The World Can Wait

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1162.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Hetero (F/M)
Fandom:	Overwatch (Video Game)
Relationships:	Angela "Mercy" Ziegler & Genji Shimada, Angela "Mercy" Ziegler/Genji Shimada
Characters:	Angela "Mercy" Ziegler, Genji Shimada
Additional Tags:	Gency, Established Relationship(s), Fluff, cute, Comfort, Sick, In sickness and in health, Cuddles, Protective Genji Shimada, Angela is sick, Originally Posted Elsewhere | Cross-Posted, Cross-Posted on AO3
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-03 Words: 1,228 Chapters: 1/1

The World Can Wait

by Saibogunotenshi

Summary

Angela is feeling ill, and Genji is determined to take care of her.

A quick drabble of Gency fluffs ♡

Notes

Crossposting from Ao3!
You can find all of my works there under the same username ♡

See the end of the work for more notes

•┈┈ ১ ♡ ৩ ┈┈•

Back at Gibraltar, the base had been quiet for some time. After successfully defending the Shambali temple, Overwatch finally had a chance to breathe, allowing everyone to rest and regain their strength. They had secured several key locations around the world in the fight against the Omnic Crisis, and Angela had taken this brief window of peace to focus on her next round of research.

But over the past few days, she hadn't been feeling her best, a fact she kept hidden from everyone… especially Genji. Angela knew that if the ninja discovered she had been working late into the night while sick, he would never let her hear the end of it.

It was late. Angela was still in the medical lab, hunched over her workstation as she tested various experiments, when she suddenly heard footsteps behind her.

"You're still up?"

It was Genji, holding two cups of coffee.

Angela rubbed her tired eyes, offering him a weary smile as he handed her one of the cups.

"Yes. I feel like I'm close to a breakthrough."

Genji stepped closer, glancing over the large table crowded with blueprints, scattered notes, test tubes, and medical equipment he didn't recognize.

Angela took a sip of her coffee, a soft hum of contentment slipping from her lips.

"Thank you for the coffee."

She smiled again, pressing a quick kiss to the edge of his visor before turning back to her work.

But Genji gently caught her wrist, pulling her back toward him. He lifted a hand to her forehead, the soft glow of his visor pulsing in the dim lab light.

"Uh… Genji? What are you doing—"

"I knew it." He said, cutting her off. "You're sick, aren't you, Angela?"

His visor stayed locked on her eyes, the gentle intensity of his gaze leaving her stunned by how quickly he had seen through her.

"You need to rest. Your work can wait."

Angela let out a soft sigh, taking his hand in hers and offering him another tired smile.

“I’m alright. It’s nothing, really.”

He wasn’t buying it. He could feel the heat radiating from her skin, confirming the fever he suspected. He wasn’t about to let her push herself any further, especially now that she was the most important person in his life.

Without a word, he took the cup from her hands, set it on the table, and scooped her up into his arms, bridal style, so quickly she almost yelped in surprise.

“H-Hey! Genji, what are you doing? I’m okay, really. You don’t have to—”

But he was already walking out the door, holding her securely as he flicked off the lights and carried her back toward her quarters.

“I don’t want to hear it, *tenshi* . You think I didn’t notice how ill you’ve looked these past few days?”

Even with his visor on, she could practically feel the frown etched into his features. She had tried to act nonchalant, hiding her exhaustion so no one would worry. But with Genji, it was as if he could see right through her.

Upon reaching her room, Genji opened the door and carried her inside. He switched on the bedside lamp before gently setting her down on the bed. Without a word, he knelt and began removing her shoes, then slipped off her lab coat.

“I can undress myself. It’s okay.” The doctor protested softly.

“Angela, please… let me take care of you.”

“But—”

He gently pressed a finger to her lips, silencing her. Then, he sat beside her and triggered the mechanism on his visor. A quiet hiss filled the room before he lifted the mask away, placing it on the bed within reach.

Angela couldn’t help but notice the look in his eyes, the way worry clouded their warmth. Maybe there was a hint of disappointment there, too. He took her hand in his, lifting it to his lips to place a soft kiss against her fingers, keeping her hand there as he closed his eyes for a moment.

“You’re always looking after me.” He whispered, his voice barely above a breath.

Then, he opened his eyes, meeting hers with gentle intensity.

“Let me do the same for you, Angela.”

The doctor’s heart filled with warmth at the sincerity in his voice, at the love in his eyes. How could she say no to that?

“Oh, Genji…”

She moved closer, resting her forehead against his, her tone soft and affectionate.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to worry you…”

He pressed his lips to her forehead, leaving a long, gentle kiss there before meeting her gaze again, his hand cupping her cheek.

“Can I stay?” He asked softly, his voice almost pleading.

A small smile curved her lips as she closed her eyes and nodded.

“Of course.”

He kissed her gently, their lips brushing in a brief, tender moment before he pulled back, standing up while still holding both of her hands in his.

“I’ll let you get changed first. I’m going to clean up.”

With that, he released her hands and walked toward the restroom, shutting the door behind him, giving her a moment to herself. Angela let out a quiet breath, her heart fluttering as she pulled one of her soft t-shirts from the dresser and changed quickly, sliding under the covers. She settled into bed, letting herself sink into the warmth, the quiet comfort of the moment surrounding her as she waited for him to return.

It only took a few moments for Genji to return, holding his hoodie in his hand.

“I thought you might want to wear this… I know it helps you sleep better.”

Her eyes lit up as she took the hoodie from him, bringing it to her face to breathe in his comforting scent.

“Mmm…”

Genji’s lips curled into a soft smile, his heart swelling as he watched her, falling in love with her all over again in that simple moment.

“I polished my armor recently, so it probably still smells like walnuts… just how you like it.”

“Thank you…”

She pulled the hoodie on, the fabric swallowing her frame, her hands barely peeking out of the sleeves. Without hesitation, she grabbed his wrist and tugged him down onto the bed beside her. He chuckled softly before pulling the blanket over them both, wrapping her securely in his arms.

“You’re boiling, Angela,” He murmured, his worry evident through his gentle voice.

She was shivering against him despite the fever, hating the way her body felt hot and cold all at once. Genji rubbed her arms to warm her, pulling her even closer into his embrace.

“I’m here, *tenshi* . I won’t leave your side.”

Angela nuzzled into his neck, comforted by his warmth and the familiar scent of his hoodie. Genji tilted her chin up, guiding her gaze to meet his. He leaned in, pressing soft, lingering kisses to her lips, each one filled with a quiet promise to protect her. She returned his affection, sinking into the safety of his embrace.

The room was quiet, save for the gentle sounds of their sweet kisses, the dove and sparrow exchanging soft affection until sleep claimed them both. Genji held his angel close to his chest, pressing a final kiss into her hair as her breathing evened out.

For now, the outside world could wait.

•┈┈ ১ ♡ ৎ ┈┈•

End Notes

Kudos/Comments are greatly appreciated (´ᵕ`)♡.°
Please be kind ♡

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!