



A RARE POWER

A SHORT STORY BY SYDNEY KING

STORY
SYDNEY KING

ILLUSTRATION
MANDELA SMITH

EDITORIAL
MEGAN WALKER

DESIGN
SOPHIE ERB

CREATIVE CONSULTATION
JEFF CHAMBERLAIN, CHLOE FRABONI, MIRANDA MOYER,
NESSKAIN, DION ROGERS, JUDE STACEY

PRODUCTION
BRIANNE MESSINA, CARLOS GARCIA RENTA,
TAKAYUKI SHIMBO, JT TORREA



© 2026 Blizzard Entertainment, Inc., Blizzard, and the Blizzard Entertainment logo are trademarks or registered trademarks of Blizzard Entertainment, Inc. in the US or other countries.
Published by Blizzard Entertainment.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either products of the author's or artist's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Blizzard Entertainment does not have any control over and does not assume any responsibility for author or third-party websites or their content.

A RARE POWER

Watchpoint: Grand Mesa was built to withstand the brutal heat of the desert, its security hub chilled to near freezing to protect the rows of humming servers. Monitors formed a glowing crescent on the main desk, their blue light washing over the faces of Sierra Turner Woods, captain of Helix Security at Watchpoint: Grand Mesa, and Sojourn, acting strike commander of Overwatch.

“The Deadlock Gang’s assault on our weapons locker was just a diversion,” Sierra said, her fingers darting across the keyboard as she pulled up the security footage from hours ago. “While my team was taking care of them, the real heist happened . . . here.” She tapped a key, and a new video feed appeared on the central screen. “In the Naughton Vault.”

Sojourn leaned forward, her eyes narrowing as the figure in the footage ran by, an armored case in his hand. An unsettling feeling swept through her body as she looked at the man, moving with a fluid, practiced efficiency she knew all too well. He extracted a single glowing canister from the cryo-unit and placed it in the case, then turned, his face coming into view for the first time. Sojourn’s stomach dropped.









“That’s . . . It can’t be,” she breathed, the words escaping as a whisper of disbelief.

She had expected to see Talon operatives, of course, and figured they were pulling the strings with the Deadlock Rebels. What she hadn’t expected to see was someone she’d long assumed dead. A former Overwatch agent. A friend.

Emre Sarioglu.

“I knew it,” Sierra said. “I could tell when I was chasing him down. The way he moved, the way he fought . . . He’s ex-Overwatch, isn’t he?”

Sojourn could only stare. The sight of her old comrade, moving like a ghost through the former Overwatch base she currently sat in, sent a cold jolt through her system. He was walking the same halls they had once patrolled together. Every corner he turned was a mockery of their old life, a visceral punch of memory. She could almost hear his laughter, a stark contrast to the silent, clinical heist playing out on the screen.

Sojourn watched the footage of Sierra holding her own against Emre in hand-to-hand combat, losing him—and the serum—when a bola wrapped around her body, pulling her to the ground.

“And the accomplice too.” Sierra cut to a second angle, showing a Talon dropship hovering above the catwalk, another familiar face standing in its loading bay. Freja Skov. “Her.”

Sojourn’s mind reeled. She’d only ever known Freja as a dedicated, brilliant search-and-rescue tech. Seeing her armed and standing in a Talon ship was a profound disconnect. “This doesn’t make sense,” Sojourn muttered.

“Let me help make sense of it,” Sierra said, gesturing to the screen. “They were here. I fought them, but they got away with the serum. The *what* is all there on the tape. The *why* . . . well, I was hoping you could help with that.”

Sojourn composed herself. Sierra had already read her once; she wouldn’t give her another reaction to analyze. “When the IJC disbanded Overwatch, I heard several former agents became mercenaries. But these two . . . it’s out of character for both of them.” Sojourn paused, her mind replaying the confident, precise moves Sierra had used against Emre. Her explosive speed, the power in her grapples, the force behind her counterstrikes . . . she’d moved with a raw strength that went beyond Helix defensive training. “And you . . . you held your own against them. That kind of skill is rare.”

Sierra responded with a shrug, scrubbing through the video feed to the moment she lost her footing, replaying it over and over. “I don’t know about that. I was slower than molasses,” she muttered under her breath.

“Who trained you?” Sojourn asked, impressed that Sierra was critiquing her own reaction times and analyzing her form long after the encounter. She could tell that Sierra was her own worst critic—highly ambitious, driven, confident—and she wasn’t used to losing.

Sierra met Sojourn’s gaze and held it for a long moment, the hum of the servers filling the silence. Finally, she let out a slow breath. “Well, I got Helix Perilous Ops training, of course, but really, my mom taught me everything I know.”

She turned back to the frozen image of herself standing at the edge of the catwalk as the Talon ship flew away. “I’ve been looking for answers, even joined Helix in part to figure out what happened to her. To me, she was just Mom. Turns out, she was a test subject in the program that created the very same serum these two stole. Augmented with the very same serum these two stole. Who knows what Talon plans to do with it?”

Sierra turned to face Sojourn head-on, shoulders squared.

“Ma’am, I’d like to bring them to justice, recover what they stole. And . . . given your experience with Morrison and Reyes, I think joining you could help me find answers about my mom.”

Sojourn felt a profound, weary ache in her gut. Looking at Sierra was like staring into a distorted mirror of the past. She saw Jack in her confidence, Reyes in her fire. And she feared that what she saw might be a reflection of her own younger self, a ghost she carried everywhere.

“Captain,” Sojourn began, her tone softening. “I see your drive, your talent. It’s a rare kind of power. But you can do a lot of good from right here. Build a real career.”

“This is about more than just my career.”

“Joining us may not get you the answers you think it will. And I can’t promise you a future with Overwatch. Keep climbing the ladder here. It’s . . . smarter.”

What Sojourn couldn’t say was the truth that sat like a heavy stone in her heart, a truth that she alone carried: Overwatch was a sinking ship. Its existence was a secret balanced on a knife’s edge, its funding a question mark, its future measured









in months, not years. To bring this bright, promising young woman on board felt like a crime. It would be derailment, not recruitment.

Sierra listened patiently as Sojourn spoke, but she could see in Sierra's eyes that her resolve never wavered. Sojourn's words couldn't touch the deep, fundamental need that had been Sierra's compass for as long as she could remember.

"With respect, ma'am," Sierra said, her voice quiet but resolute, "I know the risks. This isn't optional for me. My career will still be here. But I've been dreaming of a chance like this for years, and I can't let it pass me by."

Sierra looked at Sojourn, and in that look was the entirety of her life's work, her grief, and her unwavering purpose. Sojourn held her gaze, the arguments dying on her lips. She saw the futility of them. And with a sickening lurch, she knew she needed her. Overwatch needed her brilliance, her ambition. If they were to have any hope of tracking down Emre and Freja and recovering the serum, it lay with Sierra.

Regret settled deep in Sojourn's gut, a cold certainty that she was about to ruin a brilliant future for a doomed cause.

Sojourn sighed. "I can see you've made up your mind." With a slow, deliberate motion, Sojourn reached her hand across the console. "Okay, Captain. If you're sure about this . . . welcome to Overwatch," she said, the words feeling both heavy and inevitable.

Sierra took her hand, her grip firm. The deal was struck. The ship had just gained a brilliant new crewmate, and Sojourn could only pray she wasn't handing her an anchor.

"Thank you, Commander," Sierra stated confidently. "I won't let you down."