to dinner then, though this seems a bit early for it,”

“The preparation takes some time, it must sit for several hours,” She answered simply. “I am not as
practiced as you or McCree, but I will do my best,” She moved to grab the teapot that they used as
she talked,
“I will not keep you from your duties,” Hanzo said as she sat down with him.

“It is no problem. I arrived early and I have some time to spare while the meat finishes marinating. You are clearly in need of some good tea and company,” He wondered how upset he must have looked, but he decided not to dwell on it.

“These past few days have been very interesting,” He admitted while she prepared a pot of tea. “They started out poorly, continued on better than I expected and then became worse than they started,”

“I assume that 76’s absence is partly to blame,” He had made no secret of enjoying spending time with the masked vigilante, but it was still odd for her to point it out so bluntly. He understood and usually appreciated her candor, but sometimes he was not in a good place, so he had to take a deep breath before replying.

“Originally yes, but my bad mood now has to do with Genji,” She paused for a moment, surprised. They did not talk about Genji much, Hanzo avoided the topic the same way Satya avoided talking too much about her time at Vishkar. They both respected each other's privacy too much to dig where they were not wanted.

“Here,” She offered Hanzo a cup which he gladly took. They drank together, a soothing tea to calm the nerves, to relax. Hanzo appreciated her not questioning him further, but for once he wished to air out his problems and he believed she would be receptive enough to listen.

“I was distracted while we sparred,” He admitted slowly as they drank together.

“ It must have been something serious,” He raised a brow at her assertion. “From my experience you are not easily distracted,” She elaborated, leaving the conversation open for further elaboration if Hanzo wanted to continue.

“I was reminded of our past, of a grave mistake I made,” She hummed in understanding without prying for more information. “I froze,”.

“A smart man told me that when faced with a mistake, the only real thing to do is to make sure to never repeat it,” She replied thoughtfully. He smiled at the compliment as she repeated the words he told her not too long ago.
“I am afraid that I will repeat it, even if unintentionally,” He confessed.

“I highly doubt that,” Satya replied without hesitation.

“You do not understand,” Hanzo began before being interrupted.

“You are correct. I do not know what the problem is between you and your brother, but I have seen the way you act and heard you as you speak, around him and others,” She held Hanzo’s gaze as she spoke, eyes calm but serious. “Whatever your failure, you will not repeat it, no matter the cost to you,”

Hanzo was silent as she finished speaking, unable or unwilling to respond. He was not sure which, perhaps both. The silence that fell between them was not their normal content silence. It was filled with a tension that Hanzo felt in his very bones, while Satya sipped her tea contentedly.

“Perhaps you would like to help me prepare dinner,” She asked, breaking the silence that had settled in the room.

“What are you making?” Hanzo asked in return, glad to have a change in topic.

“Dum ka Murgh,” Satya replied, rising to her feet and heading to the kitchen. “It is a chicken dish from Hyderabad that I am fond of,”

“From what I understand of cuisine from that area, the chicken is likely very spicy,”

“Normally. Thought, I have toned it down a bit. I was unsure of how well people would handle it otherwise,” She informed him.

“A sensible precaution. While I do enjoy spicy foods, I’ve never had the tolerance that Genji has to particularly hot dishes,” Hanzo admitted, following her to the kitchen. She pulled out a piece of paper and indicated it as she spoke.

“I have a list of ingredients and measurements if you would help me prepare the proper amounts,” He took the list from her and nodded his assent.
“Of course,” He scanned the list briefly. “This is quite a lot of ingredients,” He commented as he began searching for where much of this stuff was.

“Sometimes good food is complex,” She replied as she set about gathering up the supplies she would need.

Hanzo made his way through the pantry and spice rack methodically gathering everything on the list he was given. He placed everything that they would need on the nearest table while he collected the rest. A few minutes and he had managed to find almost everything, though there were a few ingredients that he was not very sure of. Caraway took him a little while to find, he was unsure of what it was other than apparently some type of seed and he had never used actual cinnamon sticks before.

He set about measuring and chopping all of the things that he had grabbed. Satya had grabbed some wet ingredients and the chicken that they were going to be using and brought it over to the table. He looked up as she approached and noticed that she was actually wearing some kind of long sleeved gloves. It made sense when he thought about it, especially given how meticulous she was about her appearance. His mother would have thrown a fit if she had seen that though.

“So what do we do with all of this?” He asked as she placed roughly equal amounts of chicken into four separate pots.

“The rest is quite simple really. We simply mix all of these ingredients together with the chicken and let it all refrigerate for several hours right now. The complexity of this dish is in its ingredients, the preparation is very straightforward.”

They spent the next few minutes portioning everything that Hanzo had collected into fourths, an equal amount of everything for each pot. He watched Satya mix everything together into the first of them before copying her technique himself. They quickly had everything mixed and ready.

“Why are we using four separate pots instead of one larger one?” Hanzo asked as they began to cover and put the chicken away to sit until it was ready.

“I am not familiar with cooking large meals,” She replied. “So I am simply making four meals of a size that I am practiced with to ensure quality,” The reasoning made sense, even if it was a bit strange. There was no need to cause any issues when what she was doing worked perfectly fine.
“So, now they sit in the fridge until this evening?”

“Yes,” She answered. “I will then cook it for a while shortly before dinner.”

They covered the food up, sealed airtight with plastic and placed them in the fridge. They cleaned up everything they had used quickly and efficiently before returning to their tea. Together they enjoyed some more tea while Hanzo ate his sweets, dragons resting quietly on the table between them.

Hanzo was waiting for her to speak up, to start talking about what was bothering him like she had done the day before, but she never did. She made the occasional comment or critique about the various other members of the organization like they often did, minor complaints that were not worth causing a fuss, but were nice to air out with someone who understood. Most of the time, however, was silent as per their usual get togethers.

As time dragged on Hanzo realized that she had said all that she was going to say on the matter the day before. She was no longer going to pry without being invited to. Instead she seemed content simply keeping him quiet, but pleasant company. Satya seemed to understand something that no one else seemed capable of and her silent companionship helped him calm down more than any words she could have spoken.

Satya seemed perfectly content sitting with Hanzo as long as was necessary to help, but a call for everyone on base to the meeting room interrupted such plans. No one had been told to expect any meetings or missions at the moment. They were still analyzing the data from that Mccree and Genji had managed to steal. Perhaps Athena had found something.

The team had already been mostly gathered before they arrived. Hanzo and Satya filed in to complete the time while Winston was already present waiting for everyone to get together and get situated. Hanzo took a seat next to his brother and Zenyatta right before Winston started talking.

“Some of you are already probably aware of the situation regarding Doomfist,” Winston began. There was some murmuring of assent, not that Hanzo was particularly aware of such a thing. “For anyone who has not heard, he was broken out of a Helix Securities maximum security facility a short while ago,”

There was a distinct murmur at the name and a few gasps at the mention of his escape. Winston himself seemed to be the most upset by the situation, judging by the way he spoke. Genji tensed visibly as well. Perhaps there was some history there. Hanzo was only distantly aware of who this
Doomfist was. He was some kind of dangerous terrorist that Overwatch had captured years ago.

“We have found a stockpile of old crisis era Omnic tech that has been hoarded and maintained by Talon not too far outside of Cairo and have reason to believe that they are going to use it to stir up anti Omnic sentiment.”

“Why?” Several people seemed to ask the question at the same time.

“We are not entirely sure what their end goal is, but there are nearly limitless ways to expand their power and influence in the middle of a war that threatens to engulf the world again,”

“Why now?”

“The increase in activity seems to have coincided with Doomfist’s escape. We believe that his jailbreak was the start of an aggressive strategy that they’ve adopted.”

“Are we acting immediately?” Hanzo asked.

“Yes, we have reason to believe that the stockpile that in Cairo is being moved around for an organized assault on the city and that the threat is imminent,”

“Where’s the information coming from?” Hana asked.

“A friend in Helix, she will be our contact when the team arrives.”

“Alright, at least we are in pretty good hands there,” The cowboy replied. “Let’s go over the mission.”

“We are going in with a large team in case things get violent. We should have the manpower to contain it if things go wrong, but the primary goal of the mission is to disable the threat before they can make their move,” Winston explained.

“What are we going to be up against?” Genji asked quickly.
“The intel we’ve gathered leads us to believe that a series of B73 Bastion units and eradicators will be the most dangerous weapons on site. Other than that it is an assortment of various models outfitted for combat, as well as the people who are working with them right now,”

“So a bit like King’s Row then?” Tracer inquired.

“Something like that from the looks of it,” Winston agreed. “Tracer, Mercy and Reinhardt were all on the strike team that took out Null Sector, they should have more practical information than I do about fighting and containing things should the need arise.”

“I also know a thing or two about fighting Omnics,” Hana added. “Where are we going?”

“You are meeting our contact a ways outside of Cairo, she will give you everything they know about Talon’s movements and from there you will have to figure out where they are hiding and take them out quickly and quietly if possible,”

“There a reason we are doing this instead of Helix?”

“Some internal trust issues have arisen and our friend wishes to avoid any leaks at the moment,”

“She trusts us more than her own people?” Hanzo asked incredulously.

“Don’t worry, we go way back,” Jesse answered by way of explanation. “Everyone get geared up and ready we leave in thirty. Hana, you and Reinhardt will stay on the ship with Brigitte, ready to intervene if things go bad. Everyone else dress ready to mingle with civilians,” McCree called after them as they left the room.

The group dispersed quickly, everyone rushing to make sure that they were ready when the ship sets out. Hanzo quickly gathered his bow and all of his actual combat arrows. For the first time since he had summoned them, Musabo and Tsume were willing to return to him, in case they were needed in battle, as long as he promised to summon them back out when 76 returned. It was a simple enough arrangement to be made.

Everyone showed up promptly, there was anxiety and excitement in the air. Hanzo could not say that
he was upset for having something to do, to focus on other than himself right now. The mission, and any fighting that went with it, should prove more than an adequate distraction.

They all boarded the transport ship, Lena and Brigitte flew them smoothly and quickly to the destination, just several hours away. People slept and talked and joked to ease the ride while they moved to approach their target under cover of darkness. They landed in the early hours of the morning, as the sun readied itself to rise.

Most of them disembarked from the ship searching around for any signs of their contact. Hanzo noticed her coming first, a distant figure in the sky. He had an arrow trained on her before McCree told him to put it away. She approached quickly, gliding through the air, landing a short distance away from the group.

“Far!” McCree nearly shouted as the tall Egyptian woman removed her helmet. He strode forward to pick her up in a very intense hug. She smiled and returned the hug,

“It's been years Eastwood,” She returned with a smile.

“Kinda hard to visit when yer a wanted man little lady,” He defended himself, the warmth of his voice never fading.

“A simple call or letter to let me know you’re okay would have been appreciated Jess,”

“Sorry Far. It's been a bit rough,”

“I know,” She replied solemnly. “But we have some work to do right now. We can reminisce later,”

“Course Far. What's the situation here?”

“Worse than anyone will care to admit.” She began. “The breakout was aided from the inside and I can’t trust very many people to not tip Talon off to what I’m doing right now.”

“We’ll do our best to lend a hand,”
“I need all the help I can get right now. We can’t risk letting them do whatever they want with all this weaponry they apparently have,” She turned to face the rest of the agents that had accompanied McCree from the ship. “Some new faces I see,”

“Yeah. Everyone this is Fareeha, call sign Pharah, we’re practically family,”

“Far, this is Zenyatta,” He introduced the monk first. “Symettra,” Satya inclined her head politely. “And Hanzo,” Her eyes betrayed confusion before they hardened slightly.

“Hanzo? As in...”

“Yes,” Genji and Jesse both answered quickly, interrupting the question.

“He’s not too bad Far,” She looked unconvinced, but seemed to accept Jesse’s word on the matter.

They dropped the line of inquiry quickly, much to Hanzo’s relief. The conversation turned instead to the business that they had arrived to deal with. Once they had the intel they needed they formulated a quick plan. They shortly after they entered the city, scouting out the areas that Pharah suspected Talon activity at.

The information they got from Fareeha was more accurate than they had expected. She could not act on it alone though, and she feared traitor’s leaking their plans to Talon before they could act. Overwatch, however, acted quickly and with much more impunity. So they moved as quickly and as quietly as possible, at least the more low key members of the group moved about the city.

Both Hanzo and Genji worked well and quickly in an urban environment so they were assigned to scout out the most likely locations and report back what they found. He grabbed every sonic arrow he owned before he set out. They made the search easier on his part, able to find rooms and objects hidden through the ground. He reported back several locations where he found hidden Bastion units and several more that had large containers in underground rooms.

The plan was relatively simple at that point, they would hit them hard fast and quiet. They would start from the outside and work their way towards the center. If they were fast and careful enough they would never know what was happening. Worst case, if they caught onto them and tried to act, the only ones that would be able to do so would be contained in one area making dealing with them easier.
Things were going well for about an hour past the first raid. Eventually they seemed to catch on and had apparently started panicking in response. Unfortunately terrorists panicking in the middle of a very heavily populated city was a very dangerous thing. Luckily they had managed to take out everyone outside of a several block radius and they could respond quickly to the first gunshots. A loud explosion could be heard as Pharah engaged one of the Bastion units before it could harm anyone else.

Hectic was not a strong enough of a word to describe the way the mission headed from that moment. It was going to be impossible for them to keep the violence from spreading to civilians. They scrambled into positions to contain and fight the enemy that seemed intent on doing as much damage as they could. The dropship met some of them in the city to drop Reinhardt and Hana off to join the battle.

Hanzo tried to keep a firm grasp on the battlefield from his vantage point above it all. He called out positions and relayed information, trying to save his own arrows for contacts that no one else could easily take out. He had to conserve his ammo and call on Tsume and Musabo only if it became necessary.

Despite the difficulty of attempting to contain a mostly Omnic force bent on doing as much damage as possible, they were doing well. The skill sets of his teammates were truly remarkable when they put their minds to their tasks. Tracer was able to be seemingly everywhere at once; Satya set up cover and defenses amazingly quickly; Reinhardt was an immovable wall; Hana’s MEKA tore through Omnic after Omnic with practised ease. The training they had been working on, solo and in teams was also paying off with how well they were able to communicate.

Hanzo watched, practically in slow motion, as things began to fall apart. He called the warning out clearly, Zenyatta knew about the targets several seconds before they fired. He watched the monk hesitate, confused as to why he did not clear out or take cover. Confused, until he saw the civilians, three of them caught in a bad place. Hanzo immediately knew what the Omnic was doing, he fired an arrow as quickly as he could, taking out the nearest Bastion unit.

The monk dispatched another almost as effectively as Hanzo while he readied another arrow to keep firing. In the split second it took him to ready another shot it was already too late. He heard the shots fire, the bots attention clearly focused on Zenyatta and not the retreating civilians, and watched as Zenyatta collapsed to the ground before his arrow could strike down its target.

“Zenyatta is down!” He heard himself call out through the coms. He had to force himself to stay in place, to do his job. The group could not afford to fall apart, he needed to keep it together even as he worried about Genji.
“Zenyatta, are you okay?” He heard Genji ask through the coms, clearly agitated.

“Where?” McCree’s voice called out quickly, as the silence from a lack of response dragged on too long.

“Northeast of my position. A building on third street,”

“Zenyatta,” Genji called out again, quieter this time.

“Tracer, fall back to Mercy and escort her to Zenyatta,” Jesse commanded quickly, not even waiting for the confirmation to ring out before continuing. “Reinhardt fall back two blocks and try to keep their attention on you. You're holding them off until Tracer gets back. Symmetra i need you to reinforce your western fortifications, Reinhardt might not be able to hold them all by himself. Hana take out anyone who gets past Rein. Hanzo hold your position and cover Mercy and Zenyatta. You're our eyes up there, keep us informed, ”

“Understood,” Several voices called out at once.

“Genji where are you?” McCree called out, clearly worried. “Come on Gen, talk to me,” He repeated when they heard nothing over the line. “Don't do this damnit, don’t go silent on me again.” Hanzo was surprised to hear McCree in so much distress. “Hanzo do you have sight on your brother?”

“Negative,”

“Damnit Genji. I know ya can hear this,” McCree cursed softly. “Please answer me,” There was still no response. “Hanzo, keep an eye out for him,”

“Of course,” He acknowledged quickly, scanning the battlefield for the man.

“Moving to Zenyatta’s location,” Mercy called out.

“I see you and will provide cover,” Hanzo acknowledged, turning his attention back to the rest of his group.
Tracer flitted around rapidly, clearing the way of any hostiles that might have avoided Hanzo’s notice. Mercy flies gracefully through the air, following a short time behind Lena. They moved quickly towards their destination, guided by Hanzo’s directions. He let out a sigh of relief as they arrive, Angela ready to do all she can for the monk.

The entire world seemed to freeze briefly as he felt a distant calling of power, a very familiar one. Genji was somewhere nearby and his dragon was out for blood. Hanzo felt it so very clearly at that moment, the bloodlust was almost unreal. He knew how dangerous it was to channel their power through your body when you were in distress, not in control, and he had to fight down his panic in order to keep himself from doing something equally rash.

“How is he?” Hanzo asked after Zenyatta more harshly than he had intended.

“I am fine,” A familiar mechanical voice sounded over the coms. “It is much less dramatic than it looks,”

“Glad to hear your voice Zen,” McCree replied. “If you're fine what kept you from responding to us,”

“My communicator was damaged. I am currently using Tracer’s,”

“The damage is extensive, but being repaired surprisingly quickly,” Mercy interrupted. “I am attempting to accelerate the process further. He will be fine as long as we get him out of here,”

“Did you hear that Gen? Zenyatta is fine, we need you back here now,” McCree called out, to no response.

“He cannot hear you,” Hanzo informed him simply before they could wait for a response.

“How far gone is he?” Zenyatta asked, the question aimed at Hanzo, his voice somber.

“I am not sure, but it is bad. I can feel it,”
“Me too,” The monk concurred while the rest of the team likely had no idea what they were talking about.

“McCree I know where Genji is,” Hanzo declared suddenly. Through his dragons he could feel Genji's, but more importantly he could find them. “I must go after him before it is too late,”

“I need to know what's going on Han,” McCree insisted.

“It is difficult to explain, but he is not himself and I need to help him,”

“I do not believe that is a good idea Hanzo,” Zenyatta interjected before McCree could respond. “He may lash out,” He ignored the Omnic’s advice.

“Can you handle things here while I go after him McCree?”

“Fine, but let him know I'm kickin’ his ass for this,”

Hanzo flung himself from rooftop to rooftop. These buildings were further apart than they were where he grew up and trained, but he was strong enough to handle the more difficult traveling. He did not have a lot of time, so he pushed away any pain or discomfort and moved towards his brother as quickly as he could manage.

The trail led him to a rather nondescript building. It would have been unremarkable were it not for the large hole ripped through the large metal doors leading into the place, and the potent rage he could feel from within. At the very least his brother was not being subtle and would likely be very easy to track down from here.

Inside was a completely different level of carnage than the outside. Bodies lay strewn about the halls, dead and bleeding. Some of them were slice cleanly in two, while others were impaled or cut open. There were people dressed in civilian outfits interspersed with extremely well armed and armored guards that fit the style of Talon. Perhaps Genji had tracked them to this base of operations.

The close quarters and small hallways restricted Hanzo’s movement considerably and he found himself shouldering his bow and pulling out the sidearm he had been training with. It would be much more useful in this situation than his arrows would be. If Genji was as far gone as Hanzo thought, there would likely be no threats left standing other than the cyborg himself.
“I am perfectly fine little sparrow,” The monk spoke, voice soft and soothing. “There is no need to worry about me,” Zenyatta continued his attempts to reach Genji while Hanzo searched for him. Hanzo let Zenyatta try to talk Genji down while he focused on finding the man.

Despite his hurry Hanzo crept his way through the base, following a trail of bodies and property damage deeper in. Eventually he found a broken open elevator shaft and he followed the destruction down into the basement, climbing carefully down the shaft. He entered another blood spattered hallway and he paused as his brother approached him from the other end.

“Hanzo,” The Omnic monk addressed him. “I know you can feel it too. You need to get out of there and wait for us,” Again Hanzo ignored the Omnic’s advice. He was not going to abandon Genji to this, especially not now that he was standing right in front of him.

Genji was covered in blood from head to toe, silver and green dyed a deep crimson, the evidence of his rampage. Despite the carnage and chaos he had wrought. The Genji that approached him was oddly calm and collected, moving leisurely towards his brother, katana resting on his shoulder.

“Genji ,” Hanzo called out softly. “It's Hanzo ,” He could only hope that Genji was aware enough to respond. “Zenyatta is perfectly safe. Mercy is treating him as we speak so there is no need for all of this ,”

The blood soaked cyborg continued forward, growing closer, hands tightening their grip on his sword menacingly. There was no reaction to anything that was being said by either of them. Hanzo gulped softly, trying to keep himself focused and reach his brother.

“Jesse is worried about you. You stopped answering your com ,” Genji did not stop or slow in anyway. There had been no indication that he had even heard a thing that had been said.

He reacted quickly as Genji lunged for him, swinging his sword in an arc aimed straight at Hanzo’s neck. He dropped his gun, it would be of no use at the moment, he did not wish to shoot his brother. Instead, he blocked the blow with the front of his bow. The weapon was heavily reinforced and could more than just stand up to the blade.

“We are all worried about you Genji, ” Hanzo repeated, blocking another wild swing. It was easier fighting the ninja when he was so out of control, but he knew that this would eventually wear him down.
Tsume and Musabo roared beneath his skin, demanding to be released, to fight, to defend Hanzo from the dragon crazed ninja. But, Hanzo refused. He would not harm his brother again, not even at the risk of his own life. He did not believe that he could control them enough to help, but not hurt Genji. Instead he blocked and tried to speak to his younger brother. He heard the drone of Zenyatta speaking, to him, to Genji, it faded into the background, unimportant.

He talked about whatever he could think of: Overwatch and its agents, their mother, their childhood, his favorite foods. It did not matter what the topic was, only that Hanzo kept talking, kept trying to reach Genji deep inside the burning rage he was trapped within. With every blow he blocked or dodged Hanzo could feel his strength ebbing ever so slightly while his brother kept attacking, tireless in this state. Hanzo knew that he would tire soon. If he desired to win this contest he would need to strike back, but still he simply defended himself and talked.

A tiny, nigh insignificant cut made it past his defenses, adorning his right arm with a tiny sliver of crimson to accompany the bruise from the previous day. It was such a minor thing that it should not have even mattered. But, the pain as the blade grazed him was enormous, enough to almost drop his grip on his bow, enough for him to cry out in alarm. It was barely larger than a paper cut, but it burned more than any wound he had ever received, as if his flesh was being melted away.

In that instant he understood a few things he had not before. He knew how much it hurt to have a dragon tear away at your flesh, if only briefly. But, he also learned something else, probably why his brother had seemed so distant, distracted and worried lately. Genji may very well have forgiven Hanzo for what he had done, but the anger and hatred he felt here was directed at him, because his brother’s guardian spirit had never forgiven the betrayal.

Suddenly the atmosphere was far more tense and much more dangerous. His brother was no longer simply battle crazed and attacking him because he was simply there. Instead, he understood that he meant to kill him, and very specifically him at this very moment. This might have been why Zenyatta had warned him against going, the monk aware of the problem. But, knowing this would not have changed anything. He still had to try to help, even if it killed him.

He lost track of time as they fought and he talked, trying to draw his brother out from wherever he was. He grew more and more worried that it was simply too late to do anything. It was dangerous to channel a dragon’s power through your body like this at the best of times, it is worse when you are upset and even more so when the two are of different minds and goals. It was not unheard of for a Shimada to fall into the dragon’s influence so deeply that they never find their way out of it again.

Genji’s sword arm was relentless. Exhaustion began to creep in as blow after blow is blocked or dodged. Hanzo knew he could not keep this up forever. Physical exhaustion was not the only thing that was making things difficult. It took more energy and concentration than he would care to admit
to keep his own dragons in check as they struggled to join in the fight. He knew they would hurt Genji to protect him, even if accidentally, and he could not allow that no matter what.

Time seemed to freeze as he found himself on his back, Genji standing above him triumphantly, sword held in both hands. The sword he watched pierce his chest was not unexpected. He felt it break bones and pierce his lung. The pain from a raging dragon so much worse with its fang impaling his body completely, completely numbing him to any other pain he should be feeling.

The essence of the green spirit dragon flooded his body, intent on tearing it apart from the inside. His hands found themselves grabbing Genji’s wrists, trying in vain to push them away. His vision faded quickly, the sword piercing his stomach growing indistinct, hazy. Several moments later and it faded to black and suddenly he was falling.

A storm raged all around him as he fell, the roaring wind and freezing rain tearing away at him as potently as the green dragon that seeked his death. His eyes caught a familiar presence in the distance, a tuft of green hair surrounded on all sides by the same great storm. He called out even as he fell away, the distance between the two growing larger with every passing moment. The raging storm devoured his words as surely as it sought to devour him. Great pain accompanied the fall until it faded to a profound numbness. The raging storm followed suit, fading away to be replaced by blackness and a silence that nothing could penetrate.
It was strange, having every sensation in his body begin to fade away. Even the darkness around him seemed to do so; becoming muted; it’s place taken by a nothingness more profound than any darkness could ever compare to. He believed that he was still falling, but even that sensation had disappeared, so he could only venture a guess. His senses had all abandoned him, leaving only his mind behind.

The realization hit him surprisingly slowly. He knew that he was dying, that much had been obvious, but as this extreme nothingness closed in on him, it occurred to him that it was more than that. He was not merely facing his own death, but slowly fading away. There would be nothing but oblivion after this, not a single shred of his existence would remain.

He had no idea how much time had passed, if any. The concept held no meaning here, especially as his thoughts grew hazier. Thinking about it, he supposed that simply fading away into nothing was not so bad. There were far worse fates, many that he had wished upon himself at one time or another. This one, at least, seemed peaceful enough and if it gave Genji and his dragon closure, than he supposed that it was okay.

Of all the ways that he might die, he had never expected this. He felt nothing, not the pain of a dragon tearing him apart from the inside out, not the exhaustion of a ruined body, nothing. He tried to will himself to open or close his eyes and there was no response, no feeling of his muscles obeying him or that they were even there. He did not know if there was even a body falling anymore. All he knew was the silence of oblivion.

He felt something suddenly, or maybe he heard it. For a moment, he thought he might have imagined it. He had nearly dismissed the thought entirely when a bright golden glow roared up from the nothingness around him. The blinding light banished the cloying darkness, even as it swallowed him completely. Whatever this was, it was greater than the void that had dragged him down. A soft,
pleasant chime banished the overwhelming silence that had threatened to devour Hanzo. Suddenly he felt sensation again; with a twitch, he moved, with a gasp, he breathed, and with that breath he cried out.

“Genji!” There was no answer, not that he truly expected any. The image of his brother had faded away long ago and even as his sight returned, there was naught but blackness beyond the golden glow.

Basking in the golden radiance, it took him a few moments before he truly realized that he felt whole again. His body moved as he willed it. He could see the brilliant light and hear the sounds he made. He was no longer falling. Instead, he seemed to float serenely and, when he concentrated, he found himself able to stand on the seeming nothingness as if it were solid.

The light dimmed as his feet hit what could be called the ground. It did not dissipate entirely, but the brilliance that had engulfed him so completely in warmth and calm diminished to something more akin to a candle’s flame. The pain that had consumed him had dulled. His body still burned, but under the strange light’s influence, it was no longer bad enough to incapacitate him. A part of his training since birth had been to handle physical pain without issue, and that served him well now. Genji and he both excelled at ignoring even quite grievous wounds.

Surrounded by darkness he calmed his mind. Now able to think more clearly, Hanzo scanned the empty area around him, searching for anything he could find. There seemed to only be two options available to him at the moment. He could wait here for something to happen, or he could choose a direction and start moving, hoping to find anything that might give him an idea of what was going on or even where he was.

Deciding a direction was simple enough, seeing as how they were all equally unappealing, he merely started heading wherever he was facing. Probing forward slowly, he tested the darkness that formed the ground at each step, not wanting to fall back into the abyss from earlier. To his relief the ground seemed stable. To his even greater relief, the light appeared to be following him as he moved.

The void around him appeared featureless, even as he made his way across it, the soft glow helping to light the way. There was no way to truly tell the passing of time as he inched slowly towards the empty expanse that stretched out before him. He did not seem to hunger, nor grow thirsty, but his travel may have taken several minutes, hours or days for all that he could tell. He would even describe himself as tireless here, simply continuing on ahead, hoping to find signs of anything other than darkness.

A brief flash of blue to his right pulled him out of his head. He turned quickly to face it, catching a glimpse of it before it disappeared back into the darkness. Hanzo considered ignoring it, but it felt intimately familiar and it called to him. He switched directions, heading to where he had just seen
whatever it was that he felt himself drawn to.

Hanzo was not exactly sure when the scene around him had changed. One moment he was following along with the light as he chased the only other thing that had broken up the darkness around him, the next moment he was surrounded by hazy images. The details were indistinct at first but slowly a picture began to form.

He smelled where he was first, a distinct and familiar aroma that he could not forget. This was a place he found Genji often, a ramen shop near their house with the best ramen within a hundred miles of Hanamura. His younger brother loved the place, Ichiraku Ramen. The surge of memories that accompanied the smell confused him momentarily.

He wondered, as the rest of his senses sharpened and the image around him grew more defined, why he was in Hanamura right now. He moved to look around as he found himself entering the establishment without really thinking about it. There was no time to actually take in his surroundings, a loud presence rushing up behind him. He jumped aside on instinct, prepared for a confrontation, but there was no danger, merely an over eager child rushing headlong into the restaurant.

“Genji!” The voice that called out the name from outside was distantly familiar, he tried to place a face behind it as he turned to spy the young child that had rushed by him earlier. Given the strangeness of the situation, he should not have been too surprised to come face to face with his brother as a child, yet still, he stood dumbfounded at the turn of events. “Genji, where are you?”

“In here brother!” Genji replied loudly, finding his way to his favorite spot in the restaurant. He would always sit in the same corner, that would quickly become available even if someone else had been there when he entered. His younger brother must have been 8 or so and was just as he remembered, cute, excitable and loud.

“Genji!” Hanzo exclaimed, the words coming from his mouth unbidden. He stalked over to meet his younger brother, a stern look on his face. He remembered how he had carried himself like his father even then, young Hanzo was a quite imposing eleven year old. “You cannot run off like that,” He attempted to use the tone of voice his father used when scolding people. He had not yet learned to do so effectively, not that their father handled his younger brother much better himself.

“I just wanted some ramen,”

“We can get you ramen, but you must not run off like that. It is dangerous,”
“Nothing bad happened,”

“But if something bad does happen, then I won’t be there to protect you,” His eyes softened, even as he scolded Genji.

“Okay,” Whatever anger he had felt melted away with the crestfallen look in his brother’s eyes.

“It is okay,” Hanzo took the neighboring seat. “Let us get something to eat,” He smiled when Genji’s eyes lit up. It was so hard to stay mad at Genji. He would just have to be more watchful in order to protect him, it was his duty after all.

The scene faded away around him, returning to him control of his body. He was not sure what had just happened. It was as if he had just very vividly relived one of the memories of his youth. He and Genji had spent a lot of time in that ramen shop, even as they had grown older. It became something of a neutral ground for them up until the end, a place where they did not fight.

Surrounded again by nothing, but a floating bit of candlelight, he is forced to consider what to do. Another flash of blue drew his gaze to his right, this time persisting for longer than the first one. He walked towards where he had seen it, faster this time, pulled by that strong sense of familiarity. The light that helped guide him stayed by his side, no matter how quickly he moved, keeping the darkness at bay while he searched.

Again, images slowly pulled themselves into view. He recognized the location as the details solidified and the void around him disappeared. This was the office he spent so much of his time back in Shimada Castle, back home. His body moved of its own accord as the memory seemed started to play out, one of him working at his desk, reading through some report or another. The details of which were unimportant. He was not a child this time, but rather somewhere in his twenties it seemed, given what he was working on.

The door to his private office crashed open loudly and he sighed. It was not necessary to turn around to know who had just barged in. There was only one person who would be so bold and expect to get away with it unharmed.

“I am working Genji,” He tried to sound nonchalant about the entire situation. Showing any real anger or annoyance would just goad him on and he would never leave.

“No, you are eating cake with me,” Genji replied simply, kicking the door closed behind him.
“I am busy,”

“It's late, you’re the only one working at this hour,”

“That does not change what needs to be done,”

“The world will not fall apart if you take a short break with your brother,”

Hanzo sighed, but did not argue further. It was quite clear that nothing that he could say would change Genji’s mind. It was foolish of him to hope that he would be left alone, Genji never seemed to fail to drag him into this ritual that they had shared for well over a decade.

“Fine,”

“Good,” Genji replied, quickly invading Hanzo’s desk, cake placed between the two of them. “I got an overly expensive and fancy cake for us this year,” Hanzo raised an eyebrow at the comment.

“How expensive can a cake be?” He was curious how much his brother could have manage to spend on a single cake for the two of them.

“Take a bite and I’ll tell you,”

“After you,” Hanzo insisted, watching his brother slowly grab a fork and open the box. The sight that awaited him was, perhaps, one of the most ridiculous things that he had ever seen and that was not an easy list to even approach.

Genji, reluctantly scooped up a piece of what appeared to be some kind of chocolate, frosted cake topped with gold leaf and perhaps caviar. More surprising than the cake itself, is that his brother seemed to be sincerely taking a bite out of the monstrosity. Genji’s attempt to eat whatever the hell this was, while pretending that it tasted fine, was the funniest thing Hanzo had seen.

“It’s good, Genji all but wheezed, face showing more disgust than he probably thought. “You
should try it,"

He really should not be so easy to rope into things. But, there was going to be pouting and goading until he went ahead with it, so why deal with all the hassle when he could just cut it off by indulging his bratty brother. To his surprise, it was not the worst thing he had ever eaten, though it was the worst cake he could remember eating. He schooled his expression into a careful neutrality.

“Okay, how much did that cost?” He asked, now owed the answer to that question.

“Like 340,000 yen.” Hanzo face palmed at the number.

“Why would you waste so much money on something so terrible?” He was not angry, not really, more confused and perhaps a bit concerned.

“I dunno,” All he could manage was a shrug. “It sounded like a great terrible idea at the time,”

“For what? Poisoning your brother?” Genji laughed at the accusation.

“I brought a real cake too,” He added in reconciliation, pulling out another box. This one was a classic Christmas cake, strawberries and all. There was no edible gold or anything equally ridiculous, just sugar, flour and fruit.

“Okay. At least you are not completely crazy,”

Genji stuck his tongue out at him, childishly, while he dug into the second cake enthusiastically. Hanzo resisted joining him for several seconds before simply indulging his sweet tooth. They enjoyed their regular Christmas ritual with shared complaints about the expensive monstrosity of a dessert that had just happened to them.

Hanzo accepted the gift his brother had gotten him and delivered his own. Even if he had not wished to be interrupted, he always made sure to get his brother something. This year he had procured a misprinted plush of some character that Genji apparently loved from some show. There was only supposed to be three of them in the world and Hanzo had acquired one and something unfortunate had happened to the other two. It was now one of a kind.
He had received, in return, several delicate lengths of golden silk, ribbons for him to tie his hair up. They were very similar to the ones that his mother had gotten for him when he had attended his first public archery contest. If there was one thing that was nice about these yearly get-togethers, it was being reminded that his brother could be thoughtful when he wanted to be.

Pulling himself back together after the scene vanished rather abruptly and he regained control of his body was incredibly difficult. These were memories had been much nicer than he tended to dwell on or dream about. Even still, it was easier to avoid thinking too much about his and Genji's pasts. Even the best of memories were easily tainted by guilt and melancholy.

Two blue flashes pulled his attention away from the scene that was rapidly fading away, from the thoughts that threatened to overwhelm him. They fled from him as he moved towards them, but always return briefly, seemingly keeping him on a specific path forward. He did not know how long he had followed the two of them before a new scene slowly built up around him. Time was still unreadable in this place and the strange memories seemed to confuse him more.

He was younger this time, a teenager. It looked like it was late into autumn and he found himself stalking across the grounds, a deep scowl adorning his face. His younger self was most likely heading towards Genji's room. He was not only going in the right direction, but the anger that he felt was generally reserved for when Genji had done something particularly bad. Sure enough, as the scene unfolded, he found himself in front of Genji's room, a fuming teenage Hanzo banging on the door loudly and angrily.

"Genji you better be awake," Hanzo practically snarled the words out and the realization of exactly when this was seemed to click into place. He was almost twenty years in the past this time, nineteen years old. It was the day of their mother's funeral. "Genji! Get your ass up!" He screamed again, making sure to be as loud as possible.

"Oi shut up, I'm trying to sleep!" He heard his younger brother's voice call back through the wall. He kicked the door open violently in response, finding a dishevelled, filthy Genji clearly nursing a hangover, covering his ears from the noise. "What the hell Hanzo?"

"Get cleaned up and ready! The ceremony is in an hour!" Hanzo demanded, ignoring his younger brother's irritation.

"Quit shouting," Genji groaned, obvious venom dripping from the words despite suffering through the worst of his hangover.

"If you were ready like you should be I wouldn't need to!" Hanzo snapped back, stalking over to his
brother’s disorganized closet, rummaging through it angrily. He assembled a reasonable outfit that Genji could wear, folding it on the disused desk. Genji returned to his bed, determined to sleep through the day, or at the very least to make his older brother snap.

On any other day Hanzo probably would have simply stormed out of the room and refused to deal with his brother being an asshole. This was especially true given how much Genji seemed to enjoy riling him up. This was not, however, any other day. This was the day that they were honoring the life of their mother and he would be damned if he let Genji ruin that.

His brother had most likely expected him to scream or lecture him before eventually giving up and simply leaving angrily. Instead he yelped as he was bodily dragged out of bed with all of the force that Hanzo could muster. Hanzo actually tossed him violently to the floor with a shout.

Genji responded quickly, despite the obvious hangover and sleep deprivation. He moved to stand, swinging the knife he always kept on his person, though Hanzo avoided it. All he managed to do was tear into the suit that his older brother was wearing before he was pinned down, staring up at the angriest expression he had ever seen. Genji’s face seemed stuck somewhere in between angry and terrified as Hanzo stared him down.

“Get off me asshole,” Something broke inside of him at that very moment, as Genji struggled to toss him off in order to avoid their mother’s funeral. He could not stop himself from crying at that moment, in sadness, frustration and anger all.

“Fine,” He couldn’t stop the tears that fell as he let his brother go. “I’m going to get cleaned up and pay my respects to our mother.” Hanzo turned away from Genji quickly, fleeing the room rather than facing him in that state. “You do whatever you want. Like you always do.” He all but ran across the compound, leaving before his brother had a chance to respond; walking as quickly as he could manage without looking panicked or upset. Even then he could not afford to appear weak in front of any of the staff that he might pass by on the way.

He tore himself out of the now destroyed clothing he was wearing and moved to take a quick shower. He remembered the frigid water helping him cool his raging temper and how it hid his tears. He watched as he found another set of formal wear, though not what he had wanted to wear, this black suit was appropriate.

It was strange, he mused, his memory of this day. As important as it was to him, he recalled with great clarity the long wait in his room, as the clock ticked down, while the funeral itself was something that Hanzo remembered only in a daze. Things were a bit clearer now, as he went through the events for a second time. The large crowd was still mostly a blur though, as he offered incense and awaited others to do so as well.
The one moment he remembered clearly during the ceremony, was watching his brother quietly enter, late and a little worse for wear, but cleaned up and dressed in the outfit Hanzo had laid out for him. Genji even had the decency to look ashamed when he caught his older brother looking at him.

This time around Hanzo recognized many of the people who came to him and his father, offering their condolences. Nobody cried during the service, nor afterwards. It was like nobody else even cared about the fact that she was gone. His father was an unassailable wall in the face of it all, something Hanzo wished that he could be as he was forced to face dozens of people from all over the country telling him how sorry they were, the tragedy of it all. The soulless platitudes had only worsened his mood.

Perhaps the thing he remembered most came shortly after the conclusion of the funeral. Genji found his way over to greet him. Hanzo was too distracted back then to truly appreciate the fact that he was most likely the only reason Genji had even bothered to show up, something that looking back means more than he remembered.

It hadn’t helped his bad opinion when his younger brother could barely walk straight as he barged over to interrupt all of the condolences. Genji had stumbled all over the various people who were trying to express their condolences to him at the time. Hanzo had to physically drag him away, apologizing for his behavior. It took him ten minutes to get Genji to his room, though by the time they arrived his brother was walking normally and dragged Hanzo inside.

“What the hell?” Hanzo had all but shouted in surprise.

“I’m not drunk,” Genji explained, strangely soft. “Just thought you needed an excuse to escape those vultures,”

He vividly remembered his confusion and the guarded response, still expecting something terrible from his brother. However, there was nothing he wanted less in the world than to return to deal with the guests that Genji had rightfully referred to as vultures. So, instead he allowed himself to be dragged to the nearby bed and sat to share a drink.

“Now I’ve got two little surprises.” Hanzo had to bite back a groan. Surprises and Genji were not a very good combination. “First, we drink a little,” He announced, pulling something out from under his bed, a bottle shochu.

“Mother’s favorite,”
“Yep,” His brother replied with a smirk. “Got everything else too,” That included juice, limes and a bucket of ice. The drinks were not to Hanzo’s taste. He and his mother had never had the same taste in alcohol, but that was not the point. It was a night of remembrance, so they toasted and drank in her memory.

Getting drunk had never been something that he had enjoyed, especially with how Genji had taken to it in excess. Not to mention the fact that he hated not being in complete control of himself. As a result, he rarely drank anything. But, this night was different then most. He wanted to remember his mother and forget the pain he felt at her absence.

Things were getting delightfully tipsy when Genji pulled out the second that he had mentioned earlier. A photo album, one Hanzo immediately recognized. Their mother had enjoyed taking photos of the family at various milestones or events. She had kept them all in a binder, so that she could always find them when she wanted them.

“They were putting all of her stuff away, so I grabbed it,” Hanzo grabbed the book from his brother slowly, his hands actually trembling softly. “I thought you might like to have it, rather than it end up somewhere no one will ever see it again,”

The memories contained within the album showed, more than seemingly anything else, moments in Hanzo and Genji’s lives, both milestones and random times that their mother cherished. Some pages held events like Hanzo’s first archery championship, others just some day out and about with Genji gorging himself on fair snacks.

The crying came suddenly and without warning. Tears that had built since the moment he learned that his mother had died. Genji held him as he cried, the only person that he ever seemed to be able to let himself be even remotely vulnerable around other than their mother. From that point on it would only ever be Genji, until eventually he had no one.

Flowing tears followed him even as the scene faded away to nothing, replaced once again by the formless void that he was trapped in. This memory, more than most, was one he cherished and hated. It reminded him of when things were not so bad between the two of them, when they would come through for each other whenever it really mattered, regardless of whatever was wrong between them at the moment.

Pulling himself out of the past was difficult, it always had been and reliving these memories so vividly was not helping. He was not sure why he seemed to be seeing snippets of his past as he travelled through wherever this place was. Perhaps he was seeing his life flash before his eyes as the old saying went. If he was not dead than he was surely dying and many people seemed to believe
this was a thing that happened when someone was on the verge of death. When a new scene faded its way into existence, Hanzo was ready and resigned to follow it through whatever it turned out to be.

He was slightly older this time, watching Genji actually training, which was a strange enough scene to have found himself in. Getting his brother to do anything productive had grown more and more difficult as they both had aged. He had lost his patience, unwilling to put in the time and effort to coax him, while Genji seemed to drift further and further away from the family, including Hanzo. The fact that they were together this morning was almost a miracle in and of itself.

“You would likely be able to actually beat me from time to time if you put forth such effort more often.” Even now, he is not sure how much of that was teasing and how much of it was chastising his brother.

“You would be more fun if you pulled that stick out of your ass brother,” Genji responded easily. “I wouldn’t hold my breath though,” Hanzo ignored the insult, it had not been meant to actually be hurtful.

“To what do I owe the pleasure of your company dear brother?” Hanzo asked, walking to stand across from Genji, drawing his own practise blade. It took Genji a short moment to realize what his brother had intended, cocking an eyebrow before readying his own blade with a smirk.

“Can’t I just want to spend some time with my older brother?” Genji asked innocently, before all but launching himself forward recklessly.

Hanzo met his attacks easily. The gap in their natural talent showed less and less the more that Genji had neglected his training for other pursuits. Though it did appear that he had managed to sneak some training in on his own; responding better to many of the ways that Hanzo could usually rely on to catch him off guard.

“I do not believe you are physically capable of that, no.” Hanzo managed to reply during a brief lull in their mock combat, whilst he had Genji on the defensive. That did not last long though, his brother had always hated it when his opponent controlled the momentum of a fight.

“You wound me big brother,” He replied, striking furiously forward in conjunction with his false offense.
The fight continued like that for several more minutes. Hanzo would push him back and then Genji would regain control, each time they switched they would verbally spar with a smirk or a snigger. It had been such a ridiculously long time since they had simply trained together, let alone let loose and fought like this. It was refreshing, but he was very aware that his brother wanted something; he just hoped that it was not something that would lead to them actually fighting again.

Genji tired first, as was usually the case. It was over when Hanzo held his blunt sword to his younger brother’s neck, the two of them panting in almost equal measure. His victory was harder fought than it should have been, as it usually was whenever he faced Genji. But, like usual, he is still victorious and he smiles proudly, even as his brother pouts dramatically. They stare at each other like that for an unreasonable amount of time, a challenge. Hanzo breaks first this time, laughing at the ridiculous face his brother made.

“Rude,” Genji pouted harder while his brother laughed.

“Now that that’s done,” Hanzo began, once he had managed to quiet his laughter. “You can tell me what you are here for,”

“Well,” Genji replied, shit-eating grin back on his face. “There’s this music festival in Niigata prefecture,”

“I am vaguely aware of it,” Hanzo replied, raising a sceptical eyebrow.

“Well, I was planning to attend,”

“And?” Hanzo asked, growing impatient with his brother’s evasiveness.

“Well, with the whole Fujimoto fiasco Father is worried that it would be too dangerous, even though we all know I can take care of myself,”

“I have yet to be convinced of that,” Genji glared at him overdramatically before continuing.

“Well, father feels the same way. So, I was hoping you would agree to come with me so that he will not worry about my safety,”
“So he would have to worry about both of his sons instead?” He replied. “Why don’t you just sneak away like you always do?”

“Father has threatened to take away my expense account if I go,” Genji admitted.

“Of course, we cannot have you losing all that money…” Hanzo shook his head.

“Come on Hanzo, help your poor baby brother out,” The sight of his brother, a grown man, pulling a puppy-eyed stare in an attempt to force him to acquiesce was surprisingly funny. The resultant laughter only intensified the sad stare Genji had levelled at him.

“I’m sorry Genji,” Hanzo struggled to get the words out. “But, I have no desire to chaperone you and your friends to some overblown concert.”

“What if I told you it was just going to be you and me?”

“I would wonder what happened to the bodyguards father sent with us,”

“They don’t count,” Genji ignored his pedantry and continued. “Come on Hanzo. You need a break and we could have a good time away from all this for a few days,”

“I am to believe that you would enjoy me tagging along to make sure you do not do anything too stupid?” Hanzo scoffed.

“Come on. I can teach you all about the bands and I’m sure you’ll even like a few of them,” Hanzo sighed and Genji knew that he was getting close. “There will be games and prizes and all sorts of sweets. And nobody to tell you what to do for the weekend,”

“If I agree,” Hanzo began while Genji fist pumped in triumph, knowing that he had won. “You will do what I say. You will not run off without me and our escort and if I think we are in danger we will leave. Is that understood?” Hanzo had adopted a very serious and severe tone.

“Okay, but you have to let me tell you all about everyone we are going to be listening to,” Genji excitedly dragged Hanzo back into the castle towards their father’s room. His brother told him all
about the festival, speaking animatedly, in a way Hanzo had not heard in a long time. It was nice, even if convincing their father that they would be fine was more difficult than he had expected.

The memory faded while Genji continued trying to tell him every detail of some band’s discography, though the name of it escaped him. He remembered the festival itself. It had not been too bad. The food was terrible, but he enjoyed it and the music was better than he had feared. They had enjoyed themselves for about a day and a half. Before it ended, Hanzo had killed six people that had been sent to either kill or kidnap his brother. No one had expected that he would be there, it was a last minute decision after all. Genji had kept his word and they left afterwards with two separate men to interrogate when they got home.

The fallout from that involved quite a few messy deaths. The people had been sent by a rival clan that had planned to take advantage of their father’s health issues to expand their own power base. Hanzo had been tasked with responding, which included exacting revenge and sending a very clear message to them. Despite all of the work that it had thrust him into, Hanzo bought some of the songs he had heard and was not even mad at Genji.

Two blue flashes called him away from the most recent memory nearly as soon as it had ended, Hanzo struggling to keep up with them as they moved much quicker than before. They were closer now and more distinct, though whenever he grew too close they seemed to speed up and stay out of his reach. He felt the area around him shifting again as he rushed forward, preparing him to stumble into someplace new.

This time the transition was quick and jarring instead of the gradual fade in and out that he had grown accustomed to. He found himself in a sterile room, surrounded by bright lights and the whirs and beeps of machinery. He gasped for breath as he took in the unfamiliar surroundings. Everywhere else he had found himself had been extremely familiar to him, places close to home. He shot up from lying down, intending to figure out where he was, when a tug on his arm caught his attention. A thin tube was attached to his arm. He had enough time to remove it and turn before a pair of soft hands grabbed him from seemingly nowhere. Hanzo twisted, pulling himself away, escaping the grip attempting to hold him.

“Relax Hanzo,” A voice he couldn’t quite place called out a bit frantically. “You’re back at the watchpoint.”

Hanzo closed his eyes and breathed in deeply, centering himself. Three breaths in and his body slowly began to relax and he allowed those hands to gently lay him back on the bed he awoke on. The grip eased off, assured that he would stay place for the moment. It took several more deep breaths before he could open his eyes, immediately searching for the face to connect with the voice that had spoken, only to be met with a head of blonde hair and a tired smile.
“Welcome back,” The woman he knew as Dr. Ziegler greeted him while Hanzo simply stared, his breathing slowly evening out. “I’m going to put this IV back in your arm. Is that okay?” She kept her voice calm and spoke softly, waiting for Hanzo to respond. The words took longer than normal to register and he hesitated for a moment, his relationship with the woman who had saved Genji’s life unclear, but eventually he nodded his head. If she had wished him any harm, he would likely not be awake right now.

With permission the doctor slowly and carefully replaced the IV he had torn out in his haste to get up. Hanzo sorted through his thoughts, what had just happened, trying to hold on to the feeling of being outside of that dreamlike state, being alive and awake.

“How long have I been unconscious?” Hanzo asked as his sense of reality returned to him.

“Pushing five days,” She explained calmly. That was much longer than he had been hoping to hear, though he supposed Genji’s dragon probably did a lot of damage. All at once his thoughts turned to his brother and he shot back up, preparing to go searching for Genji.

“Where is Genji?” The question was urgent, but instead of answering it immediately Angela reached out again to grab him gently. He tried to evade her, but was tired and in a poor position, all he could manage was struggling to get free once he had already been grabbed. “Where is Genji?” He repeated, even more urgently than before, attempting to flail his arms and legs.

“Relax Hanzo!” It was an order this time, strong and commanding, but it was one Hanzo refused to obey. “You need to rest!” The strength of her voice surprised him, it was like night and day compared to when he had first woken up.

“I need to see my brother!” Hanzo shot back angrily.

“Genji is fine. He’s in his room with Zenyatta,” Hanzo’s struggles slowed while the doctor talked. “I treated him for minor injuries and released him. He is fine and you hurting yourself right now is just going to make things worse for everyone including your brother. So relax!” Reluctantly, he stopped struggling and allowed himself to be pressed softly back onto the bed.

“I feel fine,” Hanzo insisted as Angela proceeded to make sure he hadn’t torn out his IV again and check his vitals.

“I have dealt with the entirety of Overwatch, old and new, trying to get out of here before they’ve
recovered, so don’t try me on this one,” He let out a sigh, resigned to being bedridden for the moment. He was not in any real pain, but his head was somewhat addled at the moment and he could not concentrate easily. “Good,” She remarked when he had clearly listened. “I would prefer to not have to tie you to the bed,”

“Is that common practice in western medicine?” Hanzo asked, more bitterly than he probably should have.

“No, but in Overwatch medicine it is par for the course,” She replied simply, turning away to check out what one of the monitors was saying. When she did not elaborate, he simply changed the subject.

“How did the mission go?” He asked, trying to do something more useful than quibble with a doctor.

“More or less fine,” She replied vaguely. “You were stabilized and the threats were neutralized with minimal collateral damage given the circumstances.”

“How are we doing on supplies?” He had been out for almost a week and would not have been able to oversee any acquisitions he had not already set up before the mission.

“Fine. You can take over those duties again once you have fully recovered.”

“I want to see the mission report,” Hanzo replied instead of insisting that he could do it now. He needed to know what happened after his fight with Genji.

“If you rest up I will bring it in the morning,” Hanzo was surprised and irritated at being denied. “I’ll grab you something easy to eat. We need to get some solid food in you,” At the mention of food his stomach grumbled, clearly interested. “Oh and if I catch you out of that bed, I will actually tie you to it.” He doubted the threat was an idle one.

Just like that, she left him alone in the medbay with only his own thoughts to occupy himself. A very dangerous situation. His mind raced, still focused on everything that he had seen. Experienced whilst he was apparently unconscious. Part of him wanted to sort through the memories, how he felt about them, what it all meant. Another, very insistent, part of him wanted to ignore it and find anything else to focus on.

He had not been alone for very long before he heard the door open across the room. The thought of
any company was a strangely welcome escape from being trapped in his own head at the moment and he almost jumped at the opportunity to distract himself. Even a tense discomfort would distract him from overthinking the situation right at the moment. He felt the presence enter, even as he heard no footsteps.

“How is he?” The question passed his lips the moment he was sure about who had entered the room.

“Unharmed,” Zenyatta’s calm voice replied. “The dragon inside of him has long since calmed and he is himself.”

“That is good,” Hanzo responded slowly. “But, how is he? The doctor avoided any specifics.”

“He feels some significant guilt at his actions and fears that you might never awaken,” That is more or less what he feared would be the case. Nearly killing someone is not easy to handle, even if it was not truly Genji’s fault.

“I am fine,”

“I’m afraid I disagree,” Zenyatta replied, a soft feeling of tranquility radiating off of him. “Your body has recovered with mine and the doctor’s assistance, but your spirit is quite another matter,”

“What do you mean?” Hanzo scoffed at the implication that he was unwell.

“The wounds inflicted upon you sought to do more harm than merely destroying your body. Had I arrived sooner I might have prevented this, but alas, I did not.” Hanzo could hear a bitter tone of failure at the Omnic’s words, a momentary break from the calm and assured air the monk usually maintained. “Your body was stabilized and has been in no danger since you arrived here, yet you did not awaken for nearly a week. I did what I could to help, but the rest was up to you,” An odd silence fell, broken only by the soft whirs and beeps of the monitoring equipment.

“It is good that you are here,” Hanzo spoke eventually, returning the conversation to his concern for Genji. “Since I can not leave, you will be able to tell him that I am fine,”

“Your awakening is a very good sign, but you must still rest and heal. I am afraid I do not know how long your recovery will take,”
“I am fine,” He insisted again.

“You feel fine. There is a difference,” Zenyatta chastised, like one would a child.

“There is nothing wrong with me.” Hanzo all-but spat response at the monk’s tone. Much like a child, he realized moments later.

“Are you sure about that?” The words were strangely ominous, spoken as if they already knew the answer.

“I am a little tired,” Hanzo replied defensively. “Aside from that, however, I feel fine. I would not still be in this bed if Angela had not threatened me should I leave it,” The monk hummed in understanding.

“Where are your little companions?” Zenyatta asked.

Hanzo opened his mouth to respond, no words came out as he reached out for them and felt nothing. That was more than a little concerning. They have been with him, their presence and power a part of him, for most of his life at this point. Zenyatta’s hand found its way to his shoulder as the worry threatened to turn into panic.

“Remain calm,” The voice cut through his thoughts as they threatened to spiral out of control. “You are tired, disoriented and recovering from significant harm. They are not gone, merely weak and distant,”

“How could you know?” He snapped at the omnic.

“Genji went through much the same thing a decade ago,” Zenyatta’s tone was soft, though his words were chosen to give Hanzo pause. “You must give yourself time to recover. Things will be well with time,”

Silence fell between the two of them, any energy he had to converse exhausted by this point. Zenyatta seemed perfectly content with the awkward silence as he worked with the orb that he had apparently left in the medbay nearby Hanzo. After a short moment, the object glowed slightly
stronger and chimed soothingly.

“I will inform Genji that you have awoken,” The monk broke the silence, indicating his intention of leaving. “Though I believe it would be better for both of you to wait until you are out and about before talking.”

“You do not think he should see me like this?” Thinking about it himself, seeing pictures of Genji as he was being worked on after Hanzo murdered him was not something that he would have liked either.

“He would not handle it well at the moment,” Hanzo nodded in agreement as Zenyatta made his way towards the exit. “Rest well,”

He felt more alone after the monk left, then he had in a very long time. No matter where he went or what happened, the dragons were always with him. Distant and enigmatic, but present. Now, however, their absence was noticeable and difficult to ignore. He would simply have to hope that what Zenyatta had said was true and that it would not be a permanent thing.

The doctor returned several minutes after Zenyatta had left him alone again with his thoughts. She all but forced him to choke down something he could only describe as gruel. It tasted like nothing, but his stomach seemed to appreciate having something in it. It was eaten much faster than he had expected, doctor Ziegler insisting he start slow, with something small. Overdoing it would not be conducive to his recovery apparently.

He had neglected to learn the time of day when first waking up an hour or so ago, but now learned that it was very late, nearing midnight in fact. Doctor Ziegler checked her equipment and when, seemingly convinced that he was not going to simply die out of nowhere, left him to get some rest. He would be allowed to receive visitors in the morning and she would evaluate his condition for release then.

Being left alone with nothing to do, but to try and sleep, was not a terribly good prospect. He had always been one for over analyzing and worrying and that has never changed. The dreams or memories that he had just experienced, the situation with his brother and everyone’s general evasiveness had him entirely on edge. There was no way he was going to get any rest soon, not without working himself to exhaustion.

Getting out of this place and heading to the practice range was becoming more and more of an enticing option, even if it ended with him physically restrained at the end. At least then he could
escape from his head for a while. Before he could enact any plans to that end, the door to the medbay opened. Assuming that the doctor had returned, he turned, only to be surprised by a familiar mask.

The red visor, that he had become accustomed to, was a surprisingly relaxing sight as he watched it entering the medbay, especially considering how imposing it could be when you were on the wrong side of the man beneath it. If there was any company that he would not object to at the moment, it was probably the old soldier.

“Heard you were awake,” The man spoke as their gazes met.

“I was under the impression that I was not allowed visitors at this hour,”

“Never been good at listening to doctors,” The man sauntered over to where Hanzo rested, pulling over a nearby chair before taking a seat at his side. Before Hanzo could ask what he was doing, the man pulled a tablet out of the bag that he brought with him and proffered it to him. “Figured you’d be going crazy being stuck in here until the doc lets you out,”

“Thank you,” He grabbed the device with a smile. He could get started on making sure their supplies were actually doing fine and begin planning for the next supply drops that they would need. Having something to do would also help to keep him occupied, keep his mind focused and away from dangerous thoughts.

“Worried things will fall apart without you?” The question confused him, until he noticed how quickly he had begun looking through the expense report and making notes.

“That is the way I was raised,” Hanzo replied. “If I do not do it, who will?

“I seem to have managed somehow,” The words caught Hanzo by surprise, if he was the one that had handled supplies for the duration, than Hanzo had inadvertently just insulted him.

“I did not mean,” Hanzo actually stammered as he spoke, trying to clear up the unintended insult behind his words. “Clearly you are more than capable,” His attempts at clarification were interrupted by a deep booming laughter.

“I was joking,” He explained as his laughter calmed. “I get it, really I do. It’s often easier to do it yourself than to trust other people, even when you know they are more than up for the task.”
“Being a leader always meant making sure everything was working as intended,” Hanzo replied. “It did not matter who messed up, any problems that arose were mine to deal with. It was always my responsibility to fix things, to punish those responsible, to ensure the continued prosperity of the clan,”

“You were the only thing keeping things from falling apart around you, always busy making sure others could reap the rewards of your work,” Hanzo nodded along, but it was clear by his tone that 76 was talking about his own experiences with leadership, seemingly not so different from his own, despite their legal standings.

“That is in the past now,” 76 laughed at the thought, mirthless and severe, a perfect mirror to Hanzo’s own feelings at the moment. “A useless platitude,” He agreed after a moment. “I am not sure why I even said such a foolish thing,” His cheeks flushed slightly in embarrassment at the notion.

“Everyone says something stupid every now and again. Hell, you should’ve heard some of the stupid shit I would catch myself saying back in the day,” It was hard to place the soldier’s tone as he spoke, perhaps wistful. “Anyway, I dropped by to keep you from going crazy in here, not to contribute to it,” The man seemed to forcefully drop the introspective tone that had developed.

“I was hoping to read the mission report,” Hanzo joined in changing the subject. “Apparently I am supposed to wait until tomorrow.” As if on cue, 76 snatched the device from Hanzo’s hands and navigated his way through it, handing it back with an opened copy of the report. He had brought it with him.

“The last several days have been a bit trying, so I figured you might have some questions. I was brought up to speed on what happened, so I will answer what I can. It might be more useful than what's in the report for you,”

“The file says that Reinhardt was injured,” Hanzo remarked as he scanned briefly through the summary.

“He gave himself a concussion. He’s fine.” 76 waved away his concern.

“Good. Any major fallout given the open violence on display?”
“Nothing much. Helix helped spin the story and your efforts kept the collateral damage to a minimum, though I don’t have any concrete figures, there were quite a few civilian injuries and a few deaths,”

“Good. It could have gone much worse;”

“You all did quite well,” Hanzo smiled at the bit of praise, before schooling his face back into a more neutral expression.

“I saw him earlier, but did not get to enquire as to how Zenyatta is doing,”

“He recovered extremely quickly, much to Dr. Ziegler’s confusion. She apparently doesn’t understand the method he used to repair himself, but he claims he was never in any particular danger,”

“That would have been nice to know beforehand,” Hanzo grumbled, irritated that this might have been avoided.

“Wouldn’t have changed much,” 76 interrupted his thoughts, as if he knew what Hanzo was considering. “Reporting his injury was the right call and the lack of a response would have led to the same conclusion, even if you were all aware of his ability to self-repair;” He opened his mouth to argue, but closed it when he realized that the soldier was right.

“I suppose that is true,” It had been nice, that moment that allowed him to blame someone and something concrete for what had happened, but it was simply a method of rationalizing things. “I should simply have been faster. Than I might have stopped all of this,”

“And if I was capable of doing everything in the world at once no one would have ever died on an op,” This was the second time in as many hours that Hanzo was being chastised as if he was a child. He was not sure if it was more or less irritating because they had a point both times. “So, how much longer are you going to stall before getting to what you really want to know?”

Hanzo stared at him, gaze probably harsher than he intended, not that it seemed to perturb the soldier. He did not enjoy being called out, even if the man was entirely correct about his not so subtle avoidance of mentioning his brother. In all honesty he wasn't even sure why he was doing it. It was simply difficult to think about the horrible possibilities.
“What happened with Genji after I blacked out?” Hanzo finally asked, steeling himself for an answer that he truly did not want to hear.

“Well, according to Tracer, your brother had apparently already stabbed you when they arrived, her and Zenyatta,” 76 began recounting whatever he had heard about the events. “She had carried him over to where you two were as quickly as she could, at his insistence,” At some point Hanzo had sat up, despite what the doctor had told him, and his own exhaustion, his attention now focused on the man speaking.

“After she yelled some profanity at the sight of the two of you, Genji apparently tried to attack her;”

“In that state he probably thought they were there to aid me. Thus, they were enemies,” Hanzo interrupted, trying to contextualize Genji’s actions, to make sense of them for 76’s benefit.

“Yeah, well, apparently before he could cover the distance between them, Zenyatta had placed himself between the two of them and Genji’s sword stopped in midair as if caught by some strange force, a bright golden glow as brilliant as the sun if what she said is to be believed,” 76 spoke as if he did not quite believe it himself, but was willing to entertain the idea, if only because of the people involved.

“Zenyatta murmured something to him and Genji collapsed into his arms and the monk moved to tend to your wounds until Angela could get there. Your brother did not reawaken for several hours and had apparently freaked out when he saw you on the transport,”

“I see,” Hanzo replied, digesting what he was being told. “Have you seen him since he returned?”

“I’ve asked around and no one has seen him outside of his room all week,” The response surprised Hanzo, at least a little. Not that Genji had hidden away, but rather that 76 had apparently asked everyone about it. The man rarely talked to almost anyone on base outside of an official context. “Zenyatta has been taking care of him,”

“Thank you. This is more information than anyone else has given me since I awoke,”

“I figured you would handle the wait better if you actually knew what was going on,”

“I wish the others shared that notion,” Hanzo couldn’t keep the annoyance out of his voice.
“They’ve never quite understood that some people need to know what is going on. They are trying to protect you, to keep you from worrying too much. They don’t get that you will always worry and knowing what is going on, both good and bad, helps temper that,”

“Perhaps it is the burden of leadership that separates us from them,” Hanzo mused aloud. He almost missed it, the almost imperceptible way 76’s posture stiffened at the words. It took a moment before his mind clicked and he realized why the old soldier might be uncomfortable with what he just said. The man was still unaware that his identity was known. Hanzo had not meant to bring it up now, with everything that had just happened, the words had simply slipped out without any consideration. “Not that our organizations were particularly similar,” He clarified after a moment. “But I would imagine our responsibilities were much the same even if some of the details differed,”

Even behind that mask, it was not difficult to see the wheels turning in the older man’s head. If the man was as prone to overthinking things, as Hanzo was, then he was certainly debating whether or not the implications of these words were intentional or if, perhaps, he was reading too far into things.

“Sounds like you've got some stuff figured out,” The response was gruff and dismissive, but made clear the conclusion that the man had drawn. “Or at least you think you do.”

Rather than responding with words, Hanzo turned to the tablet that 76 had brought him. It was simple enough to pull up an old picture of the original Overwatch strike team members. There were quite a few of them in the archives that Athena kept. Gabriel Reyes, Ana Amari, and Jack Morrison stared back at him, and with a twist of his wrist, they suddenly stared at 76.

“You are in this picture are you not?” He had framed the question as neutrally as he could manage.

An almost overwhelming tension fell over the room as the words left his lips. For several moments the only things he could read from 76’s body language were aggression and violent intentions, enough for Hanzo to tense instinctively and prepare himself for a physical confrontation. Much to his relief, it faded almost as quickly as it came. With a long suffering sigh, 76 fell back into his chair. When the soldier did not respond for several seconds, Hanzo continued.

“For a terrorist, assassin, Reaper talks too much.” The explanation, in response to an unasked question, seemed to satisfy the older man for a moment. Hanzo had not violated his trust or some other betrayal, he had merely overheard their confrontation.

“That man died six years ago,” The words were not a denial, so much as they were a declaration.
One that Hanzo believed that he understood, as far as this man was concerned, he was someone else entirely, someone who left behind everything but his duty.

“I understand,” Hanzo interrupted suddenly, before the man could continue any further. “You do not owe me any kind of explanation. I will respect your choices as you have mine,” The intensity of the soldier’s stare as he studied Hanzo for even the tiniest shred of dishonesty was nearly enough to break the composure he had trained for since birth, but he held his ground until 76 was seemingly satisfied.

“Thank you,”

“It is nothing,” Hanzo dismissed the gratitude quickly. “However,” He could imagine the soldier’s frown as his forehead creased. “I do not believe it is wise to keep the Reaper’s identity a secret from the others,”

“Then tell them, if you feel that way,” 76 replied slowly.

“I cannot,”

“Why?”

“They would not believe me without evidence,” Hanzo replied calmly, gaze locked with the visor that hid the soldier’s eyes. “And the only evidence I have would also reveal who you are,”

“Just leave that part out,”

“I doubt people would believe me even if I told them everything. Many of them have history with the man that I would be accusing of betrayal and nothing good to say about me,” When the other man didn’t respond, Hanzo continued. “If this man truly has intimate knowledge of this organization and many of its old members, then it seems incredibly inappropriate to keep that information from them,”

“I am unreasonably angry at you for being right,” 76 sighed, whatever anger he was feeling being overwritten by a bitter resignation that Hanzo was all too accustomed to himself.
“I apologize,”

“There’s no need. You did nothing wrong,” The soldier waved off his apology.

“I should have picked a better time,"

“Yeah, that mystical time where nothing can upset me,” 76 drawled. “You should’ve waited until then to say anything,” A brief chuckle helped to ease the atmosphere. It was forced, but the intention was clear and still worked to accomplish its goal.

“It just seems inappropriate to burden you with this while you came here to help unburden me,” Hanzo grumbled.

“Let’s chalk it up to the near death experience than. So, no hard feelings,” Hanzo nodded in acknowledgment of the idea. “Anyway, I am going to blow off some steam with a punching bag or two,”

“I would join you if I was not stuck here as per the doctor’s threats,” 76 laughed, a real one this time, at the way he emphasized ‘threats’ instead of ‘orders.’

“Yeah, Angie can be a bit overbearing, but she should let you out tomorrow if everything is fine,”

“I am fine now,” Hanzo argued once more, already fed up with having to try to convince people of how he feels.

“Just get some rest and I’ll break you out of here tomorrow if they don’t let you leave on your own,”

“Very well, but I am holding you to that,” Hanzo replied with a sigh.

“Yeah, no worries. Though I doubt it will come to that,” 76 stood, slowly heading towards the door. “Have a good night Shimada,” The man disappeared through the door with a wave.

Being left alone was not as intimidating when he had something to do. Even something relatively
inconsequential, such as making sure that things he had already set up were still happening and that no one on base needed anything for supplies.

When he ran out of one thing to do, he simply found another. With everything else exhausted, he moved on to finally reading through the detailed files that he had access to about the various members of Overwatch. He had already read through the basic information he had been given about the people he would be working with, but if the situation had not been so distracting, he would have done some more in depth research earlier.

Now, he needed the distraction and so he kept digging, beyond what was necessary. There was only so much he could learn in one night, but a brief history of the organization was a good place to start. There was plenty of information he was not allowed to view without special permission, but there was more than enough to get a decent picture of the two different organizations involved and some of the important people in them.

Exhaustion eventually caught up to him, putting an end to his investigation. He fell asleep quickly, bittersweet memories playing through his head. He laughed and cried in equal measure throughout the night. It was as if whatever had started in that dark place had not yet finished and it would not be satisfied until he found its conclusion, whatever that might be.

End Notes

Comments or questions are always welcome. My Tumblr [jessejackreyes](https://jessejackreyes.tumblr.com). I have multiple things to finish right now but this has stolen most of my attention and has a lot of priority right now because I really think the pair needs some more content.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](https://jessejackreyes.tumblr.com) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!