

Lost Time

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Tracer and McCree relax after a fight and reflect upon old times.

(This is my first erotic fanfic. I've never tried to write characters that weren't my own, so I hope you enjoy regardless. Also, I don't know if I will continue this project or leave it where it stops. Tell me what you think!)

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Chapter 1 - Whatcha Lookin' At?

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1 - Whatcha Lookin' At?

After nearly three days of warfare had rocked the streets of London, there was at last a relative peace. Once again King's Row found itself engulfed by hails of gunfire, strewn with the terminated husks of various Omnics. Even with the end of the first Omnic Crisis tensions had always been high in the industrialized city, Null Sector's attack upon London only seven years ago still fresh within the minds of its people. All-too-recent was the loss of the beloved Omnic religious leader, Tekhartha Mondatta at the hands of Talon and its agents in a cowardly attack that rippled into a battle over the Row in the following days.

The heroes that had arrived to end the riots, those formerly known as Overwatch, had taken to one of the local establishments following the fight that had pushed Talon and its terrorist supporters from the district and ultimately defeated them. The Fox and Bear was remarkably packed that night, Omnics and humans alike in attendance to drink with those who risked their lives to save them. Most of them reveled in the attention they were receiving, the broad-shouldered man who was as old as he was strong raising a drink and speaking loudly over the crowd around him. "And zen, I svung vith all of my might! My hammer, *KA-POW!* She shattered ze armor of ze payload and crushed the engine!" He said, slamming down his emptied mug for added effect. "Tell zem, Angela! It vas *GLORIOUS!*"

The woman whom he had called out to merely smiled warmly, content to her observance of the others remaining close though silent. She'd give him an affirming nod, almost in a motherly way as one would listen to their child telling a grandiose story. Even the stout swede, Torbjörn had taken from his usual serious attitude to celebrate victory. Though not all within the tavern were so enthusiastic. Set apart from the rest and seated at the stools lining the bar was a man, aged into his late thirties and sporting an unkept and unshaven appearance beneath the brim of his wide-brimmed hat that was more suited to an old Western film than technological age in which he lived. One side of his body was covered by a red poncho spanning his shoulders and enshrouding his left arm from view. His right arm was propped up onto the counter, supporting his upturned forearm that held his cigar to his lips that he might take another puff from its tobacco. Near to him was another familiar hero, one not often seen so morose and uninvolved with any form of merriment as she was more the uplifting type herself. Lena 'Tracer' Oxtan nursed a drink in her hand as she slumped toward the counter with one arm supporting herself on its surface. Though she wore a classic brown wool-necked bomber jacket over it, her choice of attire was very simplistic. Orange skintight spandex covering her rather alluring form from her shoes up to well-beneath the confines of the jacket. The one notable thing that she wore on her person was her chonal accelerator, a backpack that was pulled tight over her jacket and fastened around to the front. Both sides of it glowing with electricity and swirling blue lights. The metal straps connecting to the device pushed up on the woman's breasts and certainly added to her already shapely and feminine features. She kept at least a stool's distance away from her long-time though seldom seen friend, his disappearance into vigilantism since the disbanding of Overwatch driving a rift between the pair that had once worked so closely together.

"The blues ain't really your tune, kid." The Cowboy said, breaking the silence between them as he lifted the stogie from his lips. Acrid smoke poured from his lips as he spoke, billowing upward and dissipating into the air above them. "Kid, Jesse." She echoed in return, turning the small glass in front of

her absently and staring into the contents that swished around within. “When I joined Overwatch, we were the same age.” Tracer said, her noticeably British accent indicating that unlike the rest of them she was a local to the area. “You noticed anything that’s changed?”

At this she turned her head to look at him, her brown eyes at last diverting from the drink she held in her hand to behold the man that she knew so well. Time had been kind to him, though age was beginning to show in his features. Some greying hairs in his scruffy goatee betraying his otherwise nonchalant and almost juvenile way of being. With his hand tilting back to pull the cigar from his lips again he turned his head to look at her, the first thought of the man was to look for a physical change with how she had asked her question. His eyes took their time exploring her shapely legs and the way that her outfit held to her curves and left very little to the imagination. “Nnnno, Can’t say that I had.” He said once he was pleased with his exploration of her body. “That’s it, love. That’s just it.” She said, her hand now leaving the drink as well and moving to rest her fingers against the white steel of the contraption that entrapped her chest. “Nothin’s changed, I’m not going to age anymore...” Tracer let out a sigh and allowed her eyes to meet his, take in the features that she’d behold and was surprised to find a smirk tugging at his lips. “You reckon that to be a problem, Lena? Most women I know’d *love* to never have to worry ‘bout aging. And don’t get me started on the men, but they’d want it for the women too.” He said, though it had little positive effect on her. “Just coming back here got me thinkin’ that eventually I’ll be the only one left.”

She went quiet at this, the subject obviously bothering her. Though even yet, Jesse McCree wore his smirk and he shifted out of his chair, the spurs on his boots clinking dully upon the wooden floor. “You’re worried ‘bout us?” He asked as he drew closer to her, lifting his once-hidden arm from beneath the poncho to rest it upon the counter and lean onto it slightly. This one was not made of flesh however, having been replaced by a mechanical cybernetic that was just as good if not better than the limb it had replaced. “I ain’t, gettin’ olds just somethin’ folks do. You, you’re going to spry n’ mobile to keep doin’ good by people while we turn grey and get frail.” As he said this, he’d direct his gaze toward the boisterously laughing Wilhelm Reinhardt across the room on at one of the larger booths. “Well, some of us anyway. I don’t think anyone’s told the big guy he’s supposed to.”

Lena cracked a smile at Jesse’s sense of humor, his way of speaking always being something she adored hearing as a cadet and into her career as a member of Overwatch. She took careful note of his change of position to where he now stood only a foot away from her. Even leaning against the counter she needed to look up slightly to meet his eyes. “I wish I had your bravery sometimes, McCree. You don’t worry about anything. I—“

“You’re kiddin’ me, Lena.” He interrupted “You’ve thrown yourself off buildings, into storms of bullets and come out unscathed and I’m the brave one? Heck, I ain’t got half the stones you do.” He said, lifting his cigar to his lips and leaving it there between his pursed lips. “All we can do with our times is the best we got with it, and that’s what I do. Makin’ mistakes and havin’ no regrets. Don’t need you regretting it for me, just do even better with the more time you got.”

Tracer took a long moment to contemplate his words, though she had to admit she found them strangely uplifting. One of her legs swung to the side, pulling her torso with it and spreading it from the other so that she might face him with both of her hands coming down in front of her to wrap her fingers beneath the top of the stool on which she sat. “Y’really think that, eh?” She asked, the beginnings of a smile tugging at her lips. “Do I really impress you that much?” Whether it was the alcohol that she had been imbibing or perhaps something she had not yet identified, the idea of his approval made her blush and

her chest flutter with pride. His answer was swift, flashing the girl a wink and rolling the cigar from one side of his lips to the other. "You do a lot more than impress me." He said while his eyes abused the favorable way she leaned toward him. Her breasts having been pushed together just enough to accentuate the cleavage visible at the top of her jacket, a sight he simply could not deny himself even as she took notice of his directed vision. Instead of acting upon it, she found herself taking her bottom lip between her teeth and contemplating her next decision rather carefully. "No regrets, Yeah?" She asked, drawing in a deep breath and looking up at him to meet his eyes when they returned to hers. And return they did, mirroring the playful nature that had so suddenly pushed away the negative thoughts she had been having. Perhaps it was the cologne that McCree wore, the confidence that he had in himself or perhaps the inklings of something unrequited but even after all of this time she felt herself wanting him to be even closer to her.

"None." He affirmed, the arch of his brow all-too inviting to Tracer as she returned to her more spontaneous self in what seemed to be an instant. One of her hands freed itself from the stool and reached upward and within a fraction of a second the girl stood with one of her hands swept around behind McCree's head, her own upturned and canted to the side in order to bring her lips tight against his own. Her other hand was now resting atop of his chest, fingertips splayed upon the metal armor protecting his toned physique beneath. The music that played from a surprisingly functional and bullet-riddled jukebox near the end of the bar seemed to distort and slow until it was nothing but a hum lost in the background noise which would join it in silence. Though her eyes had closed for it, they slowly drifted open to stare into his own and judge his reaction to such a bold and unexpected move on her part. Not knowing truly what to expect, she found herself pleasantly surprised as he swept his own arm around the arch of her back and leaned further into the deep kiss than he had before. Time had stopped around them, her touch carrying him into the path between the past and future she walked each day. "They can't see us. We haven't moved, not to them." She whispered as their lips parted, her breaths shaking as her heart practically beat through her chest. In a way, she almost prayed that McCree would decide the implications of her words, for she was lost in this new rush she felt. All that Tracer knew is that she didn't want it to end.

McCree's eyes studied her own for a moment, catching an almost pleading look within them as he too decided to give in to his own almost selfish desire for the girl, her beauty and attitude having always been something that caught his eye. He'd be a liar to claim that he had not spent several nights in the past with his hand wrapped around his cock, wishing that it were the lips of the petit cadet instead. As such, he'd be an honest man and make a mistake of his own. His hand moved from its idle place at his side and between them, taking the leather glove he wore between his teeth and pulling his hand free of it that he might run it back down between them and pull the zipper of her jacket down slowly with it from behind her accelerator. No more words needed to be said, not as Lena brought her own hands up to unlatch the contraption from her body and begin to remove even it as well. The surprised McCree's hand stopped and he looked her in the eyes as though to be sure that she knew what she was doing with it. "I trust you, love. As long as I'm touching you... I'm anchored." She said, resuming the removal of the device and setting it onto the stool. He took her words as truth despite his own concerns and would match her trust in him. He would not allow Tracer's form to leave his touch as one of his hands slipped into her jacket and began to grasp at the soft curvature of her breast through the spandex that covered them beneath. It was not long before he hungered for the touch of her skin however and snaked his hand back only to push it inward again. This time, entering through the already open top portion of the fabric that almost lead him to believe she had prepared for this night given that it was unzipped to a V ending just beneath the swell of her tits. His hand was readily pinned against the softness of her skin,

encompassing one of the two rounded globes within it and teasing her already stiffened nipple with his fingers.

“Jesse...” She murmured almost involuntarily, biting her lip again as the hand that was behind his neck returned there and entwined into his hair. Lena’s back arched and she leaned away to give him easier access to her body, the jacket now hanging open beneath her shoulders to give him a pleasing view of what he was doing to her. The caressing movements of his hand had pushed the restricting fabric aside and when his hand moved downward, left the jiggling flesh open to the air while he unzipped the leotard even further, just below her belly button. Her breaths were quickened in her excitement, each one causing a light swell to her chest. Her sounds were met with reassurance, the metal digits of his fingertips sliding up her spine to both calm and excite the woman he held. He’d not stop until his arm was wrapped around her shoulder and he was able to hold her steadily against him. As one arm went up, the other trailed down further however and sank into the lower regions of her outfit, fingers grazing over her more sensitive areas and driving a careful finger against the pearl he sought. Her head tilted back and she bit her lip a third time, this time to suppress a sound as though anyone around them could hear it. Her eyes drifted near to a close from the simple touch alone and she panted out a breath. “...H-Here? Are you sure?” She whispered, though already she brought the hand that was not behind his head down to the trademark BAMF buckle that sealed his belt.

“They can’t see us, right?” He asked, already working his fingers expertly against her clit and accompanying the small rhythmic movements that her hips made with each motion that he made against her. The arch of her back made every bit of her even more appealing, presenting her chest an also accentuating her already voluptuous rear that also rocked with the answer of her hips to his delicate touch. She’d give no further protest, her hand wrenching the buckle free and fumbling with it in her stifled moans and what might even be considered attempts at hiding her enjoyment of his touch. Once his chaps had been loosened, her hand was free to work its way into his pants and take the already growing rigidity of his shaft into her fingers. Eventually, freeing it completely that her hand might begin to return what he was doing to her, the girl’s fingers sliding up and down the shaft of his cock as it raised to a very respectable length. Though no good deed goes unpunished and his increasing desire for her only made his fingers work even more fervently against her, forcing a gasped moan through Tracer’s lips to the air.

Though she wore a blush on her cheeks as a result, she did not shy any further and instead brought both hands to his hips and slowly pulled her own away from his prodding and oh-so-enjoyable ministrations against her. Tracer dropped down onto her knees, legs spread to either side looking up at him with just as much want for him as he had for her. One of her hands moved back to his cock and steadied it while her mouth slowly closed around the head, taking the cowboy’s manhood into her lips and swirling her tongue around it with her eyes slowly drifting closed. The same could not be said about McCree, who watched affectionately as she suckled and licked at the length of his cock. He did after all have the enviable view of her now on her knees before him, each movement of her mouth sliding her lips further down the base of his cock until she eventually had hilted him in her throat with one final voluntary push of her head. His own legs almost buckled from the sudden all-encompassing warmth of her mouth and his metallic hand came to rest upon the back of her head. Tracer’s lips continued to move upon him, pulling her head back only to bring it back down and expertly suck upon his cock. Each of these movements made her breasts bounce and sway much to his own amusement and for the time, he allowed her to enjoy him as she pleased. The moans that she released against his cock sending soft vibrations against it only furthering his wanton desire to bend her over the counter and not stop until time

itself had ended.

He'd settle for this without any complaints, however. His hand absently squeezing on the back of her head each time she pulled the entirety of it into the reaches of her mouth and felt her lips touch to the very base of his cock, the likes of which only increased in fervor and a hungering want from the brown-haired girl. By this time her eyes had opened and stared up at only him, wanting to see as much of his pleased expression as he had enjoyed seeing her going down upon him. "What about, Nngh..." He paused, his legs practically giving out beneath him as she suckled deeply on him and pulled her mouth back. "Yeah?" She asked, her hand continuing to stroke at him as she bit her lip and stared up at him.

"...Nothin', never you mind." Jesse replied and canted his head down at her with a smirk, the action causing his wide-brimmed western hat to dip forward a bit and shadow his eyes slightly. He'd thought to mention the woman that he had heard his old friend had been seeing as of late, though decided against it. This time, he was going to be selfish. Lying was far from the worst sin the Cowboy had committed in his life. He was after all a wanted man before he had joined with Overwatch. Before she could prod further at his statement his hand pulled her back forward and pushed his cock back into the wet-and-waiting confines of her mouth again, resulting in muffled protests that gave way to moans as she refocused herself upon him. As he controlled the movements of her head adding to them a sense of domination that Lena would not admit she was surprisingly enjoying, one of her hands moved to lay upon his outer thigh whilst the other moved to where his previously were. Her fingertips worked against her clit, teasing herself and adding to the whimpered moans she released against his invading member.

Each time she moaned was a crescendo of pleasure that would be shared with McCree, the vibrations of her tongue as it ran along his shaft was an absolutely divine feeling that neared him toward reaching his own climax. The closer he got to it the more fervently his pulls of her head toward his hips would become, driving the head deep into her throat and pulling it back only repeatedly and losing himself in how much she was enjoying him. Her eyes refused to leave his, short hair bobbing forward with each movement than falling right back into place again. Her own whimpers of bliss became more frequent as well, two of her fingers sinking into her nethers and rubbing at her own walls bringing Tracer to her limit. The movements of her head became more assisted as she felt her orgasm welling up within her, wanting to take her with him into such pleasures. As though he needed any sort of assistance, McCree's hand tightened again on the back of her head and was joined by the other as both pulled her mouth tight against his hips so that she was entirely pressed to the base of him. Her tongue wriggling against his shaft and urging forth the torrent of cum that would follow, spurts of it releasing from his cock and filling her throat. She'd meet it with her own pleased cries that were muffled by him, moaning deeply as her own fluids soaked her thighs and wasting no time in obediently gulping down the cum that he had released into her mouth, even as her legs shook beneath her she arched her back again and began jerking her mouth back and forth to draw every last bit of him into her as well as clean any left from the mess she made in her mouth, losing only a few drops that escaped from her lip only to drop down onto her breasts that heaved with each quickened breath she made.

As her bearings returned from the orgasm that she had shared with him, Tracer slowly pushed herself back up to her feet. Her hand moving from its place upon his thigh upward and along his satisfied and still-rigid cock and then onto his abdomen until at last letting it stop against his chest. "McCree... there's so much more I've wanted to do..." She said, her other hand reaching over to lay upon the device she used to control time in such obscure ways. His eyes remained upon hers, the glow of the experience still very evident upon her features as much as the want she still so clearly felt. "It ain't like we don't got

time, Lena.” He said, breaking the momentary silence and moving his prosthetic hand down upon hers. Their eyes locked, Tracer found a familiar grin sweeping across her lips as everything around them began to blur and distort. Once they had, she released her hand from him and immediately her clothing returned itself properly onto her body, the likes of which was quickly returned to the seat where she was previously lost in her own thoughts. Jesse again held his Cigar and was looking toward her, though this time she looked at him with a very playful grin on her lips. “You’re right, love. We got time...” She said, a brilliant flash of light overtaking her that seemed to pull toward the open door to the alleyway behind her. In an instant, Tracer was outside of the Tavern with her back pressed against the wall. Though she looked different, her body now covered in a black and blue jumpsuit, skintight as the other outfit she wore, and with a small blue hat on her head that she wore as a Cadet. One foot was planted against the wall of the alleyway, her fingers holding the zipper and dragging it downward as rain fell from the skies above her and sank into her cleavage that became more visible by the second. The matching blue accelerator hung at her side in her other hand, pulsing out every few seconds from its core that helped protect her from slipping as she removed it. A feature lost as the newer model passively increased her time she could be without it.

The Cowboy was dumbstruck for a moment, surprised by not only witnessing that which he had but by the fact that he was already entirely as ready as the stallion he was to find himself lost within her. His libido intact and with entirely too much confidence, McCree slipped from his stool and walked toward the sultry British temptress that waited for him. He’d take note that it was not that time had passed so quickly, but gone in reverse. The others had not arrived yet, and the Fox and Bear was empty of any patrons that were in attendance. Once he stepped outside, the rainfall slowed to where it could be easily seen falling through the air or even snatched from it. Only returning to its normal speed when it impacted the bodies of the two. As he approached, Tracer set down her accelerator upon the ground, bending forward and slowly standing up to allow him the unrepentant gaze of her curves and nearly exposed tits, the nipples just barely peeking out from her unzipped jumpsuit. She took a few steps forward to meet him, again taking her hand behind his neck as the other rested on his belt. “Lay down, love...” She began, standing up on her toes to whisper in his ear. “...The Cavalry’s here.”