



# THE INVITATION

A SHORT STORY BY SYDNEY KING

STORY  
SYDNEY KING

ILLUSTRATION  
MARIANNA STRYCHOWSKA

EDITORIAL  
CHLOE FRABONI

DESIGN AND ART DIRECTION  
COREY PETERSCHMIDT, CHEUNG TAI

CREATIVE CONSULTATION  
JEFF CHAMBERLAIN, MIRANDA MOYER, NESSKAIN, DION ROGERS

PRODUCED BY  
BRIANNE MESSINA, CARLOS GARCIA RENTA, TAKAYUKI SHIMBO

SPECIAL THANKS  
VALERIE STONE



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## THE INVITATION

The Overwatch Command Center was quiet, save for the low hum of servers. Winston sat at the console, the glow of the monitor reflecting off his glasses. He tapped a key, and the recording light blinked red.

“The legacy of Overwatch began with a single shared belief: that one person’s courage can be the catalyst for change. During the Omnic Crisis, when humanity stood on the brink of annihilation, that idea united those who were willing to stand. It created the first heroes of Overwatch. And it’s the same belief we’re fighting for now.

“In the past . . . Overwatch wasn’t perfect, but its purpose never changed. Our mission—the reason we returned when Null Sector attacked—was about protecting people. It was about our shared belief in a future worth fighting for.

“The International Justice Commission recognized that. They suspended the order that shut Overwatch down because human- and omnic-kind needed us. But even we didn’t save the world alone. When the smoke cleared, we saw something incredible—we saw *you*. People from all walks of life—soldiers, scientists, ordinary people with extraordinary courage—stood up to share the defense of our world.





“In Paris, Busan, Rio . . . old allies and new answered the call. Mercy flew to our rescue. Reinhardt charged back into battle for honor and glory. Even new faces—Aleksandra Zaryanova, Lúcio Correia dos Santos, Hana Song, and so many others—put their lives aside and came to Gibraltar. Not because they were ordered to . . . but because it was right.

“We’ve reviewed every report, every act of bravery during the invasion. And you . . . *you* stood out. Not just for your skill but for your courage. That’s why you’re receiving the message embedded within this token! You are formally invited to Watchpoint: Gibraltar. To stand with a new generation of heroes. The world won’t save itself. Join us.”

The screen flashed: END MESSAGE?

Winston stared at his tired reflection in the darkened monitor. “Ugh. Sojourn is still negotiating with the IJC. With Null Sector gone, there’s pressure to shut us down again. When she finds out I sent these tokens . . . it won’t be pretty.” He could anticipate the argument in his head—Sojourn, calm and strategic, warning him about protocols and politics.

“But, back when I sent the recall, I didn’t know if anyone would respond,” Winston muttered to his empty comms hub. “I spent years alone here, thinking I was the only one who couldn’t leave Overwatch in the past. But everyone who answered . . . they still believed like I did. Fighting Null Sector with so few agents has been hard. But it felt *right*.”

Still, Winston hesitated, his finger hovering over the keyboard. He brought up the video again, the one showing the footage he’d cut together of their battles. It looked . . . like the old days. How he remembered them, anyway. It looked like *hope*.

“Null Sector’s forces may have retreated, but they’re not gone. And who knows what else is out there. The world still needs Overwatch—it always did. Besides, if there’s one thing I’ve learned in my time here . . . it’s better to beg Sojourn’s forgiveness than to ask her permission. Well . . . here goes nothing.”

He pressed a button.

MESSAGE CONFIRMED.