

## Quiet

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/6844834) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/6844834>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Overwatch (Video Game)</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Soldier 76/Reaper</a> , <a href="#">Jack Morrison/Gabriel Reyes</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Soldier 76</a> , <a href="#">Reaper - Character</a> , <a href="#">Jack Morrison</a> , <a href="#">Gabriel Reyes</a> , <a href="#">Lena "Tracer" Oxtan</a> , <a href="#">Widowmaker</a> , <a href="#">Amélie Lacroix</a> , <a href="#">Reinhardt Wilhelm</a> , <a href="#">Angela "Mercy" Ziegler</a> , <a href="#">Jesse McCree</a> , <a href="#">Winston (Overwatch)</a> , <a href="#">Hana "D.Va" Song</a> , <a href="#">Lucio</a> , <a href="#">Ana Amari</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Breathplay</a> , <a href="#">Dry Humping</a> , <a href="#">Angry Sex</a> , <a href="#">Rimming</a> , <a href="#">Dirty Talk</a> , <a href="#">Public Blow Jobs</a> , <a href="#">Plotty</a> , <a href="#">Dom/sub</a> , <a href="#">Past Character Death</a> , <a href="#">Public Sex</a> , <a href="#">Anal Fingering</a> , <a href="#">Face Slapping</a> , <a href="#">Drama</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2016-05-14 Completed: 2017-02-02 Words: 34,355 Chapters: 7/7

# Quiet

by [SepZet](#)

## Summary

Soldier 76 ends a long day with the hopes of a quiet night of sleep. His enemy has other plans.

Note: This fic was previously sectioned off into individual chapters. That was a dumb mistake and thus has been fixed.

## Notes

I'm very very happy for all the lesbian art and ships in Overwatch but sometimes I need me some gay stuff. So I wrote some.

Also completely unbeta'ed im posting it right as i finished it so it probably has typos.

# Quiet

Debriefing felt like it took longer and longer each and every single time he was forced to endure it. It was important, he knew that, but it still just... He was tired. He wanted to go home and sleep until he was forced to do it all again. The never-ending battle against Talon, against those that wanted to send the world into ultimate destruction...

Didn't they have anything better to do?

Heaving a sigh, Jack Morrison turned down one of the corridors of the base in Gibraltar. It was one of the only bases still well maintained, so it had become a sad little hub of the fugitive Overwatch members. Parts of it felt like a zoo, what with how Winston had it set up to best suit his needs.

Still, it was better than nothing. They were outlaws now, and they deserved whatever they were handed.

Jack just wanted to find a bunk and pass out in it until morning. Would be better if he could go to the sad small apartment he was currently renting, but that was back in Italy, and that was a little bit too far to travel just to sleep in his slightly more familiar bed.

He'd take what he could get, though. If it was relatively soft, he was okay with that.

At least it was fairly private. He only shared it with three other soldiers at any given time, and even that was a rare treat. With a glance, he noted that the three others were already in bed, a few nameless soldiers that he'd hardly had a chance to know. Part of him didn't want to know. They still lost too many to Talon, to angry mobs, to corrupt Omnics. A depressing point of view, he was sure, but it was hard not to think that way.

Unbuckling the holster from his hip, he dropped it on the nearby table before slumping into the bottom bunk, sighing heavily as he tucked himself back against the mattress, folding an arm under his head as he stared blankly up at the bunk above him. He really should take off his jacket and boots at the very least, maybe even his mask, but he was just too tired. He'd regret it in the morning, but he was just exhausted, as usual.

Once he was settled, he could finally get used to the low sounds of the other soldiers sleeping, their quiet breaths, the faint creak of the bunk as one rolled over, the faint tapping of metal on metal.

Well, the last one was a little weird. He grumbled about it, unwilling to open his eyes, brow furrowing as he tried to figure out what could possibly be making that sound. Maybe someone's belt was swinging on the hook and tapping something? Or maybe-

Except the tapping was louder, and vibrating directly on his mask.

"Such reflexes on the great Soldier: 76," a hissing, dark voice sank into his very bones, the tapping growing harder. "You'd be dead already if I wanted it."

That was enough to make his eyes snap open, body rearing as he fought to get up, if not for the hand that clamped down on his throat, pressing down so hard, he could hardly wheeze out a breath. His own hands clambered and gripped at the arm that had him pinned, but it was solid, strong, immovable. All he could do was focus on breathing and glare at who had him pinned.

“Reaper,” he hissed, fingers digging into rigid muscle.

The ghostly mercenary let out an airy laugh, leaning closer to his prey. “None other. I’ve waited for a long time for the two of us to have a quiet moment together. Shame it’s among your sleeping friends, but it will have to do.”

The hell did he want? Jack glared through his visor, just taking stock of what he had, what he could do.

“You think you can hide from your past. You think everything that happened disappears when you put on a mask and take up a gun. But you can’t. It’s there, Soldier, and it will never leave you. It’s burned into your bones, making you reek so powerfully of regret that everyone knows what you’ve done. And I know this because I’ve done the same thing. There’s no running, Morrison.”

Oh god. Jack’s breath hitched as that angry skull mask accused him. Part of him had always known, but... “Gabriel,” he whispered back, pawing again at the arm. “You died.”

“It didn’t stick,” Reaper snapped, talons tensing against his throat. “And you died too, Morrison, yet here you are. Weak. Vulnerable.”

“What do you want from me?” He should call out, warn his fellow soldiers, but it didn’t feel right. He wanted to remain quiet, wanted to keep the moment just between the two of them. Maybe it was for everyone’s safety. Maybe it was for something else.

“I told you. A quiet moment.” The grip on his throat lessened. “And unless you want me to whip out both of my shotguns and start reaping, then you’ll stay quiet.” Reaper let it rest there for a moment before shifting, actually climbing onto the bunk with Jack. The mattress creaked in complaint, sagging dangerously from the combined weight of the two men, but it held well enough. When Jack started to make a complaint, the grip snapped shut again, choking him into silence. “Silence.”

Geezus. Jack frowned when Reaper slung a leg over Jack’s thighs. It seemed like a compromising position that could damage either of them, so he slowly let his hands slide from Reaper’s arm, settling them down lower on the bed, ready to start throwing punches if needed.

But why was Reaper breathing so hard?

“I fucking hate seeing you out there,” Gabriel hissed, claws twitching against his throat. “I hate seeing you zip by, seeing you dodge bullets. I hate knowing it’s you out there. I hate...I hate knowing that you’ve never stopped fighting. I wished you were dead. I wished peace upon you...and upon me.” Reaper’s free hand thudded against the mattress beside Jack’s

head, making him lean over him. "I wanted to forget the pain you've made me feel. I hate you so much, Jack."

"Gabriel, I don't understand." Keeping his voice low, he searched for some kind of sign, something to indicate what his old friend wanted.

And then Reaper rolled his body downwards, his crotch rubbing quite firmly against Jack's.

His breath hitched as Reaper shuddered, settling more firmly against him and continuing to roll his hips, a rather thick shape grinding against Jack. There was no doubting what it was; Reaper's cock was hard, and he was dry humping Jack rather needily.

"I hate you." His voice was weaker now, hand fluttering and twitching weakly against his throat. "I hate how old we are. I hate..." Breath choking, his hand slid entirely from Jack, pressing into the mattress as well as he continued to grind urgently. "Fuck. I hate how hard I get when I see you standing guard at an objective. I know you, Morrison, know how you stand rigid and true, know your furrowed brow...even before I did research, I knew it was you behind this goddamn mask. I hate remembering the past, remembering you..."

Well. The shadow of death was over him, dry humping him through way too many layers of clothes, and despite his age, despite how tired he was, Jack was...interested.

"Gabriel," he huffed back, lifting one hand hesitantly, letting it rest on Reaper's hip. "I've missed the past too."

"Fuck!" Reaper snapped just a bit too loud, dropping to his elbows so he could nuzzle his mask against Jack's. "I still fucking hate you."

"I hate you too," Soldier: 76 grunted back, sliding his other hand under Reaper's coat so he could grip his thigh, hitching him closer so he was able to grind upwards too. It felt too good to really acknowledge how fucked up it was, dry humping his enemy in his bunk in the middle of their base, but it was indeed very fucked up. While they were that close, it was easy to hear Gabriel's harsh breathing behind his mask, the faint scrape of their masks together...

"Couldn't your lot spring for better beds," Reaper snapped, finally noticing the rhythmic creaking. "Hard as fuck to get off and still be quiet."

So that was what he wanted. "Easy fix." It was fumbling and in the dark, but Jack managed to squeeze his hands in between the two of them, going for Reaper's belt. The ghost figured it out quickly enough, pulling back so Jack had room to undo his pants, fishing out his cock. It was strange, patchy in skin tone, with the usual dark skin marred with white so pale it was almost translucent. "The fuck is wrong with your cock, Gabriel?"

"Nothing's wrong with it. Now shut the fuck up and get yours out too."

A little unnerving to have those talons close to such sensitive parts, but Reaper was gentle enough as he opened Jack's pants to pull out his own erection. Once they were both free, Reaper settled against him once more, letting out a breathy moan when skin rubbed against skin.

Sill creaky, but worth it. Masks bumping and scraping against each other, Jack found himself really forgetting that he should care about this. He was angry at Reaper, angry at Gabriel, angry that he had lost his best friend over something so stupid, and he was angry that it felt so good to have his cock sliding and rubbing against another's.

"Take off your fucking mask," Reaper snapped suddenly, hand sliding to touch at the metal. "I want to see how fucking old you are."

"You first."

"Same time," Reaper compromised, talons leaving Jack's mask so he could clasp his own. "See what you've made me into."

"I didn't do shit to you." How dare he try to blame him for all of that? Still, he unfastened his mask, breathing unfiltered air heavily as he pulled it away, watching as Reaper did the same.

It was dark, and Reaper was still shadowed by his hood, but Jack could see his old friend well enough. Cheeks sunken as if with sickness, skin patchy and pale in places, one eye glassed white, Gabriel Reyes looked like death. When he breathed out heavily, it came out like black smoke. He looked horrible.

"Gabriel," Jack breathed, gripping the edge of his hood and dragging his friend down, pressing their mouth together just a bit too hard, too much teeth and force as he kissed his old friend. It took a moment to have any reciprocation, but when it did come, it was just as hard, just as painful. He thought he tasted blood in there, but it was hard to tell. It felt too good, too much like relief, like giving in to something that had weighed on them for too long.

"Fuck me," Reaper hissed against his lips, hips stuttering and stopping after a moment. "Yeah, fuck me."

That really didn't sound like a good idea. "Can you be quiet?" He really shouldn't be considering it.

"They haven't woken up yet."

Not exactly a ringing reassurance, but it did sound like a good idea. "I don't have any lube or a condom, Gabriel."

"God you're so fucking old. We don't need either."

"The fuck is wrong with you?" Jack hissed back, breath hitching when his enemy slid his lips down to his throat, biting through the tight underarmor he wore. "You want it to hurt and you want it to be filthy?"

"No and yes. Fuck. I don't need lube and I want you to fucking come in my ass. Now shut the fuck up and help me get my pants down."

"You're an absolute idiot. If we don't use lube it WILL hurt."

“I don’t. Fucking. Need. Lube.” Reaper spat out every word, pulling back to glare at Jack. “Now help. Me.”

“Fuck. Fine.” His pants were too tight and the space was too small, making it a struggle to shove them down to the tops of Reaper’s boots. “Now what?”

“Now you shut the fuck up.” Reaper shuffled forward, then settled back so his bare ass rubbed against Jack’s cock. “See? Easy. Now you just have to be quiet.”

“You’ll be the loud one.” Such bickering, but Jack had to note that when Reaper rubbed a certain way, his ass felt...wet? “Are you already lubed?”

“Shut up.” Despite Gabriel’s strange skin, despite the darkness, he could see a flush come to his cheeks.

“Hopeful?”

Reaper’s hand clamped over Jack’s face this time, squeezing. “Shut the fuck up and help me.”

Huffing hard against the hand over his face, Jack reached down and gripped his cock, stroking it a few times before straightening it, unable to see where he was supposed to aim it. Instead, he just had to wait for Reaper to also brace his cock, sliding back and finally down, taking Jack’s cock in easily.

“Fuck!”

Definitely too loud, but part of Jack echoed the sentiment, his hands shuffling to Reaper’s thighs, gripping hard as his dick was engulfed with a tight heat he had long since forgotten. It had been far, far too long since Jack had felt anything besides his hand, and he was willing to let that sound slide.

Bracing one hand on Jack’s calf and the other snapping up to grip the railing on the bunk above them, Reaper started to roll his hips, head lolling back in bliss, his cock bobbing awkwardly between his thighs with the movement.

Something had to be done about that. Jack slid a hand down and gripped Reaper’s dick a bit too hard, stroking and jerking it like he was mad at it, but it was apparently what Reaper needed. The touch elicited such a broken moan, as beautiful as it was inappropriately loud, but probably not as loud as the goddamn mattress.

Easily remedied.

With a grunt, Jack twisted his hips, slinging Reaper’s weight sideways until the world tilted, the two of them tumbling off of the bunk and onto the floor. Gabriel thankfully stayed quiet, even when he was now on his back, his knees shoved up almost to his chest as he was neatly folded in two, Jack pressed over him.

“Fucker,” the ghost grumbled, talons scraping against the floor. “Could have warned me.”

“I could have,” Jack agreed, leaning down, pleased with the wheeze of breath that was forced out of Reaper when their noses brushed together. “But this is better.”

Gabriel lunged up the rest of the way so they could kiss again, so broken and sloppy, but it was perfect. It made it so much better when Jack started to fuck him on his own, hands braced behind Gabriel’s knees so he could really thrust deep, bottoming out each time.

Obscene sounds of skin slapping against skin replaced the creak of the mattress, but at least it was a little quieter, or so he hoped. It was hard to really focus on that, what with how Gabriel was huffing and moaning with each breath, talons scraping and clawing at the floor with increased fervor. And he was getting louder. Too loud. His head was tilting back, lips parting as he started to groan and-

Jack slapped his hand over Reaper’s mouth, shoving in deep as he came, grunting lowly as he smothered whatever sound Reaper made as he came too. Whatever it was, Reaper replaced it with a loud scrape of his talons against the floor, surely damaging it.

There was a shift from a nearby bunk, making them both grow quite still as they waited for some sign. Whatever it was, the man just rolled over and sighed heavily in his sleep.

“Old man,” Gabriel whispered softly before his solid form became like smoke, drifting out from underneath Jack. Soldier: 76 had to catch himself, bracing a hand on the floor as he watched the ghost slide and settle on the edge of the bed, his pants back up, his mask in hand. “Don’t doubt that I’ll still try my damndest to fucking kill you when we meet on the battlefield.”

Jack scowled, rising as he shucked his pants up, tucking his softening cock away as he moved closer to Reaper. It was interesting to see how his enemy watched him move, tried to glare, but still let him grip his hood on either side of his face, letting him drag the two of them close.

They stared at each other for a moment, old soldier to old soldier, their breathing still rough from the sex they’d just had.

“You can try,” Jack finally whispered, eyes flickering down to Gabriel’s lips.

The challenge was enough. Gabriel let out a soft sigh as he leaned in the rest of the way, kissing Jack with far more care than before. If anything, it was soft, almost tender. It was supposed to be quiet, supposed to only last a second, but the kiss dragged on, growing more involved until Reaper had to cup the back of Jack’s head with one hand, the other hooking against his waist as breath grew harsher still.

It was like a memory, their kiss. A memory of the past years, a memory of when they had been friends, had shared everything with each other. They had fought together, joined Overwatch together, had talked about everything together. It was almost funny how something like jealousy and betrayal could tear it all down into nothing, giving them nothing to share anymore except anger and pain at their age, at how they still had to fight wars that were not their own.



And it was almost horrifyingly intimate. They had nearly killed each other so many times in recent battles, and yet the way they held each other, the way Jack had to let go of Gabriel's hood so he could embrace him, hold him close as they kissed and slumped back against the bunk again...it was like breaking down a wall that had been too weak since the beginning.

"Don't get hard again, old man," Gabriel gasped out between desperate kisses, talons scraping too hard against Jack's scalp. "You might have a heart attack."

"You're older than me," Jack snapped, leaning back so he could scowl down at his old friend.

Reaper just hummed, sliding his hand so he could press a talon against Jack's lips, just staring at him.

"Got something to say to me?" Jack had to prompt him again, a little concerned by the stare.

"Why didn't we do this more when we were still friends?" Gabriel finally sighed, removing his hand. "Why did we ever get out of our bunks and go fight that fucked up war?"

"Because we were soldiers. And we did what we had to do."

Reaper blinked dumbly at that before leaning up, giving him one last kiss before slipping his mask back into place. "Fuck that."

That was strange. Jack slid off of Reaper, letting him stand from the bunk, turning to face him with only a slight wobble to his step.

"Until later, Soldier: 76," Reaper growled as his body faded into smoke, turning and drifting out of the room like a phantom.

Grumbling, Jack hauled himself up and headed for the showers. He could deal with that some other time. For now, he really had to clean off all the sweat.

And maybe work off the second stiffy he had worked up.

He was too damn old for all that.

# Alley

## Chapter Summary

The two old soldiers can't seem to stop thinking about each other.

## Chapter Notes

when will i stop wanting to write dumb sappy stuff for two lethal soldiers

He was just too goddamn old.

“D’ya think they’ll try for it today?”

“Definitely, if you keep acting like that,” Jack grumbled back, casting a glare over at Tracer. She was draped over the payload, laying on the case that held the gauntlet like it was nothing. “Can’t you stand at attention?”

“You’ve already got that bit covered,” Tracer yawned, stretching before flopping back. “How much longer?”

A long time. And it was really feeling longer already. He liked Tracer, he really did, but sometimes her lack of professionalism concerned him. They were supposed to be defending an important artifact, and she was lazing about like they were enjoying an afternoon on the beach. He knew the military had changed a bit since he had been there, but this seemed like a little much.

At least it was quiet. Mostly quiet, when Tracer wasn’t humming to herself or asking some random question. It gave him time to scan the area without distraction, time to plan ahead for future strikes.

Time to think about Gabriel.

That night had followed him for a while. It was weird enough to have his enemy there, but after it all...the intimacy that had happened afterwards confused him. They had been best friends before, but to have Reaper carry that on into the future, to miss him...Jack wasn’t a heartless man. He missed Gabriel too, but he’d accepted that even if Gabriel had survived, he wouldn’t be the same man that he had known before. He certainly didn’t think he’d try to pursue anything that they had done before.

Clearing his throat, he shifted as he did his best to not remember it too clearly. He'd thought himself long past the issues of erections from a stray thought, thought he was much too old for it, but lately, he'd been having a bit of an issue. Remembering the night with Reaper brought much to his attention now. Seemed his old friend brought back some of the youth in him.

It was still a strange occurrence. They'd been fighting for so long, and so suddenly, Reaper had decided enough was enough and paid a visit? It didn't make any sense. Maybe Reaper was trying to infiltrate, get Soldier 76 when he was weakest, drag them down from the inside.

No, it couldn't have been that. The kisses that they shared...they couldn't have been fake.

He didn't want them to be.

Swallowing down the lump in his throat, he cast a glance at the streets nearby, as if worried that something would happen so suddenly. Being lost in thought was not the best practice for keeping watch on a precious weapon, and while Tracer continued to practice such actions liberally, he did not want to follow suit.

"You're makin' me tense there, love." Tracer sighed heavily, too close to his ear, making him flinch away. "What's on your mind?"

"The mission." Casting an irritated glance at Tracer, he straightened back up.

"Liar." Rolling onto her front, she rested her chin on her hands, feet up and ticking back and forth, like a child would. "Come on then, you can tell me."

"We are not here to socialize." Tension rode high on his shoulders, making his fingers curl just a little too hard on his rifle. "I'm going to patrol the area." Stupid. "To ensure no enemy has set up post nearby." Really stupid. "Keep watch on your own; I will be back soon." Jack please.

Despite the argument he held with himself, he turned and marched off, head lowered as he seethed. Not at Tracer, no, but at himself. He had known her long enough to be used to her antics, but he was on edge. He was thinking about it far too much. He shouldn't worry about it any longer. It was a one time occasion, and something he would never get to experience again.

"Abandoning your post so easily, Soldier?"

Or not.

Whirling tightly to try and find the source of the voice, he opened himself up for attack just enough for the enemy to slam into his back, knocking him forward, against the wall of the nearby building. It trapped his rifle between him and the sun-warmed plaster, his hands bent painful and awkward and useless.

"It's like you're trying to get yourself killed."

“You’re the only one trying to kill me, it seems,” Jack growled back, turning his head before it was pinned under a taloned hand. “Reaper.”

“Mm, I just like to see you struggle.” The mercenary purred, his body pressing tight against Jack’s back. “You strain with all your might, giving yourself into it entirely...It’s so-”

“You struggled more than I did that night,” Jack hissed back before he even had a moment to think about it. It was instant regret, making him flinch as Reaper grew very still, his claws twitching against the soldier’s head.

“You think about it a lot?” His voice was softer, more airy, as his grip relaxed. “Why?”

“I...” Jack cleared his throat, wishing Reaper wasn’t wearing his mask, so he could see what he was feeling. “It was...something I think rather...fondly of?”

An undignified snort came from behind the skull mask as Reaper let go of Soldier 76, turning away as he continued to make such short, sharp sounds. Gabriel had always had the most horrible laughter. He had his hellish, intentional laughter to intimidate his enemies, but his real, honest laugh was nothing more than wheezes and snorts. Even when Jack turned to face him, he could not stop the snorting.

Jack’s old heart may have thudded a little harder at the sound.

“You’re fond about fucking me on the floor?”

The damage had already been done. Might as well keep it going. “I’m fond about seeing my best friend again.”

“Too late, Jack. You can’t go sappy after you said that.” Sobering up, Reaper bore down on Soldier 76 again, swatting his rifle aside once it had started to point his way. “You liked that I visited you. How many times have you touched yourself thinking about my ass around your dick?”

“I’m not the one that was already lubed up and ready to go,” he snapped back, tossing his rifle aside so he could be more prepared for the weight that thudded into his chest, his hands catching Reaper’s hips. “You seem like you were thinking about it long before it actually happened.”

“Shut up.” The scrape of metal rattled their masks as Reaper nuzzled against Soldier 76’s. “Aren’t you glad to see me again?”

“You’re the worst,” Jack sighed, slipping his arms to rest around Reaper’s waist, just holding on. “We’re enemies, Gabriel.”

“Didn’t stop us before.” Reaper leaned back slightly, reaching up for his mask before hesitating, stepping away. “Let’s move to the shade.”

“Oh? Did you have something in mind?”

“Of course I did, which is why I confronted you when you were alone. Now move to the fucking shade with me.” That grumpy tone was back.

“Why do you need the shade?” Toeing his rifle aside, Jack followed Reaper to an overhang, smiling behind his mask.

“I sunburn easily. Shut up.”

“You’re Mexican, Gabriel.”

“Gee, really? I fuckin’ forgot.” Reaper pulled his mask off, scowling at Jack. “I have fuckin’ vitiligo, asshole. My pale spots burn. Now come here and fuckin’ kiss me.”

“Gladly.” His mask clicked off with a touch, and he honestly forgot to no be smiling when Gabriel looked at him. Whatever he had on his face was enough to make the mercenary pause, his hand slowing in the process of setting his mask down on a nearby crate.

“Why are you grinning like that?”

“Just...happy to see you.” Jack shrugged, taking his own turn in crowding up on his old best friend, pleased when Gabriel let out a soft huff the moment they were nose to nose. “We may be enemies, but I missed your ugly mug.”

“No uglier than yours, old man. At least I didn’t turn into a wrinkled old raisin.”

It was really stupid, what they were doing. It was stupid before, but at least his allies were asleep. Here, they were barely hidden down a side street, tucked among crates under a small overhang. The streets were empty and dead, but Tracer was nearby, and if she heard anything out of the ordinary, they could be found in an instant. But was it worth it? Was the risk really worth it?

With the way Gabriel groaned lowly at the first touch of their lips, Jack thought it just might be.

Pressing Reaper back against the wall, Soldier 76 let his hands trail down over those broad hips he’d always been fond of. Ever since they were young men, fumbling with each other in the back of a jeep, Jack had adored those wide hips, those thick thighs, and that round, perky ass. When there had been a quiet moment, he’d always let a hand trail there, just for a touch, a faint squeeze of the strength. It seemed that was something that never went away with age.

It was almost like he didn’t realize his hand had gone there until he was squeezing one, round cheek tight enough to make Gabriel grunt.

“Good to see that never changed,” Reaper chuckled, settling his arms heavily around Jack’s shoulders. “Just as you remember it?”

“Bigger, actually.” Soldier 76 shrugged, groping more freely now that he was actually aware of it. “Being dead did your figure some favors.”

“Like them thick, old man?” Gabriel grinned, letting go and turning in Jack’s grip, pressing his claws against the plaster as he arched his back. “Come on, you know you want to. Have a good look.”

Since he was offering... Jack stepped back, gripping the coat and moving it aside so he could appraise his enemy’s ass. Gabriel had always favored tighter pants, but his new outfit seemed far tighter than anything he had worn before. Nicely framed in black, belts draped over, Reaper’s ass was absolutely lovely.

Jack lifted a hand and brought it down hard, his palm cracking rather solidly over a cheek.

“Geezus!” Reaper sputtered, scowling over his shoulder. “I said look, not smack.”

“Can you blame me?” Jack shrugged, kneading the abused spot gently. “It’s like it’s made for it.” He had to take a moment to lift a brow at the mercenary. “You can honestly tell me that you don’t like it?”

He cleared his throat. “I didn’t say that.”

A smirk tugged at Jack’s lips as he trailed his hands up and around, unbuckling Reaper’s pants so he could start to drag them down. He had to admit; though he had always enjoyed the rich, smooth color of Gabriel’s skin before, he did admire how the different tones looked with all the scars. He wouldn’t wax poetic and call Gabriel’s skin a story, or something equally as overdone, but it was different, and he was always a fan of different.

“Are you going to keep staring at it or are you going to fuck it?”

“Maybe a bit of both.” It wasn’t something he had ever considered in his younger years, but enough time had passed that he was beyond caring what was right and proper between two people. Sure, they lived in a time that was accepting, but call his parents old fashioned, but everything he was doing would make them toss in their graves. Being with a man, disobeying the government to continue being in Overwatch, and certainly considering what he was... they were all blasphemous actions to them.

It didn’t entirely matter to him. They were dead, and he was very much alive, and presented with a very lovely friend that seemed most willing for everything he could think of. He didn’t care if they were enemies at that moment.

All he cared about was being able to drop down into a crouch and spread those lovely cheeks, eyeing up what Reaper had to offer.

“What are you doing down there?”

Jack just hummed softly before leaning in, pressing lips and tongue to the soft area between Gabriel’s sac and his hole, just kissing gently before dragging his tongue up, skating right over. It was different, definitely something he hadn’t done before and never really considered doing, but he was older now. Being older meant being more daring, in his mind.

Plus, Gabriel’s response was an encouraging one.

“Motherfucker,” Reaper sputtered, back arching as he shoved his ass back against Jack’s face. “Since when did you get kinky, old man?”

“I find it funny that you think this is kinky.” Jack lifted a brow as a taloned hand clamped over one cheek, spreading his ass wider for him. “I thought you were more experienced than this.”

“Shut up and get back in there.” Gabriel’s other hand clamped on the back of Jack’s head and pulled him closer. “If you wanna fuck me today you’re going to have to get me lubed up. I didn’t want to let you get lazy by doing it for you every time.”

Either way, Jack was fine with it. He’d never really considered putting his mouth on anyone’s ass before, but it was rather enjoyable. The way Gabriel shivered and groaned, the low rocking of his hips back against his face...it was all good to him. It gave him a chance to explore a little, one hand braced on Reaper’s thigh, the other cupped up between his old best friend’s legs, gently squeezing and palming the blood heavy erection that hung there.

“Fuckin’ hell, Jack.”

The weak tone was enough to have him opening his eyes, leaning back a little so he could peer up at the mercenary. It was a pleasant sight he was presented with, seeing Reaper with his cheek pressed tight to the wall, his eyes closed as he savored the feeling. Such a sight made him feel even warmer than he already did, making it quite necessary to unzip his jacket, just to get a bit more airflow. It was almost an afterthought to bite at his glove, pulling it off with careful tugging until his hand was free. A quick push of his fingers past his lips got them suitably slick as he leaned back in.

It was now a combination of lips and tongue and fingers that he used, lapping and kissing to keep his ass wet before leaning back to slip a finger or two in, thrusting lightly, tugging and stretching. It was rather fascinating to him to be that close and personal as he prepared Reaper’s ass for his cock. Sure, he’d had his hands in all sorts of places on Gabriel back when they were young, but he’d never been down so close.

He rather liked it.

“Are you going to fuck me or what, papi?”

Eh? Jack paused, idly stroking three fingers in Gabriel’s ass as he lifted a brow. “What did you just call me?”

“Nothing. An insult. Now fuck me.”

Too quick of a response. Jack smiled softly as he leaned in, brushing his lips so delicately against Gabriel’s sac, both hands slowing even more. “Liar.”

“It’s none of your goddamn business what it was. If you think you can tease me with it, you have another thing coming.”

That sounded like a challenge that Jack was more than willing to participate in. With a sigh, he rose to his feet once more, his fingers still stroking slowly inside of Gabriel's ass. "I think...if you want me to actually fuck you, you'll call me that again."

"You don't even know what I said. I could be calling you something horrible." Gabriel grunted in irritation, shoving his hips back to try and get more contact, somehow. "You've got to be aching, come on!"

"I've learned the joys of patience." Sure, he had a rather irritating erection trapped against his hip, but this was more fun. "And while I am old and rather stupid on certain matters, I like to think I can figure things out." Pressing close, he nuzzled against Reaper's cheek, humming softly. "And I know that papi sounds an awful lot like something one would call a father, but you wouldn't call me that... I'm going to take a wild guess and go ahead with the assumption that you called me 'daddy'." He couldn't help the grin. "Do you want me to be your papi, Gabriel?"

"Shut up! It slipped out on accident!"

"Do you call lots of people your papi?" It was just too much fun to tease. "Are you a slut, Gabriel?"

The flush on Reaper's cheeks was precious. It was a mixture of embarrassment and indignant anger, he was sure, but it was still quite a sight. He knew his old friend was a powerful mercenary, lethal in countless ways, but still, it was hard to deny that it felt good to be weak with him.

"I'll fuck you, but only if you call me papi again."

"I will fucking murder you!"

Of that, he had little doubt. Chuckling to himself, he removed his fingers so he could instead undo his pants, shuffling them down a bit so he could pull his cock out. It was a relief to start stroking himself, get some kind of contact. As much as he exercised in patience, Reaper was awfully tempting.

Tempting enough that he did finally pressed his cock into Reaper's ass, letting out a low hiss that was covered easily by Gabriel's sob. Slipping his hands over the mercenary's broad hips, he squeezed hard as he bottomed out, just letting himself sit inside that tight heat, just savoring the clench. He would never get tired of it, and part of him wondered if Gabriel wouldn't either.

"Come on, old man, make me limp back home."

A challenge that Jack was more than willing to participate in. Digging his fingers in hard, he let himself really let go and started fucking Gabriel just as hard as he could manage, tucking his face against his lover's shoulder.

An odd sort of peace came with it, actually. No battles, no enemies, just rough sex in a stupidly public place with someone he once knew very well. Just the drive of his hips, the



slap of skin on skin, the desperate groans...

"Next time, I'm going to be the one fucking you, old man." Reaper grunted faintly as he shifted, hauling a leg up and pressing it against the wall so Jack could thrust in deeper. "I want to see your writhe underneath me as I wreck your ass."

A sharp chuckle escaped Soldier 76 as he reached down to palm at Reaper's cock. "I look forward to it."

"Yeah? Didn't take you for someone who'd want a dick like mine in your ass."

Jack had to roll his eyes as he squeezed Gabriel's cock just a touch too hard, but all it earned him was a broken moan. "I think I could take it. Whenever you want, Gabriel, I'll take your cock and beg for more."

"You...you'd beg for me?" His voice was airy, distant, almost distracted.

"Yes. You make me feel so good, Gabe. All of you."

Reaper's breath hitched hard, hips jerking as sticky cum spilled over Jack's fingers quite suddenly. The clench of his ass around Jack's cock was unexpected, but enough to make the old soldier choke and slam in deep, fingers surely leaving bruises as he spilled inside.

And then there was the awkward moment after, when Jack stepped away to tuck his cock back in his pants, eyeing the shivering mercenary curiously. It took quite some time for him to drop his leg and fix his pants, this time doing it by hand, rather than letting his ghosting ability help him out. Once he turned to face Jack, he leaned heavily on a nearby crate, rubbing his talons over his face.

"Does dirty talk do it for you?" Jack teased softly, wary that something had turned Gabriel's mood.

Reaper snorted, shaking his head before moving forward, draping his arms around Jack's shoulders once more so they could kiss, lingering a startlingly gentle. Once the kiss broke, Gabriel just nuzzled against his cheek, letting out a heavy sigh. "We're really fucked over, you know that?"

Ah. Jack sighed, holding his old friend around the waist. "Yeah. Yeah I know."

"Oh good. At least you know." He shook his head, squeezing Jack just a bit too tight before letting go. "I-"

"Reaper." Gabriel's communication device crackled faintly in his ear, almost too quiet for Jack to be able to pick up.

"Fuck." Stepping back, he pressed a talon to his ear. "What?"

"I see the payload. Soldier 76 seems to have stepped away, and I have Tracer in my sights. Are you ready to mobilize?"

Widowmaker. Jack's eyes narrowed as he considered going for his rifle. There was no way he'd make it to Tracer in time, but just maybe, if Reaper turned on him...

"No," Reaper snapped, turning his face away. "I...found intel that there's more backup not a minute out. We'd be starting a shitstorm we couldn't handle. Fall back."

"Are you serious? We can-"

"Fall. Back." Reaper dropped his hand, taking his time before looking at Soldier 76. "I'm so fucked."

Unable to hold it back, Jack lunged in, catching Gabriel by the hood so he could press a too-hard kiss to his lips. "We're fucked," he added as an afterthought, moving away to grab his mask and rifle. "Thank you for not taking advantage of my weakness."

"Weakness? And what weakness is that?"

Jack shrugged, slinging his rifle over his shoulder as he clicked his mask back in place. "You."

"Oh. Going honestly sappy now?"

"Yes." He hesitated, turning back to see the mercenary looking rather broken, tired and sad and maybe a little scared. "Would it...be strange if we saw each other outside of battle?"

"What? Like civilians?"

"Something like that."

Reaper scowled, snatching up his mask to slap it back on. "That's a stupid idea. I like to have my morning coffee at the café by the northern park in this goddamn city on Sundays."

Soldier 76 grinned behind his mask, his head tilting to the side a bit. "So it's a date."

"Fuck. Yes. Go to hell," Reaper hissed before ghosting away, the black shadow drifting down the street and out of sight.

A stupid, stupid idea.

But it had been a very long time since he had let himself be just that stupid.

Well, besides the point where he realized he probably smeared Reaper's seed all over his coat.

Whoops.

# Date

## Chapter Summary

Reaper and Soldier 76 finally meet as civilians, and finally have that coffee and a good talk.

## Chapter Notes

I cannot begin to describe all the love people have given me so far. It makes me so happy and I just...I write this stuff for you guys. I swear, I have much more planned for these two cuties, so keep an eye out!

This was such a stupid idea.

It was a weakness, a massive point of sensitivity that could be exploited. He could be brought down in so many ways. It would be so easy to.

And yet, he still waited.

It was cold that morning, with a crisp breeze that cut through all warmth, all clothing. Cold never bothered him though, what with his core temperature sitting quite low, what with the whole dying thing. He was glad for the cold, though. It made him less conspicuous to have his hood up.

He couldn't believe he was waiting for someone who might not come. Waiting for his enemy, the good, old fashioned hero type turned vigilante...waiting for Jack.

For a date.

God, he was so fucking stupid. Gritting his teeth, he lowered his head a bit and took deep breaths. Dragging Jack off to some privacy for a quick fuck was one thing, but going to get coffee? Actually socializing like they had before? Idiotic. Jack had better things to do with his time than-

"Is that an umbrella?"

His head snapped up to see Jack goddamn Morrison walking towards him, hands shoved in his pockets and an easy smile on his face that he just wanted to slap away. He still had that stupid fucking 76 jacket on, but all military gear was nowhere to be seen.

His long-dead heart may have twitched at the sight. But only a little.

“The fuck is the point of being a secret vigilante if you wear that fucking jacket everywhere?”

“Lots of people wear this jacket now.” Jack shrugged, stopping beside Gabriel. “Lots of people have your mask too. So...” He shrugged again, looking back down at his hands. “But really. An umbrella?”

“It’s a fucking parasol. You know I burn like a motherfucker.”

Jack lifted a brow. “You own a parasol?”

“Do you want coffee or not?”

“Yes yes, I won’t mention the parasol.” He lifted his hands in surrender, but a faint smile tugged at his lips. “You uh...you look good, though.”

That gave Gabriel pause, making him frown and consider what to say next. He settled with, “the fuck are you talking about?”

“Pardon?”

“I look like shit, Morrison. I look half dead and my eyes are fucked up and my skin is a wreck and I don’t know what drugs you’re taking, but-”

Jack’s hand cupped his cheek abruptly, holding him still as a kiss smothered whatever he had been ranting. When the kiss broke, they remained close together, just taking up each other’s space, lingering.

“I think you look good,” Jack finally sighed, pressing his forehead against Gabriel’s. “Even with all that shit you listed.”

“Sap. Now don’t me regret inviting you along by continuously denying me my goddamn coffee. Let’s go inside.”

Jack snorted at that, but moved ahead to grab the door for him. Completely unnecessary, but Gabriel chose not to complain about it just yet.

It was just all so surreal. So long ago, they’d been friends, and then horrible, vicious enemies. The fight they’d had, the violence, the blind rage and jealousy Gabriel had felt...he had genuinely wanted to kill his best friend, and when it was all done, when he awoke on that table and remembered everything...there was nothing he had regretted more. He had been fully convinced that he had killed Commander Jack Morrison, and he had broken apart. Literally. Dr. Ziegler’s attempts to heal him had made his cells even more unstable, had ripped apart and turned into a black cloud of grief, simmering and oozing along the floor for days before he’d had enough of a will to reform. He’d been nothing but sadness and rage for so long, so very, very long until he’d seen Soldier 76 and just known, known it was his old best friend.

And then he'd only gotten angrier. Jack was still alive and still fighting for Overwatch, the wasteful group that saw fit to make their leader suffer more and more each day. He'd hated so much, hated Soldier 76, wanted him to die for continuing to exist...but that clearly fell apart.

It really, really fell apart.

"And what do you want?"

Gabriel blinked stupidly, focusing on the old man beside him. Jack was looking at him patiently, so calm, like they did this every single fucking day. It was aggravating. How could he just...how could he pretend this was all okay?

"The usual," he grunted out, dropping his gaze once more.

"Here often, I take it," Jack said brightly, moving closer a little. "I don't remember you being a big coffee drinker."

"I wasn't," he snapped, before sighing. "Then I learned there were different kinds of coffee besides the crap that we had in the mess hall."

"A fair point." The old soldier stretched slightly, groaning when his back popped, then pulling his wallet out of his pocket to pay for the coffee. When Gabriel started to complain, he waved him down, tossing down some money. "Just cover the next one."

Next one? His breath hitched slightly at that, considering...would they do it again? Just...spend time together? Did he want that? Did he want to be able to just...look at Jack like they had nothing to worry about, no one to hide from? It was a ridiculous thought to have as he stared at his old friend's profile, taking in the age, taking in the familiar lines that had somehow gotten sharper.

Just ridiculous enough for him to slip a hand down until his fingers brushed against Jack's, ever so slightly.

He thought it had been delicate enough, but Jack still twitched, startled as he peered down. There was a moment of hesitation, almost nervousness, before Jack chuckled faintly and slipped his hand into Gabriel's lacing their fingers together. Jack's hand was so warm compared to his, despite the gloves that Gabriel wore.

Well.

It was funny how something so simple as holding hands with his old friend, his old lover could make him feel so much better. They were too damn old to be holding hands like teenagers, but Jack had this little smile on his face that made Gabriel glad he had reached for it.

"Order up."

They moved to the counter together as their order was placed; one sat stark and plain, a paper cup with a lid next to the plastic monstrosity behind it, clear so they could see the swirled and drizzled mess that it was.

Jack started to speak before Gabriel picked up the plastic cup, blinking dumbly as the mercenary took a draw from the pink straw. His hand finally closed on the paper cup, drawing it in close. “So...” he started, clearing his throat. “The fuck are you drinking?”

“A caramel chocolate frappe. Why?”

“Geezus.”

“What?” Gabriel huffed as they moved towards the door.

“Let me taste it.”

Gabriel shrugged before offering it up, holding it steady as Jack took a sip. It only took a moment before the old man’s face fairly crumpled inwards, a faint garble came from his throat before he wheezed, drawing from his own coffee. “The fuck is your problem?”

“Why is it so sweet?” Jack rasped, smacking his lips as he tried to work the taste off of his tongue. “How much sugar is in that?”

“Who fuckin’ cares?”

“Why would you drink something like that?”

Gabriel scowled at his drink. “Because there’s enough goddamn bitterness in my life to have it in my coffee too. Coffee is nasty ass bean juice with a handful of ass sprinkled in. Caramel and chocolate is good, so fuck you.”

“Mm. Well more for you.” Jack shuddered as he sipped at his coffee again.

Gabriel grumbled at that, pausing as they stepped outside. He had to...sighing, he let go of Jack’s hand so he could unclip his parasol from his belt, snapping it open with a clean, practiced click before resting it on his shoulder. Once properly shaded, he moved out further from the front step, but he had to turn back, lifting a brow. Jack hadn’t moved. “What is it now?”

“Just admiring your parasol. It suits you.”

“Yeah yeah. Come on.”

“Why did you start using parasols instead of umbrellas?” Jack put up his hand in surrender when a scowl was cast his way. “I’m honestly just curious.”

Gabriel huffed, glancing up at the black lace above his head. “Umbrellas don’t let wind through so they often got yanked out of my hand. Parasols block the sun but don’t get shoved around by a breeze.” He twirled it slightly, shrugging. “Plus it’s harder to find umbrellas with skeletons and images of Hell on them.”

“A fair point.” Jack finally started to follow him away from the café. “Is that the only one you own, or-”

“Let’s not talk about my parasol anymore,” Gabriel snapped as they finally wandered into the park, finding a good park bench to settle down on.

“No problem.” Jack sighed heavily as he relaxed on the bench, draping his arm across the back of it, behind Gabriel. “So you come here a lot?”

“Most Sundays when not on a mission. I just like the quiet moments in the morning before there are too many people. I’m not a huge fan of people.”

“I noticed.”

It was just too fucking normal. Having coffee together, just ignoring how many times they’d tried to kill each other. It was too much. He just couldn’t take it, just...

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Gabriel hissed, hunching over, as if curling away, trying to hide. “How can you just...act like this? I feel like my insides are trying to crawl out of me. We’ve tried to kill each other, Jack. So many times. And yet you can sit here and have coffee with me like we’ve been doing this every day. How can you look at me the way that you do?”

“How do I look at you, Gabriel?” Jack sounded so infuriatingly calm, just looking at him so patiently. Bastard.

“Like...” Well now it was hard to describe. “Like-”

“Like I’m trying to live in the moment and savor the small snippets of peace I have with the only man I ever called my best friend?” Jack sighed, swirling his coffee slightly before setting it on the bench beside him, turning to face Gabriel better. “I know what happened in the past. I know I tried my damndest to kill you many times, even back when we fought, before all this happened. I know I made mistakes and I have suffered with them. I’m not one to talk about moving on, as I let myself linger on things that were already done. But knowing who you are, knowing that you feel just a little bit like I do...I want to just live in the moment. Here. With you.”

Well that was disgustingly sappy. He managed a sneer, but it faltered when Jack outright put his arm around him, squeezing softly. “I fucking hate you,” he said weakly, turning his face away.

Jack just chuckled, leaning in and kissing the side of his neck, nuzzling in past his hood. “That’s okay. All I care about is that you’re here.”

Sickening. It was so disgusting, so stomach turning that Gabriel just had to turn his head, ducking down a bit so he could catch Jack’s lips with his own, kissing him. It earned him a pleased hum and a hand on his thigh. Worth it.

“You taste sweet,” Jack murmured in between kisses, his arm tightening around Gabriel’s shoulders. “I think it’s your coffee.”

“Shut up.” Talking was stupid when they could be kissing.

Just as Jack dipped back in, a faint child's voice could be heard. "Ew mommy those old men are kissing."

Never before had Gabriel wanted a kid to spontaneously combust than in that moment because the little shit actually made Jack lean away. Children were a plague on society and completely unnecessary. Gabriel fairly growled as he looked for the guilty party, as if ready to lunge after them and choke away their insolence for making Jack actually stop-

"It's okay, Gabe. Remember, I promised you could fuck me this time. We have time for more kissing in a bit."

Such lovely words, whispered so close to his ear, and it was something that he had definitely not forgotten. A thrill sank through his belly, making him slide back into the bench more comfortably, lifting his coffee for another long drink as Jack idly looked around the park.

Gabriel hadn't topped anyone in a very, very long time. In fact, he could probably count the number of times on his fingers, and those times included those blurry years of confusion where he'd stumbled through relationships with women in an attempt to figure out what he liked. Before the military, and even in the years after his death, he'd tried it out with women. No offense to them, but it just didn't feel right. They were too soft, too rounded. He liked hard edges, solid surfaces...he liked the ripple of muscle in a man's belly as they fucked him hard. He knew ladies could strap on fake dicks and fuck like a man, but Gabriel liked how messy it was with a man. The spill of semen, the sweat, all of it.

And he'd loved it all with Jack, before.

Sure, back then Jack had been a little more blond, a little more energetic, but he found himself enjoying this old age bit just as much. Sure, joints creaked and he was technically dead, but Gabriel knew the benefits of wisdom and just a bit of tiredness. As much as he had savored the eager touches and franticness of youth, Jack's heavy hand just resting on his knee was all that he needed.

For now.

"Do you go around as a civilian much?"

"Oh. From time to time. As much as I love being all about death and destruction, it's hard to get a cup of coffee when you look like you've come straight from Hell." Hoping his parasol between his arm and his side, Gabriel stirred his frappe with the straw before drawing it out, sucking off the whipped cream on it. "My bones ache a lot. Dr. Ziegler said it was because of my cellular degradation and reformation. Like...constant puberty and growing pains. So I like to just sit still; it keeps it from hurting so much."

"I had no idea." Jack sounded so sympathetic, his hand squeezing lightly on Gabriel's thigh. "Does anything help the pain?"

"Back before it all went to shit, Dr. Ziegler used to give these full body massages. They helped a little." Gabriel shrugged, stabbing his straw back in his drink. "After a while, they started to make me uncomfortable. I...didn't want her hands on me."



Jack hummed softly before plucking up the parasol handle from Gabriel's arm, tucking it behind them on the bench and leaning on it, using his weight to keep it over Gabriel. His coffee was once again set aside so he could take Gabriel's hand, and with a gentle touch, started to knead his thumbs over Gabriel's palm and wrist in slow, rhythmic circles.

The pleased groan Gabriel let out was a little horrifying.

"I take it that feels good."

"Fuck yeah." He sighed happily, smiling faintly as he watched Jack knead over his arm, pressing firm touches into places that made the ache burn into something entirely more pleasant. "When did you get good at that?"

"Always have been, I guess. No one I wanted to grope before, though." Jack flashed a grin at him. "Here, turn a little and hold the parasol. I can get your shoulders a little."

Wasn't that a tempting offer? Gabriel gladly took the handle before turning away, feeling a thrill run through him yet again when those hands rested on his shoulders. Those strong, entirely too talented hands, kneading and working out the aches that plagued him constantly.

Gabriel was a weak, weak man. "I swear to fuck I am about two seconds away from jumping you right now," he hissed lowly, glancing over his shoulder. "Do we need to find another alleyway or-"

"This time, I sprang for a hotel. Felt a little sleazy, but I'll be sleazy for you." Jack shrugged, dropping his hands from Gabriel's back. "Unless you only like me in inappropriate places or tiny beds. I made sure this one had a bed big enough for us to really have room." He paused, letting out a long sigh before moving in closer, pressing a kiss to Gabriel's shoulder as he looped an arm around his waist. "I want to have you properly for once."

Properly? Gabriel swallowed hard, already feeling a little warmer than his usual half-corpse self. "How long do you have the room for? It's not some hourly thing, is it?"

"Well...I have the room until noon tomorrow. I didn't really know how long to get it for, so..." Jack shrugged, squeezing tighter. "Fuck. It feels nice to just hold you like this."

He had to admit, he felt the same way. If they had the hotel room for over 24 hours...then maybe they'd have time to do something stupid. Like...cuddle and watch a movie. Sappy. Stupid. And something he really wanted. How many times had they draped themselves over each other in the lounge back in the military, just watching whatever was on the tiny television in the corner? Simpler days, calmer times in between battles...

"I want to go to the hotel room. Right now," Gabriel choked out.

Jack let out one of those damn chuckles, slipping away from him. "I'm certainly not going to argue. Come on, we can take the bus there."

The public bus system. How awful. But if there was no other way to go, then Gabriel would find a way to make it work. He drained the rest of his drink, ignoring Jack's sympathetic

wince when he assumed he got brain-freeze. Ah, the benefits of being several degrees cooler than alive. It was a bit of a task to not look too eager, but Jack had a way with noticing these things, smiling wryly as he trailed after. What an asshole.

“It hasn’t been that long since we’ve seen each other,” Jack finally teased, looping an arm around Gabriel’s shoulders once more as they waited at the bus stop.

He could think whatever he wanted. It had been far too long since they’d been with each other in an actual bed. Maybe once, years and years ago, cramped in a bunk not unlike the one at their first meeting as enemies, but even more hushed. It had been short and sweet, but this time, Gabriel wanted to make it last.

Not that he was as patient as Jack. No no, not by a long shot.

As soon as the bus pulled up, he fairly leapt on as he snapped his parasol shut, shoving a few dollars into the acceptor so he could just hurry on to the back. He hated that echo of that laugh behind him, but god did he love it too. Knowing that he gave some kind of amusement to that tired old soldier made him feel just a little warmer. He didn’t really think anyone else could ever feel about him the way Jack did, not to be a sap about it. He was an asshole, unattractive, and quite literally a corpse. His chance at starting anything new was long gone.

What he had now was old and broken.

But he always was a fan of vintage hardware.

“Alright, where are we sitting?”

“The back,” Gabe grunted, stepping aside. “You take the window seat.”

“If you insist.” Jack shrugged, sliding into the seat and scooting all the way over. “Don’t like the window?”

“The aisle seat is just a little too visible for what I have in mind.” Gabriel slid in beside him, letting a hand rest heavily on Jack’s thigh, squeezing hard.

“What you...no, Gabriel.” Sighing tiredly, Jack shook his head, placing his hand over the one on his thigh. “We’re in public.”

“That has literally never stopped us before. Besides, you can’t seriously tell me that you don’t want me to deepthroat the fuck out of your cock.”

“Oh.” A faint flush came to Jack’s cheeks as he shifted slightly, staring dumbly down their hands. “I...honestly didn’t think...I thought maybe...”

Hard not to grin, but it was easy enough to slide his hand further under the now limp hand, letting his palm rest firmly over Jack’s crotch. And oh, there was definitely an interested twitch. “Did you think I wanted you to suck my cock?”

“Shut the fuck up and suck my dick, Reyes,” Jack snarled, his blush not diminishing a single bit.

“Sir yes sir, Commander Morrison.” Hard to say no to a command like that. Bending over a bit and making himself comfortable, Gabriel nuzzled softly at the front of Jack’s pants, enjoying the hitch of breath he caused. He never really sucked much dick back in the day, so he’d have to bumble through it a little.

Not that it would be difficult. Jack was already vocal enough, and he was just barely pulling his cock out of his pants.

“When’s the last time you’ve had a mouth on your dick, old man?” Gabriel teased, mumbling lowly as he rubbed his cheek against him. “Bet you’re aching f-”

“Not as long as you’re thinking, Gabe,” Jack huffed, slipping a hand under Gabriel’s hood, hooking his fingers behind his neck. “After...after all that happened, I bumbled around. Tried things. See if I could replace you. Didn’t work.”

“Oh.” Gabriel paused, glancing up at him. “Same.”

“Huh.” Jack managed a smile, rubbing his thumb rather deliciously over an ache in his neck. “It was stupid. I’ve never-”

“Shut up,” Gabriel grumbled, not wanting to hear it. No time for sap. To be sure that silence was kept, he dragged his tongue against the head of Jack’s cock, flinching slightly at the salt and the bitterness. Right. It really had been a long time since he’d done anything of the sort. Didn’t matter.

Jack’s soft moans made it all worth it.

“You’re really good at that.”

Not really. He was just drooling an awful lot and sloppily bobbing and licking when he had half a mind to remember it. Jack just had low enough standards to enjoy the clumsy blowjob he was being given, but Gabriel supposed enthusiasm was a big factor of pleasure. Because if anyone was enthusiastic about it, he was. Despite the taste, it was Jack he was tasting, Jack nudging at the back of his throat, Jack pushing ever so slightly down on his neck to get him to take more.

It was Jack that he swallowed down, pressing his lips to wiry hair as his throat clenched and choked around Jack’s cock.

Hissed curses were spat out above his head just before the cock in his throat started to twitch and throb, spilling seed right down his throat. His faint gagging increased at that, making him have to pull off and hack a bit, but it was worth it. Glancing up and seeing how red Jack’s face was made it completely worth it.

“Pretty sure the bus knows what you did,” Gabriel chuckled, brushing his thumb over his lip to wipe away the smeared spit. “You’ve never been quiet when you come.”

“Shut up. I’ve never been deepthroated before.” Jack grumbled as he tucked his cock away, glancing out the window. “Gabriel.”

“What?”

“We missed our stop.”

All humor faded from his face. “Goddammit.”

After a quick exit at the next stop, they walked back to the hotel that Jack had gotten a room in. Gabriel hung back outside, twirling his parasol a bit as he waited. As eager as he was, he wasn't sure what he would do with himself as Jack got the room key. Probably try to grab on to something. No need to seem too impatient.

“C'mon. Thankfully, our room seems to be at the very end of the hall, so...” Jack flicked the keycard between his fingers, pausing. “You alright?”

“I'm fine.” Snapping his parasol shut, Gabriel shouldered his way inside. He didn't want to be so rude, but he could hardly breathe, he was so nervous. His heart was pounding, his skin felt hot and cold all at the same time...and he was more than a little confused. Maybe it was because he was used to the quickies, the distance of it, but now... they were going to be together. In a bed. With so much time to just...be with one another again. Really linger. Maybe even talk.

How horrible.

“Hey.” Jack's cool hand slid against his own, clasping gently. “We don't have to if-”

“Don't. Don't make me say it,” Gabriel hissed, gripping Jack's hand tightly. “Just take me to the room.”

“Alright, no problem.” Their hands stayed firmly clasped together as Jack led the way through the hotel, down some hallways to finally stop in front of a door. It was quickly unlocked so that they both could step inside, so they could finally have some privacy.

It really was a nice looking hotel, with a nice, wide bed and a good sized television against the far wall. Definitely better than what Gabriel expected to be brought to, but Jack always did have horrible issues with judgment.

“So. What do you want to do first? We can watch a movie if you want to.”

Stupid Jack. Sounding so damn calm and innocent. Like they weren't there with the intent to fuck.

“I dunno,” Gabriel said vaguely, setting his parasol down on a bedside table. “Wanna make out for a while?”

“Oh. Yes.”

Rolling his eyes, Gabriel pushed back his hood and pulled his beanie off before sitting heavily on the edge of the bed, toeing off his sneakers. Jack sounded so much like an eager teenager, it reminded him so much of before, back when their skin was smooth and their eyes

were innocent. Every touch had been frantic and needy...back when Jack had still been some farm boy learning too much from some city asshole.

“Oh.”

Gabriel glanced up, frowning at how Jack was staring at him. “Fuckin’ what?”

“Your hair.”

Sighing, he reached up and rubbed his palm over the rasp of his shorn hair. “Vitiligo, Jack. It affects my hair too.” The paleness of his skin also leached into his hair, leaving white streaks and patches. At least this body was unified, with his fucked up eye, fucked up skin, fucked up teeth, fucked up hair. Everything was fucked up. “If you could do me a favor and stop staring at me, that’d be fuckin’ dandy.”

“Oh. Sorry. I just...” Jack fumbled, rubbing the back of his neck. “I just thought it was really beautiful.”

“What.”

“Oh don’t be like that.” Jack shuffled over, kneeling in front of him, resting a hand on his knee. “I like it. I get to relearn your skin again, relearn your body. It’s like a second chance, to start again.”

So much sap. Gabriel knew he was a monster. If he breathed out too hard, black smoke poured from his mouth, dead cells expelled any way possible. Many of his teeth were jagged and sharp, reformed improperly. Blind in one eye, everything spattered and strange on his body, he was a disaster. And the way Jack was looking up at him, blue eyes wide and honest and full of an emotion he could not handle...

He lunged, maybe a little too aggressively, but he didn’t care. He just had to kiss Jack, had to keep him busy so he would stop looking at him like that. Thankfully, he was met with enthusiasm. It seemed like Jack did everything with enthusiasm, cupping both hands behind Gabriel’s head, holding him tight. Part of him worried that Jack would cut his lips and tongue on his teeth, but Jack seemed to hold none of that fear. He just wanted to kiss him, and the risk seemed to be worth it.

With a bit of awkward maneuvering, the two of them managed to keep kissing, even as they fumbled backwards until they could both collapse back against the pillows, still holding on to each other. It felt almost like something they would have done back in high school if they had known each other back then.

But they hadn’t, and all they had was the present to do everything that they had wanted to do for so long.

When Jack’s hips stuttered up against his own, Gabriel had to pull back, frowning.

“What?” Damn Jack for sounding so breathless. “What’s wrong?”

“Do you...I mean, are you still okay with me fucking you? Because we don’t have to if-”

“Gabe. Seriously. Yes. I want it. I want you. And I know you don’t want me to get sappy and sentimental again, so how about we get naked and work up to you fucking my ass?”

“Sounds good.” Sounded really good, and if anything, maybe when he got his cock in his ass, then Jack would stop having that warm goddamn look in his eyes. “Do you have-”

“Yeah.”

There was a damn awkwardness that grated on him, but there was a tension in the air that he just couldn’t put a finger on. They parted to undress, quietly pulling clothes from their tired old bodies, casting glancing at each other from time to time, but not talking, not offering to help. It was strange. After the sap, this was weird.

Gabe didn’t like it.

Dropping his pants to the floor, Gabriel stared at the wall for a long time, feeling tension high in his throat. Maybe it was the environment. The role reversal. The-

Jack slid across the bed, his presence a warm weight against Gabriel’s back as kisses were pressed lightly over his bare shoulders. “You’re nervous.”

“Yeah. Are you?”

“I am. It’s been a really long time. Those times before were...they were different. This feels like...back when we were in Overwatch together.” At least Jack had a reason for the mood. Gabriel was too dense to figure it out on his own. “To know each other, quietly, intimately... it’s not something I ever thought I could have again. I never thought...” When Jack’s voice cracked, Gabriel twisted around, making a grab for Jack’s cock. The contact alone was enough to make him choke, eyes wide and a little too wet.

“How about we get your ass ready for my cock right about now?” Weak. Good job, Gabriel, let’s deflect every single emotional moment with sex.

“Yeah. Let’s do that.”

There was some awkward adjusting, but eventually, Jack was laid back against the pillows with Gabriel leaned over him, with easy access to the space between Jack’s thighs.

“Do you want me to stretch myself?”

“No, I’ve got it.” Gabriel huffed, reaching for the lube that Jack had set aside; a few packets that looked like the samples one would grab from a sex shop. “Can’t let you have all the fun.”

“Glad you consider this fun.” Jack sighed heavily, eyes closing as he settled back, putting way too much trust in him. Damn him. Damn him for thinking Gabriel was someone worthy of his trust. “I was beginning to think I was the only one.”

“Shut up.” Despite the harshness of his words, Gabriel leaned down to kiss him on the brow as he rubbed two lubed fingers against Jack’s ass. “How impatient were you to waiting for today?”

“So impatiently. I just...like seeing your face.” Jack smiled faintly, inhaling sharply when one finger was slid slowly into his ass. “I’m fond of that grumpy look you always have. Even when you’re happy. It’s cute.”

“Fuck you, I’m not cute.”

“You’re fucking adorable, Gabe. When you let your hair get too long and it gets all curly, when you actually smile a little, when you play your guitar. Everything about you is so fu-” Jack choked off when Gabriel tugged rather roughly at the rim of his asshole. “But you’re also a prick,” Jack managed out, cracking an eye open. “And that’s just as adorable.”

“I hope you realize that it’s weird as fuck to have you calling anything adorable.” Gabriel smirked at the soft, airy laugh that earned him, slipping in a second finger beside the first. “But maybe that’s what makes you cute too.”

“Aww Gabriel, you’re showing fondness. Better cover that up with a mean remark.”

“Your asshole is as wrinkly as your face.”

Jack sputtered out a laugh rather harshly, throwing an arm over his face as he shook. His response made Gabriel laugh softly, but that laugh faded away to a fond grin as he looked down at Jack.

“That was horrible.”

“Not as horrible as your erectile dysfunction.”

“Okay, stop.”

“I don’t know if your limp is from your old age or the cane you misplaced up your ass.”

“Gabriel please.”

“You have wrinkles old enough to rent a car.”

“Gabe!” Jack finally reached up, covering Gabriel’s mouth with his hand. “You’re older than me, asshole.”

“No, I’m dead. You’ve passed me up by a few years.” Turning his head to escape the muzzle he’d been given, Gabriel sighed. “I...” His throat grew tight. “What if I outlive you?”

Good job, Gabriel. Way to drop a load like that when you’re getting ready to fuck someone. Gods, the weight in his chest and the pain in his throat was near unbearable, and that wasn’t even factoring in the stricken look on Jack’s face.

“What if I stay this way forever, and you get older and you die? What if I have to watch you wither away without me? I...I don’t want you to die alone, Jack.” Gabriel choked, turning his head to tuck his face against his arm. “I don’t want to lose you, not after I’ve just gotten you back. I don’t...”

“Gabe,” Voice raspy with tears and desperation, Jack cupped Gabriel’s jaw and drew him down, forced him to turn so he could kiss him. “Even when I do, I’m glad I was able to be your friend again, if only for fleeting moments. We will have many more before that day comes, but for no-”

Gabriel lunged, smothering those words with his lips, kissing with everything he had left in him. His need was echoed by Jack’s immediate reciprocation, and suddenly, the teasing, slow nature of the room left. What replaced it was a frantic, desperate need to be as close as possible, as soon as possible. Two fingers became three, and without much preamble, Gabriel was between Jack’s thighs, guiding himself inside of the only friend he had ever really had.

“Gabe,” Jack choked out, back arching up off the bed as he was slowly, torturously filled. “Fuck, your cock is thick...”

“Flatterer.”

Jack smirked, but it was strained for a moment. “Geezus. Just...sit still for a second, so I can adjust. It’s been a long time.”

“Yeah yeah I know. Not everyone can be a butt-slut like me.”

“Well I certainly don’t have an ass like yours,” Jack agreed, looking at him through half lidded eyes. “We should make this a regular thing, meeting up like this.”

“Yeah. Definitely.” Gabriel couldn’t stop himself, reaching up to stroke a touch over Jack’s cheek. “You still have a cellphone?”

“Yeah.”

“Well then, we’ll exchange numbers. But for now...” Clapping his hands down on Jack’s hips, he drew back slightly before thrusting in hard, just to jostle Jack, just to make him cranky.

What he got instead was a soft gasp.

Well.

That worked too.

Leaning over him, Gabriel started up a slow pace, finding himself quite unable to stop taking in small details of Jack underneath him. It was rather pretty, seeing the old man all flushed, his lips parted in soft moans and sighs, hands slipping and sliding all over the place, unable to find a place to comfortably settle. It was more than Gabriel ever thought he wanted to see, and really, he was glad that they had gotten to that point.

He was glad for a lot of things.

He was really glad for the way Jack was looking at him in that moment, and it was still before he even got his hand on his cock.



His look made him feel like maybe he wasn't the only one who's heart was fluttering just a bit too fast for just a simple fucking.

Maybe.

# Betrayal

## Chapter Summary

While Gabriel and Jack may be quite fond of each other, the rest of Overwatch don't share the same sentiments. And some sacrifices have to be made.

## Chapter Notes

thanks to the kind donation of a beautiful, wonderful reader, I turned around and used some money to commission an artist to draw up a pinup of our favorite edge-lord, Gabriel! That way, we can all get a good mental image of how pretty Jack's boyfriend is. Seriously, it's great! There's even an additional NSFW version in there...go take a peek! <http://sepzet.tumblr.com/post/147403212957/senpai76-bruh-i-dont-think-there-are-enough>

Having a secret relationship made everything stranger. Even doing normal things that you had done before felt like you had to be careful.

It was weird.

He kinda liked it.

Jack hummed softly to himself as he headed down the halls, his hands slipped deep in his pockets. It was his only excuse to have his hand clamped around his phone, so he could feel if it buzzed. He doubted Gabriel would text him at all during the day, but he found himself doing it more and more often, looking forward to short texts and weird photos.

He was particularly fond of the photo of Gabriel in his black clothes, taking a picture of his reflection, his coat pulled aside so the shot was primarily of his ass. The text had read Reap this ass <3.

He would if he could. Sighing, he turned into the conference room, glancing tiredly at the other broken warriors he fought beside. Winston headed the group, with Tracer at his side as his apparent "motivation team", or so she called it. Mercy sat further back in the room, but she still smiled and waved at him as he entered. McCree seemed to be taking a nap, his eyes covered by his hat, and Reinhardt was rather crammed into a tiny chair. Even without his armor, that man was too massive.

"Ah good, you've arrived," Winston said brightly, adjusting his glasses. "We can begin."

Peachy. Hooking a chair with his boot, Jack dragged it away from the table just enough so he could take a seat. He hated these damn briefings. Necessary, sure, but still boring.

“As you all know, we have been fighting for far too long against Talon and their terrorist acts. They are not the only force out there causing destruction, but they are the loudest and the proudest about it. We have fought them for far too long with no real results. Well.” Winston chuckled, nudging his glasses with a crooked finger. “We found one of their bases.”

“By backtracking one of their intimidation broadcasts, we were able to find where they are.” Tracer continued, putting on a scowl that didn’t suit her face. “And we can attack them right at their source.”

“We’re not assuming this is their home base,” Winston added. “We’re just hoping there’s enough for us to make a large strike against them, and put them out of commission for a while.”

A twinge of worry hit his gut, making him grateful that his mask hid any sort of involuntary response he may have had. It was just a base. Just as there were plenty of old Overwatch bases, maybe it was the same for Talon. There was a strong chance Gabriel wouldn’t even be at the base they attacked.

“With the help of Dr. Ziegler here, we’ve been working on some new weaponry to gain an edge on the lead mercenaries of Talon. If we come across any of them, we should be able to catch them off guard. We will finally gain the upper hand.”

“What kind of weaponry?” He had to ask, if only to have something to...to warn Gabe about. He knew he shouldn’t, knew it was an act of betrayal to potentially give up the best lead they had ever had, but he couldn’t just...what if he got really hurt? How could Jack live with himself if he did?

“Weaponry I will yield,” Mercy cut in, standing from her seat. “Their strengths are their weaknesses. Widowmaker would fall if I could get her heart to beat steadily once more, her body shocked by the increase in circulation. She may become manic for a time, but her body would eventually shut down. Plus the...tingles? She would feel from increased circulation would make it hard for her to move.”

Okay, that was nice but he didn’t really care about what happened to her. “Is that all?”

Angela sighed, reaching up to tuck some hair back behind her ear. “I...with careful study, I found a way to...stop Reaper’s regeneration. He would...”

Die. Gabriel would die. For good.

It was a little hard to breathe, making him sit stiff and still in his chair. Everyone else seemed to move on, but Angela stared at Jack for a while longer before turning away. It was almost like she knew, but said nothing.

He couldn’t let that happen. There was absolutely no way. He just...

Sitting through the rest of the debriefing was like Hell. He had to warn Gabriel, had to tell him to...to not be at any base. To make sure he was gone and safe. He had to be safe.

When they were finally released, it took all of his strength not to bolt outside. Just a slow, even paced walk until he was safely outside. Only then could he tear out his phone and mask, frantically hitting buttons until he could press it to his ear. The ringing was agony, the waiting, the tension. He just needed to warn him, to get him to safety so they could see each other again.

Finally, the phone clicked, muffled sounds meeting his ear until it settled.

“The fuck are you calling me for?”

“Gabriel. Please, you have to leave base and...and just hide.”

“What? What are you even going on about? Seriously, we talked about this. It was your idea! We don’t call each other without-”

“Fuck what I said! They’re going to kill you!”

Silence. It was almost uncomfortable. “Since I know you’re aware of my regeneration, I’m not going to call you an idiot.”

“Angela worked out a way to kill you. For good. We have a base location and we’re going to attack. I just...don’t be there, please.” His voice was too desperate. “Please.”

“Are you kidding? The chances that it’s a base I’m at are slim. The chances that whatever she made actually works are slim. I’m not going to go run and hide. Despite what we have right now, Jack, I still don’t agree with the rest of your team. If I have a chance to bring any of them down, I will. Why don’t you make sure you’re not there? Hm?”

“Don’t be stupid. Why can’t you just listen to me?”

“Because we’re still fucking enemies, Jack! Don’t...Just don’t, Jack. Just don’t. I’ll text you tomorrow.”

“Gabriel, I’m begging you. Pl-” The phone clicked off. He actually hung up on him. Jack snarled, gripping his phone tight enough to make it creak with the strain. This was so stupid. They were both so stupid. Why did they even start this relationship? They had to have known it would go wrong.

It was too hard to breathe. It was flashing before his eyes again, seeing Gabriel’s broken, bloodied body as the building came crashing down. He couldn’t bear to see that again. He didn’t want to lose him again. He couldn’t lose him again. There would be no coming back from it this time.

“John.”

He flinched, turning his head slightly to see Angela behind him.

“We...we have to go.”

He didn't want to go. But he couldn't stay behind.

With his chest full and tight, Jack pressed his mask back into place, the click of metal like the cocking of a gun. He just wondered who it was aimed at.

Preparing for the attack was like a death sentence. Watching the others get loaded up, serious and eager to go and take out Talon...he understood. He knew why they wanted to, and he knew why he should want to as well. He should be eager to take out a source of their problems, but the risk of hurting Gabriel was too much. It made his chest hurt, made his lungs unable to take in a full breath. He knew he was panicking, but what choice did he have? He could be condemning a man to death. He'd tried to warn him, but...they just had what they had. Maybe it was time to let this strange relationship step aside in the face of duty. Maybe... Maybe what he and Gabe had wasn't meant to last that long.

“I know this is hard, John.” Angela startled him, moving up beside as they headed for the transport. “But remember...he is no longer the friend you knew. He is something worse. Something...not human. This is for the best.”

He knew that. He knew Gabriel was different. The one he knew before had skin that didn't shift and change like passing clouds due to constant cellular growth and death. The one before didn't stretch and croon under his hands when he massaged away the aches and pains. The Gabriel he knew now was just as old and tired as he was, understood the pain, the guilt, the suffering.

He didn't want to lose that. But it wasn't like he had a choice.

“When we land, I want everyone to go in with everything we've got. We might not have another chance like this, so let's make sure they hurt,” Winston said proudly, glancing at Tracer for a confirmation nod. “If we're lucky, we can hit them hard enough to destroy them.”

He didn't want to do this. He just...hoped Gabriel was gone from the base they were going to. The chances were low that he was actually there, but Jack had never been a lucky man.

It took three hours to begin the approach on the base, which was hidden somewhere in northern Africa. The sun was sitting low on the horizon, teasing at the coming darkness like a looming threat. Nothing good ever came as the sun went down, he was certain of it.

“Fan out. Destroy as much as possible. Stay on the coms.”

The transport lowered over the base, the door seals hissing as they released, door dropping open. There was no hesitation from the others; they rushed out as fast as their feet would carry them. There was a moment where Jack considered just staying there, but his sense of duty took over soon enough. With rifle in hand, he leapt out as well, following the others into the base.

The base was on alert. It took almost no time for there to be retaliation against their attack, and that little detail was enough to make Jack's stomach clench hard. There was only one reason the base would know about their coming attack, and that reason was that Gabriel must have warned them.

Maybe he was just looking out for his people. Maybe he warned every base. Maybe-

"Die! Die! Die!"

Oh no.

His stomach twisted even more as he slammed the butt of his rifle into a soldier's face so he could twist, seeing the phantom come ghosting through the base, his shotguns flashing from point to point as he sprayed the area. The clearing they were in was small, probably just a small foyer, but it offered little maneuverability in the state of battle.

Another soldier rolled into view, bringing their own weapon to bear on him, forcing him into focusing on that. He couldn't stare at Gabriel the whole time. On the field, with their masks on, they were enemies. They couldn't hold on to what they had together. If they showed a weakness for each other, then there was no coming back from it. They'd be dead to the world, with no allies to turn to anywhere.

Jack threw himself out of the way of another terrorist's attack, slapping a new clip into his rifle as he scanned the battlefield.

Gabriel and Tracer seemed to be in a dance, the small pilot zipping around, dragging Gabriel's attention from place to place, never letting him settle focus on one thing. It was enough, distracting him so he could not see Mercy landing nimbly on the rooftop nearby, or Winston lunging forward.

"Now!"

Now what?

Jack choked as Tracer zipped away, clearing the area for Winston to activate his Tesla cannon, electricity leaping from it to cling to Gabriel. The howl of pain that rang from behind the white mask was too much, but seeing the black clothed form contort and writhe in agony only made things worse.

Winston must have unloaded an entire clip into Gabriel, the gorilla's fangs bared in primal victory as the terrorist stumbled back, body spasming and twisting even as the energy stopped pouring into him. There was a stumble, and finally, Gabriel fell back, wheezing for breath on the ground, talons twitching and clenching at nothing.

Mercy chose that moment to fly down, landing delicately next to Gabriel. Her eyes were sad as she pulled a syringe from her belt, her movements reverent as she moved forward, wings settling shut as she steeled herself for ending Reaper's life for good.

There was no thought process, no command of action that ran through Jack's mind. It was a spontaneous action, something he could not have stopped, even if he had wanted to. Before he knew what was happening, before he could focus again, his boots were pounding the pavement as he sprinted forward, taking him forward as fast as he could go.

Only so he could slam his shoulder into Angela's side, sending her careening as far away from Gabriel as he could muster.

He was finally within himself again, fully aware as numb fingers drew out his biotic field emitter and threw it to the ground beside Gabriel. The warm glow lit up the area, the burning leaving his muscles as the healing hit both him and the man on the ground. However, he remained silent as Gabriel's pained sounds faded quickly enough. All of Jack's focus was on one thing, and one thing alone.

Turning and aiming down the sights of his rifle at the members of his own team.

"John?" Mercy choked out as she struggled to stand, her eyes widening. "What...what are you doing?"

He had no words. How could he explain what he was feeling? How could he tell them that the thought of Gabriel dying again made everything feel empty and horrible? Like pain had never truly been felt until he was gone? What could he possibly say that would cover that seeing Gabriel's crooked, sharp smile made the ache of the past fade, if only for a little while?

There was no point. There was only his finger on the trigger, his visor flaring to life as targeting receptacles lit up every one of his friends before him.

"Jack," came a hiss behind him, weak, almost frightened.

"Get out of here," Jack growled immediately, shoulders tensing when Winston snarled.

Talons brushed over his boot, the faint scrape ringing sharp in the air. "You-"

"Go! Now!"

The talons drew back sharply, black smoke pooling around his feet, a heavy presence filling the air behind him for just a moment before it was gone, leaving the ground bare and empty behind him.

Gabriel was gone. Safe for another day.

Jack was another matter.

The rifle slid from his hands, clattering to the ground at his feet. Numb, he kicked it away from himself, lacing his hands behind his head as he fell to his knees, bowed over. Submitting to arrest. Submitting to their anger and confusion.

There was a pause before Tracer zipped forward, sweeping up behind him to cuff him. The silence was choking the air with its weight. It was like all the terrorists of the base had melted

away in the face of his betrayal, leaving the team to deal with it themselves. It was suitable, he supposed.

He was a traitor, now. They thought they had come to rid themselves of an enemy, and in their eyes, they had made a new one.

He'd let them all down. They'd counted on him, trusted him, and he'd let them all down. He'd been their leader, standing for what was right, back in the beginning. He had been steadfast and strong, everything they'd needed him to be. Then, he'd been the broken soldier by their side, pushing from the back, trying to let them lead, let them be better than he had been. He was no leader anymore, and he never would have been.

And now, he was a traitor, a liar, a poison in their midst.

McCree was the one to take him to a holding cell when they were back on base. The way the cowboy took his hat off to him before leaving felt too much like a goodbye, a death sentence that hadn't yet been ruled.

Jack knew how it was going to end. He'd betrayed them to save the life of a terrorist they hated more than anything else. He'd threatened them, aimed at them with his rockets at the ready. If they'd moved forward, he would have fired. He would have emptied a clip to keep them back, keep them away from Gabriel. Away from the broken, hollow creature that looked at him with teary eyes and fear leeching from every pore when Jack touched him so gently.

He couldn't let them remove that from the world. Gabriel was just as tired as he was, and he did not deserve to die. Despite all that had been done, he could not find a reason to let him die. He couldn't. No one could convince him.

"Why, John?"

He lifted his head slightly, looking through cold bars at Angela.

"Just..." she clasped her hands together, like she was pleading, her eyes wide as she attempted to understand. "Why did you do this?"

He still had nothing to say. She wouldn't understand. No matter what he said. He lowered his head again, closing his eyes behind his mask.

"Winston will ask the same of you. You know he leads us now. He will decide your fate...he will not be kind when he does."

He knew that. He expected nothing less. It was what he deserved. At least Gabriel was safe now. It was worth it. It had all been worth it.

They let him sit in the cell for hours before he was moved to interrogation, his hands still cuffed behind his back. They removed his mask, so he couldn't hide, so they could look him in the eyes as they questioned him. It was okay. He didn't need it anymore.

"Reaper has destroyed countless homes. He has sought out and harmed innocents. He brought down Overwatch from the inside. And you!" Winston slammed his fists down on the



table, rattling it on the floor. “Protected him! We were going to be rid of him permanently, and you stopped us! Why?”

Because living in a world without his best friend wouldn’t have been living at all.

God, how fucked up was he? Gabriel had attempted to kill him, had brought down an entire building on his head, but now, all he could think about was how Gabriel’s brown eyes had glinted golden in the dim light of the evening in that hotel room, a smile on his lips when he thought Jack didn’t notice him staring. All he could remember was watching a pale patch of skin on Gabriel’s thigh fade and change shape slowly over the course of an hour, his body a moving map of health and death, pain and regrowth.

If this was what it was like when one’s life flashed before their eyes, Jack was okay with it.

“Just give us something,” Tracer pleaded as she placed a gentle touch on his shoulder. “Give us a chance to understand why you would do this.”

Even if he could make them understand, it wouldn’t change anything. He was a traitor.

“You will say nothing to defend yourself?” Winston leaned closer, eyes narrowed. “I will not have any mercy on someone who sides with Talon.”

He didn’t doubt it. He deserved it. Let them believe he was a part of Talon. Let them think he deserved the worst punishments imaginable. He was satisfied. He’d saved Gabriel from death this time. He’d redeemed himself, in his own eyes. That was all that mattered.

“You leave me no choice, then. You will have to be executed.”

Jack could feel that Winston was just trying to break him, intimidate him, to pull out some kind of response. Perhaps he had imagined that Jack would beg and plead, give up everything he knew if he was threatened with death. A sad thing to hope for. Jack had already died once. This was just finishing the job.

“I welcome it,” Jack growled, lifting his gaze to meet the gorilla’s. There was a sort of victory in the way that Winston flinched back in surprise, but that faded when Winston’s expression smoothed back over into anger.

“Fine.” The gorilla turned and lumbered out of the interrogation room with a huff, slamming the door behind him.

“C’mon, Jack. Just give us something,” Tracer pleaded, her voice wavering. “Anything. Let us understand why. Please.”

“I’m sorry,” he rumbled, glancing at her. He really was. He knew that they’d all needed him before, and that they’d held some kind of hopes when he returned a broken man. Some of them had looked up to him, needed him to be so much more than he could have ever tried to be for them. He was nothing. It was about time they saw that.

“Me too.” She squeezed his shoulder one last time before she trudged out of the room, closing the door softly.

He couldn't fault them for treating him that way. He was a criminal in all ways. He'd done something horrible, made them fear someone they trusted.

He deserved this.

They let him sit in a cell for a full day, alone, cuffed. It gave him far too much time to think, to be glad that he did what he did, to regret hurting his friends, to start to fear what the coming day would bring. He was old and tired, and he had committed crimes that no man should be allowed to walk away from. He welcomed a chance to rest, but he was still frightened.

Death was permanent. What came after? He never had a chance to ask Gabriel what had happened. Would it really just be like falling asleep? It was so hard to know.

McCree and Reinhardt came to get him in the late evening. The sadness in their eyes was hard to look at, made even worse when McCree took off his hat yet again as they escorted him. It was only fair to do so. It was their last goodbye, after all.

"It was good to see you again, my friend," Reinhardt said softly as they left the front door of the base. "I will not press for your reasons...I just want you to know that it has always been an honor to fight beside you."

"Same for you," Jack murmured, glancing at him. "Try...try to remember to take things slow, now. Life is too short."

"It is indeed."

Outside the doors of the base in Gibraltar, the sun was sitting low, touching the horizon. It cast a warm light on everything, and in this case, it was a comforting sort of beauty. An end. A period on the end of his life.

"John Morrison, you have been found guilty for the act of treason," Winston huffed, moving forward with Angela at his side. "This is your last chance to speak in your defense."

Jack sighed, nodding to McCree as his cuffs were removed, allowing him to stand on his own. "There's nothing to be said."

Nothing that could be said. He'd sacrificed everything he had ever known to save the life of a man that would definitely outlive him. With his sacrifice, Gabriel was undoubtedly far away, safe, and once he was dead, he'd have plenty of chances to move on, and forget him for good. He'd done his part, and he wouldn't change a thing.

Winston snorted. All camaraderie they had once shared seemed to be gone, dissolved away as soon as Jack had kept Gabriel from being put down like an animal. He knew hatred could run deep, he'd just never seen it do this. Even when he fought with Gabriel, there had been pain, regret.

There was none of that now.

"The only thing we could decide on was a firing squad. Is that suitable?"

“It’ll do.” Jack nodded faintly. “Shall I turn away so you don’t have to look me in the eye?”

McCree nodded back as he drew his revolver. “Just keep your eye on the sunset. I’ll aim it right.”

“I know.” He turned, straightening his back as he fixed his eyes on the horizon. “They taught you well.”

“Say...say hello to Ana when you see her,” McCree sighed, the click of the hammer being drawn back loud in the still air. “Tell her I’m sorry that I disappointed her.”

“I don’t believe you did, Jesse. But I’ll pass the word on.” He wondered how long it would take for Gabriel to find out that they’d executed him. How would he respond? He imagined he would be sad, but...how long would it take him to forget? There was no end in sight for Gabriel’s life, so...

The smell of bitter smoke filled his breath, making him cough slightly. It was like burning protein, like singed hair and dead skin. It was cloying, near overpowering and-

The ground before him turned inky black and boiled as a humanoid shape shot out of it, rising above the ground and fanning out a large black coat.

Gabriel.

With an inhuman roar, the phantom lunged, flinging his arms around Jack and yanking him aside just as McCree’s revolver fired. Their momentum continued, sending them both tumbling to the ground. Jack expected to feel the crack of the asphalt against his shoulder, but just as they touched ground, it turned to black ink and they passed through it.

And there was nothing but blackness, choking and deep, filling his lungs, his eyes, everything. It was like drowning in the crushing depths of the ocean, unable to move, to search for air. He tried to scream but nothing came out, leaving him still and suffering.

Then there was light and grass and wind, with ground beneath his feet.

Jack stumbled a few steps before falling to his knees, wheezing for breath, his fingers digging into the dirt, feeling that he was solid again, somewhere safe.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Gabriel snarled, stomping in front of him. “What the fuck were you doing, pendejo?”

What? Still coughing, Jack lifted his head so he could scowl up at him. “What did it look like?”

“Like you fucking wanted to die! What? You were just going to let them shoot you? Why were they going to shoot you anyways?”

“Are you kidding me?” Forcing himself to his feet, Jack cast a glance around at the landscape. Some sort of grassy hill, and off in the distance, gleaming ominously, the Gibraltar base sat. “I’m a traitor now!”

“Why? Because you stopped them from killing me?”

“Yes!”

“Seriously?” Gabriel threw his hands up in exasperation, turning away. “Just for-”

“They hate you! You killed so many; you’re a terrorist. How else were they supposed to feel about you?”

“I don’t know!” He spun back around, poking Jack harshly in the chest. “All I know is that they took their anger at me out on you, and you were just going to let them!”

“Why the fuck are you blaming me?” Jack swatted his hand away, growling. “Part of me wondered if you’d even care.”

Gabriel flinched back for a moment, his talons scrabbling at his mask so he could yank it off, just so Jack could see the glare he was casting his way. “And what made you think that?”

“Because you left me there! You had to know I wouldn’t get off so easily. I wanted you to escape, and you did. You ran, like I wanted to. And I just...I didn’t know if you’d come looking for me again. I didn’t know what...what this, what we meant to you.” Jack sighed, rubbing a hand over his face. “I don’t know. I know we’ve had a good time together, but I...” Shaking his head, he drew his hand away so he could stare Gabriel right in the eye. “Why did you leave, when I know you could have stayed and fought?”

“I...” Gabriel looked away, drumming his talons on his mask, the clicks fast and anxious. “I was scared.”

“Of Mercy?”

“No. Shut the fuck up.” Gabriel’s shoulders slowly grew tense, nearly quivering with the restraint he held. “I blacked out for a moment, and then the next thing I know, you’re over me. Protecting me. It scared me. I wondered what I meant to you that you would do that. I had to leave. I had to think.” He shivered, his eyes closing as he breathed out heavily, black smoke pouring past his lips. “I wondered if I would have done the same for you. And I would have. It would be stupid and reckless, and in some way, me attempting to make up for my previous mistakes.”

“We’ve all made mistakes.”

“Not as badly as me. And I almost made the worst mistake of all. Thinking, fighting with myself almost let you get killed. Just...” Gabriel threw down his mask, snarling as he turned away, pressing his hands hard to his temples. “You almost died. Just...just as I finally fucking figure out that I still fucking love you.”

Jack’s breath hitched at that.

They were too damn old for this shit. Too damn old to still be around, and definitely too damn old to be admitting love. Too old and too broken.

Was still pretty damn nice.

“I love you too, Gabe,” he sighed, feeling a weight both lift and press on his chest all at the same time.

“You’re a fucking idiot,” Gabriel laughed, his hands shifting from his temples to his face. “I’m an idiot.”

“We can both be idiots. Luckily, there’s no cap on idiots in this world.” Jack moved forward carefully, resting his hands lightly on Gabriel’s hips. “I was an idiot for not looking harder in the rubble for you.”

“I don’t blame you. I tried to kill you.”

“I’d have tried to kill me too.” Pressing in closer, Jack nosed against the back of Gabe’s hood, his eyes closing. “But I don’t care right now.”

“Well you should.” Gabriel twisted in his grip, scowling at him, even as tears gleamed in the glassy white eye. “We’re idiots. We’ve tried to kill each other too many times to be doing this.”

“And what is it we’re doing?”

“Pendejo,” Gabriel scoffed before tipping in, kissing him far too gently.

It was perfect.

Jack huffed softly as he kissed back, slipping his arms more fully around Gabriel’s waist, holding him tight. It was like they had all the time in the world again, like everything else would pause, to give them a chance to really feel one another. He wished they could, but in the distance, he could hear the faint roar of a transport coming to life, back at base. It was what made him pull away, made him look to the base again.

“Now what?”

“I’m a traitor to them. I can’t go back. Not without giving you up.”

“I wouldn’t let you go back,” Gabriel hissed, his talons coming up to grip Jack’s shoulders just a bit too hard. “Not if they were going to kill you just for being stupid.”

Jack snorted, turning his attention back to the phantom in his arms. “Then what do you suggest we do?”

“We go on the run. We hide. I...not to sound completely ridiculous, but we run away. Together.” Gabriel looked uncertain for a moment, his grip lessening. “I enjoyed our times together. I want a chance to do that again. If we stay, we won’t get that. So we have to run. If you want to.”

Another chance to get away from fighting, for just a little while? Sounded just about right to him. “I’d like that.”

“Oh good.” Gabriel cleared his throat, patting Jack’s shoulders lightly before stepping away.  
“We’d better get moving then.”

“By the way. If you drag me through a teleport again, I’m going to seriously hurt you.”

“Big baby.” Gabriel huffed, looking down at his mask. There was a moment when his expression grew angry, twisted and ugly in his rage. But after a moment, it cleared. And he brought his boot up, only to smash it down on his mask, over and over, until the angry white visage cracked under the force. He ground it into the dirt with his heel.

And when he looked up again, Gabriel almost looked young again, almost happy.

“Let’s go, Jack.”

“Gladly.”

# Dominance

## Chapter Summary

Jack and Gabriel make a stop in Italy while they hide out from their previous factions, and Gabriel finally explains why Winston was so willing to execute Jack. Also they fuck a lot. So there's that.

## Chapter Notes

Unbeta'ed. Also, please do not do what these two did like seriously it's stupid and unsanitary. And unrealistic. But who cares about that part. but seriously dont pick your sex toys out of DUMPSTERS

"They're talking to me like I'm a tourist. Do I look like a tourist?"

"With socks and sandals, absolutely."

Jack huffed as he glanced down at his feet. "What? It's comfortable."

"So is the warm embrace of death, but that doesn't mean it's a good thing. Change. Right now."

"Wait until we're at the room." Jack hefted the backpack higher on his back, glancing at Gabriel. "You're one to talk. All black isn't exactly fashionable."

"Speak for yourself. This is just what I wore to travel. I'll be changing in a minute." Gabriel reached up, dragging off his beanie so he could scratch his fingers through his curls, fluffing them back up a bit. "So how long can we stay here?"

"A week, at most. Then we'll have to move on."

"Right. Well a week should be enough." Gabriel sighed as he thudded his fist against the elevator button, glancing up at the numbers. "Always wanted to spend some quality time in Italy."

"Yeah? I guess that makes sense. We've never had time for vacation." Thankfully, the elevator was empty when they stepped into it, giving them more time to speak alone. He felt like it was obvious that they were on the run, but it was probably just paranoia getting to him. "I know we're under strange circumstances, but anything you want to do while we're here?"

“I don’t know. Maybe go to the beach. I like beaches.”

“I remember that.” Jack nodded faintly, glancing up when the elevator doors binged open. “Didn’t we sneak off base once to go to the beach?”

“At 2 am, yeah. Water was too goddamn cold.”

“You’re adorable.”

“Too adorable for you,” Gabe scoffed as they reached their room, taking the keys so he could unlock it. “Change your damn outfit. I won’t be seen in public with you if you continue to look like someone’s grandpa.”

“Touchy.” Jack closed the door behind the two of them, lifting a brow as Gabe immediately went into the bathroom. “And what will you be doing?”

“Changing too. I want to be comfortable too.”

“How are those not comfortable?” Jack huffed as he sat heavily on the edge of the bed, undoing his sandals so he could yank the offending items off. “You wear clothes like that all the time.”

“Correction; I used to wear clothes like this all the time. Now I wear different clothes. Just as I learned that there were better coffees out there, I learned about the joys of other clothes. Now stop judging and worry about not looking like you’re my sugar daddy.”

Now that was a thought. Jack smiled wryly as he dug through his bag for a new shirt to wear, pulling out his boots while he was at it. Despite what the regeneration had done to Gabriel, in some ways, he looked better than ever. His cheekbones were more pronounced, his skin rather smooth...well, either way, Jack would have found him beautiful. He was his best friend, and maybe now, they could put all that had happened behind them.

Everything. His life at Overwatch was completely over. He couldn’t go back, couldn’t fight beside his old friend, all for the sake of being beside just one. Probably a stupid mistake. Well he knew it was already, but it had to be worth it. He would make sure it was worth it.

Unless it already was.

“Dammit. I forgot to bring a parasol. We’re going to have to stop at a store and get one.” Gabe sighed as he stepped out of the bathroom, leaning down to tug up the zipper on his boot, a small black bag in his other hand.

His high heel boot.

“Wh...what.” Jack blinked dumbly as he stared at Gabriel. No longer were there baggy clothes. They had been replaced by rather feminine clothes. Really feminine clothes. “What are you wearing?”

Gabriel rolled his eyes, planting his hands on his hips. “Comfortable clothes. What’s wrong with this?”



“You’re wearing a skirt. And heels. And a shirt that’s too short.”

“Maxi skirt. Ankle boots. Crop top. Fuck, you’re old.” Gabriel shook his head, turning away so he could go to the mirror, opening up the bag to pull out a pencil. “Dying makes you reevaluate things. And I like dressing like this. It’s comfortable. Makes me feel good.” He brought the pencil up to his eyes, deftly sketching out lines. “Got a problem with it?”

Jack was having a rather hard time looking away, actually. The skirt had a slit up the side, exposing a rather lovely looking length of leg, the pale patches shifting slowly. He could see the strength of Gabriel’s back in the tight crop top, accentuating his shoulders and neck. In typical Gabriel fashion, the heels even had spikes on the back, silvery and ominous.

“Well?” Gabriel straightened back up, setting down his pencil so he could put on some kind of metal glove set on his hands. Satisfied, he turned to face Jack once more, a scowl on his face that quickly faded when they were looking at each other. “Jack? Jack, you look like a fish on the dock. Close your mouth.”

His jaw clicked shut after a moment, color rising to his cheeks. Sure, Gabriel was still wearing all black, but those clothes, and now eyeliner? It was...it was a little shocking. “You uh...you didn’t wear stuff like this on our dates.”

“Of course not. It was too cold. If I dressed like that in that weather, I wouldn’t have been very incognito, now would I? But it’s warm here.” Gabriel shrugged, folding his arms over his chest. “It’s warm here, and I want to walk along the beach with you.”

Romantic words, sure, but it was still just a little much for Jack. He’d never imagined he’d see Gabriel like this. Not in stockings. Not with... “Are those claws?”

“Mm? Ah, yeah.” Gabe smiled as he displayed the jewelry on his hands. “I like talons. Nice, right?” Each finger was tipped with a filigree claw, each one connected by delicate chains to a matching ring around each finger, and those in turn were chained to a matching cuff on his wrist.

It was everything Jack had no idea he’d ever liked. Seeing his strong friend, dressed that way, his eyes marked with dark smudges of makeup and eyeliner in sharp points, in heels and claws and...and it was far too much for him to handle. His heart thudded painfully hard, his throat dry, his eyes wide. It...it was...

“Jack. Come on. Focus.” Gabriel lifted one perfect leg, pressing the heel of his boot against Jack’s crotch, pressing lightly.

He choked on a moan, hands snapping up to clamp on Gabriel’s ankle. Not to stop him, no, just to hold on.

“Oh?” Gabriel lifted a brow, pressing his heel down a little harder. “Are you turned on, Morrison?”

Holy fuck, he was. He had no idea when he’d started to get so hard, but there it was. He was already tenting his jeans, only for that to be threatened by the rigid shoe pressing down on it.

It was like a fantasy he'd never even considered before. It-

"I asked you a question, Jack." Talons stroked over his jaw, making him shudder and tilt his head back. "Are you turned on?"

"Yes." Absolutely he was. This was wreaking havoc on him and it was just too good.

"Which part of it turned you on? What I'm wearing or this heel on your balls?"

"Both. It's both." Gods, it was both. Gabriel looked so goddamn sexy like that, crooning at him and touching him like that.

"This is interesting. I'm wondering if you like to be dominated, Jack. Do you?"

Those damn talons ran over his scalp, from the nape of his neck, all the way up to the crown of his skull. It made his head loll forward, if only to get more of that touch. "I don't know. It's never happened."

"Maybe we should find out." Gabriel drew back his boot, stepping back a bit. "Kneel on the floor."

Interesting. That was one way to put it. Still, Jack slid forward, off of the bed so he could kneel on the floor like he was told.

"You look good on your knees," Gabriel mused, stroking his jaw again with those damn talons. "And look at that bulge in your pants. Very nice." He nudged it with his toe, grinning when Jack inhaled sharply. "Take it out."

Gladly. He rather dumbly tugged at his jeans until he got them open, fishing out his cock and stroking it lightly, letting out a pleased sigh right up until that boot pressed on his cock just a touch too hard. "Hey!"

"I didn't say you could touch it. Hands on your thighs. You don't get off until I say so." Gabriel looked entirely too pleased with himself, removing his shoe only after Jack did as he said. "This is fun. But I'm thinking I could have just a bit more fun with this. You sit there like a good boy, and let me take a seat."

"A seat?" Jack frowned, glancing at the bed behind him. "A seat where?"

"On your face, of course." He turned away, reaching back to pull his skirt aside, exposing his round, pert ass, covered so delicately by black lace panties. "Be a good boy and eat my ass, and then maybe I'll let you come."

Oh gods yes. Jack grinned as Gabriel moved back, tilting his chin up so he could easily nuzzle in, mouthing hungrily through lace at the hot skin underneath. Slowly, more weight was added until there was truly no other place for him to be but up against Gabe's ass, and there was no other place he wanted to be.

"Eager," Gabriel breathed in appreciation as he hooked the side of the panties, moving them aside as well so Jack could get lips and tongue on hot skin. "You'll be a good boy for me,

won't you?"

Dammit, that was hotter than it had any right to be. Jack growled low in his throat, bringing a hand up to brace on Gabriel's thigh as he licked steadily at his ass. There had always been doubts that he had carried, especially when he was young. Though the world had improved some in the years since his youth, he still had nights where he denied that he craved men the way he did.

There was no denying how into he was having this man sit on his face.

"That's a good boy. Fuck, you're good at that," Gabriel sighed happily, reaching back to lace his talons through Jack's hair. "You like my ass, don't you? You may use your hands to hold me if you need to."

Yes please. Reaching up, Jack settled his hands on those round cheeks, spreading them wider a bit so he could nuzzle and lick more comfortably. It also allowed him to hold the panties aside on his own, so Gabriel's hand shifted away. It only took a moment for Jack to start to hear Gabe stroking himself, so he was satisfied.

"C'mon, so close," came a breathy, desperate voice, and that was encouragement enough. Anything to make his Gabriel come. The more Jack licked, the faster the breaths came until finally there was a sob, muscles twitching and tensing hard.

Beautiful.

Just being able to feel his orgasm was gorgeous, knowing that Gabriel had a moment to ease his ache with a moment of pleasure. Sappy, sure, but it was hard not to adore making his very best friend feel good.

"Your face makes a good seat," Gabe chuckled as he shakily stepped away, fixing his panties and skirt before turning, offering his messy hand to Jack. "Lick it clean."

Oh. Jack eyed the smeared semen on the proffered hand. Never much relished the taste, especially not when it was as grey tinted as Gabriel's was, but what was he going to do? Say no?

Nope. Not anymore. It was all about saying yes now. They were free, free to be with each other, to love each other as much as they wanted. This was a yes situation, and he wasn't going to turn away.

With a soft sigh, Jack leaned in, licking and sucking obediently at the talons in front of him, cleaning up every speck. It was foul and bitter, more than it had any right to be, but all that mattered was that Gabe let out a pleased hum, his free hand stroking through Jack's hair slowly, rewarding him, in a sense.

"There's my good boy," he cooed. "Now come on, tuck yourself away. I want to go get a cannoli after we get my parasol."

"What."

“You heard me. Put your cock away.”

Cruel. “Seriously? You’re going to make me blue ball it.”

“Yes.” Gabe grinned wickedly, nudging his cock with his heel. “If you’re a good boy, I’ll reward you tonight. You know it’ll be worth it.”

No, actually, he didn’t know it, but he was a yes man. Heaving a sigh, Jack tucked himself away. “Alright, just let me go wash my face.”

“What? Don’t like smelling like ass?” Gabe turned away, returning to the mirror to make sure his eyeliner was still impeccable. “Sharp enough to kill a man,” he said happily, running a talon over his brow. “So. After Italy, where will we go?”

“I don’t know,” Jack sighed as he rose, shuffling into the bathroom so he could scrub down. “Anywhere in particular you wanted to go?” When silence only seemed to fill the air, Jack had to pause as he reached for the towel, frowning before wiping his skin dry. “Gabriel?”

“Anywhere is fine. Just so long as we keep this up.” Gabe leaned into the bathroom, looking at their reflection, a faint smile on his lips. “Shit we should have done years ago. Why didn’t we take a road trip back then?”

“You know why. But we’ll do that now. Whenever you want.” Turning to face the solid piece of his life, Jack reached up to cup Gabriel’s cheek, drawing him in for a kiss. “We have time now,” he breathed. “We have all the time in the world.”

Gabriel hummed, hesitating a moment before drawing back. “Come on, old man. Let’s go for a walk.”

A walk it was. Their wandering feet took them to a shop for a parasol, then to a little dessert booth on the beach, where they found themselves walking along a small beach with crystal blue water, with rocky shores and clustered trees. It looked like a secret land, discovered by few, shared by nothing but the wind and sky. In that city, where no one knew who they were, they could lace their fingers together and wander aimlessly, sharing sticky sweet bites of the treats they had bought, and even sweeter kisses.

It was disgusting how in love Jack was. Being able to hold Gabriel’s hand, being able to glance over and see his beautiful face, know that they didn’t have to fight, didn’t have to fake it. It was just them, just all that they wanted to be with each other.

“I should smack you with how you keep looking at me.”

“I’d probably like it,” Jack chuckled, stepping down off of a rather large rock, offering his hand up to Gabe. “You never know.”

“You probably would, pendejo.” Gabe chuckled as he took his hand, bracing himself as he followed. For being in heels, he moved rather easily over the rocky terrain. “We may have to test that.”

“Preferably not at this very moment.” Jack paused a moment before slipping his arm around Gabe’s waist, smiling up at him. Those damn heels gave him a few inches advantage, which he quite enjoyed. “Tell me something, Gabriel.”

“What’s that?” He, in turn, draped his arm over Jack’s shoulders, glancing down to place his feet right.

“What...what if you hadn’t come on time?” A horrible thing to ask, but he had to know.

“What if you had been too late?”

“Oh.” Gabriel swallowed hard, his grip tightening ever so slightly. “I don’t really want to think about that.”

Which really was an answer, if Jack thought about it. There was no other option for how it had to go. Gabriel had made it in time, and here they were, on a beach almost devoid of other people, taking in each other’s company. It was something they didn’t even want to consider, which meant this was the only desired outcome. Still, it felt nice to be reassured.

“I should...really tell you.”

“Hm?”

“Why Winston hates me so much.” Gabriel sighed, shifting his grip so he could stroke his talons over Jack’s head. “It’s more than just me being a terrorist. It’s more than that.”

“Oh.” If it was a secret of some kind, then Jack was concerned. Sure, Winston hadn’t been the closest with Gabriel when they had all been together, but what Gabriel said led him to believe there had always been something going on.

“I always was one who was against the lunar base. I didn’t like what they were doing with the gorillas. I thought...I thought that it was bad enough with what was going on with Omnic, that we really shouldn’t risk having an uprising. Well, we had one on both counts, and I thought that I had been right the whole time. But no matter. We fought wars, we won them. And I had to fight beside that...monkey.”

Right. He did call him that a lot.

“And that monkey had the audacity to fall in love with a human woman. It was disgusting to me, that an animal would dare consider a partnership with a human. I couldn’t let that happen. I wouldn’t.” Sighing heavily, Gabriel drew away, running his fingers through his hair. “So I flirted with her. I seduced her away on purpose. I’ve always been gay. It was stupid. I knew it the whole time, but I still did it. I made her love me just so she wouldn’t love him. And I made sure he knew it.”

“Oh.” Jack rubbed the back of his neck, glancing away. That was a malicious thing to do; it at least made him partially understand why Winston had been that way. “I’m sensing there’s more to this.”

“There is.” Gabriel sighed, letting his hands drop. “I made sure she died, too.”

“What?” Now that was a little much. “What did you do?”

“He had no way to prove it. She was a scientist under his tutelage, you see. She really got into making new technology for me, making sure I had the latest and greatest weaponry. She wanted me to be safe and strong and... She wanted to become my assistant, in a sense. Wanted to only build things for me. I encouraged it, of course, but made it seem to others that I was trying to talk her out of it. She thought it was a little game, that I was trying to look tough when I really needed her. It only made her want me more, really.”

“Gabriel, what did you do?”

“She snuck out on a mission with me. I made it seem like I disapproved, shouted at her, so the men would think I just wanted her to stay safe. But I kept her by my side on that mission. There was an Omnic base that we had to take out, with lots of roaming Omnics around. I was just so mad all the time then. With Winston rising the ranks, me pushed to the side, you being Commander...I was so angry. I...I killed her, Jack. I kicked her out of cover so an Omnic would see her. I made sure she got gunned down.”

“Gabe...that...”

“Is murder. I murdered an innocent woman because of how much hatred I had in me. Winston always knew I had made sure it had happened...but he had no way to prove it. Everyone chalked it up to her just being too lovesick to care. They sent me flowers...you remember the flowers? I had to keep throwing them all out.” Gabriel shook his head, wrapping his arms around himself. “I regret it now. I hurt so many people just because I felt like I was getting dragged in the dirt. For all that I had done, I got passed up for being Commander, and then this monkey was getting more respect than I was. I couldn’t take anymore. I just couldn’t. It was a start. It...was part of what made me attack you.”

“Oh.” There had been distance in their relationship at that time. He wouldn’t call them lovers or anything, but they were best friends that shared far more than most would have thought. When they used to be completely unable to keep their hands off of each other, it had all faded, fallen away. Jack should have seen the fight coming, but he was just too damn busy to notice.

“So that’s why he hates me. I fucked and murdered the woman he loved just because I can’t fucking stand that monkey.”

“This was going on while we were together. How did I not notice this? How...”

“You were too fucking busy. We didn’t spend as much time together. It was easy. You were just...so wrapped up in the whole fall. I guess I was just the catalyst that sent it careening to the ground.” He turned to look at Jack, his eye looking too bright. “I felt myself breaking, and I couldn’t stop it. I’m not sure I wanted to. I wanted something to explain it all. I just...I needed something to change.”

“Geezus, Gabe,” Jack blurted, lunging forward to drag his best friend into the tightest hug he could muster. “I’m so sorry. I should have seen it. I just...”

“You were under a lot of pressure that I wanted to take. I had my life so fucking planned out. And that all went to shit when I met you. I didn’t think...I had it all planned, and I didn’t think loving you would happen. But I guess I’m just a weak man for bright blue eyes and that crooked grin.”

He should probably be angry at Gabriel about something, but all he felt was sadness that he let it go for so long. He couldn’t believe he couldn’t see all of that happening. How did he not know...how could he have been so wrapped up in himself that he couldn’t have taken a moment to really acknowledge that there was something wrong with his lover. There was something happening, a breaking, a shattering of a mind that he loved and he had just...let it happen. Because he had been to wrapped up in himself. Overwatch hadn’t been worth it. None of it had been worth it.

“So, you know, that’s why Winston was so willing to shoot you in the head.”

Jack snorted. “That makes a little more sense.”

They stood there for a long time, just holding each other. They both were squeezing just a little too hard, pressing their faces against each other’s shoulders, just breathing in the warmth. Just two, broken old men, too tired to do anything about the past. Maybe the future could be better, but the past...there was nothing to be done about that.

It was Gabe who moved first, sighing heavily as he ran his hands down Jack’s sides. “Well, got that off my chest. I...does this change anything? I understand if it does, so maybe you could just...let me know?”

Well, it really should change shit. He should be horrified and disgusted to find out that Gabe had not only been sleeping around, but murdering an innocent woman. But really? It was a long time ago, and mistakes had been made on both parts. It was silly. It was all just...in the past.

“I know a little more about you know. That’s all that this changes. I still love you.” Jack shrugged, shoving his hands in his pockets. “So does that count?”

Gabriel snorted, looking towards the ocean, taking a moment before shrugging as well. “I guess it does? All I know is that you’re too damn good for me, Morrison.”

“Same for you.” Jack turned, sticking his arm out a bit. “Shall we?”

“Guess so. You’re an idiot, by the way.”

“I know that.”

“Oh good, as long as you know.”

Jack chuckled softly as they headed off the beach. The sun was setting just low enough that the street lamps started to flicker on, casting a dim, warm glow on everything around them. It really was a nice moment. Romantic, again. It was nice to be able to acknowledge those moments for what they were. Then again, part of him counted sharing a bottle of vodka with

Gabe in the back of a storage shed had seemed kind of romantic at the time too, even when it led to the sloppiest fuck they'd ever had. He supposed romance was a mutable condition, adapting to whatever someone enjoyed.

"Do we want to get dinner first, or do we just want to go back to the hotel room?" Gabe asked airily, letting his parasol tap lightly against his shoulder.

"Which option has you getting me off sooner?" Jack asked hopefully, certainly not forgetting the joy of earlier.

"Neither. I'm feeling rather tired, actually." Gabe gave a yawn. It was a huge, obviously forced yawn.

Asshole. Was going to drag it out and make him beg. Well. If there was one thing Jack Morrison never did, it was beg. It just never suited him. Gabriel, on the other hand...

"Fuck that," Jack snarled so viciously that it actually started Gabe into snapping his attention over. Before he could say anything, Jack shoved him back towards a building, down a narrow path between two buildings. "You will not drag me on like a teenager."

"Oh? In an alleyway again?" Gabe snickered, letting himself be manhandled ahead of him. "I dare say it's a kink of yours."

"Shut up!" Jack hissed, then paused, reaching up to slowly curl his hand around Gabriel's throat, dragging him back against him so he could breathe in his ear. "Tell me to stop if you don't want this, Gabriel."

"I'd rather tell you to fuck off," he snipped back.

"I'm serious." His grip tightened slightly, and honestly, he was a little surprised at the pleased groan it earned him. "I'm going to get rough."

"Not rough enough for my tastes."

"Gabriel. Unless you reassure me that you will stop me if I go too far, I won't do it at all. So. Will you stop me?"

"Fuck. Yes, I'll use a color code, okay? Red for stop, yellow for back off and green for good. Does that suit you well enough?"

"Nothing sexier than consent," Jack chuckled, giving one last squeeze before drawing away. He took a breath, to steady himself before grabbing Gabriel's shoulders again, continuing to shove him deeper into the dark. "Careful you don't trip on your heels, princess."

"Fuck you," Gabriel laughed back, grunting when he was shoved a bit harder. "Hey!"

"Think you can tease me? I'm your Commander, dammit."

"Not any more, cabron."



“We’ll see about that.” With one final shove, he knocked Gabriel into a small alcove, by a dumpster. “Such disrespect. You know I can’t let this go on without a bit of discipline to put you back in your place.”

“My place used to be above you. What are you going to do now, mm?” Gabe turned to face Jack, almost sneering at him. “Little white farm boy, thinking he’s so much better than his brown friend. Bet it just felt so natural to knock me down a peg, mm? Can’t wait to do it again?”

Well, that hit a little close to home, didn’t it? It was enough to make Jack consider stopping, but he saw the light in Gabriel’s eyes. There wasn’t anger there. Just challenge. Well, he did say he would use the code, so there was really only one thing to do, and that was to trust him. If Gabriel liked it rough, then maybe he wanted it really rough. So. Well.

He gave slapping him across the face a shot.

Gabe stumbled a step, breathing out hard as he stared blankly, down at the ground. His eyes were wide, like he truly hadn’t been expecting it.

Right. “Give me a color, Gabriel,” Jack hissed, his palm tingling still. He had to be sure. He had to know.

“Green,” he breathed, lifting his head finally, the flush of the slap still fading from a pale patch of skin. “Mother fucking green.”

Well alright then. Jack flashed a grin before slapping him again, entirely too pleased with the sharp sound Gabe let out. “I am your Commander because you like being under someone’s boot, don’t you? You want to be used and mistreated.” His hand snapped up, but instead of a slap, he gripped Gabriel’s throat, squeezing just a touch too tight as he leaned in close, hissing past gritted teeth. “You. Fucking. Slut.”

“Oh,” Gabe moaned, so softly, faltering a little. “You...you don’t know anything about me.” It was a weak comeback, but it was there. It was enough for Jack to work with.

“I know that you act like you’re tough shit, but you’re not. I know your best position is on your knees.” It took only a quick side step to put himself beside Gabriel, and a practiced CQC move to sweep to the backs of his legs, forcing Gabriel to fall to his knees on the ground. “This is where you belong. At my feet.”

“You’ll never keep me here. Next thing you know, I-”

It was easier this time, to slap Gabriel.

“A little respect, slut. You never know what it will get you.”

“Ah.” Gabe was flushed far more than he should be, his eyes half lidded. “Sí papi.”

Oh fuck yes. That was far hotter than it had any right to be. He finally got him to say it again, finally got him to...Jack was so giddy, but he had to hide it, had to maintain the mood they had going on, deep down an alleyway, hidden from view by a goddamn dumpster.

“Good boy,” Jack settled on, reaching with a gentler hand to cup Gabriel’s jaw, rubbing his thumb over his bottom lip. “If you keep being a good boy, I’ll reward you. But right now...” Jack’s breath hitched as Gabriel’s mouth opened, his tongue slipping out to brush against his thumb. “I think I’m going to fuck your mouth, slut.”

“Fuck, sí papi.” Gabriel shuddered, reaching down to rub his palm over his cock through his skirt.

“Hey!” Jack slapped him again, the other cheek this time. “No touching yourself, slut. That’s mine!”

“But papi,” Gabriel whined, pulling his skirt to the side so Jack could see that beautiful cock straining against the lace panties he wore. “Look at how hard I am. Please, papi.”

Was that a glint of silver he could see? He really, really needed to know.

“Take it out, but don’t touch it.”

Gabriel’s brow lifted slightly as he hooked his thumb in the edge of his panties, tugging it down so his cock could slip free. Piercings shone faintly in the dim light; a ring through the head, and a ladder down the underside. He didn’t remember those being there before, but hell. Those were nice. Very nice.

“And when did you get all that metal, slut?”

“Had it for a long time, papi. Just don’t wear it into battle. Can’t be getting hard when I’m fighting old men.”

Another slap. “Where else do you have piercings, slut? Show me.”

Gabriel seemed to shiver slightly as he gripped his crop top, pulling it up to bunch in his armpits, revealing his patchy chest, and in turn, the silvery rings through his nipples. And then, slowly, he extended his tongue as far out of his mouth as he could, showing a metal stud there too.

When had this become a thing? Those were...those were great. Really great. Jack was all about those piercings on his boyfriend, seeing just how much he had changed...

“What a whore,” Jack sneered, leaning down to hook his finger in one of his nipple rings. When Gabe gasped, he tugged slightly, pleased at the broken moan it elicited. “You just want everyone to see how needy you are for cock, hm? You want everyone to fuck you.”

“Sí papi, I am.” Gabriel’s back was bowed so nicely, pushing his chest up, towards Jack.

“Disgusting.” He let go of the ring, straightening back up so he could curl his fingers in Gabriel’s hair, dragging him forward and forcing his face against the bulge in his pants. “Give me a color, slut.”

“Green! Holy fuck, green, green, green,” Gabriel gasped, his hands gripping Jack’s thighs tightly. “So. Fucking. Green.” As he breathed those words, he nuzzled insistently at Jack’s

cock, his eyes flicking upwards.

“Good. Because I’m going to fuck your throat until you gag and choke on it.”

“Sí papi!”

He didn’t have to sound so giddy about it. But still, it was good to know he was so into it. Jack let out a pleased rumble as he dry humped Gabriel’s face, grinning when he noted his boyfriend trying to mouth at him. He let himself savor that for a moment before pulling back, undoing his belt and pants to fish out his cock. When Gabriel immediately lunged for it, his hand snapped up, slapping against Gabriel’s forehead, stopping him.

“Ow! What the fuck?”

“We go at my pace,” Jack hissed, waiting before removing his hand, to be sure Gabriel wouldn’t try anything. “And I want to savor your pretty pink mouth.”

Gabriel pouted for a moment, but lifted his head when Jack cupped his jaw, allowing his mouth to be coaxed open.

It was so pretty, really, for Jack to slowly guide his cock, letting the head brush against Gabe’s bottom lip, just teasing. It was even better when Gabriel’s tongue slipped out, just a bit, to lap at the head. There was a faint flinch in his eyes at the taste, but it didn’t stop Gabe when he was given just a bit more of Jack’s cock, his lips pressing wetly around his cock, kissing it messily.

That was just about enough of Jack’s patience.

“I’m going to fuck your slut mouth until I come. You’re not to touch yourself. Tap my hip if you need me to stop. Otherwise, your hands should be on me. Got it?” He drew back, just enough so Gabriel could talk.

“Fuck my throat, papi,” Gabe breathed, sliding his hands to grip the back of Jack’s thighs. “Air doesn’t mean a fuckin’ thing to me.”

“We’re going to test that theory,” Jack snapped back before dragging Gabriel down, forcing his cock in his mouth.

He only gave him two seconds to get used to it before he drew back and thrust back in deep. The sound Gabe made was messy, and almost gross; a gurgle with a faint clicking of his throat, but Jack had to admit. It felt really fucking good. He had to shuffle his feet a bit to reposition, bracing his hands on the back of Gabriel’s head to properly guide him, then started to thrust in earnest, his head lolling back a bit as he savored it. He could feel the tongue piercing, could feel that wet heat that was just a few degrees lower than it should have been, and god, those sounds. Those wet slurps, the gurgles, Gabe’s faint grunts...it would be really easy to get carried away.

And maybe he should have ramped it up a little slower. But Gabriel was gripping him so tight and it felt so damn good, so he just went ahead and thrust in as deep as he could, guiding his

boyfriend to meet him as fast as he wanted. Soon enough, Gabe was taking his whole cock with only the faintest of gags and clicks.

“My little slut,” Jack hissed, his voice broken as he looked down. “You love getting used up like this, don’t you? Like it messy and dirty...I wonder how you’d react if someone was using your ass at the same time.”

That was definitely a good whimper he got in return.

“Bet you like them big. Bet you’d even let someone as disgusting as that Hog use you as long as you got his fat cock in your ass, stretching you wide and filling you deep.”

Now that was an outright sob.

“My good boy,” Jack gasped, shoving Gabe down and holding him there, keeping himself buried in his throat. “Come on, milk me dry.”

Gabriel whined, clawing at his legs as his throat clenched and twitched around him, occasionally letting out a faint cough around his cock as he did his best to suck and lick at what he had.

“Fuck,” Jack choked out, grinding his hips against Gabriel’s mouth, unable to hold for much longer before he came, his cock twitching in his boyfriend’s throat.

And Gabriel just swallowed and choked around it until the end, gasping deeply and desperately once Jack pulled out. When he lifted his head, he showed Jack his face, his lips and cheeks smeared with spit, his face flushed, his eyeliner streaked down his cheeks with the tears he had shed. He was an absolute wreck.

“You look gorgeous, slut,” Jack praised, a little breathless as he stroked Gabe’s hair back.

“Gracias papi,” Gabe whispered, licking his lips.

“Would you like that, though?” Jack pressed, gripping his hair to hold him steady. “Do you want to be used up by many men?”

“Ah.” Gabe flushed, glancing away. “Only after much discussion and trust with the other person. Pretend is nice. Dirty talk is...is very nice.”

“Of course, slut,” Jack chuckled, lightly swatting Gabe’s cheek. “Now did you touch yourself at all, slut?” He knew the answer, but hey, it was all part of the game.

“No, papi, I was a good slut. Still all hard for you.”

“Good boy. I want you to get up and lay on those boxes there, on your back. Spread your legs for me.”

With a shake in his legs, Gabriel stood, hobbling over to the boxes and doing as he was told. They crumpled slightly under his weight, but whatever was inside kept him mostly supported. He spread his legs, moving his skirt so Jack could see his cock, still hard.

“No.” Jack stepped up, slapping his thigh sharply. “More.” Hooking his hands behind Gabriel’s knees, he pushed, pressing them up until his knees were by his chest. “Hold yourself open for me.”

Gabe shivered, grabbing his legs to hold himself in that position, his head flopping back for a moment as he breathed.

Jack watched his face for a moment as he reached down, shuffling the panties aside even more so he could easily see Gabriel’s ass. Hm. Probably should have looked for lube at some point. Glancing around, he spotted, horribly, a mostly empty bottle of some kind of cooking oil. Well...

“I wonder if I should stretch your slutty ass with garbage,” he tested, watching for a reaction.

What he got was a groan and a cock twitch.

He supposed that was a yes.

Grabbing up the bottle from the garbage, he glanced to make sure it was mostly clean before putting some of the oil on two fingers, rubbing at Gabe’s ass. “Bet you’re greedy for my cock, aren’t you?”

“Sí papi! I need your cock so badly, please.”

Well it was going to take a minute to get hard again, so he’d work with it. He shoved those two fingers in rather roughly, delighted when he was treated with another moan. He was not gentle as he finger-fucked Gabriel’s ass, curling his fingers as he jerked them rather hard.

“Oh fuck,” Gabe choked, his voice broken.

“You like that?”

“Oh fuck, yes, geezus.” Gabe licked his lips, writhing back a bit. “Just...wreck my ass, Jack. Just fuckin’ destroy me.”

Just a bit more oil was added before he shoved three fingers in, going just as hard. Gabriel’s ass clenched around him as he sobbed, rolling his hips down to meet it.

It was hot as fuck, really, seeing Gabriel so broken and needy, out in public all exposed. Jack had to admit, it would be amazing to be able to watch as someone else used up his ass, but it would take a lot of time to find someone they could both trust to do that. Still, it was a really nice though to have. Just to have someone strange, someone...

Jack’s eyes landed on the bottle on his hand. It was narrow at the top, widening gradually... And Gabriel was already dead, so it wasn’t like he could get infections or anything. So... With a smear of oil on the bottle and the cap removed, he pressed the mouth of it against Gabriel’s ass.

“Wuh...is that?”

“Bet you’d really like garbage to actually fuck you, wouldn’t you slut?”

“Oh.” Gabe was quiet for a moment, his eyes staring blankly up at the sky. “I...use the other side.”

Oh. He wanted to start wide. Oh geez. Jack groaned as his cock twitched with interest. It was rather large, but if Gabe was certain...

“Greedy slut,” Jack gasped, turning it around. He had to hook his fingers in Gabe’s ass, stretching him wider, pushing the limits as he pushed the bottle against him. It took a little work and some wriggling, but finally, the bottle slid in just a bit, just stretching him wide. “Color.”

“Green! Greengreengreen-” Gabriel babbled, his voice broken with sobs, his hands clawing uselessly at the boxes underneath him, his legs shaking as he fought to keep them in the right spot without holding them.

“I take it it’s good.”

“Oh Dios!” Gabe sobbed, tossing his head back.

Despite Gabriel’s enthusiastic acceptance, Jack still moved the bottle slowly, only fucking him gently with it. He knew it was probably a push to take the bottle, stretching his ass to the limit with only minimal preparation, but since he was getting a loud and proud affirmative to pleasure, he kept going. It was his job to watch, though, to make sure Gabriel’s body was just as accepting.

But he had to admit, the sight of Gabriel’s ass stretched wide around the bottle was entirely too hot. He had to chokes, had to pull the bottle away, despite the upset whine it earned him.

“You’ve been so good, you’re allowed to have my cock, slut.”

“Sí papi! Por favor, papi, poner su polla en mi culo!”

What the hell did that mean? But he could start to figure it out like it was. Context clues, after all. Shrugging it off, Jack cupped his hand around his cock, stroking it to be sure he was hard enough before sliding inside Gabe’s ass, letting out a low grunt. Even as stretched as it had been, it still felt amazing.

“Oh Dios,” Gabriel whimpered, bringing a hand up to cover his face, shivering hard.

Figuring it was safe to move, Jack started to thrust roughly into him, head lowered as he took his pleasure. Gabe kept letting out soft pleadings of ‘oh dios’ and ‘mi culo’, whatever that meant, but every sound was enthusiastic and continuous, so he kept going.

It did take him a bit to remember to curl his hand around Gabriel’s cock, roughly jerking him off in time with his movements. It was sloppy and uncoordinated, but apparently it was good. Really good.

Because it only took three pumps before Gabriel was absolutely howling as he came, back arching hard and tight.

They were definitely heard. It was a little stupid that they had ended up in an alleyway again to do this, but Jack had to admit, it may have been a kink of his. All that noise and Gabriel's blissed out face was more than enough to push Jack over the edge as well.

It took a moment of breathing before Jack was able to pull out, but he didn't move far. He pushed Gabriel's legs down until they were relaxed, then grabbed him by the shoulders, hauling him up so he could hold him, stroking his hand over Gabriel's sweat matted hair.

"You okay? How you feeling right now?"

"Like heaven," Gabe whispered, slowly draping his arms around Jack's waist. "Holy shit."

"I agree. Damn."

"You're a natural, papi." He nuzzled close, sighing heavily. "I kind of regret not calling you that more often."

"I think I'd pull a muscle if you did. I think I might like being called papi."

"Oh god, it sounds horrible when you say it." Gabriel chuckled, sitting back a bit, appraising the mess they had made. "We look like a mess."

Jack followed his gaze, frowning when he saw the semen smeared on the front of his shirt. "How are we going to get back to the hotel room looking like this?"

"Oh, that's easy."

Jack blinked, confused until black smoke started to simmer and billow up around them. "Hey, no! I said-"

"C'mon papi!" Gabriel cackled as he threw his arms around Jack, holding him tight as he teleported them both away.

This time, not only did Jack lose his breath, he did vomit a little too. That smoke was just a bit too rough on him.

Not that he would admit it.

# Cornered

## Chapter Summary

Sadly, no one can have a vacation that lasts forever.

“You’re being indecent.”

“No, you’re being indecent. I’m just keeping you covered.”

“Your hand on my ass doesn’t count as keeping it covered.”

Jack smiled, unwilling to open his eyes as he squeezed his hand slightly, appreciating the soft give of the round cheek under his palm.

“Scandalous, papi,” Gabe chuckled, nuzzling a little closer. “People will see.”

“Let them see. They let young couples tongue fuck each other in public. I’m allowed to have a hand on your ass.”

“Fair enough.”

It was a slightly cooler day in Amsterdam, making it far more comfortable to share a lawn chair in the park. Stretched out together, Gabe was mostly on top of Jack, his face tucked up against his neck as they napped in the shade of a tree. It was far too nice to just lay there together, wrapped up in each other like nothing else mattered.

“Think you’re going to want to swing to one of those cafes? I would love to see you get high again,” Gabe chuckled, tucking his hand up under Jack’s shirt to rub at his chest. “Have a little coffee, some pastries, and get you fuckin’ stoned.”

Jack hummed, patting his hand lightly on Gabe’s ass. “Maybe later. I’m not quite sure I want to move at all.”

“Well, later tonight. It’s been such a very long time since I’ve seen anything that wonderful. I hope to see it again sometime soon.” Gabriel let his touch trail over a nipple, chuckling softly when Jack took in a sharp breath. “So sensitive, Commander. We may have to get these pierced, like mine.”

“You may enjoy having mass amounts of metal stabbed through your body, but I share no such pleasures.”

“Don’t knock it until you try it, papi. It’d feel wonderful for both of us if you had a nice cock piercing, like me. Rubs so nice on the inside.”



“I don’t want a needle anywhere near my dick, thank you very much. I plan on keeping it that way.” Jack heaved a heavy sigh, squeezing Gabriel just a little bit closer. “However, if you wanted to go get another piercing, I would love to go and watch you. It’s fun watching you wriggle in pain.”

“I could always get a navel piercing,” he agreed, tweaking Jack’s nipple to make him grunt. “You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

Jack just snorted, patting his hand fondly against Gabriel’s ass.

It was so strange to be able to just lie around and relax. A novelty that they had never been able to experience in all the years that they had known each other, even been with each other. When they were younger, they were forced to do nothing but fight and serve, putting on appearances for the media, keeping up on so many things. What they were sharing in that moment was a rarity, and one they hoped to continue to enjoy for a long, long time. They could do that now. They could just focus on loving each other.

What a concept.

It was almost enough to make Jack want what most couples could have. Nice house, a nice yard, being able to just cook for each other and spend time with each other whenever they wanted. No more hiding, no more running. It would be a dream if they could find some way to have that, to share it and...

But it was all a dream. No matter how long they kept running, they would never be able to get away from their pursuers. They were criminals, hated, and that was not something that Overwatch would let slide by.

No matter what.

“Don’t move.”

Gabriel’s hand immediately went tense against Jack’s chest, his eyes snapping open. Jack let out a slow breath, remaining calm. He knew that voice; one of Overwatch. Maybe they could get out of that without damage.

“What have you done with Jack? Did you kill him?”

The two of them glanced at each other, Gabriel arching a brow. Whoever was attacking them couldn’t see that it was Jack that Gabriel was laying on. How odd.

“He sacrificed himself for you, and you just toss him aside. Maybe if I had known you before, this would have surprised me. But it doesn’t. So get up, and come with me. Winston wants to finish you off.”

Jack’s grip tensed sharply, his free hand snapping down to his side so he could rip out a hidden pistol, twisting the two of them so he was on top of Gabriel, shielding him with his body as he brought the gun to bear on their attacker.

D.Va flinched back, looking far too tiny in the coat she was wearing, her eyes wide as she looked at Jack. “Commander?”

“Walk us, Gabriel!” Jack snapped, eyes snapping shut as the smoke billowed up around them. It never failed to make him severely nauseous, but it was not the time to worry about that. All that was important was that they get out of harm’s way, no matter what.

“How did they find us?” Gabriel snapped the moment they materialized a few blocks away, seeming to be uncaring of the way Jack retched. “Haven’t we been moving enough?”

“Who knows?” Jack wiped the spittle off of his lip, shaking his head. “All that matters is that we need to move. If Hana is here, then I expect her mech to be here soon enough, and all I have is my pistol.”

“Yeah! And where the fuck were you hiding that?”

Jack shrugged, checking the slide. “I wasn’t just happy to see you?”

Gabriel grunted, tossing his hands up in exasperation. “Alright, what do we do?”

“We make a mad dash back to the room in the hopes that she hasn’t found that yet. We grab our bags, and then you shadow walk us as close to the nearest airfield as possible. We can steal some sort of transport if we need to.” Jack shuddered. “I fucking hate your walk.”

“It’s useful and you know it. Alright. Let’s do this.”

It really was a mad dash, with Jack sprinting down alleyways and past busy streets with Gabriel ghosting after, looking as though Jack was moving so fast that his shadow had to pick up and follow right behind him.

There was no sign of D.Va once they made it back to the room they were renting for a week from a nice lady. Once they were close enough, they made themselves walk calmly, Jack hiding his gun and Gabriel wandering close as they went inside.

“Oh, welcome back, boys!” The woman called out, her voice thick with accent. “Some friends came by to see you earlier!”

Jack flinched, waving Gabriel forward to grab their bags. “Oh? Which friends?”

“Well, there was this little Asian girl and her black friend. They said you raised them for a while!”

“Ah yes, that I did.” Jack forced a laugh, glancing over his shoulder. So Lucio was around too. Damn. Not a good combination. “Well they got in contact with us, so we’re going to go meet them for lunch. I don’t think we’ll be coming back.”

“Oh, that’s a shame.” The woman nodded faintly, then made a curious sound. “Did you run into the other one?”

Jack paused, hands twitching. “What other one?”

“Well, after the two young people left, an older woman, about your age swung by. White hair, very pretty. I sent her the same way I sent your other two friends. Funny how you all didn’t run into each other!”

“Yes. Funny.” He felt absolutely sick to his stomach. There were very few people who could follow that description, and he wasn’t liking his options. People he thought dead, possibly still living... That happened far too much within Overwatch. Sometimes, some people just needed to stay dead. They didn’t deserve this shitty world.

Gabriel’s attention snapped up when Jack slid into the room, but he didn’t stop shoving their things away into bags, zipping them up. “Why do you look like someone just died?”

“Lucio is here too. And...and I think we may have a sniper after us.”

“Widowmaker?”

“No. Someone our age. An older woman.”

Gabriel snarled, baring his teeth like an animal before hauling a bag up onto his shoulder. “Doesn’t fuckin’ matter. Let’s get out of here before we know for certain.”

“Agreed.” Jack grabbed up the other bag, checking his pistol. “Damn. Think we can make it?”

“We’d better.” Gabriel hesitated before stepping forward, gripping a handful of Jack’s hair to drag him in, crushing their lips together. “Don’t get shot, old man,” he growled, his grip gentling into a soft stroke.

“Same for you. I’d hate to have to defend your lazy ass again.” Jack forced a smile, then looked to the window. “That good?”

“Best option.” Gabriel shrugged. “I’ll go first.”

“What? Why?” Jack moved to the window, scowling when he was stopped.

“You’re not my Commander, Jack. You haven’t been in a very long time,” he laughed, shaking his head. “Besides, I take bullets a little bit better than you, and you can’t even ghost like I can. If there’s a sniper after us, then we need to be as careful as possible. So...” Gabe’s body went smoky, immaterial as he drifted to the window and slid out.

“Goddammit,” Jack growled, hurrying to follow. So far, he could hear no shots cracking through the air, so they seemed to at least have a moment’s peace in their escape.

It was a long time since they had been attacked. He was surprised it took Overwatch that long to find where they were. He knew they could have been more careful, moved around a lot more often than they had been. They’d been lazy, decadent, lingering when they had no right to. They should have been in a new city each day... But Jack was weak. They’d had a chance to just be in love, to experience things they’d only talked about when they were younger. It just wasn’t fair that they didn’t get to keep that. Jack was a vigilante who had aided with Overwatch, and Gabriel was a mercenary. Couldn’t they just break away?

Couldn't they just be free?

Jack huffed as he put his boots to the ground, running after the drifting smoke. He felt absolutely ridiculous, but it was the most important thing he had ever done. He believed in this, believed in the love he had for Gabriel. No matter how ridiculous it was, he was not going to falter.

"Commander Morrison!"

"Shit," he hissed under his breath, dropping his head and just running hard. It was stupid, though. He knew he'd be caught up with no problem.

"Sir." Lucio slid up beside him, fairly dancing around him, almost mockingly. "Sir, please."

"I have nothing to say, kid," Jack grunted, avoiding looking at him. "And I sure as shit ain't sir. Not anymore."

"We just want to talk! Please, I just..." Lucio's voice cracked a little, startling Jack. "I just want to know why you did this."

Something about that made Jack stumble and stop, despite the warning hiss from Gabriel up front. He hoped the wraith had enough thought to remain hidden, but he wasn't quite sure when it came to Gabriel. Sighing heavily, he looked Lucio in the eye, his heart breaking a little when he saw the pure hurt in Lucio's eyes. He had to remember he was still just a kid too. They hadn't fought beside each other much, but enough, apparently. Enough for him to have left an impact.

"Talk to me, kid," Jack sighed.

"Why did you join Talon?" Lucio blurted, shuffling his skates awkwardly. "I don't-"

"Wait. You think I'm with Talon?" He frowned, not sure how to process the pure wounded expression he was treated to. "Who told you that?"

"It's why Reaper came to get you, right? You were an undercover agent, and-"

"Kid. Seriously. Who told you that?"

"No one had to say it outright. Everyone figured it out. It's the only thing that explains why you did what you did. Why you were going to hurt other Overwatch agents. It just...makes sense." Lucio shrugged, his expression hardening when a drift of smoke came up beside Jack.

"Is it? Is it really?" Gabriel hissed, solidifying beside Jack, standing defensively, like he was ready to shield him with his body. "Or did someone explain that the loudest? Did someone throw Jack under the bus? Insist that he is the criminal here?" The anger was building in Gabriel's voice until he was near shouting at the boy, inky black smoke spilling past his lips in a flood. "Jack is no criminal! He does not deserve this! He never did!"

With that final scream, Gabriel threw his arms around Jack again, dragging him into another goddamn shadow walk away from Lucio. It was poorly timed, and it only saw fit to make

Jack angrier the moment they dumped out into the streets once more.

“The fuck?” Jack spat before twisting, retching onto the stone. “The fuck did you do that for?”

“We need to keep running. Everything else means nothing! We need to go!” Gabriel caught Jack’s hand squeezing it too hard. “They’ve been twisted, and they won’t listen to you. I just need you to be safe.”

“Gabriel, come on.” Jack lifted their hands, taking a moment to kiss Gabriel’s knuckles. “I’m safe.”

“Not as safe as I’d like.”

In a distant street, there was a deep rumble, just enough to rattle the windows nearby.

“D.Va’s mech is here. We need to go. Now.” Gabriel stepped back, looking towards the roofs. “I wish we could travel that way, but with the sniper...”

“We’re better off staying low. If we can keep ahead of D.Va and Lucio, we should be okay. We just have to make it to an airfield. That’s all we need.”

Gabriel nodded. “No stopping. We keep moving, no matter what.”

Right. Jack nodded faintly, turning and picking up his run once more. It was so stupid. All of it was stupid.

All he knew was the desperate run down city streets, between buildings and through crowds of people. They had no time to be stealthy. They didn’t know what they were up against, how much force they were going to have aimed their way. When they had moments where they thought they had slipped ahead enough, D’Va would drop in, or Lucio would skate just too close. It wasn’t fair. All that they had to go through. It just wasn’t fair.

“We’re so close,” Gabriel gasped, pausing to clasp Jack’s hand, hauling him along. They had finally reached where the streets were a little bit wider, closer to the airfield. It was more exposed, but good, it was so close. “We’re almost there.”

God, he hoped they were. Just another chance to slip away. Then, then they could be more careful. They’d move around more often, go places where there would be no way to track them. There had to be some place where they couldn’t be found. Somewhere too difficult to get to, somewhere that Overwatch wouldn’t even want to come to. If they proved to be too difficult to get to, maybe they could find a way to become unimportant, something that they could just let slide by.

But that was a wish of a child. Jack was far more reasonable. He knew it was just a dream.

There was a glimpse, just a dash across the edge of his sight. A sound caught in his throat, trying to warn Gabriel, but he wasn’t fast enough. There was a whistle and a sting in his neck, sharp and choking.

“Gabriel,” he managed to wheeze out, stumbling a bit as his hand snapped to his neck, bumping into something stuck in him. He knew what it was, even without seeing it.

It was a dart. It could only be a dart.

“Oh fuck,” Gabriel gasped when he saw it, reaching over to yank it from him. “Oh no, come on, we’re so close.” He let out a wounded cry when Jack stumbled, catching him. “Please. Please, Jack! Just keep running, keep moving, please!”

“She must have changed the potency,” Jack tried to say, finding his words slurring, his tongue thick in his mouth. His limbs were starting to feel heavier, sluggish. It was much stronger than what he was used to, but he couldn’t claim to have been hit by her sleeping darts all that often. But it had to be more.

“No no no!” Gabriel’s voice cracked, crumpling to the ground with Jack in his arms. “Don’t give in. Stay awake, come on. Please, I can’t walk us if you’re a dead weight. Jack!”

It broke his heart to hear the terror in Gabriel’s voice. He was so certain that they were going to die, or something. Whatever Gabriel’s worst imagining was, he was convinced it was going to happen. He had every reason to think that was going to happen, really. They were going to suffer, get caught.

Unless Jack was left behind.

“Go,” he croaked, pushing at Gabe. “Get out of here. Run.”

Gabriel choked, his eyes snapping up when he heard the approaching rumble of D.Va’s mech. “Don’t be stupid,” he snapped, his voice watery. “I’m not leaving you. Get up. Get up!”

It was the uncertainty, Jack thought. All they knew was that they were being hunted, that they were hated. Who knew what would happen? Who knew if they would be separated if they were captured at the same time? Too uncertain.

“Leave,” he rasped, shoving harder at Gabriel’s chest.

“I’m not fucking leaving you!” Gabriel let Jack slide from his arms, rising to his feet just as D.Va and Lucio skidded into view. “No more! No more of this! I won’t have it!”

It was strange, watching all this. It had been a long time since Jack had seen his friend so angry. He remembered back when they’d fought, back during that stupid argument about who was Commander. It had all been so stupid.

“Stand down, Reaper!” Lucio called out, cautiously circling the two of them. “We just want to talk.”

“Bullshit! You were going to kill him! You put a gun to his head! You can’t have him! You can’t!” Gabriel’s voice grew raspier the more he screamed, smoke pouring from him, bubbling around his legs. It seemed to thicken, inky and sludgy and heavy.

With a bit of morbid curiosity, Jack watched hazily as the smoke started to climb up Gabriel's legs, thick ooze creeping over his body and changing shape, thickening into more familiar forms. It draped and clung in such distinctive ways, covering up over his head and dripping down until the smoke and tar settled. Where Gabriel had been, the more looming form of Reaper stood, without his mask. Part of Jack wished the mask was there, if only so he couldn't see the absolute rage on Gabriel's face. It was broken, desperate, and only made more striking by the tears in his eyes.

Gabriel was desperate. He was desperate and scared and it pained Jack so much.

He never wanted to see Gabriel like this.

There was a whistle, another one, and this time, the dart landed in Gabriel's arm. The sting made him snarl loudly, yanking the dart out and throwing it. "You mock me! Come on, face me! You know you want to!"

"Easy, Reaper," D.Va called out, circling as well, her mech lumbering slowly. "We won't hurt you."

"Who cares about me? Who fucking cares? You can hurt me, shoot me, gut me, kill me, and I don't care! You're welcome to it. But I won't let you hurt him! I'll die a hundred fucking times to make sure you never touch him again!" Gabriel braced his feet, spreading his talons wide as he hunched like a beast. He was on the edge of something, on the edge of breaking-

Another dart whistled through the air, hitting him in the chest.

And the dam broke. Gabriel swatted it out and roared like a monster, his jagged, sharp teeth bared in a feral snarl as he ripped shotguns from his coat, bringing them to bear on Lucio and D.Va, even know Jack knew they weren't the ones firing upon him.

The movement made Jack want to call out, to ask him to not fire upon the children, but he didn't have to. Dart after dart flew through the air, smacking into Gabriel at several points. Apparently, those were enough. He'd finally taken enough hits that his fingers twitched, his guns falling to the ground before he could even fire them.

"You can't have him," Gabriel rasped, slumping to his knees over Jack. "I won't let you."

A soft tap of feet sounded from somewhere nearby, followed by even softer footsteps. At this point, Jack could hardly keep his eyes open, but he did see the gentle hand touch Gabriel on the shoulder, as if trying to soothe him.

"Alnnum , ya sdiqi." The voice was gentle, calming. "Just lay down and rest, my friend. I will not let anyone hurt him, or you."

"Don't..." Gabriel slumped forward, collapsing to the ground.

Jack let out a shaky breath, reaching out to lay his hand on Gabriel's side as his eyes finally slid shut, the shapes of the others looming over them.

Maybe it would be good to sleep for a little while.





# Interrogation

## Chapter Summary

Jack and Gabriel face off with Winston, and many issues are brought to light in order to be resolved. Interrogating the former leaders of Overwatch is a feat in itself.

## Chapter Notes

Sorry about the wait, guys! Seriously, college has been kicking my butt and this chapter is emotional enough that I was kind of worried. Hopefully it's not shit!

You made it to the end! Please go have a look at my post on tumblr if you'd like to see more fics like this:

<http://sepzet.tumblr.com/post/176399984257/sepzet-is-creating-writing-and-fanfiction>

He was so sick and tired of running. It just wasn't fair. Life wasn't fair. But in his term, it just seemed like there was a lean against him, a press that kept things from even being remotely fair.

He just wanted to be free. He wanted to be able to relax, not fight anymore, just... He was always a soldier, he knew that. There would always be a fight in him, but he wanted to fight for other things. He wanted to use his determination and calm to fight for things he wanted to happen. Things he wanted. Things he loved.

He wanted to fight to make sure Jack had a reason to smile every single day. It had been so long since he'd heard Jack laughing, really laughing, letting loose and relaxing and just... being happy with him. He hated that. He'd hated Jack for a time and he'd hated that he hated him. Jack had been something special, would remain as something special. He wanted to show him that. He wanted to show him that he was so important.

Gabriel could not drag his eyes away from the cell door, almost unwilling to blink. A moment's lapse could give them a chance to come in, to take Jack away from him. His grip tightened around Jack's shoulders, keeping him tight against him.

He awoke in that cell with Jack, and he hated it. They caged them like animals, treated them like animals when they hadn't even tried to hurt anyone in ages. Gabriel had to admit, he'd been more animal than man when he had grabbed Jack and dragged them into the corner, holding him close and watching the door with a fiery determination that would not falter. They wanted to kill them, and he wouldn't allow it.

He wouldn't leave Jack behind again.

"You're making it hard to breathe, Gabe."

"Jack!" His grip loosened, a hand sliding up to stroke over his cheek. "Am I holding you too tight?"

"You're smoking up the place," he chuckled weakly, waving his hand in front of his face.

"Oh." He had forgotten that, in his anger, smoke simmered and roiled around him like a coiled beast. It took some focus to calm down, to get the smoke to settle away and stop pumping out of him at such a rate. "Are you feeling okay?"

"A little sleepy, but that's probably the remnants of the sedative. Otherwise, I feel fine." Jack rubbed his hands over his face, sighing heavily. "How about you?"

"I'm fine. Just fuckin' furious." Gabriel slid his arms back around Jack, leaning in to tuck his face against Jack's neck. "Why can't they leave us alone?"

Jack took a long time to say anything, finally heaving a sigh as he slumped back against him. "They won't leave us alone because they don't want to lose you. They blame you for everything. They think that explosion was your fault, and want to bring you to judgement for that. And since I defended you, they want to bring me to justice as well. It's all about a horrible sense of right and wrong, and we've been dragged into it."

"No." Gabriel sighed, loosening his grip. "I dragged you into it. I was weak. I knew that I would only hurt you if I approached you again, and I did it anyways. All I did was—"

"Shut the fuck up, you fucking idiot," Jack grumbled, finally sliding out of his grip to haul himself to his feet. "You act like I'm not a fully consenting adult. I could have turned you away at any time, and I didn't. So shut up." Once he was on his feet, he stretched slowly, lifting his arms up over his head until his back popped faintly. "I'm happy."

"What."

"I'm happy, Gabe. I'm happy you found me again, I'm happy that we're together." Jack shrugged, his broad shoulders jerking sharply. "I was certain I was going to fight forever, and you gave me an option, a way out. And I could not be more grateful to you. You have given me so much. You gave me my friend back. That's more than I could have ever asked for." When Jack turned back, his face was stony, determined. "I'm not going to back down. Whatever may come, we will face it together. If you'll have me."

Fucking idiot. Gabe's face twisted in annoyance, letting out a shaky breath. "Of course I'll have you. I could have just stayed with Talon and lived comfortably. I like hunting and killing, you asshole, and I gave that all up for you. Worst decision I've ever made, but I'm sticking with it."

Jack laughed softly, shaking his head. "Fair enough."

“So.” Gabriel sighed, tapping his hands on his legs, leaning heavily back against the wall.  
“What do we do now?”

“I don’t suppose you can walk us out of here?”

“No. I need line of sight or familiarity with the location. I have no fuckin’ idea where we are, and that door has no window. We’re stuck in here.”

“You can’t ghost out? There’s a crack under the door.”

Gabriel scowled. “I could ghost out, yeah.”

“Then-”

“But I wouldn’t be able to take you with me. I can only carry you when I walk, not when I ghost. And I am not leaving you behind.”

Jack sniffed, looking critically at the door. “Maybe you could ghost out and-”

“I’m not leaving you for even a second. I don’t give a fuck. I am staying with you.” Gabriel crossed his arms over his chest, scowling down at the floor. “That’s it.”

“Gabriel,” Jack sighed, his voice taking on that commander tone he used to have. “What if-”

“No. I won’t leave you. You can’t force me.”

“You’re being a child.”

“No, I’m being your lover.” Gabriel’s form went smoky for a moment, lunging up to his feet before coming solid again. “And lovers don’t abandon each other when on uncertain terms. What if the moment I leave, they gas this room or something? What if they want me to leave your side, if only to leave you vulnerable?”

“Gabriel, I’m not-”

“Shut up! I don’t care! I’m staying right here. I’m staying with you.” He was being petulant, and he knew it. It didn’t much matter to him anyways, since he was bordering on trying not to panic. He could only vaguely remember how they had gotten there, could only barely remember the courtyard, and that wasn’t a good sign. A lack of memory meant he had probably fallen into a panic and blacked out. The panic attacks were still new enough to him that he wasn’t quite sure of how to handle them, but he had thought he was getting better. Apparently not, at least, since the capture was a haze. Either way, he was trying very hard to just breathe deep, to remain reasonable.

Jack sighed, planting his hands on his hips as he stared up at the ceiling. It had been something he’d done back in his younger years, when he had taken on the weight of all of Overwatch, when Gabriel had been so ready to bear the weight. Too late for that now.

“Are there any other options that aren’t absolutely idiotic?”

“That idea wasn’t idiotic and you know it.” Jack shook his head, sighing heavily. “In this case, there’s really nothing we can do. We can wait, and see what they’re going to do with us.” With a shrug, Jack walked back over to the wall, leaning up against it.

“That’s a stupid idea. You used to be better at this.” Gabriel turned on his heel, looking around the small cell. “The years have taken your skills, old man.”

“Holy shit, you are still older than me,” Jack sighed, shaking his head. “These were our allies, once. We have to have some kind of faith in them.”

“No, you can. They hate me. They’ve always hated me. I fought and won a war that was tearing humanity apart, and they shoved me aside. They shoved me into the shadows. They...” He shook his head, huffing out a plume of black smoke. “Anyways. They put you in front of a gun, Jack. They were going to kill you for even standing in front of me. What do you think they’ll do when they discover we’re...” He trailed off, waving his hand vaguely as he searched for the proper words. “Romantically involved?”

That gave Jack pause, taking a moment to lift his head. “Do you think they’re homophobic?”

“I know they are. At least the monkey is. Fucker.” He shook his head. “What would they think if they discovered that their grand old commander Morrison was fucking the lowly Reyes for years? Such purity, sullied by-”

“Oh knock it off,” Jack groaned, pushing away from the wall to come over, wrapping his arms around his waist, pressing his face into the back of Gabriel’s neck. “You’re not lowly. How we all treated you is unforgivable. You should have been commander, not me. You deserved it.”

If only. But it was all done with, and nothing could take them back to those times. What had happened, happened. All they could do was move forward, and hopefully, they could move forward together.

Soft footsteps echoed outside the door, so sudden and so close that they had to be deliberate. There were only a few people who could do that.

Jack and Gabriel broke apart, positioning themselves on either side of the door, pressed against the wall as they waited for the guard to enter and get them. The door slid open, light spilling into the room, and then...

Nothing.

“If you boys think I am stupid enough to enter a clear trap, then you two don’t remember me very well at all.”

“Ana!” Jack gasped, pushing away from the wall to step in front of the doorway, ignoring Gabriel’s warning hiss. “You have a problem with staying dead.”

“As do you, my friend. I believe none do it better than the last of our team. Come now, Gabriel. Let me see you.”

Gabriel huffed, scowling at Jack when their eyes met. Jack was such an idiot, stepping out without any armor. At least Gabriel had his Kevlar armor on, but he had the benefit of being able to produce it just from ghosting, if he wanted. He promised to stay by his side, though, and if Jack wanted to walk stupidly into the line of fire, then Gabriel would follow.

Grumbling, he stepped up next to Jack, frowning down at Ana. "You're still short."

"You're still irritable at nothing," she laughed, reaching up to lightly slap his cheek. "Come, you are to be interviewed."

"Interrogated," Jack corrected, glancing behind Ana. "Jesse."

"Sir," McCree murmured, tipping his hat to Jack before looking past him, to Gabriel. "Ah. It's been a long time, sir."

"I'm no sir to you," Gabriel grumbled, looking away. "Can we just go to this damn interrogation?"

"Yes, let us go. I will be there the whole time, if either of you find comfort in that." Ana patted Jack's arm, moving aside so they could exit the cell. Gabriel kept close to Jack as they left, clinging to him like a shadow, scowling at both Ana and McCree like he expected them to suddenly lash out. He didn't like how McCree was looking at him. He didn't even want to look at the kid, not wanting to remember all the years that they had fighting together. Gabriel was a wreck of what he once was. Even having Jack know who he was was too much. It was all too much.

It was like a walk to a guillotine, the two of them taking up the front with McCree and Ana trailing after. He wanted to grab Jack's hand, but he resisted the urge, his talons twitching restlessly.

Once they were faced with the interrogation room, Gabriel was more than displeased to see the damn gorilla already in there, waiting for them. Just sitting there, looking like a disapproving judge. Fucking gorilla, Thought himself better than everyone else, he knew it. He couldn't stop the sneer that tugged at his lips, eyes narrowing at the sight of the creature.

"Take a seat. Thank you Ana, McCree; you two may leave now."

"I don't think so," Ana sighed, moving into the room to lean against the wall. "I am comfortable right here."

"I'm right there with her, Winston. I have no place to be." McCree shrugged it off, closing the door and taking up post beside it.

Was it a threat? No, no, it couldn't have been. The way Winston's face twisted in irritation led to so much more. Winston wanted to be alone with them, wanted privacy, and he was denied it. Maybe Ana and McCree weren't so bad. It would be interesting to have someone at their backs during the interrogation.

"Fine," Winston sniffed, turning his scowl to Gabriel, his lip curling in disgust. "Reaper."

“Gabriel, if you would,” he snapped back. “Since we’re all friends here.”

“You are a murderer and a criminal, inexcusable on all counts. What do you have to say for yourself?”

“What can I say for myself that hasn’t already been said? I am a murderer. I am a criminal. What do you want me to say? I am all of those fucking things, pendejo. If this is an interrogation, you’ve got nothing good to go on.” Gabriel leaned forward, resting his hands on the table. “You’re asking shit everyone already knows.”

“How long have you and Jack been in an alliance? How long have you been corrupting-”

“Holy shit, I am a grown man,” Jack groaned, tossing his hands up. “I make my own choices. I have chosen to be with Gabriel. He didn’t fucking corrupt me. This was a choice that I made.”

“So you admit that you are a criminal as well?”

“We’re all criminals. Overwatch was banned. What you’re asking is idiotic and pointless.” Jack leaned back, crossing his arms. “So yes, I’m a criminal too.”

Winston snorted, shaking his head. “This is different. Reaper has killed innocents for his own gain. He is a terrorist and-”

“I killed one innocent. It was a mistake. I made a mistake. I know it was a mistake. Like you haven’t done anything wrong in your pathetic life.” Gabriel did his best not to curl his fingers and failed, his talons scraping hard over the metal table. “You made the mistake of continuing to exist.”

“Hey now,” McCree cut in. “We’re all friends here, like you said.”

“That monkey is not my friend,” he snarled, mouth belching black smoke in a sudden pulse. “He will never be my friend. He does not understand any of this, any of us. He came in after the fact. He doesn’t know. He will never know.”

“Gabe. Hey.” Jack glanced over. “What’s wrong?”

“He’s what’s wrong! That monkey pretends to know! He pretends to be better than any of us, better than anything we have ever done. Sure, I killed his girlfriend, I was stupid, but his loss will never compare to what it was like to be in the war!” He slammed his fist into the table, his words dissolving into a snarl. “He never fought, so he doesn’t know! He will never know!”

“Gabriel.” Jack started to reach over, but Gabe couldn’t. He just couldn’t. He twisted away, rising from his chair. His motion startled all of them in the room, but while Winston looked angered, the rest fell into an expression of sadness. They knew.

“He wasn’t there,” he choked, shaking his head. “He didn’t see so many people die, all because of the fucking omnics. He didn’t have to enlist a young boy into the war just because he was a good with a gun and everyone was fucking desperate. He didn’t have to hold that

boy in his arms, praying he wouldn't bleed out when his arm got fucking ripped off! He doesn't know! And he acts like what I did was the worst crime to ever been committed. The worst crime was letting that fucking monkey think he could ever understand what this world is like! He has his ideals, and he thinks he's right all the fucking time." Gabe stepped forward again, leaning over the table, closer to the gorilla. "But he's not. You're not. Your ideals are just that; ideals. And they don't work in the real world."

"That's not the issue here." Winston's voice wavered a little, just a little, but it was enough.

"It's always been the issue, and you know it."

"Gabriel, please." Jack finally managed to reach up, touching his arm. "Sit down."

The energy seeped out of him in a rush, making his sigh heavily as he turned to fix his chair, sinking into it. He was just tired. He was so tired.

"What I think Gabriel was trying to say is that things are different." Ana finally spoke, his tone low, measured. "He was a criminal, yes. However, we are here because of his... supposed indoctrination of Jack into his crimes. Is that why we are here?"

There was a pause, but Winston finally shifted, shrugging slightly. "Yes, I suppose."

"Good. Then can we all acknowledge the fact that no crimes have been committed by either of them since they apparently teamed up? At least, starting from when we know they teamed up. We are accusing Jack of falling into crime with Gabriel, and yet, no crimes have been committed. Is it safe to assume that nothing wrong has happened here?"

"Jack made a move to harm Dr. Ziegler in order to defend Reaper."

"But he didn't." McCree shrugged when Winston glared his way. "He surrendered, didn't he?"

"If that is the only crime that you can claim that was going to be made, then perhaps we do not have a case here after all, at least on the terms of Jack becoming a criminal, beyond the standard of criminal we already are." Ana made a show of tapping her finger against her lips, an exaggerated sense of thinking. "So we cannot really charge them for anything of the sort. It makes it the attempted execution of Jack before quite...cruel and unusual."

"He was presenting as a traitor. I did what I had to."

"No," she finally snapped, stepping forward to slap her palms down on the table. "You were displacing your anger for a past crime onto someone who did not commit it. So, as Gabriel said earlier, let us move past that claim and focus on the real issue. You wanted Gabriel in this room so you could confront him for what he did all those years ago. You want him to be punished for killing Dr. Rahal."

That's right, she had a name. Dr. Rahal. He had forgotten.

Gabriel sighed, covering his eyes with his hand as he tried to remember her face. She had been a kind woman. She hadn't deserved it. He'd just been so angry, and he'd hurt so many

people in his rage. He'd gotten an innocent woman killed, and he'd tried to murder the man he loved. He was messed up. He was a broken man with broken thoughts, unable to focus and see what was really important. Killing Dr. Rahal hadn't fixed anything. It hadn't done anyone any favors.

"Fine. We are here because of Dr. Rahal."

"Good. I am glad you will accept that. So what can we do? Do you want to put Gabriel to death?" When Winston started to speak, Ana lifted her hand. "No. It will not bring Dr. Rahal back. It solves nothing."

"What do you want me to say?" Winston finally snapped.

"I don't want you to say anything. I want you to listen. I know you won't listen to Gabriel, but surely you will listen to Jack."

"Me?"

"Yes, Jack. You have been beside Gabriel for quite some time, both before the fall, and after. He has seen much of Gabriel, and perhaps is the person best suited to give us a good idea of what kind of man Gabriel is now. With a new viewpoint, we can decide what to do, if anything."

"I will gladly speak on Gabriel's behalf." Jack slid his chair forward, sitting up straight, clasping his hands on top of the table. It was a flash back to the years before, when he sat in those press meetings, answering questions without a waver. He let out a slow breath, closing his eyes. Only when he opened them again did he start to speak. "In the time that I have spent with him after the fall, I've seen a change. There has been a relaxation on the sense of duty, and he has taken the time to relax more. I won't sugarcoat things and tell you that we haven't been associating for long. Long before you discovered it, I have been beside him. He is a man who is suffering. It is not my place to tell, but..." Jack sighed, glancing over at Gabriel. "He regrets all that he has done. He has changed, and I firmly believe that he would never do anything like that again. He would change it. He is a good man. He always has been. He just made a mistake."

Too kind. He didn't deserve all those words, deserved to be thrown to the wolves, but Jack wouldn't. Jack cared.

"See? We know Jack, and we trust him. If he says our Gabriel is a good man, then we know for certain that he is. It has been a long time, and we have no solid proof. Perhaps it is time to heal."

"Exactly." Jack sighed, sliding his hand over.

Gabriel smiled a little, reaching over to take his hand, lacing their fingers together. Jack's hand was so warm, so warm compared to his own.

"Oh." Ana chuckled softly, stepping up behind them so she could lay a hand on each other their shoulders. "This is good to see."



Winston huffed, confused, his eyes flicking between the three of them before finally settling on their entwined hands. It took a long time, with several moments before his eyes widened. He started to open his mouth, probably to protest, but McCree cleared his throat, moving forward as well.

“Well, it seems as though we have a new line of discussion we should consider,” he drawled, a forced sense of carelessness to try and temper the attitude that lingered. “What should we do with these two?”

“Agreed. We cannot have one without the other, that much is clear.” Ana squeezed their shoulders tight. “Either we let them both leave, or we take them in as a team, and allow them to fight together in Overwatch.”

“No,” Gabriel choked, shaking his head.

“No?” Jack glanced over. “What?”

“No more fighting. Jack has fought too much. He needs to rest. He needs peace. This is ridiculous. This isn’t his war anymore. Leave him alone.” His voice came out a snarl, smoke billowing out of his mouth in great clouds. “Fight for him, now. You all owe him that much.”

It was all too much. It was ridiculous that they would continue to force Jack to fight. He was too old. He’d done his part. And while Gabriel had many more years to continue fighting, Jack...Jack should be allowed to just...

“You’re a sweet man,” Jack chuckled, squeezing his hand again. “I’m not as old as you think. You’re older than me.”

“Suck a cock,” Gabriel snapped, letting go of Jack’s hand, if only so he could lean closer, pressing his cheek to Jack’s shoulder. “You need time to live, now. Just...leave with me. I want to travel with you, like we were. You were happy. You deserve to be happy.”

Winston was looking more and more uncomfortable as the conversation went on, but Jack only smiled, turning more so he could wrap his arms around Gabriel, pulling him close. It was the best kind of embrace, warm and all encompassing, almost like a promise. The two of them were best together, as reflected in the war before, when they had fought together, It made sense that it would continue onwards, even after the fighting.

It took a moment, but Jack finally let him go, looking to Winston. The commander’s air was back powerful and undeniable.

“We’re leaving again. And this time, you’re going to leave us alone. We are vigilantes, and we go where we want, fight when we deem it necessary. At this point...I’ve completed my mission. I’ve removed the threat that was Reaper. I think it’s my duty to keep an eye on the former Reaper, to make sure he remains at peace. You’d do well to leave us alone unless we call you first. Maybe we could have dinner sometime.”

Ana laughed brightly, clapping her hands together. “A fine plan! Come, I would love some time to catch up with my friends. It has been too long. I believe we all have things we want to

say. Right, children?”

Her voice lifted at the end, apparently giving a sign, as the door to the interrogation room burst open, the doorway crowded by a wriggling mass of blue and pink and green, trying to force its way into the room as fast as possible.

“Me first, you loser!”

“Age before beauty!”

With a grunt, Lucio shoved his way into the room, lunging over to Jack to throw his arms around his neck from behind. Doorway clear, D.Va bolted in as well, fairly throwing herself over Jack’s lap. The combined attack of the two kids was enough to send the old man tumbling off of his chair, an undignified yelp lifting from his throat as he hit the ground. It was hard not to laugh at that; even as an irritable old man, Jack still managed to make friends.

“Don’t worry, pendejo, we haven’t forgotten you,” McCree laughed, flinging his arm around Gabriel’s shoulders, pulling him close. “You’ve got a lot to answer for.”

Gabriel couldn’t help but smile, hooking his arm around Jesse’s waist.

Really, retirement had never looked better.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!