

OverWatch in: Over the Hill

By Chrono Eclipse

“D.Va with the score!!” The 19-year old Korean streamer announced, pumping her fist in the air and shoving some more nacho-flavored chips into her plump lips.

D.Va was sitting upside down on the couch with her legs dangled over the back as she played video games with her fellow Overwatch comrade Brigitte. The Swedish mechanical engineer was on the edge of her seat with both hands on her controller as she grumbled in frustration.

“I can’t believe you beat me again! You’re paying more attention to your junk food than you are to the game!” The brunette squire shouted.

“I’m just that good bebe! Sorry-not-sorry.” D.Va said with a shrug.

Both young women were dressed in comfortable civilian clothes (read: PJs) as they hung out at base between missions. Brigitte determinedly set up a new match while D.Va skillfully managed to pour soda into her mouth upsidedown and one-handed. Tracer, the 26-year-old Brit suddenly appeared in between them on the couch in a blink.

“Hiya Luvs. I call dibs on the winner of this match, yeah?” The short-haired speedster announced jovially, patting Brigitte on her shoulder and D.Va on her thigh.

“I thought you were doing morning workouts before the mission with Zarya.” D.Va replied gesturing to the orange sports bra and spandex shorts her friend was wearing.

“I am. I can do both. It’s called multi-tasking. Cheers!” Tracer replied with a laugh and blinked away.

In the next room Zarya was weight lifting in a tank top and sweat pants. The pink-haired mountain of a woman lifted the dense metal cube in front of her with the ease of someone lifting a cereal box. She added more weight and lifted it up again with ease and then attempted to lift two big cubes in each hand. Finally she piled all of the cubes onto the fabrication machine and began lifting that which at least caused her some strain and made her sweat a bit.

Tracer appeared back in the room and immediately resumed her run on a nearby treadmill before blinking over to the circuit machines spending a few seconds on each before zipping back over to the treadmill.

“Is that good for you? This zip zop zoom workout?” The 28-year-old Russian soldier asked her comrade.

Tracer grinned, pausing just quickly enough to show off her athletic body.

“Like a dream it does. Check it out, I’ve started getting this sweet six-pack. I’m positively chuffed.” The smaller, more slender woman replied happily.

“Maybe if you spend longer you’ll get muscles like Zarya and be both fast AND strong like russian bear!” The pink-haired body builder suggested with a hearty laugh.

“That’s definitely a thought luv...” Tracer replied with a laugh.

Mei, the 31-year-old team scientist entered and tip-toed through the room drinking a large cup of coffee with her eyes glued to tablet in her other hand.

“Dr. Zhou! Come, join us in our training! I’ll show you my daily routine and soon the strength of your body will match the strength of your mind!” Zarya shout over to the young chinese climatologist.

Mei looked over at her tall pink-haired colleague and giggled nervously, inching closer to the door.

“Oh haha, I don’t know about that... Maybe another time. This all seems... intense.” Mei replied politely.

Tracer shrugged and did a jumping backflip off her treadmill, landing next to Mei.

“This? This is nothing. We’re all at the peak of our game so when we workout to our ability it just looks intense. I’m sure you’ve got plenty of tricks yourself to keeping that impressive figure of yours...” The British woman said with a grin and a wink.

Mei’s smooth cheeks blushed and she backed up nervously again toward the exit.

“Oh I don’t know about that... But, thank you... and you both look great as well! I... better get back to my reading but... I’ll see you – soon!” She said, embarrassed and out of sorts as she ducked her head and scampered out of the room.

Sometimes, being around all of these amazing athletes and soldiers made her feel a little bit like the nerdy girl who was invited to hang out and be friends with the popular jocks.

She found a nice empty chair next to the couch Brigitte and D.Va were sitting on and proceeded to silently sip her coffee and reach the research papers on her tablet.

“Woo! Getting dunked on!... Mei you wanna play next turn. Beating Brigitte is getting booooring!” D.Va asked with a laugh.

Mei looked up and smiled, shaking her head ‘no’.

“Oh thanks but I have a lot of this research paper left to read.” The young scientist replied.

D.Va and Brigitte looked at one another like that was the lamest excuse that they had ever heard.

“Dude, we’ve got this time before we have to roll out on our next mission to have F-U-N fun! You know, chillax, unwind... kick Brigitte’s big butt.” D.Va said flipping around to sit upright on the couch.

Brigitte scoffed and opened her mouth in offense at the suggestion that she had a fat ass but Mei just giggled and shrugged.

“Reading research papers *is* my version of chillaxing and having fun.” She explained to the two younger squad members.

D.Va and Brigitte shrugged.

“Different strokes for different folks I guess.” The Korean teen said with a grin and tossed some more chips into her mouth.

In the medical bay Pharah stood in just her underwear with small discs connected to monitors adhered all over her tanned skin. Mercy, dressed in her white medical coat was looking over the readings on the monitors.

“Looking excellent Fareeha. You’re in peak physical condition. If I didn’t know your date of birth I’d think you were a woman of 25 instead of being on the other side of 30.” Mercy informed the statuesque Egyptian woman.

The 37-year-old Swiss doctor gave a warm smile to the field commander and gently brushed her bare hand down the smooth skin of Pharah’s muscular arm.

“Thank you Dr. Ziegler. Is there anything I should keep on my radar. I want to always stay at the top of my game.” Pharah said earnestly to the blonde doctor.

“Please, call me Angela... We’re teammates.” Mercy said in a sweet soothing voice as she smiled congenially at Pharah.

“Er, right Dr. Angela... What should I watch out for?” The young soldier repeated, trying to hard not to stare at the beautiful buxom field medic.

“Not much, as I said you have an incredible body... but perhaps you could stand to get your heart rate up during these down times between missions...” Mercy suggested with a slight giggle and maintained eye contact.

“Oh? I often spend time on the treadmill with Tracer or reflex testing in the pool... what else would you recommend?” Pharah asked sincerely.

Mercy grinned.

“Well, I can think of a few ideas...” She said with a subtle wink.

Pharah paused waiting for Mercy to tell her the ideas, not immediately picking up on the flirtation but then it dawned on her and immediately her palms grew sweaty as she stood half naked and very close to the ravishing blonde whose pink pouty lips were pursed and just begging to be kissed.

“Oh...” The young Egyptian woman said softly as her brain scanned through all of the possible outcomes from leaning in and kissing the Doctor right then and there.

Mercy was lingering as well casting an inviting smile to her comrade, her eyes fluttering slightly as hovered closer. There soft pouty lips were growing closer and nearly touching when Pharah looked over the doctors shoulder and saw a figure standing in the doorway.

“Mother!” She gulped.

“Fareeha, I’m only 37, far *FAR* from being old enough to be your mother.” Mercy said, taken aback. But then she turned around and saw Ana standing in the doorway. “Ah Captain Amari. I didn’t see you there. Are you here for your physical?” She asked the older woman, trying not to blush.

Ana shook her gray head.

“No no dear. I just came to talk to this one.” The 60-year-old said pointing at her daughter who was already quickly getting dressed.

Pharah nodded quickly, tugging her shirt down over her sports bra and abs.

“Yes, well then, Dr. Ziegler... thank you for your time. I’ll, er, take note of your instructions.” The younger Amari told the doctor in a brisk, professional tone.

She turned to walk down the hallway with her mother.

“Fareeha dear. I think the good doctor wanted to kiss you. You should have offered to meet her back in your quarters after the mission.” Ana suggested to her daughter with a wry grin.

Pharah tensed up not wanting to receive dating advice from her absentee mother.

“Yes well, I’m too busy leading this operation to distract myself with... dalliances. I’m a soldier, not a school girl. Flirting isn’t in my schedule.

Ana folded her arms across her saggy chest and smirked at her daughter.

“Well maybe you should make time for it in your schedule Fareeha. Take it from someone with a life time of experience. You have to make time for some fun and romance because life comes at you fast and you don’t want to be old and gray like your mother, lonely and full of regrets.” Ana offered.

“I have plenty of time to sort out my romantic life in the future. Right now I have battles to win.” Pharah replied bluntly.

“You’re all so young...” Ana sighed.

“You were around this age when you founded Overwatch.” Pharah pointed out.

“Yes well, I just hope you remember to take time for yourself. Live a little. Kiss a pretty girl...” Ana suggested with a grin.

Pharah blushed again and then straightened up, feeling flustered.

“What was it that you wanted to discuss? It couldn’t possibly be about who I do or don’t kiss...” Pharah prompted her mother.

Ana paused and then decided to let it go and move on to what she really wanted to talk about.

“I’m not on the roster for the next mission.” The older woman pointed out.

Pharah smirked and sighed, she had known that this was going to come up.

“Yes well, someone needs to stay and guard the base.” The younger woman offered as an explanation.

“You have your shiny knight on guard duty. You don’t need both of us here. I’m of better use out in the field.” Ana countered.

Pharah closed her eyes, bracing for the hard truth she was about to lay on her mother.

“You’re 60-years-old mother. The best place for you is at home taking up gardening or model trains.” Pharah said with a supportive hand on her mother’s slightly slouching shoulder.

“You’re telling me to retire!?” Ana gasped in offense.

“Overwatch would still love to keep you on as an intelligence consultant. Your decades of experience are invaluable. But in terms of field work – it’s best to leave all the running around and fighting to the younger generation like me, Tracer and the rest.” Pharah explained with a heaping amount of sympathy in her voice.

Ana began to yell at her daughter about agism, inexperience and the cockiness of youth. Pharah frustratedly began to shout back at her mother and the arguing carried over into the R&R room where most of the rest of the squad was hanging out awaiting the go signal.

“My eye sight is not in decline! I can still shoot the wings off of a fly! I’ll challenge any sharpshooter in here!” Ana insisted.

“Ana, your daughter isn’t trying to imply anything it’s just that you do...” Tracer began to interject on Pharah’s behalf.

“I what Lena? Hmm?” Ana asked the young brunette impatiently.

“You do, perhaps, slow us down just a tick... ma’am.” Tracer said, cringing in anticipation of the older woman’s reaction.

Ana scoffed and looked around at Zarya who nodded in reluctant agreement and then to Mei who just nervously stared down at her tablet pretending not to be paying attention to what was going on.

“Fine. I’m too old to go on missions now? You young pups want your turn. How about I just start sitting around watching daytime soap operas and filling my old guts with rubbish!” Ana shouted angrily as she snatched the back of chips from D.Va’s lap.

“Hey! I was eating those!” D.Va whined.

“Age before beauty dear.” Ana replied coolly.

“Aww thanks...” D.Va said with an appreciative smile. When her squadmates all looked at her like she was having the wrong response here she shrugged.

“What? She said I was beautiful!” The young gamer girl reasoned.

“All right Overwatch. Mission takeoff in 0900 get your gear and get ready to move out!” Pharah ordered tersely to shift attention from the drama that just unfolded between her and her mother.

The rest of the team quickly jumped into action. D.Va hopped up onto her feet, tossing her controller back onto the couch. Brigitte looked up in surprise.

“Wait, you’re going too? I didn’t realize this mission needed three pilots!” The young mechanic said sounding a little disappointed that she was the only one staying back, well her and the *old*...

D.Va shrugged.

“They don’t but I volunteered to tag along on the dropship and boost my mission stats.” The young Korean girl said with a grin as she made a pair of finger guns with her hands and pantomimed firing them up in the air with a giggle.

In Ana’s quarters Pharah entered dressed in her flight gear.

“Mother...” She began to say by way of an apology.

Ana cupped her hand to her ear.

“What? Speak up dearie. This doddering old granny can’t hear much in her old age... Better leave me be to just knit and stare out the window until I die...” The gray haired woman said in a mock-trembling voice.

Pharah rolled her eyes and smirked.

“Very funny... you know that’s not what I meant. We all have tremendous amounts of respect for you and everything you’ve accomplished. No one is saying that you’re not still... effective. I just... I worry about you. If something should happen to you in the field... if you miss even a half a beat it could mean the difference between life and death!” Pharah reasoned.

“You don’t think I’m well aware of that Fareeha!? I’ve seen countless friends and comrades die in my arms. No one chooses the life that we have expecting to live to a ripe old age.” Ana snapped back.

“Well maybe you should. Maybe just this once, mother, you can think of me and accept that I would like to see you live to become a doddering stubborn old woman with trembling hands and poor hearing.” Pharah pleaded.

Ana sighed and brushed some of her daughters long black hair back under her helmet.

“I want that for you too my dear daughter. Fine. If it makes you happy I will stay back at base this once... even though I heard from your team that this is going to be a walk in the park...” Ana relented patting Pharah on her metal-suited shoulders.

“I don’t know who you heard that from but though our squad is quite formidable they can be a bit cocky. This mission is most definitely NOT a cakewalk...” Pharah assured her mother.

On the dropship Pharah stood in front of the other 5 members of her squad.

“Okay this mission should be a cakewalk. Our objective is simple, at dropdown we’re grabbing a secured payload and bringing it 10 clicks up a hill to a containment and disposal facility.” Pharah explains to her team while showing them the topography of the area on a holographic map.

“What’s the payload? Anything fun?” Tracer asked with a grin.

“What’s in the boooox! What’s in the boooox!?” D.Va joked with a giggle. When noone laughed she looked around like they were being dumb. “You know, from that old movie...” She explained.

Pharah shook her head.

“The exact contents are unknown. Potentially a radioactive substance as the seals and containment protocols around the payload are labeled maximum priority. Whatever we are carrying, we do NOT want it to get out. Understood?” Pharah asked and the team nodded in acknowledgement.

Zarya raised her hand.

“What opposition are we to encounter? I’m aching to crush something...” She said in her thick Russian accent.

Pharah smirked.

“Intel says that we should expect to encounter light resistance from Talon drones and mobile turrets in the area.” Pharah replied.

“Well I brought my healing staff just in case.” Mercy offered with a smile.

The team gathered at the drop point and assessed the payload which was a large sleek black metallic casket.

“Blimey, that’s about the most ominous looking box i’ve ever laid eyes on.” Tracer said pushing up her goggles on her forehead and running her hands through her short brown hair.

“But like... what’s in it?” D.Va asked, knocking on the lid and noting the hollow sound.

Mercy gently moved D.Va away from the payload.

“Let’s not do that. Whatever’s in there we don’t want it to get out...” She said in a sweet sing-songy voice.

“Yes. Let’s just do our job and get this up the hill as fast as possible and get back to base. D.Va and Zarya, secure the rig.” Pharah ordered.

Zarya laughed and hefted the payload up into her arms.

“There’s no need for machines when you have brought the strongest woman alive with you.” Zarya proclaimed with a laugh.

“You’re sure you can handle that by yourself and get it all of the way up the hill?” Mei asked in concern.

“Easy as cake!” Zarya assured her.

Meanwhile spying the team through the scope of her gun from the safe distance of the catwalk of a nearby communications tower, the beautiful

assassin known as Widowmaker flexed her trigger finger, ready to strike when the time was right.

She paused from observing the Overwatch team and pulled her face away from her scope.

“You know, I can feel your breaths on my neck...” The 33-year-old femme fatale growled in her slight French accent.

An invisibility cloak came down revealing the Mexican hacker known as Sombra who was grinning, clearly amused with herself.

“Boo! Did I scare you?” She laughed.

“No you imbecile. But you’re distracting me from important work. I had to seduce half a dozen guards and four scientists to gain intel on the payload that Overwatch is transporting today.” Widowmaker explained, thinking back to them men who she had ensnared and stolen the valuable information from before imparting one final kiss of death to them.

“That sounds hard... I just hacked into Overwatch’s Top Clearance mainframe.” Sombra said with a smirk and a shrug.

Widowmaker narrowed her piercing eyes at the punkish woman.

“Why would Talon deploy a grubby little laptop lemur like you for this counter op when they already have me in the field?” The assassin shrugged rhetorically.

Sombra shrugged taking no offense at Widowmaker’s put-down. She knew that the assassin could be as cold as ice.

“Who knows. Maybe they think two operatives will assure victory better than one. All I know is that in that casket down there is a valuable weapon and Moira wants it badly... so badly that she’ll pay any price for it.” Sombra replied trying hard not to maniacally laugh.

“Eh a weapon sure. But the greater prize this day will be... the end of Overwatch!” Widowmaker hissed as she fired a hook to a treeline farther up the hill and proceeded to stake out her position.

Down on the Overwatch team was encountering some resistance in the form of attack drones. The ladies were quickly dispatching the mechanoids with such ease that they were beginning to grow cocky and goof off. D.Va launched a hovercam to stream the battle while Zarya had fun tossing the payload up onto her shoulder and taking her large rifle from her back to one-handedly shoot hostile forces.

“Nothing gets past me!” D.Va declared with a giggle, flashing a peace sign and winking to the camera from the seat of her mech as two drones fizzled down into the mountainside in a blaze of fire and smoke.

A mechanoid charged at Zarya attempting to grip the payload and she simply grabbed it by its mechanical head and crushed it with her bare hand.

“Feeble attack. Try harder.” She said with a grin as she trudged along the path.

“Stay vigilant team. We’re only a quarter of the way to our objective.” Pharah cautioned over the coms as she hovered in the sky above them.

“Is that right? Only a fourth of the way up this bloody hill? Can’t we go any faster? I feel like I’m frozen in ice here.” Tracer groaned.

“Oh no, in order to be frozen in ice you would need temperatures of at least negative 190 degrees celsius... of you were being hyperbolic...” Mei said blushing.

There was no response other than the burst of wind left from Tracer speeding up the hillside.

“...and now you’re gone and I’m talking to myself.” Mei said as she turned her attention back to taking temperature readings of their environment.

Tracer raced back with a grin.

“I took the liberty of scouting ahead. There are about a dozen hostile mechanoids hoping to ambush us up ahead... wait did I say a dozen? I meant zero because now there’s a junk pile up ahead.” Tracer informed the team, blowing the smoke from the barrels of her laser pistols.

“That’s good work Tracer but stay with the squad. I need all eyes on the payload until we get to the top of the hill.” Pharah warned.

“I’ve been to the top of the hill six times now... seven.” Tracer said blipping along the path.

“You don’t get extra points for tagging the objective point without the payload.” D.Va smirked.

Tracer shrugged.

“What can I say? I always get where I’m going before everyone else does. And I’m ready for this snooze of a mission to be over by now so we can get back and I can catch a bit of football on the telly.” Tracer replied blipping around some more and firing at a nearby drone over her shoulder.

“If you took your strength training seriously maybe you’d be able to carry payload and could zip zop zoom it up the hill as fast as you like...” Zarya pointed out.

“Maybe if you all took this mission a bit more seriously we wouldn’t have a enemy squadron about to bear down on us...” Pharah chastised them as a fleet of new drones quickly approached. “Commence combat operations!” She shouted over the comms as she fired a stream of missiles on the hostiles.

“Oh please, these droids are total weaksauce. I’ve played against grandmas in video games that were tougher than this.” D.Va retorted as she blasted a few of them out of the sky.

Pharah landed on the path next to Mercy who was knocking the head off of a drone with her staff. She smiled and winked at the field commander.

“You have to admit that this isn’t much of a challenge.” Mercy said sympathetically.

“I suppose we’re allow a bit of fun on an easy mission like this one.... Hey D.Va, turn your cameras over here and watch me turn those drones on the hillside into dominos...” Pharah said as she fired a rocket from her wrist, letting loose a bit.

Up in the treeline Widowmaker was preparing her shot as the squad below her joked around and marched up the hill.

“Hope you’re having the time of your lives Overwatch because it’ll soon be over...” Widowmaker purred as she aimed her sniper rifle and fired off a bullet.

It wizzed through the air past the heads of the Overwatch squad and into the seal of the payload causing a strange green energy to glow from the crack in the casing.

“What are you doing? Did you just shoot the payload!?” Sombra shouted in alarm.

Widowmaker turned aiming a gun at the hacker’s face.

“Of course. I know all about what is sealed in that casket. In a few moments half of Overwatch will be reduced to a gaggle of frail doddering hags... and old women have no place on the battlefield.” Widowmaker said curling her lips into a wicked smile.

Sombra looked panicked however.

“Don’t you realized what you’ve done? I hacked into the payload moments ago to gather the data needed to recreate the substance and then set it to overload. Now that you’ve damaged the seal it’s going to-” The latina hacker hurriedly explained.

But before she could finish her sentence the payload burst open in a large energy wave that washed over them. The Overwatch squadron was all knocked back as they scrambled to get their bearings and understand what had just happened.

“Blimey, anyone get the license plate of that double-decker?” Tracer groaned as she stood up and brushed herself off.

“Someone attacked the payload. The seal!” Pharah shouted pointing to the casket and blasting up into the air again, pointing her wrist rockets around the area attempting to pinpoint who attacked them.

“Let’s not let that happen again.” D.Va whined into the comm as she maneuvered her mech back upright from its prone position.

“Ugh... that blast felt like a hug from a grizzly! My back is killing me...” Zarya groaned as she slowly got back up from the ground and rubbed her lower back.

“Is everyone all right?” Mercy asked as she cast a heal beam over her party.

“I think so... My coat feels a bit snug...” Mei groaned as rubbed her forehead and attempted to adjust her tight fur-lined coat.

“Mei – you work on fixing that seal. Mercy heal everyones wounds, the rest of you keep your eyes peeled for the sniper!” Pharah ordered.

“Aye-Aye!” They all called back.

Mercy moved over to Tracer and began to heal a small gash on her arm. The doctor paused for a moment looking at the mature face of the former 26-year-old agent.

“Is something wrong with my face luv? Do I have a pimple or something?” Tracer asked feeling her cheeks.

“No... quiet the opposite actually, you look more like a veteran soldier than I think I’ve ever seen you...” Mercy remarked, not quite being able to put a finger

on the fact that her teammate now had the face of someone around her own age, in her mid 30s.

However as Tracer took a moment to look back at the serene face of the pretty blonde doctor she couldn't help but notice some clear crow's feet in the corners of Mercy's eyes and creases framing her thinner lips.

"You're looking a bit tired too luv." Tracer replied, shaking it off and moving to get back into the action.

"Do you think whatever is in the payload it shrunk our clothes? Because I'm with Mei... my bodysuit is feeling hecka snug..." D.Va replied as she fired on some drones coming down the hill.

"Whatever it's doing we've got to get it contained and up this hill pronto!" Pharah shouted as she provided some coverfire down the path.

"I'm on it!" Mei called and then cleared her throat feeling like her voice sounded a bit thicker than normal.

Up in the snipers nest a now 40-year-old Sombra and 43-year-old Widowmaker were yelling at one another and insisting that the other one was to blame.

"If you had stayed out of my way-" "If you weren't such an imbecile-" They shouted to one another.

Sombra paused looking at the lines and creases appearing on Widowmaker's blue face.

"Damn Senora, you're looking ragged..." The hacker remarked cattily.

Widowmaker glared at the middle-aged woman in front of her and smirked.

"Well your purple hairs getting a bit gray dear..." She hissed back.

Sombra looked alarmed and pulled up a mirror app on her wrist device looking at her aging reflection. She quickly called Moira back at Talon HQ.

“You two incompetents were caught in the blast radius? Well... It’s not fatal. Just finish your objective, crush Overwatch while they are weak and head back to base and we’ll see about getting you back to your natural ages...” The scientist grumbled.

Sombra closed the video link.

“Well... at least there’s a way to get our youth back...” She said, her voice sounding huskier.

She turned to see Widowmaker grappling away.

“Wait! Where are you going!?” Sombra shouted to the matronly assassin zipping through the treeline.

“You heard Moira. Now’s our chance to take out Overwatch. Even decades older I’m still the best and if we come back empty handed we’ll be lucky if Talon doesn’t just dump us in a dingy nursing home in the middle of nowhere!” Widowmaker reasoned as she felt her ass start to sag in her skintight leggings.

“Fair point. Let’s go runover some grandma’s like we’re a pack of Reindeer...” Sombra declared as she lept down from their vantage point.

Over on the path the Overwatch team were starting to slow a step or two as their bodies all aged further into middle-age and gained aches and pains.

“Hows that containment coming?” Pharah called out, squinting as her vision seemed a bit blurrier while she scoped out the horizon.

“I’m doing my best but I feel really sluggish all of a sudden...” A 51-year-old Mei groaned as she blasted the casked with cryonic jets.

“I’m starting to feel really hot and cramped in this cockpit... I’m gonna bail.” D.Va announced as she sent her mech to kamikaze on a group of drones, sliding out the back and onto the ground with an ‘oof’.

Zarya turned and did a double-take at the nearly 40-year-old gamer ‘girl’ who was pulling out her side pistols to join the action on the ground.

“D.Va devoschka, you look... you look older than the dear doctor!” Zarya gasped.

D.Va looked up at her Russian teammate and gasped at the now 48-year-old strong woman who was beginning to look a bit doughy and potato-shaped.

“So do you Zar! I know they say Russian women age fast because of the harsh winters but this is ridiculous.” The aging Korean woman said with a cringe.

Tracer zipped around to everyone, shooting oncoming drones in the process but was actually feeling some pain in her knee and a little out of breath.

“You all look like your mums.” She declared after examining the 40 and 50-something faces of her squadmates.

“Well now we know what the substance in the payload does...” Mei said rubbing her increasingly jowly cheeks and sighing as she continued to try to reseal the casket.

“It’s nothing we can’t handle if we work as a team... plenty of great Overwatch members have performed admirably on active duty into their 50s or even 60s...” Pharah pointed out, feeling a tinge of guilt at the realization that that included her own mother.

“I’m too young and pretty to be old and wrinkly!” D.Va whimpered as she jumped and did a backflip shooting two drones coming up behind her. She nearly faceplanted on the landing on account of her middle-aged body now being off balance.

“Mercy... can you reverse the aging effects?” Pharah asked quickly.

“I’m not a miracle worker Pharah... well, not always...” Mercy said with a husky mom-laugh over the comms.

She raised her healing staff and attempted to rejuvenate the team but all she could manage was ease some of their sudden chronic aches and soreness.

“Thank luv, you at least made my janky knees feel a bit better...” A 56-year-old Tracer said, running her hand through her graying hair as she rushed off to take out a few more drones.

“And you stopped my feet from aching but my boobs are still sliding down my chest... what will my fans think!?” D.Va groaned as her nearly 50-year-old body sagged in her skin-tight body suit.

Pharah landed on the path and took her helmet and visor down, walking over to Mercy. She noticed that the Doctor's blonde hair seemed lighter and her posture was stooping a bit as she used her beam on Zarya to relieve the 58-year-old Russian of heart palpitations.

“Mercy-” Pharah said as she put her hand on the doctor's slouched shoulder.

The Swiss field medic turned around and Pharah nearly gasped at the wrinkles creasing the formerly beautiful woman's 67-year-old face.

“Ana! What are you doing here?” Mercy asked in surprise looking at Pharah.

It was an honest mistake. Now at the age of 62 the Egyptian pilot now was the spitting image of her battle-weary mother with the exception of having both of her eyes still intact.

“No it's me, Fareeha.” Pharah corrected her as she watched Mercy's neck continue to crinkle and start to bunch.

The former blonde reached up to the field commander's head and stroked some strands of hair out of her face.

“Good lord Fareeha, you’ve gone gray...” She said sounding unnerved by this discovery.

Pharah took her gauntlet off for a moment to reach up and trace the deepening lines into Mercy’s cheeks as the Swiss medic aged past retirement.

“I hate to say this comrades but these drones are not as weak as they seemed to be when we were younger. This is no piece of pie...” Zarya groaned over the comms.

“Blimey they’re getting fast!” Tracer remarked sounding like she was wheezing a bit.

“It’s because we’ve totally skipped a generation! God, am going to start having to wear mom jeans and sweaters and listen to lame oldies music now?” D.Va whined in a throaty older voice.

Pharah and Mercy nodded to one another like a pair of lovers who had been married for 40 years and could finish one another sentences.

“Form up on me ladies. If we work together we can overcome this!” Pharah rasped into the com as she flipped her helmet back on and took to the sky.

As the aging women formed a defensive circle a blast of energy pinged Pharah in the shoulder causing the septuagenarian pilot to careen backwards in the air and have to blast her thrusters to halt spinning back any further.

“Sniper!” Tracer gasped pointing up at a now 63-year-old Widowmaker whose long hair was turning white and her body was growing more brittle.

Tracer, D.Va and Zarya all began firing up as the assassin as the older woman attempted to quickly jump to her feet and run from their shots but found her back and joints more brittle and had to use her grappling hook at the last minute to zip her out of harm’s way.

“Is she gone?... My eyesight isn’t what it used to be...” Pharah admitted glancing around at the blurry landscape.

“Eww who invited the old people?” A voice cackled.

“Who said that? And who are you calling old people? I’m only 26...” Tracer said defiantly as her hair became more uniformly gray and her cheeks sloped down into jowls.

“Try more like 66...” The voice rasped back.

“A minor setback but we’ll still win!” A now frumpy 59-year-old D.Va insisted as she struggled to climb into her new mech with a bad back and finally gave up, huffing with exhaustion and decided to pilot it remotely.

Zarya plodded over to Mei and the payload as quickly as she could at nearly 70. Her sagging flesh flopped around as she jogged. When she reached the casket and her teammate she found the 71-year-old climatologist nodding off in a standing position, the freezing blasts of her gun blasting off in various directions.

“Come friend, this is no time for napping!” The aging russian groaned as she shook Mei awake.

The Chinese scientist opened her crinkled eyes slowly and blinked through her glasses at the flabby pink-and-white haired bubushka who was shaking her awake.

“Huh? Zarya is that you? I... how long was I asleep?” She asked looking around at her squad which all looked like gray haired retirees at the moment.

“Only a few minutes but we have to get that payload contained or we’ll all be going from this mission straight to the old soldiers home...” Mercy chimed in as the 77-year-old medic hobbled over with the help of her staff.

“Oops sorry... just give me a minute and I have this ready to transport...” Mei rattled as she resumed sealing the casket.

“Tracer and um... what’s your name? ... D.Va! You handle the operative with the cloaking device and I’ll search out the sniper...” 72-year-old Pharah rasped over the Comm.

“Speak up love, I can’t hear you when you’re whispering like that...” Tracer grumbled as her back began to stoop a bit.

“I think she was talking in a normal level, you may be going deaf...” D.Va suggested sheepishly as she tried to peer around with her crinkling tired eyes looking for hints of their invisible foe.

Tracer rubbed a crooked arthritic finger in her hairy ear and shook her head. She attempted to blink around the battle field and found herself suddenly very winded and dizzy.

“Ha ha ha you foolish old hags... look at how old and useless you’ve become... you’re slow and weak and gray and... old... I hope you’re enjoying my game because it’ll be your... be your... eh, what was I saying?” The menacing raspy voice mumbled having a bit of a senior moment.

Zarya plodded over to where the voice was coming from and tapped the invisible figure right on her nose with enough force to knock her back and take down her cloak.

“Boop. Ah hah hah!” The old Russian woman cackled as she grinned down at her adversary with a wrinkled face that looked like an apple doll.

Tracer, Mercy and D.Va also gather around the figure who was sitting in the dirt fully visible. She was a woman of at least 70 with a sour-looking wrinkled face; tanned leathery skin and a half-shaved head of purple-tinted gray and white hair.

“Sombra!? Wow... cringe.” D.Va gasped in recognition.

“Eh? What? Speak up! Someone help me. I’ve fallen and I can’t get up!” She groaned in a rattling voice as she quickly realized that she had banged up her hip on the fall and that her spindly wrinkled legs were too weak.

Mercy and Tracer graciously offered to help the elderly woman back on her feet, assuming it was enough now to have her in custody.

“You sabotaged us... and yourself too!” Tracer pointed out with a cackle.

“This is so evil. I was totally boosted and now I look like I have the body of my Nana!” D.Va lamented sadly as she cupped her saggy 69-year-old chest.

“Don’t be such a diva! Everyone gets old... if they’re lucky.” Sombra smirked and then rubbed the fuzzy whiskers she was developing on her aged knobby chin.

“Well you’re going to be spending your golden years in a secure Overwatch holding facility.” Mercy cackled pointing to Tracer.

The now 76-year-old Brit took the 87-year-old Medic’s trembling bony hand and moved it so that she was pointing at the bad guy instead of her.

Nearby an 82-year-old Pharah was strafing the area in her jet pack trying to track Widowmaker. Everything seemed like a dim blur to her now and she was growing very tired in her gear but finally caught sight of a shimmer of sunlight reflecting off of metal in the trees.

She approached slowly due to caution and wariness at flying to fast at her current age, but as she drew close a frail wrinkled form lept out from the darkness. Widowmaker’s now snowy-white braid flailed in the air as the 83-year-old assassin tackled the similarly elderly soldier and began to wrestle her on the ground.

The elderly French sniper wrapped her gnarled hands around Pharah’s through as the old Egyptian woman weakly punched Widowmaker’s saggy belly. The two octogenarians tustled for a few moments too old and frail to overtake the other one.

Widowmakers teeth fell out and she groaned toothlessly as the strain of the fight had caused her to pee herself. She managed to pull Pharah’s suit from her

shrunk aged body and the two continued to weakly slap and kick one another with their trembling wrinkled arms and veiny legs until both were ready to pass out from exhaustion.

The aged assassin looked over to see that the other elderly women in the squad were shuffling their ways over to them and knew that she didn't have the strength or energy to take on a half a dozen grannys at once. She decided to cut her losses and run.

Pharah noticing that Widowmaker was planning her escape, wrapped her arms around the aged woman pressing her saggy wrinkled body into hers. Widowmaker gave a rattling laugh.

"I may not be young enough to give you a killing blow this day but at your advanced age your time on the battlefield is over." Widowmaker rasped softly and then leaned in and pecked Pharah's wrinkled puffy cheek with her thin toothless lips.

Before Pharah could respond Widowmaker lifted a trembling arm up and fired her gattling gun, hitting a drone flying by. She slipped out from Pharah's arms and flew off in a swinging ball of white hair and wrinkled flesh.

The rest of the women hobbled over, helping each other walk as many of them had weak legs and stiff backs at this point. Zarya was gripping Sombra's gnarled hands behind her back to keep her under their custody as Mercy hobbled over to help Pharah up to her feet.

"Did you get the sniper?" A 76-year-old Tracer asked looking around and running her arthritic fingers through her short gray hair.

"She got away. But at her age she won't get far..." Pharah groaned as she rubbed her aching back and hobbled back up the path.

A pair of drones flew by and Zarya, struggling to lift her gun, managed to fire off a couple of shots and blast them out of the sky.

“Was that all of them? Stellar.” Tracer rattled as she hobbled behind them looking around at the empty hillside.

Sombra yawned and glared at the team looking like a sinister 80-year-old Abuela.

“Were we still fighting? I better be going... my stories are on!” Sombra hissed with a rattling giggle as she hit a button on her bony wrist and went invisible again.

Zarya stumbled back as if she got kicked in her frail shin and then elbowed in her puffy old gut and the sound of a cackling old woman could be heard in the distance.

“Enjoy your retirement you smelly old bags!” She taunted over their comms.

“What? What did she say? Blimey I wish you all would stop whispering...” Tracer said in a cranky tone.

Before anyone could respond there was another crackle on the comms.

“I’ve got the payload sealed. I’m just going to rest my eyes for a bit until you all get back here...” 81-year-old Mei quavered.

“We don’t have much longer. Time to clutch this!” D.Va croaked sounding like someones grandma that was attempting to appropriate young peoples lingo.

They all slowly hobbled their way back up the hill to the payload. Tracer woke the snoozing Mei while Zarya slipped her gnarled hands under the casket attempting to lift it. Her biceps had melted into flapping wrinkly bingo-wings as she strained to budge the payload even an inch off the ground.

“Don’t strain yourself Zaryanova, that can’t be good for your back at your age...” Mercy warned.

The 78-year-old Russians grunted and groaned and finally shuffled back, clutching her stooped back.

“Don’t worry. D.Va to the rescue as always...” The 69-year-old grandmotherly gamer woman declared with a smile that was supposed to be cute but looked more senile as she tapped a wrist pad and had her mech lift the payload and carry it the rest of the way up to the objective.

The team shuffled along behind it as it entered the secured facility. The few personnel that were stationed there were shocked at the squadron of women in their 70s and 80s hobbling in with the top priority payload.

“Must have taken them 50 years to get up that hill!” One of the soldiers joked.

Mei looked around for Tracer figuring that she would have beaten them up here.

“Where did Tracer run off to?” She asked squinting her sunken eyes.

“She didn’t run anywhere, she’s still a half a click back – but she’s coming...” Pharah noted pointing down the path where the now elderly former speedster was hobbling along trying to go gentle on her swollen old knees.

“Hey wait for me! Why are you all going so fast! Do you want to have a heart attack or something?” Tracer quavered up to them.

The flight back to base seemed to fly back. Many of the squad members napped for most of it. D.Va fumbled with her stream and was pleasantly surprised to see how much support she was getting in her sudden old age.

“Wow people kind of love us! I forgot that people find little old ladies cute!” D.Va cheered in a shaky old voice.

“What?” Tracer asked cupping a bony hand to her ear.

“I said that people think we’re cute!” D.Va said in a louder voice.

“That’s not me tooting, love! That’s Zarya!” Tracer insisted pointing over to the big Russian granny that blushed her wrinkled chubby cheeks in embarrassment over her newly gained flatulence.

“No I was saying that even though I’m old and wrinkly now, my fans love me!” D.Va shouted.

“Eh? What? Did you say Mei?” Mei asked stirring awake.

“No!” The rest of the cranky old women countered.

As the squad slowly shuffled back into the base they gave Brigitte and Ana the shock of a lifetime. The two gasped in disbelief as wrinkled, gray haired, wizened versions of their friends and teammates hobbled around looking for a place to sit and rest their weary bones.

Ana walked up to the gray-haired Egyptian geezer and put a hand to her daughter’s craggy old face.

“My god, Fareeha?” She asked in disbelief.

Pharah gave a tired smile to her now younger mother and rested a wrinkled hand on Ana’s shoulder.

“I suppose that i’m old enough to be *your* mother...” Pharah joked with a wheezing cackle.

After a period of awkward reunion and resting, Mercy insisted on bringing all of the age squad members into the lab to determine their new ages and start brainstorming a way to revert them back to their young selves.

“You’re 78 now Aleksandra.” Mercy told Zarya as she shuffled over to a fabricator to whip the old Russian woman up a new set of dentures.

“This morning I could lift whole refrigerator above my head, now I can hardly lift the milk jug...” Zarya groaned after she fit the false teeth into her mouth.

“Yes well... we’re all going to have to make some adjustments in our normal routines until we can find a way to rejuvenate back to our rightful ages...” Mercy mumbled.

The formerly statuesque blonde had shrunken and developed a bit of a stoop as she peered her sunken eyes through thick glasses. She heard a whizzing noise from behind her and turned around.

“Oh my goodness! I left the fabricator on... I’m so forgetful now...” The elderly Swiss doctor said shaking her wrinkled head as she hobbled back to stop the machine from spitting out dentures onto her lab floor.

Next Mei sat on the exam table dressed with a blanket over her thick winter coat.

“Can you turn up the heat in here, it’s freezing!” The elderly Chinese woman rattled.

“You’ve got less muscle and fat on your body now that you’re 81 Dr. Zhou, so you’re naturally going to be more susceptible to cold...” Mercy pointed out.

She heard snoring from the table.

“Dr. Zhou? Did you hear me? You’re 81 now...” Mercy repeated.

“Eh? What? Oh just put the report over there... I’ll read it later...” Mei mumbled before nodding back to sleep.

Next was D.Va who waddled into the lab stuffing her wrinkled face with a handful of sour gummy candies.

“You shouldn’t be eating that Hana, at your age you could be suffering from diabetis.” Mercy cautioned, holding out a trembling hand to take the candy from the gray-haired Korean woman.

D.Va resisted but then rolled her tired eyes and passed the loot over reluctantly.

“And what age is that. Because I feel oooooold!” D.Va groaned as she rested her saggy body on the examine table.

“Readings say you’re now a 69-year-old woman.” Mercy explained.

“Score!” The puffy old gamer declared, fist-pumping her saggy arm in the air.

“What’s the cause for celebration?” Mercy asked as she began to fabricate reading glasses for the aged former teen.

“Well one, I’m still younger than all of you and two, my fans are going to going nuts over the fact that I’m 69!” D.Va said flashing a wrinkly grin as she brought her hovering vid cam in. “It’s official I’m 69 everyone!!!” The old woman giggled flashing a peace sign with her gnarled fingers.

Tracer was next. She stood in the room clutching a fabricated walker as her swollen veiny legs were bandaged up in knee braces.

“Blimey what am I supposed to do with this hunk of junk?” Tracer asked holding up her walker.

“At 76, you’re going to need it to get around...” Mercy explained as she felt around for her glasses that were tangled in her white hair on top of her head.

“I’ll take a redo please...” She said as she blinked back a moment and then stood wobbling and disoriented as Mercy handed her the walker.

“Oh and you shouldn’t use your blinking abilities until you’re young again... I’m pretty sure its causing you vertigo...” Mercy added.

“Thanks love... your glasses are on your head by the way.” Tracer pointed out before Mercy could start feeling around for them.

“Oh thank you! I keep forgetting that I put them there... now here’s your hearing aid and give me your goggles so that I can adjust their prescription...” Mercy rattled.

Finally Pharah hobbled into the med lab with the aid of a lightweight poly-alloy cane. The aged soldier slowly undressed, frowning at her tanned wrinkled body as Mercy doddered around the lab trying to remember which monitors were which.

“It’s not rightm making an old woman like me do all the work around here...” Mercy chirped with a quavering giggle.

Pharah smirked at her.

“We’re *all* old women.” The elderly Egyptian woman wheezed as she eased her tired body up to the exam table.

Mercy brought a stethoscope up to Pharah’s sagging chest, it was hard for her because her bony hands trembled so much now.

“Yes you do have a point... infact according to my readings you’re a hearty 82-years-old now, dear... though might I say you look very good for your age... must be good genes!” Mercy rattled with a wrinkled grin and a wink.

“Heh, Mom’s the second youngest person on base and this morning I was telling her to consider retirement!” Pharah mused as she rotated her frail arms slowly for the doctor.

“Mmm well I don’t imagine that you’ll like to hear what my recommendations are for our team...” Mercy replied as she brought a fabricated pain of thick bifocals up to Pharah’s craggy face.

“Well I suppose compared to some of our teammates I’m lucky that I can hear anything at all!” Pharah joked back with a cynical laugh.

Mercy hobbled back over to her notes and can back, drifting off for a moment to stare at her aged comrade who was slumping on the table in her ill-fitting underwear a lump of wrinkled veiny flesh. A far cry from the peak physical specimen she had been examining that morning. But she couldn’t help but find the old soldier still quite beautiful despite her long wispy white hair and jowly haggard face.

“Doctor?... Angela?” Pharah asked waving a gnarled hand in the shrunken doctors face.

“Ahem, I’m sorry... where was I? Oh yes... I believe the effects will eventually wear off. However at the current rate of regression we would be looking at returning to our natural ages in about 12 to 14 weeks... though I will continue to look into ways to speed up that time table. In the meantime my recommendation is that it would be best for all of us to go on sabbatical from active duty during that time-” Mercy read her report.

“Angela...” Pharah said smiling at the doctor.

“I mean, with your high blood pressure, Zarya’s heart palpitations, Lena’s vertigo... there’s just too much risk for us at our current ages just in our daily routines never mind out in the field-” Mercy continued trying to make her case.

“Angie...” Pharah interjected softly again.

“That’s not to say that consultation isn’t out of the question, though members of the team, myself included are exhibiting slower cognitive abilities and memory loss akin to mild senility-” Mercy rambled.

Pharah reached over and grasped the doctor’s trembling aged hand and squeezed it.

“Angela!” Pharah said loudly.

Mercy looked over to her attentively.

“It’s all right... I think you’re right. A bit of a sabbatical could do us all some good. Hopefully you find a way to speed up our regression back to our youth but in the meantime... maybe it’s for the best that we all slow down a bit and take some time to focus on things that we... perhaps, with all of our normal responsibilities, weren’t able to when we were young...” Pharah said, batting her worn, tired eyes at Mercy invitingly.

The frail doctor caught her breath and blushed her wrinkly cheeks realizing what Pharah was suggesting. She hobbled a few steps closer and the two octogenarians came together in a kiss.

A few minutes later Pharah and Mercy hobbled together out of the med lab hand in hand looking for a quite, private place to ‘enjoy’ their golden years. They shuffled past the couch in the recreation area where Brigitte was sitting on the couch playing video game with D.Va once again.

The elderly gamer girl was now sitting up hunched forward squinting at the screen through her thick granny glasses. Her boobs sagged down resting on her wrinkly thighs as she struggled to press the buttons on her controller fast enough.

“Fail!” She croaked in a throaty old voice.

Brigitte giggled.

“I win again! Take that granny!” The now younger of the two women declared triumphantly.

“Don’t call me granny! And that’s so unfair. My arthritis is flaring up!” D.Va pouted.

“Maybe you’re just not as good as you thought you were! That’s five matches in a row I’ve wiped your wrinkly butt!” Brigitte teased.

D.Va scoffed.

“Excuse you! Haven’t you ever heard of respecting your elders?” The gray haired woman retorted.

Brigitte laughed.

“You’re not my elder! You just look and feel like you are! You’re 4 years *younger* than me!” The Swedish 23-year-old explained to her aged friend.

D.Va folded her saggy arm across her pendulous chest and pouted.

“I’m 50 years old why can’t I be 50 years wiser...” She whined.

The aged former teenager then turned to drown her woes in a bottle of bright neon fizzy drink.

“Hey Hana! Is that soda you’re drinking? The doctor told me to keep an eye out and make sure you didn’t have any sweets or junk food. It’s not good for you at your age...” Brigitte chided her elderly friend, holding out her hand for the contraband.

D.Va reluctantly passed the bottle over, glaring at her treacherous friend and swearing in Korean under her breath.

“I should figure out a way to make you old too...” D.Va mumbled.

“What was that?” Brigitte asked.

“Nothing bae... how about a rematch?” D.Va said flashing a sweet innocent smile with her wrinkly face.

Far away in an undisclosed location, an elderly Mexican woman with a half-shaved head of gray hair hobbled slowly across a black metal floor with the aid of a high-tech walker.

Sombra now looked like someones really surly Abuela as she sucked in her wrinkled lips around her gums and glared around the room with sunken eyes looking for the Talon scientist Moira.

“Where are you? This base is too big! There’s not enough places to sit! Who thought that jagged black metal was a good decor choice...” The elderly hacker groaned sounding cranky.

“Over here you senile old bag!” Moira shouted, beckoning the old woman forward.

“Who are you calling ‘old bag’? I’m young enough to be your daughter!” Sombra insisted.

“Not anymore. My readings say you’re physically 80 years old now.” Moira stated matter-of-factly.

“That is until you give me the antidote.” Sombra replied expectantly.

Moira grinned at the frail hunched over woman who had been such a cocky young upstart early that day.

“I said that we would *see* about regressing you back to your normal ages... I didn’t guarantee anything.” Moira explained bluntly.

Sombra grasped and groaned realizing that she had been played by this mad scientist and that she might be stuck as an old woman now for the rest of her life.

“You can’t just leave me like this! My ass is sagging to the floor! I can barely keep my crooked fingers steady enough to type!” Sombra cried.

“Here, have this for now... I may have more for you later if you don’t test me...” Moira said handing a pink object to the elderly woman.

Sombra took it in her hand and held it up to examine it.

“What are these?” She asked in confusion.

“False teeth dear. I imagine you don’t want to just be on a diet of pureed food do you?” Moira said with a sneer.

Sombra reluctantly slipped them into her mouth giving an unsettlingly tooth grin as she tested them out.

“Surely Talon would have more value from me as an asset if I was young enough to run around and hack instead of sitting in a rocking chair crapping in a diaper!” Sombra suggested.

“Talon will either find value in you at any age or cut you out. You’ll just have to prove yourself like our other elderly operative.” Moira stated menacingly.

Sombra blinked and looked around realizing that there wasn’t a little old blue lady with a gray ponytail mumbling in French nearby.

“Wait – where is Widowmaker?” The aged hacker asked.

“She’s on another mission.” Moira replied curtly.

Sombra snickered at the thought.

“You can’t be serious! I can’t imagine the ‘femme fatale’ routine is getting her very far as a shriveled old lady... who is she seducing as an 80-something? Some old rich codger in a nursing home?” Sombra cackled.

Moira smirked.

“She’s found a way to make her... situation work for her...” The scientist replied ominously.

Meanwhile in the stately manner where a foreign head of state resides...

A security guard rushes down the hallway after a shrunken old woman hobbling along in a housecoat and shawl. Her gray braid peaks out the back of her bonnet.

“Excuse me... ma’am... Ma’am! You can’t be down here. This is a restricted area!” The security guard shouts trying to be as polite as possible to the clearly senile little old lady.

The elderly woman pauses and turns around, her wrinkly blue face looks addled.

“Oh dear me... I must have gotten lost from the tour group... can you give me a hand young man? I’m not too steady on my feet these days... maybe you can help me find a nice quiet place to rest for a moment...” The old woman quavers with a slight french accent.

The security guard sighs and smiles walking over to her and holding out his arm for her to grab hold of. She reached for him and then grabs his arm and uses his own leverage to toss him off balance and onto the floor where she proceeds to snap his neck.

The elderly Widowmaker tosses off her housecoat to reveal her weapons and skin tight gear hugging her shriveled sagging body as she looked around to see if more guards are coming and then blows a kiss to her victim on the floor like a kindly grandmother and takes off to a brisk run down the hallway.

THE END?