The Angel and The Sparrow

by MysteryHack

Summary

Combat Medic Ziegler has always loved the Overwatch initiative. After a scouting mission to Hanamura goes awry, Angela puts all of her time and effort into saving the life of Genji Shimada. From medical procedures to cybernetic engineering, she's willing to do anything. Once Genji's new form is complete, Angela realizes the man she had come to care for is in grave danger. Now, she must work through Genji's violence, McCree's crush, the crumbling of her beloved organization, and her own feelings for the cowboy and the sparrow.

It's a Gency-centric work with a small amount of McMercy thrown in for good measure. Part One of my Overwatch Series, focusing mostly on the Pre-fall lore.
Chapter 1

The first sense that came flooding back to Combat Medic Ziegler was 'hearing'. As far as she could tell, she was still fairly blind, but his screams of agony echoed ceaselessly in her ears. She groped around in the darkened pagoda, feeling for her caduceus. Finally, numbed fingers felt the familiar solid structure. They tightened protectively around the smooth rubber grip. Her mind, still swimming, allowed itself time to muse. To ponder this, the maiden voyage of her healing device. She had been pleased with her medical breakthrough fomented when she had successfully healed Jesse's broken nose...the result of another unfortunate teaching lesson at the hands of Gabriel. The boy had never known when enough was enough; when to keep his mouth shut. Which is exactly what she should have been doing—she wasn't. She was screaming. For what or who, she hadn't quite processed yet.

As soon as her eyesight began to return, strange shapes flitted and twisted across her eyes. Dark splotches hindered her progress in discovering just where she happened to land after the impact had knocked the wind from her lungs. Gingerly, she pulled herself to a crawling position. Her grip strengthened on her staff, and sensation returned to the rest of her body. Eyesight, hearing, and touch were fighting their way back online, aided by the glowing stream of healing light washing over the doctor.

She allowed her forehead to rest on the wooden flooring beneath her, willing her breaths to become slower, less labored. Slowly, she felt the pain subside as the golden light saturated her very cells. She licked her lips as she gasped, tasting the ever present copper with which most of her daily profession involved. Taste. Taste had also returned. Her brain fired off new questions as it registered its newest found awareness. The medic thought about the blood in her mouth. It was the leftover bitterness one might expect after grazing their lip with their teeth. There was no constant stream of the viscous liquid pouring from her mouth. At least the blow hadn't ruptured anything internally. For that she was grateful. With a deep breath in, the final of the basic five senses capable by the body found its way back to her. Smell, her brain supplied helpfully. The air reeked of something hot and wet...almost primal, "blood" her brain reasoned, as well as something even more wild. With a small puff of breath dragged out of her by exertion, Medic Ziegler, Codename: Mercy managed to pull herself in to a standing position. Leaning heavily on her caduceus, she took another breath of frigid air in through her nose. She thought idly of the scent of the air again; blood and...ozone. That was the smell she couldn't place before. Ozone, electrical and crackling. Reverberations of ferocious roars rung through her skull, as if the cerulean twin dragons had materialized once more to wreak havoc. Dragons. That's right. The mission. Her sluggish brain finally churning its way through the shock of events that had transpired. That was how she had found herself battered and bruised on the wooden planks of the balcony they had been standing on.

The mission: Guard and Eventually Recruit The Sparrow had officially gone AWOL if Angela had anything to say about it, and she would. As soon as she found herself comfortably placed in front of her terminal. Dictating Athena's record-keeping programming had become therapeutic after nights like this. Terror sat hot like a knife in her belly as her thoughts snapped to the former Yakuza member. The Sparrow, and possibly half of the pagoda were nowhere to be seen. All that was left in the wake of the monstrosities called upon by their attacker was herself, and what looked to be a scene out of that old timey-movie...what was it again? Oh right, Twister. Hanzo, my brother. He's tracking me Angela, I fear for us both lest Overwatch cease its contact with me immediately. Genji had whispered as he toyed with a loose blonde lock.

Her potential recruit had thrown her forcefully to the side as the older man let loose an angry
scream in his native tongue. The ninja had been quick enough to save her life, but not enough to spare her from witnessing the awesome power of the spectral pair of dragons. Quickly, Angela limped forward, looking for any signs of the green haired man she had been looking out over the balcony with. There was nothing. No scrap of clothing, shirukens tossed haphazardly. Her boot connected with something slick, causing her to slide forward. Had it not been for her staff, she would have fallen into the strange substance.

In a daze she realized it was blood, still warm and soaking her shoes. She fought the urge to shriek and instead tried to calm her nerves. Combat Medic. Combat Medic. She had been on the front-lines before. She thought over and over again, as if she could reason that: yes-she always found herself floating in a puddle of someone else's blood, and that: yes-she was fine with it. Except she wasn't. At all.

“Genji!” Her lungs burned as his name tore its way from her throat. Genji, Genji, Genji! She screamed it repeatedly, wishing against all logic that he would appear out of thin air. As though summoned by the power of his name. She looked everywhere. When she could be sure Genji was no longer on the balcony as she had hoped, she turned her eyes to the courtyard below. It was a ten foot drop straight on to cobblestone pathway below.

With a push of the button on her staff, the two wings on her back stretched themselves to their full span behind her. The Valkyrie suit remained unscathed. With one last glance downwards, Doctor Ziegler shut her eyes and willed herself to float into the debris below. Her eyes opened as soon as her feet touched the ground. The prototype appendages has worked seamlessly, much to her rapidly fading relief. Frantically she scanned the remnants of the second-story pagoda. Remains of a more organic nature littered the splintered pieces of timber. Angela followed the trail of gore to a large, flat piece of what had been the ornate roof. The blood pooled there, and the doctor knew what she would find when it was lifted.

She clawed uselessly at the lumber, needing to see him for herself. Tears streamed from her eyes as she silently pleaded with the structure to move. To let her save him. This was all their fault. This was all her fault. If only she hadn't tried so hard to coerce the youngest Shimada to join the organization. If only she had smothered the spark he had lit in her. He wouldn't be here. The communication device in her ear crackled to life.

Jack's frenzied voice begged her for her location, “Mercy. Please. We have reinforcements standing by. Reyes and Amari are trailing the man who did this. Please answer me. Tell me you're alright.” His voice broke on 'alright'.

“I am alive,” Angela answered her voice strained and exhausted, “I'm alive. But Genji...he's-he's trapped, Jack. Where is Reinhardt?” An endless stream of blood flowed out to meet her, “I think he's...I need...”

“We've patched in to your comm's GPS signal. Reinhardt is en route,” Jack's voice was soothing as though he were calming an injured animal, “We're gonna get you out of there, Angie.”

We're gonna get you out of there, Angie. The nuance was there, laced in the Strike Commander's words. Genji was no more. Extracting her and hunting down Hanzo were the main priority now. Objective One: Failed. Jack would clinically report. Angela clenched her fist, dried blood crackled, it shouldn't have been this way. It couldn't be this way.

A barely audible whine found its way to the medic's ears. Hot tears spilled from her eyes as relief dared to bloom in her chest. Genji was alive. Silently she prayed that he could hold on until Reinhardt reach them. Then they could free him from where he had been wedged in the wreckage.

“Please my dear Sparrow, hang on. Help is coming.” Angela urged as she directed her healing
light towards the injured man. Tendrils of gold worked their way through every cracked entry in the plank.

After what felt like an eternity the telltale heavy clank of steel sabatons echoed through the courtyard. Reinhardt had arrived, hammer held as though he were expecting a second onslaught. A weak shift under the rubble caught the medic's attention once more. He was moving. While the movement was minute, Angela chose to take it as a good sign. The hope she had been holding back wove its way through her very core. Genji would live. Of that she was certain.

“Here! Reinhardt! He's here!” Angela waved her arms at the enormous knight.

“Mercy,” Reinhardt's shoulders dropped perceptibly, “You are unharmed.” The large man leans his hammer against one of the remaining pillars of the building before stomping closer. “Where is the Shimada boy?”

Angela sighed, “There. He's become wedged between the concrete and that large section of roofing. Once we move that, we can begin stabilizing him.”

The over-sized German knight nods and grabs the massive beam. With a rumbling growl, Reinhardt tosses the plank as though it were nothing more than a javelin. He offers the doctor one of his famous smiles, though it misses its mark. Mercy is staring at the ground in absolute horror.

Genji was indeed under the dregs of the Hanamura inn's balcony. More sickening however, was the realization that not all of Genji was resting at their feet. Acid churned angrily in Angela's stomach, threatening to overflow at any moment. She had seen severe injuries before, though nothing like this. Not in all her years in the field. Weakly the ninja opened his left eye, only just focusing it on the woman above him.

“Angie?” Genji rasped out. Her name seemed to take the rest of his strength as it fell from his mouth. He had saved just enough of his life for one last look at her. His body began to spasm as it began succumbing to the injuries it had sustained. Angela felt her stomach drop to her toes.

The medic grit her teeth and fought to bring a semblance of composure back to herself. She was a doctor. He was her patient. She would not let him die here today.

“Jack. We need an evac immediately. Please have whatever emergency medical supplies we have readied upon pick up,” She swallowed and clicked off the comm.

Time seemed to slow and speed up instantaneously as they waited for Jack to arrive. Hurriedly, Angela pulled off her blue overcoat, tearing it in to strips. Tightly she secured three makeshift tourniquets to Genji's mangled limbs. The streams of blood slowed, though only slightly. Her hands flitted around the severe burns that covered him, unsure of how to treat them without the proper supplies. Reinhardt tore her from her work as soon as the helicarrier touched down.

Without so much as a jostle, the knight and the medic were able to successfully move the young man into the tiny med bay of the aircraft. Reinhardt moved to the front to sit with Jack, most likely giving Angela her space to work. Everyone knew how important a quiet working environment was when Mercy was performing 'miracles'.

She would have given anything for it to be one of the more routine injuries she had dealt with. Digging a bullet out of McCree or Reyes...Stitching Reinhardt when he'd fallen on his axe. Those wounds were nothing compared to what she was facing now. Third degree burns, internal organ damage, lost limbs. It was as though every test question from her medical exams had materialized in the form of a Sparrow. The trip back to the Swiss base was as silent as the grave.
As soon as they touched down on the landing pad, Genji was being wheeled to the hospital wing. Mercy was grateful to the staff for mobilizing so quickly. All machines were booted, all instruments washed and set aside. Quickly, the doctor sanitized her hands before near sprinting to her patient. If she could just stabilize him, she could put him in a suspended animation tank until she could gather what was required for a cybernetic overhaul of Genji’s anatomy. Nanobiology was something the doctor had been studying intensely since entering medical school. How to successfully augment the physicality of a human near-death…to save lives with advanced robotics. Both of her parents had perished in the omnic crisis. Angela Ziegler devoted her life to prevent this tragedy from happening to as many families as possible.

The world’s best engineers had been stationed at the Swiss facility on the orders of the United Nations. Medical research and advancement had become a new Overwatch operation, the reason for her assignment within their ranks. A quick call from Jack Morrison had them already working on solutions for Doctor Ziegler. It had taken nearly a continuous two days of surgery to put Genji just outside of the danger zone. The injuries he had suffered would be an awful shock that would no doubt alter the way the ninja would live his life.

He had lost both legs, his right arm, and had sustained horrible scarring to his torso and face, and that didn't even begin to cover the internal damage that still needed addressing. As an afterthought, Angela had realized the wild green mane that had she had become so fond of had been lost, burned away in the attack. Her heart squeezed as she cast one last glance down to the patient lying in the tiny hospital bed. She leaned back in the chair in front of her work terminal.

Spurs jangling loudly down the metallic hallway had announced his arrival before he had entered the recovery room. A fond smile reluctantly tugged at her lips. She tried to slick her mussed tresses back, she must look haggard after working for so long.

Jesse McCree, ever present and always helpful had cheerfully pointed it out to Angela as he came strolling in with a small tray of food. “Ya need t'sleep, Doc. Athena said this boy isn't goin' belly-up anytime soon, and no offense...but my gal's lookin' just a...tad wearier than I'd like.” His eyes traced her face intently as he held his gift out to her. She smiled self-deprecatingly as she gratefully accepted the tray, following the cowboy to the lounge area across from the medical wing. The bread was stale, harder than it looked, and the chicken sat lukewarm in front of her. Perhaps it had been sleep deprivation, but something about it seemed mocking.

McCree watched as she nibbled at the food. It wasn't nearly enough to help, but it would keep her from starving. He tried again, “Ya know Angie, I can look after him for ya. I'll wake ya up quicker than a rattler under a wagon wheel if something happens while you're resting.” His tone was gentle, loving in its own way.

The young Blackwatch Agent had became insistently protective of Angela as soon as she had joined on as Overwatch's resident medic. The two of them had shared numerous sleepless nights and long days together, forming a relationship that transcended the realm of merely “co-workers”. Angela had assumed it had become Jesse McCree's mission in life to make her fall in love with him, and once after a particularly harrowing skirmish with rogue omnis; he had admitted as much. There were a few times before her mission to Hanamura had started that she thought it may have been possible.

Dark purple bruises under cornflower blue eyes became inescapable as the doctor turned her gaze on him, “I'm not going anywhere. He's resting in a bed right now, and the engineers are coming soon to start a complete retrofitting of cybernetic implants and prosthesis with the prototype
models I've already completed. There is too much work to be done, Jesse.” Her tone was biting, but her heart wasn't in it. Not really, and Jesse knew it.

“Listen Doc, either you get some shut eye or I'll be back with them damned pills I take after runs with Reyes...and you ain't gonna like how you take 'em.” He sounds threatening, and maybe it came out a little more awkward than he'd wanted, but he wasn't backing down. Angela Ziegler was constantly saving their comrades. Always offering kind words and solutions to any malady mental or physical that would afflict the agents. Jesse reckoned he might have been just a tad overly infatuated with the good doctor, but that was beside the point. She was wonderful and always looked after everyone, and in that role...no one really looked after her.

Angela’s resolve disintegrated almost entirely. She was tired, and she could trust Jesse to sit dutifully near her patient for a few hours. She worried her battered lip between her teeth the sting helped clear the fog in her head, “Just a few hours. But I won't sleep in my quarters. After taking care of some things, I will sleep in one of the empty hospital beds near Mr. Shimada. Please wake me once I've slept for four hours. It is important...”

A rough cough from Jesse successfully halted her, “No offense darlin’, but it's important you take care of yourself. I'll wake ya after four hours, but it wouldn't hurt to remember,” He placed his robotic hand on her shoulder, “you're human too, Angela.” The tenderness in his voice was too much, and the doctor quickly shifted away, rising to her weary feet. She wobbled slightly, but Jesse caught her, “Not to be rude Doc, but you need a shower.” Jesse laughed, wrinkling his nose.

Angela slid open the door to her quarters, the soft orange light of her personal console greeted her. She couldn't remember the last time she had set foot in to the small apartment. Ages, it felt like. Days, it had most likely been. She flipped on the lights, turning the setting to the soft red she had installed for the nights she had spent working on her robotic projects.

Her eyes scanned over the room, making a mental note to get reacquainted with the space after having been in Hanamura for so long. Her room was more cluttered than her Japanese dorm had been...far smaller in space as well. Her eyes traced over her large bed, it looked inviting to the doctor, draped in sheer curtains and adorned with the large overstuffed pillows she loved so much. She allowed her body to sit on the edge of the mattress, fighting with all of her might not to throw herself backward on to it and be lost to the world for several hours. She continued to survey her space. Her workbench; untouched, her kitchenette; tidy as she had left it, night stand: covered in the pictures she had set there before her departure. She reached for the one on top of the stack, It was a picture of herself surrounded by the core of the Overwatch team: Gabriel Reyes, Jack Morrison, Ana Amari, Torbjorn Lindholm, Reinhardt Wilhelm, even cadet Oxton and Ana's daughter Fareeha were front and center. Wide smiles beamed up at her. She allowed the picture to slip from her hands and land haphazardly back in its place. She knew the organization worked for the good of humanity, but when things went sideways...she fell to pieces.

Slowly she undressed, allowing her soiled scrub uniform to pool on the sheepskin rug at her feet. Ana always looked bemused by Angela's interior decorating. “A creature of comfort” the sniper had teased. Angela's lips quirked at the memory. It had been more than a need for comfort though, it had stemmed more from a need to make her residence in the headquarters resemble a home as much as possible. If her mental state could be put at ease, Angela felt she could unlock even more of her mental potential. She reached for the remote on her kitchen table and flipped on the small fireplace she had installed in her bathroom. This, Angela would admit, was more about comfort than functionality.

When the steel and tile of the lavatory finally warmed to a tolerable temperature, the medic turned on the shower and stepped in to the narrow stall. The water was hot. Almost hot enough to burn
away the last day and a half from her mind. Her back, sore from the constant hunching over Genji, began to loosen, the water massaging her muscles. The exhaustion that had curled around her bones dispelled and her thoughts began to turn once again to the man resting in the hospital wing.

_Her breath had caught in her throat as the youngest Shimada son stretched his hand to hers in greeting. Slightly fanged teeth glittering in the setting sun, the bright green of his hair a stark contrast to his thick dark eyebrows. The look in his dark eyes mischievous and inviting. “I'm Genji. It is very nice to meet you, Doctor Ziegler. I have heard great things about you,” he had the nerve to kiss her hand._

Mercy felt her heart constrict as she reminisced. From the very beginning of her recruitment mission, she had thought Genji was the most beautiful person she had ever met. The water was no longer the only thing causing her body to heat.

_They had spent the first few days with Gabriel, going over potential uses for Genji within Overwatch's ranks. “A skilled ninja is always a welcome addition to the covert wing of our operation,” Reyes had said, a predatory glint to his gaze._

_Genji hadn't paid much attention to the soldier then. His eyes had been on Angela, “And Doctor, what is it that you work on for the organization, other than strictly field positions?”_

“I've been advancing nano-technology with the grants Overwatch has attained. I do not work the Blackwatch operations, though I do treat Gabriel and Jesse, the other member, often for injuries sustained while in the field.

“What is Blackwatch?” Genji had asked, turning his attention back to the older man.

“A good time,” Gabriel gave Genji a toothy grin. “I think you'd find your family may have already trained you in much of the same techniques we use in Blackwatch.”

_Genji stared hard at the floor, “And how could I be useful outside of Blackwatch?”_
Gabriel had been dismayed, though not deterred with Genji's answer. Angela however, silently approved of Genji's refusal to find amusement in the tactics Reyes had been referring to. It seemed Genji took no pride in his criminal family or their ways.

Gabriel had pulled her aside that night once their meeting with The Sparrow had ended, “I need you to get him on the team, Angie.”

Angela too had felt that Genji needed to join the organization, though for entirely different reasons. She had been sure, “I will do my best.”

Reyes had left the morning after, trusting Angela to employ any means necessary to snare the Shimada brother. Genji had come calling early in the morning, taking Angela on a tour of Hanamura. He explained their traditions and customs, as well as pointing out some of his favorite spots in the town. She had been overjoyed when it became apparent that the man intended to see her daily. He had invited her to stay as a guest at his family's inn, so long as no one found out why she was there, and she had gladly accepted. They had grown closer over the span of her outreach mission. So close in fact, that it was not uncommon for her to wake in the morning to Genji perched on her personal balcony with small gifts for her. Once it had been a sparrow feather; which rested on her work desk, another time, it had been ‘the most perfect blossom in all of Hanamura’; now pressed between the pages of her anatomy textbook.

They had kept the secret to themselves for a month before Hanzo had overheard them discussing Genji’s departure from Hanamura.

“I thought she was nothing more than another one of your...conquests,” Hanzo had said, his trepidation apparent, “But now you are planning on betraying our Kazoku...abandoning me. For a government organization? Overwatch is an enemy of the Shimada empire, and yet you will pledge your loyalty to them? For what, a woman?” Disgust painted itself across Hanzo's face, marring what Angela had once considered such handsome features.

“I want to make the world a better place, Brother. I want to be a better man. This organization
will give me the opportunity to cleanse my soul of our family's crimes. It will give me a chance.” Genji had almost sounded sad, Angela had thought, as he defied his brother.

“Our father had always coddled you. It has made you soft, Suzume,” Hanzo had lunged at Genji after that. That was two nights ago.

The water in the shower had lost its bite, cold water began its icy assault on the medic as she sputtered and quickly flipped the handle into the off position. She grabbed for the fluffy towel balancing on her small sink counter. She couldn't help but wish for one last night, walking the courtyard with Genji as he explains the finer points of his favorite Katsudon. Then, he had been carefree, sweet, and full of spirit. Now, she was unsure of the man he would wake to be.

After a quick change into another pair of scrubs, Angela made her way back to the hospital wing. Her bare feet padded quietly on the cold tile floor as she neared the row of beds containing Genji's. The doctor came closer to her patient's resting place, noting the peacefulness that had smoothed the wrinkles in his face. She lightly traced the shell of his left ear, untouched by the scorching of the dragons. The sleeping man let out a small contented sigh, causing her heart to flutter.

Jesse cleared his throat again in that obnoxious way, “Bed time, Doc.”

Angela sprang from Genji as if he had shocked her, “That wasn't funny Jesse. I'm about to lay down.”

Jesse gave her her signature smirk, opening his arms in apology, “Sorry, Angie. I couldn't resist. Ya really need to get t'sleep. Gabe and I are goin' on a stake out, but I told Jack to wake ya inna few hours,” He was slurring his words.

Concerned, Mercy closed the distance between the cowboy and herself, “Jesse. You sound strange, are you alright?” Her hand closed gently stroked at the scruff covering his jaw. It was affectionate, possibly to the point of inappropriate, but the lack of sleep had erased any apprehensions she may have had.

“M'alright. Jus' hadda couple'a drinks for the road,” McCree answered, tentatively wrapping his arms around the doctor, “Wanted to make sure ya were allrigh' before I left.”

For a minute Angela's brain shorted out. Unable to say or do anything other than sink deeper into the warmth of Jesse's embrace. She hadn't realized how terrified she had been until she found herself safe in another person's arms. The tang of whiskey and the clove smell of spent cigarillos tickled her nose as she allowed her head to rest against her friend's chest. He gently patted her back before he pulled away.

“I gotta get, Darlin'. I'll see ya in a few days. Look after yourself,” Jesse whispered as he gently nicked Angela's chin with his hand, a sign of affection he displayed only with her.

“Be safe, Jesse.” Angela whispered. She watched as the Blackwatch uniform disappear down the corridor. Leave it to Jesse McCree to drink before a mission. Angela shook her head, allowing the warmth from their embrace to seep into her bones. For the first time since Hanzo's attack on Genji,
Angela Ziegler allowed herself to experience true exhaustion. With a whispered, “good night,” to the bed on her left, Mercy closed her eyes. Thankfully, the medic did not need to claw uselessly for sleep, it came to her as easily as breathing. The smell of cloves danced in her nostrils, while Hanamuran cherry blossoms painted their way across her eyelids.
Chapter 3

They sat together chatting idly in the warm sunlight. It felt as though it had been ages since Angela had felt so free. Genji gesticulated wildly, throwing his arms high above his head, “And then I found him! In the bath house! With the maid!”

A chuckle spilled from Angela’s lips, quickly she tried to stifle it with fingers pressed to her mouth, “No. I don’t believe you!”

The ninja nodded vigorously, “Father and I never let him live it down. I still bring it up, just to get a rise out of him.” His fangs flashed as he let out another round of chuckles.

“You’re so cruel, Sparrow” Angela teased, hand still lingering. She felt as though she were floating.

Genji reached out for her fingers and pulled them gently into his own hand, “It is you who is cruel, Angela.”

It had happened instantaneously. He was there. She was there. Their breath mingled as Genji leaned in to bridge the distance between their lips. Her heart swelled, anticipation fluttering in her chest. She had never felt so light. He pressed his lips to hers. She waited for the tender brush she had imagined a thousand times. Instead of feeling the softness of his mouth, Angela felt cold, hard steel. Her eyes snapped open and she found herself retching backward.

Genji’s dream visage had warped and twisted. The smiling ninja offering the medic kind words and laughter only minutes ago had disappeared. In his place, an angry thing, more machine than human. Jet black hair and red eyes that burned angrily at her. He grabbed for her once more, pulling her nearer.

“I am not the cruel one. It is you, Angie. You create monsters. Not miracles,” Genji whispered, his voice chilling and robotic, as he pulled her in for another kiss.

The metal of his face plate seared hot. Blue flames coursed over the pair, swallowing them whole. She fought around Genji’s kisses, shrieking for help.

Two large hands placed on either of Angela’s shoulders gently rocked her back and forth. Blue
eyes snapped open, they were useless at filtering through the bright fluorescent lighting overhead.

“Angie, it's time to wake up. I could hear your screams from down the hall,” Jack's voice was urging, though gentle.

“Jack?” She replied dumbly. The image of she and Genji engulfed in flames still danced across her mind's eye.

“Yeah, it's me. That must have been quite the nightmare. You were rambling when I got here, repeating his name.” Jack carefully sat himself at the edge of the occupied bed and gestured to the ninja in the other.

“It was...a stress induced dream,” Angela lied coolly, “Fragments of the other night. My brain was just trying to process it. Nothing to worry about,” she sat in bed, eyeing the coffee mug on the small instrument table, “Is that yours?”

Jack reached for the mug, “I brought it for you. It's only been six hours since Jesse interrupted my sleep to make sure I knew to wake you up. I figured you'd be tired still.” His smile always reminded Angela of the various advertisements Overwatch had posted internationally. Commander Morrison always resembled the pinnacle of humanity; all white-toothed, boyish smiles and strong folded arms. Jack always made Angela self-conscious, she was aware that while she thought she was a good person, she could never be as spotless as the team's leader.

She took the coffee gratefully, frozen fingers warming gradually around the heated ceramic. Her mind cursed the facility's heating system. The hospital wing always maintained an internal temperature of 70 degrees. It's true that during long hours of work, the chill in the air could be helpful. But damn if this wasn't the reason Jesse insisted on being escorted back to his room after being patched up. She would have to mention it to Gabriel later.

Angela had almost forgotten to ask Jack about the midnight mission Jesse and Gabriel had set out on. It wasn't like Jesse to keep a run secret until minutes before he left.

“Where did Jesse and Gabriel run off to last night? I didn't know Blackwatch would be operating this week,” She tried to seem nonplussed, but the truth was something wasn't sitting quite right with the doctor.

Jack scratched the back of his head and rolled his eyes to the ceiling, “Gabe seems pretty convinced he's got a lock on Hanzo Shimada. But, I think he's up to something else. I love him,
but his first priority has always been our team. Not carrying personal vendettas for would-be agents.”

“What do you think he's really doing?” Angela asked. She commiserated with the Strike Commander. Things had been rough between he and his partner lately. Since the U.N had passed Reyes up for official leader of the organization, a rift had formed between the two men. So many secrets, Gabriel disappearing for days on end, Jack begging the medic for something to help him sleep through the anxiety. It had been hell for the leading duo of Overwatch as of late.

Jack sighed, “I heard Jesse mention something about a 'supply' run. Of course, Gabe bit into him,” Jack puffed out a laugh, “That boy's mouth is always getting him into trouble.”

Angela mentally nodded. Jesse McCree was indeed a handful. Her mind mulled over what supplies Blackwatch could possibly be fishing for. It wasn't as though the Swiss headquarters was ill equipped. They had everything at their fingertips at the base, and if not necessities were no more than a phone call away. “I don't like this.” Angela finally answered.

Jack nodded, “I don't either. Gabe told me he'd be back soon when he left our bed last night. I have faith that it's to help the initiative, not hurt it,” He rested his hand on Angela's leg for a minute, willing her to believe in the leader of Blackwatch as steadfastly as he, “I've got to get going. I'm training Cadet Oxton and Fareeha today in the ever important nuances of comm-code. Too many mix-ups with the Cadet, and Amari's girl can never learn too young.”

Angela offered a sad smile in response. Once Jack had left the room her eyes involuntarily slid to Genji. She tiptoed as quietly as she could manage to the side of his bed. Bile still churned in her stomach as she once again faced his wounds. Her mind tried and failed to superimpose the jovial ninja she had known over the battered body before her. His jaw worked against it's metal wiring, muscles flexing and shifting the shattered bone. Genji would be in agony the moment he reached full consciousness.

As if to soothe him, Angela gave one loving stroke down the shell of his good ear. The action dragged a soft hum from deep within Genji's chest. When she finally worked up the nerve to pull herself from her patient's side, the doctor increased the dose of Sodium Thiopental. She prayed that she would not need to increase the dose again. Though, to wake him now would be a torture Angela's heart could not bear.

She made her way out of the hospital wing, and headed for the mess hall. She had another round of tests to run on their unconscious guest, and if conditions permitted, another lengthy surgery to perform. It wouldn't do to skip breakfast today.
Reinhardt's booming laughter greeted the medic as she neared the communal kitchen. Ana's husky voice quietly encouraging more rumbles from the knight's chest. Angela feels strange entering the mess. It wasn't a well-kept secret that Reinhardt and Ana were in love, but it felt wrong to interrupt the intimate moment anyway.

Angela cleared her throat as a warning of her impending entrance.

Ana and Reinhardt stayed mashed together in the small space occupying the stove, but the deep tone to the sniper's voice lessened considerably.

“Well if it isn't our resident Angel,” Ana beamed waving the plastic spatula at the room's newest occupant, “We were just discussing your eating habits.”

Angela offered a congenial smile, allowing the calculations she was working through to optimize agile movement to fall by the wayside. It had been far too long since she had seen Ana around the base. She and Gabriel had frequently been meeting with the United Nations recently. The conferences had been to clear up questions regarding the displacement of a shipment of firearms. Certain heads of state maintained the belief that Overwatch's covert operations team had intercepted the stockpile. Ana had yet to mention to anyone on the team that the heads of state may have been right.

“Well'll be having omelets. Good protein to help you endure those long hours of work ahead of you.” Reinhardt informed Mercy over his shoulder.

The flourish of Reinhardt's frying pan drew the attention of all three agents. The perfectly formed egg patty, if Angela could call it such, flipped in the air and landed soundly back into the pan.

“Impressive. I hope they taste as delicious as they smell,” Mercy finally spoke. That earned a belly deep laugh from Reinhardt.

“So Angel,” Ana hedged, “How is Mr. Shimada, do you require any further medical supplies? I'm making a run to a military facility to pick up a few things.” Ana settles herself on the seat next to Angela at the counter. The two women waited, poised to attack their breakfast as soon as Reinhardt set it down in front of them.

Angela greedily dug her fork in to the fluffy egg, too hungry to immediately answer Ana's question. Around her breakfast she managed to respond, “Mmm- I'm actually in need of more reconstructive nanites. The ones I used to begin grafting new skin for Genji yesterday burned
through,” She took a sip of the orange juice offered her before continuing, “They have notoriously short lives where massive surface area is concerned.”

Reinhardt shoveled the remainder of his own plate into his mouth. Still chewing he laughed, “As soon as this all is over I hope you will look into the advancement of such bots. If I ever need full-body grafts it will take years to rebuild me!”

The Knight's cheerful pondering of his own full-body rebuild cheered Angela. It was true, she should probably add grafting-nanites to her “to overhaul” list. All three Overwatch agents gave full belly laughs. Angela decided that despite how taxing her work with Overwatch could be...it had its perks.

When the giggles finally subsided Ana assured Angela, “I'll be sure to pick up a rather...large shipment. For the future.” The medic didn't miss how Captain Amari's eyes traced over Reinhardt's broad chest.

Definitely an intimate morning.

They finished their breakfast in amiable silence, listening to the oldies station on the radio. Angela once again began preparing a mental list of supplies to gather before meeting with the engineers. She wanted to ensure that Genji's body was as perfect as possible. Something he could easily adapt to...a wish she knew would be near impossible. It would take work, but she would be there, cheering him on during the long road to recovery.

Mechanically, Angela was confident Genji would function perfectly, possibly even better. Sensation, however would be a completely different area to tackle. Pressure pads, sensor strips, an amiable skin to hold it all together.

“On second thought, Ana. I have a larger list than I first thought. Do you mind if I write it down and hand it to you before you leave?” Angela sloshed her coffee around in its mug.

“Of course, Angel. I'll do my best to bring back a complete shipment for you.” Ana acquiesced as her eyes continued to scan through the news vids playing before her.

“Thank you.” Angela closed her eyes. The true reconstruction process already proved daunting. Lazing about the kitchen wouldn't solve any of her current dilemmas. On top of that, Genji was scheduled to have his digestive tract rebuilt this morning. Wounds from sharp arrowheads had perforated much of his gut, leaving it ruined and at risk of becoming toxic. Thankfully, the bay
had already been stocked with internal reconstructive technology.

With a sigh Angela pulled herself from her stool, “I best get going. I'm not sure how long I'll be with Genji today.”

“I wish you luck.” Reinhardt replied, now distracted by the morning newspaper laid out before him.

“I as well. I look forward to receiving your list. I'll be leaving around 3pm,” Ana answered, eyes never leaving the holographic recordings playing out on the counter. From what Angela could gather, Overwatch was in the news again, though for what; she wasn't sure.

The medic dumped the remainder of the coffee pot into her mug and made her way out of the room.
Chapter 4

The surgery took five hours and an unbelievable amount of rubber replacement tubes to completely patch up Genji’s digestive system. As successful as she may have been, Genji’s body would no longer require food as it had before. She frowned as she imagined explaining it more in depth to her patient once he woke. Angela pulled off her gloves and washed her hands in the large sink. The team assisting with the reformation procedures continued to run the golden light of the caduceus over Genji; an extra way to speed up the recovery process.

Angela picked up the larger than standard syringe from the steel table and gently pressed it into Genji’s vein, releasing millions of nanobots into his blood stream. With the microscopic machines discharging a steady current of stem cells directly to the incisions, recovery time would be cut in half. They had already had their maiden voyage in healing Reinhardt’s axe injury, and proved to be incredibly effective.

The doctor thanked each aide individually and congratulated them on another successful surgery. Once the group had dispersed Angela once again found herself at Genji’s side. It had been two days since the attack, and already his burns were beginning to heal. She grimaced as her fingers traced the shiny, new skin. The slash marks created in the flurry of katanas and arrows had begun to scab over, though those were wounds Angela knew would leave scars.

Despite the slow recreation of his body, the Sparrow slept peacefully. Angela closed her eyes for a moment, allowing the strain to dissipate beneath the darkness of their lids. Internally, Genji was almost complete. Later in the evening she would have to go over the various scans and tests her aides would perform during her absence this afternoon. If everything looked strong enough, Angela would wake Genji in a day or so. She hoped by then to have various limbs built and ready for trial.

Genji’s waking day caused fresh anxiety to wind it's way to the doctor's core. His mental capacity had remained steady. The electrodes places on his temples continued to tap out that Genji is indeed mentally functioning as he did before Hanzo's assault. Though that wasn't much of a comfort to the medic. Her Sparrow had been kind and gentle, a light laugh on a soft breeze. Of course, he was a known playboy in Japan, but that didn't diminish his charm or sweet demeanor. He had always been respectful of Angela and her boundaries, though she were sure he was leaning in to kiss her on their final night in Hanamura.

Uneven shuffles in front of the recovery room's door piqued Angela's interest. Heavy, thudding footsteps. Then, she strained her ears...gasps. Tiny pants of pain. The doctor stroked Genji's ear before rising to investigate the noises. A groan, louder than the breaths sounded, followed by a loud expletive in Spanish, “¡coño!” Then, a thump.

Angela dashed from her place near Genji, concerned for the owner of the leg currently sprawled in her doorway. Grumbles and more hushed Spanish curses greeted the doctor. Gabriel Reyes, Commander of the covert Blackwatch team, lay flat on his back struggling weakly to drag his left leg into the door way as well.

Angela quickly clapped her hand over her mouth, staunching a surprised giggle. Gabriel raised an eyebrow, clearly irritated. Contrite, she reached for Reyes' arms, using all of her strength to pull him into a seated position. “Gabriel, what's happened?”

Reyes chuffed and waved a gloved hand at his left calve, “....You're the medic. You tell me.”

Mercy crouched and gently prodded the leg muscle with two fingers. A gunshot. Clean entry and
exit, a well placed wound. Easily cleaned and healed.

She felt her shoulders relax slightly, “I keep telling you to be cautious. You need to take better
care of yourself, Gabe.”

Gabriel bristled defensively, “You think this is bad? You should see the kid, if I hadn't stepped in
when I did...he'd be dead.”

Angela’s stomach settled comfortably between her feet, “Jesse...is he-where is he?” Her head
snapped around desperately.

“He's alright, Angel. Just a little beat up. We were less stealthy and more outnumbered than even I
had anticipated. He's in the cargo bay helping Torbs bring in our haul.”

The man grit his teeth in pain, a sharp hiss passing between his lips.

Angela shook her head, clearing it of any worry she may have had for the cowboy. Now, it was
time to focus on the man bleeding all over her pristine hallway. With a surge of energy, the medic
managed to awkwardly stumble Gabriel to the examination table on the far right of the room.

Gabriel's dark eyes swept over Genji's sleeping form, “A shame about that kid. I had such high
hopes...” He trailed off,

“I as well,” Angela replied as she retrieved her stiching kit from the first aid cabinet. A strange
tension set between them.

Reyes anticipating her next move, ripped the bottom half of his pant leg off, discarding the dirty
fabric onto the floor, “He gonna live?”Something in his voice seemed eager.

“I believe, with enough time, enhancements and replacements, and will-power Genji will make a
full recovery.” Angela answered, her eyes fixed to the task of cleaning and stitching the wound.

“I hope he has excellent medical insurance...” Gabriel paused.

Angela took the bait, “Medical insurance?”

Gabriel smirked, “Well Jack told me when I got back that Overwatch would no longer be
responsible for Mr. Shimada. He's no longer at death's door, so there's no reason to continue using
our resources and your time on a reconstruction project...Ow.” He moaned as Angela dug the
needle in harshly.

“Genji is our responsibility. He nearly lost his life. For us. For informing on the Shimada clan. For
considering pledging his loyalty to our cause...” Anger flared in her chest, “I will have a talk with
Jack.”

Reyes shook his head, grimacing as the last stitch pulled tightly on his skin, “It wasn't Jack's
orders. U.N reps let him know. They found out about your talks with the engineers. Overwatch
usage only, I'm afraid.” The older man seemed smug, scars pulled into an arrogant smirk.

What was he getting at?

“That I will inform the United Nations and their liason directly that Mr. Shimada sustained
incredible amounts of physical trauma at our hands.” She dropped the needle into the trash and
slammed the stitching kit shut.

“...At his family's hands...technically.” Gabriel's eyes once again turned to Genji's unconscious
form, “If only he had joined Overwatch. You know we offer a hell of a benefits package.”

Angela moved to stamp back to the cabinet, outraged, “Yes. If only he had enough time to fill out our paperwork before being eviscerated by a pair of magic dragons.”

“As luck would have it. While on our mission, Jesse and I happened to speak with some of the higher ups. They seem...willing to bend the rules.” He gingerly rose from his seat on the table.

“What are you getting at, Gabriel?” Angela pinched the bridge of her nose, irritation radiated in waves around her.

“Sencillo. He agrees to become the first organic weaponry implemented by the Overwatch initiative.” The older man crossed his arms, eyebrow raised.

“...Organic...weapon...?” Angela's brain flip flopped, struggling hard to grasp the Blackwatch Commander's meaning.

“Listen, I'll lay it out for you. You wake the kid up. I'll have a chat with him. Let him know what happened to him, tell him what he's lost, and offer him the best sign on bonus anyone can ask for,” The doctor was positive he halted his explanation for dramatic effect, “You. Our resident Angel. Your expertise. Your promise of a new body, a new life. All he needs to do is sign on the dotted line. Become part of an experimental new weapons program. It's perfect.” There was a light shining in Gabriel's eyes.

Angela had always heard the saying “seeing red”, now she could say with certainty she knew exactly what the phrase was referring to, “You want to bribe Genji to join Overwatch?” Her jaw became tight, teeth fitted stubbornly together.

“Now Angie, don't be that way. I never wanted to bribe him. I was called in to a special meeting with the heads of the Security Council last night. The Shimadas are operating on all continents. They're making a profit off of innocent people...even going so far as to reactivating rogue omnics in order to scare villages. Genji knows them, he knows how they operate. It's our assistance in exchange for his. So much the better if he can't refuse the deal.”

Angela's head spun, “Security Council? They...”

“Yes. Angela. The United Nations ordered Jesse and I to intercept a highly advanced...and secret medical supply shipment before it reached the military compound of an enemy country.” He sighed, “It's for the sake of the world. People need us. They need Overwatch...and they need Mercy.”

He reached out to the trembling woman and held her close to his chest. Angela's breathing was erratic, nostrils flared. Sweat and gun powder perforated the cloudy haze that held her captive. Slowly, Gabriel dropped his hands and backed away to the door. With a gentle two handed salute, he turned and disappeared, stepping around the blood he had smeared in the hall.

Angela felt the hard, icy tiles under her knees before she had realized she's collapsed. Disgust roiled in her gut. It was so underhanded. It was despicable. To dangle in front of Genji what he had so freely had before his brother's betrayal. An ire caused directly by her reaching out to the youngest Shimada instead of taking 'no' for an answer. Hot tears spilled down flushed cheeks. It was her fault. If she had only left Hanamura with Gabriel. If only she hadn't wanted to be closer to him. If only...

What seemed even more maddening was that her closest friend knew. Jesse McCree knew what Gabriel and the U.N had planned for she and Genji, and he never warned her. It was the one time
Angela would have been thankful for the cowboy's notoriously loose lips. Her clenched fists pressed into the cold flooring. For a moment the doctor contemplated how long it would take her caduceus to heal broken knuckles, though the thought was interrupted by the sounds of bare feet slapping wildly down the hall.

Angela scowled. Now what?
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Thank you SO much to everyone reading this story! I've been writing a lot in an attempt to escape reality for a bit.

Lena lithely jumped over the blood splatters left by Gabriel not even twenty minutes before. The young cadet skittered to a stop, eyes wide with shock when she found the doctor on the ground.

“Um, If this is a bad time I can come back, Love.” Lena shuffled from foot to foot, “Well actually. It's sort of...urgent.”

Angela closed her eyes and counted backwards from ten, “It's alright Lena. Just having a rough time calculating the exact materials needed for Genji’s exoskeleton,” She dragged herself from the floor, “What's going on?”

“Well...Winston's returned from his mission to Watchpoint Gibraltar and...he's about to debrief the team. It'd just be better if you were there.” Lena toyed with her short locks.

“Tell everyone I'll be there in a few minutes. I just need to clean up the mess Gabriel made and wash up.” Angela reached for the paper covering her exam table.

“Right! See ya in a few, Doc!” The cadet was gone as quickly as she had arrived.

The doctor discarded the used paper before wandering over to the janitor's closet. She knew a cleaning team would be by later to mop the floor but, she figured a clean space meant a clean mind. She also reasoned that a clean mind meant the chance to process how quickly things were happening. Reyes' underhanded attempts at recruiting Genji, Jesse's betrayal, Winston's return...it was all too much.

The rhythmic swooshing of the mop helped calm her nerves, giving her the chance to look
for some semblance of clarity. She knew the Blackwatch commander had a legitimate reason for wanting Genji to join their ranks so badly. The Shimada clan was a formidable foe; one of the remaining true terrors in the post-omnic world, and no one knew them better than the second heir to the throne. With Genji on their side as a real agent Overwatch stood the chance of defeating the Shimada family.

It was no secret the organization had recently begun coming under fire, numerous accusations and charges were flying; embezzlement, fraud, theft...even human rights abuses. Defeating the biggest crime syndicate in the world would help the public change their opinions of them all. In the same breath, Angela had to turn Genji into a weapon; a shadow of the man he once was. What's more, to set Genji on a mission of revenge would no doubt rot him from the inside. She silently prayed Winston's updates and findings from the watchpoint would help convince her that perhaps talking to Genji would be the best course of action.

With the floor cleaned and her hands washed, Angela stripped herself of her lab coat and began the trek to the conference room.

Every Overwatch agent sat in a circle around the holographic video projector in the middle of the comm table. Since she had come in late, Mercy wedged herself into the seat between Reinhardt and Fareeha.

The teen beamed up at the doctor, “Hi Angel! I heard you were busy with work...so I haven't visited lately.”

Angela loved the Amari family, and was absolutely pleased that she and Fareeha had formed such a close bond over their shared time in the Swiss headquarters, “Hello Fareeha! I have been very busy, but you're always welcome to stop by. I still have some chocolates in my desk for you.”

Fareeha's smile widened, “I'd love that! Are they Swiss?”

Angela grinned, “But of course, Meine Liebste. Everyone knows Swiss chocolates are the best.”

Their conspiratorial giggles were cut short when Winston walked into the room, directing the projector to display images of a town in ruins.
“This is the ruins of a village based just outside of a city near Watchpoint Gibraltar. The Shimada clan swept through last night as I was preparing my return here,” Winston's large hand flips through the images, “An informant I've placed inside reported that it was in retaliation.”

Angela doesn't miss the shifting of Reyes. He grabs Jack's hand tighter in his black gloved one. Eyes staring just above the projections.

“He didn't...have enough time to tell me exactly what went missing...just that it was some sort of important technology.” Winston tapped on the keyboard. A video of two figures dressed in black began playing, “This was taken from one of the CCTV feeds outside of one of the clan's compounds. Now I won't even pretend to know what was in that shipment, but what I do want to know,” The scientist's eyes fixed on the Blackwatch agents, “Is why you two thought invoking Yakuza anger was a good course of action.”

All eyes in the room honed in on Reyes and McCree, who looked anything but apologetic. Jesse's eyes met and held Angela's. He looked exhausted to the bone, and younger than she had ever seen. His lip was split, his eye bruised. He offered a small smile to only her, his warm brown eyes pulling her heartstrings. Ten crescent moons imprinted themselves on her palms. She wouldn't forgive him so easily. She looked away, suddenly interested in the table's design.

“We had orders. Unofficial and off the record of course.” Gabriel waved a hand, “Some very powerful people wanted this done.”

Winston fidgeted with the thin wiring of his glasses, “Orders...you had orders? To steal from the most powerful clan in the world? To throw the world into chaos?”

It wasn't often Winston lost his temper, but his voice hinted at the edge he currently toed. Gabriel Reyes had always operated outside of the boundaries of the red tape that wrapped them all so tightly. It was something that infuriated Winston more than he'd ever admit.

“We were directed to obtain special technology from the Shimada clan and deliver it directly to the Swiss headquarters of Overwatch,” Reyes' tone impatient, “We're currently working on a way to take down the empire. If things become...unstabilized in the meantime it's something we can easily dispatch a team to deal with.”
“What 'special technology' are you referring to, Gabriel...what is the solution?” Winston turned his lenses over in his hand, a forced calm the only thing standing between himself and an aggressive turn of events.

Gabriel took his hand gently away from Jack's and folded his arms, “Medical tech. Cybernetic enhancements, supersoldier-like serum. Like the shi-,” He stops himself when he notices Amari's girl at the table, “Stuff used on Jack and I in our program. The solution to our Yakuza problem isn't a what. It's a who.”

Winston's expression turns puzzling, “Who?”

Jesse coughs loudly, clearing his throat. It's so obvious he's bored of the conversation. It's even more obvious he's trying to get Angela's attention. She had gotten so swept up in the back and forth between Gabriel and Winston that she had forgotten where she was. Her eyes flick to Jesse.

The cuts on his lip and eyebrow split a fraction more as he tries to pull a face at her. She can't help the fondness blooming in her chest. Angela shake's her head at him, but the smile is there, the corners of her mouth turned upwards. Content to have pulled a favorable reaction from the medic, Jesse stands and without much of an excuse marches out of the room. He's walking as though he has a purpose, and it makes Angela nervous.

No one else in the rooms seems to have caught the exchange between Jesse and herself. Everyone is listening intently to Gabriel's plans for the Sparrow asleep in the medbay.

Winston's tone seemed to have softened, “I admit, it is an option worth exploring... So many lives could be saved, peace can be restored...Angela, do you think you're up to the task?”

Angela is taken aback by the about-face of Winston's own feelings regarding Blackwatch's most recent antics, “Oh. Yes. I-I can surely reengineer Genji to be the pinnacle of health, a true addition to the organization.”

“Could you take it a step further?” Winston's brain almost visibly turning over the upgrades that could be done to the injured Shimada.
“I-I don't understand what you mean.” Angela attempted to play dumb. If they wanted her to do it, even someone as controlled as Winston would need to concede he was alright with such a callous plan.

“Angie. Please. There's no one else I would trust. Gabriel is right. Genji may be the very thing to save Overwatch. We do so much good for the world. We're the heroes. With an unstoppable ninja on our side, think of what we could do.” Winston was near begging, large eyes boring into her soul.

She felt her resolve crumbling, “I will not do it against his will. If he agrees freely, then yes. I will get my team together and rework the prototypes to fit a more combative design.”

“He won't refuse.” Jack says quietly from across the table, “He'd be stupid to.”

Angela sighed. Fareeha scowled at the table. It seemed they were the only two in the room still opposed.

“I have some things to get in order before I can wake Genji. I would prefer to speak to him alone. It will be a shock for him to see the condition he's in. He will also be in great pain.” Even Angela heard the thinness in her voice.

She stood and floated out of the room, disbelief warped the world around her. An entire group of “heroes” had also agreed to using an injured, crippled man as a weapon. Strange times for Overwatch indeed.

Reluctantly eager feet carried the doctor to her quarters. The door slid shut with a loud 'clack'. Angela sagged as she dropped to the floor, using the wall as support. She stretched out on the rug the softness tickled her face. If she could just hide in her dorm for the rest of her life...

Overwatch deserved every bit of scrutiny it had earned lately. They were becoming monsters; far more focused on the ends than the means. A black cloud hung over them all, the storm howling directly in her face. Angela pulled herself up and stumbled over to her work bench. She would talk to Genji, sure; but she would make sure that he could talk as well. His jaw had been all but ground to dust. To force him silently accept his fate was a cruelty she would never bestow upon him.
The doctor rummaged through her filing cabinet's drawers until she found the piece of technology she had been searching for. A large muzzle-like object turned over in her hands. It was severe in appearance, entirely aluminum and just big enough to cover the entirety of Genji's lower section of his face. Wires and tubes dangled haphazardly, swinging in the air. It was of course, just another unfinished piece of machinery, but Angela hoped it would serve its purpose.

She imagined making the incision at the throat to feed the microphone through, as well as placing the thin needle-like electrodes into the parts of Genji's brain that controlled communicative abilities. As an afterthought, the doctor also grabbed the headband attachment for the muzzle. Pieced together it would look exactly like a mask with only the face portion cut through. She hoped the aluminum circlet would be enough to cover the various wiring that would hang from Genji's skull.

At least with this small device modeled after omnic technology they would hear Genji out as much as he would them. It wasn't ideal and it broke her heart to know the decisions he would soon face. She lamented over her patient's lost recovery time. Now that the Shimada empire had been thoroughly prodded and Overwatch sought to use Genji, Angela surmised both she and the Sparrow would be pushed to the brink. Time and physical restraints be damned.

She placed the apparatus on her work table and allowed herself to melt into the pillows adorning her bed. Her heart hammered in her chest. Soon Genji would be awake. Would he remember what happened? Would he be angry with them...with Hanzo? Angela couldn't help but to imagine his laugh again. To sit idly at his bedside while he chatted with her about anything and everything.

She knew it was wrong to even consider such things, but the fact of having Genji back after thinking she'd lost him was enough of an incentive to go along with Reyes' plan. Angela felt wretched and selfish and it frustrated her further. Her body had become hot and irritated. If only they weren't underground, she would open a window and breathe in the fresh mountain air.

Something off in the distant space of the resident wing caught her attention. It sounded almost like music, a soft chime cutting through the dense air. Her mind finally discerned the sound; spurs. For a moment Angela became expectant. She ran through what she could possibly say to the cowboy. She wanted to seethe at him, be enraged that he hadn't told her about his mission earlier...but part of her was delighted. Leave it to Jesse to work her out of one of her moods. The jingle of metal drifted down the hall, further from the direction she had hoped they'd come.

Her disappointment only grew. She found herself wandering back to the headpiece resting across the room. There was no getting around it. It was time for Angela to wake Genji.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

I hope it isn't too OOC. I'm still a bit out of practice writing. Genji will get angstier as time goes by. McCree was just having a moment.

She must have paced the length of the recovery room two...no a dozen times. The headgear felt heavy in her arms, though she couldn't bring herself to put it down. There really was no turning back once Genji was aware again; no pretending that the two of them wouldn't possibly share the biggest up hill battle imaginable. She looked at the clock, it was far later than she had expected, and the rest of the team would no doubt become impatient to speak with her patient.

Angela finally eased herself into her desk chair and began reviewing the examinations done by her aides while she took refuge in her room. All signs pointed to normal. The crux being that he was healing at an accelerated rate. His hair already beginning to grow in, black fuzz covering what the green had left bare. The medic became even more troubled as she looked at the imaging and output data from Genji's heart. While it was strong enough to support a man in his twenties through a relatively normal life, it wasn't capable of sustaining life through combative situations.

Angela clicked her pen and wrote a cardiac overhaul down on her "To Do" list. The most recent procedure found its home among others such as: Jaw reconstruction, retinal repair (she assumed due to the hellfire he witnessed) and enhancement, prosthesis grafting and enhancement, and possible cybernetic enhancement passed merely saving and improving life. For instance, the ability to move faster than an average individual would require a steady dosage of super soldier serum and venting options. The amount of machinery and the strain being placed on Genji's metabolic processes could very well overheat the ninja.

Angela felt a sense of calm and orderliness descend once her list was completed. Now that her mind was less frazzled it was time to attach the speaking apparatus to Genji's jaw and skull. She set her clipboard on the visitor's chair and fumbled with the top piece of the aluminum headpiece. Gently, cathodes no thicker than a spider's web were pressed directly into Genji's brain.

With the headband in place, Angela turned her attention to the Sparrow's throat. With a laser the size of a pinhead the doctor gently cut a line through Genji's larynx. The microphone found its temporary home, weaving itself around the man's vocal cords. Once the cut had been cauterized, Angela secured the bottom half of the mask to Genji's face. Despite the metal helmet sans visor now covering much of her Sparrow, Angela believed him to be as handsome as the day she'd met him.

There was only one way to truly test the inserted device, one way to gauge the extent of the psychological damage Genji's suffered.Carefully, Angela extracts the I.V. containing the fluid keeping her patient resting peacefully. With a deep breath in, the doctor picked up the adrenaline shot from the table next to her. Angela plunged the syringe deep into the location of Genji's heart in his chest cavity, exhaling harshly.

It would not be instantaneous but Angela studied Genji's face eagerly, waiting for signs of life to return.

It takes ten long minutes for the adrenaline to burn off the sedative in Genji's blood. Blearily his
It takes ten long minutes for the adrenaline to burn off the sedative in Genji's blood. Blearily his eyes roll in their orbits. A small groan and choking coughs pull Angela from her place at her work terminal. She crossed the distance between herself and the waking man in less than five steps.

Genji stuttered languidly in Japanese, "Na-nani... koko wa... doko?"

The metallic filter on Genji's voice was apparent, but the sound was no less musical to Angela's ears. Her heart hammered excitedly in her chest. He could speak. Now to find out if he retained the ability to speak English.

Angela took Genji's hand in her own, "Genji, dear you're safe. It's me. Angela. I'm here."

The ninja's head wobbled uselessly back and forth as he fought to register the room housing him. Angela took the opportunity to study Genji's eyes. They were clouded in some spots. In the back of her mind Angela compared the milky flecks painting the inky backdrop of his irises to an image of the night sky. She had been correct then. Hanzo's dragon's had damaged the retinas and cornea of Genji's eyes. He was mostly blind, picking helplessly at the coverlet with his good hand.

Frustrated mechanical grunts caused Angela to reach out without thinking. She stroked the Sparrow's face, voice feather light as she tried to calm him, "You've been in a coma for the past few days," His hand stilled as he focused his eyes on her, "I know you're confused. Terrified. But you're alright. It's me. Angela."

Finally, something registers deep in Genji. "Angie. What happened?," He tries to pull himself up in the bed, "Why can't I move my legs...my arm?"

His grip tightened, along with Angela's heartstrings. He sounded terrified.

"Do you remember...our time in Hanamura together?" She had wanted to wait before rehashing Hanzo's betrayal.

Genji nodded, "Yes doctor. It would be difficult to forget," for just a brief flicker of time, Genji sounds like himself, "Our time together...Hanamura....my..." Suddenly enraged Genji begins thrashing about in the bed, "Where is Hanzo...what has he done to me?!" The filter crackled, unused to such abuse.

There was no point in protecting him from the truth any longer. Genji remembered the attack, and they were running out of time to talk privately, "Genji. Hanzo attacked us. The night you promised to run away with me, to come here. To Switzerland," Genji ceased thrashing, "You were badly...fatally injured."

"Fatally?" Genji echoed hollowly.

"It has taken every resource I have to exhaust to keep you alive," Angela felt oddly self-conscious, "It has taken three days to stabilize you."

"But why would Ani..." Realization dawned on Genji, "Overwatch. He couldn't convince me to stay in the clan. You were there..asking me to leave."

Angela gripped his hand tighter, "Yes. That's right," She ran her thumb gently down the back of her patient's hand, "Hanzo was angry. He had discovered that you were an informant...that you were leaving," The howl of the twin beasts rushed over Angela as though she had never left that night, "You two began to fight. Swords..arrows. Before finally, he called out and two dragons appeared from thin air."

"Hanzo...killed me?" Genji sounded hurt. The apparatus picked up on the sorrow in Genji's voice enhancing the broken tone.
"I'm so sorry, Meine Liebste," Angela's heart broke, "Your injuries...along with your eyesight... your limbs were severely damaged. So much so that only the hand I hold remains."

Tears dripped from Genji's eyes, soaking the bandage wrapped around his chest.

"I have a team of engineers currently working on replacements. So advanced they have never been built before. It will be as though they had never been taken." Angela knew her words wouldn't bring much comfort, but she couldn't allow such pain in someone so dear, "It is a lot to process. I wish we had the luxury of time."

Genji let out a shaky sigh, "Do tell me you have more news, doctor."

"Commanders Reyes and Morrison would like to speak with you," Angela worried her bottom lip between her teeth.

"A recruiting scheme...even as I lay here...less of a man than I was during the first attempt?" The filter tried to compensate for the harsh snarling chuckle that tore its way out of Genji's throat.

"I-I will let them explain it to you more fully," She rose from her seat, "I'm going to let them know that you're awake."

A clumsy grip on her coat prevented the doctor from leaving, "Angela. Please. I-you can't leave me."

Angela stroked the hand soothingly, "Very well. I'll use the comm at my desk. It will just be a moment."

Shaky fingers dialed Gabriel's line, "He's awake. I would make this meeting brief, as he is in great distress."

"Perfect, Angela. You've done great. We'll be right there." Gabriel answered.

The line clicked dead. Angela drifted back to Genji, "They'll be here soon. Are you in much pain?"

The strange grating laughter sounded, "I am in great pain, Angela. Though it is nothing you can heal. Physically, I am feeling quite well. Frustrated that my vision is clouded, however."

"Oh. I can fix that temporarily." Angela rushed to her cabinet. She returned with her pen laser and flexible lenses, "It isn't ideal. But this will help you at least see who you're speaking with."

Angela cautiously dropped local anesthetic into both of Genji's eyes before taking the tiny laser to the damaged tissue of her patient's eyes. Once the small film had been peeled away, Angela inserted the new lenses.

He blinked owlishly, tears spilling freely, "That...that is much better. arigatou, Mercy."

Angela involuntarily flushed at the moniker, "You only need call me that in the field. Here I can just be 'Angela'".

"That may be so, but the way my new eyes throw the light, you look like an angel. So many golden hues...," Genji paused, "My apologies, it must be the medication. It hasn't fully worn off."

Angela smiled the first genuine smile she had in days, "That is true."

Genji continued to hold Angela's hand in a vise-like grip until the sounds of more than one pair of
feet come towards them.

Angela stood protectively near Genji's head as Morrison and Reyes entered the room.

"Well look at you!" Gabriel exclaimed, "We thought you were a goner, cabrón. You owe Angela here your life."

Genji stared at Commander Reyes, unmoved. Angela noticed his fist clenching ever so slightly.

Jack coughed before continuing where Gabriel had left off, "What Gabriel means to say is that we're glad to see you're awake. We know you have a lot of things to let your mind sift through, but we..."

Gabriel cut in, "We need to talk about what happens from here," he plops himself in the chair Angela had been occupying moments before, "Overwatch saved your life, Shimada. Now, we're willing to do more than that."

Jack moved to stand on Genji's opposite side, "You lived for a reason, Genji. Our organization wants to help you further. Wants to build on your talents and your purpose."

Genji groaned, "There is nothing more you can take from me. I have lost everything."

"Not quite," Reyes answered, "Our angel is already working on a completely new body for you, right down to the toes. With her help you can be better than you'd ever dreamed. Faster. Stronger...." He trailed off.

Angela knew this technique. It was something the pair had successfully employed on numerous victims whether they be friend or foe.

"Overwatch can give you more than just prosthesis. We can make you whole again. We can give you Hanzo." Jack leaned closer to the hospital bed, "We can give you the means to destroy the family that murdered you."

Genji's pupils seemed to retract into snake-like slits, "I would give anything to find my brother."

Angela winced at the harshness in Genji's voice. Lying there, eyes slitted angrily and voice a harsh growl, Genji seemed now to be more a dragon than the sparrow she had come to adore.

"Excellent." Reyes beamed, "We will give you a few more days rest before we begin the cybernization program. Welcome to Overwatch, kiddo."

Jack nodded once to Angela as he clapped Genji on the chest, "Welcome aboard Mr. Shimada. I hope you find yourself comfortable here. Mercy will do her best to accommodate you're every need."

Genji nodded slightly, eyes fixed on the backs of the retreating commanders.

Angela reclaimed the vacated seat, "I'm so sorry. You must be exhausted. I wanted to wait until after everything had concluded to ask you to join us."

Genji focused his gaze once again on Angela's face, "There is no need to apologize. I am far too worn to feel rage." The slitted pupils gradually rounded themselves out.

"I will give you medication to help you sleep" The doctor moved to the cabinet. She handed Genji two pills and a small glass of water, "You can't fully process the water, so don't drink too much."
Genji squinted at the glass as he popped the pills in his mouth, "I am sure you will tell me exactly why that is at a later time."

Angela offered a chuckle in return. She took the cup from her patient and prepared to leave the wing, "Get some rest. I will be back to check on you in a few hours."

Once again there was that clumsy grip on her lab coat. Genji's eyes were wide, pleading, "Wait. Angela, if it isn't too much to ask...could you stay with me until the medication begins to take effect?"

A tenderness in Angela rooted her once again to the chair at Genji's side, "I will stay as long as you'd like."

"Arigatou, Tenshi." Genji whispered. His hand once again gripped Angela's.

Soon Genji's breathing became deep and even. Angela rested her head on the side of the bed. The steady rise and fall of Genji's chest lulled her, causing her own eyes to begin closing. She lay there, listening to the sleepy mechanical noises rumbling from her patient. The warmth of his hand on hers blotted out the rest of the world, and before she knew it, Angela had fallen asleep.

----------------------------------------------

Jesse had been working up the courage to apologize to Angela all afternoon. He knew she'd been angry. Hell, he was angry too. It's not like he wanted to betray his darlin' doctor. He hefted the wine bottle closer to his body, hands clasping the glasses more securely. Angela always loved when he'd show up with wine after the missions that called him away for longer periods of time.

He had known Genji would be waking today, so McCree figured his best bet of finding Angela was in the recovery room. He imagined her tapping out her findings in the Overwatch database. He shook his head, of course she'd be needing a break right about now.

Instead of finding Mercy dutifully working long into the night, Jesse found her head resting on her patient's good shoulder. He nearly dropped his gifts when her noticed that the pair had their hands entwined. He set the bottle and glasses down as quietly as he could on Angela's desk. He tiptoed over to the bed nearest Genji's And sat. He felt a little lightheaded, as though he were in shock. He knew Angela had always had a stellar bedside manner. Maybe the poor hombre was having a nightmare, he tried to reason.

He was willing to believe nothing had happened between the Yakuza prince and his angel in Hanamura...until he saw the tiny smile on Angie's face. She had never been that happy to sleep at Lena's bedside, though she had on many occasions.

Lena still experienced displacement issues now and again, and it would always haunt the young cadet for days afterwards. How awful it must be to feel like a ghost in your own world.

Jesse dropped his head. He thought maybe for once he knew exactly what Lena had meant. "Well don't this just smart?" He chewed on the cigarillo gifted him by Reyes for a job well done.

Angela answered with her own sleepy sigh, Genji subconsciously reacted by squeezing her hand tighter.

Jesse turned to grab the wine bottle and leave when he noticed Angela shivering ever so slightly. He reached for the comforter he'd just been sitting on, "C'mon Darlin',are you tryin' to freeze in here?" The cowboy draped the blanket over Angela's shoulders and placed a kiss on her cheek, "G'night, Angel."

Angela stirred when she heard his voice so close to her ear, "Jesse?" Two sleepy byye eyes peeked
up at him.

Jesse had never been more in love with her than he was right then, "Yes Darl'. S'me. I just came in to check on ya. Ya'll looked so peaceful I couldn't wake ya."

"Hmmm," she hummed, nuzzling herself closer to Genji's chest.

It had been a long day for them both. Jesse tipped his hat before grabbing the wine bottle and all but running out of the recovery room. He couldn't bring himself to get angry at Angela or the newcomer, so he decided to drink the entire bottle of wine instead.

"Hell. Maybe I'll howl at the moon like a lonely ol' mutt." McCree mused. The door to the roof of the base slid open in front of him. The night air cooled his flushed skin. He grabbed a match from out of the strap of his hat and lit his cigarillo. He took a deep puff of the clove smoke into his lungs. There were worse ways to spend your night, he surmised.

His heart throbbed painfully as he thought about the fact that he and Angela had yet to make up after that morning. It'd been the longest he'd gone without seeing her after a mission too. It wasn't that he was jealous of her patient. She was a doctor for God's sake. She was prolly just doing her job...and if she weren't... he took a long swig of the wine. If she wasn't just doing her job, it wasn't any of his damned business.

He wasn't jealous of the ninja. He just missed Angela. Angela, his friend of two years. The only person at the base who treated him as though his antics were nothing more than a bad habit rather than a serious character flaw. His friend who he'd loved practically since her azul eyes had widened over his most recent mission wounds. He wasn't jealous. He wasn't.

Jesse sprawled out on the roof of the Swiss base under the stars. He chuckled a little as he thought about his melodramatic mood.

He shrugged, "Happens t' the best of us, McCree. Don' look too far into it."
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

I am SO sorry for not updating lately! Labor Day threw me off and I’ve been busy ever since! Thank you SO much for your kind words and feedback.

http://www.food.com/recipe/hootenanny-pancakes-157638 (hootenanny pancakes) I can't believe there's such a thing.

Angela felt herself slowly leaving unconsciousness. First it was the acute awareness that she wasn't in her own bed...or any bed for that matter. Secondly, it was the realization that she had her head propped on someone. Warm flesh rubbed against her cheek as she stirred gently.

Her back ached and her mind slowly shook the remaining sluggishness away. Questions drifted lazily about in her mind. Where was she? Who was she with? It felt like one of those rare mornings when she had been in medical school. She breathed in deeply through her nose, willing her mind to ease for just a moment longer. She was so warm. A hand ran awkwardly through her loose blonde tresses. It halted on the back of her head as soon as she shifted noticeably.

"Are you finally awake, Tenshi?" A metallic voice sang soothingly.

Events of the past few days came crashing back to the forefront of her mind. There was no use denying reality any longer. She was in the hospital wing, shamelessly resting her head on her patient's bared shoulder. How long had he been awake?

Her cheeks burned, "Genji. I...I didn't realize that I fell asleep. I am so sorry...." Angela stuttered.

"It's alright. I don't have much else to do at the moment. You look quite...peaceful when you sleep," He finally lifted his hand from her head, "Even the sleeping medication wasn't enough to stop the nightmares. Waking to see you there, so tranquil...it helped me rest despite the wrath inside of me."

"I'm glad to be of assistance," Angela said wryly as she pulled herself away from Genji, "I have to begin designing with the engineers this morning...I believe it is morning," Panic sounded in her what time was it?
"I have been watching the shadow trail outside of the window in the lounge. It is near noon, though no later." Genji informed.

"Scheisse. I've wasted the early hours of the day sleeping. I must be on my way. Now that you're awake there is so much to do." Angela allowed the blanket to pool on the floor around her chair.

"You have been working non-stop to save my life. You deserved a rest." Genji soothed.

"That may be, but Mercy has an obligation to get you up and about again. There is no excuse for my laziness. I will be sending my medical team to perform tests and log the proper measurements for your new limbs as soon as possible. It will take most of the day, I apologize for such a dull afternoon, Genji." Angela rose from her place and stretched her lower back. A moment in the heat of her shower would work the kinks right out.

How long had it been since she'd showered? Time was blurring together.

"Mercy may be an unstoppable force...but Angela is human. I'm not going anywhere." Genji attempted a shrug. The movement caused him to hiss. His sutures tugged with the effort.

"Thank you, Genji. It should be me consoling you." Angela squeezed her patient's hand once more before turning and walking to the doorway, "I will see you later."

"I will be here," Genji retorted. His fingers traced the mask, "One last question, doctor. What is this device?"

"Your jaw was shattered in the fall from the balcony. It's a brace that also allows communicative possibilities," How had she forgotten to mention that? Angela watched as her patient took the information in stride.

"I see. Thank you." Genji's voice became distant. He turned his head to the back wall of the room, a clear signal that he no longer felt like chatting.

Angela’s feet carried her numbly to her quarters. She cringed inwardly as she imagined what Genji must have thought to find his doctor so casually resting on his chest. What's more, a tiny horror flickered as she thought about the other Overwatch agents discovering them. How embarrassing.
Angela enthusiastically looked forward to her shower now, her fifteen minutes or so to escape the world around her. The lock of her door softly 'clicked' and the doctor allowed herself to slide to the floor once again. It had become somewhat of a ritual to rest her back against her door while her feet rubbed idly through the plush sheep's fur.

Her mind had been racing. Thoughts of her patient replayed themselves casually, as though they’d been there for long enough that their presence was nothing more than an accepted fact. He had felt so warm and alive beneath her fingertips; even his grip had retained its firmness. Indicators of a strong constitution no doubt. Though, some of his words had troubled her. His allusions to suffering pains not physical in nature worried her more than if Genji had stated his wounds had begun to pulse and throb. He was broken in ways medicine couldn’t fix; in ways that she couldn’t fix.

Angela considered scheduling a psychiatric evaluation pre-cybernization. It would be a most necessary stressor for the Sparrow to endure. The question however; when? To force him to begin dealing with Hanzo’s betrayal and his body’s current condition could inevitably affect the healing process. It would be best to wait.

After a drawn-out sigh Angela shifted to drag herself to the shower. It was the small groan coming from the opposite side of the compact room that stopped her. The doctor’s heart jumped into her throat. A large, booted foot hung limply from the side of her bed. It was the spur secured to the leather that gave away its owner.

"Jesse," Angela accused

With more malice than intended, Angela unceremoniously dug the sleeping cowboy from deep within her lush duvet. There, among the pillows and the numerous layers of blanket lay Jesse. The man was completely unaware of her presence. He was however, acutely aware of the chilly air working its way across his exposed skin. Jesse shivered pathetically and Angela found it just enough to quell her ire.

Angela moved to reposition the coverlet over McCree. A heavy 'thunk' on the floor alerted her to the wine bottle that had been wrapped in with the man. The medic studied the bottle. The label revealed that it was indeed the brand Jesse saved for special occasions; mostly apologies after long missions. It hit her then, the blanket that had appeared over her shoulders; now this? Jesse had come to make up with her, and yet she had been asleep. She felt a strange guilty tug in her chest.

She tucked Jesse more securely into her bed covers. Angela may have been miffed that he’d somehow broken into her dorm (she’d ask him about how later) but it was obvious from the evidence presented that McCree had only ever had the purest of intentions. She set the wine bottle on her kitchen table next to the whiskey bottle that had materialized in the night as well, and gave Jesse one last look before she made her way to the bathroom.
The hot water once again worked the tension out of her neck and back muscles. She couldn't help but think about McCree dozing heavily in her bed. He always looked so soft when asleep. As though every tension and perfectly placed mannerism fell away. Angela secretly enjoyed looking in on Jesse while he was in recovery. He'd always left the door open, ready to be poked and prodded in his sleep. Angela would sit by his bedside for hours on the slower days, carding her hands carefully through tangled brown waves.

It hurt her to know Jesse'd probably laid here all night waiting for her to leave Genji. An internal war began to form. She should wake Jesse and at least resolve her anger towards him and his obvious discomfort at her indignant feelings. Possibly providing some water and breakfast would be needed as well. She was afterall, the doctor of the Overwatch team. Not just Genji Shimada's personal Florence Nightengale. If a team member were in pain, it was up to Dr. Ziegler to find some way to lessen it. She sighed heavily. The cowboy's seemingly innocent, yet all too sinister, plan had worked.

Angela began to reform her plans for the afternoon: she would contact the engineers, telling them to begin retrofitting the prosthesis for Genji; to make them more...combat-friendly. Once her team took measurements it would be up to her to give the mechanics a once over. Mesh would need to be grafted to Genji's bones, and he would most likely need to be comatose for a good long while once again. She was in no rush to lose time with him once again. Some time with her closest friend could be a welcome distraction.

Once she was clean, dry, and dressed she would have no choice but to wake Jesse. Hopefully their shared meal would help smooth over the hurt she had caused him. As quietly as she could, Angela exited the shower and tip toed to her dresser. She managed to fish a casual outfit from the drawers without waking Jesse. His breathing was still a measured, even cadence, but the medic was taking no chances. She threw on her leggings and University hoodie behind the privacy of her closed lavatory door.

She padded into the kitchen, setting the needed equipment down with an increasing paranoia that she would wake the cowboy. Angela smiled to herself, it reminded her of all of the clandestine trips to steal sweets from the cabinets as a child. She hadn't been so graceful then, and almost always was found out by her parents, but they were too kind to ever be truly angry with her. Her father would laugh and split the chocolates with her, a hushed, "Our secret" would always leave his lips. Mercy mused to herself, McCree would act very much like that, never truly angry with her for waking him.

It was when the thick, sourdough pancakes were on the griddle that Jesse began to stir from his place under the covers. A thick mop of brown curls peeked out at Angela from a small opening in the blankets.

"Is that...hootenany cakes I'm smellin'" A hoarse whisper.
"We call them German pancakes, meine liebste," Angela replied, "Usually we bake them in the oven, but I know your stomach must be quite delicate this afternoon."

Jesse groaned in response, looking around sleepily until he found the tums, advil, and glass of water resting on the small table to his left.

"Angela, you really are an angel, ain't 'cha?" Jesse whispered again.

Angela held in a laugh. It wasn't often Jesse was so hungover he restrained from speaking at normal volumes, but when he was it would be hours before his voice returned to normal.

"Cakes and sausage are just here. You should eat." She gestured to the plate set on the small island in her kitchenette.

It was ten minutes more before Jesse finally joined Angela at the mini-counter. They ate in relative silence, listening to the radio. It had been switched on to a news report. A new act had been suggested at the U.N's most recent summit. It would be the official disbanding of the Overwatch division. Both listeners rolled their eyes, smirking across the counter at each other. The world needed them. It was more or less a threat, nothing beyond that, whatsmore, it was nothing but in talks at the moment and would take several years to hash out and enact.

It was that shared smile that reminded them both of just why Jesse was in Angela's dorm room, pitifully hungover and more than a little chagrined.

"So uh...Darlin'," Jesse began, voice regaining strength, "I'm sorrier'n you can imagine. Reyes threatened to tan me if I mentioned the shipment..." He trailed off.

"I know, Jess. I'm sorry for being so angry. I just can't believe all of the trouble we've caused that man." Angela toyed with the remaining patty on her plate.

"The way Reyes sees it...it's an improvement for 'em. I like t'think he's in good hands," Jesse chewed thoughtfully, "A new lease on life...headed by our angel."

Angela warmed, "I have always appreciated your faith in me," Crystal blue eyes met warm brown, "Just don't hide things from me again. Or it may not end with breakfast next time."
Jesse cocked an eyebrow and tried for a sillier tone, "Ya know, Darlin' not only fights end in breakfast...there are other things."

Angela shook her head, grinning despite herself, "Perhaps there are, cowboy." With a wink, the doctor cleared away the plates.

Jesse tried not to choke on his mouthful of pancake. Angela's mood had restored fully to her cheerful self. He was relieved.

"One last thing, Jesse McCree," Angela threw over her shoulder as she washed their dishes, "How on Earth did you manage to get in here, and why?"

"Well Darlin' ya see...I..I was lonely. I missed you'n you were...catching some shut eye in the medbay. We ain't talked in days'n I missed you somethin' fierce...I had a spare key..." Jesse tried his best to sound contrite, but some of the bitterness he felt towards Genji wove its way into his words.

"Alright. I'll allow it. Just this once." Angela smiled, "Now get back into bed. Doctor's orders."

"But I've got training...and aw shoot. I bet I missed it." Jesse rested his head on the counter.

"I'll let the Commanders know you're very ill. A stomach bug no doubt. I have to meet with my team soon. My quarters are open to you, since you're already here." Angela folded her arms.

Jesse unsteadily left his stool, "Oh Darlin' Angie. You're too good t'me."

The cowboy made his way over to where the doctor had been leaning against the counter. He pulled her close to him, resting his cheek on the top of her head. It was a hug like any other, and yet Angela felt more heat radiating from Jesse; as though being close to her had caused him to shake off a layer of ice she hadn't known they'd been covered in. Her cheeks reddened ever so slightly.

"Back to bed, Jesse." Angela ordered.
She pulled a large pair of sweatpants from her wardrobe and tossed them to Jesse as he obliged her.

"Hey These are my pants!" He gasped in mock horror.

"From my sleepover in your dorm after the El Dorado mission last year. They...make me feel safe." Angela admitted, fumbling to get her hair into a presentable ponytail.

"Aw, Darlin'" Jesse smiled, some emotion touched his voice.

Angela offered one last smile before slipping into the hall. Even her own room had become a source of confusion.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Just a quick note! The Sparrow story inspiration comes from a wonderful comic done by https://beyondgoodandevil146.tumblr.com Their art is great and you should check them out!

Also! The story's about to start getting a little moodier from here on out. I need to start working the angst in. Characters make questionable decisions but things work out.

"His legs need to be thinner than they are now, I'm afraid." Angela sipped on her coffee. They'd been going over the blueprints for Genji's anatomy for a little over an hour now.

"But, Doctor. With the amount of action they'll need to compensate for...more width will decrease a balance distortion," Engineer Thomas argued.

"I understand that, Thomas...I do," Angela rubbed at her temples, "However, Mr. Shimada is going to be participating in rather high risk, covert missions. He is a trained ninja. It is important that these new appendages reflect his skill set. Bulkier legs will compromise him in the field."

Angela surveyed the team of designers as they studied their sketches more closely. Angela corrected herself, maybe team wasn't the most accurate way to describe them. There were two. Two designers sent from a reclaimed Omnium. Engineers Thomas and Andrews had learned all there was to know about omnic mechanics, and had written their dual thesis on their application to humans. They were impossibly young, like herself, and had grand ideas, possibly bloated, about what it was that they could achieve under the Overwatch initiative...much like them all.

"I see," Engineer Andrews spoke up, her voice timid, "It is possible to slim his limbs," Angela and Thomas stared at her expectantly, "If we replace the position of the pistons to the very back of his calves instead of the side...like this," she marked on the projected image, "As well as a larger set of two in each thigh here..." Hushed approvals sounded around the room.

"That's-perfect," Thomas praised his coworker, "It puts the balance more evenly without taking away from the streamlined appearance requested by Dr. Ziegler."

Andrews blushed, "Obviously, there are a few...practical things to consider, such as adversaries
"Targeting the pistons..."

"Armored plating," Angela offered excitedly, "We've received a shipment of the Shimada clan's own alloy. It's incredibly durable, and can withstand even a rocket's worth of damage while still being a fraction of the weight."

"Dr. Ziegler, that's genius." Andrews smiled widely, sketching in the plating on Genji's thighs and calves, "Now we need to decide on an artificial knee joint. I'm assuming what modern science has invented won't be up to code for Mr. Shimada?"

"I've been working on a solution for that," Angela stood and walked to the projector.

Andrews stepped out of her way, eyes wide as she watched the doctor begin to sketch the knees onto their newest creations.

"You see, in medicine, there are various types of joints. There are ball and socket joints, hinge joints, pivot joints..." Angela caught herself before she could truly trail off on the nuances between connecting points in the body, "The knee is a synovial joint. This means in the simplest of terms, it is a modified hinge joint. There are three bones that interlock at the knee, the patella, tibia and femur. All are lined with cartilage to prevent friction between the bones," Angela began wildly sketching mechanical pieces for the joint on the projector, "Between these three, there is a figure-eight shaped layer of fibrocartilage known as the meniscus. I have the basic structure here, however I need your knowledge of physical mechanics to make it a reality."

"I have just the thing, Omnics built at the end of the rebellions had something similar to this," Thomas began flipping through a catalogue of materials, "Will this work for the meniscus, Doctor?" Thomas pointed to a relatively new fleshy substance, "It's filled with an anti-freeze, anti-heating jelly-like interior, with a silicone exterior that contains a perma-lube on its shell."

"I think that will work quite nicely, and we're sure that this material won't lock up or burn out?" Angela read the full description of the item.

"Sure as I'll ever be, Doctor." Thomas smiled his toothy grin.

Angela didn't miss the way Andrews lips curled in fondness.

"I trust you both to have a pair of these printed into a model and on my desk by the end of the evening. A detailed report explaining each and every element used must also be turned in. That
however, can wait until tomorrow morning. I would appreciate it if we had something to show Mr. Shimada.” Angela stood and nodded at her ‘team’. They nodded back, completely absorbed with their project.

Angela checked her watch, it was just after 4 pm. Genji’s tests should have been completed not long after her meeting to craft his lower extremities had began. She was positive he would be bored out of his mind by now. A quick visit to her patient along with a few gifts to help him better spend his idle hours would hopefully lift his spirits.

She made her way to her room for the second time that day, fully expecting McCree to still be nestled among her blankets. Instead, she found her room empty save for a single shoot of Bluemonkshood. She rolled her eyes, leave it to Jesse to be romantic after commandeering her quarters.

Angela fumbled through her bookshelf until she found just the thing for Genji, her oldest and most beloved book. She treasured the stories contained within its binding more than even her most priciest of belongings. The doctor thumbed lovingly through the compendium's aged pages. Fairytales greeted her, the ink scrawled on paper seemed like old friends. No matter how stressing things could be, these adventures always succeeded in transporting her to other worlds, even if only for a night.

The spine cracked as she shut the book carefully. She quickly scanned the rest of her possessions, hoping to find others to lift Genji's spirits. Her eyes landed on the box of pictures under her nightstand. Maybe the Sparrow would be interested in a history lesson covering the other Overwatch agents.

Genji sat propped up on his pillows studying the medical manual left behind by one of the nurses. Internally, Angela was grateful. At least he’d been distracted. She knocked on the doorjamb, knuckles rapping against a pretend door. The look in Genji's eyes conveyed relief and something akin to gratitude.

"Is this a bad time?" Angela chewed her bottom lip. He had seemed less than thrilled to be enmeshed in conversation earlier in the afternoon after she had revealed that his jaw had shattered.

Genji quickly dropped the manual onto his lap and shook his head, far too quickly for his doctor’s liking. He needed to be easy, he was still in the process of healing. Despite her worry that he had torn something, Angela crossed the room to sit at his bedside.

"A dull afternoon it was indeed,” The metallic voice welcomed her, teasing evident in his tone.
"I apologized in advance," Angela reminded as she set the box of pictures on the table next to her chair, "Did everything go well?"

Genji sighed, "It was as I expected. Much poking and measuring. I seem to be healing at such a rate that it is alarming," He scratched at the short black spikes of hair now poking from his skull, "I hear that you may have to undo all that you have done." His good hand plucked anxiously at his covers once again.

"This is true, the nanites in your bloodstream, coupled with the stem cells injected are working to quickly get you back on your feet..." She trailed off for a moment, embarassment screaming at her to run away and forget her goodwill mission completely, "I-will also have to undo the sutures on your limbs, and possibly perform a few heart enhancements, but you will heal at a speed unprecedented after that."

Genji nodded thoughtfully, quiet for a moment, until he saw the book in Angela's arms, "For me, Tenshi?"

"Oh," Angela handed the book over to her patient, "It almost slipped my mind. All of this talk about medical procedure-it is what consumes your day almost entirely now. I thought this may distract your mind for the time being."

Her cheeks turned a beautiful rose. Genji had to restrain his hands, no hand...before it traced the flush across the doctor's cheekbones. It was lovely.

"Fairytales? I don't believe I've read any since I was a boy. My father would read them to H-an-my brother and I as children while we laid on our futons at night." His fingers traced the faux gold inlaid in the cover. Intricate designs spiraled and danced under his fingertips.

"I'm not ashamed to say that I've spent quite a bit of my adult life reading these," Angela gestured for Genji to open to the contents page, "These adventures, they have helped ease my mind on many field assignments when I was starting out as a Swiss military medic."

Genji's eyes scanned the titles, "The Sparrow?"

"I brought this book to you hoping that you would find this story particularly interesting," Gently Angela helped Genji flip to the story, "It's about a handsome prince who is turned into a Sparrow."
Throughout his travels, he is severely injured, he meets a maiden. Through her love of the little broken bird, the Sparrow, and later the man is restored. Angela's voice was soft, "It's about a Sparrow facing hardship only to return victorious."

Genji laughed, the metallic voicebox doing much to hide the overwhelming emotion he had felt right then, for that he was grateful.

"These illustrations, they're beautiful. I look forward to reading this story first," He whispered, "Thank you for gifting me this collection. I promise to look after it."

Angela's heart tugged, he handled the book as though it were made of gold.

"One last thing, Genji," Angela reached for the box the same time Genji had attempted to assist. Her fingers bumped the back of his hand.

He was so warm. Impossibly so in the tepid room. An unwelcome reminder that venting would be unavoidable once his metabolism and hormones were tampered with.

"Yes, Tenshi?" Genji withdrew his hand much slower than Angela had. He relished the feel of human contact on his ever-healing nerves.

"Do you remember in Hanamura, when I told you I would introduce you to the whole team? I know most of them are busy with summit meetings and trainings, I'm sure they'll be through soon. But..." Angela pulled a photo of the Overwatch heroes lined in a row. Their uniforms shone under the light of a million camera flashes. Smiles painted their faces. The banner above them simply read "Welcome, Overwatch"

"So this is Overwatch, huh?" Genji took the picture carefully, holding it closer to his face in order to study the agents more closely, "Some of you are very young."

"Oh them?", Angela waited until Genji offered her the picture, "They're cadets. Lena Oxton; Tracer, and Captain Amari's daughter Fareeha."

"I see," Genji reached for the picture once more, "Why doctor, is that you there?" Genji awkwardly attempted to hold the picture while shifting his fingers to point at her smiling face, "You hair was much shorter than it is now. Why did you cut it so?"
"In the field, hair below my chin would be drenched in blood. It was only after Overwatch recruited me that I have been able to grow it to the length you see now." Angela explained.

"Ah, a practical move," Genji nodded, "And who is this man with his arm around your shoulders?"

"That's Jesse McCree. He and Reyes are on Blackwatch together. It's likely you'll be seeing quite a bit of him sooner rather than later. He's...an acquired taste but I think you both will work well together," Angela answered.

Genji didn't miss the fondness in her tone, nor did her care for it very much. Far be it from him to be possessive, and yet he was. It was as though he had been reborn, and Angela was the one person in this new world who seemed so familiar, safe. A perfect bridge between his last few pleasant memories of Hanamura, and his new confusing existence here on the other side.

"I look forward to meeting him." Genji's synthesizer sounded strained.

"Are you well, Genji?" Angela asked bringing her hand to his.

It was a futile attempt at checking for fever. Of course he, for one, was burning at a much hotter temperature than normal, and there was a modern thermometer on the wall just behind her. Genji's hand returning her grip reassured her that maybe she hadn't been too casual with her patient.

"Will you read me a few stories before you leave, Tenshi?" Genji asked.

He wasn't above begging. Angela wasn't above scrambling for as much time with Genji as she could greedily steal.

"Of course. We'll start with this tale about a mermaid and a sea witch." Angela smiled as she opened the thick volume to the correct page.

Genji settled himself more comfortably against his pillows, he balanced Angela's hand in his own, thankful to her for allowing him this. Just...this. He was nothing. He was Genji Shimada no longer, and yet with her skin on his and her voice flowing through his ears; it became possible that he could be once again.
They sat that way, Angela reading and Genji hanging on every word as though he would face death should he let go. Until a deep baritone unfamiliar to him interrupted Angela in the middle of reading a story about a beast and a beautiful woman.

"Howdy Darlin'." McCree sauntered to the foot of Genji's bed, "Hi there pardner, I don't believe we've met," He stretched his hand to the ninja's waiting for Genji to hesitantly release Angela's hand from his grasp, "The name's McCree."

"I am Genji," Genji managed to sound halfway to polite, he thought.

"I gotta steal yer doctor here, Lena's on the fritz again an' I've been sent to get this darlin' and have her save the poor gal." Jesse's voice held an edge of sympathy to it Angela had never heard where Cadet Oxton was concerned.

"Alright Jesse. Just let me grab my tools," Angela rushed to grab a kit from under her desk, "I'll be back to check on you later, Genji."

Genji nodded tersely, "I will be here."

Genji watched as Jesse linked his arm through the doctor's, near dragging her through the recovery room doorway. A small tendril of envy curled in his chest. It was unwanted, and certainly childish. Part of him was angry with Jesse for stealing Angela away, and part of him was livid that he couldn't follow.

So many things were happening around him, and Genji could see none of it. He was bedridden and weak while men such McCree were robust, carting beloved team mates from one place to another, never wondering if she would return to him that evening. Jesse was free to roam where he pleased, and Angela had taken his arm out of companionship rather than to check his temperature and pulse.

Bitterly, Genji's thoughts returned to the story of the Sparrow and Hanzo.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

A little bit angstier. A little bit of action.

The pristine white walls of the recovery room seemed to breathe and move, inflating as though they were closing in on Genji. He tried to focus the air coming into his lungs, were they even his lungs anymore? Unintentionally, his breathing synchronized with the room. Something acrid climbed its way up his throat, choking him. His skin felt tight and burned, calling back memories of the enormous dragons howling and twisting, coming ever closer to his Sparrow's body.

Genji's eyes focused on the lines of grout separating the individual tiles of the medical wing. They were perfect, not even one skewed or just barely slanted. He contemplated throwing himself onto their cool surface, laying there helpless and immovable while he searched for a flaw in their construction.

The sudden study of the flooring brought thoughts to Genji of his family's empire; not one soldier out of place. All Shimada men were perfect: perfect at completing their jobs, perfect at bribing officials, perfect at blackmail and more nefarious ways of making people "talk". Genji had never been seen as perfect in the eyes of the clan; he had always been more of a liability than anything.

Sojiro Shimada, their father, has always accepted Genji's eccentricities; his inability to focus on subjects for long periods of time, his lack of discipline, even his flightiness. Sojiro would always laugh off Genji's antics, lovingly coining the nickname "Sparrow" for his younger, gentler son. For obvious reasons, the elder Shimada's advisors and partners often questioned Sojiro's parenting methods. That questioning had once led to a dear family friend earning a bullet to the back of his skull.

Over time, Sojiro's health began to deteriorate, and both Hanzo and Genji had suspected a slow poisoning. During the post-mortem toxicology report, their father's blood had been found clean; which made both of the younger Shimadas suspect that perhaps even their medics had been paid off by whoever had orchestrated the murder.

The brothers slept with one eye open most nights, as they discussed what would happen to the Shimada empire's leadership. Once Hanzo had been approved of as the new leader of the enclave of criminals, Genji felt more secure. If the elders had wanted the Sparrow dead all they need do was snap their fingers. With Hanzo installed at the top however, Genji was sure no harm would come to him.
Slowly, the youngest Shimada began shirking his duty to his family; he no longer completed assassinations cleanly, always leaving behind clues for the police to follow. Reports began circulating that the high-profile murder of one of the Prime Minister's closest aids had been at the hands of a Shimada operative. More and more acolytes were being discovered and arrested. Hanzo had accused Genji of slipping on purpose, of attempting to destroy their family. Genji had admitted so outright. That had been the beginning of the end for them both.

The other Bosses began to bend Hanzo's ear, turning him against his own brother. With the appearance of Reyes and Angela in Hanamura, Hanzo became increasingly hostile towards Genji. That ire eventually lead to his "death". Genji picked at his woolen blanket once again, sure that his nervous habit would wear a hole in the comforter before he was freed from his sterilized prison.

With a twinge of guilt, Genji imagined what would have happened had Hanzo succeeded that night, despite Angela's efforts. Would he be surrounded by a warm blackness, floating in a comforting nothingness? Would be he reunited with his father, able to hug him once again, free to roam and run and clamber up buildings as he had once?

He shifted uncomfortably in the small bed. Phantom pains in limbs long gone had been haunting him, burning and twisting and throbbing until he felt he might cry out. He never mentioned it to Angela however, it would only worry her. It would only make him look weak a voice suspiciously like Hanzo's had supplied unhelpfully from somewhere in the back of his mind.

Genji had read the story of The Sparrow five times in the passed hour, attempting to apply it to his own life. Perhaps as of now he were nothing more than a crippled bird, feeble and almost entirely dependent on the goodness of Dr. Ziegler. At least that had been similar to the story. The ninja was troubled however, by the ending; by his ending. The Sparrow once more turned into a man, but would he? From what little bit he'd managed to clip from the conversations around him, coupled with Angela's explanation of what he was to undergo, Genji began to imagine himself as more of a machine. More Omnic than man.

Hopelessness wracked his being, and though he tried to stop them, tears began to fall. Salty droplets cascaded from his eyes, disappearing beneath the apparatus secured to the lower half of his face. Genji missed his father, he missed his brother, he missed himself. Perhaps he should have listened to Hanzo; had continued to be a cog in a most sinister machine. Doing good, contemplating offering his talents to a more noble cause, had done nothing but break the little Sparrow. The nervous hand stilled, crumpling in on itself until it was a tight fist.

Genji's heart was broken, his chest felt like hot knives had dug their way through his skin, nesting in the hollow points of his ribs. His ears listened to the strange sound of metallic sobs working their way from his own throat. More disgust, more contempt.
Angela and Jesse came bursting into Lena's quarters.

"Hiya!" Lena's voice vibrated as her corporeal form fought to span across all points of history.

Angela felt a panic rising, it was a scarce occurrence for Lena's modified stabilizer to malfunction so completely. The doctor couldn't help but feel responsible for this latest episode, it had been she who had constructed the most recent version of the cadet's hardware.

"I am so sorry, Lena," Angela quickly grabbed the plasma tool from her kit, "All of our outputs had shown you equalizing without issue. I hadn't seen this coming." Her fingers flew over the circuitry in the core, failing to find the cause of the issue.

"S'alright, Luv! You're not a psychic," Lena's voice had become even more wavering, "This had been the best model by far!"

Jesse furrowed his thick eyebrows as he tightened his grip on Lena's shoulder, as though holding her to this point in reality. He had notice something was strange when the cadet started spouting off garbled phrases, her very body flickering as though she were nothing more than an image on the t.v.

"You're doing great, Darlin', both of ya. We'll get this fixed in no time." The cowboy soothed.

The tension in Angela's shoulders loosened slightly as she took in Jesse's words. He was right, they would be fine. Angela could do this. By the third pass over the wiring in Lena's device, Angela had identified the problem. One of the cells's had become twisted, no longer feeding the core as it should have. With a quick sap from the tool, and a resetting with the soldering gun, the middle of the machine whirred to life, light beginning to return.
Lena fell back on her bed, her breathing erratic, "Thank you, Doc. That's much better."

Angela sighed in relief as the incessant trembling of the younger woman's body began to subside, "Would you like me to stay while you reset, Cadet?"

"I'm alright. No need to worry. I'll holler if they start up again." Lena shifted on the bed.

The nightmares that followed episodes such as this had always been so visceral, Angela had almost always spent the whole of Lena's reset period by her side. Quietly, Angela and Jesse shut the door behind them. The cadet was exhausted, and hadn't lasted much more than five minutes before she had given in to sleep.

Two warm hands looped their way into Angela's hands, steadying their shakes.

"Ya alrigh' Darlin'?" Jesse pulled her closer, looking into her eyes, "Ya look like yer in shock."

"Yes, yes. I'm...I'm fine. Just..." Angela's thumb traced the outer edge of Jesse's palm.

"Overwhelmed," Jesse finished for her, "Ya need a break. You've been so focused on savin' Genji, and being Medic Ziegler, that you're gettin' frazzled. When's the last time ya even slept in yer own bed?" McCree's voice had a sternness to it, "Don't make me call Captain Amari."

Ana Amari was the sole person inside the base that had the power to force Mercy to take a break every now and again. It wasn't often Angela experienced a burnout, but when she did, it could take several days for the doctor to be back to her old self.

"Jesse, I don't need Amari. I just need..." Angela trailed off. What did she even need?

"Rest." Jesse answered the unspoken question.

Strong, tanned arms folded over the cowboy's chest. Angela began to feel dizzy, her mouth dry.
"Stress is just a part of the job." Angela whispered as she brought herself closer to Jesse. He smelled familiar, cloves and gun powder. Deep, quivering breaths in helped calm the fear Angela had felt.

If she couldn't even help keep Lena in the present, how could she possibly engineer the kind of weapon Reyes and Morrison wanted...the body Genji would be pleased with?

"We could always train together, blow off some steam?" McCree offered, taking a step back, "Like the good ol' days."

Angela nodded, but didn't reply. She was too busy puzzling through why she had almost fallen apart over this incident.

"Or how about this Darl', we got to the mess'n see who's around. Maybe catch up with the team. You ain't left the med-wing lately'n I'm sure they're all itchin'; t'see how yer doinn."

Angela nodded again, allowing Jesse to tug her along to the rec room at the end of the living quarters.

Gabriel and Jack sat interlocked on the couch, too engrossed in their movie and each other to notice the pair that had invaded their space.

"Maybe not here," Jesse whispered, waggling his eyebrows.

Angela stifled a giggle, "Oh. They are married, you know."

Jesse grabbed Angela's hand once more as they crossed the room. Reinhardt, Ana, and Winston were currently meeting with the Security Council regarding the PETRAS act. Which left Torbjorn at the base.

The cowboy and the angel found their teammate working on his newest model of turret.

"Maybe we avoid a speech on mechanics, huh?" Jesse whispered as he continued to tug Angela towards the opening of the garage.
The cool mountain air greeted Angela. Jesse smiled as he led her to his secret spot on the roof. There were quite a few bottles littering the corner of the roof, but Angela overlooked them in favor of taking the worn blanket wrapped around her shoulders.

They sat in silence, looking out into the valley. Angela rested her head on Jesse's shoulder, taking in the scenery. When things became too much, Jesse would pull her out here for hours. Neither of them would talk, or look at each other, but that's what they had needed.

That strange warmth blossomed in her chest again, as she felt Jesse shift under her head. She tried to chalk being overly aware of her friend as a side effect of her being stretched thin. Though, something about it felt different. Angela felt as though the walls were crumbling around them, and yet Jesse kept her safe, tethered to the present rather than the inevitability of the future.

A sense of forboding overcame her. Something terrible was about to happen, as though there were a net ensnaring them all. Things much worse than a malfunctioning device.

She thought of Genji, alone in the recovery room, broken and lonely. It was her fault he was like this now. It was her fault the Shimada clan would now be after the people she loved most. The need to check on her patient was overwhelming, but too was the need to stay rooted in this spot with Jesse.

"You alright, Darl'?" Jesse whispered, breaking their sacred silence.

"Yes. I'm alright, Jesse. I must get back to work," Slowly, she untangled herself from his arms, "Genji is almost ready for his mesh grafting and I have to explain to him how his legs will function."

"I should prolly bust up the lovebirds movie marathon anyway. Gabe and I have a run to do tonight and we should prolly start gettin' ready." Jesse moved to stand with Angela.

Something silvery flew through the air, just narrowly missing the back of Angela's head. Jesse had managed to dive at the last moment, slamming Angela into the concrete below them.

"What the hell?" Jesse roared.

The Shimada-arrow did nothing but wiggle back from where it had been embedded in the crack on the ground.
"Jesse. We are under attack. We need to get Reyes and Morrison before they fire on us again."
Angela sounded much calmer than she had felt.

"How did they manage to breach the perimeter? How?" Jesse rambled, terrified as he rolled off of
Angela.

Another arrow flew towards them. Jesse raised Peacemaker and managed to shoot the projectile
away from where they were sprinting. Torbjorn, Gabriel, and Jack met them in the garage.

"We heard Jesse fire." Jack said, strapping on his visor.


Angela heard the spatters on the garage floor before she had seen the blood flowing down Jesse's
side.

"You're hurt." She announced, shock taking away her sense.

"Angie, take Jesse to get stitched up, it's just a deep graze. Jack, Torbs, and I will find the
assailant." Gabriel said cocking his pistols.

Angela threw Jesse's arm over her shoulders and began the difficult descent to the hospital wing.
She didn't miss the worried glance Reyes threw back before he rounded the corner with the other
two agents. Despite being incredibly hard on the younger Blackwatch operative, Gabriel truly
cared for Jesse.

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Jesse's feet were dragging on the slick tiles by the time Angela could see the recovery room's
doorway.

"Just a little more, Jesse." Angela coaxed.
The cowboy groaned in response, trying his hardest to hold his weight up.

By the grace of whatever god had been looking after them, Angela and Jesse managed to make it to the row of beds that house Genji. Angela hurriedly helped Jesse lay back on the bed. Blood streaked the entrance of the room in a trail of scarlet.

Without sparing a glance at Genji, Angela ran to the other side of the room and grabbed the stitching kit as well as antiseptic.

"Okay, Jesse. Okay," She repeated as she dumped the bottle over the thick gash. "Stay with me. It's just a scratch."

Jesse's breathing was labored, "Don' feel like jus' a scratch. Ask th' Shimada boy wha' they dip their arrows'n. Burnin'."

The cowboy's words were slurred, and she could only make out the words "Shimada" and "Burning". He had been wounded far worse than first suspected. Angela sewed the wound closed quickly, applying a local anesthetic to the area. When Jesse began to cry out wordlessly, Angela began to panic.

"If it was a Shimada arrow that did this, your friend is correct to assume they dip their arrowheads in poision." Genji's metallic tones brought Angela back to reality.

"Poision, Genji, what do I do?" Angela asked, running to the other man's bedside.

"Bring me your antidotes. I will identify the correct one," Angela nodded and ran to grab the case of anti-poisons, "Hurry. He doesn't have long." Genji urged.

The ninja examined the bottles clumsily, though efficiently. Jesse howled from the other end of the room, "Here. This." Genji handed the vial to Angela.

Five minutes after the antidote was administered, Jesse began to calm. His chapped lips parted slightly as his body began to relax.

"Thank you, Genji. you've saved his life." Angela pulled the sweaty curls from Jesse's forehead.
"If this was truly an attack by my family, you are all in grave danger, Angela." Genji's voice was hard, "By bringing me here you have damned yourselves."

Angela looked up, taken aback by the hardness in Genji's tone. She hadn't noticed it before, but his eyes were slitted once again. A dragon's eyes looked deep into her own.

"Jack, Gabriel, and Torbjorn are tracking the attacker now, do not worry, we're safe." Angela tried to make her own tone soothing.

"I need you to speed up this process, Tenshi. I am no use to anyone bed ridden. You are not safe." Genji continued to stare at her angrily, "Never make the mistake of believing that."

Angela felt wary. It was unlike Genji to sound so angry. His tone was accusatory, as though she had delayed completing his cybernization.

"I will do what I can, Genji." Angela laid her head on the pillow next to Jesse's, while remaining seated in her chair "You have my word." She closed her eyes, trying to ignore the reptillian glares from her patient.

Jesse sighed happily. Genji's heart broke into another tiny shard. He couldn't even be the one to protect his savior.
Angela pulled herself away from Jesse as soon as she was positive he had fallen asleep rather than succumbed to the poison in his blood. She had been fearful that they hadn't administered the antidote in time. However, the cowboy's breathing remained steady and deep, a good sign.

The doctor walked over to her desk and brought the newly crafted model of Genji's legs over to her patient. His eyes were closed, though from the tension within his facial muscles, Angela knew he was only feigning sleep.

"Would you like to see your new legs?" Angela asked gently, she was unsure of his mood at the moment. It had hurt for him to snap at her the way he had, though the medic was almost certain it was a reaction to the attack more so than by anything she may have done. Still, it was better to proceed with caution.

Genji peeked his eyes open, observing her for a moment, "They are already completed?" He couldn't help his curiosity.

Angela continued to observe his eyes, pleased when she had seen them as more rounded than before, "Nearly. Nearly complete. They're being crafted in the mechanics lab as we speak. Your arm is the last to do before we can begin patching you up fully."

"That is most welcome news." The cloud around Genji seemed to have dissipated.

Angela balanced the model between her palm and Genji's, "You see, they will be constructed of a lightweight steel frame, with two major sets of pistons. Other than that, it will be a mostly silicon and experimental bio-mass tissue. You will, hopefully have full organic feeling in all replacement appendages."

Genji's eyes were wide, "Full feeling? Tissue?"

"You will be experimental flesh over metallic bones, so to speak," Angela slid the model into Genji's hand fully, "The funding the U.N has approved for the program rebuilding you has allowed for quite a few advancements to be made. While I'll ensure that you have enough capabilities to protect yourself on missions, I am more concerned with your quality of life, Genji."

Genji nodded, "I see," He held the model closer, "They are...beautifully crafted. Thank you for
your efforts, Doctor."

Angela’s smile was wide, pleased to see Genji’s mood was amiable once again. His pupils had now rounded completely, making him appear more human than when she had dragged Jesse into the room.

"It is I who should be thanking you," Angela took the model from Genji and set it on the table beside the bed, "You have been all too forgiving and compliant in all of this. Thank you for working with me."

Genji gently grabbed for Angela's hand, reveling in the softness of her palm against his own rough one. A wordless moment passed between the two before Genji broke the silence, "It may be beneficial for you to contact your Commanders. The Shimada clan has sent a hunter to scope out the base. They are a highly skilled rank in my family. They are inescapable, well trained, and hard to detect. I fear that Morrison or Reyes may be injured."

"Now that Jesse is stable, I should try to raise them. It's unnatural for us to have received no update on the status of the intruder yet. Please excuse me." Angela swiped her thumb over the back of Genji's hand before turning towards the communicator lying on her desk.

Jesse snored softly in the silence between Angela crossing the room and placing the comm in her ear. Genji tried his very best not to roll his eyes.

"This is Mercy, how are things?" Angela listened to the crackling of the unresponsive line. Something was indeed very wrong.

"Any news?" Genji asked, eyeing Angela's expression intently.

"No. I couldn't raise anyone. I'm going to go above and see if there's any way I can assist," Angela opened her desk drawer and drew out two items.

From what Genji could see, one was another communication device, most likely so he and Angela could keep in contact. The second item however, caused him to raise his bushy eyebrows in awe; a pistol.

"Doctor, I am surprised you even have such a weapon." The metallic voice box raised Genji’s tone two octaves higher, effectively displaying his bewilderment.
"It is for emergencies only, I can assure you of that. I'm hoping I won't need to use it." Angela sighed, "I should take this as well." She gestured towards her caduceus.

The doctor briskly crossed to Genji, placing the small microphone in his palm, "Should something go wrong, I will have you raise Cadet Oxton. She's currently resetting after her incident this afternoon, so be sure to be loud."

"Tenshi, I am not certain that you should go alone. perhaps wake the Cadet before you begin your search?" Genji placed the device in his ear.

"I'm certain things are fine. Our lines drop occasionally, I'm sure there's nothing to fear." Angela carded a hand soothingly through Genji's short hair.

"That is not comforting, but I appreciate the attempt," Genji squeezed Angela's hand once before dropping it, "Now go. They may need you, but I can't stress caution enough."

Angela nodded, offering a soft smile to Genji before wandering over to Jesse. Her hand tugged at sweaty curls, "I'll be back soon."

Angela turned and gave Genji a small wave before turning and dashing out the doorway. She had missed it, but Genji's eyes had turned reptilian once more.

He hadn't meant for it to happen, but an angry little monster inside of Genji wanted nothing more that to place itself between Angela's hand and any part of Jesse's person. Genji closed his eyes, imagining running alongside Angela to the other Overwatch agents.

He saw himself locating the Shimada Hantā and neutralizing the threat before he could reach Angela. He saw himself being a hero for once, the other Overwatch operatives thanking him for his help. Angela would be so impressed with his skills, so pleased to have him by her side. Genji's mind began to wander, imagining pushing Angela into a hidden corridor during his future Overwatch-issued training...pushing her against the wall...he shook his head. A spare wire thumped across his shoulder. Now was not the time for thoughts such as those.

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Angela skulked through the base, pistol raised to chest-level. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary,
no signs of combat had marred the inside of the garage.

The doctor tried the comm channel again, "This is Mercy. Is anyone there?"

More electronic hissing answered Angela. She strained her ears, hearing a brief murmur in the static. It sounded like Gabriel.

"Morrison." Is all the voice managed to bark out.

"What's your location, Gabriel?" Angela's throat felt as though it were closing. Something was wrong, of that much, she was sure.

A loud banging off to her right, in the patio just outside of the garage, caused Angela to duck for cover behind Torbjorn's workbench.

"No!" Gabriel's voice broke through the channel. It also broke through the silence of the garage.

Angela steeled herself, taking the safety off of the pistol held in her shaky grasp. She rounded the corner, eyes trying in vain to focus in the dark. Gunshots echoed out in the crisp mountain air.

"Gabriel." Torbjorn sounded crushed, "We need to gather the rest of the agents."

"Like hell I will, that son of a bitch is gonna pay. I-I'm going after him now," Gabriel snapped.

Angela's mind was reeling. She prayed to hear Jack's voice frantically attempting to calm his husband down, when she didn't, panic set in. She pushed the button in her ear, ready to raise Gabriel or Torbjorn through the device.

More gunshots.

Genji's voice sounded even more metallic than usual in Angela's ear, "I hear weapons discharging. Please tell me you're safe."
"I-I'm alright, dear Sparrow. I've found the others, no sign of the hunter." Angela failed to sound reassuring.

"Be on your guard." Genji directed.

Angela nodded at the order, though she belatedly realized Genji couldn't see, "I will."

Angela called out into the darkness, "What's happened?"

With enough fumbling in the dark, Angela managed to find Torbjorn and Gabriel resting against the outer wall of the base. Gabriel had his hands over his previously wounded leg. Torbjorn was muttering in a soothing tone, his hand resting on Gabriel's shoulder. He looked up at the doctor.

"This...man, I believe it was a man, took Jack." Torbjorn informed, not wasting any time on tact.

"They...took Jack?" Angela couldn't believe what she was hearing. Commander John Morrison was the best soldier of them all, untouchable in the field.

"We didn't see the second guy...he came out of nowhere," Gabriel sounded absolutely shell-shocked, "Flanked us from the left, managed to pick Jack off. Probably fired off an entire quiver at us in the process."

"Were either of you hit?" Angela asked stepping closer, "The arrowheads are dipped in some kind of poison. Genji identified an antidote when Jesse began complaining of burning."

"We managed to repel the arrows, neither of us have so much as a graze." Gabriel answered, waving off Angela's concerned touch, "We need to call everyone back to base...we need a plan." His voice was hard, "We need to wipe out the Shimada clan once and for all."

Angela couldn't miss the fire in Gabriel's eyes as he looked passed her and out at the horizon.

"We will. We'll get Jack back, but for now, let's get to cover," Torbjorn clapped a hand on Reyes' back.
"Agreed." Angela echoed, helping Gabriel limp his way back inside.

Angela and Torbjorn set Gabriel down at the island in the kitchen. The doctor activated her healing staff while the older man searched around for a towel to clean the blood from Gabriel's ripped stitching. She took the moment to study the covert commander's eyes; they were blank, as though he were looking at the world through a thick film. His eyes ghosted along Angela's face, as though he could see through her being.

Angela bit her lip as she broke eye contact, instead observing Gabriel's wound.

She made a humming noise, "The stitching will have to be pulled out and redone, all of this running around loosened them too much. Unfortunately, I can't salvage them," When Gabriel's leg remained rooted the the bar of the stool, Angela touched his cheek, "Gabriel, We will bring jack home. For now, I need you to stay focused."

Gabriel made a growling noise, but complied as Angela tried once more to observe the other end of the gash more closely.

"I need the Shimada kid up and running." Gabriel's voice was low, ignoring her words completely, "We can't afford to wait for his body to heal fully. If he isn't gonna fall apart in the field, I want him going on stings with me."

Indignation forced air from Angela's nose, "Now be reasonable, Gabriel," She caught his scowl, "Genji is a human being...a man first. A weapon second. I will not speed this process up. We have enough agents to begin a search without pushing Genji passed his body's limitations."

Gabriel's fist came down on the counter with a loud 'thud'. Both Angela and Torbjorn jumped a little at the sound.

"My husband is out there, somewhere, in the hands of the worst criminal organization on the globe, and you're telling we can't move forward with the weapons program ahead of schedule because you're worried about a former member of the empire, the boss's kid no less?" Gabriel attempted to jerkily throw himself off of his stool, "I think your priorities need a check-up themselves, Angela."

Gabriel's leg nearly gave out as he gave the doctor his angriest glare, "I want everything, and I
mean everything finished on Genji and ready for testing by the end of this week. I don't care if he's in excruciating pain with each step he takes. Jack is my only concern. No telling what those Shimada bastardos have planned for him."

Angela could feel the frustrated tears beginning to well in her eyes. Of course she worried about the Commander, loved him like family; she was willing to do anything to bring him home safely again. But, was it really worth sacrificing the well-being of her patient? Gabriel surely thought so.

"Gabriel. I will do what I can, but I cannot guarantee that his limbs will even be ready for field testing," Angela clenched her fists tight, "I will speak with Genji about what's happened. If he is willing to increase the speed of the project, then I will work day and night to have him on his feet."

Angela noticed the tension in the Blackwatch commander's shoulders drop. The hunch in the older man's spine making him appear ancient, "I'm sorry, Gabriel. Please see me below when you're ready for me to apply caduceus technology to your wound."

Noiselessly, Angela lifted herself from the floor, nodded at Torbjorn, and made her way from the kitchen. She needed to see Genji.

The doctor ran over the proper dosage for the super-soldier serum in her mind as the elevator carried her to the medical wing below the base. With the proper administration of such chemicals, paired with intensive stem-cell therapy and near-constant caduceus application it was possible to have Genji in working order, not by the end of this current week, but more likely the end of the next.

Guilt and anger tore at her insides. She had sworn to uphold peace, to protect her patients from any harm or mistreatment that may befall them. That had been then, another time, Angela supposed. Now, her hand was being forced; not to heal, but to create a weapon. Not to help, but to possibly wipe an entire family from the face of the Earth.

Angela didn't know how she would reconcile these unalienable facts within herself, but she knew she would have to try.

The lift had provided rarely any reprieve from the constant onslaught of challenges the day had been throwing at her, and soon Angela found herself side-stepping the janitor mopping at Jesse's dried blood in the entrance to the recovery room. Weariness dragged at her, they all needed a very long vacation once this was solved.
Genji sat alertly in his bed, hand tracing the lines of text as he read them. Angela was secretly pleased that the ninja was enjoying her gift so intently. She ached to lay her head quietly on his warm chest, to pretend that things were as they had been only a few days ago.

She braced herself for the coming conversation.

Genji’s dark eyes met hers, a thinly veiled worry furrowed his bushy eyebrows beneath the headgear, "I take it that you’ve found the others," his metallic voice soothed her frayed nerves somewhat, "You do not look as I thought you might..." he was thoughtful for a moment, "You look as though you’re millions of miles away. Is everyone alright?"

Angela dropped heavily into the chair placed at Genji’s left and grabbed for his hand as though it were an anchor to the present.

"Yes. I’ve spoken with Commander Reyes and Torbjorn...the hunter has taken Commander Morrison prisoner...Gabriel is not...I am-I am unsure of what to... " Genji had been right, she sounded as though she were no longer in her body.

Genji squeezed her fingers between her own, the warmth from his palm bringing her back to herself a fraction more, ""Tenshi, please. Tell me what my family's done."

Angela nodded and consciously keeping her presence of mind, explained "The hunter, it flanked Torbjorn, Gabriel, and Jack as they were investigating the outside perimeter. Jack was taken. Gabriel is enraged, as he should be," she bit her lip, "He wants to...begin the cybernization process as soon as possible. He wants you field-ready within the week."

The enormity of Gabriel's request did not go unappreciated by either party.

Surprised, Genji finally found his words, "If the Shimada clan has taken Jack, he only has days before they’re finished toying with him. Angela, I have spent my entire life enduring the crimes my family has committed. I must right them," He was surprised by how much passion his synthetic vocal cords were capable of, "If it is Commander Reyes' wish for us to push ourselves in order to rescue Commander Morrison, I'm ready. I can do this, Angela, we can do this.”

Angela repressed the urge to hug Genji, "Thank you, Genji. Your support is invaluable."
The warmth that bloomed in her chest despite the situation frightened Angela. She felt ashamed of her feelings for the man, knowing that her friends were in danger should have stamped out any romantic inklings she may have had. Perhaps Angela was not the pure soul everyone had painted her as.

"I need to speak with the engineers immediately." Angela couldn't stop the smile that formed despite her best efforts.

The tug on her hand only made the smile grow marginally wider.

"Wait. Tenshi, before you go," Genji used all of the strength in his hand to pull Angela's face impossibly close to his own, "I wanted you to know that I believe in your abilities. I trust you implicitly. Together we can accomplish great things," His eyes connected with Angela's, causing her heart to flip flop erratically, "I wish you the best of luck. I know there's still much work to be done," His eyes traced her face languidly, "I'll be waiting for your return."

They stayed that way for what seemed like hours, breath intermingling. Neither of the pair could bring themselves to bridge the ever-shrinking gap between their mouths. After what could have been a millennia, Angela timidly broke away from Genji.

"I won't fail." Angela whispered, more to herself than anyone as she turned and began her march to the engineering lab.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

I'm gonna be trying to update more frequently again! I'm sorry everyone, I've been super busy. I hope the slowwww burn isn't turning most of you off to the story. I'll try to speed it up from here on out. Thank you again for all of your support and love! <3

Angela quickened her pace, speed walking to the mechanics lab located at the end of the hall. Through the glass that made up the door, the doctor could see the two engineers working swiftly on either leg at their workstations.

Angela rapped her knuckles hastily against the door in warning before entering the room. Andrews and Thomas turned to study the intruder; both disoriented due to their absorption in their assigned tasks.

"Doctor," Andrews smiled widely, "I'm so glad you've stopped by. We're just finishing welding the plates to Genji's legs. Output levels and functionality are at an optimum."

Angela felt relief wash through her, "That is very good news, Andrews," she carried herself over to the woman's work bench. Tools of all shapes and purposes were strewn all over the top of the work space, "Commander Reyes has issued an order for all prosthesis to be completed in their entirety as soon as possible. The Shimada-clan has made time a luxury we simply can't afford."

"What'd they do this time?" Thomas asked nonchalantly as he grabbed for his half-empty coffee mug, "Worlds Okayest Engineer" painted the ceramic. Angela had always appreciated Thomas' humor, though at the moment it did more to make her anxious than not.

"They took Commander Morrison." Angela declared.

A shocked silence hung in the air between the three of them. Angela traced lightly at the armor covering what would soon be Genji's thigh. The organic material housing the "bones" of the leg was well hidden beneath the removable plating. Angela felt a small sense of pride swell in her chest at her team.

Angela nodded, "Yes, a Shimada hunter breached the perimeter at approximately seven o'clock this evening. Commanders Reyes and Morrison as well as Torbjorn attempted to find the intruder. During their search, Jack was taken," Angela's voice reflected just how unnerved the incident had made her, "Naturally Commander Reyes wants to destroy the Shimada family within the week."

"So...what's gonna happen with our Genji-project, is Reyes gonna kill him?" Thomas asked as he set down his mug. His fingers fumbled with the handle, sliding the receptacle around the table nervously.

"No. No Gabriel would never-," Angela stopped herself. He just might should anything happen to Jack, and that thought terrified her, "Our orders are to have Genji's prosthesis ready for grafting by tomorrow evening. Unfortunately, that means we all will be working through the night," Angela offered an apologetic smile, "I am sorry for this. Of course, I will be providing coffee as well as any treats you both may need. It isn't an ideal situation, I will do my best to assist."

"You don't need to apologize, Doctor," Andrews reassured, "We knew what we were getting ourselves into when we joined up last year. Coffee will be a necessary evil, but you don't need to make us snacks," The young engineer sounded cheerful despite learning of the order to work constantly for who knew how long, "Working on Torbjorn's arm last year almost killed you between all of the running around and the cooking. We'll be fine."

Thomas nodded his head in agreement.

Angela was touched, "Well, coffee it is. I'll make sure that," she gestured to the ancient coffee maker off to the side of the room, "Is working as long as we are."

The two engineers laughed. Angela felt something close to hope. If spirits stayed this high, they may just prove to be unstoppable.

"Do we have any blueprints drafted for his right arm?" Angela asked fumbling through the sheets of paper on the conference table in the middle of the room.

"Not exactly, boss." Thomas rubbed the back of his head.
"We have a lot to do, then." Angela sighed, though she remained determined to get a functioning model by tomorrow afternoon.

They worked in silence as the hours passed, the engineers piecing together Genji's lower extremities, occasionally taking them apart; endlessly correcting and re-correcting the structures.

Angela sketched out the bones in the arm, wrist, and hand on the blueprint papers. She traced out the humerus, ulna, and radius; emphasizing connective points, as well as portions of the arm that would need to be designed for near-inhuman strength.

While the engineers were testing the movements of the legs themselves, focusing on syncing the limbs' movements, Angela thumbed through the material-catalog, hoping to list the constructive elements out for her team. The gliding joint in the wrist was proving to be the most difficult portion to form.

It was the dual yawns from Andrews and Thomas that pulled Angela from her research. Angela rose from the chair and shuffled quietly to the coffee maker. She checked the watch on her wrist, it was much much later than she had expected it to be. When the beverage was finished brewing, Angela gently pressed on the pair's shoulders, easing them into the seats at the table. She brought them their mugs full of the extra strong liquid.

The three stared blankly at the walls. Angela could feel the eyestrain setting in and attempted to close her eyes to alleviate the irritation.

"After just a few more calibrations, we should be able to move on to crafting the arm." Thomas said as he laid his head on the warped wood of the table.

"We need to start on the hand as soon as possible. It's the most intricate piece. I may go ahead and start on that." Andrews replied as she sipped on her coffee. Absently she wondered why it was that coffee never tasted as delicious when you were drinking it purely for the energy.

"Yeah, definitely. I'll finish up the legs." Thomas smiled blearily up at Andrews.

Angela who had remained silent throughout the exchange, spent the time wondering idly just how she was going to pull off grafting mesh as well as the appendages to Genji without falling asleep.
A few more hours as well as a food break passed without anything remarkable happening. The engineers had switched gears fully to the construction of Genji's arm. Halfway through their modeling, Andrews suggested adding a port specifically for the containment of shirukens.

Angela bit her lip, hesitant to include actual weaponry on Genji’s person, "Would these be permanently part of his anatomy?"

Andrews nodded, sketching the port in more detail, "They would be contained within this space between his ulna and radius, only activating when in a combat situation," the engineer sighed, "Though I'm not sure how to build a trigger for that."

"I have an idea," Thomas grabbed for the pencil, "What if there's a manual button, here," he drew in the button under the wrist, "But they can also be triggered by a rise in adrenaline?" He looked to Angela.

"Perhaps we should just synchronize it with Genji's hormones, a button could prove to be dangerous." Angela studied Thomas' drawing more closely.

The doctor felt uneasy about built-in weaponry designed into Genji's anatomy. Though, the shirukens could be useful in a variety of situations as a covert agent. A scenario similar to Jack's played out in Angela's head; at least with hidden blades, Genji stood a better chance of protecting himself.

Reluctantly, Angela gave the green light to add the weapons' port to Genji's prosthetic arm.

When it was obvious Angela would be of no more assistance to the engineers regarding the arm, the doctor decided to map out the venting system that would need to be built into Genji.

The graphite from the pencil danced along the picture of Genji's chest. Angela had been grateful that the medical staff opted to take pictures of Genji's anatomy for this purpose. Seeing the man she had been working tirelessly for helped bolster Angela's spirits. Her mouth felt dry as her eyes scanned over the defined muscle of his rib cage; shadowed dents stared back tantalizingly.

It was shameful to be so distracted by Genji's beauty while working on such an important project, and yet here she was; all but salivating like a school girl with a crush. It had taken a crash from
equipment landing unceremoniously in the trash for Angela's thoughts to be pulled back to something mirroring 'saintly'. She checked her watch again and sighed. They'd been in the room for nearly ten hours now.

With a resigned sigh, Angela began to look over the venting draft again. A large vent in the shape of a circle connected to Genji's right pectoral would help with oscillating and regulating his temperature.

Angela also began to sketch out armor for the trunk of Genji's body. Tubes connected at the lower end of the sternum would also be useful in helping with transporting the cool air from the vent to the rest of his abdomen; this would ultimately relieve the heat trapped between Genji's skin and the armored plating.

The thought of Genji's heated flesh heated Angela's as well. She set the pencil down on the table with more force than necessary. Thomas and Andrews lifted their heads from the hand's frame they were currently soldering together; eyebrows raised at her outburst.

"I'm going to go for a walk, I should probably check in with Genji and Jesse." Angela explained in a softer tone, "They're both being seen by my nursing staff, but it may do them some good to see a familiar face."

"We'll be here, take your time." Thomas yawned.

"I will be back shortly. Any requests for items from the outside world?" Angela asked.

"Mmmm...maybe some food..." Andrews trailed off, eyes crossed as she focused on adding the same material as the previously crafted meniscus to the ends of the wrist bones.

"Yeah...food." Thomas agreed.

"Right. Food," Angela smiled at the pair, "I can do that. I'll freshen the coffee up before I leave as well."

"Thanks, Doc." Both engineers spoke in unison.
Genji sat quietly with his eyes closed, taking in the various noises around him: the gentle hum of medical machinery from the lab in the room adjacent, the flickering of fluorescent bulbs as they lit the room around him, and the cowboy's insufferable snoring.

His tried in vain to pull his attention from Jesse, instead putting all focus on the feeling of his phantom limbs burning. What a strange thing to bring to the forefront of your mind, though it was a powerful practice. Gradually, Genji regained control over his mental exercise, Jesse's breathing pushed to join the litany of background noise.

Genji allowed his thoughts to twist painfully around the memory of his older brother. Coils of anger shot through him as he ran through the betrayal once more. How it had hurt; the knowledge that he meant less to Hanzo than the opinions of the elder members. Hanzo had reduced him to nothing, even more so than Genji had felt he had been before.

He lamented the sadness that he felt, hated that he missed his brother more than anyone would ever know. Things could never be the way they had before; they were changed men now, no doubt.

What would their father say if he could see them now? Would he support Hanzo's decision? It was useless to speculate, of course; and yet here he was. Genji imagined Sojiro sitting on the edge of his bed, his eyes hard and pupils slitted the way they would when he was furious.

"Hanzo was correct in his actions. You were abandoning us. Destroying all that I've built, and for what?" he raised his eyebrows pointedly, "You've always been my most selfish child."

Genji sighed, but allowed himself to play into the illusion, "Father. I would never...I just wanted to be a good man...I wanted to be worthy of..." He stopped short. Worthy of what, exactly?

"You wanted to be worthy of love, isn't that it?," Sojiro sneered, "You thought deserting our clan would take what you have deemed a curse from you. You were trained to be a warrior, Genji. A ninja. Not a family man. I thought all of those young women in Hanamura would satiate you, why else would I have paid them to fall at your feet?"

Genji flinched at that, he had been widely known as the playboy of the Shimada family. Though,
he had always questioned why so many women would so willingly suffer through his presence; his chattiness, his softer demeanor. Genji viewed himself as more frivolous, and much leaner than Hanzo, and charming as he may have been, he'd always felt inherently lesser than the elder Shimada men. It had astounded him that so many women allowed him to get close, though they had never stayed long after they had finished for the evening. He'd always suspected there may be more to it than desire, and here his father was, confirming such sentiments.

"You were always so lonely, my sparrow," Sojiro's voice lost its hardened edge,"I've always known that, so I had allowed you to roam, to fill your emptiness with play, but I could never truly give you what you've wanted, a place in this world."

Genji felt like crying. It had been so long since he'd heard his father's voice, and now here he was, merely echoing Genji's innermost feelings rather than giving sagely advice or constructive critiques.

With one last spectral smile, Sojiro faded back into the recesses of Genji's mind. His eyes slid over to where his roommate was laying, praying that his conversation hadn't woken the other man. Jesse remained as still as stone, calming Genji's paranoia slightly.

When finally his mind decided it could no longer take the anguish from putting its hand on that hot stove, Genji allowed his thoughts to turned to Angela. He hadn't seen her in hours, though it felt more like years. He knew the doctor was busy, working endlessly to give him a chance to right the wrongs his family had committed, but he still missed her dearly.

Genji wondered if Angela had been eating since she had begun working, if she had slept at all. It pained him to no end that he couldn't be the one to go to her, to ensure her health and safety the way she had his. He missed the warmth of her hand in his, soothing and kind.

His insecurities clawed their way out of their carefully locked box, making him wonder, albeit briefly, if Angela truly cared for him past a professional duty. Genji hoped against all hope that Angela had felt how close a kiss had been between them the last he'd seen her; hoped that she felt the same spark that had inflamed him and kept his spirit going. Without Angela, Genji was unsure of just how he'd survive so much darkness; without her brilliant light to illuminate his path to a new life.

Footsteps, sure and quick sounded in the hall, Genji rolled his eyes to the ceiling; a fond smile on his lips. It was as though he had been screaming his thought aloud, or maybe Angela had just become adept at reading his thoughts. He opened his eyes expectantly, ready to be greeted with the sight of his angel smiling back at him.
It wasn't blue eyes however, that locked with Genji's, and a surprised fear shuddered its way up his spine. Oh. He had seen this coming.
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Phewww. Things are starting to pick up now, people! Thank you to everyone still reading, it means the world to me :) This chapter has just the tiniest bit of fluff thrown in as a gift to apologize for not updating as frequently as I should be!

Angela could feel the tension leaving her every muscle the moment she stepped out of the mechanics lab. A deep breath in confirmed what she had already suspected; air outside was indeed fresher than the room they’d been locked away in.

As she walked to the elevator, the doctor noticed she felt far more buoyant than she should. Progress was lurching forward at incalculable speeds, soon it would be time to graft the new limbs to Genji, soon it would be time to begin forming a plan with the other Overwatch agents. Angela wondered how they had taken the news from Gabriel, and if they were on their way back to the base already.

She entered the lift, heading for the shared kitchen of the base; feeding her engineers took priority. Angela’s thoughts swirled around her patient for the remainder of her trip to the mess. He had seemed as though he were adjusting well, though how much of that was an act; Angela couldn’t determine. She rifled through the refrigerator, finding Ana’s leftover roast pack away neatly in Tupperware containers. Angela turned the oven on, placed the slices on a baking sheet, and waited to place the meat onto a rack.

She thought of the shiruken port being grafted into Genji’s new arm, her mouth dropping into a hard grimace. Of course, the hidden weapons would be a boon on missions or in the event of a kidnapping, but it also solidified the fact that she was helping to create something for the sheer purpose of harming. It had been against her oaths as a health care professional, and against the private one she had made to herself. Angela tried to focus on what good it could do, though the uneasiness simmered in her stomach anyway.

The oven beeped, signaling it had finished heating. Angela gently settled the tray inside and shut the door, moving to sit on a stool to wait the ten minutes she had typed into the timer. Her thoughts once again danced around Genji’s body, well-trained muscle that had rippled under her touch as she had examined the state of his torso. She was going to drive herself insane long before the project had even reached its end.
Angela had concluded in her idle moments that she wasn't worthy of someone like Genji. Someone who had been so bright, so optimistic despite his circumstances. She felt disgusting, skin tight and itching as all that would transpire at her hands weighed on her. If the doctor had let Genji die that night in Hanamura, Jack wouldn't be missing, Jesse wouldn't be hurt, the Shimada wouldn't have declared war on their organization (at least not outwardly), and Genji wouldn't be sitting alone for hours at a time reliving his near death. She let her head rest in her hands as she attempted to recenter on the positive; she had saved Genji's life, they were going to save Jack, and wipe out a crime syndicate in the process. It hadn't been her voice however that had reminded her of those things, mentally, it sounded more like Gabriel's.

Briefly, Angela contemplated rebuilding Genji using the funding and advanced technology provided by Overwatch....and then running away; taking Genji away where he could truly heal. The timer on the oven interrupted the thought before it could form into a full fledged plan. Angela shook her head to clear the escape away and instead focused on the task of serving the roast to her engineers, working tirelessly for her below. Once the meal was delivered, Angela resolved to sit by Genji's side for the night, perhaps gauging his true feelings regarding recent events; no more lying for her benefit.

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Genji cocked his head to the side, trying for all the world to look as though he couldn't be less interested in his visitor. From the annoyed look on the Blackwatch Commander's face, it may have worked; even if only slightly.

"You must have seen this coming," Gabriel echoed his thoughts, "You and I need to talk, Shimada. Without your angel hovering."

Sluggish, clumsy footsteps carried Reyes to Genji's side, the stink of alcohol and sweat heavy on the older man. Despite himself, Genji felt a certain amount of pity for the man; he could only imagine the hell the commander had been going through these last few hours. The blame for all that he'd gone through however, Genji felt rested solely on Reyes' shoulders.

"You're right. I had predicted we would be speaking sooner rather than later," Genji's metallic voice bit through Gabriel's haze, "As I'm sure you've ascertained however, I no longer associate with the Shimada clan, and so have no information as to where your husband may have been taken."

"We-we'll get to the interrogation on Jack's account later," Gabriel's voice sounded wrecked, "I want to know everything goddamned thing you know about your family; from beginning to now," Gabriel's gaze fixed on Genji's, there was something pleading there, "I want to know about the dragons. How, and why, and what....whether or not they'll be back when we find Jack...whether you still have yours."
Genji was genuinely taken aback. He had expected to be drilled regarding the Shimada's strike practices, maybe some intimidation; not an honest discussion about his family's control of the dragons. Perhaps Gabriel had fears that his precious Jack would be as maimed as himself.

With a deep, calming breath in, Genji decided to tell Gabriel the story of the dragon of the north wind and the dragon of the south wind. Genji almost smiled as he watched Reyes shift in his seat, making himself more comfortable.

"My family tells of an ancient legend about two great dragon brothers; the dragon of the North wind and the dragon of the South wind. Together, they upheld balance and harmony in the Heavens," Genji paused for a moment, no longer hearing the cowboy's gentle snoring. A quick glance to the opposite end of the row of beds confirmed that Jesse was indeed groggily observing Gabriel and himself. The look on Gabriel's face remained almost unreadable, though perhaps Genji had seen a spark of interest.

He shrugged inwardly and elected to continue telling the story, "But the two brothers argued over who could better rule their land. Their quarrel turned to rage and their violent struggle darkened the skies, until the dragon of the South wind struck down his brother, and fell to Earth, shattering the land."

"That sounds an awful lot like you n' Hanzo," Jesse interrupted, voice thick with sleep, "Do brothers fight every generation in your family, or do ya reckon ya'll are special?"

Genji, who had also considered how closely related he and his brother's story was to the dragons' tale, only shook his head; no other Shimada brothers had ever betrayed each other the way they had.

"Jesse, let the man finish his story," Gabriel snapped. Genji didn't miss the relief in Reyes' voice as the older man watched Jesse pull himself into a seated position on his bed.

Genji continued his tale about the dragon brothers, how the dragon of the South wind had triumphed, though the very balance of the world suffered for it; there had been destruction and hatred permeating the land. Genji's voice painted the images of dragons in the Blackwatch member's minds; it was as though they could see the sorrow of the dragon of the South wind there in the infirmary.

"One day a stranger called up to the dragon and asked 'Oh, Dragon Lord, why are you so
distraught?'", Genji continued, "The dragon told him, 'Seeking power I killed my brother, but without him, I am lost.' The ninja paused for a moment, savoring how enraptured Jesse and Gabriel had become in his family's legend, "The stranger replied, 'You have inflicted wounds upon yourself, but now you must heal. Walk the Earth on two feet as I do. Find value in humility, then you will find peace.' The dragon of the South wind indeed came to Earth, to find that the stranger had been the dragon of the North wind in human form. Together, the two brothers walked the Earth, eventually creating the Shimada family."

"It may be total bullshit, but it's an interesting story," Gabriel commented, "Though it doesn't explain why you and your brother have control over monstrous...spirit dragons yourselves."

"It is said that there is a pair of brothers born to my family every generation and that those brothers are indeed the incarnation of the Earthbound dragons." Genji explained.

The story had made his heart ache. Genji thought of lying on the floor in their Hanamura home, listening intently to Sojiro as he told he and Hanzo of the brothers. He could almost feel the cracks in the wood beneath his fingertips as he had in those days, tracing endless patterns while his father's soft voice lulled him to sleep.

"Interesting," Gabriel interrupted the memory, "I appreciate you sharing this information." He scratched at the side of his head, "It's a relief to know we won't have to face down anymore dragons until we find Hanzo".

"I second that." Jesse agreed, sleepiness creeping back into his voice.

"It is a comforting thought." Genji acquiesced. He feared for Hanzo then, feared what Overwatch would do with him once they located his brother. Genji swallowed around that fear, angry with himself for worrying.

"One more question, Shimada," Gabriel's tone became softer, "Do you think Jack is still alive?"

Genji nodded his head, there was that pity again, "I do believe this, yes. They will most likely spend a great deal of time extorting information from Commander Morrison. So long as he can hold up to their methods, we have time."

Strange that mentioning torture would smooth the hard lines that had marred Gabriel's face.
"Angela asked me to check on you, and now I have," Gabriel slapped his knees before rising.
"There was one last thing she wanted me to check in her pharmaceutical freezer," Gabriel almost regretted how easily the lie came, "Wanted me to make sure we had enough of some serum or another for after your surgery. Excuse me."

With that, Gabriel wandered to the door on Genji's far left, directly opposite the entry way into his unofficial quarters. Strange that Angela would send Gabriel, though not impossible, his mind reasoned. The Blackwatch commander slipped inside easily, and Genji was left to study the recovering cowboy in peace.

Gabriel's skin prickled in the cool air of the refrigeration room. His whiskey-slowed hands fumbled with the code on the large safe at the back of the storage closet. If anywhere were to have the soldier-serum for Genji, it would be here. After a hard hit with his elbow, the steel door swung open, revealing bags of the yellowish liquid inside. A whistle escaped Gabriel's lips; it was possible to dope up the entire team and then some with the stock Angela had obtained.

A small twinge of guilt in his gut made Gabriel give pause; it was the thought of Jack screaming alone in the dark that finally forced his hand to bring out the bottles of chemicals he had stashed away in the inner pockets of his coat. He was the leader of the cover operations wing for a reason. Carefully, Gabriel set to work, unsealing the bags just enough to drop in his own mixture. It would take longer than anticipated, though Gabriel hoped by injecting on the front-most bags, he could save time; making his extended stay in the closet less suspicious.

When he finally finished, Gabriel closed the door gently behind him, startling Genji and Jesse, who had been in the midst of a staring contest by the looks of it.

"She has a shit ton of drugs in there, and no organization," Gabriel lied coolly, "Found what she was talking about though. I'm gonna take off. You've given me a lot to think about, Shimada."

With a nod at the bedridden man and his protege, Gabriel stalked out of the room.

Genji rolled his eyes to the ceiling, now it was just he and the cowboy; the familiar snoring once again resumed, and the ninja silently thanked the gods above. As far as he was concerned, he'd spent enough time socializing with the Blackwatch members this morning. The bluish light cutting through the gray of the window in the hall had confirmed his assumption; it was almost sunrise.

Genji wondered if Angela had slept yet, perhaps that was why she had sent Gabriel in her stead. he was thankful for that, then. Mercy deserved a few moments of rest.
Angela smiled down at the exhausted engineers as they picked at their dinner, or was it breakfast? Angola had seen the sun starting to peek out from behind the cloud of night while she was above.

"Thank you, Doc. Exactly what we needed." Andrews smiled gratefully.

"Of course, is there anything more that you require?" Angela turned the coffee maker on once again after noticing that the pot had been drained.

"Actually," Thomas smiled up wearily from where he had draped himself over the table, "Everything's finished. It's taken us almost fifteen hours, but we can say with a reasonable degree of certainty that the limbs will function well enough to get Genji out there with the rest of your team."

"Impossible!" Angela gushed.

"The legs had taken us a week, the hand is what's taken most of our time, and while it won't be winning any prizes, it's ready to be grafted." Andrews smiled, bolstered by the doctor's enthusiasm.

"Excellent work you two!" Angela was beaming, excited to tell Genji the news.

"I will schedule the procedure for later this morning. You both have earned some rest. Once I have completed the attachment of Genji's new limbs, I will rouse you both so that we can begin the construction of his ventilation chamber."

"With all do respect, boss," Thomas sighed, "I'd rather build the fan and armor now. They're not nearly as tricky as the hand, so it shouldn't take much time...then I can crash the hell out once the job's done."

Angela nodded, "Thank you both for your dedication to this project. I'll go tell our patient the good news, I haven't been by to see him yet. Oh! A transport team will be in shortly to retrieve the limbs."
"We'll get cracking on the oscillation system, we've contacted the armory and they've already begun to design the plates for his abdomen." Andrews grabbed hungrily for another piece of roast.

"Wonderful." Angela smiled.

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Angela could hear Jesse's snoring down the hall, that fondness for her friend swelled in her chest. Her footsteps quickened involuntarily as Angela tried to imagine the look on Genji's face when she told him he'd be walking in a few days' time.

Genji's dark eyes were closed, his face peaceful as the doctor entered the room. Angela tiptoed to her patient after stopping quickly to run a hand through Jesse's hair.

"Genji, Meine Schatz, wake up." Angela brushed her knuckles against the exposed marred flesh of the man's cheekbone before she could stop herself.

Genji's eyes shot open, panic widening them, "Nani?!" He gasped.

Brown eyes met blue and Angela watched as Genji visibly relaxed, muscles melting into the thin mattress of the hospital bed, "Ah. Tenshi, it is you. Have you come to read to me?"

"Today I'm here to do more than just read," Angela couldn't help the wide smile that split her lips, "I'm here to tell you that your limbs are completed. In just a few hours, you will have legs and an arm once again."

"This is good news, I am grateful to you," Genji inclined his head in a slight, albeit sleepy nod.

"The procedure could take some hours, so I'm afraid our visit will be rather short today," Angela allowed her fingers to be tugged into the familiar warm grip of Genji's.

"Then I have but one request of you, Doctor," His fingers toyed with the skin of her palm.

Genji's eyes had returned to their sleepily shuttered appearance, pulling at something in Angela's gut. Bedroom eyes, seductive in their own right; Angela recalled.
"In case something goes wrong with the surgery," Genji started again, "I know I am in good hands, but my body is weak and I know that there is a certain degree of risk," Genji explained hastily as Angela opened her mouth to argue, "In case something happens to me, I'd like to spend what may be my last sunrise with you, Angela. Could we maybe watch it together, from the windows in the hall?"

His voice was quiet, sweeter than any melody Angela had ever heard. The synthesizer adding a throaty grit to Genji's sleep laden voice.

"Of course," The doctor moved to the wall opposite Genji's bed, unfolding a wheelchair from it's placed tucked out of the way, "Here. I will help you into it."

Angela wrapped her arms around Genji's torso, rough, scarred skin rubbed against her palms as she tightened her grip on her patient. Genji's arm snaked its way around her neck, and Angela felt her cheeks color at the contact. They were so close, practically hugging as Angela assisted Genji into the transportation equipment. Her heart had begun pounding erratically in her chest, and Angela could almost swear that Genji's pulse mirrored her own.

He turned his head, soft black tufts brushed against the shell of the doctor's ear, causing her to shudder, "Thank you, Tenshi."

"O-Of course," Angela stuttered out, feeling utterly like a fool; nearly knocking her head on his visor during the move.

After some trial and error, Genji was finally comfortably seated in the wheel chair and the pair had moved to the large floor-to-ceiling windows in the hall.

Angela slid a folding chair next to Genji's own seat, feeling the moment would be better shared if she were not looming over him the entire time. His grip on her right hand remained a constant spot of warmth in the chilly air of another morning on base.

"For days I've watched the sun travel across the tiles, it is refreshing to see it in the sky once again," Genji's voice content.

Angela could see his smile, even through the speaking apparatus and busted jaw. His teeth would shine brightly, almost wolfish in the dim light, fangs appearing less menacing thanks to the light in
"Here it comes now." Angela pointed to the right most portion of the sky; East.

The gray of the early morning disappeared, shot through with the most magnificent pinks and vibrant oranges Angela had ever recalled seeing; little fluffy clouds shot through with light completed the picture, glowing gold, contrasting beautifully with the darker pinks of the rising sunlight. Genji's eyes remained fixed on the scene before them, head cocked ever so slightly to the side in a childlike wonder; it was as though he were seeing the sunrise for the very first time.

"This is wonderful," Genji whispered, awestruck by the beauty of nature around them.

Though his eyes were trained on the delicate dance of light in the sky, Genji didn't fail to miss the tiny sparrow hopping from tree to tree in the courtyard; completely free and at peace. Silently, the ninja vowed to be as the sparrow was; content with its surroundings, taking in the breathtaking beauty of the world around it.

"It is more than I had ever hoped for." Angela replied, gazing out at the heavens; she didn't miss the small red splotches working their way into the living painting. It was the color of blood; her mind compared unhelpfully. In an effort to drive away the unpleasant image, Angela moved closer to Genji, enjoying the feeling of his solid shoulder against her own.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

I haven't edited this chapter yet, just know that I will be doing that over the next day :) I just wanted to get this up for those of you waiting for the next part of the story!

Edit: I've updated the chapter, but I periodically go back to double check my work. If something is horrendous please let me know! Also thank you for all of your love! I appreciate it, and I've received such awesome comments and had great discussions!

Events moved rather quickly after their shared hallway experience. Angela had held the moment close to her chest, feeling the warmth radiating from Genji wash through her even now. With a loud snap, the latex glove stretched over her hands; she and her team were now rounding on the last part of the operation.

The mesh needed to weld Genji's new limbs into place had taken quite a few hours more than previously calculated; Angela hadn't anticipated her patient's skin healing well enough to impede her. It had taken an extra hour to carefully reopen the mended tears where Genji's appendages had been removed. Angela had done her best to make the incisions cleaner and less ragged than they had first been. Next, the special bonding agent had been carefully applied to living bone, before adhering to the fibrous mesh that would relay the brain's commands through artificial synapses to the limbs' control centers.

Angela and her team had just finished connecting Genji's legs, when someone had pointed out that they had been working for near ten hours with no chance to catch their breaths. The doctor, always attentive to the people in her charge, agreed that a quick break should be in order, though not for her. Angela had spent her rest period attaching the mesh to Genji's arm, it had just now solidified enough for the work to continue.

In just a few more hours, she would be adding the venting system to Genji's chest, his temperature already reaching 100.4 degrees Fahrenheit with the added strain caused by the supplemental machinery; she was sure the first dosage of soldier-serum had played a part as well. The doctor had injected the first round of hormones into Genji's stream just as the anesthesia began to take effect; hoping that it would make his body strong enough to withstand the hours of repair it needed to undergo.

She placed her surgeon's mask back over the petite swell of her nose, ready to finish giving Genji the new life she had promised. Genji's bicep muscle easily covered the new metallic intrusion, and the prosthetic easily found its new home in her patient's right humerus. The back of her hand wiped away just the tiniest bit of sweat from the roots of her bangs. So far, so good. Genji's internal temperature had now risen to 102.1 degrees Fahrenheit, a clinical fever now burned through him. It was tantamount to the success of his healing process that they install the oscillation system immediately, or Genji's blood would destroy any additional stem cells or nanites that would be needed to speed along the recovery process.

Half of Angela's nurses swapped with the second shift of her team; fresh eyes and minds were integral to the success of lengthy procedures.

"Thank you all, please feel free to access the kitchen above for any food or drink you may require,
I believe the other Overwatch agents have returned, but are hard at work in the conference room.” Angela said by way of goodbye.

Carefully, the doctor began the most difficult and harrowing of all; when Genji's chest cavity had been successfully separated and the ribs of the right portion of his rib cage had been shaved away, Angela attached the vent's tubes to not only Genji's lungs, but his heart as well. Together, with the fan hooked to these two major organ groups, the venting system could determine when her patient's body had been taxed to its limit; thus gauging just how intensely it would need to work. Angela, Thomas, and Andrews had also added in a tiny node that could mimic a pacemaker, helping Genji's weakened heart in times of great duress; times he would no doubt be subjected to at the hands of Overwatch.

Finally, with Genji's ribs now snugly secured to the large, circular intrusion in his chest cavity, Angela could safely say that the entire eighteen hour process had been a success. With Genji resting peacefully in the recovery room, Angela allowed herself to feel the bone-deep exhaustion that always set in following long periods in the operating room. Her eyes felt heavy and sore as she peeled herself out of her surgery smock and other pieces of gear; every muscle in her back and neck screamed for relief at the bending motions.

Despite her body's pleas, Angela directed her legs forward, hoping that she looked as though she were walking without the obvious limp she could feel beginning; the pressure from standing for so long had definitely done a number on her feet. It would take Angela days to feel like herself again physically, though she knew any strain her body had been through had been worth it.

Angela crossed through the recovery room, hoping to spend some time resting in her quarters before Gabriel and the team would need her to give a full report on Genji's status. Her feet dragged noticeably as she crossed the patients' room to the exit doorway. Angela smiled as she spotted Jesse fully awake and aware in his bed, reading through the volume of stories she'd given to Genji.

Jesse's cheeks turned a flushed pink when he had noticed Angela's gaze, "Ya see...Genji asked me t'watch 'em while he was out," Jesse gently closed the book, though Angela saw him place a finger between the covers as a book mark, "Said they were worth more'n gold. Thought I'd see what it was all about."

"Lotsa good ones in here...I can see why you brought him this book. The story about the Sparrow prolly means a lot to him," Jesse's voice was softer than Angela would have guessed while discussing a member of the Shimada family, "He seems like an alright sorta guy...I guess. He's been staring at me a lot. Sizin' me up I think."

"Staring at you?" Angela tried to stifle the giggle that fell from her lips, "Why on Earth would he be sizing you up, Jesse?"

"Since we've been roommates for a lil while I'm assuming he wants t'make sure I'm not about to put a knife in his throat while he sleeps....or it could be," Jesse stopped, "Naw, forget it."

"The knife is a most probable conclusion," Angela said as she laid her head on Jesse's shoulder, enjoying the swell of his bicep and the heat of his skin, "But what was the second option again? I'm quite tired, so I didn't catch it." Angela's eyes slid shut as she enjoyed the rumbles emanating from deep within the cowboy's chest.

"Well, Darlin', " Jesse made sure Angela's breathing was even before continuing, "I said maybe
the reason the Shimada boy's been keepin' an eye on me is cuz he sees the way I look at ya an' I
can see the way he looks at you, too."

Jesse was grateful as Angela released a tiny snore, his hope that she had been asleep during his
confession had succeeded. It's not like he hadn't thought about outright telling the doctor to her
face about his feelings for her; and on numerous occasions he had tried to do just that, though it
had never worked out the way he'd planned. There were always interruptions, Ana toting Angela
away to patch one of the cadets up, Jack and Gabriel pulling him away on stings...it was never the
right time.

Now, Genji Shimada had entered the picture, and Jesse McCree ain't a fool. Yes, Jesse saw the
way Genji looked at Angela, but what had hurt was that Jesse had also seen the way the doctor
had looked at Genji. Of course, there was a softness there, in Angela's eyes for him as well, but
her gaze lacked the strange fire she'd held for Genji.

The subject of his thoughts turned her head more fully, breath tickling the long brown strands near
his ear; she would catch a hell of a crick in her neck if he allowed her to continue laying this way.
With careful maneuvering, Jesse laid Angela down on the small mattress, keeping her caged in his
large arms. The protective action was more out of pragmatism than his desire to hold his friend
tight. He'd swear it to anyone; but, deep down Jesse knew he'd be lying.

His eyes found their way to Genji's bed once more, thankful that the Ninja was as dead to the
world as Angela was. Jesse didn't need the Shimada man's angry glare penetrating his very soul
while he was trying to catch some shut eye. Just before falling asleep, Jesse wondered just how
muddy things would get between the three of them as time wore on. He had been surprised
enough by Genji's stares, but Jesse had been even more intrigued in how implicitly the man had
trusted him with Angela's gift. The cowboy couldn't wait to make out whether the ninja was truly
a friend, or a foe.

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Genji walked along the rushing river of Hanamura, enjoying the view of the water below him as
he crossed the numerous tiny wooden bridges along his path. Pink cherry blossoms painted the
sky around him, making it almost impossible to see Angela leaning against the railing of one of
the platforms farther up the path.

He hurried along, noting the clacking of his geta against the ground; he couldn't remember the
last time he'd worn the traditional sandals. Stranger still, Genji noticed himself dressed head to
toe in Hakama; his kimono a brilliant jade green, the edge of the Shimada dragon's tail reaching
down his left sleeve. Angela's sigh echoed across the dream-scape, turning Genji into a flash of
green and gold as he quickened his pace, what he wouldn't give to be by her side...standing, no
less.

Angela looked beautiful, the shine of her hair, and the green of her own kimono a stark contrast
to the ever-falling petals around them. She smiled as he approached, hands outstretched towards
his. Genji couldn't help his own answering smile as he saw the Shimada dragon flash out on the
woman's sleeve, mirroring his own kimono.

"I've been waiting for you, Meine Liebste." Angela's voice reverberated through his very bones.

"I apologize," Genji said, closing his eyes as Angela's hands, feather light, traced his jaw.

"You were so pretty once," Angela's biting words still held the sweet tone she had greeted him
with.

Her smile now out of place in the quickly darkening city; it was as though a large hand had
reached out and blotted the sun from the very sky above them. Around him, Genji began to notice
the stares of strangers who had not been watching them before the abrupt change in tone. Jeers and gasps traveled from the onlookers' mouths.

"Tenshi?" Genji tried with futility to hold Angela's hand against his cheek, the way he had the night before he had died.

That was right...he had died, or rather he had almost died. Things were confusing, two worlds swirled around in his mind. The bright and cheerful day in Hanamura became increasingly dismal, a strange hurt ripping through Genji's body.

"Please, let go of my hand" Angela's voice seemed to be sickeningly sweet now, mocking him, "It's disconcerting enough that you're an assassin...Shimada scum, so much more now that you're no longer the man I loved...in fact, you're no man at all." Angela sighed.

Genji felt his eyes widen as he dropped Angela's hands, feeling for all the world as though her touch had burned him in ways he would never recover. His hands...his left was covered in blood, something Genji knew belonged to the innocent; his right was a charred disaster. Fear brought him to his knees, the crowd circling ever closer, the remarks getting louder. Monster. Machine. Menace, they chanted.

Genji wiped the blood from his hand on his mouth, tearing at the sutures that now sealed the orifice closed; where had his mouth gone? He couldn't run, he couldn't scream, and now he couldn't look at the woman he had come to admire.

Then, like a thunderclap, a searing rage ignited. He was no monster, and he had only become a machine due to circumstances beyond his control; he would find every soul responsible for his shame...and he would make them pay. The fingertips of his good hand rooted themselves in the blood drenched soil beneath him as he reveled in the last ounces of his terror fading away.

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The med bay remained quiet, the stillness untouched as all occupants remained sleeping; deep breaths and quiet snores the only audible disturbance to the peacefulness surrounding them. The moon shone brightly through the large windows in the hallway, painting the floor in an ethereal silver glow; so too, did the glow paint the approaching figure.

Cursing slightly under his breath, the intruder wove through the scant shadows dappling the room he now entered. Guilt tugged at his heart as the man spotted Angela and Jesse, completely unaware of his plan. As though floating through the air, Reyes appeared at Genji's bedside, thankful that the ninja was still sedated enough to allow him to go undetected.

"I'm sorry about this." Reyes whispered as he pulled the syringe he'd dosed the serum bags with earlier. At the rate Angela had been moving, Jack would be dead years before Genji would be ready enough to help him obliterate the Shimada clan from the face of the Earth; and save Jack, of course. Gabriel licked his lips as he jabbed the needle into Genji's neck, pushing the plunger down completely, emptying its contents into the ninja.

On the other side of the room, Jesse began to stir.

"Boss, what're ya doin?" Jesse yawned around the question, though he didn't move to pry himself from his position around Angela.

"Just a dream, Mijo." Gabriel soothed, drifting out of the room slowly. Relief flooded through the Blackwatch commander as his charge merely shrugged and nuzzled closer to the hair at Angela's nape.
Then, once again the recovery room was silent; there were no longer any intruders creeping in the night, no toiling doctors working endlessly, no lights blinding those below them. There were however, two glowing red eyes peering out from under the metallic visor of a speaking apparatus, and two hands clawing desperately at the leather restraints that kept them taught to the bed's railing.
Chapter 14

Genji took care to rip the restraints from his wrists, praying against all odds that the loud 'clank' he had just made went unnoticed to the sleeping pair. The padding on the bottoms of his new feet silenced his footsteps as the ninja slunk out of the recovery room, too ashamed to really study the occupied bed. Angela had most likely been tired, nothing more. The logical side of his brain argued...the other half...well, it made him unreasonably angry. That green little Oni gnawed on him in ways he didn't think possible.

Genji sneaked through the hallway where he and Angela had watched the sunrise together; the first sunrise of what he had decided would be the rest of his life. The memory felt tender, warm as a healing wound. He hadn't expected to feel things after the cybernization process, had imagined being more machine than man; but he felt too much. The Ninja couldn't help the strange sparks of emotion that had all but knocked him on his face, each more powerful than the last. What had they done to him? Genji resolved to leave the window he'd been gazing out of before he could put his fist through the pane. Angry jolts surprised him as he thought of Angela once more; he longed for that morning to continue forever...and yet it hadn't. Time had moved on, as Genji feared his Angel would as well.

Genji's legs seemed to carry him down the hall faster than his mind could process just where he should even be heading. That was new; he hadn't had problems with runaway legs before the surgery. The wires from the machines Genji had detached himself from slapped against his headgear as his head whipped violently back and forth, looking for some indication as to just where he was in the base. The runaway feet slid to a stop on the tile at the realization that Genji had no honest knowledge of what lay outside of his hospital room. With an irritated grunt, the youngest Shimada searched for a directory of some sort...possibly even an elevator; Angela had mentioned one enough that Genji knew fresh air couldn't be far from his reach.

After an agonizing amount of prowling the corridor, Genji found what he'd been looking for. After a cursory glance to check for anyone who may be following him, though with his hearing he doubted they'd even get this close, Genji pushed the button that read "roof". On the ride up, the strange bursts of feelings pounded against his rib cage, punishing him with the strange swings in his mood. Paranoia had him set on edge, prosthetic forearm humming strangely, hand curling in on itself protectively. His teeth clenched tightly as he imagined being discovered now, musing briefly on whether or not he would be labeled 'dangerous' or perhaps even a 'flight risk'.

Guilt followed closely behind, nearly drawing tears to Genji's eyes; he couldn't bear the thought of Angela waking to find him missing, bed angrily twisted in his bid for freedom. He hadn't woken up a monster, and he feared that they all would deem him unworthy of their trust. His fleshy hand picked anxiously at the robe he had commandeered, hoping that should he run into others on the base his new limbs would be less of a distraction if covered.

After what seemed like an eternity, the lift's doors opened, concrete and odd patches of black tar
greeted Genji. His lungs expanded, the ballooning of his organs under the metal in his chest felt strange, foreign. Odd sensors pinged somewhere in the recesses of his brain, a voice so low and so far in the back of his mind telling him that air conditions were indeed optimal this high up in the Alps. The Ninja shook his head again, irritated at the clunking of hose on the back of his head.

Genji wandered over to a space near the back corner of the roof. Discarded beer bottles and snuffed out cigarillos littered the otherwise pristine scenery; no doubt the work of that cowboy. His metallic hand brushed away some of Jesse's debris, giving Genji enough room to lean against the ledge overlooking the valley below. The mountains reminded him of Japan, and so that is perhaps subconsciously what he'd imagined the landscape to resemble; he was truly in his country no longer.

Shock surged through Genji's circuits at the recognition of this foreign land, and of the predicament he had become ensnared in. Of course he'd willingly signed on to become an Overwatch agent, he couldn't refuse what Morrison and Reyes had offered him. Though, the enormity of just what he had gotten himself involved in had only now begun to filter through his thoughts. The Commanders had knowingly given him a second chance of life, and threw in a pretty face to sell their pitch as well. Their tactics had worked however, and Genji Shimada...if he could still call himself that, had agreed to destroy all that Sojiro had worked to maintain and grow.

A conversation with the deceased patriarch ripped its way through his memory, all but possessing his senses. It had been the night after his father had taken Hanzo and Genji along on a cleaning spree. Genji, being just young enough to still be granted the ability to ask silly questions, had asked his father why it had been necessary to murder his closest allies.

To which Sojiro had replied, "This family is as a Bonzai tree. You must be willing to clip the dead ends to allow the tree to grow into a pleasing form."

Genji felt himself pulled back to the present, confusion washed over him. That had been strange, he had never recalled to the point of experiencing a flashback before. Angela had tinkered with more than she had divulged, it seemed. He would have to ask her just what was in the serum she'd been dosing him with. Footsteps on the other side of Genji's shelter drew his attention. The odd large orb in the middle of his chest whirred to life, causing a slight current to eek out from its center. Strange. His forearm hummed in unison with his chest, a compartment containing glowing throwing stars opened there in his arm. Stranger. The footfalls came closer, and Genji dove from the railing, deciding to dangle from the roof's ledge rather than face the interloper. He tried in vain not to think about the precipice below him, the valley's yawning maw ready to swallow him up just as Hanzo's dragons had.

"I know yer there, Pardner. Jus' me," The voice of the cowboy reached his ears.

Genji stayed frozen, praying that perhaps the American had been merely speculating his presence
rather than positive it had been him.

"Fine. Hang there all night. Don't bother me none," Jesse sighed. The smell of clove tickled Genji's newly sensitive nose, "Jus' thought ya might like some company."

Resignedly, Genji pulled himself up, perching on the railing at McCree's side. He refused to speak, however, hoping the anger in his eyes would hint to Jesse how much he did not like his company. Warm brown eyes surveyed his robed body quickly before politely turning to the horizon.

"I didn' think ya'd get cold anymore. Got an extra coat if ya need it," Jesse took a long drag from his cigarillo. Silence hung between the two men, like the smoke falling from Jesse's lips, "Ya gave Angela quite the fright. I told her I'd find out where ya got to, knew you wouldn't go far."

Genji rubbed his good arm self-consciously, he knew it would worry Angela to have him run off like this, but the fresh air on his skin numbed the guilt ever so slightly. Genji made eye contact with Jesse, searching for a hint on just how terrible the situation inside may be.

The fear and the whirring subsided as Jesse merely cocked an eyebrow, "Darlin's alright. I helped her back to bed. She insisted on sleeping a few beds over from the one ya mangled, in case ya felt like spending one more night there before yer quarters is ready."

Genji had been genuinely grateful to McCree for the news, "Arigatou. I hadn't meant to disappear, it's just...I couldn't take one more moment confined to that room. I have been...restless since I've woken from the procedures...I didn't want to alarm Angela with my grievances."

"I understand alrigh'. I'm sure she'll give you a talkin' to tomorrow, but she likes ya so it shouldn't be too bad. Good Lord above knows I've given her a fair share of scares," Jesse offered the Ninja his cigarillo, of course Genji declined, "About th'restlessness...after what happened t'yer bed...should i question whether or not you can control yerself?"

Shame wracked through Genji, "I had woken from a nightmare and had not yet been aware of my new strength. It won't happen again. I will not hurt the team, if that's what your concern is, McCree."

"T'd never imply sucha thing. I just know th'serum does different things t'different people. Talkin' to Angela might be best before ya get another shot." Jesse rolled his shoulders, "I think I'll head to my own damn bed...feels like it's been ages since I've been in there," the cowboy tipped his hat,
"G'night, pardner. Nice to see yer up and about."

"Good night, McCree." Genji whispered as the other man disappeared into the warmth of the base.

Genji stayed frozen to the ledge a while longer, thoughts of Angela bombarded him ceaselessly. He had caused her to worry, that had been enough for him to contemplate throwing himself at her feet to beg forgiveness. In the same breath, the strange whirring in both chest and forearm began once more as Genji imagined Angela waiting for him in the recovery room below. He could see happy pink pulses behind his eyelids and assumed that it had been a strange reaction to his budding feelings for the doctor. It was true they had grown close in Hanamura, but Genji hadn't felt that he knew the real Angela until this whole ordeal.

He had idealized her as nothing more than a beautiful doll when they had first met; an amusement he could string along for however many weeks she and Reyes had insisted on staying in Japan for. It was after the absolute destruction of all that he was that Angela began to truly shine in his eyes; her determination to ease his suffering, her intelligence and mastery in her field...her compassion had all been unmatched. The whirring of what Genji could only assume was a fan in his chest increased in speed and volume. The sun began to peek out from the rim of the mountain range, dyeing the sky a deep indigo. With a sigh, Genji dropped down from the ledge and stood. It wouldn't do to spend the first sunrise on top of the base alone, he would return to the recovery room and lay awake on his bed until Angela woke for the day.

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Genji had managed to make it to the elevator before he heard a gruff, "There you are." Behind him. He willed his forearm's compartment to remain closed as he turned to see who had spoken. A woman, near twenty years his senior stood in navy blue pajamas, arms crossed tightly over her chest.

"You must be Genji Shimada," The woman's smile danced behind her eyes, and something in Genji had agreed that she was not a threat, "It's very nice to finally meet you. Captain Ana Amari." She held her brown hand out for him to shake.

Genji took the hand gently, careful not to crush it in his grasp, "It's very nice to meet you as well, Captain Amari. Angela has told me a great deal about you."

"Is that so?" Ana laughed, "I hope only the good things. I am happy to see you up finally, I apologize for not visiting during your recovery. The agency has run into...some problems as of late, and most of us have been attempting to smooth them over."
Genji felt himself grow conscious of his ridiculous bathrobe/cybernetic body combination. He made to cover his legs more fully with the cloth despite Ana’s polite gaze, "I’d begun hearing of these issues while in Hanamura. It's unfortunate for your organization to be subjected to such rumors. However, Angela has informed me that we are all in good hands."

"I should hope so," Ana sighed, "Are you hungry? Reinhardt and Torbjorn have started breakfast in the mess hall," Ana averted her eyes when she noticed Genji's obvious discomfort at his limbs and apparatus being studied, "I was just on my way to wake the others in the residence hall."

Genji felt flashes of anxiety as well as gratefulness at Ana’s request, "I am not sure of what and how much I can eat," Genji couldn't help the small metallic chuckle that escaped his lips, "I will wake Angela and ask her to guide me through breakfast."

Ana smiled rather than looked horrified at his joke about his new anatomy. Genji had decided Captain Amari was his favorite Captain. They spent the elevator ride chatting about Ana’s daughter Fareeha, a recruit here at the base. Genji waved a small wave as Ana stepped out of the lift and on to the second floor, instructing Genji to go straight to the basement to reach the medical wing.

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Angela felt a warm hand run through the hair at her temple, the pressure was light, though it was enough to wake her from her sleep. Her blue eyes opened blearily to the sight of Genji leaning impossibly close, hot breath ghosting over her cheek.

"Good morning, Tenshi. Please teach me how to eat." Genji whispered.
Chapter 15

Angela's head felt fuzzy as consciousness came flooding back to her. Her mind raced to catch up to the world around her, fighting hard against her immediate confusion at Genji's closeness. Red irises, so red in fact it would appear as though they were glowing, greeted Angela's blue as she finally lifted her lids.

"Genji?" Her voice sounded husky with sleep even to herself.

"Good morning, Angela." Genji's hot breath wafted against her cheek as he leaned in to study her face, "I was instructed by Captain Amari to bring you to breakfast."

Angela's mind awakened, almost completely shocked to consciousness. She had forgotten Genji had somehow burned through the sedatives and run off into the night, she had sent Jesse after him in case something had gone wrong. It would make sense then, that the Ninja would run into other residents of the agency's base. Genji appeared to be ever the same as always, if not just a tad bit more frightening in appearance, so Angela allowed her alarm to dissipate. Instead, she focused her mind to his unusual request.

"I'm sorry, my Sparrow, but you cannot actually eat solid foods yet," She ran a hand through her mussed blonde ponytail and sat up, "I have been feeding you via tubes for the entirety of your stay here in this room. You were able to mechanically take in water only by allowing it to flow from the cup to the under portion of your headgear. If you'd like I can scan your jaw to determine its healing process and see if we can remove the apparatus and un-wire your mandible in order for you to eat."

"I would appreciate that." Genji's voice conveyed the smile that his face could not.

Angela rose from the bed she'd been sitting on and pushed Genji gently by the shoulder to take her place. Anatomically, everything had been functioning as though the prosthesis had always been there. There had been no awkwardness to Genji's movements; Angela supposed it was a testament to she and her team. The doctor walked over to the cabinet and grabbed for the handheld machine she had used during her time as a medic.

"You won't feel a thing," Angela smiled gently as her hand grabbed for the bottom portion of Genji's brace, "I just need to remove this to take a closer look."

The look in Genji's eyes gave her the permission and vote of confidence Angela had needed.
Angela began to tug at the wires and clamps that secured the omnic machinery to Genji's lower jaw, treating her patient's face as though it were made of the most delicate china. Her hands caressed the marred flesh of Genji's face, and she felt him tug back suddenly.

"Did I hurt you?" Angela's voice became panicked as she studied the red orbs gazing at her.

Genji, unable to communicate without the mask, shook his head vigorously, the fan in his chest whirred just a touch more audibly. If only he could tell her that he hadn't looked in a mirror since the attack, that he hadn't noticed that his face looked so horrible under the machinery framing it. He must look like a monster.

Angela felt relief that she hadn't hurt her patient, and grabbed for the machine rather than continue to scrutinize Genji's reaction. The small screen in her hands mapped out the bones in Genji's jaw structure, showing hairline splits in some portions, missing teeth in others. That caused Angela to ache, Genji had lost his two bottom fangs; something that had hinted to his Shimada ancestry. The right side of his mandibular structure possessed still, no discernible physical bone; it was still ground to dust. There was only so much medicine could achieve without the help of mechanics. Angela hoped the news wouldn't dishearten Genji too much.

"Well, my Sparrow, I have some bad news. The right portion of your jaw has been stubborn in its healing. To remove the brace now would mean absolute horror for yourself; it's a wonder you aren't still in agonizing pain," Angela sighed, "The serum must be incredibly strong. I would like to possibly replace your lower mandible with a strong alloy copy, if that would be alright with you."

Genji, who still had no effective way of communicating merely nodded.

Angela hooked the wires and clamps back into place, and felt a little spark of happiness when she heard Genji's metallic voice answer her.

"I would like that very much. Though it is a shame that I will have to miss this morning's meal," his hand traced the exposed scarred flesh of his face, "I hadn't realized it's been nearly a month since I've looked at myself in a mirror. From what I can feel, my face must be unrecognizable."

The metal of his vocal cords grated sadly, "Perhaps it is better if I avoid the mess hall as a courtesy to your comrades."

Angela felt tears prickle at the backs of her eyes, "You look the same as you always have. You don't need to be ashamed of your appearance," the warmth of Genji's cheekbone heated Angela's fingertips, "You are a survivor. I would much rather have you alive with a few bumps and bruises rather than on this Earth no longer." Angela couldn't contain the emotion in her voice, she couldn't
bear the thought of Genji being ashamed to be alive, "Let's go to the mess hall together. It would do you good to meet the team and I'm sure there will be a meeting afterward."

Genji's eyes were wide and just the slightest bit shiny, as though he himself were fighting back tears. He failed to speak, but allowed Angela to tug him gently to his feet. If they held hands on the way to the elevator, well there was no one around to say a thing. His chest vent whirred even more loudly still, and Genji ducked his head, sure that Angela could hear it in the small space of the lift.

Angela could hear the chattering of her comrades as she and Genji exited the elevator. She released her patient's hand, patting it softly once before walking towards the commotion. The clinks of silverware against plates and Reinhardt's booming laughter greeted the pair as they entered the dining room.

Conversation died suddenly as the other agents spotted the intruders. Angela balked for a moment, unsure of how to begin introductions. She looked over to Genji and noticed him nervously picking at the tubes at the back of his neck.

"Hello, friends. Come and eat!" Reinhardt's loud baritone broke the awkward silence.

Angela smiled gratefully at the man's invitation, "Of course, Reinhardt. We would be delighted to," Angela grabbed Genji's hand once again to tug him into the room further, "Everyone, this is Genji Shimada. Genji, this is everyone."

The people seated at the table continued to stare, though most of them had the decency to plaster smiles to their faces. Angela gave Cadet Oxton a hard look when Lena failed to close her mouth. Her jaw snapped shut and she painted a smile to her lips. Angela led Genji to a seat at the table, giving him a small glass of orange juice, though she assumed he would be reluctant to wrestle with the liquid in front of everyone.

"I am Torbjorn Lindholm. Turret Engineer. It's very nice to finally meet you," Torbjorn smiled kindly at the Ninja as he reached across the table, "now could you please pass the butter?"

Genji failed to stifle the small chuckle that escaped him, its metallic tones relaxing everyone present, "Of course." His replacement hand pushed the butter dish across the surface of the long table. Torbjorn used his own clawed hand to retrieve the butter, proudly looking at Genji.

Genji felt the odd lightness of hope spread through his chest, perhaps he wasn't as out of place as he'd thought.
Angela watched the exchange, incredibly thankful to the engineer for his easy going demeanor. After that, Fareeha and Lena relaxed visibly. The two cadets spent the full length of breakfast asking Genji questions about everything from Japan to whether it was comfortable to wear his 'helmet'. Angela felt Genji's good hand brush against hers under the table when the doctor had stiffened at the more personal questions. It was alright.

At the very end of breakfast, Jesse and Gabriel stalked into the kitchen, both Blackwatch agents looking particularly exhausted and just a touch more surly than usual. Angela knew it would be best for she and Genji to give them a wide berth this morning. It was apparent that the two had been out late last night hunting down Shimada agents for a lead on Jack.

When Angela had made to move from the table with the excuse, "Well, time for those tests, Genji."

Gabriel sat on the bench, brushing his shoulder against her left arm, "Now come on Doc. It's been ages since I've seen you up with the rest of us," He strained to sound cheery, "Nice to finally see you about, Shimada."

Genji looked to the other side of Angela, making eye contact with the Commander, "Thank you, Commander Reyes. It's nice to have a change of scenery." His voice was stiff.

The agents at the table watched quietly, all acutely aware of the tension building between Genji and Gabriel. Angela felt her skin bristle as Gabriel whispered across the back of her neck, "You look good, Ninja. You're gonna scare the crap out of our enemies."

Angela glared at Gabriel, her fists tightening beneath the table's surface. Gabriel, though her friend, had been standoffish more than not; and while the doctor knew how to navigate the behavior, she feared Genji would take offense.

Instead, Genji set his shoulders and forced a taut "Arigatou."

Jesse smiled apologetically at Angela and Genji from across the table, before pulling on one of Fareeha's braids.

The teenager gasped exasperatedly, "Jesse. How many times do I have to tell you to stop doing that?"
Her daughter's outburst caught Ana's attention, "McCree, Fareeha's been looking for someone to train with. I'm volunteering you for the job."

Angela loved when Jesse found himself chastised by Captain Amari. Since he'd been taken in from the Deadlock gang, Ana had always treated Jesse as her unofficial son. Jesse often told Angela stories about his time in the agency before her recruitment, they almost always involved the Amari family.

"Love t'train her, Captain. Girl needs to work on her aim." Jesse smirked evilly at Angela across the table.

The ensuing chaos was enough to ease the animosity emanating from Genji, and the out of place smugness from Gabriel. Fareeha had jumped at Jesse as though she were an angry cat pouncing on her prey. Jesse laughed, managing to lock the teen's head into a headlock; but the man remained careful of actually hurting the young cadet.

"He got ya good, love." Lena chimed in, laughing.

Fareeha's face had turned a ruddy red, a flush painting her darkened skin, "I yield!"

Jesse's laugh had been cut short by the sucker punch to his bicep, "Only kiddin' around darlin'. Honest."

"I'll get you later." Fareeha whispered archly.

Angela had been so caught up in the laughter, that she had missed Gabriel's continued appraisal of Genji. A wicked grin had spread over his face, the Shimada clan wouldn't know what hit them. Jack would be back with him soon, he could feel it. Overwatch had gained a valuable asset, all it had taken was some convincing...and just a little bit of his own science experiment.

"Alright, everyone. Fun's over. Winston's been preparing the debriefing all morning," Gabriel's voice had that bite of authority to it, "We should head over to the conference room, it's about time we start mission plans."

The Blackwatch Commander rose from his seat at the table. Jesse followed suit, his face a contrite
mask as he followed Gabriel out of the dining hall. Angela furrowed her brows, it had been good for Genji to experience the other agents as they were. Starting the morning out with discussion of Genji's family, and undoubtedly his condition, frightened Angela; Genji had looked as though he were standing on a shaky peace. It felt wrong to ruin it. Angela felt shame at the thought, Jack was still out there somewhere. He was her friend, and the doctor should have been willing to do anything to get him back safely.

Genji looked to Angela for guidance, rising from the table only when she did. Angela felt a secret thrill rush through her at the pressure of Genji's palm on her back, his version of a tether, on their way out of the room. How wonderful it felt to finally have Genji walking with her, a part of the craziness that constantly surrounded her; part of their haphazard family. Angela tried to quash that notion, aware that he had only joined to be rehabilitated, not to join something larger than himself. Angela had a private fear that Genji would abandon the agency as soon as the Shimada family...and Hanzo paid for what they'd done to the youngest son. Speculating on the future, caused Angela's mood to sink considerably.

Winston had been waiting patiently at the head of the table, images of chaos floated around the dip in the center of the surface, displayed by the 3D projector. Angela felt Genji freeze solid behind her, causing Ana to run into the back of him with a resounding 'clank'.

Angela turned to her patient, afraid that the images had hit a nerve within him, "Genji, are you alright?"

"There is a large ape...working a computer." Genji whispered back, synthetic voice box hissing sharply.

"Oh. Yes, that's Winston, he's an experiment from the Lunar Colony. His most defining trait however is that he is a scientist." Angela corrected quietly.

Genji shook off the shock, "Right. I apologize for my rudeness, Tenshi."

"No need to apologize, I should have been more forthcoming about the other agents." Angela ran her fingers over the back of Genji's metal hand. Oddly enough, Genji could feel the heat and the pressure, it was true then; Angela had made his newest limbs as sensitive as science would allow.

Winston cleared his throat as soon as everyone was seated, "Hello Angela, it's nice to see you, it's been some time since you've ventured up from the medical wing," he nodded kindly to Genji, "Pleased to meet you Mr. Shimada."
"I am happy to meet you as well, Winston." Genji's voice appeared amiable despite his previous shock.

Angela smiled brightly at her patient, pleased with how well Genji had been doing so far. He had maintained his renowned 'Genji Shimada' charm even through everything. Angela couldn't help the little twist in her gut as Genji's eyes returned her smile, lighting up; the red becoming less terrifying and more familiar with the action.

"Let's begin," Winston's voice carried around the room, "We have reports flooding in from various news sources. This morning the Shimada clan ransacked a weapons cache on its way to an Outpost in Gibraltar. It's safe to say they're compensating for the deficit we've caused them."

All eyes on the room observed new vids being displayed in front of them, a dozen or so Overwatch agents lay scattered and broken around the cargo hold of the outpost. The scene was grisly to say the least. Angela closed her eyes against the horror for a moment. When she opened them, there was another photograph, of a group of black-clad *hunters* escorting a prisoner. The wounded man had a black sack tied around his head, but from the recognizable shoulders and stance, it was obvious the captive was Commander Morrison.

Gabriel let out a breath audibly as he stood to view the picture more closely, "Jack. Winston, do you know where they're moving him to?"

Winston nodded at Reyes, "I think I know their current location, though for how long they'll stay before moving John again, I'm not sure."

"We can get a team together *today*. This can end now. We can bring Jack home." Gabriel's voice held an edge to it.

"I would advise against it, Gabriel," The scientist rubbed his forehead in a human display of frustration, wowing Genji, "I'd like to at least send one more reconnaissance team out before we can confirm whether or not Jack is at their hideout near Gibraltar. I haven't exactly pinpointed the base's whereabouts yet."

"I'll go. Jesse and Genji can come with. I take it you have some knowledge of the base in question?" Gabriel directed the question towards Genji, who had sat up straighter. Angela bristled.

"I do, I offer my assistance." Genji looked Gabriel in the eye. Some strange emotion hummed through him, excitement?
Angela bristled, ready to argue against the endeavor, "I don't think -"

Jesse interrupted the doctor, "Don't worry Darlin' we've got him. It's for research, so we won't be engaging. Right, Jefe?" Jesse's gaze volleyed between Genji, Gabriel, and Winston. It would have been comical had Angela not felt panic writhing in her gut.

Too soon. Too soon. The voice in the back of her head screamed.

"Of course, Jesse." Gabriel tried his best to be convincing.

"Then it's settled," Winston looked to the Blackwatch members and their recruit, "You three will head out on a scouting mission this evening. Absolutely no attention is to be drawn to yourselves. We're held by ten feet of red tape, so avoid conflict."

"Perfecto." Gabriel clapped Jesse on the back, "It's the perfect welcome mission for the new kid, besides, they don't call us covert operations for nothing."

Angela felt uneasy as Gabriel's scars twisted with the grin on his face. Unconsciously, Angel grabbed for Genji's hand under the briefing table. Only when his fingers entwined with hers did she let out the breath she had been holding.

"Meet me in the training yard in one hour. We have a lot to go over." Gabriel instructed Genji and Jesse as he drifted from the room. Genji nodded stiffly, fan whirring quietly next to Angela.
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Things get a little...smutty (but not really) towards the end of the chapter. Things between Genji and Angela will get a little...hotter in the coming chapters as the story moves on, so I thought I'd let you know to please be aware :) Almost to Genji's first field mission!

"It's gonna be fine, Darlin'," Jesse tried to train his voice to mimic the tone Ana would take when soothing frightened agents; Angela noted it lacked the same calming effect.

"Jesse, he's been on his feet for less than a day. To expose him to a mission that would take any other operative months to train for is..." Angela's words stuck in her throat; is suicide? No, in this case it would be murder.

Genji cleared his throat, hoping to end the argument for the moment, "Tenshi, I am a trained assassin for the Shimada family. I am no invalid. While Jesse and Reyes have had more time to work together, I have confidence that I can learn a few maneuvers and make myself useful to Blackwatch."

"Right you are Pardner," Jesse clapped Genji on the back," Besides,Gabe would do anything to get Jack back. He wouldn't purposely throw Genji in to the field if he thought Shimada here was gonna get himself shot to high hell."

Angela sighed, argument dying on her lips. It was obvious she had been outnumbered in this surprising turn of events.

"I was an assassin for many years. This is a covert operation, and we are not to engage. Hiding in the shadows is what I've been trained for. " Genji reminded the doctor when it looked as though she may still have more to say.

Angela felt dazed as she looked on the two most important men in her life. When that had happened, she wasn't sure, and the surprise from such a thought caught her off guard. The doctor was out of sorts, beside herself with worry, and just the slightest bit peeved that both men were set so resolutely against her advice.
"Very well, but I do ask that you don’t overdo it, Genji. Gabriel is very particular about the agents working under him," Angela couldn't help the empathetic glance Jesse's way, "He expects nothing but the best from anyone serving on his teams. He may ask things of you that your body cannot yet endure. Please exercise caution."

"Understood, Angela." Genji's gaze had lost some of its warmth in the discussion; a way for the ninja to set his mind to the task at hand rather than allow himself to be softened by the warmth in his chest caused by Angela.

"Well alrigh' then," Jesse clapped his hands on Genji and Angela's backs, "Now that that's all squared up, we've got a long day of training ahead, Genji. Prolly better we get now, 'fore Reyes comes to collect."

"I agree." Genji repressed the urge to rip Jesse's hand from his shoulder blade. They may have been working on the same team, and Genji may have appreciated Jesse's nonchalance earlier that morning; but the ninja was still wary of the cowboy.

"I will leave you to it," Angela felt the worry eating away at the back of her mind. It would take an intense cleaning and inventory of the medical wing to help her relax at this point. She nodded at Genji and Jesse before turning to bury herself in work below. It was up to Gabriel to keep them both safe now; and Angela knew he would do so with all of his being.

That was the thing about Gabriel Reyes. As hard as he may have tried to appear on the outside, Angela could see past it. They all could. The commander was as strict as he was loyal to his team and his cause. Angela had once watched the man sit by Jesse's bedside for near a week after the younger agent had been injured in a sting gone wrong. Now that Genji was a part of the team so to speak, Angela prayed the commander would feel the same protectiveness towards the ninja.

Jesse and Genji watched Angela's back as the doctor retreated down the hall.

"Awh hell. She'll come 'round." Jesse sighed, "Let's get to the training yard now. I can teach ya some basic techniques Gabe and I use in the field."

"I would appreciate that." Genji pulled his gaze from the disappearing blonde, instead trying to focus it on Jesse's boots.
Genji was breathing hard, lungs burning and breath coming in hot puffs from his nose. He had been trying to school his breathing all afternoon; mindful of the awful hissing noise that would come from his wired teeth every time the puffs would push their way through the gaps. If the whirring of his fan and the compulsive opening and closing of his arm port didn't give him away, the breaths would. Hunters were incredibly skilled at detecting any minute disturbance in the air around them.

Jesse, however ridiculous Genji may have thought his cowboy getup might have been, was a formidable opponent. Their sparring match had been going on for quite some time now, and yet Jesse's stamina remained unaffected. They were currently going over a counter technique Reyes had shown Jesse during his earlier Blackwatch days. The move was wholly different than any Genji had learned during his own lessons as an assassin; it was rougher, requiring more strength than finesse.

Genji's fan whirred audibly, causing Jesse to pause his instruction, "Maybe we should sit a bit. The good doctor did say to break yer body in little by little.

Genji leaned with his hands on his thighs, the visor on his face making it impossible to catch his breath, "That may be advisable."

The pair made their way to one of the long benches surrounding the fenced in training yard. Various agents of all different posts within the organization paid them no mind, instead focusing on their own tasks. Genji had been surprised by just how many people the base could hold. He had only met Jack Morrison's personal strike team, it appeared.

"Gabe should be 'round any minute now," Jesse stretched his long legs out, "Ya already have the basics down, I imagine he'll be impressed."

"I would never use that word to describe anything Commander Reyes may feel." Genji turned his metal hand over, observing the minuscule detail put into it.

To Genji's surprise, Jesse let out a hearty chuckle, "I hear that. I think the only time ol' Jefe's impressed is when he and Jack are..."

A loud smack echoed through the quiet corner of the yard. Jesse's hat flew from his head, landing a foot away on the ground.
"Hola chicos." Reyes' voice came from over Genji's left shoulder, growling in the space between Genji and Jesse's ears.

"H-hey Jefe," The gulp that followed Jesse's greeting almost made Genji snort out a laugh. Almost.

Gabriel climbed over the back of the bench, wedging himself between Genji and Jesse.

"I had Winston print out a rough map of the area...places where those bastards could be hiding." Gabriel explained as he unrolled the large tube of paper, "Do any of these places look familiar to you?"

Genji's eyes traced the outlines of buildings in the area, searching for the Shimada den. It hadn't been often that Genji had been near the location, his father always opted to send him to more important holds closed to home. It was Hanzo who had directed this region.

"I believe it's within this section of the city." Genji circled a main street of the city near the watch point.

"Not exactly the mos' hidden....hide out." Jesse remarked as he studied the map.

"It makes sense." Gabriel muttered.

"I distinctly remember two entry points, though they seal as soon as a breach is detected." Genji furrowed his large brows, trying harder to remember the exact location of the base.

"We'll find them," Gabriel's voice was determined, "Now I'd like to run through the Alpha Procedure."

The three men rose from the bench, with Genji and Jesse listening intently to their commander's instructions. Gabriel couldn't help his elation as Genji blended seamlessly, falling into step with Jesse and himself. Adding a third member to Blackwatch may have been just what he and Jesse had needed.

Genji matched his movements with Gabriel's orders, mirroring Jesse as they both ran through
Alpha. Thoughts of Angela danced in the back of the ninja's mind, and he resolved to assuage her fears as soon as training was through.

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Angela sighed angrily as she dragged the mangled wreck that had been Genji's bed from the medical wing. Sure, she could have asked a janitor to do it, but the truth was that the doctor needed a distraction. Genji had occupied her thoughts all afternoon. Angela worried that Genji's body would give out, or that Gabriel would push him past his limits, mentally and physically. There were still so many things left untested...it grated on the doctor's nerves.

Of course, Angela understood the gravity of the situation: Overwatch's own strike commander had been kidnapped by the biggest Yakuza circuit in the world. Angela had decided to keep the news off since the morning Jesse and she had breakfast in her quarters. It wouldn't do to worry over the state of the organization right now, but she could imagine the headlines. However, Genji was putting himself in danger. Angela hadn't rehabilitated the man for him to be taken from her...the world now. There was still so much to do...to say.

Angela cleaned the space on her desk, smiling down at the tiny replica of Genji's legs; she set them near her computer. They had once been such an integral point of information for Genji, a representation of hope. Now, the little legs were a symbol of what was quickly becoming simpler times. Things had changed so drastically in such a short span, Angela feared even more for the future. Now that Genji had been reborn as a Blackwatch agent, there would be nothing more to do with him, other than the routine first aid and occasional test.

Angela leaned her head on her folded hands, forehead just barely grazing the icy surface of her desk top. She knew in her heart that Jesse would do anything to protect her new friend, the man the doctor had just spent countless hours recreating. But, Angela also knew that Jesse had noticed something developing between she and Genji, and it was that notice that could jeopardize everything. Of course, Jesse would never intentionally allow Genji to be hurt in the field, he would do quite the opposite. Angela's gut roiled at the thought of both Genji and Jesse risking it all on the battlefield.

Part of Angela regretted helping Genji recover so quickly, and part of her hated itself for feeling that way.

To distract herself from her shame, Angela turned to sorting through the various opened reports that had begun stacking up on her desk. The first few top files had been nothing more than minor procedures that had been taken care of by her team while she attended to Genji. The doctor added the data methodically into the profiles of each Overwatch agent. Once they had been stacked neatly on the far end of her desk, Angela turned to the bottom three reports; these would be more lengthy in their completion.
The three Blackwatch agents: Gabriel, Jesse, and Genji, all had varying forms of incidents over the last few weeks. Which, in turn meant a more detailed report be added in to the computer.

Angela typed Gabriel's first, figuring that a bullet wound to the leg would take less time to describe than a poison-tipped arrow or a complete anatomical overhaul. Jesse's situation had been tough to recall, mostly due to the shock she had been under when it had happened. Recalling that night made Angela feel sick all over again. She had forgotten just who it was that the agency would be going up against in the coming weeks.

Carefully, Angela closed Jesse's medical file and stacked it on top of the pile. Genji's report was the last to be finished, and consequently it had been the one Angela had hoped to avoid the most. She flipped through the physical folder, taking a moment to look over the candid photo that had been used in his identification. It had been Genji before the attack from Hanzo, before she had met him. The ninja had been seated in the V.I.P section of a club in Hanamura, well tailored suit slightly askew from the events of the night, tie loosened and hanging past the man's collarbone, and legs splayed wide and welcoming as he observed his company. Angela had memorized the smug look on Genji's face in the days before her arrival in Japan.

The doctor's cheeks burned hot, ears tinted red at the look in Genji's eyes; she had seen that look only once, moments before the dragons bore down on them both. Absently, Angela wondered what it would take for Genji to look at her that way again, if ever he could. A small voice in the back of her head informed the doctor that it would most likely be impossible for anything other than the relationship they had formed through Genji's healing process. In simpler terms; Angela surmised Genji would always see her as nothing more than his medic, never as a woman.

Though, that didn't mean Angela couldn't speculate what it could be like to be with Genji in her spare time. Angela bit her lip as she thought of the simultaneously hot and cool touch of Genji's hands on her body: of what his newly developed strength could be a useful boon for. The doctor allowed various snippets of scenes to play out behind her shuttered eyes. Genji pinning her to various furniture in the medical wing while she tugged at silken black hair as they were lost in each other had been Angela's favorite go-to scenario lately.

When a fiery ache much lower than any other became too much, Angela flipped through the results to the tests completed most recently on her patient. Genji's blood cell counts had been percentages above what would be considered normal, his cognitive abilities were (thankfully) where someone in his age range should be, and his output and intake levels were all steady. It looked as though it had been a textbook recovery.

A peculiar error in Genji's endocrine tests pulled Angela fully from the dreamy haze she had thought herself into. The concentrations of adrenaline and cortisol in her patient's blood had been far, far higher than they should have been; even with the super-soldier serum. Jack and Gabriel's
hormone outputs had been at least 200% less than Genji's when their bodies had first been given the mixture. Angela turned the page, discovering that Genji's testosterone levels had skyrocketed nearly over night: the doctor estimated that they may have been near 500% higher than anyone who had taken the serum to date. Either Angela's team had conducted the tests blind, or something had gone insanely wrong with Genji's chemical balance.

Angela flipped through Genji's file to the toxicology reports. As suspected, there had been steady amounts of synthetic somatotropin when Genji had still been sedated. This caused alarm bells to signal in Angela's mind. The man-made hormone, also know as the Human Growth Hormone, had been linked to its recipients experiencing inexplicable bouts of rage and depression.

Angela swallowed heavily, eyes wide as she tried to fish out the complete workup of the bags of serum given to her by the United Nations. As she had suspected, GHG had been banned not long before Gabriel and Jack had received regular dosages in their program. This meant that the results of her tests on the bags of serum when they had first arrived at the facility showed no signs of containing any synthetic hormones within its contents.

Angela pushed away from her desk, rushing to the refrigerated storage space. With shaking hands, the doctor opened the vault containing the shipment of serum. Things had been shifted, and more than half of the portion stored at the front and mid section of the container had an almost imperceptible cloudy-yellowish tint to the liquid. Everything had been done to attract the most minute amount of attention, but Angela had noticed. Someone had surely tampered with Genji's dosages.

The doctor fell to her knees, the realization hitting her hard, *I just installed an auto-port of the serum*. Should Genji undergo an incredibly stressful mission, he could lose control and put himself into an incalculable amount of danger. He could put them all in danger, and there would be no one to blame but her. Gears began turning in her mind, trying to find the best way to approach the crisis at hand.

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Gabriel couldn't help the grin that split his mouth wide as he watched Jesse and Genji execute Procedure-Sigma, the last of his four staple field maneuvers. Things had been going even more smoothly than he could have imagined. Genji as a person had been insufferable: cocky without reason, and more stubborn than any other man Reyes had ever met. Genji as a student however, had been observant, anticipatory to the needs and wants of his commander and cohort. Jesse had tried more than once, from what Gabriel could see, to test Genji's ability to adapt to changes in movement. Genji had managed to shift himself into the natural flow of Jesse's actions; the perfect teammate.

"Alright boys. Now that we've gotten as much of the drills done as we can, I say go rest up for a
few hours,” Gabriel threw a bottle of water to Jesse and a small rag to Genji, “I want us out of here an hour before dusk sets in.”

"Ya got it, Jefe." Jesse tipped his hat in Reyes' direction before turning to Genji, "Ya did great out there, pardner. I wouldn' worry bout tonight too much."

Genji could feel a burst of happiness shock through his circuits, "Arigatou."

"Jesse's right. You're gonna fit in just fine around here, kiddo." Gabriel clapped both younger men on the back before walking off towards his quarters. His plans for the Shimada son may have been changing after all.

Genji nodded one last time to his comrade before turning to wander towards the main building of the Switzerland compound. After a second of thought Genji backtracked, reappearing at Jesse's side, "So where are my quarters again? I'd like to clean up a bit before finding Angela. I'm sure she wouldn't be pleased with the blood on my face." Genji's hands felt gingerly for the rapidly healing cut on his cheek. Jesse had accidentally clipped him with his fist during their sparring demonstration.

"O'course. I'll show ya to yer room." Jesse smiled amiably, leading the ninja towards the dormitory entrance at the main building, "Darlin' I'll prolly be pleased as all hell to see ya gettin along so well on yer own," Jesse's voice dropped to a softer tone, "I know she's been worryin' after you."

Genji saw the pink pulses behind his eyelids and felt the happy hum of his chest at the mention of Angela's feelings for him, "It has never been my intention to cause her trouble."

"Somethin' in my gut tells me she doesn't really think of it as trouble." Jesse's answering tone had been tinged with sadness, "I think she enjoys thinkin' on ya."

"You think...?" Genji's stomach flip flopped.

"Better ya talk to her, compadre," Jesse stopped outside of the white door, "Shimada, Genji" stared down at them from a large golden and black plaque, "Here we are. I'll see ya 'round dusk."

Jesse tipped his hat in a friendly manner once again, but he couldn't hide the wistful look in his eyes from Genji. The ninja felt as though he could commiserate with the cowboy in that moment.
Perhaps they were both in the same boat so to speak; in love with someone who could never be theirs.

Genji slid the door to his room open, pleased to find that the inside of his quarters hadn't been done up to look like his room in Hanamura. It had been a strange worry, but one that Genji had considered once or twice. The room had been furnished with nothing more than the bare necessities: a bed, kitchen, desk, and counter space.

Genji's prosthetic feet could feel the warmth of the carpeting turn into the coolness of tiles as he found his way to the bathroom. The lavatory was nothing exciting: just a shower, toilet, and small sink, but it had meant everything to him in that moment. The ninja wet a washcloth with warm soapy water, rubbing in careful little circles until the blood that had dried between the scars etched on his cheekbone.

Shame as hot as the sun made Genji wince. He looked nothing as he had before the attack, and he was silently thankful to Angela for placing the headgear over a large portion of his face. He pressed the washcloth even more gently against his skin, afraid it would tear and rip with the dragging of the cloth. When the blood had been wiped clean, Genji turned to the shower. Without much of a second thought to his mechanical pieces, Angela had told him they would be waterproof after all, Genji turned the water to the hottest temperature the dial would go to. He hoped however futile that the heat would burn away the flaws.

The ninja breathed a sigh of relief, enjoying the pressure and the heat as it bore down on his exposed skin. The replacement parts had also tracked the sensation, and Genji found his toes curling at such a simple pleasure. His thoughts turned once again to Angela as he soaped the muscles at his chest; speculating whether the doctor had washed him this way when he'd lain in a coma for days on end.

He scratched with the nails of his left hand, imagining Angela relishing the feel of his flesh turning to goosebumps under her touch. He began picturing Angela there with him, what she'd look like in all of her naked glory: blonde and beautiful pressed against the taut muscles of his back. Genji's fingertips melted into Angela's at the insistence of his mind, and her phantom hands traced circles along his bare skin. He had begun to imagine Angela's hands traveling even lower, feather light against the stiffness between his legs, when a sharp knock on his quarters' door drew him from his daydream.

With a surprised cough, Genji grabbed for the thick bath towel, slinging it to ride lowly on his hips, "One moment." He tried in vain to school the whirring of his fan into a quieter hum.

When the ninja had been sure there had been no evidence of his actions previous, Genji slid the door open, praying to any god that would listen that he wouldn't hear the voice that greeted him.
"Hello My Sparrow. Do you have a moment?" Angela asked, tone incredibly sweet, in an attempt to mask the urgency to her words no doubt.

Genji closed his eyes, thankful once again that most of his flush had been covered by the visor. Pink pulses painted the backs of his eyelids as he moved to allow Angela into his room. He couldn't bear to open his eyes, let alone speak.

Angela took the terse nod as an invitation into Genji's quarters, though his behavior had seemed incredibly odd. Perhaps the worst parts of the serum had been triggered merely by training with Gabriel and Jesse.

She supposed there was only one way to truly know, "Are you well, Genji? You seem ill."

Genji, still wrestling with the shame, pulses, and embarrassment tried for nonchalance, "I am quite well, tenshi. Training went above expectations. I'm eager to see how I do on a field mission," hoping to have the meeting adjourned quickly, Genji pushed, "What can I help you with, Angela?"

Angela hadn't thought this far ahead. She wasn't sure how to discuss the potential time bomb ticking within Genji's system, and so the doctor balked, all eloquence abandoning her in exchange for urgency, "I need you," To come with me, she had failed to say, distracted by the state of undress Genji had been in. Angela watched with fascination as Genji's eyes widened.

Genji's mind short circuited, his brain unsure of what to do, commanded his damp hands to reach for Angela in the quietness of his room. He wrapped his hands carefully around her waist, unable to control the possessive edge to his movements.

Confusion crashed through Angela as Genji drew her nearer to his half-naked body. Before she knew what was happening, the doctor had been pulled flush against Genji's chest. The ninja's red eyes burned a hole through her as they studied her closely. When he had been sure of what he was seeing mirrored on her face, he brought his forehead down to bump against hers lightly, mixing black hair with blonde for a moment. A broken man's version of a kiss, Angela supposed. Her heart beat painfully against her rib cage.

They stood that way in silence for a moment, enjoying the closeness of each other, before Angela broke the tension, "Genji, not that I mind, but what I meant is that I need you to come with me. There are a battery of tests we must complete, as I have just cause to believe you should abstain from the mission this evening."
Genji thought the flush across Angela's cheeks and ears had been pretty enough to soothe some of his embarrassment at misreading the situation. Frustration also simmered somewhere beneath the surface. He couldn't even kiss her in the moments he had before the truth came out. His fan whirred painfully loud, though Genji had been thankful Angela pretended not to notice.

"What's happened, Angela?" Genji asked, willing will all of his strength for his emotions to check themselves long enough for the two of them to have a conversation.

"I have reason to believe you're in danger." Angela explained.
Chapter 17

Genji felt a small laugh building at the back of his throat, "Of course I am in danger Angela. It's safe to assume anyone on a field mission is."

Angela groaned inwardly. She could tell him the full truth and risk his ire at her irresponsibility, or she could tell him the half-lie she'd invented on her way to his quarters. Angela opted for the latter, "I believe there's an internal issue with the wiring in your hand. My engineering team sent me an urgent email this morning," She lied coolly, guilt tugging at her, "Any unnecessary stress on the appendage could result in a catastrophic malfunction. Which could ultimately...compromise you in the field." Angela squeaked out as Genji placed said hand on the doorjamb above her head.

"I appreciate your concern, Tenshi," His voice was strangely thick, "But I am a grown man. I can handle a scouting mission with or without my right hand."

Genji couldn't understand his sudden nonchalance or his confidence, given the awkwardness that had rested between them upon the doctor's arrival into his quarters. Perhaps it was her steady voice communicating her cares and worries for him, or maybe it was her proximity to him in a place that hadn't been the recovery room; Genji could not be sure. What the ninja was sure of however, was that the pink pulses behind his eyelids increased with each steadying breath Angela had taken.

"I understand, My sparrow," Angela switched her tact, "But I could never forgive myself should something happen to you after I had the chance to prevent such a situation from occurring."

Angela hoped desperately that Genji's obvious care for her feelings would spur him into following her to the medical wing. It would be so much easier if she could swallow her fears and just tell him what was really going on with him anatomically. For some reason, Angela couldn't bear the thought of Genji thinking her incompetent, thinking that she had done more harm than good to him.

Genji brought his good hand down to toy with the blonde strands that had worked their way from Angela's ponytail. He contemplated the doctor's words carefully, feeling that there was more meaning in them than he had the context to suss out. Something in him rebelled unnecessarily at Angela's words; the aversion to any longer hours spent in the hospital wing firmly set his resolve.

"I am to meet with McCree before dusk in order to gain a more in depth knowledge of the mission parameters," Genji prayed this would end the conversation, his irritation bubbling. He wouldn't go
back below the base anytime soon, "Perhaps when I return we can make my hand a priority."

Angela saw a glow in Genji's red eyes, some sort of warning danced on the scarlet hues, and despite her better judgment, the doctor acquiesced to Genji’s refusal. The negative impact her pestering could inflict on the cyborg’s hormones could cause the imbalances to spike even further before he actually reached Gibraltar. Genji's hand stayed rooted to the door frame, and suddenly Angela became too self aware. Her cheeks burned hot and the statistics and words she had wanted to say had died somewhere in her throat.

"Yes, yes of course. Please come see me as soon as your reconnaissance has ended." Angela leaned away from Genji a little, trying in vain to give him the space he most probably needed.

"I will most assuredly come to you as soon as I return," Genji's voice maintained that little bit of heat to it, sending Angela's head spinning.

"I will take my leave, then." Angela gently curled her fingers around Genji's hand, lowering his hand to his towel-clad side.

"Arigatou for the visit, Angela." Genji leaned closer to the doctor's face, enjoying the rush of blood that sat high on her cheekbones once more. An odd jab at the base of his consciousness told him to memorize every beautifully etched feature of Angela's face. Just in case. The thought caught him off-guard, and Genji mused whether or not he'd just jinxed the mission. The tip of Angela's tongue darted out to wet her perfect lips, and Genji was hit with an intense jab deep in his gut, followed by an internal growling of; mine. Reluctantly, the ninja pulled back and crossed his arms over his chest, trying with all of his might to hold in the strange impulses threatening to spill over into actions.

"Please be careful out there, My Sparrow," Angela walked backwards through the door, keeping her eyes trained on Genji's, "If for no other reason than my sanity." She hadn't meant to sound quite so dramatic...or needy, but the situation indeed called for it. So many unknowns this evening, so many strange feelings and twists had made the doctor even more sensitive than usual. She pressed a grin onto her face and threw back a, "I wish you luck," before turning and all but running down the hall.

Genji slid his door shut after Angela had retreated. As a force of habit, the man scrubbed his right hand down his covered face, his faculties just now beginning to come back online, what the hell was that? He chastised himself silently, wondering just what has caused him to act so strangely with the doctor. If the time since his arrival at Overwatch had anything to show, it were that he and Angela were close friends; so why had that entire exchange seemed so... off for them both? He had been so out of character, if Angela had cause for concern, Genji certainly couldn't fault her for it now.
The cyborg wandered back into the bathroom and toweled off the remaining drops of moisture clinging to his person. With the slightest flare of shame, Genji grabbed for the armored cod piece he'd removed and snapped it back into place, looking around to make sure no one had seen that he'd freed himself in the first place. After he was sure that his exposed skin was now once again clipped into his plates, Genji ran the fluffy towel through his hair quickly, amused at the black spikes standing on end; he looked almost as ridiculous as he'd felt.

When he had finished in the bathroom, Genji threw himself into a sprawl on the mattress against the wall across from his kitchen. The mood swings and odd switches in personality were starting to get to him. Since he'd woken from his final procedures, Genji felt as though he were the pilot of a machine that only followed his orders half of the time. There had to be more than just the potential for a busted hand wrong with him. Genji's eyes roved the room, taking in his surroundings; the volume of Angela's stories sat neatly on his desk. The ninja brought the book back to his seat and flipped through the pages, hoping to calm the storm roiling inside of him.

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The conversation between Genji and herself had set Angela even more on edge than she had been when entering his quarters. He'd been soft with her, yet there was a growing hardness beneath his words, as though he would no longer suffer through her tirade; as though he'd grown tired with her presence. It had hurt Angela in a way she'd been unprepared for. Unhelpfully, her mind replayed the heavy 'thunking' of Genji's forehead colliding with her own. The gesture had been almost too sweet for the energy of the room, but she'd be damned if she could have stayed that way with him for the remainder of her life. The small growl that had worked its way from his throat echoed in her ears. Perhaps the hormones were already causing issues with Genji's behavior. Angela's skin felt slick with a sweat not entirely caused by fear as she forced herself to focus on the mission at hand.

Angela kept a punishing pace down the residence hallway. Genji hadn't listened to her, though a flustered doctor with absolutely no good argument for her patient wasn't exactly the most convincing thing in the world. Still, she had to do something to protect the Blackwatch agents from Genji's potential outburst; a visit to McCree and Reyes could help better their chances of containing the situation. Jesse's door was just down the hall and to the left, Angela made a beeline straight for it. Angela knocked briskly, hoping by the staccato rhythm Jesse would understand this was no social call.

Jesse answered the door, bleary eyed and bare chested. Angela threw her eyes to study the mess located on the floor; beer bottles and spare shirts littered the cowboy's room.

"What can I help ya with darlin'?" Jesse scratched at a patch of hair on his chest, stepping aside to let Angela into the space.

"We need to talk Jesse. It is an urgent matter regarding Genji." Angela tried to keep the panic out
of her voice. If only she hadn't been a coward when talking to Genji.

Jesse moved to grab a Blackwatch issue t-shirt that hung from the back of his desk chair, "Now hold up darlin'. You've gotta tell him this yerself. I'm shit for feelings."

Angela balked, mouth opening and closing frantically before she finally regained composure, "Jesse, this is not a talk about feelings. This is about everyone's safety," she pinched the bridge of her delicate nose, "Something happened to Genji's SEP-grade serum, it has a potentially harmful additive in it. I-I think someone's..."

Jesse held up a hand, trying to let his mind catch up to Angela's rambling, "Ya think what? Someone's dosed the boy up with some sorta dangerous chem?" Jesse ran a hand through his tousled locks, 'Listen to yerself, Darlin'. Only a handful of the strike team even knows 'bout them bags. Who would even know to go lookin' for 'em?"

"I-I do not know Jesse, but a banned human growth hormone has been found along with an intense increase in cortisol, adrenaline, and testosterone levels," Angela could feel her breathing becoming erratic, "If something were to trigger Genji's stress response, the concoction may prove to create an uncontrollable state."

Jesse's dark brows furrowed, "Now that may be a cause for concern..." He rubbed his hand over his chin, "S'it possible the shipment was tainted from the beginnin'?"

Angela threw herself onto Jesse's bed, hands pushing the mussed sheets against the wall, "I know for a fact nothing had been errant regarding their chemical compounds when received," Angela shifted enough for Jesse to sit next to her, "I tested a large sample of them myself."

Jesse's warm hand rested heavily on Angela's thigh, the contact a welcome anchor to the present, "Listen, Darlin'...it's unfair to assume Genji'll get out on a scope-mission only to lose his head. Me n'Gabe can look after the hombre," Jesse tried to be reassuring yet firm, "He's goin' t'go crazy if he has to sit 'round here fester ing. I can see it. Blackwatch's got him.

Angela sighed and closed her eyes; Jesse's hands had traveled up to massage the roots of her hair, "I suppose. It is not just Genji I am worried about, you know. You and Gabriel are my friends, if my error leads to something happening..." Angela couldn't keep the anguish at her thoughts from painting her voice. Jesse's heart hurt at the fear the doctor felt on his behalf.
"I promise you, Darlin'. I promise you s'just a routine run. We'll be in and out before the Shimadas ever know we were there. Whatsmore, from what Gabe can tell...Hanzo ain't even in the area...so no surprises there."

Angela took a deep breath and forced herself to move into a sitting position, "I suppose you're right. I trust you. But, that doesn't mean I shouldn't speak with Gabriel myself before you leave."

Angela turned her head, Jesse was closer than she'd thought; the amber flecks in his eyes glowing in the dim lighting of his room. It was strange, her breath hitched at the realization that there were little more than a hair's breadth between them. Instantly, the doctor's skin became hot; she chalked it up to a normal response to her stress, and not Jesse's eyes fluttering closed. The distance between them became even less. In a bid to regain her faculties, Angela all but threw herself onto her feet.

"Yes, well I will be going to find Gabriel now. Please try to get some rest before your mission. I know you're prone to mistakes when you are tired." Angela tried to tease the tension out of the air.

Jesse seemed caught in a daze. He ran a hand through his hair again, the contact helping to pull him back to reality. "Right, uh...right. I'll see ya later, Darlin'. Remember what I said 'bout worrying."

Jesse cringed inwardly. He sounded miles away.

Angela gave a stiff nod and headed back the way she had come.

Jesse flopped back onto his mattress, mirroring Angela's position moments before. What was this game they were playing? Jesse closed his eyes, reviewing the doctor's actions during their conversation. She had been out of breath when she had entered through the doorway, all anxiety and gears turning. But, she had only gained that pretty flush to her cheeks seconds before she broke the mounting silence around them. Jesse hurt. She didn't even know what she was doing to him. Jesse McCree was no fool, he knew how Angela felt about Genji. Could see it in her eyes when she talked about him and hear it in that soft lilt her voice took on.

He couldn't help his feelings for the doctor though, try as he might. What was between them had started long before Genji Shimada had showed up on base...was there something between them? Jesse's chest constricted at the thought; what had weighed on him nearly every minute of the day was almost completely one-sided.
So why couldn't he let this go?

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Angela, had she not been a medical professional, would have thought her heart would bust through her ribs. She had made a mental note to investigate Jesse’s bizarre behavior not long after Genji had entered her care, however that had all but been thrown to the wayside.

The doctor leaned against the far wall of the hallway, gulping in steadying breaths. She would need a clear head when reporting to Gabriel; anything less and he would second guess her sanity.

Angela’s thoughts raced, all of her intellect pouring itself into analyzing the odd behavior Jesse had been displaying. Being alone with him had become difficult, the crackle of some unfamiliar thing had set her almost completely on edge around the man she had once felt so secure with. Perhaps their increased distance could be a contributing factor; it wasn’t as though they’d had much time together since she’d been locked in the medical wing with Genji.

Angela resolved to confront Jesse about his offhanded remarks and growing awkwardness as soon as the Blackwatch carrier landed back on base later this evening.

Angela pounded on Gabriel's door, tiring of the forced politeness she'd hid behind when speaking with the commander.

"Gabriel, it's Angela. I have some concerning news regarding Genji and I would like to meet with you before you depart." She tried to lock her panic back inside of her chest.

It took five, maybe ten minutes of steady knocking and coaxing before Gabriel opened his door. His eyes were slightly swollen, and Angela couldn't determine if that had been from sleeping or crying. The urgency that had wracked her calmed slightly at the revelation.

"Doctor, what can I do for you?" Gabriel's voice sounded hollow, the familiar smugness no longer filling the tone, "I hope whatever it might be, that Genji can still run through this mission tonight."

"Something is incredibly off with his hormone levels, Gabriel," Angela wasted no time, "The serum shipment we've received from the U.N has been tampered with. I've found high amounts of an illegal steroid within Genji's system."
A subtle light returned to Gabriel's eyes, "That so? What's it mean for my recruit, Doc?"

Angela sighed, "It means that should he be forced into a highly stressful environment, whatever has been holding his rage in may just crumble. Genji could be a danger not only to himself, but you and Jesse as well."

Gabriel crossed his thick arms, pondering what the doctor had told him, "Hm. That's an interesting development. Ange, it's a reconnaissance mission. No contact. No stress. Don't you think we could run him through it before addressing the chemical imbalances?"

Gabriel had become an adept liar during his time as commander of Blackwatch. He'd let nothing about his prior knowledge on the steroid slip. He was, of course, the one who'd done the tampering in the first place. He would never tell Angela, but should Genji truly snap, Gabriel would be the one to end his science experiment directly.

Angela worried her teeth with her bottom lip, "I suppose. I found it to be my duty to brief you and Jesse about the dangers of taking Genji, and now I have. I wish you luck this evening."

"Gracias, Doc," Gabriel offered a grin, "Things will go off without so much as a hitch. You have my word as a commander and a friend."

Friend. Gabriel's voice stuck on the word. He hadn't been acting as far more a monster than a friend lately. That ever present guilt tugged at him, writhing through his chest. Jack had been his only priority; healing Genji and doping him up enough to fight had been a means to that end. Gabriel hadn't considered a psychotic break as a likely side-effect to Genji's 'treatment'. The commander tried to keep his composure as Angela nodded and turned back towards the exit of the residence wing. Once the doctor was out of sight, Gabriel leaned heavily against the doorway.

What had he done?

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Angela threw herself into her desk chair, irritation clawing at her. All three of the Blackwatch agents had acted out of character with her report. Genji and Gabriel's had been the most vexing. The cyborg, usually so unhurried and sweet, had been simmering with anger; ready to be rid of the doctor through any means. It hadn't helped that Angela had lied to his face in a bid to save her
own image in his eyes.

Reyes...had been a different story altogether. Usually the commander was painfully thorough when it came to the health and well-being of those under his command. Angela had found it ceaselessly perplexing that the man hadn't grilled her more regarding her findings; that he hadn't demanded to see the reports with his own eyes. It was almost as though...No. Angela shook her head, but it didn't do much to dispel the thought: It was almost as though Gabriel had known about the contamination.

Oh, God.
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

First Blackwatch mission ;)

There's some violence and canon-typical injuries so please be warned :) thank you for reading!

The helicarrier jolted suddenly. The storm outside reaching its crescendo as the Blackwatch operatives began their descent. Genji, already on edge, toyed anxiously with one of his throwing stars. No one had told him there would be inclement weather to contend with, though he assumed Reyes had hardly been of mind to check. Thoughts of the coming hours weighed heavily on the ninja's chest; there were so many things that could happen. Despite his careless act when Angela was around, Genji was...terrified. That's the only word he could possibly use to explain the odd waves of nausea; his heart racing faster than the oscillation system implanted in his chest.

It wasn't as though Genji were worried for himself, either. Oh no. He wasn't even particularly concerned for his comrades. His fear came from his musings regarding Hanzo; the things he would be capable of should he see his older brother again. The quiet voice in the comm wedged in his ear alerted him to prepare to parachute onto the drop point. Genji lifted his eyes to study the other two men; McCree looked irritated with his nap's interruption, Reyes wore an unreadable, stony mask.

Genji checked the straps tightened around his torso; everything had been snug. A spike of exhilaration jabbed his reconstructed gut as the wet, cool air rushed up to meet his face. There was nothing quite like free falling. He yanked on the deployment cord, taking Reyes' timing as his queue. The heavy military-grade cloth slowed his descent, making it possible for Genji to gracefully land on his feet without so much as a stumble. The trio abandoned their chutes and climbed into the unassuming Sedan waiting for them.

Genji closed his eyes and laid his head against chilly window in the backseat. Flashes of the last time he'd been at the Gibraltar den danced across his eyelids. Two years now felt like an eternity ago. Genji had been sent by Sojiro to collect information regarding a rival clan that had been making its way into Shimada territory. It had been Genji’s job to meet with Hanzo and discuss the assassination of one of the prominent advisers; there had been an endless flow of sake and Hanzo's rare laughter at that meeting. Rage gripped Genji, sending his body crumpling forward slightly; he didn't miss the cowboy's concerned gaze from his seat opposite him. If only his return could be as great as that night had been.

The lights and sounds of the downtown of Gibraltar began invading the quiet dark of the car. People bustled about the street, zipping this way and that; completing their own, albeit more
mundane, missions. The Sedan slowed to a stop near an alley to Genji’s right. With a bark of "Now" from their leader, the younger men in the back opened the doors and hurried into the narrow space. They were now only a block from their target. Reyes hurried to the back of the alley gesturing for McCree and Genji to follow without so much as a word. With a few more gesticulations, Genji obeyed Reyes’ order to clamber up the side of one of the shops; he would go ahead to scope out the Shimada hideout's fortifications.

The ninja raced across the roofs of the adjoining buildings lining the street, eyes transfixed on where he knew his family's stronghold would be located. Jesse and Gabriel followed on foot below, winding through the labyrinth of cosmopolitan life below. Genji threw himself behind a large ventilation stack of the apartment building on which he was currently perched. The Shimada fen was ahead just across the street from where he now crouched. His enhanced vision cataloged his surroundings. It was quiet, with only two guards attempting to appear as unassuming citizens below. The shadow of a turret buzzing and humming on the roof above caught Genji's attention; only from a higher vantage point would anyone notice the defense machinery. The weapons hadn't been set up there the last time he'd been in town; like most things in his life, that was...odd.

If he hadn't been assumed dead by the entire world, Genji would have thought Hanzo had placed such machines there to deter him specifically.

"What's your position, G?" Jesse's voice crackled over the communication channel.

"I am directly across from the den. It is masquerading as a night club, but the basement is all Shimada operations," Genji tried to keep his voice hushed.

"How's the defensive line?" Reyes asked. Genji could also hear his voice in the corridor to his right.

"It is...sparse." Genji reported, creeping closer to the edge of the building he stood upon.

"Maybe they think we'll back off after th'last incident." Jesse supplied hopefully.

"Unlikely," Reyes sighed into his comm, "We're gonna need to keep our eyes on their operation for a while. You two run procedure Alpha. I'm gonna to see if I can get a closer look."

"I hear ya, Jefe." Jesse drawled in affirmative.

"Hai." Genji bit out. He was tense, muscles a coiling, trembling mass. Jesse's heels clacked on the pavement below. The cowboy wandered casually out of the alley, veering left walking towards
the main hub of town. The Shimada guards turned their heads to watch him ambling around.

Genji snorted into his comm, "Very convincing, Jesse. You are an excellent pedestrian."

"I do my best, pardner." Jesse's voice was light, pleased with the teasing.

"Focus you two. I'm heading in." The Blackwatch commander dropped his gear into a pile in the shadow of the entry way. Genji watched as the older man shoved a pistol into the band of his pants, pulling his shirt over it.

"The guards are watching Jesse be an ass. You are good to go." Genji informed Gabriel.

The Jesse in question had been mimicking a drunk; wandering around the small street, bumping into things, and now he was bending over to pick up the hat he kept kicking away from himself.

"I'm bein' distractin'. Better watch yourself." The laughter was apparent in Jesse's tone.

"Again," Reyes sighed, "Focus."

"You have maybe a thirty second window," Genji became more urgent.

"Relocating," Gabriel answered. He strode up to the club, cocksure, the arrogance oozing out of almost every pore. If Genji had only been an unwanted voyeur on the club's evening instead of an agent of Blackwatch, he would have sworn Gabriel were nothing more than a man looking for a good time.

The way Reyes puffed his chest out at the bouncer had reminded Genji of his own night here years ago. The shadows of Gabriel's back muscles under the echoes of lights from the windows seemed familiar. Perhaps he'd seen this physique in the club at a different time. Genji's mind pulled back through his various encounters from his night with Hanzo. There had been a delicious looking photographer...had that been his commander? It was possible that this venue may have been Genji's first interaction with Overwatch, however unofficial. It unnerved him.

Before he could muse further, the door to the club opened, and flashing lights of all the colors of the rainbow rushed out to bathe Gabriel in their light. The commander had been accepted, without
a pat-down, and entered the club, swaying his hips with the beat. He had definitely crossed paths with Reyes once. Genji had to respect the man's ability to slip right under your nose; it was almost magical the way Gabriel could melt into the scene before him. This must be what made him an unrivaled spec-ops commander.

"He's in, McCree. Double back now." Genji's voice was tense once more. So many things could happen in Reyes' bid to gain more information on the whereabouts of his husband. If things became heated inside, Genji and Jesse would be invaluable to a successful extraction maneuver.

"On my way," Jesse was huffing, slightly out of breath from his own charade, "Jesse McCree, comin' to an alley near you."

Genji rolled his eyes, but he was unable to help the familiar upward tug of his cheeks into what would have once been a smile. Despite Jesse's obvious crush on Angela, the object of his own affection, Genji found himself becoming fast friends with the cowboy.

Genji heard movement on his right. Immediately the shiruken port on his arm opened, two blades tumbled in between his fingers, ready to be ejected towards the threat. Genji crouched and moved back to the edge near the alleyway, relief setting in when he realized it was just McCree taking up Gabriel's position. The cowboy moved fast, even given his bad habits.

Some time passed in amicable silence. Jesse would occasionally chuck a piece of broken concrete up at Genji, and when he was sure the cyborg was looking, he would pantomime crude gestures and situations. More than once Genji's snort would flick through the comm channel; though Reyes' voice never barked out a chastising remark. When an hour had gone by with no contact from their Commander, Jesse tried to raise him.

"Found anything, Jefe? Or are G and I gonna have t'come pull yer sorry ass away from th'bar?" Genji could hear the worry in the cowboy's voice.

Still, there was no reply from Gabriel. The pair of younger agents maintained a careful watch over the exterior of the building. The guards paced the roof much as they had the night before, and the street remained silent, except for the bass music reaching their ears.

After another hour passed, Jesse broke the silence again, "Alright pardner, I'm gonna head in there and see what's takin' Gabe so long. Usually we'd be in and back to base by now."

"I have your back." Genji's metallic voice reassured over the line.
"Much obliged." Jesse drawled.

The ninja watched as Jesse dropped near all of his Blackwatch gear, hid his gun under his ridiculous hat, and made his way over to the door of the club. The bouncer, who had been growing more fatigued as the day went on, gave Jesse the same hassle as Gabriel. Jesse held his ear to his communication device, broadcasting the inane chatter to Genji.

"Weren't you stumbling around here a while ago? You didn't look like you needed another drink, friend." The large man crossed his arms and stared down at Jesse.

Genji could practically hear the charm switch flip 'on' in Jesse's brain.

"Oh. Well all that was the product of a nasty round a'drinks at th'bar with my friends. I went and got a burger. Nothing helps better for soaking up alcohol mind you, I was drunker'n a skunk. But I assure you compadre I'm fit as a fiddle now. I was s'posed to meet me a lady here tonigh' and I'm really hopin' she's still up fer our plans later...if ya know what I mean," Genji could almost see Jesse's eyebrows waggling from his vantage point, "N' with all due respect, but ya look like ya know exacty what I mean when it comes to th'ladies, hombre."

It went without saying that Jesse threw in a wink for good measure. Over the fizzling static of the communication channel Genji could hear the bouncer sigh heavily. Several beats went by, in which the Shimada guards had become interested in the visitor below. Genji tensed aiming his throwing stars at the two men on the roof parallel to his. Mission be damned, he wouldn't let Angela's friend be harmed.

The thought of Angela threw him. Somehow, he'd managed to fight back the swell of feelings for the doctor while out in the field. A hot pink pulse shot through him, causing his weaponry to fall with a resounding "clang" noise. Thankfully, the ruckus drew the attention of the men away from Jesse and over to Genji's own position. Without having much time to think, Genji jumped into the alley below, grabbing Gabriel and Jesse's shucked off gear, before hopping climbing up a wall a few buildings over. He had been correct in his assumption, the Shimada bowman were on his previous position almost as soon as he had crouched behind the large potted plant decorating his current space.

Somehow in the commotion, Jesse had made it into to the club.

"Thanks for th'distraction, pardner. I'm in. Did they find ya?" Jesse's voice had been swept up in the tide of loud music and thumping electronic tones.
Genji had been mentally chastising himself for his reaction to Angela when the transmission came through. He had been pulled from his thoughts too slowly for Jesse's liking.

"I repeat, ya alrigh' G?" Jesse sounded more worried.

Genji answered immediately, "I am unharmed. They are in my previous position now. Have you located Reyes?"

"Not yet. Looks like a lotta Shimada clan members are here..." Jesse wandered deeper into the fray of people.

"Obviously." Genji rubbed at the visor on his forehead in irritation.

"Like more'n we would thought. Ol' *jefe* might'a gotten himself into some trouble. Like, th' alarm's been sounded. Ya hear?" Jesse sounded anxious. A drunk woman cackled somewhere off in the distance. Genji noted that it sounded incredibly forced.

"Be cautious, Jesse. I believe you may have walked into a well laid trap." Genji flitted nearer to their original mark. A shadow moved quickly behind the back of the bar, "I saw something at the back, I'm going to check it out. I must remain silent."

"Righto." Jesse confirmed with a decidedly faked nonchalance. Something had gone very, very wrong.

The vent on Genji's chest whirred loudly in the silence of the unoccupied street as he wove in and out of the narrow corridors connecting to the club. He perched unassumingly on the large concrete barrier surrounding the back patio. Two large military-grade trucks with "Shimada Enterprise" painted on the sides were parked, but running in the driveway across from him.

"Goddamn it." A familiar voice roared into the night. There was a clatter and the sound of struggling, before the air whooshed out of the speaker's lungs. It was as Genji had thought. The mission had been compromised. The ninja slid down the wall, creeping closer to the figures between the patio, and the trucks. Who Genji could only assume was Gabriel was crouched over on his knees, head being pressed into the ground by an armored boot. A figure next to him lay prone and unmoving, most likely Jack Morrison.
"Stay down, dog." A heavily accent voice snapped.

Genji's mind began reeling. He had assured not only Winston, but Angela of his minimal involvement on this mission, but it appeared that this was a promise made to be broken. Genji's port opened with a gentle hum, causing several of the hunters to raise their gazes towards him. Genji slid under one of the trucks to his right with no time to spare.

"Nothing, sir." A voice as cold and dead as the winter answered their leader.

"Puzzling." A new voice spoke in Japanese. A very familiar voice. "I found another American wandering around. A six shooter in his hat confirms he was not here in the hopes of having some fun."

The taller figure emerged from the back entry way of the building, tossing Jesse to his knees between Morrison and Reyes. Rage boiled in Genji's belly, simmering hot. The dragon within him bit, clawing to be released on Hanzo and his men.

"Now listen, darlin', can't we work this out?" Jesse drawled. Genji shook his head as he gazed up at the undercarriage of the vehicle he was laying under. Shut up. Fool.

Hanzo echoed Genji's sentiments verbatim, "Shut up. Fool, or I will kill you first."

Each word from his brother's mouth made Genji's body writhe with pent up aggression. He was so close. The rational portion of his mind begged him to remain still.

"Did you think us stupid?" Hanzo continued, "That the Shimada wouldn't know you were coming?"

"Well..."Gabriel began. A sharp kick to the chin tossed the commander onto his back, whatever remark had been making its way out of Gabriel's mouth died on his tongue. Genji shifted under the car, willing his limbs to remain still against the tide of rage rushing through him.

"Hey now, no need to play rough. We're only here for our friend. Ya see...you kinda took him against his will an' we was jus' thinkin'..." Jesse's Southern accent became thicker the longer he rambled.
Hanzo walked over to Jesse and bent down until his eyes met the cowboy's. From where Genji lay, it looked like Hanzo was studying Jesse's face, scrutinizing the man.

"You're attractive...for a boor. I hate to kill you." Hanzo's voice remained calculating, "Unfortunately, I am not a fan of Overwatch. Your organization took everything from me."

That had stopped the anger's twisting for a moment. Genji was utterly at a loss by Hanzo's statement. Overwatch had done nothing to Hanzo.

"About that...pardner..." Jesse began.

"Shut up, Pendejo." Gabriel whispered frantically.

Jesse ignored his commander, "Ya ever think what happened t'Genji mighta..."

Hanzo's boot came down on the back of Jesse's head, mud smeared against his mouth, muffling the cowboy's speech.

"Do not presume to know my brother." Hanzo snapped, "I suppose I will kill you first after all." Hanzo reached for the bow at his back. Genji watched helplessly as a gleaming arrow locked against the bow's knock, the tip jabbing into the back of Jesse's head menacingly, "Goodbye, beautiful fool."

Genji's control ebbed away, his vision became a seething red. Before he could process what was happening, he had kicked the car from his body, sending it flipping over the wall before landing upside down. All reason burned away in his rage, as Genji sent one of his five pointed blades whistling through the air. It connected with the inner wrist holding Hanzo's bow steady.

"Nani?" Hanzo dropped his weapon to the side.

Jesse took the opportunity to tuck and roll away from the eldest Shimada and managed to gain his footing. With a quick pivot of his leg, Jesse managed to roundhouse kick the man preparing to shoot Gabriel. The commander responded in kind, gained his footing, and assisted Jesse with wrestling weapons away from their captors. The augmented limbs pushed Genji forward, his body
singing, humming with the thirst for battle. The ninja ripped his sword from his back, springing towards his brother. So close. So close. Genji's mind repeated.

Hanzo's coolness was cracking, Genji could see fear in his eyes. The sharp sent of blood clung to the older Shimada as he clambered for his bow, holding it to block Genji's blade with only seconds to spare. Genji laughed, the voice box making the sound even more chilling than he could have hoped for; the tang of blood spurred him on further. Genji used Hanzo's bow as a launch pad, he pushed backwards, catching himself against the motion with his synthetic hand dragging against the harsh concrete.

"Alrigh' Pardner, let him go. We gotta go." Jesse's frantic voice cut through the haze of battle. For a moment, Genji lost his focus; he looked over to Gabriel and Jesse, the pair dragging Jack between them to the other humvee still running next to the patio. Using the distraction to his benefit, Hanzo grabbed a throwing knife from his utility belt.

"You will regret attacking me." Hanzo snapped, before flicking his wrist. The blade sailed through the air, burying itself in Genji's fan; the device sputtered to a stop. Genji once again focused on his brother. Recognition still had not hit the eldest Shimada; Genji became livid, how dare Hanzo be so confident that he had completely eradicated his brother from this Earth? How dare he not see who it was that had gotten the better of him this night? How dare he?

Genji couldn't control the dragon within him; it warred and snarled, begging to finish Hanzo off. Who was he to tell such a beast no? "Ryujin no ken wo kurae!" Genji shouted the spell, welcoming the dragon to the forefront. He dashed at Hanzo, ready to cleave his brother's skull with the strength of a dragon. The vivid green specter rose from Genji's blade, its hungry yowls rumbling through the group's ears.

"Woah!" Jesse shouted, "Pardner, come on. Let it go!"

The electrical crackling of energy sparking through Genji was addicting. The dragon urged him on.

Hanzo let out his own surprised shout, "Ryuu-ga, Wa-ga-te-ki-wo, Ku-ra-u!"

Two dragons, larger than anything Jesse had ever seen, twisted around Hanzo's arm, snaking their way into his knocked arrow. Jesse lunged for Genji, dodging the smaller, green dragon and snaked his arms around the cyborg's waist. The ground rose up to meet the pair of agents, blue dragons howled through the air, narrowly missing the truck Gabriel had been working to shelter Jack in.
"Jesse!" Gabriel shouted over the screams, "You idiot!"

Genji struggled against McCree's grasp, the dragon fizzled, dying on the sword's blade....the blade currently wedged snugly into Jesse's left arm. Genji had fallen on his sword, which in turn had severed a great deal of Jesse's forearm. Genji could smell the blood before his eyes adjusted to see the viscous substance covering everything between he and Jesse.

No.

The fire burning through Genji hadn't ebbed, but instead turned its ire from Hanzo to Genji himself. He did this. Hanzo took this opportunity to slip into the shadows of Gibraltar, covering his retreat.

Gabriel rushed over to the younger agents. His gut flip flopped as Genji gingerly picked himself up from the ground. His fingers fluttered hopelessly over Jesse, who had been knocked unconscious in his effort to save Genji, and was that...blood? Gabriel's heart raced as he bent down to examine the source; he pleaded silently that it was neither of his boys. The blood flowed so heavily it appeared black against the low lighting. Gabriel's eyes connected with Genji's sword, which remained tucked between Jesse's left Radius and Ulna. The slice was clean, but impact with the ground had cause the metal to split and shatter the edges of the still connected bone. Gabriel was going to be sick.

"Jesse. Jesse stay with me," Gabriel shook the cowboy slightly, "Genji radio for Angela and an extraction team. Tell them we need immediate assistance."

Genji nodded, stumbling over to the radio in the truck, his own communication device had been shattered in Hanzo's final assault.

"Angela. It's Genji." Genji's pushed the relay button on the radio.

"Genji! It's so good to hear your voice. How is the mission? Are you on your return route?" Angela sounded jovial.

"There's been an accident. We need immediate extraction. There is no time to explain." Genji's voice sounded a million miles away.
"What's happened?" Angela became frantic.

"Jesse is gravely injured. It's all my fault. There is a lot of blood. Please hurry, tenshi." Genji let go of the microphone, leaning himself heavily against the truck. His mind was clouded, thoughts sluggish in their attempt to catch up to the present. Genji's body still burned, uncomfortably hot. He thumped a few times on the oscillation system, but to no avail; the cool night air unable to cool his blood. He closed his eyes in an attempt to guard against the sweat pouring into his eyes.

"Jesse, please." Gabriel's voice drifted over the eerie silence of the night.
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

There is a slight amount of gore in this chapter (For Jesse's injury), so please be warned! It's also pretty short, but I HAD to get something out for you guys so you knew I was still updating!!!

Also I am SO SORRY for not updating much this month. I've had a lot going on personally, and I've been studying for the LSAT, so that's taken up a lot of my time. Thank you SO much to everyone who has commented or offered kudos. You guys literally are the reason I'm going to keep updating despite my crazy schedule. I love you all! Thank you for your support!!!

Angela had been sorting aimlessly through the pile of minor incident reports that had stack up on her desk. The brunt of Jack's work had fallen on Gabriel, but Angela found herself dealing with a large volume of the small injury reports; what constituted as an injury had almost made her laugh. Almost. With a slight roll of her eyes, the doctor completed logging in the disaster that had taken place in the kitchen this morning, taking a considerable amount of energy to convey that the injuries the stove suffered this morning may not have required her medical expertise. Angela hoped her sarcasm had saturated the report the way it had her mind.

The doctor had finally worked herself into a welcomed state of calm; the ruefully comments interlaced with her observations in the documents helped to bring just the slightest bit of humor to her day. Angela's thoughts came slower now, more languid and kind in their onslaught on her mind; Genji of course bubbled to the forefront of her attention. This time however, there was no fear, no whispering of his eventual blood lust carried on the scenarios she now imagined. Instead, the gentle bump of foreheads against each other, a heated hand surrounding her own, now wove themselves into her core daydream. Genji had indeed been attempting to kiss her, in his own way, she supposed. Her cheeks reddened with the memory; it had been such a sweet and simple gesture, and yet she had squandered the moment. More concerned with a hypothetical situation rather than appreciating the moment as it happened. The sighs Genji had let out while holding her close echoed in her ears. Angela's stomach turned, the butterflies residing there impatient to once again be around the cyborg.

"Angela, it's Winston. I need you to report to the main communication hub on base...immediately." The scientist's voice broke through the doctor's imaginings.

Winston's tone had been hard, urgent in a way that caused Angela's relaxed state to fall by the wayside, "Has something happened, Winston? Is there word from Blackwatch?"
"Yes, and yes. Look, it's better if I brief you here. Genji's on the line and it...doesn't sound good." Winston clipped off the channel then, unable to bring himself to answer the onslaught of questions Angela would no doubt hurl at him.

Angela flung herself out of her chair with a speed she didn't know she possessed, sliding across the tiles as she turned the corner to the elevator. Thankfully, her wing and the communications room were in the same building; quickly, Angela punched the third floor button on the lift. Her feet tapped, trying to dispel the energy the adrenaline pushed through her blood; the motion was ineffectual at best.

The medic ran down the hallway to the room Winston had been posted in; the crackle of an open channel greeted her rather than the scientist. The other Overwatch agent nodded to Angela as she skidded to a halt.

"Angela, it's Genji." Genji's voice, despite being briefed of a dire situation calmed the storm raging in Angela.

"Genji! It's so good to hear your voice. How is the mission? Are you on your return home?" Angela tried to keep her tone light, praying that Winston had been lying about their mission going sideways.

"There's been an accident," Angela's heart thumped into her throat, "We need immediate extraction," the woman's palms became slick with nervous sweat. She had just been about to ask for more information when Genji continued, "There is no time to explain."

The woodenness to Genji's metallic voice told the doctor all she had needed to know. There was indeed an incident, and it appeared that Genji had taken the burden upon himself.

She hedged anyway, "What's happened?"

"Jesse is gravely injured. It's all my fault. There is a lot of blood. Please hurry, Tensh." Genji cut the line before Angela could reply.

Tears welled in the corners of her eyes, and her throat began to feel tight. Something had happened to Jesse; correction, Genji had done something to Jesse. Had Genji said gravely injured? The Blackwatch agents were running out of precious time; every second counted in saving Jesse's life, and yet Angela remained rooted to the tiled floor. Her arms wrapped around her midsection, as if she could keep all of her panic inside, keep it from tearing her apart.
"Angela?" Winston's deep voice cracked through the freeze on the doctor's mind, though not much, "Listen, Angie. I know it sounds bad, and I know how much you care about Jesse, but you cannot do this now. They need you out there." A large hand pulled Angela gently into the large mass of gorilla.

Angela's mind waded helplessly through the realization that she could lose Jesse tonight; she barely registered the massive hug she had been receiving.

"Please doctor, get to the transport garage. Jesse's counting on you." Winston tried again, "You brought a man back from the dead. Whatever's waiting for you in Gibraltar, you can handle it."

Angela came back to herself at the mention of Jesse's name out loud, as though he became more concrete, more alive with his name repeated by something that wasn't her brain. She nodded sluggishly returning Winston's hug lightly before pulling away. Angela took a shaky step forward, waiting for her stomach to even out before she ran to the garage. A helicarrier had already been prepared to take her to the Blackwatch objective. The med bay, fully stocked, taunted the doctor as she entered, as if to say "You'll be needing me soon."

Angela repressed a shiver as she huddled into her seat; she begged fate to spare Jesse McCree, if only for tonight.

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Angela remained somewhere between awake and entranced for the entirety of the plane ride. Within forty five minutes, the sight of Gibraltar's main streets rose out of the rainy darkness. Angela craned her neck to look out the window, eyes scanning hopelessly for the other agents. The helicarrier descended, landing with a clunk in front of what appeared to be a club. As soon as the hangar door fell to the ground Angela was running out into the street, medic kit loosely swinging against her shoulder.

"We're here!" Gabriel's voice broke the tense silence.

Angela sprinted towards the Commander, but was brought up short by the amount of destruction scattered around the building's back-alley. There were trucks flipped, grass and concrete torn up, arrows scattered everywhere...and was that blood? Blood covered every inch of Genji Shimada, who had been frantically pawing at a large figure resting in his lap.
"Please. Please." Genji's voice sounded absolutely broken, "I'm sorry. Jesse."

Angela felt as though she'd be sick; with effort she swallowed down the sick that threatened to spill, crossing over to Genji and Jesse slowly, so as not to startle the ninja.

Genji's head snapped up at the sound of soft footsteps on the wet grass; red eyes glowed up at Angela, cautious but relieved.

The doctor surveyed Jesse more closely; his head rested limply against Genji's fleshy shoulder, dark hair falling into his closed eyes. At least there was no damage to his head. Angela crouched closer, following the flow of blood to its source; the stump of broken bone and serrated flesh that now occupied the space where Jesse's left wrist and hand had once been. A rudimentary tourniquet had done all it could to stem the hot liquid, but it hadn't been enough to keep the cowboy from passing out due to blood loss.

Angela took a moment to internally calm herself, focusing instead on what it was that she would need to do to keep Jesse alive. Firstly, she would need to apply a field-issued wrap immediately. Then, on the way back to base she would need to take a hefty amount from her emergency blood stash to keep Jesse's heart, which had begun to slow, pounding normally. When she returned to the medical wing she would need to shave down the splintered radius and ulna in order to graft skin to a nicely finished nub. Strangely, Angela felt a small amount of relief; she had just assisted in the recreation of an entire man. One arm did not seem so daunting, though the aftermath Jesse would surely experience frightened the doctor. When she had completed the step-by-step process of saving Jesse, Angela let the conjectures drop, and whipped out the professional tourniquet from her medical bad.

"I didn't mean to-" Genji had started, shifting to give Angela full access to the arm pinned between his chest and Jesse's side.

"I know. I know." Angela soothed as tried to get a better grip on the slick elastic of her tool. Once she had managed to find purchase, the medic twisted until she feared she would cut the rest of Jesse's arm off with the pressure. "I need your help. The ride home is parked just out front, and I need you to move him."

Genji nodded enthusiastically, springing to his feet, jostling the unconscious cowboy; blood trickled to the ground, matching the fine drizzle of rain surrounding them.

"Gently, Genji." Angela chided softly, surprised with herself for remaining her cool.
The doctor almost lost that businesslike exterior as she made to grab what was left of Jesse McCree from the pavement, placing the extracted hand into a Biohazard bag. There would be no attaching it, unfortunately, the limb had been severed too long. Once Angela was sure she had gathered all that she could, she made for where Gabriel had been struggling to rouse Jack.

"Hey Doc, he's gonna need attention as soon as Jesse's stable. Kid might have to wait on an arm." Gabriel couldn't keep the worry out of his voice despite the flippancy of his words.

"Has he wakened at all since you've found him?" Angela cocked her head to the side, trying to see Jack's face in the dimness of the street lights.

"A little. I think he recognized me at one point, but he's been pretty well on his ass for a few hours now." Gabriel answered, managing to drag Jack to his feet. "Come on, amor, just a bit further."

"It is highly probable that Jack has been drugged, it would indeed make him easier to control until they were ready to continue questioning him," Angela's eyes rested on the ugly burn marks that dotted Jack's neck, a cattle prod no doubt. Her gaze snapped quickly to where Genji had been wrestling Jesse's bulkier body onto the gurney set for him; the abuse Jack had settled and the bruises marring his skin made it hard to look for Angela to look at him.

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The blood transfusion had been a success, Angela allowed herself to relax a minuscule amount, Jesse was out of the woods so to speak, though the wound had been hastily stitched closed until they could reach the official operating room. Genji sat on edge, raven hair sticking out in fat spikes, blood clotted and stiffened the strands, making him look like a mad man.

"Thank God for you, Tenshi. I- I did this to Jesse," his voice was hard, but quiet, "I- Hanzo was here."

Angela felt her eyes widen at the admission, She dropped Jack's wrist. All of his vitals had been normal, aside from some broken ribs and a lot of surface damage, it appeared that the commander would make a full recovery. That is, Jack would recover fully...physically.

"Hanzo? Your brother was here? But I thought-" Angela sat on the bench next to Genji.

The cyborg sighed, "I could not control myself. I- I was so angry with him. For his part in making me this...machine. I wanted to end his life tonight," Genji stopped for a moment and looked at the
cowboy, "I would have if it weren't for Jesse's interference."

"What Jesse did was reckless, but it sounds as though his actions may have saved you a lifetime of regret" Angela tried to keep her tone as gentle as possible.

Genji scoffed, "My regret stems from my lack of control and my inability to see Hanzo's murder through as he had mine. My regret comes from the fact that I am a monster." Genji shot up then, going to sit himself in one of the seats behind the cockpit.

Gabriel, who had been maintaining a silent vigilance over his husband, allowed his eyes to meet with Angela's. Something about his gaze told Angela everything she had needed to know regarding the tampering of Genji's serum. The Blackwatch commander did add the extra hormones and steroids to Genji's system, and he did feel sorry for it.

Angela decided not to push the issue at present and instead closed her eyes; if she couldn't see the situation around her, perhaps she could revisit the softness of her earlier dreams.
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

Another, longer chapter! FINALLY!

Also, you guys omg your comments are killing me. Thank you SO much! I'm so happy! I honestly have always been so self-conscious of my writing to publish it, so the support honestly has made me tear up lol. I'll be responding to every one soon!

Angela pulled the mask from her face, thankful the surgery had gone well; Angela had rounded Jesse's arm off about five inches above where the wrist would have been. The doctor washed up in the large sink as her team wheeled her friend into the recovery room. Now that Jesse wasn't bleeding out in Genji's arms, Angela had the time to absorb the events of the evening. Just as she had feared, Genji had lost control; and while he had survived unscathed, Jesse had paid the price for Reyes' tampering. Ah, that was another thing to mentally jot down; she would need to confront Gabriel for a full explanation of why in God's good name he would do something so insidious to his own agent.

The soap bubbles slid from her hands, the warm water helping wash the plots of Gabriel Reyes from her mind; instead the doctor began to consider what build of hand would suit the gunslinger most. Rushing to her desk, Angela wrote down the ideas as they came to her, afraid her taxed mind would swallow the details if she didn't get them out fast enough. The hand would need to be dexterous, something that could match Jesse's speed in battle, it would also need to be as durable as Genji's body. Her assumptions had been correct; the Shimada issue was only going to get more complicated, more deadly. Angela had taken the burden upon herself to protect Genji and Jesse anyway she could, which in this case would be through upgrading their bodies in an attempt to make them stronger, quicker than their foes.

As soon as a her 'wish-list' for Jesse's left hand was completed, Angela sent the fax to the engineering workshop, praying that Andrews and Thomas were awake to receive the instructions. Of course she would follow up with them tomorrow, but Angela was impatient to fix Jesse; impatient to convince Genji that this was not his fault. The memory of the look in the cyborg's eyes after extraction caused Angela to wince. The man had looked more broken than he had when she held his hand and told him it was Hanzo who had all but killed him. Angela's heart tugged with the familiar fondness; Genji was a good man, no matter what popular belief about the Shimada prince were. You couldn't fake the pain and remorse Genji's gaze had held.

The doctor checked the clock, breakfast wouldn't be for several hours. Which suited her fine, Angela had hoped to give Jack another once over before the other agents came down to visit their commander in the med bay. Angela opened the door to her office proper, where both Jesse, Jack, and Gabriel all sat. From the near constant shifting of Gabriel's weight in the chair, the medic noted that he was indeed still awake. Under the guise of checking on the Blackwatch commander's husband, Angela crossed the room, taking her staff on the off chance that she needed to whack Gabriel over the head with it. Of course, it were nothing more than a precaution,
Angela told herself, Gabriel Reyes would never *actually* attack her. Although, the doctor couldn't be too sure of how he would react to the coming discussion.

"Now that I know that it was you, I would like to ask *why?*" Angela spoke quietly, crossing the room to the pair of men a few beds down from Jesse.

"I don't know what you're talking about." Gabriel said in a murmur, trying his best to halt the conversation now.

"You know what I'm saying, Gabriel," Angela ran the golden biotic light over Jack's supine form, the Overwatch commander's condition had begun to improve over the last few hours. Thankfully, the worst of his broken ribs had been set, and there was nothing too severely wrong that required more than a few weeks of rest.

Reyes ran a hand through his clipped, dark hair and sighed. He was far too tired to keep up the charade any longer. It had been his fault that Jesse lay where he now did. It was his fault that the mission had almost been a complete disaster. Why lie to the only person in the organization who already knew everything? "Angie. I-I don't expect you to understand, but hear me out."

Angela stopped using the caduceus and cocked her head, intent on hearing all that the commander was ready to divulge. Though of course, part of her had known to be on guard for any lies that may float out of Gabriel's lips."I am listening, Gabriel."

"The Shimada family...they're killers. Evil to the core. you've seen all of the destruction they've been creating, *all over the world.* I-I want to stop them. They're the biggest problem since the omnic crisis two years ago," The commander huffed out a breath of air, he always became too passionate where affairs of the world were concerned. He hated the thought of innocent people dying, especially when he could so easily stop it all; well he and his shotguns.

"Yes, I know this. But you can't just go behind *everyone's* backs. you- you can't just," Angela's face became red as Genji's pain replayed on a loop in her mind's eye.

"I know, Ange. I know. I was wrong," Gabriel stopped and waited to be interrupted again. He cracked his eyes open and met Angela's shocked expression, "I was wrong. I thought if we used Genji as a berserker, an agent above all reason and moral red-tape, we could end this unofficial war with the yakuza so much faster. I thought if the second son of the Shimada clan burned himself out destroying them from the inside...that it would be for the greater good."
"Burned himself out?" Angela asked. Her head was reeling, how long had Gabriel been planning to use Genji this way? If Reyes had been planning to inject Genji with these chemicals even before Hanzo had ripped him to shreds...there was something dark in Gabriel Reyes indeed.

"That was before, Angie. Before I realized that he's not so bad a kid. I-I actually like him," Gabriel let out a breathy laugh, "Can you believe that? His family kidnapped my husband, and I actually want the kid to stay on my team."

"It's amazing what you find when you realize a son is not beholden to his family." Angela snapped. She immediately regretted it as she saw Gabriel flinch at her words.

"I know," his voice was much meeker now, "I know. I didn't consider my experiment would come back to bite us. I didn't think," Gabriel stopped short as Angela interrupted him again.

"That's right. You did not think," Angela's cheeks were burning, "You could have all been killed, the Shimadas could have taken him back. Would you like to fight against Genji in the state he was in?"

"No." Gabriel whispered, and he meant it. Genji had been terrifying, all burning red eyes and super human strength.

"Jesse threw himself between Genji and the man who killed him," Angela's tone became softer at the subject of her closest friend, "He's always been a fool. I don't think he ever thought Genji would harm him. Jesse believes in everyone. In second chances, like the one you gave him."

"I know, and now look at where he is," Gabriel's dark eyes rested on Jesse's sleeping form, "But Genji didn't mean to hurt Jesse. It was an accident. He had been using his...dragon to attack Hanzo. Jesse tackled him to the ground. He knew Genji would regret it if he killed his brother."

Angela had known that Genji would never intentionally hurt the closest thing he had to a friend here in Overwatch. No wonder he had looked so torn apart. Jesse had been trying to save Genji from making a decision he could never come back from, and he had paid for that. Angela couldn't help the tightness in her throat, there were too many things to consider, Jesse's care for Genji, and Genji's pain over hurting a man who had believed in him...trusted him.

"I've been working on a solution to the imbalances in Genji's system, though it will take more
time. I will end this here and go check on him, now that I have the full story," Angela's tone softened as she rested a hand on Gabriel's arm, "Thank you for your honesty, Gabriel. I know it can't be easy to admit your part in this. We will find a way to solve this. It is our secret."

Gabriel's head shot up from the apologetic slump he had been in, "You-I...," It wasn't often the commander stumbled over his words so obviously. Angela secretly took pleasure in making the Blackwatch commander speechless, "Thank you, Angela. For everything. Your code-name is a fitting one," he let out a soft laugh, "Mercy. That's what you are. Mercy in every sense of the word."

Angela offered a small upward turn of her lips before turning towards the exit. She had to see Genji, to ease his suffering in some small way. The doctor took the elevator up to the residential section of the base, praying that perhaps Genji's ire had faded at least a little in the time since their return. The doctor's heart sat snugly in her throat, pulse pounding in her ears. The last time she had been in Genji's room he had acted uncharacteristically, fresh waves of anxiety washed over her; what if he became violent while she was alone with him? Angela took a minute to shake her head, leaning against the coolness of the bricked hallway wall. Genji was the last person she had to fear, they had grown close since his arrival here at the base and she trusted him implicitly.

He would never- her thought had been interrupted as the door across from her swung open. Genji's red eyes trained on hers, the sweat and blood from before remained caked all over his body. For the first time since they had met, Angela almost felt afraid.

"Genji?" She asked, trying to find the man she adored in the crazed expression the cyborg wore, "You haven't washed yet?"

"I thought I heard you out here." Genji said by way of greeting. Quicker than Angela's eyes could track the movement, the man was there, a vise-like grip on the doctor's arm.

Angela was completely taken aback by Genji's forwardness, immediately she began to question just what she thought she had been doing, visiting the man so soon after he had lost control. Genji pulled her into his room and quickly shut the door. The man's quarters were dimly lit, the bathroom light on and a clean rag rested on the floor where it had been hastily thrown. Angela was puzzled by that, he hadn't cleaned Jesse's blood from himself yet. She would have to ask him why.

Genji stepped farther into the room, breathing heavily but remained silent. With his back to her, Angela could see the tension holding his shoulders at an odd angle; she had been right to be wary of him. "Are you alright, my sparrow?"
A laugh full of acid bubbled from Genji's chest, "Alright," He echoed her, "I am...not alright." His speech pattern was halting and harsh, an obvious contrast to the smooth and soft way the ninja had usually addressed the doctor.

"What is wrong? You seem-" Angela was once again interrupted by an angry laugh.

"What is wrong? What is wrong, Doctor Ziegler?," The cyborg rounded on Angela grabbing her arm tightly once again, "You of all people should know," Genji shook her lightly, punctuating his point, "You made me what I am, doctor."

"And what are you?" Angela whispered, waiting on edge for another outburst.

"A danger....a threat to everyone. To you." Genji whispered, it wasn't a soothing tone he whispered in however, and Angela found herself backing towards the door unconsciously.

"I- I think that you should get some rest, Genji. The events of the night have shaken you." Angela tried to turn to the door to open it.

"Wait. Tenshi, please do not go." Genji begged. His voice had reminded Angela of the med bay, of when the ninja had been afraid to sleep, to let her leave his side. She softened, turning back to look into his eyes. Angela was surprised to see Genji on his knees in front of her, "I do not know what's wrong with me. I don't mean..."

Angela's heart tugged painfully at the sight of Genji in so vulnerable a state, and the usage of her nickname melted the apprehension in her. Slowly she moved to stand close enough that he could wrap his arms around her knees, resting his head on the lower portion of her thighs. "Genji, you are burning up. Is your fan still oscillating?" Angela brought both of her hands into his dirty hair, scratching lightly at his heated scalp.

"It was damaged in the fight," Genji sighed, nuzzling deeper into the soft flesh of Angela's legs, "It is still functioning at half capacity. My system already alerted me that I have 48 hours until it proves a dangerous situation."

Angela looked down into his eyes, seeing the familiar coffee color that she had grown to love over these past few months. Fear dissolved, and Angela felt herself once again growing relaxed in Genji's presence. Whatever had triggered such hostility in him had run its course, at least for now. But, it would be pertinent for the doctor to take the cyborg back with her to the med bay in order to fix his fan as well as begin running tests on his molecular compositions. Angela selfishly
allowed herself a few more moments of Genji's warmth and affection; it was inappropriate, she knew but there were no eyes around to pry.

The silence around them grew tangible, carrying a charge to it, like the air before a large storm. Angela continued to comb through Genji's hair as he relaxed into her, Angela's heart sped once again, as she became painfully aware of each shift of the man's body so close to her own.

Her hand caught on a snarl of blood clotted in one of Genji's spikes, causing her to pull her hand back quickly. "You should wash yourself now that you're feeling better, and then we can commence with some testing. We'll figure out what is causing these swings soon enough. " Angela felt guilty concealing her knowledge from Genji, but she knew it was for the better of their developing relationship.

"I am afraid to look at myself in the mirror," Genji spoke quietly, "I cannot bring myself to go into the bathroom."

Angela's heart broke at the confession, she had never wanted Genji to feel this way, "Very well. I believe I have a solution, if you will allow me to help you."

Genji nodded, jostling her comically with the movement of his head against her legs, "You have my complete cooperation."

Angela smiled and gave Genji's scalp one more scratch before detaching him from her. The cyborg gave pulled a pathetic expression in his eyes, letting out an almost needy groan at the loss of contact; the noise thrilled Angela, bolstering her boldness.

"Now you sit over there," the doctor gestured to one of the all chairs placed against the standard issue kitchen counter, "I will go gather some supplies."

Genji nodded and dutifully pried himself from the floor, perching on the chair; his eyes stayed trained on Angela as she disappeared into the bathroom. He heard some shuffling, and as quickly as she had left, Angela had returned with the bucket that had rested in his small closet, the soapy water splashed against her side, soaking the cotton of her white T-shirt slightly. Genji squeezed his eyes shut, chastising himself; he would not stare at the way the wet fabric clung to her abdomen, exposing a large section of creamy skin under the translucent material. The cyborg felt his fan ticker helplessly in his chest, trying its hardest to relieve the spike in his body temperature.

Angela sat the bucket on the floor next to the sink, placing a rag on the counter above with a small
gesture, Genji understood that he was to slide his seat across the small space so that he could sit with his back to the sink. Angela helped tip his head back into the receptacle, turning the tap on and allowing the pleasantly luke-warm water to seep into the thick strands of his hair. Genji closed his eyes, enjoying the feeling of careful hands breaking up the gore, carding their way across the sensitive skin. Goosebumps rose on his good arm, all Angela would need is to look down and see just how much he was appreciating her ministrations.

The sounds of rushing water and shampoo lathering was interspersed with gentle hums spilling their way out of Angela's lips; she had been completely lost in her task. Genji listened intently, his closed eyes crinkled slightly with a smile he knew was obscured by his head gear. After another pass through with a different concoction of hygiene, Angela rubbed away the excess drops away with a towel. Genji was completely content to continue hanging his head in the sink, until he felt delicate fingers urging him to sit up; with a soft sigh, Genji complied.

"Well that wasn't so hard," Angela smiled as she tested the water in the bucket, "Now for the rest."

"Please, Angela, you have already done so much for me," Genji felt slightly embarrassed by Mercy's intent gaze on the various plates and scars that now covered his body, "I can manage on my own now."

Angela clucked her tongue and wrung out the cloth, "Please, my sparrow. Allow me to do this, you're absolutely coated and I do not want you feeling distraught at the sight of yourself." The wash cloth dripped a few cooling drops onto Genji's cybernetic hand, enticing him to give Angela the permission to wipe away the sweat and the stress of the day.

After a few moments of war within himself, Genji relented tilting his head back and closing his eyes once more, "Do with me as you wish, Tenshi."

Angela took the rag and began to wipe at the soiled plates and skin of Genji's chest. Jesse's blood came away easily under the soapy mixture, staining the bucket's contents a pinkish tint. The doctor's appraising gaze didn't miss the way Genji's breath caught as she scrubbed at a particularly stubborn clot. A needy moan escaped before the man had enough presence of mind to stop it; it had been so long since someone had touched him so intimately. A small puff of steam rose from the vent that covered his left side.

The noise made Angela dizzy, her head began to swim and her body moved a fraction closer to Genji's seated form. His legs now trapped her between them, the pistons flexing just enough to keep her trapped close to his lower body. Angela was unsure of whether or not it was an intentional action, and so she continued her work, trailing the wash cloth over the ridged plates that protected his ribs and abdominal muscles. The durable, yet thin material had been used to give Genji full feeling, a tactical move that Angela had thought would help Genji feel more human.
Now, Angela silently cursed the decision as Genji's hips twitched up marginally; she was pleased that he was enjoying this as much as she was. However, the medic worried that the stimulation would lead him to believe she had motives other than simply easing his burden, that she had taken advantage of his openness about his fears in a bid to seduce him.

Angela wrapped the cloth around the tip of her index finger, tracing the edge of the plate that covered the dip between Genji's hips. The blood had pooled there and dried in layers due to Genji's clutching of Jesse in his lap for as long as it took Angela to arrive. A louder moan escaped Genji followed by a loud outward rush of air against his communicator.

"I apologize," Genji tried his best to sound contrite rather than aroused, "It has been so long..." He tried to explain the lewd noise that had forced its way out.

"I should be the one apologizing, perhaps it is best if I let you handle the rest. I do not want to make you feel uncomfortable." Angela's cheeks flushed, her hand shaking gently as she pulled it away from the V shaped section of Genji's armor.

Genji's metallic hand gripped Angela's before he could find reason not to; he would rather die now that stop the contact between them. Cautiously he directed his legs to bring the doctor's hips ever closer to his own. "Do not worry, and do not stop, Tenshi."

The dam of Angela's self control gave way with the heated direction, and despite her better judgment, the doctor shuffled forward, trapping herself fully between Genji's synthetic thighs. Her blue eyes shone brightly, mirroring the lust in Genji's own. If only she could kiss him, trap his perfect lips between her teeth. Instead she peppered soft kisses to the deep wells of scars that painted Genji's face; briefly Angela lamented the ruining of the sparrow's perfect face, well known throughout Hanamura, before she pulled away to observe him once more. While Genji may not have looked like the man she had met, he now looked like the man she had come to love.

"I want to kiss you so badly," Genji admitted shyly, echoing Angela's thoughts, "Is there a way we can take this apparatus off for the night? not that I am implying that anything more will happen but I-.

The nervous babbling caught Angela off guard and she couldn't help the giggle that bubbled from her, "Absolutely, though there are wires to contend with, and I am afraid your lips will only be fractionally under you control," Angela traced the cool metal that covered Genji's mouth, "You will also be unable to speak."

Genji's shoulders rose and fell in a quick shrug, "I am not a man for many words, at present."
Angela pressed a kiss to the exposed bridge of Genji's nose, "Very well, though the removal will be unpleasant for a moment.

"I am ready." Genji's answer was steadfast and sure.

Delicately, Angela pushed on the clips that held the head gear together. The cathodes in Genji's forehead slid out easily, causing Genji to whimper a bit at the sensation; Angela set the visor on the counter top before speaking again, "This is going to be the worst of it."

Genji nodded but didn't verbally answer, his hands traced up and down the curve of Angela's lower back in an attempt to distract him from the feeling of the tiny microphone being pulled from his throat. Involuntarily he let out a guttural cough, wracking his body, air eeked out of the space between his wired teeth. Angela froze, afraid to hurt Genji any further; a meaningful grunt and a tightening of his grip on her back urged her on.

"I am okay." Angela could almost hear Genji's voice in her mind. He nodded once more to show he was steeled before Angela detached the lower half of the speaking apparatus from Genji. She gasped, unused to seeing the bottom half of his face; his jawline was in tact despite the heavy abuse half of his face had suffered in his fight against Hanzo. The doctor set the other half of the helmet down before tracing Genji's beautiful lips with the tip of her finger. His dark eyes bore into hers, looking for any sign of disgust.

"Beautiful." Angela whispered. Soft kisses traced the entirety of the left half of his jaw and chin, Angela had been careful not to touch the sorer right half, before she pulled away to look to Genji for permission, "I am going to kiss you now, Mr. Shimada." An enthusiastic nod from the cyborg told her all that she needed to know.

"Please." Genji whispered in her mind.

Aware of the tips of wire poking their way out from between Genji's lips, Angela slowly closed the gap between them, her own lips landed feather-light on Genji's fuller lower lip. A rumble from Genji's chest spurred her on, he was enjoying this as much as she was. Her heart pounded in her temples, hands trembling as she toyed with the dark hair at the nape of his neck.

How she had dreamed of this moment! It was better than even she could have imagined. Angela's kisses turned more forceful once she realized Genji wasn't in pain from the pressure on his jaw. His hands slid up and down her thighs, warming her to her core; his lips did their best to mold to hers, conscious of the wires scraping. This sent a shiver through Angela and she ever so gently bit
down on his bottom lip, enjoying the way Genji's body rocked up in an attempt to meet hers.

He may not have been able to express words, but the noises she pulled from him from mere kisses was enough to heat her from the inside out. Genji's grip on her became rougher as he attempted to bring Angela down to sit in his lap. She resisted however and instead began pulling away, reveling in the how absolutely entranced Genji was with her. His hair was mussed, bottom lip swollen, pupils blown wide.

"Should we take this to the other side of the room?" Angela asked softly, gesturing to the neatly made bed pushed against the wall opposite the kitchen they now occupied. Genji released a raspy groan, his own voice box still not used to the strain. rising from his seat, the cyborg swept Angela's legs from under her, catching the doctor up in his arms. Genji crossed the room in three strides, collapsing on the mattress.

Angela thought of its stiffness, how he had probably not slept much since being released from the med bay, before Genji's armored hips pressing against hers took the sense from her mind and the air from her lungs. Finally. Her body screamed, finally.

Mine. Genji's mind whispered, mine.
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

I am STILL updating this beast! Scout's honor. Once again thank you so much for the sweet comments and awesome feedback. I'm hoping to get the story back on track and moving smoothly! :)

Angela woke to two curious dark eyes scanning her face in the darkness of the dormitory room. A small smile tugged at her lips, pearled teeth just poking out from under perfect pink lips.

"Good morning, my sparrow." She sighed, nudging herself into the crook of Genji's shoulder more firmly. She could feel the gaze still on her, though more likely on the top of her head rather than on her face.

Genji hummed low, breathing in the smell of Angela's hair. The snag of metal on the silken strands pulled Angela to consciousness more firmly.

"Mein Gott, that's right," Mercy pulled herself away to study the ninja's face, "I am so sorry. Please, let me..." She shot out of the bed, tripping over her clothing on her way to grab the apparatus from where she had dropped it on the counter the night before, "How could I have forgotten?"

A large gust of air pushed itself from Genji's nose, something Angela now recognized was a laugh. He hadn't spoken in several hours, something the doctor had been loath to subject him too; to put it plainly, she missed his voice.

"Find it humorous if you'd like, If you were in pain there would be no way for you to alert me." Angela carried the equipment back to the bed, "If you don't mind..." Angela gestured for Genji to sit up more fully.

The movement caused the soft sheet to fall away from Genji's torso, pooling in his lap. The exposed skin was covered in love bites, and Angela felt her face grow hot. Memories of her tongue dancing across the scarred flesh and Genji's low growls caused her hands to shake as she reapplied the mechanical voice box-turned-mandibular brace to the cyborg.

There was a long pause and a synthetic buzzing before Genji found it possible to form words once
again, "Thank you, *Tenshi*. It is nice to communicate with you once again."

Angela noted the rough, scraping bite at the end of Genji's words. It appeared that due to disuse paired with the tangling and untangling of the wires had made the ninja's throat sore. Though, the doctor was positive her patient would never say as much.

"Are you alright, My Dear? Are you in pain?" Angela carded her hands through the unruly spikes of black poking out the top of the apparatus.

"No more than usual," the nails of Genji's good hand scraped teasingly up Angela's thigh, "I believe that last night has done more for me than any procedure ever could." He sounded smug.

Angela's face reddened, "O-oh. Is that so?"

"Hai. Though, I believe the experience could be more enjoyable." The ninja's hand moved even slower, sending goosebumps over Angela's heating flesh.

"I am all ears, but I must say that the prospect remains impossible to me." Angela ran her hands lovingly over the man's newly unarmored abdomen. The plates had given them quite the struggle the night previous, but the last clunking to the floor had sounded what Angela could only describe as 'relief'.

"If I could kiss you, without wires, or limited movement, I could show you that it isn't impossible." Genji tilted his body up into Angela's hand more firmly.

"Oh yes. I should begin constructing a new jaw immediately," Angela pulled away, too taken with the task at hand, "So that it can be installed along with the repairs to your fan."

Genji tried desperately to tug the doctor back into his bed, already missing the contact, "My system has informed me that I have 30 hours until the venting becomes an issue. Is there any way we can make use of just a few more of these hours first?"

Angela laughed as she tugged on her hoodie, "Every minute we waste, we run the risk of your situation turning critical. Once the necessary upgrades have been made there will be much more time for...other activities."
Genji sighed dramatically, apparatus crackling at the whoosh of air being fed through it, "Very well. If you must go, I ask for one thing."

Angela crossed back to where Genji now kneeled, "Anything for you."

"A kiss before you go." Genji's eyes were lit, a peace Angela had never seen before radiated there.

"Very well." Angela smiled, tilting her head until Genji met it with his own forehead. It wasn't what either of them truly wanted, but it would be enough for now.

With one more wistful glance, Angela turned and headed out of Genji's quarters.

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"The arm is mostly completed." Thomas' voice reached Angela's ears through the intercom, "We also received the schematics you sent over for Shimada's new jaw and fan upgrade. Do you have a specific timeline for those?"

Angela could hear the edge in the engineer's voice, probably because he had been recalling the last time they had to work on parts of Genji's anatomy. That had been one all-nighter Angela knew had taken her two-man engineering team time to recover from.

"As soon as possible." Angela tried to make her tone kind rather than urging.

Of course her desire for Genji's new jaw was not 100% altruistic, and so there was an ounce of shame in speeding the process along. If it took the team a few days, then Angela could do nothing more than be patient, less she seem selfish.

"We can have it done by tomorrow morning," Thomas sounded confident, more excited than put out at the prospect of yet another project. "The arm won't take us much longer at all. Besides, we know how much it means to you to have Genji functioning at full capacity."

"How much it means?" Angela was genuinely curious at the implication. Had she been that careless?
"Well, I mean, you kind of saved his life and rebuilt him from the ground up. So...we get it."
Thomas backed off, deciding that maybe calling his boss on her crush would be seen as unprofessional.

"Thank you, Engineer Thomas." Angela didn't keep the smile from her voice, "I will prep for surgery at 10 am. Please let me know later if that is doable."

"Affirmative." Thomas hung the phone up then.

A small grunt on the other side of the room pulled Angela from her current task of typing out the injuries sustained the night before. Gabriel and Genji's were minimal; just cuts, bruises, and of course the malfunctioning venting system. Jesse and Jack's however were much more extensive.

Angela pulled her eyes to where Jesse and Jack lay in various states of recovery. Gabriel had abandoned the medical wing in favor of creating a detailed report for Angela regarding just what he had done to Genji. It was the Blackwatch commander's own form of an apology, Reyes was never a man to sit idly aside. Jack had propped himself half-up in his bed, studying the room with curious, bright eyes.

"I never thought I'd be so happy to be in the Med-Bay." His voice was hoarse, but light.

"Jack! So good to see you awake," Angela crossed the room quickly, "How are you feeling?"

"I almost feel better than I did when I was taken," Jack chuckled at his joke, but winces when his still-healing ribs pull, "Honestly though, I'm just ready to get back to work."

"In my medical opinion, Commander, it would be better for you to take it easy for just a while more." Angela pressed a hand against the soft blue shirt Gabriel had picked out, "Gabriel will not be pleased if you injure yourself trying to run a drill or the like."

"Ah, Gabriel knows who he married, Ange," Jack's gaze wandered around the room once more, settling on Jesse, "Oh man. What happened to him?"

"There was an accident during your extraction mission," Angela tried to remain indifferent to Jesse's suffering, afraid to upset Morrison so soon after his waking.
"What the hell kind of accident would just take McCree's arm like that?" Jack began to push himself up more fully in order to get a better look.

"Well, it appears that Genji was unable to control his new limbs while faced with formidable opponents. I believe that with some therapy; both physical and mental however, both Jesse and Genji can make complete recoveries." Angela's voice was tight. Keeping Gabriel's involvement with the whole scenario a secret had been her main promise, and the doctor intended to keep it.

"Shimada did this?" Jack couldn't keep the surprise from his voice, "Maybe we should terminate this new 'weapons program' sooner rather than later," Angela stood stunned and Jack continued unaware of the tension in her shoulders, "It was always a possibility that he would turn on us."

"It was not his fault, Morrison. Ask Gabriel. He headed the team." At that Angela turned on her heel and made for the door. Jesse wouldn't be up for a few more hours thanks to the powerful sedative administered, and Angela couldn't care less if Jack sat for a few hours bored out of his wits.

"Ange. Wait!" The Commander called back, "I'm sorry. I know these things are...sensitive for you. Please forgive me."

Angela stopped, back still turned, "What do you want, Commander?"

"A few field reports and my laptop would be... nice?" Jack sounded apologetic enough that Angela allowed him a measure of mercy.

"I will retrieve your things from your quarters. Though if you talk about terminating anyone without ground I will be forced to take them away under medical pretenses." Angela's voice was stony.

"Understood." Jack answered, opting to keep his thoughts about Genji Shimada to himself.

It was obvious enough that the Yakuza Prince had become fast friends with the doctor of Overwatch; something Jack would have to look into more. When he was well enough, of course. For now, the Commander looked forward to catching up on the two weeks' worth of work he no doubt had piling up. He also made a mental note to check in with Amari regarding the proposal of the PETRAS Act, and whether or not the organization had managed to clear its name long enough to continue hunting the Shimada internationally.
Angela made her way to Morrison's office, careful to avoid the rest of the team on her trek. She had been on edge lately, so much so that the doctor worried she would snap on one of the more unsuspecting members of Overwatch. The monitor lights flickered on as soon as Angela stepped into the room, lighting the office in a bright blue glow. Angela grabbed for the top of the large stack on Morrison's desk, accidentally bumping the mouse in the process. Strangely, the desktop opened as though it had been running all this time. A few files were opened and overlapping on the screen.

Curiosity got the better of Angela as she found herself moving closer to the open program; it appeared to be an email thread between the Blackwatch and Overwatch Commanders, as well as the head of the Security Council for the United Nations. The correspondence was dated at six months ago, when she and Reyes had been in Japan on their recruiting mission. Unable to contain the urgency inside of her, Angela began to scroll through the thread.

Subject: Shimada Recruitment and Upgraded Weaponry Division

From: UNSC Admin <"unsc.gov@privateserver.gov">  
Date: May, 20, 2068  
To: Strike Commander Morrison <"Cmd.J.Morrison@Overwatchdiv.gov">  

Commander J. Morrison-

As per your second in command, Commander Reyes, there are efforts underway to turn and possibly recruit Sojiro Shimada's second son, Genji Shimada. Such actions are seen as reckless, as well as underhanded. Taking a Yakuza prince into the fold can only end badly for all involved, and I will be forced to further push for the signing of the PETRAS Act. Overwatch was created to be an organization that protects the public from those threatening humanity. Namely; Rogue Omics. The Shimada family, while a thorn in the international community's side, doesn't pose much threat to peace. Adding a member to the operation, especially one known for assassinations and intelligence ops. could prove detrimental to global security. We also fail to see just how you would coerce the man into agreeing to have such enhancements done. It is at this time that the Security Council begs you to reconsider such rash undertaking.
All-

While your concerns are valid, it is the view of the Overwatch Community that the destruction of the Shimada Clan from the inside would be most recommended. Omniums are daily being claimed by the Yakuza, and there are whispers of a second Omnic Crisis happening so soon after the first. It would be a shame to have created such an effective organization, only to have it sit aside while illicit activities are committed daily and the threat of another apocalypse hangs over us all. I will be attaching a logistics report done by Commander Reyes in the hopes that perhaps we can reach an agreement.

Angela continued to scroll through the emails, noting that there was a fifty page report created by Gabriel attached to a following email, along with several CCTV camera's footage of omnics springing to life, or terrorizing small village communities in Japan. Angela covered her mouth with her hand, horrified at such violence being carried out while the United Nations turned a blind eye. It made sense to the doctor, now more than ever that Reyes and Morrison would be so frustrated with the Shimada family. Unsettling however, was the mention of enhancements being done to Genji, even before his 'murder'. Something wasn't adding up, and Angela hoped to get to the bottom of it during her reading. Something in the back of her mind told her to pay attention to the sounds in the hall, lest she get caught snooping through the Commander's terminal. The next few emails in the chain were nothing of import, mostly just Morrison and the U.N Admin continuing their back and forth debate regarding Genji, as well as mentions of herself and Gabriel and their stay in Hanamura.
As I am sure you have already seen on the news, the Shimada family suffered an incident last night at their Hanamura residence. It appears that the eldest son, Hanzo, had been convinced of Genji's betrayal to the clan, and has since struck his brother down. Commander Reyes will send you the exact methods used to 'help Hanzo along' in his decision making. Overwatch's resident Doctor, Angela Ziegler, (Mercy) has since scraped up what is left of the Shimada and is now attempting to stabilize the patient. As promised, we have opened an avenue in which to turn Genji towards a more sympathetic path regarding the organization. We ask for express permission to continue the Upgraded Weaponry Division ploy (as explained by Commander Reyes).

Angela began to feel her stomach turn. Hanzo's anger, the murder of Genji Shimada...it had all been orchestrated by Overwatch. Angela had been surprised at Hanzo's outburst that cool June night, sure that he had misunderstood the meetings she and Genji had been having. It had been clear from the beginning that the youngest Shimada had no intentions of joining Overwatch, something of which Hanzo had been convinced otherwise.

Subject: Shimada Recruitment and Upgraded Weaponry Division-Reply

From: UNSC Admin <"unsc.gov@privateserver.gov"

Date: June, 3, 2068

To: Strike Commander Morrison <"Cmd.J.Morrison@Overwatchdiv.gov">

Morrison-

Given. Should the program go wrong, it falls on Overwatch to terminate.

Angela felt nauseous. It had been their fault. All of it. Every bad thing that had happened to Genji Shimada since the summer had been because of Overwatch. While the intentions may have been good, everything Reyes and Morrison had done up until this point had been underhanded, shady in a way that perhaps rivaled the Shimada Clan. A shuffling of feet down the hall caused Angela to jump, and quickly she pressed the shutdown key, trying her best to leave the computer exactly as she had found it.
The doctor grabbed the reports she had meant to deliver to Jack some time ago, and dashed out the door, tossing her head back and forth frantically, paranoid that someone may have seen her leave. Shoes scuffed on the tiled floor, and Angela's eyes locked on with the figure watching her from down the hall.

She had been caught red-handed.

"So as you can see, Fareeha, I was only grabbing these reports on the order of Jack." Angela tried to explain while walking with the youth to the elevator.

The young Amari girl had been curious, though not accusing and for that Angela was grateful.

Fareeha cracked a toothy grin, "I know, Angel. I was just teasing you," the cadet reached for some of the mass of papers Angela had been holding, "I haven't seen you around in so long. I've been worried."

Angela was genuinely touched that her absence hadn't been going unnoticed among the team, "I've just been very busy these past months, trying to help Genji and now Jesse requires a lot of treatment..." Angela trailed off at the worried expression on her young friend's face.

"Jesse's hurt?" Fareeha began to pick up the pace to the medical wing.

"He was. He's...alright now. Just resting. There was a Blackwatch mission last night and things went a little...awry." Angela's tone was soothing, despite the storm currently throwing around her insides. Too much. She had learned too much for one day.

"Can I see him?" Fareeha jabbed the button to the recovery room harder than necessary. Angela made a mental note to watch the teen for signs of anxiety and rash behavior as she became an adult.

"Of course. But remember that he is under a powerful anesthetic. He only lost his arm last night, and would be in a great deal of pain if I were to wake him now." Angela tried her best to keep with with the cadet as she raced to the recovery room.
"Is he gonna have an arm like Genji’s?" The girl called back from the door way. Angela had to give her credit for attempting to wait.

"I suppose so." The Doctor crossed the threshold.

Fareeha had already dumped her load of papers onto Jack’s side table. Angela came over and set the rest down into a neat stack. The medic was careful to avoid Jack’s gaze, to train her expression into one of slight amusement at the teen's antics, rather than horror at what she'd discovered earlier.

"That's kind of awesome. I bet my aim will be better now, though." Fareeha said wistfully, grabbing the Blackwatch agent's remaining hand between her own smaller ones.

"I wouldn't be too sure." Angela smirked for real this time, Even with Jesse gravely injured, the contest continued.

Angela had been too busy watching Fareeha to see Jack studying her.
Kind of a more Jesse-centric chapter. I'm starting to wrap everything up now. Sorry for not updating. I had to work out the plot of this bad boy, and now I think I have a pretty good outline. I've also decided that this is going to be a Part One to a series. So, I'm going to end this fic just after the explosion on base. The second part will start up with the pre-recall post-fall era. I hope that's okay with you guys. The story is just getting too long!

Thank you SO much for all of the kind words and support. This is the longest fic I've ever written!! :)

Genji felt as though he were floating on air; had things with Angela truly progressed to such a state? He thought back to the loving caresses tracing over his face, resting without fear on the many scars that now marked his body. It was...unexpected, and Genji was grateful to the doctor for neither showing disgust nor ignoring his newly acquired imperfections. That sense of adoration and acceptance had been a quality Genji found himself loving more and more about Angela.

He swung his sword idly, feeling the balance in his hand. The steel weighted heavily, familiar in his palm, yet he still felt horribly off. The training yard was bustling, busy with the activity of new recruits running drills. Gabriel and Jack stood off to the side, chatting idly while looking over a data tablet. Their eyes would flicker to where the cyborg had been practicing new techniques with his weapon; no doubt interested in how his strength would now affect his performance. They made Genji's skin crawl, not to say that he didn't like Commander Reyes, it was just...something seemed...off about the pair since the Blackwatch mission to Gibraltar. The ninja felt the ice hot prick of rage in the back of his throat and tried his damnedest to will it away. His fan whirred helplessly in his chest, trying to filter out the extra spike in temperature before it could kill him. His system helpfully dinged in his skull, listing 13 hours before catastrophic meltdown occurred.

Sharp clicks of low heels echoing through the hallway on his left drew his attention from the commanders and lifted his spirits considerably; Angela. Genji opened his eyes and sheathed his blade, trying his best not to run to the source of the noise. The doctor's blonde head popped around the corner, her eyes no doubt scanning for him. Genji felt his cheeks tug up into a smile under his visor.

“Angela. Unexpected to see you out this way. Looking for someone?” Genji tried to keep his tone light, as though the violent pink shocks of light weren't painting the backs of his eyelids.

“Actually, my Sparrow, I was looking for you.” Angela smiled widely, her cheeks colored a light rose.
Genji smirked, this was the first time they had seen each other since they had shared their night together. It had been exactly 30 hours ...not that he was keeping count. “Missing me, Tenshi?”

Angela’s blue eyes widened, catching the light of the sun in them. It made Genji’s knees weak, if that were even still possible. “I have wonderful news. Your new mandible is ready. I’ve also taken the liberty of upgrading your oscillation system. I know we’re running short on time. I apologize for not seeing you the last day. I’ve been busy checking on Jesse and fine-tuning both his new arm and your fan.”

Genji noted the change in Angela’s tone; her excuse was flimsy at best. Something was bothering the medic, but the cyborg wouldn’t pry. Perhaps she was feeling guilty about being with a patient in such an intimate way. Angela was, as far as Genji could tell, a true professional; and he was sure that they had broken many portions of her oaths. He nodded absently, following her through the shining corridors of the Overwatch headquarters to the medic wing.

Ana met the pair in the hallway, talking angrily in Arabic into a cellphone. Genji caught Fareeha’s name and wondered idly if it was the girl’s father. When they passed the Second Commander of Overwatch she stopped her arguing and offered a genial, but knowing smile. Genji gave a little wave, feeling silly almost as soon as his hand made the motion. The sniper nodded to him before turning her attention once again to her call.

Genji had always liked her. He shook his head and tried to pay attention to Angela’s footsteps. The ninja was exceedingly glad that she had come for him, he had missed her more than he thought possible. Genji’s body felt hot, his mind slipping into daydreaming while he walked; images of the other night played themselves out. His system dinged again, telling him that his temperature had spiked into dangerous levels.

Angela cleared her throat, pulling Genji back to the present. He was sitting in a hospital gown, sans all cybernetic limbs, his brain trying to sluggishly keep up with what the doctor was saying.

“You body is becoming heavily taxed by the damage to your chest. You’re running an incredibly high fever, so I know you’re feeling a bit groggy,” Angela’s hand was cool on Genji’s neck, “I just wanted you to know that you’re going to wake up a bit confused after the surgery...just remember I’m taking care of you.”

Genji felt his mouth try to twist into a smile, he no doubt looked odd without the headgear to cover the attempt. Trying to smother his embarrassment, Genji pulled Angela in, carefully meeting his lips to hers. The shocks to his system were pleasant enough, but he needed more. The ninja tried to pull the doctor into his hospital bed, needy noises scratching through his throat.
Angela laughed lightly, pressing a hand against his chest, “You are only going to make it worse if you do that,” a cool hand swiped its way through his hair, “I need you to just behave long enough for me to put you under.”

Genji nodded, head feeling wobbly as the injection of anesthetic worked its way through his blood.

Jesse McCree wasn’t one to scare easily, in fact, he reckoned he was so fearless he was probably bordering on stupid, but you wouldn’t get him to admit that; the pathetic whimper that met his ears, though, was definitely his, signaling that he was finally breaking through to consciousness. Blinking his eyes a few times to try and pull reality into a more concrete form in front of him, the cowboy attempted to sit up. When the room stopped spinning, Jesse took in his surroundings; he was in the medbay, hooked up to more I.Vs than he could count, and his left arm was making a whirring noise. That was a little strange.

Jesse lifted his arm, inspecting the shining metal in the fluorescent lighting, “Huh.” he shrugged and wiggled the newly crafted fingers, “That’s new.”

A chuckle at his right caught his attention, and Gabriel Reyes came to stand at the foot of his recovery bed. “Do you remember what happened?”

Jesse wracked his brain, trying to remember just how in the hell he managed to wind up here...again. Images of dragons and blood slicked mud made his head swim, “Gibraltar...Shimadas,” His eyes began to widen, “Oh shit. Genji… is he…?” He couldn’t bring himself to finish the question, panicked brown eyes searched the Blackwatch Commander’s face.

“Settle down, mijo. He’s alright. Hell, he’s probably better than alright.” Gabriel pushed Jesse’s feet over gently, taking the space they had just been occupying.

“Watcha mean, Boss?” The last Jesse had seen of their newest recruit, it didn’t look too good.

“Angie went to check on him that night after the fight. Ana waited near her quarters to talk to her about the mission, try to calm her down, but the Doc. n ever came back.” Gabriel’s scars twisted into an amused smirk, as though that information didn’t feel like a punch to the gut for his second in command.
“Whaddya mean...Reyes...are they?” Jesse felt that little green monster trying to bust out of his chest.

“No one can say for sure, but I’d put some money on it…but that’s not important,” Gabe sighed, “Well I guess it is...kind of.”

Jesse stared blankly at his commander’s face, trying to catch on. Gabriel was thankful that the kid opted out of asking a thousand questions.

“See...Angie’s in danger. We all kind of are...and that’s...” Gabe dragged a hand down his face, “It’s all my fault mijo, and this time I need your help cleaning up my mess.”

“Unless ya played matchmaker and Genji is secretly a fiend I’m failin’ to see a connection between those two hookin’ up and you.” Jesse was growing irritated. He’d never seen Reyes look so...unsure before like he was afraid to continue the conversation. Which, Jesse wouldn’t fault him for that, Gabe knew how much Jesse loved Angela. Probably wanted to break the news before Jesse saw for himself, which is a tough job for anyone to do.

“It’s not that. Jesse, I messed up. Big time. I was under orders...I guess,” Gabe groaned, “I might have accidentally fucked up Genji’s...well...everything.”

“I’m just gonna shut my trap and hope I have a better understandin’ by the end’a this.” Jesse’s good hand pulled at his facial hair. It had actually started growing in pretty nicely since he’d been out. Maybe he’d keep it that way.

It took about 45 solid minutes of Reyes stumbling through the events of the last few months from his perspective until this very conversation for Jesse to catch up. The cowboy took a deep breath in, trying to process the information, “So yer tellin’ me that you basically doped Genji up on all kinda stuff...hoped to brainwash him into destroyin’ his family before destroyin’ himself, all under the orders of the U.N., and now Darlin’s caught in the middle’a it all because she’s got feelin’s for him?”

Gabriel leaned over on the bed, resting his chin on his hand, the crouch made him look years younger, and that was almost as frightening as the story he’d just been told. Reyes stayed quiet though, letting Jesse work it all out.
“I mean...that’s...pretty dramatic, I reckon. N’now ya gotta find a way t’fix him before he snaps one night and just...kills my best friend, and probably the rest of us after he falls into Hanzo’s hands?” Jesse felt laughter bubbling in his chest. This all seemed like a work of fiction, “Ya sure yer mind just isn’t clear since Jack’s been gone and you two haven’t...ya know?”

Gabriel’s tired expression turned severe, “Alright cowboy, enough. Angela is in danger. We are in danger. Genji is in danger. Are you coming with me to Oasis or not?”

“Count me in, boss.” Jesse’s right hand stroked the metal of his left. He’d give up a lot more than an arm to protect his family, “Gotta say though, I’m surprised Jack’s been planning it all since before you and Angie went to Hanamura. Always thought it was weird that Hanzo attacked Genji without a solid ‘I quit’ from ‘em.”

“Yeah, convincing Hanzo that Genji had betrayed his family was difficult,” Gabriel pulled the beanie from his head and rubbed it through the short, curling strands, “I wanted to run this by Angela before we set out though. I promised her no more secrets, and what’s more we need to make sure you’re cleared to go.”

As if on queue, Angela came wheeling Genji into the room. The doctor stopped short when she saw the two Blackwatch agents conspiring at the far end of the room. Once Genji’s bed was in place and her team had finished hooking him up to the necessary monitoring machines, the doctor made her way over.

“From my experience seeing you two together almost always ends in someone needing stitches.” Angela was in good spirits, Jesse was awake and alert and Genji’s surgery had been textbook. Despite the mess going on within Overwatch’s ranks, it was a good day. The doctor wanted to be angry with Gabriel for not divulging the U.N.’s true intentions, but she had been mentally blaming Jack Morrison; Jack had been the one pushing the entire ‘Flip Genji Shimada and Then Kill Him’ operation.

“Ange, we gotta talk.” Gabriel sighed.

Jesse slid over in his bed, patting the space beside him. The cowboy was more than a little surprised that she came so willingly, Jesse decided to push her relationship with Genji to the back of his mind. Besides, her arm was warm against the cool metal of his own; a weird but pleasant sensation. Is this how it felt when she touched Genji? Right. Not the time. His brain argued. He turned his attention back to the conversation between Angela and Gabriel.

“I think I’ve found a way to save Genji,” Gabriel’s shoulders relaxed slightly at how receptive the doctor looked, “I have a...friend in Oasis. She specializes in genetics and biochemistry and
everything. But she’s not held by the red tape that you are...” he trailed off as Angela caught his meaning.

“Her experimentation is illegal?” Angela covered her frown with her hand. Anything to save Genji, “Are you sure it’s safe?”

“She’s a professional, I promise. She just has...odd ways of doing things. I’m almost positive I can get her to join Blackwatch. But I need to take at least Jesse with me. Is he cleared to go? No combat. I actually mean that this time.” Gabriel pulled on one of the curls at the top of his head.

Angela felt panic rising in her. She had just gotten Jesse healed, had just gotten him back and now Gabriel wanted to take him away again. The doctor gripped her friend’s hand tightly, “He is. But I wish to go with you both.”

Jesse shook his head, finally chiming in, “Uh-uh, Darlin’. If Gabe says we can trust her than we can. But on the off chance that she’s dangerous I don’t want ya anywhere near her. ‘sides, Genji’ll be up after his surgery and he’ll need ya to teach him how to use that fancy new jaw of his.”

Of course Jesse wanted nothing more than to have Angela with him, focused on a mission rather than her developing feelings, but he knew the dread that hit a man after coming out of unconsciousness; new how much Genji needed their angel.

Angela sagged visibly, of course Jesse was right. She always hated when he was, “Very well. Just both of you please be...cautious. If Jesse comes back with even a scratch on him he’s going into stasis for a while.” The medic tried to make her tone light, but the joke fell short. The Blackwatch agents laughed anyway.

“Well, I’m off to go make up some bullshit story to tell Jack about where we’ll be,” Gabe stood, stretching his back out, “Jesse meet me out by the hangar when you’re all set here.”

“Will do, Boss. Have fun lyin’ to yer husband.” Jesse loved stirring the pot.

“Why are you always such a little shit, McCree?” Reyes chuckled.

“Ya love me anyway.” Jesse called to his commander’s retreating form.
Once Gabriel was gone from the medbay things became silent, there was no noise other than Jesse and Angela’s breathing and the sound of Genji’s machines beeping in the background. The only other time Angela could remember things being awkward between Jesse and herself had been when he first arrived on base. He had been a different person, then, a scrappy youth making dirty suggestions to a fledgling doctor. His apology a few months later had been something so horribly bumbling that Angela took pity on the boy, promising to be his friend if he’d just shut his mouth.

Jesse, ever the brazen one, breaks the quiet first, “I know bout it. Gabe said he’d figured as much.”

Bright blue eyes stood out against the stark red of the blush on her cheekbones as the doctor tried to stutter out an explanation, “I...how embarrassing...it didn’t start out like this. I just-he just.” She had never been so inarticular in her life.

“S’alright darlin’ I don’t need a dog and pony show ‘bout it,” The fingers on Jesse’s good hand toyed with Angela’s slim ones, “But I can’t say that I’m not a lil disappointed.”

Angela cringed inwardly, here it came; the conversation about her horrid un-professionalism and apparent Florence Nightengale tendencies, “I am sorry Jesse. I let the organization down with my...transgressions.”

“The organization? Girl, what are ya on about?” Jesse couldn’t help the bubble of laughter that ripped its way out of his chest.

“I have become enamored with a patient. That is highly frowned upon in the medical community. Especially given that I am the sole attending physician on base.” Angela’s ears were on fire.

Jesse grabbed both of the doctor’s hands tightly, causing her to turn her head to face him more fully. “Darlin’ I could give a damn ‘bout that. I’m more hurtin’ over...well ya see...how could ya not know by now, Angie?” His brown eyes were sad, doe-like. It broke Angela’s heart.

“Know what?” Angela was confused. She hated the look on Jesse’s face, one of her hands worked free, coming to rest on Jesse’s cheek.

“That I-well, I love ya darlin’ always have. I’m just not good ‘bout expressin’ things like this,” Jesse groaned, trying to work out what to say, “I know we’re good friends...best friends, even,
and I wouldn’t trade that for anythin’. I just wanted you t’know. Just in case there was ever a chance that you could—” he was rambling, and he knew it.

“Oh. Jesse,” Angela felt like crying. She didn’t want to hurt her cowboy, but she had to set the record straight. There had always been something unspoken between them, and of course she’d considered it. But there was Genji now, and she loved him.

“I know what yer gonna say, so let’s just leave it with this,” Jesse tugged Angela forward, locking her into what would be their very first kiss with Jesse’s feelings exposed, and probably their very last kiss now that Angela’s heart belonged to someone else.

“A very good way to leave it.” Angela whispered. They sat for a few more moments, before the doctor gently untangled herself from Jesse’s heavy limbs, “Time to get you ready for Gabriel.” She wandered over to her desk in a daze, beginning to start the release forms for the Blackwatch agent.

Jesse was glad Angela’s back was turned; he’d never wanted her to see him wiping a tear away.
Chapter 23

Hanzo Shimada had been beside himself with regret and rage since Genji’s ‘death’. Seeing his younger brother alive and...well had been a shock; seeing the Sparrow flip a car with his feet had been something else entirely. Overwatch had definitely done something to him since that last night in Hanamura, something inhuman. When the beautiful idiot, McCree he believed, had jumped in the way of Genji and his dragon, the younger Shimada hadn’t even flinched, just continued his assault on Hanzo. It had been terrifying to watch, and Hanzo had actually felt himself feeling a bit of sympathy for the cowboy; the eldest brother had stayed long enough to see Genji’s blade pierce through the cowboy’s left arm.

Now that Hanzo was sure that Genji was alive to some capacity, and enhanced to the point of omnic status, the Shimada leader was formulating a plan. There had to be some way to bring Genji home, away from the influence of Overwatch, a way to explain his actions in Hanamura, to use Genji’s new found abilities to help protect their family. The clan’s cyber-warfare specialists, hackers as Hanzo had so badly wanted to refer to them as, had finally cracked into the Overwatch email server. There appeared to be a lot of correspondence regarding the PETRAS Act between the three commanders; Jack Morrison, Gabriel Reyes, and Ana Amari. Nothing really of interest had been reported through the last few months, until Hanzo’s eyes scanned through a thread from May.

He sipped at his tea, eyes scanning the communications between Jack Morrison and the UNSC official. Just as the archer had feared, Overwatch had nothing but sinister intentions for his little brother. The tea became lodged in his windpipe as he read the final email regarding the Overwatch Organic Weapons Program. “Terminate” standing out most. They were more than willing to take away Genji’s humanity, use him as a weapon, and then murder him; it was despicable, it was exactly why Hanzo had fought so hard to keep Genji in Hanamura in the first place. The blonde nurse hadn’t helped much in that aspect, Hanzo was no fool, he saw the way she and his brother had been cuddled up together before the argument broke out in the pagoda.

Hanzo felt the guilt squeeze at his throat once more; that night was now his greatest shame. Though, he secretly wished he’d succeeded, at least Genji wouldn’t be in the danger he is now. News headlines flashed in the archer’s imagination, “Genji Shimada of the Famed Yakuza Family Killed in Fight with Overwatch Agents; Suspected of Betrayal” or something of the like. His brother’s reputation would be sullied; a traitor to both his family and the organization should he lose his temper the way he had in Gibraltar. Hanzo flipped through the datapad looking for any hint of an out for his brother, or maybe even just more information about what the hell they’d done to him.

Finally, Hanzo found the report from the Blackwatch Commander; it had a markup of everything they’d given Genji during his recovery period. He sent it to the Shimada medics and scientist division, if anyone could find a way to stabilize his brother it would be them. Now there was just the issue of extraction; Genji was safely tucked behind the enemy lines, and after barely escaping
the headquarters once Hanzo was loath to return to the base.

The disdain Jack Morrison had for Genji had been plain from the beginning of the discussions with the U.N about the ninja; perhaps Hanzo could use that to his benefit. Still panicked at the revelation that Overwatch planned to do away with Genji after the archer and the remainder of the clan was destroyed led Hanzo to do something rash. He grabbed for one of the many burner phones in his possession and dialed one of the numbers listed under Jack Morrison’s electronic signature; his personal phone line. Maybe Hanzo could cut a deal with the Overwatch leader, maybe he could save his little brother, apologize for the fight they’d had, and save the Shimada empire in the process.

Genji felt the familiar fight or flight response that came with coming out of a deep sleep. He must have been getting used to it now, or perhaps his body burned through the anesthesia quicker now, because he managed to swallow down the panic. Instead, the cyborg focused on the bright blue eyes curiously studying his face.

“Are you in pain, my Sparrow?” Angela gently traced the skin...no, the metal of his chin. The sensation was amazing, more intense than it had been after he had removed the visor the other night, his jaw now more sensitive than the burned skin that had been there before.

Genji shook his head and brought his hand up to touch Angela’s before tracing the odd rubbery-steel that now made up the entire bottom portion of his mouth. His bottom lip was gone now as well, replaced by the new flesh, but upon feeling the synthetic whorls of his fingertips, Genji decided the added nerve endings were better than the original.

“The nanites in your blood have all but healed the site. You should be able to talk, but try to be slow when first opening your mouth. Your muscles aren’t used to that movement anymore and might feel stiff.” Angela’s smile was wide, excited.

Genji flexed his jaw slowly, opening and closing his mouth a few times to get used to the action once again. There was a slight pulling at the junctions near his temples, but it was tolerable. Genji stayed silent however, listening to Angela describe the procedure in avid detail. The cyborg pulled up the diagnostics program, scanning through the readings that had been recorded since the surgery. He had been out a few hours, and it appeared that whatever upgrades Angela and her team had made to his fan were creating an even higher efficiency than before he sustained damage. With only an error margin of .002% Genji was more than impressed with his angel’s work.

The doctor’s hands traced over the metallic knuckles of his left hand, causing the violent jolts to surge through his gut and behind his eyes once again. Without another thought Genji grabbed for
Angela, dragging her on top of him. Using his newly formed mouth, Genji carefully placed his lips against Angela’s moaning at the heightened feeling on his bottom lip. The doctor carded her hands through his hair, free of the visor that had kept them from running over its full length. When she didn’t scold him for being so brash in her workplace, Genji couldn’t help but bring his hands to run all over every inch of her figure that he could reach. Had he died during his surgery, he decided this is exactly what his heaven would have looked like.

Genji’s brain was in overdrive, running through the possible situations they could find themselves in while the rest of the team was occupied elsewhere. Perhaps that was the reason that his mind couldn’t stop the words that tumbled out of his parted lips, “I love you, Tenshi. I...know that it may be too much for you right now, but I do. I will wait a lifetime for you to feel the same, do not rush. But, I did not want to waste the opportunity to tell you now,” He pulled her closer to him, resting his chin on the top of her head, “I don’t want there to be secrets between us..things left unsaid when the Shimada come for us.”

Angela felt equal parts amazed and ashamed at Genji’s confession. She was overjoyed that he reciprocated her feelings, but she still held the secret of his body from him. To hide her slight frown the doctor brought her lips back to Genji’s smothering whatever else it was that he had wanted to say. Another word and the dam would break, Angela would tell Genji everything that had been going on while he tried to heal.

“I love you too, my Sparrow.” Angela whispered, opening her mouth more fully for Genji to claim.

There was a sweetness to his touches then, as though he had been struggling deep within himself to keep his passion restrained. This wasn’t something to rush through in the hopes of reliving their activities from a few nights previous. Relief washed through the cyborg as Angela’s own admission.

“Thank God,” Genji couldn’t help the emotion that captured him. He was loved, broken man that he was. Angela loved him. Despite his uncontrolled rage and many, many scars. The ninja pulled himself away long enough to look into Angela’s eyes more intently, “How lucky I am to have you love me despite everything.”

Genji leaned in for another kiss, only to be stopped by Angela’s hands gently pushing against his chest. “Wait. My love, before we continue...this. I have something else that I must tell you. It’s so very important.”

Genji shook his head, “There’s time for that later. I’m afraid that my system is reading increasingly elevated levels of testosterone and other hormones associated with arousal. We cannot delay or I fear that I will combust.”
Angela let out a small laugh at the pathetic attempt on Genji’s behalf, but continued to press the issue. “It cannot wait, my love.”

“Maybe it can.” Jesse’s voice echoed through the quiet of the room. Gabriel cleared his throat loudly as he trailed behind the cowboy.

“How embarrassing.” Angela groaned as she untangled herself from Genji’s limbs.

“I agree.” A woman’s voice spoke from behind the two Blackwatch agents. A tall and thin figure walked to the forefront outstretching her hand to Angela and Genji, “I am Moira. Geneticist and scientist.”

Genji’s eyes widened as he tried to shake the lust from clouding his thoughts. He ignored Moira in favor of studying Jesse instead. The cowboy was up and walking around. If it weren’t for the gleam of metal under his now turned serape, Genji could almost pretend that everything that had happened at Gibraltar had been a nightmare.

“Jesse. You’re looking much better than you had the last time I’d seen you. Words cannot express how sorrr-” Genji began guilt punched him powerfully in the gut.

“No need t’worry pardner. I should be thankin’ ya. This hand is way better for work than the old’n.” Jesse offered Genji a smile, but the cyborg didn’t miss the touch of sadness in his gaze. Genji followed his friend’s eyes to the clasp of Angela and Genji’s hands; ah, so Angela must have outwardly rebuffed Jesse’s romantic feelings. Genji hoped she’d been gentle with him, but of course she was; Angela had no other nature.

Genji tried to fight back the rage swimming to the surface; vivid memories of the Gibraltar incident started playing themselves out. Angela squeezed his hand tighter, trying to pull his attention back to the present. “Jokes aside. I haven’t stopped trying to rationalize why I reacted the way that I did. So violent. I didn’t care if you were killed in that moment,” Genji took a deep breath, “In that moment all I wanted was for Hanzo to stop breathing.”

“Ah so you’re the one with the temper problem.” Moira casually moved towards Genji, putting him within range of her strange implants, “It’s just as you’ve told me, Gabriel. It does appear that the serum measurements are wildly out of control. It’s a wonder he hasn’t tried to kill us during the duration of this touching apology.”
Genji shifted in the bed, suddenly feeling that burn again. This redhead scientist just walked into the room and began spouting nonsense. His hormone balances were reading even in his own implants, of course they were elevated while Angela was on top of him, whose wouldn’t be? But now this Irishwoman stared down at him as though he were a feral animal.

“Ah, his core temperature is raising and the steroids are being bolstered by the excess adrenaline. He’s poising to attack me,” Genji’s shirukien port opened, punctuating what Moira had been saying. “Angela, I recommend abandoning his side for the moment. It is easy to see why you didn’t want him on a field mission now.”

Angela gave Genji an apologetic glance before sliding off the bed to stand next to Jesse. “There’s something I’ve been meaning to tell you for some time, my love.” Blue eyes turned to study the white tiles of the room.

Jesse squeezed Angela’s hand in an attempt to give her some of his strength. Genji’s breathing became erratic, vision swimming and oscillation system whirring in response to the stress and jealousy.

“ What is this woman talking about, Angela? I thought I was to take it easy on field missions due to my healing limbs.” Genji’s pupils were slits, uncovered mouth pulled into a snarl that bared the fangs of a true Shimada dragon; never mind that the lower set were synthetic.

Angela swallowed thickly, looking to Gabriel and Jesse for help. Genji looked terrifying, his body wracking with the trembles of unconstrained emotion as they had the other night, “I know what’s wrong with you. I have known almost since the first night you managed to leave this room. I have been lying to you, hoping to cure it before you could find out.” Angela bit her lip, keeping her eyes from locking onto the cyborg’s.

“ What’s wrong with me?” Genji echoed, “You know why I can’t control myself? Why I would sacrifice Jesse’s life in order to feed my own blood lust and you thought nothing of telling me about it?” Genji sprung from the bed, rounding on the three Blackwatch agents and the medic, “You lied to me. Told me it may have been a prosthetic malfunction...that you weren’t sure.”

“Easy hombre,” Angie’s been on your side longer than anyone else has been,” Gabriel moved to step between Genji and Angela. Jesse’ hand rested firmly on his holster, a warning.

“I want the truth,” Genji held Gabriel’s gaze, “No more lies.” He stabbed a finger into Gabriel’s chest.
“I know you’re upset, so I won’t make you run extra drills once we get this settled, but you’d better pull that hand away unless you want it removed again.” Gabriel growled.

Genji made to step up to the challenge, but Jesse already had him by the waist, forcing him to sit on the hospital bed, “Amigo we’re all here t’help. We’re on yer side. Jus’ let us all explain.”

Genji was wracked with tremors again, but Jesse didn’t seem worried about losing yet another limb.

“My love, something’s happened to the super soldier serum I used in your enhancements. It was...tampered with, by who, I cannot say.” Angela bit her lip, that was a lie, but she had to protect Gabriel. The U.N and Jack Morrison appeared to be the real enemies in this situation, “We’ve identified several synthetic hormones that have bonded to your adrenal glands causing intense spikes in your temper. It was an ordered dose, from the United Nations to Jack.”

Gabriel sighed and continued the debrief for Angela’s sake, “You were supposed to be the ultimate weapon against your family. You were meant to destroy the Shimada clan, your brother, and yourself for Overwatch.”

Angela sucked in a breath; finally Gabriel confirmed what Angela had seen in the emails. The doctor felt ill. Genji’s expression stayed trained on the Blackwatch commander, he looked absolutely distraught. Angela’s heart throbbed.

“Not only that, but I was the one that came between you and your brother. I convinced him that you had signed on to Overwatch, that you were planning their downfall for a long time.” Gabriel toyed with his beanie, “The serum it’s...it’s killing you. You were nothing more than a tool for Overwatch.”

Genji’s eyes widened. He had suspected that they had recruited him in order to gain information on his family, he just never suspected that so many other schemes were hatched behind closed doors, “So you are the reason I am the way I am. Why I feel the guilt that I do, why I can never go home.” Genji’s eyes met Angela’s, his eyes were snakelike, matching the coil in his spine. Jesse pushed Angela behind him.

“T hat’s right,” Gabriel tried to grab Genji’s attention once more, “We did this. But we’re trying to undo it. That’s why Moira’s here. She’s dealt with a case like this a long time ago when she
worked for a lab,” Gabriel sighed, “I like ya kid, want you on the team full time. I’ve never met anyone that can work so well with McCree and I. But you’re a liability. You might snap and kill us all.”

“Ya might hurt Darlin’. I can’t have that.” Jesse spoke up finally.

Genji rolled his eyes, “I might hurt you, McCree.” A shiruken tumbled into the space between his fingers. How dare Jesse insinuate that he would ever hurt Angela.

“How exciting.” Moria muttered, tapping things into the projections coming from her visor.

“So what now?” Genji asked, still trying in vain to contain the angry tremors.

“We let Moira work on a cure for now. In the meantime, you tell us everything you know about the Shimadas and Hanzo. If we can take them out, you can probably stay in Overwatch.” Gabriel shrugged, “If we can get Jack to believe you’re more than a killer, he’ll have no choice but to let you stay on the team. If we can prove you’re an asset, the U.N will have to sign off on you.”

Genji nodded along with the logic. He hated this, the corner he’d been backed into. The only people he’d come to trust in his adult life other than Hanzo had been scheming against him all this time. It stung. He truly was nothing more than a monster to them. Perhaps if he could only show them differently…the steam coming off of his chest wasn’t helping his case.

“Very well.” Genji dragged a hand through his hair, “I wish to be alone. Will either of you shoot me if I were to go to the training yard?”

Gabriel and Jesse gave each other a look. When a decision was reached between them, they both shook their heads.

Genji rose to his feet and made for the door, “I will come back to discuss this more when I...don’t feel like killing you all.”

Angela felt the tears before she knew she had even begun crying.
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

I meant to end the last chapter with this bit, but I got too busy to finish it the way I wanted to yesterday. I hope this helps clarify Genji’s actions a little more. I hope you guys are still enjoying the story!! Thank you so much for the Comments and Kudos! I'll be replying to you all this weekend :)

Genji strained his ears, listening for the sounds of footsteps following him down the hallway. He wouldn’t put it passed any of the Overwatch agents to try and trail him now. He was of course, a time bomb, a super nova ready to implode. He jammed the button on the elevator harder than necessary, rendering the elevator useless. With an angry sigh, Genji took the stairwell instead.

Once he was out of the lower levels of the headquarters, Genji turned left down the corridor, rather than the right that would take him to the training yard. Still, there were no signs of being followed; a definite error on their parts. He let out a low chuckle, did they actually expect him to take out his anger on a few practice dolls?

The cyborg balled his fists, trying with all of his might to contain the damage he so wished to inflict contained to the room it would take them the longest to search after he disappeared.

Jack’s office was just a few doors away, the port in Genji’s arm continued to open and close constantly, mirroring the war within himself. He was so blindly enraged, so betrayed and wounded. At the same time, he had fallen in love with Angela, her quiet words and loving acceptance of the grotesque creature he had become. He even found himself becoming friends with Jesse, not to mention he did owe him a left hand.

He didn’t want to hurt them...not really….yes, yes he did. No, no he did not. They had their reasons….were they good enough reasons to flip his entire world upside down? No. No they were not.

Genji willed his cybernetic hand to grab the door handle as carefully as possible, any outward damage would make it obvious he’d been there. He wanted to be long, long gone by they time they caught on. The room was warm, warmer than anything he’d been in lately. Of course, the head of Overwatch’s office would be warm and cozy, while he was locked away in an icy hospital room. Genji’s brain helpfully pulled up the sensation of restraints on his wrists; oh right he had literally been chained up in that icy room while Jack Morrison sat around in the warmth up here. The only people who knew the bite of the medbay as well as he had been Angela and Jesse, and even that didn’t seem to be enough to save them from Genji’s pushing them mentally into the same camp as Reyes and Morrison.

Genji’s eyes flicked to the night vision setting bathing the dark office with a neon green contrast, making the shapes of the terminals and tablets easy to distinguish from the pitch blackness surrounding them. Genji made his way to the desk in the corner, a framed projection of a picture
of Gabriel and Jack sat on the surface, so this was Jack’s personal terminal. The rest of the computers must have been stations for the lesser intelligence and surveillance operatives. Genji filed that information away for later.

Genji crouched on the ground behind the desk, fumbling with an odd port that had opened in the pointer finger of his mechanical hand. A long, skinny drive unfolded itself, fitting perfectly into one of the slots in the main hub of the terminal. Ah, so he did have data collection capabilities. The program flashing inside of his eyes guided him through cracking the password lock on the machine. Finally, after a few tries and a lot of fumbling through possible correct codings, the computer beeped, screen washing the room in blue light. Genji turned off the night vision, opting to look at the screen through regular light filtering.

The cyborg read through everything. Every single email Jack Morrison had sent in the passed year. Conversations with Ana about PETRAS, Discussions with Angela over what to do once she landed in Hanamura; Genji couldn’t help the painful tug in his chest. The doctor had seemed so genuinely excited for the opportunity to meet with the Shimada brothers, to possibly bring not only himself but Ani ki into the organization as well; Angela had truly believed in them. Morrison’s tone however had been one of long-suffering, like he never wanted to bring Genji into the fold in the first place. It was obvious to Genji now that the Commander had never intended on having the ninja become an actual member of the team. That made his vision skip, making focusing on reading the thousands of lines of text difficult. He still hadn’t found what he’d wanted however, so controlling his temper was critical for mission success.

Finally, Genji reached the most recent emails, those from only a few days ago. They were between Gabe and Jack; mostly just briefings about Shimada movements, suggestions for dinner, and discussions of Genji’s anatomy. He was surprised to see that Gabriel had defended him to Jack, even going so far as to formally sanction a request for Genji to join Blackwatch; Morrison had frozen that paperwork however, no doubt believing the ninja would be dead before he could sign off on the official recruitment. That made rage burn in Genji’s chest like a hot coil, He grabbed for one of Jack’s expensive looking awards sitting on his desk and crumpled it between his fingers, leaving a malformed hunk of metal in its place. Good. It was petty...but it felt so good.

Genji hated the softness that started to seep into his animosity; he didn’t care if Angela and Gabriel and Jesse viewed him as a friend, that they were willing to vouch for him in front of all of Overwatch and technically the world. They were just as guilty as Hanzo and Jack for ruining the life Genji had. He repeated this fact over and over in his mind, trying to solidify that they were just as much an enemy to the cyborg. When Genji had his fill of Jack’s correspondence, he began to dig around in other files, downloading important headquarters information into his storage driver; blueprints, security system details, even medical records.

Once he had enough data to destroy Overwatch thoroughly, Genji searched every nook and cranny of Jack’s computer for a list of names. There were none however, and so Genji had to painstakingly reread the email threads to the United Nations, taking down any name he could find; these would be his first victims. He would kill every single head of state that had been supportive in his misery, he would take his time, make it obvious to Overwatch just who it was behind the
assassinations. Then, he would come for the members of the organization. Genji still couldn’t decide if he wanted to run to his brother and the clan, or if he would go the second part of his plot alone as well. Hanzo did try to murder him once already, and he would have succeeded if it hadn’t been for Angela….but he wouldn’t have fought with his brother at all if it hadn’t been for Gabriel.

Genji groaned and ran his hands through his inky spikes of hair, tugging to the point where he was almost positive some strands fell out. It was all so confusing. His heart was broken, his mind reeling. Once the names were downloaded and safely tucked away behind a firewall in his mind, Genji put his fist through the screen of Jack’s computer. The frenzy he had just barely managed to contain finally broke itself free. Genji went on a rampage. Wires were torn with bare hands, throwing star slices peppered every screen, bigger modems were cut in two by Genji’s katana. He knew he’d been making a racket, that it was more than likely he’d be discovered soon; but the ninja welcomed the opposition. He’d cut anyone in his path down, and be happy to do so.

Once the red cleared from his vision enough for him to remember just why he’d come in here, Genji crept out the door, closing it behind him as quietly as he could. Maybe no one had heard him after all. Padded feet sprinted for the roof’s exit, going so fast that the security cameras would only catch a blur of movement down the corridors. The fresh mountain air rushed in to Genji’s heaving lungs. It was cool, clean in a way even a medical wing couldn’t be; it caused Genji to pause for just a moment. He threw a glance over his shoulder, taking in the form of the place he had once started to consider a new home. That was when he saw the muzzle of the sniper rifle sighted directly at him.

Without thinking, Genji released the port, whipping his shirukens at his attacker; he didn’t know if he’d missed on purpose as a warning, or if their position was just so well chosen that he couldn’t hit them. The weapon discharged, lighting the still air with a loud crack. The last thing Genji saw before his world slipped to black was a very large dart containing a purple liquid within its hollowed center.

*Damnit, Amari.*

Angela couldn’t help the sobs that bubbled their way out of her chest, tears flowing freely down her cheeks. It was embarrassing for her to fall apart so completely in front of Gabe and the newly recruited Doctor. Ten crescent imprints dotted her palms as the doctor tried to get a handle on her breathing. What was it should would always tell the other agents when they came to her during anxiety attacks? Oh right; square breathing exercises. Angela tracked the breaths in her mind, limiting them to four in and four out. It wasn’t helping.

She had to run off after Genji, apologize, explain that she had been selfish, that her feelings for him had ultimately made her hide the danger his body housed. She made to step around Jesse and towards the exit, but the cowboy held her firmly by the waist.
“Give him some time Darlin’, it ain’t an easy thing to digest,” Jesse’s own voice sounded wrecked, as though he were hurting more than he’d let on, “‘Sides he already clipped me once n’I doubt yer gonna want me tryin’ to reattach an a limb for ya if he goes all berserk again.”

Angela didn’t laugh at Jesse’s attempt at humor, she’d barely heard him.

“I’ll try to sort it out with him,” Gabriel’s voice was soft, “I’m the commander. This is my fault. Angie, just...don’t blame yourself. You thought you were doing the right thing. You were trying to save that man’s life. Jack and I are the one’s who twisted everything up so badly.”

Reyes placed a large hand under Angela’s chin, tilting her head up so he could catch her gaze. Angela hated when he did that, it felt so patronizing. Still, the doctor remained silent.

“Whaddya say we take you t’yer quarters for a bit? Lay down n’ wait for jeffe to convince Genji that at least yer intentions were always good.” Jesse tries to keep his tone soothing. It doesn’t work.

“I need to be the one to talk to him, you both know it.” Angela tried to wriggle free from Jesse’s grasp, “He’d never hurt me.”

Gabriel and Jesse caught each other’s eyes. Angela was right, of course, but that still didn’t mean Genji was in any state to talk.

“Angela, I’ve found a promising protein strain I believe may help us with dividing the hormones from Genji’s adrenal glands. Though, I cannot be sure. Would you be interested in taking a look?” Moira’s voice cut through Angela’s grief.

Silently Jesse was thankful for the mysterious new scientist, she seemed to know exactly what Angela needed to stay focused on saving Genji.

“I’ve checked over his work ups a thousand times. What makes you so sure that you’ve isolated a potential strain already?” Angela hadn’t meant for her voice to come out as biting as it had.

“You have been too,” Moira cleared her throat pointedly, “close to the problem. I also have developed incredibly advanced genetic scanners during my down time from the lab, I’m quite positive Overwatch has nothing like this at its disposal.”
Angela remained quiet, cautiously studying Moira’s face. The woman really was more than a little frightening, so unlike Angela herself.

“If you are not interested perhaps my services would be better employed by an organization that actually wants my assistance.” Moira reached out to close the program she had been projecting from her visor.

“Wait. I am interested. I apologize. I lost myself for a moment. I suppose I believe a cure to be too good to be true at this point.” Angela ran the sleeve of her white coat over her face, drying the tears that had settled there.

“Very well.” Moira answered flicking her hand so that the holo-screen was more easily visible to Angela, “I still need to run some more tests, but I am almost certain that this protein here,” The older woman pointed a sharp nail at a tiny strand in a branch of Genji’s animated genetics, “Can be isolated and used to combat the spikes in hormone levels.”

Angela’s blue eyes became wide with hope, “I see. Oh. That is brilliant. I may need a copy of this program.”

Jesse and Gabriel allowed themselves to relax, Angela was thoroughly distracted. Now, the two Blackwatch agents planned to slip away from the medbay and keep a watch over Genji until he burned himself out for the day.

Genji’s head was swimming, giddiness making it impossible to sit up in the...bed. Was he in a bed? Back in the medical wing already? The walls surrounding him were a muted blue, so no. Ana hadn’t brought him back to Angela just yet.

“Ahlane.” The sniper sipped on her tea casually raising her eyebrow at the prone ninja, “Feeling any better?”

“Where am I, Captain Amari?” Genji asked, trying to reach for the fire that had burned through him before losing consciousness. It just wasn’t there, probably due to the nanites in Ana’s sleep dart. Genji wondered how long he had until his body burned through them. The program in his head gave it about 45 minutes.
“Ana is just fine. We aren’t strangers, you know.” Ana set her tea cup down, “I saw what you did to Jack’s office. He won’t be very happy when he gets back. That’s going to count against you. But, if you purge all of the data I know you have saved and at least talk things through with Angela, I promise to stop him from using his rockets.” The Captain’s voice was amused.

“I cannot do that. I must leave this place.” Genji tried to sit up, but his muscles were still nothing more than putty.

“I know it all seems hopeless, but it isn’t, Genji. So many of us believe in you. I assure you the only ones who truly wished to see the plan carried out the way it had originally been drawn up are Jack and the United Nations, though I am sure with the destruction of the Shimada syndicate Jack would reconsider.” Ana urged gently. In that moment Genji hated that he liked her as much as he did. His fury began to ebb away, like a high tide rushing back out to shore.

“I wish I could feel the same sentiment, Ana.” Genji’s voice had gone soft.

“I know.” Ana ran a hand through her dark hair, pulling at the dark strands idly, “I am going to be frank with you. We need you to save Overwatch.”

Genji furrowed his brow, completely at a loss, “Save Overwatch?”

“You see, I haven’t officially reported this to any of the other commanders or any one else for that matter, but the organization is finished. The PETRAS Act is being signed within the next month or so,” Ana’s voice held an edge of sadness to it, “When you saw me on the phone the other day, I was talking to Fareeha’s father. She’s gone to stay with him until after we’re all court-martialed for the scandals floating around.”

“I see.” Much to Genji’s surprise, he felt sympathy for Ana.

“But, perhaps if you can help us put an end to your brother’s organization Overwatch can remain a symbol of goodness,” Ana’s eyes were pleading, “Perhaps my daughter and I will not be separated.

Oh hell, Ana had Genji right where she wanted him.
Okay guys! I had planned to finish this story up a few weeks ago, but after reading everyone's comments I've decided to rework some of the plot lines. You guys totally helped me stay in character and offered super useful advice and points, so thank you SO much for that! I've decided on the plot for the rest of the pre-fall section of this fic, and I hope that it will do what you all have in mind justice!! That being said, the ending is not going to be 100% satisfactory, but that will be addressed in the Part 2: Post-Fall, Pre-Recall period. Thank you all SO much for your love and support! Let's buckle up for the beginning of the end of this fic!!!! <3

Jesse had nearly dozed off to the lulling discussion of medical jargon happening between the two women he’d been put in charge of protecting; not that he didn’t think they could look out for themselves, but it didn’t hurt to be cautious. Genji had been missing for a while now, and Gabriel had radioed Jesse on their private channel to let his second know the status of the situation. The cowboy startled at Reyes’ voice in his ear.

“He’s not anywhere I thought he would be.” Gabriel growled, “I knew this was gonna happen, but I thought he’d try to escape tonight.”

Jesse touched his ear nonchalantly, trying to hide his conversation from Angela, “Ya think he’s run off to join Hanzo?”

“I’m not sure. I can’t find Jack or Ana either. Sure hope they didn’t grab him.” Jesse could hear the irritation in Gabriel’s voice.

“Ana wouldn’ do anythin’ to him, Jefe. She likes him jus’ fine. Now Jack on the other hand…” Jesse let’s out a rush of air, “That could be a bad deal.”

“Agreed.” Gabriel snapped.

The comm channel went silent once again, and Jesse resumed his careful vigilance. The blue of Angela’s irises rested on a bed of bloodshot-white, but she seemed to be doing better. Moira’s
long nails tapped at various mockups of genes and other pieces of Genji’s anatomy, bringing that little furrow Angela’s brows created when she was thinking real hard about something. Jesse’s stupid heart skipped a stupid beat, he swallowed thickly, hoping to swallow down the ridiculous reaction.

Angela could see exactly what it was that Moira had been explaining after Genji had fled the room. There was a definite anomaly on the basic cellular structure of Genji’s adrenal glands, something that could be exploited in order to reverse the damage done by the tainted doses. Had it not been for the strange redheaded woman, Angela would have missed it completely, and Genji would have been doomed.

“I have an entire Research and Development lab, as well as numerous stored samples of Genji’s blood-work. You are more than welcome to it.” Angela couldn’t help the smile that tugged at the corners of her lips while addressing the other scientist, “Jesse can show you exactly where it is since he tends to bother me there often.”

“I appreciate your hospitality,” Moira answered. She flicked the projector screen closed, “I am also impressed with how quickly you’ve regained your faculties. Perhaps Overwatch is not a complete loss.”

Angela blinked a few times before looking to Jesse for help. When all the cowboy could do was shrug, the doctor grit her teeth before addressing the backhanded compliment, “Yes. I’d like to hope so as well. I will be going now, Jesse, please help Moira settle in.” Angela gave Moira a stiff nod before turning to leave.

“Now hold up, Darlin’. I think ya should just stay ‘round here. I can’t protect ya if yer wanderin’ around lookin’ for G.” Jesse stood quickly.

“I will be fine.” Angela’s tone stayed taut.

“I do believe she can handle herself.” Moira sighed, uninterested in Jesse’s overreaction.

“Fine.” Jesse sighed, letting his outstretched hands collapse heavily against his thighs, “Let’s get on with it.”

Moira nodded at Angela before following the cowboy out of the med-bay and down the hall.
Angela gripped that little swell of hope in her chest tight as she prowled the base grounds looking for Genji. He hadn’t been at the training yard, which Angela had wholly anticipated. It was when the roof was empty that Angela began to worry.

The doctor could feel her face heating as the door to Genji’s quarters loomed just ahead of her in the hall. She hadn’t been back since the night of the Gibraltar mission, and the ghost of Genji’s heady scent tickled Angela’s nose. Her nerves were crackling with anticipation as she raised knocked her knuckles against the smooth door.

Gabriel sighed in relief as he watched Genji leave Amari’s room; thank God she’d been the one to find him. Hopefully she’d talked some sense into the man as well. The Blackwatch commander moved to grab Genji’s attention, before deciding better of it. Genji stalked down the residential wing to his own room, assuring Gabe that he hadn’t been a flight risk after all.

The determined clack of heels behind Gabriel caused him to duck into one of the small corridors that crisscrossed through the residential sector. Angela passed by without noticing Reyes, shoulders squared and posture set stiffly. Of course. Of course Jesse would fail miserably at keeping Angela from doing anything other than what she wanted to do. At least Genji had made it safely back to his room; the panic Gabriel had been worried Genji’s disappearance would cause Angela would at least be avoided.

Gabriel couldn’t help the little smirk that made its way on to his face. If anything could diffuse the tension building in Genji, a private visit from Angela could be exactly what was needed; then again, it could end with Genji hurting Angela and no one knowing for several hours. Gabriel shoved that line of thinking away, and instead set himself to the task of interrogating Ana on just what the hell she’d been thinking. Besides, Amari’s room was a few doors over from Genji’s, so should Angela need him, Gabriel would be there.

Genji had a plan. It was a stupid, stupid plan. It was a plan nonetheless. Now all that he needed was to get Angela to agree to go along with it...maybe Jesse if he could keep his big mouth shut. The cyborg could feel the new internal ventilation system’s pick up, with no external indicator; that was much more preferable for a stealth mission than its predecessor.

Genji’s hands toyed restlessly with the covers of his bed, thoughts trailing back to his sole night spent there with Angela. His body temperature stayed surprisingly stable as the soft pants and sighs of the evening worked their way to his ears; if only he could go back to that night. Pink pulses and electric jolts ran through his body, and for the first time since the cybernization, Genji let himself feel them more fully. The sensations weren’t all together unpleasant, soft vibrations rippled across his skin constantly, fireworks painted the backs of his eyelids, and Angela rubbed her hands across Genji’s chest in his mind’s eye. If only he could stay like this forever.
A soft knock at the door roused Genji’s attention, and the cyborg fought to regain control of his body. He was genuinely surprised when the door slid away to reveal Angela, slightly flushed and glassy eyed standing in the doorway. Genji noted that the doctor had been crying, probably on his behalf, unintentionally he’d caused the person he’d come to love most in his life pain. He had never wanted to be that man. Without a word said between them, Genji stepped aside allowing Angela to enter his quarters.

Angela was intrigued by how calm Genji looked despite the situation. His eyes were slightly slitted, giving away his dragon heritage and anger without being too obvious. The doctor also noted that Genji’s oscillator stayed relatively silent in his chest, and the room was an oddly regular temperature; no fever to set the room ablaze this time. For some reason, talking with the cyborg while they were both relatively sober seemed an almost impossible task.

Steeling herself, Angela spoke first, “I am here only to apologize. For everything, and to set the record straight I suppose.”

Genji couldn’t help the joy he felt at hearing Angela’s voice, anger would have been much preferable given the circumstances, but his brain had all but convinced him that Angela had already agreed to help him; that Angela was innocent in the entire scheme. The ninja opted to cross his arms and remain silent, inviting Angela to continue.

“I-It is true that I came to Hanamura all of those months ago to recruit you into Overwatch’s ranks,” Angela tugged nervously on her ponytail, “It is true that I was hoping you would assist us with ending your family’s crime syndicate.”

Genji nodded along.

“I had no idea, that Gabriel and Jack had been in contact with the United Nations in order to commit such a...heinous injustice to you. I was just as surprised when Hanzo attacked you,” Angela’s eyes became pleading, “I do not believe Gabriel had any intention of Hanzo actually trying to kill you. From my understanding he only wished to create a rift which would push you into our ranks.”

Genji snorted but didn’t try to talk. Angela began to look more uncomfortable.

“It was assumed, I suppose, that your desire to free yourself from the clan would propel you into the new weapon’s program, and that you would wish for the cybernetic enhancements on your
own. How things ended up this way, I cannot say. I cannot defend the Commanders, or the organization. I can only hope at this point that defending myself will suffice.” Angela sighed and moved to rest on one of the stools at Genji’s counter.

“I see. Please continue.” Genji’s voice made Angela’s eyes widen slightly. Neither of them were used to hearing a much less synthetic version, “I am listening, tenshi.”

Angela nodded, shifting for Genji to take the seat next to her, “It is true that I was to administer a powerful serum, much like what Gabriel and Jack received, in order to improve your anatomy passed what is standard for a man of your age and size,” Angela toyed nervously with her hands, “I was not aware that anything was even wrong with your doses until a week later when I was running through all of the tests I had ordered for you.”

“And you found?” Genji prompted Angela to continue, finally getting to the unknown of the story of the sparrow.

“I found that your testosterone levels are a great deal higher than what is considered standard for the serum administered. I also found a dangerous synthetic hormone in your blood-work. This sort of thing should not have even registered.” Angela felt her chest tightening as she felt the fear from that moment wash over her once again, “Given what I know about the compound, I believed it to be activated by extreme stress. The afternoon I came to warn you about your hand, I was truly worried about what could happen in Gibraltar.”

“I see.” Genji hummed thoughtfully, remembering the conversation; he wouldn’t have been so dismissive should Angela have told him of the real risks regarding field missions.

“I also spoke with Jesse and Gabriel, hoping that either of them would take you off of the mission until I could work out a solution,” Angela sighed, “Of course the three of you are the most stubborn men I’ve ever met.”

Genji couldn’t help the chuckle that fell from his lips, “Indeed.”

“The hormone also causes a drastic spike in temperature, so when your fan was damaged, your body began to burn much hotter than is recommended. Combined with the rage from encountering your brother, the loss of control was to be expected. Jesse’s injury however, is not your burden to bear; he knew the risks of bringing you along, and yet he still jumped between two dragons wielding weapons.” Angela laid a reassuring hand on Genji’s metal one, “I’m so sorry I let you carry that on your shoulders.”
“I believe that even if I had known the temporary insanity was beyond my control, I still would have felt responsible for Jesse’s pain.” Genji ducked his head, focusing his gaze on Angela’s slim fingers.

“Additionally, your body is being slowly burnt out by the over saturation of harmful chemicals. I added a filtration structure while I repaired the damage from Gibraltar. It is my hope that it will assist your body in processing the unwanted hormones while we work on a cure. From what I’ve seen, Moira is incredibly well equipped for the task.” Angela turned her large blue eyes to Genji’s darker gaze, “I think you should leave, we can hide you until we can convince Jack and the United Nations that you are still fully willing to help them, that you have never been a danger to the world, that you’re an asset to Overwatch...” Angel didn’t get to finish her thought before Genji interrupted.

“Overwatch is no more,” Genji let it slip out, sounding harder than he had expected, Angela’s eyes were wide, “There is no more Overwatch. The PETRAS Agreements have been signed. Ana told me.”

“What...How?” Angela sputtered, grasping for a coherent thought.

“It is true. The entire team is to report to the United Nations soon for a complete debriefing period within the next month. It is also common knowledge that Commander Morrison has not been seen on base today.” Genji wrapped his prosthetic fingers around Angela’s, reveling in the warmth tingling the pads on his palm, “Ana believes he has gone to the United Nations in order to buy us more time. But I am not so sure.”

“Where else could he have gone?” Angela could feel tears pricking at the backs of her eyes.

“I am not sure,” Genji bit his synthetic bottom lip, the material was rubbery, “But I think we should leave.”

“Leave? But Overwatch is my family, this base is my home.” Angela’s vision became obscured as the liquid moved to well in the corner’s of her eyes.

“Do you truly wish to go down with this?” Genji’s thumb traced across Angela’s knuckles, “Think about it. You have violated so many of your oaths, been partial to atrocities for no other reason than because you were ordered. Whatever goodness you had joined to uphold is gone. Tenshi.”

“I cannot just leave...what about the others?” Angela’s voice broke, “Jesse?”
“I am certain Jesse would follow you anywhere, all you need do is ask,” Genji wiped at the falling tears, “Convince him. We will find another way to stop my family, perhaps even add stopping the corrupted deals of the United Nations Security representatives to our list.”

Angela let out a watery laugh, “Oh of course.”

“I am serious, Angela. There are men who green lit what happened to me, and I will find them. We will leave once Moira has found a way to treat me.” Genji’s voice was cold.

“I understand.” Angela took a deep breath in, “I will find Jesse.” The doctor’s heart felt as though it had shattered. It had been obvious that something in Overwatch was rotten for so long, yet Angela had always tried to turn a blind eye to it. The doctor moved to stand from her stool.

Genji’s grip on her hand tugged her flush against his chest. Even sitting on a bar stool, he was almost Angela’s height, “Not so fast, Tenshi. I believe we have some time before Moira finds a cure, the United Nations rounds the agents up, or we need to find Jesse.” Genji nuzzled Angela’s hair, “You smell intoxicating and I am failing miserable to control myself in such close proximity to you any longer.”

Angela still felt wretched inside, but she would be lying if she said Genji’s heat and body invading her senses didn’t help the world right itself, even if only slightly. She pressed her back into Genji’s chest, reveling in the way his body armor ridged against the soft material of her thin t-shirt. Genji was right, after all, they did have some time before they would have to escape and plan their next actions.

Genji turned Angela in his arms, and locked her in his stronger than steel grip. When he brought his lips to hers, the kiss was anything but sweet. The cyborg no longer had to be cautious of wires and metal, and the absolute explosion that rippled through his body let loose a flood sensations. A deep growl rumbled in his chest, causing Angela to pant.

“I see the extra sensors in your lip have had the desired effect.” Angela purred.

“I must thank you properly for that.” Genji recaptured Angela’s mouth with his own. He would tell Angela and Jesse the rest of his plan once they were free from Overwatch’s clutches. Tonight he wanted nothing more than to drown in his Angel.
Chapter 26

Hanzo glared at the blonde from across his desk, something about the foreigner seemed...suspicious. True, until this meeting, the Commander of Overwatch had been hunting he and his family relentlessly, but something additional danced in the undertones of Jack’s bargain. The eldest Shimada was no fool, and had already surmised that Morrison were up to more than he would let on, however shaking the man’s hand brought Hanzo one step closer to reuniting with Genji. The guilt of his brother’s murder had set heavily on the archer’s shoulders; and now that there was a chance to protect Genji from the law and reconcile, the temptation outweighed the voice screaming in his head. A deal with Overwatch would bring an end to his father’s empire, but Hanzo hoped it would bring back the brother he had loved so.

Jack’s palm met Hanzo’s, and a subconscious smirk crossed his features. Things were working out better than expected, and it wasn’t even close to dinner time; what a day this would be, “I am pleased to have you aboard, Shimada. I think you’ll find that you’re doing the right thing.”

Jack had to bite his tongue before he tacked on a whispered, “For once.”

Hanzo merely nodded stiffly. Perhaps his choice and loyalty to his brother were right, but allowing his men to walk into a slaughter by Overwatch agents, or find themselves serving life sentences in jail hardly seemed something to celebrate.

“With the passcodes and shift changes given, my men and I will have no problems finding our way into the base tonight,” Hanzo rose in a reflexive action of respect as Jack prepared to leave, “You are to have Genji on the roof and ready to be exchanged while our agents fight in the building below.”

“You have my word. Genji will be returned to you in no worse a condition than you had left him in. The shift change in guards will be at 8 o’clock this evening,” Jack began to cross through the exit’s threshold, “Don’t be late.” With one last dismissive wave to Hanzo, Commander Morrison was escorted out of the hotel room.

He couldn’t help the spring in his step as he dialed the contact that the United Nations had granted him., “Everything’s set for tonight. Hanzo and his men should be arriving at headquarters at 8 this evening.”

“Excellent work, Commander Morrison. This is exactly why you were chosen to lead. I take it all agents will be present on base as well?” The voice crackled on the other end of the call sounded satisfied, purring out the question.
“Of course,” Jack’s throat felt tight at the mention of his comrades. Everything Jack had ever done had been for Overwatch, for them. It may take them some time to realize that while in lock up, but once the Shimadas were brought to justice, Hanzo and Genji were dead, and they had all had a returned from debriefing, Jack was confident that everyone would be thanking him. The organization would be better than ever, no more prying eyes and a lot more respect.

“Wonderful. Good work, Morrison. We’ll be in touch later.” And with that, the line clicked dead, leaving the Commander standing alone in the middle of the sidewalk. He contemplated simply not returning home until the invasion by both parties had already begun, but that would undoubtedly make everyone at the base more suspicious; at any rate spending time with Gabriel before they were arrested was a much better option than waiting around for the call anyway. It was also important to Jack that he be there when everything happened, as a way to protect his team from excessive force from the U.N troopers, and to make sure Genji was on the rooftop as instructed.

Angela woke up to the dragging of Genji’s hot lips down her spine. Not quite ready to wake for the day, the doctor curled in on herself more fully, pushing her back against Genji’s chest; he was so impossibly warm. Insistent hands traced their way up and down her thighs, causing Angela to giggle, “Now Genji, unlike you, I need to rest. All I ask is another hour, we didn’t sleep much last night.”

The cyborg’s voice was rough with desire, “I am aware, Tenshi. But, my systems have alerted me to the fact that there is still much mapping of your body to be completed,” Despite his words, Genji’s arms came to wrap chastely around Angela’s midsection, “And I am not one to leave such a heinous oversight unchecked.”

Angela turned her head slightly to kiss the shell of Genji’s ear. Oddly enough, the action brought back the memory of her finger tracing this very surface; of course, Genji had been a different man then. It was amazing to the doctor just how far the two of them had come, all of the things they’d withstood together. Of course, they would still need to flee the organization, lay low with Jesse until PETRAS officially disbanded Overwatch, but Angela saw the future as something to tackle as it came at them. It would do her no good to waste this perfect afternoon with her sparrow fretting over what was nothing more than assumption at this point. Genji nuzzled his nose into the back of Angela’s head, the doctor knew Genji would only be able to control himself for an hour or so more; and so the doctor closed her eyes and allowed herself to drift off once more.

“Ya want me t’what?” Jesse asked incredulously.

It had been some hours since Genji and Angela had resurfaced, clearly pleased with what had
taken place during their extended absence the past day. Jesse wasn’t one to begrudge them their relationship, but given the expressions on their face their request seemed comical at best; a strange joke.

“ We are planning to take leave of Overwatch, and we want you to come with us. The signing of the PETRAS Act ensures that we will be disbanded and court-martialed by the United Nations. It is advisable that we hide before then.” Genji ran over the plan one more time, trying in vain not to lose his patience with the cowboy.

“ Jesse, given the acts you have had to commit under orders, it may be best if you made yourself scarce. I fear what is to come for anyone left here once the U.N comes for us.” Angela rubbed at the furrow in her brow. Why had she thought this would be easy? Jesse was a stubborn ass, the rose tinted shades her love for Genji had placed over her eyes couldn’t blind her from that fact for long.

Jesse hummed thoughtfully, considering, “ Well, when ya put it that way,” He pulled his hat from his head and ran anxious fingers through the tangled mane, “But where would we even go? We’ll be fugitives.”

Genji’s eyes flitted from Angela to Jesse, assessing their receptiveness. Here went nothing, “I may have a solution to that particular problem. Once Moira has completed the cure for my...condition, I believe it best for us to seek refuge with Hanzo.”

Angela put a hand to her mouth to cover the surprise that had settled there. What?

Jesse didn’t have the decency to swing his jaw shut. His stupefied face would have been quite hilarious if they had been having any other conversation, “Ya mean..Hanzo, Hanzo? Yer brother? The man who tried to kill us?”

“ Precisely. In my rage, I could...smell him. I could smell the war he had been having within himself. He didn’t want to fight me, but in my state I had forced his hand. He regrets my murder, hardly believed it was me. ” Genji folded his arms and stood taller, trying to match Jesse’s height.

“I need t’sit down for a minute.” Jesse mumbled, leaning on Genji’s counter. “How’re we even gonna find the bastard? Waltzing right into his office and sayin’ ‘heya Hanzo. Genji here. Yer undead brother. Lemme introduce my girlfriend and the man you threatened to kill. We need a place to stay, couch open?’ ain’t gonna go over well, pardner.” Jesse was beginning to fall into an angry rant.
Angela slid her hand into her friend’s, hoping to calm him enough to hear Genji out. Of course she was just as skeptical, but the cyborg was a smart man. He would never willingly lead the three of them into trouble. Jesse’s shoulders relaxed as his skin made contact with Angela’s, though his nostrils remained flared.

“He will help us. I have faith.” Genji said simply, trying to file his irritation away. The filtration system within him stayed steady, and so did his temper.

Jesse thought about the charges that would be brought against him in a court of law, about the endless hours of interrogation and possible torture he’d have to endure while Overwatch was taken apart piece by piece. The best part of the organization had undoubtedly been his friendships with Gabriel and Angela; the morally dubious assignments had just been a bonus. Even if the team were able to reform, Jesse knew he’d feel incomplete without Angela there; oddly enough, Jesse knew he wouldn’t like Blackwatch as much without Genji in it. The Gibraltar mission had solidified that relationship for Jesse now as well, he and the cyborg were friends.

“The minute he calls me a fool I’m headin’ South of the border to wait this out.” Jesse mumbled. The cowboy’s resolved had effectively caved.

“Excellent. Now we only need wait on Moira, Ana received a memo stating that the United Nations would begin bringing in Overwatch agents next week. I sincerely hope the antidote is produced by then.” Genji held Angela’s other hand. There were so many unknowns to come, so many trials to face; he was relieved to know he had people willing to stand with him.

The three of them decided to adjourn the meeting for the evening and go upstairs for dinner; no one could remember the last time they had eaten with the rest of the team. It was probably a good idea, given that soon they wouldn’t be able to do that anymore. As they turned to walk into the mess hall, a trail of blood painting the side corridor next to them. Further down the way, the chatter of their teammates continued uninterrupted. Something was horribly wrong. Without warning, something silvery and sleek glided through the air, sailing just passed Jesse’s ear; an arrow.

Two things ran through Angela’s mind then; the Shimada Hunters had made it into the base, and they were under attack.
Okay guys! Phewwww. I've been trying to make the last chapter as good as I can, but I've been stuck in a rut. I've decided to take my time tying everything up, and have split the last chapter into a few more; just so ya'll have SOMETHING to read while I work it out! Thank you everybody for sticking with me! <3

Genji’s shiruken port activated at the sight of the congealed blood, his arm coming out to grab Angela. Carefully, Genji pushed the doctor between Jesse and himself, hoping that whoever had attacked had moved to a different portion of the base. From the noise in the mess hall, it was easy for the ninja to assume the Hunters were moving towards the other agents, buying him enough time to get Angela somewhere safe,

“We must move, they’ll be going after the Commanders and Strike Team first, since you are unarmed moving you ensuring your security is first priority.” Genji’s voice was steely, eyes darting every which way.

Angela twisted in Jesse’s protective grasp, attempting to get out a protest, “I am the medic- I am needed here, with-”

“Darlin’, G’s right. This is gonna be one hell of a fight. ‘Sides, someone needs to warn Moira.” The cowboy tilted his head down, eyes staring hard into Angela’s. Hopefully the mention of the other doctor would be enough to pull Angela from their sides.

“Moira is in the lab on the ground floor, should the alarm be raised she will be sealed in with the automatic lock down protocols. We can get her the emergency override code through our comms once the threat is dealt with.” Angela looked pointedly at Jesse, daring him argue.

A loud clan of metal clanging off of metal and Reinhardt’s booming, “What is this?” pulled the three from their argument.

“They have already found the others. Tenshi, please. Go to your office and lock the door. If you remain silent they may just overlook you.” Genji’s voice was tight, panic causing him to turn quickly on his heel, “I could not live with myself should something happen to you. They have seen us together. I shudder to think of just what my family may have planned for you,” Genji’s flesh hand shook slightly as he traced Angela’s jaw, “I know Hanzo blames you for my joining
Angela’s heart thumped at Genji’s expression; the thought of harm befalling her had ruined him, and at this point the doctor assumed that her going into hiding was more for his benefit than her own. Soft and well-trained hands grasped at the cyborg’s own rough and meticulously sculpted digits. Jesse felt the need to train his eyes to the corridor entrances that may have been hiding Hunters. Somewhere off in the distance the cowboy heard the struggles of his team attempting to repel the attack long enough to move from the Mess Hall. As touching as all of this way, he and Genji needed to offer a distraction for the Strike Team and his Jefe to get to cover.

“I will return to my office.” Angela said with a sigh, “Please, be careful. I do not know if I could survive you dying a second time.”

Genji couldn’t help the small groan that twisted it’s way from him, “You as well. Stay silent, and stay hidden,” the ninja pressed his lips gently to Angela’s forehead, “I have Jesse by my side, we will help the team and be back by your side before you know it.”

Angela nodded and squeezed Genji’s hands once more before releasing him. The doctor turned to Jesse, watery gaze intense, “Jesse McCree if you do something stupid out there I will make your recovery incredibly difficult.”

The cowboy chuckled and pulled Angela in for a quick hug, “No worries Darlin’ like G said, we’ve got each other’s backs. If I mess up we’re both in for it. Now get outta here.”

Angela nodded and turned to run for the stairwell, praying that she could make it to her office in time.

As soon as the door slammed shut behind the doctor, Jesse nodded to Genji, “Best we get on ‘fore the whole team ends up downed.”

Genji nodded and pulled a throwing star between his index and middle fingers, “Agreed.”

Together the pair made their way down the hallway, weapons raised and muscles set on the very edge of attack. The entrance to the dining room sat just ahead, the pinging of arrows ricocheting off of metal growing louder. Genji’s entire being began to shake, the filtration system within him kicking into overdrive. The Shimada Hunters were right there, he could end this all. He could stop his family and with saving the Overwatch Commanders hopefully buy he and his two friends enough time to effectively hide from the United Nations. In the ninja’s mind, Gabriel and Jack
would owe them at least that much.

Genji’s slitted eyes scanned what he could see of the room from their current vantage point; there were five attackers. It looked as though the Strike team and Reyes had flipped the long breakfast table, using it as a shield to the onslaught of projectiles being slung at them. The cyborg’s nose traced the acrid smell of fresh blood, the tang of Shimada-brand poison hung in the mix; someone wouldn’t last the night should they not make it to Angela in time.

With one quick nod between them, Jesse and Genji jumped into the fray.

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Angela paced across the pristine floor of her office, watching as the soft orange glow of her terminal’s power light shifted across the tiles as her position changed. If only they had left last night, she, Jesse, and Genji would have nothing to do with any of this. They would be safe. Or would they? With the base under attack, there was a good chance the United Nations would show up sooner rather than later to get a full report of the incident and subsequently pull all of the agents in for questioning and possible arrest. With the government interference, would Moira manage to find a way to reverse Genji’s deadly physiology, or would the man Angela came to fall in love with stay unstable until his body gave out?

A small knot of shame occupied Angela’s gut; how could she be so selfish? Her team, no her friends, were fighting for their lives just upstairs. Yet she was planning all of the different ways she and Genji could live after they were all arrested or killed. The doctor’s eyes burned hot with tears, she was weaker than she had ever thought possible. Quietly, the medic dropped herself into her chair, allowing her gaze to shift around the shadowy equipment occupying the space. After a few minutes of blurry vision; Angela’s eyes focused on the caduceus hanging on the wall, the blue uniform folded on the shelf under. Her primary function may not have been that of an offensive player on the team, but she was just as important. Without Mercy, the team would succumb to their injuries long before the fight was finished. Whether Genji and Jesse wanted to admit it or not, they needed her.

Angela sprung from her desk chair and ran to her uniform, stripping her casual clothes quickly. The coat hadn’t been touched since that night in Hanamura, and though it had been cleaned of Genji’s blood, the doctor could have sworn she could smell it. The urge to protect the ninja spurred her ever forward, sending her running out of the med bay and up the stairs once more: Angela wouldn’t let anything happen to the people she cared about, broken organization or not.

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Genji flung the sharp star from between his fingers, reveling in the ‘thud’ sound of the Hunter collapsing to the ground, blade shining in the juncture where neck meets shoulder. The other four attackers turned their attention from the makeshift barricade, their eyes focusing on the new intruders. How odd it must have looked to them, a ninja turned cyborg and a cowboy fighting together. Arrows fired off in quick succession; the springs in Genji’s feet acted on their own,
propelling him into the air.

Through the automatic calculating being completed by Genji’s internal system, he managed to twist free of any harm. His grip on the support beams attached to the high ceiling kept him out of reach, and with a massive kick out propelled himself into the Hunter closest to the young cadet, Lena.

“Thanks, love!” The tiny brunette chirped as she patted Genji’s back plates.

“Ya know I’m helpin’ too!” Jesse’s thick drawl sounded off to their right. The cowboy had somehow managed to squeeze his girth into the narrow opening between the island counter and the serving cart.

Gabriel chuckled and nudged himself between Jack and Ana, “Yeah, yeah mijo, we believe you.”

“S’not easy when ya have a whole bunch’a bad guys firin’ at ya and yer partner is part of an acrobatic troop.” Jesse growled as he rolled out from behind cover for a moment, taking a shot at the third archer. The target fell, creating an opening for the cowboy to dash across the space between he and the rest of the team. The last two Hunters were training their focus on Genji’s location primarily, and so Jesse took the opportunity to rapid fire off a few more rounds. There was only one adversary left, and...had he actually looked shaken?

Genji offered a fanged smile over to Jesse, who was now crouching on the outermost portion of the right flank. Ana put her arm around the young Blackwatch agent and tugged him into her side and thus behind the table more fully.

“We need to get everyone to their gear.” Jack barked, “Without it we’ll have no choice but to sit here while they bring in reinforcements.”

“Agreed.” Gabriel sighed, “But we still have one last Hunter to contend with.

“M’outta ammo, Jefe.” Jesse sighed as he popped open his revolver’s chamber, “Nothin’.”

“I am also unable to do much at present, my system was reaching critical. It appears that Angela installed a mandatory cool-down in order to prevent a destabilization.” Genji tried in vain to pop open the door in his synthetic wrist.
Angry Japanese being whispered into a communicator drew their attention. The final attacker was indeed calling for backup. They would need to rush him all at once while avoiding the poisoned arrow tips in order to be successful. The thought of the arrowheads drew the smell of blood back to the forefront of Genji’s senses.

“It was hard to miss the pool of blood when Jesse and I entered the room, which of you was injured?” Genji’s eyes flickered over the face of the other Overwatch agents. Everyone seemed to be alarmed, but not injured. Well that was true, until Genji’s eyes connected with the German Knight’s crystalline blue gaze. The usually cheery man had remained stoic throughout the entire attack, a pained grimace weighed his features down considerably.

“I tried to block a few of their arrows while we made ourselves cover.” The Crusader groaned, “I have taken many blows before, but these wounds feel like they were caused by flame.”

“That’s ‘cuz there’s poison on ‘em, big guy.” Jesse sighed as he toyed with the hat on his head, “Had it happen t’me the night they took Jack.”

“Do you have an approximation of entry wounds?” Genji turned to his immediate right in order examine Reinhardt’s bloodied arm; his attention however stayed trained on the desperate pleas for assistance from their attacker.

“More than a few.” The Knight shifted his mass away from Jack, pressing his uninjured arm into Genji’s side, “My apologies Commander.”

“It’s alright, Rein. We didn’t know there was poison.” Jack pats the knight gently on the shoulder before turning to his husband, “We’re still pinned down and both of your golden boys are out of action.”

“I know.” Gabriel rubs at the short hairs of his undercut, “I’m not sure what to do now. But Rein needs medical attention...and soon. When Jesse was clipped by just one he spent two days in the med bay recovering.”

“Yeah, that was fun.” Jesse winced at the memory of the venom licking its way through his veins, “Angie’s in the medbay if we can just get to her before the rest of ‘em show up…” The cowboy’s brain spun trying to come up with a way to get everyone safely downstairs.
“I could lead them on a bit of a goose chase!” Lena offered, “I may not have my peashooters, but I still have my boosts intact.”

Gabriel furrowed his brow, “It’s too risky, Lena. You’re still just a recruit. Sending you out there would be dangerous,” The Blackwatch Commander’s eyes widened, “Where’s Winston, he might be just what we need.”

Jack scratched the back of his neck, thinking back to earlier when he’d lured Winston into the UN’s mobile-prison van; should the gorilla realize exactly what was happening on base, he may be one of the harder ones to subdue, “Sent him to deal with the whole PETRAS thing this morning.”

Ana eyed the strike commander but remained quiet; something wasn’t right there, but she figured she would receive answers from her friend sooner rather than later.

“Well I’m outta ideas.” Jesse sighed, leaning his weight on the sniper’s shoulder.

Just then the sound of thrusters boosting and a small blaster discharging met their ears. The clack of armored boots carried the newcomer into the center of the room. Cautiously, the team poked their heads above the rim of the overturned table, seven pairs of eyes met with Angela’s outstretched arms, weapon poised to fire again.

“Tenshi! What are you doing here?” Genji gasped as he hopped quickly from his crouch, “The base has to be swarming with Hunters coming here alone was foolish,” Despite the ninja’s harsh words, the pink pulses erupted behind Genji’s eyelids again. He was so grateful to have Angela there; he pulled her into a tight embrace, smelling the residue of spent laser on her blue overcoat.

“The foolish thing to do would be to hide while my friends suffer a few feet above me. I may be a medic, but I have also fought my fair share of battles,” Angela’s voice was stiff, but she allowed her arms to circle around Genji’s plated waist, “Do not forget I battled death for you, and won.”

Genji’s chuckle ruffled the fine hairs that had escaped from under her uniform’s hat, “This is true. I am glad you refused to listen to Jesse and I. Thank you for saving us.” Genji couldn’t help the tug in his chest at the blue of Angela’s coat, it had been so long since he’d seen her dressed in her battlefield blues.

Angela pulled away with a smile, “Now, I heard that someone sustained a few tainted injuries.”
Reinhardt’s pained smile was sheepish, “Please tell me you have the antidote to such poison.”

“Let’s get you patched up.” Angela smiled as she rifled through her medic’s bag, the caduceus stayed balanced against her shoulder as she rifled for the right vial.

Once Angela had stemmed the bleeding and stopped the poison from coursing through Reinhardt’s blood, the rest of the group was ready to move through the back half of the common area and make a break for Torbjorn’s workshop and the hangar area; there were always extra supplies stashed away there.

“Lucky devil gets to be with the missus this week.” Jesse sighed as he dug through the ammo canisters stored neatly on the shelf next to a few of Torbjorn’s armor packs.

“Yeah, a real shame.” Jack mumbled to himself; hopefully the engineer wouldn’t be hard to track down once the rest of the team had been apprehended. The Commander checked his watch, it was almost 8 o’clock; the UN’s forces would be arriving soon, along with Hanzo and the second wave of Shimada henchmen. Jack needed to find a way to lure the youngest Shimada heir to the roof for easy extraction. Once he was dealt with and they were all in transport to UN headquarters, Jack could breathe easier; when this was all over he was certain Overwatch could shine once more.

As if on queue shuffling footsteps sounded on the rocky terrain at the back veranda of the base, all eyes focused on the exit. Jack stood tall, showtime, “Shimada, Jesse, Gabriel, you three should finish off whatever dwindling Shimada forces are sneaking around out there. Blackwatch is more than equipped with the skill set needed to out maneuver a group of assassins.”

Gabriel stared hard at his husband, but nodded at the order, “Of course. The rest of you should work on getting armed and prepare for a possible evac if we aren’t back within a certain amount of time,” Reyes’ pushed the comm in his ear, listen to a voice on the other end, “Oh and don’t forget to let Moira out of the lab in the R&D sector. Apparently there’s some scuffling happening between the other agents and what I’m assuming are Shimada operatives.”

Jesse couldn’t help the snort that left him, “I almost forgot ‘bout the ol’ gal.”

Jack checked his pulse rifle over a few times, deciding that splitting up the rest of the team may be
the best way to make it look less like he were biding time for an extraction, “Ana, Lena, and Reinhardt; go below and see if you can fight your way to Gabriel’s scientist. Angela and I will offer support for the Blackwatch team.”

“Affirmative, Commander.” Ana saluted, touting Reinhardt and Lena back into the recreation wing once more.

“Angela we’ll try to keep our distance from Blackwatch as much as possible; but since they’re going to be seeing direct combat remain on your guard.” Jack ordered, switching his visor on. Off in the distance Jack could see the flying black forms of UN drop-ships making their way through the night sky. As assumed, the last Shimada transport had already landed in the agreed-upon landing zone off in am rocky embankment near by.

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