

The Good, the Bad, and the Cowboy

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After living the life of an outlaw, Jesse McCree is now a reformed man just trying to do the right thing. Unfortunately, he ends up doing a whole bunch of women as well, and he gets himself into a whole heap of trouble as a result!

Initial plans are to feature Moira and Pharah as the leading ladies. I may include others if reasonable.

EDIT: I started with Moira and Brigitte, but I'm going with Moira and Pharah. I tried writing a version for each, and Pharah's version just made more sense!

Provided by Hentai Foundry.

<http://www.hentai-foundry.com/stories/user/niftycal/28994/The-Good-Bad-and-Cowboy>

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0 - Fuck of the Irish

Jesse McCree crouched low behind a couple of tipped tables as gunfire whizzed over his cowboy hat and into the night sky. He could see Moira dipping from side to side nearby, the lanky redhead coolly dodging incoming bullets from the east as she flung golden healing orbs down to the level below where Gabriel and Genji were raising hell.

Six Talon soldiers suddenly burst out of a restaurant's door from the far west. Their rifles instantly swung towards Moira, and red dots appeared on her back. But even with the element of surprise, they were too slow. McCree already had his Peacekeeper pointed at them, and his trusty revolver blasted six times. The soldiers crumpled, each face mask obliterated with a giant gaping hole.

Moira shot a quick grin at McCree as she fell back to crouch next to him behind the tables, but the cowboy was not in the mood. "Gabriel! Genji! Get your asses up here! Evac will be here any moment!"

No response from those two, of course, other than more shotgun blasts, sword swipes, and death cries sounding from somewhere below.

The modern cowboy cursed. "And evac, where are you! We need to get out of here now!"

On cue, a sleek black airship roared into view, dropping down from the night sky at a startling speed. The airship pilot's sassy voice then crackled from McCree's radio.

"Your ride is here, folks. Get ready down there, coming in hot, taking fire."

As the airship descended onto the two Blackwatch members, McCree could hear bullets already bouncing off the airship's armor. The armor was holding, but the incoming fire was increasing and it wouldn't hold for long.

"Moira! Go when I tell you!"

"Just give me the word, cowboy."

He stood up and shouted, "Go!"

His eyes took in all the targets around him. Four to the left, two to the right. Moira bolted from the tables to the airship's opening ramp as six more Peacekeeper shots sounded behind her, and she bounded onto the ramp and into the relative safety of its hold.

She turned and shouted, "McCree! Come on!"

The cowboy took one huge step, then did a quick roll onto the ramp as a couple of bullets whizzed over him. Then he was inside and behind a partition, cowboy hat askew but otherwise unharmed.

He shouted, "Gabriel! Genji! Get up here now! Airship's taking heavy fire!"

Gabriel finally bothered to answer. "Sorry, McCree, ain't done killing down here just yet."

"Mada mada," was Genji's response.

McCree said, "We ain't leaving without you two turds!"

"Wrong," said Gabriel. "You two leave with the ship. There's too many of them between us and the ship now, we'll never make it. We're going into the sewers."

"What, that wasn't part of the plan!"

A warning siren went off inside the airship as smoke started to come out of one of its engines, and Moira shouted, "Stuff the plan! Reyes, Shimada, we'll see you back at the base!" She pounded on the door between the pilot's cabin and the passenger space. "Pilot, get us out of here, we're leaving!"

"Yes sir! Good luck down there you two!"

And with that, the airship's doors closed and the airship pulled away into the night sky, leaving the city of Venice behind.

While Moira stood up and dusted off her jet black bodysuit, McCree stared blankly at the wall from where he sat on the floor. The woman sighed and walked over to extend a long slender hand down to him.

“Come on, McCree, let's strap in. The ride might get bumpy.”

The cowboy didn't budge. “What the fuck was Gabriel thinking. We could have just taken Antonio alive and avoided all that shit.”

Moira shrugged. “It wasn't part of the plan, but you have to admit, Antonio's death significantly and immediately reduces Talon's influence in southern Europe.”

“Overwatch's credibility is going to take a big hit. There's no way the media won't make the connection between Blackwatch and Overwatch now. And there's no guarantee Gabriel and Genji are gonna make it out of there.”

“Reyes and Shimada will be fine and you know it. We've been in much more dire situations than this.” She squatted down to straighten his askew hat. “Stop sulking, cowboy, and come sit down with me.”

He snorted, stood up, and followed her to the airship's passenger benches, where they sat down side by side. The ride was smooth and quiet now, but they strapped in anyway, as protocol dictated. Or McCree did, at least. Moira held off for now, as she spoke into her radio.

“Pilot, I'm turning off video and audio connection. McCree and I need to have a little chat about classified matters. We'll reconnect if we need anything from you.”

“Understood, sir.” The pilot then added in a knowing voice, “We touch down in fifty five minutes.”

“Excellent. Going dark now.”

Moira reached out to flip a few switches on the wall, and the monitor displaying the cockpit went black. It was now just McCree and Moira inside the airship hold, cut off from the rest of the world.

McCree looked to her in disbelief. “You gotta be kidding me. Here and now?”

“Why not?” Moira wore a naughty smile as she slung her legs across his lap, her long slender limbs still clad inside sleek black bodysuit and armor. “We fuck inside this airship all the time.”

“Yeah, while it's on the ground and when nobody's around.”

She shrugged as she began to rub her calves against his crotch. “Nobody's watching or listening right now.”

His pants promptly began to stiffen at her touch. “The pilot totally knows!”

“Oh please, darling.” Moira tossed aside her beret and gave her bobbed red hair a jaunty flip. “Everybody knows about us, not just the pilot.”

“But Gabriel and Genji!” McCree took off his hat and set it aside. “They're fighting for their lives right now!”

“They're fine and you know it.” Moira's biotech gear and armor clunked onto the seat next to her, and the tall woman stood astride McCree's lap now, clad only in her black skintight bodysuit. “I, on the other hand, am not fine. I am terribly aroused right now, and I want you to fuck me until I mewl for mercy.”

He took a good look at her sincere face. Then her narrow frame arched suggestively towards him, demanding that he pay attention to her female attributes.

He looked up from her waist to her crooked smile. “What did I do that turned you on so much? I don't recall giving you flowers back there.”

Her crooked smile grew. “You saved my life back there, McCree. I saw what you did to those six men who ambushed me from the west.” She was tracing a gloved finger down the front of her bodysuit. The fingertip glowed with some sort of signal and her bodysuit's electronics responded, the black fabric splitting open and peeling away to reveal her sinuous pale upper body.

A bulge started to travel down the left leg of his pants as he took in the familiar sight of her small nicely rounded breasts and long slim belly. “Just didn't want my lady getting hurt, that's all. Besides, everyone helped everyone tonight, not just me and you.”

“True, but it's different when you save me, my dear.” Her hips, still clad in bodysuit, swayed to and fro before his measured eyes.

As he reached around to grab a hold of her upside down heart of an ass, he said, “How so?”

“Well, for starters, you are far more handsome than Reyes or Shimada.” Her fingers had been caressing his heavily bearded chin, but now her left hand fell back to massage his right hand – his shooting hand - in adoration. “But tonight was the first time I'd gone on a mission with you, the first time I'd seen you shoot other men with my own eyes. Your ability to shoot, the combination of speed and accuracy, I've never seen anything else like it. Despite all the technological advances in targeting devices and AI-assisted weaponry, you outperform them all with just your naked eye and human hand.”

“Thanks, darling, but I'm afraid I can't claim to be the best shot, though. I think Captain Amari's got that title.”

“Oh, in terms of just accuracy, sure. But that's to be expected when you compare a sniper rifle to a hand cannon.” Her bodysuit was at her ankles now, and she caught her breath as McCree squeezed large handfuls of her pale buttocks. “But when you take reaction time into account, you have no peer. With nothing more than the gifts which God bestowed upon you, you are the pinnacle of the quickdraw artist, human or Omnic.”

Her coveting hands interlaced with his over her butt. “And I only settle for the best, Jesse McCree.”

“Glad to hear that, Dr. O'Deorain.”

He pulled her hips into his face so that he could run his tongue along her slit, his nose pressed against her impeccably trimmed orange muff. As her heavy breaths floated down into his ears, he took note of how wet she was. Dang, she hadn't been kidding when she said she was already aroused.

Her pale fingers slid into his dark brown hair as he kissed, licked, and played with her engorged nubbin. He went down hard on her, knowing how and where she liked to get eaten out, his large hands clutching and squeezing her ass cheeks to the point of her discomfort. Her fingers clutched at his silky thick hair and low gasps joined her heavy breathing as she quickly spiraled into ecstasy.

“Oh god, my dear Jesse, right there, yes, yes – wait, wait, stop!” She pulled away from his mouth without warning, still gasping heavily as she stumbled back from the surprised cowboy.

He let go of her ass and said with urgent concern, “Moir, you all right?”

“I'm not injured, I'm fine, I'm fine.” She swept back a stray lock of her red bangs, an uncharacteristic

blush of embarrassment settling over her. "I don't want to climax just yet, that's all."

"Oh. Wow." He sat back to ponder this. "On second thought, maybe we should go on more life-threatening missions after all."

She laughed as she peeled off her gloves and tossed them aside, the slender woman now entirely naked save for her knee-high boots and the black under armor still adorning her neck and shoulders.

"Maybe we should, my dear Jesse, just you and I." She slid onto the bench next to him, ending up on her hands and knees. Her pink lips nibbled on his ear, her light breath soothing his nerves. Her round rear end stuck up high in the air, swaying excitedly like that of a cat about to pounce, as her hands undid his belt and pants, struggling to free the fat bulge between his legs.

His erection sprung free, and her breath heightened against his ear as her hands teamed up to encircle his intimidating girth. During their alone time, Moira liked to joke that, not only did he have the fastest hands in the West, he also had the fattest cock as well. Except she wasn't really joking because, of all the cocks she had seen on both the living and the dead, she had yet to encounter one as thick as his.

Her breath left his ear and she huddled over his lap. He leaned back with his eyes closed as wet warmth enveloped his cock tip, her lips madly sucking on the shaft just past his glans while her tongue enthusiastically swirled around the glans's edges. It was his turn to groan out loud and run a gentle hand through her soft orange hair, while his other hand reached over her swaying rear end to idly finger her flooded pussy.

She moaned out loud as his middle finger fiddled with her pussy's interior, then proceeded to run her tongue up and down his length, her lips kissing and nibbling the cock's veined underside all the while. There was no need for her hands to hold the cock in place; his dick was as hard as iron, a massive pillar standing at full attention to her ministrations. So her hands played with his balls, roved over his washboard abs. Tucked her hair behind her ear as she tilted her head to the side, so that she could better run her mouth along his dick as if she were eating some tasty corn on the cob.

A couple minutes later, she was huddled squarely over his lap once more, zealously pumping her head up and down as she deep throat his cock's entire length. This was no small feat, considering that its dimensions were more that of a beer can than a normal penis, and she was gagging and choking non stop on his sheer volume. Rivulets of drool dribbled out of her grossly distended mouth as her nostrils sucked in precious air. A tear drop or two leaked out from her watery blue eyes and ran down her sucked in cheeks as she moaned and whimpered onto his flesh.

And yet she did not stop because she fucking loved sucking his dick, and she loved how much it turned

him on. She loved how he squirmed underneath her with each pump, how his hand clutched at her hair, how his deep voice intoned grunts of excitement. She kept going until he finally had enough, the cowboy yanking her off his dick and spinning her around so that she was now standing on her feet and bent over face first against the wall.

The gasping woman wiped her messy mouth clean and looked back with clouded eyes as he took his place behind her thrust outwardly ass. She couldn't help but utter a small cry of anticipation as his ominous phallus closed in on her drenched thin slit and slim hips, and he grinned as he teased her for a moment, sliding his cock into her thigh gap and giving it a thrust or two.

A groan of amusement and frustration escaped from her tight mouth. Her hips squirmed and pushed back against him, seeking real penetration and satisfaction. She threw back a scowl as well, even as her hips shamelessly begged for his cock.

“Oh you fucker, what do you think you're doing back there?”

He winked. “Just enjoying the view back here, darling.”

His rough callused hands then gripped her waist and pulled her onto his cock, and she impulsively squeaked, “Oh shit!” as his fat dick worked its way through her thin pink pussy lips. Her right hand braced against the wall while her left hand reached back to seize one of his wrists, and she blindly thrust backward with her hips, anxious to get the fucking started.

He grinned and restrained her greedy hips just enough so that he could predict her movements. Then he started to fuck her, rocking back and forth with a nice easy motion, timing his thrusts with her thrusts so that he clapped against her with maximum impact. His broad dick plunged in and out of her thoroughly stretched pussy lips, his shaft quickly acquiring a creamy sheen as her fluids dribbled down her thighs.

“Oh god!” She needed both hands against the wall to brace herself now, and she managed to glance back with a plaintive cry. “Oh gods, Jesse, you're so big!” That was all she could manage before his cock asserted itself and pounded the slender woman into hanging her head between her outstretched arms, her mouth now sucking air instead of talking.

She was no longer thrusting outward with her hips. There was no need since he was already giving her all she could handle and then some. She just stood there, bent over deep with her long long legs spread apart, crying out loud as he plowed his hips into her cute little behind, fucked her absurdly tight cunt. A red flush had overtaken her pale face and a strand of drool dangled from the corner of her mouth as her legs and ass wobbled and trembled from the pounding she was taking.

When her breathing started to get windy, McCree gently bent her over even more and he whispered, "Grab your ankles, darling."

The dazed woman did as asked, latching onto her ankles so that her ass thrust up into the air as high as it could. Her imbalanced body lurched a bit towards the wall and the bench, but went no further due to his hands gripping her securely by the waist.

Then he started to fuck her as hard as he could, slamming his cock into her narrow slit over and over, her ass cheeks rippling nonstop from the rapid assault. She started bawling like a deep voiced baby from down between her legs, the tips of her short hair trailing against the floor, her eyes squeezed shut as she focused on the cock seemingly splitting her slim hips in half, the heavy swinging nutsack smacking against her clit. McCree's breath was getting pretty darn ragged as well, his eyes glued to her cute butt and the thin pink pussy lips stretched tight around his thrusting dick, crevices and bordering regions heavily lined with her milky juices.

She came like an earthquake, shuddering and trembling all over the place as the orgasm rolled through her from dizzied head to curled toes. Her strength abandoned her legs and her knees buckled. Moira would have surely collapsed onto her face if not for McCree still holding onto her, and he sure as heck wasn't going to let go of her just yet because he wasn't done. She dangled from inside his grip, content to just shiver and groan and enjoy her still ongoing orgasm as she held a hand against her throbbing forehead, as he continued to fuck her from behind.

He finished a minute or two later, burying himself inside her as deep as he could and blowing his load with a stifled shout. He kept himself plugged into her for another minute, huddled over her back and gasping between her shoulder blades as he continued to shiver and cum and unload more and more of his spunk into the still groaning woman.

When he was sure that he was finally bled dry, he straightened up and let go of her waist, gently depositing her back onto the bench by her biotech gear. She remained for a bit where he put her, face down ass up, the scientist breathing and gasping into the bench's padding, regaining her senses before she finally pulled herself up to look back at her cowboy.

"How much time do we have left?"

McCree looked to the clock on the opposite wall. "Uh, thirty five minutes, I think. Plenty of time to clean up and call in – whoa, hold on!"

He jumped in his boots as she surged forward to grab him by the hips and take his sagging dick into her

mouth again. "Moira, you can't be serious - holy shit." He groaned loudly as she started to pump her mouth over his half mast phallus, and his hands returned to their usual place atop her silky orange hair.

He looked down at the taut mouth around his dick and the fierce orange brow furrowed in concentration. "God damn, darling, you're insatiable tonight."

She chuckled and released his dick for a moment so that she could look up into his eyes. "I've decided, Jesse McCree. I want us to be official, and I want everyone to know that you're mine and only mine."

He couldn't hide the surprise in his face. "Wait, official? Like, officially dating and everything?"

"Why not? We get along fantastically and we have incredible sex. It is only logical that we proceed to the next phase of our relationship."

"I mean, I guess, sure, but I was under the impression that you got off on the secretive nature of our hookups and all that."

"Oh, I'm sure we'll still be fucking in all sorts of random places, don't you worry about that, cowboy." Moira smiled as she flicked the sluggish snake next to her chin. "So, how about it? Let's give it a try, shall we? If it doesn't work out, we're both mature and professional enough to not let it affect our workplace relationship."

"I dunno if it's as simple as you make it sound, darling. Fucking at the workplace is one thing, but dating at the workplace is another thing altogether."

"We can discuss our future at my place later tonight. But for now, no more talk." She grinned as she pumped her hand up and down his growing cock. "If I'm not mistaken, we have only thirty three minutes left before we land."

TO BE CONTINUED

1 - Mother Knows Best

Ten Years Before Moira

A sliver of early morning sunlight fell across Jesse McCree's face, and he cracked open an eye from where he lay in bed. The light was coming through a gap in his apartment's blinds, the blinds messed up due to all the grabbing and pulling she had done while he fucked her up against the wall. He closed his eye and groaned. The groan was not because of the annoying sunlight. The groan was because Captain Ana Amari was already awake and greedily sucking on his dick like the cock starved single mother that she was.

"Oh shit," the twenty year old man breathed as his hands reached down to stroke her long luxuriant black hair draped over his crotch. She groaned in reply and pumped her mouth harder, relishing the feel of his flaccid member gaining stiffness and volume between her lips. She was intimately familiar with his giant organ and what he liked, and she had the young man's dick fully erect in no time at all, its ridiculous girth choking her for breath as she gave his organ two last enthusiastic suck and pumps.

Then Ana pulled away her mouth and climbed onto him, wasting no time as she deftly sat down onto his dick like she had done several times the previous night, dozens of times over the past year. Even then, she could never quite get used to his size, and she was already moaning like a dirty slut as she started to ride his amazing dick nice and slow, her eyes closed in bliss as she tossed her hair back and grabbed up her full round tits.

He simply lay back and enjoyed the ride, his eyes roving over the captain's marvelous brown body as she gyrated over him. The forty three year old woman had a body which most women of any age would kill for and he couldn't keep his hands off her, his fingers running along her muscled thighs, grabbing and yanking at her smooth ass.

She always appreciated the way he coveted her with his hands, and her eyes flew open so that she could look down and smile at him, all the while her open mouth breathed windy and hoarse.

"Good morning, Jesse," she panted from between her cradled tits.

He grinned and saluted from where he lay. "And a good morning to you, captain."

She chuckled and flicked him hard across the nose. "Ever the cheeky one, aren't you?"

“Sorry, I gotta be me.” His large hands latched firmly onto her ass now. “Speaking of cheeks, look at what we've got here...”

A few minutes later, Ana was lying flat on top of him as he mercilessly pounded away at her pussy from below. Her eyes scrunched shut once again, breasts squashed against his pecs, hands buried inside his hair. Her gaping mouth begged for more even as she gasped for him to stop, slow down, anything, his cock was just too fucking much. Her rear end made a token effort to pull away and buy the milf some time, but his hands refused to let her budge, their iron grip making sure her sloppy wet pussy kept taking his entire length and girth over and over and over.

She ended up cumming with a terrific yell for all the neighbors to hear, calling out his name by accident, managing to stifle herself at the last second by chomping down onto his shoulder, and he jumped as her teeth damn near broke his skin. She didn't always cum like a wild animal, but when she did, he supposed this was something he'd never quite get used to with his normally calm level headed captain.

The cumming woman shivered and shook on top of him, her hands were threatening to tear out his hair in clumps as she managed to hush herself somewhat, gasping and biting into his chest as she whispered, “Oh god, Jesse, so good, oh fuck....”

This kind of shit turned him on like no other and it didn't take long for him to follow her over the edge. He shoved his dick into her as deep as he could, eliciting one last “Jesse!” from her, and he started to spasm, cumming like a geyser inside her hot tight hole.

While McCree blew his load into his captain, another Amari was up and awake in the early morning as well. Fareeha Amari skipped down a hallway, the sixteen year old humming under her breath as she counted down the numbers of the doors she passed by. “B12, B11, B10...” She stopped on a dime. “B9!”

She took a deep breath, smoothed back her hair and braids, straightened her white T-shirt, tugged on the ends of her skimpy volleyball shorts. Then she knocked on the door and called out to the apple of her eye.

“Hey Jesse, it's me, Fareeha! Are you there!”

Her sharp ears detected the sound of a man exclaiming in surprise, and she smiled from ear to ear as she banged her fist on the door again. “Hey Jesse! I'm sorry to be here so early in the morning, but I heard you got back early from Berlin so I wanted to drop by and say hi!”

Her heart soared as she heard footsteps lumbering toward the door now, some rustling and thumping as well. The hormone-addled teenage girl hoped that she had caught him coming out of the shower, and that he would be daring enough to be wearing only a towel around his waist or something along those lines. But alas, the door swung open to reveal the twenty year old man thoroughly wrapped from chin to toe inside a bathrobe.

He was still as roguishly handsome as ever, though, so the blushing Fareeha was delighted to just stand there and wave hello. "Hey Jesse! How're you doing!"

He hissed, "Fareeha! What in the world are you doing banging on people's doors at 7:00 in the morning! Good lord, you scared the bejeezus out of me making all that racket!"

The girl knew him well enough to know that he wasn't actually mad or scared, so she said, "Sorry, my bad! Like I said, I heard you got back early from Berlin, so I wanted to just come by and say hi! Also, we're going to be having a barbecue and be playing beach volleyball and stuff later today, and there's going to be lots of people, and you're totally invited as well! Personally invited!"

McCree blinked at all the words she'd just thrown at him. "I, uh, barbecue? Volleyball?"

"Yeah, volleyball!"

"Oh, so uh, I guess that's why you're wearing your volleyball uniform?"

"Yup, that's right!" She started preening over her hair and stretching out her skinny body, the lanky 5'10 girl showing off her blossoming womanly attributes as best she could. The attributes were coming along pretty darn nicely, and McCree did his best to avert his eyes from the cute butt that she was trying to get him to notice.

"I'll uh sure I'll be there. Where's it at?"

She immediately stopped fixing her hair and sticking out her butt. "Awesome! It'll be at the city park, and it'll start at hiiiigh noon!"

"Oh lordy." He had to laugh at that one. "I'll make sure I be there on time, don't you worry about that at least."

“Sweet!” The girl then hesitated for the first time, wondering if she could push for more. Then she went for it. “You can bring a guest with you, a plus one. You know, like your girlfriend or something.”

“I uh don't really have a girlfriend. I'll just bring Genji or something, the dude needs to get out more.”

“Excellent!” The girl couldn't contain herself as she bounced up and down in joy at his single status. “I'll see you there, Jesse! Make sure to bring lots of sunscreen, but it's not a big deal if you forget because you can just share with me instead!”

“Uh okay. Thanks?”

“No problem! Oh hey, and by the way, have you seen my mom? She was supposed to come back from Berlin as well, but she didn't come home last night. She's probably putting in time at headquarters, isn't she?”

McCree really hoped that his face wasn't as pale as it felt like it was. “Yeah, your mom's probably at headquarters. I wouldn't worry about it, she got off the plane with me and the others just fine.”

“I knew it! Mom's so busy all the time, just a part of being Overwatch, I guess! Okay, I'll see you later today, be there or be square! Bye!”

“Later.”

She winked, waved goodbye, and then skipped off down the hallway, leaving behind a very confused Jesse McCree. The cowboy closed the front door and turned to see a glowering Ana Amari standing at his bedroom door with her arms ominously crossed over an open blouse.

“McCree, explain why my daughter is knocking on your door at seven in the morning. Now.”

“Captain, I swear on my mother's grave that I have no idea why your daughter is knocking on my door! I swear I have no idea! Absolutely none!”

She kept right on glowering. “Are you seriously telling me that you had no idea my daughter was interested in you?”

“Well, I’ve seen her shooting glances here and there, but she’s friendly with everybody, not just me, and I just figured it was a kid being a kid, didn’t think she’d ever come on strong like that! I mean, heck, you’re her mother! Did you know that she was interested in me?”

Ana sighed as she sat down on a nearby chair. “No, I didn’t. We’ve had talks about boys in general, but she’s never talked about specific individuals.” She was in deep thought now. “Come to think of it, you’re the first boy I know of that she’s shown interest in.”

“Captain, I assure you that I ain’t gonna do nothing with your daughter, I swear on my mother’s grave.”

At first, Ana didn’t respond, which made him real nervous. But then she smiled, reached out, and patted him reassuringly on the hand.

“Whatever happens, just make sure you treat her well. That’s all I ask.” She stood up and started to button up her blouse. “I should go now.”

This caught him a little off guard, since the captain usually liked to fuck all the way to noon the following morning whenever she stayed over. “Uh okay. See you later, captain.”

“See you around, McCree.”

That was the last time Jesse McCree and Ana Amari fucked. And true to his word, McCree didn’t do anything with Fareeha Amari. Well, for a solid seven years, at least.

Three Years Before Moira

Another early morning as Jesse McCree walked into the lobby of the Overwatch base with his spurs jangling. He had been whistling a merry tune when he noticed the silhouette of a striking woman standing tall by a corner window, her lustrous black bobbed hair shining under the morning sun. Her back was turned to him and clad inside a bulky flight jacket, so his first instinct was take a good look at her booty.

The whistling ceased. And his eyes widened as they took in the sight of eye popping buns of steel and long muscular legs bulging inside hip hugging denims. He had been walking toward the east wing, but he now turned on his heels and headed straight for her instead.

She appeared to be reading one of the pamphlets that the lobby receptionists kept in stock, and a pair of aviator sunglasses dangled from one of her hands. He sidled on over, wondering if she was new here because he honestly couldn't recall seeing such a fine booty like hers before at an Overwatch base. He was able to see the woman's face now from the side, and once he got a good look, his jaw dropped.

"Fareeha??"

"Hmm?" She looked up from the pamphlet, and her fierce brown eyes grew large with delight. "Oh my god, Jesse McCree?? Is that really you??"

"You know of any other cowboys in this day and age?"

She smiled big and they exchanged a warm hug before he took a step back. "Jesus christ, Fareeha, it's been almost seven years since I last saw you when you visited Gibraltar! You were a skinny kid back then, but now..." He shook his head with a grin as he gave her a quick look up and down. "Damn, look at you. And I hear you're with the Egyptian Army now. Lieutenant, right?"

"You heard correctly. Lieutenant Fareeha Amari at your service." She gave him a quick salute and smile, very much aware that his eyes were nowhere near as careful as they had been back on Gibraltar. "And how have you been, Jesse? You look well, if not cowboy."

"Heh, I'm still a cowboy all right. Jack wanted to give me an official rank of something or other, but I told him I didn't care for that stuff so long as I got paid like someone worth a damn."

"I'm so glad to see you're well. I've been keeping tabs on you when I can, and I got worried when you fell off the radar recently."

"Ah yeah, been doing some low key stuff, stuff that doesn't make the evening news." He grinned and hooked his thumbs into his belt. "Been keeping tabs on me, huh? Glad someone out there still cares about me."

"Oh please, you're not the only one I've been keeping track of." She flicked him real damn hard across the nose, but she was grinning anyway. "But still, we should catch up."

"I'd like that," he said. "Catch up over dinner and a drink?"

“Mm, I was thinking more like coffee.”

“Guess I'll have to settle for coffee, seeing as to how you outrank me now. Unless cowboy outranks lieutenant?”

She shook her head, smiling real big now. “Mm, I'm pretty sure it doesn't.”

“Dang.” He snapped his fingers. “Hey, if you're here, I'm guessing you're part of the joint training exercise that Overwatch is doing with the Egyptian armed forces for the next couple weeks.”

“Yes, my platoon and I will be participating. How about you?”

“Yup, I'll be there as well, mostly for the urban warfare exercises.”

“Oh. Well then.” Her smile was just a tiny bit naughty now. “I suppose I'll be seeing you much sooner than later.” She then waved her hand at a group of men with similarly black hair and tan complexions entering from the other end of the lobby. “Oops, gotta go, my platoon is here. Nice seeing you again, Jesse.”

“Good to see you too, Fareeha.”

The two exchanged another quick hug, then went their separate ways, McCree not bothering to check out her ass on the way out. No need to, really, because he had a feeling that if he played his cards right, he'd be checking out her ass and a whole lot more soon enough.

TO BE CONTINUED