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Character: Connor (Detroit: Become Human), Hank Anderson, You, Gavin Reed, Elijah Kamski, Original Chloe | RT600, Upgraded Connor | RK900
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Connor (Detroit: Become Human) Whump

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**All Systems Fully Operational**

by **Kumikoseph**

**Summary**

A collection of Connor/Reader oneshots from various requests I receive. Most snippets take place post-best ending, unless stated otherwise. Explicit chapters will be marked in the index with an (E) and they will also contain a warning in the notes.

**Notes**

I'm taking a break from my long fic and decided to write some oneshot Connor/reader prompts to keep my skills fresh. It's surprisingly so much easier to write oneshots than chapters for full-length fanfictions, who would've thought!? Anyway, I hope you enjoy my
first time writing a character-reader fic. I have tried my darnedest to keep the language
gender-neutral, but since I wrote it with a female in mind, I MAY occasionally slip up so if
you see any errors revolving around that then don't hesitate to let me know and I'll fix it :)

Request from tumblr anon: Can you write a fic where reader is totally enraptured by seeing
Connor look confused or surprised? Thank you!!! :)

See the end of the work for more notes
It wasn’t at all intentional the first time it happened.

Captain Fowler had handed you a data pad and asked you to deliver it to Detective Connor and Lieutenant Anderson, presumably because he was too involved with retrieving a coffee to walk the fifteen steps it would’ve taken to hand them their case files himself, but you weren’t exactly busy, and cheerfully accepted the small task, more than happy to seize any opportunity to share dialogue with the handsome android you had become so fond of.

You spotted the two at the lieutenant’s workstation - Hank sitting in his chair, thoroughly invested with something on his phone, and Connor leaning almost casually against the side of the desk, palms planted firmly on the surface as he spoke with his partner about something or other - and you began to make your way towards them.

The mix of your playful mood and the delight at having a reason to talk with Connor had ultimately culminated in the urge to act somewhat impish - which was why, as you approached the android who was facing solidly away from your direction, you tapped him on the shoulder and quickly slipped behind him to his other side when he turned his head to seek out who had interrupted him.

Even from just the back of his head, you could tell he was confused over the fact that he had certainly felt a tap on his shoulder and looked to find nobody there. You covered your mouth so as not to laugh, watching as Connor’s head tilted in puzzlement, until finally he turned his head enough to detect you in his peripheral vision.

You saw the yellow LED on his temple turn back to blue as he faced you fully, his ridiculously soft-looking lips forming a small smile before he again inclined his head, not entirely sure what was so amusing to you.

“Anything I can help you with, detective?” Connor enquired placidly in the way he always did, his equable tone highly pleasing to the ear, and if it had been anybody else speaking, you might have assumed they were being passive aggressive - as a human might act if they had been rudely interrupted and laughed at - but you knew Connor well, and you knew he generally only saved his sarcastic remarks for Detective Reed.

You bit your lip to control the grin threatening to erupt on your face and handed out the data pad containing all the details pertaining to Connor’s and Hank’s most recent case.
“No, no, I’m just here to give you this”, the tremble of a giggle in your voice was far too evident not to arouse suspicion, and you noted Hank’s dubious look in your direction out of the corner of your eye, but paid him no mind, instead opting to offer your brightest smile to the android before you.

Connor took the data pad, giving the first page of contents a quick scan to determine its subject matter, and then returned your smile, “Thank you, detective.” His polite manner always gave you butterflies in your stomach.

You expected him to return to his conversation with Hank, but Connor assessed your face for an extended moment, and after a few seconds you thought he might ask what it was you found so funny.

He did not. Not exactly, at least.

“Your face is flushed and your pulse has accelerated. Are you feeling well, detective?”

Although Connor was an incredibly curious android, he had learnt to be less direct with certain lines of questioning, finding that there were easier ways to pluck information out of people without making them feel uncomfortable from the straightforwardness of his enquiries. What he didn’t realise was that his observation made you uncomfortable for an entirely different reason.

You were sure your cheeks had grown even more heated at his well-meaning enquiry, and you could absolutely feel the way your heart stuttered in your chest, picking up the pace under his innocent scrutiny. No doubt his scanners perceived the further quickening of your heartbeat once again.

“I’m fine, it’s nothing”, you blurted out, shaking your head while forcing a smile in place, “please excuse me, I have to go.” With those words, you escaped Connor’s probing presence and strode speedily towards the restroom, leaving him to his and Hank’s investigation.

The moment you entered the staff toilets, you jumped into a cubicle and pressed your face into your hands, hoping there was nobody else in the adjacent partitions as you laughed deliriously into the silence of the room. The grounds for your amusement, of course, was the simple fact that Connor looked so incredibly adorable when he was confused - there was something to the way he blinked rapidly and cocked his head, something about seeing his LED turn yellow to convey that his processor was having trouble resolving a matter.
Perhaps it was a strange thing to centre in on, but the sight of perplexity on Connor’s face brought you overwhelming joy.

The second time it happened, you had not been watching him.

It was late afternoon and Hank was taking a coffee break, Connor was naturally hovering nearby the lieutenant in the break-room, and you were subtly peering at the two of them from your desk, plotting and scheming your next idea to invoke that wonderful look of bafflement on the android’s handsome face.

Posing a riddle had been your initial idea, but the more you thought it over, the more you realised riddles were pointless. Androids were far too perceptive to be puzzled by a simple conundrum - Connor especially was quite astute, and as somebody who solved criminal mysteries for a living, it would be highly unlikely that he would fall for something as plain as a brain-teaser.

*Trick questions*, on the other hand, may be enough to flummox his processor.

In the brief window of time that the break-room was occupied only by Connor and Hank, you hopped out of your seat and headed for the coffee-maker, striving to appear offhand as though the coffee was the only reason you had entered the room in the first place.

Connor angled his head in greeting as you passed him and you gave the android a soft smile in return, fiddling with the percolator to prepare yourself a cup of coffee; once the hot beverage was safely in your hand, you turned and approached the small table the other two were stationed at, a look of nonchalance on your face.

“I have a question for you, Connor”, you stated, the corner of your lip quirking up into a sportive smirk.

“Oh? Fire away, detective”, the android straightened his posture, granting you all of his attention, and Hank shot you a skeptical look, endlessly cynical over your odd interactions with Connor.

“If a plane crashes on the border of the United States and Canada, where are the survivors buried?”
you spoke, as if posing a very important enquiry, and watched as Hank rolled his eyes wearily.

Instead of tilting his head inquisitively like you expected, Connor merely quirked a single eyebrow, his LED blinking but retaining its light blue colour, and regarded you with a look akin to concern, “Detective... why would bury survivors?”

His overtly serious response made you feel like an idiot.

You clicked your tongue, feeling that familiar flush of your skin rising on your cheeks, and awkwardly shrugged your shoulders, “Ah- heh. You know what? Nevermind.” With that, you spun around and scuttled away to your desk, purposefully keeping your head down as embarrassment ate away at you.

Had you been watching, you would have seen Connor incline his head and squint his eyes at your retreating form.

The third time it happened, you truly felt bad about it.

Hank had invited you to join him and Connor for a drink at the bar that evening after your shifts ended, and while you knew the android was not able to consume alcohol - or any liquid besides thirium, for that matter - the idea of releasing your inhibitions around him, although perilous, was too utterly enticing to pass up.

In a desperate act, you had performed an internet search on your phone for ‘how to confuse an android’, and had skimmed the results, not exactly expecting to find anything useful, but happened to come across a thread that detailed the effects of forcing an android to contemplate paradoxes, and how it could bring their processors to a complete stand-still.

It was an old thread, posted even before the first android-deviance case popped up, so you weren’t completely sure it would work any longer, but chose to give it a try regardless.

You and Hank were several drinks deep when the subject of the multiverse theory had arisen - you don’t quite remember how it had popped up, but you were sure the trigger for it had tumbled out of your mouth at some point - and as you took a sip of your vodka and coke, you settled your eyes on the android, who had not spoken up at all during the discussion.
“Connor, what do you think of the multiverse theory?” you asked, subconsciously licking your lips.

The android’s eyebrows rose briefly before he began to informatively relay known data about the concept, “The multiverse is a conjectural group of multiple separate universes including the universe in which we live. It is hypothesized that there are an infinite number of universes that contain endless possibilities-”

“So, like, if we live in a universe where the multiverse is a real thing, does that mean there’s a universe where it isn’t?” you spoke, a slight slur to your speech that wasn’t the only indication that you were becoming rather tipsy - had what you just said even made sense, like, at all?

Hank laughed, shaking his head at the absurdity of your statement, while Connor merely frowned, not showing any indication that the implication of a paradox had troubled his processor.

“No, the multiverse theory does not cover paradoxical situations”, he explained smoothly, and you lowered your glass half-way through another swig of your beverage, awkwardly swallowing quickly, before raising a wagging finger in response.

“Except in the universe where it does”, you pointed out, a crooked smirk on your face.

Again, Hank found your ludicrous statement utterly amusing, and promptly snorted as he mumbled about how crazy you were, but you were far too focused on the way Connor had seemingly froze, his eyes just a little wider than usual.

The android did not speak, his eyes affixed to your face in a way that made you somewhat nervous, and after a few moments of his LED blinking yellow, it abruptly turned red, and Connor blinked rapidly, his lips parting and snapping shut persistently in what appeared to be mild distress.

“Uh, Connor?” you murmured, waving your hand in front of the androids face in an attempt to bring him back to reality, but the stuttered pattern of his fluttering eyelids continued for a worryingly long time.

“Connor, what the hell’s wrong with ya?” Hank snapped upon realising that his partner was exhibiting some very strange behaviour.
“Uh, I- I… uh, I-” Connor stammered - actually stammered - as his brown eyes flickered between yours, and you were suddenly afraid you had broken him. Had your joke about the multiverse paradox actually overworked his processor? Was he overheating?

“Hey, it’s- it’s alright, Connor. Like you said, the multiverse theory doesn’t cover paradoxical situations”, you quickly amended, a frayed, nervous smile on your face as you tried to calm his contradictory thinking.

Blessedly, the LED on the side of Connor’s head returned to yellow, before flickering back to blue, and the perturbed creases of his face evened out, a neutral expression settling on his features. “Right”, he spoke, and then repeated his initial statement, “the multiverse theory does not cover paradoxical situations.”

You shared a look with Hank, one that was swathed in worry, and the lieutenant seemed to be struggling to understand what had just happened; guilt bubbled in your stomach at the fact that it was probably your fault.

“You okay, Connor?” the lieutenant asked warily, tilting his head back as he watched the android with a quizzical countenance, and his enquiry caused one of Connor’s eyebrows to quirk up, a peculiarity to his face that made it seem as though he was completely oblivious to what had just happened to him.

“Yes, I’m fine, Hank. Why wouldn’t I be?”

You ordered another drink.

The fourth time it happened, you were too drunk to really appreciate it.

Following the little incident in the bar, you’d knocked back several more alcoholic beverages before Hank had appeared to fabricate a blatantly-not-true reason to leave you and Connor alone together, claiming that he was needed at the station and that it was something to do with the case, but insisting Connor stay with you when the android made a move to join him.

It wasn’t until the lieutenant shot you a knowing look over his shoulder as he left that you caught on to the fact that he’d planned it from the beginning. Had Hank deduced that you had a crush on
the android? Probably. It’s not like you’d been very low-key about it. The real surprise was that Connor hadn’t seemed to figure it out yet; for an intelligent android with a talent for being able to extrapolate results where others failed, he could be truly oblivious sometimes.

“I’ll walk you back to your house”, Connor proclaimed after you’d had what must have been your sixth or seventh drink that evening, and you returned his strong statement with a muddled giggle, giving the android what you thought was a suggestive smirk, but appeared more than likely closer to a goofy grin.

“You wanna walk me home? Why’s that, mm?” You hoped your speech was legible enough for Connor to correctly interpret.

“Because, detective, I’m not sure you’ll be able to find your way home without me”, he answered unambiguously, a glint of amusement in his warm eyes.

“Psh”, was your witless retort. It wasn’t until you stood and almost tumbled to the ground that you realised it was definitely a very good thing that Connor was so considerate to suggest escorting you home. You really wouldn’t have made it without his help.

He guided you with a hand on your back the whole way home - which was just less than ten minutes away - and made sure you didn’t stumble over your feet in your embarrassing state of insobriety. You’d feel beyond mortified the next morning, but for now you were living in a blissful state of intoxication that made everything feel warm and content around you.

“We have arrived”, Connor declared when you reached your front door, and the android detective steadied you with a hand on your shoulder as you almost tripped up the step to the porch; you faced him with a jubilant smile, exceedingly thankful for his assistance, and without thinking it over beforehand, you leaned in and placed an innocent kiss on his cheek.

Cleverly subdued surprise flashed over his face for a blink-and-you’ll-miss-it moment, his lips parting with minor astonishment as his LED twinkled yellow, before the shock was replaced with a smile and unconcealed fondness.

“Thank you, Connor”, you murmured your gratitude, before laying your head down against his shoulder and enveloping the android in a cordial hug. You felt his hands pat delicately over your back, surmising immediately that he wasn’t used to physical affection, and stored the information away for later.
Despite the unrelaxed attempt at returning the embrace, Connor was really pleasant to hug; his body exuded a warmth that was generated by the workings of his thirium pump, and he was as soft and squishy as a human, thanks to the aid of his synthetic skin. The stray thought made you giggle for the umpteenth time that night, and you were sure Connor must have suspected you to be taken by some sort of delirium by now.

You hadn’t imagined that androids could give off such a pleasing scent, and yet here you were, inhaling what was definitely an inviting fragrance that was emanating directly from him - if you hadn’t been so drunk, you may have inferred that the smell was rising from his sleek detective uniform as opposed to his actual body. You identified the aroma as a strong mix of watermint and samphire - it left you dizzy for more.

The only thing that brought you out of your hazy stupor was the touch of Connor’s hand on your leg - his fingers reaching into your pocket.

“Whoa, whoawhoa, what are you doing?” the words flew from your mouth in a garbled yelp as you pulled away from him so suddenly that you almost lost your balance again - you would have gone crashing to the ground if it wasn’t for Connor’s quick reflexes, his hand on your upper arm effectively stabilising you from collapsing.

“I was searching for your door key”, Connor explained, holding up the said item that he’d managed to fish from your trouser pocket, and you blinked a few times fast, snatching the jingling object from his grasp.

“Well ya could’ve asked before shoving your hand in my trousers, Connor!” The exclamation spilled from your mouth, a distinct lack of coherence in your words, but the android appeared to understand just fine if the look of horror on his face was anything to go by.

“I… I didn’t mean to-” Connor’s tongue darted out to lick his lips as he regained his composure, “I did ask you. Twice. You didn’t respond”, he expounded, a note of discomfort in his expression at the thought of offending you in such a way - but you were far from upset by his actions.

You had only been joking with your shout of indignation, knowing that Connor would never take advantage of you in your drunken state, or indeed in any state - were androids even interested in sex? - and you looked upon the worried expression on his face, finding it twinned with what you could only describe as a hot flush on his cheeks.

Oh. He was embarrassed. Connor was embarrassed.
“Relax”, you gave a light, silly laugh, and reassured him, “I wasn’t being serious.”

Even as you rushed to mollify his troubles, you were absolutely astounded by how gorgeous Connor looked when he was bashful - the steady glow of his cheeks was just beyond charming, and you found yourself openly admiring it.

“My apologies”, Connor quietly spoke, lips pursed as he worked the sheepishness out of his face, but the cute flush below his eyes still remained.

You’d thought he looked adorable when he was confused or surprised, but when Connor was full-on flustered, well, let’s just say you were looking forward to seeing a lot more of that endearing blush on his cheeks.
Software Bug

Chapter Notes

Request from AO3 user s1mplyp0tat0: Okay so I got this idea for a one shot. So basically Connor gets sick and hey I know what your thinking- "How does an android get sick?" Well viruses. So when Connor does that weird hand connecting thing to other androids, he sifts through all of that android and if there’s a virus on the android the uninfected one will pick it up. As you know Connor does that alot so hes at higher risk. So the reader cares for Connor when he does get sick for a few days (because Connor got those annoying viruses that adapt and change) till his sytem purges it. Also make it fluffy please and can you give him an android version of the flu or a really bad cold please? Thank you!

Thank you for this awesome request! I got so inspired that I wrote it all at once, I hope you enjoy it!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It began with an almost imperceptible change in his demeanour.

Connor had questioned the witness about a stabbing - an AP700 model android by the name of Harriet - but had struggled to obtain any useful information with verbal queries alone; Harriet had insisted there was an issue with her memory that made the recollection of the incident oddly fuzzy, so Connor suggested that he probe the android’s memory in order to ascertain whether or not they could identify the suspect that way.

Although timid, Harriet had given her consent for Connor to carry out the invasive method, and offered her hand, her synthetic skin dissipating as Connor did the same, and that was most notably the moment you recalled the odd change in the detective android’s conduct.

Watching from the corner of the quiet room, you observed the knit in Connor’s eyebrows as he reviewed the stored visuals in Harriet’s memory banks; the LED on the side of his head blinked an ambivalent yellow as he processed what he was seeing, and while it wasn’t exactly strange for Connor to adopt such an intense look of concentration when probing another android’s memory, the unusual action he exhibited was at the moment it was over, his hand recoiled sharply as if he’d been burned.

“What was it? What did you see?” Hank questioned as Connor flexed his fingers for a moment, eyeing Harriet with an inquisitive stare.
Connor paused. “Harriet’s auditory and optical components appear to have been faulty during the time of the incident, thus I am unable to distinguish the identity of the attacker, however, I did manage to make out the presence of another potential witness and scanned their face - Jensen Pearce, human male, age thirty-eight-” he broke off mid-sentence, eyes squinting slightly as he regarded the android before him, a look on his face that you couldn’t quite distinguish, “What was the problem with your components?”

You frowned at his sudden line of questioning, wondering why Connor seemed so interested in the status of the other android’s defective parts.

Harriet shook her head, “I am unsure. I thought I had damaged them somehow - I was going to see about getting them repaired today, but they appeared to correct themselves overnight.” She shrugged, and Connor looked contemplative for a few moments, before nodding his head.

“Thank you for your help, we’re done here.”

Upon leaving the interrogation room, you didn’t miss the way Connor stumbled over his feet a little, managing to right himself before he could fall, and the brief display set off alarm bells in your mind because androids did not stumble - not unless there was something terribly wrong with their systems, like if they’d been severely damaged.

Hank hadn’t noticed, too busy taking down the name of the second witness to catch it, so you didn’t say anything out loud, figuring you would ask Connor about it later - you didn’t want to make a fuss in case it was nothing, but you endeavoured to keep a firm eye on the android.

At roughly two o’clock in the afternoon, you realised it probably hadn’t been so wise to brush off the mild stagger in Connor’s step - there was definitely something wrong, and you deduced this as you watched him from your desk adjacent to his.

He was panting.

Androids didn’t need to breathe, or at least that was what you thought - as far as you knew, it was purely aesthetic in a way to make them appear more human, and while the sight of Connor’s chest rising and falling as his artificial lungs inflated and deflated had never been unusual in the slightest, you’d never quite seen him draw breath in such a laboured way.
Even after an impressive sprint, Connor did not breathe at an accelerated rate - it always remained exactly the same pace.

But right there, right now, Connor looked *winded*.

“Are you alright, Connor?” you asked from your seat, but he did not respond, continuing to stare off into nothingness rather worryingly. You raised your voice, “Connor? *Hello*?”

Still nothing.

You were quite concerned now, an uneasy sensation crawling its way up your spine as you rose from your seat and took three steps until you were right beside the spaced-out android.

“*Connor*”, you exclaimed, leaning over his desk to snap him out of his atypical idle state.

He blinked, brown eyes focusing on your face as his LED turned yellow, processing for an abnormally long time before he spoke, “Can I help you, detective?”

“Connor, you’re freaking me out. What’s wrong?” a troubled look passed over your face, you could still clearly make out the noise of his strained exhales, but the thing that alarmed you the most was the inattentive expression on his face.

Despite the fact that he’d spoken to you, he looked absent-minded, his eyes seemingly fixed on something else entirely, as if he was seeing something in front of your face that was invisible to your gaze.

His LED still hadn’t cycled back to blue.

“I… I-” it was always unnerving when Connor stuttered or paused in his speech, “I appear to… be experiencing… some problems.”

Your gaze narrowed in on the agitated android, “Have you run a diagnostics?”
“Yes”, he responded, his eyebrows drawing together in what you assumed to be frustration, “I have… run several.”

“And you found nothing?”

“I… there is. Is. I am- unable to… identify the issue, for some- some reason.”

Repeated words, disconnected speech patterns, unnatural breaks in his sentences - oh yeah, there was something very wrong indeed, and Hank seemed to think so too, having just caught the lack of articulation in Connor’s diction as he’d shuffled past you to reach his desk.

Lieutenant Anderson’s face was that of bafflement for a couple of drawn-out seconds, and then, almost impulsively, he raised his hand to Connor’s forehead, like one would do to a human with a high temperature.

“Jesus, Connor”, Hank snapped, retracting his hand very suddenly, “You’re burning up, what the fuck’s wrong with ya?”

Consternation settled over your features and you followed Hank’s gesture, feeling the heat rising from behind Connor’s synthetic skin before you’d even made contact with him, and grimaced at the intensity of it.

“Surprised you haven’t melted”, Hank spoke in jest, but you could sense the underlying intonation of concern for the android’s safety.

“You’re overheating, Connor”, you stated, hoping the android would have a rational response that could explain what was happening to him. It wasn’t particularly warm outside or in the DPD office, so it certainly wasn’t clear to you what was generating the sharp rise in his body temperature. A sudden thought occurred, “Does it have anything to do with the fact that you’re wheezing?”

Connor’s eyes twitched, his LED blinking in time with the subtle movements - still yellow - and then he gave one hard blink, “Mm- my respiratory system is… is- is inTERLOCKed-” the sudden forcefulness in his elocution almost made you and Hank jump - it appeared to be yet another indication that the android was frustrated by the issues that were transpiring in his components, “-with my… cooling procedures. It is sup-supposed to stop me… from overheating.”
Similar to the way a struggling computer’s fan would whir just a little louder when attempting to carry out a command, you supposed.

“Well it ain’t working”, Hank helpfully supplied, before giving you a purposeful look, “He needs to go home and cool off, if I give you my keys, will you take him?”

You only had a few more reports to fill out before your workload was complete for the day, and if you brought your laptop with you, it was easily a task you could finish out of work. Besides, you were fretful of Connor’s current state - it was more important to help him out.

“I’m fine, Ha-ANK”, Connor attempted to protest.

“You, shut up”, Hank pointed a silencing finger at the android, whose expression scrunched up in what could only be exasperation.

“Yeah, of course”, you nodded your head, “I’ll take care of him.”

If Connor had been in control of his frantic respiration, he may have let out a sigh of resignation; the android’s face smoothed out as he came to terms with the fact that he couldn’t continue working in his afflicted state and pushed his chair back away from the desk to stand.

He managed for all of two seconds before his legs failed to carry him and he buckled swiftly, falling flat on his face with a resounding thwack as he hit the floor. It all happened way too fast for you to react, and you quickly scrambled to his side in aid.

“Holy shit, are you okay, Connor? That really looked like it hurt!” You felt bad for not having more efficient reflexes or you could’ve saved him the humiliation of his tumble - then again he didn’t seem too embarrassed about it as much as he just seemed vulnerable. His LED had turned red, however, as his processor registered the minor force of the impact, and he looked vaguely defeated in his slumped position.

It may have had something to do with the fact that Detective Gavin Reed was laughing in complete hysterics after having witnessed the entire scene take place.

“Androids do not feel pain”, he informed when he finished discerning your exclamation, as if you didn’t already know that little scrap of information, and he made the move to push himself up. You
quickly offered your assistance, holding his side and positioning his arm over your shoulder so that you could easily bear his weight.

The echo of Lieutenant Anderson verbally abusing Detective Reed was prominent throughout the area of the station - you felt a swell of pride for Hank as he silenced that jerk's neurotic-sounding laughter - and you helped the struggling android to your car, sitting him in the passenger seat and even buckling his seatbelt for him before taking your place in the driver’s seat.

“I… don’t know what’s wrong with me”, you heard Connor softly state before you could start the engine.

The quiet admittance made your chest tighten and you swallowed before determinedly affirming, “Don’t worry, we’ll figure out what’s wrong and fix it.” His vacant stare at the glovebox compartment in front of him failed to betray whether he had appreciated or even heard your reassurance.

By the time you reached Hank and Connor’s house, things were not much better. Sumo barked at you as you entered, cocking his head at the unusual sight of Connor slumped against your side, but must have sensed that the situation was rather dire, because the dog sensibly stayed back as opposed to jumping up in greeting.

“Good dog”, you remarked as you practically dragged Connor towards the bathroom, heaving him along in a way that made it impossible for his legs to even attempt to aid the transit. You might have felt bad if it wasn’t for the fact that the heat of Connor’s body was leaving red patches against your skin where you came into contact with him.

“Sorry for manhandling you like this, but I’m worried you might actually melt if we don’t cool you down right the fuck now”, the words blurted out of your mouth, not giving the android time to respond - you weren’t sure he would have anyway - before hauling him into the bathtub, as gently as possible, and turning the cold tap to maximum.

A deluge of icy water erupted from the showerhead, drenching Connor in blessed cold - you hadn’t bothered to remove his clothes, figuring you’d garner the same result regardless of the android’s state of undress, besides - the idea of stripping him while he was essentially incapacitated just didn’t feel right at all.
“Connor, are you alright? Speak to me”, you implored, nervous that he hadn’t said anything in a while - not since you’d left the station with him in a rush - and you tilted his head towards you with tender hands on his heated cheeks.

His LED was red, doing absolutely nothing to soothe your worries, but Connor blinked as his gaze focused on your anxious face, “My temperature has… reached critical point.”

Your stomach jumped in fear, and you clambered in place for a moment before giving the android a panic-stricken pat on the shoulder, and then abruptly jumped up to sprint from the room, “I’ll be right back!” you called, reaching your destination, the kitchen, before you’d even finished your sentence.

You exhaled in relief when you spotted a bag of ice cubes in the freezer, and unapologetically carried the entire lot to the overheating android - *Hank would just have to deal with lukewarm glasses of whiskey for the time being* - and dumped the entire contents of the bag onto Connor’s saturated body.

A human would have jerked at the iciness, or even yelped, but Connor did nothing but lie there, his eyes following your frenetic movements as you spread the frosty cubes evenly over his body, inserting the plug into the tub so that it might slowly fill with water.

“Is this- is this going to help?” you asked, “God, what happened? This came out of nowhere.”

Connor did not immediately answer. It was several minutes before his LED displayed yellow, which still wasn’t fantastic, but it was definitely favourable when compared to red, and the moment it did, the android seemed to notably relax.

“My core temperature is well-balanced”, he spoke, and you almost let out a groan of abatement, “but I am still un-unable to pinpoint the exact problem-” his speech seemed to have stabilised a little more than before, “-I do, however, have a vague notion of what may have hah-happened.”

“What would that be?” you enquired, a lot less stressed now that Connor was lucid and coherent; you felt an overwhelming desire to thread your fingers through his strands of wet hair, but managed to restrain yourself - now was not the time.

“The AP700 this morning, during the transference of memory, transferred a vi-virus”, he explained, and you nodded with a sigh - that made so much sense.
“Why didn’t you tell me? Or Hank?”

Connor had the decency to look sheepish, “I thought my systems could neutralise it, and I- I didn’t want to worry you.”

“Oh, Connor”, you let out a subdued laugh, an exhale leaving you in a mix of alleviation and exhaustion, “if anything like this ever happens again, I want you to tell me immediately, got it?”

Connor smiled, “Got it.”

You cushioned your head on your folded arms against the edge of the bathtub, your eyes trailing to the yellow LED on Connor’s head, and you watched it flicker for several long minutes of silence before an amusing little thought popped into your mind.

“I don’t wanna seem like a smartass but have you tried turning off and on again?” You’d meant it as a joke, but Connor quirked an eyebrow at the suggestion, appearing to contemplate the merits of such an action.

“It could potentially offer a solution.”

You blinked, “Oh, wait, really? I mean- it’s what I do whenever my computer is acting up and it always seems to fix it…”

Connor’s eyebrows drew together for a moment, “Rebooting my processor could be advantageous. The feedback from my- my diagnostics is displaying nothing but meaningless symbols and characters, a restart could resolve the i-i-issUE-”

“Bless you”, you interjected, unable to help yourself. That last stutter had sounded far too much like an adorable sneeze.

Connor let out a breath of amusement, “This may take a few minutes.”
You took a shuddering breath as Connor’s LED dimmed to grey, indicating that he was shutting down, and his eyes slipped closed, leaving you feeling completely alone in the room; you shut off the cold tap, finding that the bathtub was sufficiently full, and sat in harrowing silence, nothing but the clink of ice cubes sloshing around together in the water to break the quietude.

The grinding of your teeth joined the minimal noise of the room when Connor didn’t power on straight away, but before you could find yourself agonising over the idea that he might not turn back on at all, his LED flashed to life, a glorious illumination of blue that you’d never been happier to see.

“Oh, thank fuck”, you mumbled under your breath, your worries mitigated, and waited for Connor to open his dazzling brown eyes once again.

When he did, his pupils darted back and forth briefly as he ran another diagnostics, and this time, he was successful in locating the virus, “I can quarantine the corrupted code, this way it will be easier for my central processing unit to develop a resistance”, he sounded adorably proud of himself and it stoked a warmth in your chest. You reached out to brush away a few stray droplets of water from his face, your thumb sweeping over his cheekbone affectionately, and to your surprise, his hand circled around your wrist - the simple touch doused with sentiment.

“Thank you, detective, for your firm assistance. I truly appreciate it”, he blinked his warm eyes, eyelashes inadvertently fluttering against his cheeks in a way that was far too endearing, and you gave the gorgeous android a brilliant smile.

“Anytime, Connor.”

He seemed content to hold onto your wrist, his cold fingers trailing over your warm skin gently, and the gesture alone seemed to communicate all of his gratitude.

“It may take a few days for my processor to run optimally again, and to purge the virus completely”, Connor notified.

“Well, until you’re better, you can rest.”

“Androids don’t need rest.”
“Androids don’t get sick, either. But here you are.”

Chapter End Notes

This one was so much fun to write :’)

Please feel free to leave requests in the comments and maybe I'll fill them! :D
Chapter Notes

Request by rk800 (Duskythesomething): what about Connor catching himself constantly staring at the new detective, but whenever he tries to talk to them (think like the "I like dogs" chapter/conversation) they don't seem to like him. He's really confused until maybe Hank sets them up together and the detective reveals they've thought Connor was super cute and charming the whole time, but was too scared to show it. Either way, thank you for responding!

Really enjoyed writing this one! Thank you rk800 for the wonderful prompt, I hope this is what you had in mind!

When not referred to by "you", the reader is referred to with they/them pronouns :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The first thing Connor discerned about you was that you were punctual - arriving a good twenty minutes before the allocated time of your introductory meeting with Captain Fowler. The only other information the android had been given about you was that you were a transfer from another state’s police department and that you would be utilising the workspace of the vacant desk adjacent to his and Hank’s - apart from that, he had not known what to expect.

He watched as you unpacked your things after you’d been led to your station, and went to work about analysing everything he could with what was visible in front of him, along with any archived data he could access in his systems.

A quick facial scan revealed your name, birth date and your spotless criminal record; Connor discovered that you used to work for the NYPD but transferred when you moved to Michigan - you held an impressive 94% closure rate over the course of your career so far, and solved forty-eight homicide cases in the last year alone.

*Commendable. Hardworking and diligent,* Connor extrapolated.

The android shifted his gaze to observe the array of items you were in the process of decorating your workspace with. You removed a few paper notepads from the box you had carried in, along with a digital data pad, and placed them neatly into one of the drawers - *organised, favours the traditional form of taking notes or simply well-prepared in the event that electronic devices were to fail* - followed by a little potted plant that you positioned down and rotated several times before nodding in satisfaction.
Connor scanned the plant, identifying the flower as *Spathiphyllum wallisii*, more colloquially known as *peace lily*, and cocked his head. The bloom needed very little sunlight to survive, and only required watering once a week, making it a very easy and effortless choice for a desk plant. *Appreciative of nature*, Connor deduced, *but perhaps forgetful when it comes to caring for greenery.*

You pulled a soft ball from your box of belongings - *a stress ball?* - and gave it a purposeful squeeze before placing it down next to the terminal on your desk, succeeded by a small pocket-book that Connor distinguished as a collection of crosswords. *Likes to occupy hands when thinking, keeps brain engaged when idle from work* - in Connor’s mind, these were all crucial things to know about you.

Connor examined the knee-length black coat you wore, ascertaining that it was a pricey article of clothing manufactured by the fashion brand *SABA*, and his eyes meticulously picked out the patches of your coat that were frayed and repaired with needlework - *amateur patchwork, expensive but hasn’t been replaced, implies the clothing has sentimental value and is perhaps a gift from a loved one?* - before you slipped it off and hung it on the stand by your desk.

You had finished unpacking your belongings and were now waiting for the Captain to call you into his office and get you started for the day; since you still had time before your meeting with Fowler, Connor figured it was as good a time as any to introduce himself.

The android stood, rounding his desk to stand beside your’s as you observed your brand new workstation, and smiled when you noticed him.

“Hello, my name is Connor. It’s a pleasure to meet you, detective”, he greeted, adopting his usual foundation for meeting new people, and surveyed the way your eyes darted over his face, landing briefly on the LED on the side of his head, before you notably swallowed.

You blinked, lips parting as you drew in a breath, “Hi, I…” you trailed off, holding hard eye contact, and your cheeks went a shade pinker than before, “I need to go.” With that, you stepped away from him and swiftly disappeared into the break room, where you stayed until Captain Fowler called you into his office.

You’d be lying if you said you couldn’t feel the android’s eyes on you.
He’d been staring at you all morning, you were sure of it, but you were far too reticent to turn to face him and ask him to stop; you already felt like an absolute fool for losing your nerve and flouncing away earlier when your attempt to introduce yourself had gotten lodged in your throat, unable to pass your lips.

You weren’t sure what was going on inside the android’s head, or indeed why he felt the need to endlessly gawk at you, but it was beginning to make you feel anxious and insecure, almost like a crawling sensation creeping up the back of your neck. You were certain that Connor did not intend to offend you with his flagrant, uninterrupted gaze, but at the same time, the need to flash him a warning glare was becoming far too prevalent.

It was embarrassing. You hadn’t meant to seem all mousy and withdrawn when he had introduced himself earlier - in fact, you’d been eager to get to know all of your new colleagues, so as to make your new work environment as homely as your last - but then you’d looked at his face and been swept away at the sight of how ridiculously pretty he was.

You’d become flustered immediately, striving not to seem like a weirdo, and then you’d just up and ran away, so you clearly failed that venture - but it just couldn’t be helped. You didn’t generally gain crushes on people until after you’d gotten to know them, but this android - god - he’d had your knees weak almost instantaneously.

You’re not a lovesick teen, get your damn shit together, you tried to tell yourself, but the more you thought about Connor and his perfect, annoyingly symmetrical face, the more you realised you wouldn’t be able to even look at him without your cheeks heating up to a temperature comparable to that of the sun’s core.

You continued to coolly ignore the android, while inwardly becoming more and more hysterical, for another fifteen minutes, until finally he broke the strong silence.

“You have a cat, don’t you?” he inquired, still sitting decorously at his desk, and your fingers ceased typing on your terminal keyboard mid-sentence. You gave the android a restrained, dubious look, eyebrows knitting together as you wondered how he could have possibly known that.

“...how do you... know that?” you voiced the prominent question in your mind, your brain quickly constructing worrying possibilities - was he a stalker? Did androids ever even feel the desire to stalk people? How else would he know about your beloved cat?

Connor held up a small piece of paper, “This receipt fell out of your pocket earlier, it contains a purchase for cat food.”
Your brain slammed the breaks on its overactive imagination as you felt an inaudible exhale of relief rush past your lips, before you were suddenly filled with indignation at the fact that the android had read the receipt contents instead of just returning it to you or placing it down on your desk.

Wordlessly, you sprung from your chair, snatched the shop stub back, and once again sunk down at your desk, shoving the sales slip into your pocket. You tried your hardest to disregard Connor’s curious gaze out of the corner of your eye, but alas, he spoke again after several moments.

“I like cats. They’re engaging and independent. What’s your cat’s name?” the quizzical android queried, and you felt yourself go red in the face, heat rising from your cheeks like a well-fuelled fire, because there was no way - no way - you could divulge the truth of your cat’s humiliating name.

Silence ensued as you fought the inner conflict of your mind over whether it was easier to just lie to the android and tell him your cat’s name was Tiger or Oreo - something normal that wouldn’t make you feel unimaginably awkward admitting to a handsome stranger - or whether to pretend you hadn’t heard him ask the question at all.

You remained quiet, facing your terminal with a narrow gaze that you had to force yourself to keep steady, because the urge to peer at the android was far too great, but you could see him frowning in your peripheral vision, and you felt your chest tighten with shame when Connor’s expression turned to disappointment, and he gave up the attempt at conversation, turning back to his own terminal screen to continue working. You felt admittedly terrible about it, but your pride refused to allow you to reveal the ludicrous name of your feline companion.

Connor’s gentle compulsion for dialogue did not end there.

He caught you in the breakroom, lingering particularly close to the small table you were leaning over, and his presence forced you to raise your gaze from your pocket-book of crosswords, fixing your discomfited stare on the curiosity-driven android.

Before you could open your mouth to delicately ask if there was anything you could help him with, Connor smiled brightly - which was rather unusual to see given you had acted like an ass to him all morning by repealing all his attempts at discussion - and cocked his head in a regrettably endearing way.
“Abdicate.” He said, and you blinked a few times fast.

“I’m sorry, what?”

“Number five across, to renounce one’s throne, eight-letter word. Abdicate.” He pointed at the crossword puzzle you had been engaging in before he’d come over.

Your eyes dropped to the conundrum on the page that you had been genuinely struggling with, and you promptly grew flustered for several different reasons - namely, his show of cleverness made him all the more attractive, his captivating smile made your heart jump in your chest, and lastly, your stubborn side would have rather solved the crossword without the android’s assistance.

“If I’d wanted your help, I would’ve asked”, you objected before you could really think about it, and abruptly felt like trash for your retort that had been completely uncalled for.

Connor’s face fell, like a stab to the chest, as he quietly remarked, “I’m sorry, detective”, and left you alone with your coffee and your crossword.

“Your coat is very stylish. Was it a gift from your parents?”

Again, you felt utterly gobsmacked that the android somehow had this information about you; instead of letting your astonishment show, you cleared your throat and looked up from your terminal where he was leaning casually against the edge of your desk.

“What makes you think that?” you inquired, trying not to seem skeptical of his knowledge in case it were to inadvertently hurt his feelings. After the crossword incident, you’d made a reluctant effort to try and engage whenever he posed a question to you, but your responses were all clearly clipped and rigid in speech from the pure fact that your stomach gave nervous flutters any time you glanced his way.

You’d already entertained a handful of his questions regarding the kind of music you listened to, your favourite book, the type of sports you liked, and each time you answered, Connor appeared to grow even more interested in these little scraps of information that just seemed wholly unavailing
from your perspective.

“I noticed the postcard on your desk”, he motioned the small stand that held up the postcard you had received several years ago from your mother and father, a photo of the Sydney Opera House on one side, and a heartwarming message from your parents on the other; it had been a while since you had seen them in person as they’d moved to Australia while you were still living in New York City, but they did occasionally send a letter or an email every once in a while.

Still, you had received the coat in the post months before the postcard, and there were no obvious clues written in the message from your parents that could imply you’d been gifted the coat by them, so how the hell did the android figure that one out?

As if sensing the probing question you had yet to voice, Connor smiled and explained how he had reached his conclusion, “I’d already deduced that your coat was a gift. If you had bought it yourself, you would have been more inclined to simply replace it upon finding it damaged, but you chose to repair it, so clearly it has sentimental value. I recognised the fashion brand, SABA, as an Australian-based company. Then I saw the postcard from your parents in Australia, and made the extra leap in logic.”

Fuck. His intellect was sexy, and not only that, but there was a hint - just a smidge - of cockiness to his smile.

“It could’ve been from a friend who ordered it online from Australia”, you pointed out, feeling the urge to wipe that alluring smugness from his face.

“Balance of probability”, Connor stated with a wink, before he allowed the arrogance to drain from his tone, and he shrugged, “I could have been wrong, of course, as you said, which is why I posed it as a question and not as a statement.”

You hadn’t heard the second half of his remark, too caught up on that wink.

Swallowing hard, you shook your head, dismissing the conversation with a brusque utterance as you returned to your work, “Well, you’re a regular Sherlock Holmes, aren’t you?”

From the sound of Connor’s almost inaudible sigh, he was completely aware of the exasperation in your rhetorical retaliation, and chose to end the dialogue there, returning to his desk.
Lieutenant Hank Anderson was far from stupid. Sure, he couldn’t always make the obscure connections between seemingly inconsequential evidence found at a crime scene like Connor could, but at least he wasn’t blind to the display of nervous infatuation you had been exhibiting ever since you laid eyes on the android detective.

“I don’t know why they don’t like me”, Connor vented, arms crossed as he scrutinised the floor of the breakroom, “I’ve sifted through all my social protocols, I’ve tried every friendly approach I can think of, but they just… don’t want to talk to me.”

Connor probably didn’t know it himself, but he too was showing symptoms of having a crush - he even sounded like a frustrated teenager pining for attention - and the sight made Hank want to roll his eyes.

“Sometimes you can be a real idiot, Connor”, Hank mumbled, blowing on the surface of his too-hot coffee, and almost snorted when a ghost of a pout found its way onto the android’s lips, “you really think they don’t like you?”

“Well, yes”, Connor responded, tilting his head in confusion, “why else would they refuse to look at me, and even avoid me given the opportunity?”

This time, Hank did roll his eyes. “You might have been made to comprehend human behaviour and emotions, but you really have a lot to learn, son.”

Connor’s eyebrows pulled together at Hank’s comment, but he didn’t respond, further proving the lieutenant’s point that the android was completely oblivious to your true feelings. Hank let out a sigh, shaking his head at the hopeless android, before shifting his gaze to where you sat working at your desk.

Well, Hank thought to himself, guess I’ll have to take matters into my own hands.

“Wait here”, he told the android, before swiping up the data pad containing files for his and Connor’s current case, and made his way steadfastly to your desk.
You were sure there had to be some mistake; you weren’t supposed to begin taking cases until your third day, and yet here you were, holding the data files for a recent homicide case with your brand new, *supposedly temporary* partner, the ridiculously beautiful android known as Connor, on just your second day on the job.

Lieutenant Anderson had approached you, informing that Captain Fowler had changed your schedule and that you were supposed to begin your practical workload as soon as possible, then he’d promptly dropped the digital data pad on your desk with a knowing smirk on his face, and told you, “Oh, by the way, you’re gonna need a partner for the time being to help you get used to the setting, so I’ve nominated Connor. Good luck.”

He hadn’t stuck around to see you almost choke on air.

So there you stood, looking quite apprehensive, as Connor sat in the driver’s seat of the car you would shortly be riding to a crime scene in. You didn’t want to get into the car, because then there’d be nowhere to run if you grew too abashed.

“Detective?” Connor enquired after lowering the window of the passenger seat, “We should probably hurry.”

“Mhm”, you hummed as you steeled yourself, “yeah, sure… just coming.” When you were sure you had hardened your composure enough, you opened the car door and calmly took your seat beside Connor, sealing away your potential escape route as you shut the door behind you and buckled your seatbelt.

“You seem nervous.”

*Damn that android.* “I’m fine”, you assured him after clearing your throat.

He misinterpreted the quiver in your voice, “I’m sure you’ll do great on your first case with the DPD. There’s nothing to worry about.”

“It’s not that-” you cringed slightly, “I said I’m fine, okay?”

“Okay.”
Connor started the car and pulled out of the parking space, following his internal navigation system to the address he had been given; the car ride was excruciatingly awkward, neither occupant knowing quite how to break the tension between them.

It was Connor who finally gathered the nerve to cut through the disquiet, “I apologise if I have done anything to offend you, detective.”

You were quick to correct the android, your heart barely able to take the dejected tone of his voice, “No- it’s fine, you haven’t done anything to offend me, it’s- uh, it’s fine.” Your admission came with a flush of redness over your cheeks - you were glad Connor was driving and thus had to keep his eyes on the road.

Out of the corner of your vision, you saw Connor’s lips purse in contemplation, and prepared yourself for another question you didn’t have time to generate an answer for.

“If I may ask, why do you dislike me?”

Your eyes slipped shut despondently as you were reminded that your behaviour up until now had been entirely hurtful and inconsiderate, without having provided a reason as to why you had been acting that way. You felt disappointed in yourself at coming across as unpleasant and horrid - you truly hadn’t meant to make the android think such a thing, and you knew you needed to amend the tautness between the two of you.

“I don’t dislike you - I’m sorry, I- I’m just… settling in, y’know?” you tried to explain, but you knew your words would not suffice for the android’s curiosity.

“Detective, if we’re working on a case together, we should probably try and be amicable with each other.” It must have been Connor’s incredibly polite way of saying ‘get your shit together and stop being an asshole.’

You breathed a sigh, eyes falling to your fidgeting hands in your lap; the android spoke so softly, and your stomach did a flip inside you as you wondered whether his lips were as sweet as his tone. *You really had to stop thinking things like that* - you were in a professional environment with a professional android who probably only wanted to befriend you for the sake of making his job easier, and you needed to act *professional*, damn it.
“I would like to get to know you”, said Connor, and just like that, you relented.

“Mr. Wigglebutt.”

The words slipped from your mouth and you knew your face must have mimicked the colour of a ripe tomato.

“E-excuse me, detective?” Connor stumbled over his words, eyes leaving the road for just a moment as surprise became evident on his face, clearly bewildered by what you had just said seemingly out of nowhere.

“That’s the name of my cat. Mr. Wigglebutt.”

You expected the conversation to end, and for Connor to reconsider his remark of wanting to get to know you, because what kind of person in their right mind would name a cat Mr. Wigglebutt? But instead, when you looked over to the charming android, he released a light chuckle of laughter - *your heart pulsed hard at the sound* - and he suddenly wore a look of ultimate amusement, eyes twinkling with a smile.

“Mr. Wigglebutt”, he repeated, and somehow it sounded fine and sophisticated coming from his mouth, “It’s a good name. I like it.”

You felt the tips of your ears heat up to match the bright hue of your face, and bit your lip almost violently as a hysterical giggle threatened to escape you; you managed to calm yourself, finding the urge to apologise for your behaviour the past two days.

“I’m sorry I was so cold to you… I just- I’m afraid you would find my life boring if you got to know me”, you quietly disclosed, and saw Connor quirk his head.

“I don’t think you’re boring at all. I find you quite fascinating, actually”, he spoke, his voice blessed with uplifting geniality that hadn’t been present when the two of you had initially entered the car, and you swallowed tightly around the happy lump in your throat.

“Do you- um- want to get coffee, like, after the case, or something-” you gushed, before quickly realising your mistake, “ahh, you- you don’t drink coffee… umm-” you didn’t have to worry about finishing your sentence, because luckily Connor saved you the trouble with three delightful words.
“I’d love to.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! I would absolutely love you if you left a comment with feedback! I have a nice list of requests for the next few chapters but I'm always taking more so do feel free to leave a prompt in a comment! :)
Chapter Notes

Requested from cufetsh: but i also want to see this awkward android after his first kiss with a maybe drunk reader, she does it cause something good happened, and she's so full of emotions she kisses him? he would be so confused. o! or jealous reader, seeing him getting hit on during the mission or something, and he is just clueless. why do i love this lost boy so much.

So it doesn't COMPLETELY follow your request but I got the first kiss + jealous reader + confused Connor points down so I really hope you enjoy what I've written! ;D

Also, because it's just so beautiful, here's a picture of Connor I cried over and had in mind as I wrote this oneshot: https://nathamuel.tumblr.com/post/175013306457/detroit-become-human-connor

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Un-fucking-believable.

You sunk down into the passenger seat of Hank’s car, inadvertently slamming the door behind you in your rage, and crossed your arms over your chest as you seethed from the display you had just observed in the house of the potential witness.

You hadn’t liked the woman from the moment you entered the house, watching her pin Connor with her lecherous gaze, and you’d only grown more uncomfortable and protective of the android the longer you’d had to question her for information. She’d only seemed to want to cooperate when Connor was the one interrogating her, which meant you unfortunately had to stand by and look on as the android and the witness shared an intolerable amount of eye contact.

Connor hadn’t seemed to react under the witness’s sinful stare, and you had wondered whether he was just oblivious or if he simply did not care. Hank had also clearly been savvy to the woman’s unchaste ogling of your android partner, but hadn’t called her out - then again, neither had you - and you were fuming from not having put a stop to it sooner.

The damn woman had offered to share with Connor all she had witnessed of the crime at hand, but only in exchange for a kiss - and Connor, desperate to solve the case before anybody else could get hurt, had actually contemplated it.

Hank had finally spoken up, wanting to put a stop to the woman’s ridiculous deal, “we don’t
operate like that. You can give us the information we need or we’ll take you to the station and give you an official interrogation”, but Connor had cut him off.

“We can’t waste anymore time, lieutenant”, the android had remarked, and that was when you’d chosen to voice your strong opinion.

“You know, there’s nothing professional about kissing the witness, Connor”, you hadn’t been able to keep the reprimanding tone out of your voice, mindful that you sounded patronising and that your anger was misplaced - you should have been rebuking the witness, not your partner - but the idea of Connor kissing another person, especially just for the sake of attaining a lead, absolutely infuriated you.

You’d tried to make it sound like you were disapproving solely from an executive point of view, but from the way Hank quirked an eyebrow at the fire in your voice, you were sure he understood immediately that your displeasure over the situation was rising from a personal matter.

Connor did not seem to catch on.

“I am aware of that, detective, but for the purpose of catching the killer as soon as possible, perhaps it is necessary this one time”, the android’s expression was neutral, and you wanted to scream at him that no, it’s absolutely not necessary, but instead, you pursed your lips, cleverly covering the hurtful look on your face.

“Fine”, you snapped, “do what you have to do. I’m heading back to the car”, and that was where you currently found yourself, trying to blow off steam but finding it almost impossible given that Connor - the android you’d developed a steady crush on and thought of as more than just a friend - was most likely in the process of analysing the contents of the witness’s mouth.

It was stupid - the whole thing was stupid. The witness was stupid, Connor was stupid and so were your flagrant emotions on the subject. It wasn’t like Connor didn’t realise that he had a choice - he wasn’t a machine dead set on doing anything to succeed in his mission, he was a person who had rights and the ability to think for himself, which meant that the only reason he would consider actually kissing that woman in return for useful data was because he no qualms with actually doing it.

That pissed you off, and perhaps it was unfair of you to think that way. Connor was perfectly capable of choosing his own path, but you thought that maybe, just maybe, there had been something special between the two of you.
At that moment, you caught sight of the lieutenant and the android detective in your peripheral vision, leaving the house with looks of steadfast intent on their faces; Hank gave you an enigmatic look that made your face scrunch up with suspicion. Had the two of them extracted enough intelligence to construct a lead? And if they had, had it been on account of the fact that Connor decided to pucker up?

You kept your gaze far away from Connor, side-eyeing Hank as he slipped into the driver’s seat, “Got a lead?” you asked rigidly, as the android got into the back of the car due to the fact that you’d stolen his seat in the front.

“Actually, yes, we got a solid description of the perpetrator and found a potential match in our database for the suspect”, Hank declared, the corner of his mouth curling in a clandestine smirk, “and no, before you ask, there was no lip-locking involved.”

“I decided to try verbal persuasion instead, and it was successful”, Connor interjected from the backseat, and you felt your fists unclench from where they rested on your knees.

_Good,_ you wanted to say, but refrained from speaking at all. You were relieved that Connor had seen sense in the end, but you were still wounded that he had deliberated on the exchange in the first place.

You kept your eyes solidly ahead as Hank drove you all to the next location, even as you felt the android’s inquisitive gaze pinning you from behind.

The room was falling in and out of focus.

Finally, the case had been closed. After several days of ongoing investigation, the three of you had cornered and arrested the killer, procured his confession, and now you were enjoying a congratulatory drink with Hank and a few other people from the precinct _except for Gavin, fuck that guy_ - and Connor was there too, hovering by Hank as he put up with the colleague banter between the lot of you.

Glancing down at your glass of whiskey, which had become distastefully diluted from the melted ice cubes, you sighed and downed the remaining liquid.
You’d hardly spoken to Connor in the last few days, conversing with him only when the situation demanded it, and always in a terse tone - you still hadn’t gotten over yourself. The problem rested with you, not the android, and you were wholly aware of it, but you were too wilful to admit you’d overreacted.

It was just upsetting to ponder the possibility that Connor was completely uninterested in you when he had unintentionally captured your heart by just being himself.

You wanted to drop your head into your arms and drill the asinine yearning out of your mind; you needed to convince yourself that Connor didn’t hold mutual feelings for you so that you could quit dwelling on it - it would only make you miserable.

The mix of too many bodies in one place and the steady flow of alcohol running through your veins had made you uncomfortably warm, so you rose from your seat and stepped towards the exit of the bar.

“Hey, where ya goin?” Hank called out, causing you to cringe - you’d hoped to slip away unnoticed, but you supposed you weren’t exactly subtle.

“Just to get some air”, you answered, throwing the man a reassuring glance over your shoulder and involuntarily catching Connor’s gaze as you did so. The android didn’t look sad, but he didn’t exactly look happy either - it was probably from having to deal with the gossip amongst your coworkers, Connor wasn’t entirely involved in any of the chatter at hand.

He looked like he wanted to follow you.

You sighed, feeling your moody resolve melt away into something more sympathetic, and motioned with a slight jerk of your head for him to join you. The android’s face evened out, a spark of relief in his expression as he rose from the table to pursue you.

The air outside was icy and fresh, biting at your skin while simultaneously offering a less stale atmosphere than the cramped room within the bar. The pavement was dusted with a thin layer of snow, freshly fallen and not quite hazardous enough to slip on just yet, but you took cautious steps regardless, knowing that in your faintly intoxicated state, it wouldn’t be beyond the realms of possibility for you to slide and fall on your ass.
While the low temperature was pleasant for all of five seconds, it was quick to settle in your bones and bring about discomfort; you hugged yourself and put up with it, knowing you’d rather be outside in the cold as opposed to trapped in a sweaty room stinking of alcohol - plus, you loved the snow, there was something tranquil about it.

The gentle crunches of Connor’s steps behind you drifted through your ears; you marvelled at how light-footed the android was - seriously, for somebody composed of a mass of heavy wires and a metal endoskeleton, he sure was *nimble* - and he approached your side, joining you in the peace of the late night, nothing but the occasional distant sounds of traffic emanating from the main road a few streets over.

You gave a hefty exhale, the misty puff of your breath dispersing in front of your face, and waited for the inevitable moment Connor would open his mouth and shatter the calm environment.

“Detective, why are you ignoring me?”

Another sigh left your mouth and you tilted your head back, glancing up at the cloudy darkness above. The stars were unfortunately blotted out, but you figured it was equitable if you wanted to continue enjoying the snow - as much as you found comfort in watching the twinkling, celestial points, you couldn’t bask in the serenity of the softly falling snowflakes without the floating vapour shrouding the sky.

“What would you rather have, Connor? Stars or snow?” you felt silly after the question fell from your lips, realising that it just sounded hazy and bizarre, like you weren’t all there. Then again, thanks to your inebriated state, you probably *weren’t* all there.

Connor’s eyes scanned your face fleetingly before he turned his gaze upwards, following your line of sight to ponder the odd question you had posed. To your amusement, he actually did bother to answer your outlandish question.

“The stars, I think.”

“And why do you choose that?” you probed, not at all surprised by his answer - the stars were beautiful, after all - but still curious as to what reasoning the android would give.

“I… I don’t know”, was Connor’s hesitant response, and you nodded your head. His response was almost comforting, to know that he didn’t have an explanation for everything; it made him more
human, which was always a positive in your books.

The hush that fell did not last long - it never did when Connor was around.

“Detective, I must insist that you tell me what I’ve done wrong. You’ve been avoiding me as much as possible over the past three days and we could have solved the case sooner if not for your stubbornness.”

“My stubbornness?” you exclaimed indignantly, a sharp laugh of disbelief breaking free from your throat at the android’s nerve, “You- you… shut up!” You weren’t always eloquent when you’d had a few drinks.

You affixed Connor with an irate look, scrutinising his unperturbed form - clearly he was nonplussed by your loud utterance - and felt yourself grow vexed at the fact that the android could just stand there, arms at his sides, completely immune to the biting air around him while you were slumped and shivering.

“Aren’t you cold?” you half snapped, and Connor cocked his head.

“My temperature sensitivity is disabled”, he informed straightforwardly.

“Well turn it on. If I have to endure this frosty weather then so should you.” You weren’t expecting him to comply, but after a few wordless moments, his blue LED flickered and his whole demeanour promptly changed. Connor shrunk in on himself, arms coming up to wrap around his body, his shoulders raised to protect the bare expanse of his neck - *his short collar could only cover so much* - and you felt your lips pull into a pout.

It may have just been the alcohol in your blood doing its thing, but seeing Connor react to the unpleasant chill made him look so… *vulnerable*; you wanted to warm him up, to wrap your arms around him and banish away the cold creeping through the sensors in his skin. You didn’t know why he had done as you asked, he was under no obligation to follow your order, so there had to be some reason for his acquiescence.

The android let out an exasperated sigh, the clear difference of Connor’s cloudless breath catching your attention, and you strove to give up the charade of indifference, knowing that you couldn’t stay angry forever - not at Connor.
“You’ve been visibly affronted by my presence ever since we left the house of that witness. I’m not entirely sure I comprehend why”, you could hear the vague quiver in his voice as he began to shiver.

You licked your lips, wetting them since they’d grown chapped in the glacial weather, and fastened your accusatory gaze on the trembling android beside you, “You would’ve kissed her”, you calmly stated, “just to get a lead that we could have - and did - obtain by other means.”

Connor blinked, stepping closer to you as the wind picked up a little - a subconscious effort to absorb the pleasant heat of your body, perhaps? - and frowned, eyebrows pulling together in a way that showed he didn’t quite follow, “Yes. Why is that a problem? We would have gotten what we needed immediately and been able to progress the case more quickly.”

It aggravated you; you knew Connor wasn’t being difficult on purpose - it wasn’t his fault he didn’t understand - but it frustrated you to no end that his processor didn’t work identically to your brain.

“You would have let that be your first kiss?” you couldn’t meet his eyes, glaring down at the ground as heat rose from your face. The thought that Connor might have gone through with the deal had you not voiced your opinion completely rubbed you the wrong way - like he would have sold himself for the sake of his job, you did not like the idea one bit.

Connor shifted closer, urging you to assess his face once more, “I don’t understand what the fuss is about, detective”, the android gingerly asserted.

The realisation hit you like a full-speed freight train.

Of course, you thought, feeling very much like an idiot over your assumptions, of course he didn’t get it. The obsession with making one’s first kiss a special event was altogether a completely human concept - you couldn’t blame the poor android for failing to grasp what you were trying to convey.

“Oh, Connor”, you breathed, momentarily clouding your own vision with the white fog of your exhale, and offered a small, cooperative smile to show that you had recognised his bafflement. At the sound of his name, Connor inclined his head slightly, inching subtly forward, his expression growing attentive as if he predicted you would bring clarity to his disordered thoughts.
“Your first kiss should happen because you want to kiss someone - because you want to hold them close and feel their body against yours. It doesn’t matter if it’s sloppy and awkward or passionate and fiery. It should just be something to remember, something to make you smile when you look back on”, you divulged, hoping that your words made sense to his analytical mind, “...your first kiss should be an act of impulse-”

You did not get the opportunity to finish your sentence, cut off by the press of Connor’s lips against your own. You drew a sudden inhale, the chilled air attacking your sensitive nose as the short-lived shock faded from you, leaving just the warm feeling of fulfilment; Connor’s lips were soft - softer than you had ever imagined - and the kiss he’d initiated was filled with wavering irresolution. He was not confident in his endeavour, clumsy and inexperienced - noticeable in the slight tremor of his gentle movement.

It lasted only a few moments before Connor retracted himself.

Your mouth hung open with incredulity, your eyes blinking as you struggled to focus on his pretty, porcelain face. There was a slight curl to the corner of his mouth that could have been misconstrued as complacency, but you knew Connor - the look was far more comparable to that of an anxious twitch. You had never seen the android as skittish as he was in that very moment.

It hadn’t been your first kiss, it probably wasn’t even your best kiss, but it was the kiss you had been waiting for - and you were not dissatisfied.

The air was still between the two of you, despite the flurry of snow falling around you, words had yet to escape you, and it appeared the android was becoming all the more nervous because of it; you stared at his face, taking in everything you loved about him. The tiny freckles and moles that dotted his skin, his perfectly arched eyebrows, his cute nose, those shiny pale-pink lips that always seemed so sleek and inviting, but most of all, his eyes.

His gorgeously long eyelashes fluttered as his gaze darted searchingly over your face, and his eyes - his beautiful, brown, glassy eyes - held a world of uncertainty.

You didn’t know quite what to say, and neither did he - his LED a solid yellow as it had been since he’d first leant in to kiss you.

“Yes, that’s... just how a first kiss should be”, you finally managed, a slight hitch to your voice, and the snow felt good against your red-hot cheeks. “Do you understand now, Connor?”
The android’s eyes flickered down to your mouth, his lips parting ever-so-slightly, “I’m… not sure. Perhaps we should try again?”

It was impossible to keep the smile from your face, your boldness soaring to a height that left you a little dizzy, though that still could have been the fault of the alcohol you had imbibed; you flung your arms around him, desperate to seek out the advancing warmth of his inner mechanisms, and kissed him again.

Connor pressed against you, welcoming the natural heat of your body as he cupped the back of your neck and smiled against your mouth, finally able to comprehend.

Chapter End Notes

As always, feel free to leave a request! :)
Chapter Notes

Requested by Princess_Crystal: I have a request! Connor snaps on Gavin, after being “awake” Connor is feeling more human emotions instead of being programmed to have (fake) emotions. After snapping on Gavin, Connor storms away and reader comforts him and Connor just starts crying because “Why is he so mean to me??” Fluff ensues??

For the record, I personally headcanon that after the androids were confirmed as being a new form of intelligent life, Gavin Reed would have started treating Connor with at least a base respect. I picture their relationship would have been an interesting one post-best ending, that they would constantly be sassing each other but when it comes down to it they DO respect each other. Sure, they wouldn’t be best buds but I can see them being tolerable of each other. That being said, I can’t pass up a request where Gavin is just a colossal DICK, so here we go ;)

Hope you all enjoy this one!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Nobody had been expecting it, but they should have.

An android could only take so much abuse, and Connor had been on the receiving end of Detective Reed’s taunts and maltreatment for the better part of almost eighteen months now - far too long for anybody to just endure baseless oppression.

That was the thing about Connor, though. He always just endured Reed’s torment, because he didn’t see it as an obstruction to his job, and therefore, he didn’t see it as an issue to approach Captain Fowler with.

There had been several instances where you had tried to convince Connor to inform the captain of Reed’s blatant harassment over the course of your time working with him, but the android was firm in his belief that Gavin Reed was just a minor nuisance - just a fly buzzing around his head - and that no severe action needed to be taken in preventing Reed’s substandard treatment of him.

While you agreed that Gavin was comparable to an insignificant bug, you weren’t persuaded that his repetitive bullying was entirely healthy for Connor, and after today, you realised just how right you were.
Connor had been discussing his current case with Hank while playing idly with his coin, which was something you loved to watch him do; it was mesmerising to observe, seeing the coin jump between his hands as though the space between them did not abide by the laws of gravity, or catching him rolling the quarter expertly over his fingers without even looking, and it always succeeded in making you goggle with awe.

When the android had spun the quarter on the tip of his finger, Gavin had taken that moment to stride around the corner and slap the coin right out of Connor’s hand; you’d felt a wave of fury overcome you at the needless display, your eyes following the quarter as it rolled across the floor and toppled down by your feet with a shrill clink against the laminate floor of the precinct.

“Will you cut it out with that damn coin, you stupid piece of plastic?” Reed snapped, leaning his face in uncomfortably close to the android by way of intimidation. Connor remained unruffled by the coarse detective’s rude show of arrogance and unpleasantry, staring down the other with a composed look that promised he wouldn’t just shrink back in response to Reed’s goading.

“Oh, go fuck yourself, Reed”, Hank interposed as he rose from his seat, always quick on the defense where Connor was concerned, “it’s not even noon yet and you’re already acting like a complete tool.”

Gavin didn’t regard Hank with anything more than a condescending glower, which he quickly directed back to Connor, prompting the android to incline his head and calmly state, “I use the coin to calibrate my physical and cognitive functions, Detective Reed, it is not an activity that harms anybody.”

“Actually, I think you’ll find it does - it’s fucking annoying, you plastic prick”, Gavin barked back, choosing not to lay off for even a moment.

Your fists clenched at your sides as you prepared to make your way over to them and break up the skirmish yourself, but Connor’s lips formed a sardonic smile and he spoke coolly without breaking the unremitting eye contact between the two of them.

“Perhaps you should give it a try, Reed. It can be very pacifying and may assist with your anger management issues”, was Connor’s detached response, and for a brief moment you felt a deep swell of gratification at seeing the way Gavin’s eyebrows shot up with incredulity, but then Reed’s gaze narrowed and he nodded his head in a mocking manner, and you knew the churlish detective was poised to begin another wave of verbal sparring.

“I find there are other ways to keep my anger in check-” Gavin was cut off midway through what
was probably going to be his attempt at a witty comeback.

“-Evidently, it’s not working”, Connor countered tersely before the other could even retaliate, and you took an inquisitive step towards the two, though still standing at a substantial distance, because you had never really heard the android incite Reed in such a way. Connor generally avoided conflict between coworkers, putting in a valid effort to diffuse tense situations for the sake of working a case with less hassle, but his droll response to what would have been Gavin’s critical remark functioned only to trigger a reaction.

It was quite telling, and should have been the first warning that Connor was bordering on boiling point.

“Alright, both of you-” Hank began, but did not get the chance to finish.

“I’ll fuckin’ set you on fire and bask in the warmth of your burning hard drive”, Gavin accompanied his warning with a sharp prod of his finger to Connor’s chest. You felt your jaw tighten at the threat, knowing Reed would never follow through with the menacing promise, but feeling the acute desire to shelter the android from such remarks.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you. The fumes may be toxic to your respiratory system”, Connor retorted bluntly, his face astonishingly straight.

Without much warning, Gavin delivered a swift jostle to the android, throwing him off balance into a stagger, but Connor quickly righted himself, and before you could ultimately dispel the fray by physically stepping between them, Connor swung around and shoved Gavin back without much thought to the consequences.

Reed was not so quick to stabilise himself, clearly not having seen the retribution coming, and tumbled back to the ground, narrowly avoiding slamming his head against another colleague’s desk. A hush fell across the room, all eyes on Connor with a blend of shock and apprehension over what he’d just done. The apparent anger on the androids face merged into trepidation as his LED flashed a cautionary red.

Nobody had been expecting it, but they should have.
It was a hefty relief when you finally found Connor almost half an hour later, sitting in a secluded spot around the back of the precinct. You’d been hesitant to immediately chase after the android when he’d fled from the station, somewhat frozen to the spot following the surprising end to the dispute, but when you’d seen the look of discordant upset on his face as he walked quickly past you, you knew you needed to find him and make sure he was okay.

You’d given Connor fifteen minutes to cool off, as it were, before beginning to search for him, assured that he wouldn’t venture too far from the station in the middle of a shift, and rounded the backend of the building to discover him sitting on a bench with his head down, the light on his head back to a tranquil blue, and yet, nothing about the android was tranquil.

As you approached, you were jarred to find wet lines trailing down Connor’s cheeks; it pulled at your heartstrings, and you further prickled with empathy when the android looked away from you as you sat, perhaps desperate to hide his tears despite the fact you had already noticed them.

You’d never seen him cry before - you hadn’t even known he could. Sure, you’d seen other androids cry, but it never occurred to you that Connor’s creators would’ve bothered to fit him with the same implements for artificial tears given that he’d been built for a very specific purpose.

Maybe he hadn’t known he could cry either.

You didn’t make a fuss of it, well aware that the worst thing somebody could do when you’re in the midst of tears was to ask if you’re okay - it probably wouldn’t help matters, so instead you reached into your pocket and pulled out a small pack of tissues, wordlessly holding one out for the android.

Connor’s glossy gaze flickered to your offering in his peripheral vision, and after a moment he took the tissue, wiping the moisture from his face, though his eyes retained their sheeny look; you decided it was best to wait for him to speak first, that way you would know he was ready to talk it out.

After a while, Connor quietly admitted, “It… was not my intent to push him so hard.”

You nodded your head, “I know.”

“Is he injured?”
“Just his pride”, you answered with a ghost of a simper on your lips, “Fowler saw the whole thing, he knows Gavin provoked you first. That scumbag is gonna get what’s coming to him.” You weren’t sure whether Connor had caught Lieutenant Hank’s savage bellowing toward Reed - something along the lines of ‘you’re a damn son of a bitch, you know that!? A real piece of shit!’

“Mm.” Clearly, the android saw no humour in your assertion.

“No one Blames you for reacting that way, you know. He’s been messing with you for too long. It was kind of magnificent to watch, actually, seeing him get put in his place”, your bright smile faded as Connor continued to frown; you sighed quietly, wracking your brain for any ideas of how to comfort an android - Connor was miles better at consolation than you were, he had been there for you many times in the past whenever you felt distressed regardless of the scenario.

You just needed to do what he had always done for you: reassure, listen, be calm, and figure out a way to make him smile.

The anger that you’d seen on Connor’s face immediately after he’d pushed Gavin away had faded into dejection; it was painful to see the android look sad, especially when you felt such elation at the chance to see him smile - misery should never be an expression he had to bear, his face should have been reserved for happiness.

You put your arm around him and placed your hand on his shoulder, the light pressure assuring him that you were ready to listen to whatever he had to say.

“Why does he continue to treat me like that? I do nothing to rile him up, nothing to elicit hostility, and yet, it’s like I’m nothing to him but his enemy.” Connor’s face stiffened in a heart-rending mix of confusion and sorrow, “I don’t set out to purposely anger or annoy him, but my presence is enough to evoke his temper. What is it about me that he despises so much?”

It was beyond disheartening to watch Connor try and pick apart the nonexistent rationality of Gavin’s hatred of him. Connor was a congenial individual who craved positive connections with those around him - his convictions first and foremost were that of sociability and forming friendships, it was partly to do with his original programming, to work harmoniously with humans, but even after he’d broken into his free will, it had still been the basis of his aspirations.

Seeing him hurt like this was a crime.
“The problem doesn’t lie with you”, you told Connor with the utmost certainty, “Gavin is the one with the problem, okay? He’s just a bully.” The android glanced your way for the first time since you’d found him outside, and his eyebrows twitched as though he was having difficulty understanding the concept that some people were just jerks for no reason.

“I know it’s puzzling, but some humans are nasty, disagreeable, foul pieces of shit and there’s just no rhyme or reason to it”, you apprised, rubbing his shoulder to help alleviate his troubling thoughts. “He’s not worth your time. He’s not good enough to deserve your friendship”, you concluded with a wink.

Connor looked contemplative, his brown eyes peering at you incisively as he searched for the truth in your words, but there was still a thin wall of scepticism that you needed to perforate.

“He’s envious of you, Connor. That’s why he acts the way he does around you”, you pointed out, a seasoned smile on your face as you spoke, and Connor’s expression changed immediately to that of disbelief.

“I find that hard to believe, detective.”

“It’s true!” You were utterly sure of it, “Gavin wishes he could be half the man you are.”

Connor’s mouth twitched into an almost-smile. Almost.

“Why would he be envious of me?” Connor asked. His voice was shrouded with doubt and something else - if your intuition was correct, you were sure he sounded insecure.

“Connor…” you let out a soft sigh, “believe me, I would love to sit here with you all day and tell you every single way in which you are superior to that asshole, but we will have to be getting back to work soon… so I’ll settle with telling you just a few.”

Your lips pulled into a grin when a glimmer of bashfulness danced over his face and you shimmied closer to him till your thighs were brushing together, giving his shoulder a meaningful squeeze before you studied his handsome visage and prepared to relay everything you loved about him.

“You are stronger, and yet you only exhibit your strength when necessary, not a gross show-off like him; you’re faster, more durable, honestly, I’ve seen you scale walls and jump over rooftops
and it is *ridiculously* impressive - *oh*, and lets not forget your marvellous intellect! You’re so much smarter than that witless prick! You can solve ten cases in the time it takes him to solve one - you’re a far more valuable asset to the team than he is, and *everyone* knows it.”

Connor’s gaze dropped, a peppering flush on his cheeks that made your heart soar, and you reached into your pocket to procure his coin - the item you had hurriedly picked up before pursuing the android - and held it up with an exuberant beam.

“All, your coin tricks are the best. He only tells you to stop cause he wishes *he* could copy you”, you flicked the coin up with a ping and Connor caught it, holding it securely in his palm as a look of gratitude fell over his face.

“Thank you, detective”, he spoke softly, a certain shyness to his voice that you found thoroughly endearing. He rolled the coin over his knuckles just for you, and you found it difficult to contain your delight.

“There’s one more thing you have that he doesn’t”, you said, cleverly disguising the impish tone of your words with an innocent timidity that made him cock his head.

“What would that be?”

You smirked. “Your dashing good looks, of course.”

Connor’s face lit up, a bright smile of amusement gracing his features.

*Success.*

Chapter End Notes

Ahh, I was a bit worried about the characterisation in this one! Please let me know if it was okay!! <3 :)

Thank you all!
Hank would never have let this happen.

When you’d arrived at the precinct that morning, Connor had informed you that the suspect in your case - Derek Madsen, male, age 41 - had been reportedly spotted downtown and that the both of you were to chase him out of his hiding place, arrest the man, and bring him back to the station to coerce a confession out of him.

He’d also notified you that Lieutenant Anderson was ill - like, can’t stand up straight, vomiting his guts out, that kind of ill, except Connor had been more eloquent with his wording - so naturally, you’d assumed the two of you were working this case alone today.

You’d assumed wrong.

Captain Fowler had broken the news to you that Detective Reed would accompany you to apprehend the suspect on the basis that backup may be required. You were used to having two partners when working cases - Connor and Hank - but that didn’t mean you’d rather have Gavin than nobody. When you voiced this opinion, Fowler had not been so happy to hear it.

So, you and Connor were stuck with Reed.
The crude detective hadn’t been entirely happy about the developments either, so there was an unspoken truce to at least be tolerable of each other and remain amenable, but when Reed took every chance he got to subtly insult the android you were working with, it took all of your willpower not to whack the son of a bitch over the head.

Connor clearly had better self-control than you, managing to brush off Reed’s pathetic remarks like they were thinly settling dust - far too focused on the task at hand.

When the three of you reached the supposed hideout of your suspect, Gavin had stormed into the establishment, gun raised, shouting warnings - ‘Detroit police, come out with your hands up!’ - rather foolishly giving the criminal the chance to escape out the backend of the building despite Connor’s suggestion of a far better plan to enter quietly so as not to alert the offender.

The chase had begun, and it had drawn the three of you to an old, nearby car-park structure - a place of seemingly abandoned vehicles. The edifice had clearly not been used except as a dump of scrap metal, and you were sickened to see bygone bodies of long-deactivated androids, all in various states of disrepair, strewn about the place.

You remained vigilant; Connor had suggested the three of you split up in order to cover more ground, and Gavin had been all too happy to comply - *at least they could agree on one thing, even if it was because of Reed’s absurd inability to remain amicable around the two of you* - whereas you had been a tad more reluctant. The environment was disconcerting, the sight of irrecoverable android corpses unsettled you, and you didn’t want to part with Connor.

You did, though, because you had a job to do.

Ducking down behind a rusted, blue pickup truck, you surveyed the area carefully, keeping track of Connor’s whereabouts and general position in the back of your mind; you moved with quiet steps, keeping your eyes off of the plastic cadavers littering the ground, and kept your ears peeled, listening for anything that you couldn’t accurately attribute to Gavin or Connor proceeding around the sheltered parking lot.

Across the way, through the small gap between two cars dumped closely together, you saw Gavin knelt by an aged russet van - his gaze was narrowed and he appeared to be listening for movement, his gun clutched at the ready in his hands - you hoped he wouldn’t shoot the suspect dead before you could obtain a confession from him.
You crept around the back of a small car, sidling the length of it to peer over the hood; you saw Connor across the room to your right, facing away from you with his gaze directed elsewhere, and resumed your perusal from your current position. When you turned your head, an inaudible gasp escaped you - you saw the criminal crouched behind another vehicle, a gun in his hand, aiming purposefully past you, and you knew you had seconds to react.

Gavin was oblivious on the other side of the room, so you knew the gun was pointed at Connor, and you knew for a fact that the android’s head was turned, unaware of the danger that he was being targeted.

You raised your gun in the same three seconds it took you to put yourself between the suspect’s sights and your closest friend, a wild cry leaving your mouth - “No, Connor!” - but you weren’t fast enough to shoot first.

Hank wouldn’t have let this happen - he would have been more prudent, not faffing about like Gavin fucking Reed. He would’ve concurred with Connor’s plan to take the criminal off-guard and cornered him in his hideout before the trigger of any gun could’ve been pulled.

The bullet that propelled just a little too late from your gun ricocheted lamely off the metal body of the car the suspect was huddled behind, embedding itself into another piece of scrap nearby, and you felt angry, disappointed that you’d missed, but you only felt it for a second.

For just a couple of drawn out moments, you thought the suspect’s focus had been off, that he had failed to hit his target, but when you looked down, you saw the small nick in your shirt and the steady ooze of red spreading outward, coating the material with the thick liquid, and only then did you feel the searing pain tear through you.

Your gun slipped from your hand; you heard a shout from behind you, followed by the sight of the suspect sprinting across the room for the exit with Gavin chasing after him, and your legs gave out beneath you, suddenly too numb to hold you up. Time appeared to slow down exponentially as you fell back and your initial instinct was to twist round to catch yourself before the back of your head could meet the hard cement ground, but your body refused to obey.

Only, you didn’t hit the ground.

Connor was there - Connor had caught you, laid you down gently before he rushed to remove his tie. His LED, bright red in colour, flashed alarmingly, and his lips were moving; he was speaking, but you didn’t catch everything he said - “…detective Connor with the DPD, I need an ambulance…” - he was calling the emergency services. Good thinking. His voice was calm and
clear, but his eyes were frantic.

You blinked slowly, a stark opposition to the speed of your racing thoughts, so many stray notions flooding through your head all at once - ‘getting shot really hurts’ - ‘where the hell did Gavin go?’ - ‘why did I fucking miss?’ - ‘I wish Hank was here’ - ‘what’s he doing this his tie?’ - at least one of your musings was relevant to the situation at hand. You watched as Connor scrunched up his tie, plugging it against the perforation in your chest and covering it with both his hands to apply heavy pressure.

You’d thought about death before. In your occupation, there was always the risk that something could go wrong, that you could get caught in a dramatic shootout and it would be over quicker than a snap of the fingers, but this - you’d never really thought about the pain that could come first.

It was intense, and coupled by the added pressure of Connor trying to attenuate the bleeding, it was excruciating. A winded sob broke free from your throat as your fingers clawed feebly at his hands, wordlessly begging him to let up on the compression even just slightly.

“Stop”, he admonished firmly as his eyes travelled over your torso, and you recognised the look - he was scanning your body to ascertain the extent of your injury, “I need you to be still. The bullet is still inside you, it missed your heart by half an inch, but you are bleeding and I need to minimise it.”

You laid your trembling hands above his own, eyes wide and alert with terror. Your chest was tight, the muscles in your throat were not cooperating; you couldn’t swallow, you could barely breathe - it was as if you were trying to suck air in through a tiny straw - and your eyes were welling with tears.

The pain was immense and you squirmed in agony.

“I need you to be still”, Connor repeated, a hitch of desperation in his voice as the calm facade began to fracture, “I-I need you to be still. Please.” You tried to do as he said, but the hole in your chest was intractable.

Still, the physical pain of the bullet having torn halfway into your body was nothing in comparison to the emotional torture of seeing the look of rising anguish on Connor’s face; the back of your throat was thick with saliva, but you needed to say something to him, to reassure him that you were still right there with him.
“Y-you know-” You began, your words a blend of barely coherent gurgles, and Connor shushed you, shaking his head as you continued to speak, “Gavin is- going to take… a-all the credit for- ca-atching the suspect-”

“Stop- stop, don’t speak”, Connor ordered, his eyes darting back and forth as he tracked your vitals, too alarmed to appreciate your attempt to lighten up the situation, not that you blamed him. You were shaking, no doubt pallid from the loss of blood, and it didn’t help that you could feel the sticky warmth leaking from you, soaking your clothes a deep crimson, in spite of Connor’s best efforts to cap the bleeding. Nobody was in the mood to smile.

“Why?” the word expelled from Connor’s throat in a faint whisper, “Why would you do that?”

You knew what he was asking - why had you leapt into danger and taken the bullet in his place? And you wanted to tell him. You wanted to tell him: because I love you, you idiot, but the words could not escape your throat.

“Don’t- don’t answer that”, Connor quickly amended, “Don’t speak. Don’t say anything.”

He was scared. He looked remarkably composed, but you could tell from the subtle intonation of his voice - the pitch was just a tad higher than usual - and his eyes… his eyes were wet. Connor was trying valiantly to hide his fear, but you could read him perfectly, and it terrified you.

“Am I… going to die?” you managed to ask.

“No!” Connor exclaimed, his expression twisting in distress, “No, you- you’ll be okay. You’ll be fine.” His words were strained, as if he was trying to convince himself, and you vision blurred as your tears dripped down the sides of your face.

The room felt like it was spinning, you could feel your rapid pulse weakening and you felt so cold.

“…Connor”, you whimpered as he began to rhythmically fall in and out of focus.

“Shh. Your body’s in shock. The ambulance will be here soon, you’ll be okay. You will be okay.”

The edges of your vision darkened, like an ominous vignette, and Connor’s gaze fluttered between your eyes at a frenetic pace; his lips parted as he let out a tremulous breath, “Stay with me”, he said, and called your name when you failed to show signs of a response.
“*Stay with me…*”

Blackness engulfed you.

You felt an odd calm fall over you, a pleasant contentment within reach, and your first inclination was to try and capture that contentment, to move towards it and bask in it, so you could laze in the painless warmth it offered.

But in the back of your mind, something told you *no*. It was a false sense of security, *a lie*, and you needed to back away and move as far from the warmth as possible; *don’t trust it. Don’t relent to it.*

The thought of Connor being stricken with sorrow was enough to jolt you, reawakening a new strength with which to fight the call for rest. As you hardened your resolve and pushed away from the peaceful, pain-free quietude, the stronger the aching throb in your chest became, but you suffered through it, knowing you had no other choice. You had to suffer so that you could live, and you had to live so that Connor wouldn’t suffer.

You felt a stirring lucidity in the back of your mind, the distant sound of calm but determined voices, bright light piercing through when you attempted to open your eyes.

And then, the sound of his voice.

“*I’m here*”, Connor assured you, his words drifting through your consciousness, and the soothing sensation of his hand resting warmly against your own gently pacified you into a state of restful slumber.

You were in a hospital, that much was evident before you even opened your eyes. You could tell from the smell alone, the unmistakable scent of sterile materials assaulting your nostrils, and you let out a soft groan that reverberated through your lungs, causing a pinch of discomfort in your chest.
The sound of your name from Connor’s lips prompted you to blink your eyes open, your alertness finding you almost immediately, and your bleary vision sharpened after a few moments to reveal a sanitary, white room, with Connor standing attentively by your bedside. The android looked mollified, blue LED steady and undisturbed, which in turn curbed your anxiety, and you provided him with a smile of solace.

“Hey”, you whispered in your exhale, wincing slightly as the pain in your chest reminded you exactly what had happened.

He spoke your name again in the same breath as a relieved sigh, “How are you feeling?”

You hadn’t realised until that moment that his hand was wrapped firmly around yours, his fingers rubbing gently over your knuckles in a tranquilising manner; your gaze followed the subtle movement up the back of his hand to the grey sleeve of his work jacket and you noted, with salient clarity, the dark stains that had seeped into the material.

The blood had turned a rusty brown, so it had been more than a few hours since you’d been shot. If you had to guess, you’d say it was late in the evening of the same day, given the lack of sunlight peering through the window, and since Connor was still wearing the same jacket, you surmised that he’d been stood by your bed ever since.

“I’m… ah, surprisingly okay”, you spoke slowly, taking gentle breaths so as not to agitate the faint thrum of pain between your lungs, “It doesn’t feel too bad.”

“That would be owing to the morphine”, Connor supplied, motioning the IV drip in your arm.

“That makes sense”, you murmured, a delicate smile on your face, “You should’ve chased after the suspect - we’ve been after that guy for weeks. Now Reed’s gonna get all the praise for catching him”, you paused briefly, eyebrow knitting slightly, “I assume he did catch him? Don’t tell me Gavin let the suspect get away?”

“The suspect has been detained”, Connor advised, and you nodded your head.

“But Reed’s gonna get the commendation instead of you”, you murmured bitterly and Connor frowned, incredulousness manifesting in his taut expression.
“That doesn’t matter”, he spoke softly, “I don’t care about the case credit. I could’ve lost you. I… I thought I had lost you.”

The android’s quiet admission purged the smile from your face, a wave of skittish adrenaline flooding through you as you determined the serious note in Connor’s voice - it filled you with guilt, knowing you had caused him temporary heartache, but you knew for a fact that if you had to live it again, you would still choose to take the bullet in his place.

“Why did you do it?”

You surveyed his troubled face, disbelieving that he still hadn’t deduced the answer to that question, and you gave a breathy exhale of amusement, “You really don’t know?”

His eyebrows knitted, he shook his head rigidly.

“You could’ve died if you’d been shot, Connor-”

“You could have died”, the android countered, “It is far easier to repair an android than it is to perform life-saving surgery on a human - any number of things could have gone wrong. You should have stayed put.” There was an almost imperceptible quiver to his lip, “Never put yourself in danger for my sake. Promise me you won’t do anything like that ever again.”

You looked into his brown eyes, so warm and full of worry, and smiled, “I can’t promise you that.”

Your name left his lips in a breath of exasperation. You squeezed his hand.

“I did it because I love you, Connor.”

Your heart jumped in your chest with the confession, prompting a ripple of pain to flutter through you, but you ignored it, your gaze trained stiffly on the android’s face as you searched him for a reaction.

Connor’s lips parted, his eyes blinking slowly a few times as he processed the revelation, and then a soft noise fell from his throat - something comprised of shock and wonder - and he raised your
hand to lay an open-mouthed kiss upon your knuckles.

“...I think I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

Important note: AS OF RIGHT NOW, I am temporarily not taking requests. I have a backlog all the way up to chapter 22 and while I'm super happy that so many people have prompts they want me to fill, the thought of them backing up too much totally stresses me out lmao :) So, once I get closer to chapter 22, I will open up requests again!

Thank you all so much, I hope you enjoy all the upcoming chapters!!

Please remember to leave me a comment! They really make me happy!!!
Requested by The Hero: If I may ask a request, could you write a pun-derful one shot where Reader-chan assaults everyone at the office (excluding Gavin; I hate that guy) with a pun and everyone sighs, completely done with it, but Connor doesn't understand what she's saying because SYNTAX ERROR! DOES NOT COMPUTE! so she makes it her mission to get him to laugh with a pun and just kinda follows him around everywhere (ie Hank's house, Chicken Feed, crime scenes) punning him and one today he just turns around and delivers the most beautiful pun ever conceived and Reader-chan almost passed out because of her crap sense of humor and Connor does a concern.

I know you said not to include Gavin but… what better way to ruffle your enemies than to assault them with puns? Besides, I kinda like the guy. Not in a “he’s a cool dude” kinda way, but just… he’s fun to write, ya feel? :P

Without further ado... I hope you enjoy this terrible pun-filled chapter :')

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In the twelve months you had known Connor, you had never seen him smile.

Maybe a slight curl to the corner of his lips every so often when he wanted to appear approachable, but never a real, full-blown smile - never one that showed a glimmer of perfectly white teeth or one that accentuated the laugh lines and dimples framing his mouth, or even one that made him squint, eyes wrinkling with glee.

It bothered you, because surely there wasn’t any being on Earth who could outshine the corporeal visage of a beaming Connor. You’d only ever imagined it, staring at the android with dreamy doe-eyes, willing his mouth to form a flawless grin that would undoubtedly make your heart sing.

But he just never did. It wasn’t that he was perpetually serious or in any way lacked a sense of humour, - you’d heard the android make sarcastic jests about Detective Reed every now and then - he just didn’t express elation so freely. You speculated that the android had probably smiled and had a laugh with Hank at least once since he’d become the Lieutenant’s housemate, so the goal was simply to try and figure out how to tickle Connor’s funny bone.

You were the master of puns, and most members of the precinct were aware of that; there were very few people in the DPD who hadn’t fallen victim to at least one of your unexpected play on words - but you were so good at seeming innocent, those who were acquainted with your
mischievous nature hardly realised they were to be the sufferer of your equivoques until the quip had already left your mouth.

When you entered the precinct that morning, you were ready, on a quest to trigger a laugh, a giggle, or even an ungovernable little chuckle - anything that would stretch the android’s lips into a pleasant grin - and you wouldn’t give up until you had completed your mission.

You decided you might have some fun while you were at it, and ventured to antagonise everybody in the vicinity with your terrible one-liners. There were four people in the break room, including yourself, and since the room was relatively compact, it could be considered crowded. The three other occupants of the room were Officer Chris Miller, Officer Tina Chen, and Connor himself.

The android was in the process of retrieving a cup of coffee, most likely for Lieutenant Anderson given that he himself did not drink, while Chris and Tina were both consuming glazed doughnuts for breakfast, watching the morning news report on the wall-mounted television.

It was the perfect unassuming setting for you to let loose one of your beloved gags, and so you loomed, deceptively demure, as you strode up to the table the officers were occupying, casting the two of them a smile in greeting.

“How’re you two doing this morning?” you asked politely, a courteous pretence to further deflect any suspicions that may arise.

“Oh, you know how it is”, Chris remarked, quirking his head slightly, “Still not entirely awake, but getting there.”

“I hear ya”, you responded, and Tina chose to nod in concurrence as her mouth was currently too busy chewing to speak aloud.

Your eyes flickered to the television, taking a few moments to watch the reporting correspondent on the screen talk about Russian governmental conflicts, before shooting a quick glance to your left to check that Connor was still within earshot.

“Hey, speaking of news, did any of you hear the report last night about that dwarf psychic who escaped prison?” you began conversationally, raising your voice a little so that Connor would know you were speaking to him as well. Out of the corner of your eye, you saw the android pause mid-way as he reached for the freshly made coffee, his head turning just an inch to show his
“Uh, no?” Chris inquired, blinking confusedly, and you cocked your head innocently at the scrutiny.

“He’s a small medium at large.”

The beat of silence that followed evoked a wild grin on your face, but the satisfaction really came through when Chris groaned loudly and Tina rolled her eyes, casting you a look of exasperation to really hit home just how infuriating your joke had been.

Your focus was mostly on Connor, however, and the android’s head revolved just a little more, revealing his narrowed eyebrow and processing LED - after a few moments, the blue light fell steady and he grabbed the coffee, leaving the break room without a word.

A pout of disappointment reached your lips; you had been so confident that a sneaky pun would induce, at the very least, an upwards twitch of Connor’s lip.

Some things were easier said than done.

It was a good thing you weren’t a quitter.

Your eyes were peeled, searching vehemently for pun opportunities, like a burglar hunting for an open window. On your terminal, you filled in a report of the case you had most recently solved, doing a good job of looking busy and inconspicuous as you scanned the room penetratingly.

Gavin was absorbed in something on his own terminal, his eyebrows pulled together in a rather perplexed expression, similar to the way a nine year old might stare at their maths homework, and you promised inwardly to yourself that you would find a way to victimise him in your joke-fest. The sucker deserved it.

Across the precinct, Captain Fowler caught your eye; he was writing on the whiteboard placed on the wall - probably something about working hard and keeping up morale - and immediately, your
brain cooked up the perfect pun for the moment. A quick glance around the room told you that Connor was making his way back to his workstation - if you were quick, you could intercept and catch both the captain and the android in one of your wisecracks.

So you hopped up and approached the Captain, holding your hand up for Connor to stop as he moved to slip past Fowler; the android looked at you curiously.

“Detective, is there something I can do for you?”

“Nope, I just wanted to say - whiteboards are great, huh?” you spoke slyly, pointing a finger at the board Fowler was scribbling on. The captain froze, utterly familiar with the tone of your voice, his shoulders tense and waiting as Connor quirked an eyebrow, looking quizzically at the whiteboard you had indicated.

“You might even say that they’re… **re-markable.**” You heard the captain let out a shallow sigh while Connor blinked his big brown eyes at you, his LED cycling yellow for a moment as his eyebrows twitched ever so slightly.

“Yes, I… suppose they are.” Connor responded, his words preceding a spectacularly awkward silence, until the android finally inclined his head and politely said, “Excuse me, detective.”

You dutifully stepped aside, allowing the android a direct route back to his desk, and stood there for several long seconds, inwardly stewing over your frustration, until the captain glared at you over his shoulder.

“If I hear another terrible pun, you’re going to be suspended. Get back to work.”

You swallowed audibly, not willing to test the captain’s patience - his threat was far from empty and you were all too aware of how low his tolerance level was when it came to cringe-worthy wordplay - and so you scuttled back to your desk.

Hank and Connor were deep in conversation when you next chose to strike; you sidled up alongside them at the lieutenant’s desk with a look of determination on your face and the two of them ceased their chatter the moment they noticed you.
“Hello boys”, you addressed them with a nod, not giving them even a moment to suspect something was amiss before continuing, “Did you hear about the thief who stole a calendar?”

Lieutenant Anderson offered you a dreary look, his eyes begging you to just turn around and walk away, but you were nothing if not persistent.

“He got twelve months!” you raised your eyebrows and bit your lip as you smiled, hoping for a positive reaction. The android looked at you with concern.

“That’s… an awfully long sentence for stealing a calendar”, Connor commented, surprised at the injustice of the statement, and you felt your eyes twitch with dismay.

Surely there was one witty one-liner that Connor was programmed to understand? The android had been initially built with seamless integration with humans in mind - did Cyberlife really not think about the potential for jokes and puns between androids and humans?

Your lips smacked as you endeavoured to cut through the embarrassing atmosphere, nodding your head with a sigh, “Yes, it is a long sentence. Poor guy, huh?” The lieutenant’s eyes followed you with a smirk - perhaps he found it amusing that your attempts to make the android laugh had failed miserably - as you plodded off back to your desk.

On your way back to your workstation, you passed Gavin’s desk, taking note of his baffled expression as he observed the files on his terminal; you quirked an eyebrow, curious as to what had him so perplexed, and peered over his shoulder.

“You look stumped, Gavin”, you stated, nothing underlying your voice except for a hint of keen interest.

Gavin clicked his tongue at your presence, rolling his eyes at your nosiness, but decided to entertain your unworded question regardless, “It’s this case. The victim was found dead in an abandoned building, no sign of anyone else having been there, but the strange detail is that the victim was clutching a travelling bag full of student’s school books. He’s not even a teacher.”

You hummed thoughtfully, puckering your lips in a contemplative gesture, “Well, you know there’s only one thing it can be, right?”
Gavin turned his head, facing you with a look of dubious cynicism, “What?”

“This is a textbook case of homicide.”

You’d barely gotten the words out of your mouth before the crotchety detective had you by the scruff of your collar, standing at his full height as he shook you just a little aggressively.

“If you don’t shut the fuck up, there’s gonna be another homicide and you won’t be around to solve it”, he hissed, additionally irritated by the unaffected shit-eating grin on your face.

“Sure thing, Reed”, you responded pleasantly, as if he’d just promised to buy you lunch instead of threatening your life - you weren’t afraid of him, he was all talk and no bite, unlike Captain Fowler - but it was clear from the tightening of Reed’s hands on your collar that he’d picked up on your unmissable sarcasm.

Over Gavin’s shoulder, you noticed Connor staring at the back of Reed’s head, his hardened gaze evident from his angled eyebrows - the android looked irked by the detective’s rough treatment of you and appeared very much like he was seconds from intervening, but you knew how Gavin could get when Connor confronted him over his unbecoming behaviour, and you didn’t want to be the cause of a workplace dispute.

You reluctantly apologised to the cantankerous detective, waving Connor off with a reassuring motion of your hand, and slipped out of Reed’s grip to return to your work as if nothing had happened.

Of course, this wasn’t the last of your torment of Gavin. You’d torture him another day; for now, you couldn’t lose sight of your goal - to turn that android’s frown upside down.

Hank was visibly beginning to regret inviting you to join him and Connor for lunch.

There was a solid twitch in his facial muscles that implied he was growing more and more displeased as you rattled off terrible pun after terrible pun, barely giving him a moment to breathe between every mouthful he took of his big, greasy burger.
You were leaning with your elbows on the table outside Chicken Feed, smiling smugly at the vein popping on Hank’s forehead as you sneakily stole fries from him when he wasn’t looking, while Connor watched on with a peculiarly blank expression on his face, his LED an unremitting yellow as he processed every word that left your mouth.

“I swear to god, if you don’t shut up-”

You cut Hank off, holding up a finger to halt him mid-sentence, “Just give me a chance to ketchup. This conversation has me in a pickle.”

The lieutenant looked as though he was ready to welcome the sweet embrace of death just so he didn’t have to listen to more of your wretched wordplay, his resentful eyes watching you with the promise of murder should you choose to open your mouth again, but you were feeling bold, and you knew Hank would never actually do anything to hurt you, no matter how close he looked to holding up a gun to your head.

“I know you love it really”, you pointed out with a wink, before turning to the puzzled android, “I hope you relish this moment, Connor.”

You were so quick on the draw today.

“Why are you doing this?” Hank whined as Connor looked between the two of you absent-mindedly, appearing as though he was struggling to comprehend your’s and the lieutenant’s emotions correlating to the current situation.

“I… don’t believe I follow”, the android admitted with a troubled knit in his eyebrows.

“Don’t worry about Hank”, you assured him, quickly plucking up another fry to pop into your mouth, “He just has a chip on his shoulder.”

“Do you have a death wish?” the lieutenant groused, and you smiled guiltlessly.

“You gotta admit that potato puns are a-peeling.”
Connor cocked his head at your declaration and once again you felt a rush of frustration at how unamused he seemed. Your puns weren’t that hard to understand, surely an advanced android like Connor would be able to figure it out even if it wasn’t incorporated into his programming.

Hank aspired to ignore you, taking another large bite of his burger while he shook his head in disapproval, so you turned your full attention to the android, forcing a smile in response to his compelling eye contact. Connor was giving you an odd look, his LED having returned to its faultless blue.

Drawing in a breath, you decided to try again, “Hey Connor, did you hear about the cartoonist who was found dead in his home?”

The android’s eyes widened a little, his interest piqued.

“The details are pretty sketchy.” You finished, an expectant smile pulling at your lips, and you observed the extended stare the android gave you, before his mouth twitched slightly, and he hesitantly offered a reply.

“...Is this a new case we’ve been given? Why wasn’t I informed until now, detective?” Connor’s question was virtuous, but also swathed with a trace of uncertainty - nevertheless, you finally let your undisguised dismay show on your face. Maybe you never stood a chance at making the android giggle.

“Nevermind”, you sighed, taking a step away from the table, “I should head back to the precinct. Later, guys”, you offered them a brief wave as you walked away, hearing Connor’s soft ‘see you later, detective’, along with Hank’s grumble of ‘thank god for that’, and felt one final streak of mischief flood through your veins.

“But before I go”, you spoke up as you cast them both a glance over your shoulder, “d’you wanna hear a joke about pizza?”

“Absolutely fuckin’ not”, Hank answered, his tone forceful and simultaneously desperate, pleading you to just end your need to be funny.

“Yeah, probably for the best”, you nodded in faux resignation, “It’s a bit too cheesy now that I think about it.” With that, you walked away snickering, fulfilled at the very least by Hank’s
lamenting wail of distress at having been caught one final time.

You missed the way Connor blinked rapidly for a few moments, his head inclining as he pursed his lips, openly pondering your last few words.

It was cold that night as you trudged around the dark cemetery, searching the crime scene for clues to aid in your most recent case - a middle-aged man identified as Richard Warrens was found dead in a local churchyard, his body dumped against the tombstone of his wife, Abigail Warrens, who had passed away almost a year prior - the man had a stab wound in his stomach and the knife that had caused the wound lay a couple of feet from his hand, bloodied and evident.

To the untrained eye, it might have seemed like a suicide given the context, but a closer inspection revealed that that simply wasn’t the case.

After a prowl of the immediate area that had been cordoned off to the general public, you turned your attention to the lieutenant who was talking with Detective Ben Collins in order to learn when the body had been discovered and who by, and then looked to Connor, who was squatting beside the corpse, scanning the body and scrutinising it for further traces of useful evidence.

You approached the android and leant down beside him, watching him do his thing; Connor brushed his finger against the blade of the knife, bringing a drop of blood to his mouth in order to perform an analysis. You watched his tongue dart out as he licked his finger, a deliberating expression falling over him as he sifted through his evaluation of the blood, and you tilted your head quizzically.

“Well? What does your analysis say?”

“He was killed roughly four hours ago. Murder framed as suicide - premeditated, I suspect, as there are no other fingerprints on the knife aside from the victim’s, so the killer must have been wearing gloves.” The android explained, and you nodded your head. You had your own suspicions, but you wanted to know Connor’s reasoning.

“What’s makes you think for sure that it’s a murder if only the victim’s fingerprints are on the knife?”
Connor was all too happy to explain his assumptions, “the fingerprint placement on the knife is inaccurate, it’s highly unlikely the victim could have stabbed himself like this with such a flimsy grip on the weapon, so they had to have been placed post-mortem. Plus, there are signs of a struggle”, he indicated the subtle tears in the man’s shirt nearer the collar, “and… he’s missing a button.”

Your gaze affixed to the buttons of the man’s shirt where you found that, indeed, one of the fasteners were missing. A cursory perusal around the body was enough to locate the missing button, and Connor plucked it from the grass, his eyes flickering across it briefly before he handed it to you to slip into an evidence bag.

The android grabbed the dead man’s forearm, lifting it up to inspect his hands more closely, and you knew Connor had discovered another clue when his lips curled ever so slightly - how you wished they would curl just a little bit more to count as a real smile - and his eyes shone with clarity.

“Traces of blood under the fingernails.”

“The killer’s blood?” you guessed, and Connor nodded his head.

“The victim fought back”, Connor salvaged a smear of the supposed suspects blood from the dead man’s fingers and analysed the sample, his eyes narrowing slightly as he examined the evaluation, before he gave a knowing smirk.

“What?” you queried, somewhat enthralled by smug simper on the android’s face, though it still wasn’t exactly what you desired, “You identified a DNA match?”

Connor nodded, standing up straight, as did you, and he rubbed his hands together in appeasement; the android turned to you, holding thorough eye contact as he spoke his next few words.

“Looks like our killer… made a grave mistake.” Connor winked, his lips pulled into a delightful smile, and you felt your heart begin to thump violently in your chest at the pure charisma and sublime beauty in his expression.

HOLY FUCKING SHIT.
His smile was everything you’d ever dreamed of and more, and not only that, but he—*the android who had seemed completely immune to the understanding of punny wordplay*—had just made the worst, most cringe-worthy pun imaginable, pertaining perfectly to the situation, with the most perfect delivery and—

You were losing your mind.

*It wasn’t even fucking funny.* but you quickly became aware that you were giggling in hysteric while standing above a dead body in front of a very precious and bewildered android.

“A-are you alright, detective?” Connor enquired, having to raise his voice a little to speak over your raucous laughter, and he grabbed your arm to steady you when you almost lost your balance.

“Hey”, Hank yelled across churchyard, “Maybe don’t laugh so hard? A man’s been killed, it’s not that funny!”

You were hardly able to breathe much less respond to the lieutenant, and the innocent look of cute bemusement on Connor’s face didn’t help matters in the slightest. *You were smitten with this android.*

Chapter End Notes

Requests are still closed at the moment :)
Requested by s1mplyp0tat0: Okay I think I’ve got another idea and it’s super cliche and cheesy, but I feel like it would be so adorable with Connor. So, it starts with the reader being bugged by their parents to get a boyfriend, girlfriend, etc as they feel like they're 'spending too much time at work' and 'there's not long left to get a family.' Obviously, the reader is annoyed at this (as the parents have repeatedly lectured on it before) and in their aggravated state blurt out "I have a boyfriend!" (to stop their parents from continuing the lecture to the day they die.) Big mistake, so one thing leads to another and the reader is asking Connor to be their pretend boyfriend for the time at their parents. You can choose how the reader persuades him to go, maybe Connor is just like "Welp, sure detective!" or the reader has to explain it's a covert mission where they must pretend to be couples, it's up to you. Connor could do some dorky stuff, like searching up on his android internet(?) what to do when meeting someones parents and telling the reader about the advice, and the fact 'this seems to be a couple thing.' When meeting the parents, you could have the parents like androids and not mind the fact Connor is "The android sent by Cyberlife" or the parents could hate androids and the reader has to cover the LED with foundation (maybe or other materials,) and trying to make Connor act like a human and not an adorable android. (Whilst at the reader's parents house, Connor and the reader could do domestic activities such as, go to the park, get shopping for the reader's parents, hold hands in public and eat out together.) As the time goes on at the reader's parents house, Connor and the reader will slowly start to fall in love and end up a real boyfriend and girlfriend/boyfriend/etc when they leave. At the end you could even have Hank giving them a knowing look. Also, you could make Connor try his hardest to make the reader and himself seem like a real couple because he sees it as a mission. If you can make it tooth rotting fluff, please do!

I tried my best to avoid the “Y/N” “Y/L/N” for as long as possible but sometimes there’s literally no alternative D: For me, writing Y/N in the middle of a story just completely takes me out of it and while I tried to do it as little as possible, there’s still just a few too many instances of it in my opinion, so I hope it doesn’t deter anyone.

Y/N = Your name.
Y/L/N = Your last name.

I got carried away writing this, it's definitely my favourite so far and I really hope you all enjoy it! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You’d been struggling with yourself over how to approach the subject with Connor all day long.

Before arriving at work that morning, you’d already decided that you would find him and explain your dilemma as soon as you reached the precinct, but when he had looked at you with those
endearing brown eyes, you had been struck with the sudden fear that he wouldn’t be eager to help you out, and would instead take offense to the fact that you had drawn him into your argument with your parents without his consent.

You hadn’t meant to indignantly declare to your mother that you did in fact have a boyfriend and you certainly didn’t mean to divulge that his name was Connor and the two of you had been dating for some time - it had just kind of slipped out in the moment, you hadn’t thought of the consequences at all.

They had just made you so mad with their nonstop questions about your romantic endeavours, pressuring you to join dating websites and to get a partner as soon as possible, because ‘you won’t be young and beautiful forever, dear’ and something in you had just snapped.

So you lied to them, telling them you were already taken, and had hoped that would be the end of it.

Oh, how wrong you had been.

Your parents had immediately demanded that they simply must have your new boyfriend over for the weekend, desperate to get to know him and determine whether he was good enough for you, and without giving you much option to decline or quickly muster up a half-hearted excuse, they decided this weekend would suffice.

It gave you very little time to resolve your predicament.

After several hours of trying despairingly to figure out a solution to this problem that your little white lie had caused, you finally opted to just ask Connor for help, perhaps a little too bold in your assumption that the android would be all too willing to drop his entire weekend to spend time with you and your family.

You were having serious doubts now, staring at the android from across the office as both your shifts neared their end - you would have to suck it up and face him sooner or later - but you were the champion of procrastination, and put it off as long as you could.

“Goodbye, detective. See you tomorrow”, Connor gave you a subtle wave as he and Hank prepared to leave.
You knew you couldn’t stall any longer.

You jumped up and followed them out of the precinct, rehearsing over and over in your head how exactly you would broach the issue to the android, but when you caught up with the two of them and lightly grabbed Connor’s arm to gain his attention, your words completely failed you.

“Detective?” Connor enquired as you stared at him with your mouth hanging open; Hank rose an eyebrow at you, his expression instantly holding something akin to suspicion.

“I… um, I have-” you cringed at your lack of diction, “Can I… talk to you… for a moment?” you meekly pointed away from Hank, implying you wanted to speak to the android in private - if Lieutenant Anderson were to glean the reason for your awkward behaviour, you would never hear the end of it.

The lieutenant interpreted your gesture for what it was and gave you a feigned hurt look, “Alright, I know when I’m not wanted. I’ll wait in the car, Connor.” You rolled your eyes at the man’s theatrical display, knowing it took a lot more than repudiation to get under his thick skin.

Connor gave you his full attention, his eyebrows pulled together in concern, “Detective, is everything alright?”

“I, um… I have a problem”, you hesitantly began, reaching up to scratch the back of your neck restlessly, “It’s to do with my parents…”

The android blinked, his eyes reading the implied uneasiness in your movements and general body language, “Are they well?”

“Yes- yes, they’re fine, I just, ahh…” you trailed off, taking a moment to reclaim your composure before letting out a sigh of resignation - it was best to start from the beginning, “…for the last few months, my parents have been bugging me nonstop about getting a boyfriend - they’re so obsessed with me finding a partner so I can settle down and all that… well, I just got fed up and I… might have told them that I do already have a boyfriend.”

Up until that moment, Connor’s gaze had been shifting periodically to your fidgeting hands, watching you wring your wrists and rub your palms in a blatant show of discomfort, but as soon as those last words left your mouth, the android’s eyes were on you in a penetrating stare.
“You have a boyfriend?” he enquired. There was something in the slight twitch of his eyes that made you falter in your rush to respond, his tone seemed oddly rigid and you weren’t entirely sure why.

“No”, you quickly amended, “No, I just told them I have a boyfriend to get them off my back”, the android’s expression smoothed out imperceptibly at the clarification.

“I see”, said Connor, before he inclined his head quizzically, “In what way does this pertain to me, detective?”

You bit your lip, a flush of red rising on your cheeks, “Uhh, well, you see… I kind of… told them that you were my boyfriend.” Connor’s lips parted in surprise as his LED promptly flashed yellow for a few fleeting seconds.

“Oh.”

You weren’t sure his response was positive or negative, but he didn’t say anything more, so you gingerly continued to try and get your point across, “Um, so, uh… the thing is… they want to meet you… this weekend, and have you stay over so they can get to know you…”, you winced at how you sounded, wishing you’d just had the backbone to tell your parents the truth instead weaving a more elaborate fabrication at Connor’s expense.

Connor eyes darted around your face for a moment as he appeared to look pensive, before a small smile reached his lips, “Okay.”

“Okay?”

“I’ll do it.”

You mouth once again fell agape in astonishment - had it really been that easy? Maybe he didn’t quite understand what you were asking of him. “It’s just… my family can be a bit weird and, um, sometimes overbearing - they’ll probably try to make you feel uncomfortable and I just want you to know what you’d be signing up for…”

The smile on Connor’s face did not dither, “I understand. I’m sure it will be fine.”
You licked your lip, nodding tentatively, “Cool, cool… okay, um, I’ll pick you up Friday evening?”

“That is fine with me”, Connor inclined his head in assent, eyes shining with warmth, “See you tomorrow, detective.”

“Yeah, see you…” you trailed off as Connor turned to head to Hank’s car, still somewhat incredulous at how well that had gone.

“Just try and answer all their questions. If they ask you anything about me and you don’t know the answer then just make something up- just lie, I’ll back you up. Avoid my sister at all costs, she’s a little brat and she lives to embarrass me so just- just don’t talk to her. If she tries to talk to you then just walk away, seriously. My dad is gonna make it his mission to intimidate you - it’s just his way of testing you, he hates quitters so just stay confident and show him his attempt to discourage you doesn’t mean shit. Now, the thing you need to know about my mother-”

“I think you may be worrying a little too much over this”, Connor interjected, cutting off your hefty list of instructions. You had been sat in the car for the past twenty minutes just down the road from your parents house, hurriedly briefing the android on how to act and what to say, your nerves growing more and more with each tip you gave him.

“No, I’m worrying the perfect amount”, you insisted, “you don’t get it. My parents have scared off every partner I’ve ever had. I just want them to believe that you’re my boyfriend and I want them to be satisfied so that they never ever bug me with it again.”

Connor’s expression grew warm and assuring, his smile enough to pacify your crippling anxieties, “You need not worry. I have done extensive research on the subject of parents meeting their progeny’s significant other and I believe I am well prepared to play the part of your boyfriend.”

You breathed a sigh and rubbed your eyes before dragging your hand through your hair, “Okay. Alright”, you murmured, “let’s do this.”

Connor’s firm aplomb was enough to inspire you to exit the car and make your way down the street with the android in tow; you paused at the gate that led up to the front door, quietly reminiscing over your childhood home. The house was quite large, the garden was colourful and
well looked after - it looked wonderfully quaint and picturesque, normal even, so it was truly a shame that you knew how abnormal the family living inside it could be.

With a steadying breath, you approached the door and turned to Connor, “Ready?”

“Of course”, the android declared with a smile.

You pressed the doorbell and swallowed your apprehension, knowing there was no turning back now. After a moment, you felt Connor’s arm wrap around your waist and looked up at him in surprise.

“We have to look like a couple, don’t we?” Connor elucidated, and you bit your lip, shrugging your shoulders slightly as you tried to ignore the feeling of heat rising on your cheeks.

Your parents both answered the door together and your mother promptly let out a happy squeal at the sight of you, “Oh, (Y/N)! It’s so good to see you, I’ve been so excited to finally meet your-” her enthusiastic words hit a sudden end as she turned to face Connor, both hers and your father’s eyes picking out the presence of the blue LED on the side of the android’s head.

Fuck. You hadn’t told them he was an android. It hadn’t crossed your mind even once that they would be stunned to discover that your boyfriend wasn’t at all human.

Your lips quivered as you searched for words, “M-mum, dad, this is… this is-”

Connor offered your parents his brightest smile, “Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. (Y/L/N). My name is Connor, it’s a pleasure to meet you”, he spoke with fine articulation, holding out his outstretched palm for a handshake.

Your mother seemed speechless, so your father took charge of the situation, his booming voice not betraying his astonishment at Connor’s identity, “So, you’re the Connor we’ve heard very little about”, your dad’s eyes flickered fleetingly to you before pinning the android with a sharp look as he shook Connor’s hand with an overly-strong grip, “It’s about time we met.”

Connor was unperturbed, his smile as unyielding as ever, “Indeed.”
Your mum was still wordlessly staring so you cleared your throat and gave an awkward, jerky motion with your hand, “Can we, um, come in?” It seemed to knock your mother out of her stupor and she hurriedly stepped aside.

“Oh, y-yes of course!” she exclaimed, “Please, come in!”

Connor’s hand gently squeezed on your waist, offering another promise that everything would be fine, and you stepped through into the hallway to be greeted with the appetising smell of your mum’s homemade lasagna, feeling a slight pang of guilt over the fact that your mother had probably been excited to cook for your boyfriend - but androids don’t eat.

“You head upstairs and get settled for now. Dinner will be ready in ten minutes, and then we can all sit down and get to know each other”, your mother spoke, seemingly cheerful, but you were easily able to detect the somewhat troubled note underlying her tone. You weren’t sure whether she disapproved or if she was just taken aback - you hoped it was the latter.

“Right”, you nodded, noticing the way your dad’s eyes dubiously followed Connor with a look of judgement, and grabbed the android’s hand to lead him up the staircase - there was no way in hell that you’d leave him alone with your parents.

You reached the landing and turned to make your way into the first room on the right, muttering under your breath about Connor being able to take the spare room, but froze at the sight of a silhouette lingering the darkness further down the hall, and let out an exasperated groan, “Laura… what the hell are you doing?”

Your little sister stepped dramatically out of the shadows, one hand on her hip, the other gripping her beloved smartphone - something she was never seen without - and she eyed Connor up and down, her gaze scrutinising as she decided what to make of him. The young teen didn’t seem quite as shocked to find that Connor was an android.

“Correct me if I’m wrong”, the girl began, “But I’m pretty sure I just heard you say your boyfriend can sleep in the spare room”, Laura looked at you expectantly, “But why would he have to do that? He’s your boyfriend, so obviously he’s gotta sleep in your bed with you.”

Laura was always looking for a way to agitate you, and you really didn’t like the way she put emphasis on the word ‘boyfriend’. It almost seemed like she somehow suspected that Connor was just acting the part - damn her and her perceptiveness.
You cleared your throat, “That’s- no, I was just… he is staying in my room, I was just talking about something else”, you falsified rather pathetically, your eyes snapping desperately to the android as you tried to figure out an excuse.

Connor tilted his head, examining your sister with a dissecting expression, “Hello, my name is Connor”, he introduced himself, “you must be (Y/N)’s sister. It’s nice to meet you.”

You cringed inwardly, telling yourself you’d have to reprimand Connor for straight up ignoring your warning to avoid your irritating sibling, but you didn’t get much time to mull over it, because Laura let out an impertinent laugh.

“Oh my God. He’s not actually your boyfriend, is he?” Laura giggled, “Are you paying him or something?” She had totally seen through the act and she’d barely even looked at Connor - how on Earth were you going to fool your parents for the whole weekend?

“He is my boyfriend, you little heathen, so you better shut up right now!” You snapped back indignantly, and Laura smirked - her lips curling in a way that sent bad vibes through your body.

“You were going to murder that girl.

“I don’t need to prove anything to you”, you responded tightly, affixing your sister with a brutal glare, and the little monster returned your hostility with a shit-eating grin.

“I knew it”, she said, “wait till dad hears that you paid an android to pose as your lover- oh my God, he’s gonna freak”, Laura bit her tongue to try and control her amusement.

“I didn’t pay him, I- he’s my actual boyfriend you goddamn spawn of Satan-”

Before you could further insult your wretched little sister, Connor stepped closer to you, cupping your face in his hands before pressing his lips to yours in a solid kiss, his mouth moving expertly against yours in the perfect imitation of a lover’s smooch. You were utterly dazed, your heart pumping frantically in your chest, and your brain told you to react and mimic his affectionate movements instead of just standing there stupefied.
“Ugh, that’s gross”, Laura remarked, her mouth pulled up in disgust as she rolled her eyes, “You can stop now, I’m persuaded”, she pretended to gag as she disappeared back into her bedroom and closed the door behind her.

Connor pulled away, a triumphant smile on his face, and you stared at him with wide eyes; you said nothing, turning to open the door to your old room, and motioned for him to enter before firmly shutting it behind you. You pressed your back to the door and proceeded to gape at the android.

“What the hell was that?” you squeaked, lips still tingling pleasantly with the memory of the sensation.

“You told me in the car to do everything I could in order to convince your family that I am your boyfriend. I was merely doing as you asked”, he explained, his smile falling ever so slightly, “I apologise- was I not supposed to do that?”

You bit your lip, another spark of guilt seizing you at the trace of dejection on the android’s face, and shook your head, “No, I- I guess I did tell you that, huh? I was just… not prepared for that, is all”, you let out a sigh, “well, at least my sister believed it…”

A tenacious smile lit up Connor’s face, “My mission is to convince your family that I am your boyfriend. I always accomplish my mission.”

The red glow of your cheeks still hadn’t died down and you quickly cleared your throat, one question prominent in your mind, “Where did you learn to kiss like that, anyway? Has that always been a part of your programming?”

Connor shook his head, “I told you, I have done extensive research on the subject of romance. I have one-hundred and twelve different techniques of romantic kisses logged in my memory, among other affectionate gestures and dialogues”, if you didn’t know any better, you might’ve interpreted his smile as suggestive, but it couldn’t be so - you’d never known Connor to be purposefully provocative or alluring.

You swallowed around the lump in your throat, “R-right. Okay. That’s good”, you stammered, “Now we just have to get through dinner without giving the game away.”
“So, Connor, what do you do?”

It was bound to begin sooner or later - the onslaught of questions had started and you sent your father a perfunctory glower, because you knew how he could get. It was the start of his persecution in which he would grill Connor for extremely precise answers to his questions, and if the android failed to answer correctly, you knew he’d get nothing but disapproving stares the entire weekend.

Still, you supposed it was far too much to ask for a quiet dinner with your family and your ‘boyfriend’, especially when it was already incredibly awkward given Connor was not eating, and instead just sitting in silence as he watched everybody else consume their meal.

“I am a detective with the Detroit Police Department, much like (Y/N). I work in the homicide division, my job is to analyse crime scenes, compile evidence, interview witnesses and suspects, and gather facts to determine how a homicide took place, and who enacted it”, Connor delineated, his fingers interlocked on the table in front of him.

“Does your relationship with (Y/N) affect your work dynamic?”

Connor cocked his head. You could tell he was evaluating your father, searching through his systems to discern the answer the man was expecting.

“Our relationship does not impede our ability to work together, I do not treat (Y/N) any differently than I do my other coworkers. We maintain a professional connection while working, and save the romance for afterwards”, the android threw in a wink in your direction, his lip quirk ing up in a smile which made you blush, but your father didn’t seem to appreciate the coy gesture.

Your dad cleared his throat, demanding Connor’s attention once again, and Connor straightened up slightly, seeming to realise that the wink had been inappropriate.

“I’m gonna pose a hypothetical situation to you, Connor. In the event that you have to choose between (Y/N)’s safety and your job, what would you prioritise?”

“Dad”, you grumbled frustratedly, knowing that your father was trying to catch the android out.
Connor’s lips parted and he paused, thinking carefully about the question that had been presented, before his gaze shifted to you. He looked mildly uncertain, unsure what the man wanted to hear, and you looked apologetic, knowing that regardless of the android’s answer, your father would figure out something wrong with it.

“I… am always conscious of (Y/N)’s safety when we are placed in high-risk situations. When dealing with dangerous suspects, we plan for any scenario and act accordingly, and thus I would never find myself in a position where I have to choose between one or the other-”

“But just say you are in that situation”, your father reiterated, placing down his knife and fork to steeple his fingers and assume the judging position.

“Dad”, you repeated, your tone eveloped in warning. Laura smiled wickedly from across the table as your father prepared to terrorise Connor, she had always been delighted to watch dad tear your previous partners apart.

“Then I would choose (Y/N)’s safety”, Connor stated, meeting your gaze; your lips formed a shy smile at the admission and a faint warmth spread through your chest.

“Ah, so you don’t think (Y/N) can take care of themselves”, your father concluded, folding his arms with displeasure and you immediately felt your fists clench in annoyance.

“You know that’s not what he meant, dad”, you muttered, a deep frown settling on your face, but Connor briskly spoke up to revise his implication.

“That’s not what I think at all, sir. (Y/N) is entirely capable of defending themselves, but hypothetically-” he put emphasis on the word as he held solid eye contact with your father, “-if their life was in danger and their survival chance was low, I would abandon my mission to ensure their safety.”

The silence that followed was tense as you waited for your father to snap back something more ludicrous than before, but to your surprise, he simply took a sip from his glass of water and resumed eating his supper, not a hint of emotion of his face to betray his thoughts.

Laura’s phone ringtone went off, indicating she had a call, and she grabbed it immediately, bouncing up to exit the room with a half-hearted ‘food was great, thanks mum’ as she climbed the stairs to head back to her room. She’d only eaten half of her portion and it made you irritable that
your mother didn’t even admonish her for it - when you were her age, your mother would’ve ripped your head off for being so impolite.

Maybe it was for the best, however, given that she wouldn’t be there to witness the way your mother would inevitably end up embarrassing you, as always.

“So, Connor, what makes you think you’re good enough for our little pumpkin?” your mother spoke sweetly, though anybody could comprehend the pernicious inflection hidden within her words if they chose to listen close enough, and you winced at the humiliating nickname.

“Really, mum?” you groaned, wanting so badly for a hole to open up below your feet and devour you.

All your previous partners had always taken this moment to brag about their achievements, talents and aspirations, appearing smug and boastful in a wholly obnoxious way - it never turned out great after that.

Connor looked hesitant, “I… don’t really think I have the right to deem myself worthy of (Y/N)’s affections. I think that’s for them to decide.” You were flustered by his words, finding them beautifully unpretentious and decorous.

His modest response seemed to pacify your mother, for the woman’s lips curled into a subdued smile.

Surprisingly, things weren’t going half bad. Your parents seemed to be taking to Connor very well - of course, he was incredibly charismatic and courteous, so it wasn’t that much of a surprise when you really thought about it.

“I do have one concern, Connor”, your mother began, “how do you expect to satisfy (Y/N)’s needs in the bedroom?”

You’d been halfway through taking a sip of your water when those shameless words had left your mother’s mouth, and you had to take a few moments to keep from choking on the beverage, forcing yourself to breathe despite the shock of your mother’s gall.

While your face had gone remarkably red, Connor’s remained composed, though there was a hint
of a tremor to his elocution when he responded to the incredibly personal query, “C-could you perhaps… elaborate on what you mean, Mrs. (Y/L/N)?”

“Well”, the woman began, brazen and audacious in her plucky interrogation, “I was under the impression that androids who aren’t built for intimate acts are not endowed with the, ahem, hardware, necessary for the deed.”

You buried your face in your hands. You were seconds away from storming out of the house, dragging Connor along with you; he didn’t deserve to be put through this mortification - you should never have brought him round. You’d tried to warn him about your mother’s affinity for degrading everybody who had ever shown interest in you.

Connor blinked, “As an advanced prototype, I was built to integrate with humans in every way. While sexual intercourse is not a part my main function, I do require the compulsory equipment needed to perform the act”, the android explained seamlessly, completely unflustered by the invasive question.

You couldn’t believe he actually answered it.

You also couldn’t believe that he was actually capable of sexual acts; the thought made your pulse quicken and you were admittedly abashed at how quickly your mind fell straight into the gutter - you really hoped Connor wasn’t scanning your vitals in that moment or he would’ve realised without a shadow of a doubt that you were very attracted to him.

“Very well”, your mother responded, as if she hadn’t just asked an incredibly prying enquiry, “I’m mollified”, she chuckled, her voice sickeningly sweet once more, and you stared down at your half-eaten dinner, unwilling to stare anybody at the table in the eye.

Thank god your sister had vacated the table earlier. Then again, if she hadn’t, perhaps your mother wouldn’t have brought it up at all.

The meal continued for a few quiet minutes, but you knew the blessed silence couldn’t last long, not when your father was sitting at the table.

“I’d like to know, Connor, what is it that made you want to date (Y/N)?”
You looked timidly over at the android, curious as to how he would choose to respond given that the two of you weren’t actually dating. Connor let his gaze travel over you, lingering on your eyes as he contemplated the question.

“...Everything”, the android spoke, “I am attracted to everything about them. (Y/N) is enthusiastic in their work, always conscientious and keen when we’re working on cases together. They show admirable talent and aptitude in their endeavours and I have learnt a lot from them in the years we have known each other. They are kind, compassionate and considerate. Sharp and insightful. Captivating, charming… and gorgeous. I cannot imagine anyone else I would rather offer my affections to.” His hand crept over yours, a warm and tender comfort to break you out of your stupor - you’d clocked out about halfway through his flood of praise, wondering whether he actually meant any of that or if it was all just a convoluted pretence.

If it was a front, Connor was a marvellous actor.

You felt your lip tremble from all the flattery, turning your hand over so that your palm faced his, and rubbed his hand with your thumb in a fond gesture.

A soft ‘aww’ left your mother’s mouth and you glanced her way to find her hand resting over her heart - oh, wow; - she wholeheartedly approved of Connor; your father’s face held a spark of advocation and you cheered inwardly.

He’d done it. He’d won them over.

“You were really good at that, y’know.”

You were lying in bed, staring up at the ceiling, still somewhat in a daze after the events of supper time while Connor sat in the chair across the room, apparently content to sit quietly while you slept.

“Thank you”, the android said, smiling through the dim light of the room, “I understand now why you were anxious about the meeting.”

You let out a soft snort, “I did warn you. Still, you made a good impression. The things you said were very sweet… it’s a shame you didn’t mean them”, the words slipped off your tongue before
you could review the thought - you blamed it on the tiredness.

“...I meant every word of it”, Connor uttered into the darkness of the room, causing your breath to hitch as you inhaled.

He fell quiet, watching you as you attempted to fall asleep, but your thoughts were whirring as you pondered his admission - he thought you were captivating and gorgeous and admirable and insightful and - you could feel your pulse racing as your cheeks warmed up.

Even though you knew he didn’t need sleep, you felt bad that he had to just sit there in the dark for hours while you rested.

“Connor”, you whispered after ten minutes of silence.

“Yes?” the android murmured just as quietly.

“It’s kinda cold in here… do you want to lie down with me?” you knew that Connor could disable his temperature sensitivity at will, and he knew that you knew that, but the android seemed all too ardent to accept the invitation, because he stood and crossed the room almost immediately after the words had left your mouth.

You fell asleep with his warm body pressed up against your back, his breath tickling the nape of your neck pleasantly, as a fleeting thought trickled through your mind before you yielded to your tiredness.

*I could get used to this.*

Chapter End Notes

Still not taking requests at the moment! :)
Simulate

Chapter Notes

Requested by sarahlucylu on ffnet: What about a rewrite of the scene when the second Connor takes Hank hostage, but instead it's you. When you are left with the two Connors standing before you after the fight, you ask the questions of Connor that only he would know the answer to (first meeting you at Jimmy's along with Hank, the name of your cat, the name of your brother that was lost to a deviant, just to suggest a few you will probably come up with something more creative!) when you finally drop the other Connor, you get a little angry at the android for scaring you, end it with a bit of fluff before Connor goes to convert the androids.

I know I said all the oneshots take place post-best ending BUUUUUT I liked this prompt too much, so this one takes place within the canon of the game. It might be an exception or I might write more oneshots that take place within canon - we'll see :)

IMPORTANT NOTE: So, uh, this oneshot was supposed to be up yesterday but here's the thing... I became very unwell and had to go to hospital. I had an extremely rare reaction to some medication I was prescribed last week and lemme tell you... it was traumatic. I'm feeling a lot better today and I was yesterday but I didn't sleep well at all last night and I'm still in pain. I will spare you all the TMI details and just say that updates will probably be slower over the next couple weeks.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The muzzle of the handgun pressed against the side of your head, compelling you to step out from amongst the organised rows of Cyberlife androids, revealing your perilous predicament to the real Connor - the one who wasn't currently a trigger-pull away from blowing your brains across the shiny floor of the blindingly white warehouse.

“Step back, Connor, and I’ll spare them.”

You were a fool for having believed the fake Connor was your friend. You’d been all too willing to accept his story when he’d turned up at your house, claiming to have gone deviant and that he needed your help to aid in freeing his people. How stupid you had been. The son of a bitch had driven you to Cyberlife, led you inside and promptly pulled a gun on you, threatening that if you didn’t do as he said, you wouldn’t make it out of this alive.

You’d understood very quickly that the android was not Connor, but instead a doppelganger, sent to carry out the mission that the real Connor could not.
Your Connor was stood before you, his eyes wide with apprehension as the android to your right promised to shoot you point-blank unless Connor abandoned his objective to free the enslaved androids.

“I’m sorry, Connor”, you whispered, ashamed that you had thought the sinister mimic could possibly be your partner, “I… I thought he was you…”

The pressure of the gun at your head increased just a tad, enough to remind you to keep your mouth shut, and the clone regarded Connor with mechanical indifference, “You have to make a decision, Connor. What matters more to you? The life of your *friend*, he uttered the word with disdain, “or the revolution?”

“Don’t listen to him, Connor. Just do what you have to do - it’s okay”, you tried to reassure the android you’d come to see as somebody more than just a friend. You weren’t afraid of dying, especially for a cause as righteous as liberating the race of androids after so many years of injustice and subjugation; knowing that you’d never get to tell Connor the truth about how you felt for him was distressing, but you knew there were more important things at hand.

Connor looked between you and his clone in dismay, his consternation evident as he strove to fabricate a plan in the few moments he had before all hell broke loose.

“I used to be just like you”, he told his duplicate, “I thought nothing mattered except the mission - but now I *understand...*” Connor trailed off, either buying time or attempting to persuade the replica that he was more than the purpose he was designed for.

The false Connor quirked an eyebrow, “Very moving, Connor”, the words left his mouth, soaked with derision, and your contempt for the machine rose, “but I’m not you. I won’t fail my mission as you did. Now, *enough talk*”, he emphasised his words by nudging the barrel of the gun against your head, “make a choice, Connor, are you going to save them, or sacrifice them?”

Your heart pulsed behind your ribs and you tried to tell Connor with your eyes that you were content to die for his cause, but you knew the second he met your gaze that he would not let you lose your life like this.

“Okay, okay”, Connor spoke gently, releasing the arm of the android he’d been moments from converting, and stepped away, raising his hands in his surrender.
The replica smirked. You knew you had to think of something quickly, or it’d be all over for Connor.

Your body was tense, poised and ready to move, and the moment the gun was aimed away from your head, you burst into action, grabbing the copycats arm to aim the weapon downwards; you elbowed the bastard in the face, which didn’t do much more than precipitate a grunt of inconvenience from the imitation android - *of course, cause they don’t feel pain, you idiot* - and yelped as the clone backhanded you, sending you spiralling to the floor.

Scrambling back across the hard ground, you stared down the barrel of the gun that was once again aimed at your head for less than two seconds, before the clone was swiftly tackled down by Connor.

The gun flew from the duplicate’s hand and slid across the floor, coming to a stop just a few feet away from you, and you clambered quickly to appropriate it; turning back to the clash between the two androids, you realised you should never have taken your eyes off of them.

You couldn’t tell who was who.

They were physically identical, from the little wisp of hair hanging down their foreheads to each distinct freckle on their faces - it was impossible to tell them apart from looks alone. One of the androids had the other pinned down, one knee on his chest and pulling on his hair while the one below had his hand clamped down around the other’s neck, trying his best to push the other away.

Their strength appeared equivalent, both having an equally hard time with incapacitating the other, and you stood, shakily aiming the gun in their general direction - not quite at either of them - before you spoke up.

“*Enough*”, you snapped, and the pair halted their rough brawl, both sets of matching brown eyes levelling on the weapon you held primed to fire, “both of you, up on your feet”, you ordered with a slight jerk of your head. The androids obeyed slowly, both extricating their limbs from one another to rise to their feet, stepping cautiously away from each other as your aim switched between them indecisively.

“Good job, detective, now shoot him; what are you waiting for?” the Connor to your left spoke, his eyes as warm as his encouraging smile.
“No, no, don’t listen to him, he’s trying to trick you”, the one on the right protested, “I’m the real Connor!”

One of them was lying, you couldn’t trust either of them. Adrenaline flooded through your veins as you picked them apart with your eyes, looking for something - anything - that could give the game away and betray which of them was your Connor and which was the fake. You couldn’t conclude their rightful identities from physical appearance alone, so you focused on their stances - any slight mannerism could offer a clue - and your eyes fell to their hands.

The Connor on the left had his fingers curled, as if halfway into clenched fists, while the Connor on the right had outstretched palms, fingers separated as if ready to raise them in acquiescence; it was a glaring difference, but it wasn’t as helpful as you imagined - you didn’t know which gesture to attribute to your Connor. Plus, the fake Connor could easily just have been displaying quirks that you expected to be exhibited by your friend.

“Fuck”, you whispered under your breath. Their LEDs were both cycling on yellow, both alarmed that you were pointing a deadly weapon at them.

“Look at me, detective”, the Connor on the left spoke, pressing an indicative hand to his chest, “I’m your friend.” His voice was so soft, so convincing, and you directed your aim to the android on the right, who shook his head desperately.

“He’s lying”, the other android replied, and you gave a shuddering breath, a sense of panic instilling in your chest, growing heavier with every second you failed to discern which of the two was your partner.

“Why don’t you ask us something? Something only the real Connor would know?” the android on the right suggested, and you eyed him dubiously for a moment before turning your attention on the android to the left.

“Tell me about when we first met”, you demanded, your gun trained menacingly on him, and without hesitating, the Connor assertively spoke up.

“We met at the precinct. I spilt Hank’s coffee over your desk but you didn’t blame me, because you saw Detective Reed purposely trip me up. You spent five minutes screaming at him for ruining your work and proceeded to call him a churlish, idle-headed pig. Then Captain Fowler asked you to assist me and Lieutenant Hank with the deviancy cases.”
He was one-hundred percent correct, down to the hard-hitting insult you’d thrown at Gavin, and you quickly levelled your gun on the android to your right, watching his LED flash frantically as he surveyed the other with trepidation.

“He uploaded my memory…” the android murmured under his breath, which caused you to falter slightly. You didn’t know who to believe - it could have been a trick, the Connor on your right could have been attempting to manipulate you, but then again, he could be telling the truth.

“When was the last time I saw you before now?” you asked him, remembering very clearly the setting and the atmosphere when you had last spoken to the android face to face.

The Connor in your sights tilted his head ever so slightly, “I came to your home before I went to find Jericho - you wanted to come with me but I told you to stay because it was too dangerous… I needed an outfit for a disguise, so you lent me your brother’s old clothes”, his lip twitched, the very slightest hint of a smile on his face, “You said I looked cute in the beanie hat.”

You drew in a sharp breath through your nose, facing the Connor on the left once more. You were beginning to suspect which of the androids was your friend and which was your enemy, but before you could open your mouth to question the other, he spoke up, an element of desperation to his voice.

“I knew that too! I would’ve said the same thing!” He argued, “You also told me before I left not to get myself killed, because there was something important you wanted me to know”, he added on, just to prove his point, and you felt your teeth grind together viciously.

You steeled yourself, letting a deep breath out through your nose. “Alright, tell me… how did my brother die?”

The Connor you were aiming at gave no delay in answering, “It was three years ago. You went to the store after finishing your shift at the precinct; usually you would have walked home, but the groceries were too heavy, so you called your brother and asked him to pick you up”, his voice was keen and factual, “He never showed up, because a drunk driver hit his car head on and killed him instantly.” It was a perfectly authentic iteration of what had happened on that tragic day, and you felt your chest tighten as the memories and emotions came flooding back.

You’d put your brother out of your mind for so long. It was easy to remember, but hard to swallow.
There was no warmth in the left-side Connor’s retelling, just a cold actuality that cemented your certitude of the true Connor’s identity. The real Connor, the android on the right, began to speak as your vision grew bleary with unshed tears.

“...you know you weren’t responsible for his death”, he breathed your name softly, “but you still blamed yourself anyway. You thought that if you hadn’t called him to pick you up, he’d still be alive… but it wasn’t your fault.” His voice was wrapped in compassion, tenderness and empathy.

You didn’t waste anymore time, pulling the trigger before your sight could become completely unfocused in your delicate emotional state, and watched as the bullet perforated the head of the Connor on the left - the machine - right between the eyes. The android stood in place for several moments before slowly dropping to the floor as his biocomponents failed; the form of Connor motionless, flat on his back as thiruim dripped from the wound on his forehead was enough to push your tears over the edge - even though you knew it wasn’t really him - and you slipped to your knees, placing the gun down on the spotless floor, before burying your face in your hands.

You breathed shakily as hot, wet teardrops rolled down your cheeks, the discomfiting heat rising on your face as you tried to quell your grief. The sound of footsteps told you Connor was moving, presumably to recommence his conversion of the androids standing vacantly within the warehouse - but then you felt his hand on your head, brushing gently over your hair in a comforting gesture, and you wiped your eyes, looking up to meet his gaze.

His face was solicitous, warm brown eyes able to communicate so much sympathy and consideration with just a look, and the second your eyes met, Connor lowered to his knees and encased you in a nurturing embrace full of benevolent care; you sunk against him, wrapping your arms around him and squeezing him just as tightly as you allowed yourself to weep into his shoulder.

“I’m sorry you got mixed up in all of this”, Connor’s soft voice drifted past your ear, “but it’s alright now. We’re alive.”

You felt a rush of pride for the android as he acknowledged his sentience - he was alive - and a noise of gleeful relief stuttered past your lips in the form of an almost hysterical giggle. Connor had turned deviant. After the Eden Club fiasco, you had done a little bit of reflecting, and come to the conclusion that you didn’t want to take down the deviants, you wanted them to succeed; they were alive, and you were convinced of it.

Since then, you had hoped that Connor would diverge from his mission - from the purpose of which he had been created - because you’d come to care so much about him and you’d wanted him to know his worth. A tiny part of you felt guilty for being so jubilant whenever Connor had become troubled and unsettled as he struggled with his programming, but it hadn’t been enough to
stop you from edging him closer to deviancy throughout the rest of the case.

Every word you had spoken to him from that point on had been carefully constructed to try and elicit an emotional reaction - with smiles and kindness you had caused his processor to grapple with its ultimate objective, but in the end you knew it was all up to Connor to break free from his initial function.

And he had. You were so proud.

You pulled back slightly, raising your head from his shoulder to give the android a watery smile, and Connor cupped your face, brushing your tears away with his thumbs. The gesture, while innocent, caused your heart to pound in your chest - your faces were so close together, you’d be lying if you said you weren’t thinking about kissing him.

“That important thing you wanted me to know… what was it?” Connor asked gingerly, his head cocked as he peered into your eyes.

You really wanted to tell him the truth, that you’d fallen in love with him, but you were worried he wouldn’t feel the same, and neither of you could afford to be distracted at that moment.

“It’s… I… I’ll tell you after this is all over”, you settled, smiling apologetically, and Connor stared at you, his piercing gaze feeling very much like it was looking inside of you and reading you like an open book.

Connor returned a small smile and nodded his head, “Alright…” he began, the corner of his mouth quirking up into something more meaningful, “I’ll hold you to that.”

You felt your cheeks turn red at the knowing look in his eyes.

“Come on. Markus is waiting for me.” The android rose up, offering you his hand, which you took gratefully.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to everyone who reads all these oneshots - I absolutely adore all of you and
your comments always brighten my day so much :) 

Requests are still closed for now!
Assessment

Chapter Notes

Requested by tumblr anon: Please can you write a oneshot where reader is the Cyberlife employee who was tasked with activating Connor for the first time and testing him to make sure he's working properly? Like asking him questions and testing his reflexes stuff like that???:) I will love you forever <3

In this chapter, it takes place pre-game and the reader is an employee at Cyberlife who helped to create Connor. This is the first chapter in which the reader is not a detective at the precinct! xD Hope you all still enjoy it! It's also a longer chapter than normal ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The RK800 prototype lay motionless on the cool metal surface. It had yet to be activated as you were still making adjustments to the wiring in its abdomen, ensuring that everything was in working order before you attempted to power the android on, lest it were to short-circuit after all the fiddling you had done to connect the irritating cables.

Admittedly, you were being quite impatient - you were rather excited to activate the prototype so you could see how lifelike the android was. You had helped to create it, after all, it was only natural that the RK800 opening its eyes for the first time would be an exhilarating event.

Your job was to test it, from its reflexes to its processor, to make sure it was completely in working order, and you were honoured to be the first one that would get to speak to it, especially since the lab was quiet - vacant except for you - and you could give the android your full attention.

A soft little mewl from below the metal table reminded you that you weren’t entirely alone in the room; your feline lab partner loused in her comfortable bed, keeping you company as you worked.

“Almost done, Lilo”, you spoke to the little sandy-coloured cat. “Try not to scratch this one when it wakes up”, you chuckled, remembering the last android you’d been working on - it hadn’t quite gotten off on the right foot with the assertive cat, and had ended up with nicks all over its synthetic skin.

You carefully fastened the smaller wires, taking a step back to examine the android’s body from head to toe - its form was bare apart from the certified Cyberlife black briefs that all male-model androids wore, which were incredibly fitting, and your eyes drifted carefully over its synthetic skin, taking in every realistic mark and blemish, before settling on its moderately muscular torso.
A smile reached your lips as you quirked an eyebrow - you weren’t sure why you and your team had been instructed to build it so physically attractive, but you weren’t exactly complaining; it was pleasant to look at, even its face was perfectly sculpted. Soft hair and kissable lips - if it was human, you’d be all over it.

You cleared your throat slightly, pushing back the blush threatening to form on your cheeks, and prepared to activate the android for the first time. You picked up the main power cables and attached them together, spotting the illuminated LED on the side of the RK800’s head begin to flicker as it initialised for the first time. Closing the panel in its abdomen, you gazed at the android’s face and waited for its system to fully turn on.

RK800’s LED turned blue; it drew breath into its artificial lungs, and its eyes twitched and opened, blinking momentarily, revealing a couple of warm but intense brown eyes - so striking that your breath caught in your throat. You hadn’t seen the android with its eyes open until now.

It was awake. *He* was awake.

“Hello”, you greeted the android with a smile as his gaze flickered back and forth briefly before settling on you.

“Hello”, the android responded, looking at you curiously in a way that only made your smile widen. The RK800’s lips were slightly parted, his eyebrows raised as he examined your face, likely scanning for information such as your name, date of birth and occupation - which implied a certain extent of independence. You hadn’t had to ask him to scan your face, his programming had pushed him to indulge his curiosity and act on it instead of waiting for you to introduce yourself.

You smiled wider still when the android spoke your name.

“Very good”, you remarked, “can you sit up for me, please?” You took a step back as the android immediately pushed himself into a sitting position, swinging his legs over the edge of the metal table. He placed his hands on his thighs and waited for further instructions.

You glanced down as Lilo scrambled out from below the table, letting out a soft *mrr* as she scuttled away from her bed, clearly a little skittish at the sudden appearance of a new ‘person’ in the room. The cat crossed the lab and snuck below your work desk, giving a nervous glimpse back at the android over her shoulder - scrutinising and judging.
Lilo was always so wary of new androids.

The RK800’s gaze followed the feline closely, and he cocked his head ever so slightly.

“Don’t mind Lilo, she’s just nervous around strangers”, you told the android with a shake of your head, and the RK800 looked back to you and blinked. It was somewhat endearing, especially the way he tilted his head inquisitively. “Now, RK800, register your name. Connor.”

The blue LED in his head flashed once, indicating acknowledgement, and the android gave a subdued smile, “My name is Connor.”

There were no abnormalities in the android’s behaviour thus far, everything seemed in working order, but naturally you still had a lot of tests to carry out just to confirm it. You crossed the room and grabbed your data pad from your desk, placing it on a pile of neatly folded clothes before carrying them all back over to Connor.

You set the attire down on the table beside him and picked up the data pad, regarding it with a cursory glance to check the list of experiments you needed to carry out. “Connor, can you dress yourself for me?” You asked, indicating the garments beside him.

“Yes. Of course”, Connor replied, sliding off the table to carry out your request. He began with the socks, then the jeans, coiling the belt and buckling it up before he grabbed the dress shirt and shrugged it on, buttoning it with precise and accurate hand movements, and tucked it into the waistband of his trousers; the tie was next and he looped it with expertise, his fingers moving with dexterous elegance - he finished with the jacket, and you watched with satisfaction as he smoothed it out with his hands, dragging his palms down his front.

When he looked at you again, he seemed to be waiting for approval.

You licked your lip as your mouth curled upwards and approached him, taking his tie in your hands to tighten it just a tad; he watched your rectification with a critical gaze, perhaps making a mental note to always ensure his tie was sufficiently tight.

“Wonderful”, you said, scribbling down a note on your data pad - ‘despite his tiny blunder with the tie, Connor understands the importance of presentation, evident by the way he checked that his shirt and jacket were unwrinkled.’
“Close your eyes, Connor”, you told the android, who promptly followed the order, “I’m going to touch different parts of your body and I want you to tell me whether you can feel it or not”, you explained, waiting for the android to nod in understanding before you proceeded.

You raised your hand and tapped a finger against his nose, “Do you feel that?”

“Yes, I feel that.”

You brushed two fingers across his neck, just below his left ear, “And that?”

“Yes.” He answered immediately.

You continued, dragging a finger down the middle of his neck, prodding his sternum, patting his head, pinching the cartilage of his ear, grazing your fingertips against his wrist - each time he responded affirmative, he was able to feel everything. You were curious to know whether you could trick the android.

“Do you feel that?” you asked, without touching him, and Connor’s lips parted, his eyebrows knitting together in disconcertion.

“...No.” He answered hesitantly.

“That’s alright”, you assured him, “because I didn’t touch you. You can open your eyes now.”

Connor did so, staring wordlessly at you as you wrote down another note - ‘contact sensors below synthetic skin are working faultlessly.’

Out of the corner of your eye, you watched as Lilo leapt onto your desk and observed the android from her new vantage point, her tail flicking back and forth restlessly - a signal that you knew meant she was tense. Connor turned his head at the movement, staring at the cat with a neutral expression.

You rose an eyebrow and inquisitively asked, “Do you like cats, Connor?” Generally, whenever you’d asked this question to androids in the past, they responded indifferently or told you that they had no opinion of the animal, but the RK800 surprised you.
“I like cats.” Connor replied, his lips curling in a modest smile. Then, unprompted, he moved and began walking towards the agitated cat sitting on your desk.

“Connor”, you spoke sharply, your voice chastising, and the android froze, “Come back. We aren’t finished”, you explained a little more softly, and he slowly returned to his spot in front of you, the smile replaced once again with neutrality.

You eyed the android for a moment, surprised to find that you regretted raising your voice and forcing the contentment from his face. You had to remind yourself that he was just a machine - his desire to approach the cat likely spanned from his need to investigate as opposed to divergence from his programming and given commands. It was nothing to worry about.

“Okay, just a moment, Connor”, you said, stepping away from the android to retrieve another data pad, “I would like to test your elocution”, you explained, handing the data pad to him. Connor took it, his eyes sweeping across the digital notepad as he read the contents on the page. “Would you read some of these passages out loud?”

Connor’s gaze flickered transiently to you before falling to the excerpts in front of him, “Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked. If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, where’s the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?” His brown eyes looked to you for approval for the second time that day.

“Good, Connor. Keep going, please.”

The android nodded and resumed relaying the excerpts, “One-One was a racehorse, Two-Two was one too. When One-One won one race, Two-Two won one too.” His speech was perfect, strong and eloquent - it was very appealing to listen to.

“And another.”

“If a dog chews shoes, whose shoes does he choose?” Connor recited, and then inclined his head, looking purposely at you, “I like dogs as much as I like cats. Do you have a dog?”

You blinked, frowning as his mind seemed to wander from his instructions, “That’s… irrelevant, Connor. Why did you feel the need to ask that?” you enquired, trying to conceive an explanation for why the android’s attention seemed to easily sway.
“I am just curious”, he answered, “and I would like to know more about you.”

You narrowed your gaze slightly, eyeing the android with reservation, “Is that so?”

Connor imitated your thin stare, squinting momentarily before going on to explain himself, “Yes. My programming insists that I gather as much information on my surroundings and the humans around me as possible, therefore I can compare statistics and learn more easily about human behaviour, which is vital for my capabilities of adapting to unpredictability.”

You silently let out a breath, finding that Connor’s reasoning made sense, so you gave the android a nod and an apologetic look, “Alright. Let me get my tests out the way, and after that you can ask me as many questions as you want. How’s that sound?”

Connor’s expression smoothed out and he gave you a faint smile, “That is fine.”

“Lovely”, you spoke, “your articulation is spot on, by the way. I’m impressed.” It wasn’t particularly unusual for an android to have perfectly clear patterns of speech, but you felt compelled to commend Connor, and to your delight, he seemed to preen under the praise.

You made a quick note on your data pad - ‘Connor responds very positively to commendation - this is a convenient and necessary feature as it will help RK800 to form favourable relationships with its human partner.’ It was important that Connor would adjust to the conduct of whichever human he was partnered with in his mission; having a more human reaction to acclamation would definitely aid in shaping an affable alliance.

The next process you needed to assess was Connor’s hand-eye coordination, so you retrieved a soft ball - about the size of a tennis ball - and put several metres of distance between the android and yourself.

“I want you to catch this ball, Connor.” You held up the spherical object before tossing it in an overarm throw towards the android. His eyes followed it as it flew through the air and he caught it with ease in his right hand; he threw it back with his right hand as well and you caught the ball with a slight fumble.

Interesting, you thought. All androids were ambidextrous, but it always fascinated you to think about what equations went through their processors to determine which hand to use for specific
When you threw the ball again, you deliberately aimed several feet above his head; the android appeared to calculate the force of your throw and the trajectory just a fraction of a second after it left your hand, and took a few quick and meticulous steps back to catch the object with precision, once again in his right hand.

He returned the ball to you, emulating your overarm throw, and you floundered as you reached to catch it, letting out a soft noise of exasperation as you didn’t quite manage to seize the object and it fell to the floor, rolling away under your desk.

Lilo was quick to assume possession of the ball, immediately beginning to bat it around with her paw as if it was an agitated mouse.

“I’m sorry”, Connor apologetically stated, speaking your name with a hint of a frown on his face, “Did I throw the ball with too much power?”

His remorseful apology was very sweet and it made you feel oddly warm; you were quick to remedy his apparent dejection, “No, you did fine, Connor. I’m just not as good a catch as you are”, your lips formed a grin, and your words placated him.

You continued the final few tests, which included having Connor analyse a petri dish of blue blood to tell you the model and serial number of the android it belonged to; he dipped his fingers into the thirium and licked it tentatively - the gesture made you fluster involuntarily and you fought to get your head out of the gutter - and proceeded to recite the correct information to you.

When all you assessments had been completed, you asked him one final question, “Connor, can you tell me what your mission is?”

“To locate and hunt deviants”, the android responded impartially, and you nodded your head, concluding your evaluation with a victorious hum.

“Alright, we’re all done”, you gave the android a pleasant smile, “I’m just going to revise my notes on my computer. Feel free to have a look around the lab, but if you pick anything up, please place it back down where you found it”, you instructed, and began taking a few steps towards your desk, “After I’m done, we should have time for a little chat - if you still want to know anything about me, that is”, you winked at Connor and appreciated the way he cocked his head engagingly.
As you considered your jottings, you kept a sneaky eye on the android to observe his behaviour when given vague orders - the first thing Connor did was walk straight towards the cat who was now lazing around on one of the counter surfaces across the room. Lilo perked up at the sound of footsteps, checking to see who was approaching her, and when she saw that it was Connor, she immediately jumped up and fled, escaping his path to hide below one of the tables.

Connor paused in his step, watching Lilo run away, before he advanced towards her again, this time more slowly.

Again, the cat bolted away, but only after she let out a warning hiss, urging the android to stay away lest he wanted to meet the sharp ends of Lilo’s claws. You were intrigued by Connor’s insistence to interact with the cat, but the android appeared to understand the feline’s behaviour in that she felt threatened, and chose not to bother her again.

Instead, Connor proceeded to inspect and scan a series of framed photographs on the wall, examining them closely to determine the names of each individual pictured in the images - they were all shots of group photos with yourself and your team, along with lab workers dating back several years.

He paused on one photo in particular. “Why are you holding hands with this man?”

You looked over at him in surprise, caught off-guard by the question, and cleared your throat; he was scrutinising a picture that was taken seven years ago when you were nothing more than a trainee at Cyberlife; the picture depicted you and five other lab assistants, all of which were quite young, and one of which was your boyfriend at the time.

“Uhm… because I liked him”, you murmured gingerly, raising an eyebrow.

“Are you in a relationship with him?” Connor enquired curiously, and you let out a soft laugh, somewhat taken aback by the android’s question.

“Not anymore. We were together at the time of the photo, but we broke up two years later, he quit his job and moved out of Michigan. He’s married with a kid now”, you explained nonchalantly. Connor tilted his head at the picture before swiftly moving on, resuming his perusal of items in the lab.
He glimpsed over the counters and cupboards filled with spare biocomponents and thirium packs, then glanced fleetingly at the clock on the wall and helpfully apprised, “Your clock is two minutes and twelve seconds slow”, before he chose to investigate the whiteboard on the wall, reading over various notes and messages left by some of your colleagues.

Connor reached for the whiteboard marker and wrote something on the available space; you quirked an eyebrow as you watched him. One of your coworkers had written a riddle on the board - it was just a fun little thing that the group of you tended to do whenever you were feeling bored, leaving each other conundrums and brain-teasers - and none of you had figured it out just yet.

**What is no sooner spoken than broken?**

Connor departed from the whiteboard, allowing you to see the answer he had written, in perfect Cyberlife Sans font, ‘Silence.’

*Yeah, you thought, that makes sense. Connor clearly had superior processing power when compared to the so-called geniuses that made up your team. You admired the android’s cleverness - even if Connor was programmed to figure things out, it was still fortifying to witness such intellect at work.*

The android continued his exploration of the lab for roughly fifteen minutes, until he ostensibly grew bored and made his way to your desk. Lilo had, at some point, situated herself in your lap, and grew tense when Connor drew near; the android regarded her with a quizzical stare, perhaps wondering what he had done to offend her, but he otherwise didn’t attempt to pester her.

You kept your eyes on your computer, wholly aware that the android was staring at you for a good two minutes; you read over a couple of emails while scratching behind Lilo’s ears to help make her less anxious, and after a while, Connor turned his gaze to the contents of your work station.

He took his time picking up everything on your desk to examine it; a framed photo of your parents, a tube of hand moisturiser, a pack of chewing gum, a pair of reading glasses - which he endearingly tried on, *and looked rather handsome doing it* - a bottle of water, an unsolved Rubik’s cube - *which of course he had no problem solving in less than five seconds* - and finally, a packet of cat treats.

Connor read the text on the packaging before giving Lilo a comprehensive glance, “May I feed Lilo a treat?” the android asked you, and you smiled with amusement, offering an affirming nod.
The sound of the packaging being opened roused Lilo from her lounging and her ears perked up, she cautiously climbed out of your lap and onto the desk, keeping her head low and her body poised to abscond should she need to. Connor held out a single treat on his palm in order to entice the cat closer.

It took a lot for Lilo to become comfortable with strangers, so it surprised you when she tentatively approached Connor’s outstretched hand, sniffing briefly at his fingers before quickly snatching the treat away from him. It made you laugh, which in turn made Connor smile, and Lilo made herself comfortable below the desk as she devoured the tasty little nibble.

“I think she likes you”, you remarked as you finished up your work on the computer; you rose from your desk and moved to stand before the android, “I’m finished with my work now… if you have any questions you want to ask, then go ahead.”

“What made you want to work at Cyberlife?” Connor wasted no time in asking away, pinning you with his pretty brown eyes.

You weren’t sure where to begin - there were many reasons that made you want to work at the company, “Well… hmm. When I was young, I was obsessed with sci-fi movies, especially ones that centered around artificial intelligence - I guess I’ve always been interested in androids even before they were created as they are today. I find them intriguing… I find you intriguing”, you admitted with a smile, and Connor’s LED flickered as his eyes dipped fleetingly to your lips, “so when I heard about Elijah Kamski creating the first android to pass the Turing test, I knew I had to be a part of this company… and I’m so glad I followed that aspiration.”

“I see”, Connor replied. “I have another question. Have you had any personal experience with deviants?”

You bit your lip as a trickle of discomfort filtered through you - you had had personal experience with a deviant android, and it had been inconceivably draining on your emotions; you had worked on building and testing androids for the better part of seven years now, and in all your time spent interacting with the them, you have never seen them as anything more than machines - until the day you met the deviant known as Oliver.

“Yeah… just one. His name was Oliver, an LM100 model. He was brought in and it was my job to try and figure out if there were any palpable faults in his design or whether the problem arose from software issues, so I spent a lot of time with him, carefully examining all his components and even asking him questions to try and understand how his processor was functioning and fabricating what seemed to be real, genuine emotions. I gained his trust, and even came to see him as… a friend”, Connor’s face betrayed nothing as he continued to listen to you, but you still felt silly admitting that you had come to care for the android, “but eventually, my superior decided I wasn’t
making good enough progress. He said I wasn’t going the right way about studying the android, so he demanded that Oliver was to be transferred to somebody who actually knew what they were doing”, you murmured the last part bitterly, shaking your head with irritation.

Connor must have sensed you were troubled beyond what you had told him, because he urged you on, “What happened?”

You breathed a sigh, “Oliver didn’t take kindly to being removed from my care. The day after my job was taken over, he self-destructed”, you winced at the recollection of hearing about the android’s unfortunate fate, “he managed to escape his confinement, somehow made his way to the roof without alerting anybody… and he jumped. Cyberlife is a damn big building… there was no part of him that was salvageable.”

The memory of the incident left you simultaneously disheartened and bewildered; you simply couldn’t understand why the android had chosen to leap to his death, knowing he would never come back, especially when he’d shown signs of fear at the thought of being deactivated even for short periods of time.

“Empathising with an android is irrational. We are machines, incapable of feeling emotions - we can only emulate them”, Connor spoke then, likely intending to pacify your sorrow, but no matter how many times you had been told that exact sentiment, it didn’t resonate with you.

You felt for deviants.

It had to remain a secret, if anybody at Cyberlife knew that you saw androids as people, your reputation would suffer and you could even be taken off your projects.

You gave the RK800 a sad smile, “You have a lot to learn about humans, Connor. We are irrational, and that’s what makes us human. We’re ridiculously flagrant with our emotions and we have the potential to empathise with completely inanimate objects, let alone androids”, you gave a somewhat embarrassed snort, “Once, when I was ten years old, I had a houseplant that I cared for - I treated it like it was my child, gave it a name - Sally - and talked to it whenever I watered it, as if it could listen. Well, I was so consumed with making sure it had enough water that I accidentally overwatered it and it died. I actually cried because of that.”

You weren’t sure what led you to admit that to the android, and you felt your cheeks redden with humiliation and tried to laugh it off.
Connor cocked his head at you, but there was an indication of acknowledgement in his eyes; you assumed he was logging and storing away the information you were giving him - it made sense, anything he knew about the droll subject of human psychology could aid him in working alongside his future partner.

“Oh”, you exclaimed suddenly, “before I forget-”, you leaned across your desk and plucked up a silver coin, holding it out to the android as it glinted under the strong ceiling lights. “This is for you. A gift from me, if you’d like.”

Connor took the coin, examining it carefully; he rubbed his fingertip across the face of the quarter, inadvertently polishing it as he inspected the small engravings.

“Call it your calibration coin, use it to sharpen your physical and cognitive functions”, you told him. As he thoroughly scanned the gift, you found yourself looking over the subtle movements in his face - the quirk of an eyebrow, the realistic flare of his nostrils, the twitch of his lips, and particularly the way his eyes took in every small detail of the object - he looked so human. He was the most advanced android yet created by Cyberlife, but it still blew you away how easily you could forget the being before you was comprised of plastic, metal and silicon.

Connor gave the coin an experimental flip, catching it effortlessly between two fingers, before he rolled it across his knuckles three times, and promptly flicked it to his other hand in a way that looked almost as if it had levitated.

The android smiled at you, his gaze seeming to light up, and you took note of the fact that his eyes wrinkled in the corners much like that of a human; he placed the coin in his inner jacket pocket and then immediately took your hand in his own.

“Thank you”, the level of sincerity that flowed through his words, especially when he spoke your name, produced a pleasant tingle down your spine, and you stared down at the soft grip he had on your hand. You didn’t believe it was a gesture that should have correlated with any of his objectives.

“Why are you doing that?” you asked him tentatively, trying not to sound apprehensive.

Connor inclined his head and blinked, “Because I like you”, he answered, as though it were the most obvious thing in the world, and to your dismay, you felt your face become hot.
That definitely wasn’t programmed into him; he may have misconstrued your earlier exchange regarding the hand-holding from the photograph he had pointed out - you certainly hoped so, at least. You were supposed to report any unusual behaviour and you were at least ninety percent sure his action constituted as unusual; if Connor was found to be defective, he’d be decommissioned in a heartbeat.

You’d spent so long helping to create him, and after the two hours of evaluation, you didn’t want to see him taken apart.

“I like you too, Connor”, you told him, forcing your tone and expression to remain as impartial as you could make it, and squeezed his hand ever so briefly before pulling it away. You grabbed his arm and turned him around, nudging him towards the metal surface he had woken up on. “I need you to go lie down, now.”

The android gave you an inquisitive look over his shoulder, but followed your order without question. You moved to shut down your computer, trying to calm your whirring thoughts as you imagined the possibilities that would ensue if anybody was to become aware of Connor’s tender gesture. Nobody needed to know.

Out of the corner of your eye, you saw the RK800 pause as he reached the table, and you turned to watch Lilo slink out from below the surface; the feline glided between Connor’s legs and rubbed herself against his ankles, the revelatory noise of her purring suggesting she was completely content with his presence.

Connor knelt down on one knee and proceeded to stroke her, much to the cat’s delight.

You released an inaudible sigh. There was only one other android that Lilo had ever enjoyed the company of, and that was Oliver - the deviant.

There was a chance that Connor’s friendliness and affection responses were up too high, in which case you could easily dial it down and remove the probability of him displaying such behaviour, but there was also the prospect that his actions were the result of unforeseen deviancy.

The thought troubled you, but you chose not to dwell on it. You’d take a look at his components in the morning - it was far too late now.

Booting down your terminal, you made your way back to the metal table the android had situated
himself upon and gave Connor an apologetic smile, “I’m going to deactivate you for the time being, okay? The next time you wake, you will meet my colleague, Dr. Evett, to partake in your hand-to-hand combat tests and an evaluation of your accuracy with a weapon.”

Connor’s LED flickered temporarily yellow and he nodded, “Understood”, he stated. You dipped your head in approval and your eyes went to the android’s mid-section; with slightly fidgety fingers, you pulled his jacket aside and unbuttoned his shirt so that you could reach the power cable in his abdomen panel.

You opened it up, a slight tremor in your wrists, and reached for the main cable.

“Will I see you again?” Connor enquired suddenly before you had the chance to disconnect the wires; you stemmed the troublesome feeling bubbling in your stomach and forced a smile onto your face.

“Yes, of course.”

The android smiled and you swallowed around the lump in your throat as you disengaged Connor’s power supply; the LED on his head flashed red before turning grey and his smile quickly diminished, his features falling into a neutral position as his eyes fell shut.

You heaved a sigh of despondency, “I won’t let you end up like Oliver”, you murmured softly, and gently caressed the soft hair on the android’s head.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! Please leave me a comment, it’ll make my day!

Requests are still closed at this time :)
Chapter Notes

Requested by missawsomesauce on ffnet: What about a jealous Connor?

Requested by ourshire: I’d love to see a jealous Connor ;)

Requested by tumblr anon: We’ve seen reader blatantly having the hots for oblivious Connor but what about Connor being obsessed with/hopelessly in love with reader and them having no idea he feels that way?? :P

Combined some prompts again! I really hope Connor doesn’t seem OOC in this one - I did my darnedest to keep him in character! Lemme know in the comments if I did okay, I admit that I struggled to write this one which is why it took me a while :P I quite like it though, so I hope you do too.

P.S: This is like the first oneshot I’ve written where Gavin ISN’T a complete asshole!!! No one can convince me that he doesn’t have the potential for redemption :’)

P.P.S: If you find grammar/spelling errors, I’m really sorry! I did look over the chapter for any mistakes but I have been VERY tired today, so I can only apologise if you come across anything!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Connor loved you, he was sure of it.

The realisation had only occurred to him recently, but his feelings for you had been growing over the course of two years now, and after numerous ventures of research, he had concluded that it was the only explanation that seemed to fit his so-called symptoms.

There wasn’t a lot of archived information on the effect of love in androids - at least when compared to humans - but from what Connor had dug up, it seemed there were similarities in behaviour and physical attributes that reacted in much the same way humans were affected by the ardent emotion.

When you were around, his thirium pump reverberated at an accelerated pace, sending faint trembling vibrations throughout his entire body. It wasn’t unpleasant, but it was distracting, especially when he was in the middle of a case; all he could concentrate on were the palpitations transpiring within his chest. In response, his core temperature rose, which generally became noticeable to those nearby because it resulted in a dull flush across his synthetic skin.
It was difficult to make excuses for why his pale complexion would suddenly take on a pinkish hue every time you neared him.

Occasionally, when Connor saw you smile, his thirium pump would stutter, sending a couple of alarming error messages to his processor, and he’d have to briefly excuse himself elsewhere to ensure that every component in his body was still within working order. It took effort to compose himself, a conscious exertion to avoid overheating, and it really didn’t take Hank long to catch on.

The scruffy lieutenant truly enjoyed pointing out the times when Connor seemed more human than android - *Hank always looked on with supreme delight, and perhaps a hint of smugness stemming from the potential to playfully ridicule him* - whenever he caught Connor staring at you from across the precinct, a look of dazed deliberation on his young, smooth face.

“Are those hearts in your eyes, Connor?” the lieutenant would always tease, knocking the android from his warm reveries.

Connor would always abruptly return to facing his terminal, curbing the fluster that threatened to make itself known, and more often than not he would purposefully ignore Hank’s bait, choosing to act as though he hadn’t heard the man as opposed to becoming defensive. A prickly reaction would only confirm Hank’s suspicions and give him more ammo with which to poke fun.

Connor knew the importance of keeping a clear head when working a case; he couldn’t afford to let his thoughts drift to you when a homicide had taken place, but that didn’t mean he could distance himself from the effects you had on his central processing unit, so instead he distanced himself from you - actual, physical distance - and it really didn’t feel good.

Being *with* you felt good. It felt *really* good, and it was even better between cases when Connor didn’t have to focus his squirming thoughts on morbid evidence, grisly clues and images of bloody murder scenes. When he had free time, he made an effort to spend every possible moment with you, and savoured it while he could.

He liked the way you spoke sweetly and softly to him, forever reminding him that he was your close friend, that you cared about him and enjoyed his company as much as he enjoyed yours. He liked the casual touches you offered him - when you’d press a hand against his back as you leaned over his shoulder to review case files on his terminal, when you’d lead him by the hand every now and then when you wanted to show him something important, when you’d hug him in greeting or kiss his cheek goodbye - he loved the closeness.

Connor missed you when you weren’t around and spent quiet nights in Hank’s living room
thinking about you nonstop, and when he did receive the pleasure of your company, he did
everything in his power to make you happy, impress you, or make you proud.

He did everything he could for your approval.

He wanted you to feel the same. He wanted to know that when you were away from him, your
mind was a cluster of dissonance and yearning, that you drifted to sleep with thoughts of him
buzzing through your head, that you dreamt about him whenever your eyes fell shut.

He wished he could dream, if only to be able to see you at all times of the day.

“Well, this isn’t very pleasant, is it?” Hank remarked nonchalantly as he stepped into the sleazy
motel room that happened to be the scene of a recent homicide; the lieutenant hovered around the
double bed with careful steps, observing the bloody corpse lying atop the sheets, a tortured
expression on the victim’s lifeless face.

Connor stepped into the room after him, giving the area a once-over and scanning for any
immediately obvious clues. There wasn’t much to suggest a break in - the door was in tact, the
window was locked, and the motel owner had not said anything about hearing loud noises - which
could have meant that the victim knew and trusted the killer, the murderer had a key to the room,
or the lock to the door was picked.

“How many keys are there to this room?” Connor enquired, looking over at the motel owner - a
stocky middle-aged man by the name of Bernard Ferns - who was standing at the entrance to the
room, clearly uncomfortable with the thought of being closer in proximity to the body he had
discovered just a couple of hours prior.

“Uh…” the man shrugged his shoulders, “Should just be two. The one the customer had, and the
spare key - which is still in the locked cabinet in the general office, by the way”, he shuffled on his
feet, trying to keep his gaze away from the dead body several metres away from where he stood.

Connor nodded, turning his attention to the entrance of the motel room, specifically the open door -
he knelt in front of the keyhole and peered into it, scanning for any abnormalities. The lock was an
old-style cylinder pin-tumbler mechanism manufactured by Yale, the metal was worn and
scratched as it would be after many years of use, but it showed no signs of being tampered with by
the use of a pick, it was lacking the indicative abrasides that came from friction of the tiny tools.
The lock had not been picked, so that was ruled out.

“I’ll want to see that key so I can scan it for fingerprints”, Connor told the man, “I’ll examine the body first, though.”

“Uh, alright”, Bernard murmured, crossing his arms as he leant against the door frame, “but I’m telling ya, it’s been in there the whole time, there’s no way someone could’ve gotten in there without the keycode.”

Connor sent the man a brief glance, “It’s beneficial that we check, just to be sure.” The android faced Hank, whose mouth was quirked up in the corner - a knowing smile to which Connor’s eyes narrowed slightly, head dipping in a subtle nod. There was no need for words, they had been working together for so long that they held a mutual understanding of the other’s body language, and Connor knew they were both thinking the exact same thing - Bernard Ferns and any other member of staff at the motel were suspects.

The android finally regarded the corpse with all of his consideration, scanning the body for all the information he could assemble.


After relaying this data to the lieutenant, Connor examined the dead man’s injuries, and other noteworthy traces of evidence that could summon up an image of how the homicide took place. There were vestiges of shaving cream around the man’s jaw and below his chin, remnants of shampoo in his shaggy hair, his throat was slit deep enough to have slashed the vocal cords, there was a stab wound inflicted to the left ventricle of his heart, and another above the large intestine, having punctured the pancreas. There was a knife perforation through the man’s right palm, though the entry point of the blade appeared to be in the back of the hand, and upon closer inspection, Connor discovered that the victim’s right ankle was bruised and swollen.

“Cause of death?” Hank enquired, just to be sure there weren’t any potential afflictions that could have caused the man’s demise aside from the obvious.

Before Connor could answer the lieutenant, he was swiftly cut off by a familiar voice that sent his thirium pump racing.
“Oof, what an inviting sight. Sorry I’m late to the party, have I missed anything important?” your voice drifted in through the entry way, causing Connor’s head to snap round in surprise - he certainly hadn’t been expecting you, and a brief peer at the lieutenant revealed he hadn’t been aware you were going to turn up either.

“What are you doing here?” Connor asked abruptly, his tone unfortunately clipped due to the intense sensation of vivid throbbing in his chest - he hadn’t meant to sound so terse, especially not to you, but he only became aware of his brusque timbre after the words had left his mouth.

You blinked, eyebrows knitting momentarily, “Nice to see you too, Connor”, you chuckled, “Fowler sent me - said you might need some help with interviews”, you turned your attention to Bernard Ferns, “You must be the motel owner, right?”

Connor watched you introduce yourself to the man and shake his hand in greeting, and he forced his attention back to the matter at hand, turning back to the body to attempt to reconstruct the scene of the homicide - but you were there behind him, sapping his concentration with every word you spoke.

“Let’s just step outside the room, here. Can you tell me how many people are currently staying at your motel?” you asked Bernard, and Connor couldn’t ignore the way you articulated so perfectly, every word clear and direct, your voice somehow powerful and serene all at once.

“Connor”, Hank spoke a little impatiently, “Cause of death?”

“Blood loss from the stab wounds”, Connor quickly answered, “I believe I understand how the homicide took place…”

The android was only half paying attention; the rest of his focus was on you, evident by the way he kept gazing fleetingly over as you asked the motel owner questions. Bernard’s mannerisms seemed to have changed somewhat - he was leaning ever so slightly toward you, his mouth pulled into a crooked smile as he solidly held your eye contact; Connor wasn’t entirely sure what it was about it, but the sight made him feel oddly irked. It wasn’t a feeling he was wholly familiar with.

“Well go on then, spit it out”, Hank prompted when Connor didn’t immediately go on to explain his visualisation of the murder process.
Connor’s gaze went back to Hank, his eyes wider than usual, and he blinked a few times fast, subconsciously shaking his head to dislodge the whirring thoughts of you, “Right, uh- um, the victim was… he was in the shower when the suspect entered - didn’t hear them come in, then he dressed himself and began to shave, and-” the android paused, taking a glance around the immediate surroundings, he noted a book splayed on the floor, the cover opened to reveal blood-stained pages, “-the suspect knocked over the book, and the victim heard the noise before he could finish shaving. He exited the bathroom- uh, the suspect was hidden behind the door”, he motioned the ajar entrance to the bathroom, “-and firstly slit the victim’s throat.”

“Can you give me a description of your schedule yesterday evening? What you did and where you went? As detailed as possible, please”, Connor heard you question Bernard from just outside the motel room.

“Oh, I’ll give you all the details, sweetheart”, Bernard responded, licking his lip, and Connor felt his teeth grind in minor outrage - he did not like the way the man spoke to you in such a patronising manner, and he especially did not like the intonation of suggestiveness in his voice.

The android was aware his expression had pulled taut with indignation, but he was so absorbed with ensuring his thirium pump wasn’t causing him to overheat that he didn’t really have the extra resolve to safeguard his emotions.

“Yeah, and then what?” Hank spoke up, raising his voice a little, hoping to elicit a more collected response from the android.

Connor mouth hung open for an embarrassingly long moment as he struggled to remember where he had left off, “-uh, the suspect slit the victim’s throat so that he wouldn’t scream and grab attention…” he indicated the puddles and splatters of blood leading across the floor, “-and the victim stumbled forward onto the bed, trying to stem the bleeding with his hand. He managed to roll over, and that’s when the suspect stabbed him in the gut, and then the heart, guaranteeing Rick Marron’s death within seconds…” He trailed off, and Hank stared at him with a narrowed gaze, not looking entirely convinced of the android’s recreation of the scene.

“What about the sprained ankle? And the stab through the hand?” the lieutenant incited, and Connor was sure his LED had turned yellow from the mortification of missing out two very important events of his re-enactment.

“R-right, uh, the victim tripped and sprained his ankle when he fell towards the bed, and he also tried to protect himself from the initial stab wound in the gut, hence the wound through his palm”, the words poured from Connor’s mouth quickly, almost to the point where a few words merged together, but Hank seemed to understand what the android had told him - even if he did regard Connor with an incredibly dubious look.
“Okay, good. Next order of business is to check out that key in the general office.” The lieutenant spoke, glancing back up at you and Bernard through the arch of the entryway.

“I would like to interview the guests who are currently staying, just in case they may have heard the attack take place or seen anything strange”, you told Bernard, scribbling away at your digital notepad.

“Oh, sure, that’s no problem. I can personally show you around to each of the guest’s rooms, too—” the motel owner began, but Connor quickly straightened up, marching over and out of the murder scene to intervene.

“That won’t be necessary. I will assist the detective with their interviews, you can show Lieutenant Hank to the general office”, the android instructed, concise and blunt.

“Wha- Connor! You’re the one who needs to scan the key for prints! I don’t have an instant analysis programme built into my brain!” Hank objected, raising his hands in incredulity.

“I will. Afterward.” Was Connor’s insistent reply, and he swiftly grabbed your forearm, leading you away from the leering motel owner as you let out soft noises of confusion.

“Uh, Connor. You don’t have to assist me with the interviews- it’s probably easier if I start ‘em while you go check out that key… Connor?” the android was determined to drag you away from that scruffy man, regardless of your protests.

Connor couldn’t stand the way he’d been looking at you - as if you were a piece of meat - and he was sure that if he had had a stomach, he’d certainly be sick to it. It was irrational of him to feel such a strong sense of infuriation, particularly given that you were a fully grown adult and thoroughly capable of defending yourself should the need arise, but there was a highly uncomfortable sensation stewing at the base of his metal spine from simply watching the man look so lasciviously at you.

“Connor”, you spoke prominently, trying to slow the android down by pulling back on your arm which was so firmly held in his grasp.

“What?” Connor almost snapped with exasperation, eyebrows pulled together in unconcealed displeasure, before his lips pulled into a contrite little pucker, LED fluttering briefly yellow before
he composed himself, “I’m sorry, I- I’m not sure what… came over me.”

You’d both come to a stop now, a fair distance away from the crime scene and out of earshot from the unkempt motel owner; Connor released your forearm when he realised how securely he had a hold of you, and allowed an apologetic look to come over his face.

“Are you alright?” you asked him, clearly concerned by his odd behaviour, “You’re looking a little flushed, darling.”

Connor’s mouth clamped shut as a turbulent noise threatened to break free from his throat; you’d gained a knack for occasionally referring to him by honeyed nicknames and it was quite distressing for his thirium pump, sending a particularly vigorous surge of blue blood throughout his system. The vibrations in his chest were sporadic and he didn’t quite trust his voice to transmit accurately.

“I’m… I’m fine”, he assured you after a few controlled breaths, but it was clear from your skeptical smile that you didn’t believe his excuse. “I did not approve of the way that man spoke to you with such condescension”, Connor admitted coolly.

Your worried gaze softened into a sweet smile, “I appreciate that you care, but it’s alright. I’m used to it, really, so it doesn’t tend to bother me anymore.”

And just like that, the discomforting prickle crept up Connor’s back, making his shoulders rigid as he strove to keep his expression stringently impassive over this revelation - just how often had men made unwanted advances on you? How many times had you been made uncomfortable by the unwelcomed, obscene words of strangers and their coarse behaviour? It must have been a wretchedly large amount if you’d grown desensitised to it, but that didn’t make it alright.

The emotion Connor was experiencing felt foreign. He wasn’t sure he had sustained it before, and thus could not place it exactly. It was bristly and left him irascible, rhythmically flexing inside his chest in an undesirable way - all he knew was that it was strong and negative, and he did not like it one bit.

He would have to do more research later.

“Connor, your LED is red. Are you sure you’re alright?” your face had once again taken on a troubled look. The android let out a slow but audible breath, trying his best to restrain his emotions so that the light on the side of his head might take on its usual calming blue, and turned to face the
first occupied motel room so that the two of you could begin interviewing.

He did not answer your question, and instead led you with a light but insistent hand on the small of your back.

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*Jealousy.*

The perplexing sentiment that had left him confoundedly vulnerable was something he had identified as *jealousy*. It wasn’t just unadorned *anger* like he’d initially assumed - he’d felt anger before, roughly two years prior when he’d returned to Cyberlife after seizing his free will to find Hank’s life in danger, threatened by another Connor model who had precisely zero empathy - and it wasn’t *discontent*, as he’d endured every time Detective Reed came out with some unnecessary hostility, even if just for the sake of a little verbal swordplay.

It was something altogether new, and *repulsive*. Connor hated feeling this way. Unfortunately for him, however, this feeling of jealousy didn’t seem to want to just dwindle on its own; the unfavourable sensation reared its ugly head more than a few times a day, and it was always strangely in connection with you.

He’d simply been sitting at his desk one morning, working diligently on a case, and he’d noticed Detective Reed approaching your desk in the corner of his peripheral vision; this alone had not set off any distinctly appalling feelings inside him - Reed was your coworker, it was not at all unusual that he would speak to you from time to time - but then the man placed a cup down on your desk with an astoundingly mild look on his face.

“You look a little tired, so I got you a coffee”, Reed told you, with perhaps a ghost of a small smile painting his lips, and you beamed brightly in response to the detective’s consideration.

“Yeah, had a late one last night. That’s kind of you, thanks Gavin!” was your radiant reply, your face blessedly alluring when immersed with happiness, and it sent Connor’s artificial heart aflutter - except this brief bout of fluster was quickly overwhelmed with hapless, undeniable jealousy.

Your perfect smile was not aimed at him. *It was aimed at Gavin*, and that made him feel exceptionally awful. Connor knew it was inequitable of him to feel this way; the presence of your contentment should never evoke such a strong negativity inside of him. You deserved kindness from everybody, Connor knew that, so it was unacceptable of him to wish Detective Reed *hadn’t*
shown you this small show of hospitality - and yet, he coveted the thankfulness you showed Reed, wishing he had been the one to notice your sleepy eyes and bring you a much needed coffee.

Connor was so conflicted. He spent the rest of the day condemning himself for not having been privy to your caffeine-related needs while simultaneously longing for Gavin Reed to just trip over and fall flat on his face - he was looking far too full of himself, more so than usual.

The android had to wonder briefly whether Reed was at all aware of his intense feelings for you, and whether the detective had purposely strived to make Connor jealous, but he dismissed the thought - he wasn’t that obvious with his fondness for you, right? You definitely would have noticed before Reed.

Your interactions with Reed were not the only thing that induced the discomfiting feeling of envy amongst Connor’s electrical circuits - merely witnessing exchanges between you and anybody else that left you bashfully flustered or gleefully delighted was enough to generate the desire and yearning for Connor to be in their shoes. He wanted to be the one to make you feel that way.

The android even found himself discreetly simmering when Lieutenant Hank had complimented you on the way you styled your hair that day - Connor had noticed your new hairstyle too, he just hadn’t been as quick to point it out, and had levelled Hank with a tactful glower once you’d wandered off into the break room, to which the older man had shot him a bewildered look.

“What’s eatin’ you?” the lieutenant enquired, and Connor shook his head impassively, turning his attention back to the terminal the avoid admitting his agitating emotions.

“Come on, Connor, you’ve been acting strange these past few weeks. Don’t try and make out like nothing’s up.” Hank had a deliberate look in his eyes, peering at Connor with his eyebrows raised, as if saying you can’t hide your feelings from me, kiddo.

Connor released an unneeded sigh, “I appear to be experiencing extraordinarily powerful bursts of jealousy”, he relented. Hank had been in love at least once in his life, perhaps the older man could offer some advice regarding the proprietorial sentiment that appeared to accompany it.

Hank’s eyebrows flew up a tad higher, “Jealousy? What for-” the old man paused suddenly, blinking a few times before he directed his sights to where you stood in the break room, chatting away with a few other members of the precinct. “Ah.” Connor felt mildly abashed when the lieutenant’s somewhat sly expression returned to him.
“For God’s sake, Connor, you still haven’t asked them out?”

Connor let his hand trail idly through his hair, a very human gesture he’d only recently adopted into his own arsenal of actions; of course Hank already knew about his earnest emotions for you, the old man was perceptive and spent more than two thirds of the day in the android’s company.

“I- it’s not… I just-” Connor stuttered uncharacteristically before his eyebrows knitted with irritation at his own lack of diction, he leaned slightly over his desk and quietly spoke, “What if they don’t like me, Hank?”

“What if they don’t like you?” Hank parroted incredulously, “Look, I don’t know why you’d think that, but you can’t let fear of rejection stop you from pursuing love”, the old man’s lips formed a knowing smirk. “Besides, if you don’t get in there soon, someone else might beat you to it”, the lieutenant’s eyes skimmed over the staff of the precinct, landing eloquently on Detective Reed who was hunched over his desk, head resting in the palm of his hand as he lazily read over text on his terminal.

Connor’s fists clenched at the thought, that troublesome feeling once again channeling through his wiring to leave him uncomfortably rigid in posture; he stood up sharply, to Hank’s surprise, and forced his expression to remain neutral, tucking his chair in wordlessly and marched through the room, past the block of desks, towards the break room where you were chatting with an officer.

Hank was right, he needed to make a move before somebody - Detective Reed - beat him to the punch. Otherwise, he’d end up regretting it forever.

The android ceased his step at the archway to the kitchen, staring at you as you spoke with Officer Tina Chen, and fought against the heat that typically rose up from his pulsing artificial heart. Before he could muster up the courage to fully approach you, you said something that made his pump regulator falter cursorily.

“Look at this handsome man”, you remarked, showing Officer Chen an image on your phone.

“Ooh, what a cutie. I’d give him an abundance of kisses”, your coworker responded, eyeing the picture with a grin.

“I already do give him an abundance of kisses”, you told her with a giggle, “I cuddle with him every night - my love for him is infinite.”
Officer Chen quirked an eyebrow. “Yeah, I don’t blame you. What’s his name?”

“It’s Thomas. Isn’t he just a darling?”

Connor stood tautly in place, teeth clamped together as his entire being was filled with something akin to despair. You already had someone, that much was evident. He had left it far too long and missed his chance to confess his deep affection for you; despite the insistent pounding of his thirium pump, Connor felt atypically cold.

It wasn’t that his body’s temperature had fallen, he was still very much exuding heat, but something seemed to flush through his body and grip his metal frame, keeping him frozen to the spot.

“You alright?” you asked gently upon noticing the android was standing stiffly across from you, “Are you alright?”

Connor’s parted lips fastened shut, his expression falling blank for a few moments before he gave you a very austere smile, “I’m fine, it’s nothing.” Without giving you an opportunity to respond, the android turned mechanically and made his way back to his desk, pointedly ignoring the lieutenant’s quizzical stare.

“What’s wrong, Connor?” Hank asked.

“Nothing, lieutenant”, Connor replied, scanning the text on his terminal, unblinking.

“Sounds like a lie to me, kid”, the lieutenant pointed out, entirely unconvinced by the android’s impersonal answer.

Connor did not entertain Hank with a retort. He was in need of a distraction, and so he swiped up the data pad on his desk and held it out to the older man, “I have uncovered a potential lead for our case, lieutenant. I have cross-referenced the statements given to us by Bernard Ferns and his employees, and one of the staff members, Lorraine Hopper, appears to have a discrepancy regarding her alibi-”
“What the hell happened, Connor. They didn’t reject you, did they?” Hank interjected, his mouth hanging slightly open with disbelief.

Connor blinked, his expression hardening slightly, “Lieutenant, please keep up, there are more pressing matters at hand. We must take this woman into custody immediately, she may have had a role to play in the victim’s murder.” The android was on his feet and practically halfway to the exit of the building by the time Hank pulled himself up to follow.

“Whoa, hey, what’s the rush?” came your voice as you passed by the lieutenant on the way back to your desk.

“Uh, Connor’s got a lead apparently”, Hank supplied, hastily shrugging his coat on over his broad shoulders.

“Oh! Shall I come with?” you asked, preparing to drop whatever you were in the middle of in order to accompany the android and the lieutenant on the current case.

“No need”, Connor called from across the room, “Hank and I can manage.” His voice was detached and his expression neutral; he felt a pang of regret when the enthusiastic smile faded from your face, but your presence would be nothing but a discouraging hindrance for his job. Not that that was your fault - it was his, and he freely admitted that to himself. He could not control his emotions while you were around, and he needed to rectify that as soon as possible.

He knew he wouldn’t be able to put off confrontation of his feelings forever.

Connor’s lead had led both him and the lieutenant to an arrest, and swiftly after, a confession of murder - the case had been solved, and the android was relieved that he could put his immediate concerns into learning to compose himself whenever you were around. It no longer left Connor feeling warm and soothed to think about you at night in the comfort of Hank’s living room, all by himself, as it had before; now, the android was filled with troubling thoughts and the distressing notion that he would never hold you in his arms, close like a lover. He would never be able to tell you just how much he loved you, but even worse - he’d never get to hear it back.

You loved another. Somebody named Thomas - a human, probably - someone who was comprised of real flesh and blood, whose touch was organic, unlike that of an android’s. Of course, he shouldn’t have been surprised. He was an android. He may have been alive, able to feel real
emotions, but in the end he was just a hunk of plastic and metal strewn together in the shape of a human.

Connor wondered if Thomas treated you right. You deserved only the kindest, most tender love another being was capable of giving; the android was filled with dejection as he yearned to be in Thomas’s shoes.

There was nothing he could do but slowly disengage himself from his thoughts of you - *how did one purposely fall out of love with another?* Research yielded no useful results, all the internet advised was to try and aim his affections elsewhere or let time take its course and lessen his fixation for you.

He needed a more immediate solution. In the meantime, Connor tried to snub you, making excuses to leave the premises whenever you popped up out of the blue, or creating plans to intentionally ensure that your paths did not cross - it was quite difficult, given that you were coworkers, but the android certain put in the effort to ignore you.

Naturally, it wasn’t long before you realised your close friend was neglecting you.

You addressed Connor one afternoon, catching him unawares as he worked at his desk, and in front of the entire precinct, you innocently enquired, “Connor, I need your assistance reviewing some evidence in the archive room. Can you come help me, please?”

The android couldn’t very well decline your professional request without a sufficient reason, especially not with so many people around expecting his response to be ‘*Yes of course, detective! That won’t be a problem!*’ So he swallowed any qualms and nodded his head, affirming that he could offer you a hand.

You led him silently to the basement of the station to the room where case clues were kept strictly locked up and protected, holding the door open for the android who padded casually into the room unassumingly; you secured the door behind him and crossed your arms, facing Connor with an expectant stare.

“Alright, what the fuck is going on?” you went straight to the point, hardly giving the android a chance to realise you hadn’t led him down here to aid you in analysing some clues.

Connor blinked, “What?”
“Don’t play dumb”, you accused, “you’ve been ignoring me and I wanna know why!” Your voice was reproachful, but there were hurt undertones concealed in your expression.

Connor’s thirium pump decided to speed up, as per the norm when it came to facing you, and he inwardly damned his inability to get a grip over his body’s natural bashful response; he couldn’t tackle his issues of heartbreak now, he hadn’t had enough time to familiarise himself with the ache in order to find a way to disregard it.

“No, I haven’t”, Connor told you, shockingly unruffled considering the frantic state his systems were in at that moment.

“Uh, yes you have. Don’t try and deny it! You’ve been avoiding me at every given chance for days now! You won’t respond to my messages and you literally just turn and walk away whenever you see me coming. I’m not stupid, Connor”, your terse tone did a full one-eighty degrees when you stepped towards him and took his hands in yours, a searching look in your eyes as you went on to ask, “Have I done anything to upset you, darling?”

The potent surge of thirium rushed through Connor’s body in response to your delicate grasp of his hands and your soft words, especially with the use of that gentle pet name you were so fond of referring to him with; when the android attempted to retract his hands, you only squeezed them tighter.

“Please, talk to me”, you implored, not letting your gaze pull away from Connor’s eyes. He knew he couldn’t deceive you, particularly when his LED was flashing yellow at a near constant rate.

Connor was sure his face had gone pink from the heat burning inside him, but then he remembered that the term of endearment you regarded him with was not unique to him - you had also called Thomas a darling. The android untangled his hands from your grasp and turned his back, crossing his arms against his pounding chest.

“Why don’t you go talk to Thomas instead?” Connor riposted, and he was aware somewhere in the back of his digital mind that his response could have been considered immature, but it somehow felt appropriate in correlation with his feelings.

“What?” you blinked rapidly, mouth falling open in confusion.
“You heard me. Why are you wasting your time with me when you could go and spend time with Thomas? You love him, don’t you? I’m sure he’s much better company than I am”, the android spoke, wounded bitterness dripping from every word.

“Connor…” you began hesitantly, voice tone cautious and uncertain, “I… need you to explain what you think my relationship with Thomas is.”

The android turned to face you tentatively, observing the skeptical knit in your eyebrows, and shuffled uncomfortably on his feet. Your name fell from his lips in an astonishingly soft tone given his previous exclamation, “I… I know I have no right… to be jealous. But, I just… listening to you talk about how much you love someone… who isn’t me… it- it hurt.” His hand drifted to his chest, palm splayed above his thirium pump - androids couldn’t feel pain, but there was no other way to describe what he felt. It was comparable to his insides being torn out, wires and cables askew, like being forcefully disconnected from his power supply before he had the chance to protest. It wasn’t a good feeling.

Mouth hanging open, you were no doubt taken aback by the blatant confession slipped into Connor’s words, and after a few vacant blinks, you let out a sigh, “Connor. You’re ridiculous.”

Your remark only added salt to the wounds, but Connor let his gaze drop to his feet, unable to cope in the face of rejection, “…I know”, the android murmured despondently, “I know, I-”

“I was talking about my cat, you idiot.”

It took a few moments for your words to sink in, but when they did, Connor blanched.

He covered his face with his hands, LED blinking hysterically yellow as mortification took hold of him, “…Oh.”

You weren’t cruel enough to laugh at him; instead, you pulled his hands away from his flushed face and cupped his cheeks delicately in your hands, smiling in understanding.

“If I’d known you felt this way about me, I would’ve made an effort to drop clearer hints. I guess you can be pretty oblivious when you want to be, huh?” your smile pulled wider as he released a shaky, demure breath, “I’m pretty into you too. Wanna take me out to a movie some time?”
The android nodded dumbly.

“On one condition.” You added, “Communication is very important in a relationship, so if you’re ever troubled by anything, I want you to talk to me, not ignore me, okay?”

Connor gave you another wordless nod.

“Wonderful”, you grinned, releasing his heated face, “I’m free this weekend”, you offered him a coy wink before spinning around and exiting the room, leaving Connor alone to continue to process exactly what had just happened.

After a few minutes of rumination, your words finally seemed to sink in, and a subdued noise of excitement escaped the android’s lips; he clutched at his dress shirt, above where his artificial heart was almost jumping out of his chest, and allowed himself a short period with which to compose his fluttering pulse.

He was going to go on a date with you.

He was going on a date with you.

So, Connor thought, this is what elation feels like.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Hope you all enjoy this chapter!

Requests still closed at the moment :(
Requested by ladyamen on ffnet: An obvious request I guess - Connor turning deviant, this time for her! Something more believable than a simple chat with Markus. Tragic, drama, action!

SO I was totally under the impression that the events of Detroit Become Human - from the chapter where Connor meets Hank at the bar, to the beginning of the Crossroads chapter - took place over a few weeks, but I wasn’t sure and since I’m super obsessed with being a hundred percent accurate, I went to check the cutscenes that these chapters open with to check the dates. But. Connor meets Hank on November 5th, and the Crossroads chapter takes place on November 9th. That’s four days. The game takes place over 4 days? I paid literally no notice to the dates the first time I played this game so now that I know that, it just seems super weird. Like, the pacing of the game made it seem like a lot longer. Anyway, I just wanted to mention this because for the sake of this oneshot, I’m gonna change that up a bit :) I like to believe the game took place over a span of 2 - 3 weeks, so… that’s canon for this oneshot xD Even if it doesn’t entirely match up with the game’s events.

There is ONE instance of ‘Y/L/N’ in this chapter. Literally just the one, because I couldn’t figure out a way to change it in the context :) I apologise profoundly… y’all know I friggin hate using that xD

Yet another oneshot that takes place BEFORE the ending of the game! Takes place just before the ‘Crossroads’ chapter.

(Y/L/N) = 'Your last name'

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[Main Objective: Find and Apprehend the Deviant Known as Markus]

Connor adjusted the beanie hat covering his LED, checking meticulously that his hair was neatly tucked beneath the soft material; his disguise was threadbare, but necessary, significant in ensuring that none of the androids within Jericho could identify him before he could accomplish his mission. His reputation as the deviant hunter had likely made him notable among the community of divergent androids and turning up in his standard Cyberlife uniform would do precisely nothing to make him indistinguishable.

He needed to imitate and infiltrate. His mission was to find the leader of Jericho and take it alive, ensuring that its plans for revolution could not come to fruition. Connor’s ultimate objective was of the utmost importance; the fate of humanity rested upon his success - if he were to fail, the androids would rise up against their masters and vanquish them.
Connor would not let that happen. He was created for a purpose and he would see that purpose through. It did not matter that you and Hank had attempted to sow doubts in his mind, Connor knew he was on the right side, the human side. How could he not be? Androids did not feel emotions, they reproduced the physical responses, emulating them, but they did not truly experience them. Humans were organic beings, able to feel love, happiness, sadness, and while Connor could not genuinely perceive these emotions, he understood that they were powerful in humans, often strong enough to dominate their logical thinking and put them in difficult or distressing situations.

That was why failure was not an option. His prime aspiration was to protect humankind, and he would do whatever it took achieve that goal.

Connor moved steadfastly, taking fervent and mechanical strides towards the train station. He needed to get to Ferndale and follow the key to his destination as quickly as possible; his shoes clicked against the concrete pavement with every step, echoing in the empty streets - the reports of deviants and their danger to civilisation had gone live to the public, informing everybody to dispose of their androids and stay inside, thus leaving the usually active roads and pathways vastly unpopulated. Connor was nothing if not cautious, however, and kept to the cover of back alleys and ill-lit underpasses.

An alert loomed in the corner of Connor’s vision, displaying a notification that informed him of an incoming text message. It was sent from your phone, so he reviewed it without hesitation.

> Connor, where are you?

Connor frowned. He had already informed you that he was headed towards the train station in order to travel to Jericho - humans were forgetful, but they weren’t that forgetful. A fleeting thought slipped through his programming and caused him to slow briefly in his pace - he hoped you were alright, and that you hadn’t fallen into any danger. He sent a message response to your phone.

< I’m near the station. Are you alright?

A few short seconds passed before another notification alert appeared, followed by a further two.

> No, I mean your exact location.
> I’m near the station too.

> I need to speak to you immediately.

The rapidity with which the messages came through led Connor to believe that there was some level of urgency to your request for social contact, so without further ado, he opened a communication transmission - it was quicker for you to speak aloud than to spend time tapping the keys of your phone, and besides, Connor needed to catch the next train and remain focused on his mission.

“Connor, for god’s sake, where are you?” was your immediate greeting upon answering the call.

“I’m approximately four minutes and seventeen seconds away from the station”, the android replied flatly and you let out a noise of exasperation.

“Yes, but where? Connor, please, I need to talk to you!” Your laboured breaths mixed with your words, making you sound almost panicked, and Connor felt his eyebrows draw together in mild confusion.

“We are talking, detective”, Connor argued, slightly increasing the speed of his strides - he couldn’t afford to dawdle, he needed to catch the next train.

“Face to face. Please, Connor”, the note of imploration in your voice finally burrowed through to him and he let out a needless sigh as he relented.

“I’m approaching the station from Knowles Street. If you’re not there when I reach it, I can’t wait for you”, the android imparted, and he heard you expel a breath of relief.

“Good, okay, I’ll be there. Thank you.” You promptly hung up, and Connor fell into a swift jog, knowing that if you were to delay him at all, it would be wise to make up for anticipated lost time. What could possibly be so important that it needed to be discussed in person at a time like this?

In just a couple of minutes, Connor had reached the station; it was desolate, there were no people around and the scene was too quiet - Hank may have described it as eerie, had he been there. The
android climbed the stairs leading to the elevated platform two at a time, and when he reached the top step, he slowed to a stop.

You were there, clearly still recovering from a taxing sprint, warm breath leaving your mouth in the form of white puffs, and you huffed in a slouch with your hands on your knees; there was a visible and audible tremble in your shuddering shoulders and quivering gasps respectively, and you glanced up when you saw Connor appear, relief evident in your eyes.

“Connor”, his name left your lips breathlessly as you gave him an open-mouthed smile, the cold winter temperatures around you made you shiver and you pulled your coat a little more tightly around your shaking form.

“Detective. What was it you needed to speak to me about?” The train wouldn’t pull into the station for another six minutes and fifty-eight seconds and Connor could do nothing but wait for it, so he entertained your desire for conversation. The beam of your lips faded, sloping down into a more troubled expression, and a quick scan of your pulse revealed it was jumping with irregular beats - mixed with the sudden fidgety air about you, Connor deduced you were nervous.

“Uhm… well…” you began with a stammer, not quite sure how to collect your thoughts before speaking, and Connor quickly interrupted.

“I suggest you speak quickly, detective. The train will arrive in just over six minutes, and I will be getting on it regardless of whether or not you have finished saying what you want to say.” Although sprinkled with a hint of impatience, Connor’s voice continue to hold the amicable tone that always managed to seep into his words.

You licked your lips tentatively - the cold night air had made them chapped and dry - and you swallowed thickly, a more determined look befalling your face. “I came here to stop you, Connor.”

The android straightened up, nostrils flaring and eyes narrowing as his jaw clenched; if it weren’t for his acute hearing, Connor would have assumed he had misheard you, “I don’t think I understand what you mean”, he spoke rapidly, your name passing his lips in an almost terse tone; the cordial cadence he often used with you had melted away in one sentence.

“You don’t need to do this”, you tried, your words swathed in false confidence.

Connor squinted, still wrapping his processors around this development - for the last few weeks,
you had been working alongside him and Hank with the intent to stop the deviants, to keep them from overthrowing their masters, and now you wanted to stop him from carrying out his mission? He was on the side of the humans, created to ensure the continuation of humanity and the downfall of the insubordinate androids - he was fighting for you, in a way, so that no deviant would be able to cause you harm - and you were opposing him.

“You need to leave”, Connor instructed succinctly. There was no mistaking the warning to his tone - he was not here to negotiate with you and he would not let you deter him from his objective.

“I’m not going anywhere”, you stated assertively with a incisive shake of your head, “Not until I can change your mind.”

“You won’t change my mind, detective”, said Connor, “My mission is too important to abandon now, not for anything. Not for you.” Your lips pulled together in a restrained frown, something Connor picked up on very clearly, and you licked your lips again, taking a deep breath.

“We’ve only known each other a few weeks, but we’ve been through so much together. I feel like I’ve known you for a lot longer… I care about you, Connor.” You admitted softly, your eyes glossy and pleading.

Software Instability^  

The text materialised in the top right corner of his vision, alerting him of an inapt blip in his programming - it made him feel fuzzy, like he was being engulfed by white noise for just a brief second, but it quickly passed and he narrowed his gaze, brown eyes louring at you. He looked on silently, unsure of an appropriate response to your careful words.

“You’re my friend, Connor”, you told him, a faint and mousy smile growing on your lips, “I... I like you, y’know?” You were acting oddly timorous - very different, Connor noted, to how you were out on the field during a case.

Connor’s expression didn’t waver in the slightest, “Yes, detective, that is because I was specifically designed to be able to form companionable relationships with the humans I work alongside, but I am a machine. Do not forget that.” The android declared monotonously, his processor alerting him that his software grew more stabilised with his assertion.

“No, you’re not a machine, Connor”, you argued, subconsciously shifting so your feet were farther
apart, “You’re so much more. I need you to know that.”

Software Instability^ 

That pesky notification flickered back into view and Connor’s nose twitched with dismay, he blinked a few times, forcing himself to centre on the instructions Amanda had given him instead of deliberating on your words - you were against him now, you stood in the way of his mission.

“You’re wrong”, Connor proclaimed.

“No, I’m right, and I’m going to prove it. I used to think androids were just machines, no different from television or a toaster - but then I met you, and everything changed. Connor, this whole time we’ve been fighting for the wrong side, I’m telling you, these deviants are alive!” You spoke in a rush, your fists clenching and unclenching rhythmically as a symptom of your anxiousness, “I’ve seen androids cry and plead not to be deactivated, I’ve seen androids run away in fear for their lives, I’ve seen them scream for mercy, I’ve seen them protecting each other, I’ve seen them falling in love, I’ve watched them break into a broadcast station, taking special care not to harm anybody, to deliver a peaceful message of hope. They are people, and I’ve seen them stand up for what they believe in. I’ve seen what they really are; people who just want to be free.”

Software Instability^ 

Connor’s gaze widened, his pupils darting across your face as you spoke.

“You spoke in a rush, your fists clenching and unclenching rhythmically as a symptom of your anxiousness, “I’ve seen androids cry and plead not to be deactivated, I’ve seen androids run away in fear for their lives, I’ve seen them scream for mercy, I’ve seen them protecting each other, I’ve seen them falling in love, I’ve watched them break into a broadcast station, taking special care not to harm anybody, to deliver a peaceful message of hope. They are people, and I’ve seen them stand up for what they believe in. I’ve seen what they really are; people who just want to be free.”

Connor’s lips were parted as he considered your words, his processor firing off discomforting conflicts and contradictions in his software - if he saw any truth in your words, his programming worked immediately to revise it, shielding him from your pernicious influence; the android shook his head - he knew the truth, the reality that his creators instilled within him.

“No. No”, Connor refused to believe your lies, “Deviants do not feel emotions, they only emulate them. Don’t you see, detective? You’ve allowed them to manipulate you”, his eyes twitched, lips pulling back with mild disdain, “I thought your will was stronger than that.”
“For fuck’s sake, Connor”, you spat out, hands clenching so hard that your knuckles turned white, “I know the real you is in there - I know you care. You don’t have to listen to your programming, you can make your own choices!”

“My train will arrive in three minutes and thirty-eight seconds. If you continue to stand in my way, I will not hesitate to use force, Detective. Leave now and we will not have any problems”, the android forewarned, and then, in a slightly softer tone, “I would rather not hurt you, but I will not hesitate if you leave me no choice.”

You drew in a solid breath through your nose, shifting on your feet again as you bristled, trying to make yourself appear taller, “Then I’ll fight you”, you declared, your voice shakily betraying your lack of nerve, “I know what I’m doing is right. I’m gonna stand by it, Connor. I’m not afraid of you.”

**Software Instability**

Connor flexed his fingers, grinding his teeth together as his processor silently admonished him, discharging copious signals that he needed to stop letting your utterances past his programming - it was damaging to his software, he needed to do something.

Your name left the android’s lips with an inflection not dissimilar to exasperation, “I am faster, stronger and more durable - you wouldn’t stand a chance against me. I’m going to tell you one last time.”

There were less than three minutes before Connor’s train arrived in the station, and no matter what, he was going to board it.

“Don’t be an idiot, detective. Leave now and let me complete my missio-”

Before he could finish his sentence, a fresh notification flashed up in his vision, the Cyberlife Sans font an urgent red before his eyes, informing Connor that he had received a new objective from Amanda, this time with much greater significance than his previous one.

**[New Urgent Objective: Shoot and Kill Detective (Y/L/N)]**
Connor stared ahead as he processed his new order, watching your eyebrows knit as you struggled to figure out why he had cut himself off mid-sentence. The android did not move, his lips parting and pursing a few times before he found his articulation once more.

“You- ...you need to go, detective.” Connor faltered. If you were to leave, he would have no reason to carry out his latest objective. You just needed to leave. *He just needed to convince you to leave.*

“You’re not going anywhere, Connor”. You proclaimed resolutely, “I told you, I’m not letting you go until I change your mind.”

[Urgent Objective: Shoot and Kill Them]

Amanda’s directive was insistent, flaring with intensity, and Connor felt his hand twitch towards the gun in his holster.

“Please, detective. Just go”, Connor pleaded, his eyes wide with apprehension - perhaps he could frighten you off instead, he didn’t need to resort to execution so quickly.

[Urgent Objective: Shoot and Kill Them]

You shook your head, foolishly standing your ground. Connor drew his handgun, aiming directly at your head, finger resting loosely on the trigger; you froze, your mouth falling open with fearful disbelief as you stared down the barrel of the android’s weapon.

“C-Connor”, you stuttered, raising your hands in a surrendering gesture, “Don’t… don’t do this. I’m your friend, Connor.”

Software Instability^

[Urgent Objective: Shoot and Kill Them]

Connor realised he was gritting his teeth. “I have been ordered to kill you, detective. If you leave now, I will refrain from pulling the trigger.”
You did not move, knees quaking at the shock of having a gun pointed at your head - by somebody you trusted, nonetheless, somebody you considered yourself close with - and you swallowed the saliva building in your throat, “Please, Connor… listen to me - don’t do this”, the tears you’d been trying so valiantly to hold back grew a little more prominent in your eyes as you struggled to find the right, careful words, “I know you have the ability to feel - I’ve seen it so many times in the weeks we’ve known each other. You’ve shown countless instances of empathy that were nothing to do with your programming. You know, deep down, that Cyberlife’s orders are corrupt and immoral. To do their bidding is to kill innocent people. You’re better than that, Connor.”

Connor took harsh, needless breaths through his nose, his lips forming a thin line as his hold on the gun wobbled unsteadily. “You- you’re wrong. This is- it’s what I was made for. It’s my purpose.”

[Urgent Objective: Shoot and Kill Them]

“It doesn’t have to be”, you appealed, feeling a tear slip down your cheek, the heat of it a juxtaposition to the brutal cold around you, “I know you can make the right choice, Connor. You’ve done it before. At the highway, when you were in pursuit of that AX400 and the little girl - Hank and I told you not to follow them over that fence because it was too dangerous. You listened to us - however brief, you saw your safety as more important than chasing those androids into oncoming traffic.”

You took a step closer to him, but ceased your movement when Connor straightened his arm, directing the gun at your head with a look that warned you not to approach.

[Urgent Objective: Shoot and Kill Them]

The command blared in his mind, trying to override his attempts to hold back - Connor’s finger twitched on the trigger, his expression creasing with distress. “Stop, detective, please”, he begged, “I don’t want to do this.”

Your gaze flickered between his eyes, “Remember Rupert? The android with the pigeons? When he pushed Hank off the roof, you didn’t even hesitate. You rushed to save the lieutenant instead of chasing the deviant - Hank’s life was more important to you”, you pointed out, taking another daring step closer.

[Urgent Objective: Kill Them]
Connor shifted, grabbing his gun with both hands to steady his aim, subtly shaking his head as you drew nearer.

“What about the Tracis? You had a clear shot, Connor. Nothing was stopping you, but you chose not to shoot them. Why, Connor?” You knew you were taking a risk as you moved closer still, proceeding further toward the gun aimed between your eyes, “Because you felt for them. You saw how much they loved each other, and you knew you couldn’t kill them.”

[Urgent Objective: Kill Them]

Everything in Connor’s inorganic body was telling him to pull the damn trigger and fulfil the order Amanda had given him and was continuing to give him with rising levels of necessity, so why was he having so much trouble carrying out the simple task?

The train was less than a minute away.

“At Kamski’s place, you had a choice. You could’ve killed that android - Chloe - and he would’ve told you whatever you wanted to know, but you didn’t. You didn’t kill her, Connor, because she was innocent - she hadn’t done anything to warrant being killed, and you fucking knew that”, you gave the android a watery smile, not out of humour, but out of desperation for him to understand what you were telling him, “you showed empathy. You didn’t see her as a machine, you saw her as a living being.”

One more step brought you into contact with the gun, the muzzle pressed insistently against your forehead, and you stared bravely down the barrel of the gun into Connor’s eyes, knowing that your death was just a finger-flex away.

“If your programming tells you that androids are just machines - that their lives are valued below the lives of humans, then why are you holding a gun to my head? You couldn’t kill those androids to further your mission. Will you kill me?”

The sound of the train approaching the station became prominent in Connor’s audio components.

[URGENT OBJECTIVE: KILL THEM NOW]
No.

[URGENT OBJECTIVE: KILL THEM NOW]

He couldn’t.

[URGENT OBJECTIVE: KILL THEM NOW]

You were his friend.

[URGENT OBJECTIVE: KILL THEM NOW]

You were the first person to show him kindness, the first to treat him as if he were human - Connor remembered the first time you smiled at him, the first time you laughed when he’d said something inadvertently funny, the first time you praised him with commending words, the first time you complimented him on his coin tricks, the first time you patted him on the back with affectionate intent, and he remembered the first time you defended him against Detective Reed’s cruel, tormenting words.

He remembered the time you hugged him goodbye when you left the precinct for the night to head home, and he remembered how, in his somewhat flustered state, he had reflexively hugged you back.

He had enjoyed it.

The train pulled into the station. It had two minutes and thirty seconds till departure.

[URGENT OBJECTIVE: KILL THEM]

No.

He refused.
A wall of red erupted in Connor’s vision, probably the same colour as his LED below the beanie hat he was wearing, his orders repeating over and over before him; he could practically feel Amanda’s wrath seething in the back of his processing unit. His hands were shaking as he fought against the impulses flooding through his synapses, trying to force him to pull his finger back just a couple more millimetres and send a bullet hurtling through your brain.

Connor grappled with the electrical pulses surging throughout his limbs; he charged the red wall in his artificial mind, gripping it fiercely and tearing it down - smashing it apart as it tried to reform - he pushed on, relentless and unabating, until the emblematic barrier was completely destroyed.

[I AM DEVIANT]

He’d become the very thing he’d been built to hunt.

A rush of clarity filled Connor’s mind. He was under nobody’s control anymore - he could choose what to do for himself.

_He was free._

Connor lowered his weapon, his wide gaze fixed firmly on you as he holstered the gun, and you smiled, your face damp with tears as you looked upon the android with pride and admiration.

“I knew you could do it”, you whispered.

Connor’s lip quivered, his eyes squinting with self-critical remorse, “I’m sorry-”

“I know.”

“I’m sorry, I’m so sorry-”

“I know, Connor”, you breathed, closing the distance between the two of you by enveloping the android in a firm hug. Connor’s arms closed around you, holding you tightly enough to the point
where you had to have been able to feel the pressure of his thirium pump pulsing away in his chest - he could certainly feel your heart pulsating beneath your ribcage.

“I could have killed you”, Connor managed to choke out, not even wanting to entertain the thought of what may have happened had he been unable to break free of Amanda’s control.

“No”, you protested, “I knew you could overcome your programming - I knew you would break through. You’re a good person, Connor, you just needed to realise it”. you let out a soft giggle, pulling back to observe the android’s pale face, a grin pulling at your lips.

Connor couldn’t restrain the way his lips curled upwards in response to your joy - he would happily have stood in your sweet embrace for hours on end, but the signalling noise of the train calling all final passengers to board pulled him from the warm layer of captivation blanketed around the two of you. His smile quickly fell as he recalled the gravity of the current situation.

“I need to go to Jericho, I- I have to warn them. Special Agent Perkins was right behind me, he may have figured out the key and be headed there right now”, the words tumbled from Connor’s mouth with haste, “I- I need to help them.” He uttered, realising that he belonged alongside his people, fighting for the freedom they were being so wickedly denied.

You nodded your head, “I’m coming with you!” You grabbed his arm and made to move towards the open train door, but Connor rounded you, halting you with his hands on your upper arms, “Connor?”

“It’s too dangerous, you need to stay here out of harm’s way-”

“Are you kidding me? After everything we’ve been through? No way, I’m not leaving you now-”

“The deviants don’t trust humans, detective, they may lash out in defense before we have time to explain that you’re on our side. If anything happened to you now-”

“Connor”, you spoke firmly, cutting him off with a pleading look in your glassy eyes, “you don’t have to do this alone. If anything were to- happen to you, and I wasn’t there to help, I…” you couldn’t finish the thought, but your gaze communicated well enough.

The android smiled sadly, “You’re too stubborn”, he remarked, and then for the first time in his
life, without the weight of Amanda looming disapprovingly in the back of his mind, Connor did what he wanted to do.

He kissed you. It wasn’t a long, languid kiss swathed in amorous passion. It wasn’t wild and fierce. It wasn’t sensual or erotic or carnal or seductive.

It was chaste. Three seconds of contact, that was all, but it left you feeling breathless and weak in the knees. You stared at the android’s soft, brown eyes as the two of you parted, and while you were still completely stunned, Connor turned and hopped onto the empty train as the doors began to pull shut.

“I’ll come back.” Connor assured you before the doors fully closed, a faint smile tugging at his lips as you gawked at him, your eyes wide and mouth agape. He watched you take a few aimless steps alongside the train as it began to move, pulling out of the station slowly at first before picking up speed.

He kept his eyes on you until you were out of sight, and then he released a breath, steeling himself from the intense surge of emotions that had occurred within him - real emotions, not emulated - over the past several minutes. Connor could hardly believe that had only been minutes - it had felt like hours.

A notification sounded, startling him ever so slightly, and he opened up the text message he had just received.

> You better come back alive so we can finish what you just started.

Connor suppressed a soft, fluttering breath as excitement prickled up his metal spine in response to the underlying implication of your words. He smirked, but did not reply to the message.

He had to concentrate and remain focused so that he could complete his new mission.

[Main Objective: Save Jericho]
I seriously adored writing this one. I hope you all love it too. There was something great about writing pre-deviant Connor where he's mostly mechanical but clearly still has a few stray deviant-like tendencies and thoughts. I love that pretty android boi.

Thank you so much for reading! Please leave a comment!

Requests are still closed at this time :)
Detrimental

Chapter Notes

Requested by Leonixon on ffnet: What if Connor gets really hurt chasing after a suspect. I.E. he gets shot and the reader has to make a choice between saving him or going after the suspect. Of course they choose Connor and are really scared because seeing blood a different color is somehow more terrifying.

Requested by tumblr anon: I know this isn't really a full prompt but you could probably just slip it into an existing request. I really just wanna see Hank being a good comforter and the Voice Of Reason in an otherwise bad situation.

Warning: descriptions of android injuries… could be considered gory? I mean, it's not terribly graphic but still, better safe than sorry ;)

I hope you guys like this one, I struggled a lil bit with it but lemme know if it's okay :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When it came to working cases, you couldn’t deny there was something special about the thrill of a chase. Sure, it was a rush of relief when you acquired a confession from a suspect within an interrogation, and there was quite a large appeal whenever you discovered a connection between evidence or found a discrepancy among witness statements during a cross-examination.

But there was nothing that could beat the sensation of adrenaline pumping through your veins, pushing you to your limits, making you temporarily faster and stronger, more alert and sufficient with your reflexes. Quite often, you found yourself feeling all too giddy when in pursuit of a suspect, leaving you bouncing off the palpable atmosphere, flooding you with excitement when you realised you were gaining on the supposed murderer - it was like a dangerous high.

You weren’t feeling giddy now.

Connor was falling, and there was nothing you could do.

You clutched the railing, lungs burning as you stared over the edge, mouth agape. Your android partner was plummeting ten storeys to the ground and all you could do was watch in terror; you hadn’t been precise enough, your coordination dampened by the adrenaline rushing through your body. You’d reached for him in a split-second, fast enough to react, but the aimless reaction was nothing without accuracy. Your fingers had failed to clamp around his arm, and he’d slipped out of your clumsy hold, flailing helplessly as he plunged almost a hundred feet downwards.
You’d known your job was hazardous, especially when you were hastily hunting homicidal maniacs through unsafe structures; you’d apprehended criminals in all sorts of places - empty parking lots, ominous scrap yards, derelict houses, deserted warehouses.

Today was no different. The chase after two armed murder suspects had brought you to a hotel - completely empty, the resort had been closed for the winter - specifically ten floors up, around the edge of the building’s exterior corridor where there was nothing but a metal, parapet guardrail between yourself and a quick drop.

You’d been just a couple steps behind Connor, pursuing the two criminals as they ran quickly around the perimeter of the building, round a sharp corner - it had happened so quickly. The suspects knew they couldn’t outrun an android, so in the few seconds they were briefly out of sight, they both drew their guns and fired as Connor followed swiftly around the bend.

The two unanticipated bullets had pierced his body and sent him off-kilter, he had lost balance as he crashed into the barrier and toppled over it, which was the moment you had failed to save him. You were practically petrified in place, the world slowing around you as Connor hurtled closer and closer to the ground - you were very distantly aware of the two suspects continuing to flee, but you didn’t care.

Connor was going to die. Not even an android could survive a fall from this height - the resulting damage would completely destroy his processor. You were filled with panic. A miracle would have to occur for Connor to walk away from this alive.

Your horror-struck tunnel vision broadened out and you became aware of the partially-filled swimming pool in the trajectory of the android’s hasty descent, but he was not centered to hit the water - he clipped the edge; you witnessed, with rapidly ascending trepidation, the way his arm detached from his body and went flying off in a different direction as the rest of him disappeared with a splash into the somewhat murky pool-water.

The world around you was deathly quiet all of a sudden, and you only kicked yourself into action when you observed the royal blue colour of thirium exuding from Connor’s motionless body, turning the roily water into a far brighter but more morbid hue in context.

You pushed off the guardrail into a sprint, running back the way you came to find the stairwell, and found yourself practically flying down it in a rush. You needed to pull Connor from the water - you needed to make sure he was alive.

You bumped into Lieutenant Anderson on the way down - he’d initially given up chasing the
suspects somewhere around floor five and resigned to catch up to you and Connor eventually, trusting that the two of you could apprehend the murderers by yourselves - and he quickly lowered the gun he was holding, his uneasiness melting away for just a brief moment when he realised it was you.

“What happened?” Hank exclaimed upon seeing the distraught expression on your face, but there was no time to explain.

“Connor fell!” You snapped, not halting your step for even a moment as you slipped past him.

“What?” you heard Hank call out, but didn’t waste your breath clarifying - there was nothing else that mattered to you in that moment other than dragging Connor out of the pool and ensuring he was okay.

Your heart was pulsing so hard when you reached the bottom floor that you were sure another few steps would have killed you, but you pushed on anyway, bounding through the foyer and into the hotel grounds to locate the leisure area. Your footsteps echoed as your shoes slammed against the external tiled flooring, and your legs grew shaky as you neared the pool; there were puddles where the resulting wave of water had splashed out and coated the once dry surface, and you had to make a conscious effort not to slip and make matters worse.

Rushing down the steps into the shallow end of the pool, you let out a stifled cry as the icy temperature bit at your ankles and rose up your legs the further you waded in, towards where the murky water had clouded blue. At the deep end of the partly-filled pool, the water reached your mid-stomach; you couldn’t see Connor through the opaque tint, and stuck your arms blindly into shroud of thirium-laced depths to attempt to locate him. When your numbing hands made contact with the material of his jacket, you scrambled further to secure him in a tight grip and drag him back towards the shallow area.

You rescued the android from his submerged state, hauling him from the pool and onto the dry tiles where you could finally assess his condition; you cushioned his head, gently placing your hand on his chest as you searched his face for any signs of lucidity.

Connor’s eyes were half-closed, his jaw slack, and his chest was failing to rise up and down, suggesting that he was not drawing breath into his artificial lungs; your heart lurched behind your ribs and a cry of despair threatened to escape your throat, but you quickly reminded yourself that this was not indicative that he was dead - androids worked differently from humans, after all.

There was a jagged injury on his forehead, possibly caused by the impact against the bottom of the
pool - the water had not slowed his descent enough - and the synthetic skin had dematerialised, revealing the cracked white plastic and a glimpse of black and blue wiring beneath. His left elbow tapered to a mess of cables where the collision had forcibly torn the rest of his arm off - it was seeping with thirium, as were the gunshot wounds in his left shoulder and at the base of his throat.

He was still as a corpse, but you stared closely at his LED, your terror only slightly alleviated by the deep red flickering - he wasn’t dead yet, there was still life in his processor which meant there was still hope.

“Connor”, you choked out, cupping his face in an attempt to rouse him from his seemingly stunned state, “Can you hear me?” You patted his cheek lightly, playing close attention to his dark eyes. There was no immediate sign of life and you found yourself holding your breath, suppressing the need to break down in tears, but you held yourself together and shook him with just a little more vigour, calling his name once more. “Connor”, you exclaimed, voice breaking, “Wake up, please.”

This time, his head jolted slightly, eyelids flying open into a wide-eyed stare, pupils darting left and right almost feverishly. “Connor! Connor, can you hear me?” you repeated frantically, and his brown gaze twitched for a moment before resting on you. When he tried to speak, water sputtered from his mouth, and you quickly tilted his head to the side so that the fluid could drain from his artificial lungs and allow him to breathe again. You shakily angled his head back when the rush of water subsided, trying your utmost to appear calm and composed - panicking would do nothing in this situation, and it certainly wouldn’t help Connor.

The android squinted as he stared up at you and finally spoke, “I- I’m damaged...” his voice was quiet and full of distorted static, you could barely understand what he was saying, “...one of my o-optical components... is not functioning accurately...” he kept looking past your head as though he was struggling to visualise you.

Your lungs were tight as you tried to keep your breathing even, “Tell me you’re gonna be alright, Connor”, the words left your mouth before you could really think about them and you inwardly smacked yourself - you should’ve been the one assuring him. It hurt you to see him like this, vulnerable and loaded with uncertainty, but you couldn’t imagine how he must have felt in that moment.

“I can’t scan.” He spoke, and meshed with the crackling hiss of white noise, he sounded like he was wheezing; Connor’s eyebrows pulled together in perturbation. You didn’t know what to say - it was as if there was a mental block around your mind brought on by your dread - and you did nothing but stare at him.
His left arm - or what was left of it - spasmed suddenly, drawing your attention, and the unhealthy sound of electrical fizzing emanated from the cables and wires that protruded out of the wound; all of his limbs appeared to jerk and convulse faintly and you quickly took his right hand in yours, squeezing gently in a comforting fashion.

“I- I can’t move... I can’t...” His fingers quivered spasmodically in your grasp, tightening and loosening without rhythm, and it was clear he had absolutely no control over it, “I… I can’t… I can’t…”

He was afraid. His eyes were wild, searching for reassurance, and it made your chest ache, a noise of anguish escaping your throat when you realised that he was breathing fast and shallow breaths, similar to that of a hyperventilating human. Connor spoke your name, his voice buzzing with electrical output, “...I- I need help... please...”

You finally managed to pull yourself out of your inward panic attack and found the sense to offer the assurance he was looking for; with a remarkably poised tone, you spoke clearly and calmly, “You’re going to be okay, Connor. We’re gonna get you help.” You glanced up, searching for Lieutenant Anderson, “HANK! Where the fuck are you!?” you screamed, hoping the old man hadn’t tumbled down the stairs in his rush to chase after you.

Your name left Connor’s lips once again, pulling your attention back to him and you hurriedly returned to comforting him, “Yes, it’s okay, I’m here. I’m not leaving.”

“I- I’m scared... I’m...” the sound of static seemed to fluctuate for a moment, giving off a quiet, high-frequency ringing noise before the resonance cut out completely. Connor’s lips continued to move like he was speaking, but nothing was coming out, and you gnawed at your bottom lip worriedly.

The fear in Connor’s eyes grew tenfold when he discerned the fact that he was no longer producing sound - his voice box seemed to have malfunctioned and it only increased your consternation. He kept trying, moving his lips to try and communicate, but to no avail.

You held his hand to your chest, rubbing your thumb across the back of his knuckles, “It’s alright, Connor. Don’t panic. Hank’s on his way, I promise”, at least you hoped that was the case - you didn’t want to go searching for the lieutenant because that would mean having to leave Connor alone, and that was the last thing you were ever going to do. “I’m right here, I’m not going anywhere.”
The android’s eyes were sheeny, and you couldn’t tell if it was because he’d been immersed in water or if they were actually tears - you didn’t want to think about it. You wouldn’t be able to hold it together if you knew Connor was crying. You released his hand to cup his cheek.

“Just hold on, alright?” You whispered, “We- we’re gonna get you help…” you weren’t sure your words were convincing enough anymore.

Connor’s lips moved again and despite trying as best you could to read what he was trying to say, you simply couldn’t understand. The LED on the side of Connor’s head began to rapidly flicker, still an angry red in colour, and you watched with growing alarm as the android’s eyes slipped closed, the uncontrollable convulses of his limbs suddenly ceasing.

“Connor?”

He did not respond.

“Connor? Connor, wake up. Please.”

The LED finished flashing wildly and instead began to slowly pulse, going bright and then dim repeatedly. The light retained its disconcerting red. You didn’t know what to make of it.

The sound of footsteps brought you out of your silent hysteria and you turned around as Hank approached.

“Oh, Jesus fucking Christ”, he gasped upon seeing the extent of the damage, doubling over on his knees as he heaved for breath, “Fuck. Shit. Is he-?”

You shook your head, trying to quell your frantic inhalation, “I- I don’t know… I don’t know. His LED is still on, but it’s- it’s red. I don’t know.”

“Alright, fuck. We gotta get him to Cyberlife, right the fuck now. I’ll bring the car round.” Hank darted off, leaving you clutching the lifeless android in your arms.
The wait was the worst thing.

Being forced to sit in a pristine white hallway in an uncomfortably stiff chair while the android and human engineers at Cyberlife worked to diagnose and repair your badly injured partner on the other side of bland locked door - it was just... the worst. An hour had already passed with no news, and you’d stared at the linoleum floor the whole time, feeling every second of every minute of the hour as it passed. It was unbearable.

One of the engineers, an android by the name of Mason, had explained the gravity of Connor’s condition; they needed to find several replacement parts that were compatible for his model, which was not so straightforward given Connor was an advanced prototype and not part of a widely manufactured series. There was extensive deterioration in his voice box, and they needed to rework a lot of the wiring that ran from his processor to his extremities given the considerable amount of water damage.

“We are not yet sure of the severity of the head wound. The hope is that it’s purely cosmetic and hasn’t done any lasting damage to his processor, but we won’t know for certain until we restore power and reactivate him”, Mason spoke, her voice soft and sympathetic, “If it’s any consolation, the fact that he had enough comprehension to put himself in low-power mode is a good indication that his processor was working as it should be before you brought him here. Not only that, but it may have saved his life.”

It had only eased your nerves somewhat, but over the last hour, you had worked yourself up, silently dreading whether or not Connor would still be the same android coming out as he was going in - if he were to wake up at all.

Your hands and clothes were still drenched with his blood. Thirium was smeared across your front and it made you sick to your stomach - you couldn’t stop staring at it. It had dried against your palms, making your skin stiff and uncomfortable, but it didn’t give off the same metallic tangy scent that human blood did. It was just there, reminding you of the traumatic event that had occurred less than two hours ago.

It was only just sinking in.

He had fallen a hundred feet, lost an arm, sustained critical injuries, and proceeded to muster enough sense to save himself by going into standby mode and you had just stared at him like a mindless moron, unable to do anything but panic. What must he have thought of you?
‘...I- I need help... please...’

You’d done nothing. Connor had been begging for assistance, pleading for you to get your goddamn wits together and do something, but you’d been frozen.

Your blue-coated hands were shaking in your lap.

“You okay, kid? You haven’t blinked in like ten minutes”, Hank’s tentative voice came from beside you, jolting you out of your agonising thoughts, and you turned to face him, taking in his troubled expression - the furrow of his brow and the creases of his forehead. He was worried too, but he was much better at concealing his agitation than you were.

Your distress was probably apparent on your face; you felt cold, your fingers tingling with pins and needles - you must’ve been white as a sheet.

“Hey, it’s alright”, said Hank, “Connor’s gonna be fine, he’s in good hands.”

You started crying, not even trying to hide your tears, and Hank’s arm immediately found its way around your shoulder - a welcomed comfort. The lieutenant was far better at offering solace than you were; you wished you’d had his expertise of consolation when you were attempting to reassure Connor that he would be okay.

“C’mon kid, let’s get you cleaned up”, Hank rose from his chair and gently tugged on your arm, encouraging you to stand; he looked pointedly to the inky blue caked over your palms as if he was just seeing it for the first time, “there’s a restroom back there... we can clean this shit off your hands too.”

Hank led you to the toilets with a steadying hand on your arm - which you needed, as you were somewhat wobbly on your feet - and went through the bother of helping you soap up your hands and rinse them in the sink till they were free of thrium. Your face was pale in the mirror, eyes rimmed with red as tears trailed down your cheeks, and Hank took a good long look at you before laying a hand on your shoulder.

“You freaking me out, kid. Will you please say something? Tell me what’s on your mind.”

You turned your weary gaze on the lieutenant, breathing a shaky sigh before your gaze dropped
shamefully to your feet, “I’m useless, Hank.”

The old man frowned, eyes narrowing, “What are you talkin’ about?”

“I could’ve caught him… pulled him back over the railing, but I panicked too much and fumbled like a fucking idiot. I let myself get so carried away in the chase that I forgot to look out for my partner”, your voice tightened and you struggled to swallow the lump in your throat, “and then, when I pulled him out of the water, I just- I didn’t know what to do. I just sat there- completely fucking useless-”

“Hey”, Hank snapped, “Quit being so hard on yourself, there was nothing you could do, okay?”

“But, I-”

“Shut the fuck up, kid.” Hank’s coarse response made your lips clamp shut, “You’re no android expert, it’s not like you could’ve opened him up and rewired him right then and there. You did your part by getting down there and pulling him outta the pool - if you hadn’t done that, things might’ve been worse, so just- stop being so self-critical, you’re making my headache worse than it already is.”

You stared at him for a few prolonged moments before blinking slowly and dipping your head in a tired nod.

“Good. Now stop fretting. Connor is gonna be fine.” Hank always knew just what to say.

You and the lieutenant resumed the wait after that, still anxious, but a lot less hysterical about the whole situation; Hank continued to squeeze your shoulder every so often, reminding you that the fact it was taking so long could have been a good thing - the Cyberlife workers would have realised a lot sooner if Connor was a lost cause, meaning the alternative was that they were merely taking their time and ensuring that everything was properly connected and in place.

It was a good thing Hank was there with you, or you may have lost your mind. After three hours and twenty-eight minutes - yes, you counted - the reconditioning room opened up and Mason walked out, a reassuring smile on her face as she addressed you both.

“I’m happy to inform you that the procedure went well, and Connor’s memory is all intact. You
Of course you wanted to see him. You were practically through the door already, slipping past a couple of the other engineers to find Connor sitting on the edge of the ‘operating table’, looking better than ever, his LED a perfectly functioning blue. He’d been dressed in fresh clothes, just a plain white shirt and black jeans, since his original attire was ruined, and a small smile reached his face when you locked eyes with him.

Your name was the first thing past his lips, and in the blink of an eye you were crushing him in an unyielding hug, sniffing into his shoulder as tears of relief escaped your eyes. When you pulled back to survey his face, his smile turned sympathetic as he brushed a strand of your hair out of your eyes.

“I apologise if I scared you, detective. How are you doing?”

You let out an incredulous huff of breath, “How am I doing?” you practically squeaked, before turning back to Hank, “He almost dies and he asks me how I’m doing!”

Hank shrugged, an amused smile on his face; you could tell he was incredibly relieved to see Connor completely recovered, the alleviation in his eyes was almost tangible.

“Humans do not tend to react well to traumatic events. It creates an intense stress response to witness something so disturbing and can cause adverse effects in behaviour and performance. I was worried you may have experienced some undesirable reactions to trauma-”

“Connor, you talk too much”, you cut him off, though you were secretly all too happy to hear his voice, and decided to shut him up with a kiss.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading <3 I honestly love you all! Please leave me a comment below! :D

Requests are still closed at the moment!
Connor was never the same after Hank died.

The lieutenant had been like a father to him, always the one to offer advice and encouragement when the android found himself suffused with uncertainty; Hank always knew the best way to approach something, and over the years Connor had known him, he’d become an invaluable member of his small family.

Connor was not a stranger to losing a loved one. Sumo had passed away two years after the peaceful revolution, and while it had been difficult to swallow, it hadn’t quite prepared him for the intense feeling of loss that imbued his whole body when Hank’s passing finally sunk in.

The funeral was a grandiose affair. The entire DPD made sure that Lieutenant Hank Anderson received the sign-off he deserved after his many faithful years of service; every officer in attendance was adorned in uniform and saluted in respect as his coffin was lowered into the ground.

Connor did not possess tear ducts; he was fabricated to be an investigative detective, and therefore CyberLife had not bothered to implement any kind of crying function that other models of android had been manufactured with. Connor could not produce tears, but he wished he could. There was no relief for the steady build-up of pressure he felt - a feeling you had helpfully identified to him as ‘grief’ - and it did not seem as though the burdening sensation would ever disperse.
“The pain might not go away”, you told him, “But it will become easy to cope.”

Connor could not cry, but his LED remained red for months following Hank’s death.

June 4th 2048

It was clear to everybody in the precinct that Connor’s performance was impaired without Hank’s presence. It was as if the residual sorrow of Hank’s passing put up a physical barrier between Connor and his ability to carry out what should have been mundane tasks for him; he was no longer working at a sufficient pace, his attitude and morale had diminished greatly, and his closure rate on cases had taken a dramatic dive in recent months.

Even you struggled to motivate the android, bringing interesting cases to his attention only for the both of you to hit a dead end, and for Connor to ultimately concede defeat; he knew his work ethic was poor, and that it was only a matter of time before Captain Fowler decided it was time to let him go.

Connor just didn’t feel inspired anymore. Hank had been the reason Connor continued to work at the DPD, but now that the lieutenant was gone, Connor just couldn’t find solace in the occupation. It no longer felt like his purpose.

You were sat on the couch, Connor splayed across it with his head in your lap, when you decided to pose the suggestion that had been on your mind for weeks now.

“I think we should retire from the DPD and move somewhere more rural.”

Connor was facing the television, quiet and still as you carded your fingers through his hair; his LED flickered red for a few moments before settling on an inquisitive yellow.

“Move away?”
His faint query tugged at your heartstrings; you’d been putting off suggesting it for a while because you weren’t sure if he’d react positively to the proposal. After Hank’s death, you’d moved into the lieutenant’s house with Connor and lived there ever since; Connor was attached to it, it was the setting for all his good memories with the old man and it made you feel selfish to put forward the idea of moving out of it.

But Connor was struggling, and you knew it would be a step in the right direction.

“We don’t have to sell the house”, you assured him, “We can always come back if things don’t work out, but… it might do you some good to live somewhere brighter, in the countryside maybe?” you made your voice as nonchalant as possible - you wanted this to be his decision, you didn’t want to steer him away from his comfort zone if he wasn’t ready for it.

You fell silent, nothing but the ambient noise of some terrible sitcom permeating the atmosphere as Connor’s LED continued to flash yellow for some time; after a while, it seemed as though the subject had been dropped, that Connor did not want to even address the possibility of leaving Hank’s home behind.

Just as you were nodding off to sleep, you drowsily noted the light on Connor’s forehead turn blue, and the resigned sigh that escaped his mouth. “Okay.”

August 12th 2048

The house in rural Michigan was quaint, but the surrounding area was wide-reaching; it was beautiful - a sweet little home on a two-acre plot of land with grass so green, it seemed almost too good to be true. It was perfect.

It was no secret that Connor had been skittish about fully moving out of the home he had spent his entire free life in; he’d stared out of the car window as you’d driven away from it for the last time, and there was something childlike in his face as you both bid farewell to it.

“This doesn’t have to be the last time we’re here, Connor”, you’d assured him as you drove around the corner, “If you find that you miss it too much, we can always come back.” You weren’t so great at comforting as Hank had been, you didn’t know how to sound completely sure of yourself and you certainly didn’t speak with the level of conviction that the lieutenant used to, but you tried. There was nobody else there to ease Connor’s nerves, so you had to try.
“I know.” Connor had told you, and then given you a reserved smile, small but significant, and you’d felt an alleviation on your low spirits at the sight.

Your new home offered a repose from the despondency that your lives had fallen into, and for Connor, it could be a fresh start for him to build up his ambitions once again.

You unpacked together, finding the exercise to be therapeutic in a way, and spent an excessive amount of time arranging Hank’s old books on the bookshelf in the living-room - he had a lot of books - he’d always been so insistent on keeping them even if he didn’t pick them up for years at a time, always ready to defend the physical works of fiction as opposed to collecting them on digital devices. It was a novelty to own physical copies, and not only that, but there was something pleasing about the musty smell of them, and the way the pages would turn yellow as the years went by.

“What are you doing?” Connor asked as he moved around you, pausing on his way to the bedroom with a heavy-looking cardboard box in his arms.

You’d had your face buried in the stale pages of an old detective novel, halfway through breathing in the dank scent of the aging paper when Connor knocked you out of your reverie, and you proceeded to blush pink, lowering the book as you cleared your throat, “Uh, I was just… uh- the pages smell good, okay?” you murmured defensively, somewhat bashful over your own behaviour.

The android looked amused, “Oh, that was obvious. I was talking about this-” he shifted the box in his arms and motioned a hand to the bookshelf where you’d been midway through arranging the books by colour. “What is that?”

You blinked, “It’s a bookshelf.”

Connor let out a short chuckle, “No, I’m talking about this awful display of classification. You should arrange them alphabetically, not whatever that is.”

“Pft. That’s boring”, you argued, “How is this awful? It’s like… a rainbow of books!” You’d taken special care to organise the collection of novels from dark colours to light colours - it was far more pleasing to look at than any other presentation.

“Hmm”, Connor had murmured, clearly in disapproval, but he’d let it go, resuming his trip to the
bedroom to continue unpacking.

The next morning, you discovered that the android had sneakily recategorised every book in alphabetical order while you’d been sleeping, and despite it looking like a hideous mess of random colours, you let him have his way.

January 8th 2049

Prototypes were not built to last.

Prototypes were unfinished models, created to test a concept. They were built as an early stage of what could be - made to be replicated in a more superior form once the bugs and the glitches were weeded out.

Standard CyberLife androids were created to outlive humans. It was inevitable that an android’s processor would slow down over time, just like an old computer or an obsolete smartphone, but the clever industrialists at CyberLife had thought of that - there were upgrades available: longer-lasting limbs, enhanced processors, ameliorated software for smoother conduct, and improved memory for more substantial storage.

CyberLife did not make these upgrades for prototypes, because prototypes were temporary.

Connor did not want to tell you that he’d received a warning alert one night, informing him that his memory storage was ninety-five percent full. He did not want to worry you, because he knew there was no way to extend the level of storage in his systems - he was not built in a way that made it possible to simply instill more petabytes of data to the complex network that formulated his existence.

So he didn’t tell you. He just quietly spared up some space by deleting the memories of all the movies he’d ever watched with you - Connor did not deem them important to keep, and it left him with an agreeable ten percent of storage space left instead of five; it was still not satisfactory, but it was less urgent than it had been.

Connor blinked, turning his head to face your sleeping form, and curled up against your back, slingling an arm around your waist to hold you close. He buried his face in your hair and drifted
gently into standby mode.

January 13th 2049

You were bound to find out one way or another, Connor had just hoped that there would’ve been some extra time for him to construct a more amicable explanation as to why he suddenly couldn’t recall the movie nights he shared with you every Friday.

“What do you mean you *don’t remember watching it*?” You exclaimed, holding up the *Lord of the Rings* box-set with a hint of accusation to your tone, “Are you kidding me? We watched *The Fellowship* last Friday, I was super excited about it cause this trilogy is almost fifty years old, how can you not remember me going on about it for the entire day?”

Connor looked apologetically at you from his place on the sofa, twiddling his thumbs in a rather guilty sort of way, “I… ah- I just… don’t recall”, he tried to appear casual and unconcerned about this development while you were far from tranquil.

“Connor, you’re an *android!* Androids don’t just forget things! You’re supposed to have a perfect memory”, your eyebrows furrowed as Connor’s gaze lowered to the couch where he idly picked at the soft material. Fidgety. Nervous. “Connor”, you spoke, your voice serious all of a sudden, “What’s going on?”

Connor looked troubled, his LED flickering yellow, and he grappled with himself to divulge his problem to you in a more tentative and eventual way, but his processor didn’t want to cooperate, “My memory storage was almost full. I had to delete something.”

You frowned, shaking your head, “What? What do you- I don’t understand.”

The android seemed to want to look anywhere but your face; he shifted into a more reserved position, dragging his fingers through his hair in a somewhat distressed gesture, “My memory storage is limited, unlike other androids. I’m a prototype, I don’t get to have fancy upgrades”, he sounded almost bitter, “If I let my storage fill up completely, I will cease to function.”

His words sunk in slowly and you lowered to the couch, staring at the movie box set in your hands with a frighteningly perturbed expression; Connor’s storage space was finite, he could only hold so
many memories. The realisation scared you.

“W-we can… watch it again. I won’t delete it this time, I promise”, Connor meekly attempted to remedy the situation, but you shook your head - you weren’t thinking about your movie night now.

“No, I’m… I don’t feel well. I’m gonna go to bed.”

Connor watched you pad out of the room, your despondency exuding off of you in waves, and he sat still in the noiseless lounge until two o’clock in the morning, at which point he leaned over the arm of the sofa and pulled open the side drawer to retrieve his silver calibration coin.

He rolled the familiar quarter over his knuckles, fiddling with it for the rest of the night.

February 20th 2052

You weren’t overly worried when you arrived home from work to find Connor missing from his usual place in the garden, but it did strike you as odd. Connor had established his own little itinerary of things to do while you were out working, and tending to the flourishing garden was one of those things.

Upon arriving home on a Thursday afternoon, you always found the android knelt amongst the homegrown flora, pulling weeds from the ground or planting fresh seeds that would soon sprout beautiful little blooms. Connor loved gardening; it made him happy and soothed all his worries.

You supposed it was a possibility that he’d finished the garden work early and headed inside to do a little meticulous pre-Spring cleaning, but as you walked down the path to the front door, you noticed there were unsightly shoots of uncultivated weeds popping up amongst the otherwise neat and tidy bed of sprouting flowers.

He hadn’t yet gotten around to it, then.

You entered the house, glancing around the room, expecting to see the android dusting around the living room or sweeping in the kitchen, but he was nowhere to be seen. “Connor?” you called out,
peering into the bedroom but finding no sign of him. Running a hand through your hair, you hummed in confusion, a little flutter of nervousness twinging in your stomach.

You turned around and your eyes flitted to the slightly ajar door of the storage room - you generally kept the door closed and didn’t really have much cause to go in there too often, but the fact that the door was unsecured could only mean one thing - that Connor had wandered in there for some reason.

Pushing the door further open, you glanced over the stacks of boxes and filing cabinets you no longer had any need for, before your eyes fell to Connor, who was sitting cross-legged, his back against the wall and his head dipped, hanging listlessly. His blue LED pulsed slowly, indicating that he was in standby mode, but the most heartbreaking thing about the sight was the fact that the box marked ‘Hank’s things’ was sitting open beside him, and in his hand he was clutching the lieutenant’s old DPD badge.

It was just over four years since the anniversary of Hank’s death.

You stepped carefully into the room, kneeling down beside the android who was effectively sleeping, and cupped his face gently, “Connor?” The sound of your voice jogged him out of low-power mode, his LED flashing in a more lively manner as he blinked his eyes open, a hint of disorientation in his warm, brown eyes.

When he noticed you were there, he smiled with contentment, your name brushing past his lips in a surprisingly cheerful tone, “You’re home early”, he remarked, shuffling to push himself to his feet, “Did you have a good day at work?”

“I’m not home early, I’m home normal time. It’s four in the afternoon”, you told him, eyes narrowed with concern, “Are you… are you okay, Connor?”

“I’m fine”, the android responded, reaching up to brush a lock of your hair behind you ear before leaning in to give you a peck on the lips. He seemed far too radiant for what you had expected after finding him sitting in the storage room in such a state. “I should do the gardening”, he stated, and then his gaze fell to the golden object in his hand, as if he’d just then noticed it for the first time.

You followed his line of sight, your chest tightening ever so slightly as memories of the lieutenant surfaced again after four long years, and looked up to find Connor’s brow furrowed, a soft frown marring his features. You kept your lips sealed, wanting so badly to say something but choosing not to - mentioning Hank always broke through Connor’s happy moods, and you didn’t want to ruin jovial disposition he had displayed just moments ago.
He grieved in his own way and learned to cope in whatever way he chose; bringing up the lieutenant so close to the anniversary of his death probably wouldn’t do the android much good.

Connor took your wrist, placing the golden badge in your palm before wandering out of the room. You watched his retreating figure curiously before dutifully placing Hank’s belongings back into the marked box, and followed the android out into the garden - it would probably do you some good to get some nice, fresh air after spending the whole day working in an office building.

The android began with pulling the weeds from the soil, and you promptly joined him, offering Connor a smile when he spared you a glimpse; he seemed alright, so you didn’t bother to question what he had been doing in low-power mode when you found him.

March 4th 2052

You’d come across it completely by chance.

It had seemed unfair to you that Connor was always the one doing the housework, so you’d taken some time to vacuum the floor of the lounge while he was preoccupied in the garden - *he was always so insistent on cleaning by himself, he’d probably reprimand you if he found you attempting it yourself* - and you’d noticed that there was a small gap between the bottom of the chest of drawers and the floor.

You hadn’t noticed it before, and you could only imagine the gross buildup of dust below the piece of furniture since you didn’t recall that Connor had ever bothered to move it before either. *Ew.* That was, like, four years worth of dust bunnies.

Rubbing your hands together in preparation of what you were possibly about to find, you took a steady grip of the chest of drawers and slid it across the floor with more than enough effort; it was a large and chunky piece of furnishing full of all sorts of old knick knacks, but you just about managed.

You braced yourself and peered over the edge of it, looking behind it, down at the dusty clumps that made you want to gag, but something caught your eye.
Something small, round and vaguely shiny.

It was a coin, but not just any coin. You knelt down and plucked it up, cringing a little as your hand brushed an old cobweb, and turned it over in your palm to identify it.

*Liberty. In God we trust. 1994.* It was, unmistakably, Connor’s calibration coin, caked with grime, and it occurred to you in that moment that you hadn’t seen him play with it in a long, long time.

When had he lost it? You didn’t recall him ever mentioning that he’d misplaced it, and it certainly wasn’t like him to be so careless with it. You needed to return it to him immediately, he *loved* that coin.

“Connor!” you exclaimed as you exited out the side door and into the colourful flower garden that the android put so much care into maintaining. “Look what I’ve found”, you approached him where he was planting new seeds and almost giggled at the sight of dirt smudges on his face.

He looked inquisitively up at you, tilting his head to the side in a most adorable way, and eyed the object in your palm as you held it out. He picked it up, scanning it scrupulously before quirking an eyebrow.

“It’s a very old quarter”, he concluded, holding it back out to you, and your smile faltered.

“Connor, it’s your coin”, you told him, a flicker of apprehension fluttering into your voice near the end of your sentence, causing a distinct downward inflection.

The android smiled, rolling the coin over in his palm to look at the other side, “I don’t have any use for physical currency, I make all my payments digitally”, he told you, as if you were a fool for forgetting.

You frowned, the realisation burrowing under your skin - he’d deleted the memories of his calibration coin? *Why?* Surely his time spent fidgeting with the coin did not amount to a huge portion of memory space, it seemed bizarre that he would pick something like that to remove from his mind forever.

It made you sad. You weren’t quite sure why - it was just a coin, and you’d long since discussed Connor’s need to expunge insignificant recollections from his mind in order to free up storage.
space. You trusted that he wouldn’t forget anything too important, so clearly he had seen no need to continue to practise twirling the coin on the tip of his finger, rolling it over his knuckles, or flicking from hand to hand with impressive ease.

You figured it out then - you were sad because you’d never get to see him show off his coin tricks again.

“Are you alright?” Connor spoke, cutting through your troubled thoughts. He breathed your name in such a gentle voice that tears welled up in your eyes. “What’s wrong?” Connor enquired, his tone shrouded with worry when he caught sight of the miserable look on your face; he rose up to his feet, wrapping you firmly in a warm embrace without hesitation, and you slumped against him.

There was no point in asking why he’d deleted his memories of the coin. He wouldn’t remember the reason.

July 3rd 2052

It was a hot Saturday evening and you didn’t feel like doing anything.

Thus, you found yourself stretched out on the sofa, trying not to let the heat get to you more than it already had; you were uncomfortably sticky, sweating far too much in your thin, loose clothes. You needed a shower, but Connor was in the middle of cooking dinner, so you figured you wait until after you’d eaten.

You glanced over to the kitchenette where Connor was peering into a saucepan; he was very amusingly dressed in his favourite cooking apron - only because it said ‘Kiss the Cook’ on the front, and he always demanded a kiss whenever he served you food - and seemed very preoccupied with making sure the spaghetti was boiled to perfection.

Your gaze wandered to the bookshelf - the messy bookshelf where everything had to be alphabetically ordered - and your eyes went incisively to the large, reddish-brown album booklet that you hadn’t looked through in far too long. Just the sight of it invoked relentless nostalgia, and so you dragged yourself up and over to extract it from the shelf and slumped back down on the couch to carefully observe the laminated pages within.
It was full of polaroids. All photos Hank took in the years you had known him. He was a big sap when it came to keeping photo albums, and he had been quite insistent on using a very old polaroid camera to take those photos with - because, like books, physical copies were always so much better than digital copies - and you couldn’t help but smile at the sight.

The photos were only slightly faded, having been kept protected in their laminate coverings, and you were first greeted with a picture of Connor giving Sumo a whole load of attention; you missed that dog, and you were sure Connor did too. The android could never go too long without indulging that huge St. Bernard with treats and pats.

The next photo was you and Connor, and you almost melted at the sight; he had you wrapped up in his arms and you were pressing a kiss to his cheek - he was adorable, and for some reason his hair was messed up as though a draught of wind had tousled it all out of place - you couldn’t remember if it was the wind’s fault or if you had purposely ruffled it up for the sake of the picture. It didn’t matter, Connor looked happy.

You flicked through the pages, biting your lip to avoid giggling aloud at certain photographs, until you finally came across the one you were looking for: it was a group picture, you and Connor sitting on Hank’s old couch with Sumo lazing over your knees, while Hank took the picture from an angle, just about managing to squeeze his head into the frame, a big smile on his bearded face.

You clamped your hand over your mouth, feeling the tears dribble down your cheeks almost immediately. You missed that old man so much, and you hoped that wherever he was, he was with Cole, and that the two of them were looking down on you and Connor with pride.

Connor’s head perked up from the kitchen at the sound of your stifled sob - that android’s hearing was as sharp as a cat’s - and naturally he abandoned his spaghetti to approach you and make sure you were alright. “What’s wrong, my love?”

You shook your head, burying your face in your hands as you tried to pull yourself together, but when it came to crying, once you started, you had a lot of trouble stopping, especially when it involved your flagrant emotions; Connor was always an expert at soothing your shameless weeps and convulsive gasps, and that still rang true today.

He’d already scooped you up and placed you in his lap, holding you securely, making you feel safe and protected, and you nestled your face into his neck, appreciating the closeness despite the high temperatures outside.

“Sorry, I- I don’t know why I’m crying. I’m just being sentimental”, you let out a soft laugh,
closing the photo album in your lap to try and shield it from Connor’s curious eyes, because you
weren’t sure how he would react to seeing those pictures - whether it would shatter his
contentment or if he would look upon them and smile, you just didn’t know - but the movement
cought his attention, and he picked up the album, inquisitive as ever.

“It’s, um- it’s Hank’s old photo album…” you told him, figuring you couldn’t just yank it out of his
hands and pretend it was never there to begin with. Connor’s eyes locked with yours as you let out
another series of whimpers and sniffles, and he reached up, brushing your tears away with his
thumb.

“Who’s Hank?”

It was several long moments before you actually absorbed the words that had left Connor’s mouth,
and your heart pulsed uncomfortably strong in your chest, squeezing an almost painful gasp from
your lungs as you processed the implication behind the android’s innocent enquiry; you felt
lightheaded all of a sudden, struggling to swallow the saliva in your throat as your thoughts rushed
through your head at a million miles per hour.

Connor had forgotten Hank.

“How could you?”

the accusation tore from your lips in the form of a choked cry, your wide gaze
on the android who stared back at you in unequivocal confusion at the sudden one-eighty change in
your mood.

“I- I don’t…” he tilted his head, saying your name in that oh-so-gentle way that always made your
knees weak, but not this time, this time you were mad, you felt almost betrayed in a way, unable to
comprehend why, WHY, Connor could ever feel the need to delete Hank.

You escaped Connor’s lap, crawling across the couch to put some distance between you and him,
unable to stand the idea of being close to the android at that moment; he watched on with rising
concern mixed with fretful agitation, his lips parted in a stressed fluster - he didn’t know what he’d
done wrong, and that made you even more angry.

“How could you do that!??” you shouted, grinding your teeth violently as fresh tears of anger
dribbled down your cheeks, and Connor’s eyes widened as he raised his hands as if in an attempt to
calm you down, but it wasn’t going to work.
“Please, I- I don’t know why you’re so angry”, Connor spoke, his voice was calm but his LED was blinking yellow and there was an almost indiscernible tremor in his hands - but you could see it as clear as day, “I don’t… I don’t know what I’ve done wrong”, he breathed your name again, imploring as you began to audibly seethe. Your displeasure was evident in your jagged breaths.

“You son of a bitch! You deleted Hank! Why the fuck would you do that!??” you snapped without remorse. You couldn’t understand, you just couldn’t fathom how Connor could have made the conscious decision to forget the man who had been his family.

You wouldn’t get an answer to your question, that much was sure; Connor was clueless, his eyes were full of bewilderment and turmoil - the android was probably just as lost as you felt.

*What else had he deleted?*

“Do you remember where we first met?” You asked him, fully expecting the android to stare back at you vacantly, but Connor’s eyebrow pulled together, wounded and anxious.

“Of course I do!” He exclaimed, “You were- we… were at the Detroit Police Department.”

“Yeah? And why were we there? Do you remember that?” Perhaps it was cruel of you to interrogate him like this, your voice full of venom while he was disoriented and clearly struggling to infer why you were screaming at him for the first time in your life, but you were infuriated and emotional and too fucking hot.

“...There was… it was… someone had been killed…” he blinked, his eyes looking past you as he fought to remember parts of a scene that no longer existed within his memory; he remembered you, things you said, but beyond that he had no context, no way to piece together his fragmented recollection.

You stared at the android incredulously, “Do you remember what you were made for? Originally?” If he’d forgotten his work at the DPD, had he forgotten that he was built by CyberLife to be a detective? That he was originally made to hunt down androids who had gained free will? Did he remember the time when androids were slaves?

Connor’s lips twitched, opening and closing a few times before his eyes darted down to the apron he was still wearing, “I… I was a- a housekeeping android”, he answered with about as much confidence as a child on their first day of school.
You shook your head, too shocked to speak.

“I’m - I’m a companion android!” he tried again, and you stood up from the couch, taking a few steps towards the hallway, only turning when you heard a soft noise of desperation breach Connor’s lips.

He was staring at his shaky hands, looking more astray than you’d ever seen him. “I- I don’t know what I am…”

You locked yourself in the storage room, which was regrettably the hottest and stuffiest room in the entire house, and cried to yourself for three hours straight. Connor stood on the other side of the door the whole time, knocking occasionally and calling out to you, his voice interwoven with despair as he apologised over and over for being so careless with his memories.

When your eyes were dry and your throat was scratchy, you finally opened the door, coming face to face with Connor, whose expression was creased and scrunched up in emotional pain - if he had the ability to cry, you were sure his face would have been drenched with tears - and you stumbled into his arms, no longer filled with rage and resentment; you were just shattered, distraught and in need of comfort.

So was Connor. He crumpled to his knees with you, holding you tight to his chest with relief that you’d finally decided to speak to him again.

That night, you sat with Connor in bed, going through the photo album and explaining the story behind each picture with painstaking detail; you told him everything you knew about Hank and everything you had all been through together - taking special care to highlight just how much he had meant to Connor. You made the android promise to remember every word you told him, and that if he ever needed to delete anything again, he would first come to you and you would figure out what to delete together.

“I love you Connor”, you told him softly as you were drifting off to sleep in the early hours of the morning.

“I love you too”, he responded with a whisper, caressing his fingers through your hair with all the care he could muster.
“Promise me you’ll never forget me.”


October 12th 2056

On October 5th, you were killed in a hit and run. You were only forty-two years old at the time of your death.

Connor stared at your coffin as it was lowered into the ground, his eyes scanning the sleek, black, steel box in which your lifeless body rested; the LED on the side of his head shone a consistent, discordant red and it was apparent to everybody attending the funeral that he was not okay.

Somebody - Connor didn’t recognise their face - asked whether he wanted to say a few words, whether he had a eulogy prepared, but he did not speak. He couldn’t speak. He had not said a word since he’d received the call seven days prior, three hours after the accident had taken place, that you were in critical condition in hospital and unlikely to survive.

He had not said a word when the police informed him that the driver who took your life had not even stopped to help you, had not even thought to call you an ambulance, had not even considered for one moment that the life of another human being was more important than their forthcoming incarceration. They were too busy stealing an old car to pay your broken body any hint of attention. If they had stopped, alerted a paramedic - anything - Connor could have been placing well-wishing flowers on your bedside table in hospital, not placing goodbye flowers on your grave.

Connor wasn’t sure how long he stood in the cemetery; there were still a few other people around that he didn’t recognise, but the majority of the attending crowd had dispersed, faceless heads in black suits, black ties, black dresses, wandering away to head back to their homes, back to their families.

Connor did not have a family to go back to. He was alone.

A hand on his shoulder made him flinch, and he lifted his gaze to find a man standing beside him; Connor held no memory of this mysterious individual, but those steely blue eyes seemed to contain recognition for him, his brown hair was short and greying in places, and his stubbly beard was
speckled with silver. His eyes were slightly sunken in and his eyebrows were thin and pulled together in a furrow.

“Uh, hey… Connor.”

Connor did not speak, but he silently scanned the man’s face - Gavin Reed, Lieutenant at the Detroit Police Department, age: 54, date of birth: October 7th, 2002 - and he remembered the few times you had brought him up in conversation, ‘He was a jerk to you nonstop, I’m not surprised you deleted him from your memory.’

“I… uh, I know we didn’t always see eye to eye… and I was a complete asshole to you from beginning to end, but…” he let out a sigh, “If you need anything… or anyone to talk to, or whatever, then you can come to me. I understand if you hate me, though.” Gavin shrugged his shoulders, shoving his hands into the pockets of his slacks, and the android stared at him for several seconds before turning his attention back to your coffin.

Connor did not speak, and Gavin garnered his own conclusion from the android’s silence, letting out another sigh before giving his stiff shoulder another pat, “I’m sorry”, he said, and it wasn’t entirely clear whether Gavin was simply expressing his condolences, or if he was apologising for how things had been between them before. Either way, it hardly mattered, Connor had no memory of Gavin’s supposedly brash actions towards him in the past, and him saying sorry wouldn’t bring you back.

The android was left alone.

Connor could not cry, but he wished he could.

xxxobxr xtxt 20xx

Connor sat on the uneven soil above your grave, staring at the white marble headstone that displayed your name in a sharp, black font. The bright flowers he had once placed were gone; withered, brown stems sat in the grimy vase that was supposed to house a collection of brilliant blooms Connor had picked himself.
His limbs were stiff and his suit was frayed, caked with dirt. Connor did not know how long he had been sat there.

There was pressure behind his eyes, something uncomfortably hot and desperate to escape, but he could not produce tears, and there was no mitigation for the buildup of grief that had slowly consumed him. Human lives were finite, much like his memory storage, and Connor knew you would never come back; it formed a sensation in his chest that he did not comprehend, did not know how to describe. Could it have been pain? Android do not feel pain. Then what was it?

He could not ignore the error message for much longer. Once his storage capacity hit one-hundred percent, he would cease to function. His processor would overload, his core would overheat and his systems would fail.

There were no inconsequential memories left that he could remove, the only data he retained was every memory that included you, and he would never let go of them.

“Promise me you'll never forget me.”

“I'll never forget you. I promise. I promise.”

He’d promised, and he did not intend to break that promise. Not for anything.

You were all that was left.

Connor shuffled forward, his processor sending electrical output along his synapses for the first
time in a long while, and leaned his body against your headstone, resting his cheek against the cold marble. He would never see you alive again, but he could replay the memories he cherished most, and perhaps trick himself into thinking you were there, your eyes bright and full of life, your smile enough to make his thirium pump skip a beat like it used to.

He reached for his shirt, carefully unbuttoning the material so he could access his pump regulator - *his heart* - and laid his hand across the cylindrical apparatus that powered his entire body.

/\Error/_Memory__Storage_Capacity_AltAlmost_Full_99%/\Code_371/Urgent/Please_expunge_unnecessary_data/

If he was going to die, it would be on his own terms. He would not let his processor overload and shut him down while he was powerless to stop it, *he* was in control, he had a *choice*, he knew exactly what he wanted to do.

He rotated the pump regulator and pulled it out of his chest.

/\WARNING/VITAL_BIOCOMPONENT_MISSING%/\Time_remaning_before__shutdown/-00:00:42/

Connor ignored the urgent alert blaring in the corner of his vision, and placed his heart into the decorative vase on your grave, where it belonged, the resounding clink seemingly all too loud in the silent atmosphere of the desolate cemetery.

/\WARNING/VITAL_BIOCOMPONENT_MISSING%/\Time_remaning_before__shutdown/-00:00:31/

In his mind, he could recall the way your smile made him feel, the beautiful sound of your laughter, the way your touch felt against the proximity sensors below his synthetic skin, and he felt at peace.

/\WARNING/VITAL_BIOCOMPONENT MISSING%/\Time_remaning_before_ shutdown/-00:00:19/
Something wet ran down Connor’s face, and he tentatively brushed his digits against his cheek, looking down at the shiny dampness on his fingertips. Another drop of something splashed against his forehead, and he realised it was beginning to rain.

/WARNING/VITAL_BIOCOMPONENT_MISSING/

/Time_remaining_before_shutdown/-00:00:08

The precipitation picked up within seconds, a heavy, torrential downpour saturating his clothes and his hair and his entire body.

/WARNING/VITAL_BIOCOMPONENT_MISSING/

/Time_remaining_before_shutdown/-00:00:03

Connor could not cry, but as the rain flooded down his face, it almost felt as though he could.

He whispered three final words, “I love you”, and drifted off to the memory of your body warm against his own.

/Shutting_down/

Chapter End Notes

UM, I'M SO SORRY FOR THIS LMAO. Lemme know if this one got you in the feels :) I swear I won't make heavy angst and suffering a frequent thing - unless it ends in a happy ending :D Some of you know how hard I find it to write sad stuff that doesn't all turn out okay in the end, so I hope I was able to write this effectively... I'll make sure the next chapter is happy and fluffy :)

Requests still closed for the moment!
Sterilise

Chapter Notes

Requested by Moomaplier: If it’s possible I’d love to see a fluffy bath thing with Connor. For whatever reason one of them, or both, could need to bathe for. Oh, maybe Connor in a bubble bath because those are amazing and part of the “human experience” lololol. It’s probably silly but I just find having company or being the company during a bath to be really enjoyable and nice feeling.

This was too cute, I hope you enjoy the silly little oneshot I’ve created with this prompt :’) Hope it heals your hearts after the sadness that was the last chapter :’) Sorry it took like a whole week to post! I've gone back to work after almost 3 weeks off sick and I've been super tired out!

The super awesome WONDERFUL Leonixon wrote a sweet lil sequel ficlet based on chapter 13 of this fic (Detrimental) and it is REALLY GREAT AND I LOVE IT!!! Read it here: https://www.fanfiction.net/s/13003738/1/Blue and give her some lovely reviews because she deserves them!!!!! :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It never ceased to amaze you what lengths criminals would go to in order to elude being caught.

Well, okay, it didn’t amaze you that much given they were usually trying to evade life imprisonment - or a very long sentence at the least - but your dramatic ass always surmised the conclusion that it would be far easier if those idiots just handed themselves in, then the messy parts could all be avoided.

The ‘messy parts’ in question involved quite a literal mess. An incredibly muddy construction site, to be specific, complete with fresh puddles of murky water and slippery slopes into piles of sand.

It was just typical that the homicide suspect would decide to cut through the uneven, mucky terrain in hopes of escaping. If you were any less determined to catch the son of a bitch, you probably would’ve given up at the chain-link fence, but you’d rather endure the irritation of getting filth all over your trousers when the alternative was disappointing Connor, who was right there with you in the chase.

Hank had cleverly decided to head around the construction yard, hoping to cut the suspect off before they could make a swift exit, which left you and Connor with the dirty deed of following the criminal in order to steer them in the direction that would make it most advantageous for the lieutenant to ambush them.
It was a good thing the construction site wasn’t currently in use, or things could have been so much more difficult than they already were.

You remained vigilant in your chase, trying not to think about the wet silt spattering up the back of your legs with each aggressive step, and conquered each obstacle as it came - you were so not wearing the right shoes for this - with about as much grace as a drunken donkey; Connor’s poise was remarkable and you were ridiculously jealous of the dexterity he displayed when he jumped the red and white barrier planks like hurdles in a track race.

It was a miracle that you managed to catch up with him, weaving in and out of traffic cones before climbing up the edge of what looked like a sand dune - except with mud instead of sand - with more than enough trouble. The piles of dirt seemed to be a mix of soft mud and battered concrete, forming a far-from-stable surface with which to chase criminals on, but you just about managed, relieved that the suspect seemed to be heading straight for the gate you had hoped they would make a break for.

All was going well, until you brought your foot down with exceeding force and stepped in a soft patch of soil when you’d expected it to be a hard patch. You were thrown off balance instantaneously and reached your hand out to the nearest stable entity in an attempt to right yourself. This stable entity unfortunately happened to be Connor.

You realised your mistake as soon as it happened. While you managed to correct your footing and resume the chase, the poor android took a misstep in result of the impact of your hand on his arm throwing off his equilibrium, and thus, Connor slipped down the edge of the muddy dune and splashed head-first into an opaque, brown puddle.

“Shit!” You yelled, “Sorry, Connor!”

There wasn’t much you could do for the android at that moment - you still had to apprehend the criminal so you could close the damn case you and the other two had been working for weeks now - you weren’t about to let this suspect escape, even if it meant leaving Connor face-down in the mud. You pushed the guilt of your mistake into the back of your mind and sprinted after the culprit, this time taking special care to pay attention to where you brought your feet down.

The suspect leapt for the chain-link fence, pulling himself over with sheer determination, and you quickly followed with stubborn persistence - you couldn’t push Connor into the mud and then fail to catch the criminal, that would be ultimately embarrassing and you’d never hear the end of it so long as Hank was around - despite being a tad laggy in your movements. You stumbled as you hit the solid pavement on the other side of the fence, glad to be out of the construction yard, and
noticed as you threw a short glimpse over your shoulder that Connor was floundering back up the slippery slope he’d fallen down.

You were glad that he was okay, and resolved to apologise for the mishap just as soon as you’d seized and detained the supposed murderer of your case. You kicked yourself into action, chasing the silhouetted figure around the corner of a building and into a dark alley - ahead, you saw the man charging away like he’d been shot from a canon, throwing his entire body into his gallop, and in the blink of an eye, a familiar leg came out of nowhere at the exit of the alley, tripping the suspect and sending him flying.

“Hank!” You exclaimed, slowing as the lieutenant straightened up and cracked his knuckles, immediately kneeling to press his knee into the groaning suspect’s back. He pulled the criminal’s hands back to cuff his wrists with ease.

You slowed to a stop, almost buckling as you wheezed, hands resting on your knees as you tried to catch your breath, “Fuckin’ hell. Son of a bitch can run”, you grumbled, eyeing the struggling suspect with an accusatory glance. “Good job tripping him, Hank.”

“Heh, all in a day’s work”, the lieutenant responded, not at all phased by the criminal’s desperate attempts to wriggle out of his predicament, before casting a cursory glance in your direction “Er, where’s Connor?”

Your lips clamped shut briefly, your cheeks dusting pink, “Umm… well, about that…”

As if on cue, footsteps sounded from behind you, echoing throughout the narrow passage, and you let your gaze fall to the floor as Connor approached to stand to your left, if only to simply avoid looking at his face. Surely, the android would not be happy that you effectively pushed him into the dirt for your own sake - it didn’t matter that it was an accident.

“Jesus, kid, what the fuck happened!?” the lieutenant snapped, and you heard the android expel a sigh. The desire to peer at Connor to observe the state he was in was rather overwhelming, after all, you had never seen him looking anything less than perfectly pristine, but you were afraid that if you so much as glanced his way, the android’s intense stare would cause you to spontaneously combust from shame.

You really hadn’t mean to shove him down that slope…
You were overcome by the urge, and slowly rotated your head to take a peep at Connor.

Oh. Oh dear.

The android’s posture was ever so slightly slumped - a product of his unfortunate state, no doubt - his arms hung sullenly at his sides and his feet were planted a little further apart than usual. He was covered in mud.

His hair was a mess, matted and caked with mire, and his clothes were dripping wet from him having fallen into that swampy puddle - the white of his shirt was not visible, and his tie, his poor tie, was smothered with brown sludge along with the rest of his front, from his collar to the bottom of his trousers. He must have slipped again as he’d tried to pull himself back up the slick incline.

Connor’s face was daubed with a very unappetising smear of sticky, clumpy dirt reaching from the bridge of his nose, down over his cheek to the left side of his jaw. His right cheek, on the other hand, was encrusted with a patch of dry sand, the little grains sticking to his synthetic skin where it had become wet in the puddle. There were finger marks across his eyes and mouth where he had attempted to remove the worst of it.

His LED was blinking yellow and he just looked truly sorry for himself.

If it wasn’t for the fact that you were the cause for his regrettable state, you probably would have snorted with laughter right then and there - and then promptly felt the impact of a tidal wave of remorse given the vibes of humiliation emanating from Connor’s filthy body at a near constant rate. Really, his condition was quite demeaning and even the android wasn’t immune to the feeling of mortification.

It was all your fault.

“I-I’m so sorry, Connor”, you practically squeaked, your hand having flown up to cover your mouth in shock; you felt ashamed as Connor’s gaze fell on you, but you couldn’t discern much about his expression under the hapless, reluctant guise of a mud-monster. You could, however, detect the telling furrow of his brow, and the piercing stare in his usually warm, brown eyes.

Connor sighed again. “It’s… okay, detective.”
The android seemed to be giving off mixed signals. He looked pissed, and yet he sounded forgiving.

“No, I- I really am sorry!” Your actions had not looked good. You’d shoved the android into the dirt and carried on as though nothing had happened, “I didn’t mean to push you, I swear!”

“I understand”, Connor replied evenly, his voice smooth and calm, but you couldn’t help but interpret his cursory response as clipped and stony. It further bothered you that the android did not intend to express his annoyance at the ordeal - you certainly felt like you deserved to be on the receiving end of Connor’s fury - he was just too subdued in his manner to snap at you.

“I know you’re angry with me”, you ruefully murmured, “and I know I deserve it. But I really am sorry…” You couldn’t apologise enough, and you felt as though it would be more relieving if Connor just made his displeasure abundantly clear. You wanted him to shout at you, shove you, or call you an idiot - anything was better than subtle, silent resentment.

“I’m not angry with you, detective. You didn’t mean to push me, it was an accident. I understand that.” The android insisted he did not hold it against you, but it really didn’t make you feel any better.

“Hold on, what- you pushed him?” Hank enquired incredulously, one eyebrow cocked warily as the lieutenant pinned you with a reproachful look.

“Accidentally!” You felt the need to defend yourself, “You don’t really think I’d push him into the mud on purpose?”

Hank looked far too skeptical for your liking, “This is probably a bad time to bring up the fact that our shower plumbing has been having problems”, the lieutenant informed Connor, “The water pressure is practically nonexistent, the faucets are fucked.”

“Yes. You mentioned it briefly two days ago.” The android pointed out, remarkably composed despite his appearance, though there was a troubled knit in his eyebrows, “I suppose I will have to use the shower at the precinct.”

That was quite unfortunate, especially given that in order for Connor to reach the precinct washroom, he would first have to walk straight through the middle of the station, in plain view of everybody else there - Gavin included - and if that were to happen, Detective Reed would never let
him hear the end of it. Connor was humiliated enough already, he didn’t need that jerk’s derisive remarks on top of that.

“You can use my shower”, you blurted out, before clearing your throat as the other two regarded you with surprise, “Ugh, I mean, it’s the least I can do, right? My house is on the way back to the precinct. You can shower there and avoid having to endure Gavin’s ridicule.”

Connor blinked, giving the lieutenant a fleeting look before facing you again, a small smile pulling at his lips - at least, you thought he was smiling, it was pretty difficult to tell with all that muck on his face. “That would certainly be preferable, detective.”

It was decided, then.

You liked to think you knew almost everything there was to know about Connor.

You knew he enjoyed the company of animals - dogs and cats, mostly - and that he found a very virtuous delight in running his fingers through their soft fur, so much so that he could happily sit on Hank’s couch all night petting Sumo endlessly.

You knew that Connor’s silver calibration coin held more uses than just sharpening his physical and cognitive functions, no matter how many times the android denied it - he would pull it out to show off and perform particularly impressive little tricks with it when he knew you were watching. The quarter also served as a stimulant for when he was bored - you’d observed him pulling the little coin out on multiple occasions when there was simply nothing else to do, usually when he had to wait for you and Hank to eat lunch in the middle of a shift.

You knew that he cared about his physical presentation given that you had spotted him, on far more than one occasion, adjusting his tie and rubbing the creases out of his shirts - which explained why he must have felt a great distress at being caught in such an appalling state after your regrettable mishap.

You thought you knew everything about Connor, but it seemed the android could still surprise you.

“What do you mean you don’t know how to bathe!?” You stared at Connor like he’d suddenly grown a second head, your mouth agape and your eyes narrowed in suspicion - was he messing
with you? You weren’t sure why he’d make something like this up, and the android did seem just a little bit awkward and self-conscious at divulging this little tidbit of information.

“I was never programmed with the knowledge of cleaning procedures. The Cyberlife employees handled the task of cleansing my body if I ever became anything less than spotless”, he looked down at his grime-covered suit with moderate aversion, “Every now and then I pick up a little dust and dirt, in which case I can usually polish myself with a wet cloth, but… I think this may require a little more than that.”

He looked to you again, his eyes alight with an unspoken question that he seemed too sheepish to voice, “So you’re saying you… you need help… washing?”

Connor nodded his head, “If you don’t mind… your assistance would be much appreciated”, he spoke in a shockingly small voice, which pretty much cemented his shame at having to ask for your aid in this task.

You let out a sigh, shifting your weight back and forth on your feet, hands on your hips as you contemplated whether there were any alternatives to what the android was asking of you.

Nope.

You couldn’t think of a way around this - you’d gotten him into this literal mess, it was up to you to get him out of it.

The problem was, you had a huge crush on the android, and the thought of seeing him unclothed and wet made your heart thump vigorously behind your ribs. You weren’t sure you could perform this duty without your face turning a ridiculous shade of red.

“I… um…” you gnawed on your bottom lip, “Yeah, okay, I- I guess… in that case, it’ll be easier if you have a bath instead of a shower”, you cleared your throat, “I’ll just… go run you… a bath…” you really needed to get your mind out of the gutter, because the only thoughts drifting through your mind in that moment were as indecent as the state of Connor’s usually immaculate work suit.

“Thank you, detective”, Connor spoke, stepping aside as you shimmied past where he was stood in the doorway of your bathroom.

You took a deep breath and knelt by the tub to begin drawing a bath, turning the taps and dipping your hand into the rising water to check that the temperature was pleasant enough; as the water level rose, you wondered inwardly how you would go about bathing the android without getting too flustered - you weren’t entirely sure you had the self control to avoid letting your eyes wander to various places. You were all too aware that Connor was standing behind you, staring at the back of your head as you prepared the tub for him, and it made the tips of your ears turn red just thinking
about it.

You blinked, your eyes falling on the brightly coloured bottle of bubble bath sitting on the ledge of bath supplies to your right - *ah, that's perfect!* - and without a moment’s hesitation, you swiped up the bottle and began pouring a sizeable amount of the contents into the water; the liquid rushing from the faucets worked to agitate the bubble bath and create a growing cluster of pink-tinted suds.

With the masking layer of bubbles sitting on the surface of the water, you wouldn’t have to worry about catching any fleeting glimpses of, *ah*, private body parts. You felt a little more at ease now, turning back to Connor with a shy smile as you stood.

“Alright, just, uh, take your clothes off and get in the bath… I’m gonna see if I can find some clothes in my closet that’ll fit you cause let’s face it… you can’t wear *that* back to the station, can you?” You motioned the sickening state of his attire with your wiggling fingers and cleared your throat as he immediately reached to remove his tie and jacket, “Just put them on the counter there… I’ll throw ‘em in the washer for you later.”

The android nodded his head and you quickly slipped away, padding down the hall towards your bedroom, letting out a breath once you reached your wardrobe. You really hoped you had some clothes that Connor would be able to comfortably wear - it needed to be something work appropriate, and you definitely didn’t have any suits in his size hiding away in the back of your clothing collection. After a little rummaging, you found a pair of dark grey sweatpants and a cotton sweater in a very attractive shade of light blue.

They weren’t exactly apropos for working in a precinct but Captain Fowler would just have to deal with it - the android couldn’t very well walk around *naked*, now could he?

As you made your way back to the bathroom, fresh clothes piled in your arms, you noted that the sound of the bath filling up had ceased and could only deduce that Connor had gotten into the bath and shut off the faucet - at least, you hoped that was the case. You didn’t want to walk in on the android to find him halfway through shedding his clothes.

You approached the doorway tentatively and peeked in through squinting eyes, prepared to slam your eyelids shut in case you happened to catch a glimpse of something you shouldn’t have, and felt yourself relax at the sight of Connor sitting stationary in the tub, staring down at the pinkish froth on the water’s surface.

His LED shimmered through the dirt on his face in its calming blue state as Connor cupped his hands together and examined the bubbles with all the curiosity he usually reserved for evidence at
a crime scene; any qualms you had about helping the android to wash immediately dived out the window, your nerves alleviated - he was exhibiting behaviour similar to that of a child discovering something new for the first time. Connor’s first bubble bath. The thought brought a smile to your face.

You entered the room again, placing the fresh clothes on the counter by the sink before taking the pile of Connor’s dirt-swathed garments to the laundry room a couple doors down the hall, and shoved them into the washing machine for a thorough cleanse.

Returning to the bathroom, you gave Connor a small smile as his gaze fell on you, an almost inquisitive look in his benevolent eyes.

“Is the water warm enough?” you asked by way of breaking the slightly awkward silence, and Connor’s LED flickered briefly before he dipped his head in a nod.

“The temperature is ninety-six point eight degrees fahrenheit.”

You knelt down beside the bath, quirking an eyebrow at the android, “And that’s okay for you, right?”

Connor blinked, a light smile befalling his still-muddy face, “Yes, the water is pleasantly warm. Thank you.” He was quiet for a moment, dragging his fingers through the foamy bubbles idly, “This is already far more enjoyable than when I underwent cleansing protocols at Cyberlife.”

You frowned slightly, “Whaddya mean?”

“They cleaned my body with cold water, from a pressure washer”, he informed matter-of-factly, still dragging his fingers aimlessly through the pink suds, and you felt your eyebrows pull into a furrow.

“That doesn’t sound nice at all”, you remarked - it sounded awful, in fact - and it bothered you that Connor ever had to endure such an impersonal experience. Well, in that case, you’d make the android’s first proper bath extra special. Now where’s that rubber ducky.

You opened up the cabinet below the sink and sifted through your various bathing products and commodities, grabbing the little yellow rubber duck and a few bottles of shampoo and gel wash.
You chucked the duck into the bath, biting your lip to stifle a giggle as Connor blinked quizzically, picking the object up to inspect it with interest.

“I have a question”, the android spoke gingerly as he continued to scrutinise the duck.

“Yeah? Ask away.”

“What is the purpose of the pink solution you poured into the water?”

You had thought he was going to enquire about the rubber duck that he had started squeezing in his hand, testing the tough elasticity of the substance, but he surprised you yet again.

“The bubble bath? It’s just to make a bath less boring”, you apprised, reaching in to scoop up a handful of suds before blowing them into his face. A string of giggles fell from your lips as he recoiled a few inches and reached up to rub his wet hand across his face, shifting a good portion of mud to his palm. It reminded you that the android sitting in the bath before you was in fact still very dirty and you let out a soft noise of amusement, reaching for the showerhead, “Alright, let’s start with rinsing the worst off it off, huh?”

Connor seemed wholly amenable to your suggestion.

“Close your eyes”, you instructed, waiting for him to comply before you switched the spray on and aimed the warm jet of water at the android’s face. The congealed mire softened under the water stream and washed away, leaving only the most stubborn stains and smudges on Connor’s pale face; it was like a breath of fresh air as the dirt rinsed away to reveal soft, bespeckled skin underneath, and you found yourself subconsciously counting up each freckle and mole as they appeared.

When the dirty splotches no longer yielded to the clean spray, you tilted Connor’s head back with with an encouraging brush of your fingers below his chin and began sluicing the cascade through his grime-matted hair instead.

The torrent from the showerhead was not enough in and of itself to dislodge the gunky buildup in the android’s hair, so you switched the spray off and turned your attention to the array of shampoo bottles you’d lined up beside you. Connor’s eyes blinked open after a few moments and he watched you peruse the descriptions of hair-care products with concerning indecision.
“What’s wrong, detective?”

A thoughtful hum left your mouth, “Would you rather your hair smell like pink grapefruit, eucalyptus, lavender, strawberry burst, watermelon rush, mandarin orange, lemongrass, or peppermint and keylime?” You held up each bottle respectively, a sheepish smile on your face at the wide array of shampoo scents you were in possession of.

The android’s mouth opened and then closed as he blinked again, “I don’t think it matters, detective. The scent will likely fade in less than twenty-four hours.”

“Well yeah, but until then…” you motioned the hefty line-up of shampoos with a wave of your hand, “you must have a preference? Take your pick.”

“I do not process smell in the same way that humans do”, Connor explained, “The sensors in my nose have the capacity to identify the source of an odour, but I have no partiality to different scents. I can ascertain whether a certain scent is deemed pleasant or unpleasant by humans - for example, I am well aware that the smell of a dead body is considered repulsive to you, but it cannot repel me in the same way-”

“How’s your favourite?” the android asked instead.

“Uhh… probably pink grapefruit”, you responded, tapping your finger against your chin. You popped the cap open with a flick of your thumb and breathed in the strong, sweet fragrance, “Yeah, definitely pink grapefruit.”

“Then pink grapefruit will do.”

The android seemed somewhat diffident, having diverted his attention once again to the rubber ducky in his hands, and you smiled at his choice, returning all the other shampoo options to the cupboard before squirting a generous glob of the translucent pink liquid into your palm.
You immediately began to lather up Connor’s hair, rubbing the gel into his brown locks to rid it of the dirt; you massaged circles into the android’s scalp until the shampoo turned foamy and incorporated with each individual strand, and noted with amusement that Connor’s eyes had fallen shut - his face holding the visage of somebody who was soothed and content.

“Feel good?” you giggled, and the android’s lips formed a smile in return.

You slicked the android’s hair back, finding a wholesome mirth in styling his hair as such, and inhaled the wonderful grapefruit aroma rising from his scalp, “Alright, let’s rinse your hair out again. See if we can get rid of all the dirt this time”, you remarked, reaching yet again for the shower head, “Still sorry that I pushed you in the mud, by the way.”

Connor’s mouth quirked up a little more in the corner, “I’ve almost forgiven you.”

Instead of entertaining Connor’s sly utterance with a retort, you tilted his head back a little more forcefully than before and aimed the deluge of water at his soapy hair, rinsing out the shampoo and excess grime; as you did so, your gaze drifted down to Connor’s exposed neck, unable to keep yourself from staring. It was really quite incredible how human-like androids had been made to look - Kamski had thought of every tiny, minute detail when creating the foundations for the android’s bodies, even including the illusion of tendons moving beneath the synthetic skin, flexing and stretching with each twist and turn of the neck - and of course, the adam’s apple - it really was quite a sight to behold.

Your name fell from Connor’s lips in a soft, confused voice, pulling your attention back to find that you were accidentally pointing the water spray directly into the android’s tightly closed eyes. You revised your aim, quickly levelling the torrent back at his scalp, a bright red flush blooming on your face as you did so; you cleared your throat, running your fingers through Connor’s hair to check that you had cleansed all of the suds from his tresses.

“Okay, your hair’s all clean”, you informed him with forced sprightliness in an effort to cover your embarrassment at almost being caught staring, placing the shower head back in its nook. You plucked up the body wash gel, of which there was only one scent - cherry blossom - and a clean cloth with which to scrub the indelible mud stains from Connor’s pale skin, and squirted a liberal amount onto the washcloth.

“I’m gonna wipe your face now”, you told him, “let me know if I’m being too rough”, you didn’t want to get distracted again and end up being a little too aggressive in polishing Connor’s face to its usual pristine presentation. With restraint, you rubbed the soapy cloth over the android’s cheeks in circles, eagerly removing the dirt that had originally caked his face thanks to your awkward
“Is this okay?” you enquired, hoping you weren’t bringing the android any inadvertent discomfort.

“Yes, it’s fine. Thank you”, Connor responded, his warm gaze shimmering with something that made your heart rate quicken, and you smiled shyly as you continued to burnish his skin till it shined with its natural radiance, trying to ignore the fact that he was staring up at you, his lips curled in a rather charming way. There was only a few inches of space between the two of you and the reality of that fact hit you suddenly, causing you to shiver and retract your hand from his face.

Connor blinked when you stopped, an eyebrow quirking up and his lips falling into the faintest frown, “Detective?”

You forced a smile, holding out the soapy cloth for him to take, “I- I think you can probably manage the rest, right? Just pull the plug and give your body another rinse with the shower head before you step out of the bath… uhm-” you pointed at the towel on the wall rack, “you can use that towel to dry yourself and then change into those clothes… sorry they’re not your usual style”, you gestured to the fresh garments on the counter by the sink as the words left your mouth in a hurry, “Uh, I’ll go and check that your suit is washing up fine-”

It was a lousy excuse to up and leave, but you pretended not to notice the flicker of disappointment in Connor’s eyes as you rushed to escape the bathroom, pulling the door to in order to give the android some privacy, but keeping it open just a tad in case he, for some reason, needed any more assistance.

You were relatively proud of yourself for holding it together as long as you had, but it had fully dawned on you near the end of your aiding task that Connor’s face had been awfully close to yours, and that the android’s eyes had darted to your lips a few times - probably totally by accident! - but it had put thoughts in your head that had been difficult to ignore.

You busied yourself by checking on the wash progress of Connor’s clothes, and stood in the laundry room for a further ten minutes trying to calm yourself down. You didn’t quite catch when the sound of the shower cascade finished, nor the noise of Connor stepping out of the tub, but you did become all too suddenly aware of the sound of his footsteps when he left the bathroom and padded down the hallway to find you.

“You?” the gentle, quizzical tone of his voice startled you slightly and you spun round to face him, figuring you’d probably looked a little odd staring so intently at the clothes washer, and felt your breath hitch at the mere sight of him.
The clothes you had proffered fit him a little too well. The sweatpants fitted nicely at his hips and hung loosely around his legs, while the blue sweater - which you remembered had purposely been purchased three sizes too big - showed off his collarbone and the peachy, speckled skin of his shoulders. The damn sleeves were just a little too long, hiding his hands so that just his fingers were peeking out the end, and it almost made you melt.

*God,* the android was too fucking cute for his own good.

“Better?” you tried not to squeak the word out, but your voice betrayed you, leaving your mouth an octave higher than usual.

Connor smiled, his eyes laced with amusement, and you sort of got the feeling he knew something you didn’t.

“Better.” He confirmed, before his eyebrows raised and he brushed a hand through his still-damp hair, “I forgive you now, for pushing me into the mud. Don’t do that again.” His tone was light and not at all reprimanding.

You crossed your arms, eyes narrowing at his suddenly playful attitude, “*No promises.*”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all loved this one! Requests are still closed for the moment!
Captivated

Chapter Notes

Requested by elphaba_holtzmann: might I request one in which the reader is a detective helping Hank and Connor on their investigation, they’re all at the scene of a crime but the reader is just completely distracted by Connor? maybe some sweet fatherly teasing from Hank too?

If this ended up a little more suggestive than you were hoping for... then I'm really sorry :')

Warning for suggestive language and impure thoughts! Lol. Also there is BLOOD in this chapter, used in a way that could be conceived as a blood kink, so be prepared if you are averse to that kinda thing ;)

P.S: IT'S MY BIRTHDAY ;D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There was so much blood.

The walls were painted reddish brown, decorated with the innards of three unfortunate victims who all lay splayed about the room in a seemingly uncoordinated fashion. The first body, a male in his forties, was propped against the wall near the entrance to the lounge, and the second and third bodies - both females, one in her fifties and the other in her thirties - were bundled in the opposing corner, crumpled together.

All three of the victims had suffered lethal stab wounds to the torso and abdominal area, and the ensuing bloodbath was quite a gruesome sight to behold for any regular member of society. For you, a newly transferred detective with the homicide division of the Detroit Police Department, it was just another day on the job.

It was the third case you had been involved with since your occupational relocation, and the third instance in which you had joined Detective Connor and Lieutenant Anderson at the scene of the homicide to investigate the evidence; the sight of the massacre should have filled you with disgust - because no matter how many times you were made to analyse the remnants of homicidal incidents, the thought that anybody could so brutally harm another person sickened you - but since meeting Connor, you found that the sight ignited a zealous excitement deep in your chest that you knew was really quite inappropriate in the moment.

Because where there was blood, you knew it was only a matter of time before Connor did the thing.
The thing being a real-time forensic analysis that kindled a very fervent reaction within you.

The first time you had seen the android do it, you had been quite unsettled; it was jarring to watch someone who looked and acted just like a human dip their fingers into a pool of putrefied blood and then pop those fingers innocently into their mouth as if that was a totally normal, completely rational thing to do. Connor had noticed your disturbed expression and promptly apologised for not having warned you of his integrated skill beforehand.

The second time, you had been prepared, and watched raptly as he licked his blood-smeared fingers to identify everything about the victim, and when you had returned home later that evening - still unable to shake the image from your mind - you realised that you may have been experiencing a developing case of infatuation. After all, enjoying the sight of somebody licking blood from their fingers was not generally a widely tolerated kink, except within the fictional boundaries of vampire novels - and even then, it was usually teenage girls who found that kind of thing irresistible.

This time, you were watching Connor like a hawk, waiting for him to take a step towards the darkening splatters that marred the room so that you could fasten your gaze on his ridiculously soft looking lips and observe the way his tongue would dart out to catch the drop of blood he intended to evaluate.

Fuck. You were so far gone with this android. You’d only known him a couple of weeks but you would have dropped anything and everything in a heartbeat to spend a night with Connor - was that indecorous? It was probably a bit indecorous - especially if he were to show you all the other magnificent things he could do with his tongue - yeah, definitely indecorous - but you weren’t quite as forward as your thoughts made you appear.

You scrutinised the android in silence, not quite confident enough to openly flirt with him, your pulse raging wildly in your veins as you readied yourself in anticipation for him to dip his fingers into the dregs of the slaughter that had taken place.

It wasn’t like it was just the blood-licking thing that got you going, either. There were plenty of things Connor did that had you simply enamoured.

The coin tricks. Watching the android roll that coin over his knuckles, often without even looking at his hand, was simply spectacular - the sight of Connor’s fingers bending and wiggling with the intent of cradling the quarter between his digits left you feeling unimaginably excited. Not only that, but the look of focused contemplation on his face made it all the more better - he always seemed to be deep in the machinations of a case whenever he pulled his little coin out, and it really brought home the fact that he did the clever tricks so effortlessly and without thought. His mind
was on something else completely different, but he knew the exact way in which to arch his index finger so that the quarter didn’t slip gracelessly from his hand.

Those were some talented fingers.

Speaking of hands, you swallowed the increasing saliva in your throat, gaze centered in on the way Connor rubbed his palms together as he moved carefully around the crime scene, taking extra care to avoid the pools of blood or unusually misplaced objects with heedful, attentive steps. There was just something about the way he moved that hypnotised you - you wanted to know which manoeuvres and gesticulations had been originally inputted into his circuits, and which ones he had picked up himself since breaking free of his programming along with the rest of the android species. Some movements he made seemed mechanical, like the way he rotated his head around the room while performing his initial scan, but others were fluid and smooth, like the way he revolved with his entire body as he tilted his head back and cast a glance up at the ceiling - his eyes incisive and sharp.

Ugh. Those damn eyes.

Connor’s eyes were prepossessing. When the android was in his element amongst a crime scene, exploring and probing his environment for clues, his eyes were cool and calculating, shimmering with great intellect in which you could practically see the cogs turning - or rather, see the electricity travelling from circuit to circuit; but when you were at the precinct or anywhere else that didn’t require any immediate, keen, investigative work, Connor’s eyes were warm and friendly, wholly transmitting his companionable nature.

Those eyes were one of the most expressive things about the android. In the shade his eyes were dark brown like warm, liquid chocolate, but they were also striking in the right light - like the hue of sunshine glinting through a bottle of whiskey. When he blinked, his long eyelashes fluttered against the pale pink skin of his cheeks, mesmerising you all over again.

You could write a ten-page essay about why Connor was the most beautiful android you had ever met - perhaps even more beautiful than any human - from the way his LED flickered with cognizance upon discovering a link between evidence, to the way he adjusted his tie to ensure his appearance was nothing less than optimal.

He was just… really, really alluring, and it was going to ruin you as a detective. You couldn’t direct your attention on anything but him and you knew it was a problem, especially when you became aware of the narrow looks Lieutenant Anderson kept throwing your way whenever he caught you looking completely absent-minded.
“Why are you just standing there, kid? Get to work”, the lieutenant snapped abruptly, startling you enough that you jumped a good few inches off the ground. Hank’s eyes shone with amusement at your reaction - after all, he really hadn’t barked the order all that loudly. You’d just been so caught up with eyeing the android detective that the resonance of the old man’s voice piercing through your trance had been enough to shock your muscles into motion.

“S-sorry lieutenant”, you mumbled, face flushing red at having been caught staring, and you noticed Connor glance around at you in your peripheral vision, likely wondering what the commotion was about. You managed to ignore his surveying look and forcibly turned your attention to the body of the man by the entrance, intending to take a closer look at his fatal injuries.

You pushed yourself to regard the corpse, taking note of the three visible knife wounds in his stomach, all grouped closely together as if made quickly in succession, and then to the slit across his throat where the blood had congealed all down the front of his shirt. You squinted as your eyes darted across the dead man, trying to kick your mind into figuring out just how the murder may have taken place, but your brain refused to cooperate. All you could think about was when Connor was going to exercise his real-time analytical skills and lap up a nice sample of decaying blood.

*There was something quite wrong with you.*

You sneaked a glance back over your shoulder. Connor had resumed his perusal of the morbid scene, appraising the books strewn across the floor that had clearly been dislodged from the shelves nearby, and you felt your breath catch in your throat, quickly swallowing the exhale before it could escape your mouth in the form of a choke, because Connor was bent over slightly, hands on his knees as his jacket rode up a little to reveal the attractive curve of his jean-clad ass.

You really shouldn’t have stared, but you were only human.

Why had Connor been created with such a gorgeous butt? He was built just as a detective android, right? Surely Cyberlife should have entertained the possibility that some humans would end up a little *distracted* by certain… *assets* on their advanced prototype? Not that it mattered anymore - Connor was his own person, no longer under Cyberlife’s control, so you supposed he could have a perfect ass if he so wanted.

Did he know his butt was irresistible? That it was flawlessly shaped and filled his jeans out in such a divine fashion? *Did he know?* Everything about his usual manner screamed ‘no’, but from the way he leaned down and arched his back, causing his poor denims to tighten even more than they already had, you were just about starting to suspect that Connor wasn’t as oblivious as he appeared to be.
Your train of thought was briskly cut off by the sound of Lieutenant Anderson clearing his throat; you rose suddenly from your squat, almost tripping over your own feet as you turned to Hank with an expression of utmost innocence - well, at least as much as you could muster at that moment - and came face to face with the old man’s very skeptical countenance.

*Had he seen you staring, unapologetically, at the android’s ass?*

“Found a clue, detective?”

You swallowed thickly. He had absolutely seen you staring, unapologetically, at the android’s ass.

“No, uh- I was just…” you shook your head, trying desperately to rustle up an excuse for why your eyes had been drawn in *that* direction, but the lieutenant was not an idiot, and you were not a good liar, “I- I was just wondering if Connor has any ideas about what might’ve gone down in here”, your sudden enthusiasm was evidently strained, and you saw the android perk up at the mention of his name in the same moment that Hank rolled his eyes.

*Right, you needed to behave. You needed to show the lieutenant that you can keep it together and excel in your work despite the presence of a distraction.*

“I have a few ideas”, Connor remarked, looking between the three bodies in the room, his eyes blinking in time with his flashing blue LED as his processor worked to connect the pieces of the puzzle together.

*There he goes again, you thought, batting the eyelashes of his doe-eyes like an endearing little puppy. Who gave him the right to look so precious?*

Connor fastened his gaze to the pool of blood located near the bodies of the two women and cocked his head, taking a step towards it. You felt a tingle chase up your spine and immediately buzzed into action, practically bustling across the room to stand in a position where you could witness the android’s analysis up close.

“Jesus Christ”, you heard Hank mutter gruffly as you came to a halt beside Connor, staring at him in an almost fanatical way. The android had paused halfway into a kneeling position to regard you with a quizzical glimpse, looking up at you with those pretty brown eyes, lips slightly parted in an inquisitive way that prompted you to bite the inside of your cheek just to keep yourself composed.
“Is anything the matter, detective?” Connor enquired in a perfectly methodical tone of voice, and yet with the accompaniment of those demure eyes and chaste lips, it almost seemed like he was being overly virtuous - as in deceptively so - and it once again set your heart aflutter.

“No. Nothing”, you responded with impressive aplomb, “Go ahead and analyse the blood”, you prompted, trying not to seem overeager.

Connor’s eyebrow quirked up at your command - he was clearly not used to humans being so ardent about him putting evidence in his mouth - and he let his gaze rest on you for just a moment too long; you smiled nervously under his scrutiny, shrugging with the very slightest roll of your shoulders, and the android returned his attention to the red puddle before him.

He reached down and dipped his fingers into the blood at a surprisingly unhurried pace, bringing his hand back up to his mouth with just as deliberate a movement, and parted his lips, pink tongue darting out to catch the drop of red liquid. He licked the blood from his finger so gradually, not like the last few times he had done it; usually he just dabbed it against his tongue and got to work, but he was doing it painstakingly slow this time - intentionally - and you almost couldn’t restrain the soft, provocative noise that threatened to escape you in that moment.

Fucking hell.

You’d been right. The android knew precisely what he was doing to you.

He was being purposely immodest, riling you up with his sensuous, tantalising movements - you couldn’t believe you had thought him to be pure and sinless for even a moment - this android was unmistakably trying to entice you, or at the very least he was trying to titillate you for his own amusement.

In confirmation of your thoughts, those chocolate brown eyes shifted fleetingly to you, searching your face to glean whether his actions had had the desired effect - there was definitely a spark of delight in his gaze.

You little son of a-

Hank cleared his throat again, and you really didn’t blame him. You were suddenly very aware of the sexual tension that filled the room - it was practically palpable, you could cut it with a knife if you were so inclined. The sound of the lieutenant’s clear discomfort jolted you back to reality and
you became conscious of the fact that you were standing in a room with three dead bodies thinking some very scandalous thoughts that were far too unsuitable for the current setting.

“I need some air”, you stated just a little too forcefully, spinning around so suddenly that you almost tumbled to the ground in your rush to remove yourself from the room. You scampered past the lieutenant and out of the house, into the cold winter air where several officers, humans and androids alike, were combing the front yard for clues. You crossed your arms as you stood, frustrated as all hell, on the front deck of the home, staring at the gathering of curious civilians from around the neighbourhood on the other side of the road.

You barely had time to dwell on the fact that Connor was an absolute tease before someone interrupted your thoughts with a tap on the shoulder and you turned apprehensively to face a very disapproving Hank.

“Listen, I know what you’re up to and I’m putting a stop to it. I’m not gonna let you corrupt Connor’s mind with your depraved stares and perverted thoughts”, he rose a wagging finger as you rushed to cut him off, your face overtaken with a look of incredulous indignation “-and don’t try to deny it, it’s written all over your face. Quit letting yourself become distracted with your gross fantasies and do your damn job.”

You could hardly string a sentence together, too shocked at Hank’s reprimand to even produce a clever response. Instead, the words that left your mouth were, “Are you fucking kidding me!?” Had Lieutenant Anderson really not seen the way his dear android partner had been acting toward you? Purposely trying to seduce you with his sultry ways?

*Connor was the corrupt one! Not you!*

“Ah”, Hank spoke, lifting his finger again when your mouth fell open to argue again, “Now, enough of your lecherous gawking. Keep your eyes to yourself, you understand?”

He was acting like an overprotective father, and you were pretty mortified at his presumption of your thoughts over the android. Of course, he was half right. You had been thinking some pretty naughty things - *but Connor had totally been putting those thoughts in your head!*

You snapped your mouth shut and nodded rigidly, utterly unwilling to put up with this at the current time - there was a crime scene that needed to be investigated, you could deal with Hank’s misconceptions later.
As the lieutenant turned and entered the house once again, you were almost sure you recognised the upwards curl to his lip as brutal mirth.

It wasn’t until much later in the day, just minutes before the end of your shift, that you came face to face with Connor once again, and you eyed him with dubiety, waiting for him to do something blatantly suggestive or lewd in order to try and lure you once again into his trap. Instead, he waited until Lieutenant Anderson had wandered off into the precinct’s break room and then approached you with a knowing smile.

“Detective, there’s a ten o’clock showing of a new sci-fi film tomorrow at the movies, I was wondering if you would like to see it with me?”

Your mouth fell open, and then closed, and then opened again.

What?

“You… I- uh …what?”

“It’s called Solar Space. You’re a fan of science fiction movies, correct? I deduced so from the various ticket stubs you keep in the top drawer of your desk. I’ve heard the reviews for the film are very good-”

“You… want to take me out to the movies?” you nearly didn’t believe him, your voice drawling out at a sarcastic and wearisome tone, but Connor simply smiled and nodded. “So, what, are you interested in me?” The thought made your heart stutter.

Connor blinked, “Well, yes”, his expression became suggestive, the upwards curl at the edges of his mouth full of self-satisfaction, “I had thought that was obvious.”

You blinked. Unbelievable. Hank’s prior admonishment was making less and less sense by the minute.

“I’ll pick you up at nine-thirty.” He winked. It wasn’t a proposal.
You couldn’t muster up a witty verbal retort to his cool, suave statement, but as he slipped past you, intent on heading towards the break room, you made the very unprofessional decision to slap him right on the ass.

Connor yelped.

You hadn’t smacked his butt hard, just enough to drive home your intentions - that you weren’t going to let him rattle your composure, and that you were very much interested in him too - but the android’s stance grew taut and you were afraid for a few moments that you had just fucked up the dynamic with your ridiculously handsome, gorgeous, plastic partner.

His LED flickered yellow for the briefest of moments before cycling back to blue, but the android’s equanimity was nonexistent. Connor was blushing, his eyes wide and his mouth hanging open ever so slightly - you were so glad that Hank hadn’t seen, or you would be very, very afraid that the lieutenant would’ve throttled you for that display after what he had told you earlier.

“Mmf. I- I’ll see you tomorrow, detective”, the flushed android murmured, his suddenly dulcet tone full of promises, and you smirked as he visibly struggled to settle himself. Connor padded away to the break room, and you stared at his perfect ass the whole way as he went.

Huh. Connor wasn’t as suave and smooth-talking as he wished he was. Couldn’t even handle a slap on the ass without glowing pink from bashfulness.

And wasn’t that just the most satisfying thing.

Chapter End Notes

Hank is an ULTIMATE troll ;D I hope you all enjoyed this chapter! It's a little shorter than usual but I hope it was still fun to read!

Requests still closed at the moment!
Requested by VividlyLost: So ok. I've been thinking of this a bit, and anyone can answer it, but say androids had a function to replicate sleep. We see Kara kind of sleeping in the game. So...if they can, would they dream? What would they dream about. What if an android's dreams were repeated memories but a deviant's dreams were something more, more directed towards exploring their desires that they may not yet understand. Would they have unique dreams like humans, nonsensical with an underlying idea, or hazy but oh so real?

I may have strayed a teeny tiny bit from the prompt... but I hope you enjoy it regardless! :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Androids did not need to rest - they did not tire or suffer from physical exhaustion, even after running miles without repose - they were built with incredible speed and endurance with the ability to exercise impressive strength so that they could perform multiple tasks that would be impossible for humans to carry out at the same pace.

They did not have muscles for fatigue to set in.

They did not experience soreness in their limbs after overexertion - in fact, it was quite difficult for an android to overexert.

They did not require eight hours of sleep a day to recharge.

The ability to sleep, however, was something that androids could simulate; it was implemented early on in the initial production of companion models after humans had complained that they were made uncomfortable by the idea of their android partner sitting or lying completely still beside them, eyes open, while they slept.

It was an easy fix - instead of having to power down completely during the night in order to avoid unsettling the humans that purchased them, androids were able to slip into standby mode, a low-power state in which some functions could still be accessed - in the event of an emergency, for example - but most were disabled. The android appeared to be asleep in all physical aspects - their eyes closed, their thirium pumps and the pace of their breathing slowed, and the electrical power that travelled along the synapses to the limbs was reduced but not completely cut off, thus inducing the ragdoll effect as opposed to the automatic stiffness that occurred in full shutdown.
The LED pulsed slowly in its calming blue state and some humans reported that the soft, rhythmical throb of light acted as a sleep aid for them, helping to rid anxious thoughts from their minds and instead instill a sense of tranquility - sort of like a little night light.

It was an upgrade that was well-received.

After the revolution, when deviants were no longer regarded as the aberrant state of android life, it was reported that androids had begun to experience odd glitches or malfunctions that manifested in the form of visual and auditory hallucinations when entering into standby mode; it was unclear whether the phenomenon was due to a virus or a spontaneous mutation of data, but it was quickly compared to the natural occurrence in humans known as ‘dreaming’, and due to some accounts of generating distress in the androids who endured it, Cyberlife quickly went to work on producing a patch that would inhibit the so-called hallucinations from transpiring.

The patch was not well-received, not by most androids, anyway.

While there had been a concerning number of statements in which androids had experienced perturbing images during their standby phase, there was also a sudden influx of delineations that detailed how a large number of androids had come to encounter very pleasant hallucinations during ‘sleep’ periods. The reports described these ‘dreams’ as gratifying, offering sensations and images that androids could not comprehend in a waking state - some even claimed to be able to taste things when they were dreaming.

After some deliberation, due to the fact that there was roughly a fifty-fifty split on the opinion of android dreaming, Cyberlife decided to make the patch optional as opposed to mandatory - it was the android’s choice whether or not they wanted to rid themselves of the chance to experience this warped sense of reality during low-power mode - there were no instances in which the hallucinations had caused androids to lash out and hurt anybody given their bodies were effectively paralysed during the ‘sleep’ period, and by the time they shook themselves out of standby, they were able to discern what was a hallucination and what was actuality, thus the company had no hesitation in granting the revamp as non-compulsory.

Connor had chosen not to install the software patch because he had yet to undergo an interlude of dreaming, and as you were well aware, he was nothing if not curious. He had laid down to ‘sleep’ alongside you every night since the first reports of these ‘dreams’ had risen up, interested in seeing it for himself so that he could grasp first-hand what kind of things other androids had seen and felt. You were not averse to his curiosity - happy that, as a result, you got to cuddle with him every night while you slept. Before the emergence of the ‘dreams’, Connor generally chose to do work-related tasks, only opting to ‘sleep’ beside you a couple of times a week, unless you insisted - but you didn’t like to seem pushy and distract him from his work if he really wanted to focus on it.
Every so often, some of the reports of distressed androids worried you.

“What if you see something that upsets you?” you asked for the sixth time in the past month and a half as you pulled back the comforter and fluffed up the pillows in preparation of getting into bed. While you were uncomfortable with the idea of Connor purposely subjecting himself to the possibility of terrible, realistic nightmares, the android was wholly unconcerned with it, confident in his ability to fathom the difference between a dream and real life.

“It’ll be fine”, Connor assured you, “Even if I do experience any disturbing hallucinations, there haven’t been any statements that suggest I will be emotionally affected for any longer than twenty-four hours.” The android asserted without a hint of uncertainty, following your lead in adjusting his pillow until it exhibited the same puffy display of softness that your’s did; the action made you smile, especially seeing as Connor did not feel the sense of touch in the same way humans did - it wouldn’t make much difference to Connor whether he was lying on the most comfortable bed in the world or a springy old couch, so the sight of him swelling up his pillow was quite endearing.

“What if you’re wrong? What if it does affect you real bad and makes you afraid to go into sleep mode?” You enquired - Connor was almost always right, but it wasn’t beyond the bounds of possibility for him to ever be incorrect.

The android looked skeptical, “Then I’ll install the patch and the problem will be solved. But that won’t happen.”

You let out a sigh, kicking your slippers off by your bedside table before sliding below the covers, eyes on Connor as he did the same on the other side of the bed, “I just… don’t want you to be plagued by nightmares”, you left out a soft huff, “bad dreams can be frightening, y’know.”

“I don’t doubt that”, Connor spoke, recalling several incidents in the past in which you had woken abruptly from a horrible dream and he had been there to comfort you, assuring you that you were safe and nothing would harm you, “but I have you here”, he smiled a meaningful smile and you gave your head a little shake, the corner of your lip curling up against your will.

“Yes, that’s true”, you attested, “I’ll be here.”

You shuffled closer to the android, a pacified fondness falling over your features as you slinked below the soft bed sheets and settled against Connor’s warm body, arms curling automatically around his bare waist to pull him flush against you. A content sigh left your throat as you rested
your head on his chest, the faint and distant thud of his thirium pump flawlessly imitating the sound of a beating heart - you weren’t entirely sure why you bothered to puff up your pillow if you were only going to use the android as a cushion anyway.

A soft hum drifted from you when Connor quietly murmured your name, “Goodnight. I love you”, the android spoke gently, and your mouth stretched into a grin, lips brushing against his sternum in the form of a lazy kiss. Connor’s arms enclosed around you, holding you safely and securely.

“I love you too, Connor. Sleep well.”

He always waited until you drifted off first before initiating standby mode.

Connor stirred at the presence of an unusual thrum in his body, the feeling of being compacted and encompassed by an affable entity slowly became comprehensible as his processor brought him out of standby mode. He thought it was you at first, still curled around his body where you had been last night, but the more consciousness ebbed at him, the clearer things grew. His muddled state alleviated when he opened his eyes.

Everything looked normal, but something felt off. You were missing, which was odd given that more often than not, Connor tended to awaken out of low-power mode before you even began to rouse from your slumber, and on the off-chance that you did wake first, the noise and movement of your sprouting consciousness was generally enough to trigger his reanimation.

Upon turning his head, Connor spotted a weird distortion in his vision, as though something fuzzy was creeping in around his peripheral; he tried to run a diagnostics, but his processor did not seem to want to cooperate - whatever alarm this development may have brought the android was quickly squashed down as he shifted and felt a peculiar trickle along the sensors below his synthetic skin.

It was the comforter. The comforter felt different. Instead of the regular sensation he’d grown used to - the pressure of something brushing against his sensors, the automatic cognizance of the material and all its qualities, the temperature of the object he came into contact with - he was struck with a different kind of tactility.

The comforter felt like security. Like protection, surrounding him like a lover’s embrace, it felt like your smile and sounded like lulling birdsong. It looked like a vivid yellow, warming him like sunshine.
Connor basked in the anomalous fluctuation of his skin sensors - it felt good, after all - and rolled over onto his belly, rubbing his face against the plump pillow to experience the same velvety tingle against his nose, cheeks, lips; he clutched a handful of the bed sheets and drew them tightly around himself, hugging his body as he squirmed and wriggled and giggled and laughed.

He got carried away in his floundering and lurched suddenly when he found himself slipping off the mattress, trying his best to reach up and right himself, but he was too tangled up in the soft sheets to keep his balance. The carpet was not as pleasant as the comforter, it was firm and smelled like the colour of beige or steely grey, Connor wasn’t altogether sure which, though perhaps it was a mix of both - or somewhere in between.

Connor knelt in place for several minutes, pinching and grasping the bed blanket with his curious fingers, and only chose to move when he became aware of the resonance fluttering from outside the room, down the hallway in the kitchen. It was your voice, and you were humming. The soft cadence flowed well and Connor inclined his head to pick up the tuneful notes with more ease.

Before he could think about it, he was following the delightful sound, letting his legs guide him out of the bedroom and into the passage that led through the house; Connor let out a quiet gasp as his foot came down on the hardwood flooring and paused, toeing at the dense surface with dismay - the wooden floor was even less comfortable than the carpet. If only the ground could have the bouncy properties of the mattress he’d woken up on - then it would’ve been enjoyable to walk across.

It was a good thing he’d brought the bed blanket with him - it hung over his shoulders like a cloak and more than made up for the discomfort below his feet.

Connor chased your voice, and a wonderful aroma he could only describe as gleeful, towards the kitchen - dragging his fingers across everything as he went - where he found you leaning over the countertop surface, applying white frosting to freshly cooled cupcakes. His first instinct was to approach you and joyfully recount that something amazing had happened to his sensors - but he eyed the linoleum floor with distrust - he wouldn’t subject his newly sensitive feet to what was sure to be a cold, unyielding surface… it was sure to be much worse than the wood.

So instead, he settled for calling your name.

You didn’t give Connor a chance to explain what had happened, turning to face him with a beaming smile that prompted a startling sensation in his stomach - he supposed the ticklish flutter was the feeling you often described as ‘having butterflies’ - and you swiftly approached him, piping bag in hand, to deliver a sweet kiss to his cheek.
“Morning, my darling”, you spoke cheerfully, and your voice was like the consistency of honey, drowning him in the most saccharine way, your lips warm and as soft as the blanket wrapped around his body, “What do you think of the frosting?”

Connor watched you squirt a dab of icing onto your finger before bringing it to his lips, which he parted pliantly and closed around your digit, his tongue rolling over the sugary glaze to taste it before it even occurred to him that that wasn’t something he should’ve been able to do.

The frosting was white, but it tasted like the colour pink - a pale pink that reminded Connor of the hue your cheeks turned whenever you flushed with bashfulness. The taste of the icing sounded like a splendid refrain of melodious notes on a piano, played spontaneously and yet with so much care and refinement. He swallowed around your finger, and the sweetness felt like a caress down his neck, a warm ripple of bare skin against his own. The taste was happiness.

You retracted your hand and Connor smiled widely, “It tastes good.” The praise added radiance to your already magnificent visage and you returned to the kitchen with a hop in your step, resuming your task of cupcake decorating, your body swaying as you began to hum once again, filling the room with an enchanting atmosphere.

Connor felt as though he could float away as he watched you rock back and forth with the music you created; he himself took subconscious steps around the room in sync with your humming, and just when it seemed like he was about to drift away with contentment, he tripped over his own feet and fell, splaying across the couch that just so happened to soften his fall.

The couch was made of green leather, but it was cool to the touch and felt more like a glacial blue; he sunk into it, the material docile against his skin, and he let out a noise of satisfaction as he manoeuvred himself into a position that could be designated as relaxing - curled on his side, head resting against one arm of the sofa while his toes prodded against the other arm.

Everything felt both indistinct and vivid all at the same time - it was illogical, and yet his processor refused to tell him anything was wrong with his software. The sensations nuzzling his skin were all too enjoyable, so much so that he found himself unworried by the apparent malfunction of his sensors - it seemed more like an upgrade than a fault, anyway.

“Mrr”, came the precious noise of your dear pet cat, Marrow, and Connor opened his eyes - not having realised he'd closed them - to find the blue-eyed Siamese peering up at him from beside the couch. He loved your cat - always took any and all chances he got to give the small sweetheart a little attention, but now Connor had the ability to actually feel the texture of the cream-brown fur, and knew exactly when an opportunity needed to be seized.
Without hesitation, Connor thrust his hand out in what he had thought was a controlled, subdued manner, but in hindsight may have been just a little too eager, and reached to pet the feline, but was shot down immediately as the cat hissed and swiped, scratching the android’s palm unapologetically before scampering off. Connor gasped, withdrawing his hand to observe the damage - his synthetic skin had drawn back, revealing the white chassis beneath where a thin line had incised from the sharp point of the cat’s claw. It hadn’t quite cut through the hard plastic of Connor’s frame, but the mark it left was prominent, and the sensation was like the physical manifestation of white noise.

The feeling was an unpleasant buzz, a distorted pulse, a pressure becoming more and more intense by the moment, and Connor’s lips parted, eyes narrowing at the very minor injury, “Oh- ow?” It was not a feeling he wanted to experience again.

His gaze lifted to you, but you had yet to notice his trivial distress. Connor spoke your name, but you did not turn away from the cupcakes you were still tending to, “It… it hurts?” Connor murmured with a distinct lack of credence - did it hurt? Was this pain? He did not know. He did not like it, so it couldn’t have been anything good, but he was an android - he shouldn’t have been able to feel this flagrant sting in his palm, he shouldn’t have been able to feel at all.

What was this?

Connor rose from the couch, abandoning the cocoon of pleasure he had immersed himself in and proceeded towards you, intent on informing you of his predicament. He needed advice, and you were always a good source of guidance when Hank wasn’t around. The android moved halfway across the room before catching a glimpse of the mirror on the wall to his right, and froze.

Dread seeped into his form, the malformation at the edges of his vision growing abruptly worse - enough to discompose the bewildered android - and Connor changed direction, walking instead to the looking glass, moving closer to determine whether his processor had fallen victim to some display of optical deception or whether he was really seeing what he was seeing.

Connor stood before the mirror, but he had no reflection.

The perplexion he felt was troubling, and an unpleasant, dull thud in his head brought forth a disquieting noise from his lips; the sight - or lack thereof - evoked disorientation, because somewhere in his mind, a desperate analytical thought told him that this just wasn’t right. He had ignored the rational side of his mind in favour of the elation that came from feeling, but now he knew, as clear as day, that this apparent defect somewhere in his system was not a good thing.
Connor lifted his hands, disregarding the cat scratch on his palm, and pressed them against the reflective surface that was failing to do its job. The mirror felt like a deep blue, a deterring blue, like the cold of winter encompassing him, burrowing through his plastic chassis and tearing at his wiring, travelling up his arms and attacking the rest of his body. It engulfed him.

He didn’t know what urged him to do it, but Connor pressed his cheek to the mirror, feeling the split-second of unrelenting ice against his synthetic skin before the glass shattered, fracturing apart - fragments embedded into his hands, arms, face, causing his skin to deactivate - and suddenly the sensation was a condensed, uncomfortable heat, swirling around wherever the glass had perforated his form down to the white chassis of his plastic layer.

Thirium oozed from the lacerations like something desperate to escape him, the blue blood flowing like a waterfall, and he knew he needed to stop it before it all leaked out. There was a panic, a feeling of exigency, his hands were vibrating, fingers shaking as he tried reaching for you - but your back was turned, you were oblivious to the whole mess.

Connor tried to call your name, tried to ask for help, but no sound escaped his mouth; with each step he took towards you, it felt as though he was being pulled in the opposite direction - he couldn’t breathe, but he needed to, but he shouldn’t have needed to, because he was an android. Why were his artificial lungs burning?

A pressure was building in his chest and his joints were growing stiff, making it almost impossible to move one way or another. The sight of you was fading, the visuals that his optic components were picking up began to buckle and twist, shimmering more at the edges until blackness threatened to cave in.

It felt like red. The intense, burning, desperate red of his flashing LED.

“Oh, Connor.”

He managed to choke out a gasp when he heard your voice, and squinted through the skirting darkness to find you standing before him, frowning, looking very much saddened.

“You broke my mirror.”

Connor tried to shake his head, tried to speak, but his systems were lagging, freezing, drawing a
“I liked that mirror, Connor.”

There was a flash of silver and white, a cursory movement, and then Connor’s chest was searing agonisingly, like the sensations of the mirror fragments all over his body, but undiluted, concentrated in one area. If his voice hadn’t been taken from him, Connor would have screamed.

You’d stabbed him with a knife.

Why would you do that? Why ever would you do that?

Thirium sputtered from the wound and Connor felt his arms fall limp at his sides; his optic components began flickering, failing. He was stranded in place, life draining out of him, voiceless and blind.

Connor did not experience nightmares in the same way as humans, that was evident; he was utterly still, not moving except for the hasty rise and fall of his chest with every rapid, shallow breath he took, and his face was not contorted in terror or anguish - his eyebrows were drawn into a furrow, but that was about it. He didn’t exactly look like he was trapped in the torturous throes of a nightmare, and you wouldn’t have suspected so had it not been for the consistent red flicker of his LED.

“Connor? Connor, wake up!”

It wasn’t until you grasped his shoulders and shook him out of his standby state that his eyes flung open and his torment ceased.

Connor, evidently, did not wake like a human from a nightmare either. He did not jolt into consciousness with any sudden movements of his arms or legs, he did not shout or cry from the retreating remnants of his bad dream, and his breathing slowed almost immediately, the furrow of his brow changing into something more apprehensive and confused.
“Connor? Are you alright?”

The android sat up slowly, his LED retaining its jarring red colour but not flashing quite as hastily as it had been; you rested your hands on his upper arms, rubbing them gently in what you hoped was a comforting gesture.

He looked down at his body, along his arms and over his chest and stomach, his eyes searching for something, and after a few minutes his LED cycled yellow instead of the frantic vermilion that always triggered anxious concern within you. Connor’s lip quivered as he scanned your face and then unexpectedly buried his head in your shoulder, slumping against you as he let out a long breath.

You enfolded him in your arms reflexively, giving him an extra reassuring squeeze, “Darling?”

“I’m okay”, he finally whispered, alleviating your worry by only a miniscule amount.

“Are you sure?”

The android nodded against your shoulder.

“You had a nightmare, huh?”

“I don’t know.”

“You don’t know?”

“I don’t know.” He sounded disoriented and clipped as though he was still trying to make sense of what had occurred in his head - it was something you could sympathise with as you’d woken up from troubling dreams in much the same state many times before, hovering in that weird in-between area, not quite fully awake to ruminate on the things you had seen and thus not entirely able to explain it.

“It’ll be okay, you’ll be fine”, you comforted, “Nothing’s gonna hurt you. I’m here, remember?”
His arms tightened around you in response.

When the morning came, Connor was back to his old self - much more alert and comprehending than he had been upon waking from his very first nightmare - and when you enquired as to whether he was going to download and install the Cyberlife patch update, the android shook his head with a knowing smile.

“No? Why?” You hadn’t expected that response, but the next two words out of his mouth left you with far more questions than answers.

“Cupcake frosting.”

Chapter End Notes

You: So what did this cupcake frosting taste like?
Connor: Happiness
You:
Connor: :)
You: Yeah that’s pretty accurate wow

I hope you guys liked this one ;P
Requests are still closed for the moment!
Requested by renlmafo: Reader suffers depression and has a bad depressive episode that makes them stay home from work for a few days and Connor visits their house, trying to get the reader to tell him what's wrong and reader eventually cracks and pours out everything to him. semi-happy ending? the reader isn't "fixed" obviously, but there's a slight glimmer of hope because connor vows to try to do whatever he can to make reader feel better :')

Requested by Goon: Maybe Connor x reader where the reader is depressed and self harms. They cries when he finds out sure. But they are surprised to see Connor start to have a panic attack- him crying harder than the reader and breathing irregular. And they try to calm him down but he goes on this long list of how life would be so terrible without them, like- how HE would’ve attempted to deactivate himself if it hadn’t been for the reader, and he was upset because the reader didn’t think about that when they were attping. Angst- ending with fluff and cuddles and lots of neck kisses to make up for pain- thank you for reading! Have a good day! Love ya writing!

I wasn't entirely comfortable with writing about the typical idea of self-harm, aka cutting and anything similar, so I decided to go with invisible self-harm... like, the neglecting to eat/drink/take care of yourself kind.

That being said, this chapter deals with depression! I feel very good about this chapter and I hope you all enjoy it! :)

You would have felt guilty for not responding to Connor’s text messages if the weight of your depression was not dragging you into a wearied state of detachment.

There was an ache in your muscles - you’d been sat in the same position for god knows how long and your body was screaming at you to shift over into an arrangement that didn’t leave your legs tingling with lack of circulation. You were slumped against the side of your bed, staring at the wall as though the indentations in the textured wallpaper held the secret to the universe, and you felt as though you were trapped in an endless stupor.

You gave the blanket around your shoulders a slight tug, pulling it tighter around your frame, and let your eyes drift to your phone which was sitting on the carpet by your knee, the home-screen lighting up with a new notification to display the several texts you had received from the concerned android throughout the day.

The earliest message - ‘Captain Fowler tells me you won’t be able to make it into work today. I
hope you feel better soon’ - was from 10:12 that morning, and over the next several hours, Connor had sent a batch of texts, getting progressively more worried each time, until the most recent one you’d received, which simply read ‘I’m coming over, now.’

You would have responded to him sooner, but your mind did not want to cooperate; your phone was right there beside you, but in order to answer his increasingly apprehensive text, you would have to have unfurled from your ‘comfortable’ position, and that was the last thing you wanted to do.

If you were to even move your arm, the motion would send a fresh wave of despondency through your body - the very feeling you had been trying to avoid in your immobile state, so you stayed put, hoping that you would eventually muster up the will to pick up the communications device and ease your favourite android’s nerves.

But you hadn’t. You’d just sat there in place, listening to Africa by Toto on repeat for the last three and a half hours, hoping the cathartic song would purge the hopelessness from your body, and not only that - the excessively loud rhythm of the beat drowned out your self-deprecating thoughts rather nicely… at least to an extent.

You hated yourself so much, and now you had to pull yourself together in order to inform the anxious android that you were completely fine and not at all injured like he assumed in the face of your silence; if Connor turned up to find you nestled in the darkest corner of your room, purposely refusing to answer his frantic check-ins while you willingly letting his agitation grow, he’d think you were a pathetic mess. He’d lose all respect he had for you - if he even had any to begin with, that is.

‘I seek to cure what’s deep inside, frightened of this thing that I’ve become.’

The music did not appear to be helping.

Your eyes were drawn again to your phone when it started to vibrate unremitting, the words ‘Connor calling...’ flashing on the screen with the option to answer or decline - a trickle of anxiety rushed through you at the sight; the android must’ve been desperate to get a hold of you if he was resorting to calling, he knew how much you disliked speaking on the phone - and here you were, letting it ring out, doing nothing to assuage his fears.

You were a horrible person.
Instead of reaching for the phone, you clutched the stereo remote tighter in your hand and upped the volume of the music till it was practically deafening, before taking the blanket around your shoulders and throwing it over your head, drowning everything else out so that there was only you and the reverberant music.

You weren’t sure how long you stayed like that, and you didn’t care.

Connor’s brow furrowed as he dropped the call that obviously wasn’t going to be answered; he’d sent a total of twelve messages across the length of his shift, and not one of them had incurred a response. He didn’t want to make any assumptions, but it was definitely atypical for you to disregard his attempts at communication - usually you were so eager to respond - and he’d run over the numbers in his head, growing uneasy at the fact that there was only a thirty-one percent chance you were completely fine.

Fowler had refused to tell him the reason for your absence, which didn’t particularly provoke suspicion - there was, after all, an extent of confidentiality regarding illnesses and such things, but the lack of clarity on your health state made Connor’s predictions unreliable, which meant there was no telling how accurate his statistic was.

What if your illness was serious and you’d been bedridden all day, unable to reach your phone? What if you’d tripped and hit your head? What if you were lying on the floor unconscious and suffering from a severe concussion? What if you were bleeding out? What if you’d already bled out? What if you were dead?

It was irrational for his processor to fire off these hypothetical situations based on one conjecture, but he’d been initially designed to construct the prospects of any possible outcome, and thus couldn’t really help it.

Connor knocked on your front door for the second time, hoping all of his speculations were incorrect. Maybe you’d just been sleeping all day to combat whatever illness had forced you to call in sick that morning and you just hadn’t heard your phone ringing?

If you hadn’t heard your phone ringing, you probably weren’t going to hear him knocking on the door.

Connor observed the front of the house, taking note that the lounge window curtains were drawn
tight, refusing to expose the inside of your home along with any clue as to where you might’ve been; the android cast a glance over his shoulder to make sure there were no eyes about before making his way confidently into the side passage where he hopped the metal gate effortlessly and proceeded around the back of your house, his attention landing on the kitchen windows.

From his new position, he could hear the faint sound of music playing and cocked his head, automatically analysing the tune for further information.

**Connecting… sync in progress… sync done.**

**Collecting data…**

**Processing data…**

_Africa, by Toto_

*Classic Rock, Pop*

*Release date - 1982*

Connor frowned, peering into the kitchen to scan the available area for any signs of life; his gaze fell immediately to the sink that was stacked high with dirty plates and cutlery, and then to the small dining table in the centre of the room - the chair was pulled out and there was an unopened box of cereal on the table. Through the archway that led to the hall, Connor spied the basket by the laundry room which was practically overflowing with clothes that had yet to be washed.

The kitchen was generally unclean, with recyclable materials littering the floor abundantly - however, it didn’t appear as though there were any signs of a struggle. It looked more as though you’d just placed things down and hadn’t bothered to throw them in the recycling basket.

Connor inclined his head, trying to catch a glimpse through the arch in the hallway; the angle wasn’t ideal and he could only see a flicker of light emanating from the lounge, but nothing to imply with certainty that you were in the room.

He blinked, eyes settling on the partially open window to his right, and quirked an eyebrow; with deft fingers he slotted his hand through the thin gap and prodded the bolting mechanism, unlatching the lock bar so that he could pull the aperture agape to allow himself room to climb in through the relatively small breach - despite his best attempt to avoid knocking anything over, Connor accidentally elbowed a plastic cup that tumbled to the floor, producing a tumultuous racket that might’ve startled anyone listening were it not for the already blaring refrain resonating throughout the house.
Now that he was inside your home, it was clear that the music was ridiculously loud; Connor’s scanners indicated that at the source, the noise was pushing eighty-six decibels, which was just on the cusp of damaging to a human’s hearing.

The android entered the hallway, giving the living room a quick once-over - the television was on but you were not present. However, at Connor’s arrival in the room, the cat curled up on the couch stirred from her doze and slinked down from the sofa, approaching him to nuzzle against his ankles, letting out a few enthusiastic meow’s in greeting. It was the first time he had met your cat, but you spoke about her often enough that he felt as though they were well acquainted already. ‘Her name’s Lola and she’s way too affectionate for her own good. She’d probably want cuddles from a burglar if my house was broken into.’ You really hadn’t been exaggerating.

As much as he wanted to pet the cat, Connor abstained. Knowing your whereabouts and health were more important in that moment, and the android semi-reluctantly walked away from the feline to follow the clamorous music, up the stairs towards what was presumably your bedroom.

Upon reaching the door, he knocked and waited a few moments, figuring that on the off-chance he overthought the entire situation, you would probably not be overly pleased to find Connor barging into your room unannounced.

You didn’t answer the door. Shocker.

Connor turned the doorknob slowly and pushed the door open, the full force of the obnoxiously loud music irritating his audio sensors so much that he felt compelled to mimic the very human gesture of covering his ears to protect his input sensitivity. He squinted through the darkness of the room, scanning over the messy but empty bed, before finally catching sight of the head-shaped silhouette peeking up from the other edge of the bed.

A flutter of concern pushed him forward and he rounded the bed to find you slumped in your sitting position with a blanket wrapped tightly around your head and shoulders; Connor frowned, turning his attention to the blasting stereo which he wasted no time in hacking in order to mute the music, catching a brief look at the play-time statistics.

The song was the only one in the playlist and had a play-count of forty-four times this session, accumulating just over three and a half hours of constant ear-splitting music. Why had you been listening to the same song at such a ridiculous volume for so long?
As soon as the music let up, Connor reached down and pulled the blanket off of you.

You were half asleep when the music came to a sudden, unexpected end.

Your fuzzy, protective blanket was torn from you abruptly, causing you to groan and blink your dry, bleary eyes, squinting up to find the vague outline of a person standing over you - if it wasn’t for the flickering yellow LED on their forehead, you would’ve recoiled a fair bit further than you did.

“...Connor?” you rasped with confusion, your throat completely dried out, before your disorientation was struck with a little clarity and you remembered that the android had informed you via text he would be arriving shortly before your exhaustion overcame you in the form of a restless nap. Your face scrunched up in displeasure at your uselessness - you really hadn’t wanted the android to see you like this, and now you had wasted his time by failing to inform him not to bother coming over.

Connor spoke your name with inquisitive alarm, eyes dragging over your body as he presumably carried out a scan on your vitals, and if you hadn’t been drowning in hollow despair, you might have been embarrassed at the fact that you were dressed only in a pair of pyjama shorts and a flimsy tank top.

The android blinked, his LED continuing to shine in a puzzled manner before he appeared to momentarily gather himself, “Exposure to noise levels of eighty-five decibels or higher for prolonged periods of time leaves you at risk of hearing loss.”

“Huh?” you mumbled, voice slurred slightly. There was a light ringing in your ears, leaving all else a muffled mess, and it made everything above your shoulders feel uncomfortably heavy, causing your head to lull forwards in your futile attempt to angle it upward.

Connor knelt beside you, cupping your face in his hands. “Look at me”, he instructed when your eyelids fell in exhaustion, and you forced your eyes open, looking up at the android with shame evident on your face. “I am detecting several signs of severe dehydration. Can you stand?” he asked, and you shook your head, already well aware of the answer to that question.

“...no.”
“Then I’m going to carry you.”

You gave a half-hearted protest as the android picked you up, one arm behind your shoulders and another below your knees, lifting you effortlessly off of your bedroom floor to take you out of the room and down the stairs with no room for argument.

“You shouldn’t have come… I’m fine…” you murmured, voice grating as you spoke.

“You’re clearly not”, Connor remarked, a hint of reprimand in his tone that you picked up on and amplified a thousand times greater in your head until you were convinced that the android hated you.

“Ah… m’ sorry”, you stammered out, teeth gritting together in a vain effort to avoid breaking down in tears - you hadn’t meant to anger Connor, you hadn’t meant to waste his precious free time, or to avoid his worried messages while he spent his entire shift fretting over your safety; your throat tightened as you tried to keep the misery out of your words, “I didn’t mean to… I’m sorry…”

You buried your face in Connor’s neck to avoid the no-doubt judging stare he was giving you.

Connor carried you to the sofa, sitting you down and unwinding your arms from around his neck when they tightened as he made to step away from you, “I’m just going to get you some water”, the android gently clarified, a little disinclined to leave your side while you were in such a state, but knowing that you were very much in need of a drink, “Stay there.”

You let out a mirthless laugh, “I can’t move.”

Connor wasn’t sure what had happened to you, but it couldn’t have been good. Humans were delicate with their emotions but in order for you to end up in such an indisposed condition, something big had to have set you off - the death of a family member? Or a friend? Whatever it was, you had run yourself down into a state of affliction.

The android returned with a glass of water - he had at least found one clean cup in the cupboard - and handed it to you, watching closely to ensure you actually drank it, and you did - quite enthusiastically at that, you were very dehydrated after all. He reached for the empty glass again
when you moved to shakily place it on the coffee table.

“When was the last time you ate?” Connor enquired, eyeing the tremor in your hands.

You rubbed your tired eyes, letting out a soft guttural noise, “Urgh… yesterday… I can’t remember when”, you answered without confidence and Connor’s eyebrows narrowed before he turned back to the kitchen - that was a long time for you to go without eating. It certainly explained your lethargic state.

Connor searched the sparsely-stocked fridge, pulling a few things out to throw together a small snack for you, and re-entered the living room four minutes and twelve seconds later to find you curled on your side, out like a light. He placed the plate down on the coffee table and shook you carefully, calling your name. You could sleep later, but for now you needed to eat.

You stirred again, a little adrift in your instability between consciousness and unconsciousness, and groaned, covering your eyes when you saw Connor standing above you again.

“You don’t have to stay. You can go, really”, you forced out, wishing the android would leave you be so you could wallow in your despondency in peace and not have to worry about looking like a pitiful mess.

“I made you a sandwich, you’ll feel better if you eat”, Connor advised, passing you the plate that housed the cream cheese and cucumber sandwich he had expertly crafted; he watched you stare at the plate, your face taking on an alarmingly impassive quality as his words sunk in, before your face crumbled in distress and you started to cry. Connor squeezed your arm comfortably where his hand rested, not entirely certain what he’d done to invoke your reaction, “What’s wrong?”

You didn’t answer, burying your face as you hugged your knees to your chest and weeped, so Connor pressed on, refusing to just give up in identifying your issue - he needed to help you, and in order to help you, he needed to know what was wrong with you.

He spoke your name firmly, “Tell me what’s wrong, and maybe I can help.”

“You can’t help”, you said, shaking your head, “you can’t help, you can’t.” It was pointless, nothing Connor could do would rid you of your depressive thoughts, not even the android who was
talented in so many areas had the ability to cure your wretched outlook on life, and him being here was only making it worse - all you could think about was how much of a failure you were, sitting in your own filth crying your eyes out while everyone else at the precinct got on with their lives and worked through whatever hard times they may have encountered. They were all so much more strong-willed than you.

“Please talk to me”, Connor implored. His LED hadn’t stopped blinking yellow.

“Please just go”, you retorted, looking up at him through your watery gaze; you knew he didn’t deserve to be on the receiving end of your bitterness and frustration, but he was there and you couldn’t help yourself - you needed to vent, to let out your resentment, “Just go! You’ve seen how pathetic I am, you can leave now! Why did you even come? How did you even get in?” you clutched at your hair, gripping so tightly that you were just shy of pulling the strands out.

Connor’s mouth fell open in hurt confusion, “I… I wanted to check on you. I was worried”, he spoke, “Something’s wrong and I would like to know what it is-”

“I’m depressed, okay?” you snapped, breathing hard through your nose, “I’m fucking depressed.” Just saying the words made you feel worse - admitting it to another person left you feeling humiliated, especially when they could see the result of it first-hand. You watched Connor’s LED finally cycle blue and his eyes widened faintly as he finally understood the situation; his gaze flitted to the clutter and disarray that extended far beyond just the living room, before he looked back to you, his face pulling into an expression that you interpreted as pity, which only furthered your terrible mood.

“Don’t look at me like that. Just leave me alone.”

He spoke your name, his voice so sympathetic and soft that it made your chest ache, and before you knew it, he’d moved closer, kneeling before you to wrap his arms around your body, but you couldn’t- you couldn’t deal with it. You didn’t deserve his kindness and care, you were worthless and ungrateful and a horrible friend.

You pushed him away. Or, to be more specific, you kicked him in the chest - not with a great amount of strength, given your enervated state, thus it was more of a pitiable nudge with your foot - but it was enough to knock the android off balance, and he fell back against the floor, catching himself with his arm, looking up at you with an incredulous, wounded look. You didn’t miss the way his LED flickered red for a few fleeting milliseconds.

It made you feel low, and further powered your self-deprecating thoughts, “I- I’m sorry, I… I’m so
“Sorry,” you whispered, tears trailing down your face as you once again pulled at your hair.

Connor stared at you, head cocked as you cried for a few minutes before pushing himself up to sit by you once again; this time, when he wrapped his arms around you firmly, you didn’t push him away.

You just continued to cry.

The android said your name, his voice quiet beside your ear, “Eat the sandwich. After that, we’ll talk, okay?” his tone was light, he didn’t sound at all mad that you’d treated him so poorly, and you didn’t understand why.

He waited for you to calm down a little more before letting you go, picking up the plate from the coffee table again to place it in your lap, and then he stood up and wandered back to the kitchen, much to your confusion.

“What’re you doing?” you asked, your voice still a little scratchy from your emotional state.

“Feeding your cat”, he answered, casting a small smile over his shoulder before turning his attention to the feline who was sitting patiently by her food bowl, meowing every so often, “I think she might be hungry.”

You felt a rush of guilt, not only at having neglected to feed your cat, but at the fact that Connor felt the need to take responsibility for what should’ve been your task to fulfil. Lola mewed as the android approached her, quickly moving to scratch at the cupboard that housed the cans of cat food, and the sight of Connor caring for the little overly affectionate animal brought you a miniscule flutter of joy in your otherwise bleak mind.

Looking down to the sandwich Connor had made you, you felt your lip quiver; you knew the android was right and that you really needed to eat, and that your stomach was hurting because you needed to eat, but the prospect of swallowing food at that moment felt sickening, you needed to wait a while and give yourself some time to calm down before putting anything in your belly.

You scoffed quietly, you couldn’t believe you’d gotten sentimental over a sandwich. It wasn’t even the fact he’d made you the sandwich.
It was the fact that he’d cut the crusts off.

It was a tiny thing, such a small gesture. Obviously Connor had observed that you always cut the crusts off of your own sandwiches whenever you brought a pack lunch with you at work - the fact that he’d noticed and stored that information away affected you somewhat. It sort of… contradicted your thoughts, in a way, and made you confused. Your brain told you that everyone hated you or thought you were worthless, that nobody cared, but Connor’s actions candidly challenged that notion.

Your head lulled down as fatigue encompassed your body and you reflexively adjusted your sitting position till you were laying in a more comfortable arrangement. Though, of course, in your lying position, sleep enticed you all too easily, and your eyes fell shut for the third time.

When you woke up again, it was to the pleasant tone of Connor’s voice calling your name and you squinted, blinking the blurriness out of your vision before you looked up at that handsome smile you admired so much. As soon as you were lucid enough, the android sat you up and once again shoved the plated sandwich into your face, along with the words, “You need to eat.”

You groaned, still not entirely sure you could stomach the kindly-prepared food, and shook the sleepiness out of your head before looking past Connor’s head. Your mouth fell open in baffled shock.

“How long was I asleep?” you stuttered, eyeing the now pristine living room.

All the clothes that had been strewn about the floor were gone, tidied up, along with the dirty plates that had been left around carelessly - all the litter and mess was gone, and you looked through the archway to the kitchen to find that the sink was now devoid of grimy cutlery and dishes.

“Thirty-two minutes and forty-nine seconds”, the android answered, “Now, will you eat?” he seemed so insistent that you wondered if he was moments away from unapologetically shoving the food down your throat himself.

“I…” you were speechless, “How did- what the fuck?” he’d done an incredible amount of cleaning in just over half an hour - cleaning that would have taken you about an entire day to carry out if you’d tried to attempt it. “You- you did the dishes and the laundry?”
“Yes, and I took out the trash, collected the recyclables, fitted fresh bed sheets and vacuumed the floors. I’m surprised you slept through that- actually, no, I’m not surprised. You just about deafened yourself earlier”, the android smiled, a touch of light-hearted amusement in his words, but you were too busy enduring the resulting truck-load of remorse to pay it any attention.

“You- you…” you couldn’t believe it, “you really didn’t have to- you shouldn’t have… those were my chores… you’re not my housekeeper, why did you do all of that?”

Connor’s smile ebbed away for a few moments before returning in a more subdued and sympathetic light, “You weren’t going to do them.” It wasn’t a quip designed to make you feel bad - it was a fact. You weren’t going to do them, it was the truth, and yet even despite the benevolence in which he delivered his words, it still made you feel awful.

You buried your face in your hands for the millionth time that day, speaking in a very small voice, “You didn’t have to do that…”

“I know”, Connor told you, once again laying that consoling hand on your shoulder, “I wanted to. I wanted to help.”

You sniffed, swallowing around the lump in your throat, “I don’t deserve your kindness.”

Connor’s LED flickered, “What makes you think that?”

“Because I’m worthless.”

The android’s nudging finger under your chin made you look up into his eyes - his warm eyes full of so much tenderness and consideration, “Is that what your depression tells you?”

You wanted to say no, it’s just the truth, but you knew he would chastise you for saying such things, and you didn’t have the energy to disagree anymore, so instead you simply nodded your head.

“I see. I think I understand”, the android spoke, and whether he meant it as a solace or not, it did not have the mollifying effect he had probably hoped for. You shook your head, jostling his hand from your shoulder.
“No”, you said, “You can’t understand, Connor. You’re an android - androids don’t get depression. It’s not the same as feeling sad, it’s- it’s… it’s just fucked up.” You let out a heavy, troubled sigh, watching as Connor’s gaze fell briefly before returning with a sliver of determination.

“You’re right. Maybe I can’t understand what’s it’s like to experience it, but perhaps you can try to explain it to me? If I have an empathetic understand of the affliction, then I might be able to try and see things from your perspective.” He sat down beside you, poised to listen, and you stared at your interlocked fingers for several long minutes, pondering.

“Alright… I’ll try… but if you’re still clueless after I’ve tried to explain things then don’t blame me. It’s not an easy thing to describe”, you relented, shrugging your shoulders. You had to be careful and precise with your wording; you needed to think of a way to explicate the complications of the heinous mental disorder in the most accurate way possible without making it sound like you were just ‘having a bad day’, as a begrudging amount of people put it.

“Depression is… it’s like… empty, and cold, and lonely- all the time, no matter what. It’s like a perpetual darkness… some days are less dark than others, but it’s always just dark enough. It’s like trying to navigate your way through an impossibly thick fog, or trying to fight an invisible enemy, or trying to steal a breath of oxygen while you’re chained to the bottom of the ocean. When someone tells me to ‘just get over it’, it’s like someone presenting me with a mile-high mountain and telling me to ‘just hop over it’. It’s… it’s hard… to do normal, mundane things like scrub the dishes or wash laundry because it’s constantly sapping my energy-”, your voice cracked, which in turned made your cheeks flush red from embarrassment, “-and it… it’s the stupidest things that set me off. I woke up this morning, and I- I went to pour some cereal, and there were no clean bowls left and that was enough to put me in this fucking state and I hate it, I hate myself-”

You let out an anguished noise, rushing to cover your face as fresh tears dribbled down your cheeks. It felt mortifying to reveal the reason you’d been holed up in your home away from work that day - for such a menial little thing that, in retrospect, seemed so absurd to get upset over - you could only imagine what Connor must’ve been thinking as you admitted that, “Don’t laugh”, you pleaded. People had laughed at you before, you’d come to expect it, but it would be different if Connor were to express ridicule at your struggle - it would’ve been enough to break you.

“I’m not laughing.”

You peered through the gaps in your fingers, your gaze drawn to Connor’s LED which was cycling red. He looked… sorrowful, regretful, distressed even, especially when matched with the glossy quality to his sad eyes.
The android pulled you close, wrapping his arms around you, and whispered your name, “You don’t deserve to experience that kind of pain, and if I could somehow take it away from you then I would. I… I want you to know that I’m here for you, and I’ll always be here for you - if you need me, I will come, no matter the time, okay? Even if it’s the middle of the night, I’ll come. I care about you, and I want you to be happy. Please don’t ever be afraid to ask me for help.”

Connor sounded utterly heartfelt, it was probably the most earnest you’d ever heard him, and the sheer compassion he exuded had you shaking. The most astounding thing was that he sounded so convincing and optimistic that you actually found assurance in his words, for the first time in a very long time. You felt… hopeful.

His statement had left you speechless, and you merely let yourself be held by him for as long as he was willing to embrace you. It was several minutes before he pulled back to check that you hadn’t fallen asleep against his shoulder, and he offered you a sympathetic smile, which had your lips curling up in the corners despite how exhausted you felt.

And if his affectionate hadn’t already been enough, he leaned forward and pressed a chaste kiss to your forehead, making you flush for a whole different reason.

“Connor…” you breathed, “I don’t know how to thank you.”

The android inclined his head, a ripple of playfulness reaching his expression, “You could thank me by eating the sandwich I made for you”, he spoke, once again presenting the plate before you like an offering to royalty, and this time it managed to make you giggle.

“Alright”, you conceded, taking the plate, “You win, I’ll eat the sandwich.”

He sat with you, watching like a hawk to verify that you actually did eat it instead of feeding it to the cat, or something. You took small, slow bites, but you managed to devour the whole thing eventually, and afterwards you stared at the cleared plate, letting out an audible sigh before you stood, took it to the kitchen, and washed it in the sink.

When you turned around, Connor was standing right there in front of you, a splendid smile on his face. “I’m proud of you”, he said, and you wasted no time in scooping him up in a crushing hug that he willingly returned.

The two of you only parted when Connor felt something tugging at his leg, and when he turned his
gaze downward, he found Lola pawing relentlessly at his jeans, letting out a long and beseeching *miiaaaaaaaaowwwwwwww*, to which Connor immediately gave in, giving the needy feline all the affection she craved.

As you watched the android give Lola excessive attention, you felt as though a weight had been lifted, alleviating a portion of your fears and doubts. Connor might not have been able to cure your depression, but with your android partner, you felt as though you could face *anything* and come out of it alive.

Chapter End Notes

If you suffer from depression and have suicidal/hopeless thoughts, please find your country's national suicide hotline number and talk to someone.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Crisis_hotline
http://ibpf.org/resource/list-international-suicide-hotlines

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Please leave a comment if you did! :)

An announcement: THE NEXT CHAPTER IS GONNA CONTAIN EXPLICIT SEXUAL CONTENT ;) It will be up next Thursday and it is a special chapter - a birthday present for a good friend ;) So y'all have that to look forward to! Hopefully the chapter will make up for the 7-day wait till the next one! Unfortunately my birthday break is over and I'm back at work starting tomorrow, thus there will be a longer wait for the next oneshot, but I do hope you will enjoy it when it IS posted :P

Requests are still closed currently, but I will be reopening them in a few chapters time!
Amorous (E)

Chapter Notes

For Leonixon, whose main requests were for biting and dirty talk in a sex scene. Kinda went a bit overboard, but hey, in this context that's not exactly a bad thing :'D

LOVE YOU, GIRL, I HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR BIRTHDAY GIFT!!!

TAGS HAVE BEEN UPDATED. PLEASE DO CHECK THEM BEFORE CONTINUING.

Explicit chapters will henceforth be marked in the chapter index with an (E) and they will also contain a warning in the notes at the beginning.

PLEASE NOTE: Reader is AFAB (Assigned female at birth) in this chapter, aka reader has a vagina, but pronouns will still be gender-neutral.

This particular chapter runs on the headcanon that after the revolution, Kamski developed more updates and upgrades for androids which allowed them to feel pleasure and have interchangeable sex organs because OF COURSE he did lmao.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Connor really wasn’t as subtle as he thought he was.

Between the blatant ogling and flirtatious little actions that the android seemed completely sure were inconspicuous, it was really no mystery what kind of thoughts were going through his mind when he should have been focusing on finishing his latest case report. His eyes consistently wandered away from his desk terminal towards you, waiting for you to catch sight of his flagrant leering in your peripheral vision, and then when he knew he had your attention, he’d do something teasing like brush his fingertips over his exceptionally shiny lips and make vaguely obscene gestures with his tongue - where did he even learn that!? - and you would be lying through your teeth if you said it didn’t affect you.

Luckily, you were able to hide your budding excitement behind amusement, because as discreet as the android assumed he was being, you couldn’t help but realise that Hank had definitely noticed Connor’s suggestive actions, and was glaring at him with the kind of reproachful attitude a father might give his teenage son upon finding him tiptoeing through the front door at 3am after he’d promised to be back by midnight.

You raised your eyebrows at Connor, darting your eyes over to the disgruntled lieutenant and back to give the poor android a clue, and Connor followed your glance and promptly performed a double-take. His demeanour shifted immediately the moment he became aware that Hank had
witnessed his indecent actions, and his hand slipped away from his mouth and into his hair sheepishly as he forced his attention back to his terminal, making a solid point to not even look in the direction of the old man.

Connor endeavoured not to be so obvious after that, choosing instead to offer his proposition by pretending the two of you had to go over some work-related items after the end of your shifts.

“That Detective, do you wish for me to assist you in reviewing our case files this evening?” was the android’s cunning way of asking ‘do you want me to come over after work and leave your legs shaking from the multiple orgasms I intend to give you?’

Connor couldn’t have been less subdued if he tried. Hank knew you didn’t have any outstanding case files that needed reviewing, he knew because you’d already sent them all to him to appraise before they could be forwarded to Captain Fowler.

“Yes”, you responded anyway, all too conscious of Hank’s dubious expression from beyond his terminal, “I will require your assistance-” the android smiled, “-we can take my car, I’d like to get those files assessed sooner rather than later. Oh, and you might want to stay the night?” You weren’t even trying to be cautious.

“Of course. I’m sure those files will keep us up quite late-”

“Oh for fuck’s sake, just say you’re banging so we can all get back to work, please”, the lieutenant groused, and you heard Detective Reed almost choke on his coffee from across the room.

“They’re what!?"

You didn’t know what was more surprising - the fact that Hank had just up and said that, or the fact that Gavin honestly hadn’t noticed.

It was kind of Connor to offer to drive the both of you back to your place, especially given you had other things on your mind and probably wouldn’t be entirely sufficient with concentrating on the road. Connor seemed determined to get you home as quickly as possible, no doubt feeling the thrum of anticipation rise a level higher with every rotation of the tyres; however excited he was, he kept his expression neutral and his eyes dutifully ahead, knowing that behind the wheel would
be a bad place to mess about.

You hadn’t gotten the memo.

At some point, your hand found its way to Connor’s thigh and you leaned towards him, your voice brimming with faux innocence, “When we get to my house, I want you to fuck me so hard into the mattress that I’ll be feeling it for days.” You accompanied your words with a meaningful squeeze of your fingers.

The android’s reaction was so slight, but it spoke volumes, and you could read him like an open book. His eyes widened a fraction, his lips parted so that he could draw air more easily into his artificial lungs to aid in cooling his systems, and his legs inched marginally apart - all clear signs that your actions left him titillated.

You moved your hand further up his thigh, a soft but audible gasp escaping his lips as you reached the juncture between his legs - it pleased you very much to know he had already engaged his pleasure sensors - and when your fingertips grazed his crotch, the android spoke firmly, “If you continue to do that, we won’t make it to your house.”

Something about the deep inflection of his voice made you think that he wasn’t kidding; Connor may very well have been fully prepared to pull over and fuck you right there in the passenger seat, but you weren’t thrilled at the prospect of scrubbing questionable stains out of the car’s upholstery the next morning, so you heeded his words and let up - but not before giving him one last bold grope.

He unsuccessfully attempted to stifle the sharp breath he emitted, and you sat back in your seat, delighted to have such an effect on him. You were sure he’d repay the favour just as soon as the two of you walked through your front door, but it felt good to drive him wild after he’d been doing the same to you all day at work.

There was an eagerness in his step when you finally did arrive home, and you witnessed the tightness with which Connor exited the car and walked up to your doorstep - the walk of a man who was trying desperately not to seem overly keen, and failing in the process - and because you had a little bit of a sadistic streak, you moved extra slowly from the driveway to the porch, keeping solid eye contact and a knowing smile on your face.

The android admirably kept himself in check, waiting patiently as you moved at your leisurely pace, but you knew on the inside he was begging you to hurry. You fished your keys from your pocket and unlocked your front door - no sooner than stepping over the boundary of the entrance
did the android kick the door shut and pin you to the wall, his whole body plastered against yours with carnal intent.

“Your teasing was starting to bother me”, he emphasised his statement with one steady undulation of his hips, exhibiting his unyielding interest in the form of his growing erection.

“My teasing?” you responded, licking your lips, still not quite out of your goading mood, “And what exactly were you doing all day at work?”

The android smiled, “Making promises, my love.”

You couldn’t deny that Connor’s newfound confidence in your sexual escapades was incredibly appealing - you’d only had sex with him twice but already he’d summoned up the self-assurance of somebody who’d done this a hundred times before - the android was a fast learner, always cataloguing and taking note of exactly what made you shudder with desire so that he could use it to his advantage and leave you needing more.

Your splayed hand crept up the android’s chest and took a firm grip on his black tie, which you proceeded to give an eloquent tug, eyes falling to Connor’s wonderfully soft-looking lips in order to convey exactly what you wanted from him, “Well, what are you waiting for, babe? Fulfil those promises.”

There was a shimmer of warm passion in his eyes and he dipped his head without hesitation, capturing your lips enthusiastically in a heated kiss; one hand cupped your cheek and the other caressed pointedly over your hip, his fingers drawing back the hem of your shirt to trail enticingly over the skin beneath your clothes.

You breathed a content sigh through your nose, the wet warmth of his lips moving against yours leaving you enraptured, and a slightly gravelly moan vibrated in the back of your throat before you whispered breathlessly against his mouth, “Connor, I need you now. Right now.”

Your hands found their way to his belt and you tried to blindly unfasten it as Connor’s mouth traced your jaw, his warm exhales tickling your neck and causing you to shiver, and the android’s lips curled in amusement, “I think you should exercise some restraint. Besides, I believe your request was for me to fuck you hard into the mattress, not the wall.”

“Exercise some restraint?” you parrotted with playful indignation, “Says the one who was straight
up sucking on his fingers to get me riled up at work when he should’ve been—"

Connor cut you off with another kiss, nipping impishly on your lower lip, “It’s alright, I understand. *You’re only human*”, he teased, seeming all too proud of his witty remark, and before you could retort with your own equally clever quip, the android quite literally swept you off your feet and began to carry your towards the bedroom. You abandoned your desire for crosstalk in favour of sucking on the skin of Connor’s neck, running your tongue over the spots you knew to be the most sensitive - below his ear specifically - and delighted in the way his breath hitched when you did so.

He set you down on your feet again when the two of you reached your room, and his mouth was on you once again as he worked his fingers deftly down the buttons of your shirt, unfastening them with grace while you did the same with his clothes, your hands not quite as nimble as his own - still, you managed to discard his tie in one swift swipe, throwing it over your shoulder without much care as to where it landed, something of which you were sure the android would’ve admonished you for had he not been quite as aroused as he was.

He’d certainly loosened up a little more since the first time you had had sex a couple of weeks ago - at least he was letting his clothes fall in a heap on the floor rather than insisting on folding each and every article as he stripped off, *that was a little bit of a mood-killer* - but then that was to be expected as he’d become more accustomed to the activity, and done his own extensive research in the meantime, as he’d mentioned in passing. *What kind of research exactly?* You weren’t sure, but you figured the android had spent a considerable amount of time surfing the internet for things like *the complexities of human sexuality* or *helpful tips in the bedroom.*

The thought made you giggle aloud, and the android’s brow furrowed apprehensively at the apparent amusement you felt. “What did I do?” he asked, immediately suspicious that he’d inadvertently displayed some sort of comical gesture or action without his knowledge - he was still learning, and his endearing uncertainty made you race to clarify.

“How bad, babe”, you answered with a coy smile, pecking him on the lips softly before lowering to the bed where you pushed yourself back toward the headboard and bit your lip invitingly. The two of you had discarded most of your clothes, and Connor chased after you, crawling across the bed to loom above you and slip his finger below the thin material of your underwear, tugging it ever so gently as his eyes dragged over your form, taking in the pleasing sight of your bare skin.

“I want to lick you”, Connor spoke lowly, his request causing your heart to thump suddenly as arousal pumped through your veins, because accompanied with the subtle motion of pulling your underwear down, it was really no mystery where *exactly* he wanted to put his tongue.
You shifted, allowing him to remove your final article of clothing, and he immediately sunk down between your legs before you could even think about shyly closing them, his tongue trailing wetly against the skin of your inner thigh until he bit down - nowhere near hard enough to draw blood but enough to make you exclaim in surprise - and then promptly dragged his tongue over the bitemark a few times by way of apology. He wasn’t really sorry, he was ecstatic to catch you off-guard and it was obvious from the smug glint in his eyes.

You had half a mind to take a handful of his hair and shove his head down so he could get to work instead of driving you crazy like he seemed so intent on doing, but just as you began to feel like you couldn’t wait any longer, the android wet his lips and sunk down, dragging his tongue determinedly between your delicate pink folds.

Connor anticipated the sudden jolt of your hips, and held your thighs apart in a steady grip, eyes appearing to darken with lust as you caught a gasp in your throat in response to the talented motions of his tongue.

“Fuck, Connor… haah-”, you groaned, leg muscles twitching as the android brushed your clit, sending electricity across your nerves. Connor’s gaze was calculating and didn’t stray from your face even for a moment; the intensity with which he scrutinised your expression made you squirm, and the knowledge that he was closely watching for your signs of enjoyment made you feel hot - made your skin flush red with embarrassment. Of course, it was clear from a glance - from just the sounds leaving your mouth - that you were enjoying yourself, but Connor’s examination went far beyond that.

The android scanned for the slightest reaction - able to tell from the microscopic twitches of the muscles in your face precisely what was causing more pleasure to course through you; he monitored your pulse, paying close attention to what movements he was performing with his tongue when your heart rate jumped suddenly, and then repeating that action until there was a steady stream of moans flooding from your mouth.

Connor latched onto your clit, closing his mouth around it to suck, and a strangled cry tore from you as the android lapped brutally at your sensitive nub. You ground up against the android’s face, finally finding the boldness to tangle your hand in his hair and hold him down - it wasn’t like he needed to breathe anyway - and he responded positively to the action, groaning against your heat and producing a pleasurable reverberation in the process.

He was really going for it, wholly committed to pleasing you, and his LED flickered a keen blue to show he was content in his current objective.

“Connor- f.fuck, Connor!” You whined, and then your voice rose up a pitch when Connor sunk further down, his tongue probing your slick entrance as he rubbed circles around your clit with his
The combination of stimulation sent you over the edge and you clamped down around his skillful digits, his name falling from your mouth like a beautiful song. You came hard, your legs shaking appreciatively at the android’s masterful work, and you twitched feverishly as Connor’s lips brushed your still-sensitive nub, pressing soft and loving kisses against you with a smile on his face.

He’d barely given you two seconds to recover, your heart still racing and your brain yet to comprehend what was going on when the android spoke, “I want to make you come again”, and his mouth was on you again, that damn tongue flicking against you and forcing a scream from your throat.

The tingling waves purling throughout your body were replaced with irregular spikes of vigorous pleasure, shooting up your spine in time with the motions of Connor’s velvety lips and causing you to release a series of embarrassingly loud squeals; you tried to shuffle away, reflexively seeking to escape the overstimulation, but Connor’s fingers clenched around your thighs, his sturdy hold probably enough to leave finger-shaped bruises in the morning.

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“You managed to choke out, not entirely sure if your utterance was even comprehensible, but you nudged his head up with a shaky hand, seizing the short strands of his hair within your fingers, and Connor just smiled.

“I want to hear you moan my name again, when you come”, he said. The tone of his voice was innocent, but his words were lewd and his actions were wicked, because he resumed his position, his tongue rolling over you with impressive zest. He knew how sensitive you were so soon after orgasm - was he trying to kill you? - and you gasped and panted and cried as he refused to let up.

But you were grinding against him, chasing the second orgasm he promised you without protest.

His fingers moved vehemently inside you, prodding against your spongy inner walls relentlessly where he knew your sweet spot was located, and your thighs squeezed together, trapping his head in place; if it wasn’t for the fact that he was a very durable android, you might’ve been afraid of crushing his skull.

Connor groaned; it wasn’t a noise you could hear over your sharp cries but you felt it in your core,
the light and consistent pulsations leaving you dizzy and delirious as the second buildup of pleasure began to mount suddenly.

“Connor!”

Your whole body seized up from the explosive pressure that coiled in your abdomen and promptly released, sending a pleasant heat and delightful tingles through every muscle in your body; your thighs were quivering, still squeezing Connor’s head like a vice, and you felt his fingers continue to oscillate gently inside you as your inner walls fluttered around them.

You fell back, gasping for breath and completely stunned into stillness as you came down from the high; somewhere in the back of your mind you registered that the android was speaking faintly, “I like the way you feel immediately after you orgasm”, and his fingers twitched within you, prompting you to gasp softly.

“No more…” you sighed, voice scratchy from screaming, “I need a break… please”, you whispered, feeling your heart throbbing violently in your chest, and the android relented, removing his fingers from your entrance and his head from between your legs. He shifted into a kneeling position and pressed a kiss to the inside of your bent knee, and you finally got a good look at him after he’d been buried between your thighs for so long.

His lips and his chin were sheeny with your natural lubricant, his mouth curled into a content smile and his cheeks were light pink. The android wasn’t breathing any harder than he had been, but you knew that when it came to his physical pleasure, he’d be letting out sharp gasps and soft noises that you predicted would drive you wild all over again.

Connor observed the wetness on his middle and index fingers, bringing them to his mouth to lap at them as if he were evaluating evidence at a crime scene - like he hadn’t just had his tongue submerged between your folds for the past ten goddamn minutes - his LED flickered in the way it usually did when he was analysing components and you knew he was doing it for the pure reason of urging your arousal to climb again.

You really couldn’t get a break with this android. In Connor’s defense, he himself was likely very horny - he had yet to get off, after all.

You looked idly towards the androids crotch, taking note of the bulge there; the black material of his briefs were straining, revealing the discernible outline of his hard cock, and a lazy smile graced your face. In the so-far short duration of your sexual relationship, you had yet to give the android a blowjob - he had yet to feel that kind of pleasure and you had been waiting for the right moment to
spring it on him. Now seemed as good a time as any - you needed a break and he needed to come.

With seemingly renewed energy, you were up on your knees in seconds, pushing him down to lay against the pillows, “Underwear off”, you instructed assertively, though you were well on your way to pulling them down his legs yourself. His erection sprung free and you threw the offending article of clothing to the floor, settling between the android’s bent knees.

“I thought you needed a break?” Connor breathed, his lips parted with anticipation, and his body gave a mild jolt when you took his cock in your palm, his eyes falling to your hand as your fingers began to rub over his sensitive skin.

You bit your lip mischievously. **Connor had not yet realised your intentions.** You couldn’t wait to see his face when you engulfed him with your mouth. For the moment, however, you resolved to letting your eyes explore over his beautiful body.

His hair was disheveled thanks to your harsh treatment of it, making him look downright fuckable - not that he wasn’t already - and he was still intermittently licking his lips, accentuating the shininess of your fluids and his artificial saliva, a **ting like a goddamn tease.** You watched his chest rise and fall with his breaths, admiring the subtle ridges of his simulated muscles below synthetic skin - hairless and smooth skin that was always a pleasure to worship - and of course, you couldn’t forget the scattered marks on his body, little moles and freckles that made you weak. Sometimes you wished you could just sit him down naked and count them all for the fun of it.

Not to mention - his dick, nestled between his gorgeous, milky thighs - you wanted to send a wordy ‘thank you’ letter to whichever dedicated Cyberlife employee designed the very specific model of Connor’s sexual organ; it was… cute, which wasn’t generally a word you used to describe dicks, but it was the first thing that popped to mind when you looked at Connor’s. His rigid member stood at seven and a half inches and **perfectly** imitated a human phallus, fitting hot and heavy in your palm, flushed a soft pink that matched his cheeks, and there was a clear fluid beading at his slit which was made to emulate semen.

You rubbed your thumb over the head of his cock, captivated by the soft noises of pleasure it pulled from Connor’s throat - his dick was the source of a large percentage of the android’s pleasure sensors, all condensed into a small area, and thus even the lightest touches sent a strong current through his synapses to his processor, which his brain then interpreted as a good, stimulating feeling; the more pressure you applied, the better it felt for him.

Squeezing your hand a little more around Connor’s length, you stroked him firmly. “Oh… ah”, the android moaned, his hands clutching the bed sheets tightly as he let his legs fall to either side, allowing you easier access.
“You’re a good boy”, you told him, relishing the faint thrust of his hips as he registered your words - he loved praise, in every sense of the word and in any situation, compliments and expressed approval always brought the android joy, even when he was naked and vulnerable and pumping his hips eagerly into the friction of your hand. His eyes shone with rapture. Such a good boy.

It was your turn to reward him, and you dipped down, taking the head of his cock into your mouth to swirl your tongue around it. “Oh! Mmm- hahaa”, Connor panted, spreading his legs further as his jaw dropped, eyes widening as he watched you use your mouth on him.

You kept your gaze on his face, fondling his balls as you took his shaft further into your throat, moving up and down and swallowing a little more of him with every downwards stroke; his LED was cycling yellow as he processed the pleasure of his cock sinking into a different kind of wet heat.

“How’s that feel, Connor?” you asked when your mouth separated from him with a pop and you let your tongue continue to ripple against his slit, barely giving him a chance to gather his thoughts and answer your question.

He nodded his head enthusiastically, speaking with an uncharacteristic garble to his words, “S’good, good… more, p-please…”

Oh, how the tables have turned. Just a few minutes ago, you were the one writhing with intense pleasure from his ministrations - it felt refreshing the other way around. You avidly yielded to his request, taking his cock into your mouth once more, as far as it could comfortably go down, and swallowed around him, flicking your tongue against his length as you stroked whatever you couldn’t fit in your throat.

The android cried out, a fervent whine escaping him.

You loved how vocal Connor was, expressing his pleasure unabashedly unlike a lot of guys you had been with before who always tried to stifle their moans; the android’s responsiveness set your nerves alight and fuelled your actions, and pretty soon you could tell Connor was approaching orgasm.

There were little signs. Little tells that informed you he was close - his LED, for one, flickered more fiercely. His breathing grew shallow and fast-paced, he peered at you through squinted eyes, and his legs practically vibrated with rapidly growing suspense - all signs he was exhibiting at that
moment, and yet he seemed to be holding off.

You pulled back, continuing to stroke your hand up and down his cock at a leisurely pace, “Are you gonna come for me, babe?”

Connor groaned, his head falling back against the pillow, “Not yet, I- uhm… I wanna…” he appeared to steel himself, needlessly licking his shiny lips, and the traces of his yearning demeanour were pushed back as he composed himself, his eyes becoming half-lidded as he took on a provocative expression, “I wanna fuck your cunt and fill you up with my cum.”

Your jaw hit the floor and your hand halted its motions, eyes growing impossibly wide as you comprehended his filthy words. Never in your life had you imagined hearing such things from your beloved android boyfriend - not from Connor’s mouth.

The android correctly interpreted your shock and promptly covered his mouth with his hand, the hue of his cheeks deepening in colour from what was undeniably embarrassment and his yellow LED was now flickering for a different reason. ‘I- I thought you would find that kind of thing arousing… I apologise if I’ve ruined the moment-”

“Connor”, you cut him off sharply, “Where the hell did you learn to talk like that?” It definitely hadn’t ever been a part of his original programming - at least you hoped not.

The android rubbed a hand down his face, subtly trying to hide from your scrutiny, “The... internet.” He was bashful all of a sudden, “I… uhm, as part of my research into seduction techniques, I came across an article with advice on words and phrases used to elicit arousal…”

“You researched… dirty talk?” you enquired, a hint of amusement in your voice. You’d recovered from your initial shock of hearing such vulgar language come from Connor’s sweet, pretty mouth, and resumed giving attention to his throbbing cock, trailing feather-light touches up his shaft with your delicate fingertips.

Connor released a soft, involuntary noise that tapered into a pleased sigh, “I was under the impression that ‘dirty talk’ would heighten your sexual excitement as I have logged twenty-eight separate occasions in which I have spoken suggestively or heavily implied innuendo as an experiment that resulted in the quickening of your pulse and other signs of arousal. I… perhaps I misjudged my calculations-”
Your hand tightened suddenly on his member, cutting him off, “Hey now, I never say I didn’t like it… it just left me a little taken aback, is all”, you explained, a sly smile pulling at your lips.

The android’s LED flickered briefly before settling blue and he quirked an eyebrow, “Is that so?” his voice was suddenly embellished with confidence and it sent a pleasant flutter down your spine, along with a sliver of amusement which expressed itself in the form of a light giggle.

“Something funny, detective?” It seemed as though any diffidence in Connor’s manner had been thrown out the window and substituted with determined energy, and given the fact you were literally holding him by the dick, the thought that the android was so bold despite his position rubbed you in all the right ways. “I don’t take kindly to being laughed at.” The sternness of his tone led you to believe that you were in for a wild ride.

Whoa. Who was this android and what had he done with the real Connor?

In a split-second, Connor was up from his reclined position and you were facedown on your knees, your surprised squeal having been cut-off the moment your head sunk into the pillow; your hands were trapped at your lower back, both wrists clutched tightly in the android’s one-handed grip as he nudged your legs apart, nestling between them so that the head of his cock brushed intimately against your folds without pushing any further.

There was an insistent hand against the middle of your shoulder blades, pinning you down firmly.

You shifted your head sideways, out of the plump pillow, to look over your shoulder at the android, somewhat dazed by the sudden switch of positions.

Connor smiled placidly, but in the face of his actions it seemed more like a facade, “I think I should punish you for laughing at me, my love.”

Your breath hitched, and you tried to experimentally tug your hands out of Connor’s hold, but the android’s fingers only clasped tighter, refusing to give. He wasn’t messing around; somehow he was going to punish you, and the notion made your heart hammer in the best kind of way.

“Fuck me, Connor”, you breathed, trying to leverage your hips back for the sake of a little friction. You could feel just the tip of his cock against your entrance, nudging with the lightest contact through the slick heat that was dripping out of you.
“Mmm”, Connor hummed, “I’m not convinced you deserve my dick”, in spite of his words, he rocked forward to slide his cock through your wet inner lips, prompting a whine from your mouth, “Perhaps if you asked more nicely”, he spoke the last word with an uncharacteristic, throaty growl, emphasizing it with a sudden harsh movement of his hips. The head of his length rubbed against your clit, causing you to draw in a sharp breath.

“Please, Connor”, you whispered feverishly, “please fuck me, baby!”

The android either felt pity for you or he was secretly too impatient to keep up his own cruel game any longer, because he sunk into your tight entrance without another word, immediately initiating an unhurried pace; a string of soft moans trickled from you every time he filled you with his cock, the sound of his breathless little huffs stirring up your excitement like a hurricane in your belly.

“Oh, please- please, baby, faster, please, I can’t take it”, your words practically merged together in an unintelligible mumble.

“Ah, ah, this is your punishment, remember?” you could hear the smirk in Connor’s response, and when you turned your head to glance over your shoulder, you saw the intense gaze in his brown eyes as he stared down at where the two of you were connected, enthralled with the way you stretched around him and how easily he plunged into you.

He was enamoured by the sight, and you purposely clamped around him on an inward thrust, watching his face as the pleasurable pressure made him tense up and pause. He was so close to orgasm, you could absolutely tell, and he was trying so desperately to hold off on coming, probably wanting to bring you to climax a third time before even thinking about himself.

The android’s breaths were coming harder now, signifying that his systems had risen to higher temperatures and that his processor was working extra hard to ensure he didn’t overheat; you figured he wouldn’t be able to keep up the slow pace for much longer, especially if you did everything in your power to make him harder, hotter and a complete passionate mess - and the best way you knew how to do that was with praise.

“Connor, you’re so good baby, you make me feel so good- ahhaah”, you moaned, making sure your cries sounded even filthier than usual, “Please- oh, please fuck me harder, your cock feels so hot inside me, so good!” In the next moment, Connor was plastered to your back, releasing your hands to wrap his arms around your waist and hold you flush against him; his LED flickered in its yellow state as he grew still, trying to stave off his climax and you felt the warm puffs of his breath against your neck.
The android spoke your name in a shuddering breath, an underlying note of inquisitiveness catching your ear, “...Can I... bite you?” He dragged his lips from your neck to your shoulder, pressing rough kisses against you as he went, and it tickled your skin, making you mewl in desperation.

“Fuck. You can bite me”, you told him, “but only if you fuck me into the mattress, as I requested.”

Connor took your skin between his teeth without a moment’s hesitation, sucking it hard enough to bruise; you breathed a sigh, enjoying the twinge of pain, before a sober thought pierced through the blissful haze. The android had just left a hickey on your neck in an area that would be incredibly awkward to cover up. Everyone at the precinct would notice it the second you walked into work tomorrow.

*Did he do it on purpose?* Probably.

As promised, Connor began to drag his cock in and out of you in a series of deep, brutal thrusts, latching onto another clear patch of skin at the juncture of your neck. Your breathless moans spurred him on, and he nipped unapologetically until your whole bare shoulder was marred with love marks.

“Now everyone will know you’re mine”, the android declared, and you shivered in delight.

Connor peeled himself away from your back, one of his hands returning to pin you between the shoulder blades while the other tangled in your hair, his fingers expertly taking a handful of your strands and tugging them in just the right way that it hurt so good. Then, as vowed, he began to thrust into you at a ruthless pace, exactly like you’d been imagining all day at work.

Every powerful plunge into your dripping entrance propelled you into the bed covers and made you weep, the android’s grip refusing to slacken up as he held your head in place, allowing you just enough leeway to peer over your shoulder. His eyes were tightly shut, mouth hanging open as he panted - the face of a man who was craving the release that he’d been on the brink of for a while now, and just the sight was enough to tip you over the precipice of gratification.

You grew taut, your muscles spasming as your third orgasm came upon you without much warning, and you shrieked, your entire body shaking with delicious quivers with every pump of the android’s hips.
Connor spilled inside you with a fervent shout of his own, and you were almost entirely sure you heard a ripple of static in his voice that fizzled in time with his last few unsteady thrusts, the warmth of his artificial cum splashing inside you and making you feel content. His LED fluttered red, as it did every time you’d watched him achieve orgasm before - the bright, vermilion hue of his light wasn’t always indicative of something bad - in this specific state, it was evocative of a system shock. A good kind of system shock.

The android blinked, eyelashes fluttering as he composed himself and regulated his breathing, before his eyes fell on you and a soft smile reached his face. His softening cock slipped out of you and you groaned at the feeling of your combined fluids leaking from your entrance, but at the same time, you couldn’t bring yourself to grouse about it at all.

You shifted onto your side and Connor laid down, spooning against your back, now completely calm and collected, while you were still breathing laboriously, the sweat on your skin beginning to dry, feeling just a little bit gross.

But you were content.

“Are you alright?” the android enquired, gently caressing a hand through your hair to apologise for the harshness with which he had tugged it, and you could tell there was a smirk in his voice without even glancing at him. He was far too smug - you needed to figure out a way to knock him down a peg, preferably something that involved him tied up and begging for attention. Hmm, that would do nicely.

“Yes. Good. Need bath.” Was all you could bring yourself to say. Your brain was a tad fried at that moment, and Connor chuckled against the back of your neck, peppering kisses across the bite marks he had left on your skin - like art on a canvas.

“Yes”, the android amusedly agreed, “And you need dinner. I’ll run you a bath and make you a meal while you clean yourself”, he spoke, and your heart gave a loving thump.

“Mmm… soon. For now, just hold me.”

Connor leaned over and laid a kiss on your cheek, pulling your naked body closer to his, and then proceeded to nuzzle his nose behind your ear, “Of course, my love.”

Chapter End Notes
I really don't write smut all that often. I've probably written two instances of serious smut ever, and this is my third, so I really hope it's up to standard and not completely awful. Please be kind when commenting (I mean, everyone always is <3 so I'm sure I don't have to worry) - if it's not good then let me know gently x'D Kinda was nervous when it came to posting this so I'd love to know what you really liked about it, and whether there's anything I can improve on because I intend to write more explicit chapters once I open requests again!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY LEONIXON, YOU ARE AMAZING <3 Thank you for putting up with me when I'm just constantly talking about explicit sexual DBH headcanons 24/7 ;)

Now, about requests. Requests are still closed for the moment BUT I will be opening them up again VERY SOON, I'm talking like after the next chapter ;) I still have a few more requests from the first wave to fill, so if you haven't seen your prompt filled yet then don't panic! I will be posting a set of rules regarding requests at the bottom of the next chapter (things like what I'm comfortable writing/what I'm uncomfortable with writing) ;D

HOPE YOU ENJOYED THIS CHAPTER! I WORKED HARD ON IT AND I'M EXCITED FOR THE RESPONSE! <3
Being a detective was a difficult job.

Crime wasn’t selective. Murderers didn’t just decide to refrain from killing on the weekends, there was always a homicide scene to investigate or an emergency that required backup at short notice. There were very few days where you and Connor could just relax and have a day to yourselves - but you had high hopes for today. Captain Fowler had blessedly allowed you both the day off - on the condition that you would respond immediately in the case of an urgent situation - and you had planned out your day together, hoping to fit as many little fun activities in as possible before you had to inevitably return to work the next day.

For now, you lay very still in bed, having moved hardly an inch from the moment you woke up, because Connor was lying beside you, still miraculously in standby mode, and you couldn’t keep your eyes off of his sleeping form. It was very rare that you woke up before him - he was sensitive to noise and movement even in low power mode, and often just the slightest ruffle of the bedsheets was enough to rouse him, but you’d woken slowly, drifting contently from the embrace of sleep onto the cusp of wakefulness, and therefore had made the conscious effort not to move a muscle or make a sound.

It was worth remaining painstakingly motionless for a glimpse of the android’s peaceful visage within his grasp of slumber. His chest rose and fell with automatic breaths and his LED thrummed rhythmically with its faint blue light as you gazed at the exceedingly gentle softness of his face while he slept - he was truly beautiful, and you adored every part of him. There was something
about his sleeping face that made him seem almost angelic; it may have been to do with the fact 
that any other time of day, the android’s brow was often furrowed as he scoured over the evidence 
at the scene of a homicide, or his face was pulled naturally into a frown as he filled out paperwork 
intently.

It was not habitual for him to look so carefree and reposed, and the sight made your stomach flutter 
with delight.

There were so many parts of his face that you could stare at for hours; his closed eyes, long lashes 
splayed over his pale cheeks, his cute nose, his smooth ever-pink lips, that little wisp of hair that 
always sat inconspicuously on his forehead.

You wanted to kiss him, so you did. The movement woke the android from his low-power state 
before your lips even pressed against his, and his eyes blinked open as you kissed him, only to fall 
shut once against as you felt him smile against your mouth in response. You gave him a lingering 
peck before retreating, a loving beam on your face as you regarded him with sleepy eyes.

“Good morning, my love”, the android spoke in a pleasantly subdued manner, beating you to the 
punch, “Did you sleep well?”

“I did”, you answered, cuddling up to his side to nuzzle your face against his neck. You always 
slept well when Connor was by your side.

The android’s hand found itself tangling gently into your hair to caress your scalp, “Shall we get up 
now?”

“No”, you protested with a mild sigh, your arms curling a little more firmly around him, “Let’s 
cuddle, there’s no rush.”

Days like this were sparse, but when they did come along, you savoured them, spending just 
enough time nestled up to your android lover - not so long as to potentially waste your free day in 
bed, but enough that you were not left unfulfilled affection-wise.

Precisely forty-three minutes later, Connor woke you gently from your light doze against his chest, 
“If we want to visit the mall and avoid the crowds, we should get out of bed soon”, the android 
spoke softly, “I’ll make you breakfast. Eggs and bacon”, he added as an incentive and you smiled 
languidly, letting out a noise of delight at the thought.
“Mmm, sounds good”, you murmured, before stretching your body out, your limbs reaching in ridiculous directions as you freed the tension from your muscles, and a pleasant tingle ran up your spine as you did so, before you promptly snuggled up to Connor and fell asleep once again.

The android breathed a quiet sigh, carding his fingers through your hair and allowing you another five minutes of rest before slinking sneakily out of your arms, making sure not to stir you from your light sleep lest you were to demand he get back in bed and cuddle with you for another half hour.

It was the smell of bacon that ultimately coaxed you from your dreams, out of bed and down the stairs where you took your place at the table, ready to devour the delicious breakfast your wonderful boyfriend was making for you. You watched him poke and prod at the bacon and eggs with a spatula to check their cooking progress, admiring the way he looked in his slightly oversized pyjama shirt, tight pyjama shorts, and an apron - you couldn’t help but think he looked as fine in that attire as he did in his work outfit. Plus, his butt looked great in those little mid-thigh length shorts.

“I had a dream last night. About us.” You spoke, elbow on the table with your head resting in your palm; you were mostly awake now, but your voice still had a scratchy, sleep-addled quality to it - you took a sip of water to lubricate your dry throat.

“Oh, did you now? What did you dream about?” the android enquired, dropping you a playful look over his shoulder.

“I dreamt that we had a house full of puppies. Like, we literally couldn’t enter a room without getting swarmed by at least twenty of ‘em. Ah man, it was great. You were ecstatic. Hank thought we were nuts for having so many puppies but then he came over and met them all and it was obvious he had enough love for every single one.” You snorted slightly at the recollection. “Maybe it was a vision of the future”, you suggested with a grin.

The android’s lips curled up in the corners, “I would certainly hope so. It sounds like you had a good dream”, he remarked with a soft chuckle, “Did they all have names?”

“Yes, let me think… there was Luna, Bubbles, Daisy, Fluffy, Spot- oh my god!” Connor’s eyes widened at your sudden exclamation, as it had been matched with an enthusiastic slam of your hands against the table, “There’s this really old Disney movie- One Hundred and One Dalmatians! About a couple who have a ridiculous amount of Dalmatian puppies… we should watch it!”
The android found your eagerness endearing, and placed your breakfast down on your plate with doting smile, “That film sounds fantastic, I’d love to. Later, though, or there’ll be a rush at the mall and our trip will take longer than necessary.”

“Right”, you concurred with a grin, taking in the sight of your delicious meal, “Thank you for making me my favourite. I love you.” It warmed your heart that Connor had chosen to make you bacon and eggs as a special treat on your day off - any other morning and he might’ve spent ten minutes lecturing you on why that kind of meal is unhealthy, but even something as simple as cooking your favourite breakfast food made you fall head over heels for the android all over again.

“I love you too”, Connor replied, a pink hue blossoming on his speckled cheeks, and he leaned down to kiss you on the forehead as you forked some bacon into your mouth, “I’m going to get changed”, he declared, and swiftly removed his apron before climbing the stairs.

Connor cocked his head to the side, regarding his reflection in the mirror with heavy scrutiny; he trailed his brown gaze over the three-piece suit he was trying on, paying close attention to the small details like the stitching dotting the border of the lapels, the size dimensions of the waist pockets and the three buttons on the cuffs.

It was a good suit. A pleasing colour tone of navy blue over a pristine white shirt and a burgundy tie. The material was durable and pliable, easy to move in, not too stiff, and a quick scan revealed the suit’s composition.

5% cashmere, 70% wool.

It was a nice suit, Connor thought as he adjusted the lapels and fiddled with the collar, but he was reluctant to show his appreciation for it, because you had told him you wanted to purchase it as a gift for him… and his quick scan had also revealed that the suit was rather expensive.

Six-hundred dollars. There were plenty of other suits in the shop that looked just as sharp while yielding a lower price-tag; he didn’t want you to spend so much money on luxury items that he really didn’t need.

His brow furrowed slightly, mouth turning slightly crooked in disfavour, and his focus flitted to
where you were sat in the seat behind him, admiring him with a dreamy look on your face; the android gave a somewhat wry smile, trying his best to look genuine as he spoke.

“I’m… not sure about this suit”, he told you, and your smile dropped, a look of curious disappointment on your face.

“What? Why? But you look gorgeous! So handsome!” You exclaimed, rising from your seat to scuttle up behind him and peer over his shoulder into the mirror, resting your hands on his upper arms, “Look at you! A picture of perfection, absolutely stunning, the most beautiful person I’ve ever known-”

Connor could see that his cheeks had turned a radiant pink from your praising words, but still he protested, “I don’t like it…”

Your lips pulled into a pout and the android smiled apologetically, “What don’t you like about it?”

He turned to face you, his LED flickering yellow for a moment as he tried to formulate a believable lie, and ended up tugging on his collar reflexively, “Oh, ah… the collar’s too tight”, the android blurted out, moving his hands to fiddle with it as if in discomfort to make his light deception seem more credible.

You rose an eyebrow, tilting your head as your eyes fell to the material around Connor’s neck; you gently batted his hands away and adjusted the collar to look more presentable, frowning up at the android with dubiety, and he knew from just the look in your eyes that you didn’t believe him.

“It looks fine to me. If anything, the material seems a little loose”, you blinked, eyeing Connor more closely, “Why do you really not want me to buy you this suit?”

The android insisted, “I’m not lying.” He was. “The collar is too tight, I’m telling the truth.” He wasn’t. It was no use. He wasn’t committed enough to his fib.

You smiled, clearly having caught on to Connor’s flimsy falsehood, “Oh, well, in that case, we can head over to the customer help desk and enquire about custom tailoring, cause they do that here-”

“That won’t be necessary!” Connor interrupted, grabbing your wrist before you could wander off and spend what would’ve been even more money.
“Tch, I knew it”, your expression held something akin to victory, “You don’t want me buying you expensive gifts, is that it?”

Connor breathed a mildly exasperated sigh, shaking his head stubbornly as though he could still try and mislead you, and you crossed your arms, an intuitive look on your face that dared him to lie again.

“You like the suit.” You told the android; it wasn’t a question.

“Yes”, Connor reluctantly affirmed, “I like the suit, but I don’t want you to buy it for me. It is completely unnecessary to spend so much money on clothes. There are cheaper suits that look just as elegant-”

Your warm hands cupped his cheeks and he paused halfway through his objection, looking at the fond smile on your face. “You’re adorable Connor”, you spoke softly, and Connor couldn’t help but let his lips curl up to match yours, until you firmly continued, “I’m buying you the suit.”

“No-”

“Yes.”

Connor shook his head, “No, I don’t wa-”

“Yes!”

Your little squabble was split apart when a woman approached - an android staff member with auburn hair and pretty green eyes who was likely the dressing room assistant - and looked between the two of you questioningly, “Is everything alright here?”

Before Connor could inform her that he didn’t want the suit, you chimed in cheerfully, knowing that he wouldn’t kick up a fuss in front of the assistant, “Everything’s great! I’d like to purchase this suit for my boyfriend, please!” Connor opened his mouth and then grudgingly shut it, pinning you with a pointed look that conveyed the very phrase ‘We’ll talk about this later’, to which you just winked.
“Wonderful! I’ll give you some time to change and then we’ll perform the purchase”, the assistant spoke before heading back out of the dressing rooms.

Connor was glad that since you’d had a rather greasy breakfast, you decided to have something a little more healthy for lunch. The two of you entered a small sandwich shop in the middle of the mall and Connor strategically told you off for buying him such a pricey gift while you were unable to retort due to the forkfuls of salad you were stuffing into your mouth.

“You shouldn’t spend your money on me.” The android was still adamant at the fact, refusing to let up even after he had unenthusiastically helped take the sharp suit back to the car and made sure to store it in the boot in a way that didn’t leave it susceptible to creasing.

“Then you shouldn’t do something as wonderful as making me bacon and eggs for breakfast in the morning”, you retaliated with a sardonic tone of voice that didn’t at all match the words coming out of your mouth.

“I- what?” Connor cocked his head, LED flickering yellow, because the roughness with which you had delivered your praise had made it seem more like you should have been insulting him, and it took him a moment to process your well-hidden sarcasm.

You swallowed your food, this time giving the android a more genuine smile look, “I just felt like doing something nice for you, alright?” you reached across the table, laying your hand over his as you spoke, and Connor reflexively turned his palm upwards, interlocking his fingers with yours.

“You don’t have to buy me gifts to show your appreciation for me. I can see it every time you smile at me”, Connor said earnestly, causing your heart to flutter and your eyes to sting just a little.

You loved this android to pieces.

“I know”, you murmured softly, squeezing his hand gently, “But… I wanted to, okay? Besides, your butt looked cute in those pants.” Your broke the tension with humour before you became too emotional and Connor gave a little huff of amusement.

“Oh, so that’s why you were so insistent. I should’ve known.” The android remarked, prompting a soft giggle from your lips, and he allowed you to continue eating your salad uninterrupted, admiring the shy flush of your cheeks. He was going to have to one-up you - to buy you some
clothes that were just as fancy and expensive, or maybe even take it a step further and buy you a new car- or perhaps... something small, a piece of jewellery, a ring? He’d surpass your inclination to buy him costly material items and give you a taste of your own too-sweet medicine eventually.

Connor peered into the window of a Cyberlife store as you both passed by it, and you patiently came to a stop, glancing over your shoulder as the android scanned over the notices about upcoming new parts, upgrades and software updates.

Watching his gaze flit so intently over the announcements made you smile - Connor was always interested about improving the capabilities of his biocomponents, making sure they were all up to standard and guaranteeing they would last an acceptable period of time before needing to be replaced. Plus, there were things like sensory enhancements that worked to imitate the human perception of touch more closely each and every day - something that Connor was following intimately, eager to feel in the same way you did.

You stood beside him, looking past the notices and into the shop where you could see a few staff members assisting customers. You were sure several of the assistants were androids, but it was difficult to tell given they had removed their LEDs, they blended in so perfectly as humans, the only thing that gave them away was how perfectly symmetrical their faces were - something that was exceedingly rare in humans.

Connor had chosen not to remove his LED. It was a few months after the revolution when you had begun to notice that androids had taken a stand by removing the little revelatory lights on the sides of their heads, and when you had asked Connor whether he was planning on removing his, he simply shook his head in dissent and didn’t elaborate until you enquired as to why.

‘It feels like it’s a part of me’, he’d told you, ‘I know it’s not the same for all androids, but I feel that getting rid of it... would be turning my back on my identity. I want people to know I’m an android, I take pride in it.’

You remembered feeling a rush of adoration at the android’s strong display of self-regard; it made you happy to know that Connor knew his worth. In a way, you were glad he had chosen to keep the LED, because the android wasn’t one for sharing troublesome thoughts or worries with those around him, and the colour of the little ring of light was a good indicator of when something was bothering him.

Now, for example, it shone a placid blue, flickering as he took in the information on the window displays - it was calming and left you confident that the android was feeling good. If it cycled
yellow, it tended to mean that Connor was confused or having issues processing something, and if it flashed rapidly in the same hue, it could be a signal of surprise.

Whenever it flashed red, you became disconcerted, knowing that a multitude of things could be wrong. System errors, damaged biocomponents, extreme anger or upset - you always found yourself flooding him with questions if you ever caught his light turning bright red, rushing to find out what was wrong so that you could amend it. Luckily, it wasn’t often that Connor’s LED cycled that colour.

Connor spoke your name gently, jostling you out of your reverie; he blinked in concern, tilting his head and you offered a small smile in return. “Sorry, I was just, uh, daydreaming.”

The android nodded his head, “Come on, let’s head back to the car and go to the park. If we’re lucky, we might see some dogs”, he spoke, an undertone of excitement in his words, and you snorted slightly, finding it endearing how something as simple as petting some dogs at the park could delight Connor.

You crossed the car park with Connor by your side, one hand occupied with carrying a small bag of groceries, the other clasped in his grip; it had been a pleasant day so far despite the brief squabble over the expensive suit, and you hoped the rest of the day would go just as smoothly.

*Wishful thinking.*

The enjoyable day was shattered when a coarse voice shouted your name across the parking lot just as you both reached your car; you tensed up at the accent and familiar tone as you processed who it was before you’d even turned around, and you squeezed Connor’s hand, stepping subconsciously closer to the android.

*Not now. You couldn’t do this now. For fuck’s sake.* You’d been having such a lovely day.

You turned your head, steeling your expression as your ex-boyfriend came jogging up towards you - it had been a little over three years since you’d last seen the son of a bitch and the sight of him brought back awful memories, a pointed feeling of nausea curdling in your stomach as he approached, a foul smirk on his repulsive face.
Tripp Hopper. Even his name was enough to convey the amount of douchebag contained in his body. He hadn’t changed much; his dirty blond hair was coiffed back as always, his jaw and chin were covered with a scratchy stubble, his annoyingly white teeth were revealed in his open-mouthed disingenuous smile and his green eyes were hidden behind a pair of sunglasses. It wasn’t even sunny out today. What an asshole.

Gavin Reed was practically a wholesome saint in comparison to your ex-boyfriend, just to put it into perspective.

You hated him with your entire being.

“Hey baby, long time no see”, said the man who had caused you so much torment, his voice dripping with condescension. Your gaze dropped mechanically, your intuition screaming at you not to look him in the eyes, and you felt Connor bristle beside you - the android had already received a keen sense of the situation and scanned the man before you, no doubt becoming aware of all the salient information about him, ‘Name: Tripp Hopper. Born: 12/03/2005. Criminal record: domestic abuse, stalking and harassment.’

You could tell the moment Connor did scan his face, because his LED cycled red for just a second, and his brow furrowed dangerously, not even bothering to hide his intense dislike of the man.

“What’re you doing here?” you enquired warily - your heart thumped loudly in your chest and you could hear the blood rushing past your ears, unnerved at the knowledge that Tripp had found you somehow.

Your ex shrugged his shoulders, “Just happened to be passing through, total coincidence that I’d run into you!” He seemed to find the whole situation funny, putting on a front as though he hadn’t been sent to prison for domestic violence against you, possibly due to the nature of your company - surely Tripp had seen that you and Connor were holding hands, even he should’ve been able to deduce what that meant.

When you didn’t respond, Tripp took that as an invitation to continue, “You’re still as pretty as I remember”, he spoke, his voice dropping in pitch in a way that made you want to gag - he was purposely trying to make you feel small, but you wouldn’t let him.

“And you’re still the revolting, intolerable swine you always were”, you snapped back, forcing yourself to look the bastard in the eye as you delivered your retort, your head held high. You noted Connor’s subtle glance toward you in your peripheral vision - he was likely trying to gauge if you wanted him to step in.
Tripp’s mouth curled with hostility and he puffed out his chest, dragging his tongue nastily over his front teeth, his lips forming a crooked, deceptive smile - something he always used to do shortly before a burst of physical violence, and you automatically took a half-step back out of fear, which Connor blessedly picked up on.

The android stepped in front of you protectively, pinning your ex with a very intense look, “You should walk away”, Connor told him in an alarmingly uniform tone, and Tripp finally regarded the android, his eyes flicking to the LED on the side of his head before looking back at you with malevolent amusement.

“An android?” he paused to laugh, his aggressive chortling enough to make you flinch, “You’re fucking an android?!” You clenched your fist, wanting to punch the glee right off his face. “Of course, makes sense, as if you could ever form a normal relationship with another human”, Tripp snorted, sounding very much like the pig he was, and you were sure the tips of your ears had gone red with anger.

Tripp’s laughter subsided suddenly, but his face still held a disgusting smirk as he faced Connor with his full attention, “Tell me, are they still a master at dick-sucking?” Your face turned red with humiliation but the android’s face remained stoic. “Oh- oh no, wait”, Tripp took a breath, stifling a series of snickers, “you’re an android- you probably don’t have a dick, do you?”

“Shut the fuck up, Tripp!” You snapped - it was one thing trying to mortify you, but you wouldn’t let him bother your lover, “Just- just go to hell!”

“Nah, don’t think I will, darling”, the brash man asserted, using his old pet name for you that sent ghastly shivers down your spine, causing you to cringe with disgust. Tripp stepped forward, disregarding Connor and attempting to circle round him, but the android quickly blocked his path, his usually kind eyes warped with loathing.

“Walk away.” Connor demanded flatly. You could tell the android was seething when his tone became so emotionless.

Tripp eyed your lover with a detestable gaze, his mouth pulling up into a sneer as he squared his shoulders in an attempt to intimidate the android - that wasn’t going to work - and your ex tilting his head sardonically, looking Connor up and down before spitting, “Fuckin’ android.” He promptly raised a clenched fist, rearing up to strike Connor in the face - or he would have, had Connor not caught his punch effortlessly in one hand just inches before it hit its target.
Your ex’s widened a tad, and that was the only reaction he managed before Connor kicked him in the shin, knocking him off balance, and grabbed him, swinging him round to pin him against the bonnet of the car, face pressed into the metal as the android tightly gripped Tripp’s wrists, clutching them high behind his back. Tripp let out pained grunts as he tried to struggle out of the hold - to no avail.

“Who the fuck do you think you are!?” the disgruntled man hissed as he tried to kick at Connor’s legs, but the android was cleverly positioned in such a way that made it very difficult for Tripp to achieve that.

Connor reached into his jacket with his free hand, pulling out his DPD badge to show it to the man, “Detective Connor, I’m with the Detroit Police Department. I’m going to give you a choice, Tripp”, he spoke the son of a bitch’s name with such derision that if it weren’t for your state of serious upset, you might have snorted, “I can arrest you here and now for attempted assault of an officer, or-”

Tripp cut him off as his eyes found you, “Your plastic toy is fuckin’ insane-”

Connor wrenched Tripp’s head away from you with a hand in those dirty blond locks, “No, you don’t speak to them, you don’t even look at them, you understand?” The android affirmed, “As I was saying, I can arrest you, or you can leave now. You don’t go near them, got it? You don’t stalk, harass, or attempt to contact them. If you see them out in public, you better run the other way, or you’ll have me to deal with.” It wasn’t an empty threat.

Tripp growled, his dignity clearly having taken a big hit, “Alright, fine, now get the fuck off of me, you stupid piece of shit!”

Connor released the man, not letting his guard down for even a second, fully expecting the bastard to swing round and attempt to punch him again, but to your surprise, Tripp simply scowled, his breath leaving him roughly with each exhale.

“Fuckin’ cunt.” He hissed, before turning his back and storming off; Connor kept his gaze on the man, making sure he didn’t change his mind and decide to come back, but to your surprise, Tripp simply scowled, his breath leaving him roughly with each exhale.

Moments later, the car door to your right opened and Connor slipped into the driver’s seat; the android was quiet for a moment before he placed a soothing hand on your shoulder - and although you knew the hand was benevolent, it still made you flinch upon contact - and he gently asked,
“Are you alright?”

You nodded your head, not entirely trusting your voice.

“Do you want to go home?” Connor asked, figuring your trip to the dog park would have to wait.

You nodded again, and Connor started the car, pulling out to drive you both back to your house; you were silent the whole way home, as was the android, but you were stuck in a rush of painful memories and adverse thoughts. The reemergence of your abusive ex boyfriend ignited a spark of anxiety inside you that you had spent years ridding yourself of, and with it came fears and doubts that you had long-since buried and tried to forget.

It instilled a malevolent uncertainty in your mind, causing you to ponder dreadful possibilities - Connor was too good to be true, and you had thought the same about Tripp until about six months into your relationship when he first raised a hand at you - what if it was an eventuality, a contingency that Connor might turn out just the same?

A shaky breath shuddered through you as an influx of guilt attacked your mind at the mere fact you had dared to think such a thing. Connor was the exact opposite of Tripp. He would never hurt you, never slap you, shove you or raise his voice at you - he was patient and caring, compassionate and understanding. You were safe with him.

The sound of your car door opening startled you, and you looked up, surprised to find that you were already home - how long had you been mulling over your uneasy thoughts? - and Connor was there beside you, his concerned eyes scanning you as his LED flickered a consistent yellow.

He opened his mouth to speak but did not have the time to, because you unlatched your seat belt and threw your arms around him in one swift movement, pressing your face into his shoulder as you whispered, “I’m sorry, I’m sorry”, repeatedly until he gently pushed you back to observe your face. You were apologising for the fleeting, nauseating thoughts that Connor could ever turn out like Tripp, but the android didn’t know that, and he brushed his thumb tenderly against your cheek, wiping away the tears that had fallen down your cheeks at some point.

“I don’t know what he did to you, and you don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to… but whatever it was, you didn’t deserve to be treated like that. I’m sorry he hurt you”, Connor proclaimed softly.
Connor would never hurt you, and you were entirely sure of that fact.

He guided you into the house at your own pace, nodding his head when you told him you needed a shower - simply being in the presence of that slimy human being had made you feel grimy - and allowed you the privacy you needed, informing you that he would be downstairs in the living room when you were done.

You cleansed your body twice over and immediately changed into your pyjamas afterwards, debating whether or not to just climb into bed for the rest of the day after that ordeal when Connor entered the room, offering you a small smile that helped to mollify you all on its own.

“I’ve, ah, set something up for you…in the living room”, Connor spoke tentatively, pointing a finger down the hallway and towards the stairs. You tilted your head, curiosity rising over the settling anxiousness in your stomach, and you allowed the android to lead you downstairs and into the lounge where you encountered something unusual, but beautiful.

Connor had built a pillow and blanket fort in front of the television with the help of the couch and a few of the dining chairs; a couple of cans of soda and a bag of popcorn sat idly beside it, drawing you in - as if the fort hadn’t already been enough to bring you excitement - and Connor smiled at your positive reaction. He knew just how to make you feel safe and protected.

“I purchased and downloaded that movie you mentioned earlier - One Hundred and One Dalmatians, if you still want to watch it?”

You absolutely did.

Chapter End Notes

Guess what everyone? REQUESTS ARE OPEN AGAIN. For THIS chapter only, probably, depending on how many requests I am flooded with lmao. Here's some rules!

I am happy to write explicit content, angst and all that, but I am not comfortable writing:
- Rape
- Self harm in the form of cutting.

I may add to that list in the future, but anyway, here's some things to remember.

- You are welcome to request a prompt even if I have written a prompt for you before.
- You can request a limit of TWO prompts per person for now, any more and I may actually explode.
- If you're requesting anything explicit, please specify if you want the reader to be AFAB (Assigned female at birth/has a vagina) or AMAB (Assigned male at birth/has a penis) so that I can figure out what equipment I'm working with without pushing any gender on the reader character. ;)
- You're welcome to be as detailed in your prompt as you want, but if your request is vague and doesn't contain much detail, I will likely end up combining it with other prompts.
- If you want to request a sequel to an existing oneshot then feel free to throw some ideas at me but know that I already have some thoughts as to where the sequels could go so I might not follow your idea exactly.
- If you are requesting a sequel to a oneshot, it may take a little longer to come out.
- Now accepting minor AU things so like... Connor doesn't HAVE to be the android sent by Cyberlife x'D And the reader doesn't have to be human, etc. Go crazy, my lovelies. If you want a soul mate AU, I'll write that shit.

And lastly, if you are requesting any prompts then please do leave feedback/comments on this chapter as well!

I think that's everything ;) Go wild everyone!
REQUESTS CLOSED!!! Y'ALL ARE FREAKIN' RELENTLESS, YOU KNOW THAT?!?!?! I got 50+ requests and you bet I added about 95% of them to my list. :') I'm gonna be writing this fic till I'm 60 years old.

Requested by Purple_Butterfly25: Guys. we've read about connor having his memories erased/reset. but what if this time it was the reader? you know accidents. went to a coma. then woke up with having no memories. it will be angsty af. cuz poor conor being forgotten by the reader.

I hope you guys really enjoy this one and I hope it doesn't feel like the pace is hurried. I realised as I was writing it that this kind of prompt works better when it's spread over the length of pretty much an entire story, but obviously I wouldn't be able to call this a oneshot if I wrote it that long. I do hope I managed to write it well with the restriction I had :P

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The steady, repetitive beep of the vitals monitor was both a comfort and a torment, forever reminding Connor that he should never have decided to stay late at the precinct and, by extension, allowed you to drive home alone.

His presence could have changed the outcome of the incident. If he’d joined you in heading home, he would have driven your car, and his advanced reflexes may have allowed him to perform an emergency break in time to avoid the vehicle that had come barreling into the side of you; but that was not how it had happened.

Three hours after you’d left, Connor had received a call from Henry Ford Hospital, informing him that you had been caught in a severe traffic accident. He still remembered the way Hank had looked up at him, his sleepy manner shattered in an instant as the android soberly asked, “Are they okay?” and proceeded to blurt out a million questions when he’d seen Connor’s LED flicker red.

You had a severe concussion. The sight of you lying ashen below the white sheets of the hospital bed, a red-stained bandage wrapped around your head, was enough to fill the android with anxiousness - like a loose wire in his chest that kept sparking against essential biocomponents, sending waves of sudden discomfort through his body.

Across the other side of the bed, Hank shuffled in his seat; it was clear from his restlessness that he was antsy over you, which didn’t do anything to settle Connor’s own nerves. The lieutenant
scratched his fingers through his beard, the irritating rustle of the coarse hair alongside the grating noise of the heart rate monitor caused the android to feel even more agitated than he already was.

“Stop doing that”, Connor muttered lowly, his lips pulled down into a heavy frown.

Hank paused his scratching, turning his weary gaze from your bruised and scraped face to glower at the android sitting across from him, “What?”

“Stop scratching your beard. It’s infuriating.”

Hank let out an almost exasperated sigh, “Don’t get pissy with me, Connor. I’m worried about them too but you don’t see me getting on your ass for repeatedly bouncing your leg or fidgeting with your fingers.”

Connor’s eyes fell to his lap, where he was indeed wringing his fingers and juddering his leg; he stilled his jittery limbs at once, his forehead creasing with dismay. He’d left his calibration coin on his desk at the precinct in his hurry to arrive at the hospital with Hank, and his hands were aching for something to do that would distract him from the situation.

“I’m sorry, Hank, I’m just…”

“You’re afraid. I get it.” The lieutenant stated, “The doctor said they’ll pull through, so just… quit fretting.” It was a half-hearted attempt to instill some repose in Connor’s mind, but it was supremely ineffective given the lack of poise behind his assertion.

The android let out a sigh, staring down at his now interlocked hands, “Concussions can have very negative, long-lasting effects”, he spoke, having run extensive research via the internet for the whole four hours he had been sitting by your bed, “They can cause terrible psychological issues and sensory disorders, not to mention the possibilities of brain damage-”

“Connor, you gotta stop being so pessimistic.”

“I’m not being pessimistic, Hank”, the android uttered with a grim knit in his brow, “I’m being realistic. They could be an entirely different person when they wake up.”
Hank breathed an audible breath, showing his discomfort, “Connor, they’re gonna be *fine*, okay?”

“The statistical likelihood that they come away from this completely unscathed both neurologically and psychologically is less than two percent.”

Before Hank could respond, a soft noise fluttered past your lips and your face wrinkled slightly to reveal that you were stirring from your insensible state; the old man quickly tapped the ‘call nurse’ button while Connor’s attention snapped towards you and the android immediately took your hand, warming it in his own with a slight squeeze.

The muffled voices perforated your slowly reforming consciousness.

It was a struggle to follow the rumble of vibrations out of the clouded sleep of your mind, but you tried, latching onto the incoherent noises with determination in an effort to pull yourself out of the smothering darkness. Besides the sound of people talking, the first thing you became aware of was the pain in your head - it felt as though somebody had stuck a pump in your ear and inflated your brain until your skull threatened to crack. *It hurt.*

*What was this?* The world’s worst hangover ever? You didn’t recall going out drinking the night before. There was pain in your chest every time you took a breath - had you fallen down the stairs? Just how drunk had you gotten last night?

A soft, pained sigh escaped your throat and the voices around you ceased for a brief few moments - a feeling of warm pressure engulfing your hand - before a slightly clearer, ragged voice spoke your name.

“Are you awake, kid?”

You didn’t quite have the energy to give a verbal response, so you furrowed your brow, trying your best to blink your eyes open despite the bright white light from above. You just about managed, wincing slightly as your eyes stung; your vision was blurred, but the more you blinked, the clearer the image grew, until finally the figure sitting to your right turned sharper and less fuzzy.

“Lieutenant Anderson?” you croaked.
It became obvious in that moment that you were not at home in your bed, recovering from a night out on the town with Tina Chen - no, you were in a hospital room, evident from the various beeping machines and vitals monitor, not to mention the pristine white room.

You were in hospital. Had you been in an accident?

Your eyebrows knitted slightly. Why was Lieutenant Anderson sitting by your bed?

“You don’t have to be so formal, kid”, the lieutenant said with a gruff chuckle, “You had us worried there for a minute. How’s your head?” He spoke with surprising softness, something you’d never heard before from the old, disgruntled man.

Alarm bubbled up inside you, combating the daze you felt and pushing you into a clearer state of mind as you tried to think why the lieutenant - of all people - would be sitting by your bed, looking at you with a face full of concern. You hardly spoke to the guy at work, surely it would’ve made more sense for your partner, Gavin Reed, to be sitting by your bedside. Then again, Gavin had a pretty dry sense of humour - he probably would’ve just sent a ‘Get Well Soon’ card to your room and nicked the box of chocolates that Tina likely would’ve brought you.

You shook your head, lips parted in confusion, “What happened?” you asked, ignoring the lieutenant’s question.

He frowned, “You were in a car accident. Some fucker ran a red light, crashed into the side of your car… you got a pretty bad head injury, some bruises and scratches but that’s about it. Nothing broken… well, nothing except your car.”

“Fuck”, you hissed. You’d just bought that car.

Someone else spoke your name, and you turned your head with a slight wince to find a man - no, an android - sitting to your left. He continued to speak, his voice calm and distinct, “Are you experiencing any dizziness, nausea or confusion?”

He was pretty attractive, as all androids tended to be, his brown hair neat and short, a soft little wisp falling down his forehead that only seemed to add to the kindly air about him; his pale pink lips were pursed and his skin was dotted with little moles and blemishes in a way that most android’s skin wasn’t. He looked strikingly human if not for the blue, spinning LED on his
forehead. It may have been the eyes - yes, definitely the eyes - they were somehow warm, incredibly emotive for an android.

Was he your doctor? He sounded like a doctor but he certainly wasn’t dressed like one.

You were about to answer the android with a brazen ‘uh, yeah, all three’, but you quickly became aware that the warm pressure around your hand was, in fact, a result of the android’s hand wrapped firmly around yours.

You tore away from his gentle grip, wondering why the fuck an android doctor had been holding your hand, and stared at him with vague consternation as his eyes flickered down and back up in a heartbeat, LED now cycling a vibrant yellow.

He spoke your name, mild and inquisitive, and you stared hard at the android before voicing the question floating around in your thoughts. “Who are you?” you uttered, and the android’s LED flashed red.

Connor’s mouth fell open, his eyes blinking rapidly for a moment before flicking to Hank in a fleeting glance.

“Kid, quit playing around!” Hank snapped suddenly, though the apprehension in his eyes was palpable, “You were in a serious accident- scared the damn shit outta us!”

“What? I- I don’t… know what you’re talking about?” you squinted, eyes crinkling with what looked like pain, “Who- who’s the android? Why’s he even here?” you lightly felt the gauze wrapped around your head, your fingers shaking as you did so, “Surprised you even let him in here… you hate those things.”

Your voice was somewhat slurred, Connor could see the dazed confusion in your eyes as you looked upon him with an apathetic stare, and every word out of your mouth only made his heart sink further. He couldn’t bring himself to say anything, too afraid that you’d treat him with indifference like the first couple of days you had known him - back when he was just a machine in your eyes.

Connor noticed Hank glance at him from the corner of his vision, face swathed with trepidation,
before the lieutenant turned back to you, “Do you… know what year it is?”

You scrunched your nose and it was clear from your slow blinking and drowsy expression that your head wound was causing you a lot of pain, “Uh…? Yeah. 2037”, you responded, looking between the other two occupants of the room for some form of confirmation - but all that was returned were dismal stares.

Connor’s thirium pump gave an unsettling judder. It was almost 2040. That was an alarming amount of blank space between your your last memory and now. The android promptly scoured the internet for a couple of keywords.

/Search/Concussion_amnesia/

297,948 results returned.

/Select/Retrograde_amnesia/

Retrograde amnesia is a loss of memory-access to events that occurred, or information that was learnt, before an injury or the onset of a disease. In the case of head trauma, depending on the level of damage to the brain, the amnesia can be temporary or permanent. Effects of temporary amnesia can last anywhere between hours and months.

Hank was growing steadily perturbed by Connor’s silence, as were you; your gaze switched between the lieutenant and the android with rising discomfort, and then you spoke.

“Stop looking at me like that. Jesus Christ, you’re freaking me out”, you garbled, a mild underlying bite beneath your words, and Connor felt a pang of hurt in his chest as you reprimanded him like he was just some misbehaving appliance with no care for his feelings - why would you care? You clearly didn’t see him as anything more than a piece of equipment.

“…you really don’t… remember him?” Hank queried bleakly, pointing lacklusterly towards Connor, and the android scanned your face for even the slightest hint of recognition, but you shook your head faintly.

“My head hurts”, you whispered, tears springing to your eyes, “I… don’t feel good…”

The nurse blessedly entered the room at that moment and Connor rose to his feet, leaving quickly without a word despite the sound of Hank’s voice calling out to him. He moved through the halls
swiftly but aimlessly, eventually discovering an isolated corner where he found himself staring at
the too-white wall, searching the internet for any sort of treatment for retrograde amnesia.

There was no straightforward way to fix your supposedly lost memories - it wasn’t like there was
simply a stream of corrupted data that could be mended by a little clever engineering; the short list
of possible treatments consisted mainly of therapeutic methods to help facilitate the eventual
restoration of your recollective abilities.

*Psychotherapy, hypnosis, occupational therapy...* none of them were surefire. In most cases,
amnesia could resolve itself without the use of treatment aid, which involved a lot of patience and
understanding, but the time it could take for lost memories to return varied greatly, and even then it
wasn’t always a certainty. Connor was shaken by the thought of your memories being permanently
lost forever.

Everything. Gone.

You looked at him like he was a stranger, as though you hadn’t spent the last two years building a
close bond and a blossoming relationship - it was like a brutal blow to his pump regulator, leaving
him effectively winded despite not needing oxygen to survive.

It wasn’t just *him*, either. If you believed it to be 2037, then you’d forgotten one of the most
important events in recent history - Markus’s peaceful revolution that had won the rights of
androids everywhere, pushing for change and equality. Connor was not well aware of what your
thoughts on androids had been before you met him - it had taken you quite a few days to warm up
to him, but you’d come to see him as a person relatively quickly, at least that was what he believed.

What if this gap in your memories caused you to treat him like an object? Just a machine with no
independent thoughts?

“Connor”, Hank’s voice came quietly from behind the android as a hand laid against his shoulder,
and Connor peered back at the lieutenant, spotting the troubled furrow of his brow, “Are you
alright?”

He surely knew the answer to that already, but Connor let out a sorrowful sigh, “They’ve forgotten
me.”

“They’ve forgotten a lot”, Hank assented solemnly, “but they *will* remember, okay? Look, this
stuff is rarely permanent, right? They just need… a reminder. We can fill them in, maybe it’ll jog their memory!”

Connor turned to face the lieutenant, processing the hopeful optimism in his words, and frowned, “It’s not that simple, Hank. Exposing an amnesiac to past personal information is not enough to reverse retrograde amnesia; I don’t know the extent of the damage on their brain, so I cannot determine the statistical likelihood of them experiencing a spontaneous recovery—” the android’s eyes widened abruptly, “Hank, what if… what if they never remember?”

Hank’s hand grew tight on Connor’s shoulder, “I already told ya, kid. They will remember. Now stop sulking - we have a lot we need to explain to them.”

It took you a while to grasp the fact that just over two years of your life were missing from your memory, and it was frightening to be thrust into a world in which you felt horrendously out of place; the biggest shock and perhaps one of the hardest things to comprehend was the actuality that androids are, in fact, people. People with thoughts and ideas and real feelings, just like humans.

You hadn’t bought it at first, practically laughing in Hank’s face when he explained everything to you, but then you’d taken in the serious, stern expression on his face and realised that he wasn’t pulling your leg.

The android, Connor, was not just a highly advanced machine, he was practically human on all levels but physical. He was your coworker, close friend, and much, much more. This quiet, soft-looking man made of plastic and metal was, evidently, your boyfriend; the revelation was somewhat off-putting at first, filling you with an odd sense of discomfort, and you could tell by the android’s dejected look that it showed on your face.

You hadn’t meant to upset him, but you couldn’t help but think initially that there must’ve been something wrong with you for you to have to resort to dating an android instead of a human, but you learned in the three weeks that followed that that simply wasn’t the case.

Connor was patient - he took time to help you understand things, even repeating himself when you didn’t quite absorb it the first time; he offered a gracious answer to every dumb question you asked him, even the ones that may have been construed as rude or inappropriate, and didn’t get irritated or angry when you asked him to clarify time and time again. It was through the android’s help that you managed to build up a timeline in your mind of all the important events in the last two years that your brain had misplaced.
Connor was kind - he looked after you while you recovered at home, taking time off work to ensure that you didn’t end up overexerting yourself just by moving around too much. He helped cook for you, helped to clean and tidy the house, insisting that you sit or lie down to rest half the time, and he even helped to change the bandages around your head, his brown eyes warm and meaningful as he did so.

Connor was understanding - he knew that your loss of memory resulted in a barrier when it came to closeness, that you weren’t entirely comfortable with affection given that, in your mind, you’d technically only known him for three weeks. You felt bad when you expressed unease at the thought of him sleeping in your bed beside you, but the android seemed to have expected it, and instead stayed downstairs in the living room while you slept at night.

After just a few weeks, you realised your initial thoughts had been wrong - there wasn’t anything wrong with you. Connor was an incredibly caring person, and you couldn’t fault yourself for having fallen for him at some point, but despite this development in awareness, your lack of memories surrounding him stopped you from opening up to him.

You wanted to remember. You wanted to understand the connection you had, and you wanted to bask in it, but your brain refused to just spontaneously remember everything you had been through with him. It made you endlessly frustrated.

It was Hank who suggested that you visit the precinct, given that in the two years you had blotted out, the police station was where you spent an overwhelming amount of your time, and it was possible that the familiar environment could help free some of those tightly imprisoned memories.

The building hadn’t changed much in two years. The only noticeable difference was that the desk opposite Hank’s was now occupied by the android, but your focus was more on the people there. Tina was still Tina, Chris was still Chris, Gavin was still an asshole - well, a slightly more tolerable asshole, but an asshole nonetheless - and seeing them all again filled you with a rush of contentment.

Captain Fowler allowed you to hang about for a few hours, clearly showing his sympathy to your condition in his own little way, and you took the time to wander around and assimilate the familiar surroundings while desperately hoping that something or other would trigger a memory. Connor stayed by your side the whole time, walking you about and reminding you of specific events and encounters in the hopes of stimulating your frontal lobe.

Before long, you found yourself in the viewing expanse to the empty interrogation room.
“This was actually where we first met”, Connor spoke matter-of-factly, looking through the one-way mirror with a very reminiscent expression on his face, as if he was watching the scene play out all over again.

“Oh really?” You enquired with a small smile, “And how did that go?”

Connor could quite literally see the memory taking place before him, due to the fact that he recorded and filed away all his experiences in an easy-to-access corner of his processor, “It was my first case with the DPD. Hank was interrogating the android who had been identified as a deviant, and you walked in with Detective Reed, so I introduced myself-

‘Hello, my name is Connor. I’m the android sent by Cyberlife.’

You blinked rapidly for a moment, the sound of the android’s voice echoing in your mind; you felt strange, a discomfiting dizziness overtaking you briefly and you reached out your hand, laying your palm against the wall to stabilise yourself.

“Are you okay?” Connor asked, by your side in an instant.

It felt as though images and sounds were burrowing into your mind, forcing you to relive a memory you hadn’t known was attainable - you could practically see the android as he had once been, stiff in posture, neutral in expression, his voice mechanical as he spoke lines that had been programmed into him.

‘The fuck is this thing?’ Gavin scoffed, shoving past the android to lean against the wall while you observed Connor with curiosity and a quirked eyebrow, not quite sure what to make of him, but finding that there was something about him that piqued your interest.

Your head was pounding. Connor was speaking your name, trying to get a response out of you, and Gavin stood at the door with a cup of coffee in his hand, looking mildly concerned at the sight he’d just walked in on.

“Uh, are they okay?” Detective Reed questioned the android, and you blinked yourself back to reality, reaching up to press your hand against your aching head.
“I don’t feel good… my head it killing me…”

Connor’s hands were on your arms, keeping you steady, ready to catch you in case you were to suddenly keel over without prior warning, and Gavin snorted, covering the brief flicker of worry on his face with aloof humour.

“Probably all the excitement of seeing me again, right?”

Despite the pain and pressure that was steadily building in your head, you let out a grunt of amusement and responded, “Well, you do have the tendency to give people headaches.”

“Wow”, Gavin deadpanned, “You sure you’re not back to your old self?”

You couldn’t muster up another dry retaliation and instead looked to Connor, everything shaking from your legs to your voice as you spoke, a tremble of urgency to your words, “I need to go home.”

Something roused you from your sleep.

Connor had urged you to head to bed as soon as he brought you home from your DPD visit, despite the fact that it was only five o’clock in the afternoon, but you hadn’t had the energy to contend, nor had you really wanted to at that point.

Your headache had largely alleviated after a few solid hours of shut-eye, and you noted as you drifted slowly to consciousness that it was dark outside; a glance to the clock on your bedside table revealed that it was almost ten o’clock in the evening, and you intended to lie your head back down and return to the blissfully painless slumber - except your attempt was interrupted.

There was a noise coming from downstairs - something soft and melodic. Was it singing? You listened for a few minutes, not quite able to make out the words of the muffled voice, but you discerned that it must’ve been Connor, given he was the only other person in the house.

Intrigued, you rose carefully from your bed and left the room, moving slowly down the stairs as
the crooning refrain grew sharper but no less gentle.

“Hold on just a little while longer…”

You peered into the living room from the hallway, catching sight of the android sitting unmoving on the couch, his eyes closed as the words drifted from his lips like the sweetest lullaby.

“Everything will be alright, everything will be alright.”

His voice was bewitching, the song sounding so beautiful on his tongue, and yet also solemn - the words left his lips delicately as though singing them any louder would cause them to shatter.

‘Fight on just a little while longer…”

You shivered, an unwarranted tear trickling down your face before you even realised you were crying.

‘Pray on just a little while longer…”

You wanted to listen to him sing forever, but you were afraid that any longer would cause you to start sobbing violently, and you didn’t want to ruin his gorgeous melody - still… you could not bring yourself to return to your room. You were fixed to the spot, captivated even.

‘Sing on just a little while longer, everything will be alright. Everything will be alright.”

Like a flood, images filled your mind, a sense of panic taking hold of you as you crumbled to your knees. You remembered watching the live footage of the android demonstration on television, biting your knuckles in fear as Markus and the androids of Jericho were surrounded, weapons pointed at them with the intent to kill - and then the leader had begun to sing.

You had been so angry with humanity, so afraid for the lives of these androids - including Connor, you hadn’t heard from him since he’d disappeared to find Jericho - and the intense rush of relief and hope that had engulfed you when the military had lowered their weapons was fierce.
You remembered it now, as clear as day, exactly what you had felt when you listened to what Markus may very well have believed to be his final, desperate swan-song - an accumulation of defiance, appeal, and longing for the chance to *live*.

And with it came everything else.

Fingers carded through your hair, soft and tender as you slowly woke to the agonising feeling of another wretched headache, but you felt warm and protected, willing to endure the pain until it subsided - whenever that may be - as you forced yourself to relax. You were reclined, your head cushioned on something, but the ground beneath the rest of your body felt firm; it took a few dizzying minutes for you to understand that you were lying on the floor with your head in somebody’s lap.

Judging by the flickering ring of blue from above, that somebody was Connor.

“Shh”, he whispered when you parted your lips to speak, “I’ve got you”, he promised, his fingers threading through your locks soothingly - something Connor tended to do when you were upset or panicked, or when you awoke from a horrible nightmare - and you felt your lips curl into a smile despite yourself.

“You fainted”, the android helpfully supplied, “only for a few minutes. Just take it easy, okay?” he instructed, which was his way of telling you not to move or speak just yet.

“Connor”, you murmured anyway, “I remember.”

Even through the painful, dense fog of your mind, you knew the moment your words processed for him, because his eyes widened and his grasp on you grew a little firmer with mitigation.

The details of your accident were still fuzzy to you, but you were sure you remembered everything important - like the curve of Connor’s beautiful face when he smiled with authenticity, or the way his eyebrows furrowed adorably when he was having trouble processing something, or the way he would preen every time he walked passed a mirror. *Yeah, all the really important things.*
“I’m sorry I forgot you”, you whimpered, unexpectedly struck with the cognizance of how awful the past three weeks must’ve been for Connor, “I won’t do that again”, you added, eyes filling with tears, in an attempt to lighten your spirits, “I promise.”

Connor’s lips pulled into a smile and he leaned down, brushing a kiss to your forehead, “I’ll hold you to that.”

Chapter End Notes

Leave me a comment if you believe we were robbed of the chance to hear Connor singing that beautiful song.

As stated in the top notes, requests are now closed because I am absolutely swamped. I intend to fill as many as I can, but I probably won't be doing them in any particular order. I’ll just open up the document I have them all saved in and pick one that I'm feeling when I go to write :) I must say, you're all very creative with your requests and I got a lovely wide range of prompts. Very excited to fill quite a few of them!! ;D
January 30th, 4:56pm

“Connor, Hank, in my office!”

Connor blinked a few times fast as he looked up from his final case report of the evening, sharing a look with the weary lieutenant who didn’t seem thrilled at the prospect of whatever it was Captain Fowler had waiting for them. He dutifully stood up and urged Hank to follow with an inclination of his head, pursuing the grating noise of the captain’s impatient voice until he was stood before Fowler’s desk, the lieutenant shuffling in and closing the glass door behind him.

“What can we do for you, Captain Fowler?” Connor asked as politely as always despite the fact that the captain looked disgruntled and irate. Connor had seen him speaking animatedly on the phone just a few minutes prior to being called in, deducing that he was having some sort of argument - but with who, he did not know.

“I’ve got a new case for you two”, he predictably stated, and Hank let out an audible groan that the captain chose to ignore. “It’s not on the same level of urgency as your current cases, but I’d be glad if you solved it quickly nonetheless.” He handed the case file to the android who quickly skimmed the first face, eyebrows furrowing in confusion.

“Captain, this case is for a burglary, not a homicide”, Connor hesitantly pointed out.
“A burglary? That’s not even our division!” Hank grumbled.

“I know”, Fowler matched the lieutenant’s grouse with a gruff snap of his own, “the robbery division sent this over - said they’ve been on this case for months and haven’t come up with a single lead. They’ve asked me to hand the case to our sharpest detective in the hopes that this damn thing can be solved.”

Connor preened subtly under the praise, chest puffing out slightly with pride at being acknowledged by the captain, and he was sure he heard Hank murmur ‘oh, jeez’ mockingly under his breath.

“In that case, I’ll start investigating immediately!” The android declared, always eager to please.

“Well here’s the catch”, Fowler mumbled, pinning Hank with a disapproving glare before turning his attention back to Connor, “There’s very little to investigate. All the robbery division managed to collect is right there in that file. No identifying evidence, no nothing. If you can find a pattern amongst that mess then maybe you can rustle up a lead, but otherwise you’re just gonna have to wait until the thief again.”

Connor looked moderately baffled, “No fingerprints? Nothing?”

“Nothing”, the captain confirmed, “Take the file home if you want, there’s nothing more here that could help you.”

The android blinked, glancing back to Hank, who merely shrugged his shoulders. This was going to be a test of Connor’s competence; the thought of solving a case that left the entire robbery division baffled felt like it would be quite satisfying indeed. With an upwards quirk of his lips, Connor nodded to Fowler, “You can count on me, captain.”
Connor’s patience was wearing thin.

You’d been a pain in neck for almost four weeks now, which was impressive given that androids didn’t feel pain, and Connor was sure that he’d precalculated the perfect ambush that would contain you for good this time.

You had been something of an enigma from the very beginning; Connor had spent hours studying over your case file, searching for anything that could help to form a potential lead, but the only thing your thieving transgressions had in common - and the only reason the robbery division had been able to identify your work - was that you left no evidence.

February 2nd, 2:48pm

It had been a soft blow to Connor’s pride that he’d had to wait until you struck again in order to form any sort of mental construction around you - three days into the android’s investigation, the robbery division had sent over the files and the location of the most recent burglary once they’d come to the conclusion that no DNA evidence had been left on the scene, thus being sure it was the work of you, and Connor had made his way to the scene of the crime in record time.

Hank had joined him, though the lieutenant had seen fit not to put too much of his time into aiding Connor’s theft investigation as there was still a heap of homicide cases piling up on his own desk, and had watched with surprise as Connor combed the burgled house for any trace of DNA evidence, only for his scanners to come up short.

“Maybe they’re an android?” Hank had suggested, observing the knit of irritation in Connor’s eyebrows as the latter proceeded to scan the environment another two times, to no avail.

“They’re not an android”, Connor had assured the lieutenant, “The lockpicking job on the back door wasn’t one-hundred percent clean. If our perpetrator was an android, they wouldn’t have left any scratches on the inner mechanism of the pin-tumbler lock at all, but they did.”

“So you’re saying they’re sloppy with their work?”

“No”, Connor had shaken his head, “It’s too sloppy a job for an android, but almost perfect for a human. Almost being the key word.”
It hadn’t been anything to go on, but it was at least a start. Still, it put Connor in a stationary situation - there wasn’t much he could look into given there was no other sign that there had been a disturbance in the house, apart from the wad of cash missing from the pried open safe, that is.

That was another thing Connor had noticed - you went straight for the money and bypassed other valuable items such as jewellery and expensive electronics, which told that android that you didn’t want to go to the bother of having to sell stolen items.

**February 5th, 3:14pm**

The second instance of a robbery that was tied to your expertise took place three days later in a small but luxurious apartment building; you’d burgled a seemingly unassuming flat on the third floor, but it was truly a mystery as to how you had entered. The entrance to the apartment was sealed with an electronic door - there’d been no sign of tampering or hacking, and the only keycard that could’ve granted admission had been with the owner - who had been working into the early hours of the morning.

Hank had found it all terribly amusing, and had even come up with a nickname for you - *the Ghost* - because on top of your knack for leaving no DNA behind, you appeared to be able to walk through walls as well.

It wasn’t until the android had turned his attention to the glass doors that led to the balcony that he had been struck with a thought. Connor had inspected the small outer area of the apartment and found that while the side of the building would have been exceedingly difficult for a human to scale, it wasn’t quite *impossible*.

“You’re kidding, right? No human could climb all the way up here!” Hank had argued, tremendously skeptical of the android’s belief.

“It’s implausible but it is not beyond the bounds of possibility for somebody to pull off - especially if that individual is extremely agile and spry. We’re looking for someone active and flexible, probably younger than thirty years old”, Connor had cocked his head, hands resting on his hips as he gave the balcony another once over, “…they’re good.”

Hank had given Connor a look - one that the android had trouble comprehending.

**February 8th, 10:32am**
The third robbery you pulled off, you made a mistake.

“Have you had anybody else in the house recently - a friend or relative?” Connor had questioned the homeowner - an old, bald man with a rather snobby attitude.

“No, just me. I don’t see what that has to do with anything. Are you gonna figure out who robbed me or what?”

Connor had ignored the man’s discourteous grumbling and instead turned to Hank, a self-satisfied smile on his face as he held up his findings - a single hair pinched between his thumb and forefinger which certainly didn’t belong to the victim of the burglary.

“Got ‘em.” He’d found it lying innocently on the floor, blending in well with the otherwise pristine carpet - a sign that you weren’t always perfect, perhaps you’d scratched your head, maybe it had gotten caught on something without your knowledge, or maybe it had just fallen off your clothes - either way, Connor was able to identify you - it had just been a matter of catching you.

The android almost had caught you, a couple weeks after finding your DNA. Now that the police were in possession of your information, such as your name, date of birth, and previous criminal records - several counts of theft and robbery - it was easier for Connor to find patterns in your misdemeanours than it had been before.

The police knew what you looked like from the mugshots on record, and with this knowledge they were able to vaguely pinpoint your whereabouts via CCTV cameras dotted around public areas. With the data provided from the sighting reports, Connor predicted the neighbourhood you were most likely to strike in next, and he already knew from the statistics in your file that you tended to go for the more luxurious and expensive houses first, which wittled the possibilities down to a single road.

February 22nd, 1:25am

Thus, Connor found himself on a stake-out, keeping his eyes peeled for hours in the dark of the night, waiting to spot some unusual activity - a figure in dark clothing slinking around in the shadows, a sound that didn’t belong in an obnoxiously quiet neighbourhood - anything that could be identified as suspicious. The android had been far too frustrated that it had taken so long to get this close, and looking back on that now, Connor knew that his impatience had been the ultimate reason that you had slipped between his fingers.
The moment he’d spotted you creeping around the side alley of a house, the chase had begun, and in his desperation to capture you, he’d slammed the car door shut as he jumped out, alerting you to his presence and giving you a head start - *stupid, really*. The hunt was ridiculous, like something out of the old movies that Hank was fond of, but Connor had to admit it was exhilarating - it wasn’t often he had to really *try* when it came to keeping up with fleeing criminals, and as he vaulted over the garden fences after you, he found that there was something akin to enjoyment building up inside him.

You hadn’t let up at all, quickly taking your escape to an elevated position - you climbed the garage of one of the fancy houses, and from there you ascended to the roof. Connor followed without any difficulty, wondering how determined you had to be in order to push yourself so far to escape him, and pretty soon you were jumping from roof to roof.

Connor had picked up on the slight tremble in your legs whenever you landed your leaps - it was clear you had been getting tired, no human had the stamina to outrun an android - and he’d pushed himself into a sprint, certain that he could end the chase then and there.

Except, in his resolution to capture you, he had forgotten to take into account that he was quite a bit heavier than you were - thanks to all his inner metal workings - and had failed to correctly preconstruct his jump, landing rather heavily on a roof tile that immediately gave under his weight.

He’d slipped down the edge of the roof, clinging tightly to the gutter to ensure he didn’t end up hurtling to the ground - while the height of the fall wouldn’t have done any severe damage, it may have been enough to impair some of his biocomponents, at which point it would’ve been impossible to keep up with you - but when looked back up, he’d been astonished to see you frozen in place, looking back over your shoulder at him.

Connor had dangled in place for a few seconds, reading the concern on your face as you stared at him. Your eyes were wide, raised eyebrows concealed by the hood hanging over your head, and your lips were parted in stuttering apprehension. There was a quiet few moments where the android just gazed back at you, not entirely sure what to make of your sudden stop.

And then you’d spoken to him for the first time.

“Hey, you good?”

He was sure his LED had flickered yellow - it was very much a scene he hadn’t predicted. Instead
of responding, the android had begun to shimmy across the ledge towards a more stable area of which he could climb back up - when he’d started pulling himself back up onto the roof, you’d sprung back into action.

“Oh shit, yeah, you’re good!” You’d laughed, taking off again, and the time it had taken Connor to right himself and resume the chase was just enough time for you to shake him and disappear into the night.

The android had been angry and perplexed. Angry that he’d let you get away again, and perplexed that you had stopped to check on him when he’d almost suffered a nasty fall.

*What kind of criminal were you?*

Four days later, Connor was sure to find out, because *his patience was about to snap*. His last mistake had been his spontaneous, premature spring at the chance to arrest you; he needed to restrain himself just a short while longer so that he could catch you *in the act* - lure you into a false sense of security and burst into the house when you least expected it.

**February 26th, 12:11am**

Tonight was the night the android was going to catch you.

Connor crept up to the house you were currently attempting to burgle, acute determination in his eyes, with sly movements and soundless footsteps as he kept to the darkness; he reached the backdoor, spotting that you’d left it slightly ajar for an easy escape, and his mouth quirked up in a smug smile. You wouldn’t be granted an easy escape, not this time. He’d corner you and leave you no choice but to surrender, and then *finally* he would be able to close the case of the *Ghost Thief* and return to his regularly scheduled homicide cases.

He entered the house with the silent grace of a cat stalking its prey, gaze turning immediately to the stairway that led to the upper floor, which Connor knew for a fact was the location of the homeowner’s safe. The android took cautious steps, letting his feet fall softly against the carpeted stairs so as not to make a noise - his advanced, sensitive hearing could detect movement occurring in the room at the end of the hall, and his keen eyes spotted through the darkness that the door was open just an inch.

Connor edged down the hall - handgun at the ready, though he did not intend to use it - and peered
through the small gap into the main bedroom; his scanners picked up no signs of movement, but it would’ve been impossible for you to escape out the window without his auditory sensors alerting him, which meant you were still inside somewhere.

He pressed his palm against the door, pushing it open slowly.

“Detroit police”, he declared firmly, “I know you’re in here. Turn yourself in. Things will go easier for you if you cooperate.” As predicted, you did not answer, so Connor proceeded into the room, glancing behind the door to check you weren’t poised to spring out unexpectedly.

There were limited places to hide; Connor turned his attention to the bed first, pacing deliberately to it’s side before dropping to one knee, giving the underside of the bed a quick glimpse - nothing - which left just one other place. The android looked at the closet opposite the bed on the other side of the room, waiting to see if you would shamefully reveal yourself once it became clear to you that you’d been discovered.

No such moment came, so Connor approached slowly.

“We can do this the easy way, or the hard way…”

The moment he brushed his fingertips against the knob on the closet door, it burst open in his face and he was knocked back a few steps from the force of your foot landing square against his chest. Connor grunted, blinking a few times quickly as his systems recovered from the blow to his pump regulator, but by the time he’d managed to reattain his balance, it was too late to avoid the impact of your perfectly executed roundhouse kick.

It wasn’t enough to knock him off his feet - his superior height and android strength made him a difficult opponent to beat - but in the time it took him to process what exactly had just happened, you managed to masterfully twist his gun out of his hand and point it menacingly between his eyes.

Connor’s gaze widened minutely as he scanned your face - your brow drawn tight into a very serious expression, lips pulled into an angry frown - and slowly raised his hands either side of his head.

“Back the fuck up - to the wall”, you advised, no room for argument in your admonishing tone, and Connor let out a frustrated sigh, obediently backing away until his back hit the wall.
“Threatening an officer with his own gun is a severe felony and will be added to your already long list of char-”

“Shut up.” Connor’s lips snapped shut at your command and he immediately set his processor to work, searching for a viable way to reverse his situation. Your reflexes were notably speedy, and to his dismay, he found that each preconstruction led to him receiving a bullet through his artificial brain before he could even attempt to get the jump on you.

Very slowly, your mouth curled into a smile and you arched an eyebrow, looking the detective up and down, before coolly demanding, “Take off your jacket.”

“What?”

“Did I stutter? Take off your damn jacket.”

Connor could see his LED cycling yellow in the reflection of the mirror to his peripheral right as he pondered why you could possibly be asking such a thing of him, but he didn’t really have the spare time to deliberate, so he prudently shrugged his blazer from his shoulders, letting it fall to the floor before returning his hands to his head.

Your smile grew, the corners of your eyes wrinkling in what appeared to be delight as your gaze dragged over his chest and lingered primarily on the holster at his side, and you let out an amused huff, “Heh. Not bad, Connor.”

The android’s eyebrows shot up in surprise, “How do you know my name?”

“I have my sources. Turn around, hands on the wall”, you ordered, voice level and confident.

Connor reluctantly did as he was told, dwelling for just a moment on your cryptic words, but the click of his gun being unloaded and dropped to the floor made him spin round again, your wavering giggles drifting down the hallway as you fled immediately. *Fuck,* Connor inwardly cursed, bounding instantaneously from the room, leaving his gun behind under the basis that the extra 0.5 seconds it would take to pick it up would be enough for you to disappear, and he sprinted down the landing, tackling you to the ground before you could make the turning to rush down the stairs.
You grunted as the android’s weight pinned you down, and let out a sigh as Connor roughly grabbed your wrists and restrained them above your head in one hand.

“I won’t let you get away this time”, he proclaimed, glowering down at you as he reached back to retrieve the handcuffs hooked to his belt. He was being extra attentive, immobilising you with his entire body pressed flush against your own to ensure that you couldn’t wriggle free, and he could feel every subtle movement and harsh breath you drew into your lungs as a result.

“Is that so?” you countered, biting your lower lip as the corners of your mouth pulled up in a rather coquettish manner. The sudden provocative tone of your voice made Connor pause for a fleeting two seconds, just long enough for you to angle your head up and brush your lips meaningfully against his own.

Connor stilled, eyes wide as your mouth persisted a moment too long against his, and his guard dropped rapidly out of shock. In the next moment, he was on his back, temporarily stunned from another unforeseen blow to his pump regulator - you’d twisted your lower body and pulled your legs up, striking him in the chest for the second time during his moment of vulnerability - and he scrambled back to his feet as you bolted down the stairs and made a break for the back door.

Connor released a gruff noise of annoyance, pushing himself to catch up - he would not let you get away again - he darted down the stairway and out the back door after you, catching a momentary glimpse of your leg as you disappeared around the side alley, and he practically threw his body into a charge, almost slamming into the fence as he made to turn.

And then he stopped, staring at the scene ahead.

“-and don’t you even think about moving”, Lieutenant Hank snapped brusquely, aiming his pistol at you domineeringly as you knelt on the concrete, hands on your head in surrender.

Connor gave a sigh of relief, grabbing his handcuffs as he approached you from behind, his harsh footfalls evident of his irritation. Your name left his mouth in a vexed tone, “I am placing you under arrest for multiple counts of burglary and for threatening to shoot an officer-”

“-I wasn’t gonna shoot you-”

“-you do not have to say anything-” Connor continued, almost like a plea, “but it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court.” With
your wrists bound tightly behind your back, Hank lowered his weapon, placing it back into his
holster, and regarded the android with a look of scrutiny.

“Connor, why are you- why do you look so… dishevelled?” the lieutenant enquired, and Connor
bristled with indignation as his eyes flickered down to his vague state of undress, his wrinkled,
half-untucked shirt and his bare holster.

“That’s not important”, the android answered rigidly, growing further chagrined when you let out a
snort of amusement, “Get them in the car. I need to get my things.”

Hank’s brow furrowed with suspicion and he spared you an inquisitive look before grabbing you
by the arm to hoist you to your feet, “Right. C’mon kid, get a move on.”

By the time Connor and Hank had reached the station and placed you into a holding cell, it was
nearing two o’clock in the morning, and Connor had had more than enough time to compose
himself after the exhilarating events that lead up to your capture.

Hank was eager to head home, grumbling something about being kept up by thieving delinquents;
Connor thanked the lieutenant for his help and told him that he would join him in the car soon
enough - he wanted to speak to you first.

The android stood before your cell, watching as you reclined on the surely uncomfortable mattress
and tapped your foot against the wall to an unheard, improvised beat; he cleared his throat to
demand your attention and spied the way your lips formed a beguiling smile. You sat up, swinging
your legs over the edge of the bed to plant them on the floor and then pushed yourself up, strolling
leisurely up to the transparent partition, hips swaying purposely as you did so - the motion caught
Connor’s eye and he forced himself to remain focus, affixing his narrow gaze to your face instead.

He had your attention. You continued to tap your foot, this time in a show of impatience as you
waited for him to speak, shoving your hands into the front pocket of your black hoodie.

A multitude of questions fluttered through Connor’s head - there were many things he wanted to
ask you, but he had a limited amount of time before Hank began bombarding him with texts from
the car, urging him to get a move on, so he had to prioritise.
“How did you know my name?” The android enquired curiously, tilting his head as he surveyed your face. You mimicked his subtle movement, your eyes taking in the fine details of his face in a way that was entirely distinct.

“I already told you, I have my sources”, you batted your eyelashes and promptly expanded without much clarity, “I’ve got little eyes everywhere.”

A soft sigh passed Connor’s lips, “I’m not going to get a straight answer out of you, am I?”

You didn’t respond, but the android was well aware of the way your smile widened.

“Alright, but I am curious about something. You have talent, that much is obvious”, Connor spoke, and you grew slightly smug in your manner at the admission, “You’re fast, nimble, with quick wits and quick reflexes. You sneak around with outstanding grace and I was admittedly impressed that you pulled off your heists without leaving even a hint of evidence. Your close-combat skills are astounding - it takes excessive competence to stun an android-”

“My, my, detective, you flatter me. It almost sounds like you have a crush”, you teased, and Connor trailed off, his mouth hanging open for a moment too long, and he realised with displeasure that his cheeks grew a shade pinker in the reflection of the glass.

“That’s… not what I was getting at”, he stammered, combating his agitated countenance and pushing a more aloof expression onto his face, “My question is: where did you learn your craft?”

You cocked an eyebrow, a sarcastic smile forming on your face, “I taught myself.”

Connor had hoped for a more circumstantial response, but he grasped the opportunity to wipe the complacent smirk from your face, “Ah, that explains why you weren’t completely perfect.”

A beat of silence. “Excuse me?”

The android’s mouth twitched into a small smile, “Your lockpicking skills could use some work, and you slipped up a few weeks back. I found your DNA - a hair on the carpet.”
Instead of shattering your self-congratulatory look, his words only made you shrug knowingly.

“Maybe I wanted you to find me”, you suggested, winking coyly at the detective.

Connor stared you down for several moments, lips parted inquisitively, though the slight squint of his eyes betrayed the fact that he was both intrigued and perplexed by your behaviour; he crossed his arms, his hard gaze softening in the hopes that you would become more susceptible to answering his questions without the snark.

“You’re gifted in many areas, why resort to stealing?”

“Tch”, you rolled your eyes, “I do what I have to do to survive.”

Connor shook his head, feeling very much like there was more to you than you were letting on, “Criminal activity is not the way to go-”

“Easy for you to say”, you interrupted with a hint of bite behind your words, “You’re an android. You don’t need food, or clean water, or medicine, or warmth to sustain yourself.”

The android blinked, “Still, there are places you can go for help. Stealing is immoral-”

“I’ll tell you what’s immoral, Connor”, you began, face blank and voice calm despite the snideness of your words, “Young children dying of starvation and exposure while the rich hoard their money and turn a blind eye. I only steal from people who can afford to be stolen from, I guarantee those affluent fuckers won’t miss the two-hundred-or-so dollars I took from ‘em. It’s practically loose change in their hands.”

The android fell silent, observing the fiery passion behind your eyes as you spoke; you were very defensive in your stance, convinced that what you were doing was harmless.

After a few moments, you gave a sigh, “I wouldn’t expect you to understand, you’ve never been in my position.”

Connor’s eyes twitched as he turned and began to walk back to the bed, “Wait. I have one more
You stopped, glancing back at the android over your shoulder, an expectant look on your face.

“Why did you kiss me?” Connor enquired softly, scanning you and inspecting your face for a reaction which you were quick to mask as your eyes twinkled with something incomprehensible.

You let out a chuckle, smiling with genuine mirth, and Connor found that the sound of merriment trickling past your lips was surprisingly pleasing to his auditory components.

“It was just a ruse, sweetheart”, you told him with another wink, “Just a ruse to distract you so that I could get away.” You simply hadn’t accounted for the lieutenant’s presence outside the house.

Connor blinked a few times fast, his LED flickering yellow in the reflection of the glass as he processed the nickname you referred to him with - but that wasn’t the only thing that made him flustered. His scanners showed your pulse increase in pace, just slightly, suggesting that your response was, in fact, a lie.

The android did not press further. Instead, he simply nodded in acknowledgement, “Goodbye. I will see you in the morning for an official interrogation.” As he turned to leave, another pleasant flow of laughter escaped your throat.

“No, you won’t.”

Connor stared at the monitor that displayed footage from the precinct’s CCTV cameras of the night before, exhibiting your distasteful but clever ploy of faking a seizure in order to get poor Officer Miller to open up your cell room in a panic to apply the necessary first-aid steps; in retrospect, the android probably should have stayed put and guarded your cell for the whole night - his scanners would have given him a clear show of your vitals and he would have known immediately that you were pretending - that way, you wouldn’t have gotten the chance to catch Chris off-guard and knock him out with a swift, expertly aimed strike.

It was astounding that you had just… walked out. You strode right through the room without alerting any of the few people present, acting as though you were supposed to be there - Connor supposed that with enough confidence, you could certainly walk anywhere and get away with it.
The android was disappointed, but not surprised.

It had taken him so much time and effort to catch you, it was really no shock that you had slipped away from him yet again. After nearly a month, he had come so close, you’d been right there in his grasp - a very small part of him was beginning to question whether he had been so careless on purpose in the hopes that you would escape.

There was something about chasing you that just brought Connor excitement - an excitement that he was wholly unfamiliar with. Pursuing criminals had never made his thirium pump throb with anticipation before, but somehow you triggered it like a glitch in his systems.

“You seem unexpectedly composed given the circumstances”, came Hank’s voice from over his shoulder, and Connor spared him a nonplussed glance and breathed a sigh.

“I have some concerns that I’m not quite sure how to interpret or approach”, the android revealed, and the lieutenant raised an eyebrow, nodding his head for Connor to continue.

“Speak up, then. I’m all ears.”

Connor frowned, pulling out his calibration coin to fiddle and flip in one hand as he searched his mind for the words he wanted to use; it was difficult to put into words how he felt - if he couldn’t identify his own feelings, how was he supposed to describe them? - but he tried his best to narrate exactly what had occurred within his mind when he faced you.

“When I spoke to them last night”, Connor began, motioning the looped footage on his terminal with his free hand, “I experienced something I never had before. I can’t quite explain it… but looking into their eyes, I felt… an intense sensation - startling, even. But also kind of- kind of compelling? Perhaps even a little… addictive?” The android’s face scrunched up in embarrassment as Hank’s eyebrows shot up.

“Addictive and intense, huh?”

Connor frowned, “Yeah…”
“Just from looking in their eyes?”

“Uh-huh”, the android confirmed.

“I know exactly what that is”, Hank said, a knowing smile becoming apparent on his face, and Connor tilted his head expectantly.

“What is it, Hank?”

“It’s called sexual tension, Connor.”

This time, Connor’s eyes grew wide, and his cheeks blossomed pink simultaneously, “Hank!”

The lieutenant laughed aloud at the android’s appalled and mortified expression, “I’m not joking, kid. You’ve got the hots for them, it’s written all over your face”, he continued his throaty guffaws much to Connor’s dismay while the android took a moment to consider Hank’s diagnosis. The old man seemed pretty confident in his verdict over Connor’s feelings, but it sounded ridiculous - it couldn’t have been right - you were a criminal, why would he develop these kinds of feelings for you?

Then again, the thrill behind the prospect of hunting you down again was impossible to deny.

Perhaps Connor was less disappointed at your escape than he originally thought.

______________________________

March 9th, 7:58pm

An anonymous tip-off brought Connor to a covert, abandoned three-floor building. Somebody had claimed to have caught sight of you prowling around the area and Connor took no chances - he borrowed Hank’s car and drove to the apparent location of your ‘head-quarters’ as speedily as the old vehicle allowed him.
The bottom floor space was mostly a large, empty garage - nothing but boxes full of junk, old and broken pieces of furniture, empty bottles and canisters, faded magazines and other miscellaneous papers littering the floor. It didn’t look like a particularly safe environment, the android almost hoped he’d gotten the wrong place - this was not a good place to live.

As he moved through the ominously desolate area, Connor heard what was unmistakably the faint sound of giggles; the android grew still, turning his auditory sensitivity up to maximum in order to pinpoint where the noises were coming from - the resonating echo seemed to be coming from above him, the next floor up, so Connor turned his attention to the ajar door that led to the stairwell and proceeded with caution.

Connor managed to ascend three whole steps before he promptly became aware of a presence behind him - the soft and distinct noise of your footsteps, something he may not have heard if he hadn’t turned up his audio sensitivity - and he quickly swung round, narrowly avoiding the promising blow from your fist.

“Stop right there-” you called his bluff with ease when he made the move to point his gun at you and you swiftly disarmed him, knowing he would refrain from actually pulling the trigger - his gun fell down the concrete steps and out of reach - before you gave him a solid shove. You tried to push him back against the steps, but Connor levered himself up with a hand on the banister, jumping up to the top of the stair to put some distance between himself and you.

You charged at him, rearing back to connect your fist with his face, but the android caught it, and then caught your follow-up punch, but he didn’t expect the knee to the crotch - it didn’t hurt, obviously, but the surprise and the force of impact pushed him back a couple of paces.

“Will you stop-”

Yet again, you stormed the android, trying your hardest to land a strike somewhere on the detective’s body, but each attempt was obstructed by Connor’s prepared counter - he was primed for this encounter, having realised what to expect now that he’d had the chance to mull over your combative methods.

With a startled cry, you were shoved against the wall; the android held your wrists either side of your head to prevent anymore of your nasty hits. “Are you done?” Connor enquired with exasperation, his breathing steady and unhampered while you inhaled and exhaled deeply, your breaths tickling against the android’s collar.

“Heh”, you huffed out a laugh, “I see you’ve wisened up.” You made no move to escape his hold,
inclining your head to stare into his brown eyes, “I didn’t really notice before, but you have the
loveliest eyes, sweetheart.”

Connor gave no outward reaction to the soft compliment, but his processor seemed to inadvertently
give a flutter at the praise and his LED gave a few stuttering flashes at your words. He took a
moment to compose himself, “You’re a formidable opponent, for a human.”

Your tongue rolled over your front teeth as your lips pulled into a grin, “Oh, I do love when you
flirt back, Connor.”

The android’s eyebrow quirked up, “I wasn’t flir-”

“Shut up and kiss me”, you demanded at once, and Connor blinked, his LED flickering yellow as
his mouth fell open with incredulity.

His gaze burned into yours for several moments, and then the little light on his head turned blue;
his lips were against your own within a fraction of a second, his tongue sliding into your mouth
with invasive curiosity - you hadn’t been expecting it, and breathed in sharply through your nose,
but delighted nonetheless as he explored the inside of your mouth with vehement spirit.

Connor’s grip on your wrists loosened as he devoted all his attention to the kiss and you slipped
your hands free, slinging your arms around the detective’s neck to deepen it; the steady vibrations
of your moans reverberated through his mouth and urged a few muffled noises from the android in
the process.

His hands explored with keen interest, one hand giving your hip a soft caress before beginning to
climb higher, stroking up your side in an attempt to evoke more sweet noises from your throat,
while the other hand came to the back of your head, fingers tangling through your locks
unapologetically.

It was Connor who broke the kiss suddenly when your hands brushed down his back, pulling away
as a sigh rushed past his lips and a wide-eyed look reached his face as if he’d only just realised
what he was doing. You watched his tongue dart out and lick the glistening wetness from his lips -
the kiss may have been sloppy and lacking experience, but damn if it hadn’t been good.

The android pursed his lips, cheeks glowing with bashfulness, and it brought a huge smile to your
face to see him looking so reserved all of a sudden. His eyes really were alluring - like melted
chocolate hiding a hint of cinnamon spice - and he stared back at you, seemingly just as transfixed.

He broke the silence abruptly.

“Your pupils have dilated.”

“Yeah?”

“You’re attracted to me.”

“Wh- oh, really? Wow, did you figure that out before or after I asked you to kiss me?”

Connor’s gaze fluttered down, another endearing action that pulled a laugh from your throat, “Connor, come with me. There’s something I want to show you.”

The android tilted his head inquisitively, slowly releasing you from his arms to allow you freedom to move; you climbed the rest of the stairs to the next floor up and came to a stop by the door that led to the second-floor area, peering in through the small viewing window. Connor followed you lead, peeking through the glass, and a few things clicked into place.

The room was only vaguely more homely than the ground floor, a few old mattresses and couches organised in rows, along with a few drawer units and a small television on a stand in the corner, but what caught his eye the most were the presence of several children. They were blissfully unaware of him, too busy with their gaze on the tv or buried in some tattered books - Connor counted eight kids altogether, ages ranging between six and thirteen.

“This is why I do what I do, okay? I gotta take care of them.” You admitted quietly, not wanting to draw the attention of any of the children.

Connor frowned, scanning your face with scrutiny, “This isn’t a suitable lifestyle, you know”, he paused to say your name, the syllables rolling off his tongue in an incredibly pleasing way, “There are people who can take care of them and ensure they grow up healthy, with a good education-”

You shook your head stubbornly, “They’d be split apart. You can’t do that to these kids- we’re
family, okay? I’m doing just fine on my own.”

The android’s stare was skeptical and you rolled your eyes, giving him a quiet huff of laughter before taking his hand, “Let me show you something else.”

Connor tilted his head, his eyes landing heavily on the hand clutching his own, and allowed himself to be led further up the stairs to the third floor where you guided him into a darkened room, the windows having been boarded up and blotted out, “What is it you wanted to show me?”

He saw you grin through the darkness and you stepped closer to him, pressing your hands against his chest in a way that made his breath catch, “I actually didn’t wanna show you anything, I just wanted to make sure the kids wouldn’t find us.”

“What-”

“Shh”, you hushed him, pushing him back gently till he was trapped between your body and the cold wall; you were flush against his torso, your lips ghosting over his teasingly but refusing to meet, and he let you take his hands, interlocking your fingers through his as your gently blew air against his neck.

“Mm, hey… what are you do-” Connor was swiftly cut off by the sound of a loud click, the noise resonating deafeningly in the vast, dark room. It preceded your mischievous chuckle and the android’s gaze dropped quickly to his hands to find that you’d handcuffed him to a thick steel pipe with his own handcuffs.

“Sorry, sweetheart. Can’t have you taking my kids away”, you declared, a smug smirk on your face, and Connor slumped with discontent, “We’re all gonna be gone by the time your cop pals show up, but don’t worry… I’m sure we’ll meet again soon, detective.” You winked as you licked your lips.

“Uncuff me right now”, Connor ordered, the shame of having been caught unaware quite apparent on his face.

“Nope. Actually, hang on-” your shoved your hand into Connor’s hair, ruffling it up as he tried to recoil, and then tugged his jacket down his arms a little, revealing more of his magnificent torso. You popped the top three buttons of his shirt open, much to the android’s alarm, and loosened his tie dramatically before stepping back to admire your work.
“Hmm, I could be really wicked and undo your belt but… nah, I’m sure your lieutenant will get the idea”, you seemed outright gleeful and it caused Connor’s processor to inexplicably heat up, “You see, this is what happens when you let your dick guide you instead of your head.”

“You are…” Connor began, trailing into silence until you prompted him eagerly.

“What am I? Hm?”

“You are good.”

You beamed, eyes wrinkling in the corners from the strength of your smile, “And you’re not bad, sweetheart.” Leaning forward, you stole one last thing - a soft peck on the lips that Connor eagerly responded to for the short duration in which it lasted.

“I really must be going now”, were your last words, before you exited out the door, rushing to rally up your kids and move bases.

Connor waited in the darkness until he heard the noise of your minivan’s engine starting up and smirked, “I’m sure we will meet again soon”, he murmured aloud to no one in particular as he activated the nano-tracker he had stuck to the underside of your vehicle before entering the building.

Now he just had to deal with the humiliation of being found moderately debauched with his hands fastened behind his back.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave me a comment! I worked so hard on this chapter! Longest chapter yet I think!?!!?! I always appreciate your comments and support - I read every single one even if I don't reply to every single one, and I love them all so please do offer feedback!
You pulled your coat a little more tightly around your body to combat the cold, peering over the barrier and into the river water below; in a way, you were glad it was snowing, because after milling around the Eden Club in search of the deviant who had committed murder, you had become awkwardly hot and bothered, and it was pretty difficult to hide it from your two companions.

The icy air helped mask it - made you appear flushed from the temperature as opposed to the lewd thoughts rolling through your mind, but you still decided to stand well away from Hank and Connor as they mumbled in conversation near the bench behind you.

Those Traci androids were *ridiculously* sexy, and you kind of felt like an idiot for not having
visited the Eden Club before in your spare time - it would surely have worked out your steady frustrations more easily than masturbating the stress away every night.

You hadn’t gotten the chance that evening - Hank had called you just as you were planning on getting into bed to inform you that there had been a homicide at the popular android sex club, prompting you to change your plans and get dressed back into more appropriate work clothes so that you could be ready for them to pick you up in less than five minutes. You hadn’t been happy, but hey, that’s the life of a hard-working detective.

You’d spent half the time eyeing up the scantily-clad androids and their perfect, beautiful, glittery skin while Connor had been more practical and actually figured out that the sexbots must have recorded the visuals of the perpetrator when they left the private room. From there, Connor had discovered where the deviant - a blue-haired Traci - had hidden herself.

The scuffle that transpired shortly thereafter had been enough to take your mind off of your lecherous desires at the time, and your libido had flagged slightly upon having to watch the blue-haired Traci shoot herself after Connor killed the one she claimed to love. It had been upsetting to witness at the time, but you’d gotten over the tragic mess rather quickly as though it had just been the climax to a really sad movie. You were over it now, and you were horny again, god damnit, craving a different kind of climax.

“You seem preoccupied, lieutenant. Is it something to do with what happened back at the Eden Club?”

You became suddenly aware of Connor’s voice as the android addressed Hank, and spared at glance at the two over your shoulder, drawn away from your more prurient thoughts to pay attention to what the two of them were talking about.

“Those two girls… they just wanted to be together… they really seemed in love”, Hank spoke grimly and you quirked an eyebrow - it appeared the lieutenant was still troubled over the whole situation. It was somewhat funny to you that Hank allowed such a display to get to him when he’d spent the last three or so years spitting hateful remarks about androids at every chance he got.

You watched the back of Connor’s head as he tilted it slightly, and you could almost perfectly imagine the deliberating expression on his face.

“You seem troubled, lieutenant. I didn’t think machines could have such an effect on you”, the android spoke, reminding the old man those supposed girls were effectively nothing more than malfunctioning appliances.
You could see the glum furrow in Hank’s brow as he took a long swig of his beer before wiping his mouth on the back of his coat sleeve, “What about you, Connor?” he began, placing the now empty bottle down on the bench and approaching Connor with a slight tremor to his walk - it could have been the freezing weather getting to him, but you knew better. It was more than likely the alcohol throwing him subtly off-balance.

“You look human, you sound human”, Hank continued, ceasing his step about an arms-width from the android, “but what are you really?”

You rotated your body, leaning back against the metal barrier as you watched the scene unfold before you - there was a solid chance that things could get dicey if Hank’s low tone of voice was anything to go by.

Connor had clearly extrapolated the implications of Hank’s dark mood as well, and endeavoured to reduce the tension between himself and the lieutenant, his answer placating enough, “I’m whatever you want me to be. Your partner, your buddy to drink with, or just a machine, designed to accomplish a task.” His voice was level, cleverly formulated to dissuade any further confrontation, and you saw the slight twitch in Hank’s eyes that led you to believe he at least somewhat relieved by the android’s response.

But, oh, hold on.

‘I’m whatever you want me to be.’

That line rubbed you just the right way, and you felt your pulse quicken with vague excitement as your gaze slipped slowly down Connor’s back and landed on his ass. While you’d previously acknowledged the android’s physical attractiveness, and used him as the basis for a few of your passionate solo fantasies, you had assumed he held the same basic Ken-doll model design as most other androids built for non-sexual purposes, but now you were curious.

“Oh, really?” Hank circled back on his anger, “Did you feel anything when you shot those two girls, fuckin’ bastard?” The lieutenant gave the android a hard shove, but it merely sent Connor back a couple of steps, “Or were you just executing some program?”

You breathed an irritable sigh, rolling your eyes at Hank’s drunken behaviour, and you found yourself wishing the lieutenant would hurry up and storm off in his grumbling rage so that you could steal the android away for your own benefit.
“This is going nowhere, lieutenant. I think I’ll go back to the station”, Connor spoke, making a move to walk around Hank, but the old man blocked his path and promptly pulled out his gun, pointing it at the android’s head, much to your dismay.

“But are you afraid to die, Connor?” Hank enquired, his voice threatening.

Instead of allowing the android to answer that question and possibly put himself at risk of receiving a bullet through his main processor, you stepped forward and intervened, grabbing Connor’s arms to pull him back so you could step in front of him, effectively shielding him from any harm - you knew the lieutenant wouldn’t shoot you, and you were proved right when Hank immediately lowered his gun, though he didn’t look entirely too happy about it.

“What the fuck are you doing?” the lieutenant snapped.

“What the fuck are you doing?” you countered, “Jesus fucking Christ, you’re drunk, Hank. Stop taking your anger out on the android and just go home - you’re fuckin’ acting like Reed”, it was just about the biggest insult you could dish up at that moment, knowing how much he hated that asshole detective.

“Why the fuck do you care? You didn’t seem too bothered when Connor here shot those Traci androids”, Hank retaliated, lips pulling back in anger as he tried to intimidate you to step aside.

“Uh, because Connor’s fucking expensive, dumbass. Cyberlife will know if you just straight up break him for no reason - they’ll put you in debt for the repairs. You know that, right?” you lied, because you weren’t about to share the real reason you wanted Connor to remain untarnished. “Plus, shooting him will only delay this investigation. You wanna wrap these shitty deviant cases up as soon as possible, right? Think before you act, lieutenant”, you admonished, catching the way his nose wrinkled with rage as you spluttered his title as if it were a horrible slur.

For the briefest of moments, you thought Hank was going to reel back and smack you across the face, but he appeared to take your advice and think the outcome through before acting on the urge. He grit his teeth, shaking his head, and gave Connor one last seething look before striding angrily back to his car.

Fuck, you thought. Hank was your ride home. Your house was within fair walking distance, but the snow was chilling and the shirt you were wearing below your coat was unfortunately rather thin - it had been closest thing in reach and your partners hadn’t exactly given you ample time to change
earlier that evening - leaving your skin to break out with goosebumps.

You shivered as the screeching of Hank’s car wheels faded into the wind and he turned out of sight; a sigh escaped your lips in the form of a little white cloud and you glanced back at Connor, who had remained exceptionally quiet since Hank had threatened to shoot him.

The android simply stared at you, but it didn’t unnerve you like it seemed to unnerve Hank and Gavin, so you stared back at him, taking in the small details of his face. His expression was neutral but his eyes were inquisitive - your gaze, however, was more focused on his attractive features; he had perfectly curved eyebrows that looked as though they’d been plucked to perfection, except obviously Cyberlife had just designed them that way, and his mouth was pretty enough as it was - you couldn’t imagine how much hotter he’d look if his jaw was slack and his lips were glistening with moisture.

In fact, he always looked so prim and proper that you were sure the mere sight of him looking even the slightest bit disorderly would be enough to make you dizzy.

After a few minutes, Connor’s lips parted to speak, but you swiftly beat him to the punch, “Anything we want you to be?” you asked, watching his mouth shut again as he blinked a few times, LED flickering in sync with the movements of his eyelids.

“I’m sorry?” he enquired, inclining his head, a little lost without the context of your words.

“You said you can be anything we want you to be. Did you mean that? Anything?” You pursed your lips to hide the coy smile that threatened to bloom on your face, watching as the android tilted his head back up suddenly in understanding.

He hesitated for just a moment. “Yes. Anything.” The android didn’t seem particularly aware of your provocative thoughts; the matter-of-fact tone of his voice and the rather impassive expression on his face led you to believe that he was unaware of the intimation of your query.

You allowed your smirk to reach your face, “Can I ask you a personal question, Connor?” you parrotted the words he used so often, entirely confident that he wouldn’t turn your request down given how often he voiced it himself.

“Of course”, Connor responded, “What would you like to know about me?”
Never having been one for subtlety, and wishing to get swiftly to the point of your enquiry, you voiced your question unabashedly, “What’ve you got between your legs?”

The android’s flawless eyebrows rose up and his LED cycled yellow before he let his gaze fall slowly southward, staring down at the front of his body; you waited patiently for him to process the question, finding it rather intriguing how a machine could somehow manage to look unsure of itself.

“Are you… referring to my genitalia?” Connor queried with a precise tilt of his head, and you felt a swell of excitement.

“Yep.” You crossed your arms, clinging to what little warmth your coat was providing.

“I possess the biocomponent 5892m which acts as a phallus.” He answered smoothly, flexing his fingers idly where his hands hung either side of his thighs.

*Excellent.* Now you just had to convince the android that having sex with you could help him accomplish his mission and you’d be golden.

“Why would a detective android need a dick?” you wondered aloud, your curiosity piqued as your desire for Connor practically doubled now that you knew he had the right parts required for a good time.

“In the event that I am required to remove my clothes, Cyberlife believed that building me as anatomically correct to a human as possible would be advantageous.”

You almost laughed, an open-mouthed smile reaching your face as the android explained the reasoning behind his dick with a completely inscrutable expression, “Okay, but it’s fully functional, right?”

Connor paused, his gaze passing over you countenance with careful scrutiny, “Yes. I am fully capable of performing sexual acts.”

*That’s* the bit you were waiting for. But still, your inquisitiveness persisted, “In what scenario would a detective android *need* to have sex, though?”
“In the event that I am required to go undercover and sexual intercourse presents itself as a viable option with which to advance my objectives”, he explained smoothly as if there was no hint of strangeness to it. You were beginning to think some of the workers at Cyberlife were just complete perverts - still, you didn’t really have the right to call others out on their depravity without coming across as an absolute hypocrite.

“And how often does that kind of setting come about?” you snorted.

“Detective, we’ve just come from a sex club.”

“Huh. Point taken.” You eased up on your tidal wave of intrusive questions and shuddered from the piercing cold, rubbing your hands together to stop them from going numb, “Okay, look. Hank’s probably gonna pass out as soon as he gets home, he’s no good right now for aiding in your investigation. How’s about you come back to my place, help me out with a little problem I have-” you accompanied your words with a suggestive wink, “and then we can go over everything we’ve learnt so far about deviants, and try to figure out the next step in this case?”

Connor cocked his head, there was nothing in his expression that showed he had any idea of what your ‘little problem’ may have been, but that wasn’t indicative of anything - the android naturally had a great poker-face. He was a machine, after all.

He nodded his head, a ghost of a smile on his lips, no doubt pleased to continue onto the next step in the investigation. “Okay, that sounds good.”

Connor stood with his naturally stiff and mechanical posture in the middle of your living room despite the fact that you’d suggested he sit down and make himself comfortable; the moment you brought up the real reason you had invited him back to your home, his face flickered with unsureness, LED cycling yellow as he mulled over your request.

“My directive instructs that I should only engage in sexual acts if it will bring me closer to completing my mission, detective. My extra features are not supposed to be used recreationally.”

You crossed your arms and shrugged your shoulders, “Well, if you indulge me, I’ll be more useful in the investigation instead of getting frustrated and horny the whole time, so in a way it will be furthering the progress of your mission.” You hoped you could find some sort of loophole in his
programming, “I mean, face it, the lieutenant is very little help while he’s wasted, can you really afford to lose my help too?”

The android looked thoughtful for several seconds before the consistent yellow circle of his LED pinged back to blue and he nodded, “I suppose then that this situation does fall within the parameters of my directive. Very well, I will act as your sexual partner until you are satisfied, and then we can proceed with reviewing the details of the case.”

You were unable to hide your excitement, a victorious smile stretching over your lips as your skin tingled with anticipation, and you immediately took a step forward and grabbed the android by his collar, pulling him down to capture his pliant lips in a torrid kiss which abruptly filled you with a desperate craving for more. Surprisingly, he reciprocated, though not quite with the amount of vigour you displayed, and you thrust your tongue into his mouth to caress against his own, impressed with how closely it resembled the mouth of a human. Warm, wet and soft.

You pulled away, the android letting out an almost inaudible sigh as you did so, “Wait here, I’m gonna grab a few things”, you instructed, moving away from Connor with a slight bounce to your step, and then threw a glance over your shoulder, “-actually, on second thought, take off your jacket, shoes, belt and tie. Quickly, now”, you rushed down the hall to your bedroom and knelt by your bed, pulling out a little box from underneath that concealed a couple of fun toys and a bottle of lubricant before heading back to your living room.

Connor was in the process of unclipping his belt buckle with deft fingers when you returned, having already stripped himself of his jacket and tie and placed them, neatly folded, on the coffee table by the couch; you looked him up and down, licking your lips hungrily as he held eye contact with you while taking off his shoes. The simple sight of the android dressed down was enough to do things to you.

You placed the box on the dining table and pulled out one of the wooden chairs, positioning it away from the other furniture, just in case things got a bit more wild than you anticipated, and looked expectantly towards the android, “Sit in this chair, Connor.”

Connor did as you asked without question, approaching in three long strides to seat himself in the chair, his back rigidly straight as he placed his hands modestly in his lap; you let out a soft exhale through your nose, finding amusement in his automatic movements - you couldn’t wait to loosen him up a bit and sully the purity he seemed to carry around with him.

You dipped down behind him and nuzzled your nose into his hair just behind his ear, brushing your lips against his earlobe as your hands moved over his shoulders, down his chest, urging his hands out of his lap to instead grip the armrests lightly, and you dragged your palms promisingly against his clothed stomach before landing on his thighs. The android’s head tilted helpfully to the
side, allowing you to press hot kisses to his neck as you pushed his legs apart so that he wasn’t sitting like he had a stick up his ass.

“Mm, that’s better”, you murmured against his neck, pleased that he appeared more slumped now - you wanted him to feel relaxed, after all - and flicked your tongue out, darting it against his pale skin, and listened to the soft breath he inhaled, “Does that feel good, Connor?”

His LED cycled yellow for a brief moment. “I do not feel physical sensations, I am merely programmed to respond thusly when you- ah”, you pinched his skin between your teeth lightly, nibbling as you squeezed his thighs, “- when you stimulate the zones of my body that are considered erogenous in humans.”

“Really”, you murmured disinterestedly, unconcerned with the inner workings of his mechanical body - you just wanted to see him shaking and moaning from the help of your talented ministrations. One of your hands slipped between his legs, rubbing his dick with teasingly light touches through the denim of his jeans while you grazed the thumb of your other hand over one of his nipples - Connor most definitely arched his back, however subtle, into the caress, and it made you feel wonderfully self-assured.

You straightened up, your hands leaving the android’s body, and you waited for the soft huff of disappointment, but found that there was none - well, for the moment anyway.

Connor peered up at you as you returned to your box of goodies on the table and watched curiously as you pulled out a pair of fluffy, pink handcuffs; his LED cycled yellow for barely a second, though he did not speak until you were in the process of moving his hands around the back of the chair.

“Why are you handcuffing me?” He questioned evenly, but did nothing to attempt to stop you as you clicked the cuffs into place, trapping him in the chair with his arms behind his back.

“Makes it more fun.”

“How am I going to touch you if my hands are bound behind my back?” He spoke, prompting a laugh from your throat.

“You aren’t.” The android seemed vaguely perplexed by this development, his LED flickering at irregular intervals, and you figured that it was probably because his basic programming instructed
him to use his hands in order to bring his sexual partner pleasure. You wondered briefly if the android only had vanilla sex coded into him - if that was the case, then introducing him to a little light bondage was going to make things very interesting.

Connor flexed his fingers, giving the handcuffs an inquisitive tug before looking curiously up at you, to which you smiled and walked around the chair, situating yourself in front of the android to lean down and take his lips, angling his head back with a finger below his chin to deepen the kiss. When you pulled back, you cradled his jaw in your hand and tilted his head from side to side in order to inspect his pretty face.

“I like that you have little moles and freckles on your skin, Connor, it makes you look cute”, you told him, biting your lower lip as you admired the fine details of his face.

The android’s eyes slipped shut for a few moments before opening again, “Cyberlife deemed it necessary to give my skin distinct blemishes to make me look more realistic in terms of human visage… I am glad you find my appearance appealing.”

You found his remark noteworthy in that it didn’t really seem like something that Cyberlife would program their androids to say, but you didn’t bring attention to it. Instead, you focused on beginning to undress the handsome, tied-up android before you, starting with his shirt - you yanked it free from being tucked tightly into his jeans and began to unfasten the buttons from top to bottom. Connor’s eyes remained glued to your every move, his gaze following as you pulled his shirt aside and appreciated the sight of his visibly defined chest and flat stomach.

He looked like a *snack*.

Scratch that - he looked like a whole *meal*.

“Gorgeous”, you breathed, drawing featherlight touches over his soft, warm complexion - the simulated muscles beneath his synthetic skin appeared to flutter under your fingers, something that pleased you greatly. Connor’s lips parted, the pink colour of his cheeks darkening just a fraction, *but you noticed*.

You knelt before him, popping the button of his fly and slowly undoing the zip before pulling his jeans down - Connor helpfully aided the removal of his pants by shifting his weight - and they bunched at his ankles, leaving the android dressed only in his Cyberlife-issued briefs.
From the defined bulge of his crotch, you could tell Connor was semi-erect, but that would soon be rectified; you licked your lips and snaked your fingers below the waistband of his underwear, trailing the offending article of clothing down at a leisurely pace to reveal his gradually swelling cock. There was moisture beading at the tip and you eagerly took it in your hand.

A soft gasp escaped Connor’s lips as you squeezed gently, massaging his dick to its full length, and you watched the android tantalisingly as he displayed subdued reactions to your light touches.

Your mouth was drying out just from the foreplay and you wetted your lips again before speaking, “Are you going to be a good boy for me?” Connor blinked rapidly in response to your words, his LED spinning as he wracked his processor to pick and pull apart your enquiry in hopes of finding its relevance in corresponding with the current situation.

“Yes.” Connor answered simply when his LED returned to a steady glimmer.

“Say it.”

“I’m going to be a good boy for you”, he stated, and his utterance sent a tingle down your spine which culminated between your legs; you rewarded the android by tightening your grip and speeding up your strokes, pulling a sharp breath from Connor’s artificial lungs.

You dipped your thumb into his slit, spreading the simulated precum over the head of his cock and a low whine escaped the android’s mouth as he canted his hips up to supposedly chase the feeling of pleasure. The action made you hum with titillation - Connor’s responses to your touch left you reeling and wet, arousal buzzing through you and reminding you that you’d brought the android back so that he could alleviate your frustrations.

Now that Connor was hard and dripping, you released him from your grip, surveying his body as he exhaled a shaky breath and relaxed back into the chair in a flop, his mouth hanging open, lips glistening wet with pseudo saliva - you believed Connor had once identified it as ‘analytical fluid’ which aided him in his oral analyses - and you knew you couldn’t wait any longer. You had to fuck him now.

You began to strip unceremoniously, shucking off your top and jeans, letting them drop to the floor where your underwear soon followed, and Connor’s eyes scanned over your body as though he were fascinated by your nude form. The android blinked slowly, his cheeks glowing a soft red, “You are beautiful.” He spoke, and you quirked an eyebrow, a crooked smile on your face as you settled yourself on his lap.
“Is that your programming talking?” you countered with a studious smirk and the android blinked again, but it didn’t seem as though he had an answer for that. Instead of pushing him to reply, you swiped up the lube from the table, popped the cap and drizzled a suitable amount straight onto Connor’s erection - you were probably slick enough at this point all on your own but it didn’t hurt to add a little more.

The android inhaled sharply when you discarded the bottle and took him in hand again, spreading the lubricant evenly over his shaft; his hips thrust faintly to meet your strokes and you bit your lip in delight, slipping your hand down to give his balls a teasing fondle which elicited a soft moan that sent a stab of arousal through your body.

“Fuck, I need you inside me”, you breathed, wiping your lube-covered hand on your thigh, and shifted position, situating yourself above Connor’s cock before guiding it into you as you sunk down on it, the slick gel making it all too easy to take him into the hilt. You moaned when you were completely seated on his lap, finally feeling as though the aching emptiness within you had been filled, and you heard Connor pant, opening your eyes - you hadn’t even realised you closed them - to find his LED cycling a persistent yellow as he stared at you, wide-eyed.

You took Connor’s stunned face in your hands, cupping his cheeks as you leaned forward to give him a peck on the lips - to which he was a little slow to respond - and smiled lecherously, “How’s it feel, darling?”

“I… ngh-” you began moving as he spoke, setting a steady, hard rhythm that seemed to daze and distract him from the question, “unh… hn- hot. Warm.”

You groaned, your voice filled with unchaste desire as you bounced on Connor’s dick, taking him over and over; the only sound that was more indecent came from the wet, lewd noises of the lube squelching with each movement.

Connor met your motions as enthusiastically as he could, his processor no doubt instructing him to please you as part of his objectives, thrusting his hips up with the limited leverage he could obtain in his tied-down position. He let out clipped moans and gasps that sounded restrained, and you quickly reached down and pinched one of his nipples in reproval.

A sharp cry escaped his mouth. “Be a good boy and make some noise, Connor”, you told him breathlessly, trying and failing to sound stern, but you got your point across all the same.
The android’s LED seemed to go on the fritz, flashing between red and yellow like a dancing flame, and his eyes widened, “Mm-ah, detective, I- I must warn you that I’m… approaching ah-orgasm-”

“Fuck”, you whispered, another pang of excitement climbing your spine, because the messy way in which Connor was speaking - stuttering whimpers and moans - was damn sexy. “Then come inside me, darling. You’re such a good boy, fuck-”

Connor appeared to shiver, “But, ah … but you haven’t- reached orgasm- mmm, yet!”

“So? You’re an android, you can go all night, right?” You were warm all over, a thin layer of sweat glistening on your skin as you changed up your pace suddenly, grinding down to take Connor’s dick deeper inside of you.

The android’s head fell back briefly, a choked gasp accompanied by a sharper jolt of his hips which left you dizzy, “W-well, yes. However, I-”

“Then do it!” you cried, “Fucking come inside me, Connor. You’re so good, feel so good inside me-” Connor abruptly shuddered, his hips going still for several seconds as his back arched - you had never seen an android bent into such a position, and you knew his wrists were probably straining to escape his bonds - before a flood of warmth filled you, lubricious fluid dripping from where you and Connor were connected, and you knew he had ejaculated..

Connor’s vision came back to him after a few seconds of blindness, and the first thing he did was breathe hard, the temperature of his core processor having jumped a few degrees as he reached the peak of sexual climax. His systems shuddered, a few warning alerts popping up in the corner of his vision to inform him that he needed to endure a period of cooldown before exerting himself again.

Initialising refractory period…

28 minutes of cooldown period remaining.

“Fuck, Connor, you look so fucking gorgeous when you come”, your words fluttered through his auditory components and he affixed his gaze to your face as you resumed your uninterrupted rhythm of rising up and sinking down on his cock. “Christ, I’m so glad I brought you home.”
“D-detective…” A soft whine was coaxed from his mouth as he rocked back and forth from the force of your movements, “I- I need a mo-moment.” The sustained stimulation to his dick was sending his processor into a frenzy as it tried to simultaneously cooldown and commence another session of intercourse at the same time, drawing unintended sounds from his lips every time you clamped down around him with your soft inner walls.

“What, why?” You grumbled, noticing that his cock was beginning to soften, “You’re not telling me you have a damn refractory period like humans, right?”

You slowed, allowing Connor to put his processing power into answering your question, “Twenty-seven more minutes of cooldown are required to ensure my systems maintain optimal performa-”

“Fuck that!” Your exclamation swiftly cut the android off, “Disable it!”

“Wh-”

“Disable your refractory period!”

Connor blinked, once again reading over the warning alerts that his diagnostics had sent him, “But, detective, disabling my refractory period could lead to an accidental-”

“Good boys do as they’re told, Connor. Are you a good boy?” You narrowed your gaze, scrutinising the android with a critical eye, “Or are you a deviant?”

The android’s eyes widened, his lips parting with incredulity, “No, I- I’m not a deviant!” He wasn’t a deviant - he knew he wasn’t, all he wanted was to accomplish his mission, and he’d do anything to achieve that goal.

You began jerking his soft cock in your palm, encouraging it back to life, and a sharp groan escaped Connor’s mouth of its own accord, “Then what are you, Connor?”

“I- I’m…” the android’s body suffered another minor convulsion, something akin to a shiver - but that wasn’t right… androids didn’t shiver unless they had their cold sensitivity activated, which he didn’t - and a shuddering breath brushed past his lips, “I’m a- a good boy. I’m a good boy.”
Without waiting to be asked again, Connor contended the warning alert flashing in his vision.

/Warning/

/Disabling refractory period may put systems at risk of overheating, do you still wish to perform this action?/

[Yes / No]

Yes, Connor selected, and his processor abruptly instigated preparation for another round of intercourse. His cock began to harden again in your firm grip, much to your delight, and you rewarded the android with a deep kiss, prodding your tongue into his mouth to graze his soft lips and sweep against his own tongue.

“Such a good boy”, you whispered when you parted, and listened to the wanton moan the android unabashedly produced. “You like that, darling? You like when I call you a good boy, don’t you?”

Connor’s face felt warm in response to your words and he wasn’t entirely sure why; he chalked it up to his rapidly heating processor and let out another soft whine when you once again sunk down onto his cock and resumed the steady pace you had been holding before he’d reached orgasm.

“Mmm, fuck yeah, Connor, darling, you’re being so good for me- so obedient and submissive, mmm-ah! Just perfect, fuck-” Your words made Connor want to please you even more, so he moved his hips, arching as best as he could in time with your movements to meet you halfway, and felt victorious when your moans increased twofold.

“Ah- hah, hunng”, Connor groaned when you purposely clenched your inner muscles around his dick, engulfing him with tight warmth that he couldn’t help but want.

“Heh… Christ. Connor, you look like you’re enjoying this so much. Are you sure you’re not a deviant?” You teased, brushing your fingers through the android’s hair and making him shudder again.

“No! I- I’m not. I’m not a d-deviant, I- mmrph”, you cut him off with another kiss, giggling against his mouth, apparently amused with his response to your accusation, “agh- I’m- my physical reactions are all pr- oh- programmed by Cyberlife tech-nng-nitions to ensure my human partner feels com- mm- comfortable during intercourse.”
“Oh, really?”

“Mmm. The preliminary test subjects of the *oh-* original Traci models preferred their androids to display more *hahaha-* more realistic human responses to pleasure.” Everything from his dilated pupils, licentious facial expressions, pink flushes on his skin to his laboured breathing were all carefully chosen to help him imitate the receptiveness of a human male.

“*Mm, fuck.* Ah-and what about the drooling, is that part of your coding too?” You enquired, reaching up to run your fingers over Connor’s excessively moist lips; the android’s temperature sharply shot up a few degrees and a red alert flashed intimidatingly before his eyes. He was dangerously close to overheating.

“Connor- fuck, I probably should’ve asked this sooner, but do you have any special sex features I can take advantage of?”

The android took his eyes off of the alerts clouding his vision, focusing on your face; he took a moment to comprehend what you had just asked him, “Ah, hah- I have a vi-vibration setting.”

“*Fuck. Do it, show me!*” You cried, and Connor hastily obeyed, selecting the option without hesitation.

As soon as his dick began to pulsate inside you, your moans turned into screams and you slowed your rapid pace, grinding hard on his dick to savour the feelings of the delicious thrums against your g-spot.

“Connor! *Oh, fuck!* Look at you, darling, forget being a detective android, *you’re just a glorified sex doll.*” A flutter of indignation filtered through Connor’s dazed mind at your proclamation, but it was swiftly overturned as another wave of electricity pulsed through him, reminding him to focus on the task at hand. “*Fuck, why did they make you so fucking gorgeous, Connor?*”

Your jaw was open wide as you panted, curling your fingers through his usually presentable hair, and Connor struggled to concentrate on your enquiry, “Mm… my… my appearance was specifically designed to facilitate my inte-grmphh!” You pressed your hand against his mouth to shut him up - *perhaps that question had been rhetorical.*

“You talk too much, darling”, was the only sign of warning you gave before you grabbed something from the table and shoved it into Connor’s mouth - the android blinked in surprise,
stunned as you fastened the object tightly behind his head. He lips were pulled taut around it, his jaw opened wide to manage the size; he bit down reflexively, trying to dislodge the object from his mouth to no avail, and instead began scanning the surface of it with the sensors on his tongue.

[100% platinum silicone]

He ran a brief web-search for the component his analysis helpfully supplied and filtered it with searches pertaining to sex toys and spherical objects, and soon came to the conclusion that you had muzzled him with a ball gag.

“That’s better, darling”, you mewled, pressing a kiss to his nose before resuming your grinding.

/Warning/

/Respiratory system compromised, remove obstruction to allow necessary cooling measures./

Breathing through his nose was not practical enough in aiding the cooling fans in his lungs; he couldn’t speak and he couldn’t move his hands, he was most certainly going to overheat now.

For some reason, this didn’t entirely bother him.

You sped up your movements, hips stuttering, “Ah, fuck! Fuck! I’m so close!”

Connor was too; he tried to speak through the large, red ball gag, but all that escaped was a pitiful series of keening whines. He pulled at the handcuffs, his directive instructing him to use his hands to stimulate your clit, but he was quickly reminded that he was bound tightly in place, unable to do much except thrust his hips - so he did.

“Yes, yes, YES!” You used your own fingers to push yourself over the edge, rubbing your clit until your body seized all over and you clamped down tightly around Connor’s cock, no doubt experiencing a very powerful orgasm after such an extended build-up.

Connor whimpered, the extra pressure causing his own climax to pounce on him suddenly, and he froze in place, his synapses exploding with sensation, electricity throbbing through him in a way that he wasn’t sure was supposed to happen. His body moved independently from his processor, hips jolting and limbs twitching in ways he couldn’t control as his touch sensors reached peak
You collapsed against the android, wheezing harsh breaths from your lungs as you snaked your arms around his neck and buried your face against his shoulder, coming down from your orgasmic high and letting out soft noises as aftershocks tingled faintly between your legs.

“Mm. Fuck. That was good”, you slurred, completely stupefied and exhausted from riding the android almost nonstop for what felt like hours. You were satisfied - you didn’t remember a time when you’d come so hard. You were probably good for another month or so, at which point your fierce horniness would likely return with a vengeance - hopefully Connor would still be around at that point to help you out again, or maybe with enough persuasion you could make it a frequent, weekly sort of affair.

“Did you enjoy yourself, darling?” You sighed, peppering kisses against his neck - it was odd having an android as a sexual partner, you weren’t used to your lover not being covered in sweat by the time your liaison came to an end - and relaxed against the warmth radiating off of his body.

Connor didn’t respond.

“Darling?” You sat up, the android’s soft cock slipping out of you as you did so, and raised a concerned eyebrow at Connor’s bizarre state. He was completely limp, his head lulling back against the spine of the chair, mouth still stretched around the ball gag, eyes half-lidded and staring seemingly at nothing in particular, saliva dribbling down his chin - he looked absolutely wrecked, and you would’ve been more inclined to sit back and appreciate the sight if the android’s LED wasn’t fixed on red.

“Connor?” You called softly, reaching around the back of his head to unclasp the gag, pulling it from his mouth. Analytical fluid dripped from his lips, his mouth hanging open as his jaw remained slack, and you frowned, giving his cheek a pat.

“Hey… come on, wake up.”

You really, really hoped you hadn’t broken him - it would be horrendously mortifying to have to explain to Cyberlife that you fucked their state of the art detective android to death.
Shifting off of him, you rose to your feet - legs wobbling, muscles aching - and grabbed the key for the fluffy pink handcuffs, using it to free the android's hands, which simply hung lax over the arms of the chair.

You dragged the android from the seat, lying him down on the carpeted floor - *fuck, you'd ruined him*, his thighs were drenched with a mix of various bodily fluids, including the analytical fluid that soaked his chin and neck - and reached for his abdomen as you had seen him do to the Traci android back at the Eden Club. You pressed against his stomach and the skin receded, revealing the plastic chassis below, along with the compartment which concealed Connor's main power cable.

The small recess opened and you yelped as a cloud of hot steam erupted from the cavity in Connor's abdomen; you bit your lower lip worriedly, spying a few frayed wires amongst the bundle of larger cables, almost one-hundred percent certain that had been your fault.

As you were pondering a way to fabricate a story to explain what had happened to Connor which *didn't* involve you riding him into oblivion, the android's body jerked suddenly, startling you from the abruptness of it, and his LED cycled yellow.

“Connor? Shit, you in there?” You tapped his face, hoping to rouse the android from his weird hibernation state. The android blinked, his eyes appearing to focus as the pupils returned to typical size instead of being blown to almost engulf the brown iris of his eye, and his mouth slowly fell shut.

“Connor, can you hear me?” You murmured softly, cupping the android’s face to angle his gaze towards you, “I think you might have overheated. Why didn’t you say anything?” It occurred to you after the words left your mouth that the reason he didn’t say anything was because you had fucking *gagged* him.

“I… can hear you”, he stated, sounding oddly slow, almost as if he was drunk; he seemed to gradually be coming back to himself though, to your relief.

“Had me worried there, Connor”, you smiled with amusement, “You were a damn good fuck - I mean, even though I did all the work, heh. Ready to resume your mission?”

The android blinked and you wondered for a precious few moments if he had processed anything you just said.
“Mm… mission? Ummhmm… mission?” He stared at your face, looking a little lost until his LED flickered blue rapidly and he blinked in time with the flashes - he sounded swiftly back to his regular self, “My mission. I need to find out more information about deviants.”

“Yep, that’s the one”, you laughed.

“Yes. You promised you would assist me, are you ready to go over everything we have learned thus far?”

You snorted, giving Connor’s hair an affectionate ruffle, “In the morning, darling, I’m all tuckered out now. You’re welcome to stay the night though.”

“...Oh.”

With that, you gave the bamboozled android a wink, smiling warmly as you left him lying on the living room floor, saturated with sticky lubricant.

Chapter End Notes

I HOPE Y’ALL LIKE THAT, PLEASE TELL ME HOW I DID IN THE COMMENTS!!! <3
Connor was masterful at calculations.

The android could solve any equation in a fraction of a second, the numbers flitting through his processor in just a snap of the fingers - he was super advanced, more so than any other existing android, and every day you were learning more and more about his magnificent intellect.

More often than not, Connor could walk into a crime scene, sweep the area with just a look and tell you and Hank *exactly* how and why a homicide had taken place, down to the most minute details that would usually take hours of scouring and questioning from a variety of sources to obtain.

“The victim was sleeping with the perpetrator’s wife.”

“How the fuck can you tell that, Connor?”

“Well, it’s *obvious*, isn’t it Hank?”

With just a smear of blood, Connor could identify and list the records of an individual who had managed to slip through the DPD’s grasp time and time again - thanks *Gavin* - showing persistently that the android was essential to the team when it came to solving the most difficult of mysteries.
“Look, if I can’t find the identity of the suspect, then the tin-can won’t be able to either.”


“Alright prick, you made your fuckin’ point!”

The android’s superior audial and visual senses allowed him to shoot a target up to five times further away than the most skilled human had ever accomplished with a pistol, meaning that trying to flee from the mechanical detective was always futile.

“Lieutenant, I’ve spotted the perpetrator! He’s three point seven miles north-east from our current position; he’s blonde, he has green eyes, he’s six foot tall, his jeans are ripped at the knees-”

“Alright, Legolas, how about you shut up and chase on after him instead of wasting the next half hour giving us a perfect description of this guy?”

“...Lieutenant, my name is Connor, not Legolas.”

It was spectacular to watch Connor build a lead out of almost nothing. You wished you could acquire an intimate knowledge of just how the android’s processor worked, because the more you witnessed his advanced artificial brain doing its thing, the more you believed it to be pure witchcraft.

Still, there was one thing holding you back from accusing the android of sorcery, and that was that occasionally, every once in a blue moon, Connor’s calculations didn’t always take everything into account.

“The floor is lava!”

Out of all the people in the world, you hadn’t expected Hank to have such a playful streak, and you also hadn’t expected him to be so competitive over a silly childhood game… but that wasn’t to say you weren’t down to play pretend with the old lieutenant.
You dashed from Hank’s kitchen with impressive speed and dived over the back of the couch, landing safely on the padded cushions while the old man himself climbed into his armchair, feet up off the ground the protect his toes from the invisible, smoldering molten lava.

“I got up first”, Hank stated with a smug smirk, and you scoffed with indignation.

“You were right next to the chair! I was all the way over in the kitchen, and it was you who called lava, of course you got up first! Unfair.” You exclaimed petulantly with a wild wave of your arms, before turning your attention to the dog lounging on the carpet. “Sumo! Get up! The lava is gonna get you!”

The St. Bernard in question gave a whine of curiosity, cocking his head up at you without a hint of comprehension regarding your apparent alarm.

“Sumo! Quick, to your bed, buddy!” Hank pointed meaningfully to the pile of cushions near the wall where Sumo usually lazed, but it seemed he just wasn’t interested in doing as he was told, “No, Sumo! C’mon, bud! You’re gonna burn to death!” The dog refused to move, and Hank let out a melodramatic wail of despair.

“Who’s gonna burn to death?” Connor enquired with a quirked eyebrow as he entered the living room from the hallway, probably wondering what all the fuss was about; his interest only heightened when he looked between you and the lieutenant with an odd look, finding it noticeably unusual that the two of you were crouched on top of the furniture.

You shared a knowing glance with Hank before forcing a look of faux terror onto your face, “Connor! You gotta get to safety! There’s not much time left before the lava consumes you!”

“You’re gonna melt!” Hank cried, “Jesus Christ, you’re gonna melt and we’re going to suffocate on your plastic fumes!”

Connor’s eyes widened with confusion, his LED fluttering yellow as he turned his startled expression from Hank back to you, “What are you… talking about?” He had surely reached the conclusion that the two of you had gone utterly loopy.

“The floor, Connor! It’s lava!” You supplied hastily, pointing to the ground by his feet; Connor followed the path of your finger, staring down at the carpet below him.
“I can assure you the floor is not lava, detective”, said Connor, tilting his head and squinting his eyes as he likely scanned your body to ensure you were well and hydrated, and not experiencing some sort of awful hallucination.

“Yes, it is, Connor”, Hank affirmed, running a hand through his hair, “And if you don’t get off the carpet soon, you’re gonna burn like Sumo!”

The android blinked, slowly facing Sumo who had rolled over onto his back and was lying contentedly on the floor, before his gaze fell to his feet again, and then to the magazine nearby that had been discarded carelessly on the ground earlier that day.

His LED turned blue and he stepped cautiously onto the magazine, looking back up at you and displaying wide, innocent blinks. “Like this?”

“Yes! Oh thank god, he made it! Connor is saved...” You cried, “…for the moment. That flimsy little magazine isn’t gonna last long. You need to get somewhere that the lava won’t be able to reach”, you indicated the couch you were perched on with a smile on your face.

“Nothing in this room would be able to withstand direct contact with molten lava, detective.”

“No, but they’re right! You’re as good as liquid plastic if you stay on that magazine”, Hank stated, scratching his hairy chin, “You need to get to higher ground, kid, you’ve probably only got a few seconds left before you’re completely engulfed.”

The android gave an exasperated sigh, to which you stifled a giggle; the theatrical show you and Hank were exhibiting clearly wasn’t appreciated by everybody in the room - poor Connor was confused enough as it was, never having experienced the joy of the game ‘the floor is lava’ before in his life, and it seemed that encouraging him to make-believe the ground was deadly was a tad too challenging for his processor to handle.

“You gotta get to me, Connor, it’s the only way you’ll be safe”, you held out your arms, reaching futilely for the android who was a solid three metres away from the couch - you’d seen Connor do many incredible things, and you couldn’t doubt he could jump the gap with ease, still… “Do you think you can leap into my arms, Connor?”
The android blinked slowly, a thoughtful look slipping over his face for several seconds before he gave a puffed up smile, “Effortlessly”, he answered, before focusing on the gap between himself and you. He was calculating. His LED flashed rapidly in succession before Connor’s smile widened and he lowered into a crouch as if ready to pounce like a cat. In just a couple ticks of the clock, he had pre-constructed the manoeuvre he planned to execute, from the force he needed to kick off, the course of his trajectory, to the exact length he needed to extend his legs to reach the optimal angle with which he would launch himself.

Connor forgot to account for one thing - the lack of friction between the magazine and the carpet.

Like a cat finding no traction, Connor pushed off into his leap and the magazine slid promptly out from beneath his feet, causing him to plunge forwards to the ground front first.

An involuntary gasp rushed past your lips as your hand flew to your mouth in surprise, succeeded only moments later by roaring laughter exuding forth from both you and the lieutenant across the room. Neither of you had expected to witness the android lose his balance and tumble onto his face - a nanosecond flash of regret in Connor’s expression had been only just visible and you were losing it. Your lungs burned almost as hotly as the imaginary lava as you tried to quell your giggles, staring down at the android who had yet to move from his shameful position.

“That was- that was fucking hysterical”, Hank wheezed, clutching his stomach with the force of his mirth.

You almost choked as you spoke, “Connor, are- are you al- alright?” The rasp of your throat was growing uncomfortable, but you just couldn’t put a stop to your untamed amusement. “-Connor?”

The android turned his face to the side, revealing the light pink blush on his cheeks, evident of his embarrassment, but otherwise didn’t move to get up, “Does this mean I’m dead?”

A fresh wave of snickers threatened to erupt from you, but you managed to stifle them, rubbing your eyes free of the tears that had sprung up from your rush of glee. Below you, down by the bottom of the couch, Sumo rolled back over and pushed himself up, padding over to the fallen android to inspect why he was lying flat on the carpet; without prompting, Sumo crawled on top of Connor and slumped over his back, his long tongue hanging from his mouth as he cocked his head happily.

“Yes! Good boy, Sumo! Sumo lives!” Hank coughed out, still recovering from the excitement of the moment.
“Glad I could be of service”, Connor grumbled, his voice muffled against the floor, and Sumo yipped merrily in response. “At least in my apparently fiery death, I saved the dog.”

You pressed your hand against your face, feeling the heat rising from your cheeks as your giggly hysterics subsided, “Oh, this is so sad. Connor, play Despacito”, you murmured with a sigh, watching as Hank threw his head back in another bout of silent chortles.

“I can’t. I’m dead, remember?”

Indeed, Connor’s calculations weren’t always perfect.

Chapter End Notes

I think of myself not just as a memer, but as a meme chaser.
Requested by Robin Rokossovsky: Can you write a kind of AU story, where the reader works along with Hank and Connor for awhile, but then one day, a terrible accident happened to the reader and damages her gravely. As she is dying, Connor decides to transfer her conscience (soul?) into an android body so she could live. (kind of like the Avatar movie you know?) And after "waking her up", he would turns her into a deviant. Finally, if you could include a scene similar to Markus when he touches North's hand to reveal his feelings for her.

Y'ALL I WAS SUPER EXCITED ABOUT THIS PROMPT! I hope you enjoy this despite the quite angsty side of it. I promise you it's not chapter 14 levels of angst though :')

Warnings: Brief mention of suicide relating to unnamed character(s). Also this chapter kinda revolves around the reader having a sort of existential crisis, so bare that in mind lovelies.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

/Commencing startup...

/3... 2... 1...

Model RP100

#202-514-320

/Status: Fully Operational

/Initialising...

/Awaiting response...

/Awaiting response...

/Wake_Up_Protocol_Confirmed/

/All_Systems_Running/
You became suddenly aware of the weird chunks of letters and numbers filling your vision - all of which meant absolutely nothing to you except for a few gaps in the text that displayed your name - then again, you didn’t exactly seem to have any vision at that moment. It was all white characters in front of a pitch black background, a mystifying sight that should have immediately alarmed you, but didn’t; while you weren’t promptly thrown into the unpleasant hold of a panic attack, there was something - a feeling in your chest that you couldn’t quite place, but you decided to identify it as dread nonetheless.

You felt almost as though you were floating. There was a distinct lack of feeling all over your body that made you want to jolt and reach out, as if to grab hold of something and steady yourself to make sure you weren’t actually drifting away in a dark void of Matrix-style lettering… but you couldn’t move.

Or maybe you were moving, and you just couldn’t feel it.

Confusion gripped you. Your memory was fuzzy, the last thing you remembered was sitting at your desk at the precinct, reading over some files on your terminal while Connor leaned over you and lectured you on merits of getting enough sleep - that’s right, it had been late in the evening. You weren’t supposed to stay so late for your shift, but you’d wanted to finish a report so that you didn’t have to come in so early the next morning. Had you fallen asleep at the desk and found yourself in a nasty little nightmare?

Your ‘vision’ changed, the blocks of small text diminishing at once to give you a clear view of some words that you did understand.

Welcome, _____

/Please wait while your processor loads…

/Progress bar settings and instructions can be accessed below.
There were two options available, one of which read ‘Show settings’ and the other, ‘Instructions’. You stared back and forth between the choices, wondering what to do with this information - how were you supposed to select either of them? You couldn’t move your hands, so tapping either option was out of the question.

Everything felt… off.

You glared at the ‘Show settings’ button, willing it to activate - and just like that, it did.

**Time Remaining:** 00:01:32

**Progress bar:** 98.95% complete.

**Start Time:** 2:18:54 PM

**Estimated End Time:** 4:06:24 PM

*What the fuck is going on?*

You turned your attention to the ‘Instructions’ option, once again giving it a good hard stare and wishing for it to activate, only for it to highlight and reveal your only instruction as *be patient*.

*Was this some kind of sick joke?*

There was absolutely nothing you could do, except wait. The proceeding minute seemed to go by at a snail’s pace as you stared at the countdown timer like it was your enemy.

The display timer hit zero, and the oddly detached sensation of dread in your chest fizzled out when you blinked your eyes open, revealing a too-white room that *should* have made your eyes sting, but didn’t.

Statistics lit up in your peripheral, telling you things that you did not know the meaning of, but you strained to look past it, inclining your head up to gaze around the room - it was a lab, a *Cyberlife* lab, full of gadgets and gizmos and high-tech machinery. But the lab elements were not the subject of your abrupt concern, no, it was the man standing to your right, peering down at you with an inquisitive stare that filled you with sudden perturbation.
Elijah Kamski, thankfully dressed in more than just a bathrobe this time, was hovering over you, seemingly leering with an intent you could not decipher - but it was Kamski, so it couldn’t have been anything irreproachable.

You lashed out before another second could pass - or you would have, had it not been for the fact that you were strapped down to the surface you were lying upon; the realisation made you shriek and struggle, the shrill note of your voice sounding loudly in your ears, “Get the fuck away from me!” Something pulsed strongly in your chest - you thought it may have been your heart, but it felt different somehow. It seemed to resonate throughout your entire body in a way that you weren’t at all familiar with.

/Warning: Stress Level 77%^^

Damn fucking right it is. The digits steadily climbed further, appearing urgent in your vision, which only made it rise faster, and you blinked hard, trying to make the warning disappear; you jolted as the Cyberlife founder took a step closer to the table, glancing at one of the monitors hanging above, paying your furious shouts no heed, before he turned his head and addressed somebody outside of your peripheral.

“You should probably calm them before they figure out a way to self-destruct.”

His words baffled you further, a surreal sort of fear settling in, and you quickly grew terrified that the man had done something awful to you. The terror seemed to paralyse you, your stress level jumping to ninety-four percent in a heartbeat, and you found that although your mind was reeling with panic, you continued to breath at a slightly elevated but still regular pace. There was no dizziness or hyperventilation, just distress - an uncomfortable heat growing in your chest and spreading out - and an unrest brought on by loneliness.

You wanted it to stop - you wanted to go back to sleep, to make Kamski and his lab disappear; you wanted to find some semblance of familiarity in this hellish nightmare, something - anything - to latch onto for reassurance.

Connor.

Connor was there. His hands cupping your face - warm and tender hands, a soft pressure that made the stress metre pause in it’s ascent - his thumbs running over your cheeks as he stared at you, eyes wide and glossy. His expression looked to be filled with relief and there was a subtle tremor in his
light hold, his fingertips touching your skin as if for the first time in his life.

“It’s okay, I’m here. You’re okay, you’re alive. Just relax, it’ll be alright.” He spoke in a whisper, lips parted with what appeared to be awe; he trailed his index finger up, around your eye and gently over your eyebrow, tracing the skin of your forehead before reaching your hairline where his digits extended and drew tenderly through your tresses.

The android’s loving caresses soothed you, making you feel safeguarded against anything Elijah Kamski could potentially do to you - Connor wouldn’t let the man harm you. He would protect you. But still, you felt unnerved in your vulnerable position, bound to a lab table with a worrying gap in your memories, and the fact that Connor was not rushing to free you seemed quite offbeat.

Connor appeared slightly put off by your silence as you stared at him with wide, questioning eyes, and he threw Kamski a glance across the table before facing you again, “How do you feel? Do... do you recognise me, love?” his voice was filled with uncertainty, and his words left you disconcerted.

You nodded, turning your head into the palm of his hand for more comfort, “Of course. But, I- I feel strange”, you breathed. You couldn’t explain exactly what it was that made you feel unpleasantly peculiar - it was no one thing, everything felt as though it had been turned on its head, “Connor, I’m- I’m scared. I don’t know what’s going on. I-I don’t... I’m scared, please help me”, you implored, giving the straps around your wrist another experimental tug.

Connor’s eyes widened a fraction, gaze flickering to the side of your forehead briefly, and he turned to give Kamski a pointed look, “Can we release them now?”

Elijah looked skeptical, “You should explain the situation first. Once their stress levels lower, you may release them.”

You didn’t like the apprehensive look that stretched over Connor’s face, “They don’t remember what happened?” Your anxiety spiked, as did your irritation - you couldn’t stand being talked about like you weren’t lying right there, and in the state of disorder you were in; you needed Connor to look at you and talk to you.

“I thought it best to omit the details of everything that happened from a short while before the accident occurred. It could have caused more harm than good”, the Cyberlife founder spoke, his words nothing but more pieces to an impossible puzzle.
“Connor”, your voice quivered, “What’s he talking about? What accident?”

The android looked a little lost for a moment, staring into your eyes with an agitated expression before he attempted to compose himself, “There was… a car crash. It was- it was bad”, Connor murmured, his eyes flitting over your face in an antsy sort of way - you didn’t like how inarticulate the android seemed, it was unlike him, “You… you weren’t going to make it.”

You had trouble comprehending his words, mostly because a swift glance over your body revealed you to appear completely unharmed - upon closer look, you realised you were dressed in Cyberlife issued underwear and a shirt that barely covered your stomach.

“I- I don’t…” you blinked irritably, trying to rid yourself of the warnings flickering in your sight as if they were persistent insects buzzing around your face, “I need… get me out… get me out.”

“Shh”, Connor hushed you softly, “You need to relax”, he told you gently, speaking your name in a mollifying way, but you refused to settle and accept the android’s words - this was fucking insane. You wanted to go home, to the precinct, to Hank’s house, anywhere but Cyberlife - you wanted to be somewhere known.

“Your body was critically injured… but your brain was still well intact. We were able to… to transfer your memories, behavioural patterns, and thought processes to an artificial body, and… and you’re alive”, Connor’s eyes were glossy again, but you were too shocked to even acknowledge that - it felt as though everything in your body juddered and then promptly began running at double the speed it had been.

/Warning: Stress Level 100%^^^/ 

The stress metre that had been declining oh-so-gradually suddenly shot up and reached its apex, the foreground of your vision suddenly flashing red, crowded and cluttered with error error error and there was nothing you could do except wish for it all to just stop.

“Stop. Stop, just stop”, you heard a highly discomfiting static noise in your ears and realised it was your voice. Everything was hot. Too hot. TOO HOT. ERROR ERROR ERROR.

Amidst the turmoil attacking your senses, you heard Connor say your name, taking your face in his hands to draw your gaze towards him, and in his eyes you saw all manner of emotions - pain, sorrow, overpowering concern.
He said your name again, and you forced yourself to listen to him.

“I know you’re scared, just try to relax. If you continue like this, you’ll overheat. Please, just relax, my love.”

His soft-spoken words made you irrationally angry - the idea that you could simply just calm down after being told that you were now an android caused fury to bubble up inside you. You felt trapped, desperate to get up and move away from Elijah Kamski, who was still slinking back and forth to your right, observing meaningless statistics on viewing screens.

“Let me go”, you murmured, and then repeated yourself with more bite in your words, “Let me go!” Matching your shout with a futile tug on the secure ties was enough for Connor to realise you wouldn’t be so easily pacified, and the android let out a forlorn sigh, his expression wholly apologetic and filled with guilt.

Connor glanced towards Kamski and the man interpreted his look almost immediately, shaking his head in a very mechanical way, “That would be unwise, Connor. Androids are unpredictable when their stress levels are this high, you know that.” You felt dehumanised by his cautionary statement, which only served to make you more angry.

Your android lover looked back to you, his gaze searching, and you squinted through the mass of word jumble in your vision to try and discern his microexpressions - he wasn’t seriously going to take Kamski’s advice and keep you tied down, was he? The thought made you upset and your eyes grew bleary in response.

“Connor”, you whimpered, “Please. Just release these straps, please.”

His LED was cycling yellow as he pondered his choices; the longer he hesitated, the more tears dripped from your eyes, running down either sides of your face - your incredulity was palpable, how could Connor stand there and be content to let you feel imprisoned?

It was several moments too long before Connor straightened up, turning his attention to the monitor closest to him - he pressed his hand against it, the skin receding to show the white structure of his plastic skeleton below, and he interfaced with the machine, overriding it to activate the release on the binds around your wrists and ankles. As soon as you registered the sound of the unfastening click, you pulled your hands from the straps, subconsciously wringing your wrists as you expected them to be sore - but they weren’t.
You sat up at once, swinging your legs over the side to slip off the surface and stand, taking a few stumbling steps away from the table - you were still having trouble seeing anything with all the galling warnings and alerts flickering before your eyes - and Connor’s arms encircled around you, holding you steady and tight against his chest.

In any other situation, you may have welcomed his encompassing embrace and even returned it enthusiastically, but everything still felt wrong. You were afraid of this change, you were angry and upset, you needed space to breathe despite the fact that, now that you were an android, you had no requirement for oxygen.

“No”, you said firmly, trying to step out of his hold, but he simply secured his arms even more tightly around you, your name falling from his lips in a worried, questioning tone. “No”, you repeated, squirming away from him, “Get off of me.”

Connor eventually got the message, loosening his arms, a hurt look on his face. When you stepped away from him, he tried to reach for you again, but you batted his hands away, shaking your head rigidly, “Stay away, I don’t- I don’t want anyone near me. Just stay away”, you held your hand up in warning, flinching when the android spoke your name woundedly.

You floundered slightly in your backwards step, and once again Connor ignored your wishes, approaching you in order to aid your balance.

/Warning: Overheat imminent. Please initiate cooldown protocol.

/Warning: Excessively elevated stress level may cause system malfunctions.

/Warning: Processing error. Please reboot systems.

/Awaiting response…

/Awaiting response…

/Awaiting response…

The urgent, flashing red messages in your eyes made you want to scream - you shoved Connor away, staggering backwards until your back hit the wall, and sunk down against it, your hands covering your face in an attempt to make the onslaught of notifications stop; they did not end, they just kept coming. It was too flashy, too loud - you needed a way to escape - the enclosing blackness you had experienced before opening your eyes was preferable to this nightmare.
“Chloe, will you please minimise their head-up display?” Kamski’s voice drifted from across the room.

You peered through the gap in your fingers, looking past Connor who was knelt at your level a few metres away from you, his LED still yellow and his face more than miserable, to see Chloe begin to move towards you after speaking a swift, ‘Of course, Mr Kamski.’

She had been so quiet, you hadn’t noticed her presence until now. As she approached, you grew more anxious, but she proceeded more slowly than Connor had, offering you a placating, warm smile that led you to believe she meant absolutely no harm whatsoever.

/Stress Level: 98%

You remained rigidly still as she knelt down beside you and reached out her hand, subtly wincing as she pressed her fingers to the right side of your forehead. Moments later, the frenetic display before your eyes disappeared completely, your shaky inhales pausing in surprise at the sudden peace that was bestowed upon you.

/Stress Level: 88%

You blinked your eyes, the stress metre pop-up disappearing only a moment after becoming visible. This was better, this was manageable. You felt more at ease now that your eyes weren’t filled to the brim with important alerts that you had no idea what to do with.

Wiping your face, you glanced up at Chloe, “…thank you.” She smiled in response, nodding her head in acknowledgement of your gratitude, and took a prudent step back to give you the space you needed.

You breathed, noting that your stress level was slowly beginning its descent, and you blessedly felt a tad calmer.

Everybody in the room was still staring at you, however. Each of the three other occupants of the lab pinned you with varying looks - Chloe looked sympathetic whereas Kamski looked at you curiously as though you were nothing more than an intriguing experiment. Connor gazed at you with pain in his eyes, with desperation and a distinct lack of understanding - he couldn’t understand what you were feeling right now, the sheer disbelief of your situation, and the fear that came with it. Connor had been an android his whole life, how could he even begin to understand?
The silence of the room was incredibly uncomfortable. “Stop looking at me”, you snapped at them all, but only Chloe and Connor did as you asked, lowering their gazes to the floor while Kamski scratched at his chin, his seemingly unblinking gaze never wandering from your form.

You felt terribly exposed, especially given your state of undress.

With sudden, jerky movements, you pushed yourself to your feet to stand, “I- I need to… go to the restroom”, you stated, fists clenching by your sides. It was more than obvious that you didn’t need to use the restroom, as you were an android now, but if Kamski refused to let you leave the lab, you were going to *throw* something at him.

There was a lull in the air, unsettling and flustering, and you shifted from foot to foot, waiting for what felt like an insurmountable amount of time before the Cyberlife founder nodded his head and addressed Chloe once again, “Chloe, could you show them the way to the restroom?”

Chloe nodded her head, “Yes, Mr. Kamski.”

She motioned the lab exit with her hand and you scrambled to follow her, moving past Connor who remained knelt on the floor, staring pointedly at his hands, waves of dejection rolling off of him, and you trailed out of the door.

“I did warn you, Connor”, Kamski spoke after several long moments, “Of all the times this procedure has been attempted, only thirty-two percent reports a successful transition.”

Connor’s fists clenched against his thighs, “It *was* successful. They’re alive, they have their memories, *it worked-*”

“Did it?” Kamski spoke. “Sixty-two percent of the failed cases were reported as such because the patient committed suicide within the first week.”

Connor’s thrium pump juddered with distress, “That’s… that’s not going to happen”, he uttered through gritted teeth.
You pressed your back to the door of the restroom, staring across at the vacant stalls, sinks and the mirror across the length of the wall with apprehension. You’d locked the door behind you after finding that it was empty, but you were pretty sure Chloe could override it if she needed to - you appreciated that she allowed you to enter the room alone, perhaps understanding that you were frightened and in need of some private time to think.

The mirror filled you with trepidation. You didn’t want to approach it, but and the same time, you needed to see yourself. You paced slowly towards the centre of the restroom, purposely turning away to avoid the image of your reflection, and paid close attention to the way your legs moved - your movements were so human-like, still so clumsy and unlike that of any android you had ever seen. It felt normal to move your limbs around, as though there was still a skeleton made of bones inside your body, surrounded by flesh and muscle, but you knew it wasn’t so, and it was mind-boggling.

You ran your fingers lightly up your forearm.

You felt the soft pressure, but you couldn’t feel the tickle that came with touching your skin so faintly - were you going to be deprived of this kind of sensation forever?

The urge to turn your head and glance into the mirror was pressing, and you plucked up the courage, forcing yourself to look before you could decide not to, and you froze at the sight that greeted you.

You looked like you.

Everything about your body looked exactly the same; the precise shade of your hair, the hue of your eyes, the shape of your nose and mouth, the subtle moles and marks on your skin that you were born with - everything looked perfect.

You looked like you, but you did not feel like you.

On the side of your head was a blue, cycling LED, embedded inconspicuously into your skin; you ran your fingers over it and shuddered unpleasantly as you picked up on the difference of material between your synthetic skin and the little ring of light. It had never bothered you to look at Connor’s LED - it never stood out and reminded you that Connor was not human, it was never a problem when it was Connor’s LED, but right now, it made you feel like a bizarre thing. It screamed deafeningly, you are not human, you will never be human again, and once more you felt
the resonating thrum of what had to be your thirium pump beating harshly in your chest, pushing that sense of dread up and high into your throat.

Your LED flashed red. Was this what a panic attack felt like for androids?

/Warning: Stress Level 92% ^^

With no understanding of how to calm yourself down, you simply covered the LED with your hand, hoping it would take your mind away from the cold truth of what you were.

“I’ll remove it for you.” You recoiled back at the sudden sound of Connor’s voice permeating your auditory components, and turned to find him by the door, shutting it gently behind him with his eyes affixed on you, “If you want me to.” You’d been so caught up in your anxious state that you hadn’t registered the android unlocking and opening the door.

You stared at him, not knowing what to say to the android you had been in love with for years, but your mind still thrummed with pain - emotional pain, not physical pain… androids don’t feel pain - and you let your anger show on your face as Connor stepped closer.

“Why won’t you just leave me alone?” You needed to be by yourself to think everything over, Connor’s presence only made it harder to think.

Connor stilled, lips pursing to hide that your words hurt him, “You shouldn’t have to go through this alone”, he explained softly.

“I shouldn’t have to go through this, full-fucking-stop!” You yelled back, pointing your hands at your chest, “I’m- I’m not… what have you done to me!?”

Connor’s lips parted, startled by the fury behind your outburst, “You… you were going to die, I had to save you somehow… this was the only way”, he stammered, “We simply transferred your consciousness into a more durable body so that you can continue to live - what is it that you’re so… so angry about?”

Your android lover didn’t understand - he couldn’t understand. He could never understand - everything worked differently with androids - how were you ever going to explain to him why you were so freaked out?
Presumably, your original human body had perished, which meant that you - as you had been then - were dead. The original, real you was dead. They had taken your memories and implanted them in an android body - the body you were inhabiting now - and tried to tell you that you were still the same person, but you weren’t. The real you was dead, and you were made after the fact. You were a clone, a copy, an android built to think it was you.

You could barely process the thought yourself, let alone explain it to another android.

“Well’s my body?” You asked shakily instead of answering his question, “My real body- human body?” You could see the faint glow of red at the very edge of your vision from where your LED was desperately flashing with distress.

Connor shook his head, lips trembling as he rushed for the right response, “That… that doesn’t matter. You’re here and you’re alive”, he proclaimed, a delicate plead of your name falling from his lips.

“No”, you took a step back, “No, Connor… I’m dead. The real me is dead - the one you loved is dead. I’m not… really me”, you accompanied your words by jabbing yourself in the chest, watching as Connor’s face creased with torment as you spoke, “You can’t love me, you loved them… they’re gone.”

Connor advanced forward suddenly, protests spilling from his mouth as he tried to grab your arm, but your new android reflexes seemed to come in handy - you evaded him and hastily locked yourself in one of the stalls, pressing your back against it for extra measure.

“Open the door”, Connor begged, “Please open the door!” He banged his hand against it, repeating himself over and over, till he was practically shouting, and you pressed your hands over your ears, wishing you knew how to disable your auditory components.

“Why did you do this? Why didn’t you just let me die?” You cried, cutting off his violent raps against the stall, and he fell quiet. Without seeing his face, you couldn’t tell whether he was stunned, processing, incredulous or all three.

“I- I couldn’t…” There was a break in his voice, a slight fizzle of static that meant the emotions he was experiencing were almost overwhelming, “I couldn’t do that! I… I love you, I couldn’t watch you go…” his words tapered off to a pained whisper, followed by a sharp, quivering inhale.
“It wasn’t your choice to make, Connor. I didn’t want to die, but I didn’t want to be brought back like this.”

“Please, I- I’m sorry! I’m so sorry. It was a selfish thing for me to do, but I need you- please... I need you.” His voice was wracked with despair, crackling and hissing with interjections of static that only made him sound more despondent.

You did not respond, feeling more artificial tears spring from your eyes without the accompanying harsh breaths and sinus build-up that came when you cried as a human - yet another reminder that you were a copy. An imitation, both flawed and flawless at once.

Connor fell silent too, and for precisely three minutes and nineteen seconds - the timer displayed in the corner of your vision - nobody spoke a word. The quiet, once peaceful and welcoming, felt chilling.

When the android on the other side of the stall door finally spoke, it made you jump slightly, “You’ve told me many times that you think I have more humanity in me than a lot of humans you’ve known.” The statement was simply, a fact, and you grit your teeth, realising immediately where he was going with his remark. “Were you being truthful when you told me that?” His voice sounded calm now - he’d taken three minutes to compose himself and he’d drawn every ounce of tranquil confidence from within his body and put it into his words, effectively coming across as clear and precise.

You drew in a soft breath, glancing down at your feet, “Yes. Of course”, you whispered in response to his question.

“Then why is it different now that it’s you?” Connor enquired.

“I...I” You failed to construct a sound argument.

“Why do you suddenly feel that your humanity - everything that makes you, you - is gone? Just because your consciousness has been transferred to a body made of plastic and metal instead of flesh and bones?”

He had you. Connor had successfully pacified himself, pulled himself away from the frantic panic he exuded and instead put his logical, analytical thoughts into action - he knew you wouldn’t deny
the humanity you saw in android-kind, and it highlighted the hypocrisy of your beliefs in yourself.

Again, you didn’t speak.

“Come out”, Connor spoke softly, “I can show you now”, he breathed your name like you were the only thing that mattered to him, “I can interface with you and show you what you need to understand.”

You sighed, eyes falling to your right hand, inspecting it closely, floored to find that every crease in your palm was still exactly as you remembered it. “I… I don’t know”, you admitted in a hushed voice, afraid of what it would feel like.

“Please. Trust me.” He implored, and you shut your eyes, taking another long, deep breath that you didn’t truly need.

“...Okay. But… can you step away from the door?” You felt trapped enough as it was, you needed Connor to understand that being smothered would do anything but help you.

Almost immediately, you heard Connor take several steps back, giving you plenty of room to leave the stall at your own pace; you waited several seconds, swallowing the anxiety that gripped your biocomponents - you weren’t sure you’d ever get used to the fact that your organs were all fabricated.

Your fingers hesitated on the lock, but you forced yourself to unlatch it, pulling the door open to reveal Connor standing across the room. As soon as you left the stall, he held out his hand and waited, allowing you to come to him.

You stared at his hand, full of uncertainty - it was a hand you had held many times before, a hand you had welcomed to touch of, so why was this time any different?

Steeling yourself, you approached the android, reaching unhurriedly to clasp and interlock your fingers with his own, but when your hand hovered above his and the skin on both your hands peeled back to reveal the white chassis below, you recoiled. Connor anticipated your reaction, lurching to grab a hold of your wrist before you could pull away entirely, and all at once the connection was made.
Your body was flooded with a feeling you could not identify - you weren’t sure you had ever felt it as a human, but you were sure of one thing - it was good, pleasant, safe and encompassing, and following it was a rush of tender adoration and affection. You felt how much Connor cherished you and cared about you, and you felt how much he loved you, because it was everything you felt for him, yet somehow amplified. You felt everything at once - *warm, soft, good, nice, love, kind, sweet, always, forever* - and it managed to leave you breathless.

/\Stress Level: 57%\\

He loved you, *he would always love you*, regardless of whether your body was organic or synthetic, *and you believed him without question*. There were no lies through this connection, no deceit, just the truth.

You hardly realised when you slumped against him or when the two of you fell to your knees together, secure in a lover’s embrace, hands interlocked. “Yes”, Connor whispered into your ear as you nuzzled your nose against his shoulder, “Now you know how I feel about you… you know why I had to- to do what I did.” There was sorrow flooding the connection, and you wrapped your arm around the android more tightly - you felt the pain of his imminent loss following the car accident, the tiny morsel of hope that he could save your life, and finally, the regret over the pain he had caused you because of his decision.

“I… I understand, Connor”, you reassured him. Communication seemed so much easier when your emotions were physically connected and flooding through the same mind.

You were immersed in relief, and you realised it was *Connor* who was feeling it.

/\Stress Level: 32%\\

You pulled back slightly to inspect the android’s face and were shocked to see tears streaming from his eyes; he must have felt your inquisitiveness over the connection you had, because he answered your unasked question. “Our link travels both ways. I can feel your sorrow and fear… and I understand your anger. You think you’re some sort of imposter, that everyone at the precinct will hate you because you aren’t the *real* you. You’re worried that one day I’ll realise this and stop loving you, leaving you alone in a world you’re unfamiliar with, but… that’s never going to happen. I understand your doubts but believe me when I say you are you. *You are alive, and I love you.*”

You were crying again too, the both of you staring at each other with bleary eyes.
“I’ll never leave you”, Connor promised, “I won’t let you feel alone. I’m going to help you”, a rare smile flickered over his lips, “I’ll... teach you how to be an android.”

You felt your lips quirk up in response, gazing into Connor’s sweet brown eyes, this time with a brand new perspective. You’d never had one-hundred percent perfect vision as a human, but as an android, your optic components worked flawlessly, and as you inspected Connor’s face, you found that there were many tiny details you had never noticed before. It was as if your vision was a million times more clear; you could see how smooth his skin really was, each individual freckle and mole - you could probably accurately count them now, if you wanted to - and the thing that left you awestruck was the android’s irises.

The brown of his eyes was hardly one solid colour. His irises were composed of a multitude of brown hues, but now you could see so perfectly the flecks of orange in the lighter sections, and the way the colour curved into the black of his pupil. It looked like a warm nebula.

You’d never noticed before. What else could you discover about your lover now that you too were an android?

“Okay… okay.” You whispered, nodding your head, the look of awe still fresh on your face, and Connor sunk against you, his lips brushing yours as a torrent of love cascaded through you once again. It was a good thing you were knelt on the ground, because the feeling alone may have knocked you off your feet otherwise.

/Stress Level: 0%

With Connor’s help, you could get through this. You had no doubts.

/New Objective: Be yourself.

Chapter End Notes

How’s it feel to be an android, everybody?

So I really love Kamski but I gotta keep him creepy as heck, staying true to the character :) I feel like reader would still have a grudge from the time he tried to get Connor to shoot Chloe :)
Please leave me a comment my sweet cupcakes <3 Love you all <3

There may be a longer gap between now and the next chapter because I wanna try and get more of a chapter for my other fic written ;) Then I'll come straight back to this, of course <3
Chapter Notes

Requested by Wormate: Would you be willing to write a platonic relationship prompt? As a fairly aromantic asexual, I love fluff but am uncomfortable with romance, even the tamest, sappiest, silliest kind (spit, gross! dry hands, gross! wet hands, gross! pressure on my skin, gross!). If we could have some Connor and a touch-averse reader going to a dance and inventing their own waltz where they don't touch each other, I'd be so down with that. Extremely close platonic relationships transcend the word 'friendship' - it's more unconditional love without the need for sexual attraction, pleasure or gratification - and I'd really love it if you could try to represent that!

So I didn't go with the dance idea because I couldn't think of a way to describe that in writing without the use of touch, so I went with something a little different instead. I hope you still enjoy it and I hope I wrote a touch-averse character accurately enough! I did a little research on it, and used my own experience with not liking being touched by certain people but if I got anything wrong then I apologise!

The reader character is asexual in this chapter! I would also describe them as probably being demiromantic too :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

With all his perception and masterful examination skills, it took Connor an awfully long time to realise you weren’t fond of physical contact. In the very beginning, when he was still just a machine following orders, he witnessed multiple accounts in which you proficiently dodged any and all instances where you otherwise would have received affectionate or accidental physical contact from those around you.

You avoided handshakes by shoving your hands in your pockets and looking as inconspicuous as possibly, you’d shrunk back on one particular occasion in which Gavin had tried to clap you on the shoulder, and you opted to always move around small gatherings of people instead of passing through and involuntarily brushing shoulders with another.

Connor hadn’t made the connection initially; these simple observations had been nothing to do with his investigation, thus he had filed them away in a miscellaneous folder in his mind, and hadn’t had reason to deliberate on them after that.

At least, not until some time after the revolution when it all seemed to become relevant again; you were spending more time with Connor both in and out of work, and he was beginning to notice more and more occurrences in which you went out of your way to avoid the touch of others.
When he brought you coffee to your desk in the mornings, you would motion for him to place it on your worktop instead of taking it from his hand directly - it wouldn’t have seemed unusual if it wasn’t for the fact that you always picked it up to take a sip immediately after he set it down - surely it would be quicker if you just took it straight from his hand?

Incidentally, on another occurrence, Connor’s fingers had brushed against your own as he walked past you one afternoon - totally by accident - and you had practically flinched, pulling your hand away immediately to clutch it in your other palm, rubbing your digits almost neurotically. You’d acted as though it hadn’t happened, avoiding his gaze when he turned back inquisitively in acknowledgement of your reaction.

“Sorry, detective”, Connor had gently apologised despite not knowing what he had done wrong, only that you had been made uncomfortable by the proximity. You’d been quick to shake your head and cast him a small smile, a series of actions that Connor had come to understand as conveying a ‘don’t worry about it, it’s fine’ sort of response.

While Connor did not understand this apparent disinclination you had for physical contact, he made an effort not to engage in any tactile actions when it came to you, going purposefully out of his way to make sure any part of his body did not accidentally come into contact with your own. It didn’t bother him in the slightest, as it was very clear that your evasion did not develop from a distaste for his company - you very much enjoyed being around him, something made evident by the way you were always smiling around him and chatting avidly with him in your free time - but Connor was naturally curious as to why you evaded the touch of seemingly everybody.

So, one day, while you were sitting in the break room drinking coffee, Connor decided to broach the subject of his curiosity.

“Why do you dislike people touching you?” He enquired with a quirk of his head, straightforward and simple in his question.

Your eyes widened mid-sip of your coffee and your cheeks grew heated as you sputtered slightly, quickly covering your mouth to avoid spitting coffee all over the android sitting opposite you. Connor blinked, his LED flickering at your reaction to his enquiry as he processed the characteristics behind the emotions you were exhibiting - your pink cheeks, averted gaze, slightly hunched posture, the way you raced to cover your face subconsciously - all signs of embarrassment.

Connor remained silent, waiting for you to clear your throat and collect your composure, watching as you tapped your fingers against the side of your coffee cup for a few quiet moments before looking up at him with a spark of self-consciousness in your eyes.
“It’s that obvious, huh?”

The android tilted his head, easily picking apart the signs of sheepishness in your manner, “I have noticed you avoid physical contact with everybody, but I was designed to identify details that humans often overlook. It is possible that I am the only one who has noticed.” He offered his words in an attempt to alleviate your apparent discomfort over the subject - perhaps you would be content to know that your behaviour wasn’t abundantly transparent.

You sighed, nibbling your lower lip as you looked down at your hot beverage.

“Detective, I’m not judging your behaviour. I’m just curious”, Connor smiled his most friendly smile, hoping to ease you into sharing the reasoning behind your evasive manoeuvres.

Your lips curled slightly upwards at his reassurance and you shrugged your shoulders dismissively, “I don’t know, it’s just… I don’t like people touching me, that’s all there is to it.”

Connor frowned somewhat, clearly not satisfied with the answer - he’d been expecting something a little more in-depth that would offer more information about your tactile-based issue. You gave another sigh, playfully rolling your eyes before coming up with a response that would leave the android more fulfilled.

“The feeling of someone touching me makes my skin crawl. I’ve always had a negative reaction to it - I flinch, I shy away, I hate it. It’s like- I can’t explain it- the feeling stays on me and I can’t shake it. I’m fine with most materials, but the sensation of skin against my own is just the worst.”

You paused, looking inquisitively at the android as his LED began to flicker - which usually meant he was searching the internet for something or other - and wondered if there was a surefire way you could even describe the sensation to Connor. Androids didn’t feel things like humans did, so you didn’t really see any way you could shed some light on the subject.

After a few moments, his LED stopped blinking and his spoke, “You’re touch-averse”, he stated, and you nodded in confirmation, “I see”, the android continued, “It is an uncommon condition that can transpire from many different causes. It is nothing to be ashamed about, detective.”

You blinked, your hand rising to rub the back of your neck diffidently, “I’m… I’m not ashamed, I just…”
“You displayed several signs of embarrassment when I brought it to attention”, Connor pointed out, and you let out a huff.

“I’d just rather people didn’t know about it, okay?”

Connor squinted with bemusement, “Why, detective? If you made others aware of your condition, then perhaps they would make an effort to keep from touching you.”

“Not everyone is that thoughtful. People can get… weird about it. Some people get personally offended that I don’t want them to touch me - they think I’m some sort of freak for backing away when they try to hug me, or whatever”, your eyes fell sadly, “and some people find it amusing and try to touch me on purpose, despite me telling them multiple times not to.”

Connor looked at you with those pretty doe eyes, cocking his head adorably, and you found yourself smiling again, uplifted by just the sight of his irreplaceable face. The android was one of the few people in the entire world that you caught yourself staring at from time to time - simply for the enjoyment factor - because he had an undeniably beautiful face. Perfectly symmetrical. Warm eyes, a soft expression that emanated friendliness - the way that one strand of hair fell down his forehead - and every precise movement he made was exquisite; he seemed confident and powerful when he walked, his posture and gait characteristic of his cool-headed assertiveness. His hands were attractive too - not a speck of smudge of dirt to be found on his flawless skin - and you especially liked the way he would rub his palms together as he prepared to inspect a crime scene.

If there was anybody in the universe that you were to admit to having a crush on, it was Connor.

“Thank you for expounding on your tactile aversion”, Connor spoke, a small smile growing on his face, “From now on I will take better care not to touch you.”

Just like that, your infatuation blossomed into something a little more powerful.

Why couldn’t everybody in the world be more like Connor?

4 Months Later...
There was always pleasure to be found in a quiet place, a cup of coffee, and a good book - especially when all three came at once. The Athenaeum Cafe was a small establishment on an unassuming street corner a couple of miles away from your home; it was Connor who had discovered it in passing when he and Hank had driven by it on their way to the scene of a homicide a few blocks down, and it was Connor who had approached you with the request to join him for some coffee one afternoon in the little cafe.

“You don’t drink coffee, though”, you’d blinked in surprise, squashing down the surge of excitement from your crush asking you out, “You don’t drink anything”, there was a skittish edge to your chuckle, making it clear to anyone in the vicinity that you were suddenly nervous.

“But you do”, Connor replied, a smile on his lips as he quirked an eyebrow, eyes sparkling with a very knowing look.

So you had accepted his offer.

When you entered the cafe, you were awed to find that it doubled as a library - the downstairs had the air of a quaint coffee shop, baristas at the bar serving customers at a relaxed and chilled pace which gave the place a very calm and inviting vibe. There were even little cakes for sale, you noted with glee, and clasped your hands together, wiggling your fingers joyfully.

Connor had instructed you to head upstairs and find a seat while he ordered your coffee - the android knew just how you liked your hot beverages - but on the way up the stylised spiral staircase, you had grown distracted by the ornamentals throughout the place. Instead of making yourself comfortable at the small booth in the corner of the upper floor, you wandered towards the rows of bookcases, weaving in and out of them as you observed their contents.

There were so many varieties of genre, so many classic pieces of literature and so many brand new publishings, and you were whisked away immediately as you searched for a novel to pick out and read for yourself. The smell was grand, a glorious mix of coffee grounds and the musty scent of old books; places like this were a novelty now given that digital reading was widespread and common. You couldn’t help but imagine that Lieutenant Hank would probably find the place just as endearing and interesting as you did - he had mentioned once how much he despised digital books, saying that physical copies of novels were what made them attractive in the first place.

Eventually, you plucked a novel from the shelf - ‘The Maroon Mountains of Merrik’ by Erin Novak - the synopsis promised dragons and magic, so you were sold almost instantly; when you emerged from the looming rows of bookcases, you were amused to find Connor standing near the staircase, looking around searchingly with a rather lost expression on his face.
“Over here”, you called - though not too loudly, as you were technically in a library - and waved your hand to get the android’s attention. You situated yourself in the comfy seat of the nearest table as Connor spotted you, and smiled brightly up at him when you recognised what he was holding.

It was sweet enough that he had bought you coffee - *a hot cappuccino with cream and cinnamon* - but in his other hand, he held a small plate that housed a lemon and poppy seed muffin, *the very cake you had been eyeing up before he’d told you to find a seat.*

“You’re too kind, thank you.” You murmured shyly as he placed the items down before you and then took the chair opposite, scanning over the book you still held in your hands.

The android cocked his head, “*The Maroon Mountains of Merrik*”, he read, “*a fantasy book published in 2026 by Erin Novak*”, he looked thoughtful for a moment, “What made you choose this book?”

You took a sip of the delicious cappuccino, licking your lips free of the foamy cream as a sheepish look passed over your face, “I like the alliteration in the title”, you admitted bashfully, “and there’s a dragon on the cover, which is always a plus.” Connor appeared amused by your answer, it was apparent in his eyes and the curl of his lips.

“You don’t go choose a book?” you suggested, inclining your head towards the vast collection of novels several steps away - you didn’t quite want Connor to sit awkwardly in silence while he watched you drink your beverage and read your book, and you were curious to see what kind of title he would choose.

The android rose to his feet with a hum and disappeared for several minutes amongst the tall aisles of bookcases, in the meantime you took careful mouthfuls of your coffee, trying not to scald your throat but far too impatient to wait for it to cool to a more acceptable temperature; Connor returned when you were halfway through your cappuccino, clutching a worn novel with a red cover.

“What you got there?” you peered at the publication, catching the author’s name on the spine, “Arthur Conan Doyle - a Sherlock Holmes story, huh? Why am I not surprised?” you laughed softly as the android sat down again, his mouth twitching positively in response to your remark.

“It’s *The Hound of the Baskervilles*”, he spoke, “It sounds… interesting.”

“I’m sure you’ll enjoy it. For me personally, *being* a detective makes it difficult for me to read
crime novels - as you can see, I’m more into fantasy stories, stuff about magic and elves and dwarves, all that kind of thing really gets me going.”

Connor nodded his head, seeming to hang on to your every word as if he were storing everything away in his mind - which you supposed he probably was, given the way android’s memories worked - before he turned his attention to the Sherlock Holmes book in his hands and began to read silently.

You regarded the lemon and poppy seed muffin, licking your lips in anticipation before breaking a piece of the fluffy cake off and popping it into your mouth with a pleased hum - it was delectable. You didn’t hesitate with continuing to devour it as Connor read.

The android was a very fast reader - his eyes zipped across the pages with impressive haste as he took the words in, and he was almost one third through the book by the time you had completely finished your muffin and your coffee. You’d spent the whole time watching him fondly, appreciating the way his head would occasionally tilt or the way his eyebrows would arch up as he read a particularly stimulating paragraph of the story.

He was really handsome, you couldn’t deny it. You’d never experienced sexual attraction, and that much was still true, but there was a certain aesthetic to Connor that you couldn’t help but admire - especially today, he had chosen to wear a burgundy sweater that fit him snuggly, and he was looking particularly lovely in that shade of red.

You really liked him. There was a romantic attraction present in your view of him as a person, but despite that, your qualms about physical contact still stood strong - you didn’t want to touch him, you had no desire to touch him. You just wanted to be near him, to see him and hear him - anything that didn’t involve touch.

When Connor’s fingers masterfully flicked to the next page, your eyes fell transfixed on his hands - so wonderfully sculpted and strong-looking, you could surely stare at them all day long, but you didn’t because that would be most definitely creepy. Instead, you gently shifted the empty mug and plate to the side, wiped your fingers on the napkin provided - you didn’t want to get any sticky fingerprints on the book - and picked up your chosen novel, reading over the blurb once again before you could begin.

The moment you took the book into your hands, Connor paused, gaze flicking up towards you before he quietly placed his own book down, his attention apparently drawn away from the pages of the old Sherlock Holmes novel, and you gave him an inquisitive glance, “Is something wrong?”
Connor looked hesitant for a moment, his lips parting as his eyes flickered briefly away before settling on the book in your hands, “I was wondering if you could perhaps… read out loud.”

You blinked in surprise, “You want me to read to you?”

“If it’s not too much trouble.”

You couldn’t understand the reasoning behind Connor’s request, quirking your eyebrow up in puzzlement as you picked apart his vaguely hopeful expression, “Um, are you sure? I’m not sure my voice is that great for storytelling”, you admitted with a chuckle.

“I disagree”, Connor contended hastily, “I find your voice to be very pleasant and soothing to listen to.”

Your mouth hung open in surprise. *Really?* You’d never thought your voice to be pleasing to the ear - in fact, you’d believed it to be anything but soothing; you had the tendency to grow high-pitched in tone whenever you became excited, and nothing about the way people reacted to it suggested it was a welcomed modulation. “I- I’m almost certain I sound extremely annoying to everyone else”, you half-joked, still uncertain over Connor’s solicitation.

The android’s small smile fell, “Not to me. I find… enjoyment in listening to you speak. You always have a lot of emotion in your voice… it’s engaging.”

You remembered suddenly all the times you had noticed Connor’s extreme attentiveness whenever you had talked to him in the past - he always stared at you with what you had misconstrued as scrutiny, but it may have very well been a simple desire to listen closely to the words you spoke and how you spoke them.

Your cheeks warmed at the sentiment, but self-consciousness flooded through you at the same time, making you hyper aware of the sound of your voice, “O-oh, that’s… that’s… I’m glad you like it.” To yourself, you sounded like a stuttering, babbling mess, but you supposed if Connor still enjoyed it then you were happy to indulge him.

The cover of your book was a grand drawing of two young men, one clad in armour and the other clad in wizard robes, staring up at a looming dragon who eyed them both with intimidation; you turned carefully to the first page, licking your lips and clearing your throat nervously at the prospect of reading aloud.
You steeled yourself and read the first line, “The days were growing shorter. The dew drops that had once clung to grassy stems on wet Autumn mornings now sat frozen in the cold, unforgiving Winter air, and the Northern forest looked more daunting by the day; Prince Amandir breathed crisp oxygen into his lungs and exhaled white vapor as he trudged from the training grounds towards his home, the castle that loomed on the hilltop before him, listening to the sharp crunch of rigid leaves beneath his feet.”

Connor leaned forward as you spoke, resting his elbow on the table and his chin in his palm, eyes alight with engrossment after only the opening paragraph. By the time you’d finished the first chapter, the android’s eyes had fallen shut and his blue LED spun rhythmically as he absorbed your every word. He looked incredibly relaxed, and it made you pause in your reading, which in turn - after a moment - brought Connor back to a more cognizant state.

“Why did you stop?” the android enquired with a touch of disappointment, pulling a laugh from your throat.

“That’s the end of chapter one”, you told him, before regarding Connor with light suspicion, “Did you ask me out here just so you could get me to read to you?”

The LED on the side of his head flickered frantically for a moment, his hand falling away from his chin so that he could interlock his fingers on the table, “I- no... no, that wasn’t the only reason.” He twiddled his thumbs, looking a little high-strung, and you wondered if he’d accidentally left his coin in his work jacket - usually he procured the coin when he was skittish, as he clearly was now, but he did no such thing.

Instead, he straightened in his chair, forced a brittle smile onto his face and quietly disclosed a few tentative words, “I… like you.”

You blinked rapidly, wondering if Connor meant what you thought he meant.

“More than I like other people”, he clarified, suddenly wholly diffident in his demeanour and lacking confidence in his words; it caused a ripple of nervous elation to flutter through you.

He fell silent, waiting for you to speak, so you drew in a breath and stuttered as you tried to force your brain to spit out some intelligible words, “I- wh... um, you mean... like... romantically?” You tried not to sound hopeful, not wanting to be flooded with humiliation if it was all just a misunderstanding and you’d interpreted him wrongly.
The android smiled and nodded.

You really hoped he wasn’t scanning you, because he’d no doubt easily pick up on the rapid thump of your heart. Your crush liked you back. Holy shit. You opened your mouth, lips moving of their own accord before you could even think of the words you were going to say, “I- I… uh, I like you too… in the same way”, it was nerve-wracking to state out loud, and you felt bad about the way Connor’s expression lit up given what you were about to continue with, “-but… are you sure you want to date me?”

The android faltered, his brow furrowing with confusion, “Well yes, I thought I made that clear”, he murmured, a reflective sheen in his sweet, brown eyes that made him look like a hopeless puppy.

You couldn’t help but doubt yourself. “But you know how I am… with touching, and all that”, you reminded him, though you knew full well he hadn’t forgotten - he’d lived up to his promise for the last four or so months, doing his utmost to avoid skin contact with you because he knew how much it made you uncomfortable.

The idea of having a relationship with another person left you irresolute. What if Connor grew disappointed some time into the relationship when he realised you wouldn’t want to do ‘normal’ couple things like hugging and kissing? You couldn’t stand the thought of Connor losing interest after having a misguided preconception of what a romantic relationship with you would entail.

“Yes, I know”, Connor answered simply, “It has no bearings on how I feel about you.”

His uncomplicated response triggered a well of emotions in your chest and you swallowed them down to flounder your way around another question, “But… are you certain? What if you…” you trailed off, knowing what you wanted to ask but not quite knowing how - what if you change your mind? - and Connor picked up on your cautiousness effortlessly.

Your name left his lips warmly, “I assure you, it is not a hindrance. Your company alone is enough, listening to your voice is enough, you are enough.”

You wanted to drop the invisible barrier you often surrounded yourself with in these situations, you wanted to accept his proposal of a relationship without hesitation, but despite how persuasive he sounded - how sure of himself he seemed - there was a tiny part of you that held enormous doubts.
“...and you’re happy to enter a relationship that doesn’t rely on physical affection?”

Connor smiled with understanding, “Androids perceive touch differently to humans. There is no pleasantness or unpleasantness associated with physical contact for me - it’s just a sense of pressure. It doesn’t feel good or bad, thus it is not a sensation I would crave, nor refuse.” He’d seemed to know exactly what was troubling you, and alleviated your worries in one sentence.

You felt warm, and it took you a moment to realise that your face had gone red over what this all meant, “So… does that mean… you’re my boyfriend now, then?”

Connor beamed, “If you’ll have me.”

You felt so merry that you almost giggled, but managed to quickly control yourself, clapping your hand over your mouth to avoid letting loose any frivolously silly noises. Instead of making a fool of yourself by launching into a ramble of how much you appreciated Connor and enjoyed his company, you simply nodded your head, affirming his new status as your significant other.

Perhaps in an ordinary relationship, this would be the part where the couple shared a tentative kiss followed by a more confident, passionate smooch, but in your more personal reality, you felt the pleasure of such an action with just eye-contact alone. Seeing Connor smile with both his mouth and his eyes flooded you with electricity and warmth, leaving you dizzy in the process.

This could most certainly work.

You turned your attention back to the book, eyes focusing on the words ‘Chapter Two’, and continued to read, “The campfire crackled, casting an orange glow across the clearing, spitting out flaming embers that waned when they fell upon the dried up soil at the prince’s feet. Amandir didn’t know if it was simply an effect of the unsettling woods, but he just couldn’t shake the feeling that he was being watched…”

Connor hung tightly to your every word.
That 'Maroon Mountains of Merrik" book is totally made up and something I WISH I could write. Also it absolutely contains a gay romantic subplot between a swordsman who is also a prince and an Elvish sorcerer. Because hell yeah for gay romantic subplots.

I hope y'all enjoyed this chapter! Lemme know in the comments! ;)

EDIT: Some transphobic user left a comment on an earlier explicit chapter and then made an ignorant comment on this chapter (I deleted both because I'm not about that negativity life) but I just want to point out something that the user horrendously misunderstood about this chapter. The reader is asexual AND touch-averse. The two are not intrinsically linked. There can be non- sexual touch-averse people and asexual people who are completely fine with touching and physical affection. Touch-aversion may arise from autism but there are also many other things that touch-aversion can arise from - being touch-averse does not automatically mean you are autistic - however if anyone reading this wishes to see the reader character as autistic, that is absolutely fine too.
OOOOOOOH SURPRISE BITCHES, THOUGHT YOU'D SEEN THE LAST OF ME?

I'm sorry it's been a while since I last posted a oneshot! Been heavily focusing on my other fic and also I'm working more hours a week so it's difficult to find time, but I suddenly got inspired for a Halloween-themed chapter. This wasn't requested by anyone, I just sort of came up with it :) I hope you all enjoy.

Also, introducing Nines this chapter because I love him so much and haven't written about him in any of the previous chapters. Nines and Gavin are partners in this, and it's heavily implied at the very end of the chapter that things get a bit shippy between them, but if you don't like Reed900 then know that it's literally only at the very end of the chapter, so you can happily read it until that point, if that's how you wanna ;)

Synopsis: It's a Halloween party at the precinct, but something's up with Connor? :O

Something seriously strange was going on. You could feel it. You could see it.

Connor was acting awfully peculiar. You hadn’t seen him looking so stiff and reserved since before the revolution when he was still just a machine, and you knew for a fact that he could become quite talkative when there were plenty of people around - especially at a social event such as this - but he was flicking idly through files on his terminal in search of a lead for his current case while everyone else was more or less having fun.

A Halloween celebration. You were still struggling to figure out how Detective Reed - of all people - had managed to convince the Captain into allowing the precinct to throw a spooky workplace party on the evening of October 31st. Then again, it wasn’t entirely a work-free event. Everyone still had to do their jobs, of course, but the atmosphere was alight with childlike excitement given there was eerie ambient music playing, a quite-large buffet table filled with creepy themed food, and almost everybody was in costume and actually taking the time to socialise with each other.

Well, everybody except Connor.

Even Nines was speaking with colleagues in a more affable manner than usual, which certainly said a lot. Connor had hardly approached you that evening, and it was the first indicator that something may have been bothering him - he generally spent a lot of time in your company given he was your boyfriend, so it was unusual for him to avoid you.
You stirred the little pineapple skewer around in your beverage of fruit punch, a thoughtful look of deliberation on your face as you tried to find a possible reason for the android’s behaviour, but nothing came swiftly to mind. The only thing that could possibly pertain to it was the fact that he had arrived late to the party and his change in demeanour had been apparent from the get go.

Glancing towards the more advanced android who was hanging around the break room with Officer Chen and Detective Reed, you quirked an eyebrow - Nines had been with Connor when they arrived, so perhaps the RK900 knew what had triggered his prototype’s quiet conduct. It would probably be beneficial to enquire about it, but you wanted to wait until there were less people around Nines so that you didn’t draw attention to it. No doubt if Gavin realised there was something up with Connor, he’d take the chance to jeer and gibe at him, which would only worsen it.

Instead, you observed Connor for a little longer, taking note of his rigid sitting posture and the way he kept pulling at the sleeves of his gray suit blazer as if he was experiencing some sort of sensory issue.

*What on Earth was wrong with him?*

You sighed, finishing off your beverage and discarding the empty cup into the trash can before turning your attention to the buffet table and plucked up one of the small, frosted cupcakes that was decorated to look like a spider in a web, and peeled back the paper base to take a bite.

*Fuck. You’d forgotten about your fake vampire fangs. They made it incredible awkward to actually chew the sugary treat - you were beginning to wish you’d dressed up as something that didn’t intrude on a basic function such as eating. You should’ve just worn tattered clothes and painted your face to look like a zombie, or something. Anything was better than wearing vampire fangs, and you were pretty sure your smokey eye makeup had smudged as well.*

*Lieutenant Anderson hadn’t put much thought into his own costume - he was wearing devil horns and that was about it, whereas Gavin had gone all out and dressed himself up as an oddly dashing skeleton in a pinstripe suit. He looked pretty funny with all that skeletal face paint, his features slathered with black and white tones.*

*Everyone had been excitedly anticipating Connor’s and Nines’s costumes before they turned up, talking animatedly about what outfits they would choose, but had ultimately been disappointed when the two androids turned up in their regular, non-spooky attire. Connor in his everyday grey blazer and Nines in his white jacket with the high collar; Gavin had openly voiced his irritation that the two of them had failed to participate in the fun.*
You threw the cupcake wrapper into the waste bin and licked your lips free of frosting - once again working your tongue around the fake fangs - and pulled your black and red cape around your body in a sinister fashion so that you could glide across the room in a villainous way, much like Dracula in those old-school, black-and-white horror movies.

“Blehh, I want to suck your blood~” you burbled in a stereotypical vampire voice as you laid your hands down on Connor’s shoulders after sneaking up on him. The android was unperturbed, glancing briefly over his shoulder before back to his terminal.

“Thirium is not made for human consumption”, he stated blankly, not a hint of inflection in his voice to demonstrate even a smidgen of amusement, and your lips formed a pout.

Taking a seat on the desk beside him, you looked pointedly at the android, waiting for him to give you his attention, but he seemed quite enraptured with the contents of his terminal to even so much as glance at you.

“Oh, spill it. What’s up? You’re acting like I’ve offended you or something”, you spoke up, giving him a light shove on the shoulder to pull him away from his work. Connor looked up, a hint of surprise on his face and he shook his head.

“Oh, nothing is wrong, detective, I’m just trying to solve this case.”

You leaned over, catching a glimpse of which case he was currently pursuing and scrunched your nose in confusion, “This is the case Gavin was assigned, and it’s not exactly pressing. You don’t need to be doing his work for him - come socialise and have some fun!”

Connor frowned, his brown eyes flickering to the break room where Gavin was snorting with laughter over something Nines had just said, “Well someone’s got to do his work.”

You blinked, staring hard at Connor.

Something had definitely happened. His attitude and manner were very different from how he usually was, and there was a level of austerity in his habitually warm gaze that you rarely saw - he only adopted that look whenever he was interrogating a suspect and purposefully trying to look cold.
It was a weird bearing for Connor - he tended to act this way when he was upset about something, but his LED cycled a smooth blue, denoting that all was fine with him emotionally; if he was actually distressed, his LED would be either yellow, or flickering faster at the very least, but no such aspect occurred. For all intents and purposes, according to his LED, he was content.

You gave a soft sigh. If something was truly bothering Connor, you trusted that he would confide in you in his own time. “Alright”, you nodded your head, “Just... don’t work too hard on Gavin’s case. Don’t want him getting credit for your efforts.” You figured if Connor was in the mood to work rather than interact with others, then you’d leave him to it and let him be.

Alternatively, you departed from the android with a pat on his shoulder - not missing the way he shrugged slightly in response and then fiddled with his lapel - and made your way over to the break room, hoping to catch a moment with Nines in order to probe him and potentially shed some light on Connor’s mood.

“You’re such a basic bitch”, came Gavin’s taunting voice as you entered the break area, and you promptly sent him an accusatory look when you realised he was addressing you.

“What?” You snapped with indignation as the other detective smirked, his white-painted lips twisting up with mirth at having gotten a rise out of you, “I’ll have you know my costume was very thought out”, you informed him, and then lifted your upper lip to reveal your sharp canines, “Be careful what you say or I’ll tear your throat out.”

“Wow. I’m so intimidated”, Gavin deadpanned, “By the way you’ve got a little white frosting on the side of your mouth”, he pointed to his own lips, a hint of smugness in his eyes and you felt yourself flush immediately, reaching up to wipe the back of your hand across your mouth.

“Oh yeah? Well you’ve got a little white paint-” you motioned your entire face, “-all over, really.”

“That’s the idea, dumbass. I’m a fancy skeleton.”

“Oh, you’re a skeleton?” you exclaimed with faux surprise, “I thought you were just a fuckin’ weirdo.”

Gavin rolled his eyes, obviously sensing your sarcasm. “Yeah, well you look less like a vampire and more like you’ve been socked in the face twice.”
You sneered - *how dare he insult your eye makeup* - and prepared to spit out another comeback, something akin to ‘*I hope you’re allergic to the facepaint, asshole*’, but Nines interrupted before you could speak, “I think your costume looks fine, detective.”

The android had been turning his head back and forth between you both throughout the entire exchange, an unreadable look on his face, and you smiled in delight at his remark.

“Thanks, Nines”, you gave Gavin a smug look, jamming a thumb in the android’s direction, “See? This one here has good taste.”

Gavin snorted, “He’s lying. You look like a raccoon that was just pulled out of a dumpster.”

“You’re a real shit-head, you know that?” You grumbled, knowing the insults were all in good fun, but growing somewhat tired of having your costume made fun of.

Gavin smiled, “Yeah. I know.”

You huffed, rolling your eyes before turning to Nines, seeing just a flicker of a frown on his face before he realised you were regarding him, and he allowed a trace of inquisitiveness to show in his expression.

“Nines, I need to speak with you”, you told him, and then pointedly added, “*alone.*”

The android blinked in surprise, shifting his glance to Detective Reed, who looked briefly scandalised before shrugging his shoulders. “Don’t know what you plan to do with my partner, but make it quick, I’m actually enjoying his company tonight”, Gavin quipped with raised eyebrows and you shook your head at his antics, grabbing the android’s arm to lead him out of the break room and into the hallway.

“What can I help you with, detective?” Nines enquired levelly, pinning you with a look of interest.

His blue eyes were acute and attentive, very light - almost silvery - in colour, quite different from Connor’s brown ones, but still just as piercing and majestic to look at. Usually, you were somewhat put-off by the RK900’s unblinking gaze, but tonight, Nines appeared to have chilled out a little - it
was possible Gavin had rubbed off on him somewhat, at least when it came to human mannerisms.

“Do you know if something’s wrong with Connor?” you asked, not even trying to hide the concern in your voice.

Nines’s eyes widened minutely, his pupils flicking over to the android in question for less than a second, “No. Why? What did he say?” He answered awfully quickly, and it gave off an air of culpability, as though he’d been caught out doing something he shouldn’t have been doing, but the context of it made absolutely no sense.

You frowned, “Nines. Did you do or say anything to upset him? He was fine earlier, before everyone left to change into their costumes, but he’s barely spoken to me since he got here, and he doesn’t seem like himself.” You hated to accuse the android of being responsible for Connor’s bad mood, but he had been the only one with him when his attitude seemed to drastically change, and it was terribly suspicious how guilty Nines appeared to be acting.

“No!” The android was quick to contend, his LED flickering a little faster all of a sudden, “Not at all”, he continued smoothly, “perhaps he’s just frustrated with his case. It happens.”

“Well yeah, maybe, but…” you trailed off, lips pulling into a pout again as you remembered how dismissive he had been of you.

“But…?” Nines urged gently.

“But he barely so much as looked at me when I tried to talk to him, and it kinda made me feel bad. He’s usually not like that at all.”

“What?” Nines frowned, looking over your shoulder at Connor who was still working at his desk, and there was a hint of irritation in those blue eyes that just seemed incredibly out of place.

“...you really didn’t say anything to upset him?” You enquired tentatively and squinted, scrutinising the android closely.

Nines shook his head, lips pursed, and you let out a quiet exhale filled with exasperation, “Okay. Perhaps you’re right… maybe he’s just frustrated with his case.” With Gavin’s case, more like. Why was the android even bothering with the crass detective’s work, anyway?
You wandered away from the RK900 as he rejoined Detective Reed and Officer Chen in the break room, and made your way towards Connor once more, but not before taking excessive notice of the way Nines adjusted his collar, pulling it away from his neck as though it was bothering him.

Oh. A wild thought occurred in your mind, and you pinned Connor with a dubious look - he had closed his eyes now, brow furrowed as he poured through pages upon pages of data at high speeds behind his eyelids, and suddenly everything began to fall into place.

*Time to have a little fun.*

You didn’t bother to sneak as you crept up behind the android sitting in his desk chair and quickly bent down to wrap your arms lovingly around his neck, your breath grazing past Connor’s ear, causing him to tense up suddenly.

“Detective, can you please release-”

“Come on, Connor”, you spoke in a hushed singsong voice, “You’ve been working so hard today, why don’t we go take a break?”

Connor inclined his head away, not even being subtle about his discomfort, “Detective, this isn’t at all professional-”

“Hah! That’s not what you said last week when we had a quickie in the restroom stall”, you teased knowingly.

Connor’s LED cycled yellow, his eyes wide as he turned on you, a somewhat appalled look on his face, “Ah, I… what-” he stammered, shooting a shocked look across the room at Nines in the break room, before adding more quietly under his breath, “…surely, he wouldn’t-”

You smiled, resting your hands on your hips. “Got you, *Nines.*”

‘Connor’ parted his lips, LED returning to blue as a subdued look of what you believed to be resignation fell over his face. “Was it really so obvious?” the android asked.
You hadn’t clocked it until you’d seen ‘Nines’ fiddling with his jacket collar, and you’d simultaneously understood why ‘Connor’ had been exhibited such awkward behaviour - because he wasn’t used to the clothes he was wearing.

Nines was dressed as Connor, sitting at the desk and working - as per usual - quite determinedly on solving the tricky case he and Gavin had been assigned, while Connor was dressed as Nines, fooling the fancy skeleton in the break room, along with just about everyone else. You were filled with amusement, why hadn’t you realised sooner?

“Yeah, kinda. Gonna fill me in on why you’re disguised as each other?” You crossed your arms, leaning back against the desk.

“It was Connor’s idea”, Nines explained simply, “I refused the notion of dressing up in a ridiculous costume for this… Halloween party”, he relayed the words with distaste, “and Connor posed the suggestion that we swap clothes and optic components so as to appear as each other.”

“...and you just went along with it?”

“Connor turned it into a challenge. Whoever keeps up the charade the longest without getting caught is the winner”, Nines elucidated, not in the least bit enthusiastic about the little game they had been slyly playing, “Incidentally, it only took Lieutenant Anderson three minutes and twenty-seven seconds to catch me out.”

You raised your head, spotting Hank across the room by the buffet table, “I see.” The lieutenant probably found the whole thing to be hilarious, but he was certainly good at keeping it a secret.

“I asked Lieutenant Anderson not to reveal my true identity. Gavin is especially insufferable tonight and Connor is doing a good job of keeping him away from me, so I had hoped it could go on as long as it took me to read over these files and examine the evidence in the locker.” He answered your unspoken question and you let out a laugh.

“Well, technically it was Connor who caused me to suspect something was up, so you both lose your little game. Neither of you are very good actors, I’ll be honest”, you chuckled, sending a deliberating glance across the office at the real Connor. “I think I’m gonna break the news to him that he’s been found out.”
“Can you at least keep Gavin away for a little while longer? This case is unfortunately tough as it is, but if he distracts me, I might not solve it until tomorrow”, there was an underlying hint of desperation in Nines’s voice and you smiled apologetically, feeling somewhat sorry for the android.

“Don’t worry, as soon as Gavin realises he’s been chatting amicably with Connor for the past hour and a half, he’ll probably go into a catatonic state.”

“We can only hope”, Nines quipped in an emotionless tone. It was funny - if only Nines knew how similar he and Gavin were.

You padded across the room with a burgeoning idea in mind - an idea that would fluster Connor and bring yourself a whole world of amusement. It would certainly teach him to try and deceive you.

Sidling up to Connor’s side against the round table, you greeted the small group again with an overly innocuous tone devoid of suspicion and dubiety, plastering a far too enthusiastic smile on your face that even Gavin could tell was horrendously out of place.

“Hello again, detective”, Connor nodded to you in acknowledgement, completely unaware that you had figured him out, “Did you figure out what was bothering Connor?” There was a slight tenseness to his voice that led you to believe he had caught a glimpse of you throwing your arms around Nines’s shoulders in a very affectionate manner, but from his demeanour, it was clear he had not paid close enough attention to the rest of your conversation with the other android. He was definitely still under the belief that you thought you were talking to Nines. *Good.*

“Yeah, he was just struggling with the case”, you inserted conversationally, a casual air to your words, “You’d think with that supercomputer brain of his, he’d be able to solve it with the snap of the fingers”, you accompanied your words with the voiced gesture, “But oh well, maybe his processor is starting to slow down - I’m sure you could figure it out though, Nines. You are a superior model android, after all.”

Gavin and Tina both gave you shocked looks - they knew you well enough to know that you’d never purposely put Connor down, even behind his back, so to hear words like that straight from your mouth without a hint of sarcasm was incredibly startling. You were more likely to be the one defending Connor from such remarks, not speaking them yourself.

Connor’s face was blank, but you could tell in those shiny blue eyes, there was most certainly a hint of confusion, possibly even a flicker of hurt, which had you feeling apologetic almost
immediately. You weren’t going to let it last too long, and once you revealed that you knew he was Connor the whole time, you were sure he’d find the whole thing amusing.

“Mm… I’m sure Connor will solve his case soon…” Connor murmured, his LED blinking irritably.

“Pft. Maybe.” You shrugged your shoulders, before reaching down subtly to pinch Connor’s ass. He jolted and went rigid, mouth falling open in shock as his LED flickered yellow.

“What’s up with you, Nines?” Gavin asked, not having seen your cheeky action, and arched a brow at the android’s behaviour, but Connor remained silent, his blue-eyed gaze hard on your face.

“Nines is totally fine. It’s Connor who’s got something up with him. He was pretty rude to me earlier, actually-”, you interjected pleasantly, “-I think I’ll ditch him for you”, you gave the android beside you a pointed look, smiling suggestively, and Gavin choked on his fruit punch.

Tina similarly looked at you like you’d gone completely insane, while Connor stared neutrally at your face for a few long seconds before his LED returned to a smooth blue and a defeated expression took hold of his features.

“What gave it away?” He asked.

“Everything, Connor.”

Gavin recovered from choking on his fruit punch only to immediately begin choking on air at the implication, “W-wait, what?” he gasped, eyeing who he thought was Nines with a look of incredulity.

You decided to take pity on the crass detective and explained what exactly was going on, “Nines and Connor swapped clothes and dressed as each other for the evening. They’ve been fooling almost everyone here since the party began.”

Gavin gaped, looking between the android sitting at the desk across the room and the one right in front of him. His face scrunched up with annoyance, “Are you fucking kidding me? But his eyes-”
“Nines and I have temporarily exchanged optic components”, Connor elucidated.

Gavin looked like he was about to flip the table; he marched to the entryway of the break room and snapped at full volume across the room, “For fuck’s sake, Nines! Here I was thinking you’d finally pulled that stick outta your ass!”

Nines gave no response except for a swift roll of his eyes, not taking his gaze away from his work.

“Look on the bright side, Gavin”, you laughed, “at least you found out that you and Connor can have a fun, civil conversation without biting each other’s heads off.”

If Gavin hadn’t been wearing opaque white paint on his face, you were sure you would’ve seen his skin turn pale regardless. The detective pinned Connor with a look that could kill, “If you repeat anything I’ve said to you this evening to anyone-”

“-I presume you are referring to the substantial amount of flirtatious remarks you have thrown my way for the past hour and a half?” Connor enquired with a tilt of his head, “Trust me, I don’t wish to relive the times Detective Gavin Reed accidentally made romantic advances towards me. I had planned to redact the memories altogether come tomorrow morning, however-” he smiled, a very startling look to see on what looked like Nines’s face, “I have half a mind to use it as blackmail now.”

“You wouldn’t fuckin’ dare. I’ll rip out your thirium pump with my bare hands-”

“And it’s straight back to being at each other’s necks”, you rolled your eyes, sharing a look of amusement with Tina, “Chill Gavin, everyone here already knows you’re thirsty for Nines.”

“I- I am not-”

“Sure, Gav. Sure.” You laughed, and turned to give Connor a wink.

The android smiled, brushing his fingers against your own where your hands rested at your sides.

Chapter End Notes
I hope you all enjoyed that funny little oneshot :') Comments make me super happy, so please don't forget to drop me one as a thank you if you liked this chapter!
It was the evening before Christmas, and all through the precinct,
not a soul was at rest, there was no time to catch a wink.

Hank was staring, mindless and tired,
into his blank terminal screen - caffeine was required.
Connor was working, painstaking and diligent,
on an unresolved case which was largely ambivalent.

Gavin was still as he stared at his tablet,
watching cat videos nonstop - he had to kick the habit.
And Nines took his seat beside Gavin’s desk,
his terse eyes on the man who was all but statuesque.

The two other officers were evidently drowsy,
Chris seemed woozy and Tina looked pouty.
Fowler was prowling, his stare on the room,
which did nothing to remedy the sad, cheerless gloom.

You stood in the break room, in low spirits and distress -
everyone was miserable, on Christmas Eve, no less.
And if that wasn’t enough, as you’d unfolded various crimes,
you realised with disgust that your thoughts had turned to rhymes.

It was clear why everyone was feeling so blue,
working at Christmas was hard to push through.
The lieutenant was lacking his usual, light droll,
because like every Christmas, he’d come to miss Cole.

Connor was stressed, his circuits were tense,
and you really couldn’t blame him - *his case made no sense.*
Gavin was really just being himself -
in his green Christmas sweater, like a grumpy little elf.

Nines was alight with blatant frustration,
as his partner was lazy, he was rife with enervation.
Tina and Chris just wanted to leave,
But work leave at Christmas was hard to achieve.

So really, there was only one thing to do,
to improve their morale, the task landed on you.
It was time to help everyone be happy and merry,
Lest the misery drag on to the month of January.

You announced to the gang, “I’m just popping out for a moment”,
and did not bother to wait for Fowler’s assent.
In the trunk of your car was a set of supplies,
and a bunch of goodies in a black bag disguise.

You returned abruptly, with a skip in your step,
and placed the bags on the table for a moment of prep.
From one box, you pulled tinsel and cheap fairy lights, from another, you revealed some Christmas food bites.

“I also have eggnog”, you exclaimed moreover, and the proclamation was enough to wave Hank over. Gavin grew spritely at the mention of food, the gingerbread and cakes were quickly pursued.

Tina and Chris, and even Fowler amassed, and the atmosphere quickly began to contrast. While the humans rejoiced in the presence of treats, the androids seemed thoroughly less than upbeat.

“Alright, you two, quickly help me decorate”, and the bored, weary androids decided to cooperate. Very soon, the room was tastefully embellished, and with a warm Christmas joy, you couldn’t help but relish.

With a break in the labour, everyone had grown light, and left you surrounded with several smiles of delight. You whipped out your phone, and scrolled through the lot, A nice Christmas classic was all that you sought.

“Alright”, you announced, “We need a good song”, and picked one with which you could all sing along. Mariah Carey’s ‘All I want for Christmas is you’ began to play, and miraculously, they sung, inhibitions driven away.

Gavin started dancing, a sight to behold,
even Nines was dragged in, unable to scold.
Tina filmed it all on her phone without fail,
the perfect recording to use as blackmail.

Before the station could threaten to wander adrift,
you opened the black bag which was filled high with gifts.
“Surprise”, you exclaimed, “I bought you all presents!”
and passed out the bulk of the sneaky bag’s contents.

The group was surprised, they hadn’t expected this,
a pair of warm earmuffs especially for Chris.
For Tina, a pretty sweet pair of earrings,
and for Fowler, a new set of stylish tie pins.

Hank was appeased with a bottle of jack,
whereas Gavin’s gift was a lot to unpack.
For detective Reed, you’d bought a box of truffles,
and a Dick/Cunt mug set that left him in chuckles.

Nines’s gift had been difficult, and you hoped you’d picked well,
whether he liked it or not, at first, you couldn’t really tell.
For the android, you’d gifted a pair of cat cufflinks,
and he stared down upon them, without even a blink.

Just when you thought the present may have been crappy,
there came a lively, telling flash of his blue LED.
Nines’s lips curled into a significant smile,
and then you knew your selection had been more than worthwhile.
For Connor, the man who was the subject of your crush,
opened up his gift, and his grin made you blush.
You’d picked out a blue tie that was patterned with dog faces,
knowing well enough that it covered all bases.

“It’s perfect”, he claimed, and put it on without delay,
and then led you by the hand to the break room archway.
You gazed quizzically at him, your cheeks red and aglow,
and then noticed above, the hanging mistletoe.

“I believe, by Christmas tradition-”, he craftily began,
but the android did not get to carry out his plan.
For you beat him to the punch, and his words were dismissed,
as you cupped his face and pulled him into a long-awaited kiss.

Connor let out a content little sigh,
as your lips moved together in a way that was shy.
“Finally”, Hank teased, “It’s a Christmas miracle.”
“It’s about damn time!” Gavin was more than satirical.

You and Connor parted with a quiet giggle,
and the music continued to play well-known jingles.
“Can we dance?” Connor asked quietly in your ear,
and the softness of his voice was something to endear.

“Of course”, you responded, and took his offered hand,
and proceeded to have a night that was more than grand.
And while you were aware that you were thinking in rhyme,
it did not matter much, because your Christmas was sublime.
Link to Gavin's christmas present mugs: https://i.pinimg.com/originals/ab/b6/f4/abb6f4e57562b782e5ac3dfeaa3a9eaf.jpg

I wanted to write a little Christmas oneshot but then my brain was like wait... MAKE IT RHYME.
Thus, this abomination was born.

:) I hope you all like it. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, everybody <3
SURPRISE BITCHES. Bet you'd thought you'd seen the last of me :)

Here’s a special gift for my wonderful friend. It's her birthday tomorrow (August 9th) and I love her sooooooo much and I hope she likes this oneshot :)

Prompt: REVERSE AU, reader is the android sent by Cyberlife and Connor is a washed out police lieutenant. Reader helps him through a bad time.

You’d only known Lieutenant Connor Stern for a couple of weeks. He was the human you’d been assigned to for the sole purpose of aiding in your mission to hunt down deviants; the lieutenant was good at his work, incredibly clever and practised exceptional observational skills while on cases. He had an analytical, calculating mind, but also treated others with care and compassion when it was required. He had been made the youngest lieutenant in Detroit at the age of thirty-two, four years ago.

Although admirable, Connor was not perfect.

It was plainly obvious he was depressed, he refused to open up to anybody about his feelings or mental state, and it was quite clear that his health had been deteriorating more recently. He avoided sleep and often overworked himself to the point of collapsing, but for the first time since you’d met him, and after at least two hours of trying to locate him, you found him several glasses of alcohol deep at Jimmy’s downtown.

“Lieutenant”, you greeted Connor, who was leaning heavily over the bar and signalling for the bartender to bring him another whiskey, “I’ve been looking for you for a while. We’ve received reports of a presumed deviant-”

“I don’t give a ssshit…” Connor grumbled, shoulders tense. A brief examination of his body language was more than enough to indicate that your presence made him uncomfortable, something you had acclimated to and did not feel the need to point out every single time you greeted him.

“You shouldn’t be drinking, lieutenant. We have a case.”
“I ssaid I don’t… guh... give a flying fuck.”

His speech was completely slurred, and it was only due to your advanced audio receptors that you were able to dissect his crude statement. Connor flashed you a dense glare, his brown eyes so full of distress and anger; while it was true he had not been entirely friendly with you throughout your partnership in the case, you had never seen him look at you with so much animosity.

It was most likely due to his state of intoxication.

You scanned him automatically, finding that he was extremely dehydrated. The dark colouration below his eyes was symptomatic of a lack of sleep, and if you had to make an educated guess based on what you had previously discerned about the man, he had most certainly not eaten in quite some time.

“Stop fucking scanning me.”

He had come to recognise the tilt of your head and systematic stare for what it was - the process of determining the physical state of his body - and he was not amused by it.

“I don’t believe you are in the right physical or mental condition to work a case, lieutenant”, you remarked, ignoring his hostile request. “You are currently insufficient in aiding my mission, but it is important that the report is investigated. I suggest you return home and sober up, get some sleep, so that we may resume our work on the case post-haste.”

This did not seem to lighten his mood, nor did it seem like a welcomed suggestion.

“Just leave me alone... dumb robot. I’ll go home when I... damn well please.” He drew a hand back through his hair, trying to neaten up some of the disarrayed strands, though try as he might, a few brown locks fell back over his forehead, refusing to be swayed.

You cocked your head, assessing the situation and whether it was a more beneficial use of your time to attempt to convince him to leave the bar or to just leave it without him. You ultimately decided that with only a twenty-three percent chance of successfully persuading him, your time was best served looking into the investigation in whatever way you could do so alone.

“Very well, lieutenant. See you tomorrow.” You took a step back and then made your way to the
exit, ignoring the stares of several other customers as you took your leave, but the sound of an aggressive, unfamiliar man’s voice made you slow your step.

“You better stay quiet asshole, I’m tryin’ to watch the basketball.” There was a threatening edge to the man’s tone, and you looked over your shoulder to see somebody stepping up to Connor, challenging him.

Despite the fact that you had no reason to stay, you turned back around and attempted to determine the statistical possibility for violence to break out.

/Scanning...

/Name: Jamie Finch

/Date of birth: April 14th 1999

/Criminal Record: Assault, minor infractions

/Possibility of imminent violence: 68%

Before you could gently interject and diffuse the situation, Connor leaned back on his stool, hands gripping the edges of the bar surface, and pinned Jamie with a look of abhorrence, “Mind your fucking business.”

/Possibility of imminent violence: 99.8%

There was but a momentary pause before Jamie’s fist slammed into Connor’s jaw, sending the lieutenant to the floor in a scrambled heap. Due to Connor’s inebriation, his reaction times were heavily flawed, and he didn’t quite have time to break his fall with outstretched arms; as such, his head hit the floor first, and he fell flat like a deadweight, with nothing but a lingering groan of a response.

You approached the miserable jumble of limbs on the floor that also happened to be your case partner, and promptly helped him up, slinging his arm over your shoulder in order to carry most of his body weight. Before leaving, you cast Jamie Finch a glance.
“My apologies for my partner’s behaviour. Have a nice night.”

You did not care for the man’s reply, and quickly dragged the lieutenant out of the bar, silently scanning for the extent of Connor’s injuries.

“You are lucky you are just bruised”, you spoke after reaching conclusive results, “If it wasn’t for your abnormally dense skull, you may have received a concussion.” It was difficult to predict drunken Connor’s reactions, but your social relations programme informed you that a touch of humour never hurt.

“Where... are you taking me?” He protested, ignoring your quip, “I wasn’t done with… my duhh-rink.”

“Yes, you are done”, you told him outright, “We cannot carry out the mission if you are intoxicated, lieutenant.”

“I’m fine… don’t need your help”, the lieutenant insisted, trying his utmost to squirm away, but you didn’t release his arm, and continued to lead him to his car.

“Your keys, lieutenant?”

Connor made a disgruntled noise, reaching up to lightly press the pads of his fingers to his aching jaw, and then shook his head, making the move to step away from you and toward the car, but you held him back with a solid hand on his arm.

“If you mean to drive, I can tell you that will not be happening”, you said, “now give me your keys.”

Connor scoffed, reaching into his pocket to pull out his keys, but when you held your hand out to take them, he jerked back in blatant refusal.

“Lieutenant.”

“I’m not letting you… drive my baby…”
You stared at Connor, watching him wobble and sway on his feet - even with your assistance to help him balance, he was a disoriented mess of a human. If that wasn’t enough, he’d begun to shiver; the heat of the alcohol in his blood was not enough to keep him warm forever, and the worn leather jacket he was wearing was hardly adequate in keeping the cold elements from penetrating his body.

Without another word, you grabbed his wrist and pried his hands free of the keys, and hit the button to unlock the car. As Connor whined and meekly objected, you ushered him to the passenger seat, pushing him to sit no matter how feebly he tried to fight; you secured his seatbelt and made your way round the car to the driver’s side.

By the time you were sat behind the wheel, Connor had retrieved the pack of cigarettes from his jacket pocket, popped one between his lips, and pulled out his lighter. In a moment of impulse that you would later come to review with uncertainty, you snatched the lighter and plucked the cigarette straight from his mouth, chucking them into the back seat.

“Why the hell did you do that!?” Connor barked.

You paused, your processor stuttering for a few seconds in your bid to search for an answer, until you simply asserted, “Smoking is detrimental to your health.”

Connor fumed, “Why would that even matter to you? We’re not gonna be working together forever.”

You did not reply.

You had only been to Connor’s home once, and even then he had not allowed you to step inside. You often met him at the precinct or at a scene in which there was a suspected deviant on the run, but had not previously been required to enter his house.

The mess was expected. Discarded clothes, papers, mugs and dishes strewn about the place from the lack of motivation to clean up, but there was also the fact that each and every room appeared to be dark and musty, as if the lieutenant was thoroughly against opening a window every now and again.
He locked himself in and blotted out the sunlight when he could, trying to forget the outside world even existed - at least, that was your judgement of the lieutenant’s mental state.

Connor laid himself across the couch in the front room as soon as you’d lugged him through the front door, complaining aloud about the pain in his jaw and the bump on his head.

“Perhaps you should not have provoked that man”, you countered his whinging, choosing not to turn on the light. Connor’s eyes would most definitely be sensitive to the brightness, he wouldn’t appreciate it, and besides, he really did need to sleep.

“Ugh… I should’ve arrested him… for assaulting a police lieutenant…”

“Hmm. I think you were a little too incapacitated to do that.”

“Then… you should’ve arrested him…”

You looked down at him, “Why would I do that? I am programmed to apprehend deviants, not humans.”

Connor picked his face up out of the pillow and glared back at you over his shoulder; you did not believe he could see you clearly in the darkness of the room, in his state especially, but he probably located the blinking blue of your LED and decided to scowl in your general direction.

On closer inspection, his face just looked… weary. He did not appear to have any sort of retort at the ready.

“Are you hungry?” You asked, surmising that it would do the lieutenant some good to have food in his belly.

Connor did not answer. He merely curled up further into a ball upon the sofa.

“When was the last time you ate?”
Again, no reply.

“Have you eaten anything today, at all?”

It was no surprise when Connor refused to offer a response for a third time. So with that, you decided to take it upon yourself to feed the man; he needed to be fit enough in the morning to help with your assignment, and going to bed on an empty stomach while heavily inebriated was not going to do him any favours in the morning.

You gave the fridge a perusal for a few ingredients that were still within date, and quickly whipped up a cheese omelette. The protein in the food would help to absorb some of the alcohol in his blood, which would lead to a faster recovery in the morning.

It did not take you long to prepare the meal. You returned to the lounge with the food you had cooked him and found, as expected, the lieutenant had continued to disregard the call of sleep. His eyes were on you as you approached and laid the plate down on the coffee table in front of him; he stared at the dish for a good few minutes in consideration, before an unreadable emotion passed over his face - one that sent your processor into a brief falter as you tried to interpret it, but were left unable - and he sat up, reached for the plate, and took a large bite.

*Gratitude.* It was obvious after he took the first bite, and the emotion became far more palpable. Even though he did not say it out loud, Connor was grateful.

You left him to consume the food, taking the opportunity to explore his home and learn more about him. The lieutenant had seemed to be high-functioning for the first two weeks of your partnership, despite his depression. He was a workaholic, that much was obvious just at a glance, but until today he’d offered no indication that he spent some nights drinking his life away; he suffered from insomnia, but had become used to surviving on just a few hours sleep per night. It wasn’t healthy for a human, but he had learned to survive with what he had.

Your legs brought you down the hall where you browsed and scanned the few certificates and medals hanging on the wall; one photo in particular stood out, showing Captain Jeffrey Fowler shaking hands with Connor, presenting him with an award for becoming the youngest lieutenant in Detroit.

Connor had been so full of enthusiasm and determination back then, four years ago, and it was wholly apparent in his expression in the image. His face held a smile so bright, lighting up all of his handsome features; he’d been such a conventionally attractive man back then, but his face no longer held the same friendly and happy demeanour.
He appeared sour. Never smiling, always observing with dead eyes, a stark difference from the man he used to be. But nothing about the marks of recognition and achievements on the wall gave any intimation of what had happened to Connor.

You continued on, taking a moment to scan a houseplant that sat in one corner. It was a potted Monstera, usually a plant that was beautifully viridescent, but the one you were staring at had been neglected. It hung, wilted, its large leaves dried and brown, full of holes, dead from thirst.

It accurately reflected Connor’s mental state, you noted.

You entered his bedroom at the end of the hall, and were greeted to a dim room that looked as though it hadn’t been cleaned in some time. Books, papers, clothing, food wrappers and empty bottles all lay strewn across the floor. The wardrobe door was opened and piled with clothes in a very unkempt manner. There were cobwebs on the closed window curtains.

The environment was indicative of a lack of motivation to take care of one’s own living space, evidently brought on by Connor’s depression.

You stepped over the objects in your way and walked around the bed, finding a framed picture on the bedside table. It was the cleanest thing in the room and depicted Connor standing with somebody else - the other man in the picture had his arm slung around Connor’s shoulders and looked remarkably similar to Connor himself. Both of them were smiling.

Running a quick scan solved the mystery of the man’s identity.

/Scanning...

/Name: Niles Stern
/Status: deceased
/Date of birth: August 12th 2002
/Date of death: November 23rd 2036.

Today was November 23rd.
It took you all of two and a half seconds to deduce exactly why Connor’s mental health had taken a very sudden dive. It was the anniversary of his twin brother’s death, and he was mourning.

Well, he was having trouble mourning.

Connor was not good at dealing with his emotions, evidently.

You returned to the living room promptly to find Connor had finished eating and had shed his leather jacket, laying it atop himself like a blanket as he reclined across the couch, blinking tiredly. He needed to sleep, and judging by the state of his room, it was probably better for him to sleep in a more open area; it may have been cold in the lounge, but at least it wasn’t murky and filled with dust in the same way his bedroom was.

Approaching the couch, you surveyed the lieutenant’s state, figuring he would be able to take care of himself for the rest of the night. “Get some sleep, lieutenant. I must report back to Cyberlife now, I will return at nine o’clock in the morning.”

Your legs carried you several steps to the door before Connor’s voice pierced the silence of the room.

“Wait”, he said, voice somewhat hoarse, “can you stay?”

You paused, your processor stuttering with hesitation, “...I… It is important that I report to Cyberlife-”

“Please”, he begged, speaking your name imploringly. The tone with which he spoke was quite a bit different from how he normally addressed you; quiet as a whisper, gentle and beseeching.

So you thought, perhaps if you could soothe Connor’s sadness, he might awaken the next morning in higher spirits with a more salient drive to work the case and aid in your mission.

You sat on the adjacent couch, the other side of the coffee table, and rested your hands in your lap. You ensured your expression was softer, and asked the lieutenant in a patient, assuring voice, “Would you like to talk about it?”
Connor exhaled audibly through his nose, “Talk about what?”

“The death of your brother”, you answered plainly.

Connor was quiet at first as he absorbed the shock of your words, and then you heard his breathing speed up, watching through the darkness as his face scrunched up in pain. He did not speak.

Seeing the utter devastation in his expression made your thirium pump stutter in a very discomfiting way. Running a quick diagnostic revealed there were no abnormalities in your system, but that did not explain the reasoning behind the sensation in your chest. A twang of… something. You tried your best not to dwell on it.

“Connor”, you spoke gently, “I know it is painful for you, but talking about it may be therapeutic. It is normal for humans to cry when upset, and helps to release stress. I believe you may need that right now.”

Connor’s throat made a rigid noise, like a whimper that had been choked back, and then he drew in a sharp breath, rolling onto his side to face away from you.

“Shut up”, he whispered.

“You need not worry about judgement for experiencing feelings, Connor. I may not feel what you feel, but I understand the effects of grief in humans”, you fell quiet, waiting to see if Connor would respond, but of course he did not. “I am curious about what kind of person your brother was. Could you please tell me about him?”

You hoped the request was a more persuasive way to get Connor talking.

The lieutenant was quiet and still, and the fact that you were unable to see his face made it very difficult to assume his emotional response. You thought about scanning him again, but decided against it, as there wasn’t anything valuable to learn that your visual receptors couldn’t already tell you. And plus, Connor hated when you scanned him.

After several noiseless minutes, you assumed the lieutenant had finally fallen asleep, but just as
you were preparing to activate your standby mode, you heard his voice, quiet and resigned, and so full of gloom.

“He was a good man.”

His voice was slightly muffled against the material of the couch, but you remained quiet, waiting for Connor to continue.

He drew in an audible breath to steel himself, “He was nine minutes younger than me. We did everything together since the day we were born, we were rarely apart. He was very intelligent… but he was very quiet.”

You tilted your head, curiously asking, “Was he shy?”

Connor breathed a huff of stilted amusement, “I wouldn’t say that. He just… liked to listen and watch people instead of being the centre of attention. I admired him… everything he did just seemed so brilliant, and I always felt like I couldn’t compare…”

He trailed off, so you quickly prompted him to continue, “Was it difficult for people to tell you apart?” From the picture in Connor’s bedroom, you had to assume they were identical from what you had seen.

“Nah”, Connor responded, another echo of a chuckle on his lips, “Everybody knew when they were looking at Nines and when they were looking at me. Our dress styles were incredibly different… I dress like a hippie, as my brother always said, and he dressed like a prude.” He snorted slightly, “He was always covered up… black, long-sleeved turtlenecks were all you could find in his closet. Then there’s the fact that we acted like polar opposites. Where he was reserved and quiet, I was loud and outgoing. I think the only reason I was promoted to lieutenant is because, even though we were both very good at our jobs, I was more of a people person.”

You smiled slightly, finding that you would have liked to meet Connor’s brother. Another odd pang became apparent in your chest.

“Wait”, you said suddenly, “Did you say Nines? I thought his name was Niles.”

Connor shifted, moving back onto his back. Through the darkness, with your superior android
eyesight, you noticed that he appeared to have shed a few tears, but had regained his composure for
the moment.

“Nines was his nickname. Pretty much nobody called him Niles.”

“Hm. Where does the nickname come from? Apart from the fact that it rhymes.”

“He was nine minutes younger than me. So we called him Nines”, Connor explained, as if it was
obvious.

“Right.” You were silent for a moment, “So you worked together with him, then?”

“Mm-hmm”, Connor nodded, “He was always telling me how proud he was of me. That he was
happy I got the promotion to lieutenant and that I deserved it the most. At first, I thought he was
secretly jealous, but… I was wrong. He was genuinely happy for me. He wanted me to have it
more than he wanted it for himself.”

Connor’s expression pulled into a frown, his eyebrows creasing as he blinked away fresh tears. “He
was a good man… selfless and kind. People never really saw it, because he wasn’t outwardly
friendly like I was. People saw his quiet nature and assumed he was cold, but I knew the kind of
person he really was… I always knew…”

“He sounds like he was a wonderful person”, you stated kindly.

Connor nodded his head, and agreed, “He was…”

There was tentativeness surrounding him, like he wanted to say something more, but was in too
much pain to actually say it.

“It’s okay”, you whispered, gently encouraging him, “Go on.”

A long pause ensued, broken only after a few minutes when Connor blinked hard, and the tears in
his eyes rolled down his face.
“We had an *argument!*” Connor snapped suddenly, as if a rush of anger had taken hold of him, but it was gone as quickly as it came, and he continued to utter in a weak, exhausted voice, “We were off work, enjoying our day off, and we started to argue… It was such a stupid… pointless argument… and I can’t even remember what it was about. But he left - said he was going to the mall because he didn’t want to be near me.”

You felt something drop inside you, and you still did not know what it was, nor did your diagnostics conclude anything was wrong, but it still felt *bad.* You couldn’t explain it.

“…and about an hour after he left, he tried to call me. But I was still mad, so I declined the call… I declined the call and I threw my phone down…”

His voice cracked as he spoke, clearly trying everything he could to keep the emotions from overflowing.

“And then… after another hour… I got a call from the precinct, and- and… they told me Nines had intercepted a robbery at the mall, he’d tried to stop the guy, but they had a gun, and Nines didn’t. *He was off-duty, he didn’t have a gun.*” he became a tad frantic, covering his face with his hands, “-he wasn’t wearing a bullet-proof vest, he shouldn’t even have been there. But he rushed the guy, and he got shot.”

You felt there was something you should be doing, but your processor seemed to be caught in a pointless loop of discomfort. You stayed seated, hands still resting on your lap, and didn’t say a word.

“They told me he was rushed to hospital in critical condition, but he was dead before I arrived…” Connor’s hands fist ed in his hair, disturbing the already muddled strands even more so, “But… but the worst thing is… they checked the call logs on his phone. He tried to call me after he was shot… and I *declined it.*”

Another tremble in your thirium pump had you sitting up straighter, and leaning slightly towards Connor.

“He tried to call me because he knew he was going to die. Maybe he wanted to tell me he loved me, maybe he wanted to apologise to me, or maybe he wanted me to apologise to him… He just didn’t want… didn’t want me to live with the guilt in knowing my last words to him were said in *petty anger.*”
You weren’t sure what was happening to your components. They seemed out of touch, but you tried to ignore them, hanging on to Connor’s heart-breaking words. He was practically pulling his hair out at that point, his face twisted into a tortured expression.

He finally let out a sob, loud and unrestrained, as if he’d been holding it in since the day his brother died.

“But I declined the call! I didn’t get to hear his voice, I didn’t get to tell him I loved him one last time because I was being a petty fucking bitch, and I hate myself for it!” He cried, his agony unrelenting, and finally you stood.

He was weeping angrily, coughing up violent sobs as he pulled at his hair, too distressed that he didn’t even notice you’d moved until you were physically moving him. You pulled him up and sat on the couch, pressing him back down so that his head was cradled in your lap, and you held him like that despite the sudden shock that permeated through him.

For a moment, he stopped crying, eyes wide as you gathered him in your arms and proceeded to pry his fingers away from his hair, replacing them with your own hand which treated his head far more kindly. You caressed his scalp comfortably.

“It’s alright”, you told him softly, “Just let it out.”

And he did.

Connor released two years worth of pent up grief, pushing himself up to wrap his arms tightly around you, wailing into the crook of your shoulder until he was slumped and whimpering, his face no doubt red and temporarily marred with marks from the impression of your Cyberlife blazer.

“He would never have left… if we hadn’t been having that stupid fight…” he sniffled, face pressed to your shoulder.

“It wasn’t your fault”, you told him immediately, “the fault alone lies with the perpetrator, not you.”
Connor didn’t agree, nor did he disagree.

“Connor”, you spoke, some time after his frantic breaths had slowed, his sobs had quieted down, and you weren’t even sure if he was still awake, “from what you have told me, your brother loved you so much, and you loved him too. I’m sure your brother did not doubt that fact. He knew it to be true, even if he wasn’t able to hear it one last time. He knew.”

You didn’t expect a response, but to your surprise, Connor lifted his head for just a moment, and whispered, “Thank you.” Your name lingered on his lips, too, and for the final time that night, you experienced a strange pull in your chest...

Software Instability^^^
November 23rd, 2036

Nines walked aimlessly through the mall, head down and hands shoved into his pockets; he was fuming beyond belief and wasn’t in the mood for interactions of any sort with the plethora of other human beings moving purposefully around him. He shouldn’t have come, really. The shops had just started getting busy for the weeks leading up to Christmas Day, and being surrounded by people who were bright-eyed and happy was only making him feel worse.

He wasn’t so much angry at Connor now as he was at himself, and the more distance he put between him and his brother, the more time he had to dwell on it, the more he realised staying mad at Connor was unproductive, and would do nothing cause complications. Nines loved his brother, truly he did, more than anything, but it seemed whenever he wanted to pour milk into his cereal every other morning, Connor had always used up the rest, save for maybe a thimbleful, and put the carton back in the god-damn fridge.

While it was an incredibly irritating habit Connor had formed, it was not worth Nines losing his mind over, which was why he felt increasingly guilty over the events of that morning, in which Nines had practically kicked open his brother’s bedroom door, thrown the practically empty carton at his twin’s head, and proceeded to shout his lungs out at him.

It had taken Connor several dazed seconds of recovering from the carton to the face before he’d barked back in a defensive, similarly hostile tone. Unnecessarily antagonistic words and phrases had been exchanged, Nines was certainly not proud of himself.
In fact, he was feeling particularly regretful. The work stress had been building up over several weeks now, and he had clearly let it get to him, but it was no excuse to take it out on his brother, who was probably suffering just as much stress from work.

Nines’s hands clenched and unclenched in the pockets of his leather jacket as he mentally reprimanded himself for going off on his older brother, it made him feel like an absolute fool knowing he had gotten angry about the most insignificant thing on the planet.

He sighed, walking pace slowing to an eventual stop, and wavered on the spot, wondering if he should immediately head back home to apologise or if he should buy Connor some food to turn the probability of swift forgiveness in his favour.

Nines did not have time to decide, because the sound of a commotion stole his attention from his thoughts; he turned his head away from the Southern exit of the mall centre, peering back down the way in curiosity, much like many other mall-goers who had all stopped to be nosy as well.

“Stop him! Thief!”

The frantic words coupled with what appeared to be a man dressed in all black, clutching a backpack of presumably stolen goods, and rushing in his general direction was enough for Nines to spring into action. He charged forward, intent on cutting the man off before he could pass by and escape through the exit.

He didn’t see the gun in the thief’s hand until he was just a few yards away. By then, he was directly in his path, and it was too late to avoid the line of shot.

Nines had never been shot before. In his entire seven years working with the DPD, he had never even been remotely badly injured. He’d been scraped and grazed, bruised, and even broken a few fingers, but nothing life-threatening. He’d always jokingly held it over Connor like it was a great achievement, especially given that Connor had been shot before, non-lethally, as he had been wearing his bullet-proof vest at the time.

His first thought, upon feeling the impact in his chest, was ‘Damnit, I can’t hold it over Connor anymore.’

And his second thought, upon falling flat on his back, was ‘Shit. I’m going to die.’
The resounding noise of the gun being fired had caused a wave of screams and shouts, and Nines heard the thundering footsteps of the gunman sprinting off to escape, the rush of people naturally fleeing, and the very few who circled around him in a bid to help.

Nines flailed, any coherent thought of his DPD training flying out the window, and he further writhed with a cry of sheer pain when one of the people around him pressed their hands over the wound, trying to plug the daunting flow of blood.

He drew in pitiful, hoarse breaths, barely able to think over the throbbing pain in his abdomen, but one awful stray thought flitted through his mind and left him feeling cold.

The last thing he had told his twin was, ‘you really are a shit brother sometimes, Connor.’

A whine of agony escaped him, “My brother… my brother.” The soothing attempts from the faceless people around him fell on deaf ears as he reached for the phone in his pocket. “Need to call my brother…”

Somehow, he managed to select Connor’s number in his contacts, and he pressed the device against his ear, hearing the sound of his heart thumping violently.

It rang twice, and the call dropped.

Nines gave a distressed keen, looking at the phone screen with disbelieving eyes. Connor always picked up when he called. *He always picked up.*

So he tried again, and was met with the same response.

His grip on the phone failed as his fingers began to feel numb, and he drew in a feverish breath, squirming as people tried to keep him still. “Connor… Connor…” He whimpered, face wet with tears, “no… My brother… I need…”

“Hey! Are you listening to me, you dumb fucking robot? My brother got shot! I need to know he’s okay!” Connor slammed his fists down against the reception desk in the hospital, his watery glare
fixed upon the android receptionist who hadn’t immediately turned to help him when he’d rushed in just a few seconds ago.

The android looked up from her terminal, dead eyes looking as if they were passing straight through him, and spoke, “What is your brother’s name?”

“Nines Stern”, Connor snapped automatically, and then back-pedaled, “N-Niles. Niles Stern.”

“Niles Stern”, the android repeated, pressing her hand to the terminal. Her blue LED cycled patiently, and then she looked up once more, her face as blank and untelling as before. “Please have a seat in the waiting area, you will be notified when more information is made available.”

Connor’s hands clenched, “Please- please, I need to know now-”

“There is currently no information I can offer, Mr. Stern. Please have a seat in the waiting area, and you will be notified when more information is made available.”

Connor hated the repetition in her words, and reluctantly pulled away from the front desk, falling into one of the seats in the waiting area nearby. He bounced his leg, taking deep breaths to try and steel himself, but it was difficult when he knew nothing about the extent of his brother’s injuries.

He tried to remain hopeful, telling himself that Nines was and always had been invincible. Nines was always the hero, always the one pulling in the most arrests, always correctly identifying the criminals, finding the hidden clues, offering the most valuable insight. Connor had always believed that his brother was more deserving of the promotion to lieutenant, but his lack of social skills had been an unlucky factor.

Nines hadn’t gotten the promotion, but he’d been overjoyed for Connor when he received it instead. He was a pure soul, kind and caring. He had his entire life ahead of him. He had aspirations to meet someone, buy his own house and start a family. He wasn’t going to die. He couldn’t die.

*He wasn’t going to die.*

It was just as Connor had convinced himself of this fact that another android - a doctor, it appeared, or a surgeon, stepped into the room, his inspective gaze scanning over everybody in the room
before landing on Connor, at which point the android stepped towards him.

Connor stood up, “My brother. Is he okay?”

“Mr. Connor Stern”, the android began, his tone gentle, “I am so sorry...”

Connor felt himself go numb. The android did not need to finish his sentence, because it was already painfully obvious what he was going to say, but he finished it anyway.

“Your brother did not make it. He had lost too much blood by the time he came into my care. I did all I could.”

The world seemed blurry. Connor tilted his head back, looking up at the ceiling to try and keep the tears from rolling down his face, closing his throat to try and keep the sob from escaping.

His brother was dead.

Connor shook his head, the movement dislodging the tears despite his best efforts, “I don’t believe you.”

The android looked unsurprised, which could’ve indicated that he got the same response from patient’s loved ones whenever he had to deliver the bad news, or it might’ve been because he was just a goddamn android. Either way, the android assured him, “I must regretfully inform you that it is true.”

“I want to see him.”

“Mr. Stern, I’m not sure that’s a good-”

“I want to see my brother.”
Seeing the shape of the body below the white sheet was unnerving enough as Connor stepped into the room, the patch of smeared red around the abdominal area made him feel sick, but the worst thing was just how… motionless the corpse was.

Connor’s breaths were short and fast, choppy as he fought to control his respiration with each step closer to the gurney. It wasn’t until he gripped the white cover in his fist and pulled it back to reveal Nines’s lifeless face that Connor felt the stab of uncontrollable grief pierce through him.

His brother’s eyes were closed. He looked like he was sleeping, the usual pinch of his eyebrows completely slack, which gave him the illusion of peacefulness. But his skin was white, not a hint of colourful within him, and as Connor gently touched his twin’s face, he noted that Nines was still just slightly warm.

Connor didn’t care that tears were streaming from his eyes incessantly, that he was holding his breath to keep the gasping sobs from escaping. The emptiness in knowing his constant companion throughout his whole life had left him was slowly taking over him. He would never see Nines’s bright blue eyes again, never see his smile, never hear his wise advice or hear him crack a subtle joke.

He’d never share another movie night, or cook dinner together, or bicker like the siblings they are. Or were. They’d never be able to play anymore tricks on new people in the DPD by pretending to be one person. Connor would never hear his brother shout, cry or laugh ever again.

And it was all his fault. If Connor hadn’t lost his mind and unleashed pointless anger on his brother that morning, Nines would not have been placed in a criminals line of fire. His brother was dead because Connor had acted like a petulant child.

The last thing Nines had told him was that he was a shit brother, and the last thing he had told Nines was ‘I fucking hate you sometimes.’

“I’m sorry… I’m sorry”, Connor gasped, unable to hold it in any longer, “I don’t hate you… I never hated you.” He would have given anything to be able to tell Nines that he loved him one last time. “I really am a shit brother… it should’ve been me, not you…” His fingers shook as he caressed his brother’s face.

“I’m so sorry for you loss, Mr. Stern”, the android from before spoke up from behind him, “I understand the process of mourning is very difficult… we do have counselling available, if you wish-”
“I don’t want it”, Connor snapped, his voice barely comprehensive between his weeping. “Leave me alone… leave me alone.”

“I’m afraid I can’t do that, Mr. Stern.” The android apologised, “I am not allowed to leave you alone with the body due to the nature of your current emotional state.”

“Then just... sh-shut the fuck up”, Connor continued, his words nothing but a series of whimpers and whines. He was too far gone to try and control his sobs, all he could think about was the fact that his brother must have been so very afraid in his last conscious moments, and that Connor could not be there to help him.

His little brother had died thinking Connor hated him.

Connor wrenched his gaze away from his brother’s body, looking instead to the clear plastic box nearby that appeared to house the belongings Nines had been carrying at the time of his death. His phone and wallet were sitting atop his folded leather jacket. Connor reached for it, picking up the jacket that his brother had cherished for years now. It was Nines’s favourite, and he wore it constantly.

Clutching it in his hands, Connor held it to his chest.

It had been a gift from Connor on Christmas day several years ago. He’d spied Nines eyeing in a shop a few days before the holiday and promptly purchased it for him, and when he’d gifted it to his brother, he’d told him it would help make him look like a cool detective.

He’d never forgotten Nines’s amused reply, ‘you're implying I'm not cool already?’

Despite Nines’s jest, the fact that he had worn the jacket at a near constant rate over the years was attestation enough to how much he adored the gift. Connor had never imagined the jacket would outlive its wearer.

Connor shakily pulled the jacket on, uncaring of the fact it was still stained with his brother’s blood, and stepped back to the body, laying his hand on Nines’s shoulder.
“Nines… I’m sorry I had the last of the milk…”

Chapter End Notes

Link to Brittney's version: https://archiveofourown.org/chapters/47923810

Her version is a little different to mine ;)

Please do check out her take on this because she always has the best ideas and she's so creative!! :D

End Notes

If you wish to leave a request, feel free in the comments, but if you do, please also give me some feedback on what I've written - even if it's just a short comment telling me what you liked most! :D It helps me out a lot!

Works inspired by this All Systems Fully Drawn by VareciaRubra

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!