

A Widow's Trace

— Tien, tien. Looks like we've working together. — Something made Widowmaker say, as it always did, ruining her chances. From her standpoint, anyway.

— Don't think I'm happy about that! — Tracer exclaimed back, the same something making her so. And ruining her chances, too. Or, from her standpoint, at least.

"Attack commences in 30 seconds." A cold female voice interrupted their bickering

— We both know that's not quite true, is it? — Mercy's whisper sent a wave of electricity through Tracer's body.

Tracer checked for Widow, but she was reassembling her beloved rifle on a table next to them, facing away in total concentration, so she nodded, very deeply, lost in her own world of fantasy.

"Five" Tracer snapped back to reality.

"Four" Widowmaker cycles the bolt on her rifle.

"Three" Seven-Six checks his utility belt.

"Two" McCree pulls out and cocks his Peacekeeper incredibly tense.

"One" Zenyatta wakes from meditation.

"Attack" Everyone dashes out. Except that Tracer trails behind Widow, who aims her Grapple. Tracer's eyes start glowing; figuratively, of course.

— Oi, before you get up there, grab me!

— Hwhat?

— Come on, just do it! — Tracer first got hold of Widow's waist, to which she reciprocated. — Right, now grapple us up there!

The sharp yank wasn't as sharp as she expected and rather soon they were stood on a narrow passage made of sandstone.

— Y'ready? Hold me very tight now, this thing is...

But she didn't finish and was navigating the air, which you hafta

admit is hard, if you can only maneuver horizontally. A couple terrifying seconds later they landed way behind enemy lines, with a clear view on all of them.

— Now's your opening, luv!

Widow hoisted the firearm to her shoulder, aimed in, and fired. Reaper's head seemed to have exploded. She leaned leftward, sighted in and fired again. Reinhardt befell upon his knees; then collapsed fully as the second shot sounded. Tracer was humming some melody, leaned back against a wall.

— Ssh! — Widow raised her free hand.

Tracer froze mid-hum and mid-headsway as Widow's head locked at an extraordinary angle, listening to the faintest of sounds.

— Get ready to get us out of 'ere. — She alerted and grappled directly upwards.

On the way down she sighted in and last time on Symmetra; she lost precision due to a very narrow angle of opening, though, so she just started crawling around with her knee in shatters. Widow landed next to Tracer perfectly quietly.

— Ready, luv?

Widow just nodded as she grasped for Tracer's torso. She didn't feel the yank of Tracer's Chronal Accelerator — she passed out. Tracer stroked her hair and somehow navigated the air with much more ease than even when she was alone. She had to cease quite shortly, though, as Widowmaker woke just seconds after passing out.

— Ah, magnifique. — She sighed, looking at the battlefield, or at Tracer (it was rather hard to tell, especially from Tracer's perspective).

— Aye, that was a most impressive display.

— Hwhat? — Widow was still somewhat confounded, then noticed the ambiguity in her statement and suddenly became flustered. Tracer didn't notice, as she was cherishing how Widow was

confused enough not to let her go.

And so they lasted, seemingly endlessly, cherishing a moment tranquil as very few are for soldiers at war. Then it all came down crashing like a broken mirror as adrenaline made way for endorphins and endorphins – for exhaustion. As many of these moments, this one was saved by the party returning with figurative spoils.

– Hey, aren't these our lost gals? – McCree, suddenly alert, re-holstered his Peacekeeper.

– It would seem that they are. – Zenyatta send out his Orb to (a) treat their potential injuries and (b) to harvest data about the situation. – I suggest a delicate approach.

– Well, they did a magnificent job out there, made our work exceedingly easy. – Growled Seven-Six. – We've gotta congratulate and/or thank them.

– No medical assistance necessary, I presume? – Inquired Mercy to Zenyatta.

– Indeed.

By this time they'd approached Tracer&Widow to a distance at which a conversation could be held comfortably.

– Nice work out there; innovative in the very deed. Our job was just cleanup duty after that. – Seven-Six broke the silence

– Cheers, mate. – Tracer smiled and looked at Widow to see why she was being so uncharacteristically quiet and reacted not to the compliment, and quite a big one at that, coming from Seven-Six. – Oh, she's asleep, the poor thing – She gently poked Widow and whispered in her ear. – Soldier here says you did a good job.

Widowmaker woke. – Ah, merci.

– Yaes? – Mercy tilted her head away from her conversation with McCree. Then, realising her mistake, giggled softly.

– Y'all fancy a drink? All this Peacekeeping's making me thirsty

– I don't see why not. – Vocalised his approval Seven-Six as

everyone else nodded.

As everyone was getting settled, Zen noted, that Lena wasn't, as was usual, avoiding Amélie, and, indeed, didn't as much as flinch when she took a seat next to her.

— Four whiskeys, please. — Inquired McCree the barman.

Upon receiving the order, and many orders thereafter, unsurprisingly, everyone was rather intoxicated, yet was holding strong (okay, barring Zenyatta, who vacated the scene after Angela stopped being coherent). Even Amélie and Lena, temporarily forgoing their differences, were leaning upon each other, chanting a French-Brit love song. After yet another round, Lena lost the delicate balance and fell onto Amélie's thighs, fast asleep. Amélie shuddered, she yearned for this, ever since Gérard died. She sat Lena (mostly) upright, managed to stand up herself, waved at the remaining party, somehow lifted Lena from under the table, where she managed to slide, and thanking some lord for leaving her with perfect motoric function despite her drunkenness, going up several flights of stairs and fishing out the key to her room from her vest. Having semi-sat-semi-laid Lena on her bed, she untied both sets of shoes and slid them off, wrangled the duvet from under Lena, laid next to her and then it atop them. For the first time in however many years she fell asleep quickly and without longing for Gérard; as if knowingly, Lena's head found her back and remained there. And that was the last thing she remembered.

Sunlight hit the window blinds, dimly illuminating the small hotel room as it did. The brightness, however suppressed, had woken Lena, who lay against a back, eyes closed, reveling in the sensation she'd been longing for ever since Emily's passing. But, as such moments often are, this one needed to be interrupted, this time but the need to dull out Lena's growing hangover headache by consuming a sizeable amount of water, a task of monumental difficulty, (a) because the headache got worse as she moved and moving itself was already heavily impaired and (b) she was

extremely comfortable, and at the moment cared naught for whose back her forehead was against. Eventually, though, the moment had to be broken, for if she didn't move at once she'd deface the shoulderblades in front of her, herself and what she presumed to be the bed she lie on with the contents of her stomach. Somehow she managed to roll off onto the floor and stumbled towards the nearest sink, located in the bathroom, where she drank vigorously and managed to keep her stomach in check, and began to crawl back to where she lie before and froze temporarily as her gaze fell upon Amélie. "So she's gone and bloody done it." She thought. "Oh well." And continued along, as she did. Laying back down and re-emplacing her forehead at Amélie's back, but, alas (or not?) the temperature difference was enough to wake her. Lena intook a breath sharply and exhaled slowly, shutting her eyes, making the moment last as long as possible, expecting it to be broken as soon as Amélie shifted over to face her, but, instead, she just grabbed her and hugged her closed to her chest.

Moments like this don't last; this one did. It wasn't broken, it just transformed when Lena felt Amélie's hot tears upon her face.

— What's wrong, luv?

— I don't know... Everything's coming back to me... I 'aven't felt this way since Gérard died. May I? — She interrupted, pulling Lena in for a kiss. Lena reciprocated with the highest degree of passion. Suddenly, she couldn't wait any longer. She reached down to Amélie's waist and put her hand under her shirt against the cold blue back, sending shivers through both of them, using it to slide the shirt off while Amélie scrambled for the zipper on Lena's jacket, being interrupted, however, by her shirt sliding past her eyes, then pleasantly surprised the jacket having slid off while her vision was obscured. As she reached for Lena's trouser button, she was stopped by her surprisingly strong, yet gentle, hands. Their eyes met.

— One more thing, luv.

— Hmmmm? — Amélie was having problems with phrasing

anything coherent.

— I'm still pissed. — Lena's tone was hard to decypher

— I know, I know, I know. — Her hands were set free and felt her tears being butterfly kissed away by Lena's soft lips, somehow managing to undo the button she was struggling with & sliding the trousers down, finding Lena's hands doing the same to hers. Soon they were both relieved of their trousers, and adequately, Lena was the first to plunge her fingers inside Amélie, implanting her mouth on the Frenchie's, swallowing her moan as she reciprocated. Both of them came fast and hard, starved almost beyond belief (or, well, beforehand), their moans melding into one as they did. No words were uttered no sounds were made, a moment eternally tranquil; moments like that aren't made to last, yet this one, again, did, and drifted off as they fell asleep. in each other's arms.

The sun set and they awoke again, conscious now of everthing they had together. Or, well, most of it, anyway. Some things needed to still be sorted out and made sure about.

— So...

— Yaes?

— Aren't you hungry, luv?

— For you... — Amélie smiled. — But otheɁwise, no.

— Well, then, you obviously have something on your mind, so go first first.

— Hwhy now, afteɁ all this time? When did you stop to despise me? — Amélie flushed, or, well, as best as she could.

— That purple's really cute, you should do that more often. Or I guess I could. — Lena's mind suggested the view of Amélie's cheeks as she came. — But, anyway, there was something in you passing out in my arms, your body against mine, in the withering Egyptian heat that made me finally crack. As for my despising you... Shortly after I got out of the black void my filfe became after Emily's death. I realised you're just acting on orders and, well, you did get brainwashed by Talon... — Lena sighed. — You fancy a cuppa?

— Suck. You 'ave questions, too?

— Ya, how'd you know to take me up here yesterday? When'd you know you dig me?

— Pfh, did you really think I passed out for so long? — Now it was Lena's turn to flush, which had nothing to do with the steam from the Earl Grey she was making, Amélie grinned. — Not 'ad to pretend to be hwhen your pulse is almost as good as dead. As for shoveling, I always 'ad a wild crush on you, especially after I out of my black void after I killed Gérard. But must of all, it was you, after I passed out, you made me feel — for the first time in a long time cared for, loved, even, I guess. — Lena leaned in with the tea. — Ah, merci. — She took a sip. — Merdé, chaud!

— Oi? It's obviously hot, (a) because it's how you do it properly. — Lena looked temporarily stuck with love to her homeland and the Queen, but composed herself quickly — and (b) you're hot, so it seemed appropriate.

— Oh, you. — Amélie took another sip. — Drinkable.

— Heyyy, you like it. Pass the test, you did. — Lena giggled softly. — Also, I'd hoped that if I gave you very hot tea you'll blush again, the purple's much beter a colour than your usual blue.

Seeing that Amélie's finished her tea, Lena leaned in again to kiss her, snatching the saucer&cup and setting them down in relative safety. Into a kiss they pertained.

Moments like that aren't made to last, but sometimes, just timetimes, they do. And they change the world.

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