

A Thousand Miles Away Again

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A Thousand Miles Away Again

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Summary

As Jesse tries to find peace with the ghost that haunts him, Hanzo tries to cope with the overwhelming ache of missing his husband.

Notes

HAPPY MCHANZO WEEK 2017 GUYS! Also Happy Father's Day! I added Gabe into this story to give it that "dad" factor to make it appropriate for today. This is less than fantastic, as I've been out all day and I'm pretty drained from spending time with my family, but I may revisit this fic to try and tie up any loose ends if it bothers me too much once I'm well rested. Today's prompt is the Day One prompt: Morning/Night!

Over in Japan, it was shining daylight. Birds were chirping in the trees, and a gentle breeze shook the leaves along with their songs while people began their daily business or were just beginning their days. Hanzo had been awake since 8 in the morning, sparing an opportunity to check and see if his husband was available to call before setting up the video on his laptop and hoping he didn't catch Jesse at a bad time.

Even despite his reassurances that it was ok, Jesse was always working so hard and always so very tired when they spoke with each other. It hurt Hanzo to know that his husband was another world away, attending to unfinished business back in the states while Hanzo stayed in Japan to attend to his own business that still needed attention. He knew it was dangerous for Jesse to return home for his current situation, but Hanzo had to hope that Jesse wasn't going to run headfirst into trouble with this particular manner.

Hanzo's slight trembling went unnoticed until the handsome face of his husband popped onto the screen. Dark bags settled under his eyes like heavy weights, but smiling brightly all the same in the darkness of the impending nighttime.

"Good mornin', honey," he rasped tiredly, reaching out to touch Hanzo's image fondly as the older man frowned and traced the dark bags beneath his eyes. "Is this a bad time, my love?" he questioned quietly, watching Jesse move back to look at him before he shook his head and sucked in a large yawn. "Nuh uh baby, I made some time in my schedule fer ya... Reaper's a slippery sonnuva bitch, I can't find him out here..."

Father's Day was yesterday for Hanzo, but it was Father's Day currently for Jesse in his position on Route 66 in New Mexico. The whole reason Jesse had left three months ago was to find his peace with the man who essentially raised him before betraying him so many years ago. Gabriel Reyes, the Reaper. According to Lena, his last known position had been somewhere near the four corners of the US, and Jesse seemed terribly distraught at the idea of his father figure being out there somewhere. So he resolved to track him down and 'settle the score' so to speak, when everyone knew Jesse wouldn't try to kill Reaper if he found him. The bitterness was still fresh in his heart for certain, but he couldn't kill a man that was already dead.

It was better for Jesse to know that going in.

And Hanzo wished to stay home, in order to keep their family stable as they slipped further into domestic life. This was Jesse's battle to fight, anyways, so he left it at that despite his overwhelming urge to accompany him.

"How is it over there, Han? Company givin' my dragon man any trouble?"

A smile slipped onto his face. Domesticity wasn't so abrupt for him as he thought it would be, despite their past lives and current lives.

"No, I am fine, Jesse... I am more concerned about you. I miss you terribly..."

Even a thousand miles away, Hanzo could feel the comfort from Jesse, and he was half tempted to scurry for the spare flannel Jesse had left behind due to Hanzo refusing to give it up. It almost seemed pathetic how much he had come to yearn for someone, but Hanzo couldn't help the desire he had to smell his husband's comforting scent, to feel those capable arms wrapping around him again, to-

"It's ok, baby... I'll catch up to my morning in no time. I'll be home before you even know I was gone..."

Morning. It was 10 in the morning for him, and Jesse was a day behind him. The impending darkness cast over his face like a curtain, and he seemed moments away from falling asleep. But he didn't because of the sunlight streaming in from Hanzo's area, and the sun itself staring right back at him. He was Jesse's sun, his morning when he was in the darkness of night, with nowhere to turn, and it was sickeningly endearing. To know that Jesse thought of him in such a way. It made the distance between them seem even larger, more lonelier, even as he had his shining star of the night so close...

Hanzo teared up, and pressed his face into his own hand with a wide smile. Jesse was still so loving from such a long distance. Hanzo didn't think he could bear the separation any longer than he had to.

"Keep good on your promise, Jesse. I will wait every day for my night star to return to me," he croaked, hearing Jesse soothingly shush him as tears streaked down his face.

"I would never keep you waitin' on me too long."

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