

## Wishes were Whispering

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# Wishes were Whispering

by [Vimeddiee](#)

## Summary

Hanzo puts on a jacket and ventures outside with purpose, onto the rocky shore not far from the house, stopping only until he's close enough to the sea that he feels cool spray against his face.

He always knows when Cole will be returning...his senses have learned to recognise the signs; a change in the wind, a subtle variation in temperature, a faint echo in his bones.

~ An epilogue for my previous work, "Away".

## Notes

Just a little something to wrap up the story some more. You'll need to read the first work for pretty much all of the context! I took so long with this, I have no excuses...

Unbeta'd!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

*It's time.*

Hanzo's eyes flutter open in the pre-dawn light of an autumn morning and immediately feels the change. He turns his head towards the empty space beside him and the pillow where he has grown accustomed to seeing the ruffled back of Cole's head, resisting the urge to place a hand upon that very spot like some tragically lovesick teen.

Having risen early for most of his life thanks to discipline, he has taken to sleeping in now that there is no one around to judge him for it save Cole—who does not care to—and himself, and he is very much indifferent to this current lifestyle choice. Still, unable to fall back asleep for the thrumming beneath his skin and the accumulation of tasks he must complete today, he gets up and dresses, prepares himself a breakfast of *nattō* on a bed of fluffy white rice and eats it standing by the window while he watches the sun fully rise above the ocean.

Cole has been gone for close to four months by now and Hanzo aches terribly with missing him whenever he has time to think, so he fills his days with activity and postpones his yearning for the evening when he is alone in bed and consequently unable to escape it.

It has been a few years now since they decided to make a home with each other. Cole had borne their separation painfully, despaired when he had returned to an empty beach house, spent months searching desperately for signs of where Hanzo may have spirited off to, praying he wasn't too late and terrified of potentially having ruined the best thing in his life. Upon recounting this to Hanzo during the first few days following their emotional reunion, Hanzo had kissed Cole's brow, touched lips to the tears gathered in his eyes and hoarsely admitted to feeling just as lost. "*I love you,*" he had breathed in Cole's ear, having previously squandered the chance to share the depth of his feelings and determined to express his affection as vocally and as often as he possibly could.

They had both made promises—between feverish kisses, entwined in each other, sweat rolling down their bodies as they approached ecstasy—to make up for the time they'd suffered apart.

And whenever Cole gained that faraway look in his eyes, when nothing Hanzo could do or say was able to distract him from directing a longing gaze at the sea outside their window, Hanzo would contain a little sigh and fetch Cole's pelt himself.

A forehead press, a goodbye kiss and Cole would slip away; trailed by tender whispers to take care and return home safely.

It works for them both; Cole continues to enjoy his freedom, Hanzo maintains an independent life...and the love that binds them to each other only grows stronger and beats harder within them with each passing day.

But Hanzo still questions this arrangement.

Sometimes he will find a new scar or bite mark on Cole the next time they lie together with nothing but skin between them, though Cole will often persuade him—successfully, exquisitely—into surrendering his worries by taking him apart with mouth, fingers and body. And as time goes by and as Cole returns to him without fail, Hanzo begins to question less and less until he doesn't anymore.

Hanzo occasionally looks back on the life he used to have as the eldest son of a formidable crime family; showered in finery, raised in blood, a dragon prince meant to lead...and how different a life he was living now after having traded power, wealth and status for a brother who had forgiven him and a partner he loves more than his own life—with no regrets save for not having done so sooner.

Only once has Hanzo taken Cole to see his ancestral home in Hanamura, now property of the district until there's enough funding to transform it into a tourist attraction. Hanzo succeeds in impressing him, but the time they spend there is short, as Cole feels increasingly nervous the more inland he travels, and Hanzo is similarly anxious to return to the home that they have made together and put memories of his old life elsewhere in favour of making new ones. Hanzo dedicates a substantial amount of his time to loving Cole deeply...healing himself. Burying his face in Cole's hair and breathing the scent of him every night before he sleeps and each morning as he wakes.

And during Cole's absences, Hanzo consults for Genji in an unofficial capacity, taking care of the books for his organisation until Genji can hire someone more permanent (though Hanzo suspects he won't), for he has rediscovered his joy of numbers and his brother—as opportunistic as he ever was—has decided to capitalise on it. Genji's scepticism upon learning that Cole was back in Hanzo's life after having unceremoniously left it had been

difficult to endure, but Hanzo's current happiness—despite being as restrained as his other emotions—was noticeable enough to prevent Genji from taking any possible action against Cole. Specifically homicide. Enough time has passed, though, for Genji to weaken under Cole's charm and vehement promises of undying love for his older brother until threats of murder permanently subside.

Cole often brings gifts from his travels, returning more recently with interestingly shaped rocks. Hanzo's reaction to one in particular had been an amused snort of, "this looks very much like a human penis," before it was proudly added by Cole to their growing collection of treasures. They are filling a spare room—which Cole has taken to calling 'The Museum'—with curiosities; pearls freshly birthed from mollusks, shark teeth, handfuls of ancient coins, items pilfered from shipwrecks, the occasional sea-beaten wallet.

And sometimes Cole will appear—wide-eyed and imploring—with small, hungry seal pups delicately cradled in the crook of his arm, abandoned by their mothers after suffering the touch of a human. Hanzo never thought to find himself in the bewildering situation of raising baby seals and he flounders somewhat with the first few, but with Cole's warm and patient guidance—as well as some frantic online consulting on Hanzo's part—he settles into the role about as gracefully as an ex-mob boss possibly can. The experience is immensely rewarding, however, and Hanzo further gains enjoyment from watching Cole playfully teaching the pups to swim and feed under the waves until they are grown enough to do it themselves. Not all of them come back to visit, but it touches Hanzo to his core when some of them do.

Winters are always spent together, ever since the first during which Hanzo realised he had no desire to live without Cole. Some are spent with Genji (and whichever partner he decides to bring along), and they are warm and happy and more than Hanzo ever thought he deserved. It is often now that he is forced to blink away tears at the swell of his heart when the house is filled with laughter and so, so much love.

Hanzo finishes washing his breakfast dishes, then dries them and puts them away. His thoughts are taking a sentimental turn this morning and he brushes them aside for later, after the day is done. He heads into his study and carefully opens a smooth, matte black box that he had placed in the centre of his desk a few days before, lifting out the new, custom-made prosthetic arm he had commissioned many months ago. He takes it to the kitchen table and sets it on some soft cloth, ready for calibrating.

*Not long now.*

He puts on a jacket and ventures outside with purpose, onto the rocky shore not far from the house, stopping only until he's close enough to the sea that he feels cool spray against his face.

He always knows when Cole will be returning...his senses have learned to recognise the signs; a change in the wind, a subtle variation in temperature, a faint echo in his bones.

He watches as a man emerges from the mist and foam, smiling.

And anticipating their first kiss of homecoming, Hanzo smiles back.

## End Notes

That's that folks! Thank you for reading!

Title taken from lyrics to Nightwish's 'Away' (title of the main fic) because I love Nightwish and their ocean music and must apply it to everything.

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