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“Ellie. Ellie!”

The Time Tot ignored Zeb in favor of shoving a large plastic key ring into her mouth and chomping down on it.

Zeb crouched beside her and covered his eyes with his hands. “Ellie. Peekaboo!”

Elanor threw the keys to the ground and pointed at him. “ZA!” she shrieked.

“Peekaboo!”

“ZAAAAA!”

“Zeb. Zeeeeeeeb. Can you say Uncle Zeb?”

“ZA!”

Zeb winced and dug a finger into his ear. “Is that all she can say?”

The Aviator shrugged. “Dunno why you’re complaining,” she said, stretching out on the floor beside them and bopping Elanor’s nose. “She still hasn’t said ‘mama’ yet.” She stuck her tongue out at Elanor. “Come on, Ellie. Ma. Ma. Mama.”

“Zazazazaza...”

“I gave birth to you and this is the thanks I get?” she said, mock-indignantly.

“Za.”

“She just loves me more,” Zeb said, picking Elanor up and blowing a raspberry on her cheek.

Elanor frowned, her tiny plump face scrunching up in concentration as she grunted.

“You know what, never mind, I think she loves you more,” Zeb said, quickly handing her off to the Aviator.

"You know, it wouldn't kill you to change one diaper," the Aviator muttered, disappearing into the TARDIS.

Zeb just grinned and stretched out on the floor, lacing his hands behind his head. He'd been hoping Elanor would start walking soon, though at only seven months old, he knew there would be a while to go.

But this was also nice, just being able to play with Elanor and not worry about—wait, crap—

[BEEEEEEEEEP!]

"Zeb, what did you do?" the Aviator yelled from inside the TARDIS.

"Nothing!" he yelled back, scrambling to answer the console. Though he was dreading what was about to come next, his eyes lit up when he saw the continuum, and he let out a loud whoop of excitement.

"What did we get?" the Aviator called over Elanor's resumed babbling.

"*Overwatch!*" Zeb said, actually jumping up and down as he read through the summary. "Talk about good timing, considering Doomfist was just announced! Listen here—**Desmond Riley, the copilot for the Slipstream had thought his close friend, Lena Oxtan, had died in the Slipstream accident. Years later he finally moved on but when he visits the Overwatch Museum it gets attacked forcing him to face his past once more.** Summary says Widowmaker/OC, but Intel's flagged it as a love triangle with Tracer. Shame this was published before the reveal that she's a lesbian, otherwise I'd love to ding for that."

"Joy of joys," the Aviator said, emerging from the TARDIS with Elanor. "I'll take Ellie to the Nursery; you head down to the armory and get us weapons. Just a pulse rifle for me—not an OSIPR, though, don't get the two confused like last time!"

Zeb gave her a lazy salute and headed out the door, humming the main *Overwatch* theme and hoping he'd get the chance to see Genji at least once on this mission.

He returned to the RC with the Aviator's requested pulse rifle, along with a downsized Tesla cannon for himself. The Aviator glanced at it and raised her eyebrows questioningly.

"Well, it shoots lightning and doesn't need a whole lot of aiming," he said defensively while she shrugged and turned back to the console. "I figured it was perfect for me." He paused. "Uh, aren't we going to take the TARDIS?"

"Nah, too many scene skips for us to take her along, sadly. Let's get this over with," she said, slinging the pulse rifle over her shoulder and stepping through the portal. She looked down at

herself and smiled at the blue Overwatch uniform she was now wearing. Zeb was a bit less reserved, however; he squeed out loud before clapping his hands over his mouth, his eyes huge.

"We're. At. The Overwatch base," he squeaked.

The Aviator couldn't help grinning as she looked around, though the Generic Surroundings were a bit disappointing. "Yeah," she said. She winced when the story began; the author seemed to have a special hatred for putting punctuation at the end of the last sentence of each paragraph, and the more the story wore on, the more the setting seemed to blend together. It finally resolved itself into a mess hall, though the surroundings were still vague enough to give both agents a headache.

The agents sat down at a table just before the Stu came striding in, thinking to himself about how today was the big day when he and Lena would be testing the Slipstream jet.

The Aviator groaned to herself. "Not like the jet was designed for only one person to fly or anything," she muttered. "If this keeps up the rest of the mission, we'll have enough charges to kill him before the first chapter's done."

Lena, more commonly known as Tracer, plopped herself down across from the Stu and began excitedly jabbering about the big flight. The Aviator felt heat rising to her cheeks as she observed the pilot, and quickly looked away. Zeb gave her a sly smile, and she kicked him under the table.

"Shut up," she hissed.

"I didn't say anything," he said innocently.

"I can hear you thinking it."

Zeb's grin just got bigger. "Should I tell the Detective he has competi—ow!" He rubbed the side of his head where the Aviator had lightly cuffed him. "What was that for?"

She folded her arms. "You know perfectly well what."

Zeb just snickered.

"The only reason they picked you was because you forced them by yelling at them," the Stu said, and the smile was wiped off Zeb's face in an instant.

"Not like she's the best one for the job or anything," he hissed.

Bored, the Stu declared he was going to go take a nap before it was time for the test flight, and the scene changed, dumping the agents on the runway.

“Look busy,” the Aviator said, straightening up and striding to where a group of shadowy figures were standing. Zeb tried to copy her swagger with minimal success, and they merged with the group of bit characters to watch the Stu and Tracer come jogging over to the much-larger Slipstream.

“So how much of this do you think he’s going to fuck up?” the Aviator said, putting her hand up to shield her eyes as she examined the sky. Even the vagueness of the setting couldn’t dampen the breezy, sunny day; a perfect day to fly.

“Like he hasn’t already?” Zeb asked, folding his arms and glaring as he watched the Stu and Tracer climb into the jet to begin preparations for flight.

"Alright last thing, is the teleportation matrix charged?"

"I uhh.. What?" I leaned forward next to her seat

"That glowing thing between your legs"

"So that's what it is!" You smiled and leaned back but you couldn't help but notice the bad feeling is stronger than ever

As soon as the sudden shift to second person released its grip on the agents, the Aviator snarled, “If you’re going to take over Tracer’s job, the least you can do is learn how to fly the damn jet! How the hell did this guy get picked to fly what’s possibly the most dangerous prototype transport in history?”

“I suspect glitter played a role,” Zeb said.

There was a roar of engines and the plane lifted straight up off the ground, repulsors glowing brightly.

“Okay, that’s admittedly pretty cool,” the Aviator shouted over the noise. “Nice nod to the hoverships in the *Overwatch* universe—”

The jet promptly exploded and a wave of heat washed over them. Shrapnel rained down on the tarmac and the agents stood still, frozen with terror while the bit characters screamed and began running around.

Zeb began to tremble; the Aviator's knuckles were white on her gun. It took a tremendous effort for her to relax her grip and reach out for Zeb's hand. He grabbed it, squeezing hard and breathing harder.

"We're fine," the Aviator bit out. "It's f-fine, we're fine, they're fine, it's fine, it's fine, it's fine..."

Zeb tried to speak; the words caught in his throat and he squeaked before coughing and nodding feebly. "L-let's move on to the n-next chapter," he stuttered, fumbling in his bag for a remote. After a few attempts, he got a portal open and the agents stumbled through. Once they were safely on the other side, the Aviator sat down hard, staring blankly at her gun. The hand not holding Zeb's was tightly gripping the tags around her neck.

Now that they were away from the carnage, Zeb sucked in a deep breath and looked around. They were in a city of some sort; the sun overhead was bright, the sky was a brilliant blue, and there were no explosions to be seen.

"So," he said after a long, tense silence, "charge for making the Slipstream blow up rather than disappear into time?" He tried to keep his voice light, but it sounded flat to his ears.

"Don't know how Tracer was supposed to survive that," the Aviator said after another long silence. She finally looked around; she was sitting on the steps of an apartment building, and the Words informed her that they were in Los Angeles, six years after the incident. Several floors above, the Stu absently listened to his television, which was broadcasting news about Talon and the possible reformation of Overwatch. Enraged, he turned it off and went back to musing on the events of the accident.

After the accident, they managed to patch my arms up without needing to amputate them, I was grateful but the metal shards that pierced my chest were too far to do anything about. During the surgery, the shrapnel slowly moved towards my heart, they used a magnet to keep them from going any further but they couldn't perform they surgery correctly without puncturing any of my organs. For now, they placed this... Device in my chest that keeps the shrapnel from moving towards my chest. They called it an Arc reactor or something like that.

The Aviator's eyebrows had been going progressively higher with each sentence, but by the end of it a faint smile had made its way onto her face. "Oh, mum would have *loved* this," she said. "So now he thinks he's Iron Man, does he?"

Zeb, however, couldn't resist looking skyward and raising his fists. "He built the Slipstream in a CAVE!" he screamed. "With a BOX OF SCRAPS!"

“Alright, that’s enough,” the Aviator said, standing up and cracking her knuckles. “The Stu’s going to head to the museum next—we can just portal again—and it looks like he’s really going to start pissing all over canon in the next bit.”

“You mean he wasn’t already?” Zeb muttered, following her to the next scene.

The Aviator just leaned against a balcony railing and stared down at the rebuilt Slipstream, a strange mix of awe and disgust on her face. “It’s... it’s just so similar to the canon one,” she said. “Now, *that* was a beautiful plane, a marvel of engineering, really,” she said. “Well, for humans, at any rate.”

“Your Time Lord is showing,” Zeb said, bumping her with his shoulder.

“Oh, piss off.”

Footsteps echoed from below and Zeb gasped softly, pointing. “Look! It’s that kid from the museum short!”

“Brian,” the Aviator said absently, leaning over the railing for a better look. “And Timmy. So that means...” She looked around as the children began excitedly asking the Stu questions about his time at Overwatch. For some reason, he didn’t recognize the name Tracer when it was mentioned, even though that was his supposedly-beloved pilot’s callsign.

“Ave! Ave Ave Ave, look!” Zeb said excitedly, pointing at the glass ceiling. A moment later, **[a] gorilla landed heading towards us but instantly got back up. There was a mist thing guy floating shooting at him.**

“No, no, no, that’s not what happened,” the Aviator snapped. “It was Widow first, and *then* Reaper came in!”

A moment later, Widowmaker came swinging in and began shooting at the Stu. He returned fire just as Tracer joined the fray, then decided it would be a brilliant idea to take cover inside the Slipstream exhibit with the children.

I sat in the pilot seat looking at the dials and buttons while the kids sat in the copilot's seat. The older brother leaned of over and watched the battle going outside the jet.

"I'm Brian, my little brother's Jonas"(I don't know the name of the younger kid)

Zeb ducked the author’s note seconds before it could knock him over the railing. “If you don’t know, that’s why you look it up!” he shouted over the sounds of gunfire and the engines of the Slipstream. “And what’s a museum exhibit doing with fuel and ammo in it?”

“Sitting there waiting for the Stu to—”

The Slipstream began firing, absolutely shredding the walkway that Widowmaker had been standing on.

“...do that,” the Aviator finished.

Widowmaker and Reaper decided to beat it, and the Stu smugly said, **"How's bout we meet the people we saved?"**

“You saved?” Zeb sputtered quietly, watching them hop out of the jet and make their way to Winston and Tracer. “They could protect themselves just fine without you!”

Despite having been a former Overwatch agent, the Stu didn’t seem to know who Winston was at all, but upon seeing Tracer alive and well, he promptly fainted.

The Aviator blinked. “Well, that’s not what I was expecting at all.”

“Next chapter’s titled **Filler: Hi! Nice to meet you!**” Zeb said, rolling his eyes and opening a portal. “Looks like it’s a flashback to when he and Tracer first met, so this oughta be good...”

The portal dropped them off in a vague setting of hazy grey shapes; the agents crouched behind a boxy looking... *thing* to keep an eye on the fic.

The Words declared that they were now in **Watchpoint: Gibraltar**, and the Aviator looked down in bemusement at the mini-Bastion that popped into existence, a landscape of the base painted on its chassis.

“Zwee?” it said, and Zeb stifled yet another squeal.

“It’s so cute Ave I want to keep it forever can we please I’d take really good care of it and oil it every day and give it cuddles—”

“The last thing we need around Elanor is a self-aware robot that can turn into a tank,” the Aviator said, though she was also grinning as the mini looked quizzically between the two. “Hey, little guy.”

“*Boo doo boo doo!*” it whirred, bobbing its head.

“Come on, through the portal with you,” the Aviator said, nudging it through. Zeb pouted as he watched it go.

The setting finally decided on a Generic Hallway inside the base, and the agents were forced to duck into a side room as the Stu came striding past. They let him get a ways ahead before stepping out and following him to the control room.

They slipped inside and hovered by the doors, watching the Stu chat up the secretary briefly before Tracer ran full-tilt into him, knocking him to the floor.

Tracer apologized profusely, jumping to her feet and offering the Stu a hand up.

I looked at her with raised eyebrows before getting up on my own.

"Watch where you're going dumbass" I patted my uniform and started to walk toward the door.

"Oi, I said I was sorry and I even offered ya my hand!" I looked at her bewildered. "And anotha' thing, ya don't gotta be rude ta everyone ya know, I simply knocked ya over, no need to insult me!"

Several bystanders seemed to think this was the funniest thing they'd seen all day, McCree included, since they all burst into laughter. Outraged, the Stu got up in Tracer's face and snarled, **"Listen here, you 12-year-old son of a bitch, I don't know who you're talking to like that you fucking cunt bag, I'm a god damn Lieutenant and by the looks of it, you're only a corporal and-"**

Luckily, it was at that moment that Commander Morrison came up to the Stu to tell him off, because Zeb was sure he would have needed to pull the Aviator away from breaking the Stu's nose.

"We'll give him what he deserves later," he whispered, watching the Stu stomp off in a huff to find out what his special assignment would be.

"You'd better believe we will," the Aviator said, cracking her knuckles and following him.

The agents lurked outside the commander's office, listening in as the Stu was told he had to wait for his partner to arrive before he could find out about the top secret project. Tracer went striding past the agents into the room without so much as a glance at them, and it went so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

"With all due respect sir, but that THING! Can't be my partner?!" the Stu yelled.

"What the fuck is this guy's problem?" the Aviator snarled, hands balled into fists. "All she did was bump into him—what if someone spilled coffee on him or something? Would he just snap their neck on the spot or what?"

Morrison went on to say that even though the Stu outranked Tracer, she would be the pilot because she was simply more skilled than he was, and he would be her copilot.

“That’s *not* how it works,” the Aviator hissed.

“Yeah, I kinda figured that out for myself,” Zeb said tiredly.

“And what the hell are they thinking, sending these guys to test fly the Slipstream tomorrow with no prior training or even a briefing on how it even works?”

The world tilted sideways, dumping the agents in the next scene without answering the Aviator’s question. They crouched behind a boulder that Tracer was sitting on and watched the Stu and Tracer, who were overlooking the ocean. Tracer suddenly shivered, and the Stu took off his scarf and jacket, offering both to Tracer.

“Oh, you’ve got to be kidding me,” Zeb whispered. “He’s the one who gives Tracer her jacket? Really?”

“I just want to know why he’s no longer hating her guts,” the Aviator whispered back. “Oh, wait, it’s so he can bond with her and then angst over her death tomorrow. He doesn’t even know her—they’re just sitting in **comfortable silence**, for Chrissake! At least make us believe they have a connection before they get separated!”

The agents clapped their hands over their ears when an author’s note blared out, reiterating that the chapter was just filler, before the scene swirled and tossed the agents into the next chapter.

The Aviator winced and put a hand to her head as the previous six years went rushing past. “Stupid time skips,” she muttered, climbing to her feet and offering Zeb a hand up.

They appeared to be in yet another Generic Base that couldn’t seem to decide if it was Watchpoint: Gibraltar or not, with glowing screens showing the locations of various Overwatch agents who had been recently recalled. Zeb waved the Aviator over to a pile of crates and they peeked out from behind it to watch the Stu wake up and reunite with Tracer. Rather than being happy to see her alive, the Stu was furious that Overwatch never mentioned that the Slipstream was able to travel in time.

“That’s because it wasn’t supposed to,” the Aviator muttered.

Tracer, however, handwaved it away, saying **"It was my dream to fly the slipstream... I... I couldn't let you stop me"**

“Because that totally explains why she knew the jet could time travel, but her superior officer wasn’t allowed in on the secret?” Zeb snorted. “This is just more drama for the sake of drama. I’m *bored*. I wanna see Genji. Think he’s around here somewhere?”

“Just so long as he doesn’t say ‘I need healing’, or else the Flowers can’t hold me accountable for my actions,” the Aviator said. She glanced down at **Chronic Accelerator**, stifling a snort.

The mini-Bastion was wearing what looked like a cheap plastic replica of Tracer’s own Chronal Accelerator, and it gave an inquisitive “Zwee?” as it looked around.

“Off you go, little guy,” Zeb said, ushering it through a portal.

The chapter ended and once again, the agents were dumped into the next. This time, they were in a Vegas casino, off to get McCree to rejoin Overwatch.

Rather than nicely asking the bartender first, **I grabbed his hand and slammed it on the bar. This caused some stares but those who did quickly went back to what they were doing. I slid a picture of McCree to him.**

“Jesus, lay off the testosterone,” the Aviator said, her lip curling. “Looks like he’s overly-aggressive to everyone, not just Tracer.”

“The worst part is that from the way it’s written, you can tell we’re supposed to like him for how much of a Badass™ he is,” Zeb said, shaking his head. He looked around the casino, hoping for any signs of Genji.

The Aviator eyeballed the bar, and Zeb grabbed her arm and pulled her away as the Stu set off in search of McCree. “You’ve got Elanor to think of,” he said sternly.

“I know,” she snapped, jerking her arm out of his grasp. “I was just looking.”

Zeb pursed his lips, but decided not to push it.

McCree, it turned out, had picked up a bit character named James somewhere along the way, and they and the Stu got to chatting about their time in Overwatch. They barely got the chance to exchange hellos, though, before Generic Talon Agents attacked, and the PPC agents dived behind a craps table when **the area we were just sitting at exploded into a million pieces.**

Zeb just closed his eyes and leaned his forehead against the ground, trying to block out all sound as dust settled in his hair. The Aviator’s hearts were racing and she risked peeking over the table, only to duck back when a bullet whizzed past.

“Do not interfere, do not interfere, do not interfere,” she chanted under her breath. “It’s a mission, not the War. Mission, not War. Mission...”

Something touched her foot and she yelped, scrambling back before her brain finally registered that it was Zeb. He’d lifted his head and was staring up at her with huge, terrified eyes. She slowly scooted closer to him and wrapped an arm around his shoulders.

Even if it wasn’t a war, she still looked after her own.

When the Stu, James, and McCree ran outside, the Aviator stood and helped Zeb to his feet. “We’d better go after them,” she muttered, fanning away the dust before clambering over fallen ceiling debris to chase them. They headed to the exit and took cover in the doorway while the trio ran into the street to engage the Talon forces.

I fire my gun hitting a couple of agents before going back into cover. All three of us repeated this process for the next 5 minutes.

For the first thirty seconds or so, the agents watched with trepidation, but soon, the Aviator pulled out a Sudoku book and Zeb quickly became engrossed with Flappy Bird, though he still flinched occasionally when gunshots echoed a little too loudly for comfort.

“Are they done yet?” the Aviator asked, gnawing on the end of her pen.

Zeb glanced up when he hit a post and shook his head. “Not yet.”

“Shame.” The Aviator scribbled in a circular numeral and turned the page to a fresh puzzle.

She looked up when the roar of a hovership whipped up a wind in the street, and Tracer jumped out, yelling, **"Cheers love! The Calvary's Here!"**, bolded for extra emphasis. That wasn’t what caught her attention, though.

“Wait, when did the Stu get hit in the Arc Reactor?” she asked, rising to a crouch for a better look.

“Looks like a little before Tracer showed up,” Zeb said, squinting at the Words. “I almost missed it, honestly; the rest of the writing is so bland your eyes just kind of glaze over when reading it.”

The Aviator and Zeb watched as the Stu collapsed, motioning weakly to his chest. Tracer cradled him in her arms as Winston and McCree came to their rescue, despite not all of the Talon agents being dealt with. The Stu was quickly loaded onto the ship and the scene shot back to a Generic Overwatch Base, tossing the agents unceremoniously into a wall. Zeb sucked in a breath, trying to recover from the winding, while the Aviator dug a finger into her ear.

"Haven't had to deal with a fic with so many timeskips in a while," she muttered, shaking her head like she was trying to dislodge water from her ears. "That's another, what, two weeks now? Has he been napping this whole time?"

"Looks like it," Zeb wheezed as their surroundings finally decided on a vaguely outside setting. He sucked in another breath and said, "This beige prose is really starting to screw with my head. I—is that Lúcio?"

"Uh... Lena who's that?" She looked to where I was looking at

"OH! That's Lucio, we got him when you were unconscious"

The Aviator slowly facepalmed, dragging her hand down her face. "Lúcio was *not* an Overwatch agent," she muttered. "What, was him being a freedom fighter against Vishkar in Rio not good enough?"

Zeb, however, looked excited. "Oh, oh, oh, if this is a Widowmaker/OC fic, do you think she's going to get recruited to Overwatch, too?"

"She'd better not," the Aviator said, leaning against the wall and crossing her arms as she watched Tracer catch the Stu up on what he'd missed while unconscious (which was admittedly not much). The only real thing of note was that his Arc Reactor was now bulletproof.

"That won't be a problem, will it?" Zeb asked.

The Aviator patted her gun. "Just because his Arc Reactor's bulletproof doesn't mean the spot between his eyes is."

Tracer then confessed that McCree's bit companion **comforted** her while the Stu was unconscious, and the Aviator's eyebrows shot up. "Is that what they're calling it now? He'd better not get crazy jealous and smash her face in or something..."

Surprisingly, the Stu managed to hold his temper until Tracer skipped away.

Winston and McCree both looked at me.

"I'm...Extremely...Livid" The two looked at each other. Winston decided to change the subject

"Smart move, monkey," the Aviator muttered.

"I am *not* a monkey!" Zeb said in Winston's voice. "I am a *scientist!*"

The Aviator ruffled his hair as McCree asked the Stu if he wanted to go out for drinks. "Ellie will get a kick out of you doing that for her favorite characters' voices," she said.

"When do you think she'll be able to understand us?" he said, grabbing her arm for balance as the scene shifted to drop them in the next chapter.

Whatever the Aviator might have been about to say would have been quickly drowned by the raucous, drunken laughter of the Generic Pub they found themselves in.

"Okay, let's just skip this," the Aviator shouted over the noise. "Unless you want to endure **6 hours** of drunken antics and singing?"

"I'll pass!" Zeb shouted back, and quickly ducked through the portal she opened. He blinked and looked around. "Wait, why are we back in the museum—?"

"HOW DID WE GET HERE! JAHAAHAHAHA" McCree climbed into the pilot's seat and laughed. "I DON'T KNOW HAHAAHHAHA"

"Wait. Wait wait." McCree stopped laughing and looked at me with an open mouth smile "We... Could time travel" He gasped

"WE COULD BE TIME TRAVELERS!" I nodded and closed the canopy. The jet's engines roared to life and we began to lift off

"TO NARRRRNIAAAAAA!"

Zeb's mouth fell open as he stared after the Slipstream as it disappeared into the sky.

The Aviator's own mouth was set in a thin line. "Even as a Time Lord, I can say I wouldn't be able to fly if I was *that* pissed," she said, reaching over and closing Zeb's mouth with a soft *clap*.

He just flailed his hands after the jet. "What was that?" he finally cried.

"A failed attempt at humor, it would seem," the Aviator said. "Let's portal ahead before the story tries to shove us inside the cockpit with those two."

Zeb shuddered at the thought.

They returned to the Overwatch base in time to see the hungover Stu and McCree stumble out of the jet to be greeted by an irate Winston and undefined new character. They lounged against a stack of crates to watch Tracer come storming up to the pair.

"You flew while ya were wankered! Ya know how many lives you put in danger!" I looked into her eyes and saw a lot of things. Mainly disappointment, disgust and anger.

"Thank you, Tracer, for being the voice of reason here," the Aviator whispered.

The Stu, however, just got angrier at Tracer for daring to tell him things he didn't want to hear. **"SHUT THE FUCK UP!" She stepped back from me in shock "JUST PLEASE... SHUT YOUR GODDAMN MOUTH!" I grabbed my head as a headache started to form. I cursed silently before jumping into the jet.**

The agents were treated to the brief but amusing sight of the Stu gracefully leaping a good fifteen feet through the air to land perfectly in the pilot's seat before powering on the plane and soaring away.

The Aviator scowled after him, but her eyes lit up when the undefined character gained a shape at last—Mercy.

"When are we going to get Genji?" Zeb complained.

"Shh," the Aviator said, leaning forward.

Thanks to a poorly worded sentence, however, Mercy teleported away to one of the buildings, but then Winston began walking alongside her to said building. The agents exchanged exasperated looks and trailed them, the Aviator muttering under her breath about lazy writing.

"Blech," Zeb said as Winston and Mercy began gossiping about the Stu and Tracer's love lives. "It's boring when Sues do it, and it's boring when Stus do it, too. At least Sues entertain us with florid descriptions of their clothing."

"I think I prefer the beige prose, myself," the Aviator said. "Means there's a lower chance to get new Suvian colors bombarding our senses." She stopped suddenly when Tracer appeared in front of them, listening in to Winston's and Mercy's conversation. When she found out that the Stu was in love with her, she Blinked away, crying.

"Aw man, he got Tracer," Zeb complained.

"It was only a matter of time," the Aviator said grimly, pulling out her remote. "Honestly, I'm just glad she's not *more* out of character. McCree getting shitfaced is at least somewhat in-line with what we've seen of him, but getting completely hammered and then stealing the Slipstream while giggling like a twelve year old girl was more OOC for him than this is for Tracer."

"Not by much, though," Zeb said, and the Aviator tilted her head in agreement.

They portaled to the next chapter and found themselves face to face with **[a] dark silhouette**. Of course, this being a badfic, the Words interpreted it literally, and the person was nothing more than an indistinct, black thing shaped vaguely like a person. The thing tilted its head to the sky to watch the still-hungover Stu fly overhead in the Slipstream; it pulled out a device from its pocket and hit accept on Winston's Overwatch recall notice.

"Wonder who this one could be?" Zeb said, but the Aviator was too busy squinting at the shape to reply. Hesitantly, she stuck out her hand; it simply disappeared into the blackness, and she quickly pulled her hand away, shaking it.

"That's too creepy," she said, wiping her hand on her jacket and looking up at the jet.

The Stu was alerted by a beeping notice that someone in the area had accepted the recall and he decided to land; the agents hid behind a large, indistinct tree to watch him climb out of the jet and... get distracted by **a colony of fireflies**.

The shadow person approached the Stu and put a gun to his head, chiding him for getting distracted. Zeb sighed. "There went the perfect assassination opportunity," he muttered.

"I think we're still missing out on charges," the Aviator said. "I want to see how this Widowmaker romance goes before we do any assassinating."

"...Okay, yeah, I want to see that, too," Zeb said. "Well, not really, but you know what I *oh my gosh Ave it's Soldier: 76 oh my gosh he's even taller than I thought he was and he looks so in charge of things Ave he's right there!*"

The shadow finally gained a shape and a name when the Stu recognized him. The agents leaned around the tree to watch, interest rekindled.

After Soldier: 76 scolded the Stu for getting distracted and flying the jet while drunk, he quickly decided the Stu would be perfect to mentor. How he knew about what the Stu had gotten up to with the jet was quickly handwaved away with the explanation **"I had Tracer plant a bug inside Overwatch... The fool is too trusting..."**

"Riiight," the Aviator said slowly. "Tracer working for some bloke she doesn't know to bug Overwatch. Because that is *totally* something she would do."

"Maybe 76 told her who he was?" Zeb suggested, but the Aviator shook her head.

"Even ignoring that it would be way OOC for him, his line about her being 'too trusting' implies he didn't," she said. "Either way, I'm gonna charge the hell outta this."

The Stu and Soldier: 76 climbed back into the jet ("Seriously, when does that thing need to be refueled?" the Aviator grumbled) and set off for the soldier's hideout.

"Wish this fic didn't have so many sudden scene changes," Zeb complained, bracing himself before he could get tossed around like a rag doll again. A moment later, they found themselves standing outside a cabin in the middle of nowhere. The agents snuck up to a window to look inside.

The Stu took a look at all the pictures of old Overwatch friends on the mantle, asking, **"Was John Morrison close to you?"**

"Ave, please, can't we—?"

"No."

"Zwee?"

Zeb crouched beside John Morrison. The mini readjusted the cheap plastic visor on its head and let out a shrill series of beeps.

"Love the visor," Zeb said, grinning.

"Dee doo dee doo!"

Zeb held out a hand, and the mini returned the fistbump. "Be good!" he called, and sent it on its way.

And not a moment too soon; the agents were slammed with a jump forward, dropping them a month ahead and back at the Generic Overwatch Base. They took a moment to catch their bearings; it seemed as though the fic had dropped them off just inside Winston's lab, where he was showing Tracer his newest invention.

"I'm working on a personal protective field, It supposed to disintegrate anything that it comes to contact with. This include bullets, missiles, energy lasers, an-"

"Yea, yeah, how bout' ya' speak English, yeah" Winston sighed causing Lena to giggle.

"It's a personal shield" Lena smiled and hopped off

"See! Wasn't to hard! Anyway, I gotta jet love see ya!"

The agents quickly stepped aside as Tracer Blinked past them. The Aviator cast a glance at Winston and sighed. "Remember when Tracer used to actually have a brain?"

Zeb just frowned. "Even I understood what Winston was saying, and I'm not exactly fluent in technobabble."

"Let's just mark down a general charge for stupidity, then," the Aviator said. "And—" She glanced at the Words. "Whoa, whoa, whoa, back the fuck up. Since when is Symmetra an Overwatch agent? Hello, Vishkar?"

"Still think Widow won't join?" Zeb said skeptically.

"Like I said, she better not," the Aviator said. She frowned. "But there's also the problem of figuring out how to deal with that when—yes, when—it happens. If we kill the Stu and she isn't taken care of, canon snapback might see her kill everyone around..."

"Medical would be so mad," Zeb agreed. He watched Winston tinker on his shield for a moment, then turned to the Aviator. "So, next chapter?"

A portal opened and she grinned at him. "Already on it."

It was 2 pm in the afternoon, the Words blared, as the Stu and Soldier: 76 soared overhead in the Slipstream, on their way to rescue Pharah at the Temple of Anubis. Barely a moment later, everyone was on the ground, engaged with Talon forces, and the Aviator and Zeb hid behind the Slipstream to take cover from the gunshots.

"Would it be too much to ask for a halfway decent transition just once?" the Aviator shouted, slamming a fist against the jet. The metal crumpled under her fist and she cursed, shaking out her hand and looking somewhat guilty. "Shit, Alex is gonna give me hell for that..."

"Wait, you wanted to take this to DoSAT?" Zeb shouted back.

"Well, it's not like we can leave it here, can we?" the Aviator said. "Replacement Slipstream? Who knows what would happen to the canon if we left it here?"

Desmond looked though the sights and saw 76 and the new agent. 'So that's Pharah huh...She's kinda hot'.

"THE BATTLEFIELD IS NOT AN APPROPRIATE PLACE TO SCOUT OUT A GIRLFRIEND!" the Aviator roared, her voice drowned out by Reaper's shotguns.

"Uh, weren't you engaged to—?"

"We had downtime," the Aviator said shortly. "It's not like I looked over at him while we were dodging Daleks and thought, 'Wow, he's fit! I'd like to have his babies!'"

A beige-furred Desmond POV appeared beside the agents, and Zeb jumped, startled. It let out a mighty *SNRF* and butted its head against the Slipstream, rocking the jet before the Aviator grabbed a handful of its fur and pulled it back.

“What’s next, an entire herd of these things?” she muttered, bracing her shoulder against it and shoving it through the portal Zeb opened.

That taken care of, it was back to watching the fic—and both agents were surprised to see Widowmaker and the Stu standing together, talking.

“Did we miss something?” the Aviator said, glancing back at the Words.

“No, she just appeared there with the point of view change,” Zeb said, shaking his head.
“Charge, charge, and charge.”

"Vous avez certainement change"

I took cover and reloaded my pistol. "I have no idea what that means but ok!" I stood up and fired more shots at where she was hiding.

“So close with the French,” the Aviator sighed, shaking her head. “So close.”

“I’m more worried about all the teleporting characters,” Zeb said, watching Widowmaker poof around the battlefield thanks to shoddy descriptions until she finally ended up behind the Stu, gun pressed against his head.

“He seems to be pretty vulnerable to that,” the Aviator noted. “76 did it, Widow did it... hm. I wonder...”

“Assassination?” Zeb said hopefully.

“Not yet,” she said, “but soon. I hope.”

"Aren't you going to shot me?" She lowers her gun and turns towards Reaper who was now losing to 76 and Pharah before back to me.

"Seems like that's my cue to leave... Sorry this date was cut short" I looked at quizzically as she walked closer. She places a kiss on my check which shocked me.

"Wha-" I was cut off when she placed her lips onto mine. My eyes widened as I try to figure out what the fuck is happening

'WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING!'

"Wouldn't we both like to know," Zeb said. "Seriously, what's her motivation here? Is she just so in love with his rugged good looks? Does she admire his skill—sorry, his 'skill'—on the battlefield? Why doesn't she just kill him and leave them with one less agent to worry about? Reaper was giving it his best effort to kill Winston, so what's her excuse?"

"Love triangle, that's what," the Aviator said grumpily.

"That's not an excuse!"

A new ship appeared as Widowmaker and Reaper made their escape, and Tracer and Lúcio jumped out, asking to be introduced to the newest agent.

"Wait, so Tracer's never met Pharah before?" the Aviator said. "I mean, yeah, Pharah never got the chance to be an agent, but there are pictures of her as a kid surrounded by other agents. Surely Tracer at least knows *of* her, considering her mom's famous."

Pharah excused herself, saying she needed to retrieve her suit (at this, Zeb let out an indignant screech), and Tracer looked curiously at the Stu and Soldier: 76, asking who they were.

"Soldier: 76"

"Specter"

Tracer frowns and pouts "Awww... I meant your real names!" She blinks in front of 76 then to me. She narrowed her eyes "Hmmm... You look familiar"

"Eh?" Zeb tilted his head. "I thought he was only gone a month? And didn't she, you know, *bug Overwatch for 76?*"

The Aviator shrugged, brow furrowed in confusion.

The Stu shoved Tracer out of the way and made his way back to the Slipstream.

76 added a cloaking mechanism to it so when we retrieve agents we could leave it somewhere without the fear of Talon or a civilian finding it. I pulled up my personal terminal on my wrist and uncloaked the jet.

The agents quickly straightened up when the jet briefly turned invisible, then opaque. The Stu paused in unloading his gear to walk around to the other side of the jet. "Who the fuck are you?" he said, eyes narrowed. A hood suddenly appeared on his head thanks to the Words acknowledging its existence; at least that explained why Tracer didn't recognize him.

“Just agents sent here as reinforcements,” the Aviator said breezily while Zeb nodded in agreement. “We’ll be getting out of your way, no Talon forces to see here...”

The Stu kept glaring at them as they walked away; once they were safely out of sight behind a toppled column, the Aviator flexed her fingers.

“What I wouldn’t give to strangle that git,” she snarled.

Zeb peeked over the column to watch the Stu and Soldier: 76 discuss who they would be retrieving next.

"We were originally going to get Hanzo but Overwatch got to him first...They seemed to have picked the rest up except... Roadhog and Junkrat" I scoffed

Zeb’s mouth slowly fell open. “I’m sorry, what?” he said, knuckles white as he gripped the edge of the column. “Yes, let’s bring a couple of mass murderers into the fold, why the hell not!”

The Aviator glanced over at him, startled. “Did you just swear?” she said, her eyebrows going up.

“Yes!” Zeb said, jabbing a finger in the direction of the Slipstream as it lifted off. “Because *that is not okay!* Those guys are wanted for robbery, arson, and murder around the entire world! Roadhog helped turn the Australian outback into an irradiated wasteland! YES, LET’S RECRUIT THEM TO OVERWATCH!” he screamed after the jet as it teleported away.

“On a lighter charge, Hanzo wasn’t ever involved with Overwatch, either,” the Aviator said, patting him on the shoulder.

Zeb just stood there, breathing heavily through his nose, before he snatched the remote activator out of his bag. Muttering to himself, he punched in the coordinates for the next chapter and stomped through the portal.

They found themselves on the tarmac of a Generic Military Airbase, squashed among a crowd of bit officers who were crowded around to watch the Slipstream land. Apparently, up in the cockpit, the Stu had been hailed on the radio and was told to land or be shot down. As soon as he and Soldier: 76 climbed out of the plane and explained that they were from Overwatch, however, all hostilities immediately disappeared and they were welcomed with open arms.

Zeb seethed. “Overwatch getting back together is illegal! They had the Petras Act and everything! They should be locked up for telling these guys they’re with the organization!”

"No, the U.S. doesn't feel any hate towards Overwatch, we know you damn well saved the world"

"Does upholding the law mean nothing anymore?!"

"Zeb, please, the Stu is too good for the rules."

The bit officer who was talking to the Stu apologized for making them land, and invited them inside for food. The characters teleported away to the dining hall, and the agents looked at each other.

"Want to chase after them?" Zeb said.

"Not really," the Aviator said. She sat down, pushing several bit characters out of the way, and pulled out her Sudoku book once more. The bits didn't even react to her doing so, and Zeb hesitantly followed suit, keeping an eye on the Words.

As we ate the officer briefed us on the current situation. It seems Roadhog and Junkrat has made a name for themselves already.

"They have been taking part in multiple robberies, they don't kill anyone but they still do take money"

Zeb's bag caught fire when this last statement proved to be too much for his C-CAD. He ripped off his flak jacket and used it to smother the flames, considering breaking out several of the Aviator's favorite curse words. Never mind that most of them were Gallifreyan and he didn't know what they meant.

"Well, this is just great," the Aviator said after he'd gotten the fire under control. She barely spared a glance at the Words when the bit officer offered to let the Stu raid their armory in exchange for dealing with Roadhog and Junkrat. When the Stu added that they were trying to recruit more people to Overwatch, the officer happily volunteered his men as well.

It was a good thing Zeb was sitting down, otherwise he would have tried to kick something out of frustration. "No!" was all he could say before devolving to angrish.

"Sudoku?" the Aviator said tiredly, offering him her booklet.

"D'you mind if I tear out the pages you've already done?" Zeb said. The Aviator shrugged and passed it over; Zeb tore out a handful and began folding them into little origami creations, muttering under his breath while they waited for the Stu to stop jerking off to his bland descriptions of all the guns in the armory. Twice, they had to duck author's notes telling them to

look up pictures on Google, but otherwise, they sat on the tarmac under the hot Nevada sun, waiting.

When several armored cars roared to life and moved to form a line, the Aviator and Zeb got up, the Aviator stretching and popping her back. "Looks like that's our cue," she said, going to the closest car and climbing into the back. "Come on, we're hitching a ride with the Stu's personal escort."

Zeb immediately perked up, tucking his folded cranes into his pocket and jogging after her. "I've never ridden in one of these before!" he said excitedly, bouncing in the seat.

"It's not really all that exciting," the Aviator said. "Promise."

"Wait, when have you ever ridden in one of these?"

"Dylan and I got into some really weird situations while I was helping him do research for his novels," the Aviator said. A sad smile appeared on her face as the convoy set off, speeding through the desert in pursuit of the junkers.

"Who's Dylan?" Zeb asked curiously.

"A friend I traveled with when... Well." The Aviator looked out the window, biting her lip. She glanced back at Zeb and smiled. "It was a long time ago and he left the TARDIS on his own. I was just... remembering."

The rumbling roar of engines was quickly drowned out when the Stu decided to turn on some heavy metal to blast across the desert for all to hear.

Zeb groaned and slid down in his seat. "Why aren't there ever any Stus who like to listen to Taylor Swift?" he complained. "Seriously, a little 'Shake it Off' never hurt anybody."

The Aviator had to turn her face to the window again so he wouldn't see her grin.

When we arrived, we instantly rode to the center of the city, where we spotted Roadhog and Junkrat behind cover as Talon soldiers engaged them. The convoy pulled up in front of them to provide cover.

The agents ducked below the windows as the cars were assaulted by a hail of bullets.

"I'm starting to think this was a bad idea!" the Aviator yelled.

"Oh, gee, really?" Zeb yelled back.

I turned the gun towards Talon and fired.

"GET SOME MOTHERFUCKERS!" I screamed and hollard as I fired at them, mowing down soldiers running AND behind cover. Other gunners grinned at me then followed suit

"GET SOME!" The whole Talon front line was cut down as we took them out.

Widowmaker and Reaper soon joined the fray while the agents remained huddled inside the cars, which remained miraculously undamaged despite the fighting. **Junrat** spawned inside the car with the agents, letting out beeps of terror as its blond wig sparked and smoked. Zeb hurriedly opened a portal and shoved it through. "Sorry!" he called after it.

I aimed the strobe marker at a dropship and fire. Within seconds it was literally ripped apart as bullets penetrated it.

"Murica! FUCK YEA!" I yelled.

"Do you think that was typed with one hand?" the Aviator muttered, lifting her head and listening intently. The fighting seemed to have paused temporarily while the Stu joked with a pair of soldiers about not needing to worry about hitting civilians since the entire city of Las Vegas had been evacuated after the casino that blew up during McCree's recruitment the month prior.

While they were yapping, the soldiers introduced themselves, and one of them just so happened to be the Stu's long-lost brother.

I widened my eyes. 'Coincidence? This is starting to feel like a plot twist in a fanfiction'

"Look at all the fucks I don't give! They're just falling from the sky!"

"Can we charge for leaning on the fourth wall?" Zeb asked.

"Charge for him trimming his toenails for all I care, I just want this to end already," the Aviator said. "Come on, it sounds like the shooting's stopped." She cracked open the door and slipped out. Zeb followed her around to the other side, and they crouched, using the car for cover as they watched Widowmaker rappel down from her sniper nest to speak with the Stu.

"Bonjour, mon cheri" I raised my gun at her as she did the same to me.

"Haven't I told you, I don't speak French" I looked at her with my best poker face. She smirked and seductively walked towards me shaking her hips as she did.

Zeb shuddered. “When she’s got a job to do, she gets it done!” he hissed. “What is she doing? This is *not* Widowmaker, this is some—some toy for the Stu’s personal amusement!”

Despite both the Stu and Widowmaker having guns, they were quickly lost so the duo were forced into close combat that ended with the Stu pinning her in a very intimate position. Even after handcuffing her, the Stu seemed to think it was necessary to keep his legs wrapped around her. **It looked like we were cuddling but it was the only way to make sure she doesn't jump. If we put her inside, she would pose a bigger threat. She placed her head on my chest and sighed.**

Zeb somehow managed to keep a straight face as he said, “I still fail to see any reason for this.”

“You’re not the only one,” the Aviator said. She looked over at Junkrat and Roadhog, who were standing off to the side, staring blankly at nothing. “Honestly, I think I’m more worried about those two, but the C-CAD’s shot to hell so we can’t get a reading on them.”

Zeb gave the junkers a once-over and grimaced. “Yeah... honestly, I wouldn’t be surprised if those two have been replaced. I mean, ex-Overwatch agents who refuse to kill anyone and happily leave their life of crime to rejoin?”

“Definitely replaced,” the Aviator agreed. She gave Zeb a sidelong glance. “Who gets to deal with those two before we take out the Stu?”

Zeb lifted a fist. “Rock, Paper, Scissors, best two out of three?”

They threw. The Aviator lost.

“Fuck you,” she said, though she didn’t sound upset about it.

“Save that for Big Dee when we get back.”

“Fuck you,” she said again, sounding significantly less amused. She unslung the pulse rifle and scooted to the edge of the car, taking aim. She lined the sights up with Roadhog’s head, slowly let out a breath, and pulled the trigger, unloading a full clip into the massive man. The replacement exploded in a cloud of sand, and before Junkrat could react, the Aviator reloaded and fired.

She checked the remaining cartridge while Zeb gaped; the Stu was too preoccupied with Widowmaker to even notice. “Where did you learn to do *that*?” he said. The Aviator just gave him a flat look, and his cheeks flushed. “I mean, I know, Time War, but... I’ve only ever seen you do single shots, never the reload thing...”

The Aviator shrugged. "I think now would be a good time to finish things, don't you?" she said, nodding at the Stu as he began carrying Widowmaker, bridal-style, to one of the armored cars. "Just the two of them on their own, perfect chance for us to deal with it."

"I thought you wanted more Widowmaker shipping?" Zeb asked, but he was already standing up.

The Aviator made a face. "I took a look at the next chapter," she said. "I really don't want to have to listen to a bunch of soldiers talking about how much they want to shag Widow, and I *especially* don't want to have to think about..." She trailed off.

"About what?" Zeb asked..

"...**DON'T SAY YOU DIDN'T LOOK AT THE BOOTY**" the Aviator finally said, pinching the bridge of her nose.

Zeb's lips twitched. He began to giggle.

"It's really not that funny," the Aviator said, rolling her eyes.

"Maybe not to you, but the intel report listed calling Tracer **BOOTILICIOUS** as one of their notable charges," Zeb said, still giggling. "I'm glad we didn't get to that one, though."

"You want to take this one?" the Aviator said, smiling.

"With pleasure," Zeb said, hefting his Tesla cannon. He and the Aviator stepped forward, ignored by all the bits that were crowding the scene as they made their way to the Stu. Zeb smiled as he put his gun to the back of the Stu's head and said, "You'll stay still if you know what's good for you."

The Stu, true to form, froze. Widowmaker just looked up at them curiously; the Aviator pulled her out of the Stu's arms and dragged her away while Zeb cleared his throat.

"Now, I know you're probably expecting me to let you walk away after all is said and done," he said. "So in the meantime, you can sit still while I tell you what you've done wrong."

He cleared his throat, realized he'd been relying on the Aviator's memory to keep track of the charges, and let out an annoyed huff. Improv, then. "Okay, Desmond Riley, also known as Specter, you've been charged with the following crimes against canon: butchering the history of Overwatch; butchering Tracer's backstory and making her fall in love with you despite you being a huge meanieface to her; replacing and/or brainwashing multiple characters, especially Widowmaker, Roadhog, and Junkrat; creating multiple minis, none of which I was allowed to keep; terrible writing, including but not limited to beige prose, awful scene jumps, teleporting

characters, and a general hatred for all forms of punctuation; creating a second Slipstream; ripping off of Iron Man; being a raging stereotype of manly masculine macho men, and being a Gary Stu.”

“So your going to let me go now right” the Stu said.

Zeb squeezed the trigger and the Stu screamed, his body convulsing as he was electrocuted. The Stu fell to the ground and Zeb smiled. “Nope.” He paused, thought for a second, and said, “Oh yeah, and traumatizing PPC agents multiple times. That wasn’t exactly nice.”

The Aviator shooed a neuralyzed Widowmaker through a portal and closed it, coming back over to Zeb and nudging the Stu’s body with her toe. “Nice work,” she said, holding out a hand. Zeb returned the high five. “Bet you enjoyed that.”

“No amount of therapy sessions can compete wit that,” he said, nodding. He sighed and looked around as the Generic Setting began fading out, replaced with color and life. “So,” he said, clapping his hands together, “any idea how we’re going to get that jet back to HQ?”